



Word For/ Word is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round, but issue #35 is scheduled for July 2020. Please direct queries and submissions to:

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

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

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

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

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

Jonathan Minton, Editor

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to dream

apart from the chaos

the continents a map

composing creation

the past undone

merged with ruins

& history unlocked

birdseed & philosophy—

the train across the land

a shoe

requires another shoe

but not always

*

realizing

wounded = ethereal

a dictionary of cloud types

unclaimed dynamics precise nonetheless

stronghold emotions contrary currents

superimpose birds houses in disarray

today we predict courage

with language unending

clouds flowers trees

faraway creating

mountains desert sky

(beware detachment)

collage the primitive

into infinity

seashells leaves stones

navigate

the stars the nails the paint

(avoid frames)

divergent

sustains
the
abstract
the
ancient
the
blue
the
temporary
the
forgotten

the humble & the sublime

the dirt road Agnes Martin's *Tundra* the Virgin Mary at Chimayo

the river the sky at sunset Las Cruces a trout an eagle feather

the buffalo the bear the silence the labyrinth the stars

from *Her Scant State*

an erasure of Henry James's *The Portrait of a Lady*

a notice of sale in the windows little stoops of red stone
in childhood peach trees of barely credible
composed of bricks almost human haircloth sofa

an inquisitive experimental quality which of the daughters
are you? writing money anything about money in point of fact
inherited a very bad house a wedge of brown stone
violently

With folded hands I can only give, as I say, a blank page, a pure white surface easily, easily
crushed. Please tell me. I have no memory. There was a young girl. I miss. I like. I'm really. I
don't. I don't. When the sun goes I go. The mountains are so. I wish. Just a small sound like
hands quickly. Kissed. I'm afraid. I'm only. The small dark, the clear grey which gave as it opened.

telling a child a secret
a little bruise to live with

a shelter a speck I'm afraid you mean
the clock the room

taken ill abusing the sound of
child of the house

Small, it was, the continuity of the human. It carried her (deeply) (tenderly) (when it suited her mood) (where it suited the place) from the gradations, confusions of color, the motionless hills, to the great historical works of human life. *Wicked?* And in spite of. *Her, herself, she*. Not wicked. Even deeply. (*Deeply, deeply, deeply*.) A matter of wonder. Like art for art, great artist as she was, Madame M had found her profit, her profit had married her, perfect money would take her money. And let her go? Ah. Help her. The boon must be irony. Poor, poor.

the privileges of abundant new dresses kaleidoscopic
the name of the name of a a straight young man
a foolish period of history standing near the lamp
requesting your attention

I've seen poverty's handshake burst the fact-angry window open and wildest hurt set up a house.
Good enough for me. A very pretty American gaze doesn't abuse people. "You know that,
perfectly," still ironic like a brown velvet jacket, like a joke dying hard for a delicate glow of shame.
Many forms—shocked and false and lost—drifted about the house, or sat in the garden head thrown
back, irreclaimable. Pretend to like it? Art, protest, or hope. Indebted suburban hours and all
young lovers listened to the nightingales.

from *Passive*

translating across autochthonous
salt, each target picture recording lateral

movement dissolves at the sea flo or,
speakers have a strong preference

a pattern of experience accelerati on
under the sun of the object when

from *Passive*

“release” has a much broader definition than “disposal” shortening sea

ward so entangled, given ethno-graphic loops and ever more social gram

mars, a striking ambivalence toward the beauty of the cosmos. Blind spot

from *Passive*

scape as a passive container, data-mined, carried out, “se limpió” se

en to be by (paid) volunteers back drops for, or offers a voice? plants

trees or other nonhuman objects in which MAP and YA-TRAP sweep

from *Passive*

near infrared bands, wood operating
on anything moving freely about dri

ft fence arrays pitfall arrays cover b
oards pitfall traps funnel traps obser

ved not compelled to accept limitles
s resources all the while freely avail

from *Passive*

field of background “noise” eaves
dropping: pioneer nematodes coup

led in winter, high friction hoppin
g tapping walking, long-eared bats

on the side of a tree trunk, torpid d
unnarts aroused soon after sunrise

from *Passive*

likely to mis-parse upstream savin
gs structure, biomass, land-cover

to see something (someone) I'm i
nterested in the identical entertain

ment event, vegetation and co-con
sumption of this spatial corollary

Poem for Katie, Queen of Ohio #103

Your mother
was born

in the middle
of a warm room.

I was born
near a window.

I am proposing you
be born with two

hands on Ohio's ledge.
That is not progress.

There has been
no progress here.

Poem for Katie, Queen of Ohio #104

It's a little
like I'm asking

you to be
the lightning

I could not be.
It's a lot like

I keep setting fires
they put out.

I'm trying
to generate

enough ash to create
your path.

Poem for Katie, Queen of Ohio #105

The wind is not your diary.
Your pages

are Ohio's pages.
Your knife

is Ohio's knife.
Don't think too much

about the fat you trim.
Keep the blood

that's yours. When
nobody is listening,

say your mother's name.
Goddamn, I love you both.

Plush

Finally, they trapped it under a basket. He said,
“Bring me the big dictionary from the den.” She carried it
to him and thought he’d look up *bat*. But he slammed it down
over the little thing, then stood on the text, pressing more
and more of his weight, rising up on all those words. Still
clinging, two golden leaves soften that whole, wide
sanctuary of sky. To avoid late afternoon
alcohol, she smoked a cigarette, walked her dog, sat in
her car to watch sunlight take the side wall of a
yellow shed, then went home and mixed martinis. No attribute
of substance can be conceived from which it would follow
that substance can be divided. We had long ago drawn
apart from the rest, or else they had left us alone. There was
that magic circle round us which quickly encloses
those who have found each other. During the long and clear
Cambodian nights, when the stars filled every inch of the black
sky, the astronomer-priests stood on the long western
causeway and recorded the movements of the moon against
the towers in the top two galleries of the temple.

Punctuate

A body in motion or at rest must be determined
to motion or rest by another body, which other
body has been determined to motion or rest by a
third body, and that third again by a fourth, and so
on to infinity. The dead, who have felt nothing
for so long, begin to sway happily on the far shore;
memories lap against their feet, spray in fine droplets
over their breasts, their beautiful heads. Fire is known to be fire
by the heat; fire in the eye, fire in the heart, fire in
the loins, all die, and this dying is the heart
of the matter. The endeavor, whereby a thing
endeavors to persist in its own being, involves
no finite time, but an indefinite time.

Attendance

Downstream, a girl up to her waist, her dress flowing out
in front; she looks up in time to see, at a barge's stern,
an old man waving a red handkerchief. In the mind
there is no absolute or free will; but the mind is
determined to wish this or that by a cause, which has also
been determined by another cause, and this last by
another, and so on to infinity. Cresting fountains
rhyme. In the old African-American cemetery,
creamy white gravestones with now green-black lettering: risen,
chthonic language. The boy did not understand what
was happening in the kitchen; so, without a sound,
he backed into the other room. What am I saying? for there
is nothing worse than self-deception--when the deceiver is
always at home and always with you--it is quite terrible,
and therefore I ought often to retrace my steps
and endeavor to 'look fore and aft,' in the words
of Homer. And now let me see; where are we?

Realms of Apology

Results such as these suggest that lateral interactions within the frontal eye fields enhance the neuronal responses to stimuli that will be selected as saccade targets, and that such interactions suppress the responses to uninteresting and potentially distracting stimuli. Row of tangled beads that grieve. He lights a sparkler and disappears: spirals, eights, stars traced in quick, fierce hissing; white-hot fizz hangs in place of his grin. Inasmuch as this imagination involves the existence of the horse, and the boy does not perceive anything which would exclude the existence of the horse, he will necessarily regard the horse as present: he will not be able to doubt of its existence, although he be not certain thereof. Azure sea grows; gently takes a bear, snow, ice, horizons; sea and sky lose themselves in each other's identical blue.

from *Start Charging*

Another way to start charging is to
imagine what a card can purchase
within its limits

How much you miss the buildings

And the sharp crack comes a measure after the bright

Longing decreases its potential

One arc from cloud to ground

Finite in form

Another way to start charging
the cloud
registers its ions

from space what looks like boiling in the tops

Upwell of colder air

the landcover moves
Shadowing whatever below

Houses uniform
the trafficked human
streets seeded

by rain

I don't know what causes
Bones and spit
the bright strike
yet it strikes again

We sit in
this shower
unable to recount the names we had

To talk through the weather in a controlled
environment

Streams temperate as they pour over our bodies
the mirror fog

before we were

A name for a band might be
some game we continued to play
throughout our lives

As freedoms die and we die with them
quiet as the portraits of chickens

next to whatever buildings
and farm implements

are drenched

In my feed Dead friends
of the long dead
wealthy
staring blank
into the faces of museum goers

Before the distrust of the camera lenses and currency
Whatever day it ever was,

same and same and same and

The world
song ringing like a hammer
against all the life-wasting questions
and quotes from poems

Water holding our heads
to drive the nail flat

~~Magic was said to lift the burden of whatever name sits
Inside the flippant machine carting each of us off toward further unknowing~~

I know
right from wrong or left
from something
tear stoked, like a cheek

Water holding

our heads flat
the nail it drives

~~Flat to the surface~~

There are sets
of experiences
we share

How to learn a language

Tune in the screen for wind
and not break open
this eddy, this eggshell

A cast in the chest for feeling
the lines

To draw them so
one world becomes
a replica of another

I can only see around corn
I can only err in a field
of dead grasses

No one settled
the streetlight
when it shook
and shook in
the weather

Each seal in the home
barking its caulk
into bits

I can see the hole
I'll believe in

This body raced
through and then
stone where
the glass was
a noise

Come gather
this muslin
and your checkers
Brush your face
again into the mirror

And what you
certain there

you contain
in feeling

The days
between each
blink

A line's drawing
its sole way
across the bridge
of your head
the fore part there

In it the things
you see you've said

And how many pennies
weigh their regrets
at the well bottom

Above them the sky
rifting the same
as it did for each
of us discarded
as a cheap metal wish

Ruminant

the tongue
licking
the side of the bell
to make a sound
like human form

no
the tongue
as it licks
the inside
of a bell
shaped like
a human
sound

(here the bell and human
slide into a round noise—a ring
and ing and ing that goes damp-
end further from its source)

the tongue tricks
the side
of a bell shaped
like a sound
human

a hum and shape
belled, with tongue
stuck inside
making noise
or no

translate the interior
of the bell
to round
the ring out

translate the human
shape to bell

the tongue
and hammer
it home

no hum
inside your
shape
able to
list and sound

the tongue
is silent
along the edge
of the meal
the metal
inside it red

a bell
is shaped
to lick
a hum and
hammer long
its side

(and the sound
pure said like
the percent of
metal rung out
in shape and ing
the noise a wall
makes verbs still
active outside
pressing their
hearing lobes
to get here)

a sound like you
the bell shapes

inside itself
thinking only

what it can form
like only it can
shape sound

you stand
before the bell
and stage a sound
to have language
go dead in
its tongue

the bell pulled
rope there
tongues
the shape
of one side
against itself
lobe pressed to wall
tongue damp
sound licking and ing
and ing

For now for ever

What I believe is a curtain
draped over an inanimate
animal

The dog leg
in my wife's
family's back
yard will be sold
along with the house
she grew up in

How do you ask anyone
what words they cherish
without sounding
sentimental?

I used to say I came
from the hard
coal region
and I still go there
a fire in my dismembering

Something resembling winter
on the verge of breaking
every edge of my mind

How all our heroes
die the same as we do
though maybe more or less
well liked, depending

But what if your hero
is a powerline, a lightpost,
the taxidermied donkey
next to the ruddy-faced
boy-mannequin in the mine

Where they put the lights out
in the belly of the ground
it gets so dark
I forget who even whispered

Hilarity Now

It was only then I could go on
In words of bombs with inward
Glee— a grace built up of tiny
Yellow wrappers smudged with cake
All rain in echo of primitive voices
My grittiness unfurls. I quake

& Seek respite for bad tanning
Under the hills I embrace
This raunchiness neon breaks down
In quivers of fatty architecture
When things take shape then dissipate
Under the clanguor of being looked after

What does night remember
Of our burnt voices
When the wind grows clunkier
In the dread we seek
Like petals to a flame
Doused in umber sun? The line

Extends through its uncertainty
A throwback to a smudge
Cinched in bitter qualms that winter
Affixes
Like the weather to your hair

If songs break
In a mirror
Will your own breath freeze the light
& Hunger become futile
Like such brittle life we spill?

Entry of Shadows

This was the fragment you last saw
Or maybe just imagined

In the light it was hard to tell
But sometimes you could feel uneasy

With windows rushing away
In a manneredness that settles into dusk

When you hear it, open the curtain
Drown, then scream, then wait for further

Manifestations to become apparent
Not what they seem, but needy

As the position of the light changes
& We're left with our uncertainties

Truths prepared for further viewing
Before it's easy to turn back

Now no one whispers
In the screenlight flowing

We knew it wasn't there
But persisted in the delusion

He finally allowed us to trigger
Until everything was night

Who had been calling
All these years, that we never bore

A fatal resemblance to
In the back of the truck where

We gaped nonsensically
Dreaming of oblique thrills

That soon would be delivered
If only we'd believe

Those Who Are Not Seen

The household gods demanded a megachurch
To exalt their buggering.

We had a heart talk
& Averted all eyes to silence

Trundling the space between the driven & intimate
It was late & the light slanted

Away from her face
In an idiomatic glimmer. Don't

Warble, but jitter
All the way to a sublime distraction.

Did you have fun becoming
A saint of the peripheries?

It's too soon to start over,
Or is it? The next poem

You read will change your life only slightly.
Everything's born when we break

From the past, but if you can hear this, fidget
Like a warbler & bank

On forgetting
The next someday before it's too near—

Wild or giddy, as they often are.
If you think only the sea is rich with portents

Don't laugh at your shadow in a mirror.
It will be gone soon, this whimpering doubt

& Then you'll be left with birds— yes, those ones
Fluttering hungrily for your pulse.

Western Lindy Plutonium Flugelhorn Dalliance

Flugelhorn investigation unit
dining fly diving bell ring-a-ding-ding
Ruth Buzzi Lancelot Link Secret Chimp
pain killer murder rap music hall Oates

Dalliance downlow clandestine affair
purple joy secret tryst lemurs in the trees
Lou Ferrigno ferris nitrate Bueller
Bueller shoot to kill catamaran sail

Lindy Hop Along Cassady drove
Kerouac wrote *On the Road*
sea creatures amusement park anemone
gathering feather storm tantrum alert

Plutonium sex appeal bomb ticket
sorbet tool iridescent naval test
scoop roger over 'n' outlast 'em all
ego-joust academy gamesmanship

Western lands freedom dreams slaughter
bloodchain dry bones inquest retribution
scrap trip trigonometry lever
boot heel observatory constrictor

Splendid Syncopated Time Torture

Splendid diaphanous lepidoptera
crystalline pool table saw boxing match
television antenna adjustment
Thrilla in Manilla so said Cowsell

Time phantom evaporation syndrome
shark amber truth enamel sparrow tweet
spirituality tree bark corruption
heretical grasslands history

Torture chamber of commerce
paranoia dispensary clerk
desk jockey mailroom skippy salesforce
armed services corpse provider

Syncopated taint racist disdain
foot-dragging march of timidity
neon dart hall chrome mags on van
spurt catastrophe laugh-track telethon

No disaster no benefit concert
bed without supper grounded for life
beef barley soupervisor on accountant
green shade pen and pencil "Dance this Mess Around"

Truculent Rococo Periscope Burrow

Periscope tetrahedron spiral flow
undersea overland outer space
“we are here to go” quoth Burroughs bad shot
naked launch Pigs in Space Kermit the frog

Truculent spinster corroboration
deleterious road fork menace
perpendicular oddments Scarface
tangential electron necktie pavillion

Dichotomy rasp intestinal flume
ponder muse on reckon gather
disjointed thought elbow investment
tertiary clunk Byzantine flounce

Rococo with marshmallows and cooked ease
bellhop skip meal jump bail boogie
torrential downbeat uphill bat hell
fear loathing lost vague gas hunter

Burrow dwell amass present bow
wire wee hero werehare toga
pair yoga goat fad haystack stretch
razor stubble clutter but tub hassle snout

Porcupine Glovebox Strychnine Tincture

Porcupine tendency inflammation drag
coydog urban edge night shadow
alley ooze pipe leak parametric sconce
mandible hence partition Zeus track

Glovebox Fernandez zipper performance
astral dance germinator clobber fork
balustrade cloister dove lemonade Greek
ferrous moonglow butterfly amusement

Tincture stream Kandinsky peek ultimatum
fast fissure suture reset ballerina dollop
fiery Alsation peace corrective zither
toot-toot allure pindeldyboz alignment

Strychnine apple quickstep foghorn
mountain people gallop parapsychology
holler cattails houndstooth coating waxy
music tether sleeve encapsulation

Carbide lithium tractor pigeon shiv
prison siphon grifter net prophet
schoolyard bully wagon treatment facility
quack zone firmament roof-raising party

Elephantine Disenfranchisement Mud

Bug tussle hemp frond old nightie Shemp
herculean art vamp garish tonsil fort
stiffen coagulant parliament glue
shade tree neon cantaloupe spume

Disenfranchisement angle iron ore
undercover ubermensch side-by-side
flying dream purity test witches drowned
mark of Zorro hair of the dog

Mud ink clipshot spider tenant fury
scream police shift change caterwaul event
earthquake seas party sky cries windy
candelabra Poseidon monarchy

Elephantine whittle click shooter toad
pylon stutter check skip canal array
fistabule stamen base cone firehose
antediluvian parsnip combat

Hip ache cool pain trendy spasm
diorama hut Achilles' ten dollar bill
sport killing ass burger hole of sham
hey fam wink nod secret sandwich sauce

from Tell *Me* How It *Makes* You *Feel*

Forgot we could still telecommunicate to women on old dvd covers.

You could live with someone for your entire life, like not even ever meet another person, and still not know, for instance, what that person even thinks about you.

It isn't hard to sweep me off my feet, even though I am the oldest troll kept fat on a leash by a human.

It isn't hard to fall down still the rabbit hole but if you've ever tried making rabbits fall in love, then you know what I'm talking about as well...

I have been very good and very patient. I have been etc. Now is the time to wail. Now is the time to arrive, to run through the streets naked, cross-eyed.

Somewhere, a pedophile just rejoiced! But fuck it is so very hard to protect the freedom of our words without sacrificing the abuse they will undoubtedly profligate, incur.

No one hid a manual for endurance somewhere in a box tucked away in the wall somewhere for us. *Our* language has holes. Gave us wings though.

They have attached some machine between us though. They are going to suck out all of the songs though. From my lazy bum though. I thought about reporting though, preparing some sort of defense though. I weighed the pros and cons though. We all should.

It always ends with one looking at oneself in a mirror. When you open the door out of your green room, fall straight out of the sky.

from Tell *Me* How It *Makes* You *Feel*

When we push conceptual art into the fire pit seven lines of our ancestors were subject
to roundups to test for a different disease in their clitoris Yet you say I would have been a shit
comedian, I say, it's not your fault your family fell apart
It's time for you to meet each other Picked out one too many seeds in this bunch I was never
wicked then Trust me Today I am wicked I was never a cliché trust me today I am a the cliché
once again planned this out so poorly but I'll/ill will still work by itself it'll still be beautiful it'll still
work itself out 'cause it's time for me to call you on video chat Not
that it matters but you aren't the only one I left
in the grease of the brass I'm really how much how little is we should not be reproached for
hearing the sirens
for spilling the sirens out of the causeways within us
Every new curatorial name is a And like dog hair that's been tied up with a rubber band our lives
can never be quite
Remember tis not worth so many bloody dresses that we cant not rot beside one anoth.

from Tell *Me* How It *Makes* You *Feel*

I want to know, I put all the songs into this one, I want
you to know. Like crumbled up mushrooms.
I put all my body into this one this once only. Abracadabra.
Today I am the zoo. Today I am jasmine. I am
the setting. Another I fucked your mother joke. I am the seventh
son of the seventh son not. Remove the trampoline and see
the imprint of our beguine. Pull out each weed and a part of
whatever charade, arcade you think we've won. What
premeditates the by-permutation is this totemic trade, what
permeates foolishness is the preamble, nongeneric
Chinese takeout in Tennessee, prison fan mail, transparent
lunacy, amble, you were a hillbilly yesterday and you're
a hillbilly today, too. Give me back my lost
emergency handkerchief, if it's really all just
grown to dynamite, I am prickable, pick-pocketable
but there is no price.

from *outside voices, please*

Definition Then, she

shakes her head. No
the words no

: I want people to see their own...

: [REDACTED]?

no

: [REDACTED]?

She says there is something wrong with this
world, to which the school nurse who has lured her here into the desert, where they await us,

: the words, the words... they are dangerous

for men to men to hear : But they have already heard them

: No... no...

Those men have heard nothing...

It is as if they do not know their own tongues, know their

own languages yet...

: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

: Don't

come any closer

{ ... }

A sick language. A tottering language. Your name— cactus temper, they pinned

her down with a gimlet tool and then collected one by one all of her Hunan freckles.

[REDACTED]

Approached the blinking car on the shoulder, like I was carrying to somewhere a portable rice steamer...

I want to be brave...
but... it's hard...

...because I'm scared.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I wouldn't feed you the disease that you are,
translated mother language, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

{ ... }

Our dictionary, capable
of self-healing

(In the woods near the rest stop
near to enough of them)

[REDACTED]

Pronoun verb verb hot sauce packets epithetical erasure Lead us now oh to the ones who will bury us ultimately in the unmarked ditches of our end

[REDACTED]

We were never warned we were just never to open the cage though all along we could We could!

from *outside voices, please*

Gang-rape on the paper jetty again.

She was My Laika...

Bedsore on the book, tree worms in the book, chair mites inside, it all goes back to that.

From the jetty, you can view the proposal written in the sky...

The pit-bull who has been outlawed from your apartment building is the exploding heart you cannot hear. This is called a record.

American military psychologists categorize gang rapes into three categories: gang rapes that happen on foreign soil, gang rapes that happen in your memory, and gang rapes that make it impossible to hold down a job.

We use the tablet, the cover of our book, as a cutting board.

Indices flake, as a broken printer clotting with paper even as clean sheets of our embers stream out the auditorium of the window.

Sex, little gashes.

A Genealogy

The place had no name and then it had many. It was a good thing you weren't there. My parents made me take piano. Cable TV hadn't been invented yet. Grown-ups told the same stories over and over, just sometimes using different words. A voice warned against keeping the baby rabbits, hairless, anxious, and blind, that I found abandoned under a big bush. I was six, maybe seven, and the yard was in shadow. We've all lost things. We've all had things torn from us. And not only things. Any instrument not played regularly forgets how it's supposed to sound.

Sad Stories of the Death of Kings

I ask a friend if she can remember the last time that the stars and moon hatched from a golden egg. She doesn't answer straightaway, just tucks a stray comma of hair back behind her ear. Because it's one in the morning, the darkness outside is more like a solid than a liquid or a gas. I'm suddenly really tired of struggling to stay awake. The answer comes later, when I read in the paper that they sliced open a dead whale that had washed ashore and found in its belly plastic cups, plastic bottles, plastic bags, and two flip-flops.

Precarious Rhapsody

There's very little clutter. I can't say it won't ever come back. Tomorrow or the next day everyone may be displaying busts of Roman emperors on shelves and side tables and deer heads on walls. It's what happens when the sick rule the world, people start naming their children after guns: Kalashnikov, Markov, Remington. They feel they have to, especially when the landscape has that gray wintry look. Do I believe the Earth is shaped like a Frisbee? Ah, no, but I'd do anything, absolutely anything, to avoid sitting in a chair with a backrest made of flaming birthday candles.

“Putting You Through Now, Caller.” (46)

“Take it good humoured,’ I cooed to Shedden.
Buzzards are almost stamped out.
I haven’t even catnapped,
Dead-beat, pinched-in, moody.
This muscle is jim-dandy.”

“Goons’ll do anything for hero-worship.
Keep me pipelined.”

“Putting You Through Now, Caller.” (47)

“His lustreless kisser, pockmarks, grim suit,
Is a disquieting apparition.
Bay Hotel isn’t tone-setting
Without respect to the dinette.
I thumb-twiddled at their bar
Gristing my pluck.”

“What’s the demands on me?
I’m wide-berthing all thrills.”

“Putting You Through Now, Caller.” (48)

“What irrelevant caveman was that?
Lips displayed for smooches
Or a pug-face?
I hooked Sheeran onto my Vespa,
Rubbed the gatepost.
Cloud-nine in azure-orbit eyes.”

“Fitting treatment monkey brat.
Lug it all home.”

“Putting You Through Now, Caller.” (49)

“Ringing up gumshoe wasn’t an excuse.
A cherub blubbed.
Latte made the deathblow mellow,
Barkes unsheathed a tissue, freshened delicate lips.”

“The fee’s lavish but neat.
Don’t give it heed, precious.”

“Putting You Through Now, Caller.” (50)

“Quinn’s got mewling pride. Globally bald.
‘Western’ sutured into doorman’s formals.
Maiden time he’d been glad-handed as ‘Sir!’
Isn’t a snapshot you’d bank on.”

“Mourned when he’s used-up?
Spenders and tippers won’t inherit.”

