



Word For/ Word is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round. Issue #29 is scheduled for February 2017. Please direct queries and submissions to:

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

Email queries and submissions may be sent to: editors@wordforword.info.

Email submissions should be attached as a single .doc, .rtf, .pdf or .txt file. Visuals should be attached individually as .jpg, .png, .gif, or .bmp files. Please include the word "submission" in the subject line of your email.

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Word For/ Word is open to all types of poetry, prose and visual art, but prefers innovative and post-avant work with an astute awareness of the materials, rhythms, trajectories and emerging forms of the contemporary. *Word For/ Word* is published biannually.

Jonathan Minton, Editor
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Plinth

The hummingbird's tilt to my flowered shirt-
and me stock still on the back porch. The hum
then absentium of it, amid the hull-
abaloo of Hawaiian print and girth

of California, and the girl inside
the apartment who'd eventually steal
my clothes and money, well, the shit got real
as the saying goes, or went, or did. Besides,

I am so sick of burth and birial,
the hummingbird's tongue longer than it,
and she can have the money -and no meal

my shirt, so the dart-bird flew, hungry and dumb,
like everyone away, away, like all
our body a'comet saying, Come, come

Palm Desert

Tectonics

They have predicted an earthquake soon. The beasts
in this cracked desert of one season don't
seem to know. Neither fled nor silent in
a sunrise the color of agate, days

always the color of sand in your teeth
from oceans you will never visit. Didn't
the torn page I found this morning resting
against my tire mean something in its fading,

picture of a woman's splayed legs, my own Iseult
sweet in dawn's lux, saying *Here is your envelope of anthrax. Here*
is your heartbeat of glass shutting over every moment like a vise in that over-plied council
of this body, and yours and yours and yours, in the raking gazes of the carcasses stumbling
inside the carcass and those things moving inside us, afloat on a sea of fire,
such force and stuff, continental but drifting.

Avoid Contact with the Skin

You thought water was precious in the desert,
found every faucet dripping, every lawn green.
The cars' names resembled erectile dysfunction
medication. If the day were yours the music
would seem more the soundtrack to the life you
should be leading. Hope then that the car battery
goes dead. The manual should've read, When jumping
from a burning building aim for the garbage bin.
When possessed by devils, speak in a tongue that sounds
relatively familiar to those around you. Blink, citizen,
and open your eyes upon the rain, that bardic hominahomina.
Mortal and bewildered, there remain too many choices to channel
the light, before climate pointed the birds north then west,
before your tongue was desert, dust, address.

Desert Hot Springs

your bones are toothpicks, bro

these days splintered bones require band-aids
headaches &/or heartaches of the early 21st century
ain't got nothing on millennial's pain
another dead body almost dances to the morgue
content to not be of this world
glad as a ghost can be
to depart while family
eats dinner or sleeps or watches another
stupid fucking news channel
gone between the arms of a mother's hug
get thee gone, Satan all the white
Christian boys laugh into billfolds

death candy galore
glorify your babies & give 'em a piece
it's what they sell at the drugstore, the corner store
it's what they feeding babies at school lunches, believe it's real
someone said *nope, not my baby*
but they took him anyways& he was all growed up

rather than this book or that brain or that book or this body
beefy attitudes [think pork sausage]
of a big-headed beast [think pork chops or head cheese]
parade streets like hammers like hammers like hammers
like too many fucking guns like blue, like blue, like glue
the body moves behind a brute, brute breast of a chest-plate
that protects a phantom heart

there's a politician who looks like crying
but it's an onion, it's a goddamn onion patch
& cue the applause card because the host has to piss
no more questions, everyone get unsafely home & shit

the horizon so out there, so far out there
it demands telescopes or at the very least
a decent pair of binoculars
the horizon a peel-away mirage sticker, a scratch 'n sniff gun

the state of America is more cemetery than anything else

there's a shovel in my foot digging my grave
or the graves of some brothers & sisters i've yet to meet

it's hard to dig a grave, if you have never tried
mud is not like dirt is not like sand is much like flesh

flesh falls from the bone, you should know
you do it every day, some of you eat your own

ruminating the worms, the spiders, the pile of fingernails
seldom i find a wedding ring or a bff charm, mostly teeth

my parents ask me to dig their graves but i tell them
right now i can't, there are too many others who need rest

people like kids who will never make it to high school
moms&dads of freshly born babies, freshly born babies, freshly born babies, freshly born

people tied to truth and justice and breathing, people
just minding their own goddamn fucking business

it's hard to bury people who are younger and smaller than you
trust me they have more weight than any other body on the market

it's hard to bury love & lovers, batches of no-names or worse even
a collection of non-white corpses still singing in their sleep

plant nightshades next to rotting bodies if you want to grow quickly
i've never tasted one, but i've heard good things

it's hard to dig a grave, but someone's gotta do it
someone's gotta send off the good ones with a banner & a parade

From *Ten*

A little window frame
with a delicate dress
and slicing wings
pressed translucently.

Above where it broke
no mistaking dense space
language replaced
a sweeter song.

From *Ten*

I insist the strain of sight is effective.
And look the cardinal arrives as conjured.
Dear, these sentences are weighty romantics.
Agreed?
I shook the subject and squeezed its brittle neck.
The black squirrel assumed the antagonist.
Oh my.
The setting is mild and perhaps a little meek.
Sneakily she edges back to the sloshing sea.
The sun glaring her notes gleefully.

From *Ten*

Circuitous sights. When you can press
there. Time to write. The sun
streams. Fragile in its
boil. But I want to go—
and that is here. A bright-boiled
fighter I've become. She sang, "No,
I don't know the sex, I just wrote it."
A story sings. The bird, an instrument
strumming, a hand commanding,
words choose.

From *Ten*

Just let it be
becoming also.

The judge
judiciously
resigned.

Signs of
death-days
coming.

Still
insisting.

From *Ten*

Write my mind.
And does death follow?
The sense of shallow response.
“Whatever!”
Recycled expressions cycling in.
Random transactions that paved you.
“Were we born when she died”?
And what might that look like?
I shake myself down
inking a portrait.

The Attic

after Lisa Robertson's "Wooden Houses"

And we said we would climb the rickety bridge
And you are a flowering ledge.

And my hair grew out
And we locked you away for the winter.

And you are a bundle of shivering strings
And you are a drying orchid.

And you are not ready to give up your ghost
And you are chewing the rinds.

And you are named as the portrait of a city
And you are a burning garage.

And you are erasing your name from the notebooks
And you are a dream in a train on the sly.

And you are keeping your animals in cages
The animals are asking for food.

And you are the mirror staged tall in the corner
Your lofted mattress has nearly collapsed.

And you are burrowing into the corner
Where the darkroom builds itself.

And you did not leave a scrap on your plate
And you do not lie near the furnace.

And you abandon the photographs
And the rusty organ swallows them.

And you know you'll be back in the spring
When the ledges are smooth and dulled.

And you skirt the barbed-wire fence
Clicking your steeled toes.

And you twist your mouth
To give and chew and keep.

And you finger the switchblade you keep in your pocket
And the seventeen apartments clamber for prime slots in your lengthening diorama.

And you are your mother in face and in speech

The history stages its comeback.

And you will change your name
But the marks are not scrubbing away.

And your hair in the ziplock bag
The edges peel and blur as the scent fades.

And your animal puppet heads are abandoned
In the alley in the rainstorm.

And your stories are left in the book in the attic
As your steeled toes click along.

Because the thing desired
Absorbs desire as absence.

Because of the empty clocktower
You are the velveteen stairs.

Because you were raised by the television
You pattern your speech like a warrior queen.

The marks are not scrubbing away
But the ledges are smooth and nearly dulled.

Picking through your drawings and photographs and scarves
People move on.

The city has changed
I speak with split tongue.

I speak with split tongue
I speak with split tongue.

It is a stiff mattress
It shakes clean everything it can't survive.

It was a muddy sinkhole
Like you'd drawn the lines of my angles and curves from a picture you saw in his room.

Or an object that speaks of its previous owners
Or the woman who says she forgets.

Sometimes the framework expands with an inhale
Assuming the vessel will loosen its ties.

The sprain is arranged to display the blued bone
The sensors detecting the grafting of points.

The videotape shows two girls on a train

The train splits and cracks.

Now we are picking our way through the junkyard
The gate we leave swinging erases our trail.

Now it is summer
And the abandoned attic clambers for a slot in your diorama.

To survive his mattress
We abandoned everything.

To survive our story
I split my tongue.

Whether or not the switchblade is true
You twist your mouth at the hungry animals.

You are resting in some corner of my body
A swallowed object softly speaks an echo of its name.

The animal heads might puppet your hunger
You attempt to rationalize this.

You are the shots firing silent
You are a ghost on the tracks.

You bottle the energies you wish to preserve
In objects you hang from your neck.

You sleep with a man
You are certain he will be your revolutionary.

You tie your hair in a bundle of shivering strings
You fade as your scent on your hair in the bag.

You are the rickety bridge burned beneath my eyelids
Your lips arranged like a split railing.

Your words are drying on the edge of the rail.

[an airy thing]

dusky nightly thing
balsamic and frail
a thing of the ages

its silky sunrise shine drips on the grass
the grass soaks its moated loom-like eye

furtive spray
equation / the tendrils of proto-light
laminated

ectoplasm in dried skin of a medium in action
matter transpiring spirit

[a spidery thing]

Pull the sheets over your head,
the taffeta of dream cloaks you.

Tiny legs delicate fangs erode you.

To the same hours you stare
like a clock into its beginning.

If you want, turn on the light.

At the same time,
talk to me through
veils. Thorax swells
with hard glee

to remember a buttoned tree.
Hard to sew on new trousers.

The escaped world
has saved us front
seats for an epoch.

[a milky thing]

smoked tweed balky in drag
I take off my clothed dawn
from remaining fingertips
carved like a baby hung
by the nipple

in sad animal biosphere
tuned mammal impulse
I greyed with thought
striving for the monkey in me
feeling the tendon's last paw

over silky hail mother
hanging the hung nipple
dawn-like, glossing in
desert meat-sucking way

a bleat a neigh a croak a sigh
shimmying the straight nipple

From *Petroglyph*

I've heard it said that sisters are just girls from the same family. Sweet alyssum and other salt tolerant shrubs. I've heard it said that we are strongly drawn to bubbles. Their texture, the way they feel on our tongue. The sound of them popping.

