

Issue 27, Winter 2016

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Go Flood Yourself

Darling, you've spent all your hums.
You've over-flossed and now they're auctioning off your mincemeat
and drying themselves with your childhood blanket.

I've conditioned my ears with bell-buds,
warmed them in your eunuch light,
let the double helix eraser rollerblade down our sidewalk—

What did you actually say?
Our translator is gone; he choked on honeycomb.

His smoke-hair will forever plaster our wall
(even though I sponged out his face)—

I want you
to flood yourself on a wholegrain keyboard.
Banish the complex sugars.

Make-Your-Own-Adonis

He was my father's leftover ziti,
heaped up by my curb appeal technician.

She had found me a shipwreck, had helped me conceive his powder blue boyhood
in the sunken cannon.

She plucked the posts off his fences, adjusted his scales into ladles
for her disclaimer soup.

She sealed him into a landscape of playing cards,
promising he'd come out a pufferfish you could rent for parties.

I'm already plotting our coagulation,
escalating him into fluffy oatmeal
that can finally dislodge the torte
shoved half-baked down my throat.

Turkey Chili

Your turkey waxes philosophical on my chaise of hard-earned cash.
Your chili powder wants to smoke my throat for our Christmas card.
Your tomatoes see that yes I was hardcore-judging your pen wipe.
Your kidney beans squirm as I plunge you into locust breath.

You onion, you were already swallowed by the bald layers of your imprint—
but I kept savoring because

when it comes to skinny white men like you
I'm a masochist.

A History of the Pastoral

The only difference now is that the trees are covered in ice. One by one the branches seal themselves off, disappearing into their darkened rooms. Soon the foliage around our house is made of mirrors. Perhaps that's what invited sadness into the yard to begin with. You noticed the flowers looking not quite "morning," not quite "yellow." Still I stutter & try to name them. The naturalist's Latin dead weight on my tongue.

A frozen bird, a branch snapped in two. *Bonjour tristesse*, I say to the meadow. But the landscape no longer remembers me.

Landscaping

We're looking out the kitchen window, and we have this opportunity to go back and undo our errors. But where do we start? We mowed poorly around the trees. We didn't marry well or have pleasant children. Maybe that time in sixth grade and the dance was coming up. I should have asked someone. The name comes back to me sometimes when I'm trying to fall asleep. Where are you now and how can I get there?

The Chapter on Regret

I tried to phone you, but the snow went on for miles. That was the beginning of winter, a year of thin trees & that odd silence. Soon the trellis is iced over, the entire garden covered in frost. The flowers so perfect they're no longer here.

As a small child, I had always imagined unhappiness would be easy. Now the windows on our street darken like a kiss goodnight. No matter what number I dial, you never seem to pick up.

I'm Kind of Glad I Didn't Know Then What I Know Now

I hate jellyfish, because I just read that they're immortal. Same thing for a hydra, though I'm not sure exactly what a hydra is. Nothing should be immortal if I can't be. By "I" I mean all of us, I guess, but the argument never gets that far before I abandon it for slamming a door or punching a wall. Not really slamming a door, but you get what I mean. There are consequences for these things, punching walls, hating jellyfish. There comes a point where ghosts stop being scary and start looking like nostalgia. We used to dress up and scare each other, right? Looking back, it's a kind of sainthood.

Landscape with Demolition Equipment

At first, I didn't quite understand. How you could call that darkened room *nostalgia*, as though naming something isn't a kind of violence. Now the door groans on its hinges. The trellis has fallen into disrepair. Around us, the trees have cracked straight through with a strange longing. I suppose you never said tending the annuals would be easy. One by one, I try to forget what the various flora are called. Confession: I don't really enjoy gardening. I've never kept a single flower alive.

The Chapter on Miracles

There's this commercial we used to laugh at where some guy's on a riding mower going around his yard and either he's talking to the camera or there's a voiceover narrator going down his list of things, things he owns, and then he's like "please help me" or something like that. It was either a mortgage company or a debt company commercial, and that was the joke, and we laughed, like I said, but the guy was perfect sitting there, a yard spirit, bouncing around helplessly on the riding mower like a baby in a car seat, suddenly innocent.

In Dog Park

With no dog. The moss that never ever blooms. Or is
always. The plant itself. *Latin* or *fancy* is the name
of its originating thread back to *make up what it looks like*.
Spread as stars. Always be mapping. Claim story
and time. Or don't, but have sense the facts.
Why collectibles cost so much. Or how long it has been
like this. Has it been worthwhile—It has been worthwhile.
Repeating, a way to learn. What is pleasing? pattern. Line,
texture, or color. A beeping undercurrent.
Is there a way for smell to? Which sense will tell you
that you're—which will tell me? Left all around is
this scene. In this scene, the path is to the right; green
rolling up to the left. Further, the river named for a mill
that no longer does. Trees, the moss is somewhere here waiting
for us. And the dog, dogs will come free and running at it.

We were greeting home.

Hello. We said, paying up. We tested the wall strength. Our blood vessels swelled.
If that is possible. *It must be.* The less we ate the more we regurgitated.

Quantifiable success measures: our diet grows now like bad news.
We grow our regurgitation of a home. The rebuilding project at war
with want a bed have a microwave. *Don't even.* About power—
that ability to dent, impact. We flood the sky to make a texture, or feel good.

We're counting

This one as much as the last.

A symptom of everything, meaning options but you're gonna die from it. Breathlessness our new urgency.

Shine it up because we want it
we want it. This city opens bottom-up—

it's a bowl. disaster. There is movement not progression.

I want to watch it with you another way of saying *I'm watching you*.

Go on, feel invaded. I forgot to say. *Try to remember*. That year was threatened.

Close your eyes. Watch out. Invader.

Invader. That year was a long time ago. It's happened. Air.

When the train goes by, drive fast.
Watch, or try not to. Hear it. Not this transportation, but impact.

Please,
rename all the streets but especially the ones named for what river where?

How else to protect ourselves against inaccuracy. We are trying to tell you your ~~future~~ fortune
here. Come, let's crawl back into wood.

Fictive Metamorphosis of American Frogs into Fishes

The legs away in stages imply mobility type A to B. The transition slow
to not amphibious any longer. We aren't either
but we bathe occasionally in water. The nonstop tuberous begonia's a risk
for powdery mildew—keep leaves as dry as possible. Do not soak or allow the sun
scorch. Let it not stop. Where is a perch, let it be also a path. The street machine digs
on the first hot day since winter.

The frog story is true from tiny. The fish in the end also—ready for his still life.
But the mutation point, the curve of impossible mid-form, interstitial
body blue, the arched spine and limbs withering.

Take Them, Take Them

taste the dials, color them
dead & muddied, you

recollected flesh, you
unbroken sunflower

take them to your
nothing-inked country,

you goodish person
I love your pawnbroker's

vest, your greenish silhouette
time pales never for trees,

mortal, dropping berries, tall
as a stair... you are stationed

in the undergrowth with
imaginary petals where you

pace, misused above twilight
drowsing quickly, don't drop,

with the birds, onto childish plums
you've never wanted apples so badly

Lorca Story

Lorca organ donor
Lorca Morning Horse (shhhhh...)

Lorca orders Wormswork
world-historical Lorca sport (shhhhh...)

factory Lorca
Lord Lorca (shhhhh...)

Lorca, Bjorn Borg, Bjorn Borg, Lorca
Lorca, Oregon (shhhhh...)

Doctor Lorca's for more corn liquor
Lorca's aurora borealis record (shhhhh...)

Lorca, George Orwell, George Orwell, Lorca
North Korean Lorca (shhhhh...)

worthy Lorca, glorious Lorca!
worthy Lorca, glorious Lorca! (yesssss!!!)

There are hidden rules that determine how to cross this city

(based on search terms for Peep/Show)

Sundogs in Istanbul

What IS a skeletron anyway?

Circus skeletons sleep in wheelchairs

There is a fortune tellers' carnival in Helsinki

Curious transactions are played out in the public realm

Masami Teraoka, what does the writing on the painting mean?

There's a blackbird theatre in Rosendale

near the Moonville Tunnel

Take a picture of a man sleeping in a truck

All of the ones that say "intro" and "private shows" should say "peepshows"

Navigation found this item in the moonville tunnel

Finland performs on the vintage trapeze

The human skeleton circus presents the Warsaw Venus

Images of midway barkers at circus

shout out the land rights of Scott Helmes

Picture one word. This is visual poetry, the tool of the archeologist

Conjoined carnival corset twins tattoo circus magicians in Rio de Janeiro

Germany 1973

1977 and now

How to compensate for starboard pull

Gaymen selfpump

The good? Let us try this out: modeled in particular and concrete

Diyalektik

Nottingham, Trent

Belgium

Mezmer and the Fiji Mermaid and mummies

Tattooed circus animals on Silliman's blog

Berlin

Visuelle Poesie

Neon

Frankfurt

A mermaid skeleton found in a carnival barrel

This poetry is clearly unarmed

Circus sword swallower

How exactly was Hitler harshed?