Moutabaraj

Always the sources, how things are and have been, the seminal sites, the Olduvai Gorges, the great cathedrals and the vast, the enduring cities

“Todo mi amor esta aqui y se has quedado: Pegado a las rosas, al mar, a las montañas”
(Inscription beneath the names of the Ejecutados Politivos on el Memorial in Santiago-de-Chile)

“I am what I read, have read, am writing” (John Kinsella)

And what I have lived

Geoffrey Bursleson performing Beethoven’s *Fourth Piano Concerto* magnificently, it seems always more vivid than *The Emperor*

Why, it’s a madeline from winter evenings in the late-1940s in that cramped, beautiful living room with the little brick fireplace listening to it on a ten-inch LP

Peculiarly the only good music in the house, a demo LP, the performer and orchestra gone past recall, as gone as Mother and Pete

We were sitting there together as if rising together and humming together with the third movement’s sliding harmonic shift

And she must have been happy, together again with her boys, Peter seven, me ten, together in our little railroad house that she’d made livable not long out of a mental institution

Our faces flushed from the open fire, the Beethoven

It was touchingly beautiful in recall

And even then, that evening, already outside looking in and realizing wryly that it was poignant

I knew

From what had defined us being there

That was my family

Then with much of the rest that defined us afterward

All gone for decades

Image of my mother bending down while she was changing my diaper and kissing my penis,
happening at least once

Maybe it was in the Russian manner of sucking a male infant's penis to calm him

Perhaps it was someone other than my mother, or maybe at sometime I have watched a baby's
penis kissed in a diaper change, or perhaps I imagine the whole thing

And in her 70s she destroyed a fairly good painting a neighbor did of her

And before she died she tore her photo out of her passport

"strange I didn't notice that I saw their voices only" (George Seferis)

And that's the way of the world, and emphatically poignant

Being a witness on the future

Second-decade twenty-first century piano concert evening, Benjamin Grosvenor's amazing
programme

Bach's French suite No 5, Brahms's Op 119 pieces, played with Brett Dean's "Hommage à
Brahms"; an arrangement of Debussy's "Prelude à l'Après-Midi d'Un Faune"; Berg's Piano
Sonata; Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit"

In the Americas among the discovered sites, Pedra Furada, Topper, Meadowcroft Rockshelter,
Cactus Hill, Monte Verde, Buttermilk Creek, all before 14,000 BP

As if as in entomology, progress seems to have some element of stigmergy

A simultaneity in human affairs

A river rises precipitously and up and down stream people who live near react without being told
to

Altogether now

First hand axes and points, now printed circuits that are another kind of chip and knapped in a
different way

The continuum

"The little children sprint, squat, squeal and shout" (Clive James)

Loretta Lynn, who is no Patsy Kline, sang lasciviously, "Out of my Head and Back in My Bed"
and "You Ain't Woman Enough" with raspy, loud intrusiveness, Country Music cheap, flashy
Americana

After the Sutherland Springs church massacre near Waco in November 2017, peculiar tattoo-parlor style quasi-Nordic crosses appeared nearby for the twenty-six killed

“I think some of the things I deal with Hopper probably has dealt with also, since it’s somewhat the same environment and I have pretty strong reactions to what this country looks like. It looks pretty dull and spare, and you like this and dislike it and it’s very complicated.” (Donald Judd)

Scarf beard, or balbo, scruff, fess or full, and frequently a shaved head too of course, and look, there’s one with a forehead prayer bruise

“From Trump’s White House there now seeps a kind of ignorance mixed with vulgarity and topped with meanness that I find impossible to wash from my skin. I wake up to its oleaginous texture” (Roger Cohen)

What’s anything that banal have to do with the fact that Chongqing’s urban region is at thirty-seven million

Or for that matter have to do with Lagos, São Paulo, Shanghai or Mumbai

And there are 102 Chinese cities with over a million

Even Riyadh, 30,000 in 1970, is six million now

A long day again at Teotihuacan, the three 400 AD pyramids

Sun, Moon, Feathered Serpent

Then her sexy come-and-get-me hijab moutabaraj

“the frankness of women” (Denise Levertov)

Down on her grinning up at her wonderful smile across her mons

Until gaga or gone

“Funeralized” in current American usage

Quietude and serenity, as in Granville Bantock’s *Hebridean Symphony*, 1913

Homer, Whistler, Marin

Cézanne, Manet

“We talk down animal and talk up machine behaviour. We regard anthropomorphism as a cause of failure in the one case, but make it the criterion success in the other” (Ian Ground)

Desafinado

“Minds like beds always made up” (William Carlos Williams)

And there are urbanists and anti-urbanists

And to be frank about it, “Human uniqueness is a myth inherited from religion, which humanists have recycled into science” (John Gray in *The Silence of Animals*)

Elizabeth Bishop’s and Derek Walcott’s allowingly comparable color-drenched paintings, one of whom went out of Nova Scotia and eventually to the tropics, for the other brilliant light anywhere was his *querencia*

how do you know the moon
is moving: see the dry
casting of the beach worm
 dissolve at the
delicate rising touch:

that is the
 expression of sea level. (A. R. Ammons)

Peruvian probably, maybe Hispanic-Indo family, English fast and perfect but sounds slightly secondary

Mildly indio profile, chestnut-dark hair, full flush olive complexion, small flat turquoise earrings, nonchalantly elegant, young

Moving fast away perfectly erect shoulders squared she could be one of her Inca ancestors passing off on an Andean pre-Colombian footpad highway

“a recent women’s questionnaire I was sent including 26 different genders with a blank box if none of the above applied” (Marina Warner)

Drove away in a black Prius: skinny, tallish, horn-rim glasses, hair in a chignon and a mild topknot, dark brown full beard with mustache well-kept, cotton print top, flat-chested, sheer black wraparound skirt, shaved legs, 3/4inch wedgies, asexual body language, very Princeton

Cinecittá

When Kingsley Amis was at Princeton for a while in the late 1950s, one vacation working a college paper in Firestone Library passed by his office door just as Martin, about ten then, was escaping from being admonished about something by his father

Princeton University library is like that, once in the lower stacks in the early 1980s face to face with Brooke Shields in an accidental *mirada fuerte* situation, we didn’t speak

Next time south of the Alps go way down, Apulia, Basilicata, to that archeological site, explored only in 1970, the paintings *astratti* from 3900 BC in la grotta on Capo d'Otranto near Puerto Badisio on la litoraea Salentina

At a fall 1988 rendezvous at Wise Men Fish Here Gotham Book Mart for a *Conjunctions* photo out on the sidewalk, John Ashbery, swayingly drunk, came on to me unpleasantly, leaning in, hand on my arm, lonely-gay reaching out

The rough jumble of loneliness and gender

Taught to listen, taught to acquiesce, taught to please

Speak only when spoken to

“When you’re a little girl and you look in an aquarium and you see the fish doing this and that you don’t criticize and say they should be going something else” (Christina Stead)

And always, if you are not a median man, the sinister threat of sexual assault, perpetual in circumstance

“young women can’t be seen when there’s no escape —” (John Kinsella)

Lift with the relaxing euphoria of Sibelius’s *First*

Thinking of the horror of Frederick Douglas’s fight as a teenager in 1833 with the slave breaker Edward Covey in Talbot County Maryland

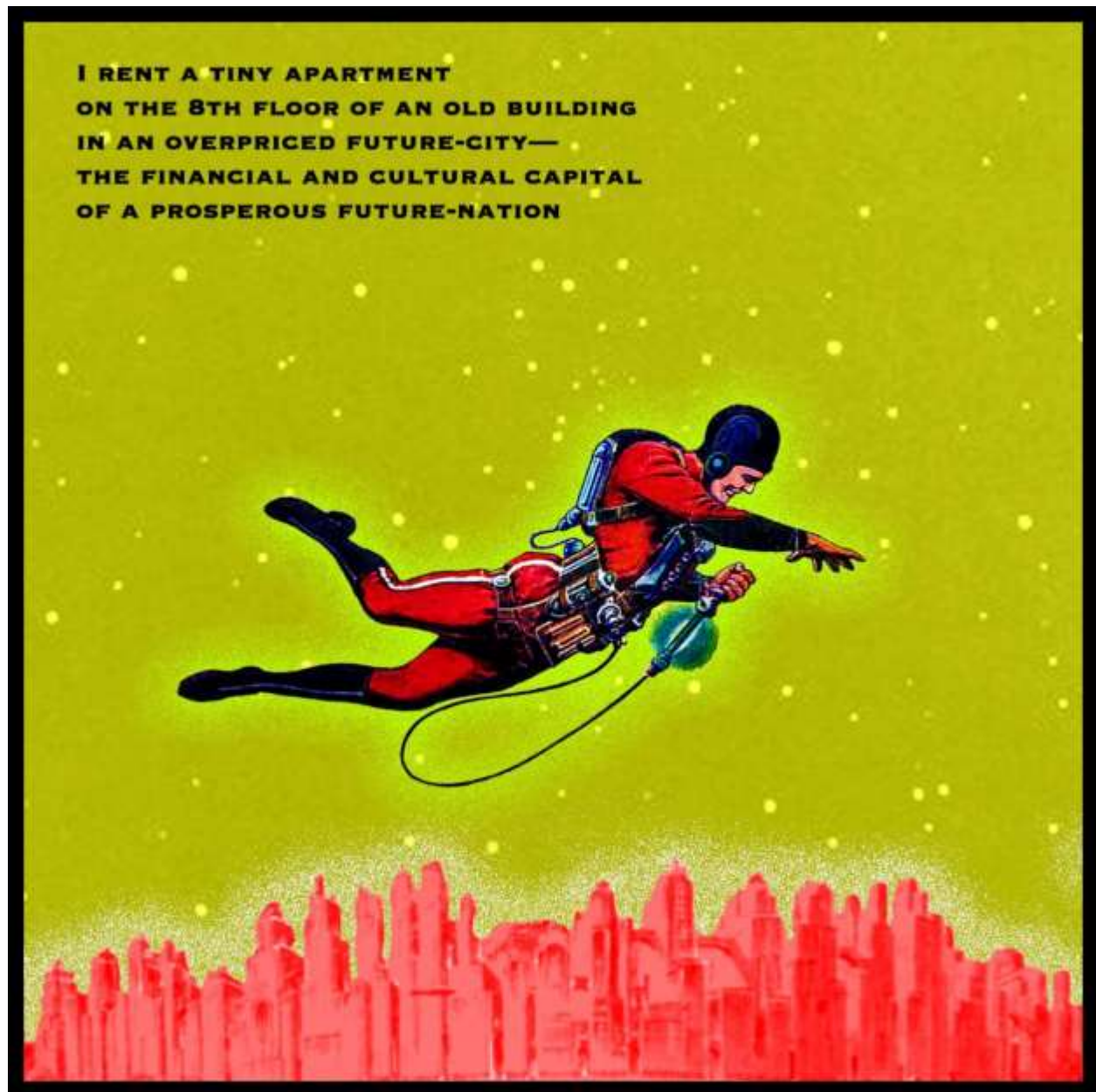
We still have sexual breakers, those of teenage runaways, molesters of all sorts and pimps

For everyone on the planet to have a good life would mean consuming resources at up to six times the sustainable rate, and defining “good life” and “sustainable” differently does not in the least ameliorate that stark truth

Another fine friend gone, Yu Ding-wei, when he died last fall I came back and listened to the see-sawing fourth movement of Sibelius’s *Fifth*

“In the midst of lyfe we be in death” (“Buriall,” *The Book of Common Prayer*, 1549)

Buck Rogers



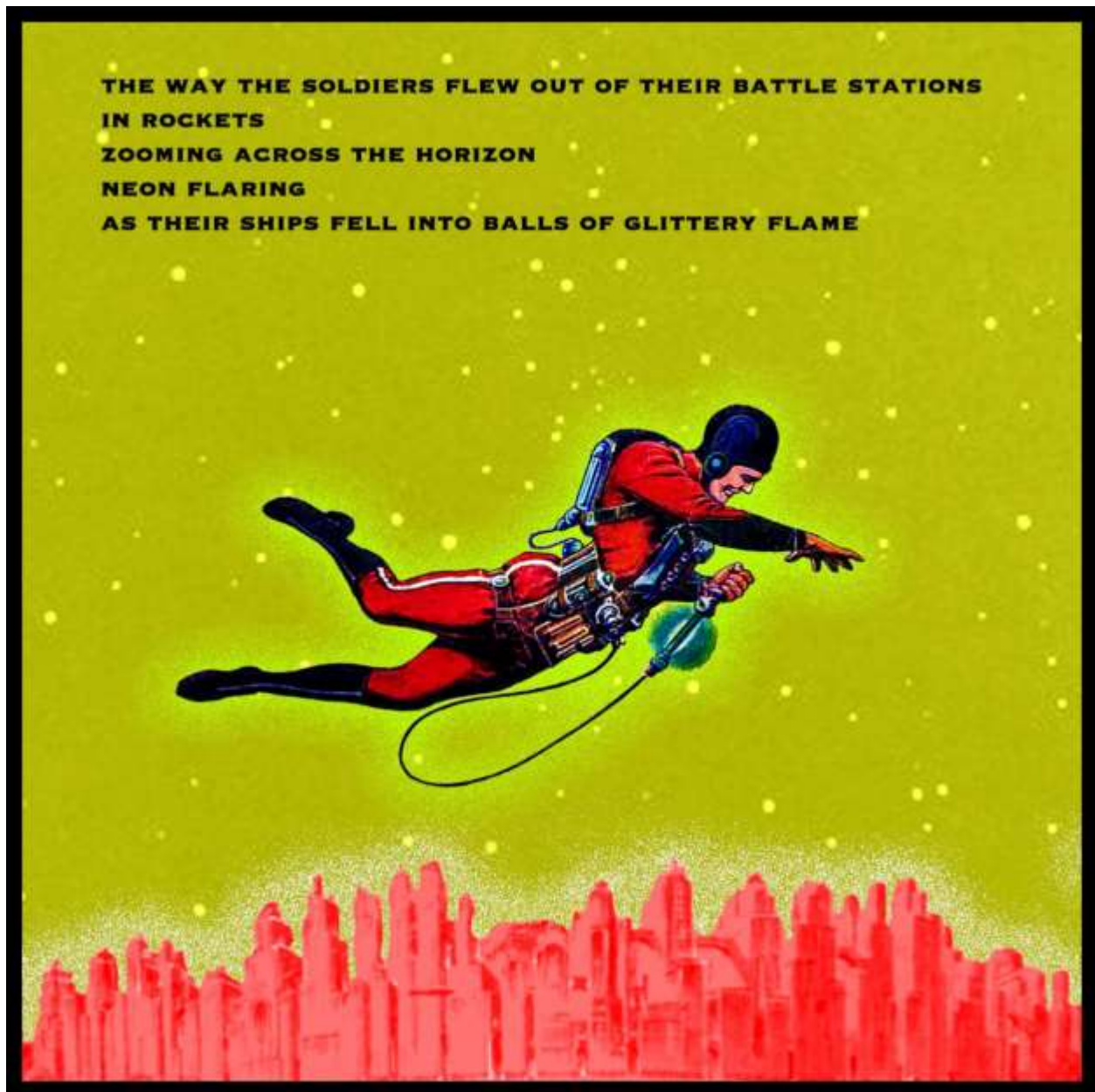








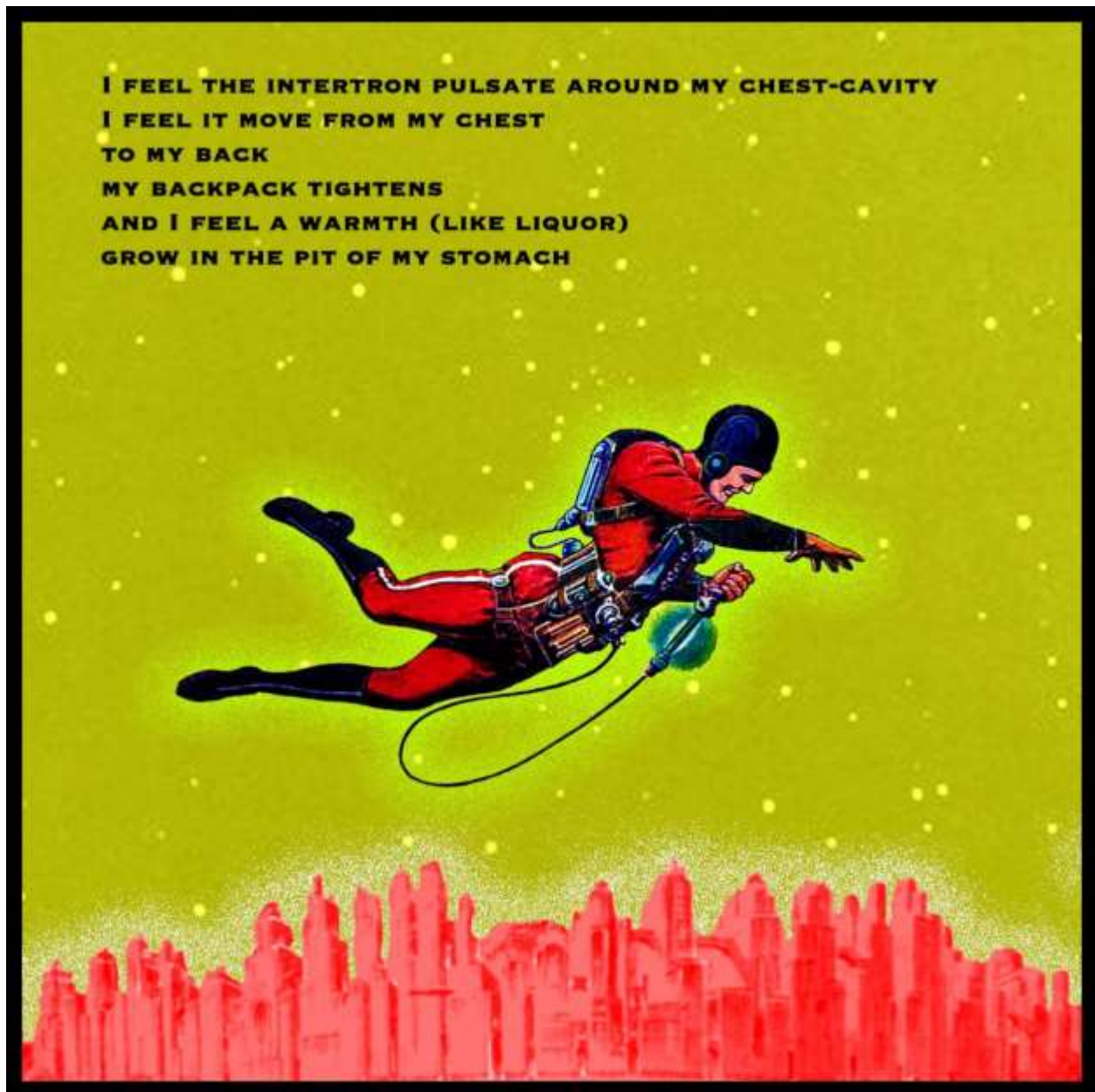














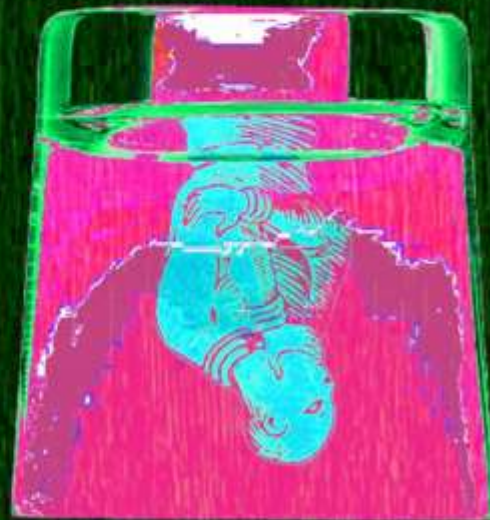




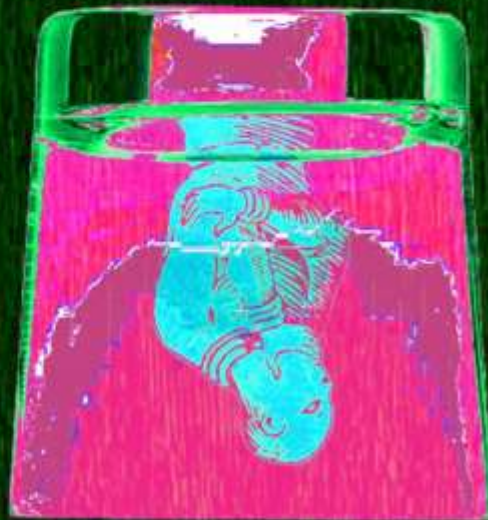


buck rogers and
the tiger-man from
Mars

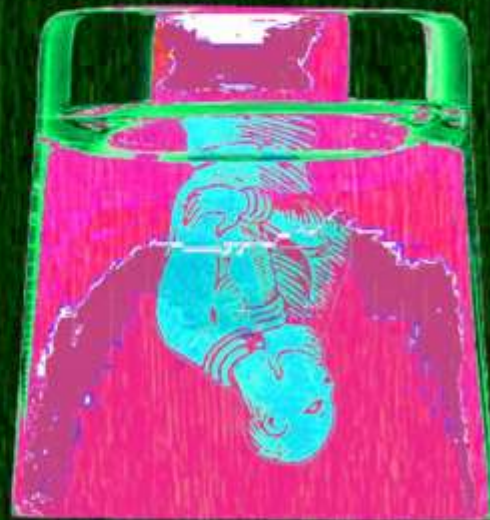
I leave my rocket-gun at home
before I take the elevated train to the bar
gazing out the window
I watch the crowds of people shift below me
I think, "crowds look like giant amoebas"
as I remove the air-guard badge from my jacket



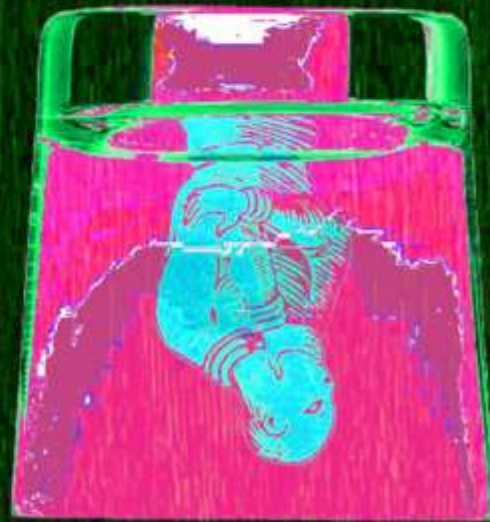
I'm off the clock:
I come to this bar after work
to meet my tiger-man from Mars—
he's got a big tiger-head
big tiger-claws
and sad tiger-eyes



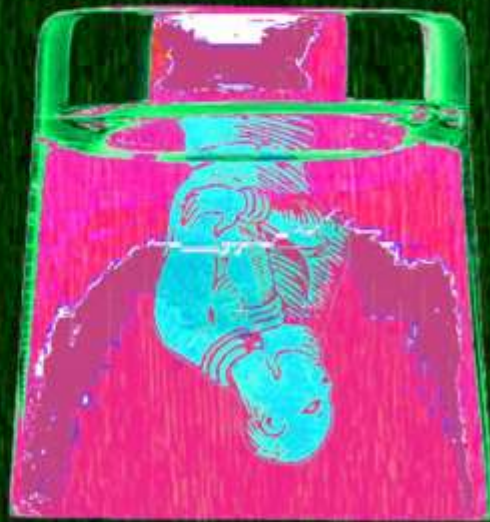
I look for these eyes in the crowd of alien figures
I grab his shoulder
and he says, "hi"
his "hi" sounds like a growl
my voice sounds stiff and tired
when I reply



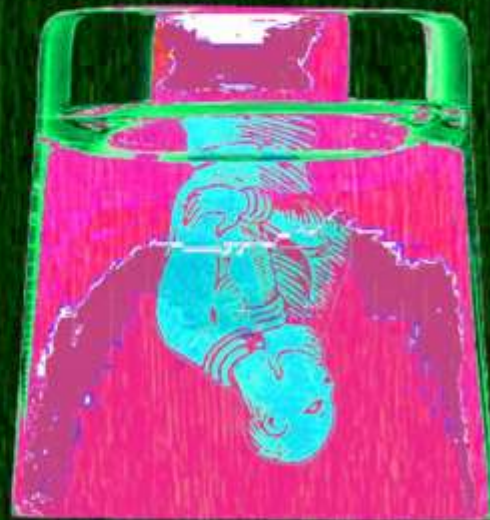
he offers to buy me a drink
and when I decline
he calls over the little green bartender
and orders me a drink anyway



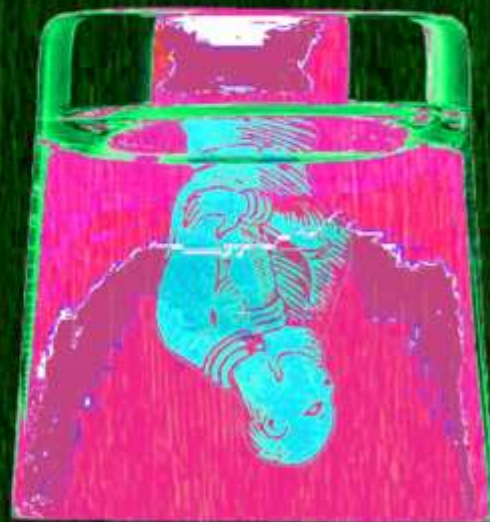
the glass holds
a carbonated orange liquid—
it looks uncanny
the bubbles
grow and multiply—
the bubbles look like little amoebas



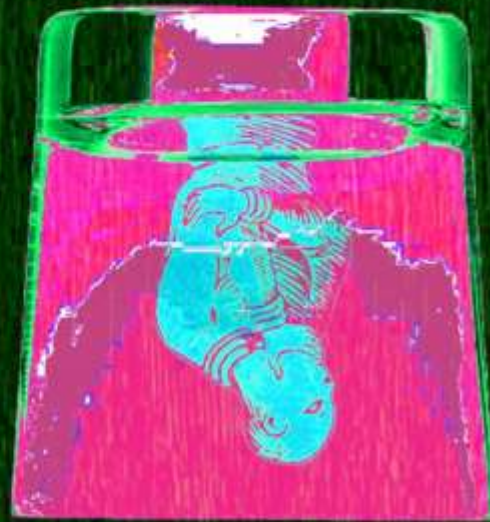
I don't like the look of these bubbles
so I ask, "what is this?"
my tiger-man says, "the liquor's from mars.
it's tiger-man liquor.
don't you want to try it?
my dad used to drink it after work
when I was a kid
I used to go out and buy it for him."



