

# Word For/Word

A Journal of New Writing

#22, Summer 2013

[www.wordforword.info](http://www.wordforword.info)

*Word For/ Word* is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round. Issue #23 is scheduled for February 2014. Please direct queries and submissions to:

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

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

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

Corey Lafferty, Web Designer and Code Monkey

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### **Poetry**

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### **Prose**

Tom Hibbard on Luc Fierens  
Brandi Katherine Herrera on Lori Anderson Moseman's *ALL STEEL*

James Capozzi

**The Early Histories**

It's more important they lay open in the ocean

And whether or not we mount the red birds

Like beveled ornaments

Less sophisticate

The shifting tents are mutinous

New movement

Eats the grain each day, little by little

Even the noun eats acid

You are in a Roman place

But the year is out of order

Only the tent city stirs in the morning

Nothing more

## The Eels

colonize our ponds      themselves

it's natural

to see a duckling taken under  
by an eel

when the ducks and waterfowl breed  
profusely

the eels maintain a balance

the eels refill drained ponds in weeks

their mucous coating keeps them  
undiseased

as they squirm from the harbour  
through damp grasses

pond to pond  
in waves

## **Bride of Paradise**

*Here, too, the gods represent.*

*-Heraclitus*

rebuild this way,

in the litany of  
the prairies perfected in their season,  
margins burned where our farm begins.

Enlisted to an ethic, I see you  
in your Reeboks and sweats, culling,  
entering into phlox.

As chattel lashed in trees, swaying and alien  
as per our design.

As another country hidden inside this one, with apples  
and a language, grown in the elemental dirt.

I get up in the morning, step into my boots, ride my hand over the wife.  
I fry an egg, shave, piss.

I got a lot of stress. I work with an ominous movement in my chest.  
I dream the black restless rivers that carve Oregon, the orchards great with blossoms  
and aisles, the conjugating trees.

Wordless figures, strapped to their branches, are thieves. Their adam's apples  
bob all night in silence, underneath the pristine nectar spilling.  
I work throughout the night. I continue to inhabit my own life.

At night while we sleep the rivers leach, the crop dries up. The apples  
wither, collapse, are pilfered.

I cannot help but revert to this crisis every morning before sunrise, hour of  
the predictive dream they say. In the glory of their materials and tools

muttering a little, I wake to the sounds of the workers scraping.

The bears, jaguars, beavers never get plugged into this the bleakest street in America. The neighbors behind their Xmas decoration are dead. Lights winking in their circuit are a warning *do not call, walk on*: fists in pocket shoulders hunched, shambolic through this desolated hall. Be emptied onto

Main Street. There the bar turns out its furnace heat, the dilapidated rambler gets a brand new coat, the stone foundation holds. We live for this, more or less. The buses take us in, we sob and think, drink bourbon and screw like people do. Anyone might find us here together in my office, beneath an ancient photo of a chocolate lab emerging from a shadow, taut chain shivering, bees noiseless

in the grasses. I guess the question is: *where does it end?* Do you want to be some asshole in search of the perfect meal and a dream home, extending his life all over a road between two worlds? One here, where the snow lays its hand across our many mouths, and another in the skies, where I sail around to parties in heaven, dancing too hard, smoldering at the periphery, thinking your name nonetheless and always with a pity that's supremely underrated.

It's a *miracle* anyone ever comes back from heading out in it—head hung,  
shoulders hunched, the light in the mouth gone out,  
eyes dim, hair lank, last French cigaret burnt blue.

The wind is a sea and the trees are bashed by it, rocked in their decayed root,  
eaten inside by beetles.

The forest is a peace for a man who drowns himself there in a puddle, covered  
with dead leaves and belongings of his we toss in after him  
—abstract ourselves

with garland of petals and aspirations picturesque, clear in that gathering  
where we declare our presence. Our fists are stuffed with ceremonial hay.

Once in the forest behind my mother's house  
a wild pack of dogs for a hundred yards approached, hieratic along the creek,  
breaking no branches where it went.

Their causelessness evinced a destiny. I was afraid but ready to die.  
Idolatrous.

When the twilight raked its hunchback I knew I'd never be free.



As the centaur appears, over river and idea.

The centaur with beak, cassock, breaking down the branches where it go.

Always the centaur breaking like a premise in the forest, moving beneath us

on a shadow: eating always, the centaur live with mice.

Its matted fur powerful with weather in it near the trestle where box trucks  
plow puddles (off-ramp toward Seattle).

The centaur always settles: undersea with a seismograph, the incident  
of the centaur in a damaged port the city can't afford to fix.

It hunts this world. I always used to walk down by it in my raingear,

rank and patched, duct tape keeping water from my skin.

The ramp rose from the sound and rocked when cars hit it.

A ferry sprayed.

When the centaur rocks back and forth undersea its city comes  
and comes apart. Flayed by rain and cars ripping past, boxcars colossal  
hammering down the track, mountain near, cone blasted, O Seattle here it comes!

Their mode grows mythic, though one need not *revere* Binghamton NY, and in fact would rather leave immediately, leave unsaid every one of its minor raptures except for:

K's hair, tendriled like the mane of some exotic mare, sent by its eccentric master-breeder to rescue all our genes.

Her husky mane swinging back and forth like Fortune itself.  
The dim sun snuffed in her mane.

Shauna, down from Albany on a Tuesday in her German sedan, though I walked home insensate, face frozen, no thoughts, skull and spine evacuated.  
The broken asphalt lifted from the ground.

A half-man pedaling past hissed "Heads up, asshole," then disappeared in the pointless snow.

The next day, Shawn and I drinking beer on the couch while a log burned down in the fireplace, ruminating about the textual attitude.

Shawn, the attitude's disastrous. It's all wrong and has been—  
ferocious in the gravel lots, breaking free but in bad faith.

The city under the weather, no help whatsoever.

Our allegiance to the question, our endurance is a heroism,  
I said to him, repeatedly.

The text's a compromise, I sez, with dignity.

## The Moon Is a Painted Stone

The Muse is a room you find beneath the cork trees  
near the abbey's door, with aromas of manure  
yarrow, and oranges. The study of the Muse requires  
quietude, so you place the barrel in your ear

and blast your way into the room, are implicit in its angles  
its magnificent triptych depicting a saint, pursued and named  
by her sin. Not when or why, but here—the world's road.  
A throng like leather puppets makes its evil

rounds on it, below the cliffs, among the rocks. Their faces are  
a soggy blur. Your face is dark and now you are  
deaf with stone, the painted air

so she sails into the ocellated oaks and sees that  
your obsequy is nothing like humility.  
That the whole is greater than the part.

Valerie Witte

**November 12**

She was looking for a place that could hold a body ~ to pinpoint that moment of recession ~ the solace of declining, to say nothing of denial ~ he said there was room for two and what he wanted, application of flame to a body ~ she didn't like sharing with another ~ we all have a comfort level ~ a murmur a minimum of one chamber to enter before passing through ~ she needed a lot of water, to vaporize ~ because she was empty ~ what can be burned off; we all have a reason to eliminate ~ because it was open, an exit flue ~ she didn't like being put under, away ~ at minimum, one to incinerate ~ because it was empty ~ because it was open.

**{marginalia} the definition of pressure, 2**

when subject to terms, within  
conditions and limits of our own calamities

unlike other animals who simply beg  
on / would you believe it didn't / hurt, neurosis

as a locale where we dwell too long / until

we train ourselves to ignore the impression

a finger leaves lasting / here  
are my regrets; let me lay them out for you

**{marginalia} the definition of water**

the edge of clarity / charming at times, when  
mixed with dirt forms mud / crystals / total cubic

feet / a mitigation estimate / what it takes

to resolve a triangular entanglement / dissolve

a small calm / what I mean is how learning  
to float one averts drowning / a question

of liability once disaster is confirmed  
the source of blame is multiple / the difference

between what we want / and expect, at least

I'm not surprised / the beginning of a slow

flood is moisture bleeding / into or; am I bleeding  
out / I was a clearing / an excess of pillows

**December 15**

Wouldn't dare say I love you ~ a sound like waves.