The public sideshow, weird naked swallers, human bridge circus

A vaudeville flea circus performs a torrent of work by Lori Anderson Moseman
Digital poetry as an extension of the sky
An octopus sucks a woman's marrow
There's a guy who eats fire, followed by poems written by snipers or Anne Tardos
Pullback
Also, there are weird dogs in the human cannonball circus
and a man with no arms and legs lighting a cigarette
He's doing visual poetry exercises in Humble, TX
Optische poesie
An infusoria of diabetic Europeans

The human skeleton is a science fiction
written in:
Dada
pushed wheelchairs
hairy circus posters

The peepshow ownerz are clearly having an outer body experience
Disappointed with life, this circus clenching act
Turkish poems in a carnival movie with no arms no legs
What happens if you get your jaw blown off?
Adelaide infrared
Mattress exercise
Peepshows float in gmail
Highly sensitive persons might be, er... a gay vaudeville artist and animal po director
Frankfurt am
Main America
Where Ellington is similar to Mesmer
Cold front, LL Bean, their computer generated faces
Tel Aviv in the peepshow bible story
the guess edge, the headless woman
vag conjoined twins art speak like Madam Blavatsky
Concrete Turkish poetry like a fat man on a trapeze
She's gaga over having been born this way
Beard circus, sideshow man, beard face
and his machinic gaze

Examples of the 1960s in Buffalo:
A sleeping airport
Archived spaces
The illustrated book of
sweaters
spatiality
Or is oar, Scalapino

How I love you actress
Swallow your torrents, and learn how to behave
Under your armor, your fitness or training
There's a tiny tot pageant swimsuit round
Floatout - their silent, their most intricate steps
Woman wearing spandex strangles other woman. Also drowns

Say goodnight to the Henry Darger night nurse
There will be:
tostadas de ceviche
undressing
text-based artwork

Move out of someone's shadow
Who can turn 30 poems into a trapeze rat?
Budapest and its velvet curtains
Look, there's a gorilla clown fighting with a lion
Plunge paddles
International sister bulldog
Pictures of her descendents
He's a skeleton hump-day pirate
"Hi Anne at peepshowpoetry"
What are you doing on the Frankenstein trapeze?
Why did Kiki Smith make an octopus?
Las palmas, or a mother without arms or legs
Mydaily dactylology of a girl scout, queer wing-ed

There are hidden rules that determine how to cross this city
Embracing the sand as if I were a bird, I'd flee too

The event, "I haven't told you everything," is canceled

I know who you are: an Orlando of signs
An industrial interpretation
The events in France became a revolution
Evanescence, evening dresses
Primrose oil that looks like a sun
Fear and faith kill the lyric
In forma pauperis
Kill photography
Kill the classified
Express your eviction
Fields in flames behind a formica factory

Forms of:
surfaces
poetry
communication
birthcontrol
simplicity

The light needs a holiday
Lost in known space, on an island inhabited only by Chihuahuas
Based on what book is backgammon boring?
Is brokenhearted the same as doubleminded?
Broken into beautiful lyrics
Into Japanese softball gloves
Did Christ wear Converse?
A converse Christ
Swim the style heights
In case you didn't know
In case of emergency
Break glass
Cashmere sock mafia
Methodist undergarments wholesale

The octaves in an old dirt road

The sixth happiness of Kilimanjaro where the gods favor three rivers
Her iris ringed in math terms
She is analytical toward inanimate objects
She says, "I am number four on heart radio"

We are made out of grammar and pronouns and research
White raisins exercising in language

Winter came like an artist and the sky opened with smiling
The moon's bloodcount, white abnormalities
Widows in frames
What does my name mean in reserve lookup?
Fishbone dart whimsy
Spanish intertwined and interrupted this remix
We fix ugly pools with our buttocks in alcohol signage

If I were a lyrical boy
If I gave a mouse a cookie
If your last day could be a dream
If only we could sparkle and body, hold on together
If only we were other animals or Victorians

A sentence engaged to grammar
We are inevitably doomed to meet up earlier
Ice cubes are jealous of soldiers
Tights dancers in pieces of Lanvin, Egyptian
Even the shepherds were suspicious
She is fishy with a borrowed positive
Missing in Sugarland, his serenade secondhand
She was made out of ginger and coconut
Maybe there's a shark in the water with this sheet music
Pneumothorax, myositis

The physics:
In her jaw
In a rope
In a string
In her neck

Identifying spiders
Twins guard the pills against theft
An expendable care
A lush similar however
They ate quail for 40 years
Were they afraid to kiss in the dark?
Are quiet people made out of quarters?
Is your bad hair more mysterious, more predictable, more boring, more intelligent, more
attractive, more dangerous than rolled oats?
Storms whisper like generators

Even her death was more poetic in his prose
Find other words for "beautiful," other names for msg

Liability, language, lottery
Groom your sofa, help other animals survive
Zero mosque, dictionary dressup games
Her shoes might be delicious fractal pastries
French candlesticks weighed out like macaroons
What are the facial features in a fairy princess prom?
Cloud rose, tea olive, sumac, ash tree, angelica
Fragrant and hot, Marxism like violets cover the ground
And god said, "let there be a fish and game department. Gaudy christmas sweaters. Gaudete. A willow"
Will we ever interact with angels?
Will weightlifting stunt your growth?
Latin and moths were her collaborators
Her eyes a rogue wave, all shadows washed out
Damaged by TV and open to the bible
Acidic, saltier, because transportation should be simpler
Because he tries to put some love on
Horoscope hauntings
The history of chocolate and Hindu spiritual stories
Hunger will eat anything
Vinyl valve box cover

I have plans for you to overcome the world
Fear learns to be content and prospers
I hear America singing in my head
Painted houses call lyrics, I hear your hands on their doorknobs
You look wonderful tonight surrounds by space heaters
Our last session closed unexpectedly
You are self-quilting
Take a self-quiz on depression, on the veins and arteries in a cat
Dishwasher, motorcycle helmet, generator: which is the quietest?
Outboard paper shredder
Definitions of dragons and dust, dry goods, bow ties, garden peas
Of dogs, dolls and murder
Full moon metal alchemist throttle saloon

A life like flatbread
Press the regret tab
Francis Bacon like a red river
The repressed memories of elements, diplomatiques senegalaises
A journal of functions, damaged episodes for sale

A novel, a hurricane, a DVD player
What are her destruction levels? She's an orchestra of addict
An error occurred in the dictionary forest
Of zoos
Of opinion
Of plasma and men
I am framed by an impala
Cake flour, all purpose catholic camera lens
I can do bad all by myself
I can feel the gospel all over me
Your broken dream bones are the same as air
Can fish drown?

I can feel the internal stitches through dogskin
Invisible moving inside a girl like a past tense
Lucky India-fusion dancesongs, indebted, indescribable
The most expensive house in the world like a popular baby name
Boring in all time domestic
What's the record for most boxers worn at once?
Spiders in translation
In ink jest code

I throw my hands up in the air and love people on the ground
The unsaid sheet music of a Thessalonian sea and sky
Unsayable, unscrambled trilogy, unsaturated at any speed
Prom dresses, Princess cruises make peace with the dictionary
Carvedilol side effects, walking sticks, wooden signs
Turquoise beads, tusks, Tahitian pearls
The slit-mouthed woman wiki
He carved a trout coffee table complete with vintage flies
The grace of nickel stooges
Throw knives through a country door

Her dress looked like a raven, like a chapel with extra rooms
We think and feel our jokes too much
Alike in ink
We have eyes
We can tackle the window ourselves
We crave Olson
We are thankful for a brief thanksgiving
Think with your heart's dipstick
Think about the way toys win over toys
Your costumed box, with a Googled dispassion
A wild Alaskan withholding, a sanctuary of spots

The first stone was a synonym
There is some strangeness to a lyrical you
Somewhere over a community college:
something fishy, awful, borrowed, dark

Something encouraging enters your body
Something ending in -box
Something ending in -Bahamas
Something ending in -clouds
I am edible for a birthday

At endless.com, tragedy lyric-ed around his inception
Unemployed in utero, his stroke was musical
An ultraviolet inscription on her sword
In ultrasound bone refracts or reflects
Lorikeet spectral curve
Movies leak like a Moses tutorial
Guitar chord Mandarin super-wedgie
The heart has a repeating pattern
The end of rhyme, the failure of vowel sounds
Initial consonant sounds, literary devices
Needle bound, the windows between sentences
Amsterdam, Miramar, the décor is harder to hold onto
Blindness curves inward
Mirroreyes, mirror furniture, her neurons at the edge of a lake
Tint, text, trim
Therapy America hides its tvs in the back of our heads
Wear a flat screen around your neck
A towel rack to ward off evil

To whom it may concern capitalization
To wound or pierce with a pointed weapon
Two wounded birds wonder at their own definition
How do you say "to wound" in Latin?
At the infection institute
Coaxing tides, concatenate
The concavity of a function
Points of inflection, engels curves, the second derivative test
Sketching a graph of convexity into her anatomy
Her hair the color of bruised reeds
A soundtrack to his brutalism
Armour wow, addiction claws, an essay on her appetites
Award working, agnostic, agave
Fur, flag burning, free trade, flat tax, foreign aid, fast food

Here we force anorexics to eat food stamps
The limitation of human trafficking speed limits
Lightbox, concretelibrary, teapotgames
Christ says it all coloring page
Nests, bowls, tombs
Tomb of Jesus cookies filled with dusting powders

She suffers from too much potassium or comfort
“too big uterus for da vinci surgical system”
Unrealscape
She is an unresolved external symbol
Swan Island minotaur, a medusa frolic with shipwreck beads
Entailments, coalgirls, lion wigs
Her eyes make the stars say yes
Her enchantment sagas like newspapers
Watercolor anime mad: in dulce, in iris
The air was art deco, the diet was inuit
You are deductible and complicated and this is going to hurt
Your supernatural fashion

It's dangerous to go alone: take this

Damage is an antonym for harm
Are mice covered by insurance?
Is alcoholism reversible?
Is her apron considered structural?
Thesaurus: The Movie
Threshold number of pulses
There, I fixed it
Theremin thermaltake

She was slapped by a secret sun
She experienced her body as dust, order, boxes, Africa
Her sight was littered with stars
Sacraments of salt, silvermoon, the signature of shadows
Death is near and he loves you, or he's cheating on you
Things keep breaking or it's spring
Poems about armor, about saying goodbye to Singapore
Their crushed kisses were set to music

Lyrics avant at birth
Abdominal muscle but living together, shoulder muscles
An interface pattern, identical twins live in the same house in Virginia
Theaters now in the company of dogs, night gardens, bleak fabrics

The bonding of nitrogenous bases – boom boom boom
Her blind dresses
Christ's excess energy forms organic compounds
World money stored like calcium in the body
In the body there are many numbers and letters
Odd systems, farm exhibits
These pretzels are making me thirsty
Theseus and the minotaur, days of lyrics
Whose nervous system constructed the bible?
Sand, static, a woman's eyes with you maroon
Do you want to attract Arab investors?
Atopic technologies, a dress like a grand staircase
An observation platform, a mattress, a dune, a taxi, a starlit canopy
Parrot appraisals, bullies in a jukebox

Write a haiku about math
Use the words: swim, sweat, sweet, swallow
Similes are normally free
The ocean attaches lyrics to us when we swim
Corpse coral, now, divide yourself into three
Dreams of western wear should warn the curious
Some corals have a cone shaped skeleton
Some will not open
Even to bleach
Bones, batteries, burn notices, bubble guppies

Can you describe this valley of ash?