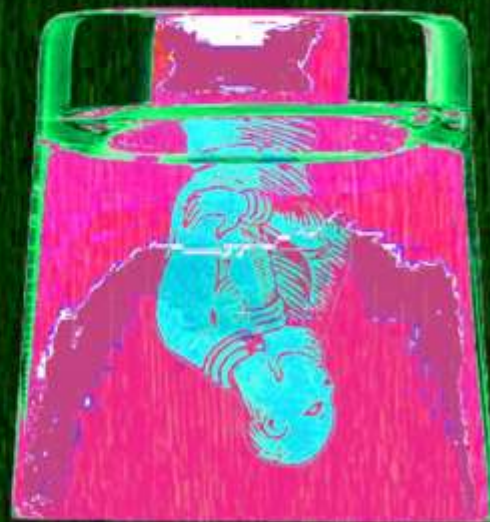
my tiger-man looks sweet
when he says this
so I say, "ok"
and take a sip



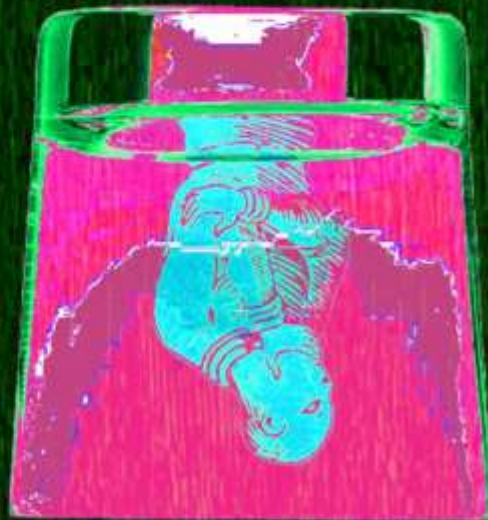
the liquor tastes hot
like tea
and each uncanny bubble
stings the roof of my mouth



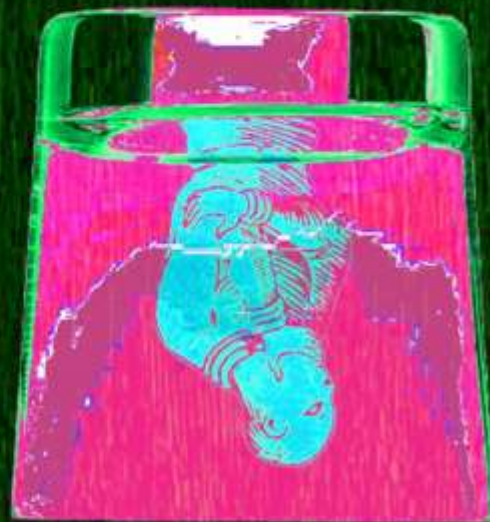
my tiger-man sees my face contort
as I take a second sip
he laughs
and says, "that's real martian liquor."



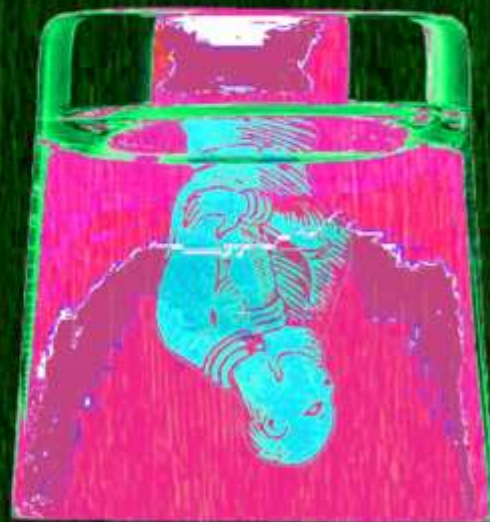
he says, "it's brewed with rye
which my people plucked from earth
under the cover of darkness
they hybridized the rye
with synthetic martian plant-matter."



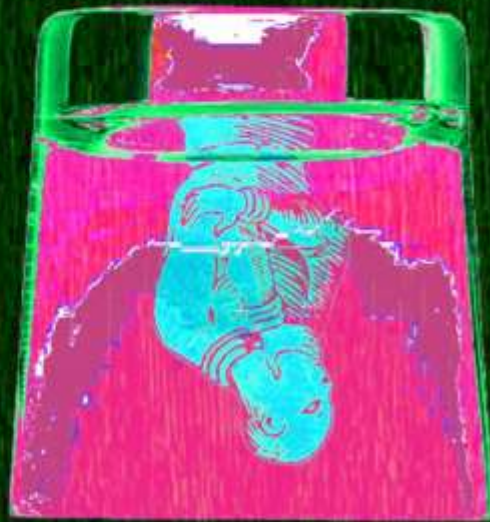
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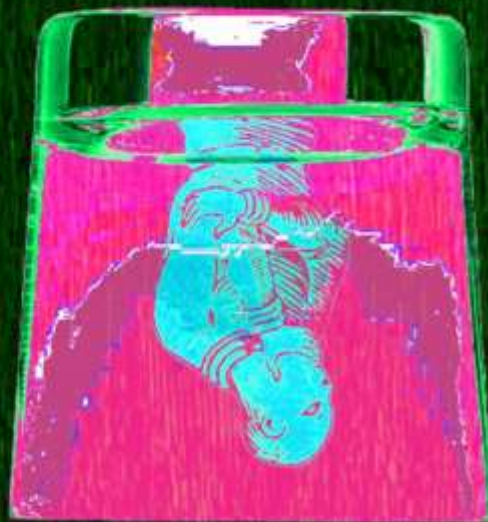
I sip again and feel queasy—
I might be sick
so my tiger-man puts his hand
on the small of my back
and asks, "you ok?"



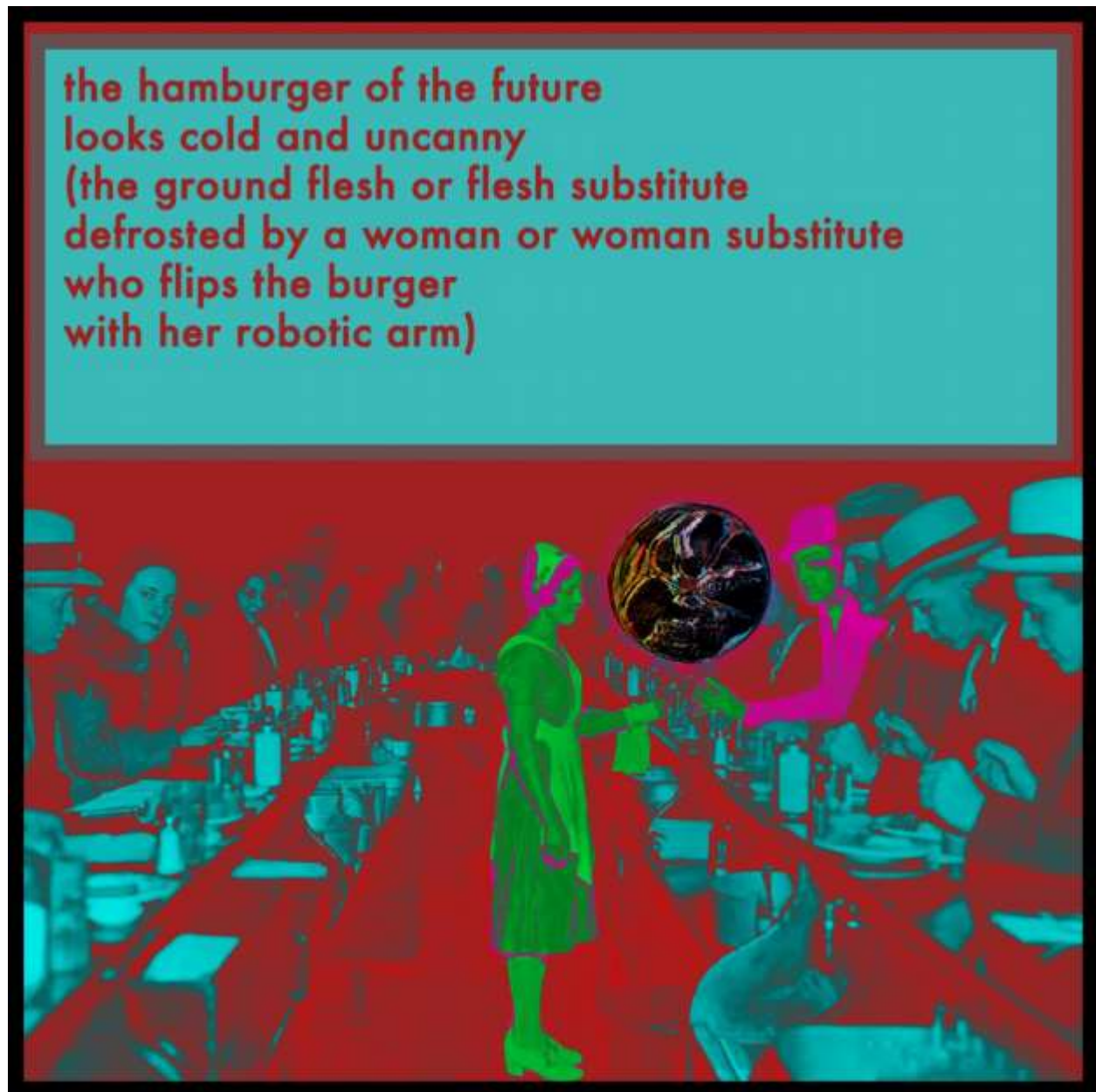
I mumble—I can't form words
but I manage to grab his shoulder
and stumble from the bar
to a side room
where two tiny green DJs
screech into a microphone
my tiger-man tries to say something
but I can't hear him over the music

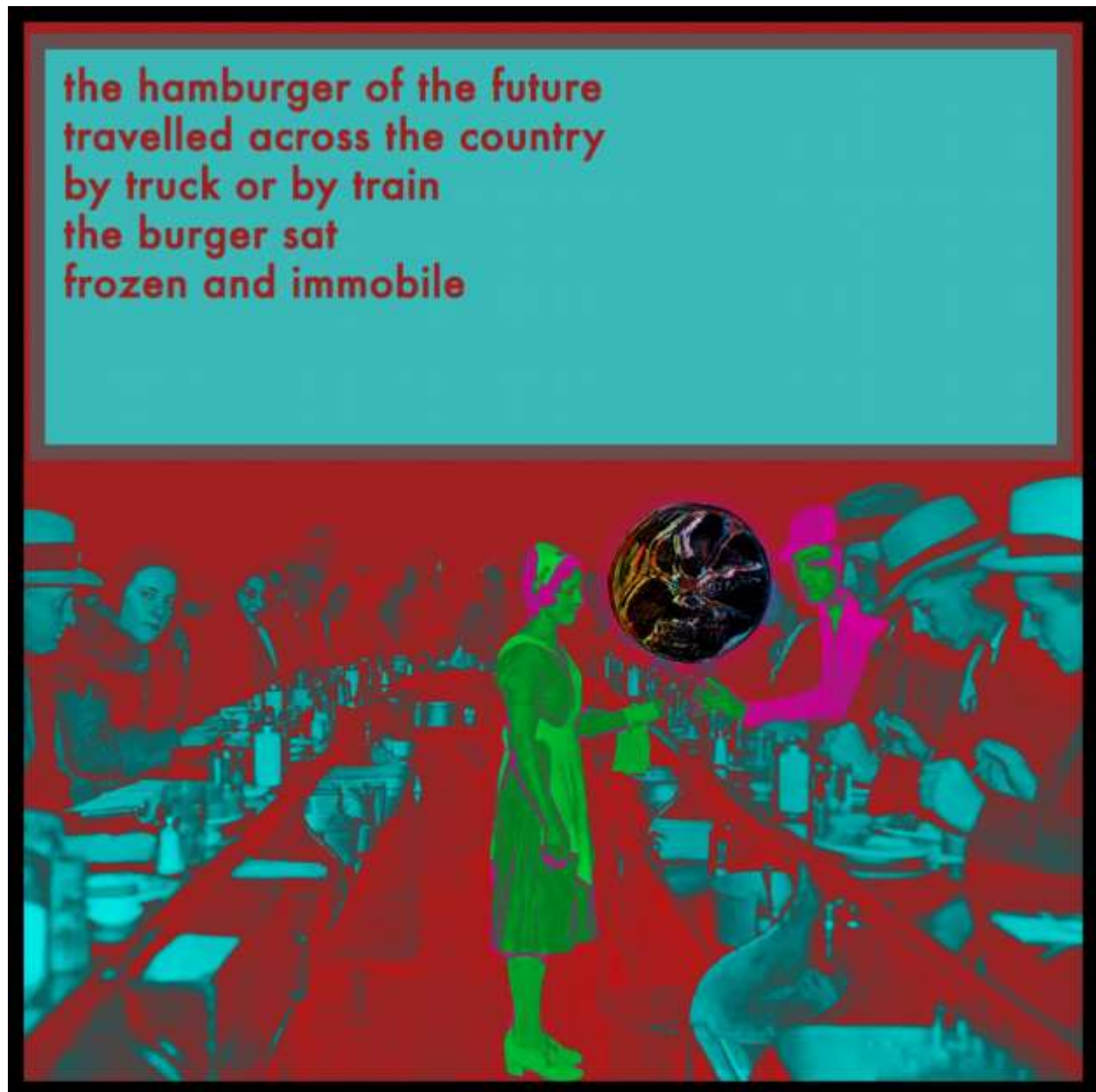


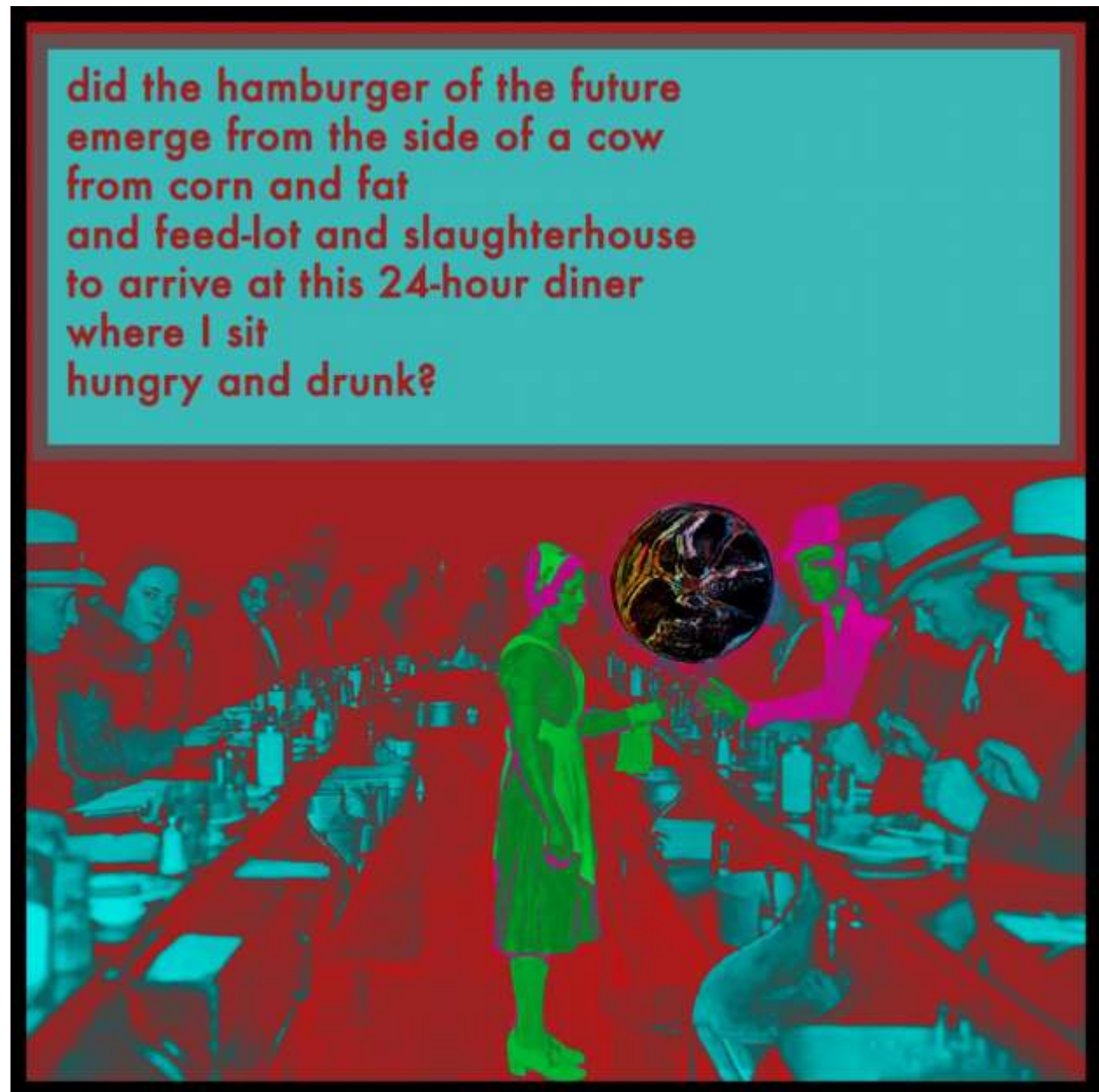
and anyway I don't want to talk—
I feel compelled
to recoil from language
to keep sipping my martian liquor
as life-forms (human or otherwise)
shift and dance
feeling alien
in this future city.



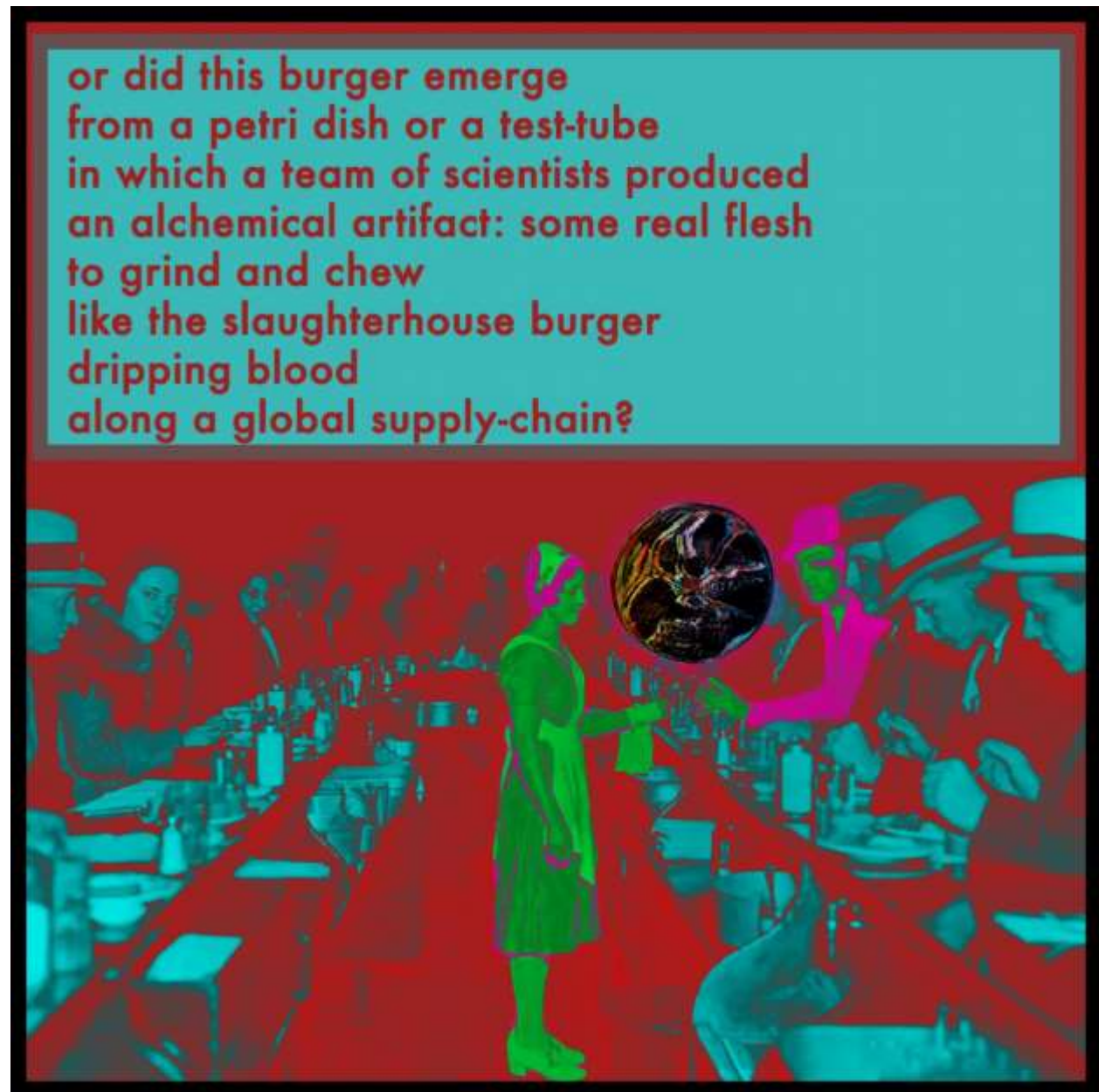
hamburger poem





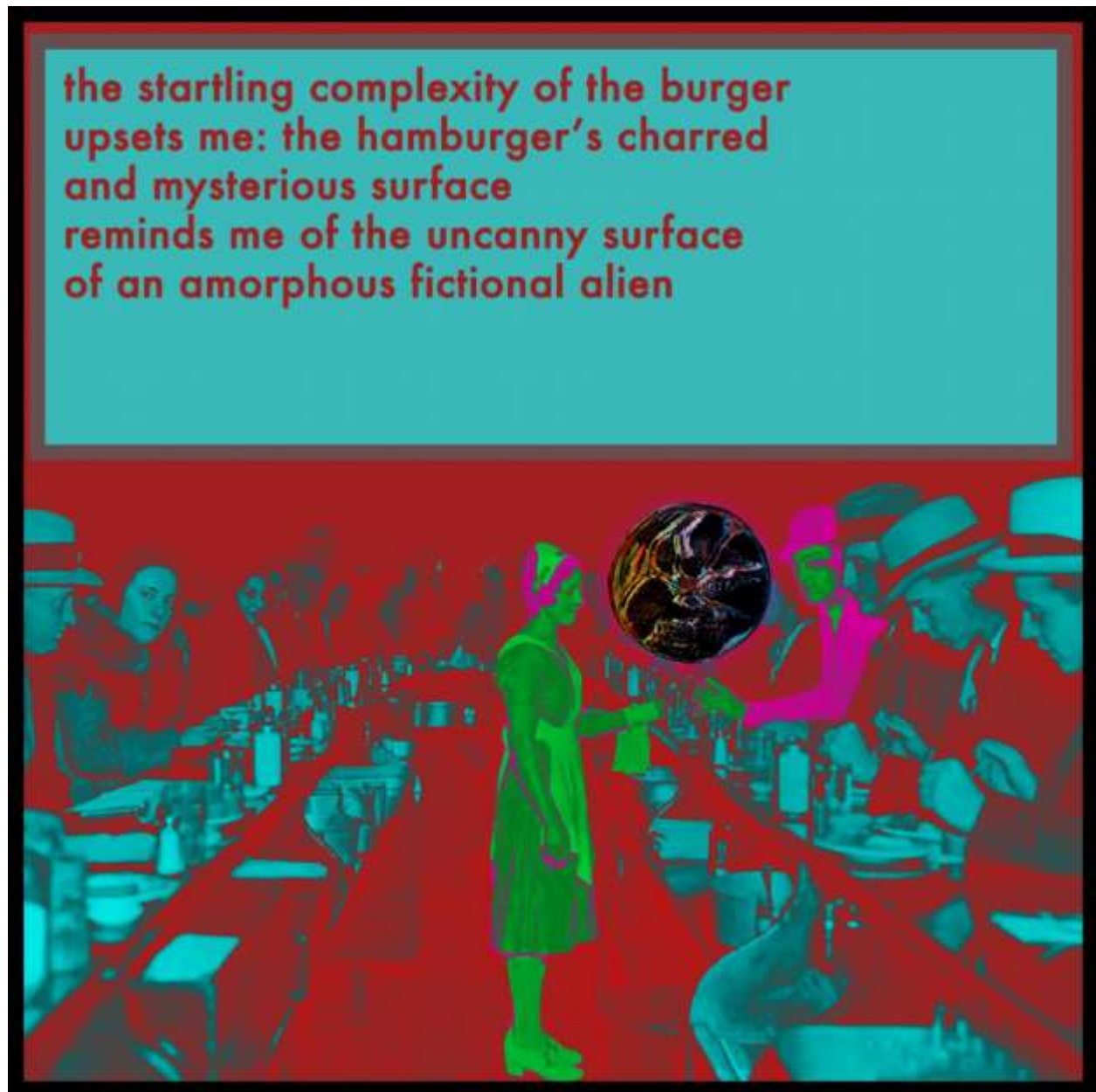






my stomach turns
as I gaze across the counter
watching the waitress
flip my [plant/lab/cow] burger
my stomach rumbles: hungry and sick
I watch a slice of cheese bubble on the patty



