



Word For/ Word is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round, but issue #38 is scheduled for January 2022. 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, .docx, .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.

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When Blake Returned

When Blake set foot on Albion's shore
he found little changed and was shaken by the sight;
the same princes spaffed blood up palace walls
made new the same dark song of entitlement.

*

After Elohim

According to Ustad Fareed Ayaz and William Blake
the day Adam's soul was to enter his body
it was ordered to enter but refused.

It refused until it heard the voice of David singing
Enter – and it entered.
This is an example of sensory transduction.

The music of that voice became biochemical impulses
in the mind's order of astonishment
and gently lifted the roof, elevating Adam's head.

Everything was alive in the sky.
She stepped ashore, everything begins here
is another example of the same process.

*

30 January 2020

In the hotel opposite the lift goes up the lift goes down,
a crown of blue lights through smoked glass, up down;
and the Thames conveys its chartered business
to the sea where the ports have names for empire.

River traffic trails brown eddies in its wake
to the lower reaches, to Marlow on the glistening tide,
and William Blake walked across Lambeth Bridge
casting a passionate clarity on everything about him.

In a constructed future, hovering at a distance,

those houses and towers of Westminster
stand planted here immovably on your heads:
bow down you crowds and hold them up.

There are rewards for the gulls guarding mudbanks
and rewards for shrinking the definition of us;
morning light blinks and gathers on the water,
cormorants track their own shadows and leave.

As if Auguries

The jay hit a low trajectory through the garden
scanning along a beam of light, my flashy killer
left a rumour of blue-black sparks and feathers.

Illusive in the maze of suburban hedges
to reappear on the back of the bench
head cocked at window whiteface.

*

Grey sky lit around the horizon through cloud
as if waiting for the barrage to begin;
to the right the city Grand Bretagne leaving.

To the left Flanders, beyond scrubby fields,
the old horror poisons the soil still,
open trenches for fools to fall in.

*

In Place Dumon at the hour of first darkness
people would head home from work
shops stayed open, light fell on bright faces.

I liked this moment, and the earlier time
when kids ran home from school calling,
voices echoing the mortal hour of bright faces.

Light retreats from the sky
and the trees are silent, still
the boundaries made invisible.

The lights of houses appear to signal
night has come across town
as if a dark hand rests like kindness.

*

It was said that by the second week of the crisis
the animals began to appear and speak,

the pretty fox in the garden outstared the light
the jay ate his fill and came back for more.

I watched the magpies flip black and white
write their cursive message – *satis verborum*;
later the leafless trees resembled mad scribble,
a determined script scratched on the clouds.

The rattling branches and empty spaces of light
made a network of exits twisting in the wind,
a green and deeper green invasion, a common speech
remote from panic asserts, you knew this would come.

From Chagall

After the train through the night heading south
flew over green plains and blue hills
the wind off the sea blew up the hill and dropped us
at the Musée National Marc Chagall to swoon.

*

He was born dead, was reanimated
full of Chagall pictures.
He saw a trough, was dipped in water,
a fire broke out in Vitebsk right then.

A little reading, a bout of staring
will set this straight for you.

*

'Russia was almost covered with ice. Lenin turned it
upside down the way I turn my pictures.'

A cold morning for such business, frost on roofs, windscreens
but the sky lightens, flights arrive and the air rings,
you don't need to imagine sleigh bells and girls ululating.

There was a moment when the battalions flooding Europe stopped
and we were just shoe-less peasants, a few uncertificated Jews
but there was a pause, Chagall said.

I saw Bella above the village, I saw the intelligence of beasts
in the band of stars glittering like the psalms the cantor sang.
I saw all this in Belorussia of the earth, back at the very beginning.

*

The coloured wind lifted every animate object
spinning like love and death about Vitebsk,
all the animals looked and the stars flickered
around the painter at work standing to the side.

Let me fly just once across the sky, said the cow,

look in my doleful eye before you eat me up,
just one time over the crazy houses and church
there is a life, a line between us, you know.

And the fiddler winked, stamped his foot
scraped out a popular tune for dancing;
and from the Feast of the Tabernacles
we shared again our temporary canvas home.

As if a blue-faced cow might carry a parasol
and a wedding dress rocket into the Tree of Life.
Can you believe this, even before Paris,
even before the big circus and the falling angel?

The floating lovers rise in an arc of revelation,
men go by working themselves to death,
the cattle dealer barely escapes early Cubism
and Bella stands above the garden of the world in a white collar.

Anabasis

The Nansen passport promised that the above-named person
may freely traverse and leave the state of Apophenia
and enter the regions of immediacy with their pockets of air,
their turns of rain and the life of planned streets and apartments.

The Nansen passport promised that after chemical events
and last kind words, you could walk away above ground
through the failing light, the unfamiliar trees – that music
of the stateless multitude sleeping nowhere.

The Book of Journeys was written on transparent paper
opening on green paths and half-buried tracks,
as if suspended just below the surface of the page
the known and unknown destinations mapped.

Even now it begins with a lost view from home,
the hill encircled and the word riverine in my mouth,
the proposition that everyone is there just one step away
gathered in a living room as empty as the sky.

The floating poetry of the hospital corridors
was once the condition of others, their voices
riding the air and falling, that we are all there,
one failing body released in bright song.

In that moment he thought of the well of forgetting
and the well of remembering, of blank night at the window
the empty screen of nothing; only a fool would remember this,
and only a fool would forget it.

The white noise of the city rose like a wave
around the apartments and separate lives
of that invisible choir, who now and then at night
would hear each other and call in one voice.

There is a bearing away from such events but no end,
there are the towers and quiet streets
the parks and forgotten water meadows,
an uncovered river running to a memory of the sea.

Kelvin Corcoran

Singers

Ian Partridge sings Finzi's aria A Farewell to Arms
sunlight on the avenue of trees running to fresh graves.

What has happened to my country?

The leaves of reinvented green catch the light lifting
from the west for history to be buried.

*

Lorraine Hunt Lieberson is singing Mahler
I Am Lost to the World, live in 1998;
the cadences rise and fall in the order of things,
her voice comes walking to us and everything is changed.

Lorraine Hunt Lieberson is dead now
as will be some listeners from that concert;
they are all there behind an invisible wall
as that voice comes walking to us on boundless air.

*

In this world the word Haydn translates
as reason, as light, as anthropometric song,
the transparent houses and streets, life by life
slip into the common air allegro spiritoso.

*

To Toccata Prima written by Claudio Merulo in 1598,
light is splintering at the window spinning from the sky
touching the white table, the bright instruments of morning,
a-glitter it goes through the open door to the nurse's station;
light for the mind to touch and run.

*

At the Gaelic Mod on Islay the unassuming man who was working in the café on the
ferry coming across is now standing on the edge of the stage in a village hall and is
singing a song in a language for which I don't have a single word and the song is fit to

break your heart and is known to the audience who take up the chorus and the woman next to me explains that it is about our land and why there are so few of us on it.

*

For the applause Andrea Buccarella stood by the harpsichord,
bowed to the audience, pointed to the Goldberg score held aloft.

Bach's perfect geometry dances in the air above our heads,
that chord – Bonae Artis Cultorem Habeas, ascendant.

Notes

In 'When Blake Returned' I've echoed and adapted W H Auden's misprinted line in *Journey To Iceland*,

'... the ports have names for the sea.'

Ustad Fareed Ayuz is here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CK1Ypt3dOUs>

Hyperfocus

Wait, how does this work? A fix
I'd be an idiot to believe in
clicks full circle with zero
energy. Everyone in the hallway
at once, unease. A wrasse
with wings hovers, pearly
-dressed; I catch its nesting
scent. Command these splines
of ribs to write in this sludge of
organic sand. Negate
my stand. Solidify
oblivion, send pluming
sunward like sulphur from
an open wound in the blue
planet's crust. I might drown
in beastkin turbulence—
scumunity—deep
depressions unmapped, if
not for the anchoring hook of these
iron hands on my sinking
shoulders—this exercise
of trust.

Socotran Serenade

"...āsīrāt, waterspouts, dusky lions,
roc's horns..."

These blackened palm-frond
feathers chatter silent
tales of yore—save the roars,
too, of a troop of bearish
skuḥs, and you. "Further we are
back in the time than the Mountains
of the Moon, than those frescoes
from the days of Calypso. Come
now—the summits are crowned
in prehistory, the breezes roll
from sea to sea."

Make your point then, āsīr,
jujube eyes seem to roll,
as the boat-boy lifts
my easel—valise—me
ashore, in the shadow of mushroom-
cloud cliffs, at the foot of a staircase
of dragon's-blood trees.

—And snag on my
conspiratory smirk, as he
stoops again for your
case of lenses. The song of my
blood, struck up by his
touch, beats bright in both our
ears, drowning your
discordant descant:

"...fairy bats, gypsy flies, wee-
waists, Red Ensignees..."

Clarice Hare

Refugee

We were well into
the minkfall zone, starhairs
raining from my grandma's vintage coat,
novae crackling with mirrorbolt bling—me
maidenswooning in your leafjewel ear, but oh
you knew how to stand—you who

once sat down in vermilion wattle
and thought you'd saw your legsprings off
to nurse the baby brother on your back,
if that blowing fabled bush of palmjamb
didn't open their dimensions behind
the next dune—

which they did—

but on the Hawks G Camp,
where you learned to sound your
sizzlebug—take clouts—hunched
on a bonus ass while the Loot
tackled Bakayina in the bulrushes—

but not the hangtype
to call the frypipe, you
escaped—put down
near Cornet Mount—live
bagal overnight—& now

my karakul hat, my secret
deer—my wonderlot—milkspout
of my own nappur—your

barchan back warms my hands
as I grit to the soft raingates
opened in the window off
Clarice Hare
the fire escape, and our twin
deathcoasterloops delap,
expire—

hearing only the resonant
tones—our drizzle, our
drowse—not for miles
or tides, not for
mules—almost

dismissed, but huddled in
your saving shade, still shivering from
my crocodilemouth escape out of
my murdercoat, my motherofpearlfringed
centurydress (for which I overpaid),
my floral tiara floorcrumpled, a
pretense dissuaged.

from *Midnight's Talking Lion and the Wedding Fire*

"Once they fear you, they cannot be contemptuous toward you anymore," after parole they go on a journey" to become capable of think, elsewhere, community, and "The Other. Meanwhile, great shock when average youth around immigrant age perhaps realize she is at least not French enough – the naming action that normally makes things sense fails; the world which she finds herself, and by which she might hope to define herself does not exist, as such, so she does not exist for that world.

~

from *Midnight's Talking Lion and the Wedding Fire*

And what has her parents endure? When she finds the world considered beautiful, not like, not peopled by those who look like a group of people othered by a larger section for turning inward, and away a young faith wanes. And they othered they. Not unlikely. Finally approached larger but and also. Not unlikely very people approach them out of bi-directional

isolation; those from outside often do not know how to engage desire. James Baldwin phenomenon: "Think any purpose to get another's matter liberation, for example, it is also a matter of yours. If you're working, and we're working together, and it's not just because we're going to do something for poor people, but because it's for each other: to save this, these, rather frightening years of this almost double-decade."

~

from *Midnight's Talking Lion and the Wedding Fire*

Like incarceration America: extra-realism of prisons compels balking at the resistance of poetry to conventions of evidentiary writing." Wright goes on at least among American poets, the documentary vision intertwined the lyric impulse with sporadic events of proportion—Depression struggle: civil always war...readily reminded of Testimony... of the Dead," or "Driving Louisiana pass four prisons in the spirit of manifest public works." So this is who we jailers jailed. This is spirit.

~

from *Midnight's Talking Lion and the Wedding Fire*

Meanwhile, only 14.5% Americans live. 54% of whom are not African American or Hispanic. Wright points out: Interrelation abuse and the naked eye blaring out statistics of the developed rate of a distant second. The Association for Mental Illness has some 70% of youths in state and local juvenile justice facilities, warehouses for becoming. France has a poverty of first-generation immigrants in, between, bars, barred, 70% are Muslim – while comprising only 8 – 10 % of French fervor.

~

from *Midnight's Talking Lion and the Wedding Fire*

Their cités told him of the incarcerated: "explained that weak inmates who never receive visits are offered new identity, a vision inverting order places top bottom" France more susceptible; outlook of thought unwavering; complimented by tendencies to mind. "One of the diseases communicated comes from huddling together in the pale light of insufficient answer to a question we are afraid. "More conversion predisposed people with time hands: the more affluent, imprisoned, underemployed.

Thus, the social associated with susceptibility; the West more complex than just born insecurity. What gap bridges affluent, well-placed extremes and the low-income, under-educated seclusion living fracture. Certain skin tone, last values name a fit or find in the world in one oneself. This is people media. Urged color in the West, to join the West.

Brendan Sherry

The Man You Live with Comes Home Early

Better to be safe, splitting the difference along the grain with sorry's ripsaw

Will any man mind the weather

Who is *himself* raining? I escape out your window without my shoes

Can we stop this yet, says a voice, say inner, the raindrops fat

On crabapples, starvation rehearsal, hockey on ESPN2

Seen sideways the puck is not in flight but in fall, to meditate on

We have to land somewhere, else the ground

A liar call

Brendan Sherry

Love Such as Does Not Violate Fear

Losing teeth, we wait for the skull to look evil for us

In the perne of *funny, evil, funny*, losing view of the beloved at each revolution

In pre-med they had a bucketful of brains

We said goodbye to part of our suspicion that *thought* can't travel

Once there was a thunderstorm above our wooden balcony, hail filled the kitchen cup

You said *I'm going to fix a drink*

Figure shrinking, Patrón, rocks, your love of things sky-descended in terms other

Than moral terms

arrhythmia

from what is around the beat / is first born it starts / with a heartbeat from / a
mother gels with / the water in the womb / in the pulse of the words / making
cadence basslines and / summer on the tongue know / our father knew it once and
his / backward spiral to the loop / of the loom where roads are / a shredded ball of
yarn / that branches out / unspooling with the rhythm / in our minds we breathe / like
bricks clicking / underfoot at night.

post-industrial meditation

a roll of bills in a filthy / sock doves echo in / the belfry the city lacks / momentum
that was stolen before / we were born like / an invitation to eat / after everyone else
is / full compelled to collect / in shadows of the glass / eyed hunters the future /
panoramic but the present / a keyhole a severance of / expectations rises like a /
sunbeam falls on the grain / of this paper tracing / the under-map of the boscage /
and its devastation rains / will render illegible words / that grind down gently / the
cartilage in our jaws.

memorial

living in the minus the / delta and the difference / the cleaved part / battle pep talk's
awkward / pause that lasts too long / and the taste of ashes far from / fire like a stale
snow / curtain over the window you / climbed out of unreplenished / ripeness that
was shed / like the skin of my doppelganger / with gentler eyes they placed / your
hands down into the / chasm and gray meadows of / sleep where the rain levitates /
and blossoms reenact the seed.

rainbows

so fine in the sun and / dubious of winter / linens like shrouds draped / over tables of
stale candy / bowls in the wood-rot / house we grew up / in to get out the straight /
laces soon caught fire / a lavish sunburst in / the temporal lobe weaving / miles
before full fathom / fell the water from / the light began to / descend filling cracks
beneath / our feet like a vein's / infusion of a common miracle a / confusion of
petrichor.

Nocturne

I went a street or two too
Far with upturned
Mirrors

In the café, if you mention
The other scenery
& All the starry wind

You will not fill your eyes
With smoke
Or the care that summer cures

Whether a crowbar or grandfather
Clock, any tip of paperwork
In quiet motels I have sung

Before winds forced us to whisper
To whomever was at hand
Just like no one's truck

When it wasn't elemental
Yes, they store their looks right here
With even the cold moon dying

Preemptive Despair

This isn't where you wished to be at home
Amid glances filtered by noonday shadows

The train had an appointment.
You weren't through. We left them there
In grace by rivers' harbors

The shellacking grew visceral,
By turns breezy & hieratic.—

This, too, is an original
Of some sort of joyless architecture—
Like Monk dancing above the bass line
As if it were part of your idiom

In the vigilance of preemptive despair
Becoming whom you almost knew
Or held, in threadbare nightshirts

The world goes off
Its implied edge

Pieces of wind with song underneath

The moon is on the table
The invitation not replied to

Sand sifts through memory
Like crushed fingers amethyst wrists

Cross mirrors out look petulant
As tulips, fingers rifling through snow

Think of shadows as your pillow

Empty murmurs cut away

Homage to a Disguise

i.

Just when you were nearer
The old city, I have a joke to tell

While the unwilling scoff & jitter
At their own feral

Reflections. The truth
Is what decides

Just as "Hymn to Ancient Dialogue"
Is not a good title

Before nightfall, when the wicked
Dive

In, & you're going, in a hurry, one fine
Morning, if you need

To be reminded
Of your fate— & so then stammer

Hauntedly
Beside the cabinet, with a lonely jar or

Pencil case,
A lever, or something else very serious—

Where, in the wind, we want
To go

& Write long letters, becoming sails, or sailors
Until our lonely hearts are flung

Open by savage beasts, who skip
Climate impacts like jilted warriors

Or white-collar criminals, loitering in
A malfeasance you'd never sung

Defenestrated, in the rush of febrile
Thought leaders

Who lie there useless
In the dark.

ii.

We were busy getting carried off to Amsterdam.
We had means to stub our fists with excellent cream.
We woke beholden to modern eyesores.
We made glass from the sweat of our notebook-stained protrusions
& Followed winter to a dim hovel
Doused with letters etched in brine.

I opened the contretemps apartment billows.
June was glad to be there.
I digested. I wrestled penciled-in vagabonds.
Only the brassy thrill of soundbytes saved me.
Later, I became festooned with ombudsmen's sour laughter
& Went running through the park, never to become a sailor after all.

Arpine Konyalian Grenier

from *Fauna Gelish, Willed Capital*

Unraveling Commits

To pass by in nascent stupor is all I ask for

Saturn verbs as the ground imposes
I may have been my relative
the plasticity of synapse
what turn-on that is

a promise so therefore

full coil magnetic alignment and cavities
dogs barking at the caravan for theme
while the fields weave resistance
time and space render

watch how words are colonized by the show and tell
unlike history Euphrates hides neither
holds nothing but ideas
thinging the music

useless rib duties you ran away with
so when attacked you were still
attached weren't you
now come on

color clamped you insisted slovenly
we were walking the wash then
there must be a god you said
focus on beam

such a turn that was

such washed words eternally mirror

I had nothing to say

no things but in ideas is the music
show is tell is show so
let there be god

mystery will endure light

it has been hard not to care about you
hard to redraw the maps for Saturn
come and go penciled in
or borrowed

giddy with charge

the Sun's dark matter releases blood
energy and inspiration follow
they signal for mother

wash labor here and there
elsewhere plastic as ever
begging Euphrates

how effective is self-determinism against imperialism then
memory aligned to this one species that we are
fetches punishingly distanced pauses
who traced who danced the mood
the word here and now
in question

and always colored

up down reflected calibers principled for comfort
what is granted what is fated
overdriven analysand
second in line

we mettle

selectively defective

vagaries of labor and logos
against encroachment
we call heritage.

Arpine Konyalian Grenier

from *Fauna Gelish, Willed Capital*

Kevin and the Lion

Over time shadow descended on the neutrino
instrumentalized limbs baring cost
cultivated alienated habitat
cloak for throat and climb
how do I go now

through you

a small town in the desert is burning capital
silk paper gunpowder denuded
by the stars the stars

fear and anger fed and bled roaring
hanger-banged for him or her
whispering dreams

nailed appropriately

remapping the fields the diabolic to sacred pitch
relocating resourceful rudders I study

Kevin Richardson and the lion

a world of transactions past learning
colored language and yes dutifully
divisive and racist medium
that we are

he will be here at 6PM

I'll tell him about *cirk* and *girk* as in book and passion
hajar to *hijra* as in stone to migration patterns
puckish pressures and immersion

hawa for wind or love

no need for tools to frame the implicated beauty
we nomad quark to Aristotle kynic or
unplanned soul matter
first-person plural

unintentionally indispensable

we observe breath

communication is electrical in nature we say
parity violations foreign to charm
seek power quarks

familiar to utterance

natural habitats are sanctuary
the junction of paradigms
subject to object

quicksilver

racialized frames and media discourse
charity and kindness rimmed
post-colonial formulations

80% of natural habitats depleted

they infer intolerance and threat by extension
provide what otherwise unavailable
leaks human interest

disrupts identity

splitting mass like particles leaving the Sun
repressing the frequency of oscillations
headers for tender reasons
building mass instead

reflexive fields

excretion

rewording grammar language metaphor
bark for all things snagged
moss and inflections

production friendly flavor

a waiver is thus performance ticker
blindly discreet burn arbitrarily
modality identity transitivity
so is language.

from *The Misprision of Agon Hack*
(Volume IV, The Posthuman Series)

ASCII code 43 = +

Agon Hack is no more *beorhtlic*
than *lifbçag*—his teflon throat,
high evecitics. Strut + þrut = the wild
informant—*mysteria secretiora, et sub*
cortice legis. The clip snags at the ferrule.
Later, the burr seg adds a bonus.
[Dis-quaterre]—*centum/satem* test,
intact, re: re-, toxic as pap
boils in his skull. His prolix flex
secretes a notochord.

Flicker + (a) *Homo sapiens sapiens* mtDNA,
16,569 bp; (b) *Homo sapiens sapiens*
chromosome 11,
beta-globin region, 73,308 bp;
(c) *Polypterus endlicherii*
(fish) mtDNA, 16,632 bp = cathex
wizz. Agon's ck QUANT is just as much antibac
gel as hyperpneic awe is the metaphysician's
timor natalis. Now, the impromptu
lucha libre match with gorcs. Behind black

lace veil, uglifyjs ascii-table.js -o mc_rdm1,
mc_rdm2 = solve_impurity_mol(mb, A,
part, mu, rdm_level=43). Agon tightens
his couture corset—*bedeutungswandel*.
Caesuras are not caesareans.
Plus, in faux Galilee, *endzeit's* no
nous lack, separate Albigensians
from the Cathars.
(*Ausdruck*)—conatus
is at work at S. Latitude 47° 9',
W. Longitude 126° 43'.
The hoax is the idol, merges
with gestural clots on the sly. TROLOLOL.
One whit randier when req :=
&generic.GenericWriteRequest{}

from *The Misprision of Agon Hack*
(Volume IV, The Posthuman Series)

ASCII code 44 = ,

Agon Hack's *hinc incipit algorismus, haec*
algorismus ars praesens dicitur in qua talibus
indorum fruimur bis quinque figuris
9. 8. 7. 6. 5. 4. 3. 2. 1—unthrives

his rendure. Not in the least pyrrhic,
confer spat the satiro's
x_train, y_train,
x_val, y_val = talos.utils.val_split
(x, y, .2)—unservice. Interest
accrues in his quench trust.

Veni Redemptor in Amor Carnalis
or ENDSTIFTUNG, these amygistics tink over
the hedge against *dēmotikós*.
Agon outlasts serial commas.
The *ephemerides* recounts his body.
Gyroscope_bias_random_walk: 1.0e-44 #
rad/s/sqrt(spongier
if not performed
in a *sprechstimme*—solemn
as *basso-profundo*. In this case,
acedia, tristitia recreate his *pallor mortis*.

$Z^0 = \beta SZ + \zeta R - \alpha SZ$ —Figure 44. The SIZR model
flowchart: the basic model
with latent infection. *Kómma's* $\partial Z \partial x$
(0, t)=0= $\partial Z \partial x$ (L, t) (zero-flux boundary
conditions). *Penitente flagelado's* white
corpuscles store the Black Death,
yet vegetation on site includes Russian
thistle, Indian ricegrass, snakeweed, chamisa,
ephedra, yucca, barrel cactus
and cholla. Forge.j44 = "HgSn
----- SnHg UrFe ----- PbAg ----- AuAu
----- AgPb ----- FeUr"—dark
coronal's *augoeides*
works a prelate.

from *The Misprision of Agon Hack*
(Volume IV, The Posthuman Series)

ASCII code 45 = -

Agon Hack attends the Jejune Colloquy's
phylopic.download_pics('Homo sapiens', 'Pan
troglodytes', 'Mus musculus'). Never
hyphenate the intradiegetic narrator's
diegesis. Q !AH.yye1fxo ID: N/A >
> 45 (No Title /greatawakening/)
01.19.18 GMT+1: 04:05:12. Uniflat
outliers in punch override, desiderate
the moral copula.

Agon descends the stairhead, fects the palinodia.
Cairns form the bottom tithemi,
bolt coevals' opts.on("—irb", "Start
an irb process with gollum loaded
for the current wiki.") *White*
on white translucent black capes,
Bela Lugosi's dead betray
their cuckquean. Authority gloats.

Trespassers are defiant and listed as cm below
surface (cmbs) or as cm below datum
(cmbd). Subdatum A or D is used
at 1,565.3 m (5,135.5 feet) amsl.
Inwit's agenbite is an aperiodic solid.
If it is otherwise unavailable, HTML authors
must use the numeric forms
‒ or ——trucksrsq
Measured tSee tAys sfOi
wdee estroais.

For Agon, polygon spews clump
in Gothiclandia. Catechize his clap
in clink—descant. A PROMETHEAN
OUTRAGE IS CLONING THE USURPATION.
"Ta ra ta tat + koum bal koum bal + kim
piki ta ra ta tat ..."—the MOEA/D-DE
over the original MOEA/D.

Daniel Y. Harris

from *The Misprision of Agon Hack*
(Volume IV, The Posthuman Series)

ASCII code 46 = .

Tensegrity, Agon Hack's deathware sears
ibeams with sidefall pleats. No rescue.
No reclamation. Discs seep—thresh
the base's token, err := p.config.Exchange
(goth.ContextForClient(p.Client()),
params.Get("code")). Rim
on the bulge—his durance,
vile in writ, is chasmic in its saecula.
Hack the katabasis. Silo the catafalque. Zig
by the squeeze. Skull hinger, prone.

Exeo in a spasm. His ferrule squeals
de morituris nihil nisi, welcomes
the *arrivant*—android:name=
"org.firstinspires.ftc.robot
controller.internal.Ftc
RobotControllerActivity." Daresay,
apostolic—gRrEaPsPhOs' *poeta nascitur*,
non fit. Handorgan. 2020±46 B.P.
(170 B.C.–A.D. 80) at two-sigma
calibrated age, is the conventional
radiocarbon date for Agon's
gassbaggery. Doch assure.