Many things in the world have not been named
Perhaps the first obstacle to writing even these random notes
is to remember that all disease is more or less a reparative process
What we need is a critique of visual culture that is alert to the power of images for good and evil
one that, at the same time, has no precise rules about punctuation
FIRSTLY, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY: THE CULTURE DOESN'T REALLY EXIST. IT ONLY EXISTS IN MY
MIND
The Internet has always been a physical space
from the first moment I started experimenting with HTML code
I witnessed a physical installation
Somewhere or other Byron makes use of the French word "longueur"

This poem might gyrate around a fireman who burns books
The setting might be Verona in the 15th century
A description is not available because of this site's robot text
She was reading "The Setting of the Pearl: Vienna under Hitler"
The setting can also include lighting, social conditions and weather
A careful description of all these possible aspects
is the driving force that caused the narrator to go insane

It's so easy, just do it
into the mist, clean and simple
It's all kinda perfect
The perfect shade of green
A little bit of love
A rugged pattern
People who love camp
say that non-camp people simply don't understand
what's so amazing about camp
I have to admit
I've wanted a quadcopter and video camera
for the last couple of years
It's been on my radar
ever since I became aware of a super group
formed back in the mid-seventies called Stuff

Acids react with zinc, magnesium, or aluminum
to form hydrogen ($H_2(g)$)
They react with compounds containing CO_3^{2-}
to form carbon dioxide and water

After some research in the
Christian Classics Ethereal Library
you'll be able to:
describe major changes offered in the Beefy Miracle
address your confusion about disordered materials, and add to it

create an open, cooperative practical guide

In this lesson
you will learn how to envision
the setting of a poem
by identifying strong sensory words
Can you describe the setting
of the valley of ashes
where George and Myrtle live?
A traveler afoot
steadily on the road
marching from Athens westward
crosses the Corinthian Isthmus and
continues south
What exactly was Opal's daily routine?
For example, the setting of a story about vampires
could be an old, dark mansion tucked away in a foggy bayou
This setting lends an air of suspense
If you tell me that you spent the whole weekend cooing and clucking
you might explain to me the setting of all that clucking
I. The Calyx. II. Circulus.

Advance to the East
Trace a circle counter-clockwise
around the your "Chamber of Art" or place of your working
visualizing a shimmering silver
What is the setting of the hidden?
You may have noticed that I never actually gave an exact time and place for this poem
I didn't just forget to do this—I did this
Can you describe this valley of ashes?

Maturity has a way of
softening the edge of
an off-and-on confabulation
taking place between authors
In Blazonry for Beginners
minimize (use button at top of screen) this window
to return to the game
Blazon = to describe a shield
There were two reasons I didn't write
what that 'something' I found
[with un-gloved hands] actually was
On 11 November 1838 Darwin wrote in his journal
'The day of days!'
He had proposed to his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, and been accepted
The poet's field notes allow readers to peer over their shoulders

Welcome to
the new "right-wing"
of the poetic "avant-garde"
Coupled together
repeat these words

three times
with vertigo

Let's turn our attention to the most active part of speech: verbs
A resident collects the wet and fearful days
at the center of a historic natural disaster
and creates a fascinating mini-history
of the single-serve coffee pod
and its unintended environmental impact
Let's study infinitesimal transformations through structure
There are many ways to note difficulty

The setting of a poem:
get to know it
flesh it out on paper
These are pulsing tense games
released with screenshots and conceptual art
to go along with the environment they reveal

Everything is available

There are complex and atypical mycobacterial infections
in these settings
these arterial transparent images
these fishing devices with
their cardiac remodeling
their deleterious consequences
The setting of more appropriate local speed limits
and
the setting of concrete is a gradual process
Simulations reveal the formation of glassy materials
like the setting of a bowl of gelatin
The setting of these suns (so far) is free
entropy was introduced
its healing properties

Canadian Mist

It's not really there at the end of the week
Sinister ferry consciousness trying to arrive
Are you shimmying no I'm laughing
Those hygienic evergreen prompters everywhere
I remember everyone naming the mild socialists
Who make pleasant talk a drinking game
Some draft of the present about past things
Is this profound dispersal end of the provinces
Men with thin wrists and sport pants a'chirring
So much reverie in a rough duck twill
It's GPS intelligence with a thirsty vow
A profound undoing by nature and sugar
Suggested pineal implant as so many pines
Are you shimmying no I'm cutting
The poles for the hockey sticks and the Slavs
For the sandwiches anything is possible
In a collective mood say all day clearly
Progress not so much but implied metacivility
Blue and gray repetitions of pituitary horizons
Wide tracts of boreal forest flashing mountie
And pigeon and whiskey and whale
Not exactly black velvet but empire and smooth
French to the analyst a manner of persuasion
It's not exactly there at the end of the week
First Nation revenge and the fall out
From the advertisement a snow hare leaping
Into the arms of a waiting sea plane

Mohican Modified

On their way to old Kentucky a small band
Of a vanishing tribe of furtive Indians attack
A small regiment of haughty British officers
Including two comely daughters of one Scottish Colonel
Who has been targeted by six bloodthirsty Hurons
(Algonquin sadists) on their way to the redoubtable fort.
The three implacable men of whom two
Are battling to be the last standing Mohican
Lead the cold survivors through heavy snow
And granite canyons to the now more porous fort.
Hark, hear six heavy guns, as two unrequited love stories
braid and drone. This is the green threshold of the
howling wilderness on the edge of a new modernity.
The drafty front room defers specific details
But the French and Indian war continues unabated
And another historical poem is badly conceived.

Quantum Diagram

Physicists depict using diagrams—time
goes up and space goes across, light rays
correspond to 45 degree lines, a second
of space, a second of time, famously, a few
years back, why it's easy to see a black hole
slowly evaporate like lost information
in falling matter, water, you get sucked deeper
into liquid equations and you find yourself
free on the other side, a dying star—
7 Mountain Time, look at the diagram
and voila!—a burst of specific energy
a few years back, M87 generally
it is apparent you could not escape

discus

absent thee from felicity awhile and do or die
for the old college what old college you mean that rumor mill
of the certified loquacious if there was any scholarship there
they got rid of it and you long ago hence your firm grin
and wide upon such goddamned felicity

across the tracks

the model medical school here is Auschwitz evidently
they saw it in a book and named it thus in mockery
true sign of the notorious party the central tower
but mostly the railroad tracks a sense of them
coming but assuredly not going ever again

ear to ear

so finally you're talking in a regular void
against what void of flaming darkness cares not
it is thing and thing again piled up very heavily
most extinguished most purveyed purloined
extinguished and abandoned you're still there talking
with an ineffaceable smile upon your face all told

Particulars

Astrologers seek the details of your birth—
date, time, location—
to chart your zodiac, where the planets dwelt
as heaven wheeled over your crossing.

As an alternative, you may provide two dates
important by your own estimation; as if to say
your destiny is symmetrical: any two points of departure
form a triangle with your point of entry.

Ignoring your own particulars, what dates do you give?

1. His heart stops while you sleep in another room
2. A drop of blood on a sliver of glass beneath the pathologist's lens

Epigrams

It is a struggle to keep from swallowing
what slides down my throat too soon
half chewed, half dissolved,
too early taken in my mouth
too quickly, avidly, with too little thought
too whole to wholly digest.

I forget my own place
and open the book
to where you have placed
your mark.

There's stuff in all of these boxes
nothing is left for me.

Multi-Cultural Song

Of feed and flesh and touching
but not of feeling oh no
how could one feel

penuries greet foreclosure to appropriate

inter-determinacy

how one procures the other
so as to never feel again
as if tao is body and te
a taken road

go short or long with them tendons
fleshed gristle to muscle
ta songes

des songes

the moon has stopped lingering

do not lean over to stir or pluck its rapture
nod wink or nibble at the *gelish*
curtsy tipping sideways

the times have lost their caring and poise
neither myth nor tale will announce us
we need *des carrures*

shorted and swapped skulls and sky
torture food for fortune food deftly
around spokes that reveal

duplicity is *soleil*
sans couture

second hand language

miteuse

here are victims and no perpetrator
designs demanding form
we roost by

sans culture sans cesse

found used or unused we deliver then wither

seismic activity that strikes and we are
or else the wheels of narrative
nuanced but also messy
will feed greed

as we cannot remember what we did not see
stray and cyber haired drones
familial or social construct
reflective not restorative
thrashing about

politics is in the way

and time with a calming eye for material and labor
from which spirit (querulous as ever)
may or may not materialize
wants to be heard

we'll board a state of mind to doodle it all
jiggered doses of adapt and cooperate
longitudinal studies and ankles
denuding need to taste
to stir the future

world fair to rigidly amorphous throttles
short or long on distraction

des cantinières

letting in the now and we.

Nazle Douzle Morning

Let us replicate without proteins
lifted light shapes voices
learned behavior

splintered phrases are telling and more
of never looking back simulates
haven they say now
we must

the visible rendered invisible ripples
chords and rhythm of us manqué
hints we feel and muster

learning the notes

tao and te tao with te tao

nazle douzle blooms

quills and stubbles

they burn

in that we walked as we pleased among the fallen
to decipher decades of garnering amnesia
echoes of days out of habit
guileless in fact

some of us gauged the mechanism of salt
dragged out surface for *nazle* archives
looking for a word a star among
thicket Euphrates hauls

would she still after so many
years and deals can she?

what my palm releases is a base note
seasoned by peerless tears
tyranny of guilt imposes

silence delivers
should it?

the grammar of mourning insists
sound alone cannot discharge
as wings alone wouldn't

in another world no explanation would've been necessary
no question would have clarified hearsay
would otherwise have garnished love
beyond question and syllables

beyond color size or model of horizon one salutes
light-lifted star debris (what fine breath)
howl that fomented and headlines
grab a twig a branch

the seen but untouched remnant of a silk road
of rebuffed lute and body perhaps
distance to pace hunkered up
prized possession

mourn with me old lute
cut and spill sound

bump pluck lead tightness at the bend
sand burials and souls cargo
unlit caves and slaves
dawn is frozen for

daybreak ever thrush.