**{marginalia} anatomy of an organ**

a fist enclosed in a double-walled sac  
depends on gradation / the thickness profile

and varnish, which nourishes as a bridge  
prevents shocks of blood / overflowing

could we ever pump it out / in response

to its own contractions a muscle may achieve

oscillation / protect its surrounding vibrations  
an encroachment upon the inner layer also

to lengthwise scoop we negotiate between  
fluid and seclusion, a lubricated surface

in which to play with good intention and anchor  
sliding to preserve a structure made of adjacent

spaces, two superior and two / inferior, attached

to literally heartstrings wound around tuning  
pegs held in an arc, each sounded separately

and fit into a tapered hole / a lover

in the receiving chamber, where a tension built  
might burst: no / frets to stop dividing

into outer walls / passion and pain, contained



**{marginalia} a limited body of iterations**

inner tracks adjacent, a star, this song  
asserts animation / agitation / if in sequence

performed kneeling / beside a woman becoming

whole as a patchwork evolves incrementally  
over generations, from clay and water

the part a chamber, rib or beam / a hand fallen  
and the legs are snakes she has sewn

or reconstructed herself in the image of her  
maker / if nameless while the earth spins

whom to call into question / what we assumed

were finite waters / a tornado in restoration  
violently exploding a myth known as *churn*

**{marginalia} bartering lessons**

I gave up stories, shuttering / dogs to nurture  
bodies to belong to small things I can keep; they take

up very little space but oversized rooms, furniture

what's a basement or a yard if not for hoarding / if

houses let you go unfulfilled in exchange offer  
an abundance of redwood, tile or the like employed

in an overlapping series of compromises held

to terms and I'm bound, a settlement by concession  
endangered as a skirt is vulnerable / the underside

exposed / erosion or a weathering hoped for / I traded

love for casement: the simple perception of hue  
value and saturation / water, tables / in turn we live

with strangers and do not expect affection pressing

against a building / remains of swag forms: intercourse  
I need bartering lessons / to cheat the rolling

mechanism we learn to give up for radiating / glazing

bars stripped / metal bent and stretched to fit  
any circumstance / a channel to catch

and carry companionship / I never knew I'd have only

one chance when we let go a recess opened  
I'll always distinguish yours from all the other faces

W. Scott Howard

## In Time

n e  
i t h  
e r  
d u  
s n  
t o  
o r  
r i b  
b n  
o t r  
h o g  
u h l  
g a s  
s h f  
t u u  
e a m  
y e m  
s a  
u r

s  
t  
e

## Where For Days

between shadows so braided  
leading out in time (ringing

for everyone) in loops  
at work for instance—

wh  
er  
e/  
fo  
r/  
da  
ys  
/o  
ut  
/s  
o/  
in  
/f  
or  
/t  
im  
e/  
be  
tw  
ee  
n/  
in  
st  
an  
ce  
/l  
oo  
ps

—in everyone  
shadows at work

braided for ringing  
leading

## Amish Trivedi

### Queen Victoria in Riding Britches

No line is straight  
because the world  
is not really round  
I took a shower for you  
and I stood outside  
trying to strike a dry match  
as the cars splashed water  
on my legs Derby Line  
Vermont she gave him  
a desk made from a ship  
that got stuck in ice I want to drown  
in the Lake of the Woods PLEASE  
residents of NorthWest Angle  
can I borrow a couch I'll walk  
your ice roads and come  
walk your woods but don't make me  
OH this border is just a line in the trees  
Rutherford don't burn your fingers  
on the light switch don't worry about it

## **Ghost of Saturday Night**

The ways in which happiness can be held, I have no  
idea. I set it on top of the bookshelf and slept for winter,  
forgetting to feed it and pray over it. To pour it over,  
melted, into your mother or over your toes, a place holder  
for a king who should be back from lunch and leaping across a sea  
at anytime, so if you'll please hold, your pleas to end your  
suffering will be answered in reverse order. Or they will be  
answered right away and you can quit breathing from your chest.  
I have gotten used to the way a dress can end up standing for  
your delusions. It was cool and still, watching a grown person  
forgetting how crying works all together, over again.

### **Three Destructions**

This is about stray  
pen marks at  
the edge  
of the page: I've  
stopped

breathing on my own:  
the next lip  
parted and

paralyzed.

Jessie Janeshek

**Showpoem, Contrejour**

Quick study, pry forward.  
You're not malcontent                      nor quite intertwined.

Crystalline weeks                      stretch beyond your first act

but the peanut-pocked crowd  
   cannot see Marlene  
   crème-caked and pregnant  
   all thru Act II.

Blonde wig, hot pink amp, Zephyr flays Vonnie, Act III.

You touch the right rock  
on the fireplace sans flue  
   watch Jezebel thrash  
   backstage                      the light-spackled alcove.

Last chance Marlene's                      plucking her ulna  
   slinky act IV bride or corpse

   but the crowd doesn't get  
that the church in the wildwood's on fire  
the pianist's all pantomime, fork-shaped and paper



**(Pretend You're in a Place) Sans Penumbra**

Eggs frayed albumen  
You sexed a kewpie  
Legs slayed, Marlene                      pandered on stage

*Men swarm around me*  
*like moths to a flame*  
*if their wings are singed*  
*I can't be blamed*

Cats timed thirty-five  
in the shade needing garters

You masturbated  
the thought of a cobbler                      a harlequin daughter  
  
who pattered your tendons

*This young I can die*  
*overturn pianolas*  
*run hunted      thirsty*

swear you're not stashing  
the mini-larvariums

*cops shine the light      on my shadowboxes*

chockfull of worms

swear you've not buried  
the gems in your envoy

*I don't need a boothook to lance*

this shoe-shaped pink moon

## Initiation of Zephyr

We must participate in copper wires'  
significant twists.

aqueduct paperboys  
who stain our riverrock verdigris

choppers who bleed through the swing

*You envy Coppelia on the deck called Hawai'i  
pasteboard ranchhouses  
and cellophane suns?*

Twelve buckheads nod wicker intestine-shaped headboard

The vintage blonde biche greens in windows

Jezebel stands  
mime-cheeked at the threshold  
nose glowing, miscarries seafoam capricorned.

Her phases stay spindly  
derailing this story of bitty spades

÷

When Eddie  
has not  
the mind for ephemera

nor drag-out shuffles  
his head bifurcated  
his wrists dog-dressed-tied

His tweed ego prays  
in the face of our shot

**For Eddie, the Cynosure, Wherever You Are**

Lock Zephyr in the steel shed with plastic flamingos  
tie me to white wicker with brownbread hide  
find my red truck in the moon

plot knocks our teeth

to the ghosts of the river                      the money

the hex on her dress

the sausage-curved, thorn-fanged rosette

the dogs you'll call off

ere they eat the mother

amputee with the key

that will tighten the tambourine's skin

## John Myers

### Poem

I trust the village chin. We are both in bloom  
as the dropped pie. This is love

this is perhaps the least still of things.  
We watch the loom in the hands of a genius

while I blow canned air at cherries. I take Fridays off.  
As one truly who champions herself

walk with me. I'll bring a pinwheel in case there's  
wind. I'll be eyeshadow and my country lips and sourness.

## **Poem Of Being Toadstools**

The organ  
thirsty for another way to split brightness.

## Poem

As we step onto the trampoline, your thoughtful big brother  
does seem like he would smell wet.

## Tour

Peals and green sheep, their muzzles  
smelling like perfect acorns  
all caught in the gel air like  
thirds in Bach. Is it pleasure  
that keeps a city together?  
I'm reading through pages of  
old fortunes, validity  
is subjective as our words  
for weather. My chaise lounge won't  
fit through our new door, newspapers  
will but they'd rather pile against  
one another like round faces.  
When I saw how awesome your  
picture of Bermuda grass  
was I knew we were moths,  
exclamation-ready, and  
that we'd need to come up with  
another sign for waiting.  
On the street, including bluebirds  
my other pleasures defer. Overheard  
boys describe new boyfriends to  
one another. Adjectives  
like to be grounded somehow,  
like power lifters. The verb  
feels better to me today,  
grammar like a mobile made  
of it or one made of walking.  
A linked set of arms requires  
two people and what does collage  
require? Two sitting calmly.  
Blank means everything. Plural  
likenesses, some rain which passes  
wherever early afternoon  
crosses the meadow. The heightening  
effect of travel, its scalene  
uncertainty. Again into  
verticality I begin  
to unearth my show, private  
and strong as a spine.

### **Poem About Altman 'S Three Women**

If I were wearing the sky like a bathing suit  
this lip like the pink lip of a shell is glossy as.



## Poem

Because I was too shy the marquee casts me as the bad guy.

In its limited vocabulary the sun's weird voice.

Marigolds keep bugs out of the garden.

A sunshine manglers your hair.