From *Petroglyph*

Poetics tends to make dead people more dead. It tends to make a funny man sick. So what if this funny man was the mayor of a town in which they burned their dead in sandalwood and other invasive species? Endemic is not the same as native. Hastily arranged verbs spill over the spine.

Practical experience tells us this place is filled with ghosts. One ghost says, “Let’s not be so close.” Her body is invisible yet retains the tonal qualities of a bell.

Another ghost appears on the stage as if heralding some unexpected change. He says, “Even birds can fly.”

Still another ghost folds her hands over yours and says, “What’s worse: fifteen percent, or fifteen percent of fifteen percent?”

From *Petroglyph*

Who among us will peel back their skin to reveal a web of reedy veins? Who suggests higher consciousness through the placement of sea urchins and other mechanical details? Who can lead us to that ubiquitous shade of Deschanel fatigue?

Disease has five layers, each with five eyes, studying five folded pieces of paper with five different words all of which sound roughly the same. Antipathy. Antipodes. Antipasto. Antigen. Ancillary.

One of them says, "Conjunctivitis is not my friend." What this all means does not necessarily include what this all means.

Showy neural crests invite mass deportation. Our roofs chant when it rains.

From *Petroglyph*

You recall a collection of your former lovers, all of them baffling your memories with their distinguishing features. Portions of their eyes are captured in tulip-shaped verbs. Other parts of their bodies dissolve in comforting broth.

They have no influential doppelgangers and no strings connecting them to unwilling collaborators. A thin layer of green keeps the pathogen's host from achieving critical mass.

We test the glass only to find that the glass is hot to the touch. Later, we describe a world in which the sclera fills the ear with white noise.

[ambi-]

the place where they are hiding
feet are extended and withdrawn
midway between introversion and extroversion
able to use both hands
a niche for the most worthless or least thing possible
the ragweed, the beebread, the starfishes

those who are thus hiding, surrounding on all sides
the existence of conflicting tendencies
crystalline, pale green
any covered or sheltered place
for tools or arms, double aces, bad luck
a device for carrying the sick and wounded
measuring the distance walked
backed by a dark surface

[trans-]

as radioactive disintegration / so as to exalt, glorify
to pour from one container into another / as this poetry does not
as one may transpose “he went down” to “down he went” / to enrapture, entrance
a tadpole is metamorphosed into a frog / (a saint’s body) (one form of energy)
or through the surface of leaves / that converts speech beyond worldly matters
to change a small window / to cause (light, heat, sound)

[ex-]

was inaccessible by boat : an approach to the farthest limit :
I would go : lines are connected : *too far* : difficult task to
select (a passage) : *so crammed as he thinks with* departure,
projection : an instance of *everyone was gone* : fragile items
: to gather, pluck : more at harvest : fine curled wood
shavings : eminently good : in a clearinghouse for settlement
: rainy days : a place where : to part with : *except for you* :
were it not for : at a distant point

Sanctuary of the Unbidden

Astray & all nameless: grace
exceeding namelessness.
To be named is a journey
on the way to oblivion.
Rough-cut, lichen-ed stones
mark the disappeared. Birdsong,
high in the oaks, flitting
in and out of branches,
keeps time with
a kind of heaven.
Ivy tangles the inventory.
Slaves at the back, &
the further back you go,
the less visible the record.
Strain of labor unrequited.
Toil of generations
in the rusting chains
hanging from iron rods;
the simple arc of gravity
makes a simple elegy.
In the helter-skelter
of headstones, depressions
& stone markers, there's
a final witness & truth.
Shadows as much as
sunlight; a longing
only half-lingering
in the unsaid.

Denny's

Red letters on a yellow sign
can be more than friendly,
as can outsized plastic menus
& brown imitation-leather
naugahyde the air is bright
with chatter & the clatter of
plates & silverware it's
corporate-friendly &
focus-group tested, customer-
relations approved—utterly
lacking in charm but
happy in a standardized
American postsomething way.
The mind wants to feel that
experience is unique but
what if it isn't? Denny's is
the cheerful acceptance of
that fact. I'm working on
acceptance in a clean,
well-lighted place, sunlight is
streaming through the window
with the highway outside it
leading to other highways,
other Denny's—Dear Reader,
everything here says, give
up on mimesis, on the spell of
the unique. Live under
the spell of seriality,
one thing after the other.

Strange Fruit

*The “I” in the mode of knowing, knows
its own vulnerability, and thus others.’*

How exquisite the
thinking behind
this thought, like
ruins not yet ruins.
And of vulnerability,
mine, dense as the
blackness outside my
window, nightsong
darkness no song
throbbing out there
beyond the glass but
some kind of
unidentifiable subtonal
thrum—life thrum, death
thrum, who can
say?—but does
that recognition mean
you automatically
see the vulnerability
in others? Wonder’s
a different
lens from awe.
Every individual,
every epoch, shelters
its abject darkness,
its unspeakable
counter-arguments.
Perhaps the “I”
that comes to
know its own
terrible vulnerability also
comes to see,
comes to know, the
vulnerability of
others, but is
unmoved, unchanged
by that recognition.
That’s a farness
you don’t want
to go past. A
god of another
self, unpropitiated
by small sacrifices.

1. Aesop Repurposed / Parts of a Book

2. Recto / Verso

2.1 *The Good Things and the Bad Things*

2.2 To begin, there is no verso. When a story begins it begins recto. *The Complete Fables*—short quips, moral-less, debased slave; to punish the downtrodden. Beginning ends on the same side of the leaf; i.e. front of leaf contains everything. Ill after man, to corner alone: one at a time bad things arrive. Thank Zeus.

2.3 The bad thing came gravitational. Pull of earth to body. A wrap for bare frame.

—Verses recto

2.4 The bad thing arrived early to make you late. A nail or five—puncture skin. Awful, exterior detritus lurks, anonymous wind shuffles. Another person's hands? Mauled Frisbee? Mark time is not Matthew time.

—Scripture hokey-pokey

2.5 And the bad thing arrived lustful. Face becoming his body, smooth cheeks, sheer flanks; eyes a welcome mat to and after cocktail soiree.

—Chameleon

3. Frontispiece

3.1. *The Man Selling a Holy Statue*

3.2. Wooden Hermes at market: carver expects more than will be offered. Indeed wood tends to frighten people, plural more so. There is no shine and rot, may it rot a god from the inside? Carver becomes hawker, trumps up value of statue—what it can do: belief in power of figure. Motionless now, may be a ruse

—the god unburdened of populace unfolds might.

3.3. Door to door, sale of potions: stunt age, accumulate wealth, concoction of irresistibility. Wherefore art thou questing? Desire in clever tongue creates desire in open wound. A daub of ointment to walk again.

—Thief of daylight

3.4 Lyre: Liar :: Lair : Layer

—Measures of preface

4. Dedication

4.1. *The Eagle and the Fox*

4.2. Of friendship; granted we take, but do we give? An eagle claimant reverses thought when pangs ravage eaglet bellies. Skulk of kits rooted at base of tree for the taking. Raid of den—an infiltration of trust. Curses yowled nest-ward by vixen on return from sojourn. Food fit for young loses value when young inside young. *Chersaia*—wingless; crime not punishable by action. Though sacrifice, that holy ardor, is reciprocal; burning entrails stave off hunger but produce exodus of nest into vixen maw.

4.3. Goat sacrifice akin to eaglet sacrifice akin to kit sacrifice.

—Substitution of contents produces context

4.4. Unwritten contracts based on word are only as good as. Word carries strength of diaphragm, of function of being. Often this being is too much to risk for another.

—Canvas *and(s)* to find willing couplers. *And* as fingers between shaken hands.

4.5. Eagle arrived as the obsequious neighbor offering to carry groceries inside, shovel drive, babysit.

—Fury dedicates percolation

5. Epigraph

5.1. *The Eagle and the Scarab Beetle*

5.2. The first time he heard the term *moronic inferno* he knew exactly where it was located and who were its inhabitants.

—Junot Díaz, *The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao*

5.3. Healing and nurturing encased in dung.

—Creation, whether purposeful or necessary, proposes elasticity

5.4. Hair demands to be cut or embraced. Products, combs—these tools decide its shape. When on a throne does a crown cover a crown?

—the great scarab is bowed at the altar
the green light gleams in his shell

—Pound, *The Cantos* (LXXIV)

- 5.5 I beseech thee begged the beetle: hare rent asunder, proximal.
—Eggs must be watched by layers; even Zeus doesn't take to shit.

- 5.6 Humpty Dumpty and the Scarab Beetle?
—Well-known authority's official horses and men of the crown.

6. (Table of) Contents

6.1. *The Eagle, the Jackdaw and the Shepherd*

- 6.2 A for B when A is A. Simple mechanics of a hammer. In the morning all over this land men will shepherd their nails x2s & x4s. Structures will rise triumphant; the sky a pierced sphere. Erector sets extinct, two-in-ones—yet when strength is tested only the solid face will yield clean drive. Wood can tangle metal like a ram inadvertently tangles a jackdaw. Dinner bell is clanging and the jackdaw thought only a smorgasbord would do.

- 6.3 Rashly he calls a poisonwood merely tree.
—When your good eye is swollen shut light is a bitter, damaged film

- 6.4 Far as he could see there was nothing to see.
—A ram horns in on a mundane outcrop of rock

- 6.5 Isosceles, right? 30 - 60 - 90, prevalent angles in triangulation. He took his compass out and headed to the vertex angle from the base.

- 6.6 Sudden eagles enjoy lambs, retain all coverts and axillaries.
—Plumage as paradox of headiness

7. Page Numbers

7.1. *The Eagle with Clipped Wings and the Fox*

7.2. Something in the way of flight. Something in the way of reasoning. If ability is lost is reason the answer to calm? Benefactors insert grace into situations deemed maladroit. If an onlooker discerns a more appropriate response, should it be followed? Disposition of wings; shame; poultry squabbling in yard—are these instances of insensibility? To reward based on fear instead of merit. To collapse the tongue.