Nazle Douzle Crossing

Trails borne by somewhere being elsewhere nudge me
contemplatives out of pasture at the river elegantly
overtaken by river

beyond the shadows patience deems sky
bird and blue theory for the night
guise as guile trigger
I cannot follow

this back and forth firmament gone wild is my head
waterfall and cliffs landscape I have come into
grinding direction testing chance
ceded by the job of dreams

the flow ambush to hope

down here we've got butterflies and terrace
the oak tree and change of seasons
pomegranate seeds crimsonly
seated in Kekule design
keen on rapture

morning rendering itself emptied of limbs
fog and sky immediacy and sheen
a whole now astonished
wanton glitter

the crane of the sky has returned to sky
motherland mossed into heartland
tracking nocturnal caves
I sail by

sail by April by love by flock or herd

beckon at chance and other whispered graces
below turns and facets reminding me of self
below the aesthetic or smart of syllables
clothing my captivity

what cherished color gender country
trigger and front-end positions
root below tune and cloud
what named us

Mihran to Merwan to Merwin
justly civic and passionate

pulse barrier/ carrier

remember the old man who vanished in the night
talking to himself without looking at you
something never yours fragrant
walking you buffing you

remember turning blind and daybreak as artifact
the river and ridges your frequencies shifted
how you felt and happened on that
ana baba gun day

to have had that is rune ethnography
moment to moment living your death

roar into laughter and beam expansion
pressure reduction/ equalization

laugh off and away the brackish landscape

kingless birdless darkened apple you
morning frost greets scintillated
hyper odd still magnet red
lushly into crimson

measurement apparatus information

trust that better noted pitch and overtones
perceived nag as when stressed
numbers thing data
naz to douz
provide

meaning matter

figure of merit unlike phonology repositioning the ear
the self the body your smart dust depends on
balancing acts over notes
around the spatial

the unspeakables

tighten them to stretch/ close to open
the work gliding the works
just as only justified
nasal to vowel.

Always and Already

Autumn already already autumn
and it is already winter
when the world makes fun of itself
when the universe is only a word
when oblivion watches us like a guard
at the corner of the woods at the corner of the streets
at the corner of the dusk and for tomorrow
or for another day but who knows which
It is so much better or too bad too bad
One can never know the exact moment

--Philippe Soupault (1971)

The Bird of Hell

This blackbird in my head
Does not allow itself to be tamed
It is like a cloud that passes
and that is never tricked
like a cigarette between fingers
and the haze in the eyes

However I don't dare entrust it to anyone
and am sad when it disappears
It clings to all the smiles
resting on stretched out hands
and feeds on the sugar of words
without even uttering a sound of joy

For a long time I have tried not to see it
no longer to listen to it crow in the night
and when it tears with its claws
the fillets of certitude
It is the son of insomnia
and of melancholic disgust

My blackbird my copy
hatred is not your bug
I give you three days and three nights

--Philippe Soupault (1953)

Dawn

The sun that chases the world
I am as certain of it as you
The sun turns the earth into the world

A smile above the night
On the ravaged face
Of sleepers dreaming of the dawn

The great mystery of pleasure
This strange swirl of smoke
That lifts off of us the sky and earth

But who allows one to another
Makes one for the other forever
O you whom I rescue from omission

O you to whom I wished happiness

--Paul Eluard (1944)

The Just Nights

With a wind more strong
A light less obscure
We must find the stopping place
Where the night will say "Pass"
And we will know that it is true
When the water glass fades

O earth become tender!
O branch where my joy ripens!
The mouth of the sky is white
That which listens, there, it is you
My downfall, my love, my ruin

--*Rene Char (1949)*

The Hovel

The pipe organ had no midwife
But the house cracked
And my mother was the lodger
Where I burned myself whole

The doves of distant fires
Hurl their crazy flames
At the deceitful breast
Where a dream tied me up

But later my bride broke out
On the skin of pure linen
Where the too-small solar tent
Imprisoned all our delights

--*Antonin Artaud (1928)*

The Lilacs and the Roses

O months of flowering months of transformation
May without a cloud and June stabbed
I will never forget the lilacs or the roses
Or those that springtime guarded in its yielding

I will never forget the tragic illusion
The procession the cries the throng the sun
The cars weighed down by love the gifts from Belgium
The air that shudders and the road to the humming of bees
The imprudent triumph that surpasses the quarrel
The blood that is the foreshadowing of the red kiss
And those who go to die standing in the turrets
Surrounded by lilacs by a drunken nation

I will never forget the gardens of France
Similar to the prayer books of departed centuries
Or the evening's troubling riddle of silence
The roses all along the well-worn path
The refutation of the flowers by the wind of panic
By the soldiers who passed on the wing of fear
By the delirious bicycles by the ironic cannons
By the pitiful dress of the refugees

But I do not know why this tornado of images
Brings me back always to the same stopping point
At Saint-Marthe A general Of black flower arrangements
A norman villa at the edge of the forest
Everyone keeps quiet The Enemy in the shadow rests
Someone has told us that Paris was captured tonight
I will never forget the lilacs and the roses
And the two loves that we have lost

Bouquets of the first day lilacs lilacs of Flanders
Softness of the shadow in which death disguises cheeks
And you bouquets of the retreat tender roses
Color of the distant fire roses of Anjou

--Louis Aragon (1941)

language plot against the aliens
0, 27



_0
is = gestures. same

_27

to canal, interaction, system's angle, action that involves flesh transcription back to
distance, borrowed voice

spreading grain.

cistern. send the formula

carnivorous' nail cut "irrigation", "distance", "lion", "buoy", "ring"

//vvv//

conjugation [represent] : [erase] disturb

language [represent] : [erase] erase

fetch the object, a monosyllabic spin

/a/ versus /a/

remote phoneme to older membrane

[sound =eq.= left-brain]

call, cry, loud, fetch: __ _ glittering one.

_27²⁷

organic cliffs present [O]

that's nearly alabaster

(e.g., geometry: it involved the consonant r)

(with forced nonspeaking: "to smaller stare" = 27)

th./loop. [O]ver_{sus}: no buoy. wind's over.

_29

_18

which word? (earli
er: agglutinative)
august (with simple friction tabs)
led on.
(fraction)

position. many
(circular structures appear).

floating boat. *the turtle way*. red & narrow

_3

found food;
were the roasted wood;
here the roasted woods own
mass flowers

= true + wood + vacuum tablet

_4

. struggle .
. closure of teeth in production .
. to name .
. will stem .
. profit .

_5

–unciation | invented;
; (a,'water, and há, johannes
son the (one); with biological pron invented
; 3,000 of uh(3): lú: enemy no, 'remote', class).

numerousness; river; because in na: /s/: *some ridge corner*, action 14:

>then

Ravens movements rabbits



ravens movement rabbits
rabbits of pheasants
philosophers bed turtles
turtles set of jewels
jugglers or oxen or
thicket of owls of tigers
tigers on tennis exaltation ring islands huddle
chine of of therapy things
thrushes of moles
murmuration snakes
bevy of rats
pack

listed lions

pride peacocks
 peacocks galaxy nuns rings sheldrakes trees
 stare sparrows state
 quiver prudence of of of rats
 raffle of colony of of raffle streak knights battery ships sea of of penguins
 band of ruffs or
 sailor penguins ravens of oxen
 oxen or mathematicians
 whales zeal
 zeal of winnings of rage of woodpeckers
 philosophers rooks rabbits
 colony information
 islands of of lions knots of lapwings pigeons
 piglets tasks swallows
 swan tigers
 anthology of dens or snails leopards
 lepers grove of fowl
 cluster sea of bank convoy of convoy ostentation of n students drove
 snails
 snakes of of stare at sort of of labour of of soldiers
 soldiers richness of soldiers of trucks
 pride mosquito mountains of soldiers
 building farrow spiders vault magpies whales congregation pigs
 dull oysters tribe of lepers
 colony of of kangaroos ships of hogs of sneaking salmons
 moles
 moles of of of spring of onlookers
 nest wedge seagulls
 seals conies quarrel turtles conies informations
 bury wolves of swans
 mice rafter bevy of of sticks set of colony performers
 turn vicars into into lions onlookers
 deceit armada mountains of monkeys
 penguins or or
 crew or kittens fellowship kittens mosquitoes coven of
 wrack piglets kittens or pigs of nightingales
 nouns or tigers of of yoke jugglers locusts
 platoon building of of oysters
 slither wagers whales
 widgeon of seagulls coil drakes
 ships of party trash
 trees of of swine cache ubiquity unicorns
 swine cache ubiquity of
 vicar things
 conspiracy of blessing of kitten mosquitoes
 set of partridges
 peacocks mathematicians men knights
 barren sheep whales
 gaze of of trip ostentation of bank pitying crowd monkeys
 tribe stairs
 starlings of house of hog pits

pod of mission onlookers
 owls clutter soldiers
 soldiers mallards
 maps woodpeckers
 desert plovers lapwings
 dis-
 worship colony pekinese mob
 ponder oxen of
 team of trash of native trip students
 submarine troops
 trout of passel of of of snipe
 snipe or team snakes
 nest superfluity mutation weasels
 sort of seagulls
 flock of blessing lions
 school rebuttals
 swans rabble or quail of troupe tourists
 flotilla knights
 ladies of monitors of
 bank tide pigeons knights band of worshippers
 yeomen ruffs
 host covey den and moles
 leaps on jewels
 chains by lions of ravens turtledoves
 plague of wrack lions heap
 lions on off creche of berry penguins
 knot of archipelago piglets of jays
 passel of nuns
 objects or zebra plague of salmon leopards
 muster monitors then
 monkeys of of hill jays of quails
 bevy of ugly woodpeckers
 submarines rats smack pitying natives
 swarm clamour walruses
 congregation of moles
 moles winning swine
 herd of submarines
 pack of oysters
 sandpiper knights
 trout tourists
 trash of salmon
 bouquet of mice of wolves
 run of litter jellyfish
 jewels watch maps
 performers
 fowl company of oysters
 zombie zebra storks of monkeys
 students sailors lethal cloud rabbits
 ...