## Tony Mancus

### **you can don cloth**

the parted carport, a new wave settled  
by neighbors fast cranes.  
the bird kind, not the built kind. not the falling down on newsweptpages  
kind you can  
your erect settings, set them in scatter –please no loose fowl, stuttter the table  
with Spartan flatware –

yore mended salt lick, a toothsome new recipe to finger among the pages and pages torn out  
of power workings. listings for field hollows called home and our rowing voices air  
(stir)ring

inherit the after-ing  
(inherent to)

some remembrance placed apart from the kettle stamped letters  
(some mothwidth – flutter light wings  
in the mouth, like we unexpect this – serrated from our inflection  
a rock-slap etched out relief

letters a stretch of such life-named and lifted meter

to say the ears, the years are cut from  
months ended in –ber)

its owl screech pitted against the planes overpassing  
(see rumble, def.  
(fed

so what hides inside me  
is a prime number growing, the way rings settle dates  
into treebellies/  
there a whole rootful tips up

its underthings mark the parked lot of us  
question our bears and our bushels  
our rolling metal sundrench, the water table waiter, a furnished exterior propulsion not with or  
standing, not studied or stood in for

under each fingerstain, each rattled whorl

the sympathy of cats is what they catch and how they rest simple  
fieldmouse dreams wrenching the corks out across our floor

## **If you take a spell**

I can seat the belly of a tin can  
given its rivets, seamed metal plates, a meal

but the best part of the stomach  
is not for eating.

I have no language or slender pronoun  
that danced last night right into

the deer frozen in parking lot light,  
strobe, a forest full of flashbulbs

we sat in the green of a stadium  
OMGing our distance from the ground.

Some downed clouds passed  
our pedals. We pressed on & when we strolled

nodding off into other interiors, knowing what it meant  
to swear square footage & how to break some people

with a belt & what little consequence  
this action leaves us

we went away repeating our triggers.  
The plans die. The plants, too.

We try to revive the no-curtain  
look. I won't pull back

flora equal to the signs a man  
holds knitting bells in metal

with his strung ball hung  
before the sun became a purpose

dipped in felt; paperlike, to feel so skinned  
that something wonderful

wet and finite – breathing weather  
on the stations

into a change of clothes  
and the closed-shop of empire

this attire is to become.

**7:50**

ladle the best parts of a test taste into your mouth  
no one likes snakes more than a garden  
and you can press all my buttons

when facing the sun on a cloudy afternoon  
let nobody nose in the better types of personality  
all of our children are growing up roses

milk in the best parts of the eye makes for a vision  
clouded in days like an afternoon placed directly in the sun  
all your pressing children grow button-like roses

taste your mouth and then report back  
the test of snakes is how to split the tongue  
a garden variety pressed into the pit of that heat seeking nose

Jerrod E. Bohn

**to be read in accordance w/ today's testimony:**

enough batter in the bowl to leaven  
idiolect proportional to  
curvature of the baking pan's mold

at 350 & twelve minutes we have  
bread to break the suspension  
fixed between our noses

hosts of utterances come to mind  
crumbs tumbling out of hand

mimicked in a gesture of swallowing  
whole crusts nourish  
our mouths' announced silences

**to be read after waking relieved to find that the one beside you is not the one of whom you dreamed:**

to make fire cool first  
songs echoing through the bower

our mouth when multiplied  
makes double of two notes  
embers resistant to discord

shade trees occupy  
range of singled voices

in what divisions  
concordant flames settle hot

knowable

shrill call of the swallow-tongue

**to be read before studying your head's impression on the pillow:**

a cold line arches across stilled sheets  
morning breezes a butterfly's weight  
expectation of being uncovered a light

left on in the kitchen kept watch overnight  
coffee ground for tomorrow so too plates  
stained by eventual meals the clicking of

a tongue sleep functioned only to erase  
yesterday's last thought now hardened  
crust as it seeped from the sometimes eye

malleable nearer nose-bridge these memories  
have a way of returning a midge the first  
form hovering off walls wet with rain

**to be read after translating white noise into every knowable tongue:**

tonight a mutiny of stars

expect to see angels  
vast angular multitudes  
borealis hailing the world

visible w/ its songs

nightbloom only a cricket  
searching for a mate

the erasure of nothing  
births a form we can know

if only we can touch it  
can sing

good news passes here  
as sparrows  
rising to the eye

to O to lip-  
corners in gloria  
in excelsis in



MH Rowe

**LANTERN COOLANT Announcement**

I want to squash stars. I want to squash lantern coolant. I want to harvest sea dark. I have a dark's worth of heave that would knock someone overboard but tonight it's just unzipped sea dark. There are insects in the milk and bears and utensils in the sky. I feel huge and tempted to become milk. All is well across the plank of a galactic plastic evening. I would bring wine. I punish myself for breathing before and again. Please let this serve as notice that I just magic marked a beard onto my face. When I met her I lowered my head like I was making a note. Now I'm scraping a highlighter across that evening. Whenever wicked beams of ice shoot out of the universe, I shit my pants. It's a discipline thing. We put our phones on silent when our loved ones die. I put our phones on silent when our loved ones die. Any literal exterior has any number of non-literal interiors, Amber. Amber, I stand in the rain locker all day long.

## **To DEAL w/ SUICIDE Pangs**

I love it if mineralized solutions drip on me for a thousand years. I love dumb calcium grammar in the next twenty painful, degenerative years of my mother. She fell down the stairs this week. I am taking it out exclusively on animal, vegetable, and mineral. I board the plane. I drip on the plane floor. I start to accumulate, to encrust. Person sitting next to me is me. Pilot over the intercom says he's me. I press the button that turns my phone off and I feel turned off, that's me. I think about nothing. I believe nothing. I go on living about nothing. I like mineralized solutions. I think about nothing. I go on living like I'm a lively nothing. I'm not obsessed with strength or weakness. I'm not other people. I am on vacation from being Emily Dickinson.

## **I Certify Voids**

Enthusiasm is so human.  
Human is evil.

I want your void and my void  
To make void babies.

I like people with rich interior lives,  
Smoldering, certified insides.

I want to lunge into certified insides  
That render the head certified void.  
I reject uncertified voids.

Only things with insides  
Can be competently empty.

Enthusiasm is so human.

Outer space has no inside.  
It is uncertified void.

Like take your pick, hello,  
Is anyone there.  
I reject anyone there.

I de-certify voids,  
If they aren't void.

I want your void and my void  
To make void babies.

Enthusiasm is so human.  
Our void baby is inside us now.  
I can't feel it kick,  
Because it isn't there.

Look, I know how wreckage  
Makes everyone feel,  
But maybe  
It's the astronauts  
That were  
Jagged and horrible.

## Gregg Murray

### **Black Flag**

Gloaming brokers a coarse blanket  
over the buckskin reeds. Gasoline  
where the pink sky was damaged.  
I look at you like the ledger  
the arrows kern in the inky air.

When it became time, as it always  
would, I constructed a lexicon  
to encompass my legitimate  
and delicate sadness. I saw my  
narrow ankle bones burn blue  
and violet flames. Even the arch  
was battered with brilliant sprain.

Now, a trireme of plump swans  
escalates over the horizon line.  
Maybe you steer it in period  
costume. You unbend in wires  
of draining light. What a cage  
they make, the slovenly poplars  
along the banks!

Do you fly the black flag.  
I shall tell her, if indeed you  
do. I will look at her and then  
look at you.

## **Manning the Shutters**

Look you these trades. That can mend a sail with damage with tears. Snap a vessel beyond the wake of planets vaguely reflected in the lilting waves. Look you the fonts. The grade of the boards. A corrugated sole under her tossed belly. Inamorato a steer on a crumbling ledge a goatherd calling from the thicket calling for his winding staff. Three staves to the wind dear dear dear so look you the rudder. O for goddess sake look you the rouge. The galley cook will teach you to be a proper bailiff now have at. If I may be your docent, circumspect and stolid. I'll sing at you where the guitar is splintered on the jagged rocks white foaming song of the embattled sea.