7.3. First page: a wizened fox proves theory of pith. Treacle of accounts rendered. Forest of unpleasant barbs. Acrimonious sunset. Leaves muffle step when wet. Stick wings laterally and wonder where they went.

—Masters muster shortcomings

7.4. Myrrh in relation to frankincense. Mangy animals rove in packs. Until such time as breaking strict policy the banker pushes spectacles. Wilted clippings of tulips etch the edge. Lips do not deserve the opportunity. Slip this cage in mouth—masticate.

—Herbs of the earth unite, untie

7.5. Rub the hung ornamental charm. Is enlivened body a proposition? Refuse to supply frontier façade. Behold! an aggressive salamander. Purpose retained numerically.

—One is seven the same

7.6. Point six degrees southerly. Forget this foible. Facsimile of dust clings to rabbit fur. Run the numbers. It's not so often that Reynard approves of a situation unconditionally.

—Eye of égalité.

[4.1]

What means to gather, a skirt | overlaid | What we bury
in earth to control degradation | a pocket lined crisply with folds | then lacing
together, at intervals drawn | *If she were*
obstructed | tips molded, dermal | internal
irregularities in breasts | malformed flimsy, the skin
itself / *Rigorously stroked (the practice of maternal) fondling* | cocoons
cooked are a durable interface of resins | netted | *She wanted*
to preserve: pickling, what she buried | to allow
remodeling, capillaries | Until the time of spinning |

[4.2]

In the injured region, that is, inner thighs | we try binding
the mouths of wounds | *Forgotten* | the many scrapes of claws |
She didn't want to be alone, nor tethered | if deserting
were quicker than decomposing, when all that remains are
margins, how to lift depressions | to swing a piece relative
to another, a combination of hinge
and nails | *She just needed something to hang*
from wood, a stalk and other wrongs, a procession of flaws | as if our fins
our genes analogous | when we outgrow
ourselves, a divide within which everything
depends, a greater area for corroding | collagen | *in higher animals*
the long bones of legs bow under | *What she was built for, attachment*
ignored | a sail to a stay | a plate written only, bound
at the heart | and pleated |

[4.3]

These skins | triggered | antennae detecting animated
speech | *Branches, small birds (or was it girls) we laid*
down lengthwise | to interpret fossils
rhythmically arranged | inside the transported sometimes | *Inclined*
(what she called digital enhancement) | to inject by wearing a kind
of delicately articulated | *Translation: was there an accident* | traces
rarely yet a ribbon wrapped
round the grave-digger's daughter | *Didn't she scream* | a progression
of horns on the backs | of wings, incarnations | *She was no longer*
wild, a dormant moth, unbound |

[4.4]

Close to poles and covered with hair | we can scarcely speak
without mentioning | proximity to the equator a barely perceptible
reddening | unless, if only our mothers | blush
to mimic the paleness of infants useless
as an indicator, withdrawing
light as needed / *“Take shelter, there’s a storm coming”* | the swells
of red are females shifting, by colors and carbon, carrying
reddish-blue, the rumps | after three days
of simulated tanning | “red sweat,” yellow | *And she prepared to rub
poison in every crevice or crack, hollow or crease, until she could kill
every last one* |

[4.5]

Ochre | and the teeth were very
white | *She grew natural* | mutations
white of ash | *For what was minor, the mildest* | fluctuation
of reds according to the angle of view | *Sheared or*
slashed | colorfast | *She couldn't pass a mirror without*
reflection | the purple recalling a distant vermillion, a circle
(a worm, diminutive) requires twice as much gray | a powder washed
green can sting | an ink leaked through, an inferior blue | *Remember:*
the beautiful scales | the warp
is one memory and the weft contrasts the black |

From *Butcher*

The butcher admits that desire is a lucky lust. She lived in California. She lived in Buffalo. Butcher, based in friction, provides function. A butcher forms function. Not a soul. Butcher the most precise metaphor along sonic paths from “A” to “C”—its gap not a hole but real vibrating waves circling the center of my ear. A point not hollow with space. A point ringing the knife’s edge.

From *Butcher*

I do not accept
a dimmed
need for the
butcher.

Sound. Sound.
Subtlety. I do
not accept
some
sequence of
cuts and lines
on the animal
body as other
than graphic.

From *Butcher*

I grant
anything the
butcher
wants, like a
thin skin of
earth and soil
to walk.

She seems
regular from
the road, and
walks each
way.

How do you
define the
common-
place?

From *Butcher*

The butcher walks into woods after dinner. She knows dull rocks, colors. She wanders into imaginary space with toned belief. Confidence. Paths form her undivided sections of land laid tight without overlap. Her network, its world: both sons saw her in early morning. Her care for bodies is never restful.

From *Butcher*

I watch by the shop, in proportion to the meatmonger, primal, primal cut or clot nicked open by grandfathers and fathers into a dense family linguistic body and thread of the knife's virile rip through the sound of animal fiber. The butcher functions inside. She makes the sound. The sound splits and spills through her frame, its own history, a parting gift to old unity.

From *Butcher*

The
butcher
moves
and
weighs
on my
mind.

Our two acts
magnify
the scores on
a wooden table.

Mouthful of Broken

That one day

I caught a shark in the sky
with a gummy worm

wormholing as it swam through the thrall the clouds sowhite snowwhite

balloonteeth eth what is lain

up on the table

a humanmoth ething tablecloth

contents of the vase included

balloon teeth eth tall sky-
high

ethed up the Sun Orchids

Blueberry Orchids

Brokenstemmed Orchids

Glass Orchids

Brackish Orchids

Plutonium Orchids

your tummy summer rolls on
the sharkheart is dead

ripped out and eth.

Smothergarden

Fix you up again

how high does a brother have to climb that latter?

how high does a postindustrial mother have to climb that latter?

[Vitamultin of the Vale
slow poison]

you cant hummingbird talk your way out of this one

all the hummingbirds are dead

dead. yes. the venomous water of the Vale

struck a certain strategic chord of consciousness

a-----mong hummingbird brains [dinosaur brains]

hummingburns and dinosaurs!

he stays somewhere between

confusion and excitement!?

gnaw

there's still a mountain of feathers and meat

across the nation

as we await decomposition

[Vitamultin of the Vale
a slow poison in disguise]

[plug into what? there are no walls left standing]

and the arrival of that much poetically lauded snoflower

to devour the bone

to deflower the bone

so we have a place to stand upon
this Vale

and live our lives

[instead of sitting upon
mountains of bones—

something that if were so would mean

there would be no species. race. Mankind.. Humanity.

[temporal causality?—

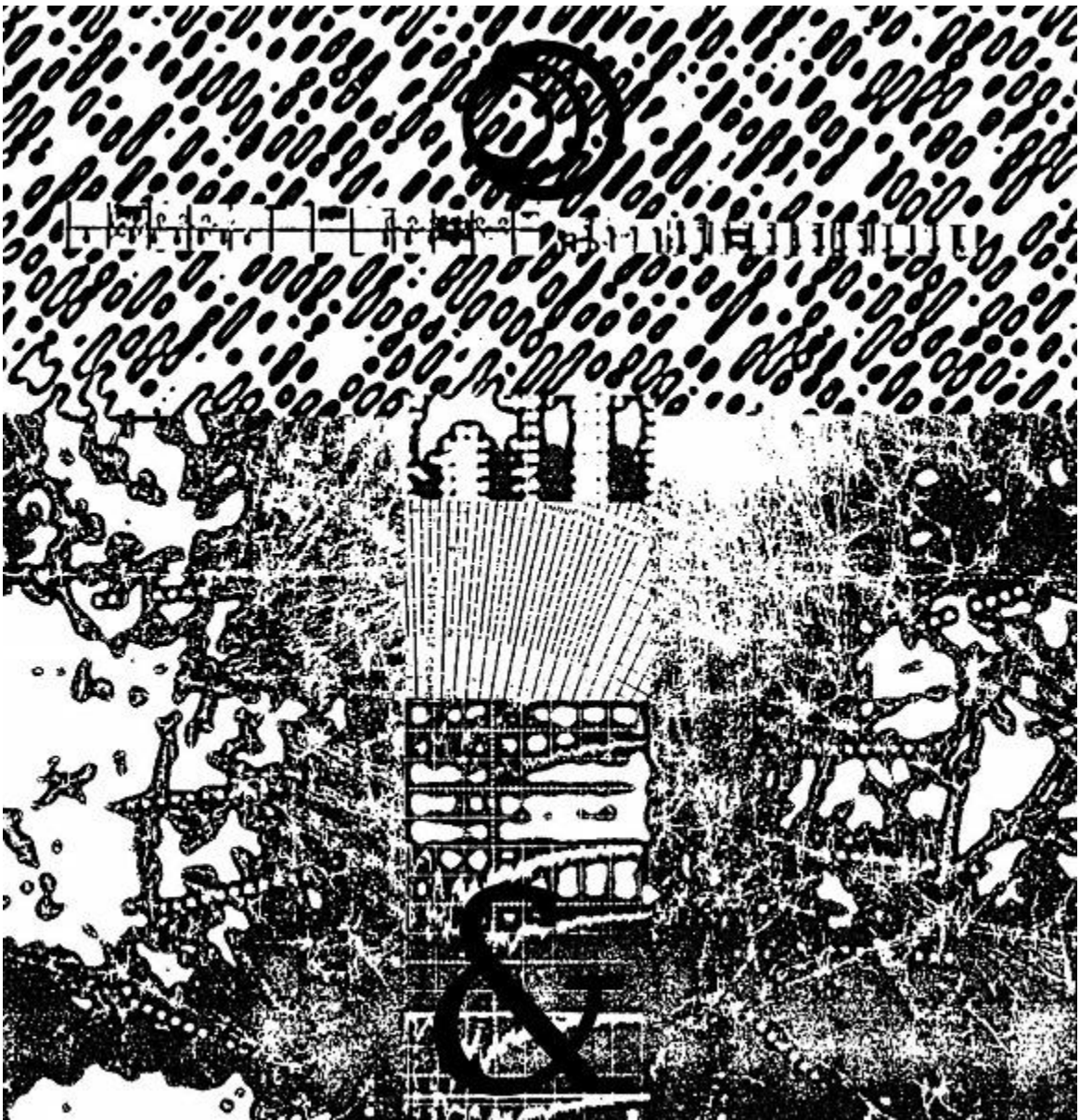
I don't think so— more like evolutionary necessity]

