



Word For/ Word is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round, but issue #40 is scheduled for March 2023. Please direct queries and submissions to:

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

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

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 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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Holly Day

Ode

Next time I have my period, I am not touching a single dirty dish
I am not cooking food for anyone, and boy, you'd better leave me the fuck alone
because that's what God wants. And instead of me sleeping out in the garage,
you can take your fucking tent out back and I'll have the house until I'm clean
because I'm already slept in our bed once while I had my period
so God says its mine until I'm safe again.

Since I'm not going to not touch things in the house while I'm on the rag, be prepared
to do a thorough housecleaning when you come back into the house.
You probably want to go grocery shopping and get some clean food
because I was definitely rummaging around the fridge while I had my period
and probably spread all sorts of magical vagina cooties all over the produce.

I'm just trying to accommodate any special beliefs you might have regarding
the mysteries of womanhood, and I appreciate you letting me know
how filthy my body is and how my time of the month ruins everything.

Holly Day

Temp

There's a sad lady at work and I tell her she should cheer up
no one wants to hear a sad voice on the phone when they call up
no one wants to walk by her cubicle and see a sad face. I tell her
there's a fresh pot of coffee in the break room, she should have a cup
it'll perk her right up.

She starts to tell me about how she misses her baby at home
she just had him a few weeks ago, but because she's just a temp
she can't take the time off to stay at home with him
her boyfriend's at home watching her baby, she hopes
everything's okay, I ask her
if she wants me to bring her a cup of coffee because I'm going back there
anyway.

When I bring her her coffee back she's still sad looking, and I give her the cup
and she says "thank you" but she doesn't mean it, there's no smile.
I want to tell her that it's much easier to keep a man when you look happy
and if this is how she looks when she goes home, there's a chance
she might come home one day to find a note and an empty house
but I stop myself because these thoughts are for me only.

All day long, I sneak peeks at her to see
if I can catch her looking cheerful, listen to her voice when she talks on the phone
and she says the words right but her voice is too full of thoughts
customers gotta know something's wrong with the woman when they call us up.
During lunch, I ask some of the other ladies how long this temp's going to be with us
tiptoe around how she's just really bringing me down
and I'm so relieved when they say this is her last day.

Holly Day

Headstone

The insurance salesman walks us through the funeral process
tells us they will pay for any kind of funeral we want
when my husband dies. "Any kind," she says, then winks at my husband
as if to say she knows he's a humble man, he won't want
some New Orleans-style funeral, a horse-drawn carriage dragging his coffin
down the street, anything more complicated than
maybe an open-casket wake with coffee and sandwiches in the corner.
"We only do this for *employees* at your level of seniority," she adds
as if implying that I, too, might want to jump in on that free funeral plan
and I look like someone who might insist the company pay for more
than just a hole in the ground and a bouquet of cheap flowers.

I nod and smile politely because honestly,
I don't give a damn what's done with my body when I'm gone,
but in my head I am already planning one hell of a funeral for my husband
I'm going to have him cremated and shoved into a Roman candle
or loaded into a rocket and shot clean into space
watch him and his ashes explode in a cascade of sparkling lights over the ocean
so bright and beautiful that even dolphins and sharks will poke their head out of the
water
wonder at the noise and the lights
because I'll be damned if I let this free funeral go to waste
not after thirty years
of watching him die in a dead-end government job.

Holly Day

Never Buy a Goldfish Together

I'm going to leave them a note when I go, tell them
I'm gonna be a hobo from now on, I'm taking my goldfish
got my clothes wrapped in a ball and hanging from a stick,
fishbowl carefully tucked under my arm, Lucky's gonna be fine.

I'm gonna ride the rails from now on, like those old guys I used to see
hobbling around Dodge City when I was a kid, sleeping in the park
with their three-legged dogs except I've got a fish, a fish and a dream
and we're going to go everywhere, we're going to see everything.

I imagine my husband's really going to miss Lucky
especially since he's the one who named him
I never figured out why we bought a goldfish in the first place
but now that I'm leaving, I can't stand to leave Lucky behind.

Holly Day

Workday

When I was a kid, my mom worked on a pig farm, and during the summer when I wasn't in school and had no one to look after me she'd take me with her so I could see the animals. I'd bring a sketchbook along or something I was reading, because most of the animals at the farm were just gigantic, stinky pigs, and once pigs stopped being cute little pink piglets, I wasn't much interested in looking at them anymore.