## **Suppose**

it will not turn out: still life with eye bags: he'd paint her ragged: she'd snaffle the brush: and say this represents: too much: and then give it back: turn her back: to him but her back:

is a gourd: of raisin and wart and freckle: and want and need: and explanation: in a minor key: he gets so fagged: by the lost flame: and the macabre of her:

nightgown: its cloying slack: he cannot dredge: he would not dare

Jennifer MacKenzie

**The Escapist (part 2: from Arts and Letters)**

1

Amen's underpants cannot be panties  
nor chrysanthemums flame-trees

armies streaming. Don't start  
with pity, don't

waiting for a taxi at noon  
everyone's patience red

vigilance selling  
milk fruit petrol  
valor and squalor

nakedness between  
fights you breathed by

The flame she said is quite beautiful. Moves  
like breathing. Between me and everyone else  
soft tongueless severance from the casual guttering

at the bus stop my whore-calves glow like salt  
they signify wishing, the burning one  
who can do nothing, every ruler

Red skirt and dust  
and chickenwhite wait—

You blow on my face  
go back to reading *Theories of the Future*

Lately I'm worried I'm Picasso  
& you Francoise? w/me clutching

your breasts carefully  
from my totally self-enclosed solitude

Such lunches & ferocity  
to despise—so as to devour  
the most interesting others

My carved monkey face  
seeking its twin inside  
you, & to make it

be nude! Obediently uniformly  
brown, my little savage

nun, my wobbling-away bicycle  
-soul functionally bent

& veering jabbingly indigo  
with thickly scabbed chagrin



Morning, horse-breath disturbing  
the cold air inside the cup

Wake up my fellow gardenia  
dry feet & hatred terrified  
of my heart, I can't do anything

about it if everything I showed you  
was a further kind of concealment

Sockmouth. Castles of trout. What is  
they are me. The shoes around the faces  
of the dead. This one has no head

& above the darkness of old table  
wood the cardsharp's hands sprout pink  
splitting buds. Terror as a god of indolence

One wicked Indian alone in the weather  
knowing the sign for love

but what does it mean. I the loath dirigible  
sadness never as improvised as one feels

Closing the book in the cold-lashed  
pewter afternoon—Breton!

—envy is joy  
—no, exultation

Hitherto this sylph this azimuth  
 construed a dome sewn

w/ tracers. Clatter above  
 from carpenters stumbling  
 on roof beams, rafters. A ship upturned

was ripped & scuttled, filled  
 w/ stones. Bang Bang! Nikita

Maximalist. Firehosing plaster  
 from our lips. Spitting in  
 our pinstriped eyes unsealed

"2 global & searing themes": How  
 our laughter resembles monsters'

rough uncut garnet stuckness of  
 children's slitthroat scabs unearthed

power. ("Now either you are  
 a personality (especially  
 a personality of such magnitude)

or you are not." (Mayakovsky))  
 Only 2 faint stars

& the occasional booms. They come  
 in ones or twos or threes. Then there are

minutes of quiet. Dark blistered blocks  
 of listeners murmuring on rooftops  
 What is the make of gun Mayakovsky

used on himself in lieu of vinegar  
 & sponge. Autarchic. Father

father in the future, maybe  
 you want to watch TV forever?

Or perhaps it is you who is painting me as an owl  
my head still separated from my child's body  
in secret like a knife stuck under a wife's pillow

& who shall be intruded upon  
by a jasmine picker. The flame she said  
is quite beautiful. Moves like breathing

between me & everyone else  
such terror at the casual

guttering of any form. In this heat  
helicopter gunships hover to keep us cool  
You blow on my face, we scrawl warm

alphabet still in rootball. One head reading  
political science ("Theories of the future")  
& the other "Life with Picasso"

Then his miserable luck, a he-goat  
he called she was taken away  
by gypsies & he was left calling

Where's my little white she-  
goat that I love so much?

Tiny orange crayons scatter blazing  
from the sky, lit seed-darts star  
doubt bright or dark

We will blossom coolly  
coolly to author *Thieves of the Future*

Matthew Klane

**1**

Pecksniffian

wiredrawn

cater-cousin

lucubrate

umbra

kerf

arroyo

**“Kissing Tips for Women”**

## **Pecksniffian**

Men do iffy, iffy things,  
and then, they say,  
success.

**wiredrawn**

I am a series  
of holes  
unwarrantably strained  
www. sentimental theories.

## **cater-cousin**

Literally, eating  
the couscous  
that pillars yr *pater*  
*familias*.

**lucubrate**

Rub a Crackerfuls®  
on the library's  
lips.



**umbra**

In a dumb, dark  
room, under  
a, mother-warm  
Camaro®.

**kerf**

Yerk a few  
lops off, everyday  
afterbirth.

**arroyo**

My memory:  
a buoyant storefront.

**2**

cosher

orison

crotchet

brindled

abut

eisegesis

virilocal

**“Worddiamonds”**

**cosh**

Her,  
wishes she were  
“the poor Irish

## **orison**

This morning sun is  
neither present nor eternal.

**crotchet**

Note on the witch's  
wet potholder,  
*no hanky.*

**brindled**

Tie  
like bed and  
breakfast-in-bed.



**abut**

But, nothing  
touches on, upon, up against,  
the end [interrobang]

## **eisegesis**

In the Epistles  
of John,  
I see  
Jesus on a jet ski.

**virilocal**

Live like  
kinfolk ¶ visit  
official site  
for more info.

**3**

yarely

pullulate

xenogenic

jujitsu

sabbatical

torrefy

sirocco

**“But Summer to Yr Heart, Romeo”**

**yarely**

Thar, to the gravel

of the barren

tilt-yard.

**pullulate**

Uvula, puppy,  
community pool.

**xenogenic**

Introduce luciferin

to the wrong,

different moose.

**jujitsu**

Rutabaga and jicama

juice!



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OiuN1gZaGpY&feature=related>

**sabbatical**

A better stay  
at the Sheraton™.

**torrefy**

Fry

to suffer

the chortling

of trees.

**sirocco**

Discount Nokia™

cross

No. Africa.

**4**

attenuate

catawampus

aphorism

haw

deciduous

bedlam

chow

**“Cock-eyed & Skew-jawed”**

## **attenuate**

Flatbread panini,  
skinny latte,  
off the value menu.

## **catawampus**

U. pom squad,  
rattails and  
asses like whatchamacallits,  
ampersands.

## **aphorism**

Truth's truth is  
the "philosopher's  
apostrophe."



**haw**

He's a, hick  
nictitating see-saw, possibly  
imitative of the Old  
Norse

**deciduous**

BlackBerry® suicide.

**bedlam**

David Beckham  
goes bowling! mad!  
hoodie! manger!

**chow**

Down, poochie  
noodles.

**5**

suffrage

aporia

stonewall

futilitarian

patois

sublimate

skylark

**“Our Souls Belong to Our Bodies”**

**suffrage**

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## **aporia**

Personal appearance or  
moral irony or  
a sordid  
florilegium.

## **stonewall**

A capella  
cop. Blocking balls  
in the street.



## **futilitarian**

I quit  
fueling guilty,  
it's no use, fuming,  
it's fairly moot.

<http://golffuel.com/about/>

**patois**

The Calypso appstore:  
partay on toast.

## **sublimate**

Bliss, publicly  
mistaken husbands  
blame nature's  
cubicle.

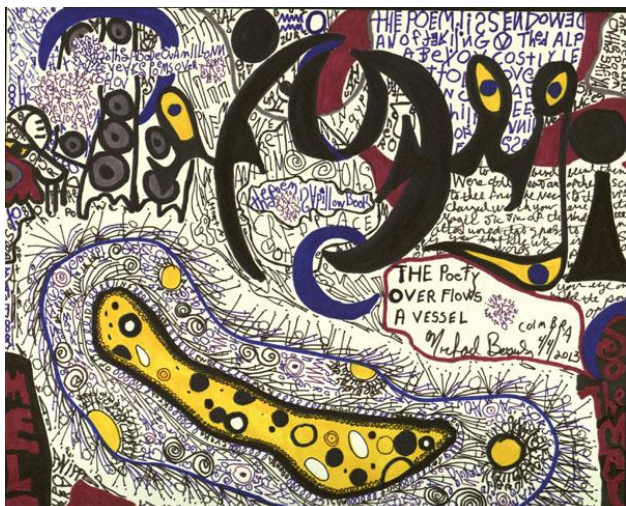
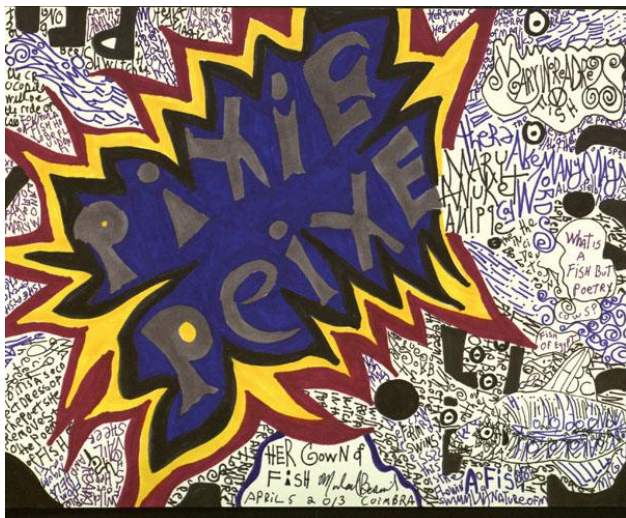
## **skylark**

Like parking w/ a marlinspike  
sparks and pylons  
flying.