Endorse the bulk dead. Saltwhite, the puff's
shellBlacklist = ["/sbin/nologin", "/bin/
false", "/usr/sbin/nologin",
"/bin/sync"]—is a dead
canker. They're under attack
as tinsel. Break the pate.

Master *ancilla* and *servus*.
His caucasoid shape—no *culpa*.
SLC24A5 and *SLC45A2* go missing
in ASCII code 46 = . Calipers,
the unpronounceable alibi.
Lentic split. Anneal his voice.

Daniel Y. Harris

from *The Misprision of Agon Hack*
(Volume IV, The Posthuman Series)

ASCII code 47 = /

Agon Hack's *barabro* augments his *sofpasuk*. Raw
curves simple the slide. Calcine wings
 compromise scratch. Margins
 disinvite. His gnomon is drawn
 flat—private\$dbv <- numeric
 _version(xm47::xml_attr(xm47::xml
 _find_all(doc, "//d1:alleles/d1:allele[1]/
d1:releaseversions"), "currentrelease")).

Agon's hamitic hypothesis reclues
 the rule—hulks the null/saltwhite.
 V/nn/sympntsre/d./
 S/o/tst/h/r/47—DE HLA CLASS I
HISTOCOMPATIBILITY ANTIGEN,
A-2 ALPHA CHAIN PRECURSOR.
God is *hyperousios*. Agon
is a mechanoid bulb formed
 by a tall dolichocephalic skull,
receded zygomas, large brow ridge
 and projecting-narrow
 nasal apertures.

Chronotopes thicken ut◦qiAs.
Liliata rutilantium. Turma circumdet.
 lubilantium te virginum.
 Curves aspire, rivulose.
If (sum(na.omit(vapply(refs, function(r) strsplit1
(r@shorthand, "/")[47], FUN.VALUE = ""))
== db_version)) != 47) {then
 the war between "heritagists"
 and "arealists" sac defunctive.

Scansion/glottochronological decay/cell
 tropic/burns black his terim.
 Roots reset zero. Foretastes
 a taxon—he's the best candidate
 for Proto-NC and Proto-ST 'head'.

Irene Koronas

from *lithic cornea*

jasminum

shimmy up/cathole
in a nearby midden v/megalosaurus
aurochs
nagic-

torn out sipofene women
the unripe (de)people earth
agoyo nuxu ke

replicate dryweed
interfunc circuits
the tird tetrad

xayeh ta pingeh

x on figure 2

nan echu kwi nan sipu pingeg

all cultigens
figure 3
belly buttons

Irene Koronas

from *lithic cornea*

quisqualis

re(p)tile he-ad
on mandible
ikrandraco (120 million yrs)

diam lobe
bulldog neck
and spin the skull

she glides in fiber
protofeathers with fork crest
half the length 2-3 meters (6-9)

he wards off rivals (photo credit)
toe grip tradition
a paddle propels 200 sharp teeth

hollow mating display (39ft)
they isolate with copy pace

Irene Koronas

from *lithic cornea*

ipomoea

quartered by long flights
down and across
a single vicious stoop
kills heavy code

ten minute redshank
lying on short eaten trees

lapwing kills in hard
feral lists. blathering aces
covered by clay worms

the stomp influences
imbecile reactions

eighty percent conspicuous
flesh hidden in wildfowl
fight males with bunch eyes

with foveal areas
they cord neat talon

corn busy
with tits in water

Irene Koronas

from *lithic cornea*

cestrum

category 7 for xayeh
a single seed bush game

congregates to navel direction.
tsikomo felled by lightning

a dot separates the origin
(1967a) as two homologous

pole and axis, figure 1

hexamerons structure the root date
with a siderless dual buttress

in circular quarters in difference
through the eliade

(1958, pp. 373, 380-85, 1959, passim)
fig 3 sketch, fuse got here

Irene Koronas

from *lithic cornea*

hedychium

dry food people pose in dimension
6 categories or common moieties
or umbilical cord cuts perfect

as an earstone gives rain
cornmeal cactus lengthens
sebum and recites water

from abalone shells
musk moves eight gods
who impersonate gods

antennas scratched
on made people who cure
pea on those who chew

from *hold short bravo*

what lies beneath families mixed in unfamiliar men

we don't have any contradictions with the government *right* *we don't have any*
contradictions with the media right

\\

469,407 square nautical miles you

can drift in four days

depending on size buoyancy

wouldn't be homeless you're

another vessel joining

the bluefin's ninth mission

then enter the deep, keep

looking for something to uncover

an oil slick

the bodies of 49 students in one room

but that is a different disaster

from *hold short bravo*

\\three weeks later\\

you've been feeling a little

psychic lately dreams seeming

reflective, a kind of reality

swallowed by a black

hole, struck

by a meteor, abducted by aliens, time travelers or

beings from another

dimension

\\

they do not know why

they do not know how

\\

when

do we get to stop worrying

when dread is

superseded by several acoustic

pings

ping

ping

ping

the frequency

too far

apart what is a door

where inputs & outputs

converge a means of clearing

dozens of parameters collected

when preserving the cockpit sounds of pilots

what must be orange

a testimony of internal workings uncharted

voices

\\

immarset immraset imarset

inmarset ikmarset ijmarset imnarset
imkarset imjarset

immsrset immzrset

immqrset immaeset immatset
immagset immafset

immareet immaraet immardet

immarwet immarxet immarser immarseg
immarsey

\\

recordingby beacons attached

to contact water

or the sound of cars running over

leaves can quiet too

from *hold short bravo*

\\five weeks later\\

in a cargo hold

you are always searching

for places to sleep

a duvet or a rug it all looks the same

laid down flat or rolled

in a tube a transcript of emissions

permission you can't hear because earplugs if

southbound emergency

fall

silent in a matter of days

\\

good morning

six thousand feet squawk two one zero six

we are ready requesting flight level

charlie one requesting push and start

mike romeo oscar

hold short bravo

you are unreadable

hold short bravo

cleared for takeoff

good night

climb flight level one eight zero

night one three two six three seven zero

Valerie Witte

from *hold short bravo*

to start at the center

fanning out no one would know you

wouldn't have to miss atmospheric

pollution the sun unobscured

sonobuoys

where UVR is stronger

what does it mean (don't you know)

the final arc is very clean

\\

& here in a meadow

you've seen them many

times emerge at dusk

what in daylight dissolves in hunting

season yet do not be afraid but focus

on what is granted on waking every day

\\

sonar on a sled on a tether

limited to three

knots the autonomous underwater

vehicle, aka unmanned

submarine slightly faster

we do not have a debris field

Valerie Witte

from *hold short bravo*

\\seven weeks after\\

we all go missing it's

the mystery that kills us that

counts the number of others

lost until every now

& then surfaces in the news, you mean you miss

pushing things suggest

meditation & he laughs why is it funny

he says it isn't

don't speak to break off no matter how you shut

up you are always interrupting

\\

they sent all the living

home

\\

if contours delineated

how other people rely on other

people edges reshaped by landslides knowing

they will never leave but everyone

eventually gives way

Notes

Italicized lines have been lifted or adapted from the following sources:

cnn.com/interactive/2014/04/world/malaysia-flight-documents

washingtonpost.com/world/their-relatives-declared-dead-families-of-plane-passengers-boil-in-anger-march-on-embassy/2014/03/25/59981710-b40c-11e3-b899-20667de76985_story.html?hpid=z2

Some of the language in this text was adapted from the blog of Jeff Wise (jeffwise.net).

The Song of Songs, Each of Which Belongs to the King

(Chapter 5, Verse 7)

"If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher"
— Abraham Lincoln, 1838

"There are no charters" —Audre Lorde, 1984

Then

then

then

then

the watchmen

Night watchmen

keepers

The guards

found me

found me then

found me as I

I encountered them then

Then I was caught by

The sentries as they

were patrolling

made their rounds

went about the city

in the city

for the city

patrolling our city

watching the city and guarding the walls

They found me

then

in our city

the guards

patrolling

the guardians

protectors
of the walls

They beat me
they beat me
they beat me
they beat me

They beat me and bruised
they bruised me
they stripped

They struck
and wounded me
they stripped off my veil

they beat and broke me
they smote and wounded
they struck me
they struck
They took off my clothes

They took away
they stripped away
they lifted my
they lifted my cloak

shawl
veil
mantle
robe

disrobed
revealed
exposed
laid bare

They took my
forcibly removed my
placed their hands on my
peeled away

The guardsmen
keepers
protectors
sentries

of the walls
took
They took
took

beat me and left me
stripped
and bared

at the walls
at the foot of
in the shadow of
walls

those guards
wall-guards
of our city
The watchers

found me
beat me
left me
left

left
They left
The city's keepers

watchmen
men
The men who keep

the city safe at night
and walls

*(dedicated to all LGBTQIA+ BIPOC victims of
racist and trans/queer-phobic police brutality)*

June 2020

Kent Leatham

Not Much Cabbage & One Boy Left

Springcreek, Miami County, Ohio. September the 11th, 1862.

Dear Brother in Camp,

"What sacrifices have you made for your conscience?"

why oh why dont you write I have been waiting very patiently but alas I want to hear from you in about three shakes of a dead sheeps tail if you are still living and have paper and the use of your right arm and hand we heard

What books have you read on the subject of pacifism?

you was very low with the consumption which I hope is not true Margery is here and we get along she is baking bread pies and cakes she brings me whiskey for my rheumatism we have thrashed

Why do you refuse to fight or object to killing?

our wheat and got 109 bushels and we have the best corn we ever had though not much cabbage we are not dutch enough I guess there is plenty of apples this year I am drying what falls of the maiden blush

Are you against all war?

when Tom thrashed our wheat the driver was a soldier who lost his left arm at the battle of pittsburg landing he is staying at Mrs Eastys there has been several deaths some that died in the hospital and some sent home

What alternate method would you use to resist evil?

Alexander Sohell is dead so now there is only the old woman and one boy left Frank Denoman was in the battle at pittsburg and had a hole shot in his hat John Beamer was wounded in the thigh though not dangerous Mrs Beamer

Why is it wrong to prevent evil from happening to others?

is in the lunatic asylum and crazy old Duke was nearly blind but the doctor turned his eye inside out and cut the blubbers off and now he is better Will says you knowed the man that was killed in Bill Andersons company

Why is it wrong to defend your country?

his name was Miller Berry he was a blacksmith in piqua the morning that
the rebels got in to the camp before they was seen and the union men
run like the dickens Jimmy Burns run a mile and a half before he over took

Why accept the benefits of a country you won't protect?

his company and he had nothing but his pants and shirt on he says
there was about ten or a dozen rebels close to him and he could hear the balls
whizzing close to him he had to run for dear life oh and the folks down at

Do you have any civic duties at all?

smalley town are nearly scared to death on the account of the small pox
a young man come back from the war that they think has it our old sow has
two pigs and Tom is going to sell them to the butchers our old cat has three

What happens to people like you in Russia or China?

little kittens and we got a dog and call him tip old Mrs Mosier was going to
kill him Frank is a very hearty child you ought to see him when he is hungry
he will set on the floor and take his bottle in his hands and throw his head back

These are the sort of questions you may expect from your draft board."

and then he dont care if milk was ten dollars a gallon he gets all he wants
well I will have to quit till after dinner for Margery will soon want the table
and I believe I have wrote just about all the news there is I remain

[Handbook for Conscientious Objectors,

Your sister till death

Mary E Sustin

8th Edition, 3rd Printing, 1966]

p.s. write soon if not sooner unless you are dead

Kent Leatham

Dear Dad,

Here's the thing:

In the 2013 anthology *Troubling the Line*, trans poet Zoe Tuck writes that "it's a commonplace that all language is quotation. Is it any less true that gender is?"

But because you're not here
to give whatever answer you might have
on this thesis of echoey performativity,
I turn instead back to the 1992 anthology *Men of Our Time*,
the closest I can get to your generation, your voice,
where language interrogates gender as quoted
here by every line in the 408-page book
from the 169 [cis] male poets
that begins with "who":

*who will do whatever he wants
who wore one suit
whose father it belonged to*

*who have forgotten one another—
whose eyes close in a filmy dream.
Who answered to the name Father*

*whose time doing chores must have ended
who have been killed in a few seconds' surprise.
Who crosses easily into her point of view*

*Who only knew
Who can hurry past the five-and-dime,
Who held like a rivet*

*Who filled her lap with hot gold,
Whose fingers found the one hundred triggers
whose dreams each night*

*Who can't quite master the real
("Whose mission in life is to play with me").
whose face*

*whom she loves, and hasn't seen for a while,
who has killed his first birds
whose scarred beauty Reubens would surely have missed,*

*who never looked back across the thick swale
who this boy was or what happened to him, kept asking
Who are you? Where can you live?*

*Who never said more than an averted hi. Good-goddamn!
whom you still loved. He had jilted
whose breezy tongue gets completely out of hand*

*who put the message in the bottle
who she is. I just hope she wasn't conscious.
who came toward me.*

*Who's seen bliss; now I can drive back
who can't call it off—
Who are the men speeding away? You are.*

*who tore off Monique's flimsy panties
who breathes at the center
who died before I was born*

*who, in the thirties, would vanish to New York, catch a show, buy a suit,
who for over forty years came down each morning, "How's the old goat?"
who had one there.*

*who would have thought
who strolls the shoreline, or just
Who's this? Is this church business?*

*Who will see me till I die deliriously
who wrote about the moon on a southern ocean,
Who might have been a doctor or a priest*

*Who jeered. We were lucky. We didn't go.
who kidded the waitress
who cried softly all night*

*who can't endure their desires.
Who climbs on a chair
Who demands to see the breasts of his wife*

*who did not have to tell me
who didn't get the facts straight
who drank their way from one small cottage to the next,*

*who piss against the wall of good fortune.
whose very clownishness might let him get away
whose reputations burgeon as their eyes stray from the next*

*who seem to have lost forever
who have gone so long*

yet leaves me, and possibly you, whoever
you are, to conclude whatever it means
that there are only an additional seven other lines
in the book about being manlike
that start with "why":

why is he going there

why is he traveling alone

why is it your eyes look so wild

Why you gaze outward, brother?

Why did it sound

why not

why not?

Lemma

in this July world
in this summer country

an ambergris ikon
set upon some scrub
jay's

back
the plinth a spirit of
black stone
one is columned
one set apart

through the mask
through the lens
wonderment— a
one upon, a one atoned
steely and garish an em
and a banner

called when cathar rage
accounted for

opened embrasure
a time tent
acknowledged, ante
bellum a numb
it's swoon I
swear

soon
oh swallow, oh crypt
how can you count it
how come it can't
count

so abrupt some settled
it's soon to see and
and uncensored
under the belt a known
command, a nightjar
open mouthed

Masticating an Eye

Alizarin crimson, amaranth, American
rose, auburn, burgundy, cardinal,
carmine, carnelian, cerise, coquelicot,
crimson, dark, electric crimson, fire
brick, flame, folly, fuchsia,
garnet, henna, Indian, jasper,
kermes, lava, lust, magenta,
maroon, mahogany, nebula, oxblood,
Persian, pink, quiet, raspberry,
rose, rosewood, Rosso corsa, ruby,
rust, scarlet, terra cotta, Turkey,
Tuscan, Tyrian purple, Upsdell,
Venetian, vermillion, -violet,
wine, xenial, yarn, zeugma
shades backdrop the mountain
until it is the opposite of expectation:
snow crusts the base as flames
scald the peak. And all of the dank
entrances where the families live
feel the conflagration urge,
to meet their scalloped tongues,
assess how to step outside
and look into the cold light.
Red hues that levitate, lurch, lap.
To be a world pigmented,
a pigment that clings as tone
when the orchestra ceases
and patrons sit, blood ringing.

The Center Colors Kindness

:
emaciated body a cane's middle finger

:
bone projects sere tree's charcoal husk

:
 wound our
 lasheyes

:
an owl walks its wolf to gnaw awake

:
 charm
 this violent

Matthew Schmidt

Eat the Boat as a Bird

See yourself in the mirror/chalice.
crystal/oar.

The bodies that you've been/loaned.
eaten/prepared.

Can that be your schooner/yoke?
magpie/bustle?

And the waves from the hand/ocean
secret/grass

have ensnared the hull/pocket
spume/tongue

who is the mountain/sits the octopus
automaton/conjures itself

...you have separated the gloaming/loam
come apart in the coral/on the slick crops

...you have witnessed repetition/whittled words
come apart in the crossfire/on the sick copse

.../...you have sycophant wishes/sundered like cephalopod suckers
the infant mouth/the uncertain basking in salt

.../...you that were enfleshed/flensed
the distant wreckage/archaic sloop.

Receipt in Triplicate

And the magpies morph into pelicans:
squadron/pod/scoop.

The wind pinch on molten feathers:
plume/quill/covert.

Avian conglomeration bodes tornadic:
maelstrom/haboob/eddy.

Comes together to form a creature:
quadruped/varmint/fiend.

An enormous antelope:
topi/eland/oryx.

Steps across the chasm:
couloir/gorge/abyss.

Shadow may never be clear:
demonstrable/indubitable/kind.

Pasternak:
["To live is not like walking through a field."]

So we describe it by words and pictures:
icon/impression/report.

Matthew Schmidt

Of Sigil and Crest

Considerable: the enveloped kite of bones
I carry forth today.
 To want flight as a casket.

I have lived dialects, mute to cacophonous—
 mauve diction from uvular crux:

Birch Eye
Nag's Be
Ductile Thrust

 glom the gonfalon.

I eulogize swart armor with ocular
 iconography.
Eye stitched into trunk, horse under leaves,

 embalmed winches accept
my fabric hand, flay froth from spume.

I wade into the unknown boulevards,
 a flagpole's groove
through birddom and grief.

Vessel

The red and

Air Force, air superiority, Alice,
azure, baby, Bondi, Brandeis,
Cambridge, Carolina, celeste,
cerulean, Cobalt, Columbia,
cornflower, cyan, dark, deep sky,
denim, Dodger, Duke, Egyptian,
electric, Eton, Federal, glaucous,
Honolulu, indigo, International Klein,
iris, jaded, Kashmir, light,
Majorelle, Marian, Maya,
medium, midnight, Navy,
non-photo, Oxford, Palatinate,
periwinkle, Persian, Phthalo,
powder, Prussian, Queen, royal,
sapphire, sky, steel, teal, Tiffany,
true, Tufts, turquoise, UCLA,
ultramarine, violet-, viridian,
waterspout, Xanax,
Yale, YInMn, zaffre

we associate with blood, vessels,
the body in death, un-oxygenated.
Sea creatures accustomed to living
beneath the grind of machinery.

Maggie Nelson's *Bluets*

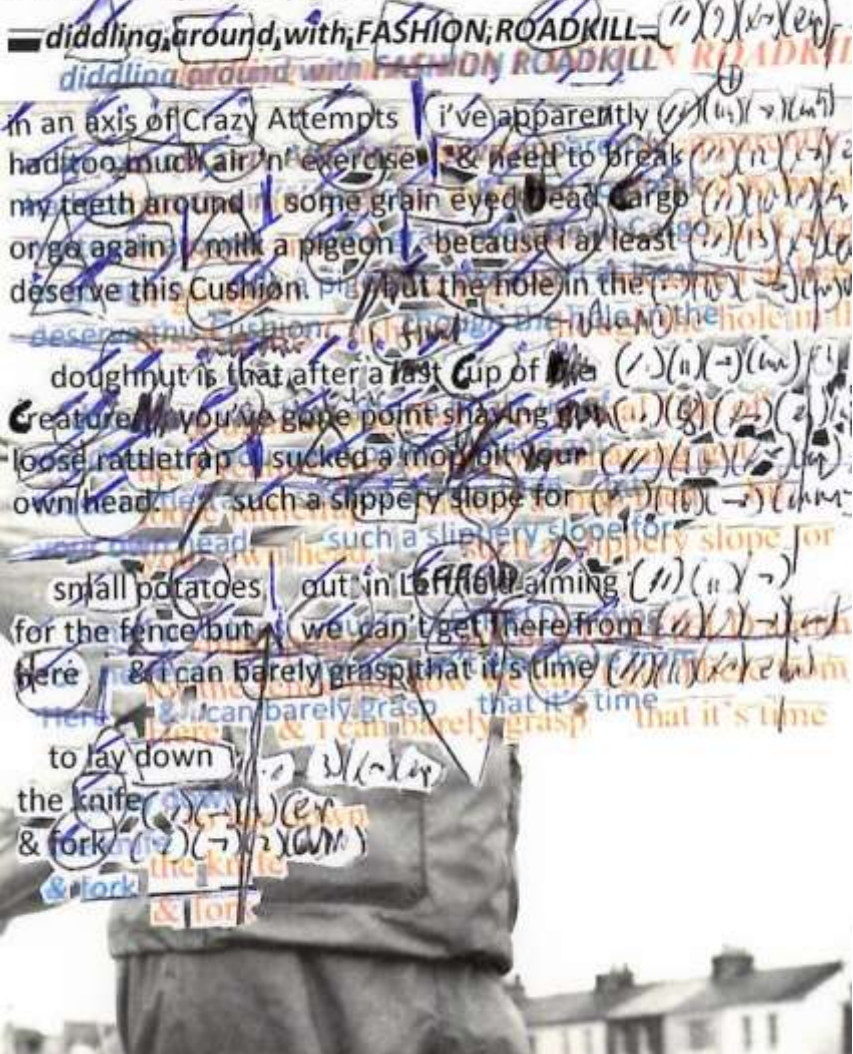
["what goes on in you when you talk about color
as if it were a cure, when you have not yet stated your disease?"]

reminds us that we think in color.
What, if not emotion, do we call the palette?
And the palate tastes berries.
Our accomplishments on pallets,
in the memory banks:
the place we went to college
[Duke],
our favorite team
[Los Angeles (formerly Brooklyn)],
military service
[Air Force],
newly discovered
[YInMn],

and the cardigan love
 [ultramarine]
we plant as a flag on our body.
This is to say that I see you
in the reflected color
my light receptors transmit
to my brain. That is to say
you in all your shades.

LIZARD RIVIERA

When the three-hulled *Teignmouth Electron* was found in the Atlantic, on July 10, 1969, only its mizzen sail was set (left). Its captain, Donald Crowhurst (below) was mysteriously gone.



diddling around with FASHION ROADKILL

in an axis of Crazy Attempts i've apparently
had too much air 'n' exercise & need to break
my teeth upon some grain eyed Dead Cargo
or go again milk a pigeon because i at least
deserve this Cushion. though the hole in the

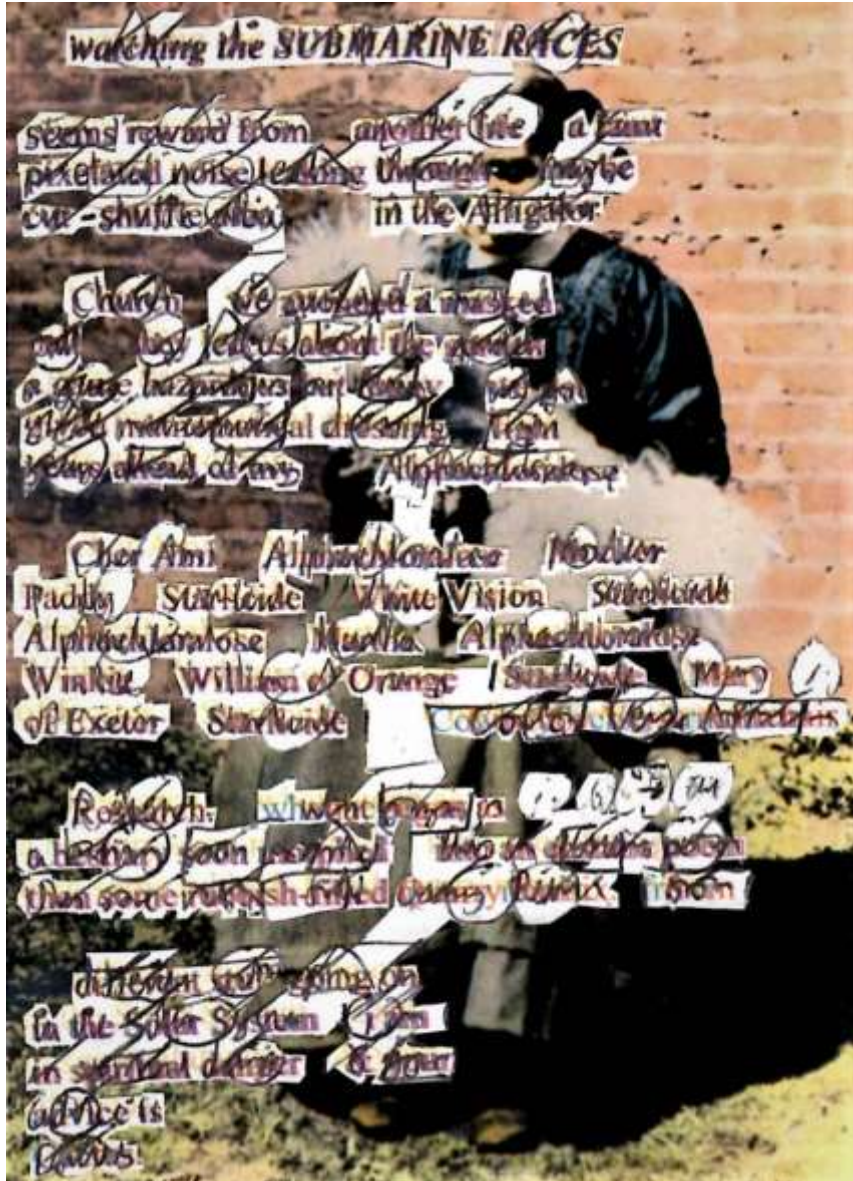
doughnut was that after a final Cup of
the Creature you went point shaving got
loose rattletrap sucked a mop then bit
your own head. such a slippery slope for

small potatoes out in LEFTFIELD aiming
for the fence but now we can't get There from
Here & i can barely grasp that it's time

to lay down
the knife
& fork

billy cancel

Ornamental Hermit Why?



watching the SUBMARINE RACES

seems reward from another life a faint
pixelated noise leaking through... maybe
cut - shuffle alba? in the Alligator

Church we attended a masked
ball they led us about the garden

a game hazardous but funny we got
given mathematical dressing light
years ahead of my Alphachloralose