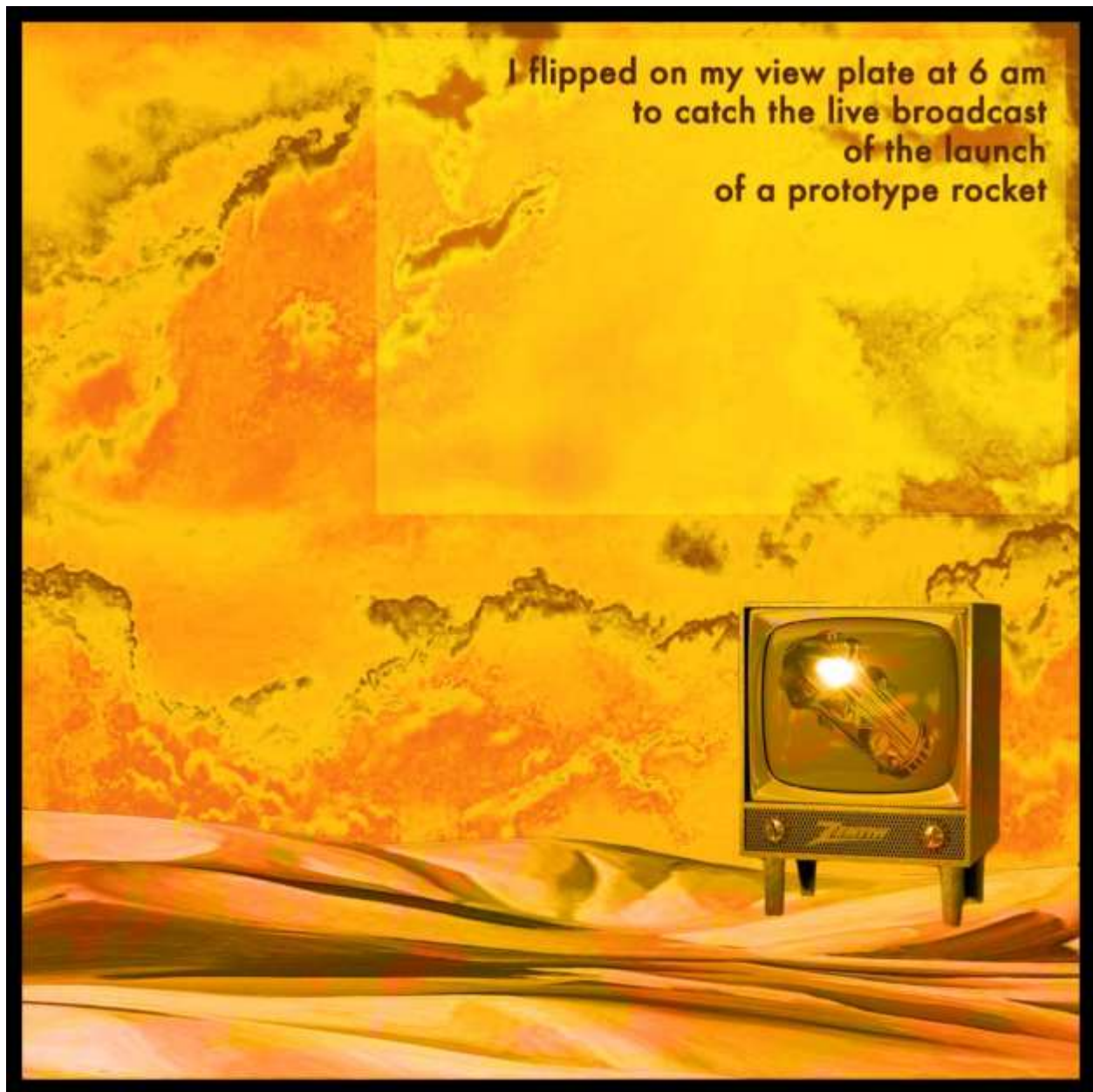




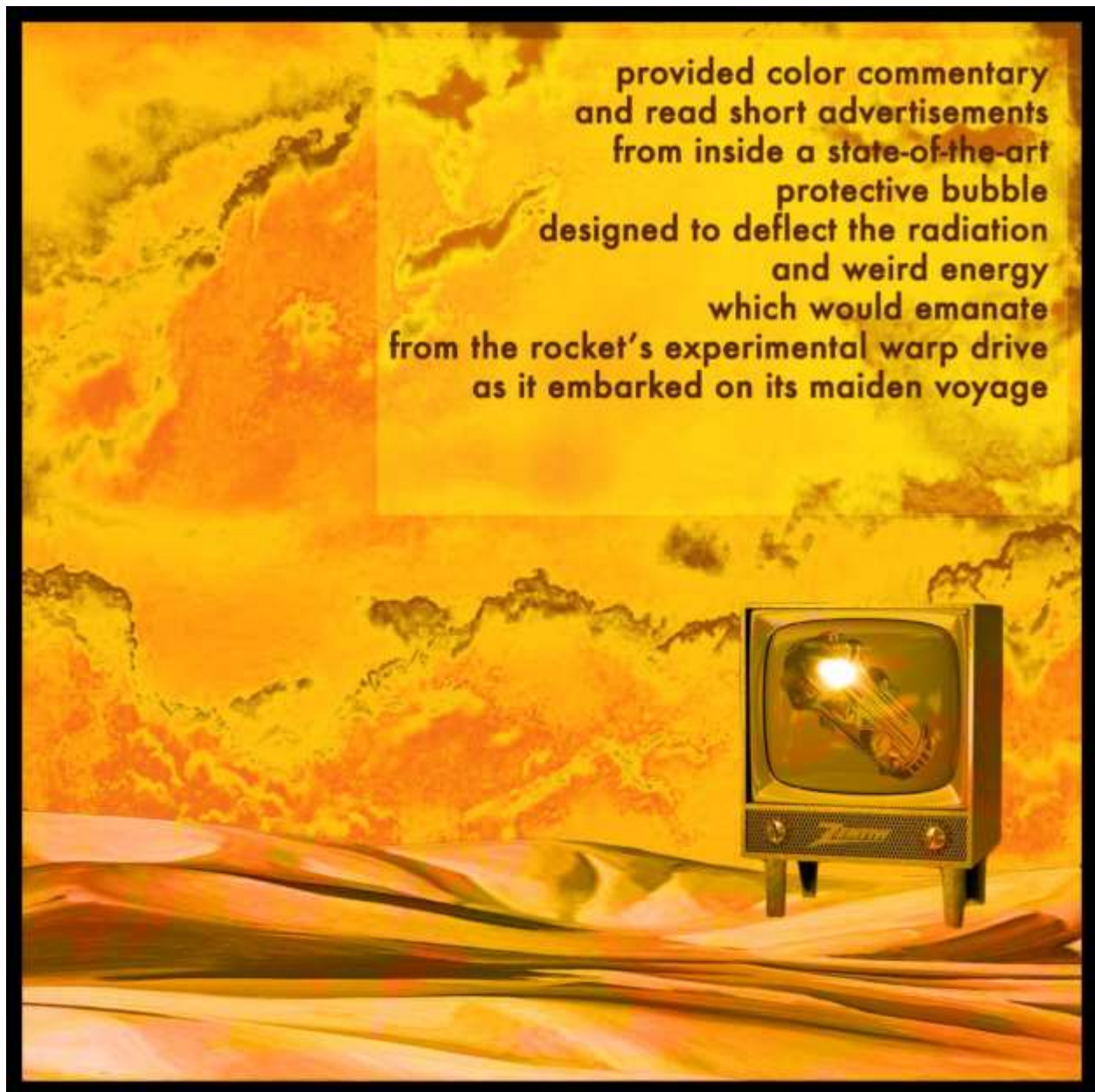
like the hamburger of the future
which animates my thoughts
as the android waitress
delivers the burger to its bun
the bun to its plate
all objects unknowable and in their proper place.