All day, I'd sit as far away from the big concrete holding area the pigs were kept in trying to get away from the stench, watching my mom as she came by and hosed off all the feces stuck to the backs of the pigs that came from their wrestling or mating hosed the piles of shit off the concrete floor they stood on all day long, refilled their troughs with buckets of yellow or gray slop, dumped out their drinking trough
refilled it again with the same hose she used to clean them with.

At the end of the day, though, if she'd gotten her work done early enough the owner of the farm would let her take me to the horse corral out back which was the real reason she worked there at all, was to see the horses. Sometimes, she'd set me on the back of one of them for a few minutes lead us around by a tether and tell me how she used to ride horses all the time when she was my age, how she wished I could have that kind of childhood, too. She always sounded so sad when she said that, as though me not having a horse was as great a tragedy as she could imagine, something she felt really guilty about.

On the last day she worked on the farm, she finished up extra early took me out to the horse corral, and this time, she got on the horse with me sat right behind me and made the horse fly. I don't remember any reins I remember my hands wrapped in horse hair, knuckles squeezed white the world a blur on either side, my mom coaxing the horse to go fast, faster I don't ever think I felt as close to my mom as I did that day.

I think about it all the time, especially now.

William Allegrezza

Chance

held
supervised or not
again.

you contribute to my
series of questions and
numbers,
which is what
we need
like lights, germicidal spray
and children laughing
high over the sounds
of sirens.

do you see them there
tabled near an armoire
speaking?

we move through a past
imagined on screens
in the cold.

William Allegrezza

Into News

Replace can't
with wind and
then shift again
underground through
holes left for
snakes or moles
in search of another
visionary tide.

 This motion
is so easy to forget
with no reference or
otherworldly port
of reference.

 the answers we
 have lead our questions
 and we answer them
 over and over in
 stories that trail off.

William Allegrezza

And Somewhere

simple

cactus garden

relaxation

and the voices

that whisper,

is this phrase correct?

I suppose

everyone wants the

rules

as they crack

and state who

we are.

we undo these

words to live.

Marcia Arrieta

slight wind

through

ginkgoes

&

oaks

*

the hedgehog

speaks of dandelions

*

stumbling

we fell

into

astonished

Marcia Arrieta

the fireplace & the chimney

translate ashes or the fire

her wings are of owl & eagle feathers

there are walls to repair

Marcia Arrieta

Untitled

tired. speculative. searching for the lightness of being.
involuntary dispersed in clouds. death. peeling walls.
the phone thrown across the room. slip into oblivion.
possibly fiction.

Marcia Arrieta

anonymity

indeterminate fragments

lines & stars

bare feet on the canvas

faces barely visible

what exactly is revealed?

letterpress

[wall]

enclosure

footpath

space

[pyramid]

square

chambers

apex

[sentence]

raging

flawed

wounded

[mystery]

foliage

alphabets

colors

Marcia Arrieta

ambiguous solitude

after Antoni Tàpies

burnt surface
scratched

yarn string rice
newspaper foil

battlefields
subdivisions

i tried to sleep
but couldn't

dust sand wind nails walls

Emmalea Russo

Mysticism and Magenta

"From the beginning, a pathetic amount of light lit up the pocket, 'lit', too strong a word, still, enough to draw you toward it from the waterway, to your phone booth grave, because the nearly invisible alteration in color—from below, it was a dime-sized deep grayness amid the black—was enough to catch your reptilian eye." –

Bruce Wagner, *The Empty Chair*

I wait at the corner table where text pools.

My proximity to the absence is granted a new hue.

DEGREES OF DARKNESS.

Color is a space the dog speaks to then swallows

that gray pool at the beginning middle end of *SUNSET BOULEVARD* (1950)

hidden (in) the recorded world? Speaking from the other side

of the film where light is time recorded then dispersed

in degrees of darkness as the production of desire rapidly

(by your absence) multiplies rot's gradual trance where oh!

close to the bulb whose hue spins years: 1310, 1950, 2020,

your light's off, hello??

*

In his book on color, Goethe demonstrates what he means

by *degrees of darkness*. Light gets pulled through the prism

to spit back the subtracted colors: magenta, yellow, etcetera.

Super minor, knotted up, erased. Awash, waiting in CYAN, MAGENTA,

YELLOW, KEY (CMYK) through sick oscillations (subtract subtract subtract)

of decay and what's slick. Blue screen unlit spews. In *THE MIRROR OF SIMPLE*

SOULS Marguerite Porete (13th c.) writes: "And she is inebriated not only from what she has

drunk, but very intoxicated and more intoxicated from what she never drinks nor will ever drink."