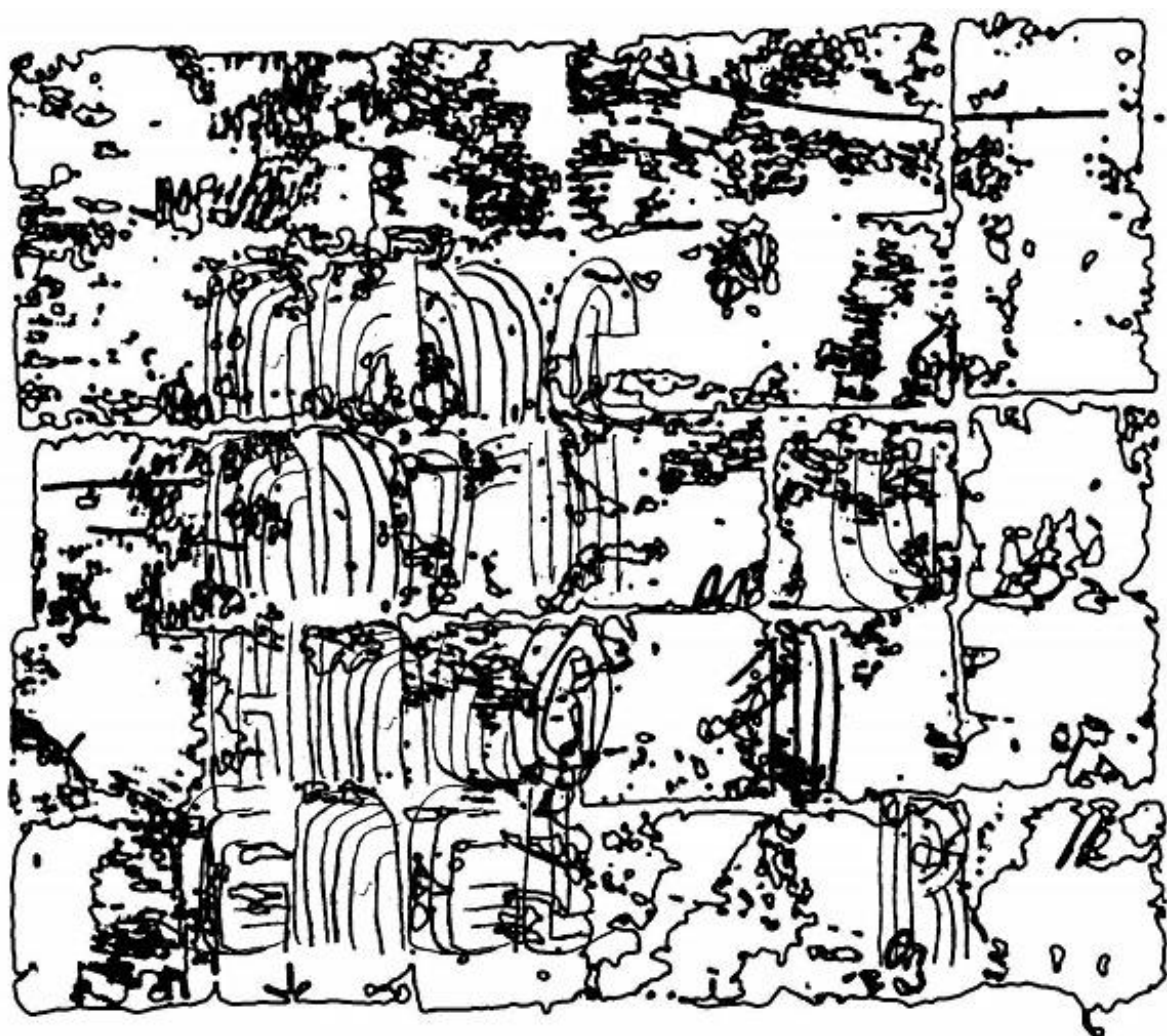
I do think so but I do think

thrice and then some

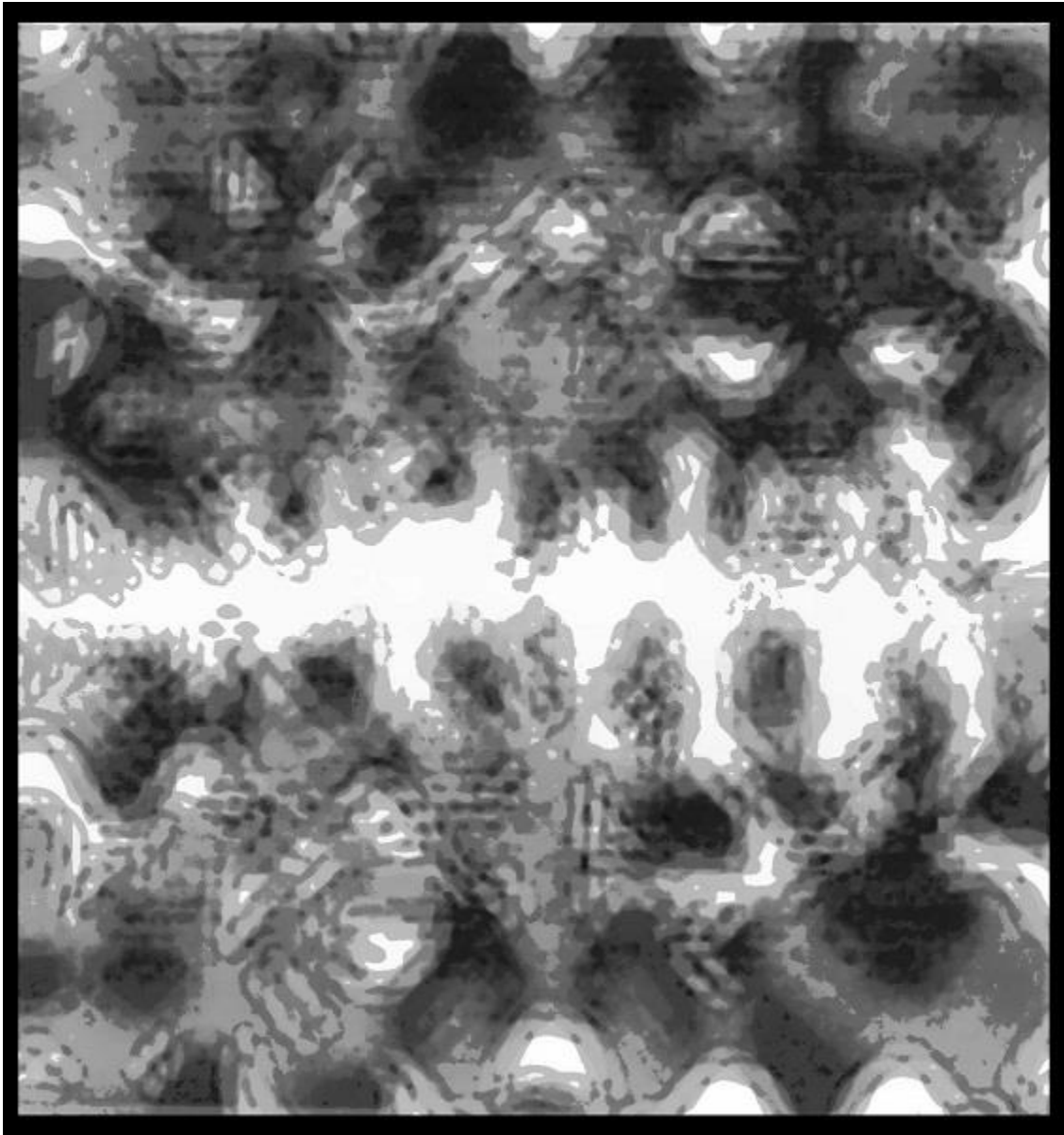
and top that off with some Infinity.

([is this heavy enough yet?])

