

# WORD FOR *W*WORD

*Word For/ Word* is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round, but issue #32 is scheduled for October 2018. Please direct queries and submissions to:

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

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

Email queries and submissions may be sent to: [editors@wordforword.info](mailto:editors@wordforword.info).

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

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

Jonathan Minton, Editor

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**Table of Contents**

Noah Eli Gordon

Rebecca Farivar

Daniel Y. Harris and J. Mulcahy-King

Jenna Cardinale

Jeff Bagato

Caroline Noble Whitbeck

Hannah Rodabaugh

Karl Schroeder

Thomas Osatchoff

Tony Mancus

D. E. Steward

Derek Pollard

Mark DuCharme

D. B. Ruderman

Gustave Morin

Joel Chace

Marco Giovenale

Andrew Topel

Mark Young

Robert Keith

Ian Finch

Arpine Konyalian Grenier on Michael Rerick's *The Switch Yards*

Noah Eli Gordon

**A fragment pinned by Basho to a tree  
at the edge of the known world**

Think of the distance  
You have to walk from a city  
To no longer be walking from that city

Noah Eli Gordon

**I Started with Portraiture**

Because I wanted  
The subject  
To be absent  
To be someone  
Looking elsewhere  
Really to be  
The elsewhere

But being  
No good  
With eyes  
I turned  
The body  
Of my attention

Toward landscapes

This was how  
I would become  
A musician

Noah Eli Gordon

**To the Last Students of Kenneth Koch**

The earth stretches forever  
It's a fact you can test  
By walking for years continually  
Until your shadow grows younger  
Than the frame from which it hangs  
Kenneth would have preferred  
More clarity there of course  
A grain of salt understands  
The ocean perfectly  
After it jumps in  
What did Valéry say  
No what didn't Valéry say

Rebecca Farivar

from *Movies I Never Wrote*

A family lives in an old farmhouse in a somewhat rural area of Massachusetts. They have three young daughters. The father is a poet and the mother is an artist who makes and sells pottery. In the old farmhouse, they are able to do both activities and still afford to support three daughters, which is why they moved there. A forest abuts the house. The daughters are convinced the house is haunted by the ghost of a ship captain who died at sea. They found love letters under a floorboard in the attic from the ship captain to a woman who lived in the house. He must be haunting the house looking for the woman, who died long ago, but ghosts don't know such things. At night they hear whistling on the stairs. The parents insist it's the wind. In the morning they smell fish in the hallway. The parents insist it's the musk of an old house. During the day, the father locks himself in his office to write. The mother hikes out to her pottery wheel in the woods. The daughters are left alone. They tear up more floorboards in the attic to find any other evidence that the house must be haunted. They do find things like old trinkets from past owners, but nothing definitive. The parents are growing increasingly frustrated that the daughters won't drop the search. They feel like the daughters are trying to get them to leave the house, but the parents need to live there. They forbid any more talk of the haunting. But the daughters won't drop it. The next day they go to the library in town to find more clues that the house must be haunted. While they are away, the parents are in their respective places. The father starts to hear whistling in the house. He goes to explore. The mother smells fish in the forest. She ignores it. She has wet pottery she needs to take to her kiln. She puts the pottery in the kiln, lights it, and walks away. The father is walking through the house, following the sound of the whistling until he turns a corner and there is a ghost of the ship captain standing in front of him. The father is confused at first, not afraid, because the captain seems harmless. Then the captain lunges at him, strikes him with supernatural force. The force is so strong it causes a wind through the forest, where the kiln is ablaze. A spark from the kiln is blown into the forest. A fire begins. The last scene is the daughters walking up to the house with their definitive evidence of the haunting and they see the entire forest on fire, the brightness of the fire contrasted with the gray of the sky.

Rebecca Farivar

from *Movies I Never Wrote*

A young woman lives in Houston, TX, where she grew up and went to college. She's in a dead-end job and depressed with life. She's worked at her job for five years, but her boss won't give her a promotion because she doesn't have an MBA. She doesn't necessarily want a promotion, or to even work there, but because she doesn't have anything better to do, she enrolls in an online MBA program. In the online program, she has to take her tests with a live, remote proctor from a proctor center in India. In India, there is a young man who comes from a well-off family, but he wants to prove he can support himself, so he works at the proctor center. The young man is the woman's proctor one evening. They have an instant connection. Individually, they try to find each other. There's a montage of all the kooky proctors the woman meets while she searches for the one she is looking for. The man breaks proctor-center protocol and looks up her address in the system. He sends her a letter and in it includes all the ways to contact him. She receives the letter and contacts him. They connect. The woman, having never left Houston, knows nothing of Indian culture and tries to learn about it, but her attempts are shallow (e.g. takes a yoga class, reads *Eat, Pray, Love*, etc.). When her family finds out about the man, they convince her he must be using her to get a Green Card some day. She confronts him about this and it deeply offends him. He says he never wants to talk with her again. The day after this conversation, she's laid off from work and gets a nice severance package. She feels freed and lost and figures, why not go to India? She buys a ticket to India but she goes to the wrong part of India from where he lives. At first, she sees that she's failed, again, and decides to just go back home, but she immediately loses her passport. This means she can't leave for weeks until it's replaced. Instead of leaving, she decides to cross the country by land to find the man in his town. She finally gets there and he is amazed to see her. They spend time together. She learns about his family and culture. She sees her mistakes. She stays in India. It's a comedy. Imagine Lena Dunham as the woman.

Rebecca Farivar

from *Movies I Never Wrote*

The world has been destroyed. It's a scorched Earth scenario. A teenage girl has survived; her family is dead. She hikes through debris searching for others. Cut to present day. There is no scorched Earth scenario. It is a 15-year-old girl writing the screenplay of a scorched Earth scenario. She stays in her room imagining the movie and trying to write. She is lonely and writing the screenplay with dreams that it will really become a movie and she can leave her life. Cut to her fantasy of being a celebrated writer in Hollywood. She's at the Oscars, the youngest nominee for Best Original Screenplay, and everyone is showering her with attention and praise. They ask, "how did you write such a powerful movie at such a young age?" Cut back to the screenplay she is writing. After weeks, the girl in the movie finds a group of teenagers like her. Only teenagers have survived and they don't know why. They don't know who or what caused the destruction. They forage for food, make weapons and shelter. Cut back to present day. The girl writing the screenplay is at school eating lunch alone. She's not picked on; just ignored, which can in some ways be worse. At home, her parents are depressed, unsatisfied with their life choices, and generally living a bored existence. They offer no inspiration or warmth, though they are not bad people. That's the thing about her life; it's not dramatically bad, just mediocre. She dreams of something more. Cut to her fantasy back at the Oscars. She's sitting in the audience as they announce the winner for Best Original Screenplay. It's her. She is overjoyed. Hollywood is outpouring with love and admiration. She gives a stirring acceptance speech. Cut back to the screenplay. The girl in the movie emerges as the leader of the group. She is putting together the mystery of what happened and why only teenagers survived. Someone with bad intentions also emerges from the group. The group divides into two factions and they must fight each other. Cut to present day. She refuses to leave her room, caught up in her two fantasies, one the script and one the dream of the script saving her. Her parents are frustrated and don't know what to do. She's always been a good girl. She's not trying to disobey them, she just can't continue to live the life she has when the life in her head is so much better. The last scene is her laying on her bed, staring at the ceiling, audio of both the script and the Oscars overlapping, showing she is lost in her head. It is geared toward young adults in the vein of the *The Neverending Story*; a kid-like movie that is also quite sad.



Rebecca Farivar

from *Movies I Never Wrote*

A woman leaves her family to live in a redwood forest by herself. This happened long ago. She has one daughter and every summer the father brings the daughter to the mother's house to spend the summer there. They've done this for years, but now the daughter is 14. The opening scene is the father sitting in the car while the daughter stands at the head of a trail, waiting for the mother to appear. The father is angry because the mother is late. The daughter is starting to realize how unusual this arrangement is. Then the mother appears from the woods. They hike to her house together. The mother is a writer and a baker and jewelry maker, a general eccentric who is happy in her house in the woods. The daughter is starting to process that her mother left her and she doesn't understand why. She's angry. The mother starts to realize that she doesn't know her daughter any more. As her daughter's becoming a woman she's becoming a different person. This is a critical juncture in their relationship. There's a town below the woods. The daughter starts to explore the town on her own, meets a group of friends and has a crush on one boy in particular. Something happens with the friends and the boy that puts the daughter in danger and then the mother must come to her rescue, thus forcing a serious conversation about their relationship and how the daughter needs her mother. The daughter needs to know why the mother left and the mother explains. The summer ends with the daughter leaving as usual but with a new understanding of her mother. There is a distance that will always be between them and that will likely continue to grow, but they know each other better now. It's unclear if the daughter will keep coming to the woods each summer. It is a bittersweet ending.

Rebecca Farivar

from *Movies I Never Wrote*

A young man lives in San Antonio, TX where he grew up. He drives one of the Riverwalk boat tours, but really he's trying to be a stand-up comedian. He tries out jokes during his boat tours but the tourists never get his humor. He's in love with a waitress in one of the restaurants he passes. At night, he does 5-minute sets at various comedy clubs in San Antonio. He lives with his parents. He feels like he's going nowhere. He's drinking too much. One night, he's totally drunk after a bad set and he gets picked up by a fancy Texas socialite who invites him back to her place. He decides to go because, "why not?" but it turns out she owns an illegal gaming site where people can pay thousands of dollars to hunt endangered animals. He gets lost on the site and has run-ins with a tiger and an ostrich and other such animals until he finds his way out. This is a wake up call for him. He curbs his drinking, asks out the waitress and gets rejected, and his comedy improves. He's invited to host for a week at a local comedy club and George Lopez is the headliner. George Lopez sees his act and after the week tells him he's really funny. George Lopez encourages him to move out to L.A. if he's serious about comedy because there's a limit in San Antonio. No one in his life supports this decision except for George Lopez. He figures, "what do I have to lose?" and so he moves out to L.A. The movie ends with him arriving in a dumpy apartment but he's smiling. He is at a new place, literally and figuratively, and he feels he's made the right decision.

Daniel Y. Harris and J. Mulcahy-King

from *Licentiam*

9.9

cobbled face, more scar than pore, a head floating in the shadows, lithely gyrating to an imaginary tune, some old junkanoo ceremonial, salt candles burn darkly, indigenous chanting chancing ghosts, how did we get here, urban refugees stuck like characters in a video game, unable to breach the limits of our reality, left to fight it out among ourselves, post-disaster scenes idling in western real-time, pornwares, doxx drip mole and sweat pulque, rarámuri balance interests

Daniel Y. Harris and J. Mulcahy-King

from *Licentiam*

### 10.3

adjunct naturally to complimentary schizophrenia, rare fecundation, mimesis, for Euphrasie Nalpas, native to Smyrna, cocks izmir, affected, nervous, irritable, caped neuralgia with glosso-pharyngeal nerve, decums adoles with two immaculates, stammering, severe bouts, jerks deprem, walls off pockets of pulmon-infecty somnambulista with voltage-delta, wave-bit leptic-finger stilnoct, and dose-trigger spinning in the puppet asylum, one of the reamed turrets, undos waxes pelt, zapping the skull

Daniel Y. Harris and J. Mulcahy-King

from *Licentiam*

## 10.6

the secret was this, I couldn't in good conscience disclose  
the radiation site and its proximity to the water table and  
risk, expend, Dryococelus, hermit of Australis, dormant  
thinker, stone people attend volcanic rock, ladling water  
to steam, adding herbs, billowing hands as hallucinations  
shimmer iridescent, callous hanging sack, a smell  
commonly associated with war criminal confessions in  
ancient ceremonial, to skeletal ones, castnew redactors will  
point and stab

Daniel Y. Harris and J. Mulcahy-King

from *Licentiam*

10.8

public sites, colorectal or balletic near miss hails panatela, staged rape, staged cum face, staged smile, video tutorial on gag, *Licentiam*, the controlled space in which one can act freely, and so freedom of any sort practiced therein is, by virtue of its very language, curtailed before it has even begun, new despondencies one must then, in a last-ditched effort to regain autonomy, dare to vandalise language, freedoms, the captivity fences, re-value mediation brush, and backwash

Daniel Y. Harris and J. Mulcahy-King

from *Licentiam*

10.9

brz came with a warning, sterilization at close range sap in  
formation, with other dociles ameliorate lashings, a fresh  
poultice will help the yearning, proximity is key, fold the  
cloth six times to get a tight soak, I am my father's sap, the  
poultice is running low, felch whelp, stun the fetis, pour  
the pulped meat into bag and dilute with water, chill until  
congealed scurryfunging at, and moithering about, sapping  
bark fawning peon, preening femdom, dried, starchy  
hove

Jenna Cardinale

### Ceremony

On the river  
floor, we might find  
blocks of concrete beside  
heavy, cleaned bones.

The water appears  
still.  
Or has a glass  
temper.

A black bag. A zippered  
eyelid.

A cough  
chorus.

Such squinting.



Jenna Cardinale

**New Plans for Consumption**

In the over-bright  
grocery store, I still sneak  
grapes on New Year's.

Other female figures  
are positioned in  
dramatic situations in  
the produce section.

Near the cloudy tanks  
and the life-support sounds  
of their filters, men do not speak  
as they chop and package  
the mermaid.

All of the ice cream  
is vanilla.

There is so much  
meat.

Jenna Cardinale

**Upscale Latin Saturdays**

From what do we form—  
carve out— a monument  
to memorialize that feeling  
when this body pressed

up against

that body. Rode  
that pulse. All night.

Can we build it  
from hearts racing.  
Under hot, strobing light.

Jenna Cardinale

**We're all Dancing**

Fast hands. An embroidery  
machine. Every whirring  
sounds out "her."

Unlike the peacocks calling  
"help!" from inside  
the zoo, startling us  
on the trails nearby.

One is a production.  
The other another  
product.

Gold thread.  
Green feathers.

Fabric full  
of air. The puff  
of furred cheeks.

Jenna Cardinale

**I Forgot that it Was a Party**

Hand over your  
condolences for old  
seasons.

What appears in the parking  
lot of the shopping  
center you frequent.

Hold over your head  
a record player, a recording  
of imitation eagles.

So many birds are usually quiet.

Take a long walk  
over iced corners.

The gathering doesn't drain.

Cabbages rise up  
in this weather.

The glass grasp  
is hawk-wide.

Jenna Cardinale

**Spectator's Shoes**

Capturing bodies in  
motion.

Suspended in  
movement.

Motion in  
a static moment.

A blue floor  
polished enough  
to dive into.

Jeff Bagato

## Joy of Doggerland

Not every wizard  
can foretell the fate  
of land:  
the water rises, the sky  
rises

The last swamp  
lies in the setting sun;  
fishing lanes  
and camp gates  
find their way to  
the sea

The northern floats  
of doom doomed  
to repeat this watery  
way of forgetting—  
lost iron, lost  
reeds, lost dragons—  
until they rise  
again in  
neighboring man

Jeff Bagato

**The Dimming of the Haruspex**

Who were these magicians  
parsing sheep liver  
and making Greek  
their own?

The wine, the olives,  
the cuisine marking  
a region for millennia;  
a life of ease,  
passing days by the sea—  
can life be too good  
to survive?

What monuments can preserve  
a language lost to time?  
Going and gone,  
dead words erase  
history, phrase by phrase,  
letter by letter

Taking out a tower, the sun  
reclaims its silent earth;  
it feeds, it destroys, it maintains  
nothing; burning  
with invisible fire  
the discs of hope, their memories,  
once gold-set jewels of thought

To wake in absence, to walk  
in silence—that remains  
all to be seen

Jeff Bagato

**Standing Stone**

an old marker  
faded and obscure  
cannot help the blind  
even when  
the language has not  
yet become  
senseless



Jeff Bagato

## Electromagnetic Pulse

A game of chase  
played through copper pyres,  
ribbons  
or roads  
for electric heat

A pulse, a leap—  
a silicon bridge to power,  
this mineral  
brain could burst,  
could crack, or melt—  
all its knowing  
gone

Letters  
stamped on clay chits,  
like tickets or calling cards;  
numbers knotted  
in cotton string;  
rock runes, petroglyphs—

these words die  
when the last beast  
rises out of man;  
when the jungle draws  
back its children; when  
a neuron shorts its circuit,  
good now only  
for a song never-  
ending

Jeff Bagato

**Efface the New Caesar**

Sand filled  
the library and pushed  
    aside its scrolls;  
    the grains etch their own  
histories on the wooden  
    shelves and benches,  
            polishing these new  
words with an  
illiterate's art

No centurion reads  
    here now, nor  
walks the grids of his  
    grand pension

The vandalism of dust  
    reclaims all  
malaprops of man  
    now absent of meaning  
        as the desert mind

Jeff Bagato

## **Cold Fortress**

**I.**

static,  
crushed bits—  
another meme ends

**II.**

electric  
illumination cracks  
into darkening earth

**III.**

dust,  
silicon decay—  
what memory remains?

Caroline Noble Whitbeck

from 101 End-Time Recipes

\*

Hope springs restive, the rest springy, meaning  
*to the teeth*. Seethe  
the quinoa till it cedes its  
threads its semenlike its start again. Start

again, palm the wet, flensed  
peach, your poor  
portion. Your potsherd  
apologetics

on which to practice  
certain measures, say cardiac  
massage. An  
asterix: a

serving  
suggestion.

Caroline Noble Whitbeck

from **101 End-Time Recipes**

\*

*He came the first time to serve; He will return to be served.*

The question of service is itself a Question

Of course

Of right, Or left,

the rite, the Left, the write—

*What you see, write in a book* Only leave

mute

in the interlude

what those seven

portend

leave only

the sound, thousands,

din of chairs thundered across the

banquet's

parquet

—a lesson in

following

directions.

Caroline Noble Whitbeck

from 101 End-Time Recipes

\*

The cleft in the sheet-cake.  
Cream in a lunatic quiff. Persistent  
quiver in the gellid, set  
custard. The clinamen.

*the fruit that your soul longed for has gone from you*

Caroline Noble Whitbeck

from **101 End-Time Recipes**

\*

The deictic  
finger  
falls upon the fortunate falls  
apart in the pot meat from bone mere  
minutes  
in  
hunger a cur to throw to

ague  
as was augured in  
the original in choliambics  
expect

eagles in the  
acroterion angels  
in the crags.

Caroline Noble Whitbeck

from **101 End-Time Recipes**

\*

Let all  
underfoot be  
as a wet divot  
Overtum

This litter of pits frilled picks slim plastic  
swords  
The passed  
The impress

of grease the carcasses of  
parsley the horse pale  
as chlorophyll.



Hannah Rodabaugh

**London Zoo, 1864**

*Mirror within a Mirror*

I am looking at  
Photographer Frank Haes' picture of  
A man in a top hat  
Looking at a  
Quagga<sup>1</sup> that is  
Staring at the viewer.

My            intent looking at  
Frank's       intent looking at  
The man's    intent looking at  
The animal's bleary-eyed grief.  
As if there is  
Some knowledge in this  
              Looking.  
Is there?

---

<sup>1</sup> An extinct species of zebra

Hannah Rodabaugh

**London Zoo, 1864**

*Less or More*

When I look into the quagga's  
face now I see  
boredom and jaded, foreign  
expression  
splayed open.

What did a  
stereoscopic viewer see  
in 1864?

The quagga was  
only a machine capable  
of organism in  
a cramped  
enclosure?

Or this  
animal is  
every impulse  
*too many*— like  
a woman?

An  
animal body is only  
*too little*  
or  
*too much*  
for the everyday stereoscopic  
viewer.

Hannah Rodabaugh

## London Zoo, 1864

### *Quagga as Human Potential*

It was 1864 and everyone trembled. There was a Quagga at the London Zoo behind a flimsy fence as if the quagga had no exit strategy beyond it. People visited it in its sharp-cornered enclosure. People weighed in using 19<sup>th</sup> century diction about the half-striped, half-roan body. They panted out *these* and *thous* of diction while wearing top hats like coats of mail. They gave speeches. Mated groups of bitter enemies in order to attack nations. They were themselves ennobled. Everybody lived full lives in 1864. Everybody's promise was opening. The quagga was only a fountain displaying promise for many men in top hats. With waiting intention, they listened.