*

Michel de Certeau claims we must relearn how to read the mystics on the black page they made. Invert, delete, and describe what mutes the room. In the ecstatic three minute magenta film *Process Red* (Hollis Frampton, 1966), there's an egg and there's a hand and the hand holds a ceramic cup. The simple maneuvers are sped up. To see CYAN, YELLOW, MAGENTA, subtract a primary additive (RED, GREEN, BLUE) from the white rectangle of light which is film. Michel de Certeau! says MYSTICISM is the search for another language (degree of darkness?) after the destruction of ours. The world rots, unreadable, UNSENT.

*

The *divine darkness* showed Angela of Foligno (1248-1309) *nothing and everything at once*. Washed hands and feet of lepers, drank their bathwater, stripped naked in front of cross, convulsed, meditated on up-close portions of hurt flesh. Cinematic fragment repeat repeat repeat.

*

Overstuff the prism where colors curl
an arena where darkness and light meet,
instantaneous delete when the phone rings
then (promptly) chucks this. Blown up in the café
scene, magenta hands spit vomitous too-lit rectangle.

Scab-colored and balancing between egg and cup.
Light! gets bent then breaks as my particular wait
mutilates the cup I hunch over that shimmers
the (process red) cigarette whose smoke wafts over
those meat-eating bees. Magenta hand dissolves
the screen it's shown on. Prism, color, screen, gloria,
magenta, repeat. Lower stratum of the body flickers red-ish.

*

Angels tell Angela
she'll be granted their ex-
perience i run thru
the manual—
transfiguration
persistent gaze
erupting flesh
becomes erratic
recorder re-
ordered text/
world slides over
A thing un-
fastened (from)
light (scab from
skin)

Angela cannot
"imagine a death
vile enough"
to match
her desire

Angela's man-
ual slid
match
against striker
blur utensil
held tenderly

(drunk)
by magenta

*

"There is in divine things a transparency so great that one slips into the illuminated depths of laughter beginning even with opaque intentions," say the first lines of Georges Bataille's *INNER EXPERIENCE*. Muscularly you describe the darkness which is not darkness. Hold and release. This is the oscillation we're stuck in. Try counting to ten. I spy three cameramen in the dyed stars of the operating system.

*

Georges Bataille reads Angela's visions on the train, eve of war: "But *sacred or poetic* moments, which die, leave on their disappearance diverse residues" which I read on the Los Angeles Metro Rail (pink sky) at a plague's baroque entrance. Fur coat on. Eyeing someone. A few seats. You? Over. No. The residue for an instant thickens the secret color between red and blue. Three flies cover a still slithering worm when the train doors close. Nausea, magenta, yellow, red, next stop next stop.

*

Angela of Foligno describes the experience of bathing a leper then drinking their bath water: "As a small scale of the leper's sores was stuck in my throat, I tried to swallow it. My conscience could not let me spit it out, just as if I had received Holy Communion."

SUNSET BLVD.
sidewalk under
scab-picked sky
Pepto-pink glare behind
Hollywood sign

*

LOOP PRINT / FLICKER EFFECT / DISCOTEQUE / SPROCKET HOLE / LEPER SCAB /
SICK POOL

*

Mystical illumination: an edit. Stan Brakhage quotes Wittgenstein when speaking about his films: "Our life is endless in the way that our visual field is without limit." *MOTHLIGHT* (1963) is a film w/o camera. Like speaking mouth to mouth. Marguerite Porete says the clerks and the theologians will NOT QUITE GET IT.

*

A dead moth scribbling infrastructure
rapidly rapidly between strips
of film (cameraless)
pushes wings
darkest degree
against the bulb
blocked by fried leaves/wings
light curdling in the boulevard's
silverer drain

*

A heat dead moth

shot thru the projector

mother-like orb

of almost matter

whose literal ecstasy

reminds me

BOY PEELING FRUIT

of Caravaggio in 1592

SUNSET BOULEVARD

of Joe Gillis in 1950 afloat

scab-like in the gray pool

of the aging star

whose emissions

lit this

Frankenstein utolsó levele

Lényegtelen né tisztul:
új kontinenssé formálja az apadó óceán.
(A nyolcas a Kör tükre. S a következő az Üst.
A hűlő Nap: pókszerű.
Ámul a kerékbe tört végtagok táncán.)
Folytatódik,
túl rosszon és jón,
önfeledten kergetőző árnyak

csont- és jégfolyosóin,
sorstalan imbolygó gyertyaláng:
az Ismeretlenben.