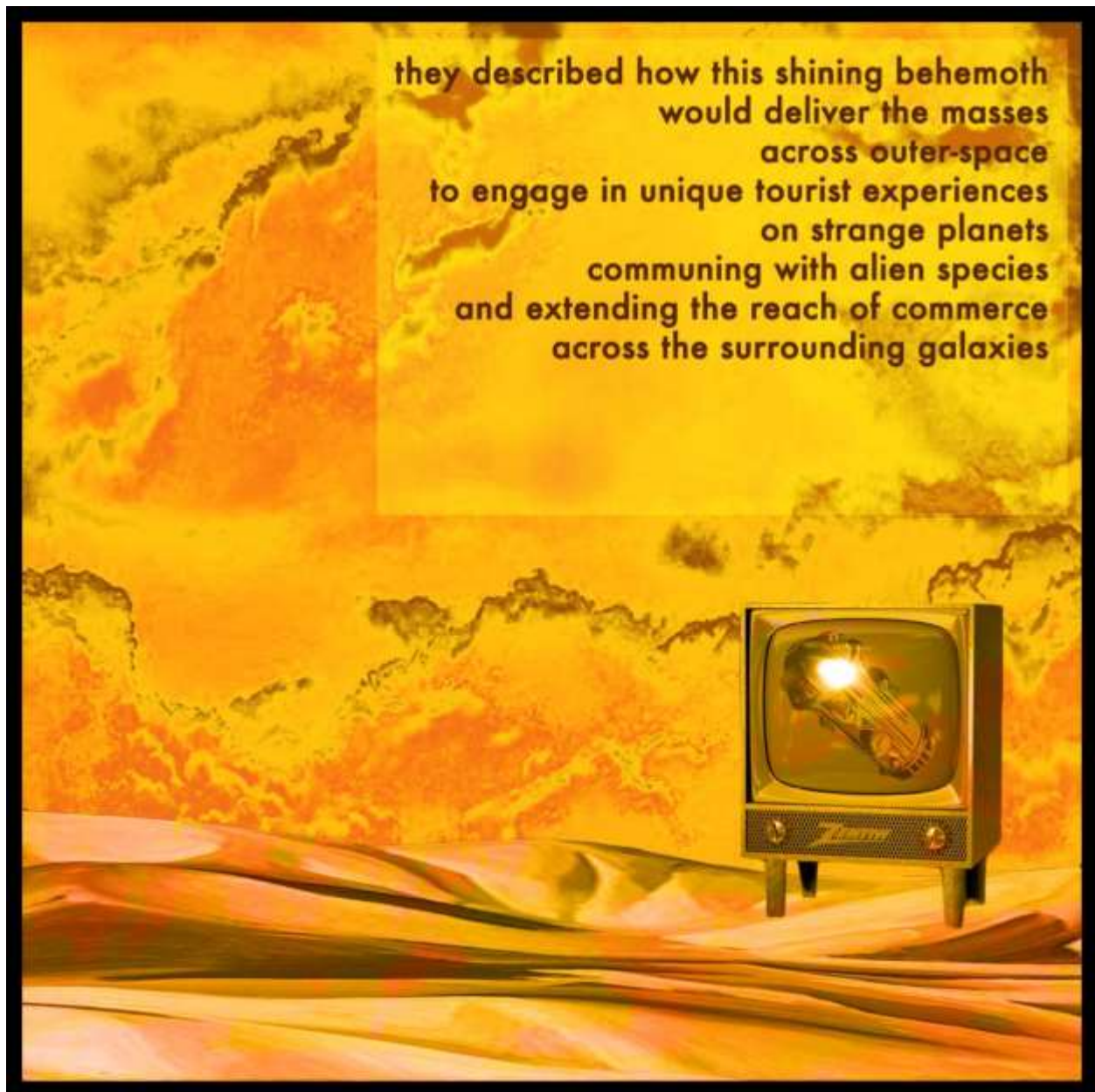
launch

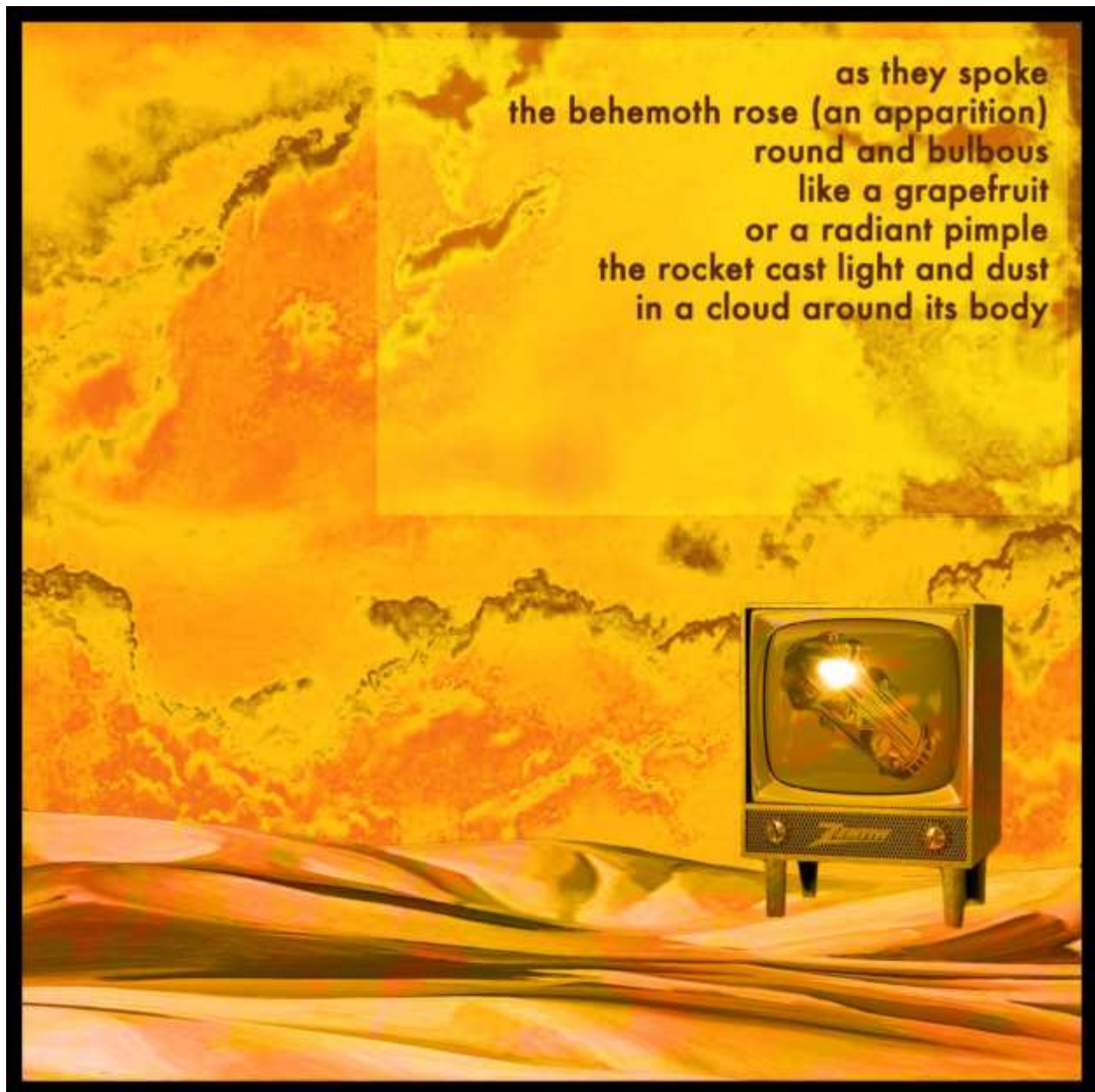






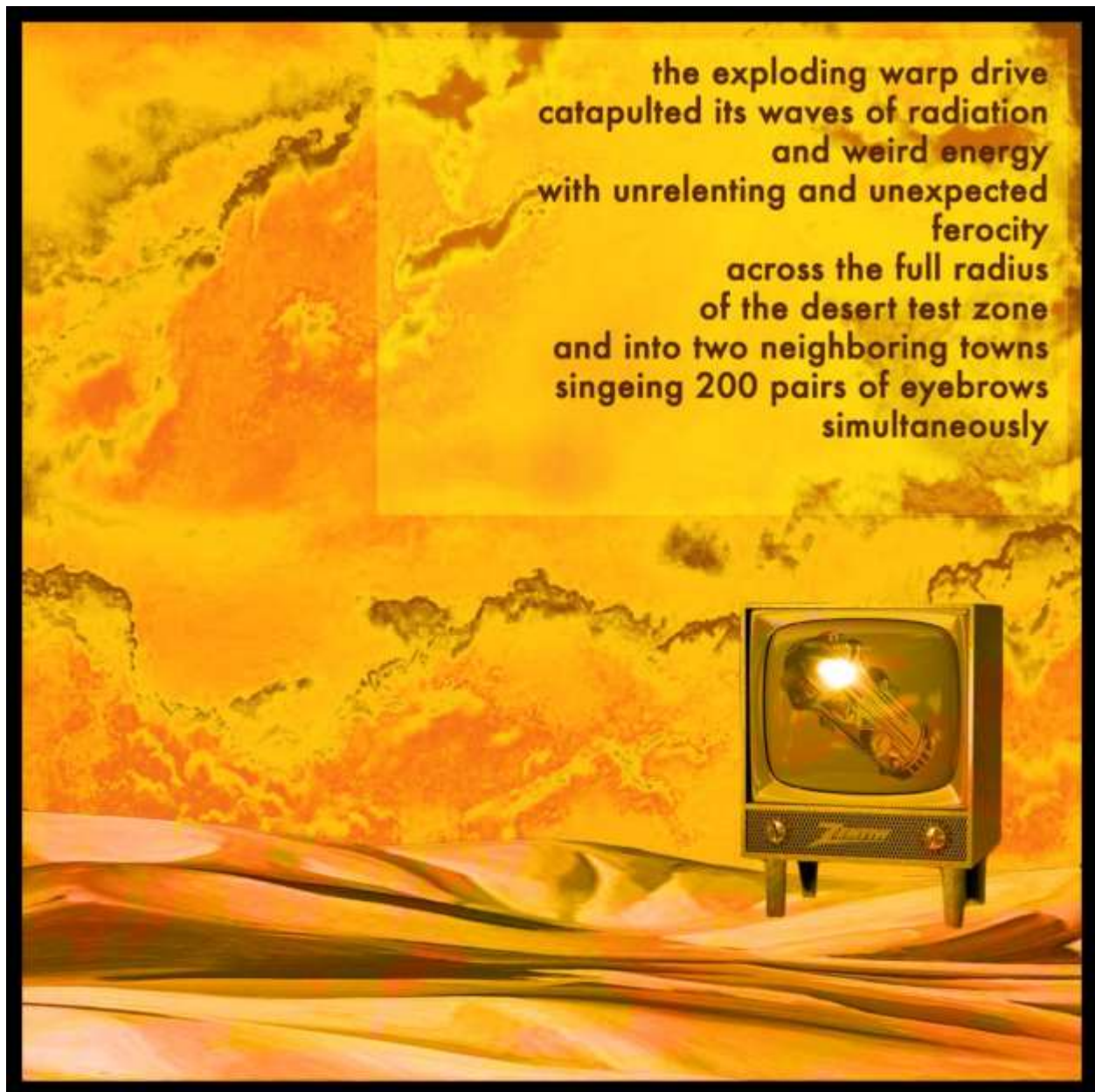


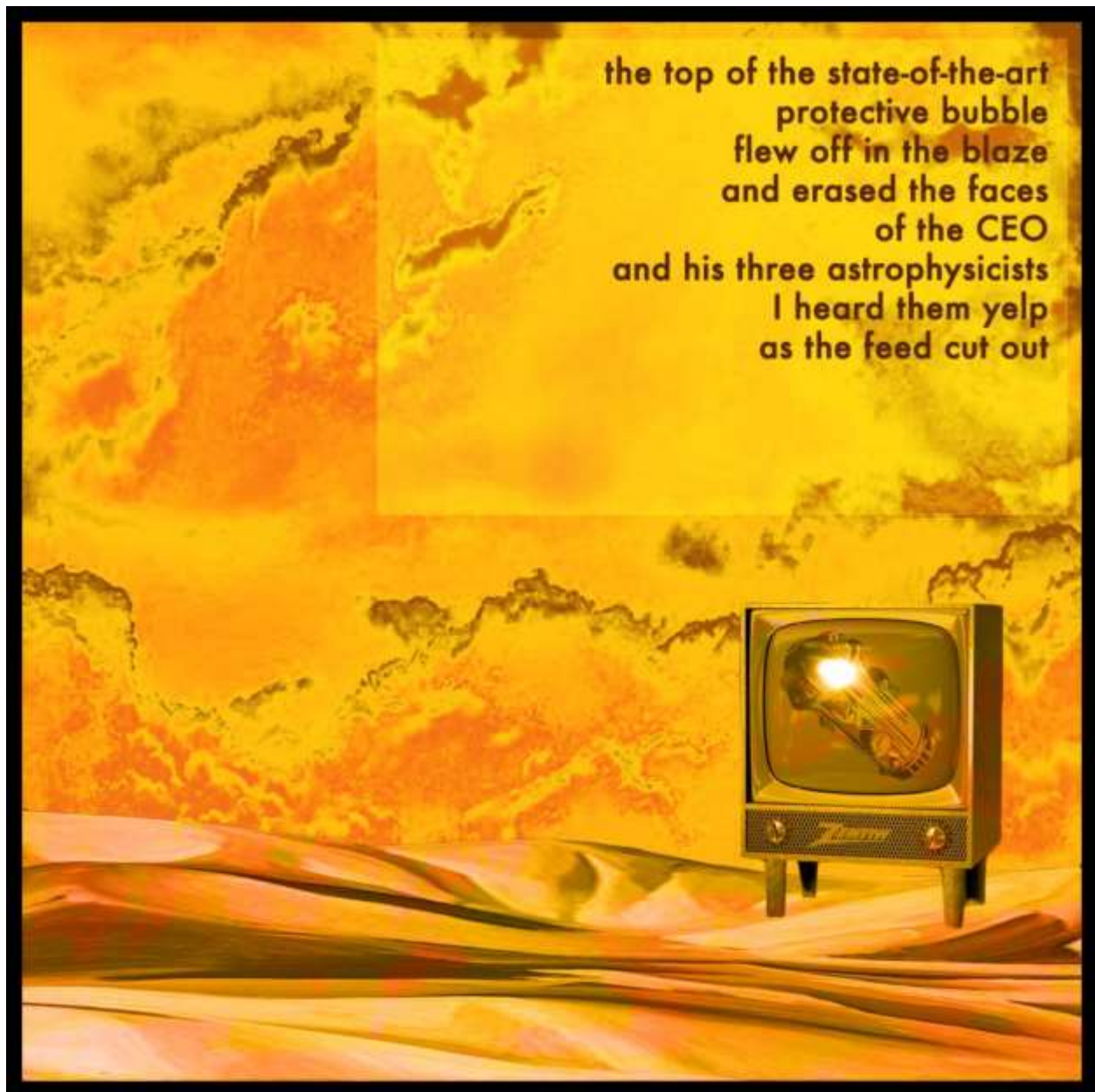










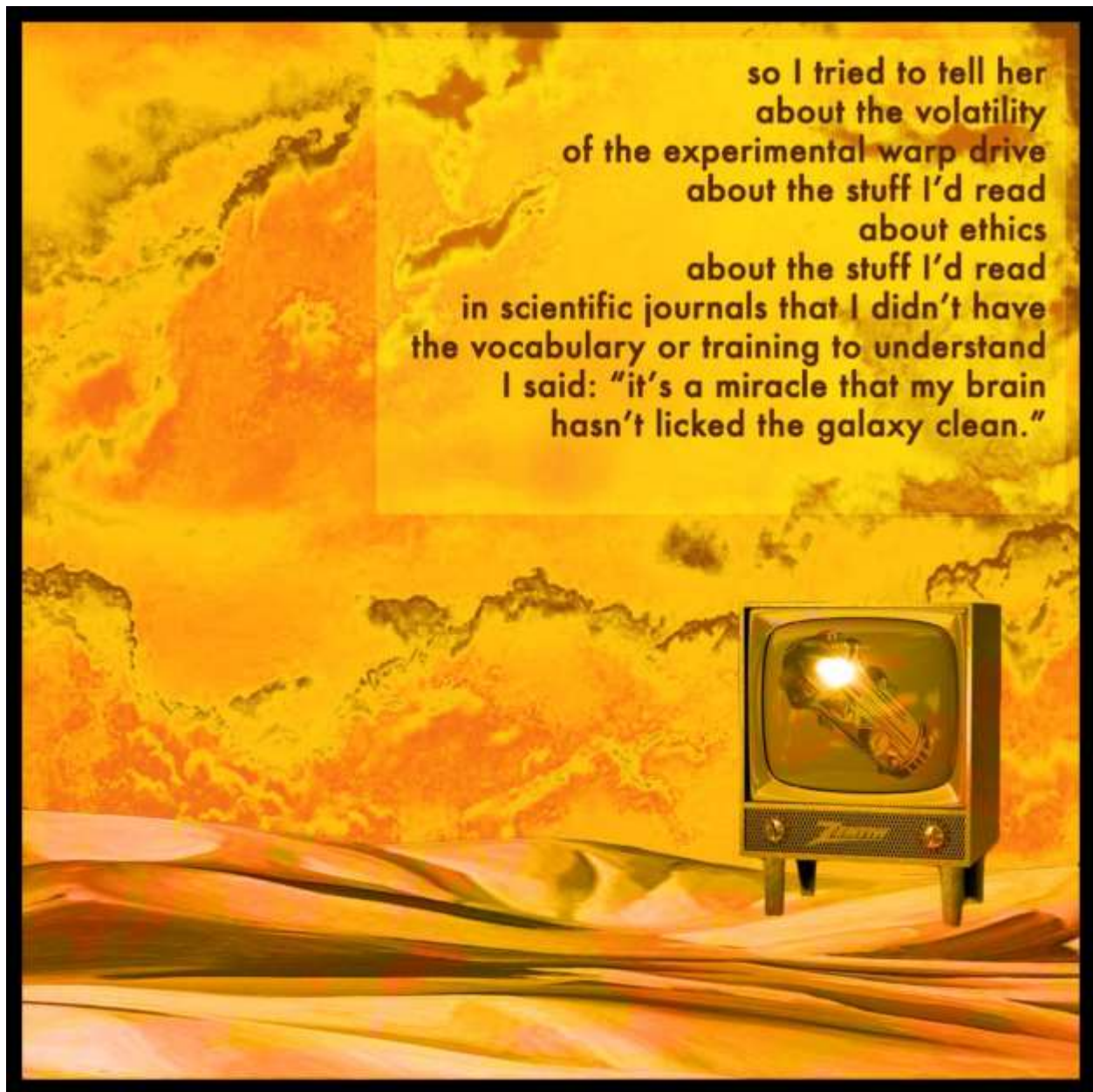




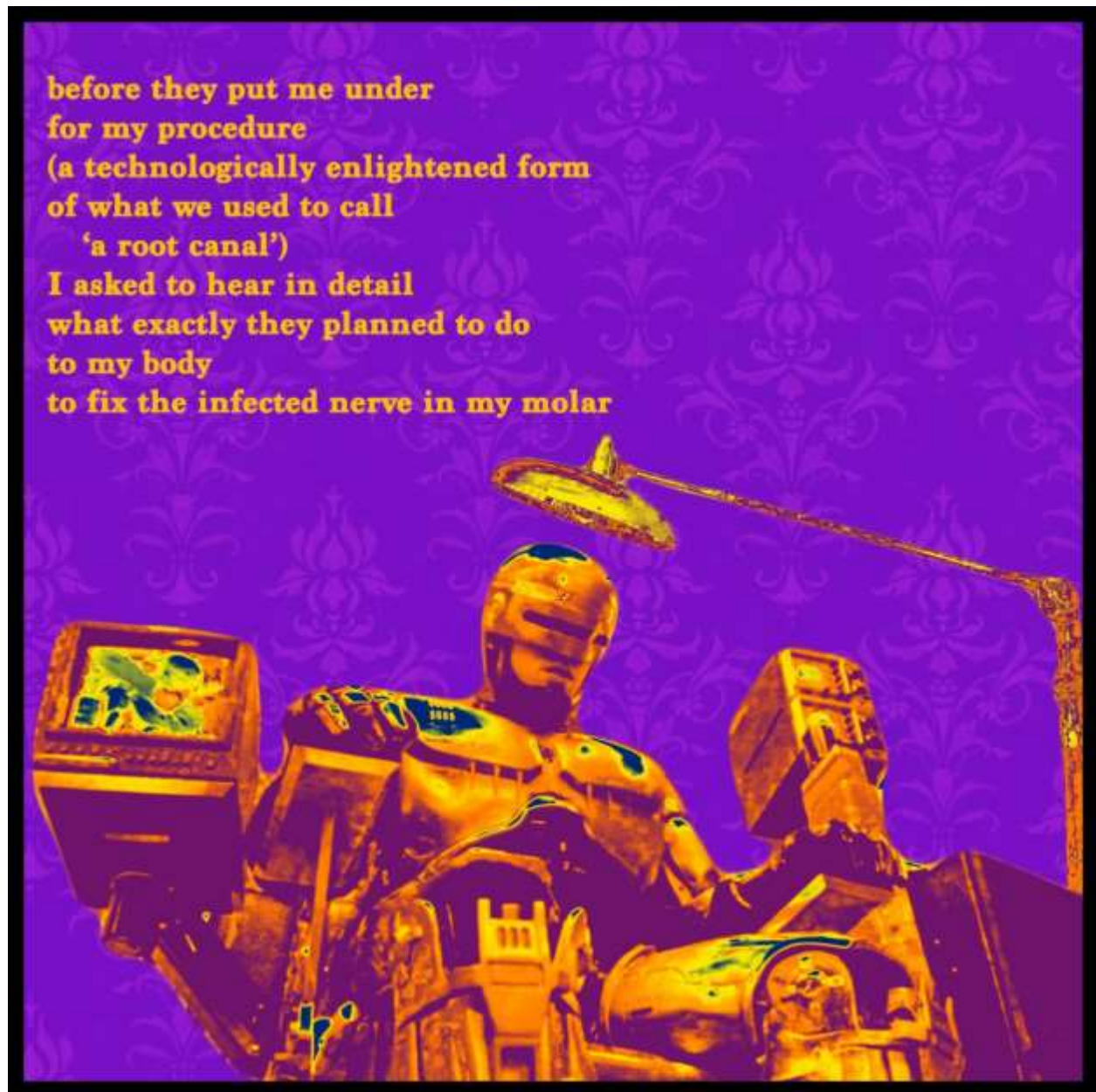






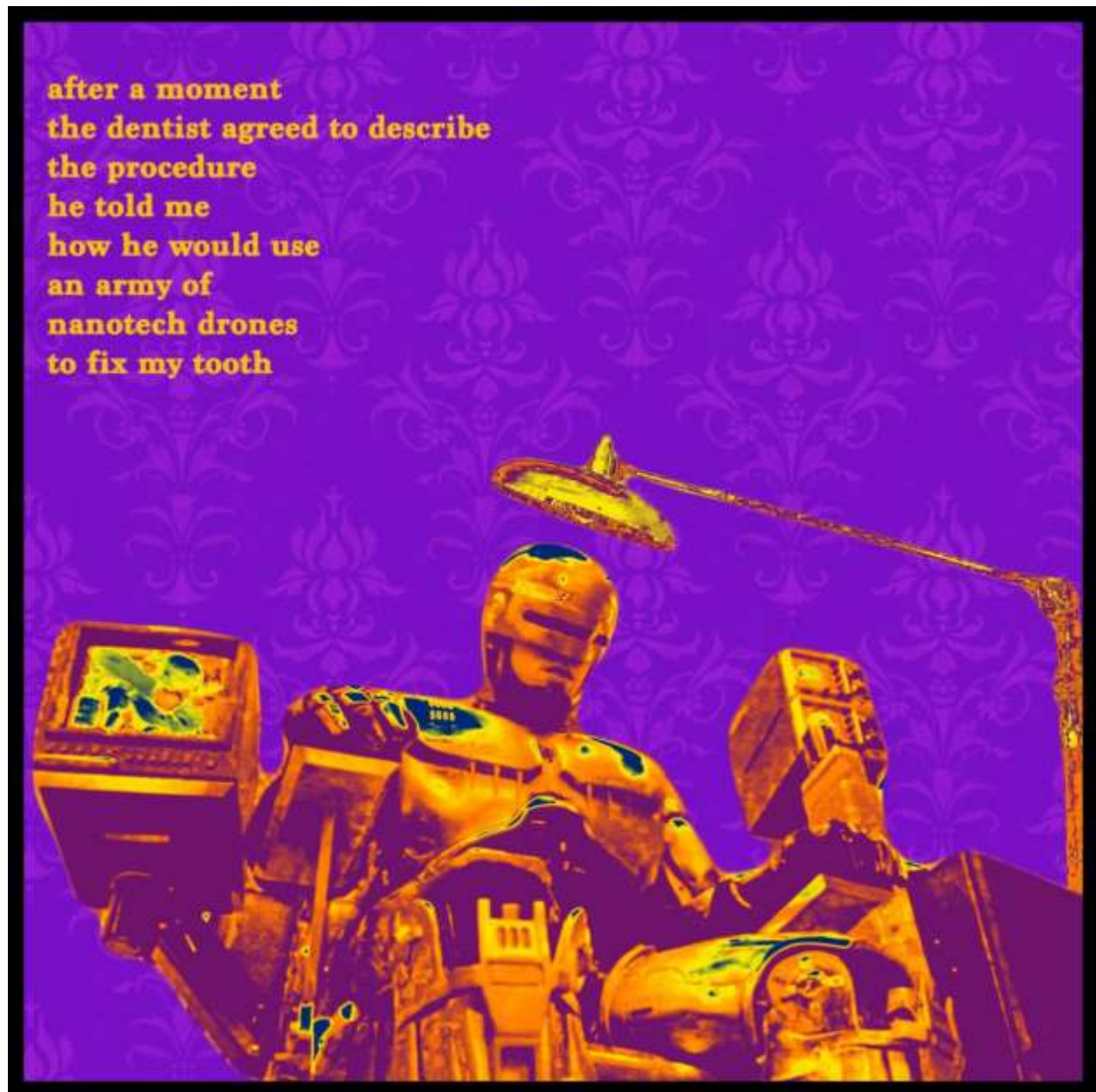


root canal

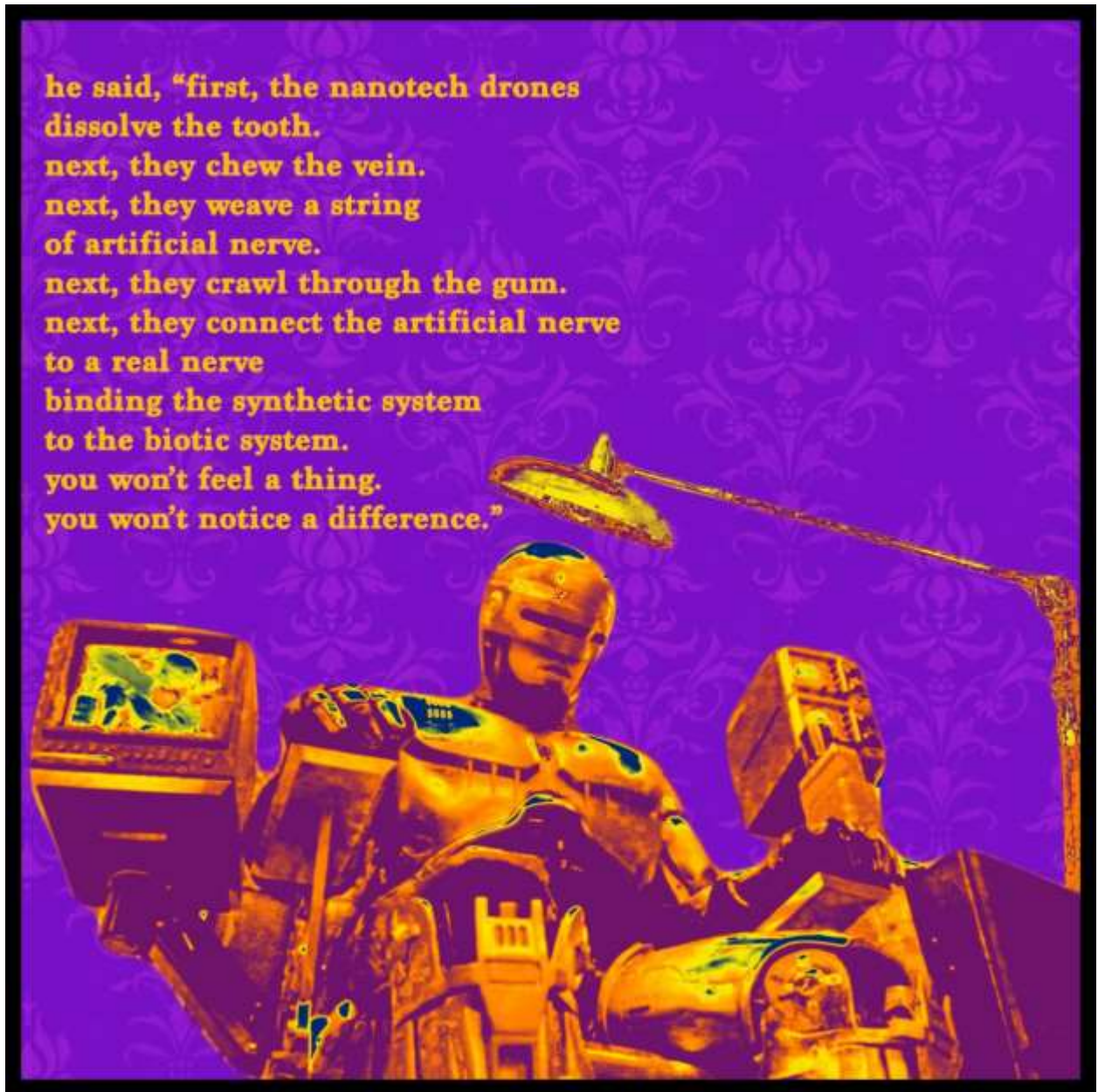


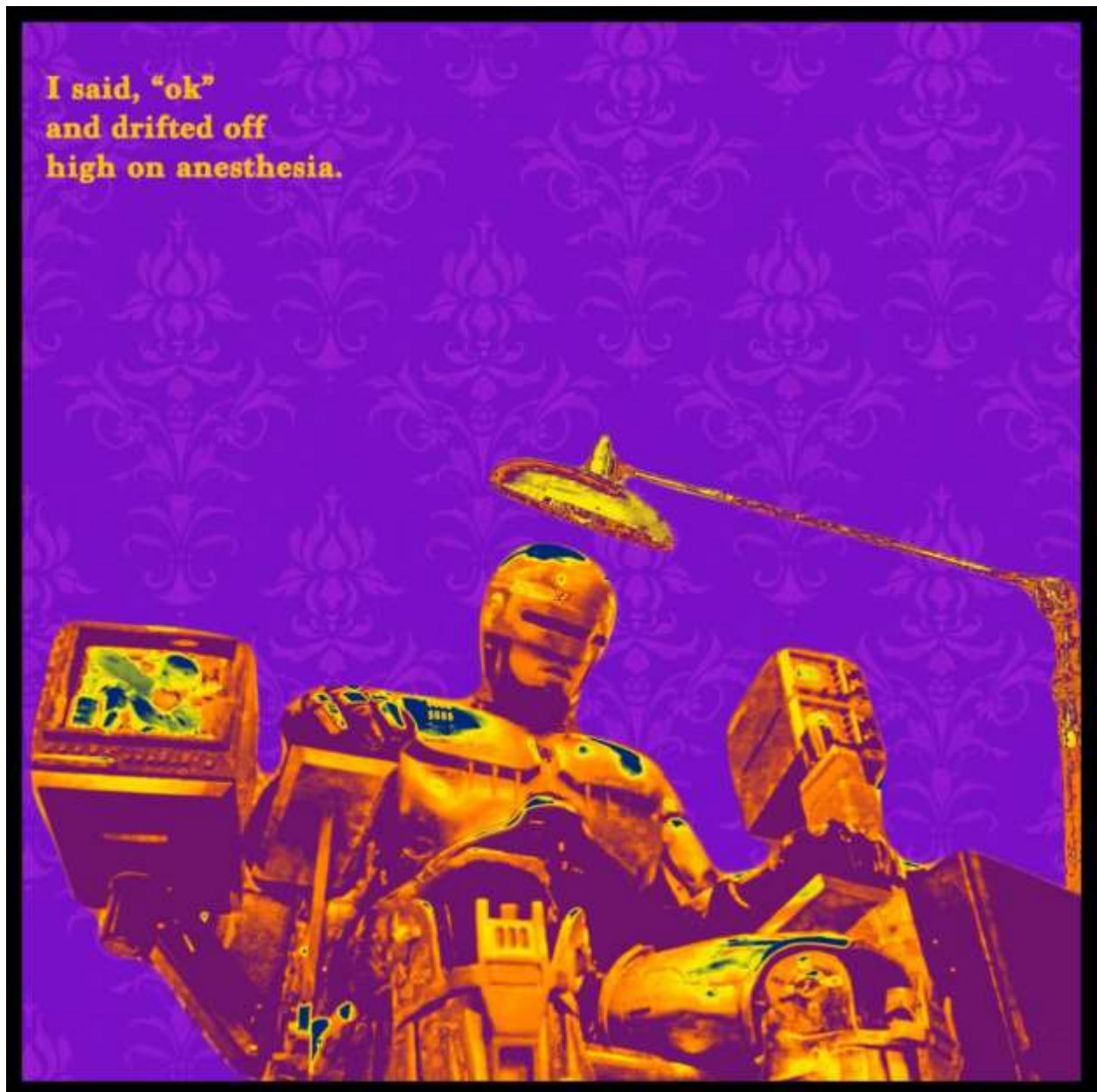






he said, "first, the nanotech drones
dissolve the tooth.
next, they chew the vein.
next, they weave a string
of artificial nerve.
next, they crawl through the gum.
next, they connect the artificial nerve
to a real nerve
binding the synthetic system
to the biotic system.
you won't feel a thing.
you won't notice a difference."