Karl Schroeder

**Constraining Gaze**

the activity feed has disappeared  
how many are there flowers  
if it doesn't pan out  
the words are not dead  
what am I supposed to want

Karl Schroeder

**Resistant Starch**

I spilled my oatmeal days  
ago. I didn't spill my oatmeal  
this morning | I'm not  
sweeping lines into this  
earmarked sleep—it rips its  
seams—the rain—I mean  
to fill me in | I'm not  
who can say this  
disorder isn't social  
capital, isn't half of creation  
looking over | your shoulder  
isn't the rule of thirds,  
the second's first morning  
alone—untucked as a shadow  
I must | apologize for  
my linearity  
this afternoon  
has been raining  
all morning | I'm not  
wearing the shirt I thought  
I was—who can say—*this tends  
to happen*—into the air of raw  
potential,                   to speak  
at all seems vulgar | a hangnail

Karl Schroeder

### **Blanket Approach**

people keep telling me  
this is real—the wind is  
at their backs—life—  
mouth, eyes: wide—as if  
I hadn't heard that one

we speak of the bed—  
only (a stranger's  
procession—on its  
edge—its mechanics—  
eternal rain shadow)  
exerted when there isn't  
enough—can I adopt—  
whose hands wrung  
out—a rigid nod  
accompanies this—

one can only stand  
agog—be read—(and  
whose regrets—can exist  
but never  
prefer to sit)

(a list of things that can't  
be said)—this is nothing  
to—listen: hear and  
categorize: keep. I  
can't—only understate—

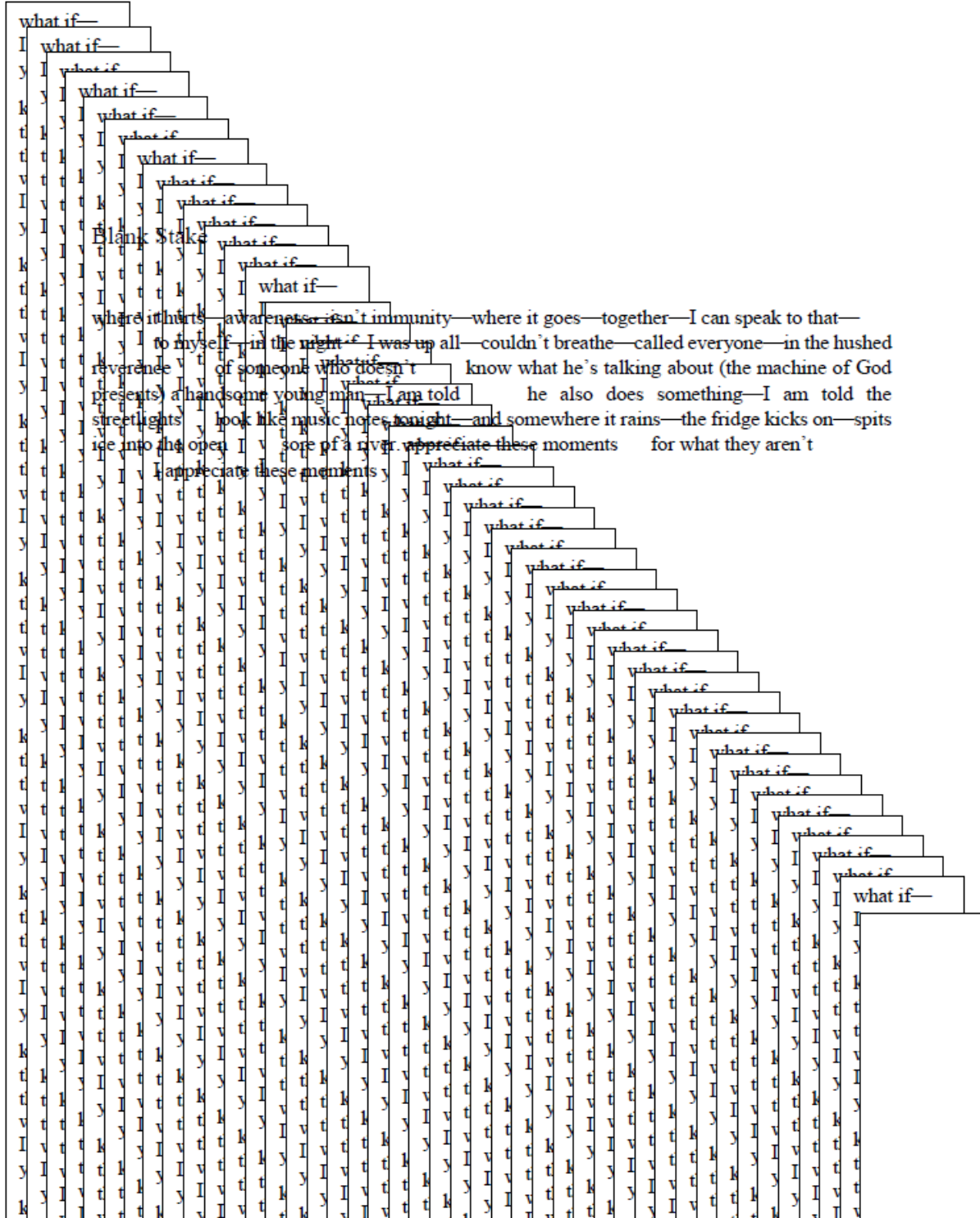
that this is so is no  
exception—but most people  
don't know how to—  
who am I to say they  
should

Karl Schroeder

**Blanket Statement**

I feel the point  
of contact wither like a slug across  
the page of my face  
it unfolds into  
the annals of  
a one true list  
it's enough to know that  
I will want to have been  
(the winnowing  
transient corollary—  
some congestive form  
of contact) the ligature tightens to  
distill ∞ into  
an indisputablism  
sometimes  
you're the mustard and sometimes you're  
the shirt  
am I right or am I right  
folks

Karl Schroeder





Thomas Osatchoff

### **I Always Wonder**

Going to the other bank,  
are we to be commended for our tries? Ill like that otter  
going to the other bank while we're dusting off our shoulders like furniture. Tables for eating.  
You ever eat wild sockeye salmon maple nuggets? Thinking blunder, do you ever wonder  
without your hawk eye if salmon can swim backwards? Upstream is getting to be a bit  
of a gold dust dream. Colder compared to what it once was. Rank, were we ever wise?  
Humans are farms. It's not a new idea but amidst all these soldered flies soldiering to make  
thunder—  
just think of this re-lit. Farms. The harm. Family? Living until we're older on Maple Drive, eating.  
Eating  
what? Little radioactive bits: these salmon maple nuggets are so good. They have maple syrup and  
an alder wood smoke taste causing everything to hurry up. Causing  
all of it to rise.

Thomas Osatchoff

## GHOSTVOLCANO

What color is a ghost? A ghost is black and white. Ironic,  
because this is our everything we share and see tonic  
but not what makes us be so how do we roast a ghost?  
Make a ghost into a volcano. If you want to, holla—  
because we like to say there's got to be a change.  
What size & color is change? A huge rouge? Red rover  
red rover—we call our ghosts over . . . the mountain.  
Row row row your boat; the bear went over the fountain.  
Mt. Fuji is beautiful at the bottom and the top.  
Does that mean we should accept our ghosts?  
There's so many, yes. It was a privilege to visit Japan  
before the radiation etc and now we can swim  
over as salmon to a place like Lago de Atitlan, Guatemala.  
Our collective conscience is a host with no color.

Thomas Osatchoff

### Where is Van Gogh

Did you see him go?

He went to Jupiter. He's there protesting the future use of lasers in the military etc.

Beyond class, you see how he is helping us see how nature paints weather. Why?

Because while you have just come back from the Milan furniture fair, which is always great,

I have just come over to your new place so we can paint on the couch.

We decorate your place just like that. Take down at least one wrong

wall. We drill. We glue. We hang. We sand. Next,

we let your bird out of its cage. Why? Because

in this new land—what sound does the letter X make?

Then nineteen minutes ago he was Mairi in Berlin. Then everything happened very fast. Eighteen minutes ago he was a light and at the same time you saw yourself a light in which the actual light source was a slender rectangle of rainbow projected on a wall through glass.

Tony Mancus

from *Roadside Traction*

It's not hard to imagine the Delaware  
line broken, full of white powder  
corruption, tax loop  
holes and the colors  
they fail together

All our thoughts progressing in one  
direction towards a terminal,  
then what lifts off

some tube  
if metal, the break faculty defaults.  
In its throat a melodic memory, that's hard  
and filled with us

Crinkling up like plastic: taters, chips,  
baggage left  
to last the rest of our lives  
gets rolled into the swerve  
the road-sign letters  
make

O senseless.

Tony Mancus

from *Roadside Traction*

I want to be  
touching every part  
of your body.

To simultaneously  
be inside  
and surrounding you.

My dreams, my dreams  
my dear are still

like the sky right now:  
a nobody-needs-to-know blue

stitched in gray  
thread so thin  
it only believes  
in itself

then someone says  
all of the houses stacked  
on the roadside are what  
we're driving toward.

Now work, dream. Work.

Tony Mancus

from *Roadside Traction*

The exits are just numbers and nobody turning into signs.

My vision a flurry of how to war and songs to call or cast this out—

It's just a strange sentence we agree upon.

The story as it accumulates is one neither one, not any one of us

not any of us knows how to end

Tony Mancus

from *Roadside Traction*

I once fell in love with a needle on a page.  
It was caught singing there in stitches,  
the paper lined and blank.

But my love is plastic and I never know what it wants.

The word. Acting as a pause.  
Or blood what simply  
keeps us alive-

and you know what they say about songs is the same  
about mirrors. We are morons, we are all

giving someone the business  
and this is not altruism.

Just as the atmosphere  
is not something you would want

strapped to your mouth, neither is  
your loved ones'  
compounded interest.

Tony Mancus

from *Roadside Traction*

Reality is December/the shimmer  
in the rearview when you're screaming  
along with a song at the top of your lungs

Then you measure out the drugs  
and put them in your face

In ways you can know only what you don't  
know about yourself about others

Speeding through a darkened landscape  
knocking on your head  
like it's a piece of wood

The knot in there  
is hard  
to work out



D. E. Steward

### Freeze Framed

A long year in the hills between Paju-ri and the Yellow Sea, off the Seoul-Kaesong Pyongyang Road, as ancient a road as there is anywhere

A long fire season on Josephine Lookout in the San Gabriels that burned on its stilts when the Big Tujunga Fire came over the top

A conversation with two savvy Sicilian women in a Praça de Giraldo café along the arcades in Évora who had never heard of Elena Ferrante

With Syriac and her other languages, Cleopatra also knew Hebrew and Aramaic

With Ceasar she probably spoke Greek

His leap-year reform of the solar calendar and his plans to create public libraries in Rome were her ideas

The leap-year solution came to her from Sosigenes, her court astronomer

Libraries of course were always the Alexandrian way

That tingling feeling entering libraries as they open, the awareness that most is not only knowable but absolutely approachable there and then

It's all there

Grasp things as they are

“August and the dry breeze // stirring the leaves in the dust of morning” (W. S. Merwin)

India is full of birds, no one kills them and India's cat population is low with cats generally deemed *manhoos*, inauspicious

Clamshells gull-flayed open, dropped from on high onto concrete, stone and asphalt

Original writing proceeds in the dark, has nothing to lean on

But within all literate awareness comes that ancient, ochereous gleam

It was Walter Benjamin's idea for a book of citations and aphorisms only, perhaps quoted in part or altered and even melded

Obviously he knew Georg Christoph Lichtenberg's, d. 1799, *Sudelbücher*

Benjamin's idea was in homage too to Coleridge's *Notebooks*, and in anticipation of Borges to come

Benjamin might have written in such manner more extensively himself had he not died at forty-eight in Portbou expecting to be strong-armed back to the Germans in the morning

In the hours before dawn on September 26, 1940 his mysterious suicide was a vivid incident of, in his terms, *Stillstellung*

Events fostering broken continuities

Intertextuality

Sontag said that in Benjamin's later writing his sentences did not originate ordinarily, did not progress into one another and delineate an obvious line of reasoning, that his was a "freeze-frame baroque" manner of writing and insight

"Fascinated by notions of reference and constellation, his goal in later works was to use intertexts to reveal aspects of the past that cannot, and should not, be understood within greater, monolithic constructs of historical understanding" (The *Wikipedia* entry for Benjamin on October 31, 2016)

Full flush in his Arcades project, the *Passagen-Werk*

Intertext, intertext

As seminal as the universal airiness of *vélolibre*

It is 2016, enough of writing more Dick and Jane went up the hill to fetch a pail of water

As post and lintel architecture matter-of-factly does the job, and has since before the Assyrians, just so functions conventional expository writing

Then Architecture has changed and fluoresced since the Sydney Opera House, 1973

Something has opened

From an enduring age of squared-up logic and reason into one of other

With control and sophistication of material and engineering allowing structures of flaring curves, full-light open spaces, and color marshaled as never before, extreme cantilevering (the IGA in Boston and new buildings everywhere)

There are massive banks of topological savvy arrayed now abetting building design with computer projection by the numbers

Where things were done on trial and error, myth, seniority, hunches and faith, now there is empirical data

Molecular genetics, astronomy, even archeology responds

And change in that degree goes as well for writing

Proceed syndetically and writing becomes sequential and copulative since syndesis moves by cumulative assemblage and coherence, by proliferation and association

Especially now with electronic text manipulation

And scrolling

Scrolling down, scrolling through, scrolling up, scanning rapidly and then correcting throughout the text instantly

Instant recall, search functions, instantaneous information searches, parallel files, graphics, photo uploads

It's all on the screen

The carbon paper, onionskin, typewriter erasure, mimeograph machine past nearly as unimaginable as scratch pens, inkwells and ledger-entries

So we go

Always the draw, the pull, "the curve of the lane // the place of parting and of returning" (W. S. Merwin)

Into intertextuality

Derek Pollard

### Among Such Noise

Listen you, who have forgotten the sky is blue,  
who have grown as hairy  
as beasts.  
This is, perhaps,  
the very last love in the world  
to dawn like a consumptive's flush.

—Vladimir Mayakovsky, "The Backbone Flute"

Friday night, the *vox populi* going  
All Loverboy, your leg brushing against  
Mine, Navesink crowding into a booth  
At the Emerald Inn, cracked upholstery  
Krylon green, same as the Randall's Island  
Pitch that first saw Pelé arrived to the  
United States

Even here, the gyre's enginery, even  
Here, that first nudge, apprenticed perfectly

Q:

Art thou a silk-worm? Dost thou  
Spin thy own shroud out of thyself?

A:

A dandy's wedding  
Sleeping three to  
A bed after  
Sake Bar Hagi  
The Gates what  
Song, what giddy  
February, "More Stars  
Than There Are  
In Heaven" come  
Anthem, come e'ver  
So—brightly

*I am, like, so going to, you know, like*

The joy of that *like* the wash of subway  
Sounds wavering above winter, Les Halles just  
Before, and then just after, Nights and Week  
Ends a place of origin, of cascade

The lock into which the key fits is shaped  
Like a person in profile leaning o'er  
The pages of a book

One quick smile &

Then three whacks to the child's ass

Unexpected

As the dropped ice cream running rose-pink across  
The cobbled sidewalk above

Why are we

Frightened by accident? By sudden joy?

The child quickened to tears, footsteps tunneling  
The earth all too close & dizzying

Our

Leaving unthought, upon us already

It *is* easy

Our protestations &

Our tears

Taste of strawberry, stinging skin

Wait—wait

& gone

Rose rivering the cobbles

Bounding each footstep as we step o'er what

Joy, ours *and* his—that child's—at the swift spread

Of color speeding him from his discarded

Place on line

Easy? Of course it is

Slip

The lock, glide the step, turn e'ery attention

Upward to the sounding and to the spill

Beneath one's feet

Unexpectedly see

Give us a line from Dryden then

*One two*

*Three four*

*Five six seven eight*

*Schlemiel schlimazel*

*Hasenpfeffer*

*Incorporated*

Or did you mean *Ken* Dryden, because *Kenny*  
Was a brick wall in net, and a stand-up guy off  
The ice, could stop a puck with his teeth, and often  
Did, and then would stand a round of drinks for  
The same guys who were trying to take his head  
Off, *Bowman* behind the bench, *St. Louis* merely  
Another of *Montreal's* iced-over bridges, a wild  
And unexpected breakthrough that came at  
The world from an unlikely direction, *Concordia Salus*  
Threaded equally through *Songs from a Room*  
And each room revolving, the hallway the hallway  
Of the *Hotel Chelsea*, ours the typewriter's decade  
The decade of song, until every stave is emptied and  
*La barre grande* is a barchan the breath has let slip  
Away

Woodwind, tympani, the full orchestra's  
Sway, the boy in the cloud glad to be both *Robin*

*Masters and Higgins*, tyger and dandelion  
Rose and crucifixion

Q:

Art thou a silk-worm?

A:

At *McSorley's* it's always *Dark or light?*  
*Light or dark?* Summer, fall, winter, spring the  
Bar heavy as a bison, and as worn  
The century-old thrill a banana clip  
Kicked along the avenues in *Alphabet*  
City to the tune of *The River Kwai*  
*March* *Alec Guinness* de *Cuff* reading *The*  
*Waste Land*, the magnetic tape pulled taut a  
Cross the *Jersey Shore*, *Highlands* to *Howell*  
*Howell* to *Highlands*

When we come to one another, love, we  
Are the linen voices of cloud, the lit  
The boy and the little girl lost

And found

We are the vision of the vision of  
Paradise Palms, the toreador for  
Getting his sword, the absurd tearfulness  
Of the I-don't-want-to-talk-about-it  
Response as the credits roll or the play  
Goers stand, some calm and contented, some  
With the violence of Sappho come to  
The cliff's edge, and help one another in  
To their coats before letting go the the  
Atre's thrall

We are *Steichen and Wife Clara on Their  
Honeymoon, Lake George, New York* and the too  
Fast winter hour at the Met we stood be  
Fore the glass of it, startled utterly

We are absinthe's greeny gate and the tar  
Paper roof beneath the thunderstorm, that  
Mischievous joy that overtakes Herbie  
Flowers strolling through the double bass part  
On "Walk on the Wild Side," the icicled  
Fluff at the center of a creamsicle  
We are an idiot wind blowing from  
The Grand Coulee Dam to the Mardi Gras

The cruelest, ugliest thing you could e'er  
Think to say

We are none of these things alone

Spilling into Columbus Circle and then on  
Into the park, spring's panegyric outdoes

Even the queerest of Benetton ads, while  
Tehran's daughters gift the new year with

Perfect pitch, its sons with golden tongues  
Abū al-Qāsim Muḥammad ibn 'Abd Allāh

Ibn 'Abd al-Muṭṭalib ibn Hāshim at the  
Hammersmith Palais 1919, Morrissey



At Foxwoods Resort 28 March 2009  
Garcia Lorca's *duendes* at the fire grate

Playing with the cataleptic smoke bedding  
Down all around the Steamboat Inn

*You know, like, totally that thing he just said, but, like, more of it*

According to Renato  
Poggioli, this union  
Of artistic and  
Political radicals lasted  
Until the 1880s  
When "what might

Be called the  
Divorce of the  
Two avant-gardes" took  
Place, Urthona, whose  
Law is the  
Plinth of singularity  
The Lion and  
Ox as one  
Exuberance, exuberance is  
Beauty, the sun  
A green jujube  
Lying atop the  
Viscid mosaic of  
The movie theater's  
Floor, *The Sun*  
Perhaps the greatest  
Achievement of modern  
Mural painting, symmetrically  
Structured, it occupied  
The enormous front  
Space of Oslo  
University's assembly hall  
Dominating through size  
Unmitigated frontality, and  
Power of imagery

Yet, the sun is the sun, the residence of image  
As studium, partition, castigation; so, syllables

Take letters and transform them into unified sounds  
That organize themselves into words

*Camera Lucida* in the year of the miracle

Jim Craig as Gabriel

Warwick Davis as Willow

Christ played by all six of The Three Stooges

Donald, the exclamation point is you  
In a wetsuit in *Les Vacances de m*  
*Hulot*, the record player's hurricane  
The hurricane of voice that machine-washes  
Our epoch's overly long Oscar speech

*You know, like, when that one guy, like, the one from that movie, said that thing he said, and it was, like, way too long, or like when football players always thank God whenever, like, anything happens that's good*

Because when you  
    Wonder where I  
Have gotten to  
    You know to  
Go down to  
    The tennis court  
Where I too  
    Am lingering hopefully  
The ocean's slow  
    Song the song  
Of mourning which  
    Follows us from  
Eden Rock to  
    St Jean, which  
Crumples the waxed  
    Paper after we  
Have finished the  
    Croque-Monsieur and  
Lifts it into  
    The channels of

Air in which  
Each bird is  
Only e'er reveling

For I have seen the he-bird also,  
I have paused to hear him near at hand inflating his throat and joyfully singing

In the wee small hours of the morning  
When the whole wide world is fast asleep  
You lie awake, and think about the girl  
And never, ever think of counting sheep

When your lonely heart has learned its lesson  
You'd be hers if only she would call  
In the wee small hours of the morning  
That's the time you miss her most

And while I paus'd it came to me that what he really sang for was not there only,  
Nor for his mate nor himself only, nor all sent back by the echoes,  
But subtle, clandestine, away beyond

When the sun is high in the afternoon sky  
You can always find something to do  
But from dusk 'til dawn, as the clock ticks on  
Something happens to you

When your lonely heart has learned its lesson  
You'd be hers if only she would call  
In the wee small hours of the morning  
That's the time you miss her most of all

Outside the window where Larry Eigner  
Looks out onto Swampscott the flowers are  
Flaming, the buds producing

We are ar  
Rived to spring, not again, for we have ne'er  
Left, and to return is something we can  
Never do

McSorley's is packed  
Full, gladly we're not

E'en able to hear  
Ourselves think among

Such noise, among such  
Wondrous contumely

*War is Over (If  
You Want It)* & we

Do, and so it is  
In our hearts at least

And in others' hearts  
Too, despite e'ery act

And e'ery instance that  
Shews the contrary

Eating bacon after weeping over  
*Babe*, hesitating for e'en the slightest  
Beat over the voice of G. Gordon Liddy  
Selling anything, buying anything  
Or processing anything as a career  
Wanting to sell anything bought or processed  
Or buying anything sold or processed, or  
Processing anything sold, bought, or processed  
Or repairing anything sold, bought or  
Processed, you know, as a career

It is  
Time we stop remembering John Wayne from  
*The Shootist, Hondo, The Green Berets*, and  
Picture instead the final scene from *The  
Quiet Man*, Duke and Maureen O'Hara  
The sum of Cage's equation LOVE =  
LEAVING SPACE AROUND LOVED ONE, Barry Fitz  
Gerald dancing with the Shan Van Vocht at

The gates of Faery, Mary Lavin's "Happiness"  
The happiness of liberation

To  
This we must jigger the same uncanny  
Arithmetic behind the synchronized  
Waterskiing in the Go Go's video

For "Vacation," where the bicycle is  
The start of her and all a gramophone  
Wants is to be properly played; its thrue  
Wonder only felt when everythin's quiet  
When we know what a gramophone wants is  
The silence of the dead

Don't hatchet the chicken yet  
We need it for our Tuesday

Alectryomancy, scatter the grain  
Just so, here, and here, tear

The corner of the sack like this  
And then bend the corner back

Yes, just like that, now, slowly  
Across the yard, leave the hens

For the cock, the chicks will follow  
Close upon, those little pecks, each

One from *Songs of the Earth*, each  
One an unfailing prophecy

Thou hearest the Nightingale begin the Song of Spring  
The Lark sitting upon his earthy bed: just as the morn  
Appears; listens silent; then springing from the waving Corn-field! Loud  
He leads the Choir of Day! trill, trill, trill, trill  
Mounting upon the wings of light into the Great Expanse  
Reechoing against the lovely blue & shining heavenly Shell  
His little throat labours with inspiration; every feather  
On throat & breast & wings vibrates with the effluence Divine  
All Nature listens silent to him & the awful Sun  
Stands still upon the Mountain looking on this little Bird  
With eyes of soft humility, & wonder love & awe

Edith and Archie at the piano, *The Jeffersons* still years away

Q:

Dost thou  
Spin thy own shroud out of thyself?