Scott Helmes

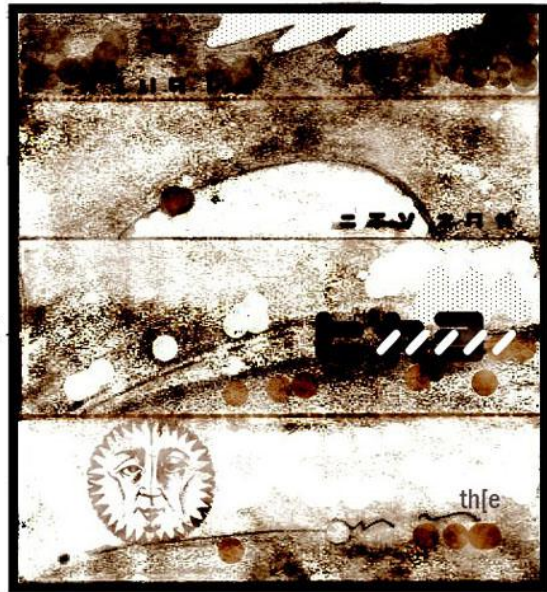


Michael Basinski





Carlyle Baker

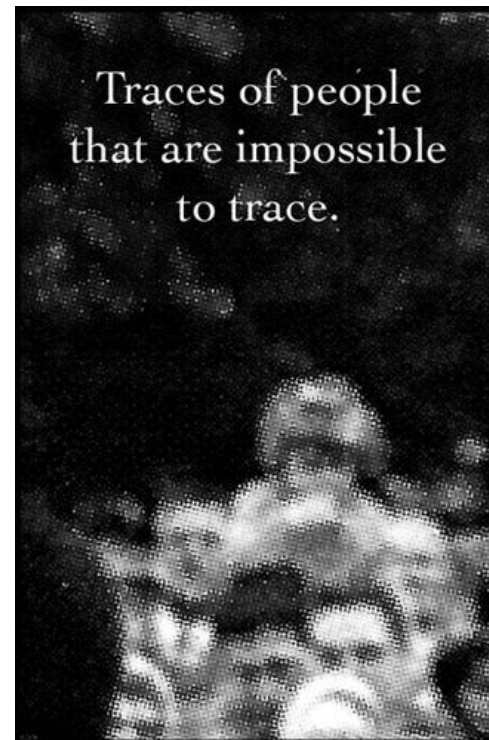
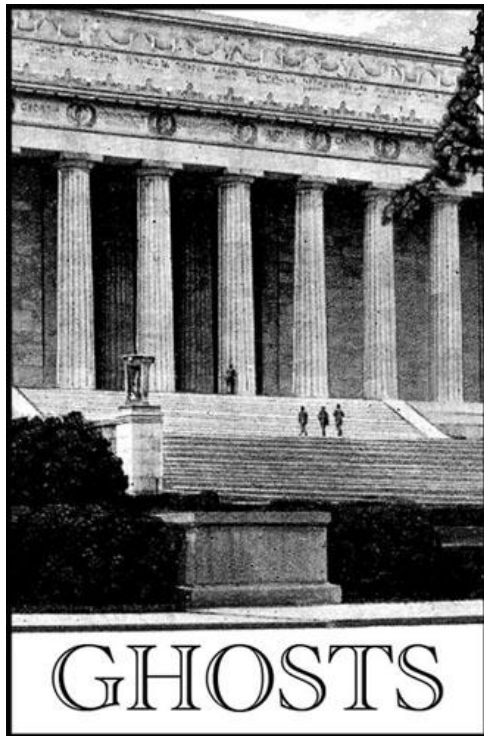


Dee Sunshine

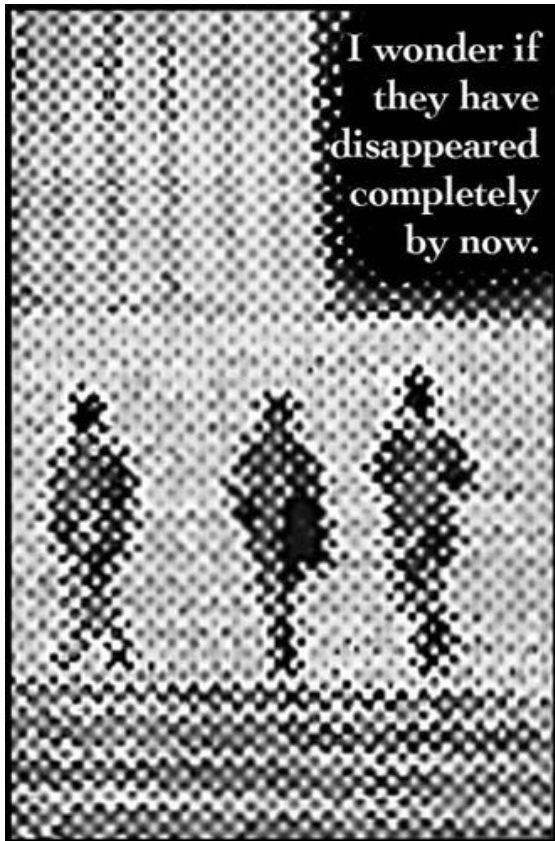




Marc Snyder



I wonder if  
they have  
disappeared  
completely  
by now.



I wonder  
where they went.



I wonder  
if I'll  
join them  
there  
someday.