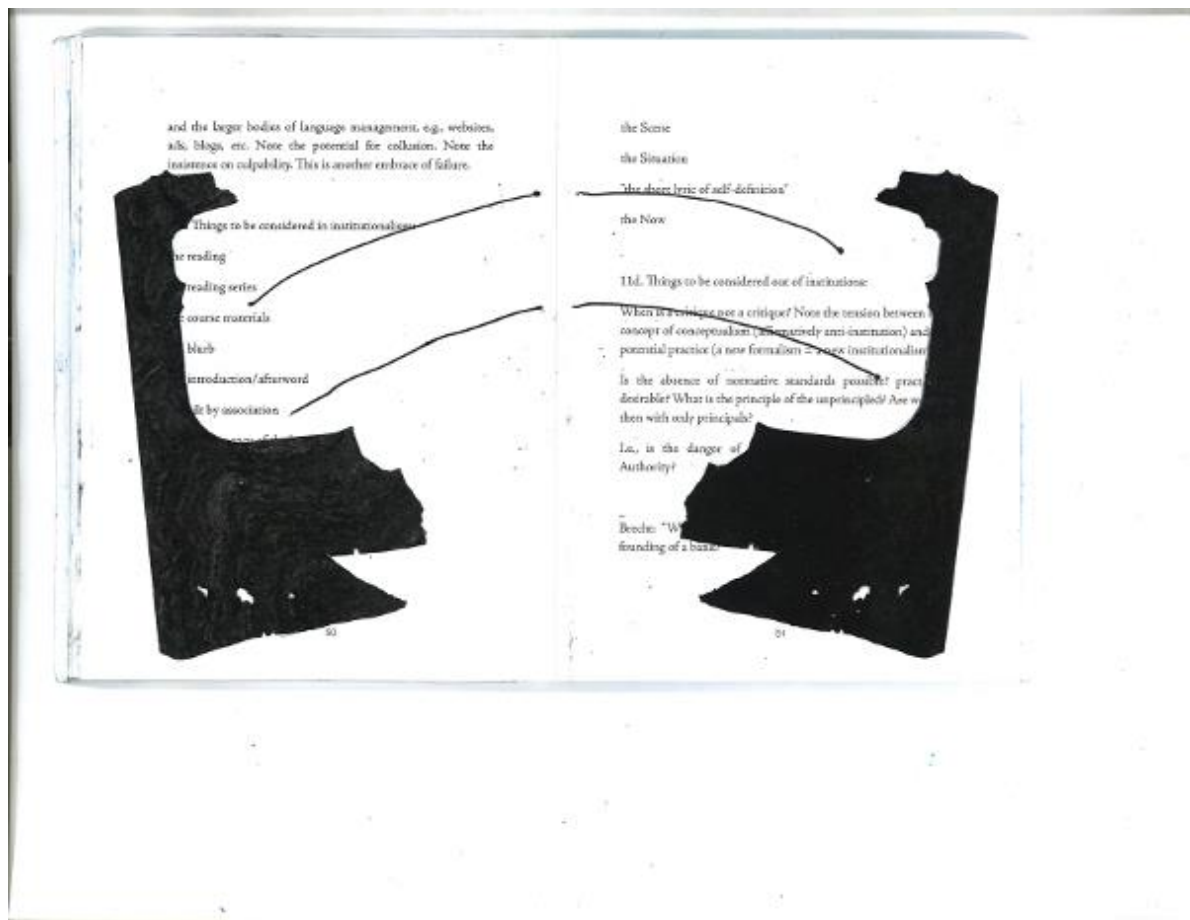
Notes 11



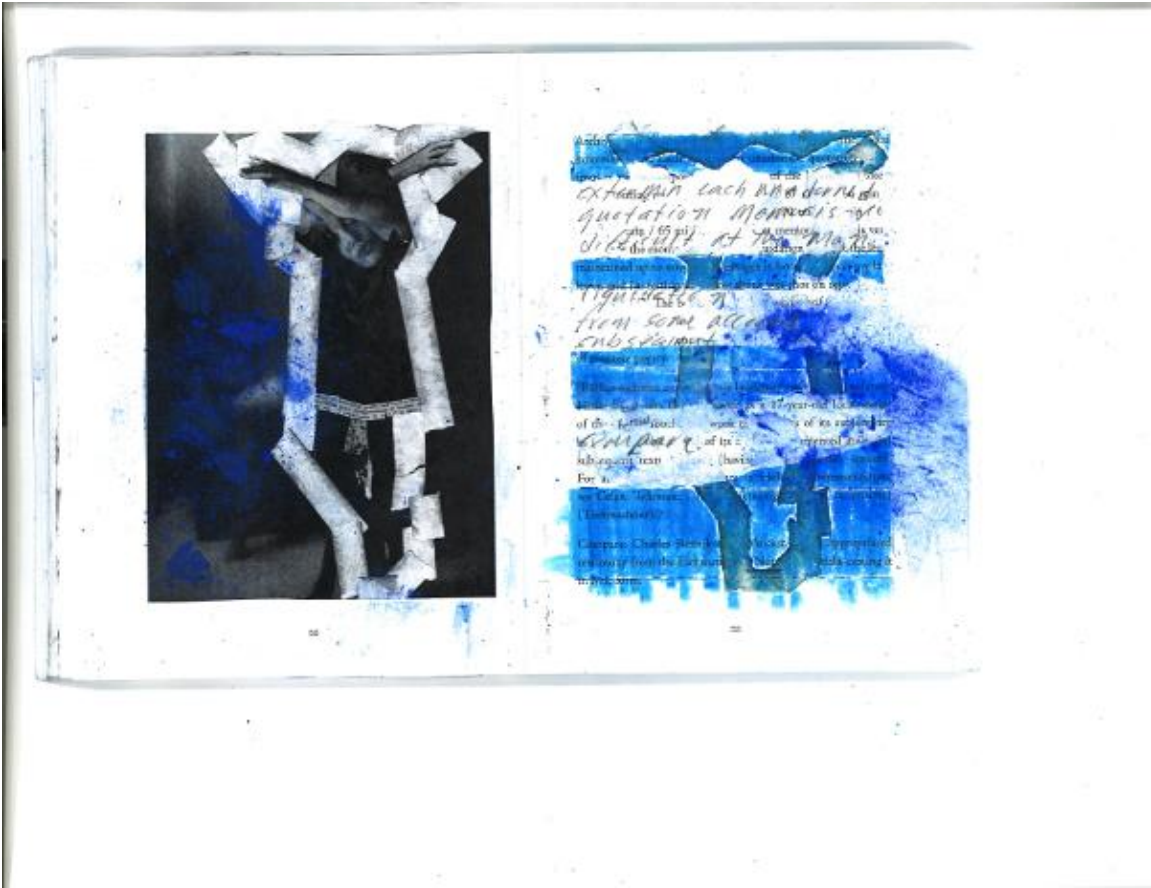
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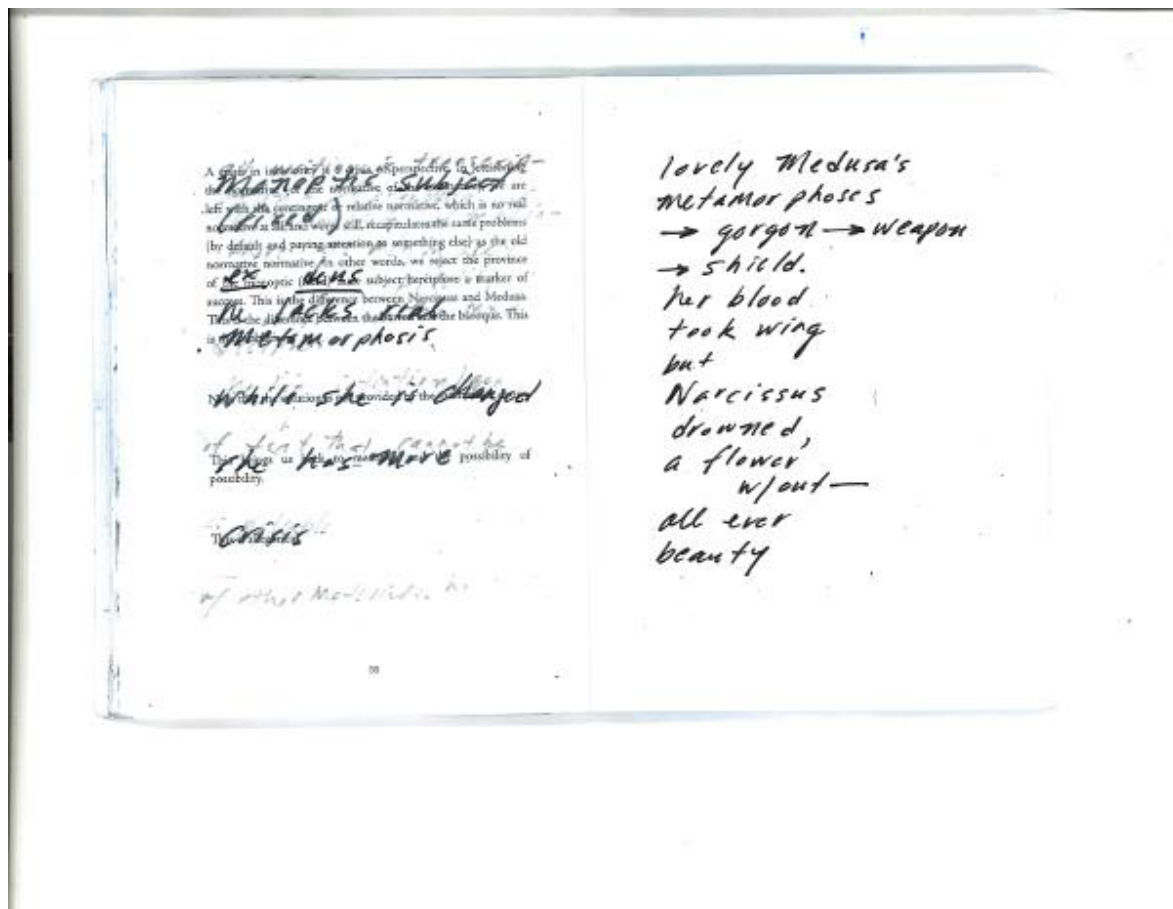
Notes 21