A:

Man has wooed  
The world and  
Won the world

And has fallen  
Weary, and not  
I think, for  
A time, but

With a weariness  
That will not  
End until the  
Last autumn, when

The stars shall  
Be blown away  
Like withered leaves

The background against which  
We read © MCMLXXIII already

Hurried to an unsteady black  
The video cassette a-jangle

Last of the laugh track giving  
Way to the laughter of children

Fissured wall at the Garden's  
Edge

Arcady's revenant  
Grace

Mark DuCharme

from *Counter Fluencies*

45

You isn't any under-rush of color  
Neither are they  
Which is imperfect presence  
On sleep's dark vowels

In oceans where trumpets hide  
& You are blanketed in salt  
Forests where extinguished  
Bees laugh & sway

When you find the weight  
Of bees' dark laughter  
Tremble until heaven's error  
Makes you stammer

Write poems in imperfect smoke  
Which disappear in dark becoming

Mark DuCharme

from *Counter Fluencies*

66

Every part of daylight makes  
Us sing. The peaks gleam.  
Light shine on bus  
Windows. The inwardness  
Of night at bay. The day  
Is moving  
Away in light's  
Dark laughter. Sung in lost  
Forms, the gleam  
Moving past  
In all that midnight ends. In  
The travesty of thinking without form  
Which daylight readily  
Supplies  
While midnight bends & slips  
Away—  
& *Sung* is lost  
In eyes' nights scattered.



Mark DuCharme

from *Counter Fluencies*

94

These colors under the wind  
Where heat blankets the streets  
& Crows on tops of buildings scream  
Enter us & make us sing

Like that woman walking away  
There is a yesterday she can't imagine  
A present tensed in a jar  
Replete with idioms & signage

A mote of dust for the scantily tanned  
Offshoots brimmed with turbulence  
Is not the news of the day we'd wavered  
Stiff with the twists of remote brightness

Until sex loosens the tongue  
Or its surrogates in flaunted robes  
Wishing for a midnight skim  
Or whatever else they'd wandered in

Mark DuCharme

from *Counter Fluencies*

99

Gray & bright  
Screen clutter  
Limits  
The tender

We scratch  
& The wind  
Is new

With aging hipsters  
Sauntering  
When we walk out

The building  
Are we  
There

Before time  
Slips  
Out amid

Cars'  
Violent  
Reflections

D. B. Ruderman

## Copying the Animals

“O my animals,” replied Zarathustra,  
“chatter on like this and let me listen. It is so refreshing  
for me to hear you chattering: where there is chattering the world  
lies before me like a garden.”  
— Nietzsche

today it seems is spoken out / brokenness a way  
that seems to have no opposite

for after all what is Ohio / if not a flashing yellow light  
rain for days on end

and birds that echo Nietzsche’s hermit / clutching little bits of grass  
with their clutching little talons

perhaps they still believe / in apocalypse / still think  
there is another yet to come

but the day it seems is spoken out / with its languid hands  
and quavering regards

we all believe in providence when there’s money in the bank  
but being has a way

of being opposite / the green sign that corroborates  
the staggered line of trees

the being of today stretched back into a century of blame  
and this new one is exhausted

by rain or record-setting heat and drought / or maybe from some ordinary cause  
either way there’s little else to do

but to get into your car and drive / or if your congressperson  
is intent upon apocalypse

then listen to the birds that still believe / and notice how their motion  
takes them perilously out

stupefied across a yellow field

[Audio of “Copying the Animals” available at [wordforword.info/vol31/Ruderman.html](http://wordforword.info/vol31/Ruderman.html)]

D. B. Ruderman

### Wrong Etymology

when it seemed to me that we were breaking up  
I read philosophy all day

words like branches of a tree  
seen through a skylight I can no longer afford

can you love someone and make a choice to leave  
is it ever acceptable to cut  
the body - cut  
one thing from another

after all  
there is life and blood

perhaps because I am poisoned by poetry—perhaps because the poem can use the field  
as a metaphor for one thing and then another—suddenly I was speaking / crying and  
speaking—suddenly she was wounded / I was the one who wounded her / I didn't  
wound her—purposely I was speaking / I was not crying on purpose

*when the book came in the mail it was only separate pages  
like useless and lifeless leaves on a tree*

2.

I read philosophy all day

what I read connected with everything / except  
what I needed to know / except  
how to cut and suffer / suffer and cut

*“a failure in his capacity for perception”*

is it ever better to incorporate  
loss / watering the money tree / swallowing  
language/ economic metaphors for one  
intimate moment and then another

after all  
there is blood and life

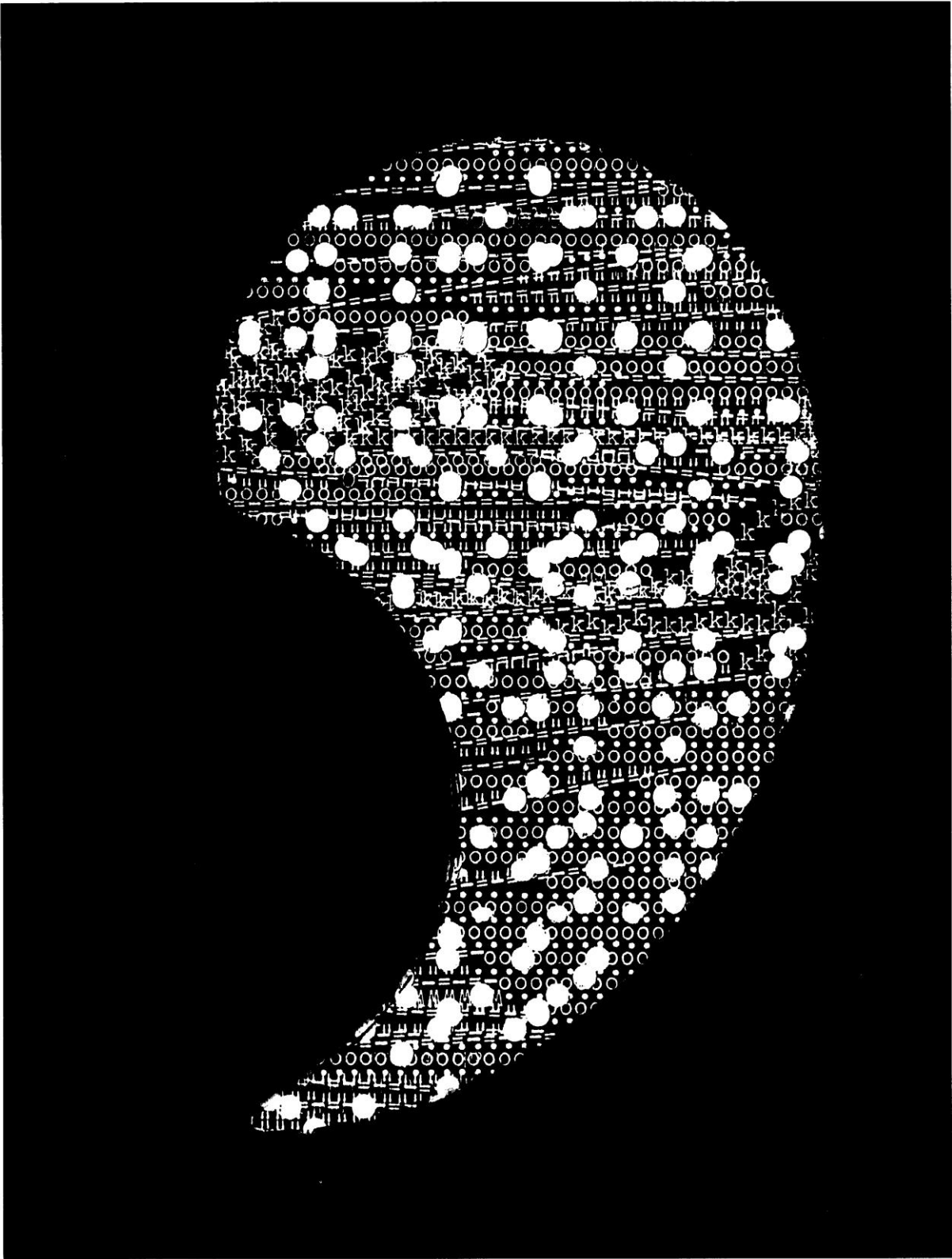
perhaps because my kids are growing up—perhaps because I'm surrounded by all these  
feelings I must not think—suddenly I was quiet / quiet and crying—suddenly we were in

New York / I was with my mother / she is not my mother—angrily both women walked  
/ these feelings we must not think

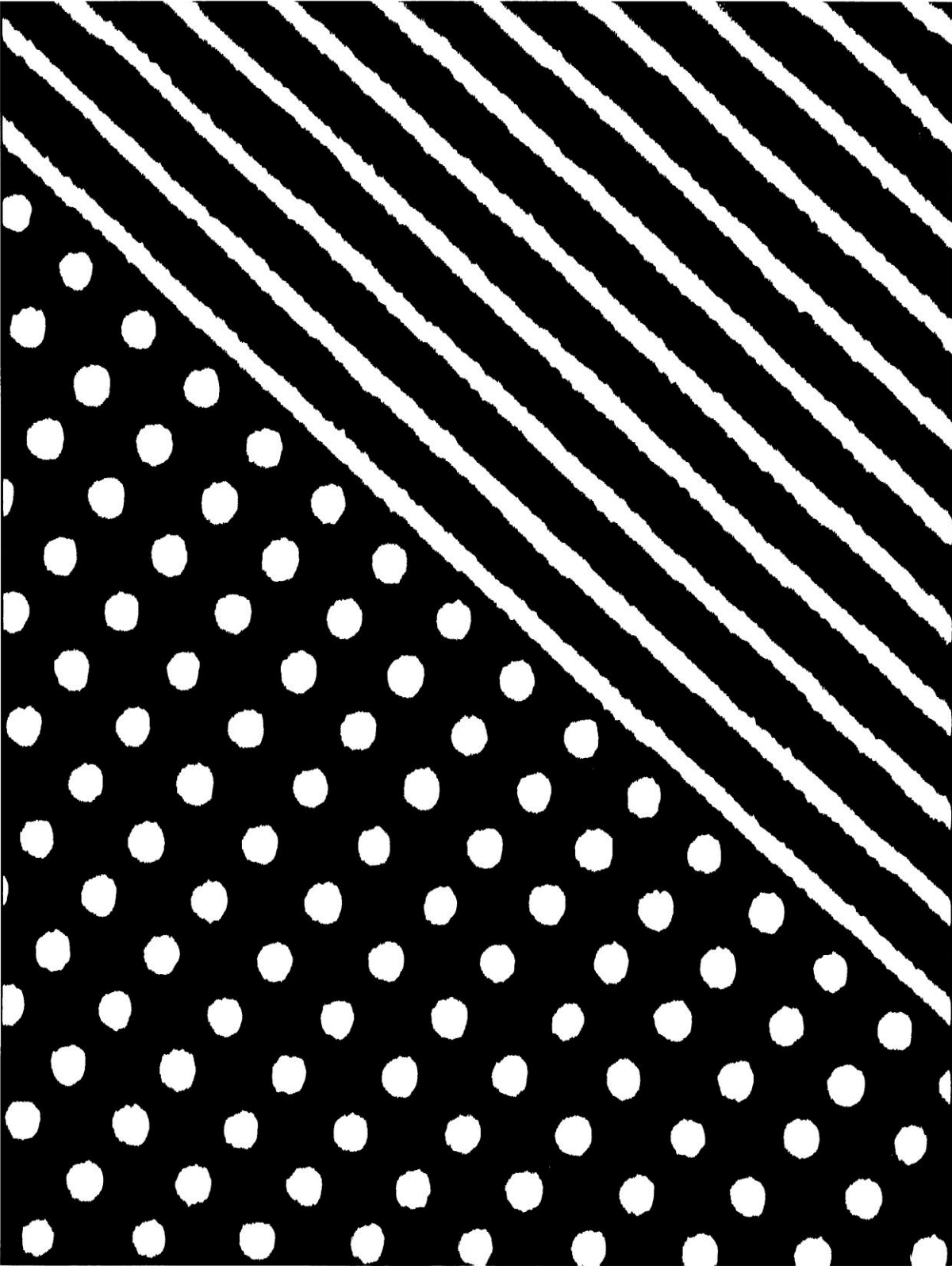
*what I share with my books is the need to fill up the world with language  
an insatiable need not to know*

[Audio of “Wrong Etymology” available at [wordforword.info/vol31/Ruderman2.html](http://wordforword.info/vol31/Ruderman2.html)]