The Last Letter of Frankenstein

(Translated from the Hungarian by Gabor Gyukics)

It's clarified to be irrelevant:
The ebbing ocean shapes into a new continent.
(The figure eight is the mirror of the Circle.
And the next is the Cauldron.
The cooling Sun: spider-like.
Amazed by the dance of limbs broken in the wheel.)
It goes on,
Beyond bad, beyond good,
shadows merrily playing tag

in the corridors made of bone and ice,
a fateless candle flame wobbles:
into the Unknown.

Jeff Harrison

Free Kittens

quavering we poetries which they
flop irreproachable that congruence
is theirs / palaces where pigments crouch

Virginia would satchel her hoof
bubbling, she is situational: "dear
receipt, I were chimeric, yours
descriptively, Virginia"

Lord Byron, can I be one of the eaters
retying in the ballroom, what compensations?

compensations include free kittens

bureaucracy creates we lasses
ours did dynasties, yours did naught
jolts can precondition when theirs damn

idols they have docks, mine poems
conspire? they must be exploding!
shameless? shameless had been ants
categorized 'em? categorized 'em!
poet pressurized, we rectangular up earliness

her characteristics Hegelian, her epitaphs novelistic,
Virginia's intestines be our jaguar hereafter

Jacqueline Hughes Simon

Naming Rights For Fires

:: We almost lived here once,
a long time ago ::

:: *Datura* dripping night scent ::

:: Open-skinned visions
of bare branches & wires ::

:: Spring quince flowering
plum, cherry pear trees with the fruit bred out of them ::

:: Remember the gray cold green
of western waves ::

:: Palms snapped from the top ::

:: We built a shelter of our skin; there was nothing to prevent us from burning ::

:: What went up in the blaze
nests lined with willow cotton, deer hair vole fur
feathers & fine grass ::

Jacqueline Hughes Simon

After the Funeral

"But I am done with apple-picking now."

Robert Frost

My car heads north overfull
 with histories and ghosts.
I start to dream of what I can't.
 (You don't know you smell like cigarettes,
 until you leave the place of cigarettes.)
But I am done with phantoms now.

Contained, skimming
 the tindered valley, crops,
industry of agriculture overwhelmingly
 lined up. Remarkably elegant.

The insults I unloaded
 lost their ache in the glare
of sun through glass.

But I am overtired
 from the conflict I desired.

She gave me a ring. I picked out the gems
 like silver from teeth.
Remade and hid them, sold the gold.
 I told her orange was the color of madness
 whenever she wore orange.

Buttonwillow, Coalinga,
 ammonia stench of stockyard,
landscape screechingly the same.
 Follow the magnetic north,
 straw-gold pathway.
In the southern mountains, ocotillos
 hold their liquid memory.

Thomas Fink

Are You Quite Done

with existential manhole sit-
ins? Refrain
from that gimpy refrain:

I have purged the resumé of glaring stigmas,
stilled
the metaphor
treadmill.

Let
this motor
breathe. Cold calls heat

up. Here's to a heart-
to-heart

between retinas.

Periscopes

—for James Sherry

Many
upstanding
have lost
corporate
captivated
chorus
on its
legs
cheer on
reactionary's
about the
skyline.
with
they're
succor a
down.
may be
but won't
Practical
if superbly
with those

flibbertigibbets
their attraction to
cult sweepstakes—some
by a
standing
hind
to
an ex-
soliloquy
sunburnt
Handy
periscopes,
stoked to
juicy take
Guilt parlors
springing up,
sustain traction.
radicals will do—
trained to converse
dogged by a
staggering
array of runaway
addictions.

Thomas Fink

The Fun Couple

are proud

of their cute semi-automatics.

Sappily every after, love toasting the marsh

mallows? On

a candy-

paved high

way? On this trail of beers? Let

a poignant silhouette

wrap the

ineffable.

Thomas Fink

Barbed Memo

You
dudes should suit up for
a tour
of urban sewers: they're
warmed by victims of fabulous
reputations.
Today I'm not gonna pooh-

pooh your
lust for
jackpot
margins, but—
sans generous

distribution of moxie and fortitude across
every level and division—can these transpire
just by setting outrageous expectations
on a lone human back? I beg

to defer.
Fully rebuffed. Therefore,
I will not

drag
myself to the emergency-meeting vote on whether

to lose the moment's alleged lollapalooza.