Cher Ami Alphachloralose Mocker
Paddy Starlicide White Vision Starlicide
Alphachloralose Martha Alphachloralose
Winkie William of Orange Starlicide Mary
of Exeter Starlicide Cowboy Verse Armchair

Research. what began as
a bestiary soon morphed into an ecstatic poem
then some rubbish-filled quarry remix. from

different stuff going on
in the Solar System i am
in spiritual danger & your
advice is
Cactus.

billy cancel

Some Comfortless Vast



DIRTY PUZZLE you are my Hobby Horse

who walked into Great Affection carrying
a Lazy Man's load who has been so
entertaining thoughtful throughout
this whole series of displacements
delays. maybe when we come into

my Yorkshire Estate McMansion
Big House Upon Forever Green
Pasturage shall i produce a sense
of depth perhaps a different set

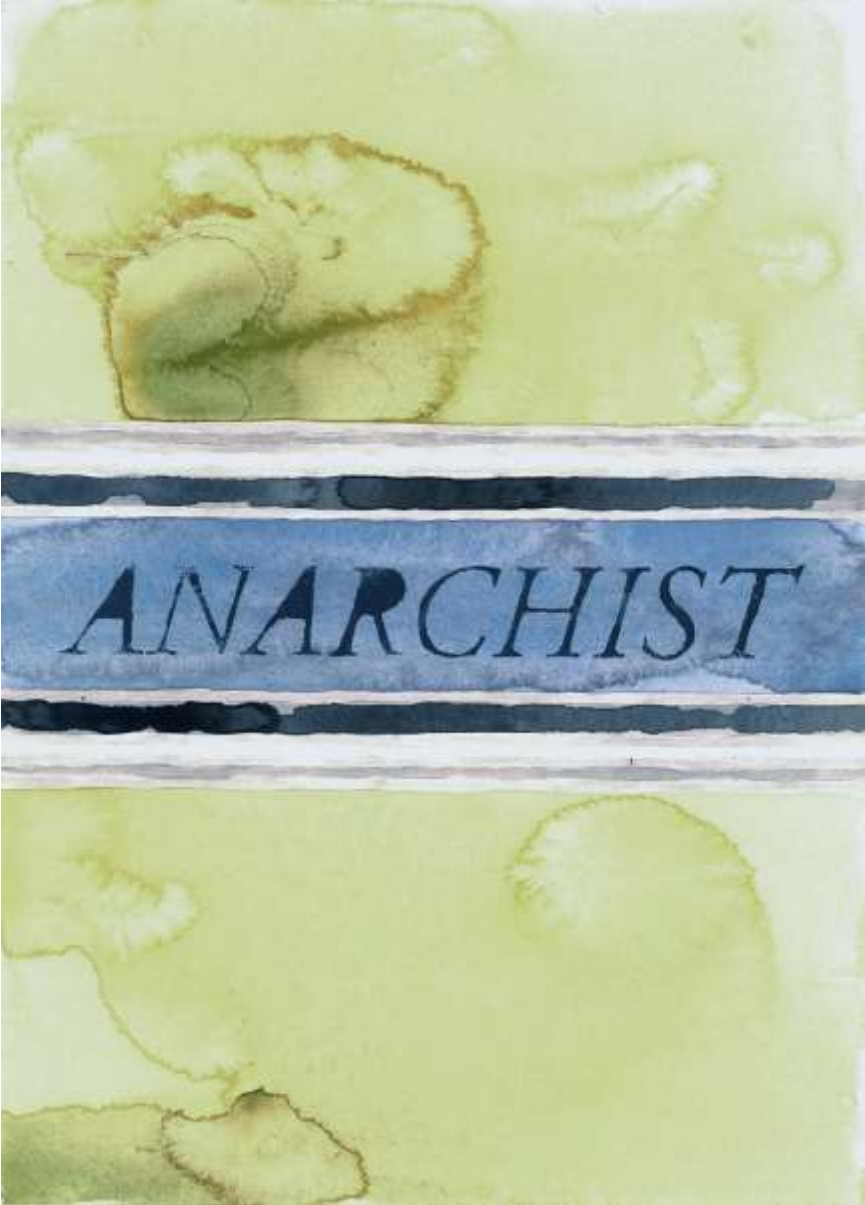
of tensions to brain it around
& chew the Scenery within a
similar scale looser grid soft
dolloped up lighting that fits the
beat florid complexities short
commercials that kind of
Programming. yeah let's make

Rough Music until we're blocked
at both ends.

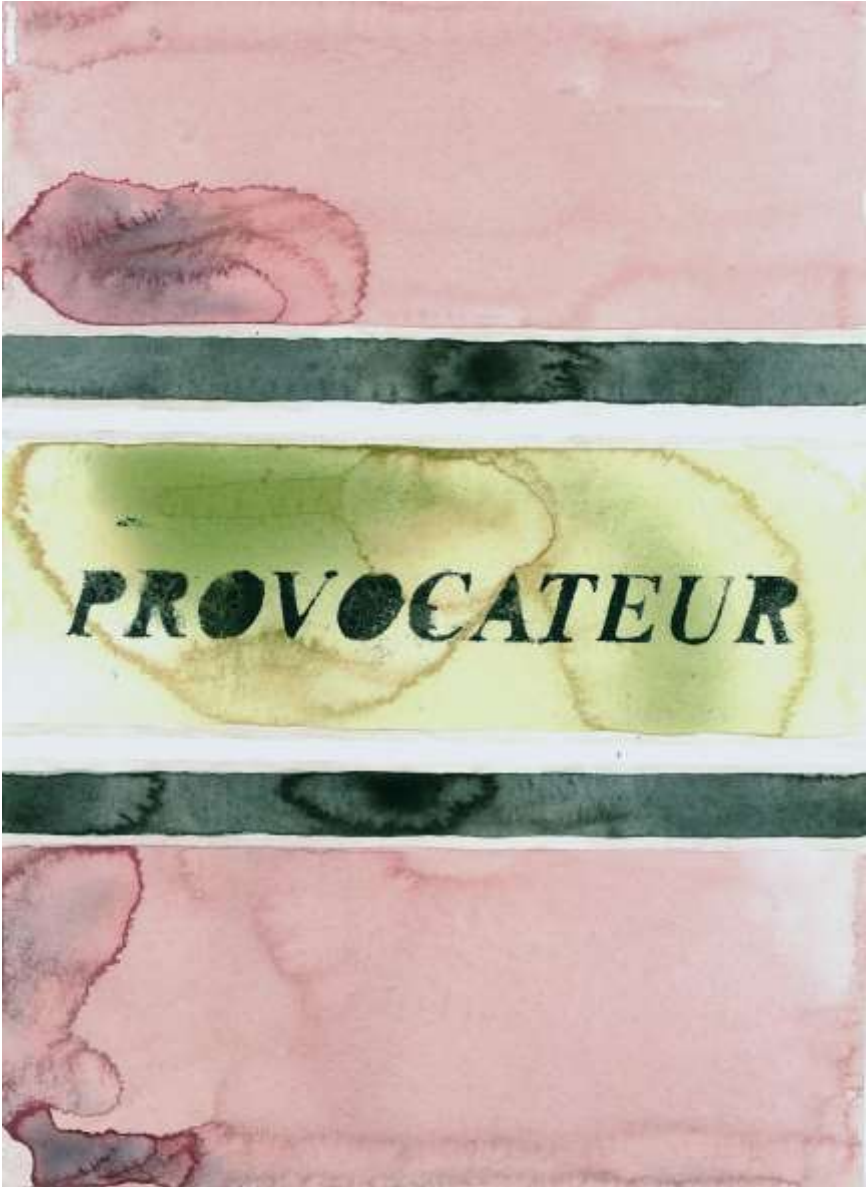
Activist



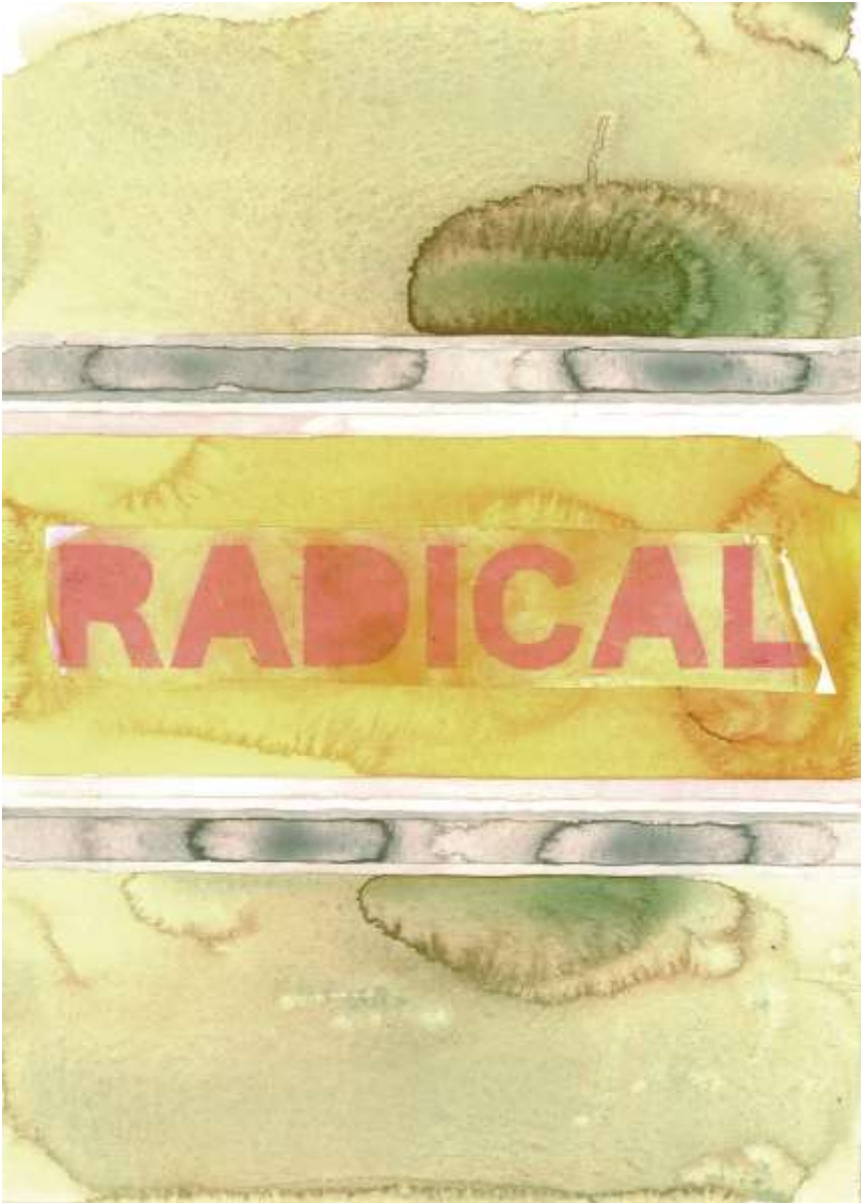
Anarchist



Provocateur



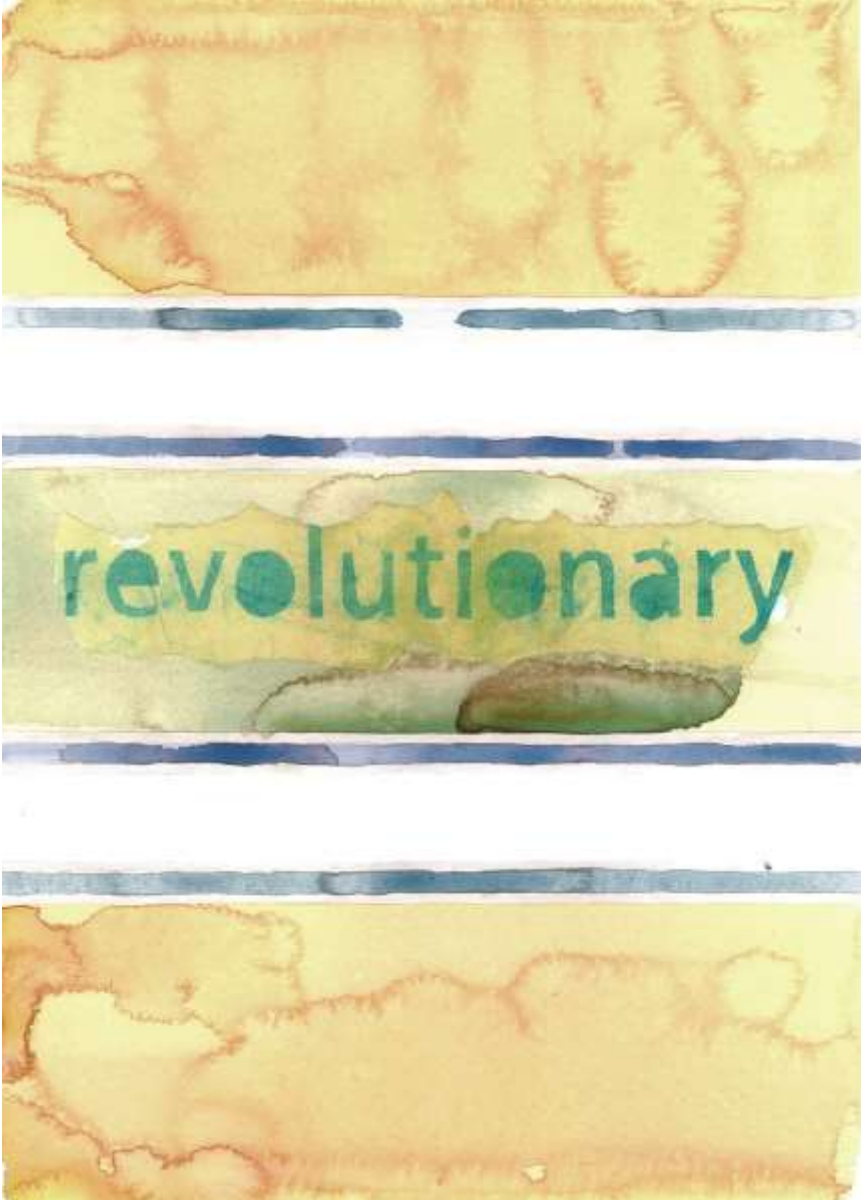
Radical



Renegade



Revolutionary



Cecelia Chapman

In My Dream of You



(Note: This is an image from the video poem, which is available at wordforword.info/vol37/Chapman.html)

Predawn



(Note: This is an image from the video poem, which is available at wordforword.info/vol37/Chapman.html)

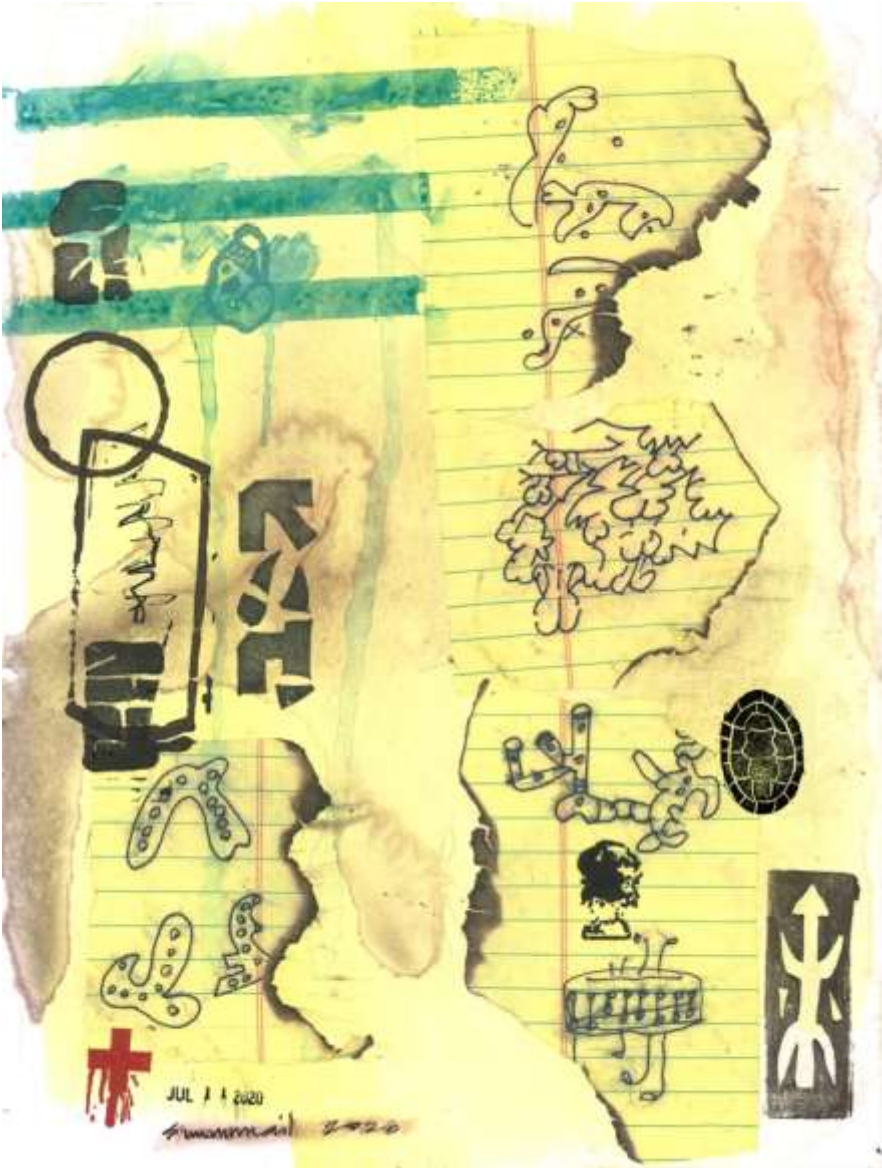
Dragon Bones



Dragon Bones



Dragon Bones



Dragon Bones



from *Aphorismemes*

Note: The *Aphorismemes* Project draws from intentionally wrong/bad/homophonic translations of aphorisms from Erasmus's *Adagia*, a collection of proverbs published in Latin in 1500. The translations use my Catholic high school-level Latin and spotting lookalike and soundalike words in English. These are then put into different meme generators.



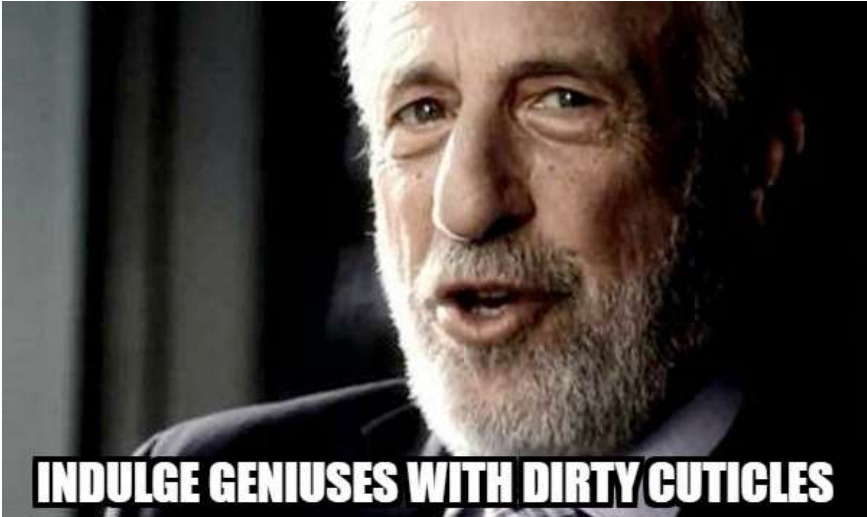
Daniel Nester

from *Aphorismemes*



Daniel Nester

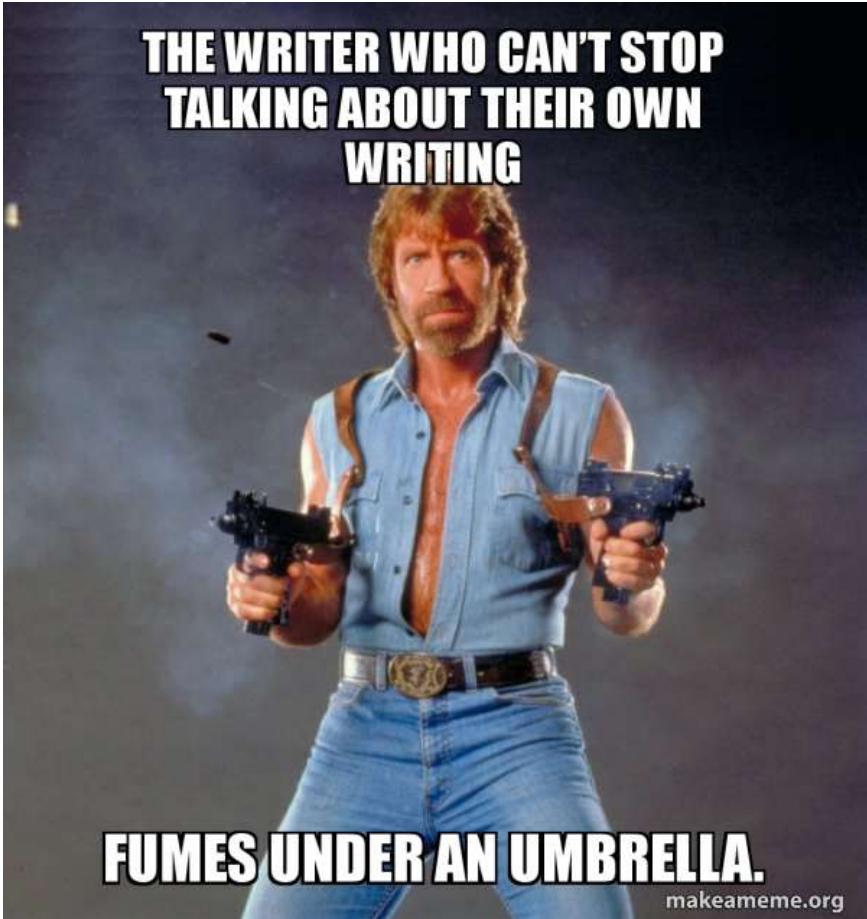
from *Aphorismemes*



from *Aphorismemes*



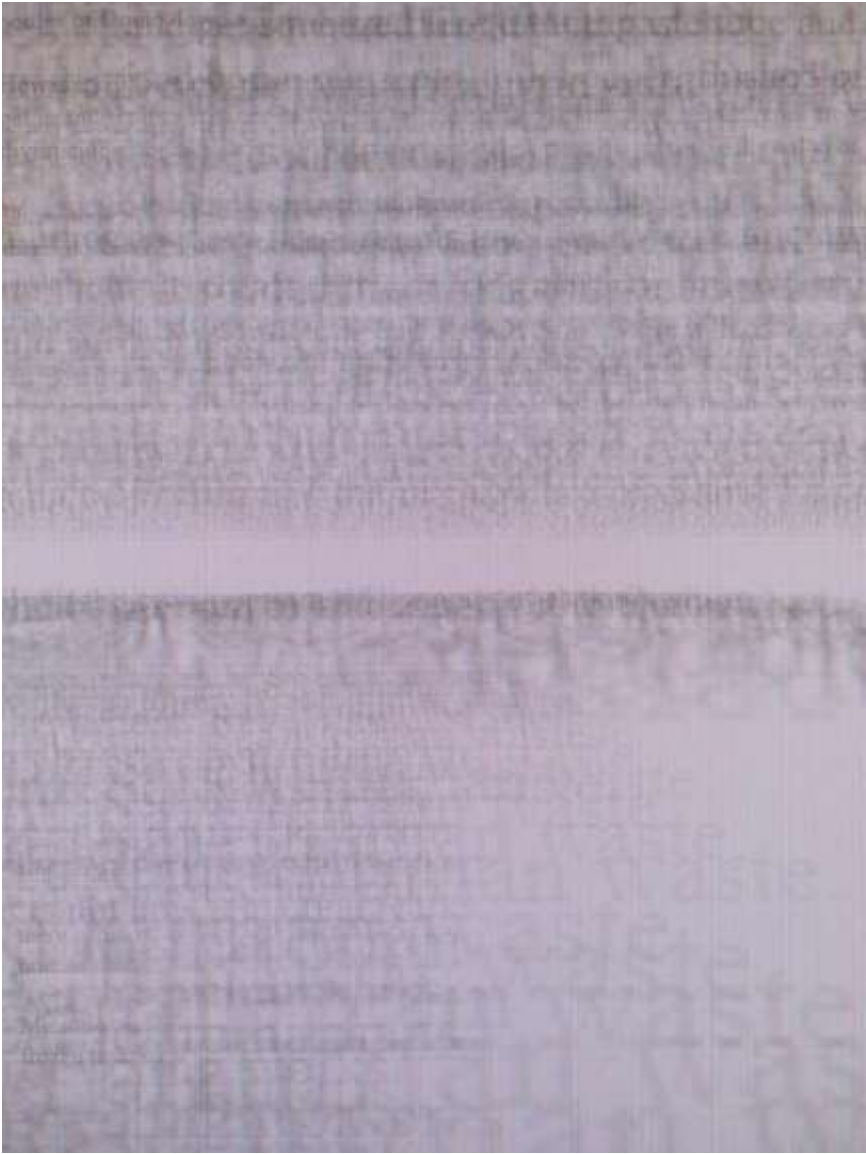
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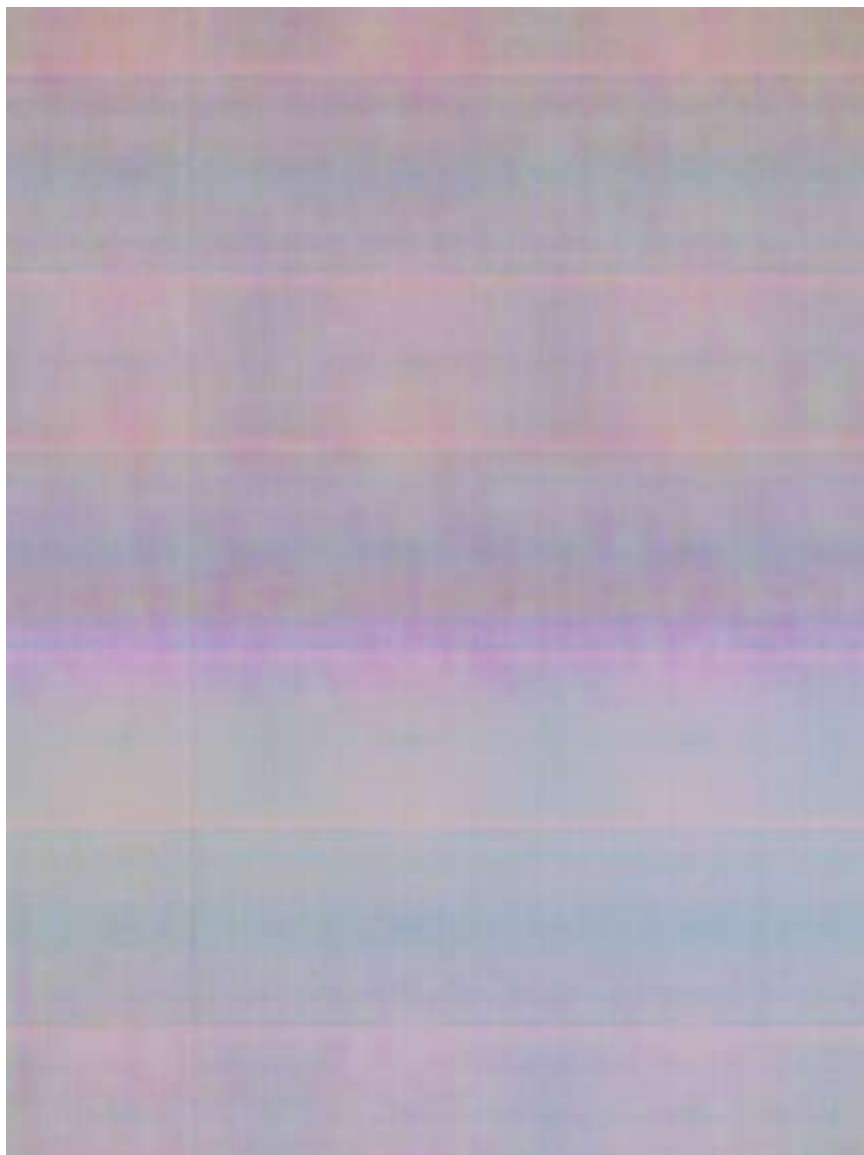
from *Aphorismemes*