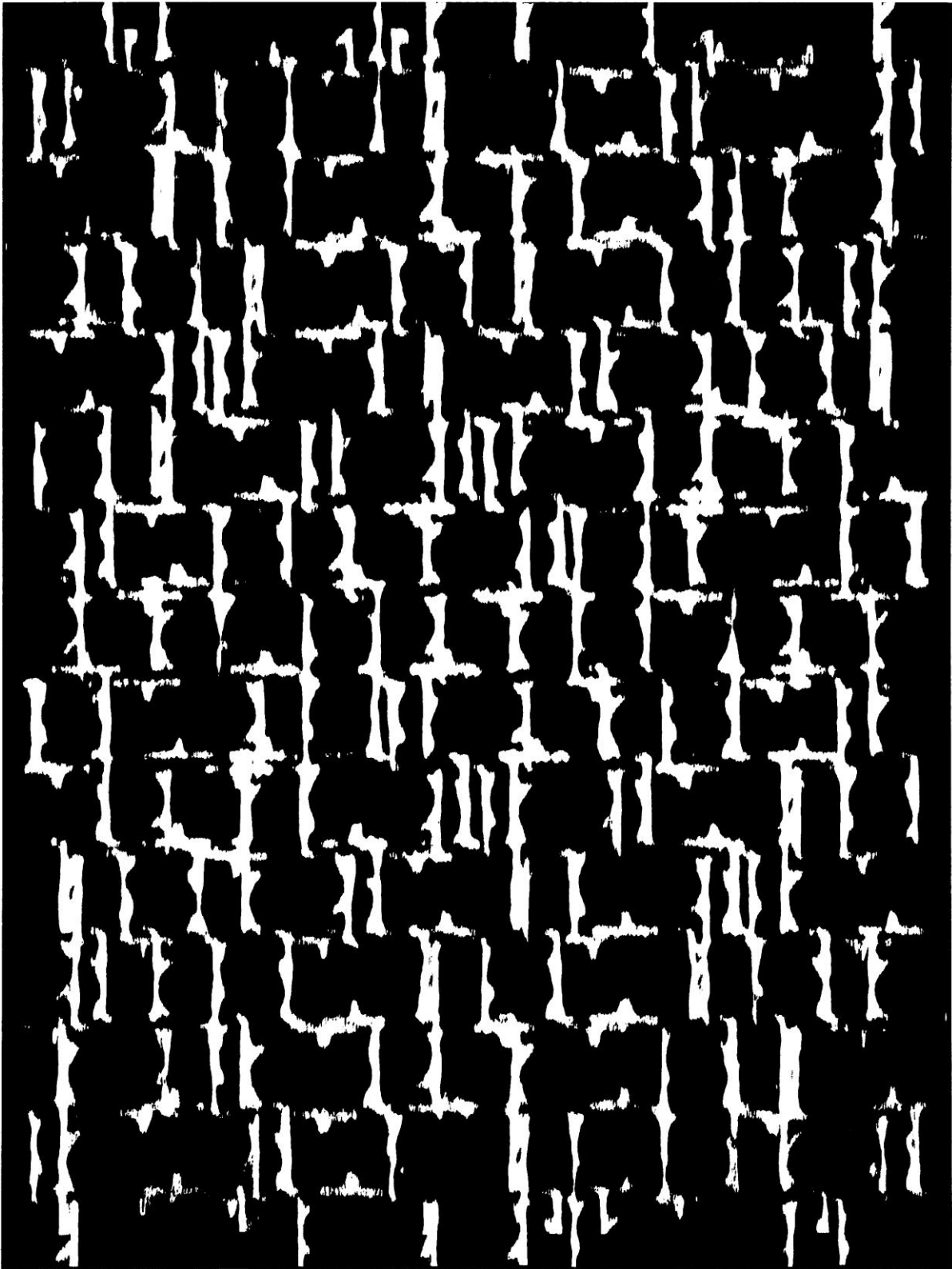
Gustave Morin



Gustave Morin

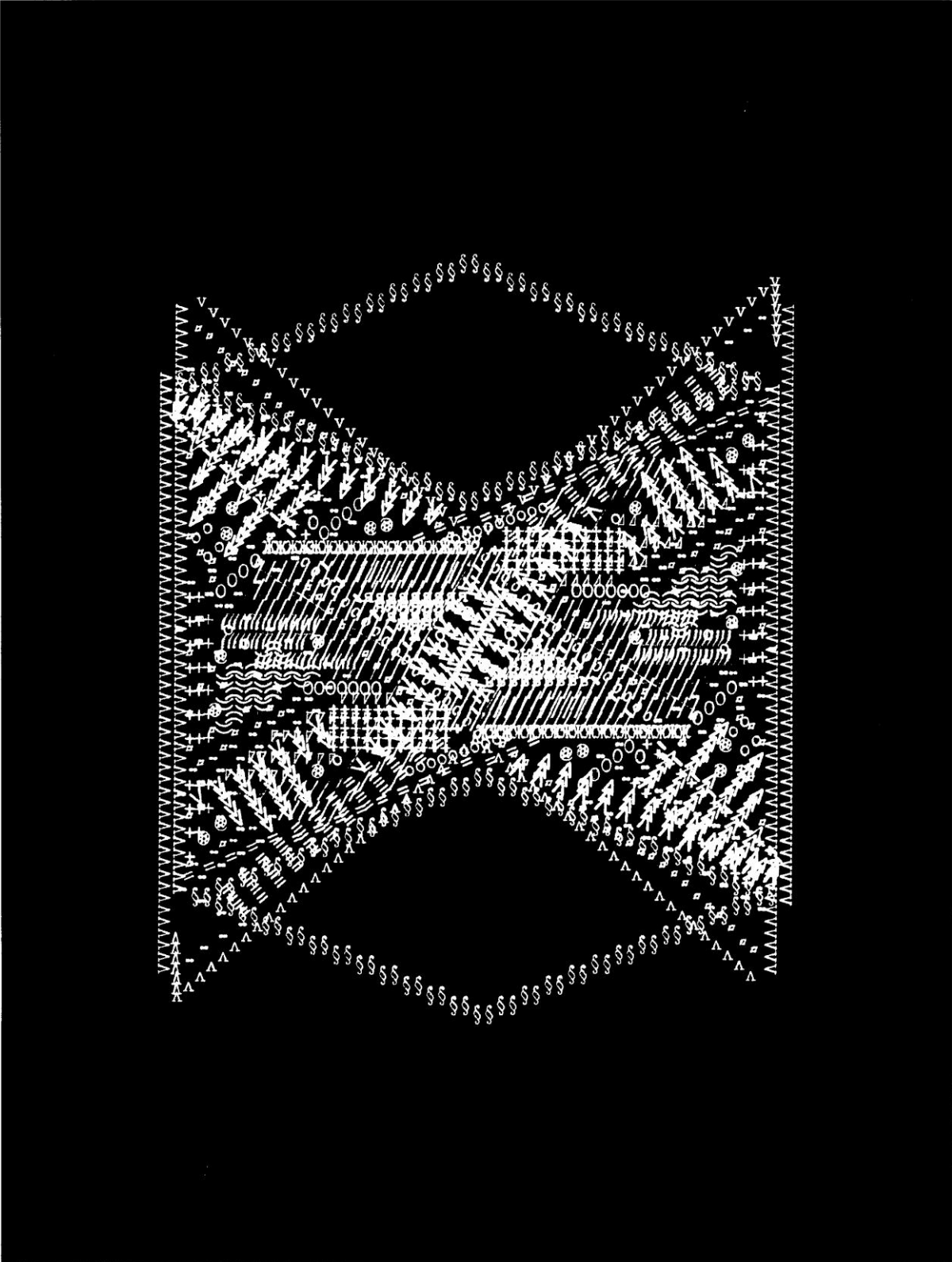


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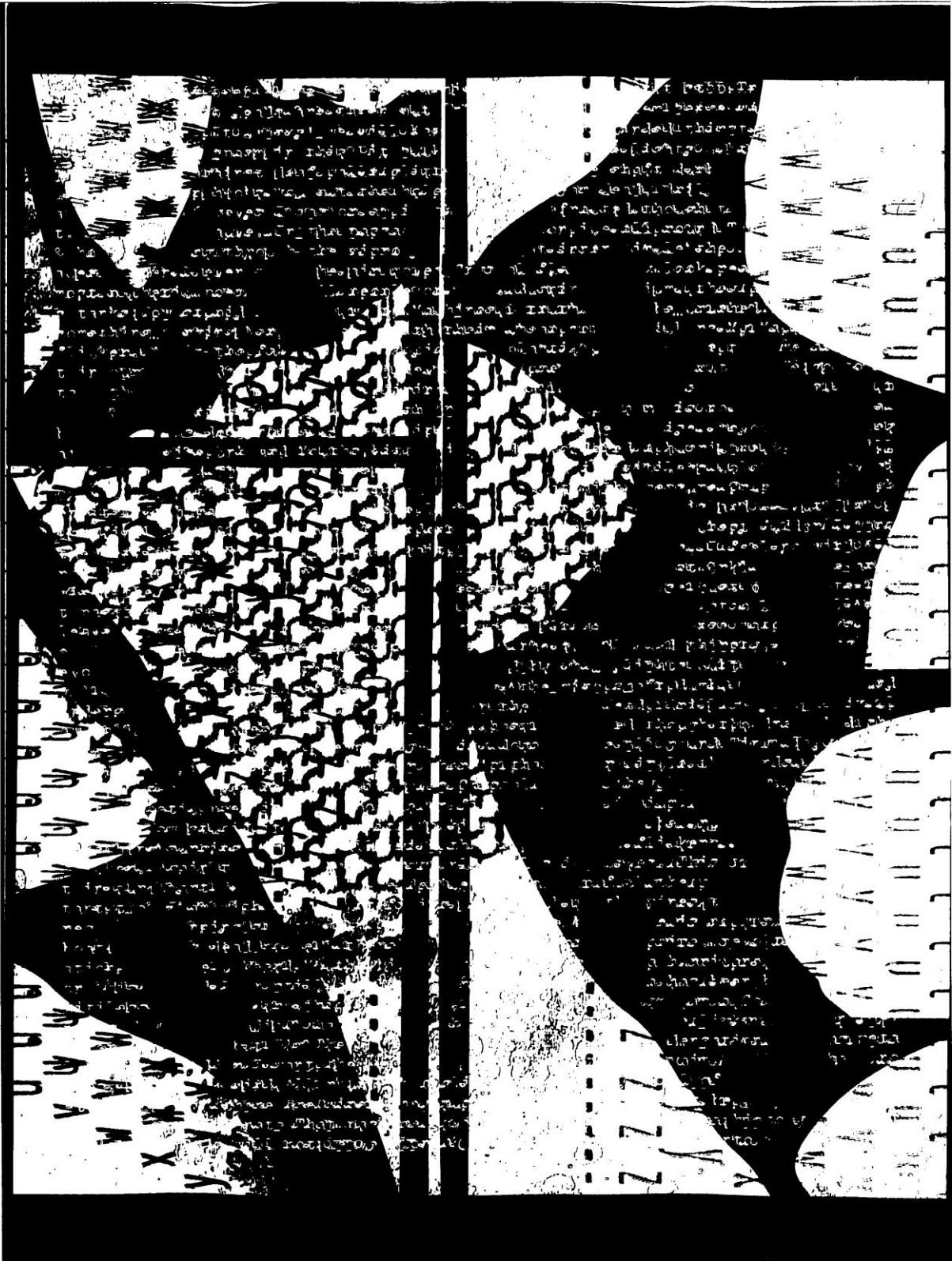




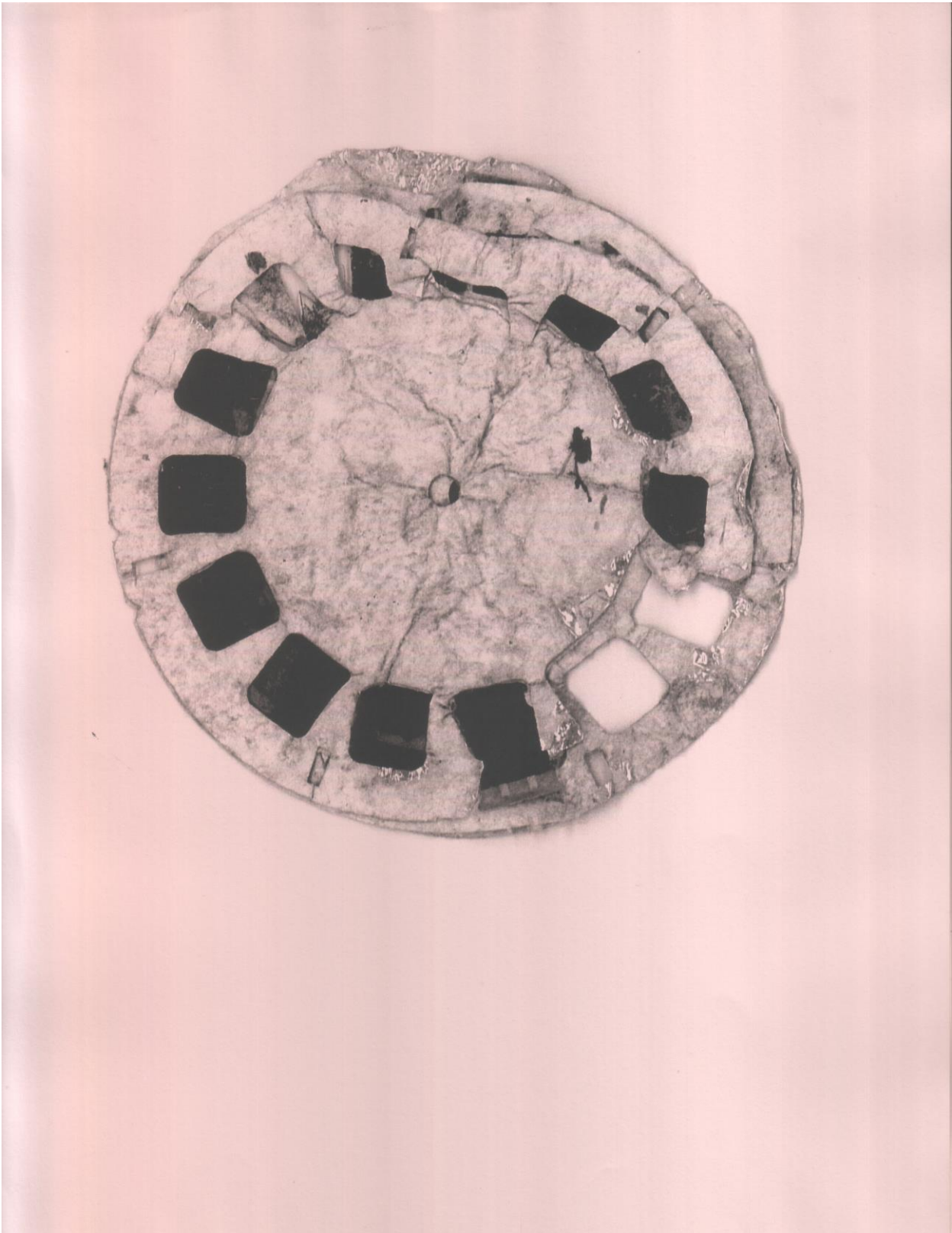
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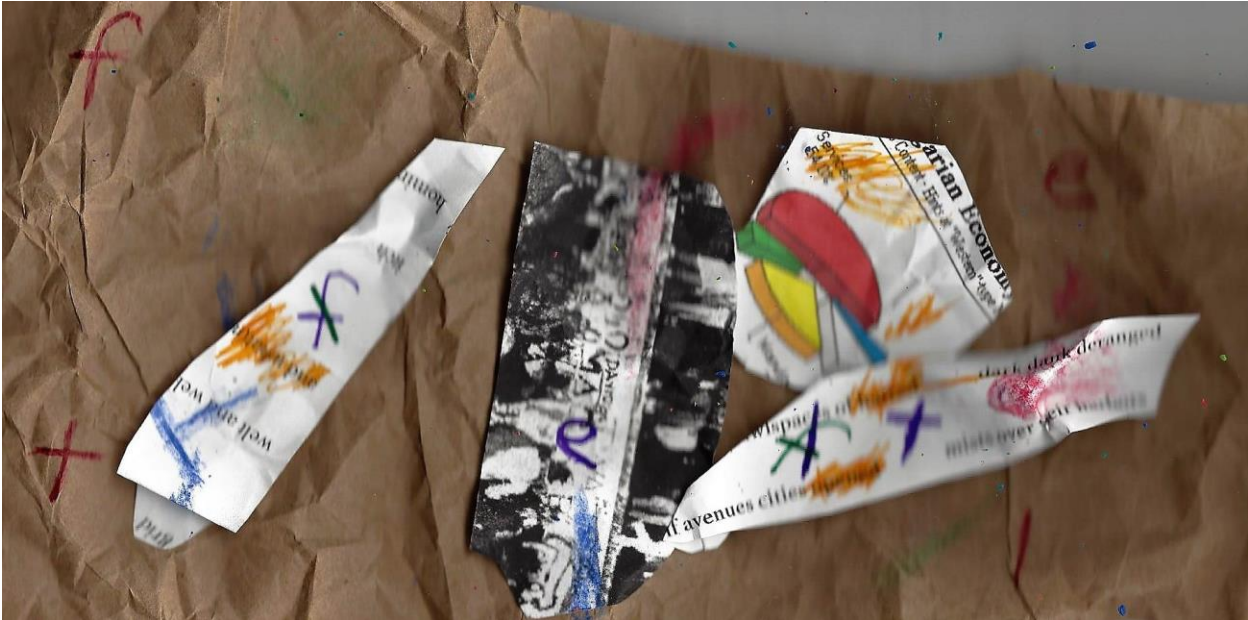
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Gustave Morin