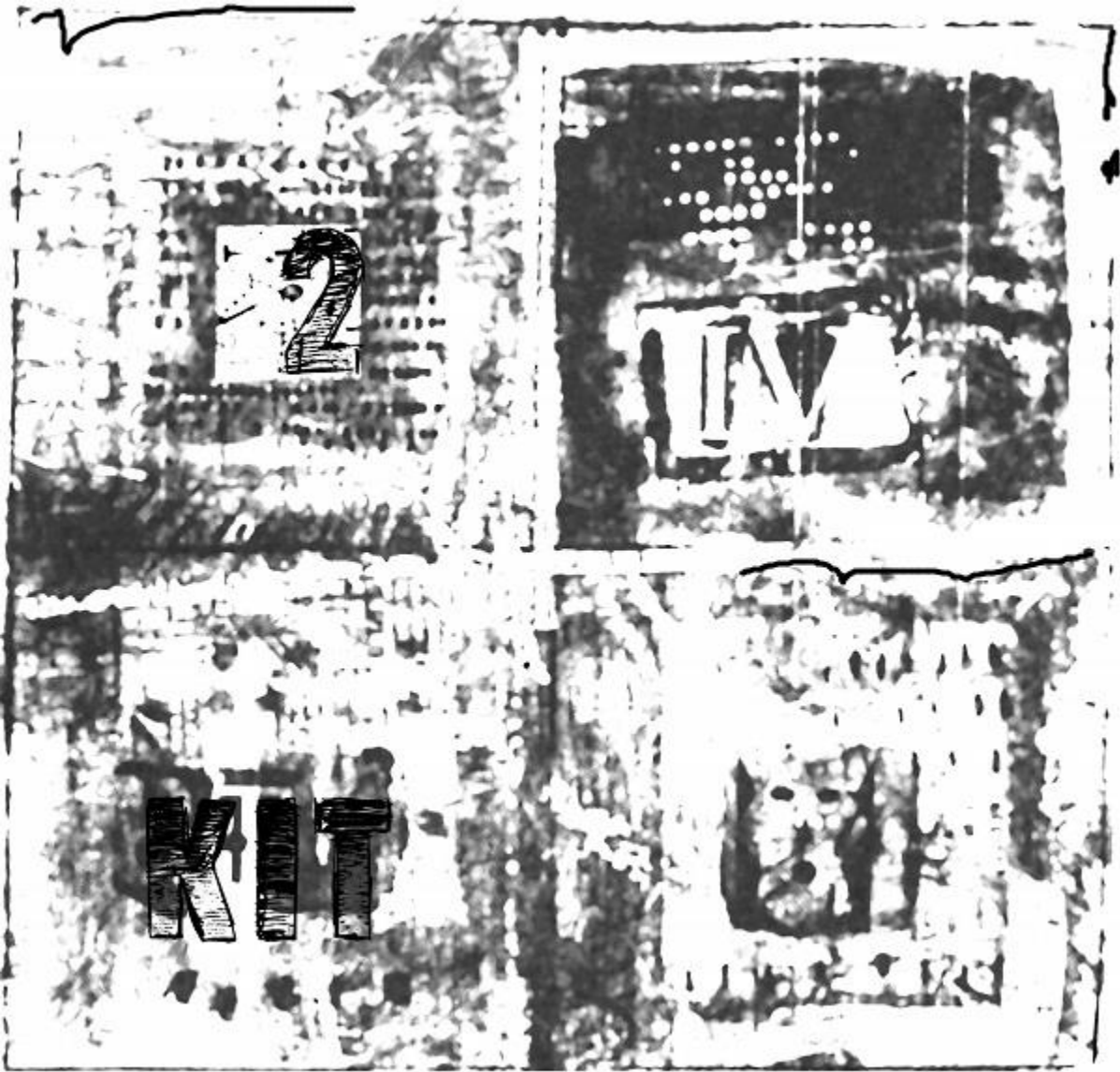












Perfect Day



Rules of a House Party



Diamondrun



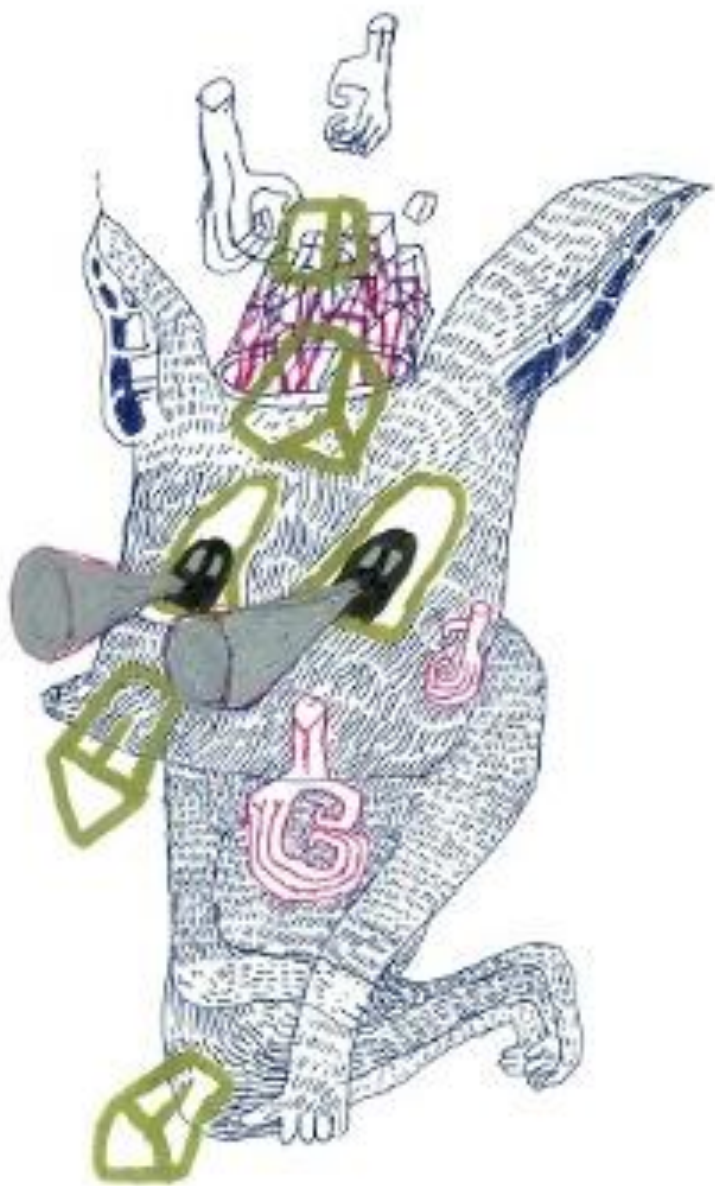
I Think I Am



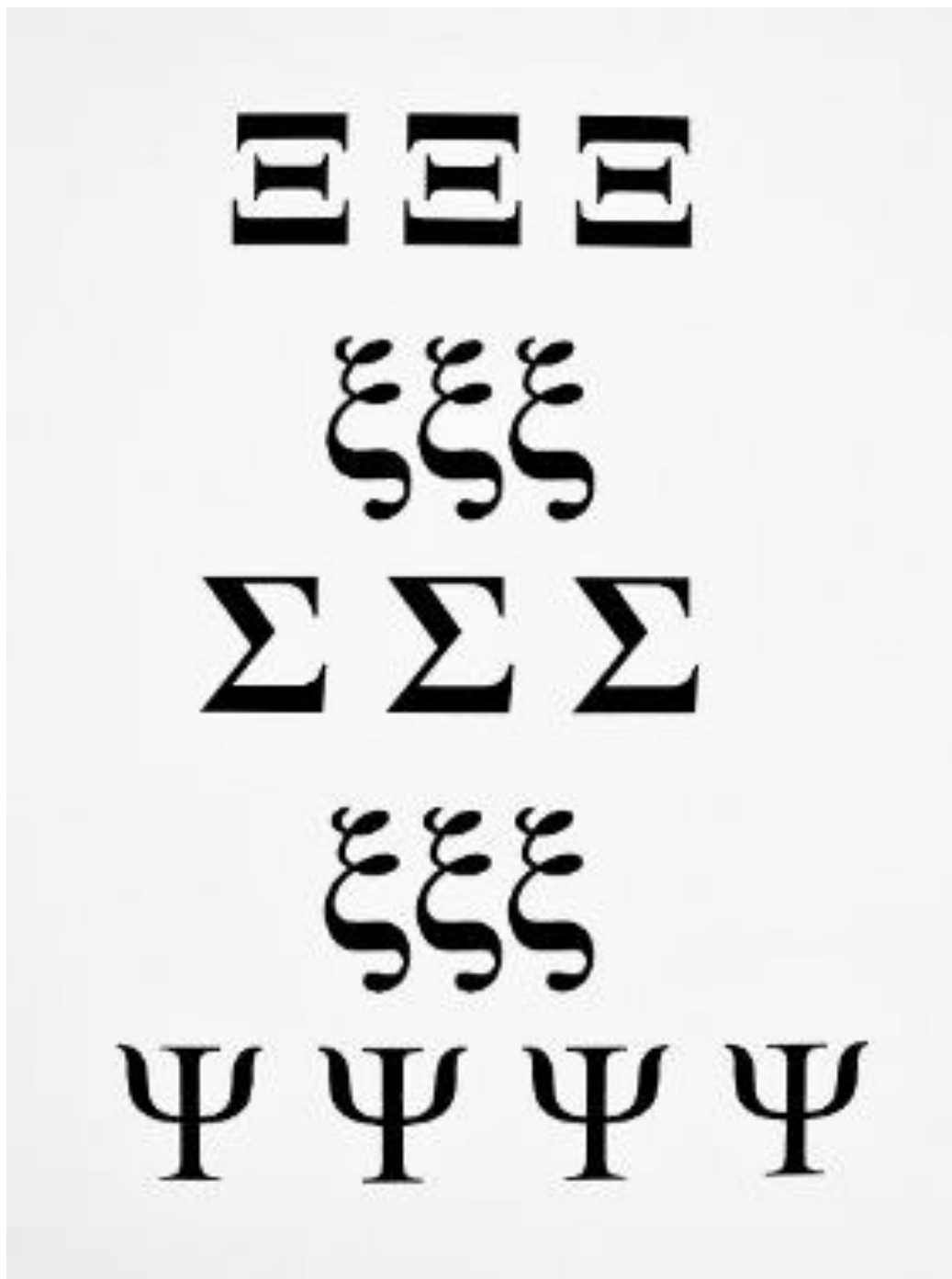