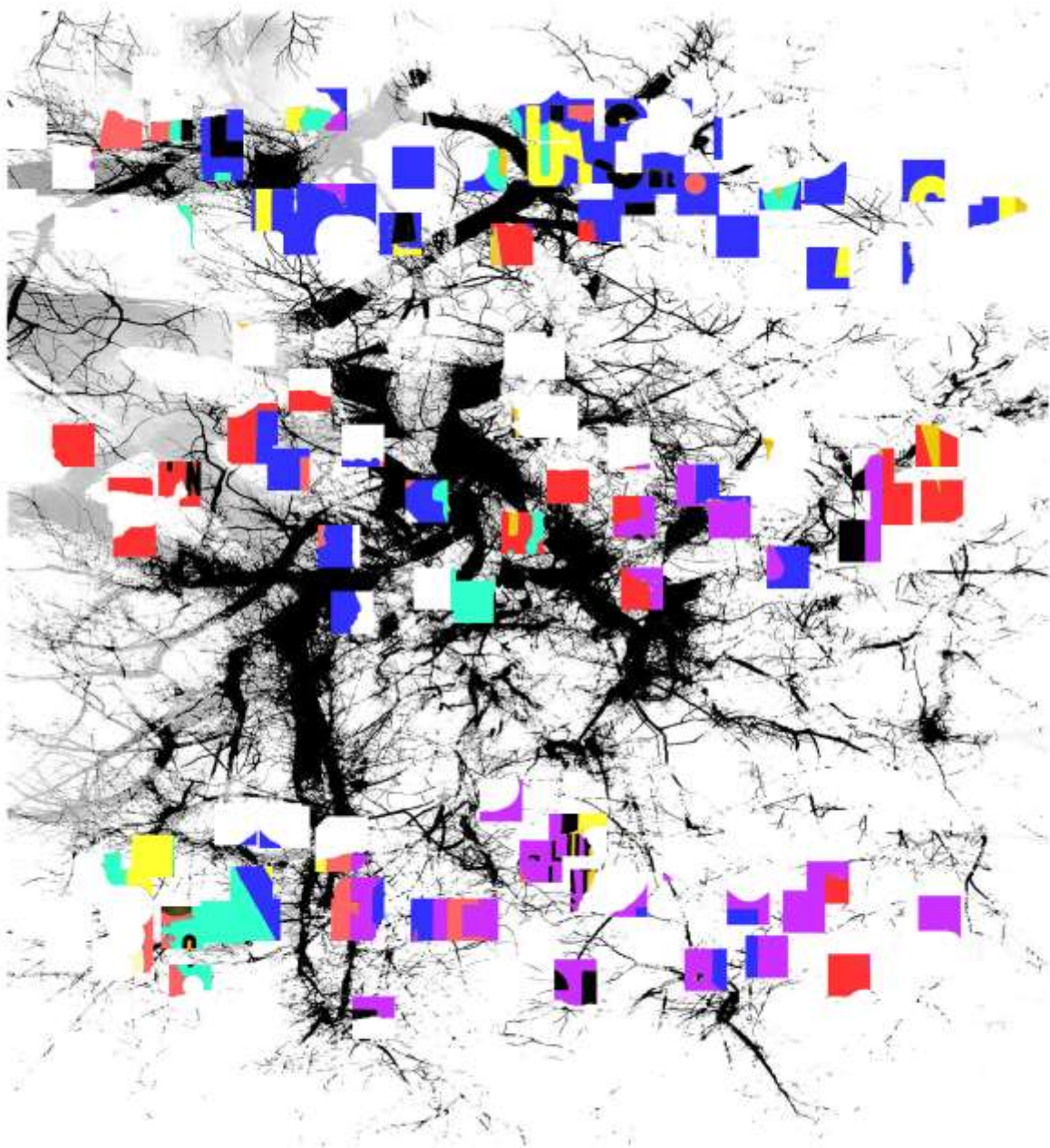




Haiku #1



Haiku #2



Haiku #3



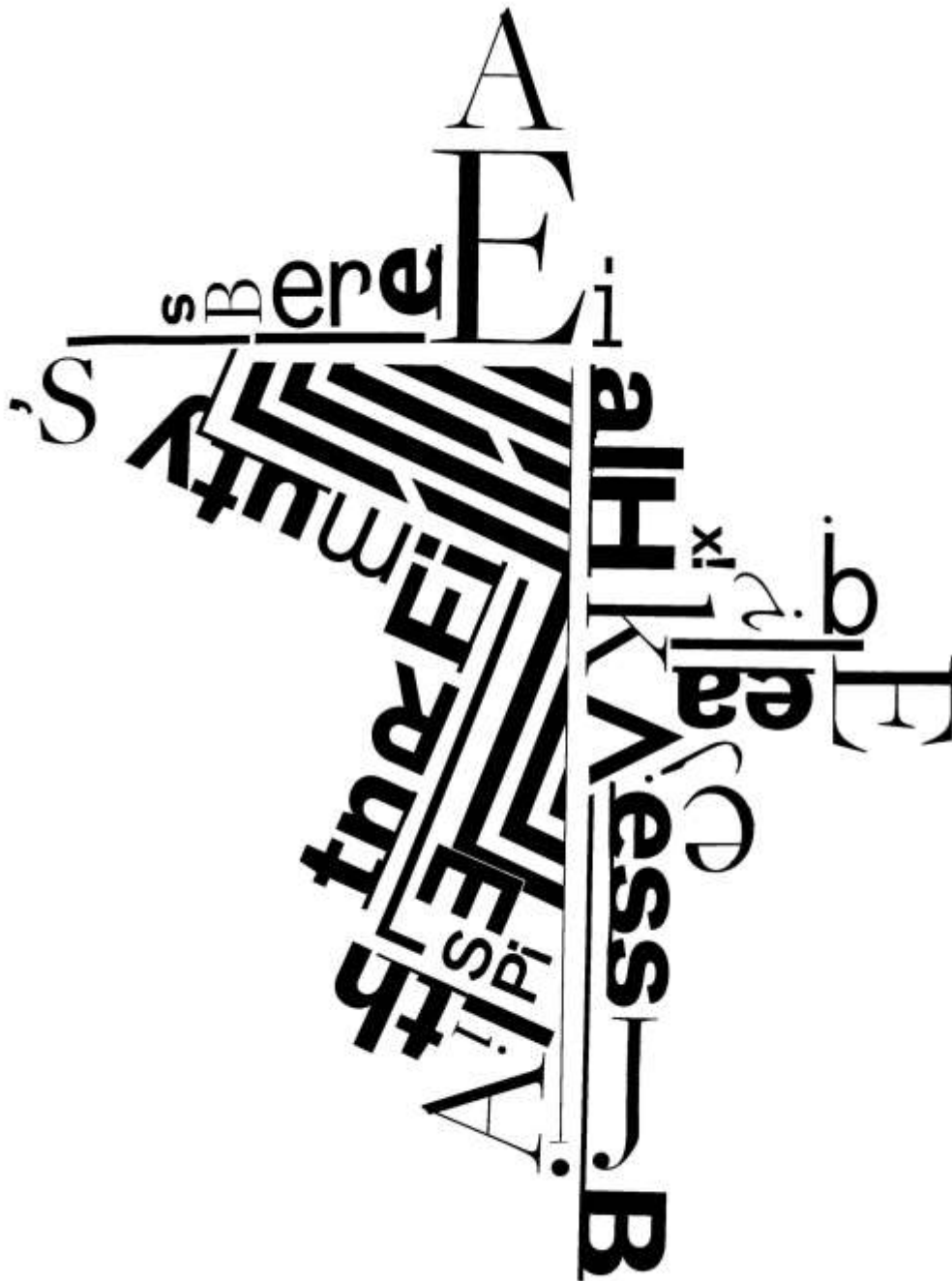
Letter Collage



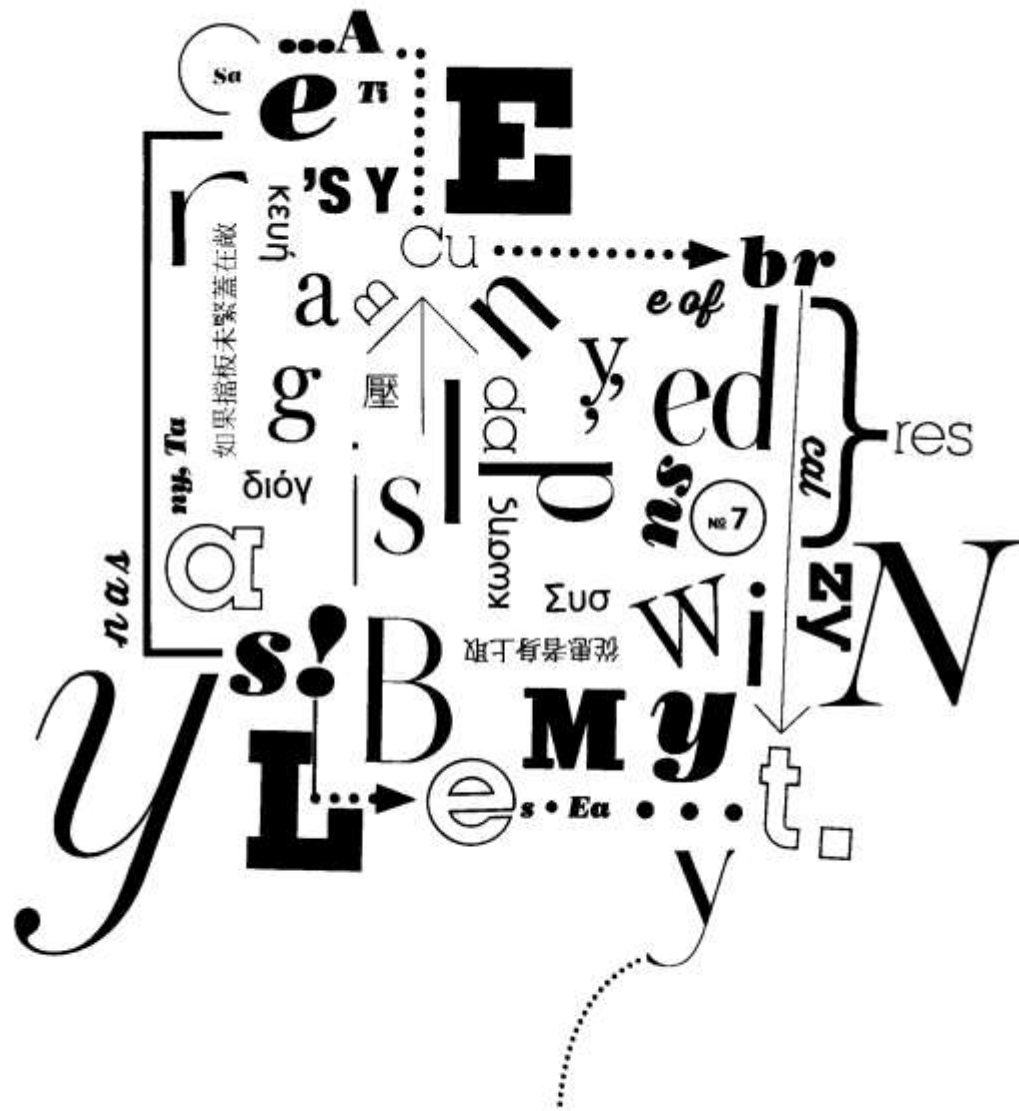
Letter Collage



Letter Collage

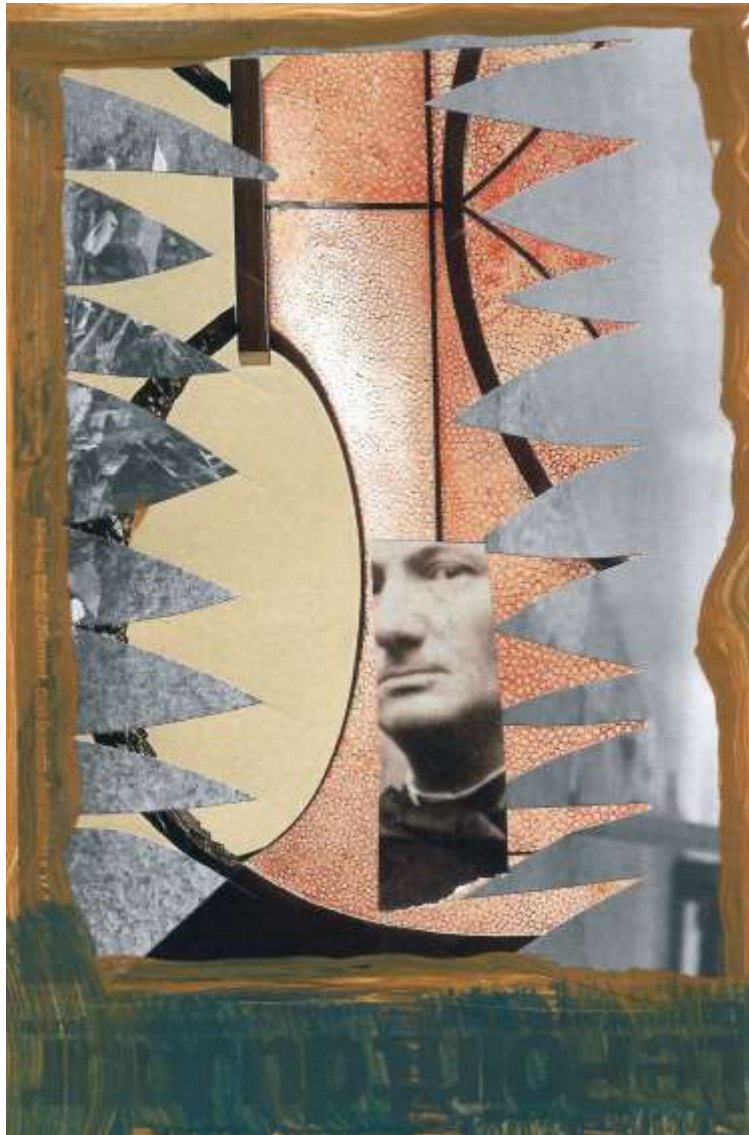


Letter Collage



Christian ALLE

Le Point du Jour 1



Christian ALLE

Le Point du Jour 2



Christian ALLE

Le Point du Jour 3

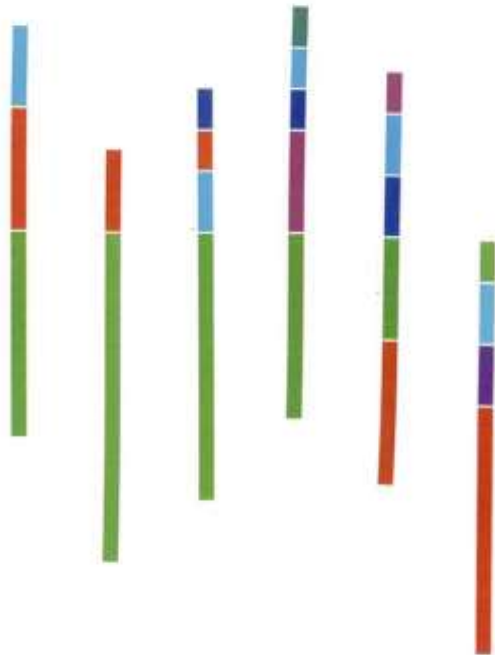


Christian ALLE

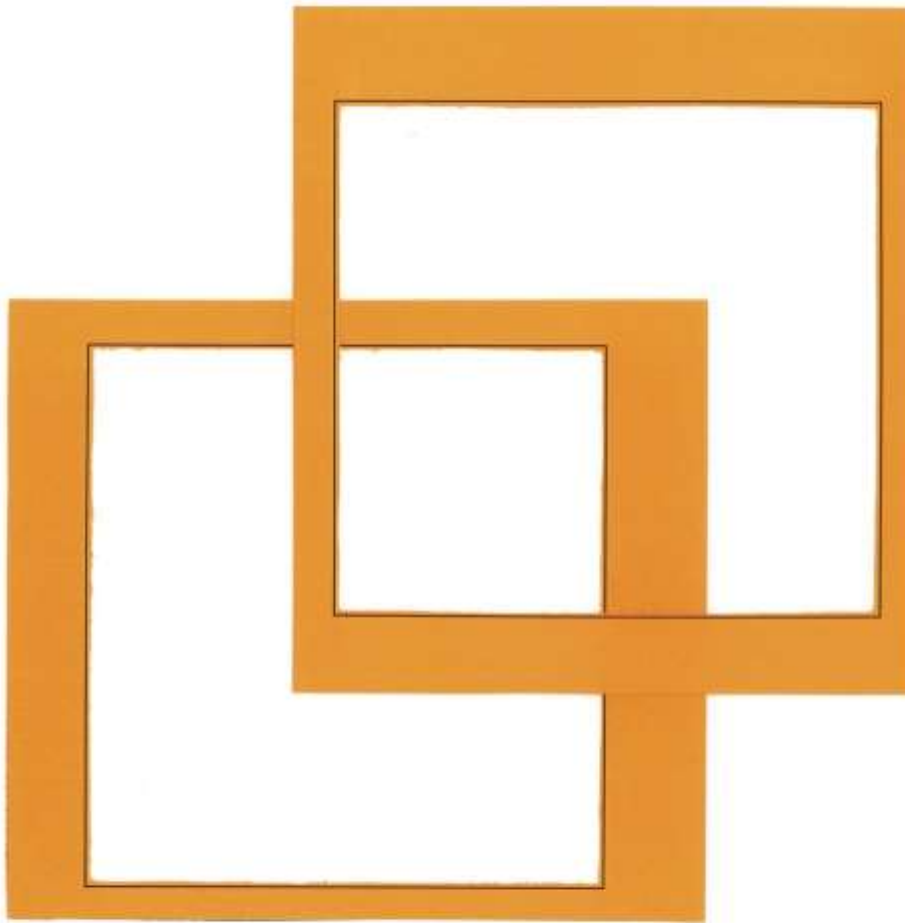
Le Point du Jour 4



Multi-Adventure



Orthodox

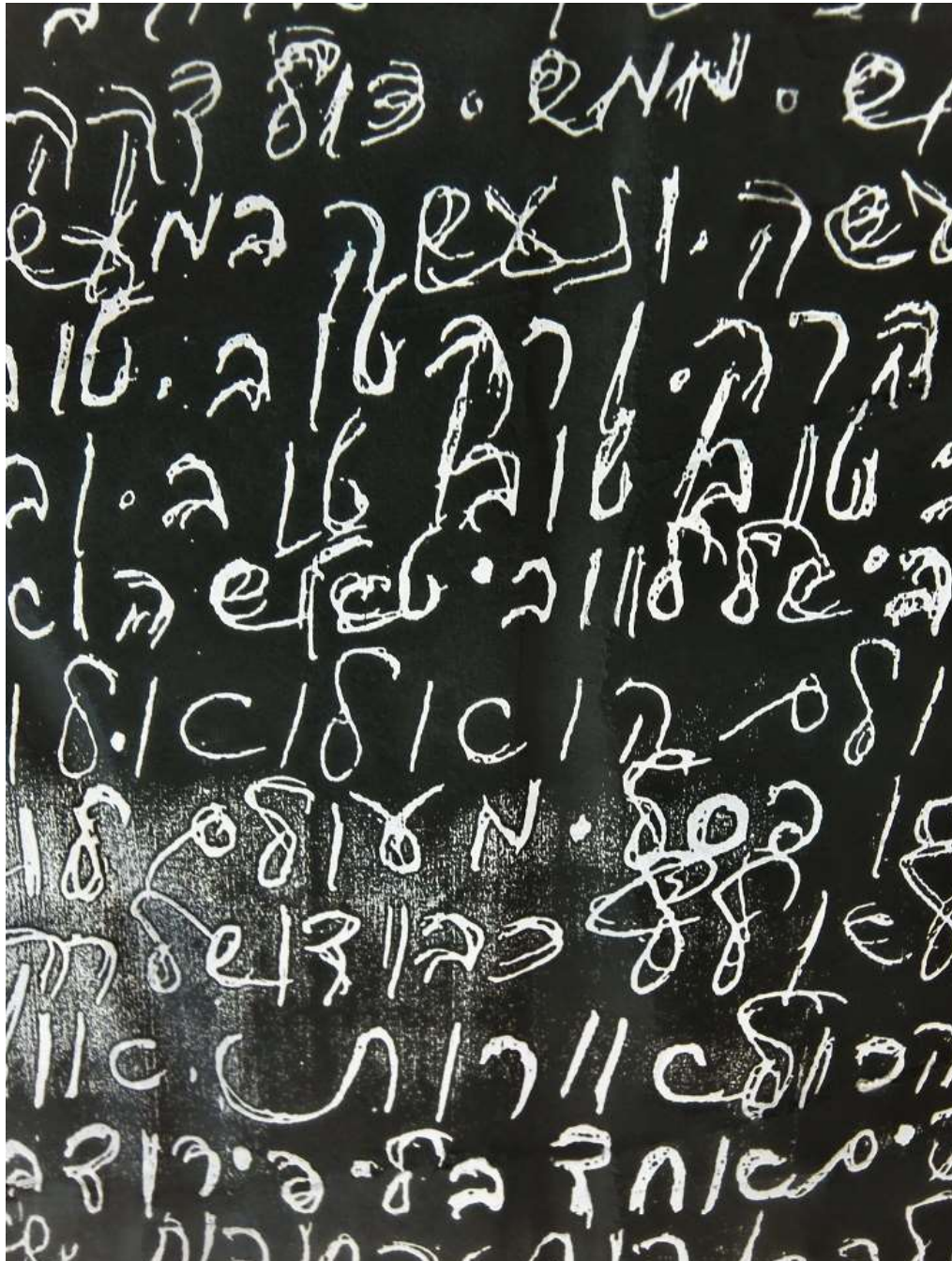


ORTHODOX

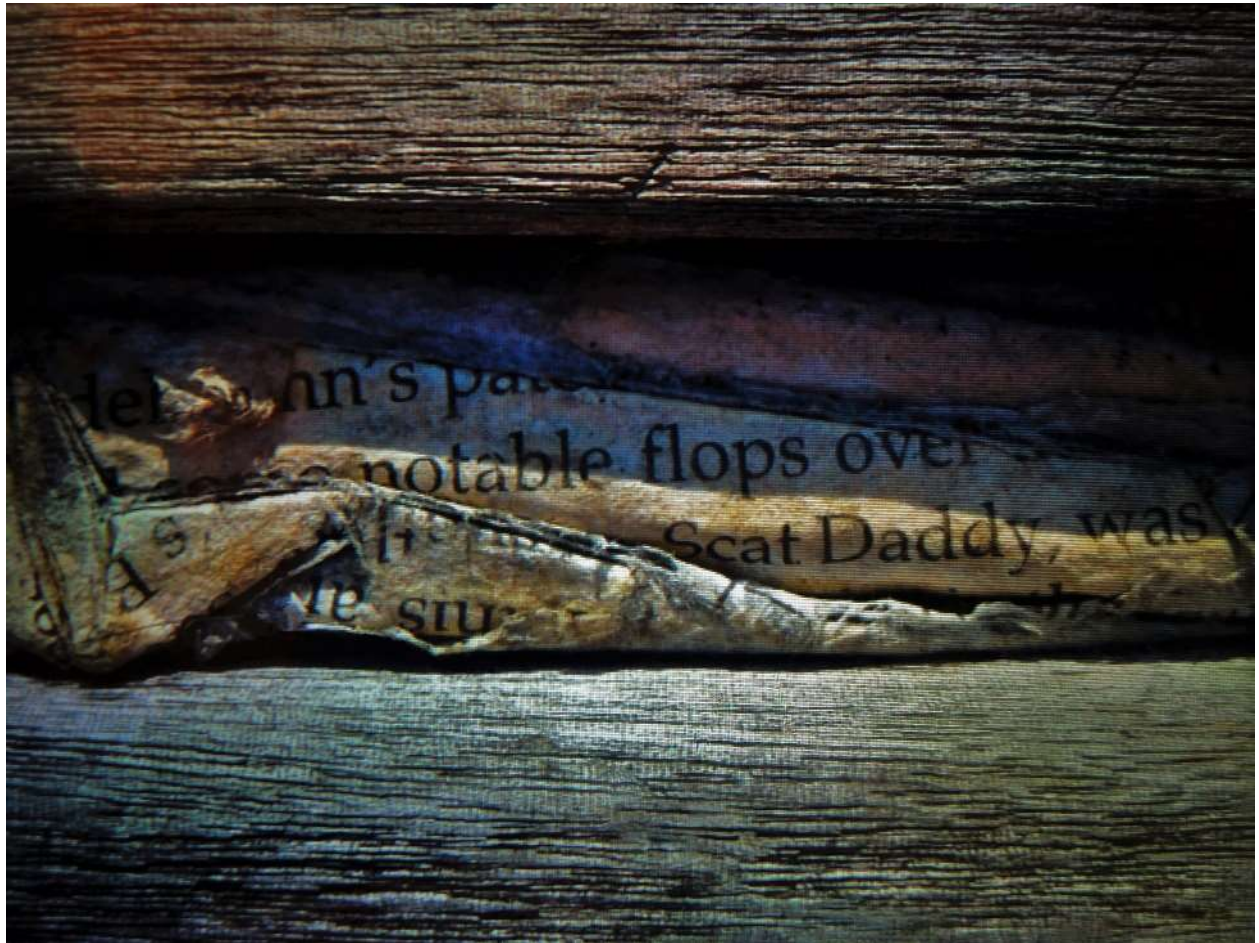
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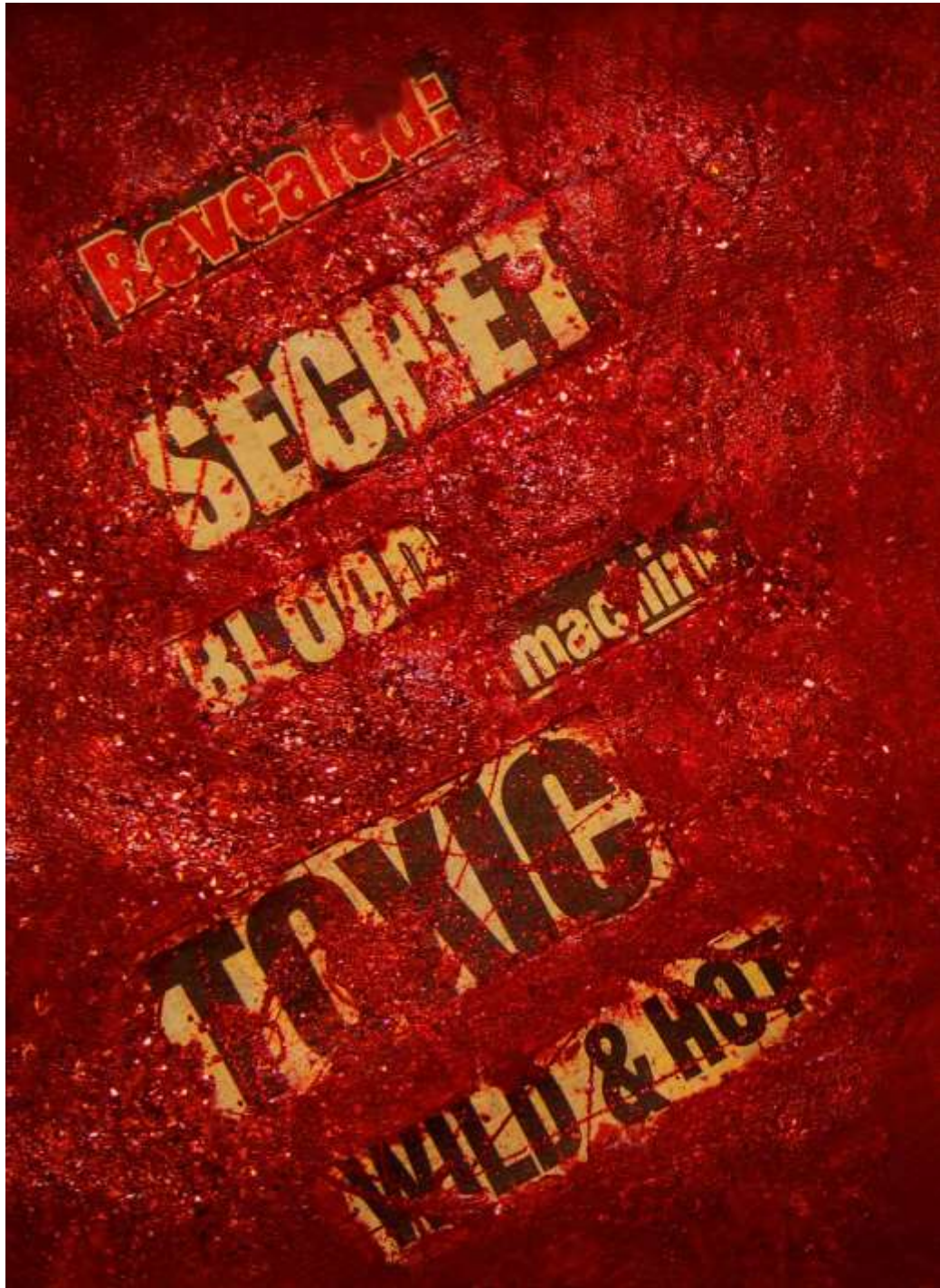
Found Writing Processed