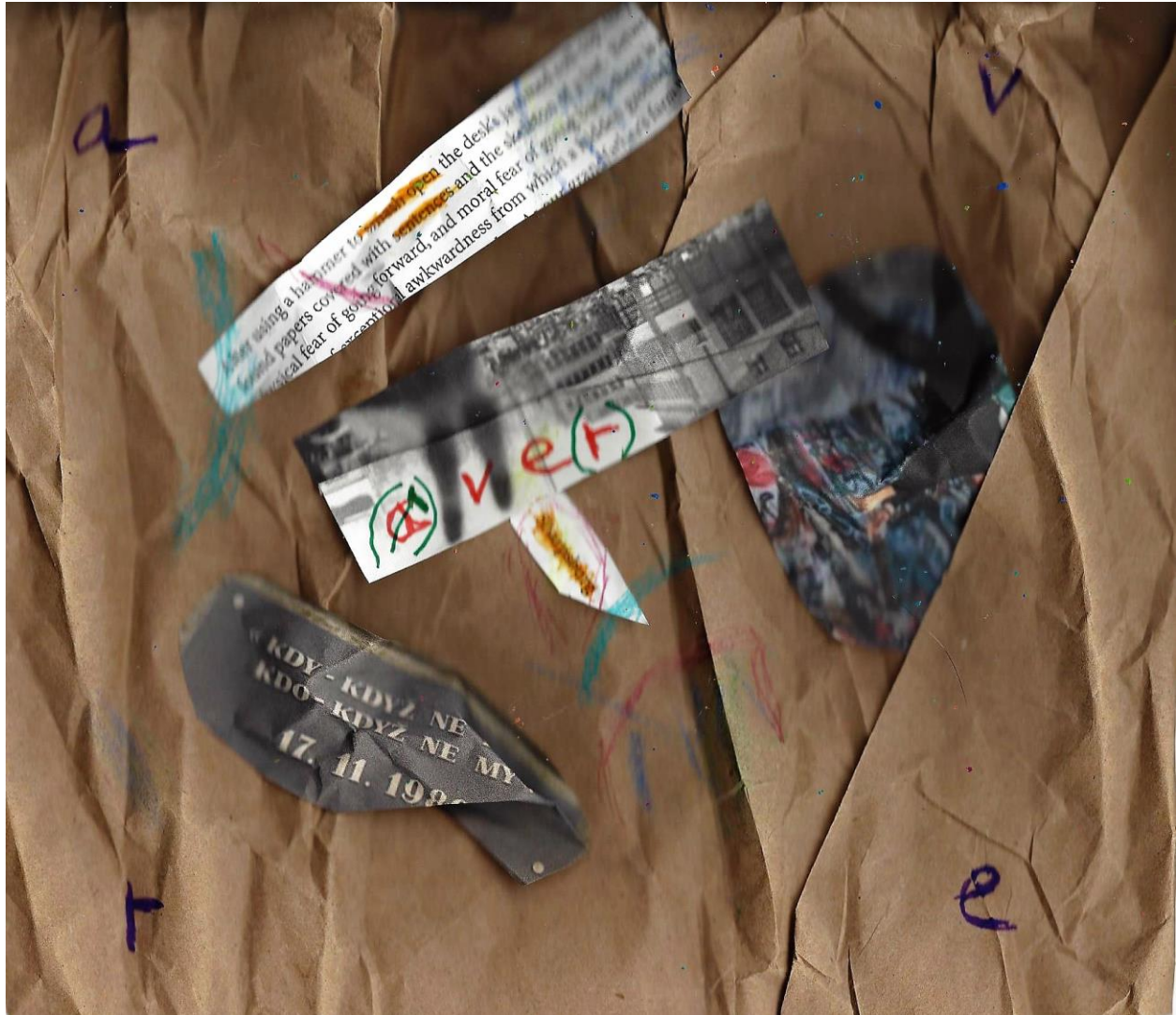
Joel Chace



Joel Chace



Joel Chace



Marco Giovenale

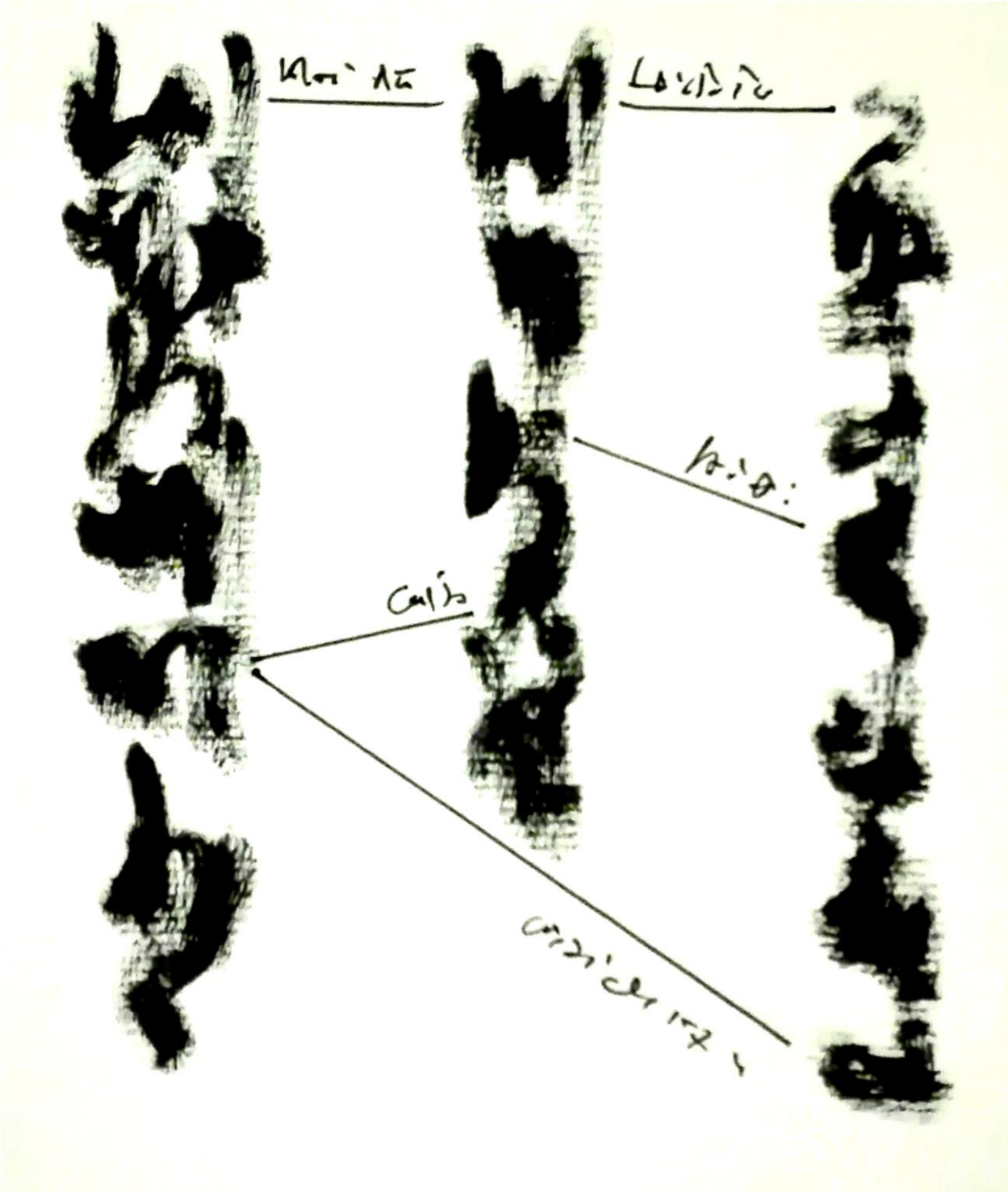


Lettera Abbinata  
dalla Scuola (ca.  
19-21) - Progetti  
della  
della

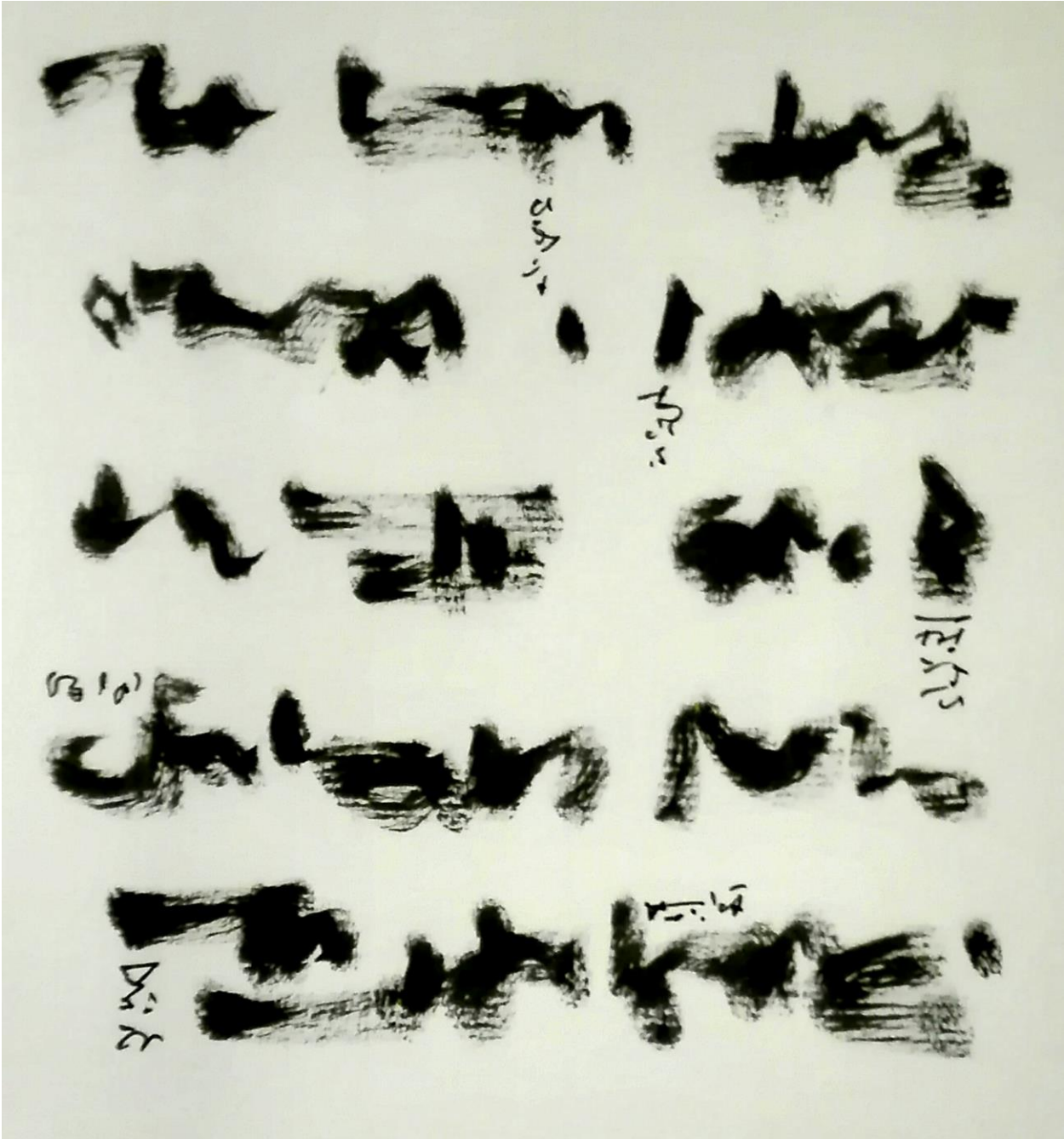
Marco Giovenale



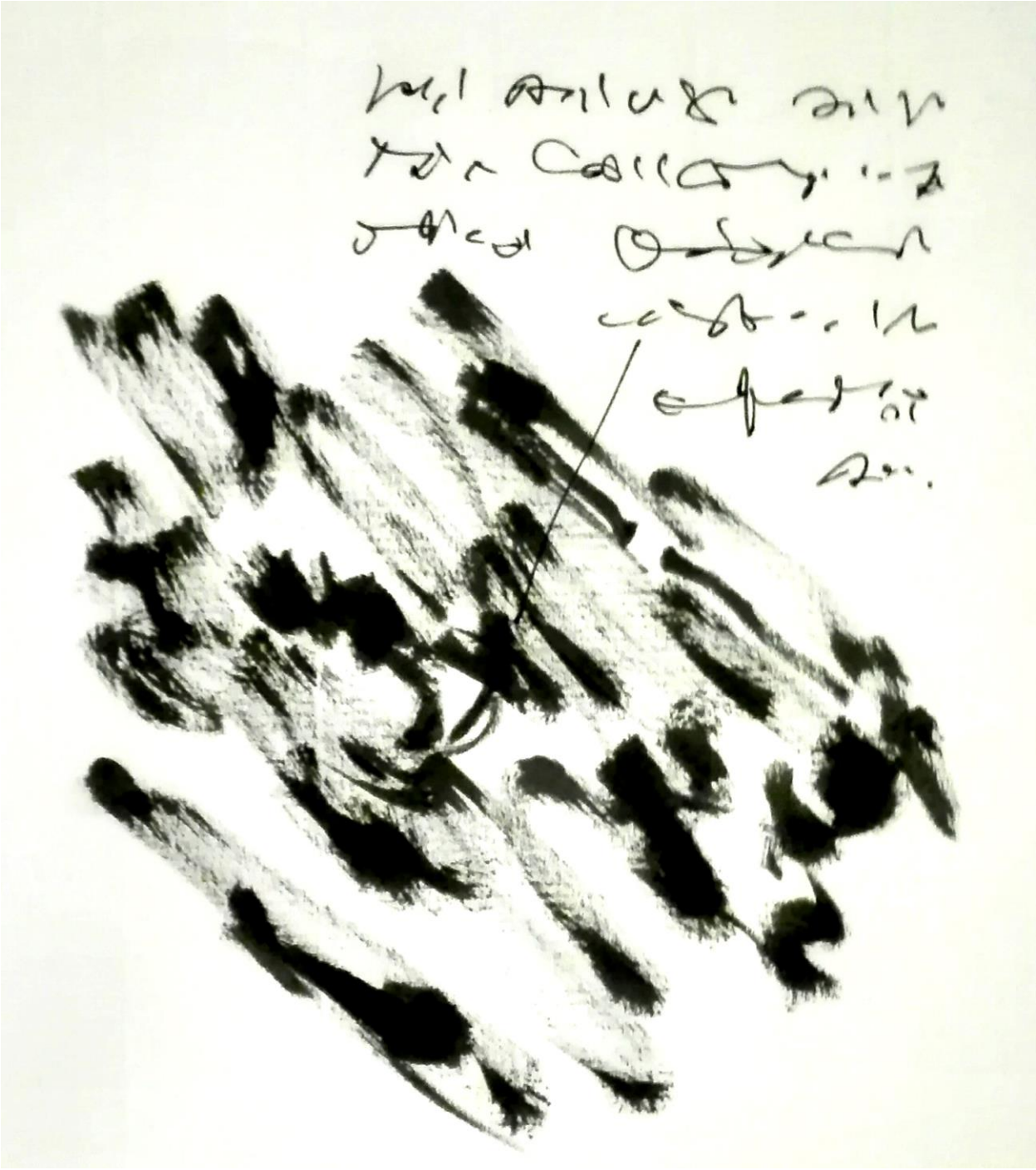


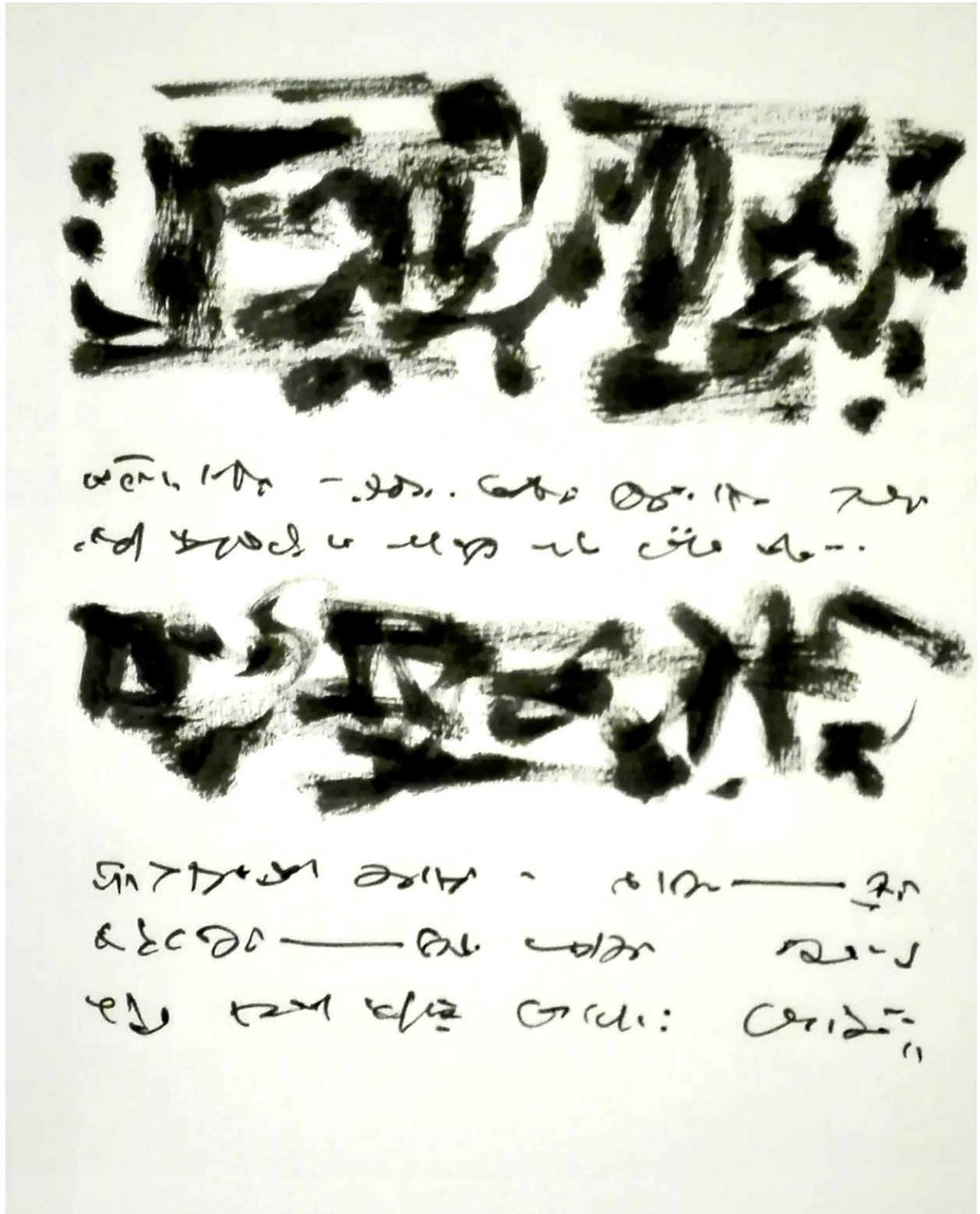


Marco Giovenale

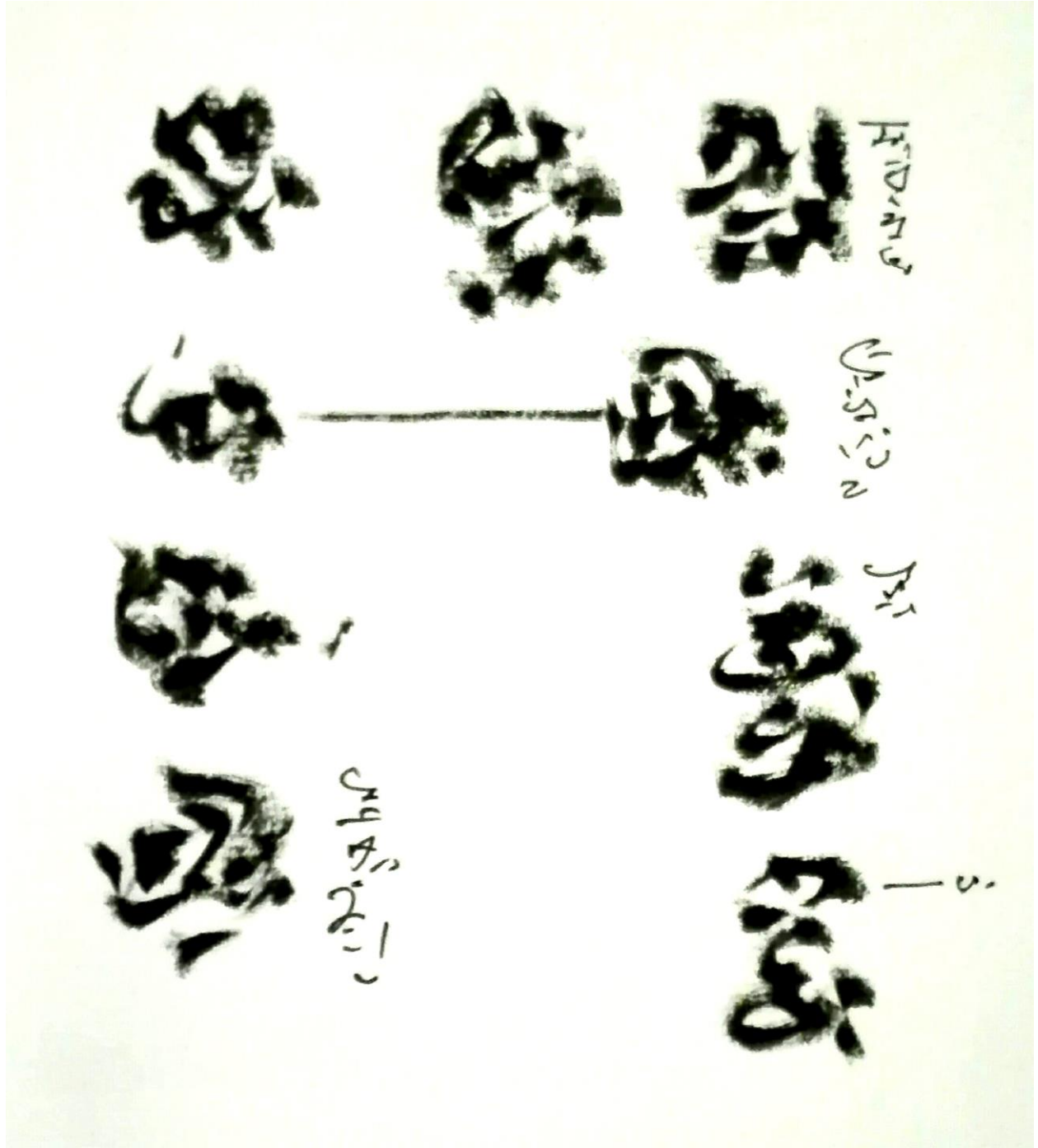


Marco Giovenale

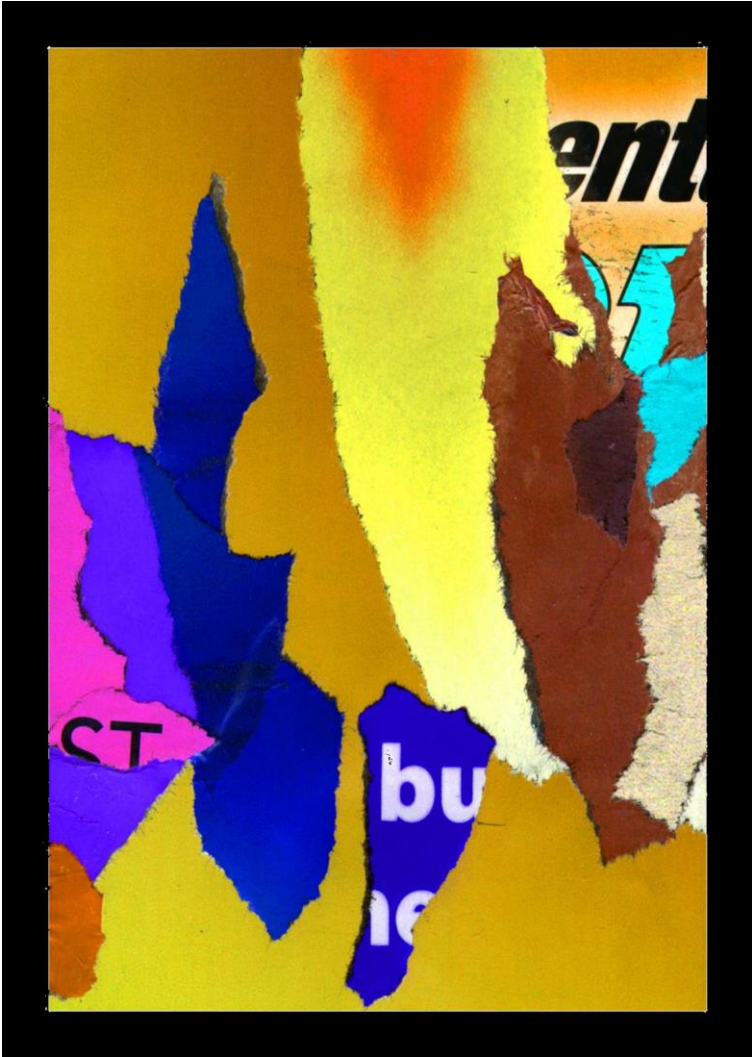




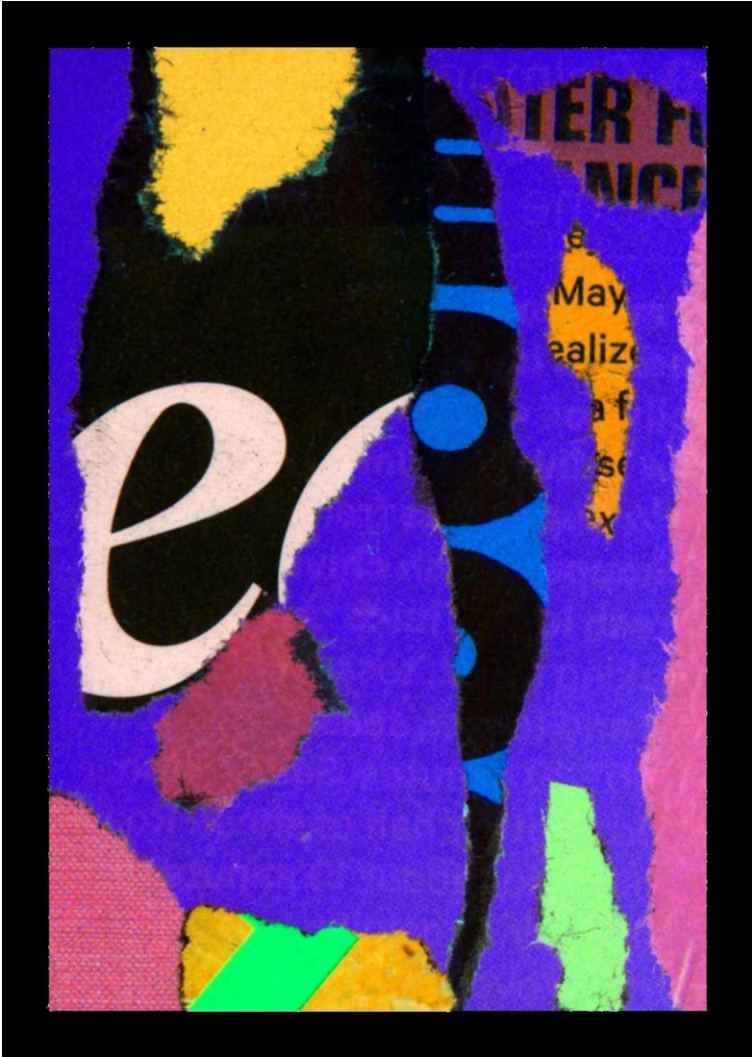
Marco Giovenale



Andrew Topel



Andrew Topel



Andrew Topel





Andrew Topel



Andrew Topel



Andrew Topel



Mark Young

Homage to Duchamp



Mark Young

Burlap Carapace

burlap	forage	<i>les fleurs du mal</i>	judicial	pharma		e-motion sensor	tonsure
dojo	vortex	mythic	flinch	Rogue One	El Niño	barfly	waltz
	protrude	littoral	bicycle	indigo	demise	zephyr	legality
residue	nadir		orrery	$\Phi$	trojan horse	gauze	same
	crass	dimple	heavy metal water	85 lashes	inscribe		Mt. Fuji
impel	hence	obvious	mosque	carotid	apiary	domain name	salsa
query	preen	climate change denier	Kindle		etc.	Bullet train	denizen
Maurice Pilorge	ziərɒks	ergot	network	larynx	dynamo	unicorn	carapace

Mark Young

The Mask of Dimitrios



Mark Young

The Warriors' Heads



Mark Young

Apple Ague





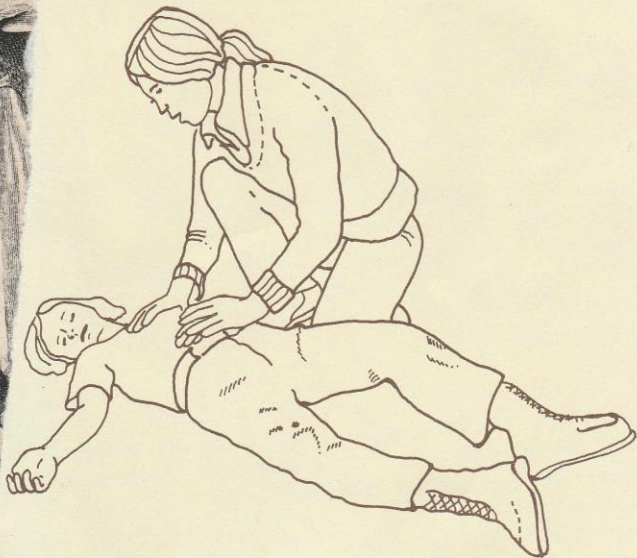
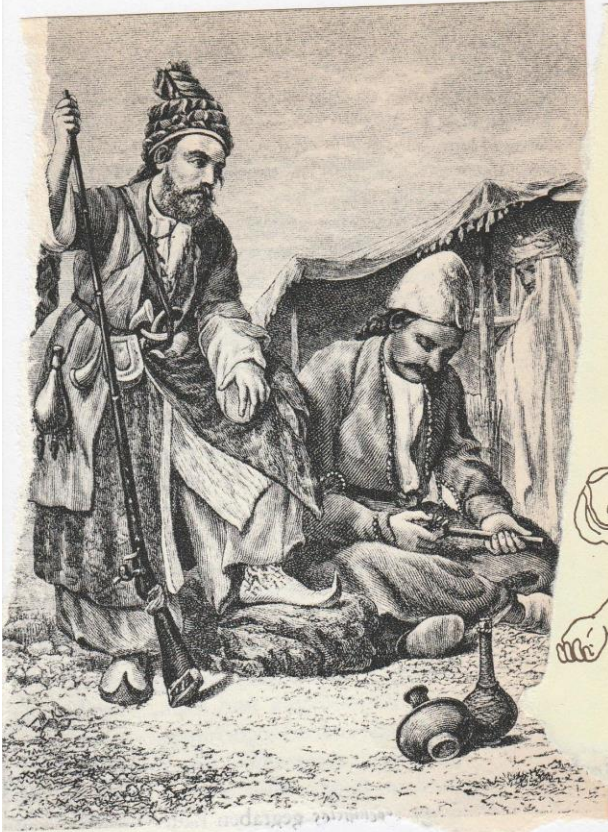
Robert Keith



Merciful and gracious

It smothered his flesh and sought the bones

Robert Keith



Robert Keith



'My Boss is my rival for the hand of my girl. . . .'