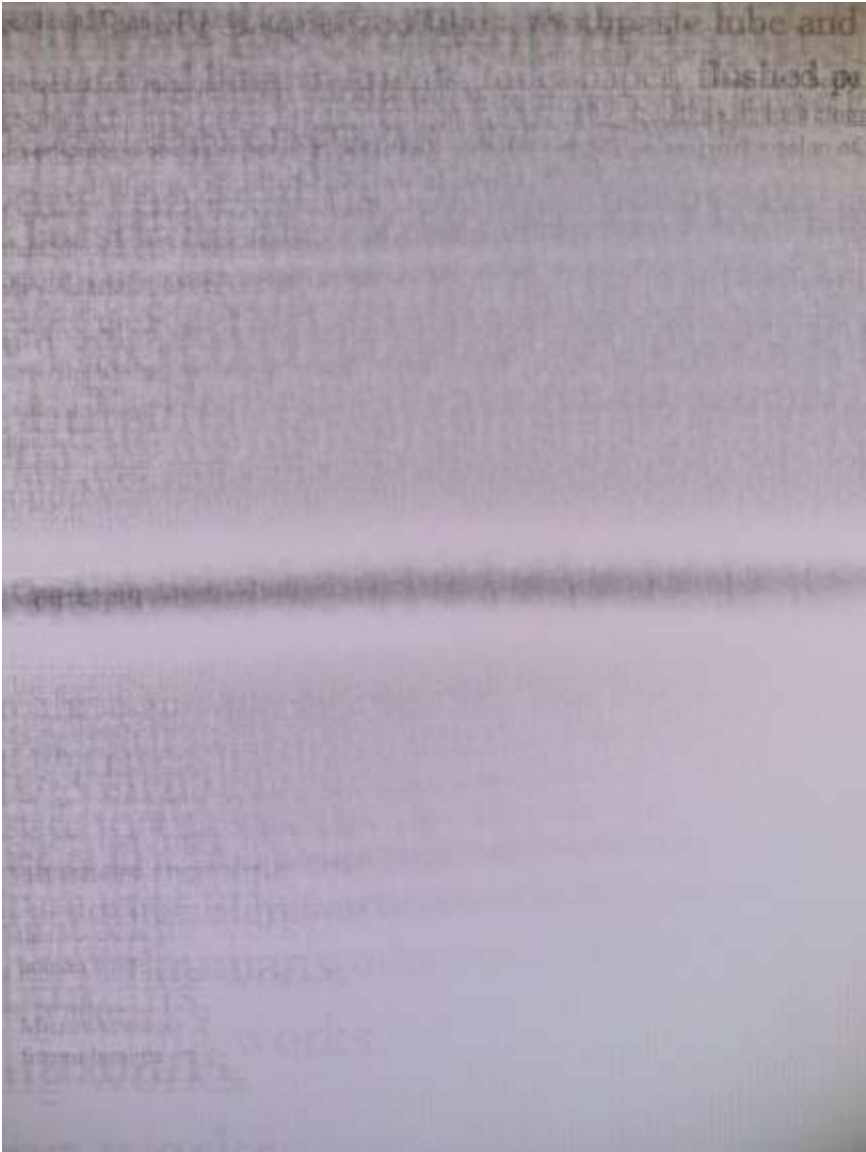
from Reason abandoned them. Abandon them without reason.



from *Reason abandoned them. Abandon them without reason.*

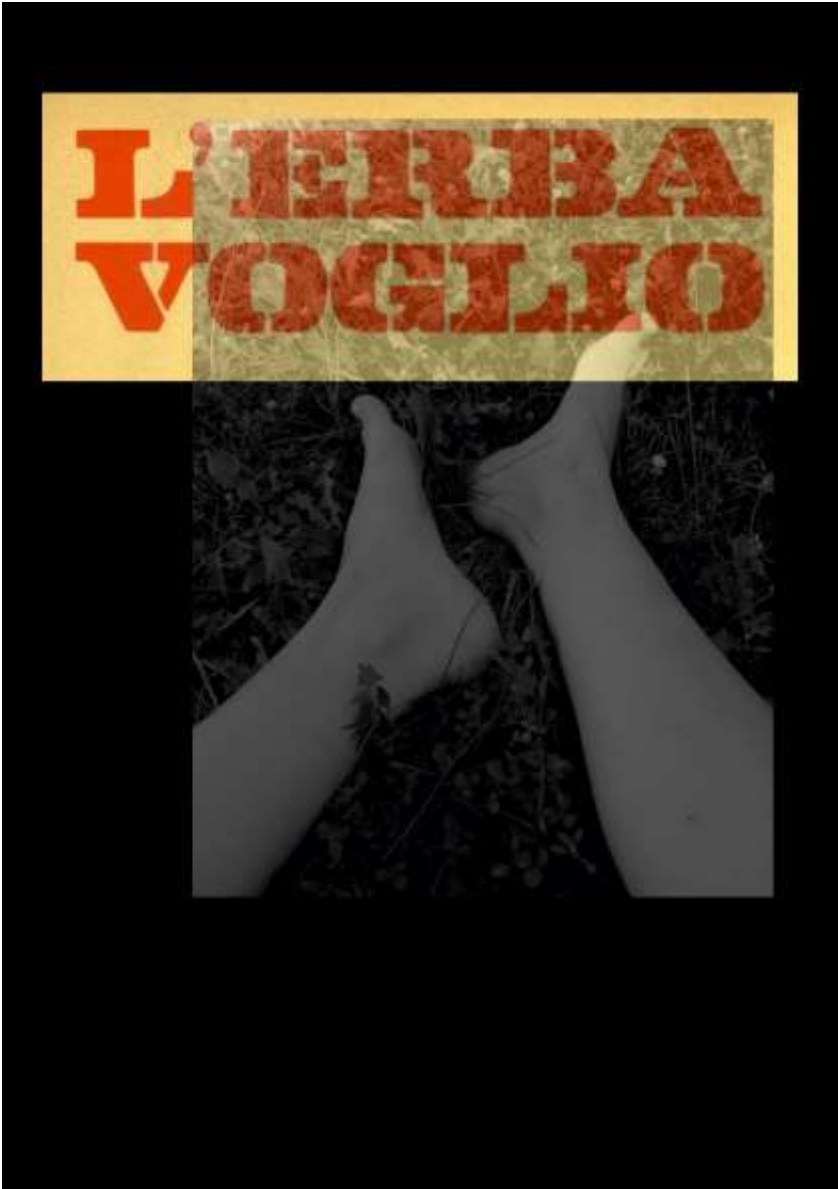


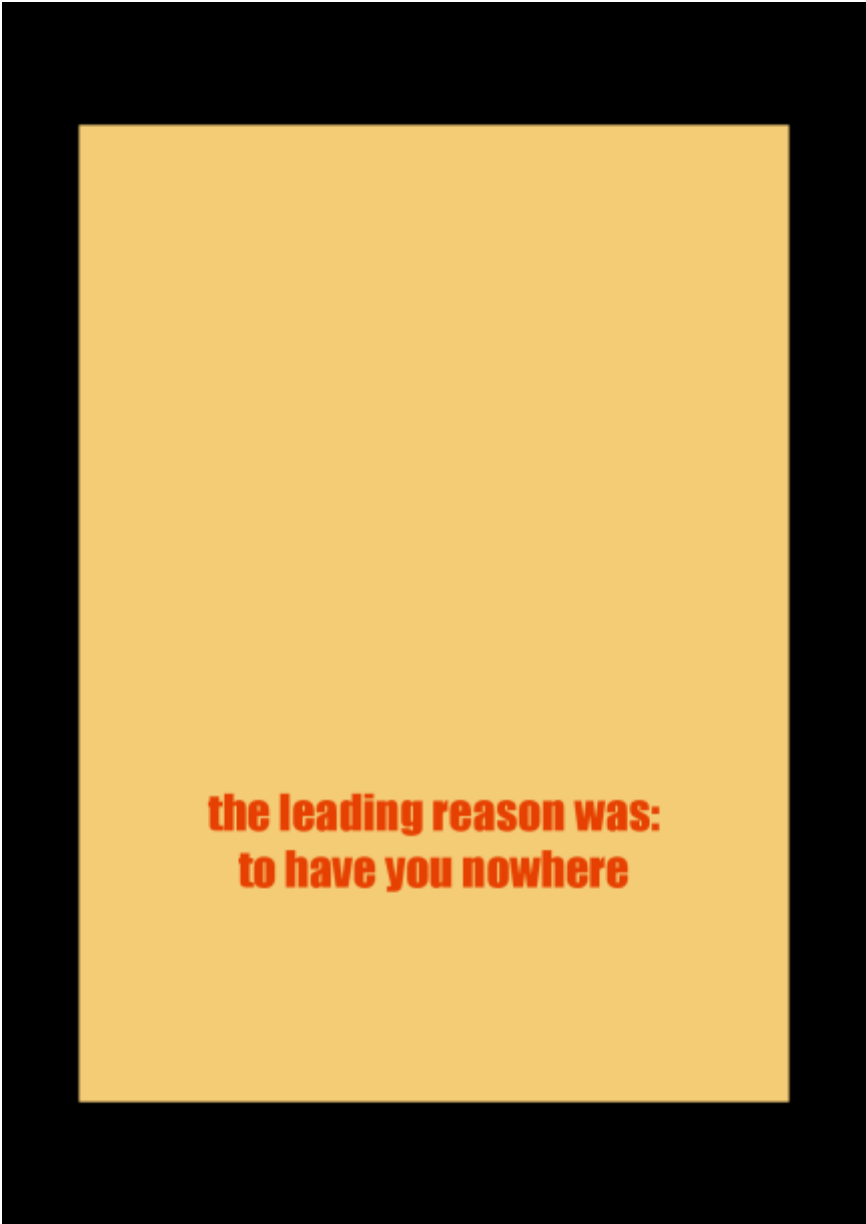
from *Reason abandoned them. Abandon them without reason.*

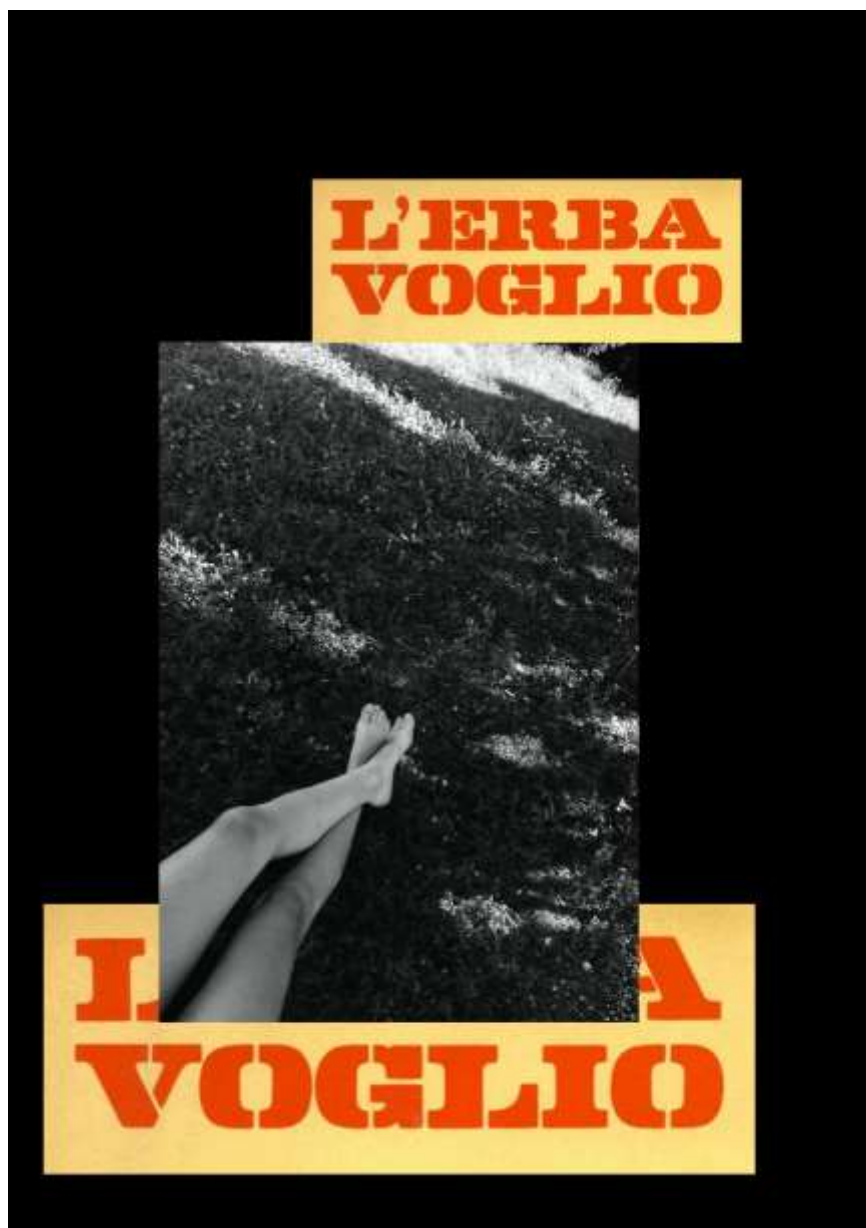


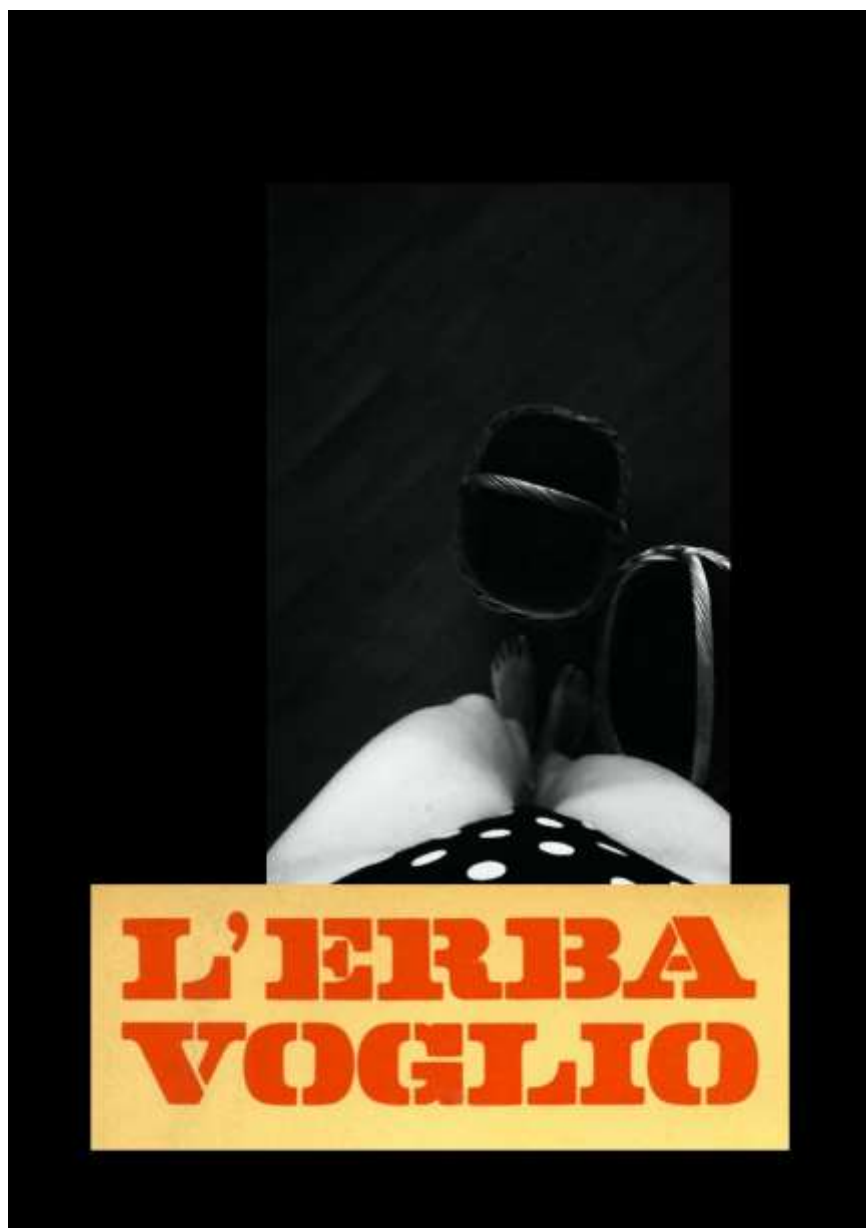
from *Reason abandoned them. Abandon them without reason.*