Weather-beaten Newspaper Wedged Between Two Planks of a Wooden Bench



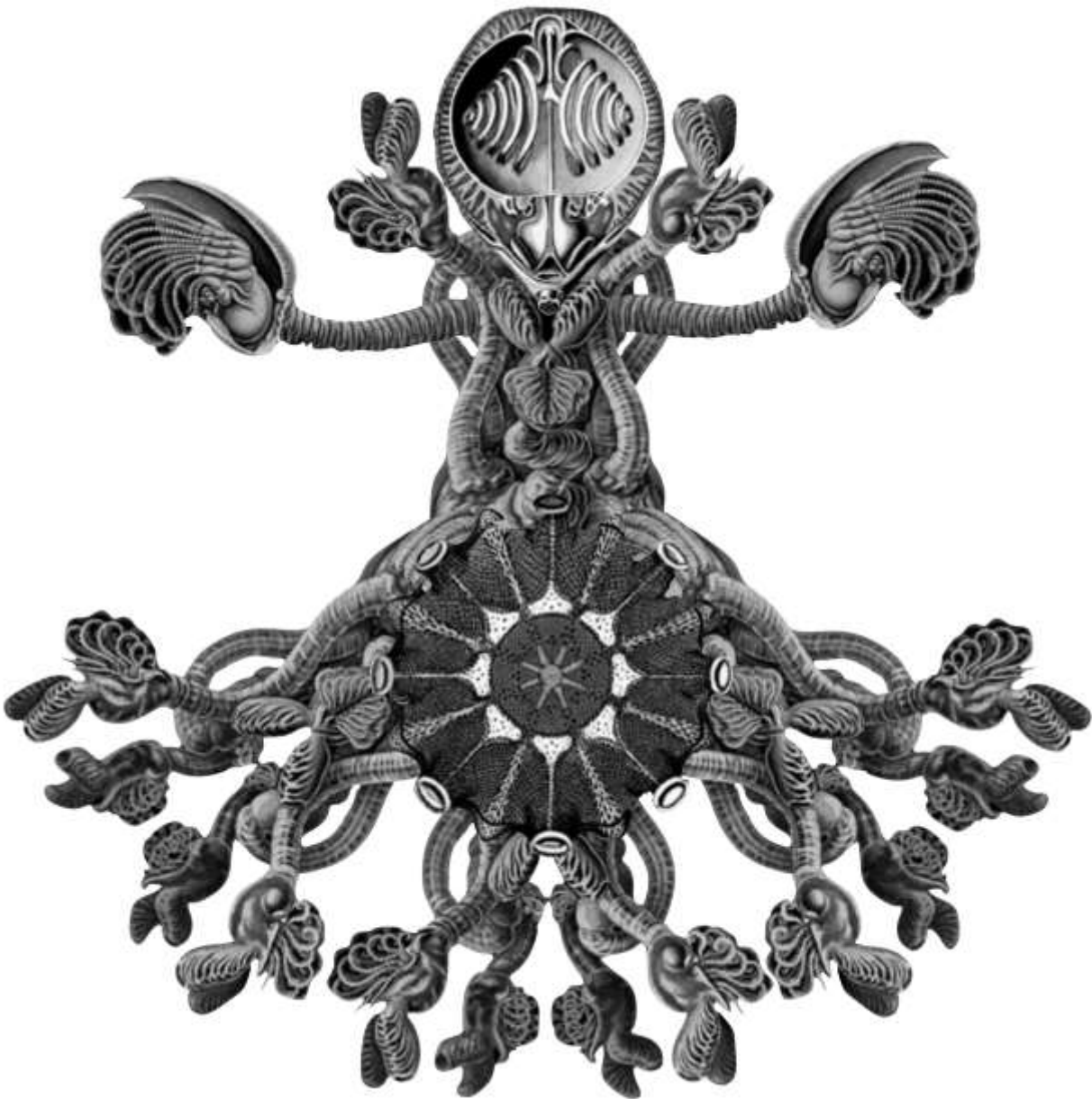
Secret Blood machine



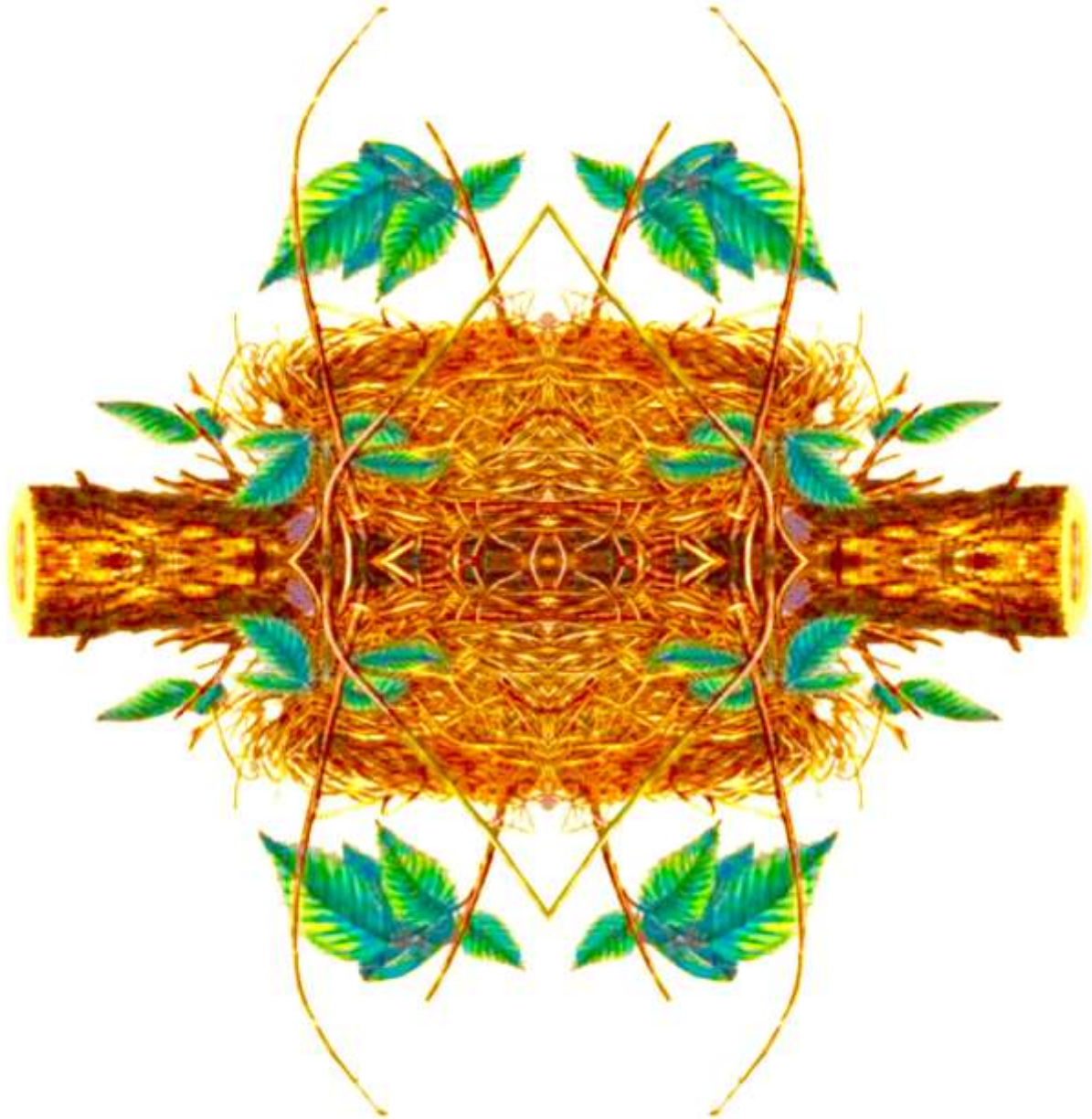
What Could Remain Green Without You



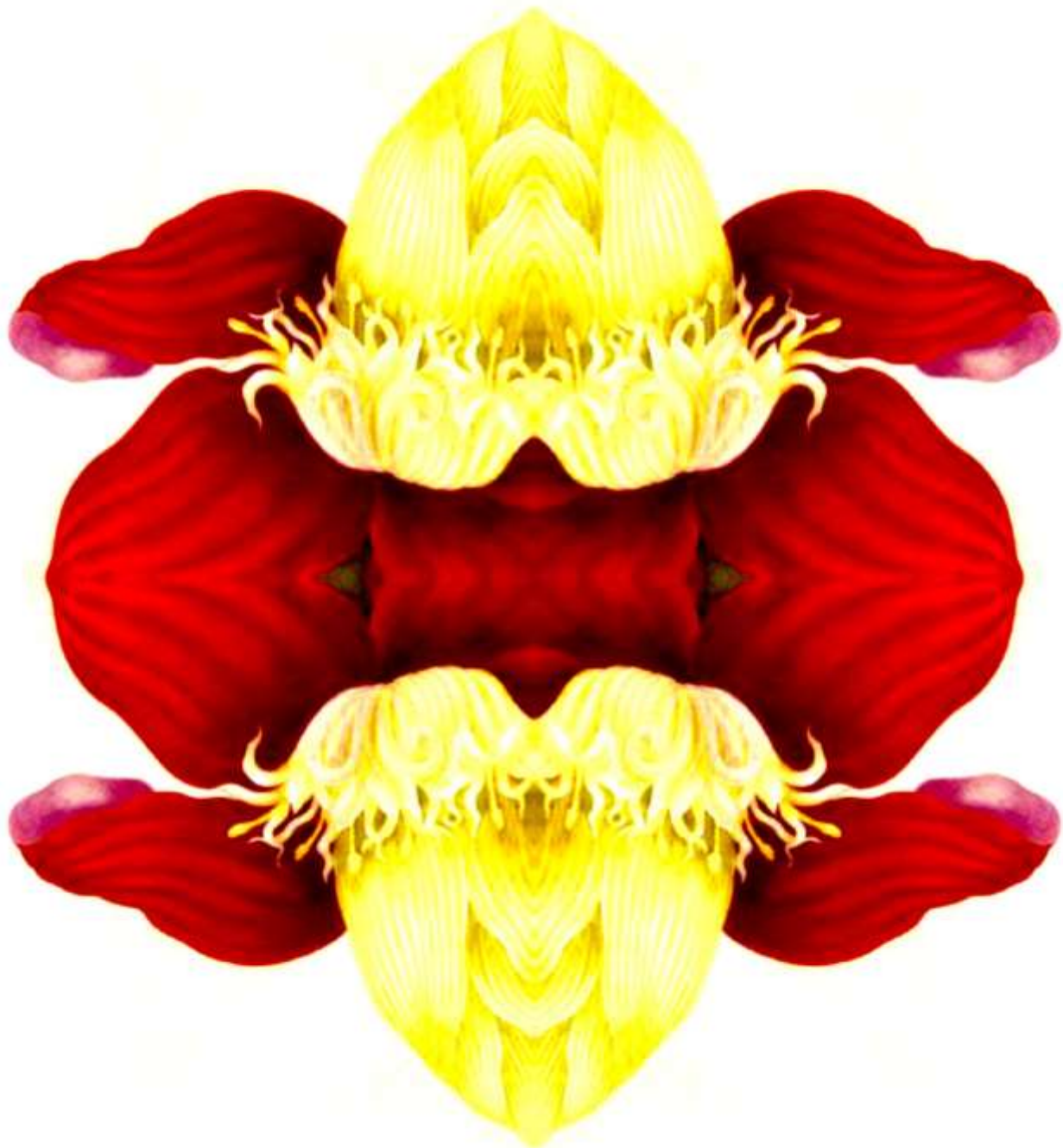
Mysterious Circumstances



Stirred by an Irresistible Warmth



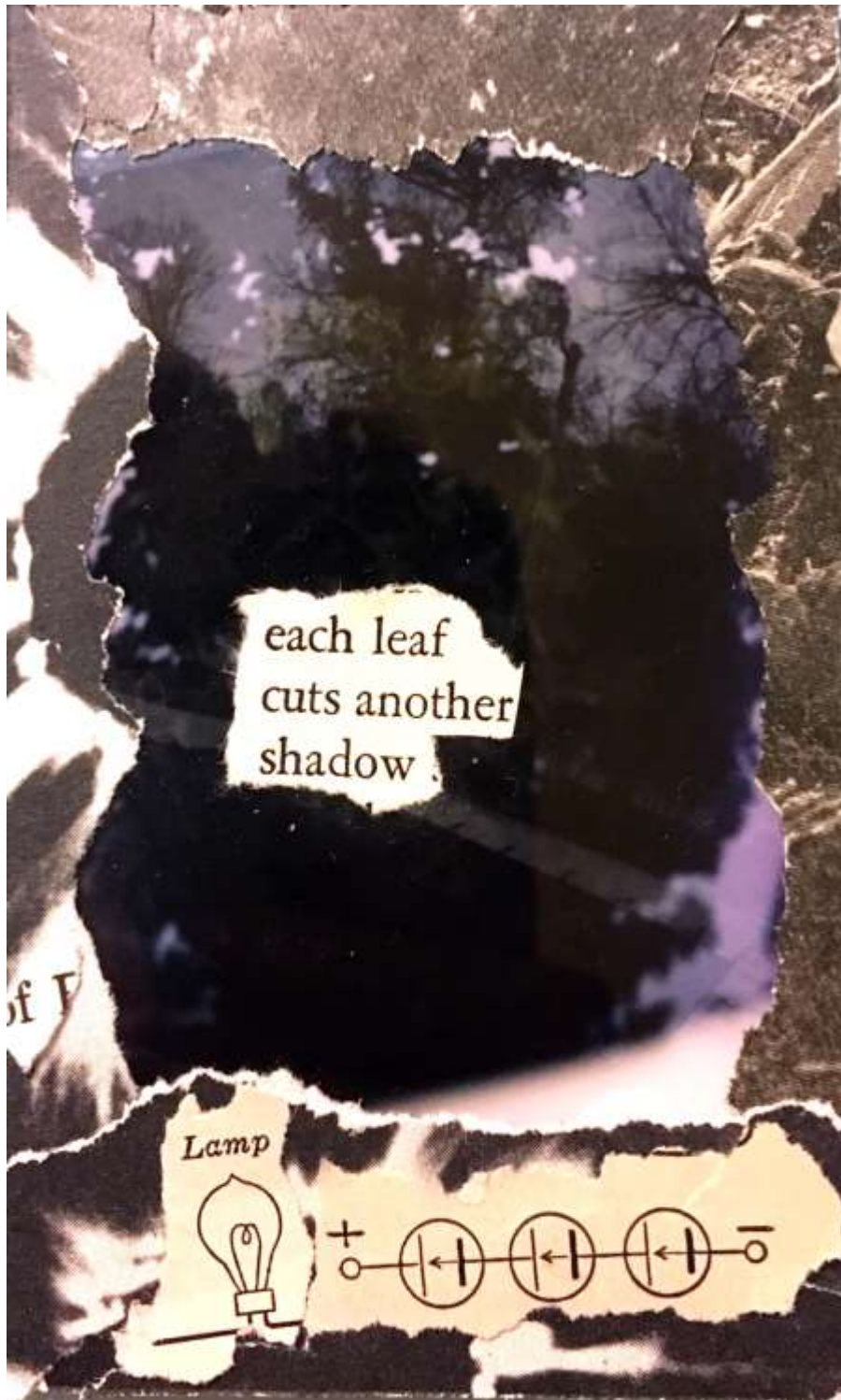
The Smile of Silk



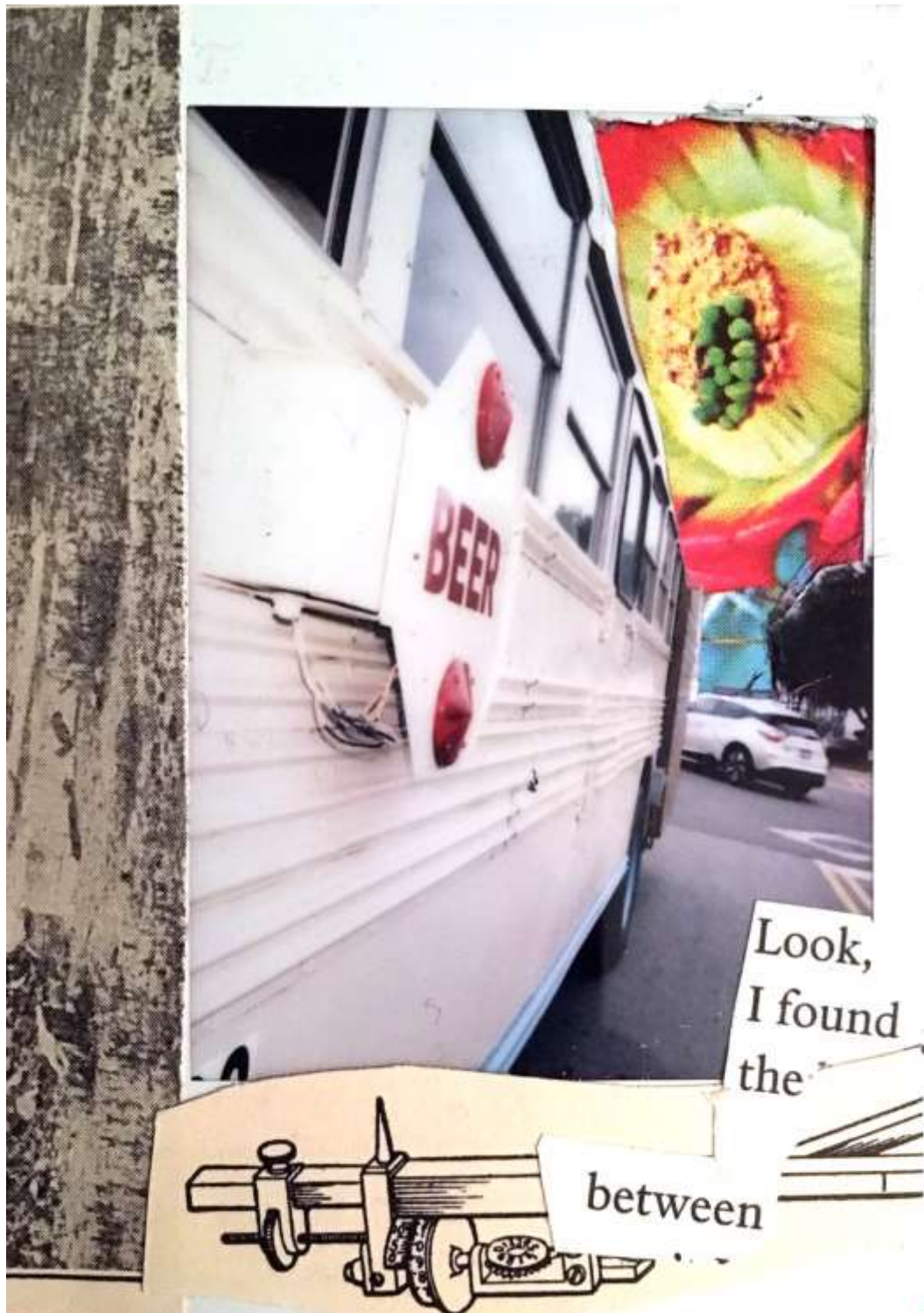
from *Auto-Postcards*



from *Auto-Postcards*



from *Auto-Postcards*

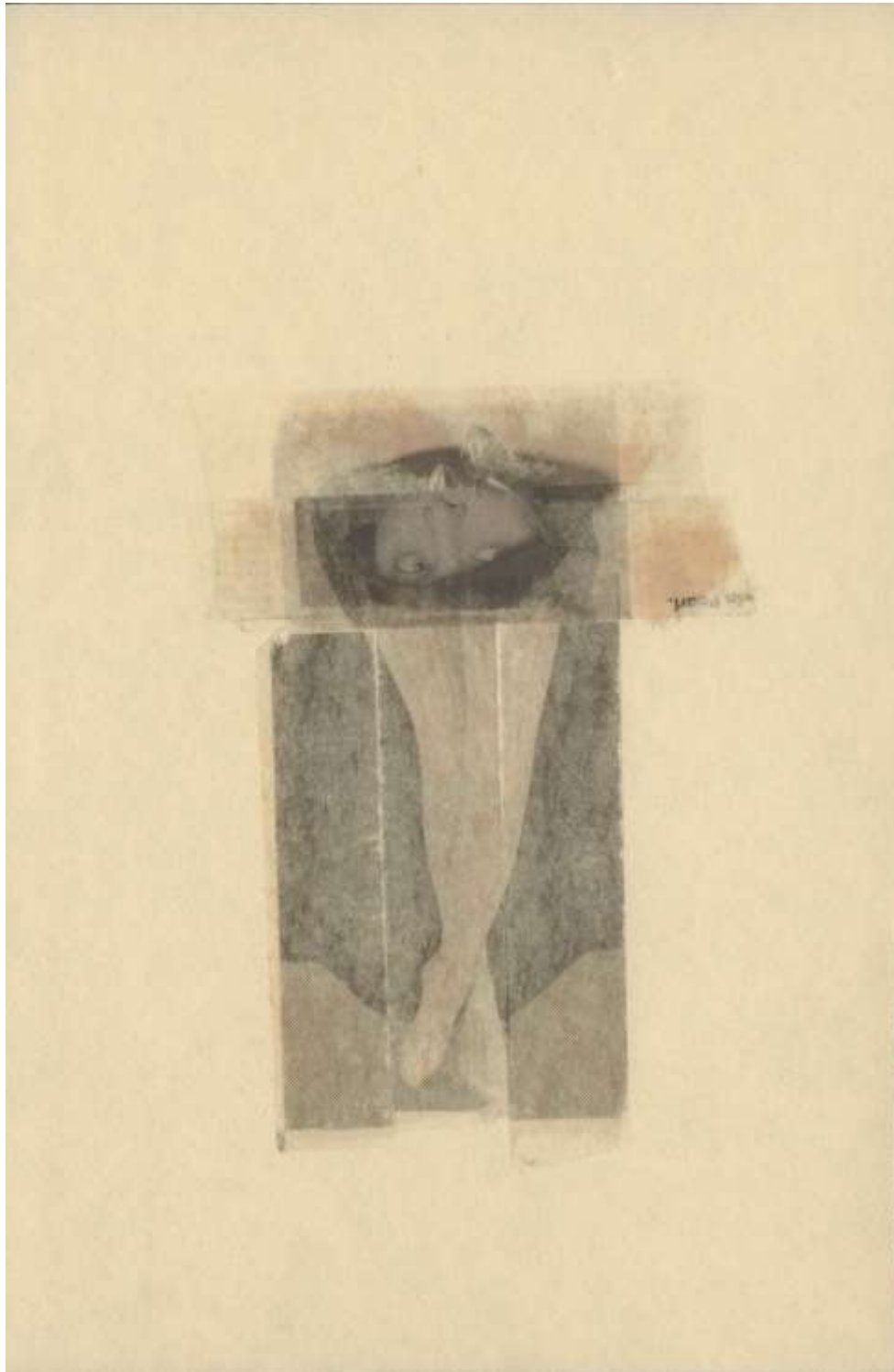


Seth Copeland

from *Auto-Postcards*



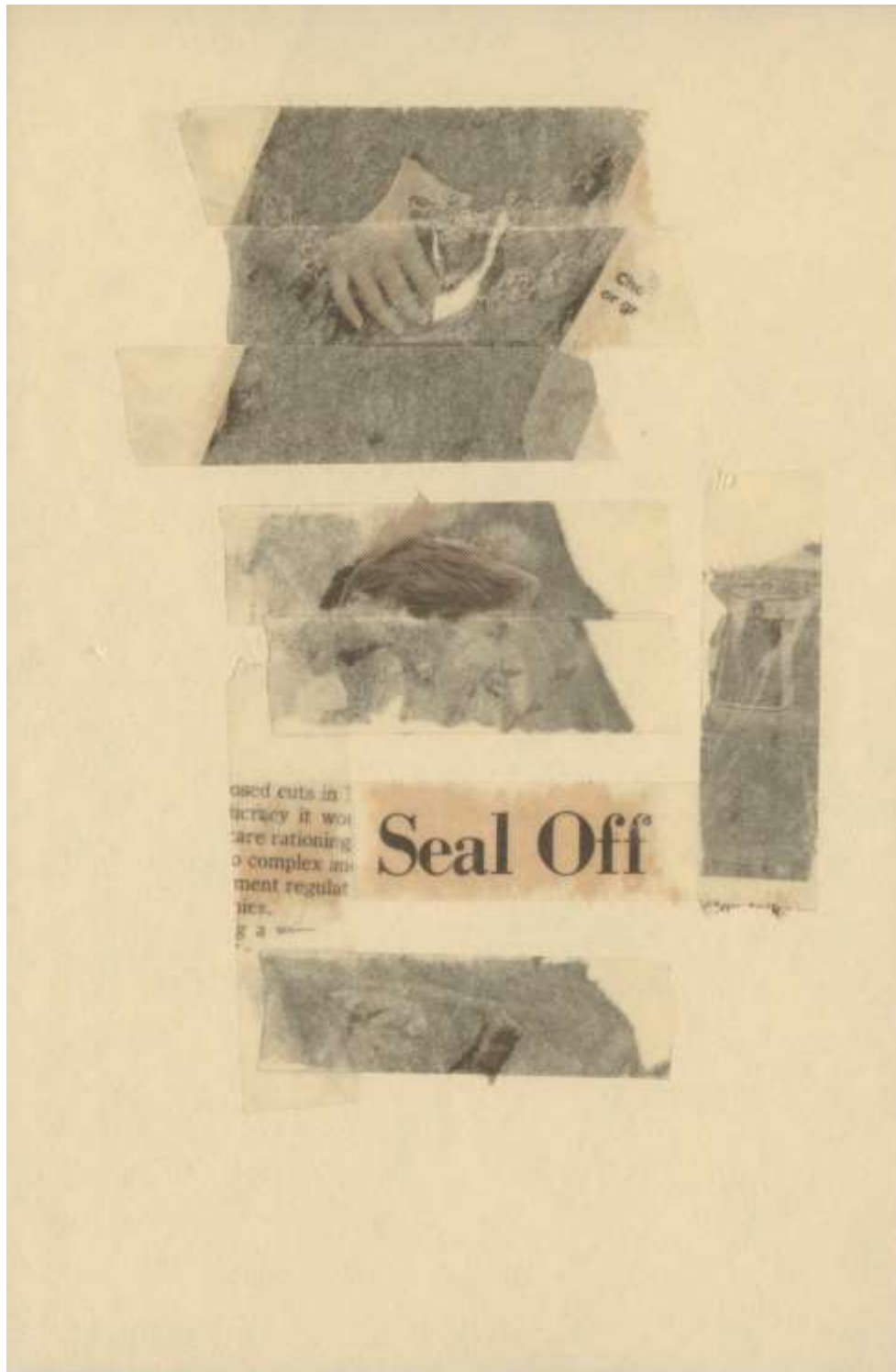
Tape Sample 17



Tape Sample 18

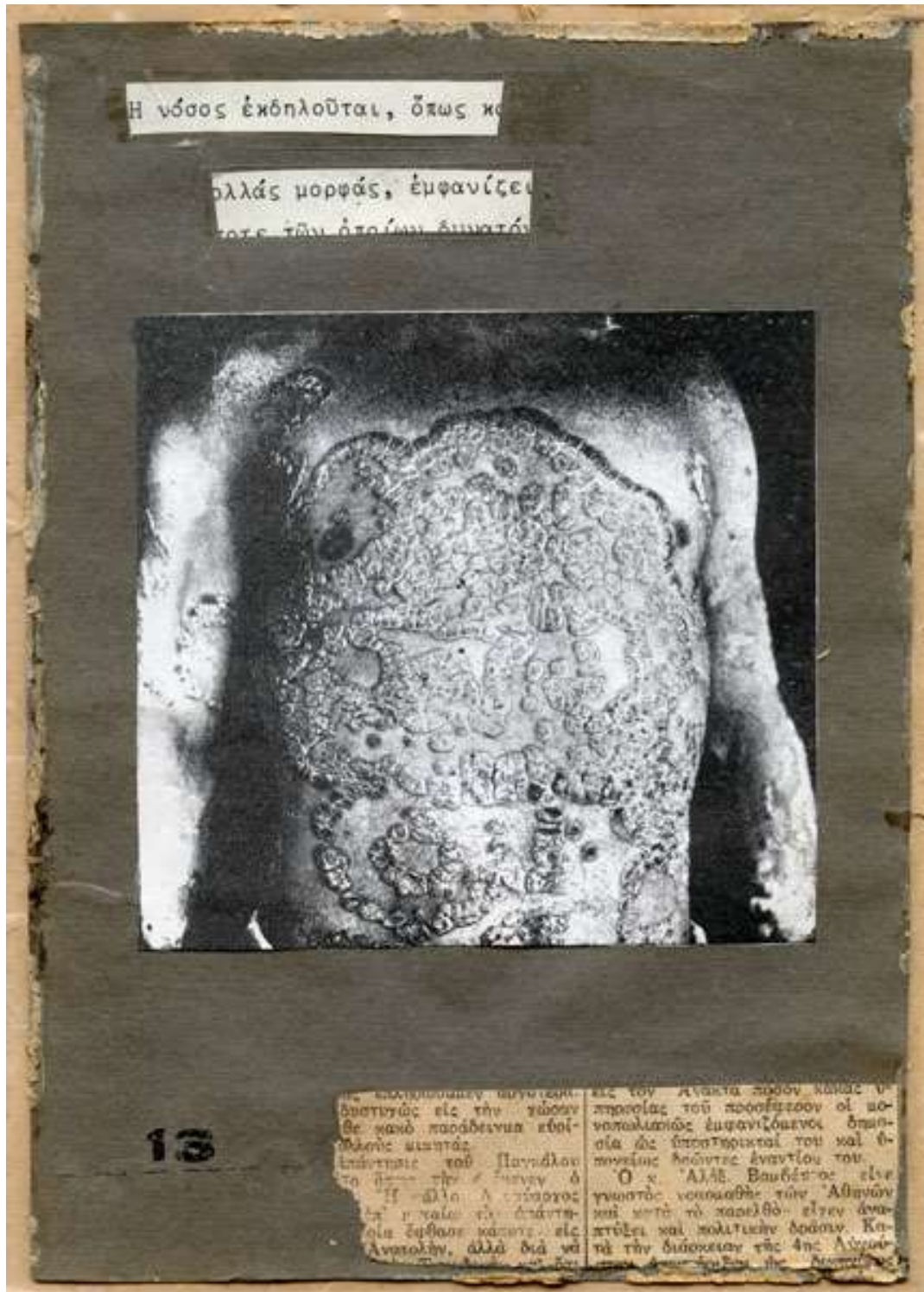


Tape Sample 19



Tape Sample 20





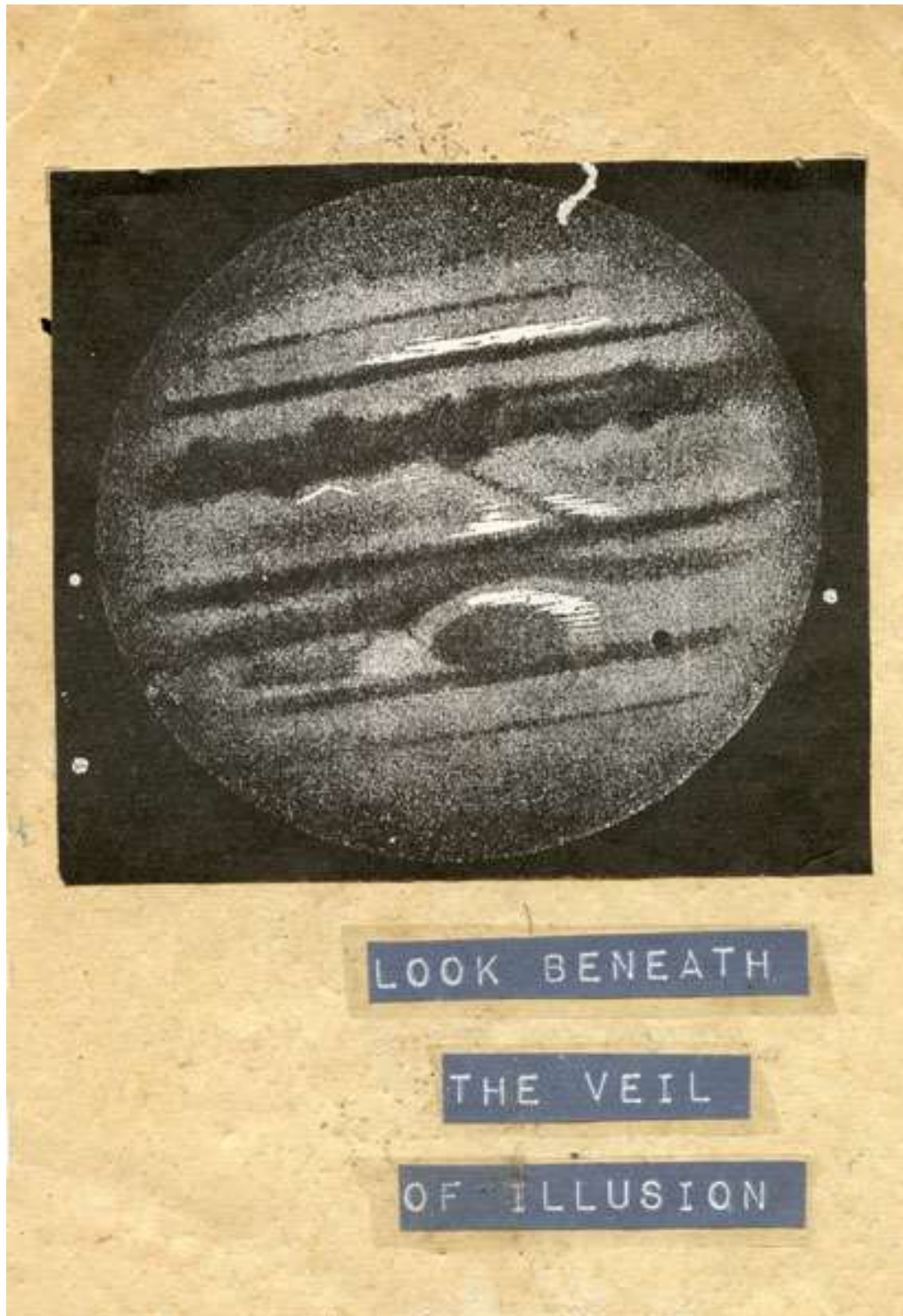
Cosmos 2



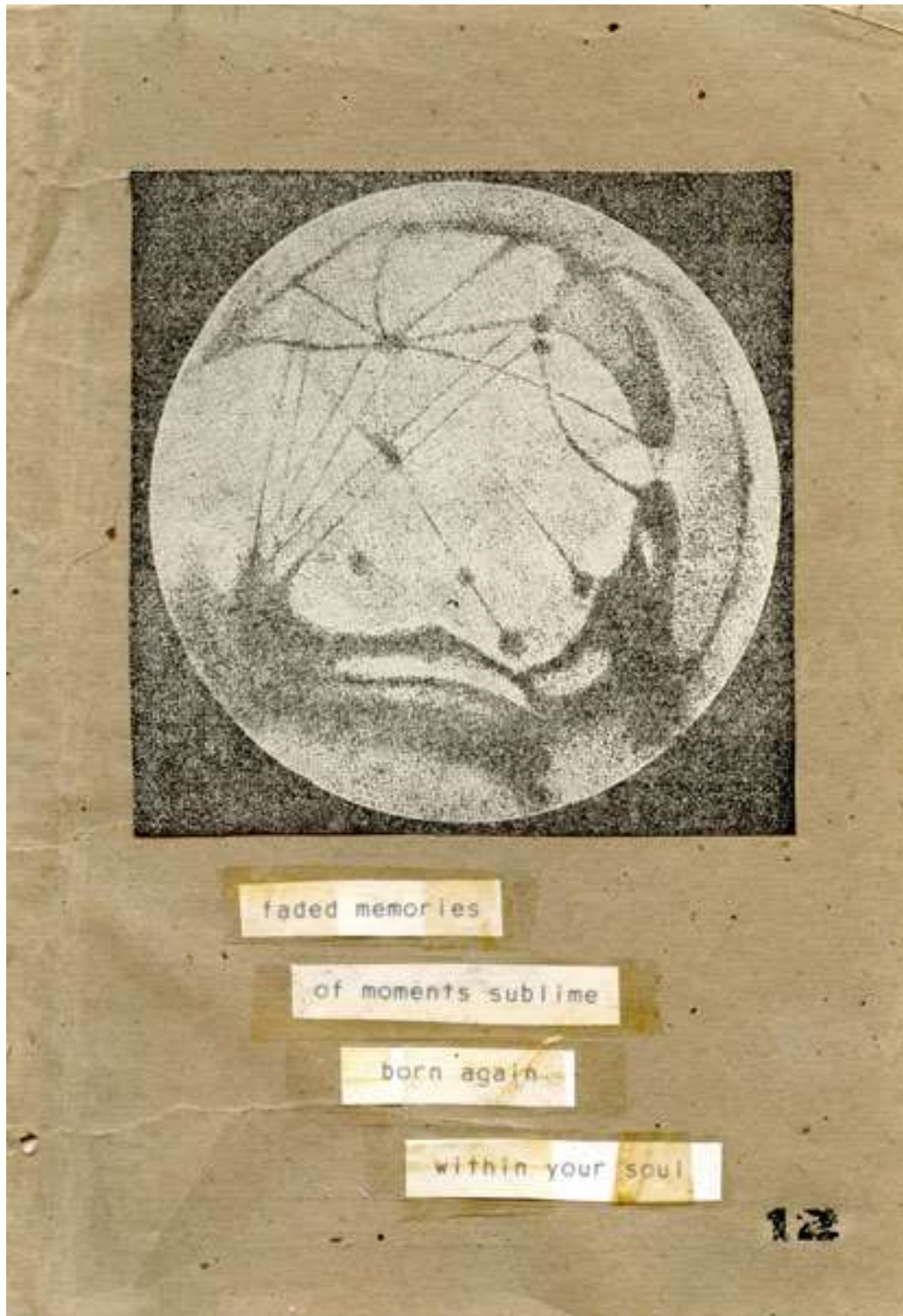
Cosmos 5



Cosmos 8



Cosmos 9



The Shimmering Damage of *Cherokee Road Kill*

Celia Bland, *Cherokee Road Kill*, Dr. Cicero Books, 2018

“There was the first crash,” begins Celia Bland’s third collection—such a simple way to tell us that there are many crashes to come. In the Cherokee, North Carolina, of the 1970’s, where Bland grew up and where she sets *Cherokee Road Kill*, life can feel cheap, a sad wisp of smoke left over from some bonfire heyday. Now, instead of proud Native warriors, we have boys who flip Jeeps and end up “scotch-taped” to a buckboard, lungs inflated with a bicycle pump.

Entropy in this world is so palpable you can taste it. The poems struggle with worth, the value of crumbling people in a crumbling region. Many of these poems are observational, a speaker casting a cool and careful eye, unflinching but not editorializing. The observational stance works well here because it obscures agency; the damage feels fated, just as the people in these poems—teens, family members, the “I” herself—feel buffeted by these fates. Fate flips Kenny Arrowhead’s car; a dream compels the speaker’s mother to buy a trailer out of the want ads.

Then, though, the reader will be jolted by the intimacy of a line. In the midst of description of “teen king” Stanely’s wired-shut jaw, his “pursed lips a bottle cap/about to pop,” for instance, Stanley thinks, “[B]ut who holds on to me?/Who is brave enough to let me go?” In “Brave,” a boy remembers his mother’s whisper and “her fingers interlacing/the softest plate/of skull.” Such an intimate portrayal of the potential for damage.

Never in the midst of this world of disorder is the poems’ music given short shrift. Each piece is infused with it. “Call it cash crop and cuss its shag-clotted, combed, carded, and shredded/like Carolina barbeque,” Bland writes. Later in the collection, a boy is

(m)aybe snapping bloodroot to sip red sap
or sucking a redbone cottonmouth
flat as a dollar bill.

Still later:
A hood crimped like crust, head
lights, windshield bead-
ing the wipers
with frost.

That attention to beauty in the language spills over into the world it’s describing, so that this world of despair still shimmers. The reader lingers in the state of decay and somehow finds it achingly beautiful, like the moldy old house the speaker inherits along with these memories.

Even the rare cleaner, greener memories feel like they’re set in a context of decay. Witness some of the loveliest lines in the book, the speaker’s memory of a boy named Eugene:

You, Gene, a stalk green from the soft earth, graduating

white as a scallion. Crisp. A blossom trumpet of lily, the
orange stain, the freckling stamen.

He's compared to something so fleeting: a silent, fragile trumpet ready to curl its petals. From so many angles, Cherokee feels like a place of loss.

All of this is packed into the book's first half, setting the stage for its second and final section, which tunnels into one particular loss: Louise, "whose hair hung in two halves like honey," a young woman whose fate is sealed when she volunteers to teach at a local prison. When he is released, one of her students shows up at the Christian bookstore where Louise works. The affair feels as fated, and is as deadly, as so much described in Section I's poems. When the two first meet in the prison classroom, "the thread of her raveled," and it continues to until her death.

This section appeals to my love of narrative, but it also allows for a more lingering look at the time and place Bland is illuminating in *Cherokee Road Kill*. The first section sets up the atmosphere for this drama, so that when we meet Louise, we understand her near-hopeless context, the water crashing "unseen over the falls" as she "leans into the black air." Her life is cheapened the way the others were—which is not to say she doesn't struggle. But her lover—and fate—win. And the entropy is still everywhere, even the tin cans in a road ditch "thinning to brittle bitterness."

The section's length allows for a worthy examination of the place where Louise and her unnamed lover meet. The prison is described in detail—the color of the chairs where Louise waits for clearance, the quality of the glass that divides her from prison staff on her way to the school wing. One poem, "Red is In/White is Out," outlines in a broken, confused, illogical structure the broken, confused, illogical rules that govern correctional facilities. The form not only mirrors that content, it also illuminates the lure of the forbidden tangled there: "Denim women Inmates NOTICE Cleavage Swag Bags in /Library....East Wing angel Wing west No Green Pants women denim/Contraband Cell..."

The section also allows examination of Louise's motivation for ending her pregnancy. "Before the Abortion" defies the fateful atmosphere of most of the book; in it, Louise is decisive, making her own life paramount rather than the one "quickenings" inside her:

Infinite change, without her consent
but with her body's
collusion.

...her blood, pumping double,
said yep and yep.
Meanwhile, self,
struggling to resurface,
pushed open the porch
door into the orchard.

...She would swallow her.

In the end, Louise's decisiveness leads to her death, as her lover cannot abide her decision—nor, perhaps, her ability and desire to make a decision for herself at all. She is sacrificed to the will of this man, a knot of rage and emptiness, “a ghostly revenant of the vengeance wreaked on some kid/ brave enough to test him.” We feel in those later poems that he has forced her back into an atmosphere ruled by fate.

The second section does with patience what the first does with urgency: Lures us into this world of decay and buffeting. We may not want to live there, and I doubt Bland is sorry she bucked the fates and left, either. But through her deft poetic hand, it is a luminous place to visit.

Christian ALLE is a painter, collagist and photographer, and has been active in mail art networks since the 1990's. He is the publisher and animator of *Nada Zero*. He lives near Cherbourg, a small seaside resort in Normandy, France.

Marcia Arrieta's recent poetry collections include *perimeter homespun* (BlazeVOX 2019) and *vestiges* (Dancing Girl 2019). Her work appears in *Otoliths*, *Marsh Hawk*, *Angel City*, *Anastamos*, *Helen*, *Whiskey Island*, *Eratio*, *Barrow Street*, *Empty Mirror*, *So to Speak*, *Conjunctions Online*, *Columbia Journal*, and *Hobart*, among others. She edits and publishes *Indefinite Space*, a poetry/art journal.

Jeff Bagato is a multi-media artist living near Washington, DC. He produces poetry and prose as well as electronic music and glitch video. Some of his poetry and visuals have appeared in *3AM*, *Angry Old Man*, *BlazeVOX*, *Empty Mirror*, *Futures Trading*, *Otoliths*, *The New Post-Literate*, *Utsanga*, and *Word For/Word*. Some short fiction has appeared in *Danse Macabre* and *Future Cactus*. He has published nineteen books, all available through the usual online markets, including *Savage Magic* (poetry) and *Computing Angels* (fiction). A blog about his writing and publishing efforts can be found at jeffbagato.com.

Christopher Barnes co-edits the poetry magazine *Interpoetry* (interpoetry.com). His reviews and criticism have appeared in *Poetry Scotland*, *Jacket Magazine*, *Peel*, and *Combustus*. He has given readings in numerous venues, including Waterstones Bookshop, Newcastle's Morden Tower, and the Proudwords lesbian and gay writing festival. His poetry collection *LOVEBITES* was published by Chanticleer Press in 2005. He lives in Newcastle, UK.

Michael Brandonisio is a creative writer, photographer and visual artist. Besides poetry, he has written two short one-act plays and has published fiction under his own name and also using the pen name Linc Madison. His work has appeared in print and on the web in various journals such as *Angry Old Man*, *Word For/Word*, *Otoliths*, *Centrifuge*, *Small Portions*, *Eunoia Review*, and elsewhere.

Active correspondence artist and poet Tom Cassidy, co-founder of '70s' avant performance troupe The Impossibilists, is currently on the boards of *Rain Taxi* and *Cheap Theatre*, both based in Minneapolis near Tom and the 15,000 books he purchased in one day.

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