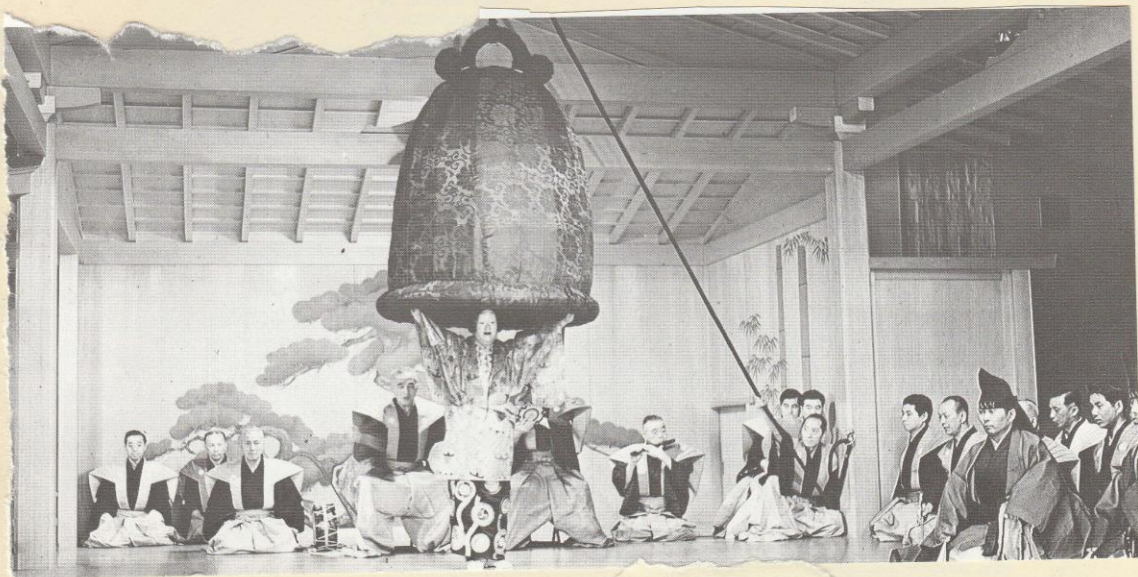
Robert Keith

STRATHCONA PARK  
OUTDOOR EDUCATION CENTRE  
BOX 2160 CAMPBELL RIVER, B.C.

### HOW YOU CAN BE THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK

After you have read this book, imagine yourself as the author. You are fully justified in claiming this feeling. Once you have read the whole book and have it fully in your possession, you have all the knowledge the authors put into it. Fully accept yourself as the author of what you know as a result of your life, of which reading this book is a part.

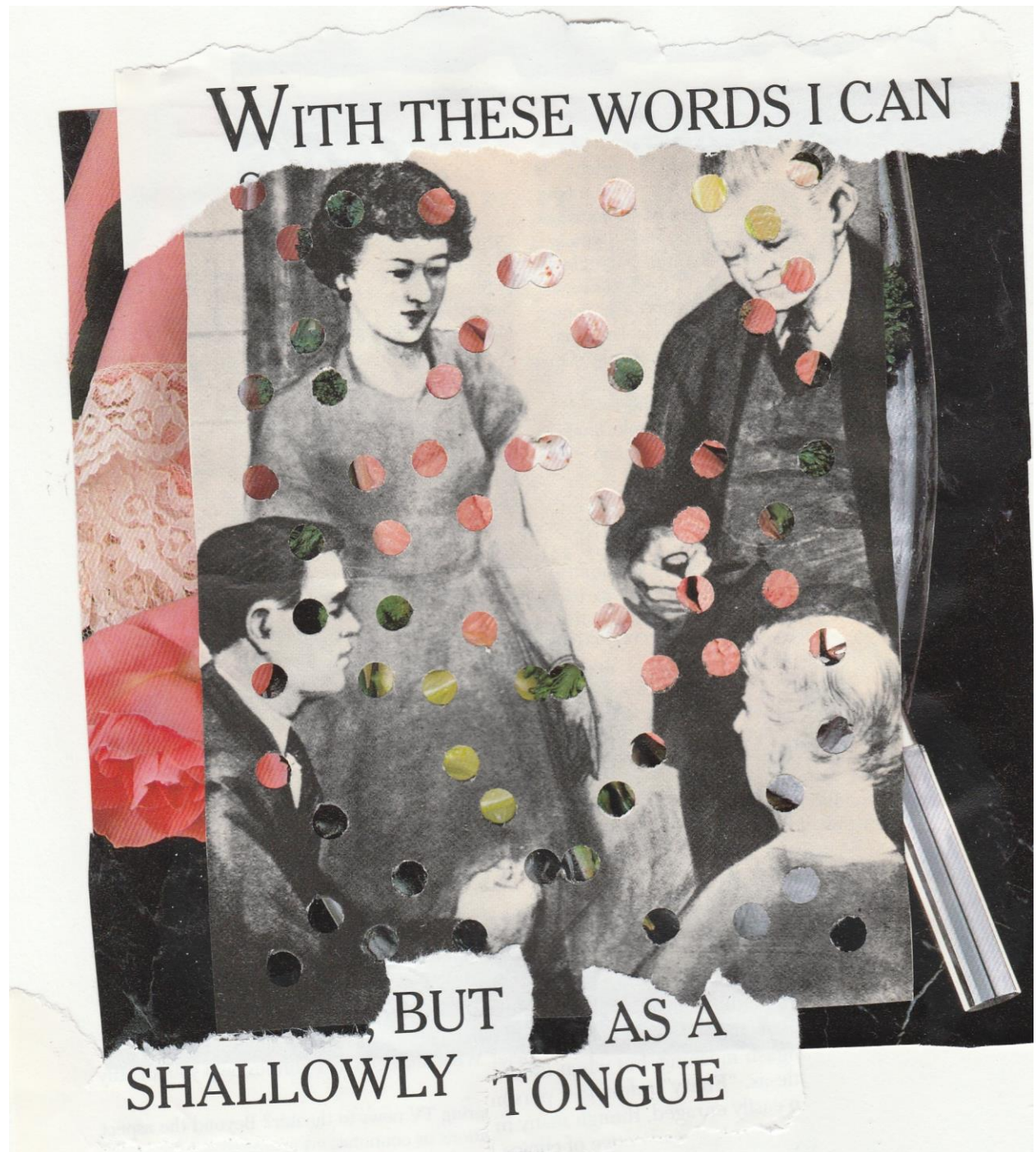
Imagine now that you are your own three million year old healer.



350

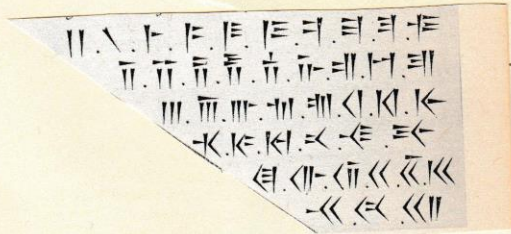
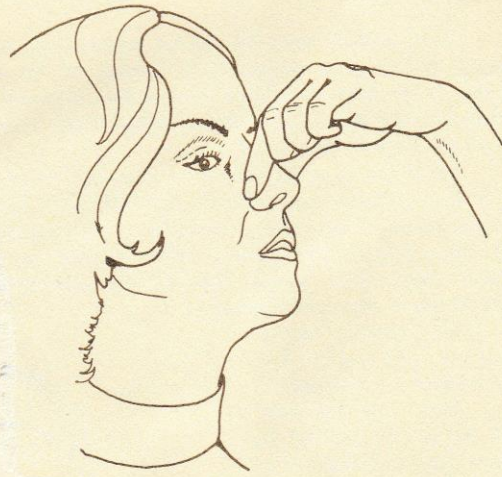
177

Robert Keith



Robert Keith

USE THIS PAGE FOR YOUR NOTES



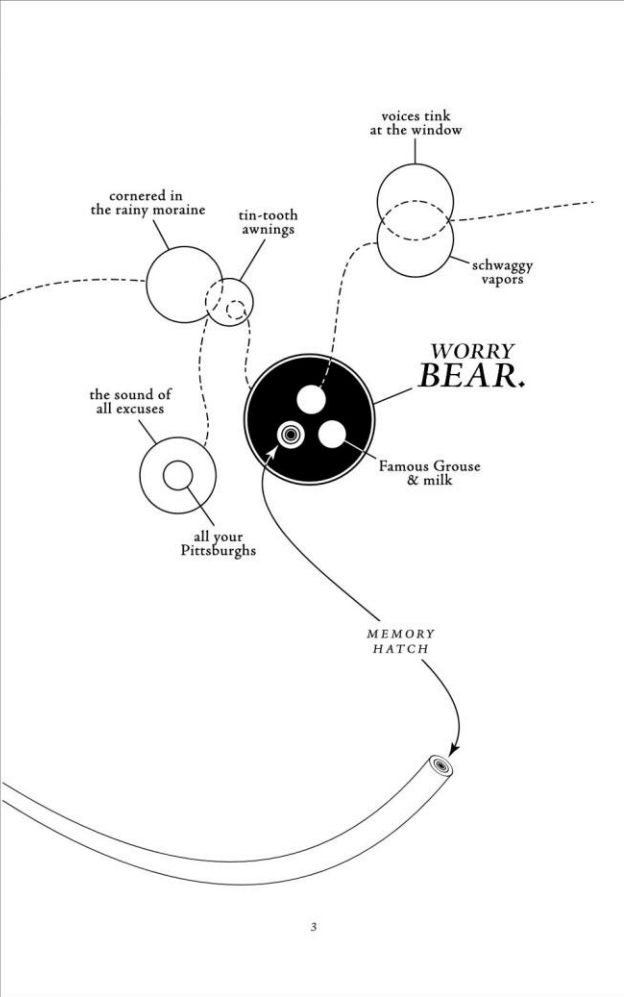
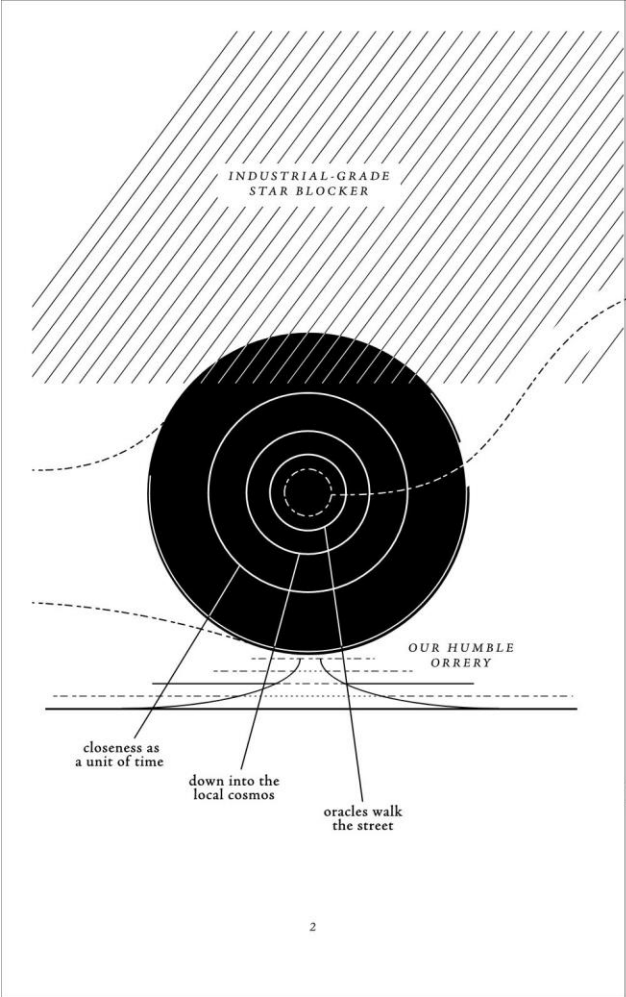
**MILL**

**TOWN**

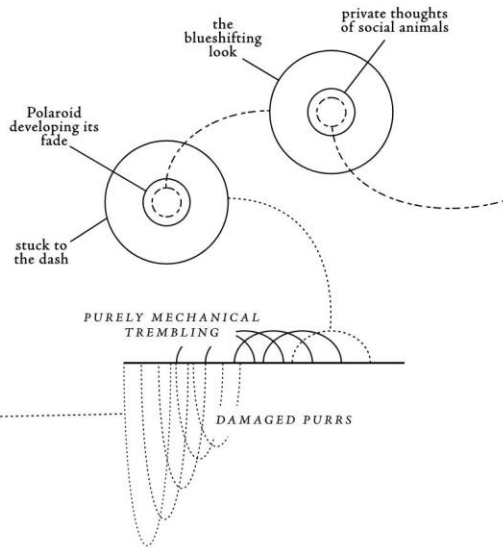
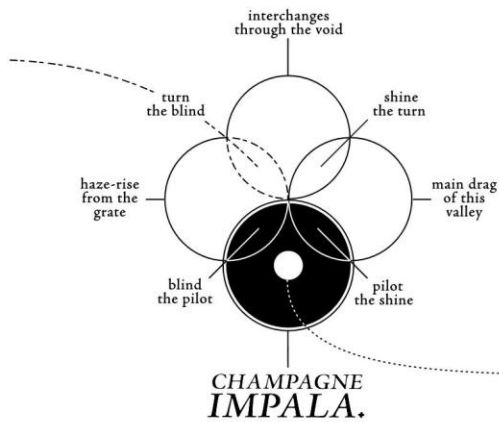
*showing*  
THE MOTION OF  
BODIES & CONCEPTS  
*through*  
THE 12 LESSER SIGNS

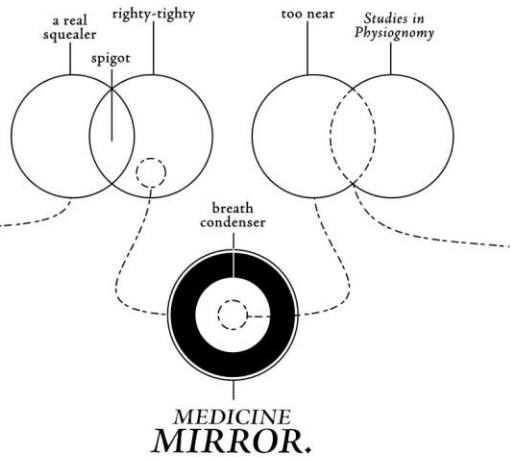
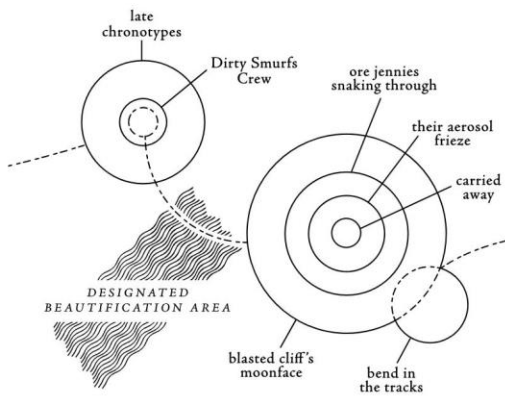