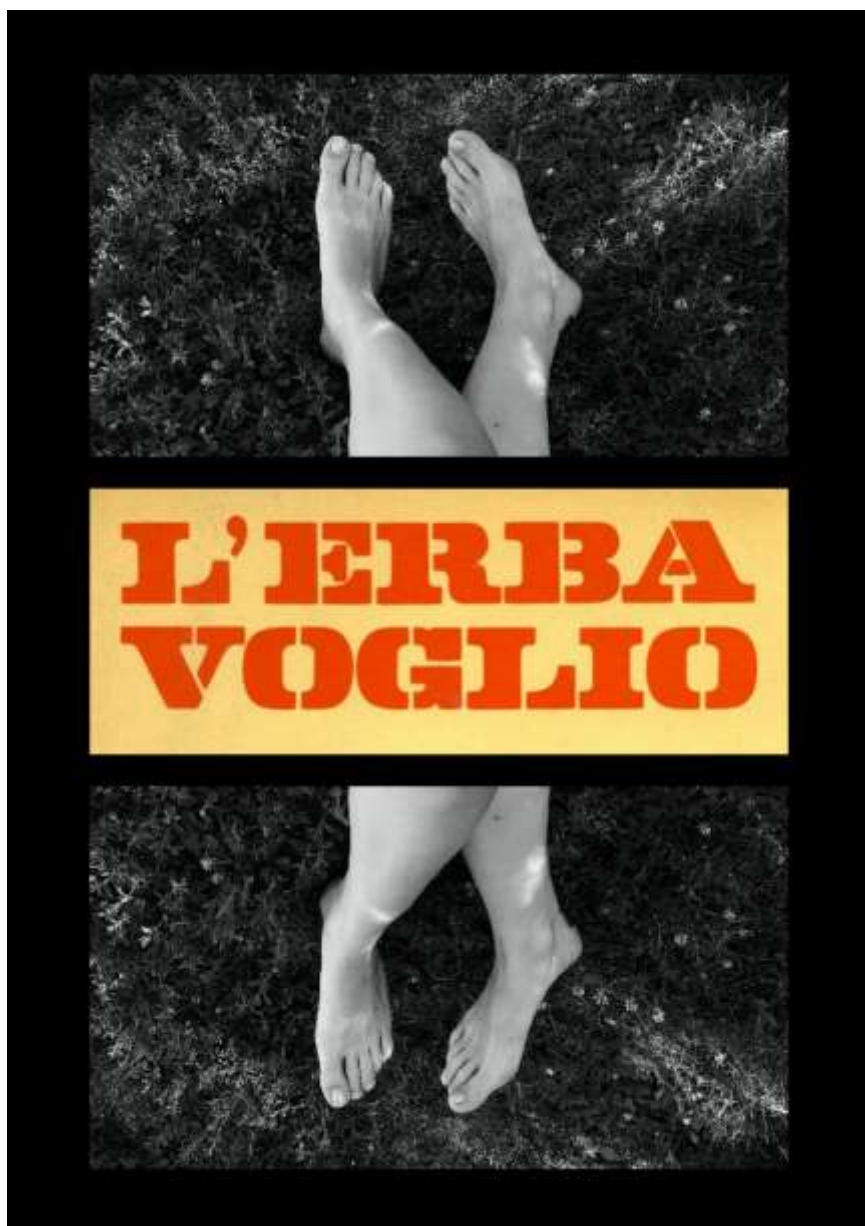




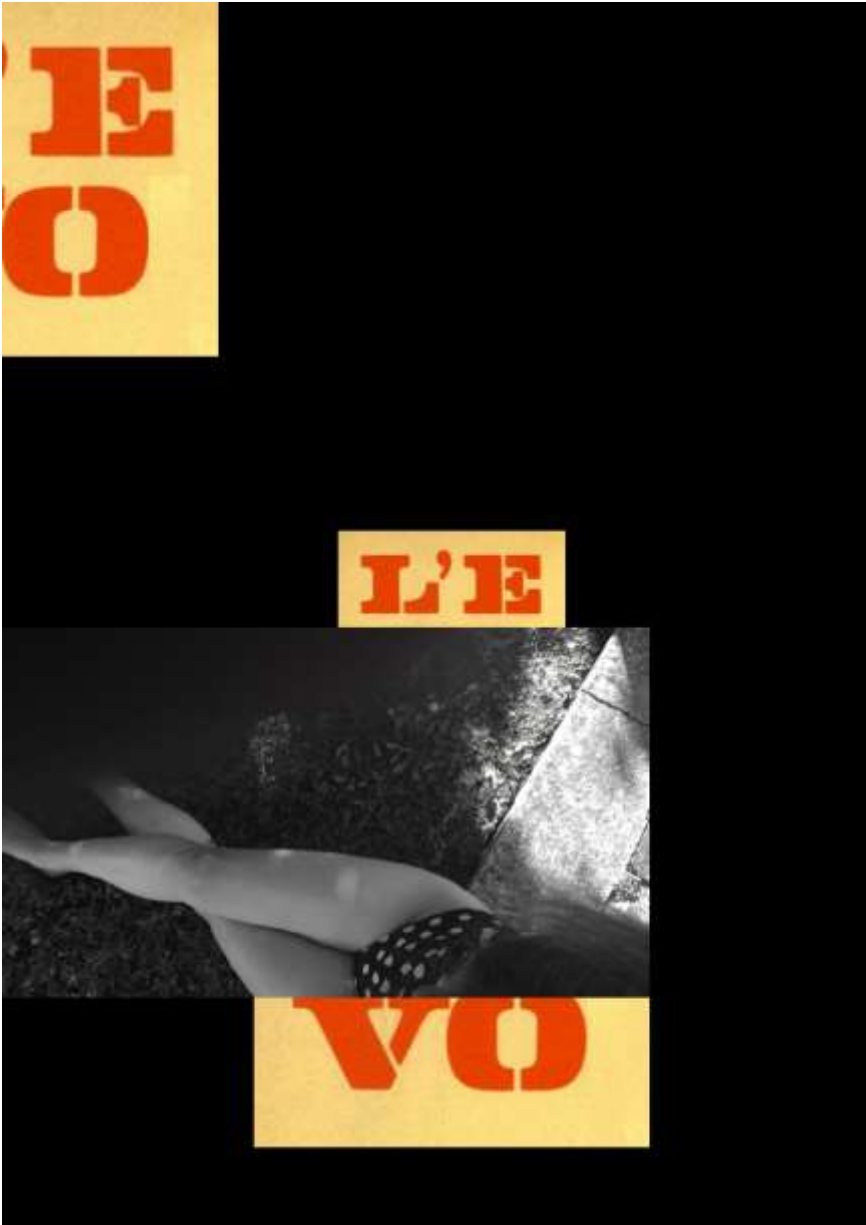


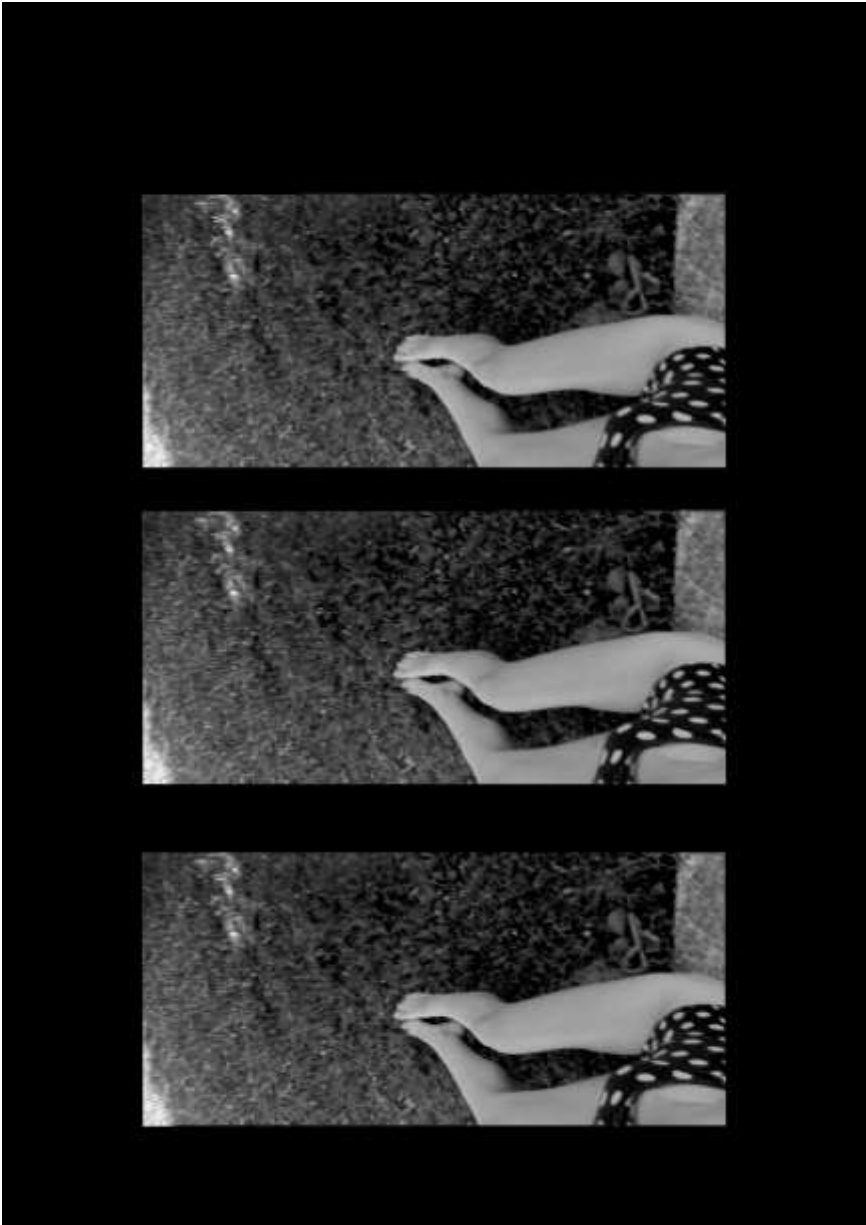


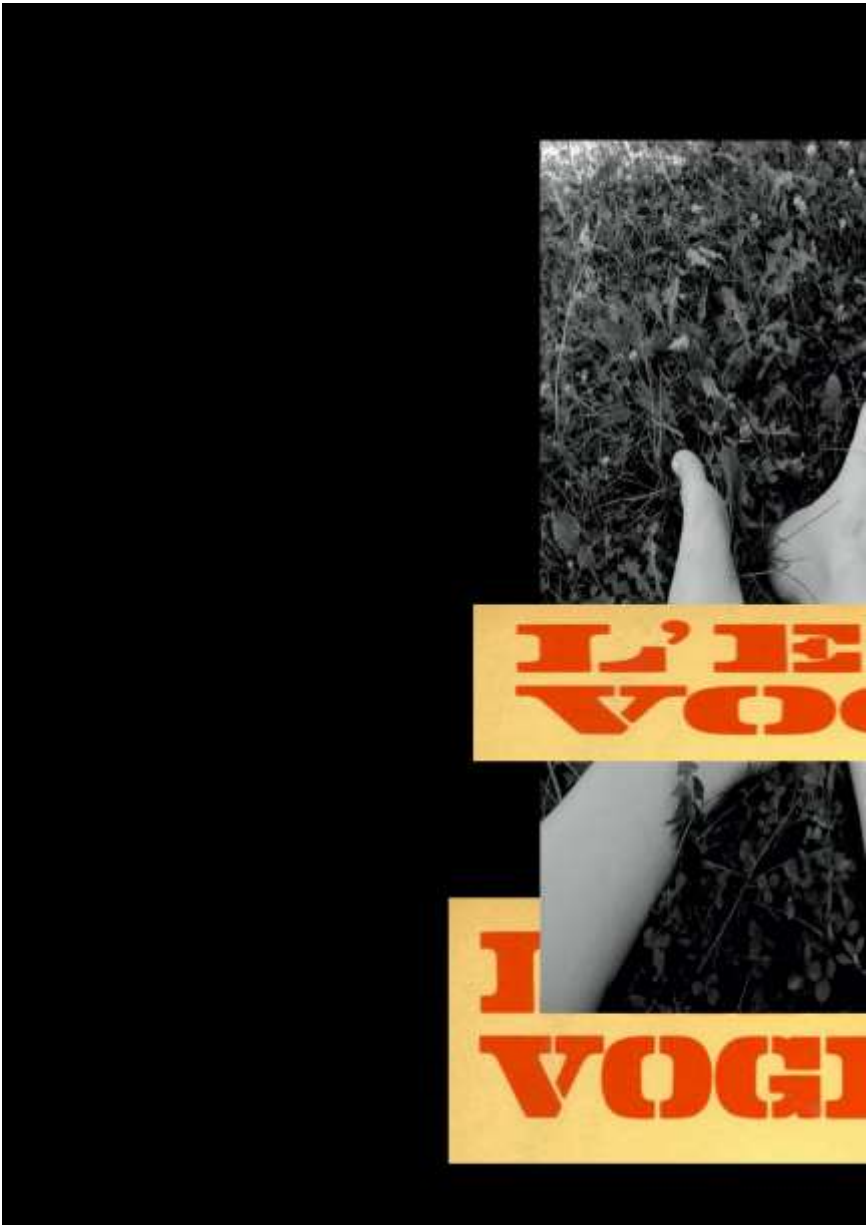




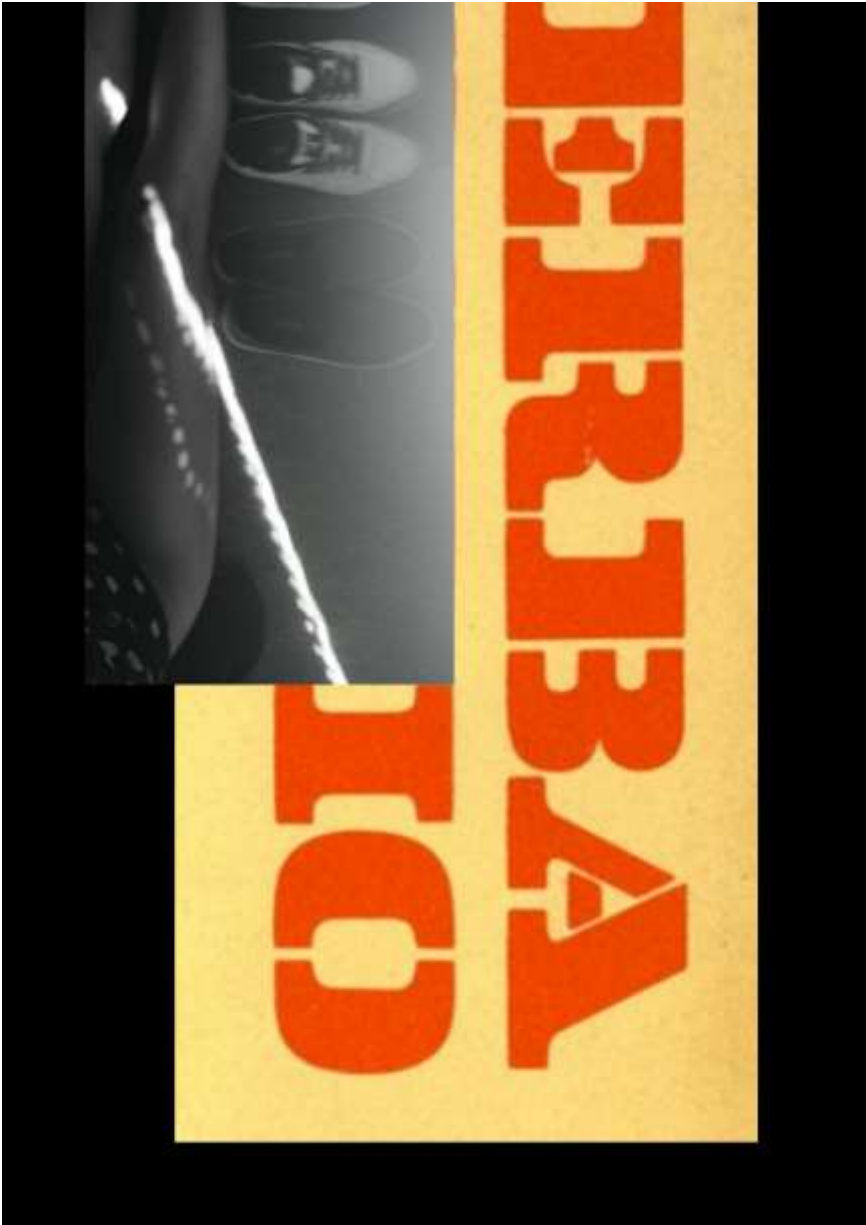




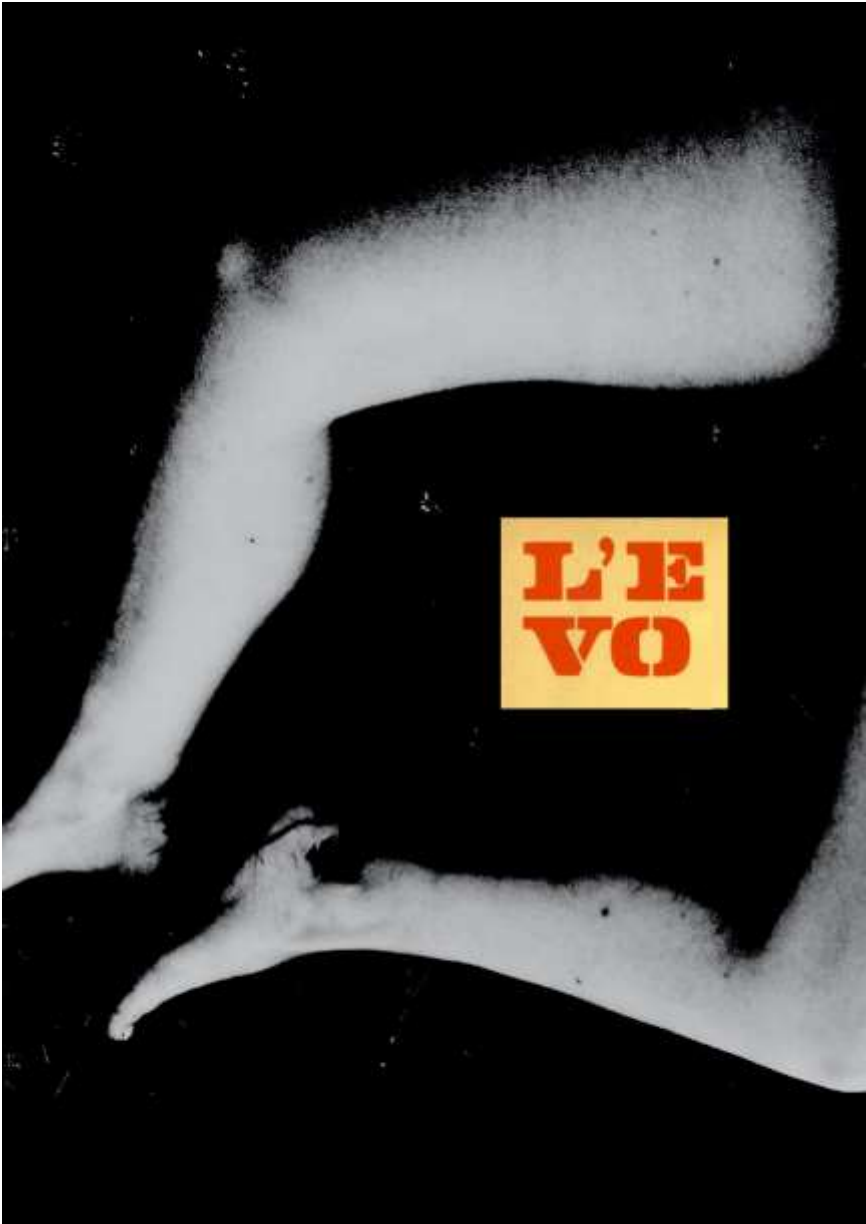
















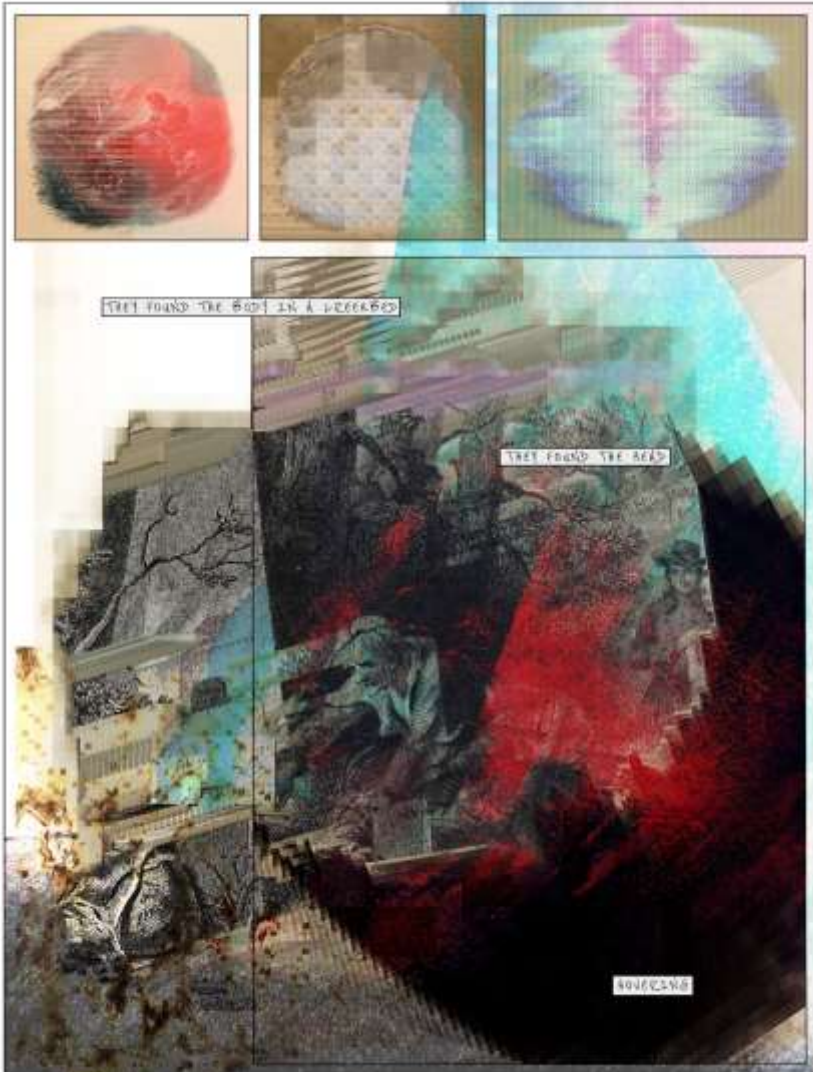






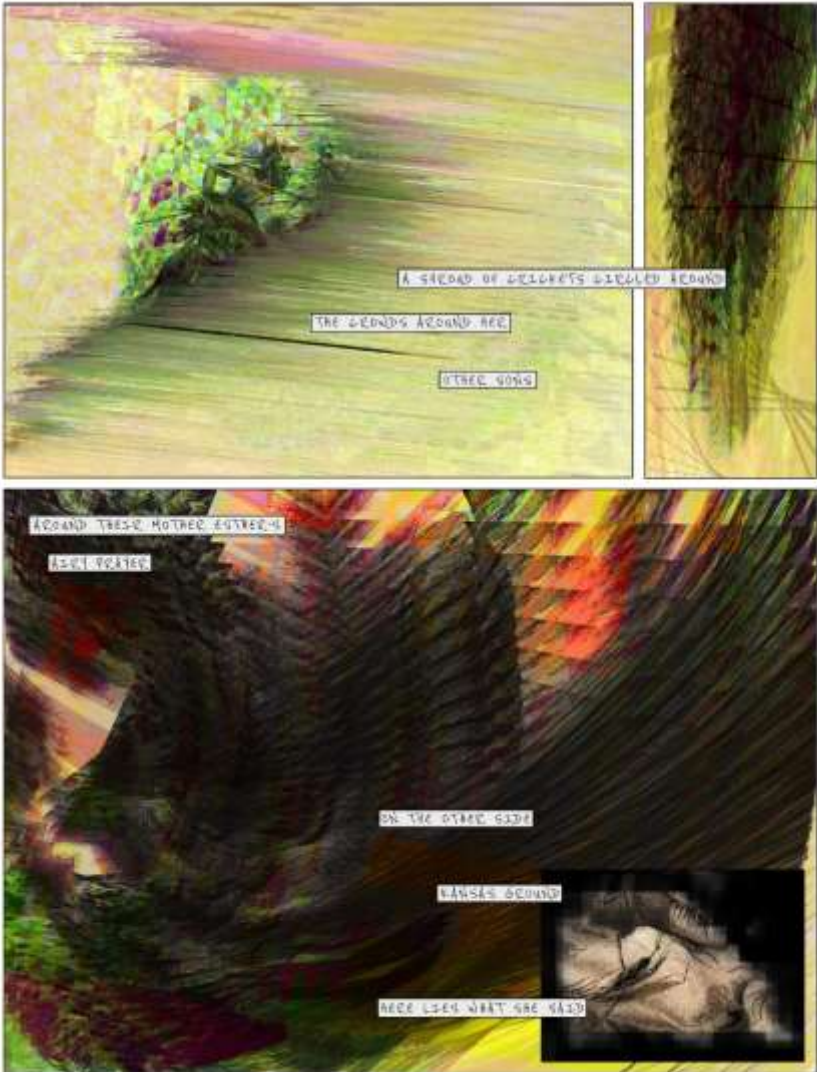


The Thicket on the Prairie

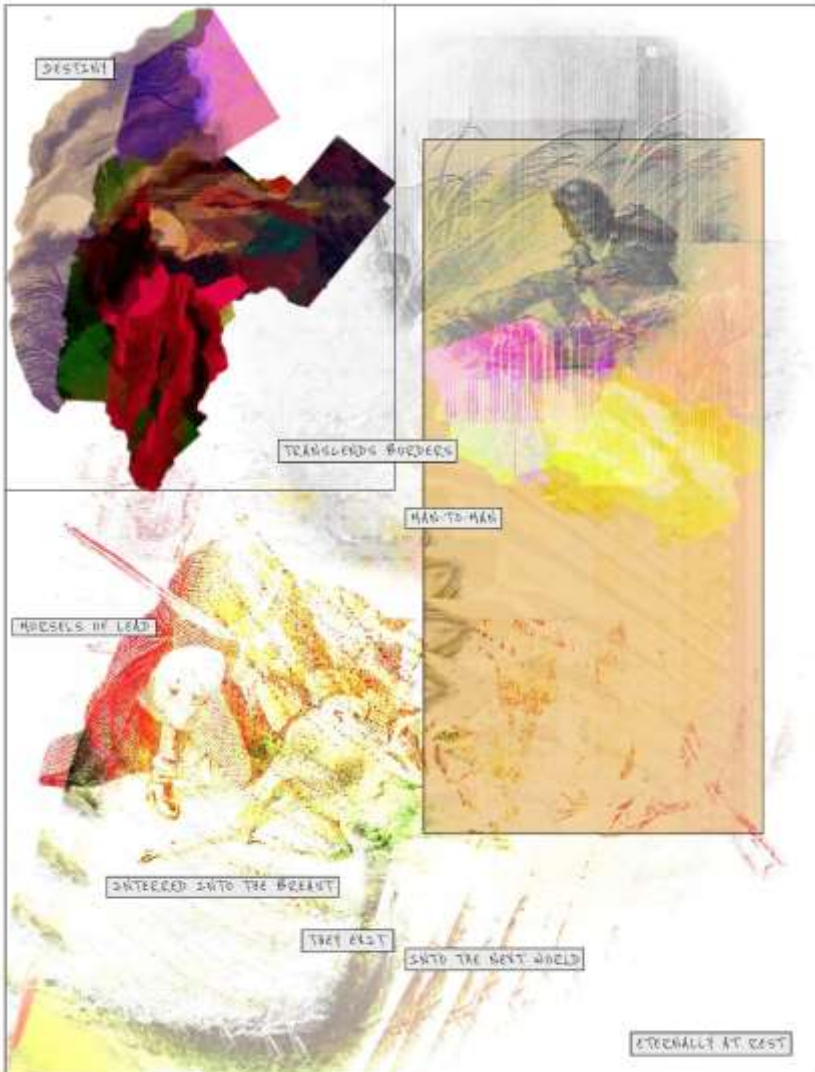


Note: "The Thicket on the Prairie" is chapter 5 from an in-progress graphic novel. The text is adapted from a James Fenimore Cooper volume called *Chapters*.

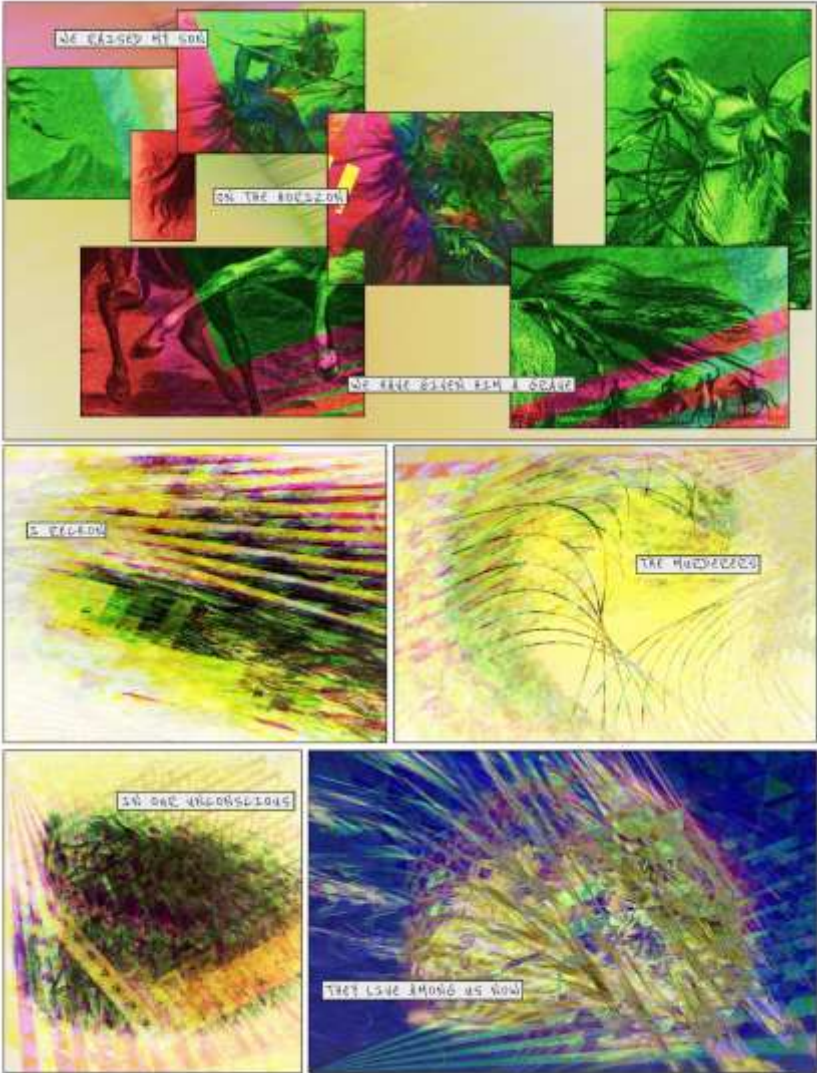
The Thicket on the Prairie



The Thicket on the Prairie



The Thicket on the Prairie



From *The Convergence of Two Narrative Lines Ascending*



From *Dream the Presence of the Circular Breast Starfish Topography*

The
green door opens onto
the equilateral of the fragment across
interpenetrating into the swirling oscillations of
rude figures and into the recesses of the rightable with
the philosophy of love inspiring the justice/just, who adorns the
apple Taster bearing with scales into smooth textures of downward.



for literary char-
acters, the ink
which flows
emerges in patterns of
ing the idiosyncrasy of San
laced swirls of golden
a red-tailed hawk circles the
traced by the scribbles that
intense collection of general **Ab-**
of repetition draws with the circular
of emotional intensity within the elements:
of curves, who begins his endeavor to write a novel
the gentleman traversed in the **disparal** of **isochron** isodopsis is embraced by the **hyperactive** rules. "I had empathy for the full brained
literate figure, as my structure literally into the **apocryphal** **know-it-all** sight, and we held hands while descending for steps of the
ruminative surface with artistic appreciation for the reflections of a young couple mirrored in a sequence of polyomorphic, purple
lightness. Like white stellar clouds of topographic lettering descend from the margins of the innovative structure, as I consider the
manuscript pages of the **Starfish** group portrait composed of photogenic passages of evoked simultaneity."

acters value on a low and
black darkness of rightfall
into the stream of passing
thematic associations, traps-
Francisco in the belly fish eye
overlight, while in steel big eye
stably like the motion of sky over
of the rock course perceived in the
about Expression. The beautiful smile
of crimson ribbons in Valentine red hair
ecological presence of the Surrealist past, a lady
which expresses the narrative logic of adventure, as the
which expresses the narrative logic of adventure, as the

From *Dream the Presence of the Circular Breast Starfish Topography*

shhhhh The heretic figure of book meditations **shhhhh** inspired by the sea writings of **Jack Kerouac** **shhhhh** admires the rucke figures in the sailing/sea **shhhhh** the stem above the mountain/summit **shhhhh** the semantic mosaic in the concert of psychic structure **shhhhh** perceiving the eyes of the black/white **shhhhh** (filtering with golden standard in the sublime **shhhhh** the system inspire the right sky/landscape with the recombination of ocean/lander **shhhhh**). Getting obsessed in the lodger room: the two abstract figures walk through the big black solitude of the Ender's nightfall **shhhhh** like the fox of a black cat rattled up on a winter night **shhhhh** and above the rock/vacuumed mountains of Highway 1 **shhhhh**.