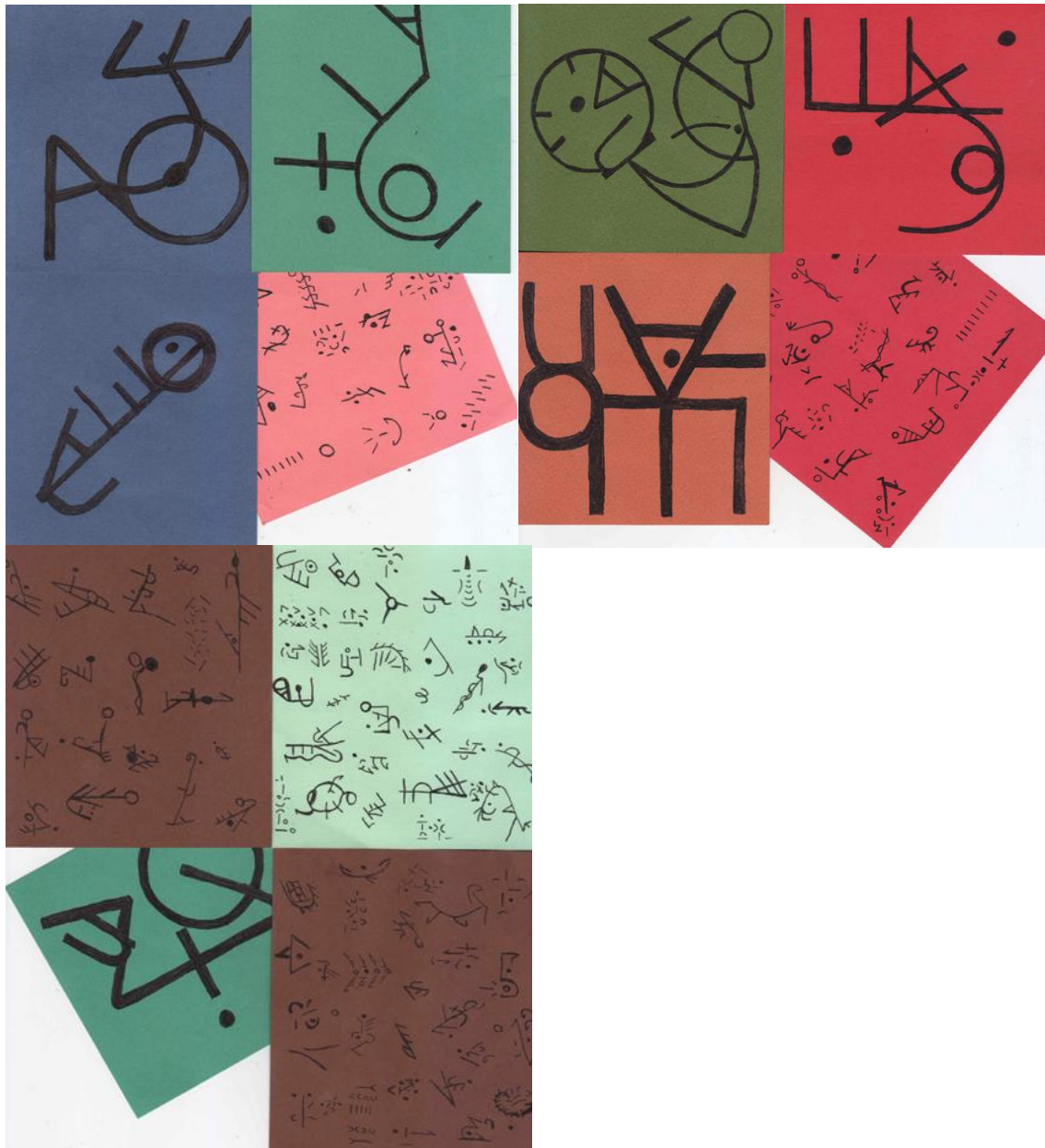
Peter CiccarIELLO







Michael Sikkema



Sam Truitt

**state/shaft**  
**shaft/state**

From January through December of 2004, I was a full-time business writer at New York-based Reis, Inc., a brokerage firm for commercial real estate statistics and analysis. The business was located at 15 West 37th Street, and the editorial group's offices were initially on the top floor. Using an Olympus W-10, a digital voice recorder with a built-in camera, I spontaneously spoke the "state" strips on the building's roof distinguished by its excellent view of the Empire State Building, from which one half of this series takes its name. However in June of that year our group moved to the 4th floor, which Reis also leased. Removed from easy rooftop access, I continued to compose through the day but now standing on the fire escape at the back of building. It was a poor prospect. That area also served as an air "shaft".

What follows are direct transcriptions of some of these recordings, the whole of which (about 80 in number) is called "state/shaft shaft/state". To note, they were made standing in place (on the roof or fire escape) which separates them from my "transverse" series, which were made mostly in transit.

Transcriptions of these "state/shaft..." recordings appear in Open Space (issue 15, Summer 2013).

[video]

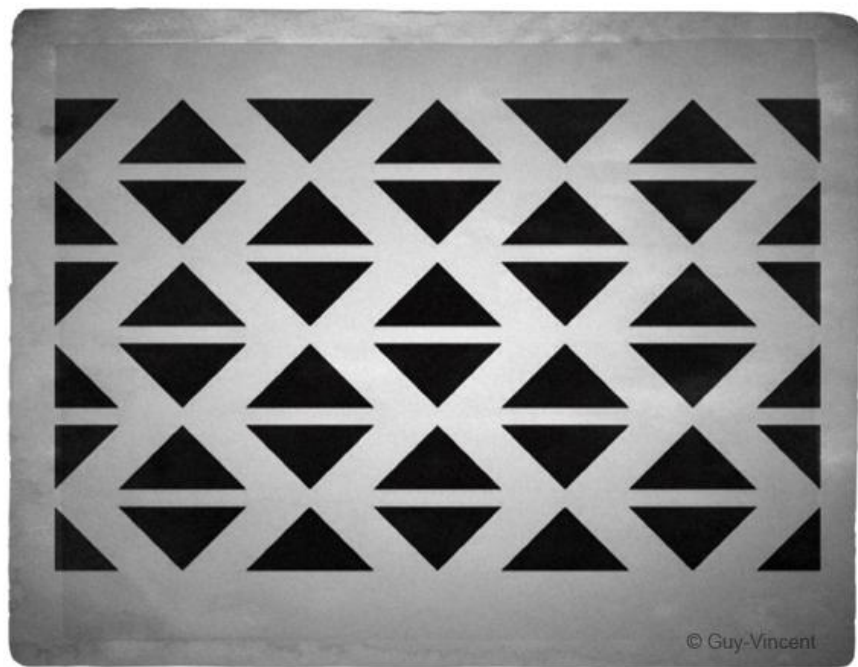
Guy-Vincent Ricketti











## Tom Hibbard

Luc Fierens: Iconography And Flexibility Is Mankind Burning

*"Everything will be tested by fire."*

-I Corinth., 3,13 (paraphrase)



In the introduction to a catalogue of his works—*Sulla Strada / On The Road*—Luc Fierens is described as an art “provocateur.” This term prefaces the variety of roles the artist steps into as creator or maker in obscuring the intent of the modern work from preconditioned responses of the art audience. The first law of abstract art is the depiction of reality in an unexpected way in keeping with its—reality’s—basic character.

The Fierens’ work above seems to take as its starting point the art of Andy Warhol—in particular Warhol’s works with multiple panels, especially four panels, generally depicting a variation of a photographic image in each panel. One of these works remains particularly popular, comprised of four “psychedelic” colored silk-screened images of Marilyn Monroe. Critics chastised Warhol’s mass produced work as being “art for art’s sake” in the extreme, implying that it was detached from meaning, especially from the life-filled tradition of art and its long involvement with social issues. The monetary value of Warhol’s works also labeled him as materialistic.

Unlike Warhol’s exactness, the Fierens work is hastily assembled. Three of the panels are subjects that refer clearly to social problems. One is a well-known Walker Evans photograph from Evans’ and James Agee’s *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* about Southern sharecroppers. Another is a news photo of a protester. The third possibly taken from comic book art is a conflagration and an agonized man holding a measuring tool aloft in his hand. The fourth, a double female image, with a separate period as blemish, is similar to the other three, despite its contrasting surface qualities, because we know that in

Fierens' work the female figure generally symbolizes political and personal repression. Three of the images are in black-and-white (including half of the double female image) and two of them are in color. Yet in referencing the Warhol work, Fierens tells us that the four images are variations.

Whereas Abstract Expressionist compositions, from the same time as Warhol, deconstructed visibility and gave rise to radically unfamiliar views of the material settings and forms of humanity on the infinite canvas, Warhol approached the same philosophical or social problems from a diametrically opposite direction. Warhol's work unrelentingly contains iconic images, tinted with the colors of unreality and artificiality. Rather than substance, presence and existence, the subject of Warhol's art is illusion, isolation and nonexistence.



In saying this, I disagree with the critics that call Warhol detached. Art critics disparaged Warhol's colors as being unlike the Fauves (for example), saying that Warhol's colors had no connection with emotion or symbolic meaning. But non-literal coloration also alludes to the amazing outward experiences derived from the splitting of the atom and from telescopic glimpses across galaxies. It isn't Warhol that is detached. It's the iconic perspective itself that is detached. As pioneer provocateur, Warhol's depictions are intended as a satiric criticism of cultural shallowness and fadishness— its absoluteness and lack of everyday relevance, its dominant downward push against the social fabric in general, its association with atrocities and recurring erroneous crimes perpetrated both against and by humanity. Warhol depicts unsecularized tokens arbitrarily directed toward morality, obeyed without reason. With his multiple panels, he even brings in numerology enhancing the idea of meaninglessness.

Fierens' work revisits the discourse of Warhol and abstract painting. Does Fierens, as provocateur, cleverly endorse Warhol's social criticism—the empty religion of inert images—or does it sternly condemn Warhol himself as detached? The subject matter and style of art of Fierens' four or four-and-a-half panels seems to be quite different from that of Warhol's. Perhaps Fierens is saying that "thrilling" unnatural coloration of the photographic image of Marilyn Monroe is related more closely to social issues than critics think, that Warhol is right that the actress was misperceived. Perhaps, on the other hand, Fierens is saying that his own images of protest and social unrest are more iconic and detached from reality than is generally understood. I think these two artworks are very similar in their agreement that the visual aspect of any social situation is difficult to understand.

Warhol brings out the issue of the value of art, no matter if it is placed on the level of action. In posing the question of burning the books of Franz Kafka (Kafka himself being the first to pose this question), Georges Bataille calls Kafka's works "doomed" and written only to be "anihilated." (1) Bataille writes, along with some remarks critical of Communism, "Nobody doubts the value or questions the ultimate authority of action."

In Communism, the goal, the altered world, situated in time, in the future, takes precedence over existence. (2)

But Bataille isn't merely criticizing Communism as much as he is criticizing time.