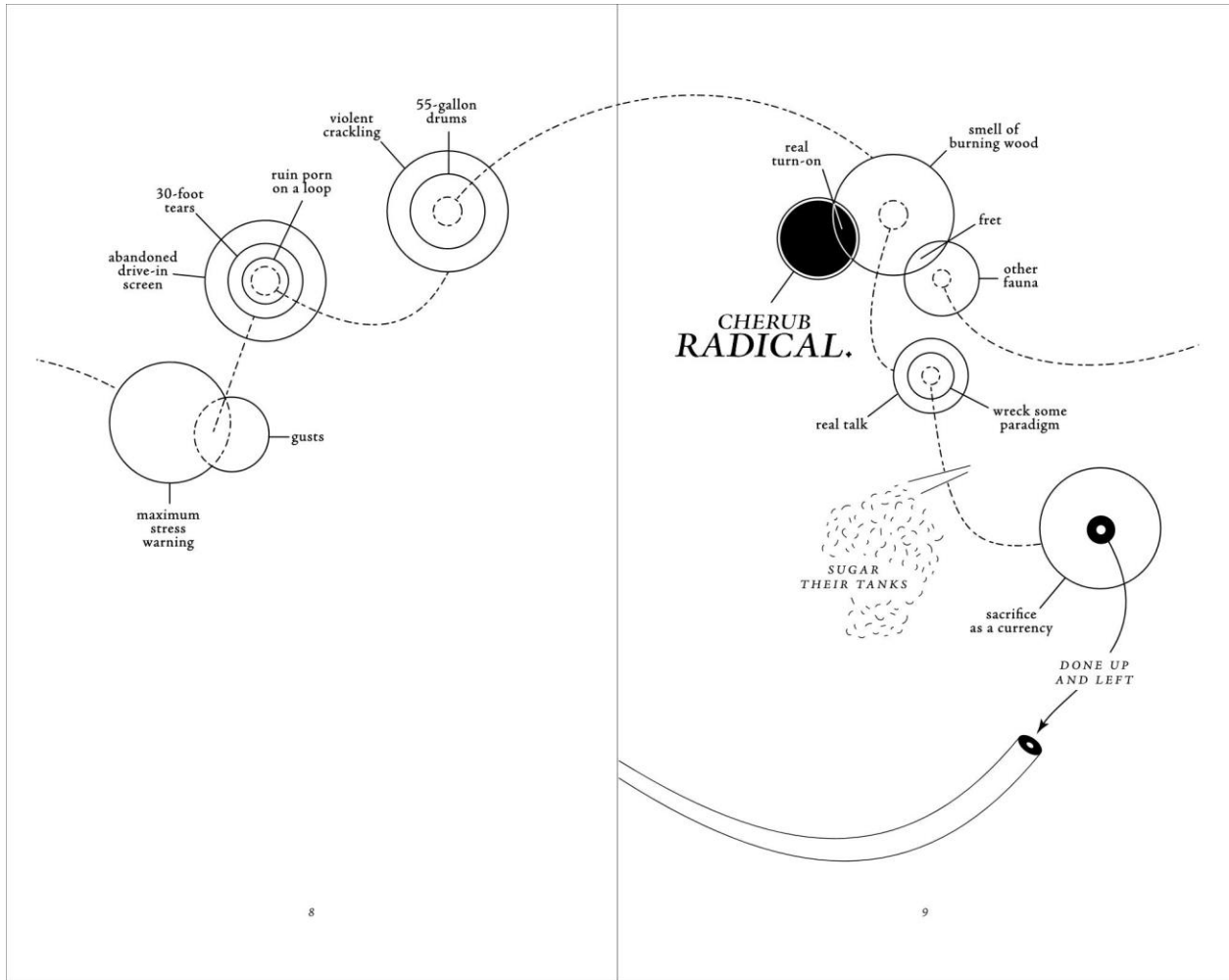
**ZODIAC**

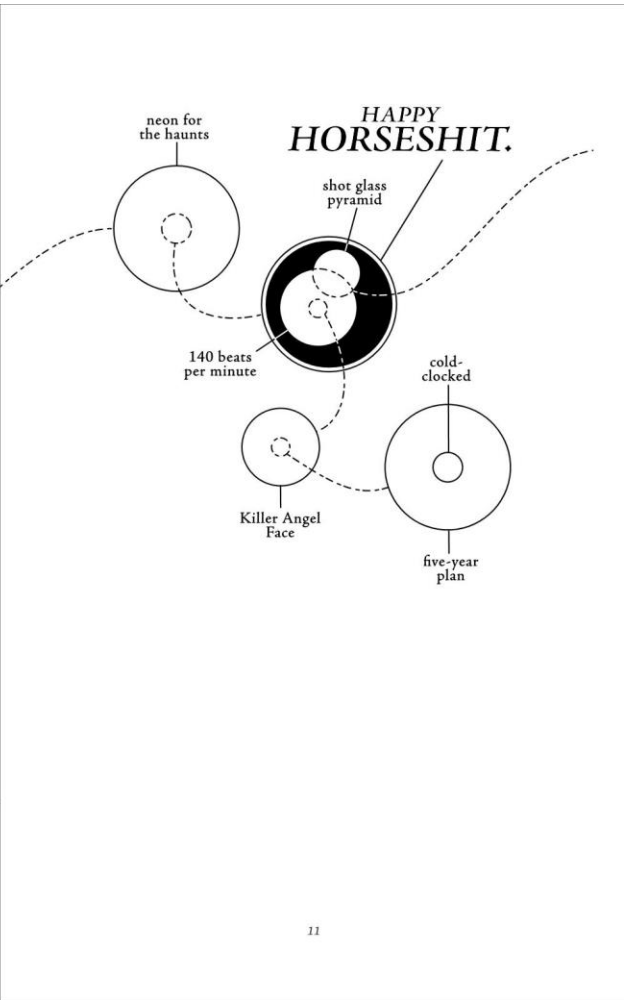
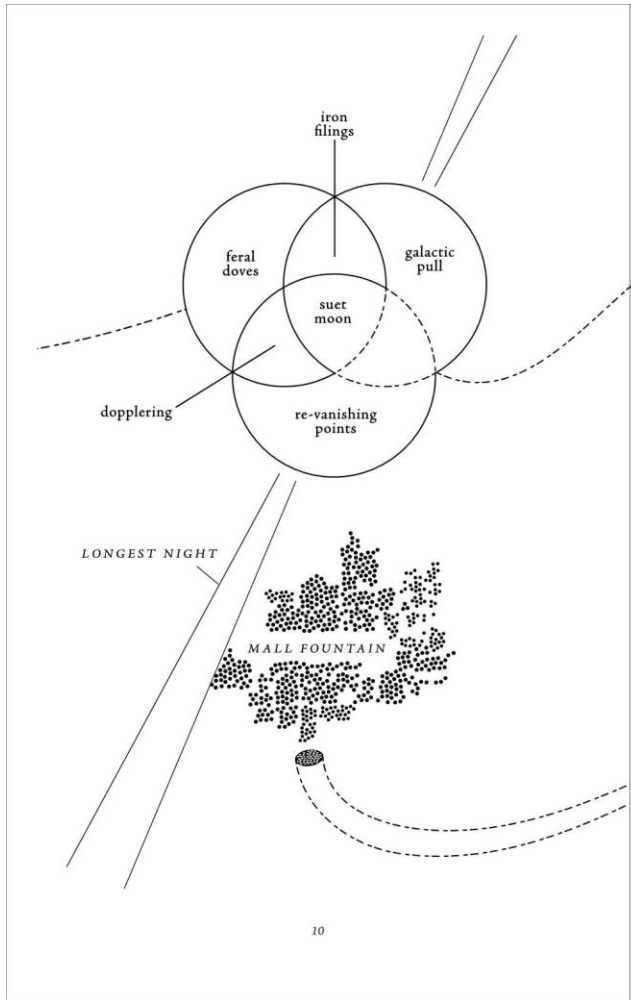


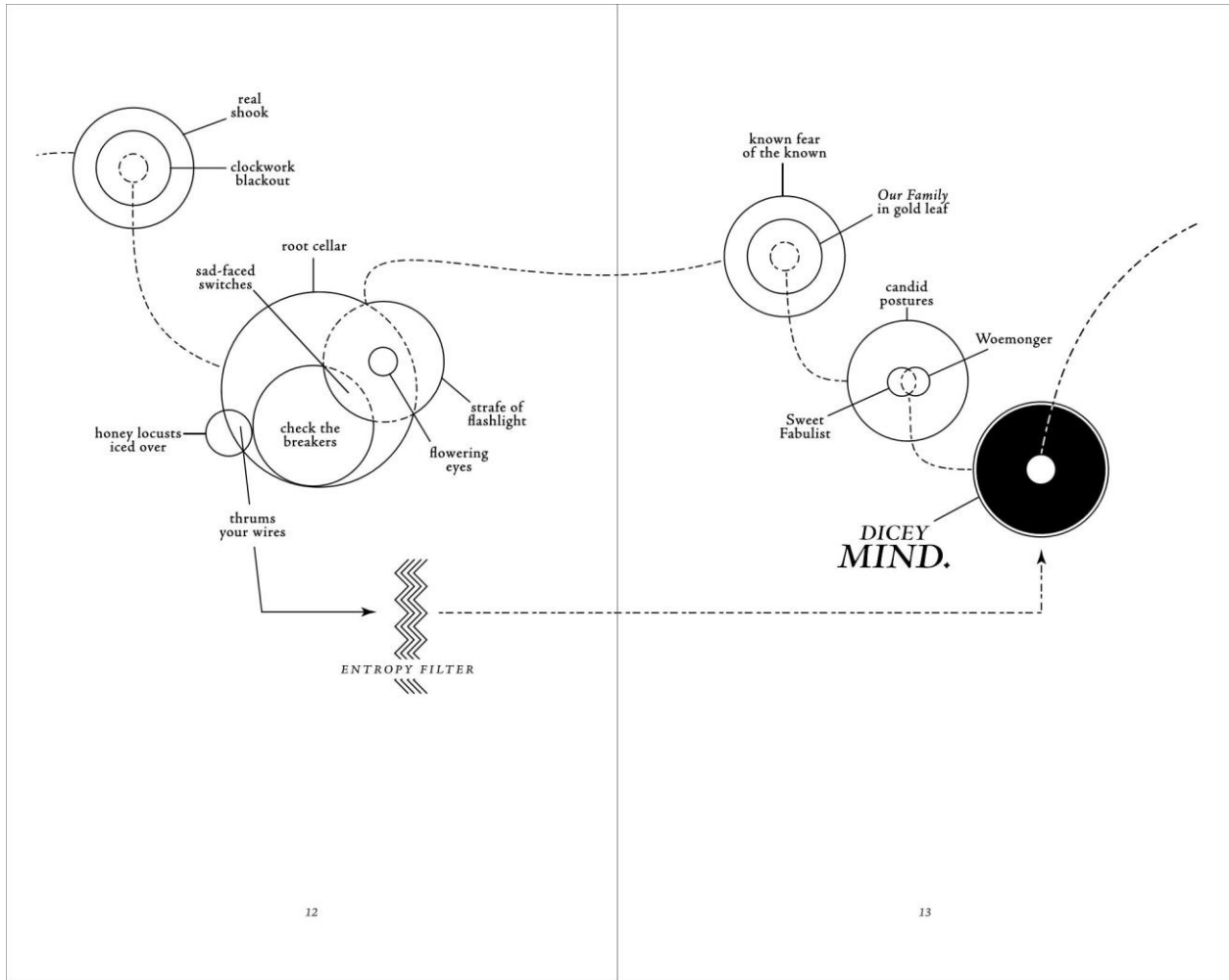


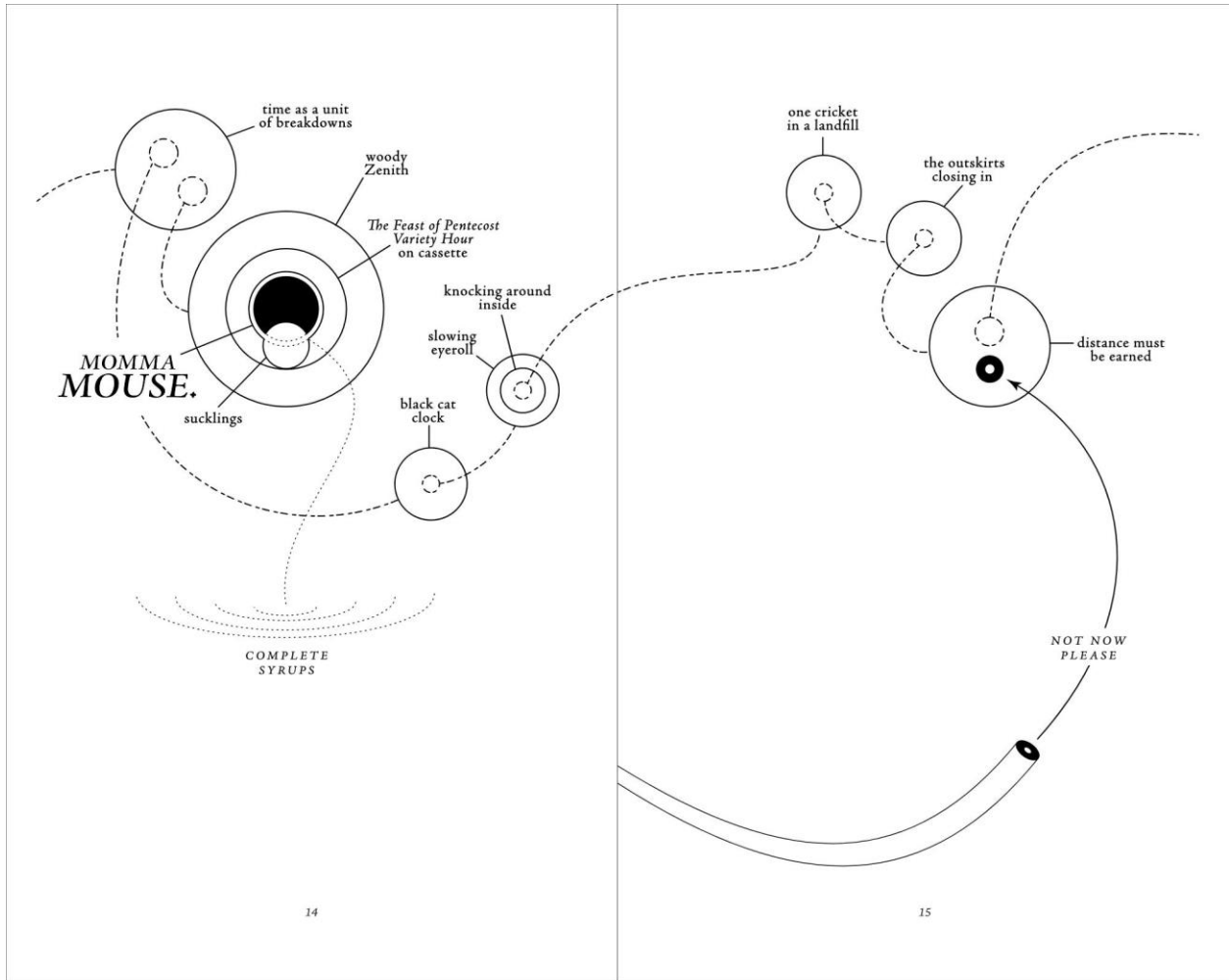


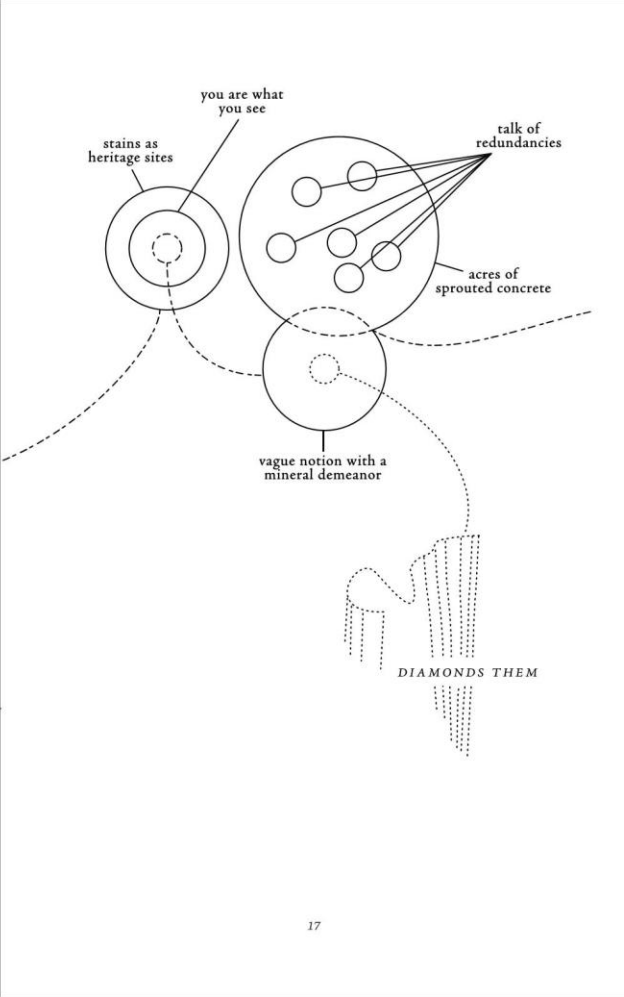
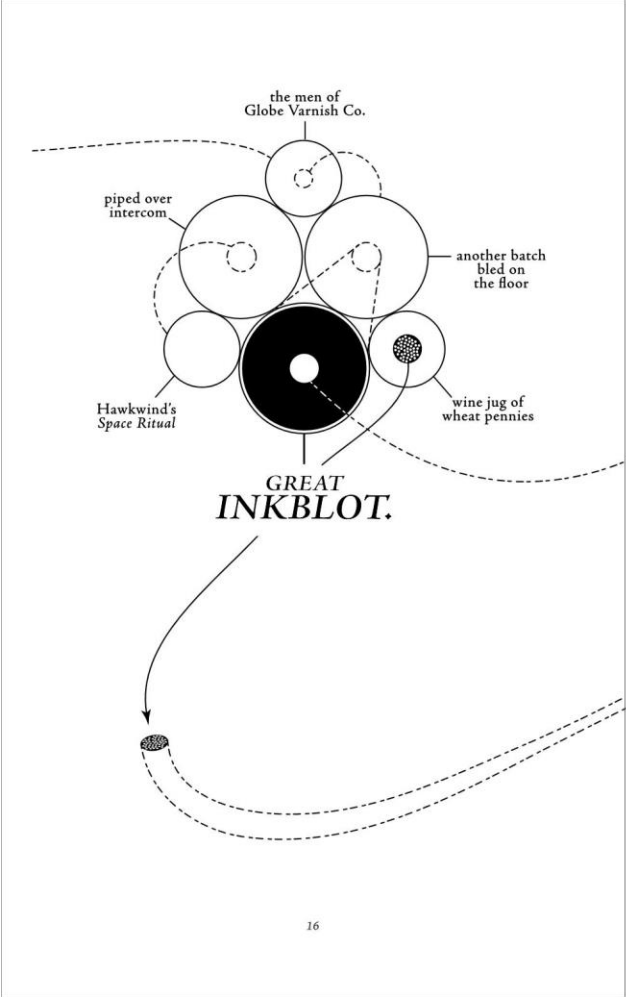


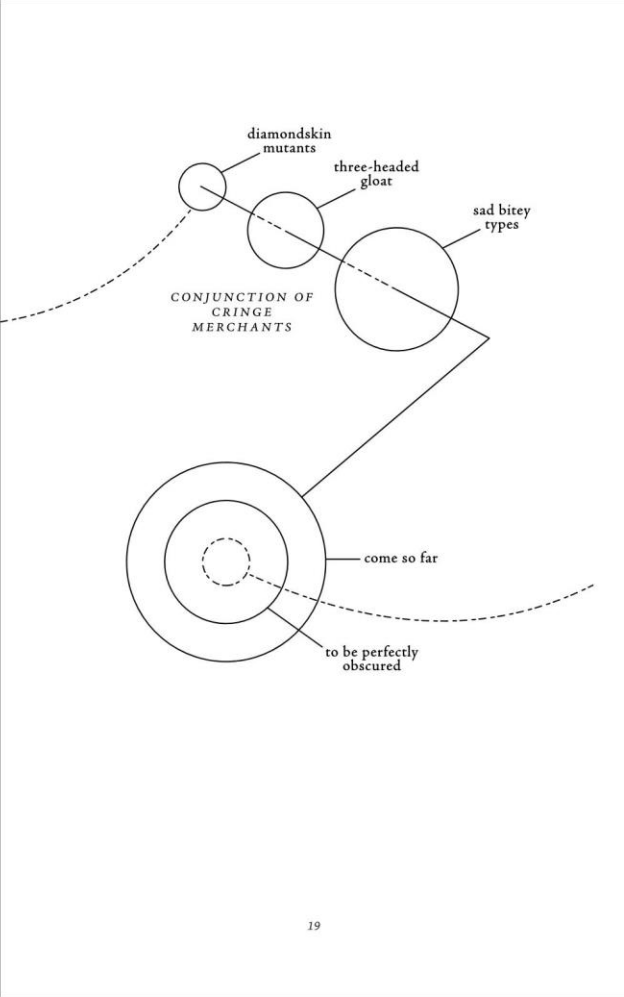
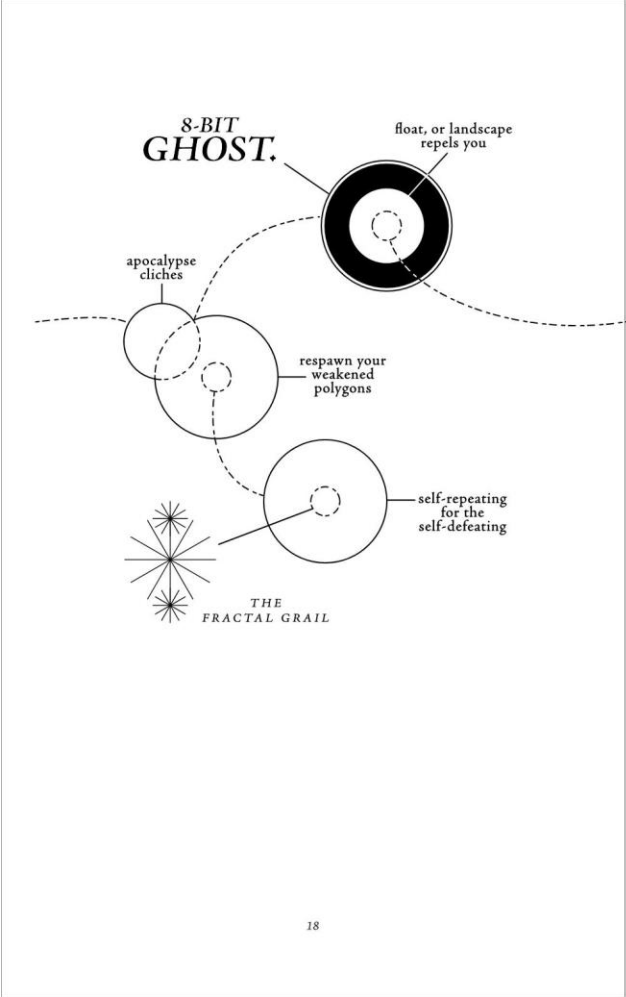