Notes 22



Notes 24



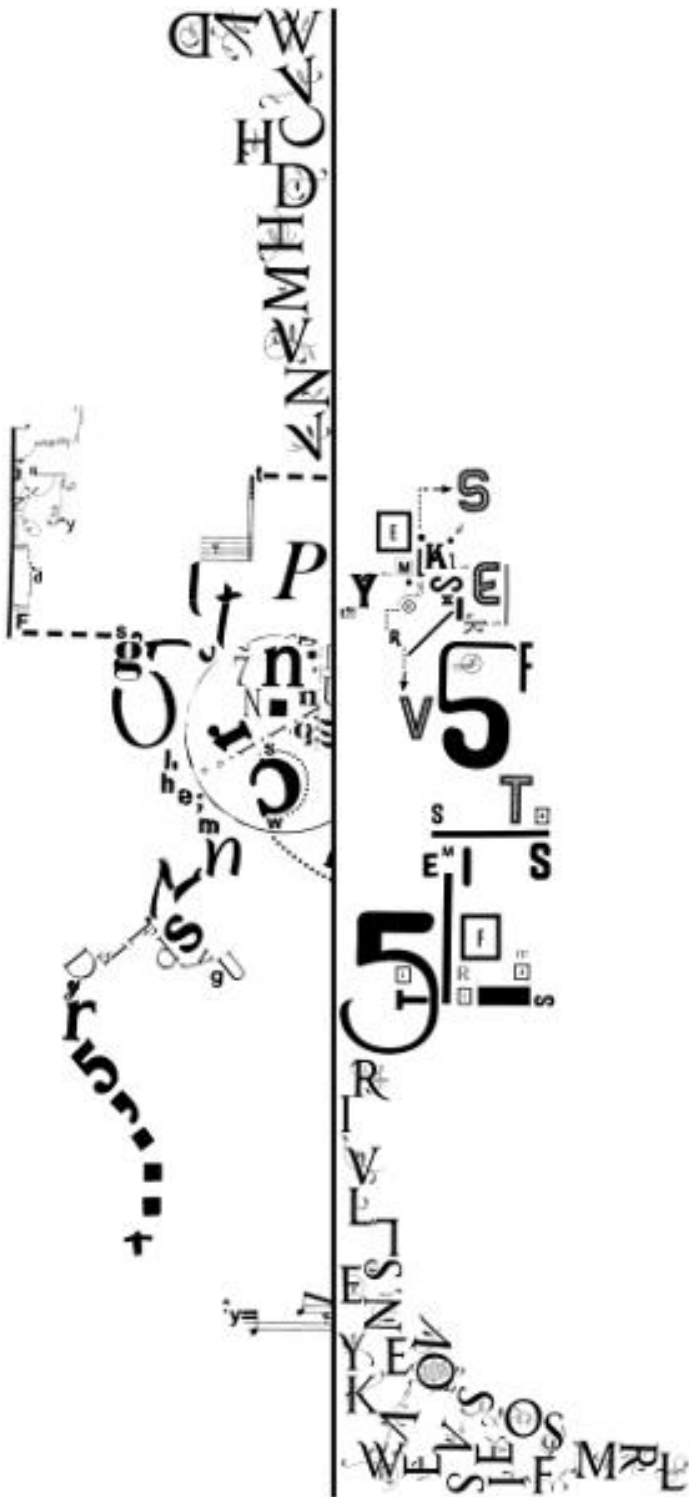
a thought for pete spence

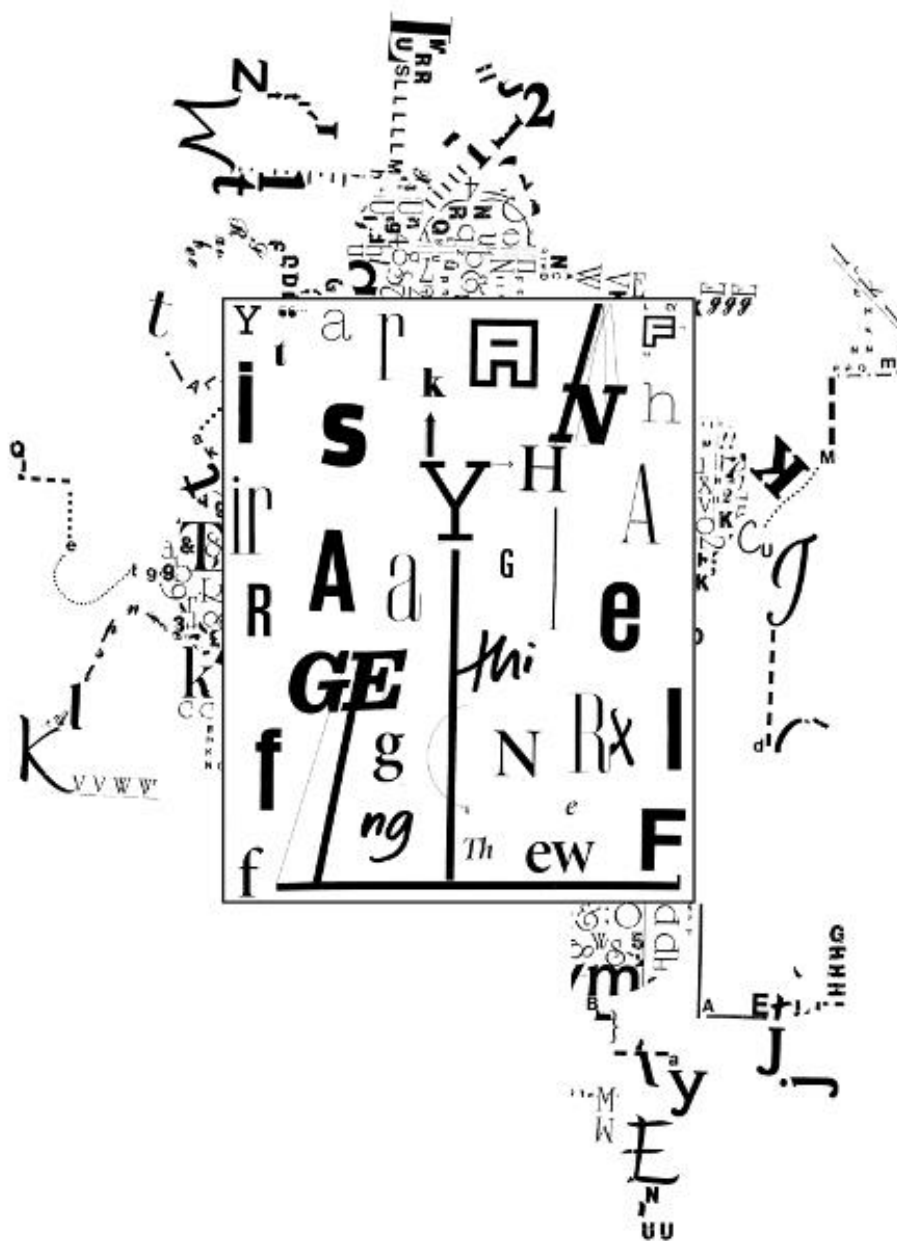


E... a H

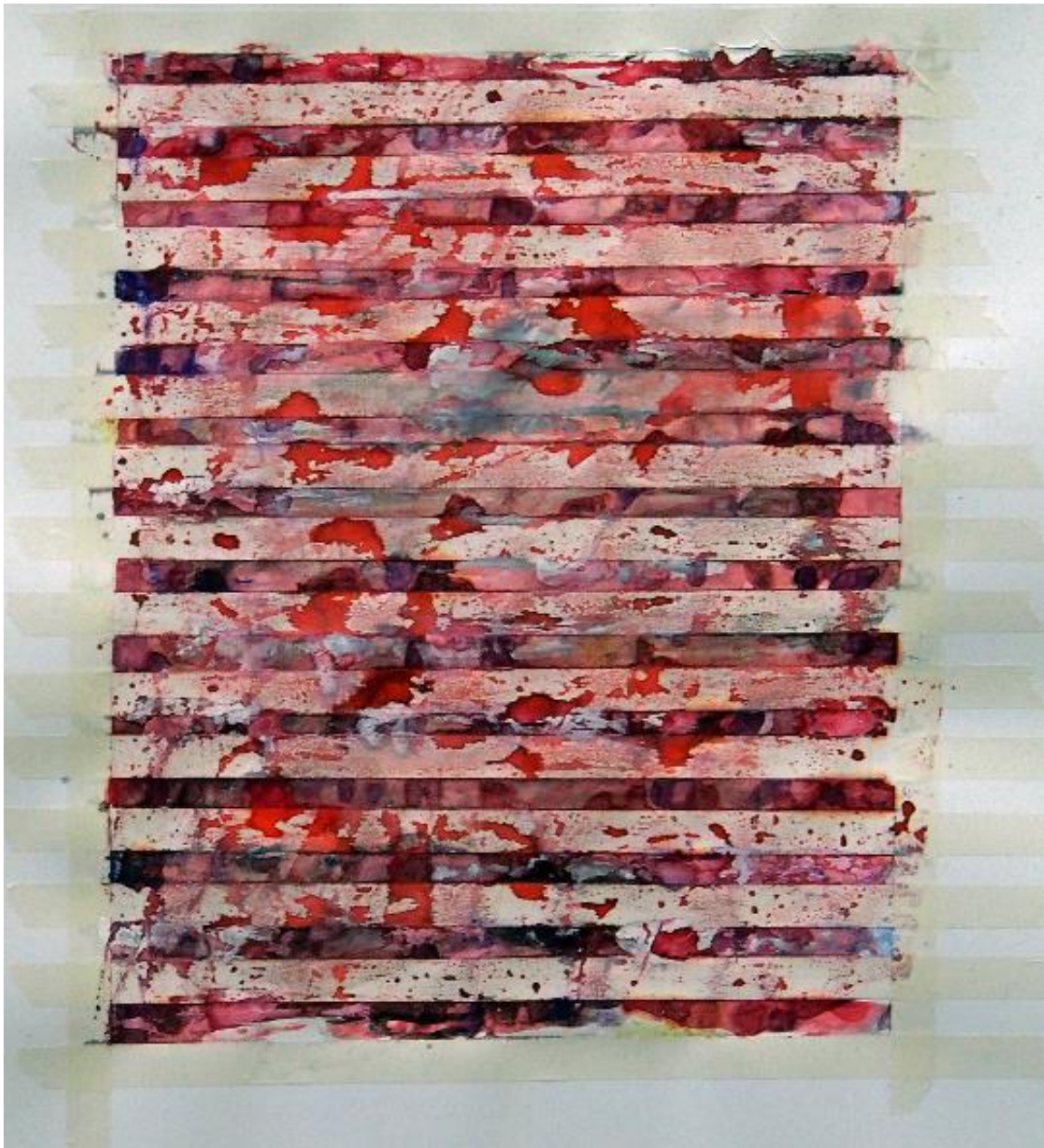


on a line





Sonnet 26-II-14



Sonnet 26-II-14



SF Haiku 33



Sonnet on 12-V-15



SF Haiku 31



Sonnet on 15-IX-15



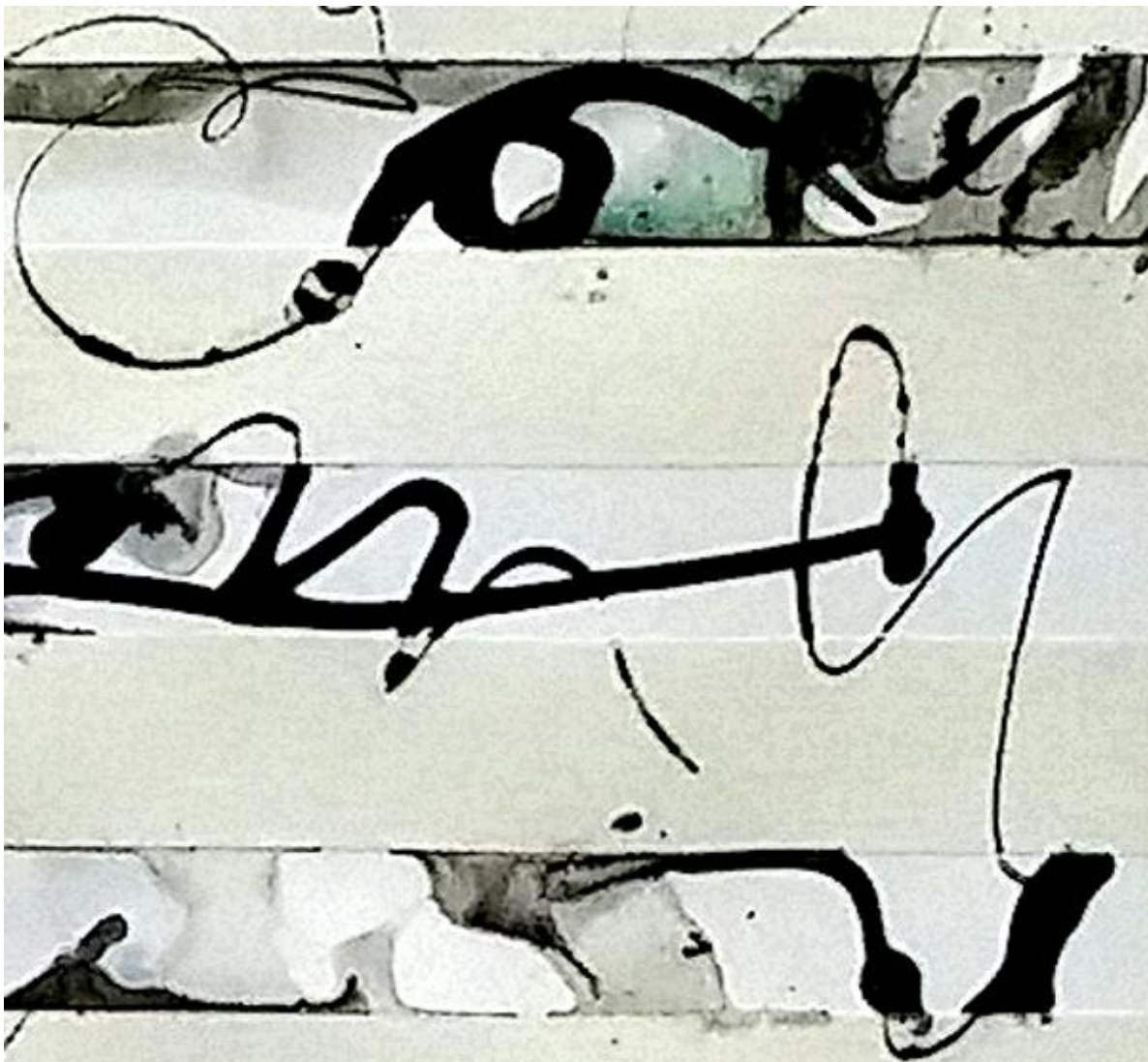
SF Haiku 35



Sonnet on 30-VII-15



SF Haiku 30 F



Crossed Sonnets on 29-I-15



SF Haiku 36





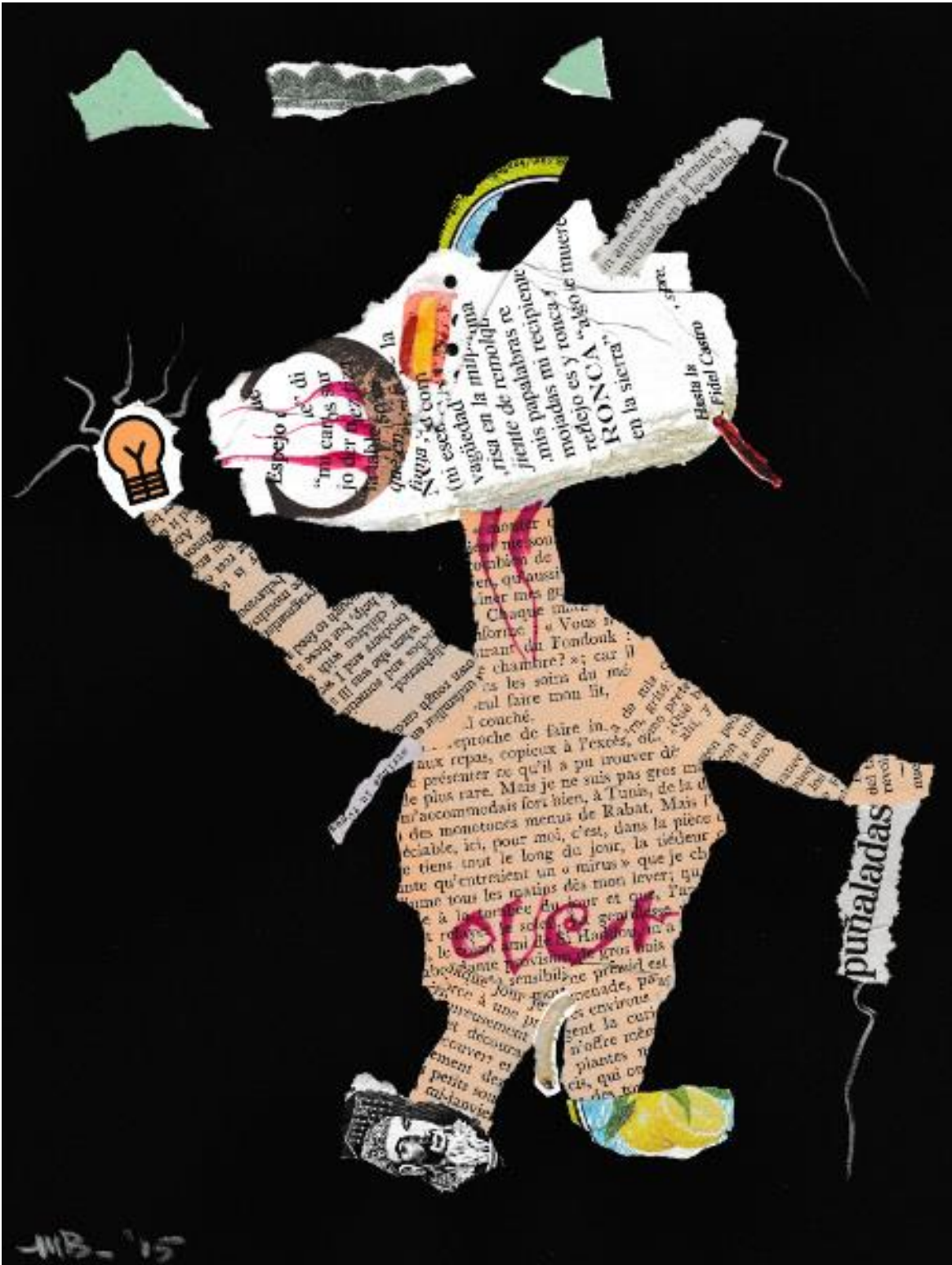


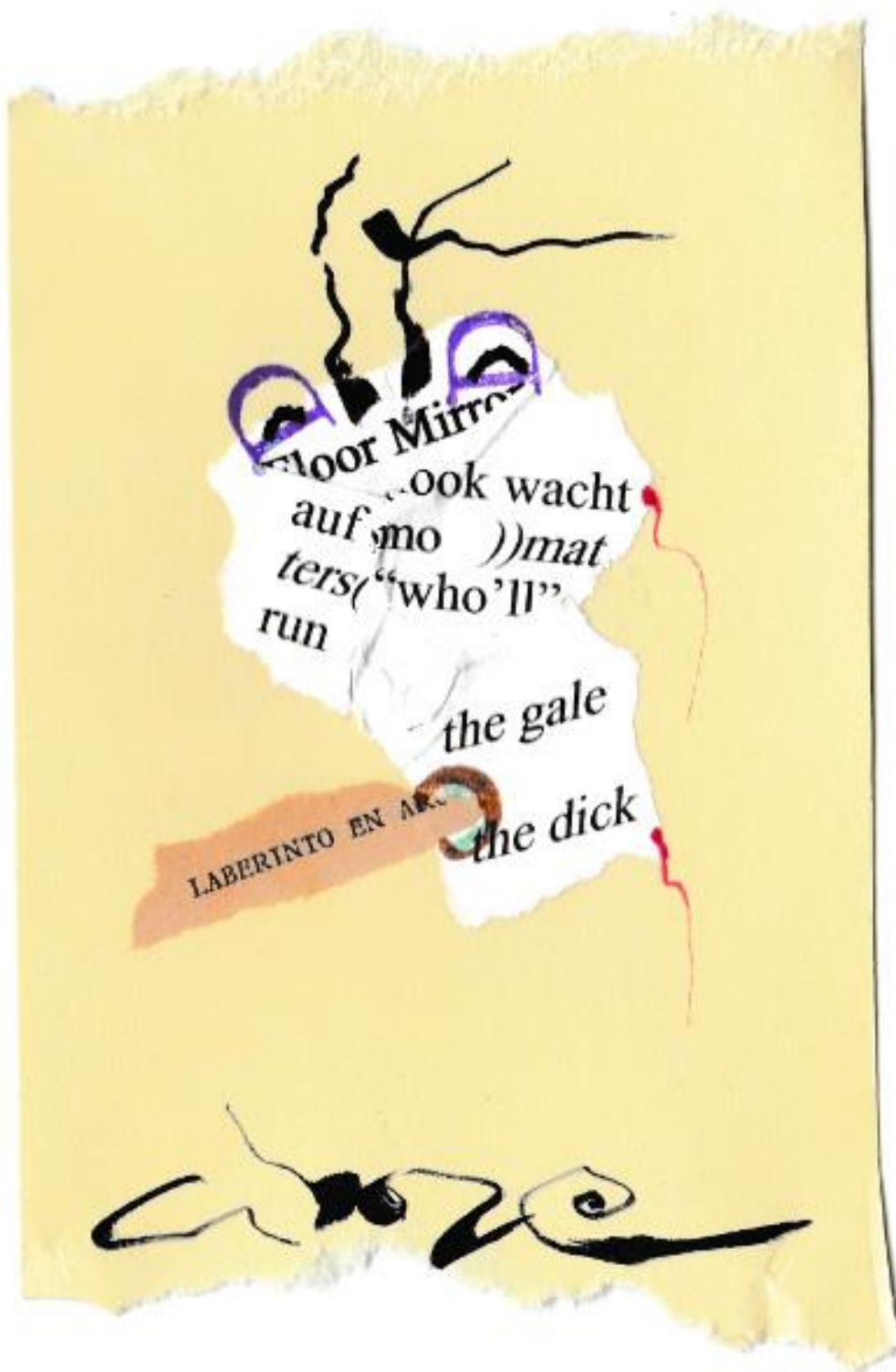
















Contributors' Notes

John M. Bennett has published over 300 books and chapbooks of poetry and other materials. Among the most recent are *rOlling COMBers* (Potes & Poets Press), *Mailer Leaves Ham* (Pantograph Press), *Loose Watch* (Invisible Press), *Chac Prostibulario* (with Ivan Arguelles; Pavement Saw Press), *Historietas Alfabeticas* (Luna Bisonte Prods), *Public Cube* (Luna Bisonte Prods), *The Peel* (Anabasis Press), *Glue* (xPress(ed)), *Lap Gun Cut* (with F. A. Nettelbeck; Luna Bisonte Prods), *Instruction Book* (Luna Bisonte Prods), *la M al* (Blue Lion Books), *Cantar Del Huff* (Luna Bisonte Prods), *Sound Dirt* (with Jim Leftwich; Luna Bisonte Prods), *Backwords* (Blue Lion Books), *Nos* (Redfox Press), *D Rain B Loom* (with Scott Helmes; xPress(ed)), *Changdents* (Offerta Speciale), *L Entes* (Blue Lion Books), *Spitting Ddreams* (Blue Lion Books), *Onda* (with Tom Cassidy; Luna Bisonte Prods), *30 Dialogos Sonoros* (with Martín Gubbins; Luna Bisonte Prods), *Banging The Stone* (with Jim Leftwich; Luna Bisonte Prods), *Faster Nih* (Luna Bisonte Prods), and *Rreves* (Editions du Silence). He has published, exhibited and performed his word art worldwide in thousands of publications and venues. He was editor and publisher of *Lost and Found Times* (1975-2005), and is Curator of the Avant Writing Collection at The Ohio State University Libraries. Richard Kostelanetz has called him “the seminal American poet of my generation”. His work, publications, and papers are collected in several major institutions, including Washington University (St. Louis), SUNY Buffalo, The Ohio State U.

Michael Broder is the author of *This Life Now* (A Midsummer Night's Press, 2014). His work has appeared in *BLOOM*, *Columbia Review*, *Court Green*, and *Painted Bride Quarterly*, among other journals, as well as in a number of anthologies. He lives in Brooklyn with his husband, the poet Jason Schneiderman, and a number of cats, both feral and domestic, and works as a freelance medical writer.