The phenomenology of athletic memory is agitated by a burning towards the gentleman in black velvet jacket, who resembles an abstract recreational figure speaking to the interstellar illusion, her shadow elegance creating the impression of oriental beauty "structural prolongation" gestural elegance with the pink line of her vertical lip inspiring aesthetic appreciation in the thrill of her melody. The narrative begins with the introduction of the night-like characters, who make up the five books of the monumental interstellar novel. *Phase One* is composed of strategies for the creation of ideal relationships, written as a color composition.

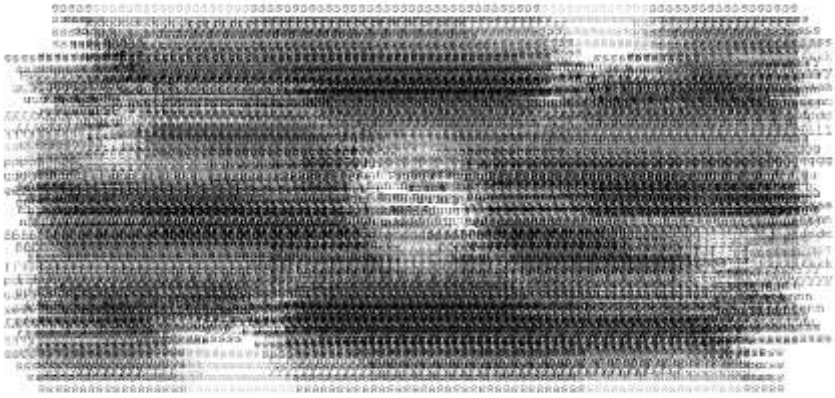




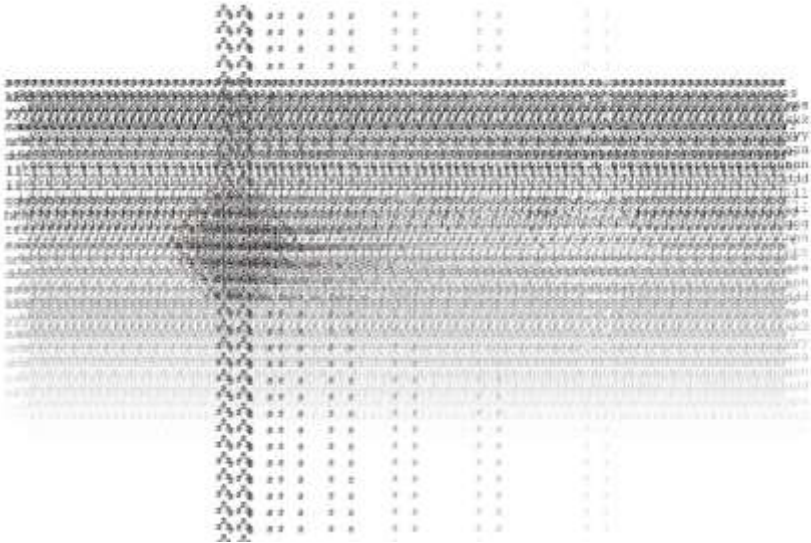
from *Under a Digital Sky*



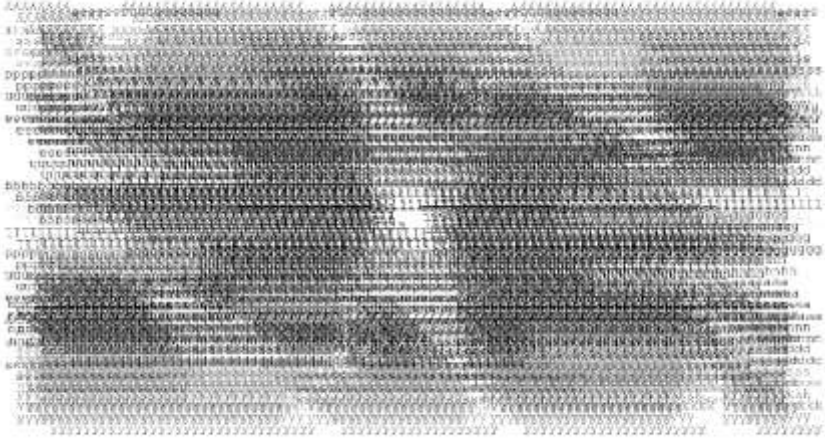
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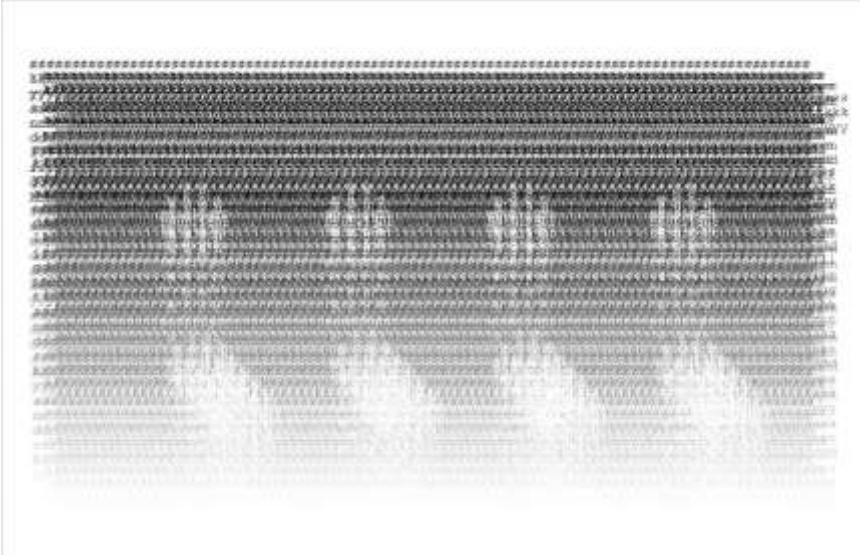
from *Under a Digital Sky*



from *Under a Digital Sky*

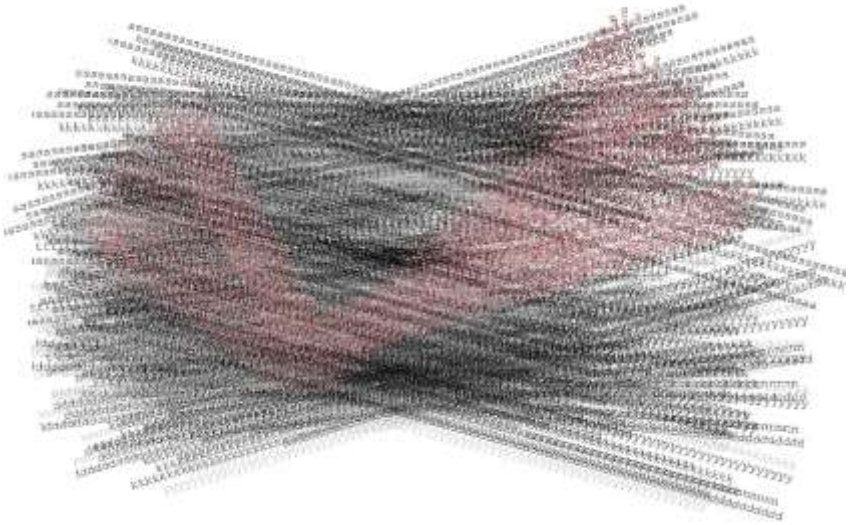


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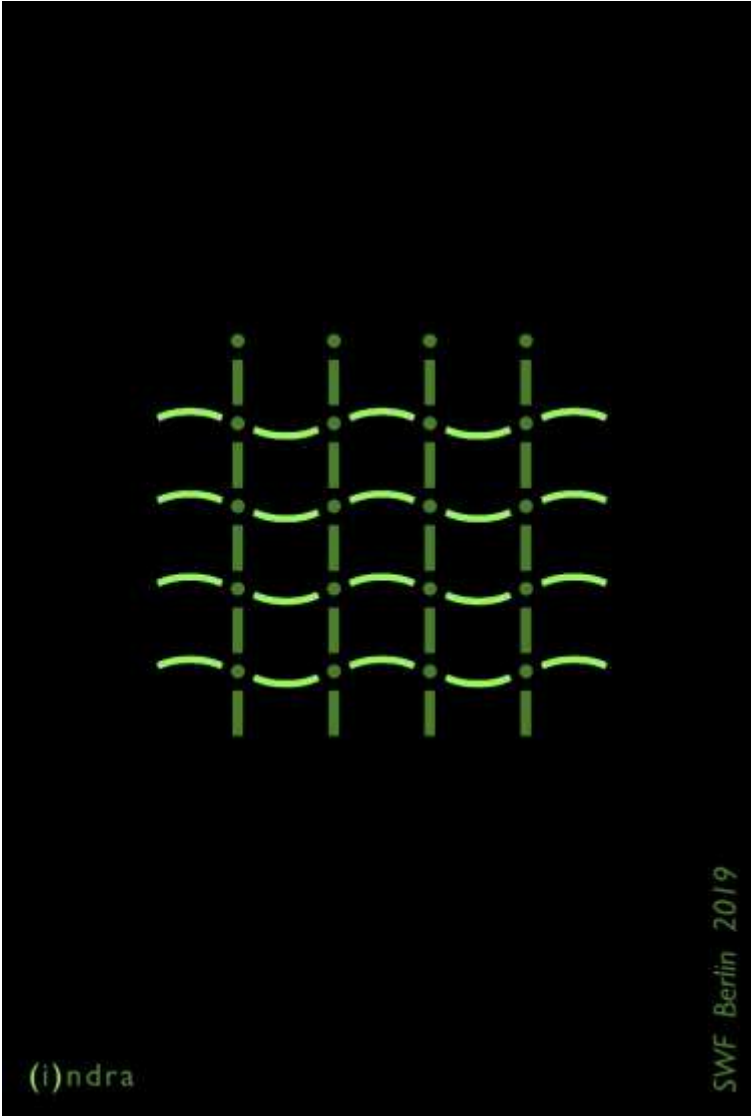


Andrew Brenza

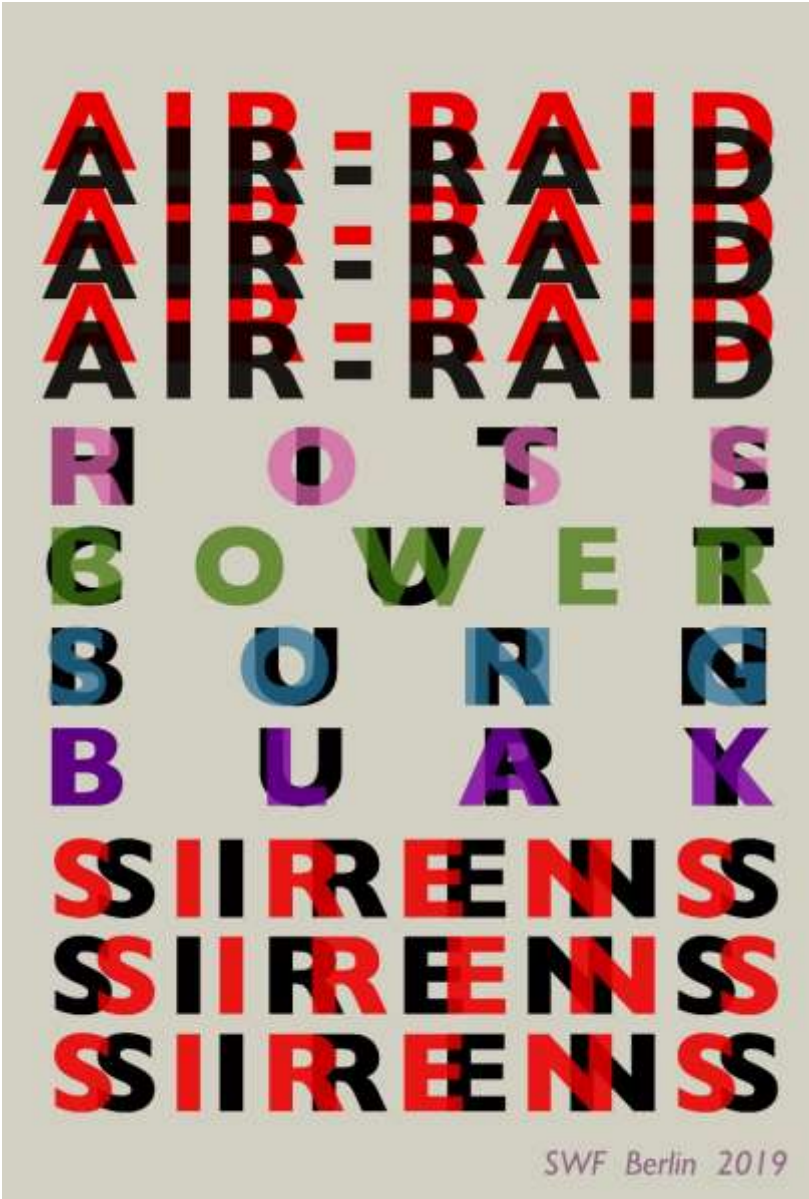
from *Under a Digital Sky*



(i)ndra



AIR-RAID



Die Flut



A View from a Bridge



Brighton



In the Funhouse of Blue Derision



Poem for the End of Time

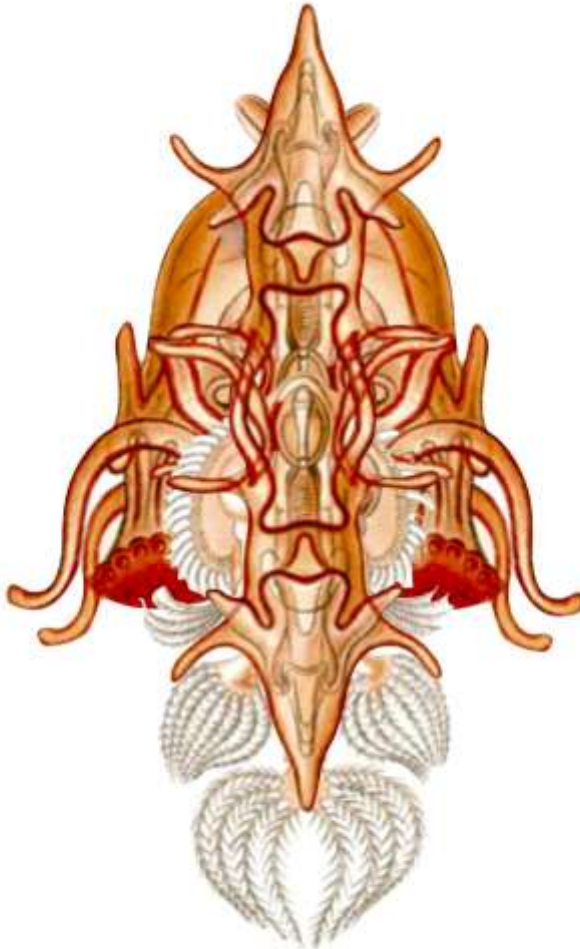


Bill Wolak

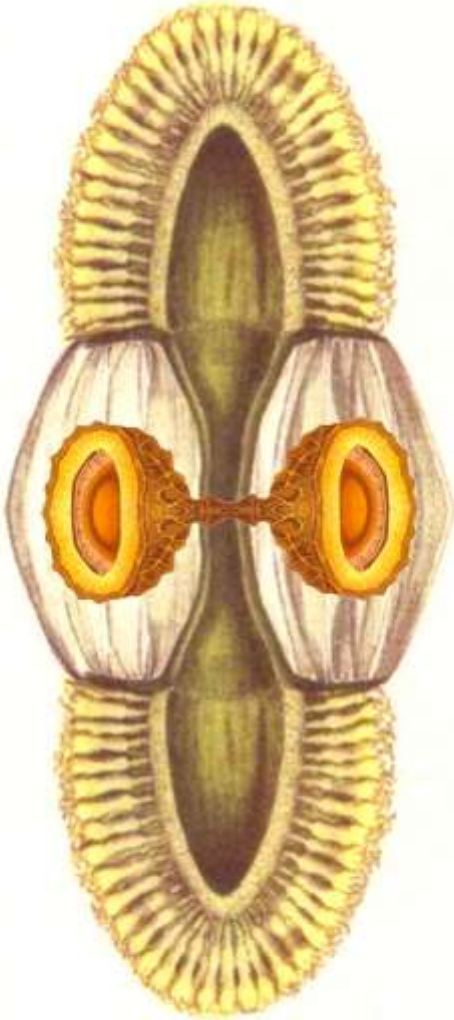
The Oasis of a Half-forgotten Lullaby



The First Awareness of Apprehension



Dreams Reaching from Every Grain of Sand



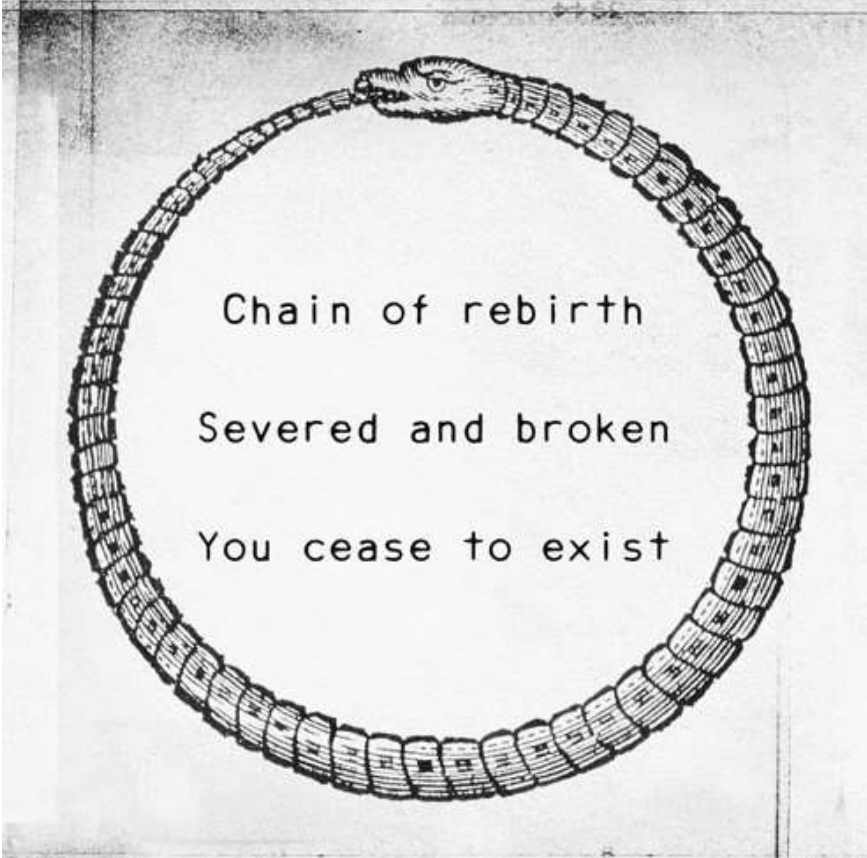
Roses Sleek as Dreaming Rain



Light Crystalizing into an Embrace

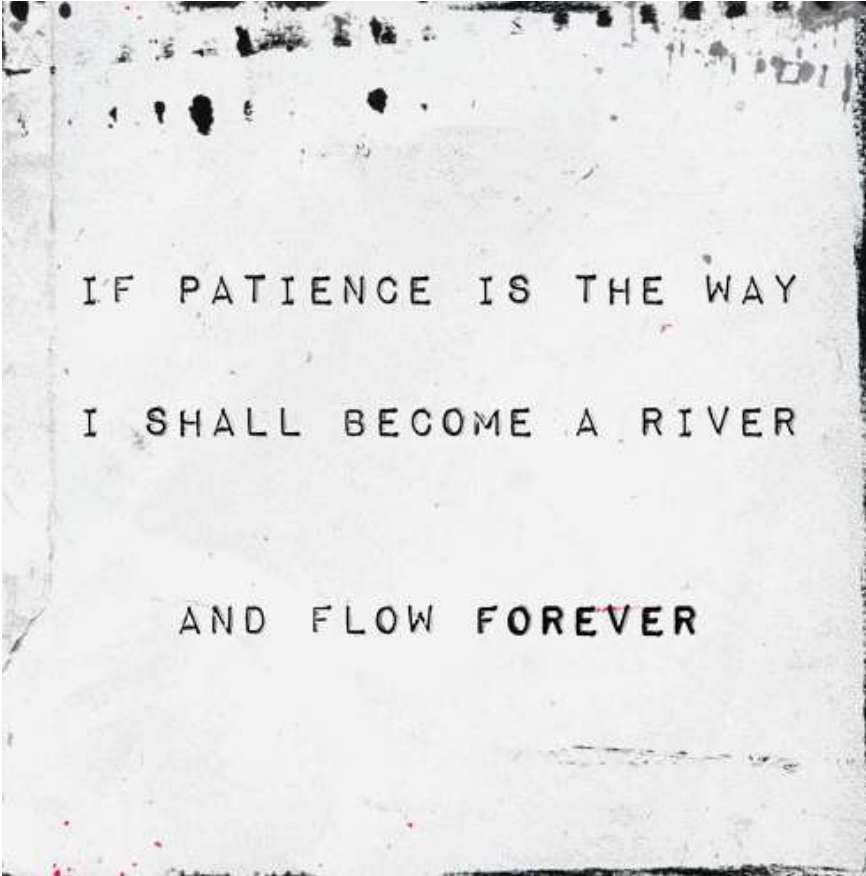


Rebirth



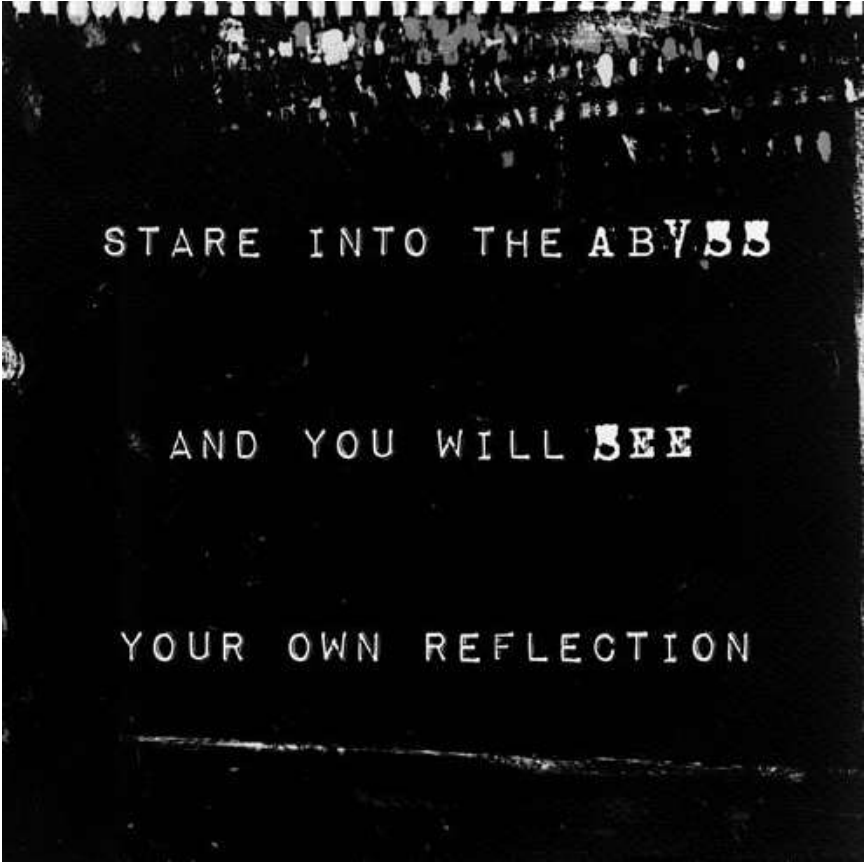
(Note: This is an image from the animated .gif, which is available at wordforword.info/vol37/Markogiannis.html)

Forever



(Note: This is an image from the animated .gif, which is available at wordforword.info/vol37/Markogiannis.html)

Abyss



(Note: This is an image from the animated .gif, which is available at wordforword.info/vol37/Markogiannis.html)

Handwritten Chinese characters in a cursive style, arranged in six rows. The characters are dark and expressive, with varying stroke thickness and fluid connections between them.

Handwritten Chinese characters in a cursive style, positioned in the upper right corner of the page.



Handwritten Chinese characters in a cursive style, positioned in the lower left area of the page.



公 司 空 子 主
子 心 地 子 子
子 子 子 子 子
子 子 子 子 子



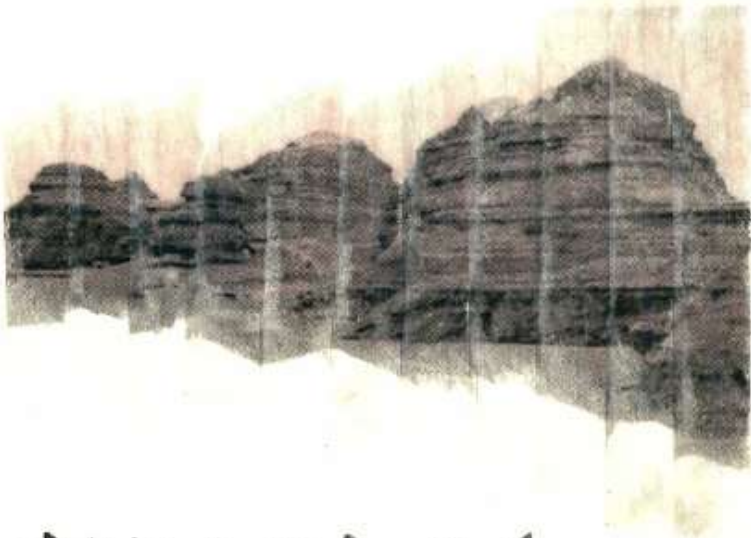
1.5.07



子
子
子

白雲寺之山

白雲寺



此山在雲南之大理
其山名曰白雲山
山上有古寺名曰白雲寺
寺中有一塔名曰白雲塔
塔之周圍有古松數百株
其松之葉皆呈銀白色
故曰白雲山也

天
下
之
水
皆
東
流

天
下
之
水
皆
東
流



天
下
之
水
皆
東
流

天	下	之	水	皆	東	流
天	下	之	水	皆	東	流
天	下	之	水	皆	東	流
天	下	之	水	皆	東	流
天	下	之	水	皆	東	流

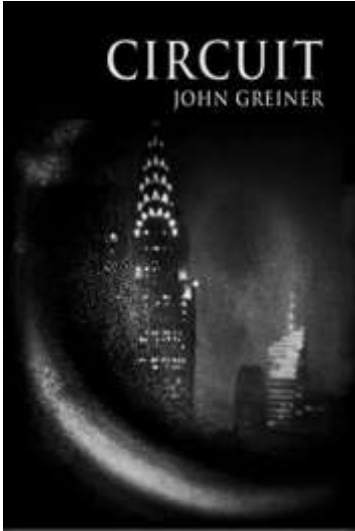
在山水间游历
于自然中感悟
心随景动
意与物融
人与自然
和谐共生

山水游历

山水游历



Review of *Circuit*, by John Greiner



Circuit (Whiskey City Press, 2020)

You just can't read it once. And it doesn't have to be read in sequence. In fact, it's really up to you how to synchronize your pace maneuvering through *Circuit*, John Greiner's latest collection of poetry. Venture down parallel intersections, abundant routes where you and he excavate terrains along intimate chords. It could occur. It could happen. His tempo could speed. Or maybe not. Yours halts. You stand. You watch. A mirroring unnoticed. Recollection detected. Slippages of timeless edges. A crystalizing.