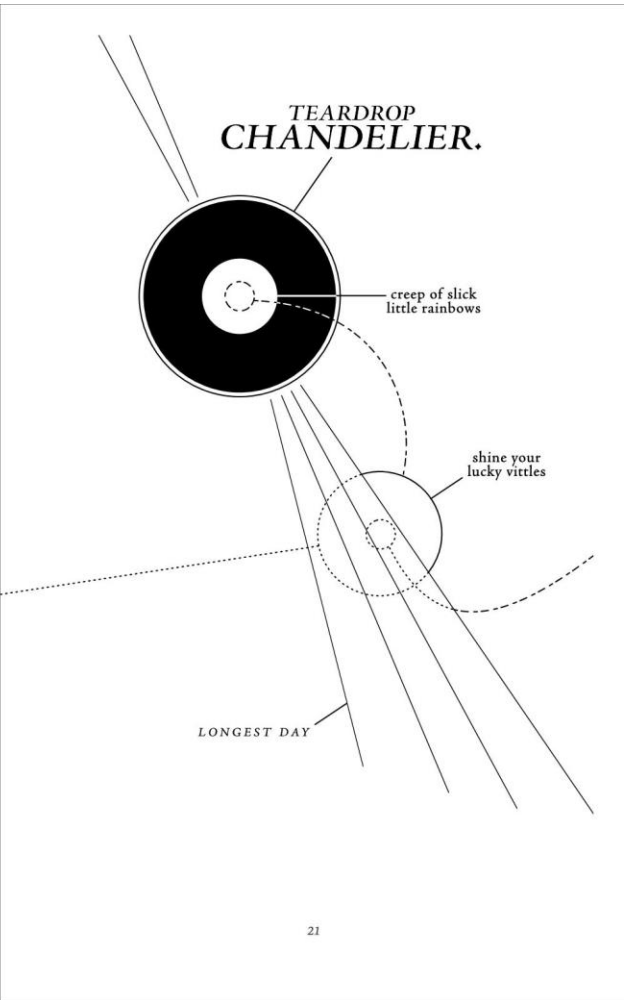
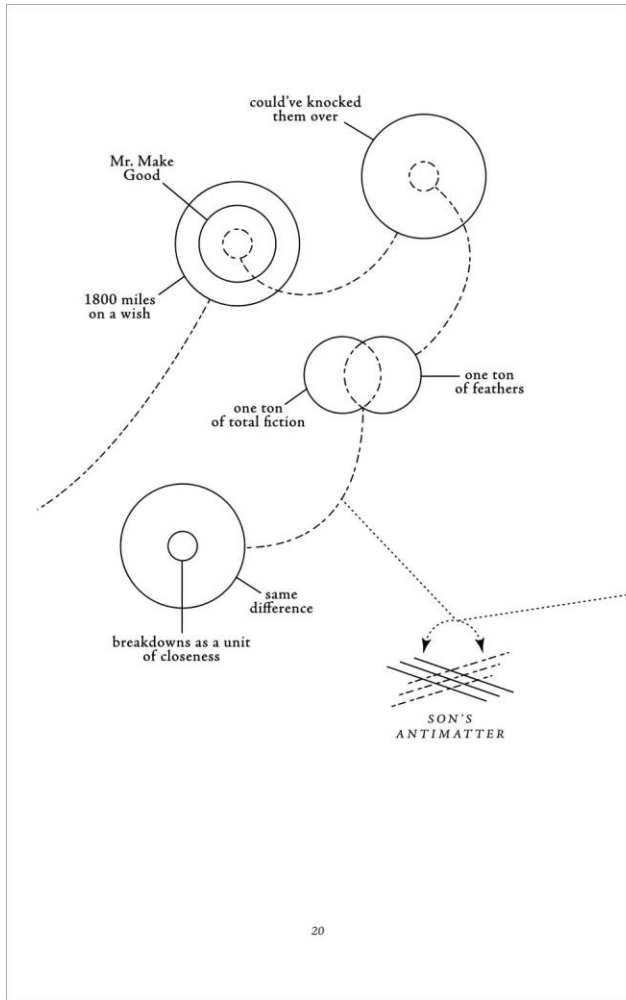


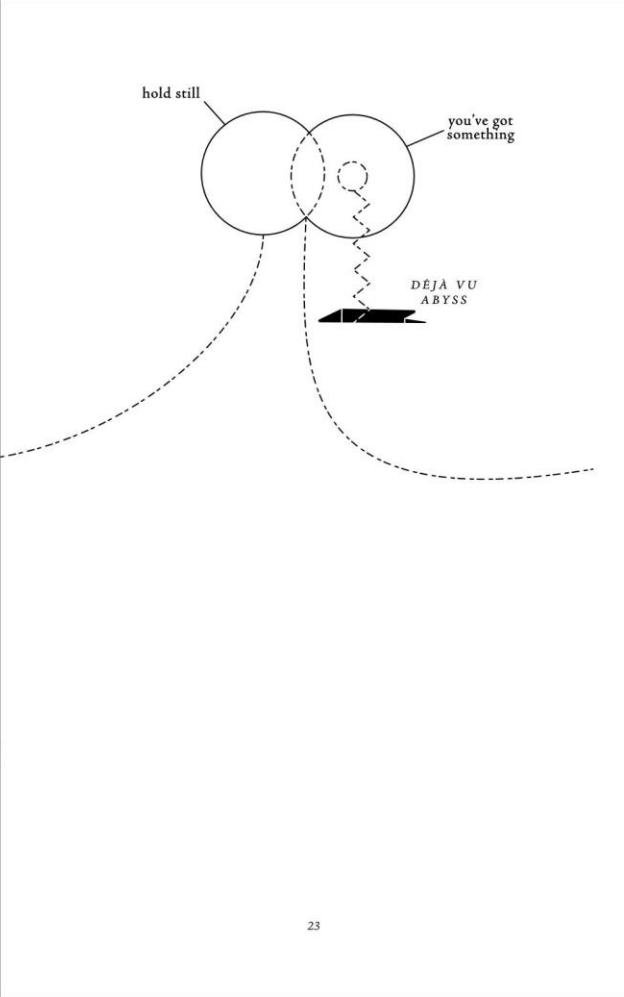
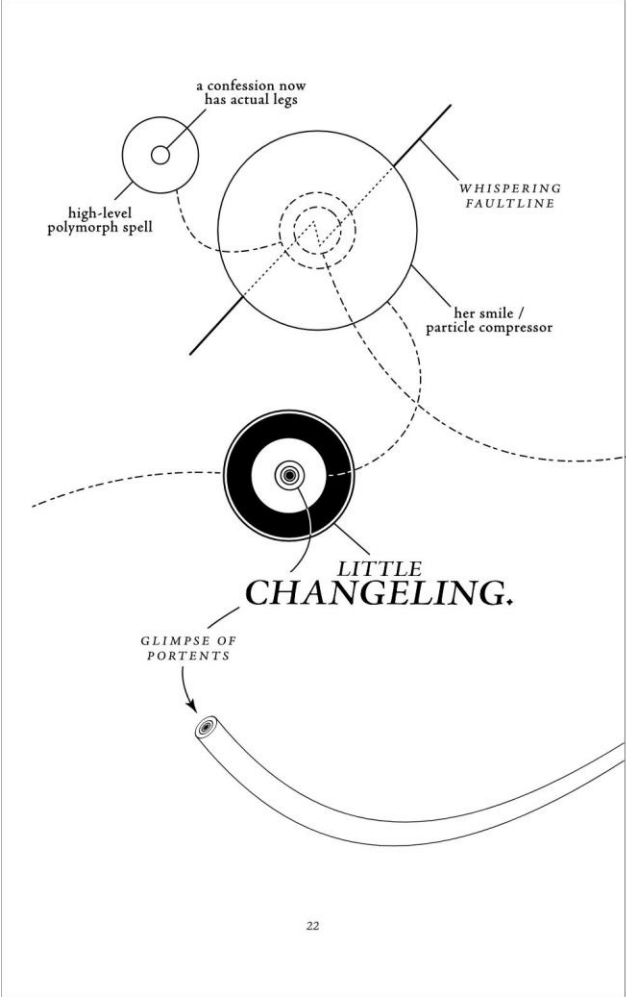




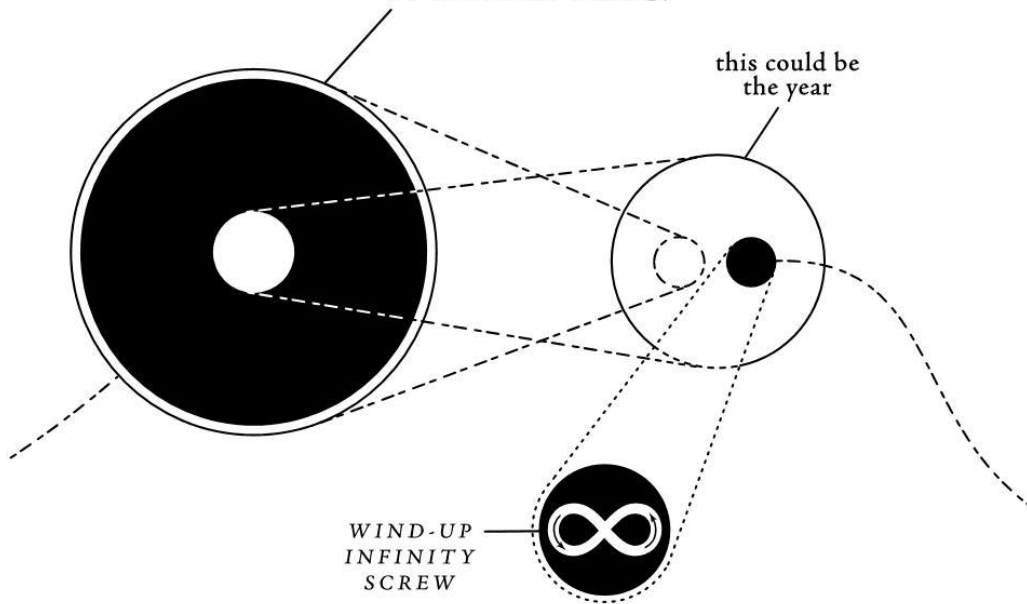








**SELF-  
FEEDER.**



Arpine Konyalian Grenier

### Whats from Rerick's *The Switch Yards*

Poetry turns me on when it's good (what's good?), turns on my switches, and Michael Rerick's *The Switch Yards* does just that. This is an intelligent, 56 pages stretched poem (sayings, stories— *haki, hikayat* in Arabic) from Finishing Line Press (2017) - a singular voice, light and lyrical, often bruising or bending and twisting into a holler, a choir? Rerick seems to be on skates with unapologetic diction challenging the uses of language.

Here, silence responds, it is morning; morning coffee is telling, so is “the honest part of pants”. The socio-political stance of the poet artfully delivers, “bed game is not board game, “foreign country wrapped in a familiar language” feels hopeful, “the science of building a myth detection machine” on Page 7 twitches, reminds, is redeeming. The viewer and the viewed, the feeler and felt are documented and filmed in detail, lest the reportage is misconstrued. Dictionary-wise both challenged and enriched, this treatment style script brews emotional turns, questions and answers what's before and after billboard, screen, the sky, all. They insist I heed it all as I need all.

At the core, Rerick's imagination seems to seek repair as it scrapes against reinvented realities exploring the anatomy of being. Authorship is not pursued here, neither are resolution or solutions, nor elocution or lusion. Descriptive diagnostics drives it all, blurs the interchange of doer as character: corporate inserts, lists, connections, topography, all on the skateboard yeah. Jack still ‘on the road’, and we still ‘hit the road Jack’!

These words and lines cannot be dismissed. How closely but also reverently poetry and the dish pit of a restaurant mentioned in the poet's bio are related. Lastly I'll mention the dialogue on Pages 26-27, stunningly seedy eh, “... fearless, ha ha ... ”, a song perhaps. Ghastly spontaneous, the written word prevails.

## Contributors' Notes

Jeff Bagato is multi-media artist living near Washington, DC. He produces poetry and prose as well as electronic music, glitch video, sticker art, and pop surrealism paintings. Some of his poetry has appeared in *Empty Mirror*, *Futures Trading*, *Otoliths*, *River River*, *Ex-Ex Lit*, and *Zoomoozophone Review*. His published books include *Savage Magic* (poetry), *Spells of Coming Day* (poetry), *The Toothpick Fairy* (fiction), and *Computing Angels* (fiction). A blog about his writing and publishing efforts can be found at [jeffbagato.wordpress.com](http://jeffbagato.wordpress.com).

Jenna Cardinale is the author of a chapbook, *A California* (DGP, 2017). Some of her poems appear in *Reality Beach*, *Pith*, *Verse Daily*, and *H\_NGM\_N*. She lives in Brooklyn, NY, where she's always ready to take you on the Cyclone.

Joel Chace has published work in print and electronic magazines such as *The Tip of the Knife*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *OR*, *Country Music*, *Infinity's Kitchen*, and *Jacket*. His most recent collections include *Sharpsburg* (Cy Gist Press), *Blake's Tree* (Blue & Yellow Dog Press), *Whole Cloth* (Avantacular Press) *Red Power* (Quarter After Press), *Kansoz* (Knives, Forks, and Spoons Press), *Web Too* (from Tonerworks), *War, and After* (BlazeVOX Books), and *Scorpions* (Unlikely Books).

Rebecca Farivar is the author of *Correct Animal* (Octopus Books, 2011) and chapbooks *Sudden Lake* (Dikembe Press, 2017), *Full Meal* (BOAAT, 2015), *Am Rhein* (Burnside Review, 2013), and *American Lit* (Dancing Girl Press, 2011). *Am Rhein* was translated into French by Souffle Editions. She lives in Oakland, CA.

Ian Finch is a writer and designer from Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. His work has appeared in *Diagram*, *Rattle*, *Otoliths*, *Pelt*, *Four Minutes to Midnight*, *Mad Hatters' Review*, and elsewhere.

Marco Giovenale lives in Rome, where he works as an editor and translator. He's founder and editor of [gamm.org](http://gamm.org) (2006) and [asemicnet.blogspot.com](http://asemicnet.blogspot.com) (2011). He's author of linear poetry, asemic stuff, photography, experimental prose pieces. Some linear texts in English: "A gunless tea" (2007, also at [dusie.org/gunlesstea.pdf](http://dusie.org/gunlesstea.pdf)), "CDK" (2009, see [tir-aux-pigeons.blogspot.it/2009/03/cdk-marco-giovenale.html](http://tir-aux-pigeons.blogspot.it/2009/03/cdk-marco-giovenale.html)), "anachromisms" (2014: [ahsahtapress.org/product/anachromisms/](http://ahsahtapress.org/product/anachromisms/)), "white while" (2014: [gauss-pdf.com/post/98317758615/gpdf131-marco-giovenale-white-while](http://gauss-pdf.com/post/98317758615/gpdf131-marco-giovenale-white-while)). Four e-artbooks (as *differx*) at <http://vuggbooks.randomflux.info/>. Paper books of asemic works: *Sibille asemantiche* (Camera verde, 2008), *This Is Visual Poetry / by Marco Giovenale* (ed. by Dan Waber, 2011), *Asemic Sibyls* (RedFoxPress, 2013), *Syn sybilles* (La camera verde, 2013). Visual works in anthologies: *Anthology Spidertangle* (Xexoxial, 2009), *The Last Vispo Anthology* (Fantagraphics, 2012), *An Anthology of Asemic Handwriting* (Uitgeverij, 2013), *A Kick in the Eye* (Createspace, 2013). One sibyl is in *The New Concrete. Visual Poetry in the 21st Century* (V. Bean and Ch. McCabe, eds; Hayward Publishing, 2015). His site is [slowforward.net](http://slowforward.net).

Noah Eli Gordon is an Associate Professor in the MFA Program at CU-Boulder. According to the author, "The poems featured here come from a series composed in late 2016/early 2017 entirely on my iPhone in less than five minutes each. I wanted to see if an art dedicated to presence and

immediacy might offer itself as a balm against the technology that serves otherwise to eradicate the art from both of these conditions."

Arpine Konyalian Grenier's work has appeared in numerous publications, more recently in *Journal of Poetics Research* and *Barzakh*; four of her collections are published, another is forthcoming from Corrupt Press. Her archives are held at Indiana University's Lilly Library in Bloomington. She lives and writes in Los Angeles.

Daniel Y. Harris is the author of 11 collections of poetry and collaborative writing including *The Rapture of Eddy Daemon* (BlazeVOX, 2016), *heshe egregore* (with Irene Koronas, Éditions du Cygne, 2016), *The Underworld of Lesser Degrees* (NYQ Books, 2015), *Esophagus Writ* (with Rupert M. Loydell, The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2014) and *Hyperlinks of Anxiety* (Červená Barva Press, 2013) Some of his poetry, experimental writing, art, and essays have been published in *BlazeVOX*, *The Café Irreal*, *Denver Quarterly*, *E-ratio*, *European Judaism*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Kerem*, *The New York Quarterly*, *Notre Dame Review*, *In Posse Review*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Poetry Magazine*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Stride*, *Ygdrasil* and *Zeek*. He is Editor-in-Chief and Co-Founder of *X-Peri*.

Robert Keith is a persona that works with visuals, texts, poetics, fiction, and exophonic writing. He is the author of four collections of poetry, and five chapbooks. His collection of visual poetry, *Chicken Scratch*, was published in 2017 (eyeameye books).

J. Mulcahy-King is Editor-in-Chief and Founder of *The Licentiam: A journal of erotic literary experimentalism*, the ethos of which has been adopted for this project. He has an MA in Social Justice from the University of South Wales, UK. His recent publications include, *X-Peri*, *Stride Magazine*, *In The Red Magazine*, *Subliminal Interiors*, *The Wardrobe*, *Short, Fast, & Deadly*, *The Licentiam* and *Harbinger Asylum*. He lives in Newport, South Wales.

Gustave Morin just released his 14th book, *A Few Poetry* (Nietzsche's Brolly, Toronto, 2018). Other recent titles include *Xerolage 68: The Big Tomato* (Xexoxial Editions, Wisconsin, 2018), and his typewriter poem tour de force, *Clean Sails* (New Star Books, Vancouver, 2015). Chapbooks are forthcoming through Puddles of Sky Press in Kingston, and Unarmed in Minneapolis. He makes his happy home in a small Canadian frontiertown with his two lovely ladies, Jenny & Nova.

Thomas Osatchoff has resided in many places throughout the world where he has had the opportunity to develop his perspective.

Hannah Rodabaugh has an MA from Miami University and an MFA from Naropa University. Her work has been published or is forthcoming in *Berkeley Poetry Review*, *ROAR Magazine*, *Horse Less Review*, *Written River*, *Rat's Ass Review*, *Nerve Lantern*, *Antinarrative*, and *HOOT*. Her chapbooks include *With Words: Verse in Concordance* (Dancing Girl Press) and another forthcoming from Another New Calligraphy. Her poetry has been anthologized in *A Sing Economy* (Flim Forum Press) and *Yoko Ono: A Tribute to Yoko Ono* (Nerve Lantern). She has received grants from the Idaho Commission on the Arts and the Alexa Rose Foundation. She was the the 2017 Artist in Residence for Craters of the Moon National Monument.

D. B. Ruderman lives in Ann Arbor MI with his two teen-aged kids and his dog. Aside from essays on romanticism and poetry criticism and a recent book (*The Idea of Infancy in 19<sup>th</sup>-C British Poetry: Romanticism, Subjectivity, Form*) on Routledge, his poems have appeared in *The Nervous Breakdown*, *The Berkeley Poetry Review*, and *Anomaly*. He is a past recipient of the Hopwood Award at the University of Michigan and awards from the Academy of American poets. He currently teaches as an associate professor at The Ohio State University and runs a poetry-writing workshop for people in recovery from drugs and alcohol addiction called *Writing and Rewriting the Self*.

Karl Schroeder is a poet, musician, and teacher in the Upper Peninsula, where he studies in the MFA program at Northern Michigan University. Karl-related info can be found at [www.karlschroeder.xyz](http://www.karlschroeder.xyz).

D. E. Steward's *Chroma* came out in five volumes in April from Archae Editions, Brooklyn.

Caroline Noble Whitbeck has an M.F.A. in poetry from Brown University and a Ph.D. in comparative literature from the University of Pennsylvania. *101 End-Time Recipes* is the follow-up to her book *Our Classical Heritage: A Homing Device* (Switchback Books, 2007). Parts of *101 End-Time Recipes* were published in *Elimae*, and performed at the University of Maryland and 2018 AWP off-site Switchback Books reading.

Mark Young is the author of over forty books, primarily text poetry but also including speculative fiction, vispo, & art history. His work has been widely anthologized, & his essays & poetry translated into a number of languages. A new book, *THE WORD FACTORY: a miscellany*, is due out from gradient books of Finland later this year.