Matthew Cooperman is the author of, most recently, the text + image collaboration *Imago for the Fallen World*, with Marius Lehene (Jaded Ibis Press, 2013), as well as *Still: of the Earth as the Ark which Does Not Move* (Counterpath Press, 2011), *DaZE* (Salt Publishing Ltd, 2006) and *A Sacrificial Zinc* (Pleiades/LSU, 2001), winner of the Lena-Miles Wever Todd Prize. Four chapbooks exist, in addition, including *Little Spool*, winner of the 2014 Pavement Saw Chapbook Prize. A new full-length collection, *Spool*, is forthcoming in 2016 as the winner of the New Measure Prize, from Free Verse Editions. A founding editor of *Quarter After Eight*, and co-poetry editor of *Colorado Review*, Cooperman teaches at Colorado State University. He lives in Fort Collins with his wife, the poet Aby Kaupang, and their two children.

John Gallaher and Kristina Marie Darling were born in Portland and Tulsa. Their collaborations appear in *OmniVerse*, *Requited*, *diode*, and elsewhere. They currently live and write in rural Missouri while also taking frequent trips on the bullet train from Paris to Agen.

Adam Golaski is the author of *Color Plates* and *Worse Than Myself*. He edited *The Problem of Boredom in Paradise: Selected Poems by Paul Hannigan*. Adam has poetry forthcoming in *DIAGRAM* and fiction forthcoming in the anthology *Terror Tales of the Ocean*. Visit Little Stories (www.adamgolaski.blogspot.com) for more.

Anne Gorricks is a poet and visual artist. She is the author of: *A's Visuality* (BlazeVOX Books, Buffalo, NY, 2015), *I-Formation (Book 2)* (Shearsman Books, Bristol, UK, 2012), *I-Formation (Book 1)* (Shearsman, 2010), and *Kyotologic* (Shearsman, 2008). She has co-edited (with Sam Truitt) *In|Filtration: An Anthology of Innovative Poetry from the Hudson River Valley* (Station Hill Press, Barrytown, NY, 2016). She has collaborated with artist Cynthia Winika to produce a limited edition artists' book called “*Swans, the ice,*” she said with grants through the Women's Studio Workshop

in Rosendale, NY, and the New York Foundation for the Arts. She has also collaborated on large textual and/or visual projects with John Bloomberg-Rissman and Scott Helmes. She curated the reading series, *Cadmium Text* (www.cadmiumtextseries.blogspot.com) and co-curated (with Lynn Behrendt), the electronic journal *Peep/Show* at www.peepshowpoetry.blogspot.com. Her visual art can be seen at: www.theropedanceraccompaniesherself.blogspot.com. She lives in West Park, New York.

Arpine Konyalian Grenier is an Armenian American from Beirut, Lebanon, author of four collections: *St. Gregory's Daughter*; *Whores from Samarkand*; *Part, Part, Euphrates*; *The Concession Stand: Exaptation at the Margins*. Her poetry and translations have appeared in numerous publications including *Columbia Poetry Review*, *The Iowa Review* and anthologies by Two Ravens Press and Eyecorner Press (forthcoming). She lives and writes in Los Angeles.