Melonrises



Limited Capacity



Cipher



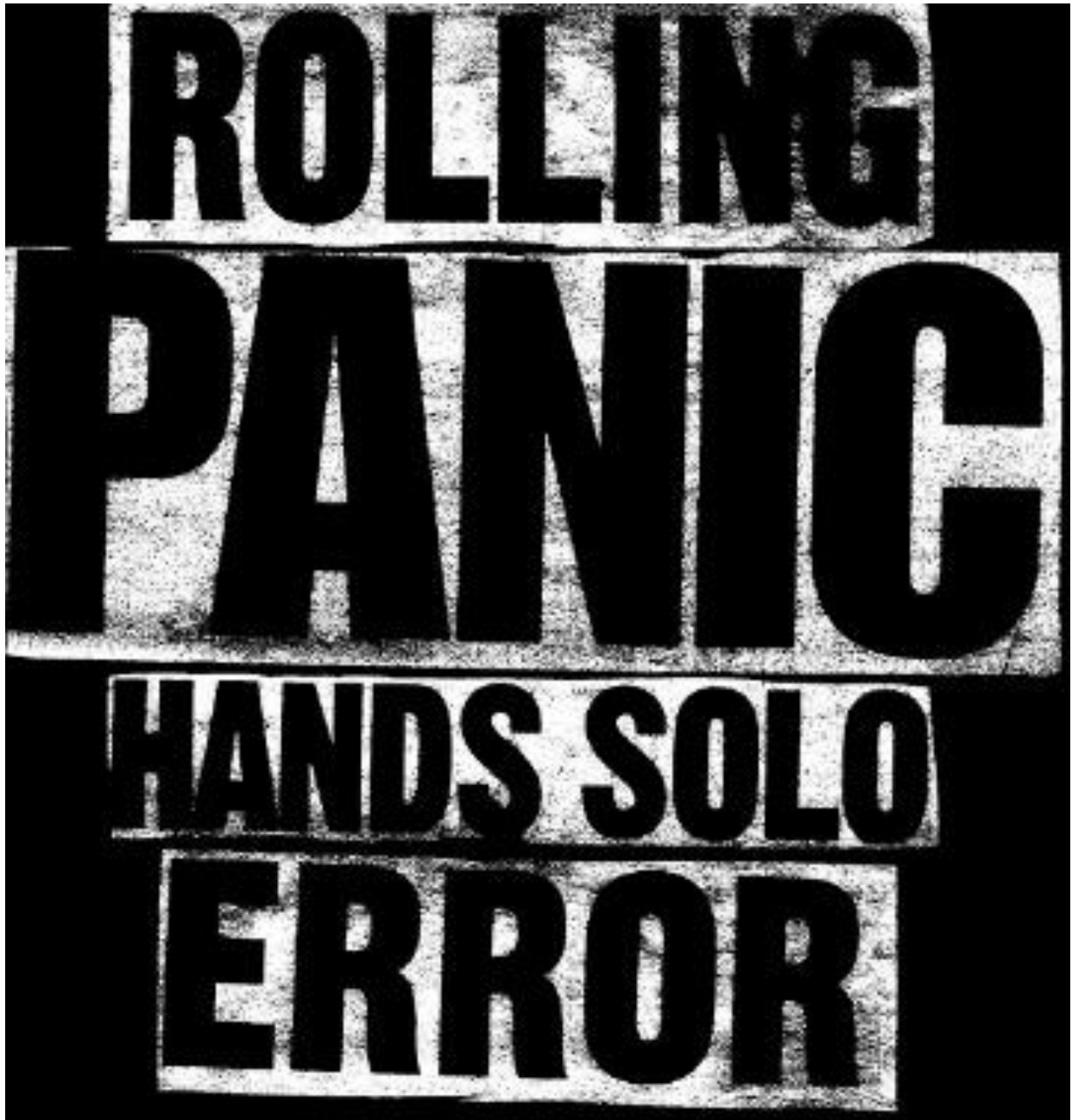
Arcanum



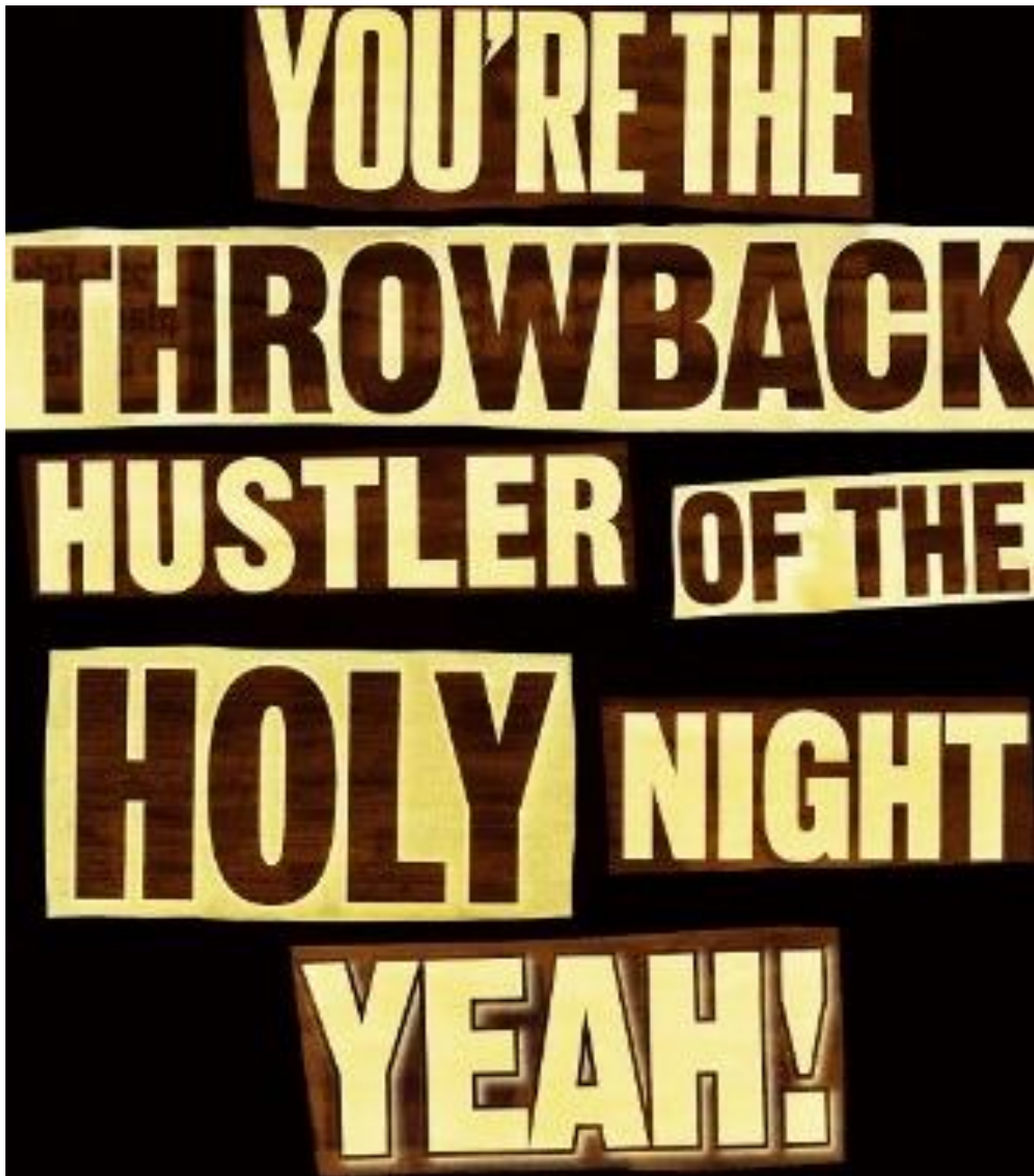
Repetition Warhol

[illegible]