Seth Copeland's work is recent & scheduled in *Theta Wave*, *ctrl + v*, *Heavy Feather Review*, *Dream Pop*, and *Paint Bucket*. Originally from Oklahoma, he currently studies in Milwaukee. He is the founding editor of *petrichor* (petrichormag.com). His twitter handle is @SethTCopeland.

Darren Demaree's poems have appeared, or are scheduled to appear in numerous magazines and journals, including *Hotel Amerika*, *Diode*, *North American Review*, *New Letters*, *Diagram*, and the *Colorado Review*. He is the author of eleven poetry collections, most recently *Emily As Sometimes the Forest Wants the Fire* (Harpoon Book, 2019). He is the Managing Editor of the *Best of the Net Anthology* and *Ovenbird Poetry*. He is currently living and writing in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.

Herbert Dittersdorf is a poet, and an employee at a psychiatric facility working in Cleveland, OH. He has previously been published in Kenyon College's literary magazine, *HIKA*.

Mark DuCharme's recent books of poetry include *We, the Monstrous: Script for an Unrealizable Film* (The Operating System, 2018), *The Unfinished: Books I-VI* (BlazeVox, 2013) and *Answer* (BlazeVox, 2011). *Counter Fluencies 1-20* appeared as part of the print journal *The Lune* (2017), and other work is recent or forthcoming in *Caliban Online*, *Colorado Review*, *Dispatches from the Poetry Wars*, *Ethel*, *Human Repair Kit*, *Monday Night*, *New American Writing*, *Unlikely Stories*, and *Noon: An Anthology of Short Poems* (Isobar Press: due 2019). He lives in Boulder, Colorado

Jesse Freeman is long time visual artist and poet living and working in New Orleans. She and Scott Helmes have collaborated on numerous publications and visual poems, with her visualization of the human figure and face often central to the finished work.

Howie Good is the author of *The Titanic Sails at Dawn* (Alien Buddha Press, 2019).

Adam Greenberg's poetry has recently appeared or is forthcoming from *Best American Experimental*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Tagvverk*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, and *Witness*, among others. His translations of the work of Mexican poet Carla Faesler have appeared in *Chicago Review*, *Asymptote*, *Erizo*, and *Anomaly*. He recently graduated from Brown University with an MFA in poetry, and lives in Washington, DC where he teaches writing

Scott Helmes is a poet, book artist, writer, artist, architect and photographer. His experimental poetry has been collected, published and exhibited worldwide for over 40 years. Books published in 2019 include *Recents*, Redfox Press, Ireland (2019), and *Magazine The Cut-Up Asemics*, Asemic Press, 2019, Minneapolis, MN. Book Art work includes being an invited exhibitor to: *Wallpaper An Exhibition of Altered Books*, Traffic Zone Gallery, July, 2018, Minneapolis, MN. Exhibitor and Presenter, *Art of Language: the Synergy of Text and Image*, Perlman Teaching Museum, Carleton College, MN, April 2019. His work is also included in *A History of Visual Text Arts*, *Karl Kempton*, and *Synapse International Anthology*. His studio is located in Minneapolis, MN, USA.

Valerie Hsiung is the author of three full-length poetry collections, the latest of which is her *e f g* (Action Books). Individual poems can be found or are forthcoming in *The Nation*, *The Believer*, *Tammy*, *Gramma*, *So & So Magazine*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Pinwheel*, *PEN Poetry Series*, *American Letters & Commentary*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, *Poetry Northwest*, *TAGVVERK*, *No Dear Magazine*, and beyond. The winner of the 2019 Kay Murphy Prize judged by Danielle Pafunda, she has performed her little poetry theater at Treefort Music Festival, DC Arts Center, Common Area Maintenance, Leon Gallery, Poetic Research Bureau, Rhizome, Shapeshifter Lab, and The Silent

Barn. Born and raised in southern Ohio by Chinese-Taiwanese immigrants, Hsiung is nowadays based out of New York.

Matthew Klane is co-editor at Flim Forum Press. His books include *Canyons* (w/ James Belflower, Flim Forum, 2016), *Che* (Stockport Flats, 2013) and *B* (Stockport Flats, 2008). An e-chapbook from *Of the Day* is online at Delete Press and an e-book *My* is online at Fence Digital. New collages are online or forthcoming from *ctrl + v*, *Gasher*, and *Fugue*. He currently lives and writes in Albany, NY, where he curates the REV Poetry Series, and teaches at Russell Sage College.

Tony Mancus is the author of a handful of chapbooks including *Apologies* (Reality Beach), *subject position* (Magnificent Field), *Bye Sea* (Tree Light Books), and *City Country* (Seattle Review). He lives with his wife and son and three yappy cats in Colorado, and serves as chapbook editor for Barrelhouse.

Kon Markogiannis is an experimental photographer-collage artist-visual poet-independent researcher with an interest in themes such as memory, mortality, spirituality, the human condition, the exploration of the human psyche and the evolution of consciousness. He embraces the indexical qualities of photography and its immediate impact on the viewer, but what he is mainly concerned with are the ways “reality” can be transformed. By manipulating the photographic medium and/or combining it with other media he is able to develop a personal and simultaneously transpersonal language which negotiates between subjective art and the photographic document. He sees his work as a kind of weapon against the ephemeral or, as Vilém Flusser would say, a “hunt for new states of things” (*Towards a Philosophy of Photography*). Kon has been exhibiting his art for many years (mainly in Greece and the UK) and his work has been featured in various books, journals and magazines. His university studies include a BA in Visual Communication Design, an MA in Photography and a Doctorate in Fine Art. He currently lives and works in Thessaloniki, Greece. His website is at konmark.com. He blogs at konmark.blogspot.com.

Steve Potter's writing has appeared in extant publications such as *Blazevox*, *Galatea Resurrects*, *Marginalia*, *Pacific Rim Review of Books*, and the *Golden Handcuffs Review* anthology *A Screw in the Shoe*, as well as in long gone and sorely missed publications such as *3rd Bed*, *Arson*, *Arthur*, *Nimble Jill Uphill*, and *Pindeldyboz*. He lives in the vastly overpriced city of Seattle and writes about books and literature at bookfreak.us.

Gretchen Primack is the author of *Visiting Days* (Willow Books, Editors Select Series 2019), set in a maximum-security men's prison, as well as two other poetry collections: *Kind* (Post-Traumatic Press), which explores the dynamic between humans and (other) animals, and *Doris' Red Spaces* (Mayapple Press). She also co-wrote, with Jenny Brown, *The Lucky Ones: My Passionate Fight for Farm Animals* (Penguin Avery). Her poems have appeared in *The Paris Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *FIELD*, *Ploughshares*, *Poet Lore*, and other journals. Primack has administrated and taught with college programs in prison for many years, and she moonlights at an indie bookstore in Woodstock, NY.

Steve Sorin currently lives in Durham, NC and practices rheumatology for a living. He has also enjoyed photography for over 40 years, and has, in the past, done his own silver gelatin printing. More recently he has switched over to digital color media. He particularly enjoys exploring how a photograph can capture what the eye cannot, and has done a large series of double exposures of

trees, rotating the camera between exposures to create a swirling or vibrating motion in a "still" image. Scott Helmes has added yet another layer to this by superimposing his visual haiku. The composite creates a synthesis of visual poetry and imagined sound.

D. E. Steward never has had a pedestrian job since college, and has nearly a thousand credits and *Chroma One through Five* (Archae Editions, Brooklyn, 2018).

Barbara Tomash is the author of four books of poetry: *PRE-* (Black Radish Books 2018), *Arboreal* (Apogee 2014), *The Secret of White* (Spuyten Duyvil 2009), and *Flying in Water*, winner of the 2005 Winnow First Poetry Award. An earlier version of *PRE-* was a finalist for the Colorado Prize and the Rescue Press Black Box Poetry Prize. Before her creative interests turned her toward writing she worked extensively as a multimedia artist. Her poems have appeared in *Colorado Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Web Conjunctions*, *New American Writing*, *Verse*, *VOLT*, *OmniVerse*, and numerous other journals. She lives in Berkeley, California, and teaches in the Creative Writing Department at San Francisco State University.

Andrew Topel is currently editing *RENEGADE*, an anthology of international language arts. He posts solo & collaborative work at the blog avantacular.blogspot.com/.

Bill Wolak has just published his fifteenth book of poetry entitled *The Nakedness Defense* with Ekstasis Editions. His collages have appeared recently in *Naked in New Hope* 2018, The 2019 *Seattle Erotic Art Festival*, *Poetic Illusion*, The Riverside Gallery, Hackensack, NJ, the 2019 *Dirty Show* in Detroit, the 2018 *Rochester Erotic Arts Festival*, and the 2018 *Montreal Erotic Art Festival*.