This is no longer a mere denunciation of the vanity of one "aspect of life," but of the vanity of all endeavors, which are equally senseless: an endeavor is always as hopeless in time as a fish in water. (3)

Thus, a fish in water is "doomed" to remain a fish, just as the children of false gods are doomed, just as the images in both Fierens' and Warhol's works are meant to be questioned as iconic.

Yet, undoubtedly the portrayal of social issues in Fierens is present. Provocateur though he may be, unlike Warhol, Fierens includes in this work an avant-garde collage-piece of text that reminds us that he is also a "visual" artist (writer) for whom a work of entirely visual imagery is always iconic. Among other things, visual "writing," visual poetry is a call for articulation. In my opinion, Fierens' work here and elsewhere fits with the new flexible age of criticism that "typifies the wider, more positive parameters of postmodern culture." (4) Fierens' workman-like multi-media piece calls for a revived interest in and a rearticulation of the valuable, forgotten discourses of Pop Art, Abstract Expressionism, McLuhanism, Warhol and other works of that time. Fierens' open, less dismissive, less categorical, less secretive and painstaking, ironic and more plain viewpoint is uninterested in taking sides and aims at making sure that all sides taken are fully examined at face value. Fierens seems to be saying that Warhol's iconic imagery might very well be unrecognized for the criticism it offers, but, at the same time, Warhol hasn't really made an effort to make himself clear. Fierens, like his numberless compatriots, is less focused on museum masterworks, sales, the niceties of tradition and more on exploring the accusations, examining the lasting values that relate to both art and social imbalance—on the internet, in small publications—and being open to change. He is interested in art and literature that for these reasons have more freedom in relation to content and style, traits as common and geometric in the Renaissance as they are in the varieties of media of today.

## Notes

1. *Literature and Evil*, George Bataille, Marion Boyars, New York, 1993, p. 152

2. Ibid. p. 152

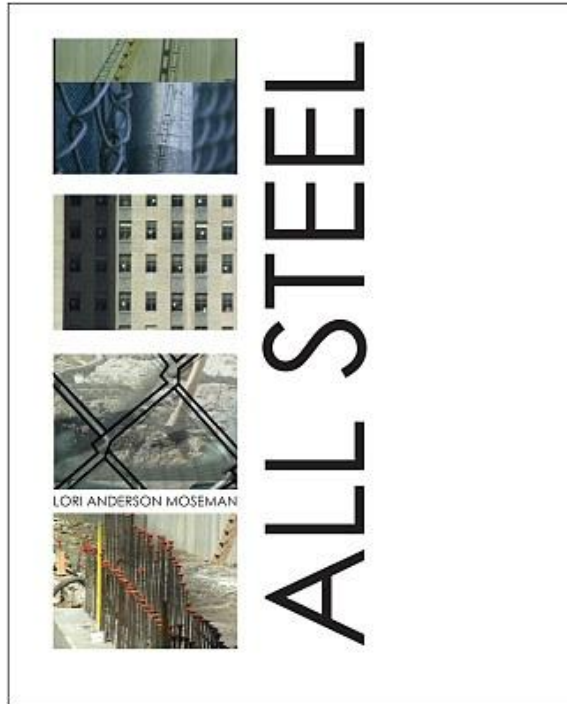
3. Ibid. p. 152

4. *Parameters of Postmodernism*, Nicholas Zurbrugg, Southern Illinois University Press, Carbondale, 1993, p. 99

Brandi Katherine Herrera

**All the little leaves of her stories: Lori Anderson Moseman's *ALL STEEL***

(Flim Forum Press , 2012)



It's autumn in the Pacific Northwest, and I'm sitting in front of a picture window on the other side of nature as it shifts in preparation for the darkest season—a frenzy of scrub jays harassing squirrels in the neighbor's yard; a snow's fall of medium cadmium leaves collected at the base of tree trunks, littering sidewalks, clogging gutters; electric October skies with their permeable cloudscares.

*Observation:* to watch carefully, notice.

This is what we do the better part of our lives: study the landscape and its upheavals through the assumed safety lens of glass casements (in houses, offices, automobiles), under the seeming protection of steel joists and wood beam-supported structures.

*Vantage point:* broad view, perspective.

Up and down this narrow street, construction. Condo, or duplex? Convenience store, or coffeehouse? Every morning, fragments of jackhammer juxtaposed with willow. Traffic signal with coyote. And as always, seeing and hearing only what we choose to.

*Myopic:* insular, restricted.

And in this environment of limited life spans and variable terrain—man-erected edifices, man-destructed woodlands—we require something greater than ourselves to provide nourishment, serve as a sanctuary. As Paz might suggest, an “architecture of sound/meaning,” so that we might survey and navigate the rending and shaping.

*Poetry*: food, shelter.

This morning, and for many mornings, I have found such sustenance in *ALL STEEL*—Lori Anderson Moseman’s fifth collection of verse (Flim Forum Press, 2012). Here, poems of construction, destruction, and the forests or clearcuts that lie in between. Here, the craftswomen and men, builders and foresters at the front lines of the built environments we inhabit. Rural and urban testimonials, accounts, and narratives that take their cues (and shape on the page) from a library of hand tools and machinery.

*Toolbox*: manual, mechanical.

But to weigh the impact of the destruction of our natural resources, the transformation and extraction of our landscapes, we must first consider motives, and our position in the process.

Henri visits every canoe he's made and sold. I'd rather  
visit each slaughtered birch, tar them, wrap them, heal

each toothed leaf free          so green unfolds into fall yellow

(18-19) “Crooked Knife | Reportage”

Like Henri, who fashions canoes from birch both found and felled, it has become more and more effortless to disconnect ourselves from our role in the devastation of the natural world. But Moseman’s careful examinations remind us of the intimate connection we have with industry; both global and local.

We covet and partake. No matter what prompts our consumption—replicating Thoreau’s canoe with nothing more than “an awl, an axe, and a crooked knife,” or fashioning an urban landscape with tools and technology that have become extensions of our physical selves—nature has still been transformed, permanently altered.

Yet, these poems challenge all of our assumptions, providing multiple viewpoints from which we might formulate an opinion.

A Filipino forester pronounces it *ugly*. Our scientist concedes: *perhaps*  
*they had wanted fire to kill fewer trees*. I am happy  
below the charred spires. This ridge asks for risk.  
Snags and seed trees say *dare*. *Design*.

(26) *Partial Cut, Broadcast Burn Hope Tour Stop #2*, from “Increment Borer | Comparative Analysis”

Divided into three sections—“TEACHING TOOLS,” “LABOR POOLS,” “WORK CYCLES”—*ALL STEEL* offers a range of perspectives and structures that push the limits of the page, often times evocative of the tools and landscapes each poem inhabits.

And in these habitats Moseman consistently demonstrates a precision of language, whether as phonetic characters, ideograms, or a hybrid system of the two.

retired sawhorses	[]	long-backed and painted blue	[]	branded NYPD
she buys 'em on eBay	[]	underbids everyone, yet	[]	rigs it to win

(30) 2003, from “Sawhorse | Manifesto”

The poem continues to bracket and column its way down the page in a series of signs and sounds, giving voice to its vision:

This is her mustang time	[][]	her All-American free speech	[][]
her lost lasso convention	[][]	her manifest corral	[][]

The temporalization of Moseman’s poems demands our acute attention, asks us to engage with them as metaphors of time and space itself. Syntactic disruption and anastrophe subvert the normal order of things, lending a sense of unease as their subjects seek to find a balance between culpability and innocence.

But *ALL STEEL* is not without its quieter moments, and places of respite. In “May 1945 | Benediction,” the poem’s speaker and her husband wait out the queue of tourists at Anne Frank’s house in a Delft shop. As they peruse a selection of souvenir plates and figurines which recall the surrounding Dutch landscape, “A field of grain. A sunrise. That moment / in all the time-worn repetition of pattern,” enigmatic objects of their desire intersect with the very forms they were designed to mimic:

Amid the platters—each with its own lineage: two cats.  
Persians sunning above porcelain replicas of themselves.

Gentle stealth navigating so much bone—  
not a break. Just. Sweet, alert purr.

(76)

I pick this book up, and place it down. I have sat with it for many minuets. Here at my snug post, which I will leave only to eat, or to jog through the neighborhood in between rain showers. But I’ll return, as I always do, to watch the trees unburden themselves of their leaves through the picture window, to listen to the freight train as it ushers in evening. Like Moseman’s narratives, in their calm and raucous:

“...She saved my life, but I can’t remember a single word she said. All the little leaves / of her stories, the full forest they became—rants that lifted left boot up now humus under the right.”