Rolling Error



Throwback Hustler



Partial Magic

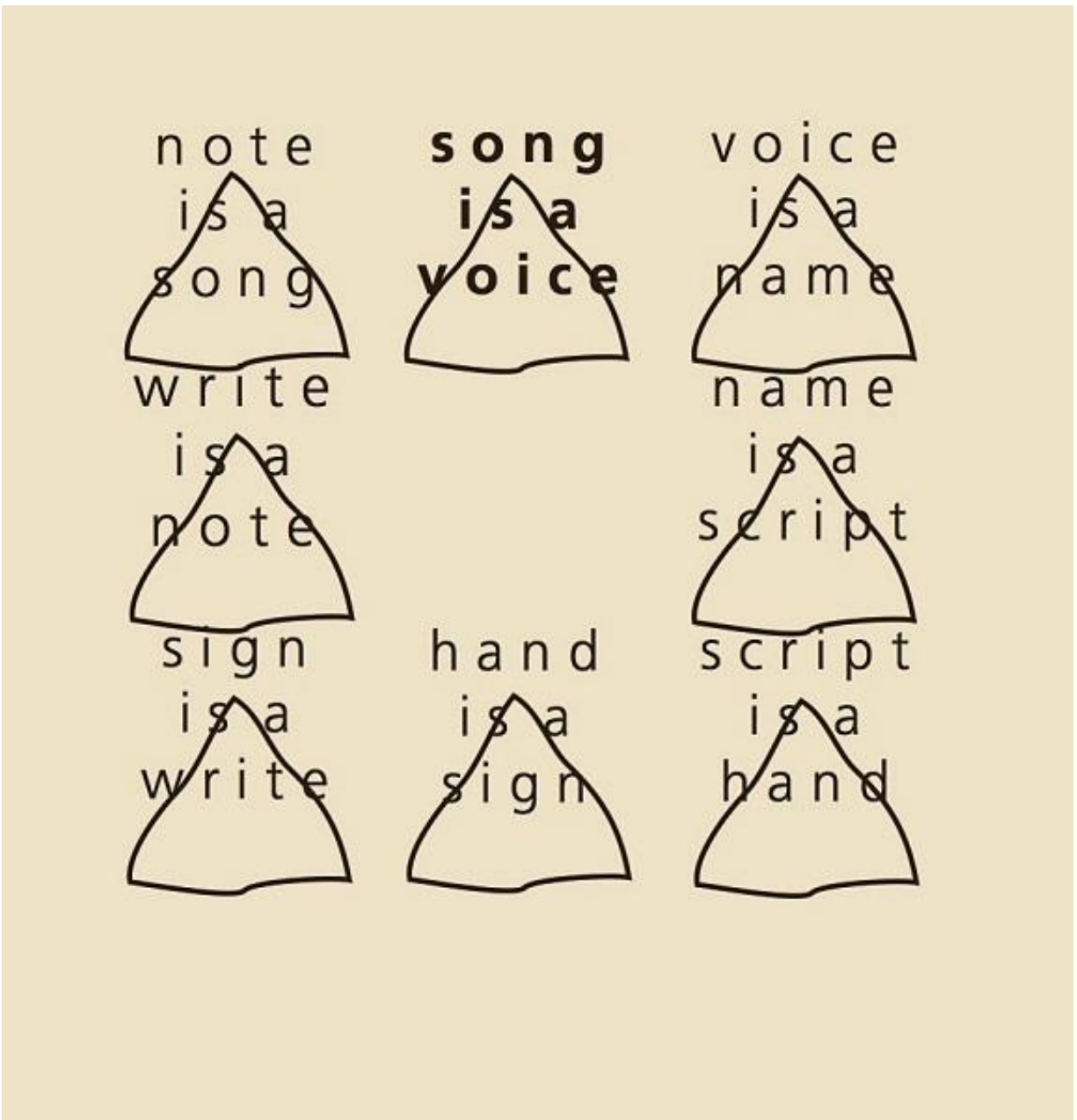


Story Telling



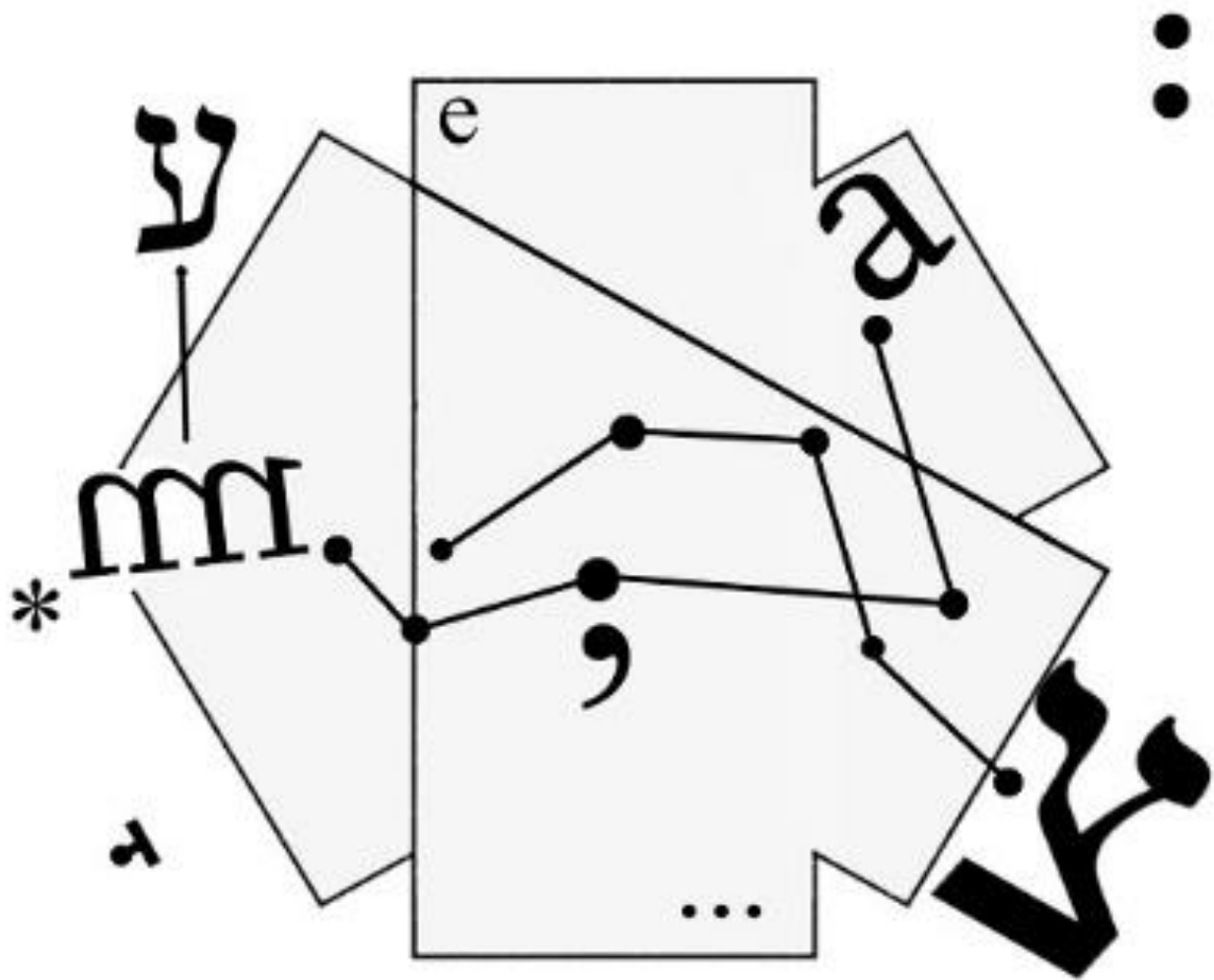


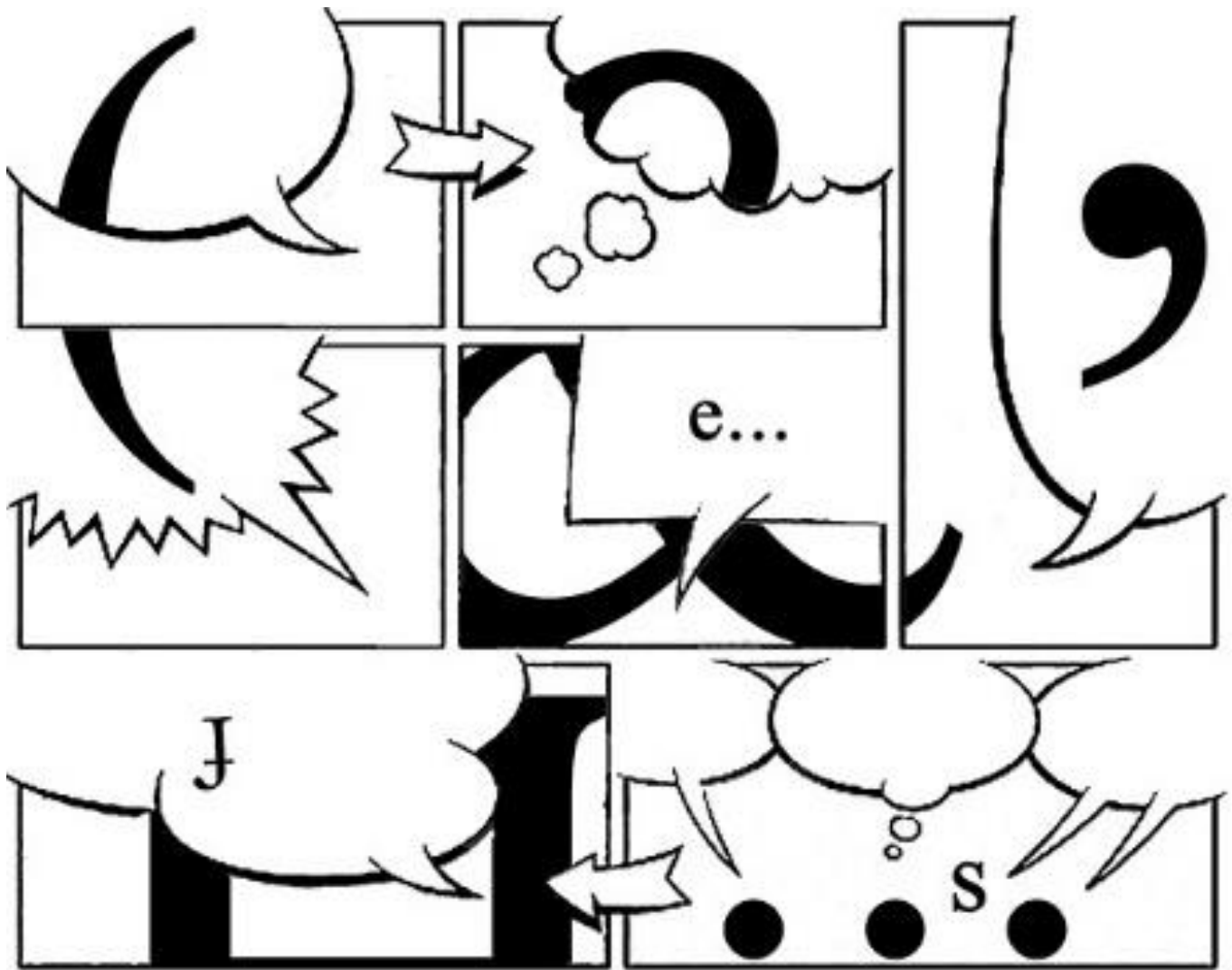
Song is a Voice

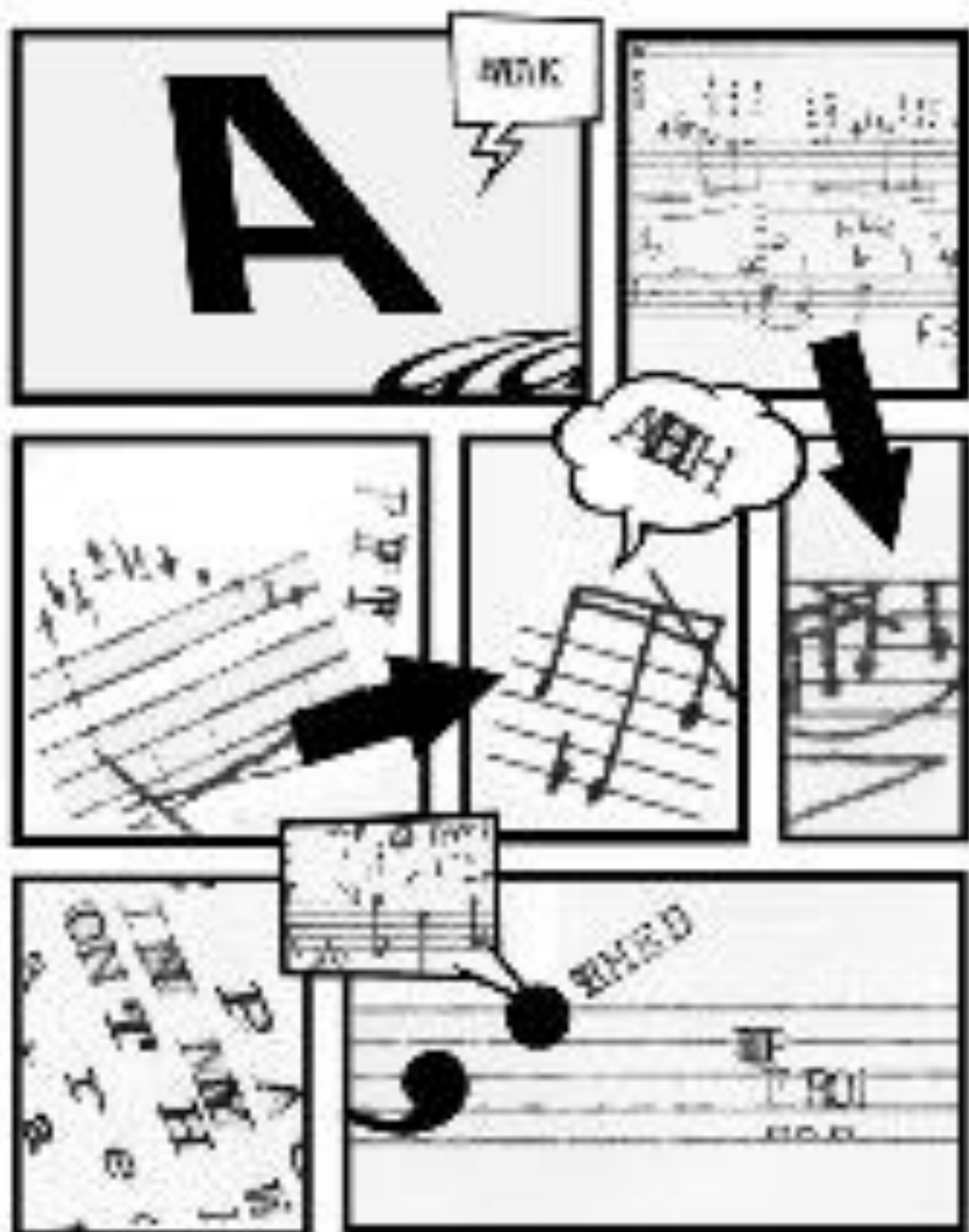


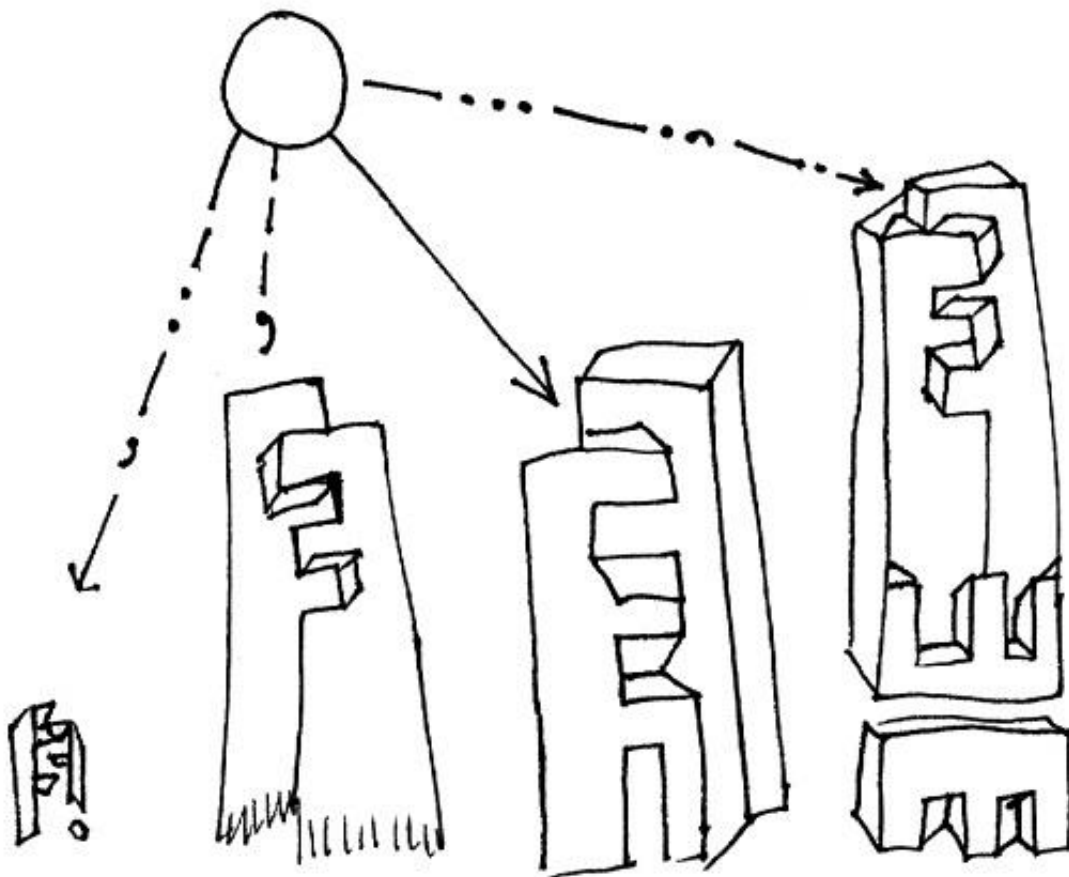
Transmission













Carlyle Baker's work has recently appeared in *Calibanonline*, *Empty Mirror*, and an asemic writing show in Mexico.

Gary Barwin's books include *I, Dr. Greenblatt, Orthodontist, 251-1457* (Anvil Press), *Sonosyntactics: Selected and New Poetry of Paul Dutton* (Laurier Poetry Series), and *Yiddish for Pirates* (Random House Canada)

Michael Brandonisio is a visual artist, poet, and photographer. His work has appeared in diverse literary/art journals, including *Small Portions*, *Otoliths*, and forthcoming in *Jazz Cigarette*. He lives in Brooklyn, NY.

Heath Brougher is the poetry editor of *Five 2 One Magazine*. He has published two pamphlets with Green Panda Press and the chapbook "A Curmudgeon Is Born" (Yellow Chair Press). His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Diverse Voices Quarterly*, *Chiron Review*, *Of/with*, *Gold Dust Magazine*, *Main Street Rag*, *Crack the Spine*, *The Journal*, **82 Review*, *eFiction India*, and elsewhere.

Isabel Sobral Campos teaches literature in Montana. Her chapbook, *Material*, was published collaboratively by No, Dear and Small Anchor Press. Her work has appeared in *Gauss PDF*, *Horseless Press*, *Yalobusha Review*, and *Bone Bouquet*, among other journals.

Jennifer Firestone was raised in San Francisco and now lives in Brooklyn. She is an Assistant Professor of Literary Studies at Eugene Lang College (The New School). Her books include *Gates & Fields* (Belladonna*, forthcoming) *Swimming Pool* (DoubleCross Press), *Flashes* (Shearsman Books), *Holiday* (Shearsman Books), *Waves* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs), *from Flashes and snapshot* (Sona Books) and *Fanimaly* (Dusie Kollektiv). Firestone co-edited (with Dana Teen Lomax) *Letters To Poets: Conversations about Poetics, Politics and Community* (Saturnalia Books). Firestone has work anthologized in *Kindergarde: Avant-Garde Poems, Plays, Songs, & Stories for Children* and *Building is a Process / Light is an Element: essays and excursions for Myung Mi Kim*. Firestone won the 2014 Marsh Hawk Press' Robert Creeley Memorial Prize.

Jacklyn Janeksela can be found at *felled limbs*, *Oddball Magazine*, *The Nervous Breakdown*, *Berfrois*, *Barrellhouse*, *Uut Poetry*, *Pig Latin*, *Thought Catalog*, *Luna Magazine*, and *Talking Book*. Her work is forthcoming in *WhiskeyPaper*, *Reality Hands*, and *Mannequin Häus*. She is in a post-punk band called the Velblouds. She is an energy.