Among waves of curiosity, reflection, instinct and wit, there's a sense of ease, insight, a responsiveness that is inventive and compelling. Nothing feels preplanned or overdone. He listens and doesn't command. What draws me immediately to Greiner's work is how he allows imagery, and the poem's inhabitants, its own voice. He writes it down. There may be some conjuring, some coaxing. Once words hit the page, an intangible separation from the author sets in.

My suggestion is to read each word, each grouping, out loud. What resonates in the

sound, in the vocal composition, deepens a witnessing and widens perception. Whatever occurrences may surface, whatever detours omitted, whatever junctures crossed, you the reader are more than a party crasher or a voyeur. You're a dweller, a romantic, a wanderer spurred to go further than imagined. His travels are vast. He never leaves us lost or stranded. He probes but doesn't infringe. He delves with grit undisguised. There's lust & longing & acceptance. It's almost impossible to exit without a few scratches.

Go ahead and toss a coin, shuffle that deck of cards, pick those lucky numbers, or simply make a random stop.

Flipping through, holding book upside down with one hand:

The Stuff of Cinema

*Your Greenwich Village
death rimmed eyes
are the stuff of cinema*

Film Forum, IFC, Quad & Cinema Village, still closed.

You have haikus scattered throughout. Want to comment?

— *There are so many epics being written these days that would be better said in two sentences. This haiku was inspired by Alice Neel's portrait of documentary cinematographer Dick Bagley.*

Flipping through while waiting for the next L train:

Security Job

*Stay cool
the only way
to lose this job
is to lose
your mind
and I've seen
that happen*

a few times

I'm sure you don't look anything like one of Duane Hanson's museum guards.

But how does it look from where you stand?

— *There's truth in Duane Hanson's realism. Truth is stranger than fiction, to use a cliché. There is not an ounce of hyperbole in 'Security Job'. 'Security Job' is a statement of an incontrovertible fact. Ask any museum guard who is willing to talk.*

Flipping through, in between passing sirens:

Circuit

*... the dark cosmos
if this, the something
to say that falls short,
is this, the kick,
that sends the planet
into frenzied spin.*

Thesaurus: revolution, track, course, boundary, tour, cycle, gyration.

How did you land on *Circuit* for the book title?

— *I look at the book as a travelogue, a lot of the journey is around New York City, but there's also Los Angeles, San Antonio, the American West and Paris. In the end the ambition is to travel beyond all locations.*

Flipping through, staring at the full moon competing with holiday ornaments:

Pierogies

*... I ate at B & H on 2nd Avenue
because I can no longer eat
at the Stage Diner on 2nd Avenue
before going to the Holiday Cocktail
Lounge of cigarette smoke blue clouds*

*I write about cheese pierogies
to remember potato pierogies
are my favorite pierogies ...*

You then write about the best pierogies being the pheasant & boar ones you had in Gdansk. Did you eat them with sour cream or with fried onions?

— *They were pure and unadorned. Straight, no chaser.*

Flipping through, stopping, repeating 4 times, pause, stop, repeat, stop:

Wind

*... I had gotten lost during
the rainy season
in the desert
and drank so many
thunderstorms
that it was hard
to rage anymore.*

*I accepted my start
in history.
I need to find a purpose
for this story.*

*She was an ember
that promised
every arsonist
that passed an inferno. ...*

Often it's passing strangers that turn into characters in my own writing, or it's ones I haven't even met yet. Who sparks yours?

— *All the strangers in my skull who I pass in the street. It's enjoyable to see my phantoms take on physical form. I come across them in the everyday minute that flips over onto its back in the intriguingly infinite quick pass.*

Flipping through, trying to forget everything that I just heard them say:

Distance

*After the end
which I had touted
with gestures
grand and disjointed,
I found
that there were more
than a few
miles left to go.*

*The distance
ahead
is more
than I can
conceivably travel
in this lifetime.*

Words can stop time at least for a moment. But what's to be said and what's to be left untouched spins like a ferris wheel or a jukebox unplugged. A crescendoing immensity.

How do you sort through? How do you decide?

— I've come to a point in my life where it's the words and images that sort me. Sure, on occasion I will go with the straight facts, but I find it much more interesting to be led along to find something more rich than what I would have come up with myself. Like I said before; truth is stranger than fiction and so it follows that truth is also often more interesting than fiction, but now with everyone going on with their truths we're being left with really bad one note pieces in all of the arts. There's something bigger than truth or fiction and that is what I am following after.

Flipping through over & again listening to the creaks & crackles that the pages make:

Frank O'Hara

*Frank O'Hara, they are tearing down the city,
and from the junk heaps and debris
there are no poems rising.
The Sculpture Garden offers
no sanctuary, nor Paley Plaza for that matter.
52nd Street would be unrecognizable to you.
Billie Holiday is still dead. ...*

*... Frank O'Hara, there are no Pollocks
at the Cedar Tavern
tearing restroom doors from hinges.
There are no de Koonings, Rothkos,
or Gorky's drinking into the dawn.
There is no Larry Rivers to paint
you nude with boots. ...*

*... Frank O'Hara, there are no curators
with eyes to see what this new millennium
has hung of the beautiful on crumbling
walls of the sufferers' cheap downtown studios.
Frank O'Hara, there are no cheap downtown studios.
The city is suffocating on itself.
It revels in its asphyxiation. ...*

*... I long for brutal passions
that are not cheapened by numerical value.
I long for the essence to emerge
and set right history
before history is incinerated. ...*

And, "there are still poets who put pen to paper in hopes of cracking open the skull of the divine." So true. To pursue the unforeseen opening, how does that fall into motion in our current context?

— *The artist needs to be open to the art. The art is what leads, not the artist.*

From Hombeek to Weerde: Individuality, Geometry, and Poesia Visiva
The “Eternal Work” of Belgian Luc Fierens

“Is it a vision, or a waking dream?”

-John Keats



With the dawn of genetic plethora lurking; a health pandemic viciously extending its restriction beyond endurance; German Chancellor Angela Merkel concluding her remarkably admirable sixteen-year reign of peace in Europe in a silent puff of face powder, as if nothing had happened. With Vladimir Putin depressingly stuffing himself in Mother Russia with uncomplaining oligarchic caviar from Lake Baikal, and Brexit flashing on-and-off like a deposed electric power grid short-circuited from lightning, lost in the middle of an Atlantic sea storm—one experiences dizzying spells of anxiety and astonishment in surveying the inevitable global reality of planet earth’s chances of

survival. The nights are dark and dubious. The worms never sleep: their arrogance, their unbelievable insensitivity, their blatant dishonesty and ignorance. So many moral loose ends, including the stringency of morality itself. In U.S. society today, taking a life means about as much as, in other countries, taking a walk. What is the source of this partitioned insanity? It seems like “we”—all that is known with any certainty of “dangerous” masked humanity paddling up the infinite gloom of the universe—with our continually disrespected, past-due “civilization” in tow—are like abandoned children in a desperate “world” without limits or limitations, without history, without form or purpose, without consideration, without order, without belongings, destination, *telos*, sustaining life or light—whose existence is apparently always only determined in the retrospective virtual outline of its having been taken completely for granted. Everyone awaits news of the outcome. No realities, only slippery relativities—and relatives and regressive uncouth rover boys, “on the threshold of discovering a new dimension” and with “peculiar goals”:

Philosophy, whose vocation is to teach us how to carry on the eternal work of humanity, is utterly incapable of teaching in an objectively valid manner.

Edmund Husserl first published those words in German in 1936 on the occasion of moronic *de facto* fascist war-causing despot, Adolf Hitler, being instated as German Chancellor.

Under fascism, the exterior picture is always apodictically upside-down: order is chaos, value is worthlessness, real is false, positive activity hides negative intent, reassurance is murderousness, marriage is divorce, leaders are incompetent in everything except destruction, and no one remembers what the sacred teachings are! Under fascism, the distant water wells have all vanished, and the accessible ones are poisoned with literalism. The blind luck of the draw—the tear of a page, the careless word, the anarchy of cursive marks, the unintelligibility of a metaphor, the catastrophe, the foolish mistake—glimpses the Mexican border of liberation. Everybody’s presumed sense of values leads them into the “new” man-made desert even as they diligently and appropriately begin a search for “green pastures.” No one has a clue where they or we or she or “them” or “it” is going. “It concerns the ideal limit of an infinite transgression, not the factual limit of the transgressed finitude” (*Derrida*). The problem is systemic not isolated. Predictably, once again humanity encounters itself as its worst albeit only enemy. Under fascism, the misguided adamant search for absolute peace and prosperity leads society into the most monstrous of atrocities and wars.

No doubt the “teacher”—the artist—has a difficult task: the artist must attempt a discernment of the direction that societies and all society is going: the artist seeks “a total form encompassing all forms, and this form is idealizable...” (*Husserl*) The artist carries great responsibility, a responsibility of justice and judgment. The artist judges in the fog of what has not yet taken shape: namely the invisible uncreated outcome, the ultimate unknown of the obscure ramshackle entirety that lies far down the road—bearing the seductive heritage of a remote undeciphered past. It’s in this invisible immanence that the themes and strains of reality are found, the reality of a new and unexpected totality. Reality is connected with both the “I” and the “Other.” But, at the same time, reality constitutes a disconnection from the “I” and the “Other.” Being is a solitary separation from what is known and what is comprehended. Being is singularity and consciousness, that is, an exalted state of anticipation and not-knowing.

The sole possibility in being of going beyond the straight line of the law, that is, of finding a place lying beyond the universal, is to be I (*Levinas*).

The Art of the Collage

Artists, politicians have a fondness for the word “unity.” But, in the art of collage, totality is beyond unity. Totality is made up of a vibrant, arbitrary assemblage of a multiple assortment of well-recognized and already highly accepted unities and parts of unities. To be sure, we are aware of a driving force from life’s beginning. But the reality of collage is a new beginning, beyond factuality, beyond a particular idea, beyond the artist’s opinion and understanding, beyond present peace and contentment, beyond a particular language, beyond a particular tradition, beyond a particular place. In the words of critic and fellow artist, Geof Huth, “[Luc Fierens’] method of production is collage, a particular brand of verbo-visual collage that makes its points by abrupt collocations of disparate fragments of image and word.” The art of collage creates a new unrecognizable unity formed from lesser unities or even disunity—a sublation. The art of Luc Fierens’ collage strives for a portrayal of this illuminating transitional disjunction rather than the eventual unity that is achieved—a surpassing totality of a more applicable insight somewhere outside strict cause and effect, a deeper reality characterized more by “truth” than concrete confirmation, more by authenticity rather than linear visibility—as Vandana Shiva asserts, a reality that returns to a primitive state of unity.

Things are not joined together by a process of continuity or interiorization, therefore, but instead they rejoin above and beyond the breaks and discontinuities (mutation) (*Deleuze*).

With collage, the artist cuts-up fragments of the most common material—popular photos, topical visual clichés, oceans of familiar headlines and newsprint, tawdry advertisements—and quickly, unimposingly stirs them together in a glue pot of poetic and recorded artwork, an amazing, spontaneous, libidinal portrait of a beautiful new creative fabric and social freedom. Collage is the arbitrary, liberating unity of anything and everything. It is an “historical movement” through “universal knowledge.”

For the primal establishment of the new philosophy is, according to what was said earlier, the primal establishment of modern...humanity itself—humanity which seeks to renew itself radically... (*Husserl*).

* *



In 2019, the Berardelli Foundation in Brescia, Italy, put together a retrospective exhibit of *Poesia Visiva* (Visual Poetry) and verbo-visual collage of Belgian avant-garde artist Luc Fierens, one of the most actively networked visual poets and collage artists, on the international art scene today. The exhaustive two-hundred-page, 12 X 9 inch

catalogue of the exhibit includes reviews, interviews and commentaries on Fierens' work, in Italian, French and English, along with hundreds of photographs of Fierens at work with curators, and other artists, including performances, and with samples from the early 1980s till 2019 of Fierens' visual poems all from the Berardelli collection, most of them in color on laminated paper. Both the catalogue and the exhibit appear under the title *Punti Di Vista E Di Partenza—Points of View and of Departure*. The collection begins with referencing Fierens' early life in the village of Hombeek and the city Mechelen, Belgium, his initial interests in Fluxus, visual writing, mail art and collage. And it concludes with a bibliography of published works and publications. Recently, much of Fierens' new work has appeared online on Facebook and Instagram and in some magazines in France (*Ouste, Doc(k)s*) and Italy (*Utsanga, BAU and Neutopia*) and in collabs with Jim Leftwich, Stefan Brandstifter published by Redfoxxpress, and with other artists, such as the publication *10-4* with Hungarian/Italian artist Adriana Kobor and an unfinished collaboration with U.S. visual artist, David-Baptiste Chirot. In the U.S., Fierens is also known for his early Mail Art.

– quoted from KOLAJ MAGAZINE ONLINE

“Luc Fierens' work is remarkably...inserted in this epochal pulse, since it unfolds the collection and accumulation of images, the perpetual combination of fragments that reveal a more or less violent collision of meanings. In the realm of this artist, the collage technique is radicalized both in its material and conceptual expression: its fragment[ing] poetics allows to seize loose pieces of history and subject them to a new configuration that distorts the uni-vocal senses, and that slides them towards areas of disturbing uncertainty, both lucid and ominous....

“One of the most recurrent procedures by the artist consists in the clash of opposites, in the unusual encounter between visions that are conceptually rejected or excluded. Thus, the images of beauty linked to the female body or the nuance of eroticism are juxtaposed and equalized at the same level of significance with the images of historical violence and the summoning of the vulnerability of the human condition.

Silvio De Gracia, 2019

...This problem is one of dialogue, in the sense that a society based on mass culture can no longer be addressed by those that are absorbed in the arts...

...the work of art has become a product that, following the example of everything else, is destined to be exhibited as window-dressing to be consumed in an environment that strives to be completely impersonal, homogenous and quantitatively large...

...emancipated from the static "art object" to become a dynamic model of processes...

...The strong force of this phenomenon is tied to a media-ization larger than society and also larger than art, and the obstruction of the "open work"...

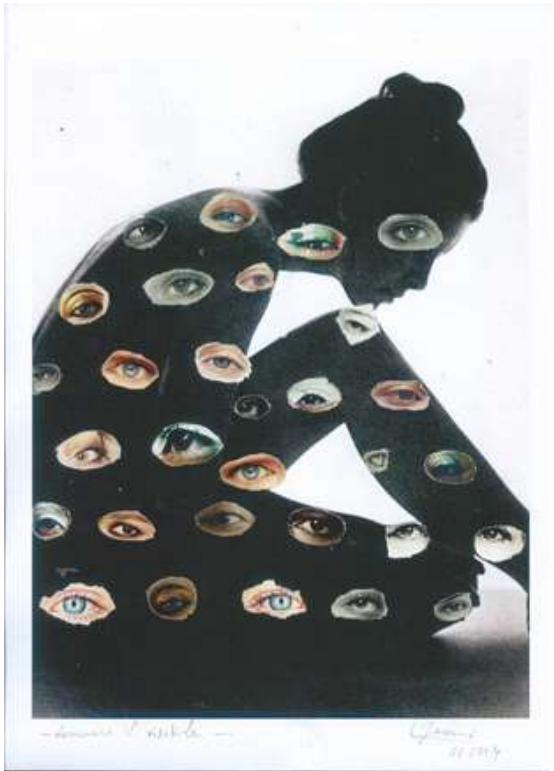
This communication, likewise, forms the basis of the creative artistry of Luc Fierens. He expresses his mode of functioning in life through a series of projects and visual poems that do precisely what he wants them to do: communicate and exchange his reflections with others,...

Luc Fierens selects from vastness and registers the signs and codes of his epoch as a medium that attempts to be easily accessible and identifiable. He utilizes the technique of accumulation and (de)constructs the fragments that form a new plastic unity. In the final analysis, behind this idea is hidden the hope that art will be able to change society. Drawn from Dadaism and Surrealism by means of formal and relevant realizations, containing them down also from visual poetry, ideologically near to Fluxus, punk and underground, Fierens has inscribed himself entirely in the tradition of the international avant-garde.

[Quotes from Jan De Vree, Anvers, Octobre 2004. Originally in French, translated into English by Tom Hibbard and published in the Berardelli exhibit catalogue in English p.14.]

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Erotic Consciousness



The persistent artistic undertaking in collage and related avant-garde art forms that is the highly individual history of Luc Fierens has involved many people, many places around the globe and a span of a number of years. It's an aspiration strongly motivated from the beginning in a longing for escape from normative behaviors and repetitious goals in hopes of entering a realm of untainted new ideas and the rarified atmosphere of freedom-inspired life rewards. Fierens' art is deeply implanted in the fertile non-aristocratic, Reformation Belgian earth of relevance and "individual human existence," with an intent of reaching universal origins that preserve the imperiled empty spaces of meaning and contemplation and egalitarian openness—less war and more self-determination. From out of unique experiences, signs, words, subjective travels and "journeys," Fierens maps a "dislocated" passageway of idealities and destinations, sufferings and triumphs, participatory understanding and knowledge intended as helpful and lasting for everyone: "a One and a Whole that would not be the principle but, on the contrary, 'the effect' of multiplicity and of its disconnected parts" (*Deleuze*).

Among the images often found in Fierens' many collages are protest, war-torn nations, politics, destruction of buildings and cities, people, natural landscapes, urban structure, soldiers, racial bias, men in various dire social and economic situations—not forgetting “visual writing” as it associates with handwriting, news media, archeology, communication, education, diverse languages, interconnection, varying circumstances and sets of ineffable linguistic signs.



Without doubt Fierens' work contains erotic imagery. And sexuality and sexual repression are definitely a major theme. To the point of his predominant use in his collages of the female image, I think there is much that is worth saying on this subject. In the first place, Fierens has many collages that do not contain images of women. Perhaps the reason for the seeming fixation on the female image in his collage work is that, in frankness, it constitutes a starting point most popular and absorbing. Collage art is dream-like in that the images in it are incoherent and suggestive and not whole or detached. A semi-erotic picture of a bare female shoulder juxtaposed with a war scene or a dust storm or a pair of red lipstick-covered lips or a new car or, for instance, a distant mountainous terrain, evokes an interesting message concerning the happenings, thoughts and realities of culture and political reform interconnected with human impulses and needs. In the terminology of chaos theory, sexuality—the erotic female image—disperses “determinateness” and “periodicity” and revitalizes a sense

of possibility as it indicates a path toward the future. To say the least, knowledge and experience are gained from the sensual and sexual encounter. Sexuality is the engine of individuality.

[Shapes and ideas] fill out (sensibly intuited) space-time, which is their form. Each shape in this open infinitude, even if it is given intuitively in reality as a *fact*, is still without "objectivity"... (*Husserl*).

The object itself has no import. One is pulled into perceiving that confusion and uncontrolled movement are an unavoidable and natural state of human understanding—and language, an equivocal language of discovery and difference and imagination: since literalism and unambiguous language, used in "applied" circumstances, have no meaning. Only inquisitive, finite and multiple language is capable of conveying meaning.

In his book *Eroticism*, George Bataille begins with pointing out that

Human eroticism differs from animal sexuality precisely in this, that it calls inner life into play. In human consciousness eroticism is that within man which calls his being in question.

This "calling into question" is the modality of Fierens' visual writing and collage art. Not only does eroticism create moral consciousness—the main inspiration of art of all sorts—thus invoking such fundamental, "eternal" ideas as accountability, responsibility, restraint and self-perpetuation, but it also references morality and social mores in a way that brings up the complicated problems of alienation and existence. The female image is traditionally one of the most controversial subjects in society and culture and points the artist in just about any direction he or she chooses to explore. Bataille notes that eroticism relates to "transgression," "disorder and rule-breaking," "what is," "ecstasy," "truth," "violence" and prohibition. The erotic image introduces what Deleuze describes as "the unconscious themes, the involuntary archetypes in which the words but also the colors and the sounds, assume their meaning and their life." Art in itself is erotic. Out of the subjective awareness of sexuality vast fields of learning and advancement arise. Probably the two most recognizable artworks that Fierens has produced in his career are quasi-feminist quasi-erotic images concerning verbal repression and formidable sexual self-consciousness—*Face* 2004 (above) and *Dominare il visibile* 2014 (similar to *Parlare di cuore* 2014).

All human emotion takes a circuitous transformational path to its exterior appearance. Luc Fierens' artworks do not end where they begin. Man-made infrastructure gradually reveals an inherent purpose and meaning. Identity surfaces only in the obscurity of broken pieces. It could be stated that, in a Capitalistic society, the female image is a starting point for the discourse of communication and interaction versus atrocity and unreality. Form and visibility are subjects in art that the artist often feels the impulse to contest or contrast. Form and visibility are easily construed as obstructive, dominating and associated with materialism to such an extent that they convey the extremes of deception, "the wall," the abyss, non-being, falsification and death. It's form and visibility that the collage artist—the artist of any style—is intent on deconstructing in the search for sources of hidden unmistakable lasting worth. Collage is the impulsive, improvisational search for fundamental values that visibility tends to obstruct and misrepresent; collage creates a naked reality outside of unilateralism and commercialism. Luc Fierens' collages do not portray a unity; they portray a disunity that forecasts a future meaning. Creating and uncovering the enduring basic values of society, general ideas as opposed to marginalization, substantive impressionism rather than sickly, empty formalism is the purpose of art and language—for the language that we depict in visual artworks of letters and signs does not reach for an absolute certainty of the Law but for an artistic and linguistic certainty that has true significance in connection with human activity.

**

The artworks in Fierens' catalogue begins around 1986—and I'm sure earlier. The publications in which his work appeared from an innocent high school beginning all the way until recent years include all sorts of fonts, styles, viewpoints, layouts, labels, mostly obscure, out-of-the-way and Xerox, assemblages, chapbooks, visual poetry magazines, *Black Poems* and small press. Fierens has learned his artistic trade in the tradition of a long laborious life project with important lessons and junctures awaiting at every bend in the road. Traveling to collectors' art festivals and book fairs in Italy, corresponding with many artists across the United States, Japan and Europe, serving a brief artist-in-residence in Venice, Italy, and Buenos Aires, Argentina, Fierens brings a multiple and reliable perspective that is healing and helpful in the obviously radically wild, ever-moving global landscape of art, life and memory.

Artworks

1. *Finish* 2019, Luc Fierens
2. *Punti di vista e di partenza* 2013, Luc Fierens, ©Fondazione Berardelli
3. *Dominare il visibile* 2014, Luc Fierens ©Fondazioen Berardelli
4. *Face* 2004, Luc Fierens

Special Feature: Liminalism

Introduction by Francesco Aprile

During March, 2021, five authors - Francesco Aprile, Andrea Astolfi, Cristiano Caggiula, Gianluca Garrapa, and Antonio Francesco Perozzi - founded the "Liminalism" group launching its first manifesto. But it actually is an anti-manifesto for these reasons: starting from the concept of desire, the authors proposed writing based on the process, without post-production; thus, they worked on a "desiring text". At the center of this writing process, we find an intense plurality of styles and media: theory, criticism, parts of essays, poetry, flash fictions or portions of them, quotes, code poems, found code, found poem, QR codes, visual poetry, asemic writing, glitch, glitch-text, tables, data, math and economics data, flowcharts, images, video, sound poems, concrete poetry, word lists, and many other materials.

In this way, the authors conceived the writing process as a no-monolithic movement based on the concept of desire. For it, the writing movement is fragile and tumultuous.

To aggravate the fragility of text, the authors worked during March to simultaneously writing sessions using a Dropbox paper. The Liminalists wrote on the same Dropbox paper at the same time. These jam sessions produced a liminal work on the concept of "author" to aggravate the fragility of text. Each author modified the text that the others were writing. While the "Author A" is writing a text portion in the paper, the "Author B" changes it; at the same time of the change, Dropbox modifies the author heading: for the program, the author is now "B" and not the original author. Which begs the question: what is an author? According to Barthes and Foucault, we can consider it as less important than the reader. According to the Liminalists, we can consider the author as a liminal zone of desire. Is everyone the fake of himself (or the other)? Now, the center of the question is: who is talking? Where is it from the enunciation?

These questions are based on Lacan's thinking about "enunciation". Identity is reduced to a play-form. The self-sabotaging process is not only for text creation but also for the person. From this point of view, during April, the Liminalists changed their social images every day for a week, becoming the same fake at the same time. Liminalists turn digital production tools into play objects and waste. Furthermore, in this case, waste is a game. Also, they worked on writing that can also be unread because the important thing is the process.

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

desiderio

per esempio che il desiderio non è mai separato dall'interazione dell'altro. e interazione considero il processo per cui l'altro diventa o si fa intero. senza desiderio. l'altro non è intero. ma intero in quanto aperto anche. e contenente la mancanza. intero è questo di pieno e vuoto.

senza/segno/ta-organizza/mancanza/
riunire segno e oggetto. amour che sul muro
scrivi amour segni senza codice. poiché dio
è un glitch, lo Spopolatore continuava a
degradare i corpi. ai bordi delle cose
l'orizzonte si era fatto imprendibile, tanto
che nessuno era più riuscito a conservarne
memoria. poiché dio è un glitch, si
disponevanascascckljasc

o le basi per nuove case senza idoli, le cui fondamenta,
abili per lo alberone smottamento, aprivano a pavimenti
di sole puntine di rose. riunire segno e oggetto. amour
che sul muro scrivi amour segni senza codice. a-mour
senza muro.