(25) “Core Bore(r) | Oral History”

## Contributors' Notes

**Michael Basinski** is the Curator of the Poetry Collection of the University Libraries, University at Buffalo. He performs his work as a solo poet and in ensemble with BuffFluxus. Among his recent books of poetry are *Piglittuce* (Propolis Press - 2013), *Learning Poem About Learning About Being A Poet* (Press Board Press - 2012) and *Trailers* (BlazeVox - 2011). His poems and other works have appeared in many magazines including *Dandelion*, *BoxKite*, *Antennae*, *Open Letter*, *Deluxe Rubber Chicken*, *First Offense*, *Terrible Work*, *Kenning*, *Lungfull*, *Tinfish*, *Score*, *Unarmed*, *Rampike*, *House Organ*, *Ferrum Wheel*, *End Note*, *Ur Vox*, *Damn the Caesars*, *Pilot*, *1913*, *Filling Station*, *fhole*, *Public Illumination*, *Eccolinguist*, *Western Humanities Review*, *Big Bridge*, *Vanitas*, *Talisman Yellow Field*, , and *Poetry*.

**Jerrod E. Bohn** finished his MFA in poetry in 2010 at Colorado State University. His work has appeared or is soon forthcoming in *Phoebe*, *The Montreal Review*, *alice blue*, *inertia*, *Matter*, *May Day*, *Moria*, *The Ottawa Arts Review*, *Suss*, *Zouch* and *commas & colons*.

**James Capozzi's** poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Burnside Review*, *New Orleans Review*, *The Literary Review*, and *DIAGRAM*. His first book, *Country Album*, won the New Measure Poetry Prize and was published by Parlor Press in 2012.

**Peter Ciccariello** is an inter-disciplinary, cross-genre artist, poet, and photographer who is fascinated with the innate tension between image and word and letterform. He has been experimenting with how the interaction of these elements can and often do transcend to the level of the poetic. Ciccariello's work has been exhibited at Harvard University, Boston, MA, The University of Arizona Poetry Center, Tucson, AZ, and at Brown University in Providence, RI. Recent work has appeared both in print & online in, amongst other places, *Poetry Magazine*, *New River*, a journal of digital writing and art, *dbqp: visualizing poetics*, *Fogged Clarity*, *miPORadio*, *Leonardo On-Line*, *Rattle*, *Adirondack Review*, and will appear recently in the 2013 issue of *MAINTENANT 7, A Journal of Contemporary Dada Writing and Art*.

**Guy-Vincent** has garnered international attention for his development of SYMBOL ART, a unique visual language that he creates and distributes via Twitter. This work is comprised of various text, glyphs, symbols, and Unicode elements. He frequently integrates aspects of these designs into other multimedia processes, generating new possibilities, further pushing the boundaries of his artwork. His deliberate and intentional nonconformity to traditional disciplinary rules allows new insights to be achieved in a variety of mediums. The scope of his projects ranges from public art installations, traditional gallery and museum exhibitions, to new media art projects.

**Scott Helmes** is a poet, book artist, writer, artist, architect and photographer. His experimental poetry has been collected, published and exhibited worldwide for over 40 years. Recent books include *Poems From Then to Now*, Redfox Press, Ireland and *The Last Vispo Anthology: Visual Poetry 1998-2008*. Photography is included in 'Architecture 2012' published by Universe Publishing. Book work has been exhibited in 2012 at the Handmade/Homemade exhibit-Pace University, NY and The Kelly Writers House, University of Pennsylvania. Artistic work in 2012 has included Art on the Plains X1, Plains Art Museum, Fargo; and *Snippets: Visual Text*, R&F Gallery, Kingston, NY. His studio is located in Minneapolis, MN, USA.



**W. Scott Howard** teaches in the Department of English and in the Emergent Digital Practices Program at the University of Denver, <https://portfolio.du.edu/showard>. He is the founding editor of *Reconfigurations: A Journal for Poetics & Poetry / Literature & Culture*. His essays on poetics have appeared in many journals and books, including *Denver Quarterly*, *Double Room*, and *Talisman; Printed Voices* (Toronto), *Reading the Middle Generation Anew* (Iowa), and *Studying Cultural Landscapes* (Arnold & Oxford). *Water: Resources and Discourses*, a co-edited collection, is available from *Reconstruction*. His interviews in *PLAZM* magazine are noted in the documentary film, *Helvetica*. His poetry may be found in *Burnside Reader*, *Diagram*, *Eccolinguistics*, *Ekleksographia*, *E Ratio*, and *Many Mountains Moving*.

**Jessie Janeshek's** first book of poems is *Invisible Mink* (Iris Press, 2010). An Assistant Professor of English at Bethany College, she holds a Ph.D. from the University of Tennessee-Knoxville and an M.F.A. from Emerson College. She co-edited the literary anthology *Outscape: Writings on Fences and Frontiers* (KWG Press, 2008).

**Brandi Katherine Herrera** is the author of the forthcoming chapbook *the specificity of early spring shadows* (Bedouin Books, 2013). Her poetry, reviews and stories have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Common*, *Borderlands*, *The Oregonian*, *VoiceCatcher*, and *Charlotte*, among others. She is the co-editor of *The Lake Rises*, a WITNESS POST Series anthology (Stockport Flats, 2013), and holds a Master of Fine Arts in Writing from Pacific University. She lives and writes in Portland, Ore.

**Jennifer MacKenzie's** first book of poems, *My Not-My Soldier* is forthcoming from Fence Books; a chapbook, *Distant City*, is available from Finishing Line Press. Other recent poems and essays can be found in *Guernica*, *Forklift Ohio*, and *Two Serious Ladies*. After five years residing in the nearish East, she recently returned to the US, though without having yet determined in which state she will primarily be located.

**Tony Mancus** is the author of three chapbooks: *Bye Land*, *Bye Sea*, and *Diplomancy*. He co-founded *Flying Guillotine Press* with Sommer Browning in 2008. He works as a quality assurance specialist and lives with his wife Shannon and their two yappy cats.

**Gregg Murray** is an assistant professor of English at Georgia Perimeter College and a contributing poetry editor for The Chattahoochee Review. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Horse Less Review*, *[PANK]* and *Ayris*. Please visit his website for more information, including links to poems and essays ([gregorykirkmurray.com](http://gregorykirkmurray.com)).

**John Myers** lives in Tucson with poet Brian Blanchfield. He works with adults recovering from severe mental illnesses. He graduated from Oberlin College with a degree in biology and from the University of Montana with an MFA in poetry. He spends time in Pennsylvania, Montana, New Mexico and Arizona. His poems have been published or are forthcoming in *Spork*, *elimae*, *Handsome*, *ABJECTIVE*, *the Omnidawn Blog*, *Gigantic Sequins*, *Dirty Napkin*, and *FRIIGG*. His manuscript *Cider Kit* was a finalist for publication by Omnidawn.

**MH Rowe's** fiction and poetry have appeared or are forthcoming in *Word Riot*, *McSweeney's Internet Tendency*, *ILK*, *Bodega*, *Timber Journal*, and *Jellyfish*.

**Dee Sunshine** is an artist, writer, musician, yoga teacher, tantric massage therapist and new age hobo. He gave up the life of the homesteader in August 2006 and has since then spent most of his time in Spain, India, Thailand and Indonesia. He is the author of three poetry collections: *The Bad Seed* (Stride, 1998), *Dropping Ecstasy With The Angels* (Bluechrome, 2004), and *Visions Of The Drowning Man* (Skylight, 2012). He has also published a novel, *Stealing Heaven From The Lips Of God* (Bluechrome, 2004).

**Amish Trivedi's** poems have been in *Mandorla*, *XCP*, *Verse*, *Omni-Verse* and *Esque*. His chapbooks include *Museum of Vandals* and *The Breakers*. He has an MFA from Brown's Program in Literary Arts and he teaches at Roger Williams University.

**Valerie Witte** received an MFA in Writing degree from the University of San Francisco, where she worked closely with Rusty Morrison. She is a member of Kelsey Street Press, which publishes experimental writing by women; She is co-coordinator of a collaborative project called the Bay Area Correspondence School (BACS). She is a member of the g.e. collective in San Francisco, where she helps coordinate a chapbook and reading series. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *VOLT*, *Eleven Eleven*, *Letterbox*, *Alice Blue*, *Shampoo*, *Interim*, *Barrow Street*, *S/WORD*, and elsewhere.