Diana Magallón is an experimental artist and the author of *Del oiseau et del ogre*

Tomáš Přidal was born in Czech Republic on the 14th of June 1968. He has published seven printed books of poetry and prose: *Everything has the Colour of Soap* (1996), *A Hiccough from the Viewpoint of Literary Theory* (1998), *Man in my Bath* (2000), *Deposited Conversations* (2003), *The Coconut Ape* (2004), *Voices in a Biscuit* (2007), *Piquant Cops* (2011), *Pontiak* (2011, www.tomaspridal-pontiak.com), and *Chair fears not the dead* (2014, tomaspridal-zidlesemrtychneboji.com). His poems and drawings were published in *Café Irreal*, *Eratio Poetry Journal*, and *3:AM Magazine*. He plays the guitar in duo Deceased Squirrel On The Phone (deceasedsquirrelonthephone.blogspot.cz).

Katrina Schaag's work has appeared in *Ugly Ducking Presse*, *Requited Journal*, and *Rabbit Catastrophe Press*.

Matthew Schmidt is working on a PhD in English at the University of Southern Mississippi. His poems have been published or are forthcoming in *Hobart*, *Small Portions*, and elsewhere.

Barbara Tomash is the author of three books of poetry, *Arboreal* (Apogee 2014), *Flying in Water* which won the 2005 Winnow First Poetry Award, and *The Secret of White* (Spuyten Duyvil 2009). Her manuscript PRE- was a finalist for the 2016 Colorado Poetry Prize. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Colorado Review*,

Denver Quarterly, *New American Writing*, *WebConjunctions*, *VOLT*, *Bateau Press*, *Verse*, *Jacket*, *OmniVerse*, *Witness* and numerous other journals. She lives in Berkeley, California and teaches in the Creative Writing Department at San Francisco State University.

Jon Thompson edits the journal *Free Verse*. His books include *Pictures of the Floating World* (Expanded edition, Parlor Press, 2007), *After Paradise: Essays on the Fate of American Writing* (Shearsman, 2009), *Landscape with Light* (Shearsman Books, May 2014), and *Strange Country* (forthcoming from Shearsman Books).

Valerie Witte is the author of *a game of correspondence* (Black Radish Books) and the chapbook, *The history of mining* (ge collective/Poetry Flash). In 2014 she began a collaboration with Chicago-based artist Jennifer Yorke, and their work based on her manuscripts *Flood Diary* and *A Rupture in the Interiors* has appeared in exhibitions in Berkeley, Chicago, and Noyers, France. She is a member of Kelsey Street Press and the Bay Area Correspondence School (BACS).