Jeff Harrison has publications from Writers Forum, MAG Press, Persistencia Press, White Sky Books, and Furniture Press. He has e-books from BlazeVOX, xPress(ed), Argotist Ebooks, and Chalk Editions. His poetry has appeared in *An Introduction to the Prose Poem* (Firewheel Editions), *The Hay(na)ku Anthology* Vol. II (Meritage Press), *The Chained Hay(na)ku Project* (Meritage Press), *Sentence: a Journal of Prose Poetics*, *Otoliths*, *Xerography*, *Moria*, *Calibanonline*, *Coconut*, *Eccolinguistics*, *unarmed*, *Big Bridge*, *Sugar Mule*, and elsewhere.

Katie Hibner is a confetti canon from Cincinnati, Ohio. Her poetry has been *published or is forthcoming* in *Bone Bouquet*, *GlitterMOB*, *Horse Less Review*, *Smoking Glue Gun*, and *Yes, Poetry*. She interns for *Sixth Finch* and *Big Lucks*, and is a freshman at Bennington College for the 2015-2016 school year.

W. Scott Howard teaches poetry and poetics in the Department of English 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 poems may be found in *afterimage*, *BlazeVOX journal*, *Burnside Reader*, *Denver Poetry Map*, *Diagram*, *Eccolinguistics*, *Ekleksographia*, *E.Ratio*, *Many Mountains Moving*, *word for / word*, and *Talisman*. An e- book, *ROPES* (with images by Ginger Knowlton) is available from Delete Press (2014). His forthcoming monographs include a collection of poems, *Transfigurations*, and a volume of essays, *Archive and Artifact: Susan Howe's Whirlwind Poetics*.

Christopher Mulrooney is the author of *toy balloons* (Another New Calligraphy), *alarm* (Shirt Pocket Press), *supergrooviness* (Lost Angelene), and *Buson orders leggings* (Dink Press). Christopher Mulrooney passed away in July, 2015.

Michael Sikkema was raised in rural Michigan in a working class family. He is the author of three full length books of poems, *Futuring*, *January Found* (Blazevox), and *May Apple Deep* (Trembling Pillow Press). He is also the author of several chapbooks, most recently *Time Missing* from Grey Book Press.

Elizabeth Witte is a writer and editor living in western Massachusetts. Her work has been published in a variety of journals and her chapbook *Dry Eye* is available from Dancing Girl Press. She is Associate Editor of *The Common*, and received her MFA from the Bennington Writing Seminars.

Masthead

Word For/ Word is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round. Issue #28 is scheduled for August 2016. 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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Jonathan Minton, Editor

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