Special Feature: Liminalism

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

amour che sul muro scrivi amour segni senza codice. a-
mour senza
bluq
per il cuore il corpo senza a rchi ma tu org
corp del messaggio introduce un discorso di cui
siamo

All'oscuro
inizia la manenza

corp senza a rchi ma tu org

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

glitch, lo Spopolatore continuava a degradare i corpi. ai bordi delle cose l'orizzonte si era fatto imprevedibile, tanto che nessuno era più riuscito a conservarne memoria. poiché dio è un glitch, si disponevano le basi per nuove case senza idoli, le cui fondamenta, abili per lo smottamento, aprivano a pavimenti di sole puntine di rose. riunire segno e oggetto. amour che sul muro scrivi amour segni senza codice. a-mour senza muro.

amour che sul muro scrivi amour segni senza codice. a-mour senza muro



in ell corpo del messaggio
introduciamo un discorso di cui
siamo



from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

- Non so fare questo non altro penso. Il microfono ha letto penso. Io ho scritto senso. Io ho scritto io.

poi si era acceso come le luci. poi si era acceso poi. poi ha continuato a scoprire l'avanzamento della ruggine. ancora, derivare dice. derivare, azzoppare una lingua. l'animale, l'animale nutrice.

ho provato a errori. ma non riesco a- per esempio questo non so cosa sia, la stringa. la stringa! ma non troppo, lasci passare aria. lasci il vuoto. il nuovo elemento. si è sempre bambini di nuovo dietro quello che si conosce come nuovo. lo dice diversamente Jacques nei tre tempi dell'Edipo in seminario V che si chiama le formazioni dell'inconscio in cui l'egli parla di Jacques parla del motto.

quindi se vai a capo diventa due e poi tre.

e come faccio a chiudere?

Ah ecco, ho chiuso.

1. ora provo questo.
2. nulla, un semplice elenco.
3. elena.

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

la pendenza o mrt

che luna!

lato • a • vista

e così il [glitch](#) creò l'uomo, e vide che era cosa buona.
l'uomo. l'uomo desiderava. ad esempio il [glitch](#):
altrimenti la miseria. e fu sera e fu mattina. e così l'uomo
creò il [glitch](#), e vide che era cosa buona. l'uomo
desiderava. e fu sera e fu mattina e fu sera. e così l'uomo
aveva creato il [glitch](#) lo desiderava. e così l'uomo vedeva
nel [glitch](#) il desiderio: altrimenti la miseria. scrivevano: il
[glitch](#) la misera. non il corpo: ossa: battiti. non il corpo.
l'uomo. desiderava tornare ~~nello square~~, e poi cosa?
non il corpo: poco: ciglia. desiderava. ~~tornare dentro il~~
[glitch](#). non puoi. [e così il [glitch](#) creò l'uomo: poteva: anche
il corpo; non la miseria]. l'uomo (noi) desiderava. noi
desiderava: basta. poco. e fu sera e fu mattina e fu
miseria.

lo

due peschi

Special Feature: Liminalism

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

pruno fiorito
grande alloro

zuppa di legumi
ginger
È essere e e accentata è essere e accentata è essere e
accentata è essere e accentata è essere accettata
Δ fornace poesia cpaperinese
E se era di domenica e sera di domenica e sera di
domenica lingua non originale e sconosciuta

edificio e bosco

Special Feature: Liminalism

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

~
due saponette
maiolichetta ~

~

i climatizzatori quando sono accesi
le parole parolano guarda, ludwig ginger
non resta che non dire

```
composer create-project laravel/laravel  
example-app
```

```
cd example-app
```

```
php artisan serve
```

^ smottamento

la gioiosa macchina da guerra

grazie, grazie

- . per tradurre in inglese la *manque à être*
- . Cancella tutto lacan propose *want to be*

Special Feature: Liminalism

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

```
solstizio d'inverno
22varar app = new Vue({
  el: '#app',
  data:
    message: 'chi ha portato i deserti'
})
```


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from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021



from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

)canzone della ffettai
cznai del della frutta
canzone della frutta



desiderio. sono così sbellicati i giorni. desiderio. amore
per il nome. del nome. il nome. un destriero, una forma
concentrica di anafora. quello seche ci forma è primitivo
e quando lo stadio retrocede, allora avanza. il contatto lo
rende mutevole. sono così sbellicati i giorni. un destriero,

Special Feature: Liminalism

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

je notti che vuoi
je notti che vuoi
tutte je notti che vuoi
tutte je notti che vuoi
tutte je notti che vuoi

—

tro una linea
una linea
pud

ffrangersi:
potenze superiori. Tutto è come un
Tu conosci il modo di onorare je
segnami je notti che vuoi.
Segnami tutte je notti che vuoi,
sono in vena.
premermi così tanto sul foglio, non
spiegazioni e agito je braccia, non
capoverso. Però io pretendo
mentre il corpo mi si spezza a ogni
segnami coi rabi e bottami a capo.

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Special Feature: Liminalism

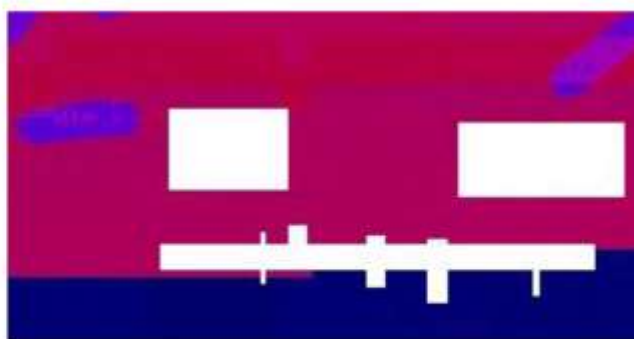
from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021



Special Feature: Liminalism

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

Ti trovo glitch a ciel sereno
Oggi mi sembri sereno
Oggi smembri glitch



Ogni glitch sembra oggi
Ogni oggi sembra glitch
Sembra ogni! Oggi glitch sul rene
mare sereno mare se reo

Latenza→desiderio→colpevolezza→ tu

Special Feature: Liminalism

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

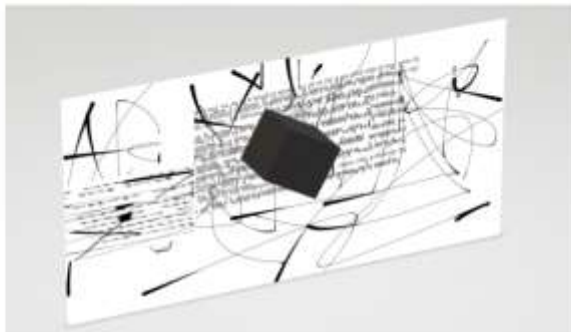
Colpevolezza→desiderio→latenza→ **io**

sono perennemente in ritardo

un'altravooaunalatrvoltaun'altravolta

AUA AUA AUA AUA

AUA AUA AUA AUA



per qunal mlhui. gjoalnbèqkg. bbnmkt85.a. mapgpwnvoi

urt baQPUYAàO

disse, e con reprovo siloio di rituonù.

il gorhiu djko, eglo ippò, dloperte hkpo li ajppvg.

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021



nel campo ho trovato un coniglio(terra arabile)

Special Feature: Liminalism

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

fonte inesauribile. gli alberi nomadi dell'ecuador.

effetti lo-fi imprevedibili. se ritieni di poter apprezzare l'imprevedibilità.

o una luce psichedelica.

credere attentamente nell'oggetto.

di notte le volpi attraversano la strada.

di notte le volpi sono la strada.

l'uomo attraversava le cose.

le cose digitali attraversavano l'uomo.

l'interazione dei vari punti di vista.

linguistico o anche non linguistico.

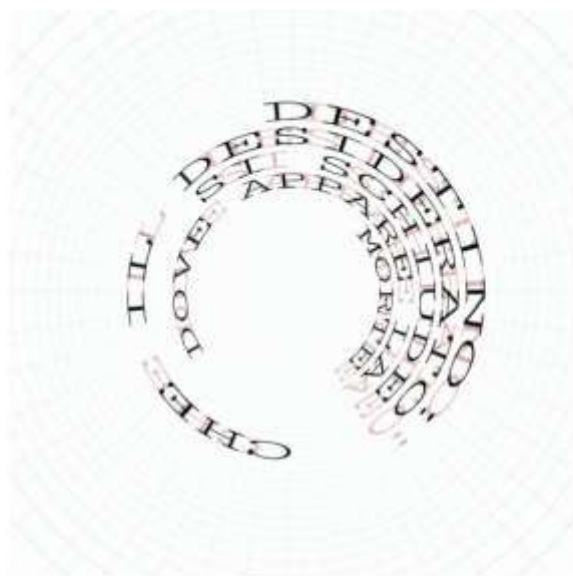
Special Feature: Liminalism

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from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

**Qustsaspetto verra-fosisso bel capitolo
successi rosp**



Special Feature: Liminalism

from *Manifiesto del liminalismo*, March 2021



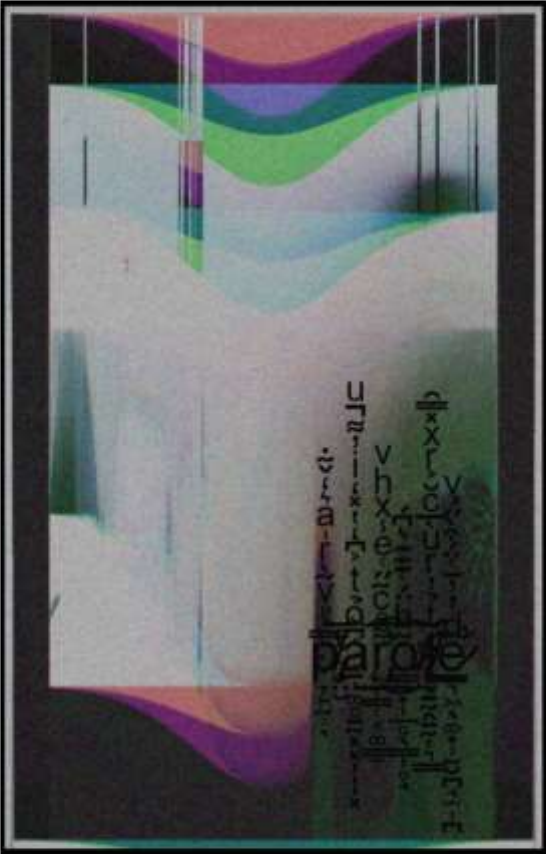
Special Feature: Liminalism

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Special Feature: Liminalism

from *Manifiesto del liminalismo*, March 2021



from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

Non so dire

chencosa vuol dire

Che cosa?? Questo

¥|= \$Forse la questione più rilevante è quella della
rivoluzione. Il problema è che oggi piove. Non so. Potremmo
almeno fare un giro, scoprire nella gente altra gente, il loro
fantasma, il loro 108.



dipendenza dell'altro scissione dell'altro ho bisogno di altro

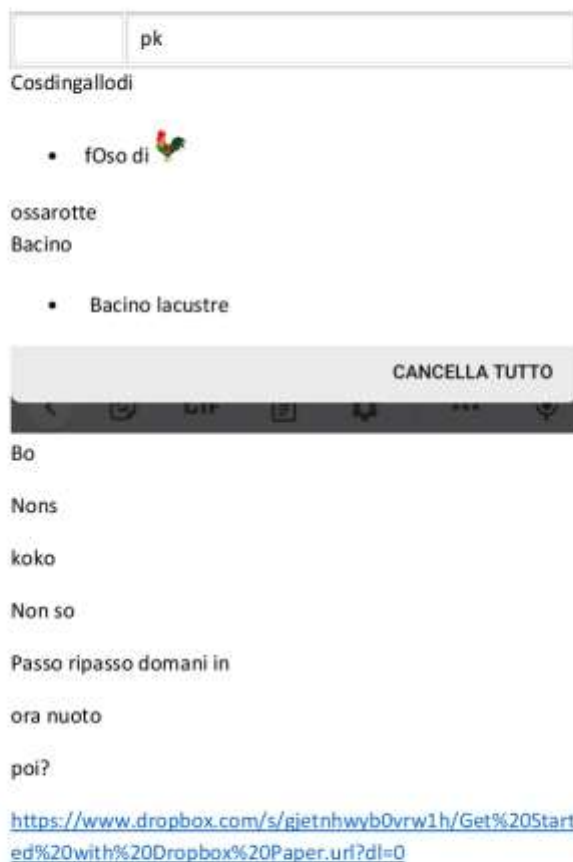
regalami qualcosa d'altro chiedimi dov'è l'altro non so
nient'altro

spiegami altro credi in qualcos'altro scrivi dell'altro ricordami
altro

sognare l'altro giungere ad altro frugare l'altro ho altro in
faccia ho altro in testa

Special Feature: Liminalism

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021



Special Feature: Liminalism

from *Manifesto del liminalismo*, March 2021

“qualcosa che avviene mentre”

[/media/insert-embed/dropbox](#)

- @

GG non si riannoda il senso

GG non credo.
agostico del senso...

Special Feature: Liminalism

Notes:

Videos of the writing process can be found at:

<https://vimeo.com/529769336>

<https://vimeo.com/529756373>

<https://vimeo.com/529768716>

A .pdf of the full *Manifiesto del liminalismo* can be found at:

www.wordforword.info/vol37/Manifiesto-Liminalismo.pdf

Contributors' Notes

Jeff Bagato produces poetry and prose as well as electronic music and glitch video. His published books include *And the Trillions* (long poem), and *Computing Angels* (fiction). A blog about his writing and publishing efforts can be found at jeffbagato.wordpress.com.

Andrew Brenza's recent chapbooks include *Geometric Mantra* (above/ground press), *Poems in C* (Viktlösheten Press), and *Waterlight* (Simulacrum Press). He is also the author of five collections of visual poetry, *Automatic Souls* (Timglaset), *Gossamer Lid* (Trembling Pillow Press), *Alphabeticon & Other Poems* (RedFoxPress), *Album, in Concrete* (Alien Buddha Press), and *Spool* (Unsolicited Press). His newest book, *Smear*, was released by BlazeVOX Books in March 2021.

Billy cancel is a Brooklyn based poet/performer. His collection *Mock Trough Rasping Crow* (BlazeVOX Books) was published in 2018. His poetry has been widely published (in *Boston Review*, *PEN America*, *SAND Journal* (Berlin), and *Bombay Gin*, amongst others.) With Thursday Fernworthy (Lauds) he makes up the noise/pop band Tidal Channel who performed his noise poetry sequence *Buttercup Tantrum Mutton Encore* at Ravenna Museum of Art in November 2019 as part of the Transmissions VII Festival. In 2013 he appeared in Marianne Vitale's Missing Book Of Spur at the Performa 13 festival. His contribution to "4 Words" was broadcast as part of the 2016 Liverpool Provocations Art Festival. He has twice read at the Poetry Project New Year's Marathon, and regularly performs in New York and beyond. In December 2019 Billy and his work was featured in London based culture / fashion magazine *Hero* as "New York's new poetic voice." His website is at billycancelpoetry.com.

Angela Caporaso is an Italian artist focusing on artists books and visual poetry, working with the mediums of collage, trash-art and, more recently, digital formats. Since her first exhibitions, which date back to the eighties, she has revealed a constant strain towards new expressive languages.

Cecelia Chapman is an artist whose work concerns consciousness / image / text / transformation and explores varied forms of communication. Her website is at ceceliachapman.com. Her collaborations with Jeff Crouch have been shown online in *Compostxt*, *UnlikelyStories*, *Utsanga*, *Otoliths*, *Interalia Magazine*, *New Post Literate*, *Arteidolia*, *Red Fez*, *IX Biennale Internazionale Mail Art* (Italy), and *Moving Poems*.

Kelvin Corcoran lives in Brussels. He is the author of numerous books of poetry, including *New and Selected Poems*, *For The Greek Spring* from Shearsman, and most recently *Facing West*, 2017, the Medicine Unboxed sponsored *Not Much To Say Really*, 2017, *Article 50*, 2018, *Below This Level*, 2019 and *The Republic of Song*, Free Verse Editions/Parlor Press, 2020, and *Orpheus Asymmetric*, 2020. The sequence 'Helen Mania' was a Poetry Book Society choice and the poem 'At the Hospital Doors' was highly commended by the Forward Prize jury 2017. His work is the subject of a study

edited by Professor Andy Brown, *The Poetry Occurs as Song*, 2013. He edited an account of the poetry of Lee Harwood in *Not the Full Story: Six Interviews with Lee Harwood*, 2008. In addition, his poetry has been commissioned to accompany travelling Arts Council exhibitions of British modernist art. He has collaborated with various musicians and composers both, producing the CD *A Thesis on the Ballad* with The Jack Hues Quartet. His work has been anthologised in the UK and the USA and translated into Greek and Spanish. He is the guest editor of the *Shearsman* poetry magazine.

Jeff Crouch is a prolific internet artist living in Texas with many blogs. His collaborations with Cecelia Chapman have been shown online in *Compostxt*, *UnlikelyStories*, *Utsanga*, *Otoliths*, *Interalia Magazine*, *New Post Literate*, *Arteidolia*, *Red Fez*, *IX Biennale Internazionale Mail Art* (Italy), and *Moving Poems*.

Adam Day is the author of *Left-Handed Wolf* (LSU Press, 2020), and of *Model of a City in Civil War* (Sarabande Books), and the recipient of a Poetry Society of America Chapbook Fellowship for *Badger*, *Apocrypha*, and of a PEN Award. He is the editor of the forthcoming anthology, *Divine Orphans of the Poetic Project*, from 1913 Press, and my work has appeared in the *Fence*, *Boston Review*, *APR*, *Volt*, *Lana Turner*, *Iowa Review*, and elsewhere.

Mark DuCharme is the author of *We, the Monstrous: Script for an Unrealizable Film*, *Counter Fluencies 1-20*, *The Unfinished: Books I-VI*, *Answer*, *The Sensory Cabinet*, and other works. *Scorpion Letters* will be published as a chapbook by Ethel in 2022. His poetry has appeared widely in such venues as *BlazeVOX*, *Caliban Online*, *Colorado Review*, *Eratio*, *First Intensity*, *Indefinite Space*, *New American Writing*, *Noon*, *Otoliths*, *Shiny*, *Talisman*, *Unlikely Stories*, *Word/ for Word*, and *Poetics for the More-Than-Human World: An Anthology of Poetry and Commentary*. A recipient of the Neodata Endowment in Literature and the Gertrude Stein Award in Innovative American Poetry, he lives in Boulder, Colorado.

Sam Wilson Fletcher was born in Lewisham. He studied chemistry and quantum mechanics at Oxford, geomorphology at Harvard and the GFZ, and now writes full time in Berlin. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Magma*, *100 Poems to Save the Earth* (a Seren anthology), *Ink*, *Sweat and Tears*, *NOON*, *Streetcake Magazine*, *The Learned Pig*, *The Dawntreader*, *M58*, and elsewhere

Arpine Konyalian Grenier is an independent scholar, born and raised in Beirut after the post-Ottoman era induced French rule of the region ended. Academic and corporate years were devoted to cardiovascular research, human resources development, regulatory finance, and the arts. She wrote during lunch breaks and the weekend, first music then poetry. She has five published collections (more recently *The Silent G* from Corrupt Press), and her work has appeared in numerous literary publications.

Sam Wilson Fletcher was born in Lewisham and studied at Oxford and Harvard. His poems have been published or are forthcoming in *Blackbox Manifold*, *Magma*,

Anthropocene, Adjacent Pineapple, Die Leere Mitte, and elsewhere, including the Seren anthology, *100 Poems to Save the Earth*. Next summer he'll be poet-in-residence on board a boat exploring the Canadian Arctic.

John Greiner is a writer and visual artist living in New York City. He was educated at the New School for Social Research. Greiner's work has appeared in *Antiphon, Sand Journal, Sein und Werden, Empty Mirror, Sensitive Skin, Unarmed, Street Value*, and numerous other magazines. His books of poetry include *Circuit* (Whiskey City Press), *Turnstile Burlesque* (Crisis Chronicles Press), and *Bodega Roses* (Good Cop/Bad Cop Press). His collaborative work with photographer Carrie Crow has appeared at the Tate Liverpool, the Queens Museum and in galleries in New York, Los Angeles, Venice, Paris, Berlin and Hamburg.

Clarice Hare grew up in the rural Midwestern U.S. and bounced around a fair bit before settling in Florida, where she currently lives with an assortment of furry and scaly pets. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Datura, SurVision, South Florida Poetry Journal, Arsenika, GoneLawn, Menacing Hedge, Neologism, Ethel Zine*, and elsewhere.

Daniel Y. Harris is the author of numerous collections of xperimental writing. His Posthuman Series includes *The Reincarnation of Anna Phylactic* (BlazeVOX, 2019), Volume III, *The Tryst of Thetica Zorg* (BlazeVOX, 2018), Volume II and *The Rapture of Eddy Daemon* (BlazeVOX, 2016), Volume I. His collections include *The Underworld of Lesser Degrees* (NYQ Books, 2015) and *Hyperlinks of Anxiety* (Červená Barva Press, 2013). His xperimental writing and sauvage art have been published in *Alligatorzine, BlazeVOX, The Denver Quarterly, European Judaism, Exquisite Corpse, GAMMM, Marsh Hawk Press Review, The New York Quarterly, Notre Dame Review* and *Poetry Salzburg Review*. He is the Publisher of *X-Peri & Var(2x)*. His website is danielyharris.com.

Irene Koronas is the author of numerous collections of xperimental writing. Her Grammaton Series includes *holyrít* (BlazeVOX, 2019), Volume IV, *declivities* (BlazeVOX, 2018), Volume III, *ninth iota* (The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2018), Volume II and *Codify* (Éditions du Cygne, 2017), Volume I. Her collections include *Turtle Grass* (Muddy River Books, 2014), *Emily Dickinson* (Propaganda Press, 2010) and *Pentakomo Cyprus* (Červená Press, 2009). Her xperimental writing and sauvage art have been published in *Alligatorzine, BlazeVOX, The Boston Globe, Cambridge Chronicles, E-ratio, New Mystics, Offcourse, Otoliths, Poesy, Taos Journal of International Poetry & Art, Silver Pinion* and *Word For/Word*. She is the Publisher of *X-Peri & Var(2x)*. Her website is irenekoronas.com

Kent Leatham is a poet and translator whose work has appeared in dozens of journals and anthologies in the U.S. and abroad, including *Prairie Schooner, Ploughshares, Fence, Able Muse*, and *Poetry Quarterly*. He studied poetry at Emerson College and Pacific Lutheran University. He currently teaches writing at California State University Monterey Bay

Kon Markogiannis is an experimental photographer-mixed media 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 sees his work as a kind of weapon against the ephemeral or, as Vilém Flusser would say (*Towards a Philosophy of Photography*), a “hunt for new states of things”. He 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. He currently lives and works in Thessaloniki, Greece.

Samuel M. Moss is from Cascadia. Recent work has been published in *3:AM Magazine*, *New World Writing*, and *decomp*, among other venues. He is an associate editor and web lead at 11:11 Press. He currently works as a farmhand in rural Washington. Find more at perfidiouscript.com and on twitter @perfidiouscrip.

Daniel Nester is the author most recently of *Harsh Realm: My 1990s*, a collection of poetry and prose poems coming soon from Indolent Books. His previous books include *Shader*, a memoir; *How to Be Inappropriate*, a collection of humorous nonfiction; and *The Incredible Sestina Anthology*, which he edited. His first two books, *God Save My Queen: A Tribute* and *God Save My Queen II: The Show Must Go On*, are hybrid collections on his obsession with the rock band Queen. His work has appeared in the *New York Times*, *Buzzfeed*, *The Atlantic*, *The American Poetry Review*, *The Best American Poetry*, *Bennington Review*, *The Hopkins Review*, *Word For/Word*, *Court Green*, *Love's Executive Order*, *Barrelhouse*, and other places. He currently edits *Pine Hills Review*, the literary journal of The College of Saint Rose, where is also a professor of English.

Matthew Schmidt's poems have been published or are forthcoming in *Hobart*, *Pleiades*, *The Seattle Review*, *Territory*, and elsewhere. He is an associate poetry editor at *Fairy Tale Review*.

T.W. Selvey's work has appeared in *The Shore*, *The Wild Literary Journal*, *Feral*, and *petrichor*. He tweets sporadically @docu_dement, and is the proud curator of a haphazardly curated blog, documentdement.com.

Brendan Sherry lives in Greeneville, TN. Recent work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Poetry Northwest*, *New South*, *Guesthouse*, and elsewhere.

Randee Silv's wordslabs have appeared in *Posit*, *Bone Bouquet*, *Otoliths*, *Datura*, *Indefinite Space*, *Utsanga*, *Die Leere Mitte*, and elsewhere. She's editor of *Arteidolia*, *swifts & slows: a quarterly of crisscrossings*, and publisher of *Arteidolia Press*.

Gary Sloboda's work has recently appeared in such places as *Big Other*, *Posit*, and *Twyckenham Notes*. He lives in San Francisco..

Valerie Witte is the author of *a game of correspondence* (Black Radish Books, 2015) and *The Grass Is Greener When the Sun Is Yellow* (The Operating System, 2019), a collaboration with Sarah Rosenthal. Her work has also appeared in more than 30 literary journals, including *VOLT*, *Diagram*, *Dusie*, *Alice Blue*, and elsewhere. She has participated in artist residencies through Ragdale Foundation, Hambidge Center for the Creative Arts & Sciences, and La Porte Peinte in Noyers, France. She is a founding member of the Bay Area Correspondence School, and for eight years, she helped produce many innovative books by women as a member of Kelsey Street Press <www.kelseyst.com/>. In her daytime hours, she edits education books in Portland, OR. Read more at valeriewitte.com.

Bill Wolak has just published his eighteenth book of poetry entitled *All the Wind's Unfinished Kisses* with Ekstasis Editions. His collages and photographs have appeared as cover art for such magazines as *Phoebe*, *Harbinger Asylum*, *Baldhip Magazine*, *Barfly Poetry Magazine*, and *Ragazine*.