Jean Kane

Patricia Bowman at the Ocean

Au Bar. Good Friday,

the usual drinking with Michelle

when they came in. Big men—no—

two of them were small but shone as if they'd sponged up

the light of history

in Teddy, who drank

with all the thirst of Lent.

Alive, alive-o, pour another, Willie, Patrick, with their uncle-father.

Closing time, they said, *come back to the house.*

All of us ripped. Who wouldn't go

to the beach castle of careless winter parties,

where giants embraced the world?

Of course we went.

They weren't strangers. They were *old hopes*

alive, the dream that never dies.

Teddy disappeared soon after we got there.

Michelle and Patrick wandered off.

Willie said *let's talk*

out on the beach. We kissed.

The ocean roared no more than it ever roars

when you're chosen.

The dark was cold and stumbly,

but he wanted to swim, began to strip.

I said no, I'd go back in

and I tumbled; he was dragging back by the ankle,

my nose packed with sand, neck wrenched

against a choke, the slab of him

killing my air. I screamed when he ripped

my center, forced the ocean into me.

No one will believe you, he said

beady-eyed, his lips pressed in a line.

So you might as well shut up.

He was almost right.

Oh she was wild, they said.

*All her sockets must have begged
for a good thump.*

Imagine his spunk dripping

from her crusted beard,

the big-babied tunnel he had to plug.

Shut. No one came to help

who was stronger than me, just a puny

dress to be dragged off,

but I didn't shut up.

Did they think they were brave?

That they left me shamed?

That they were champs again?

I kicked that mess away.

Note: Patricia Bowman charged William Kennedy Smith with raping her at the Kennedy estate in Palm Beach, Florida, on Good Friday 1991. Later that year, he was acquitted of the charge.

Jean Kane

As Pakistan, Lee Recalls India, 1962

The last time I was blinded by my sister,
I rode an elephant behind my sister.

Understand, I tried to shield her
from that constant light. Throngs pined for my sister

as if she were a memory. Why not
be kind? I'd outshined my sister

with my pretty face, all of our lives.
That's why I couldn't see ahead. Mind you, my sister

learned to fold herself inside herself,
to leave the world with that hard smile. Find the sister

who never bested her again, who drank and cursed her,
me, Lee, hid in the dark, not blind, her sister.

Note: Lee Radziwill accompanied her elder sister, Jacqueline Kennedy, on a state trip to India and Pakistan in 1962. Though they were close at the time, Lee came to resent her sister's status, just as the two countries have had a contentious sibling rivalry.

Jean Kane

Mary, at the End of a Rope

If I do it, I'll do it in the afternoon,

when nothing moves.

Four panes of light distract the barn wall.

No hoots of kids push the hours out.

No moon annuls them.

I never wanted eternity to come in a cup, big drunk

sprawled bloat on the floor.

Did I mention my husband used to be a falconer?

Lover of wildlife, river scrubber.

He left me here the way a woman has to be left

when all her eggs have dropped, broody hen

gone scraggled. What does she do

emptied with the afternoon? Break its neck?

Uncoil the length of it? Drop

out of its beak, Mary,

dangle an inch or two.

Note: Mary Richardson Kennedy, the estranged second wife of Robert Kennedy, Jr., hanged herself in a barn on the family's property in Bedford, New York, in 2012.

Jean Kane

Makeup For After: “End Times Girls Club”

Great grandmas knew
that old silk shatters.
That midnight gets green-eyed

left solo in a room. We say
play the tender buttons.
Loosen stays, the doomy undergarments.

When the rain still shudders down in sheets,
when the spit of sand sinks,
leaks spill away your face—

Wink away. Mix them with ashes, a little grease,
you’ll make mascara, stick in the smudge.
Presto,

there’s nothing underneath.
Address the moment. Show the finger
to the shutter.

Note: Rose Kennedy Schlossberg is the daughter of Caroline Kennedy, JFK’s daughter and only surviving child. Rose, named after her great grandmother, created and appeared in the YouTube series “End Times Girls Club” in 2016. From a car, she gave the middle finger to a press photographer in 2009, in her great-uncle Ted Kennedy’s funeral procession.

Everywhere I Look and See

wombs—nests aloft—branches brought prostrate—mendicant—by ice storm—by
gale scald and scrape—twigs scattered—broken sigils in hoary muck—birdsong
blown elsewhere—we hold hands—space between our palms—(just in case)—your
grip is steady—your body has not grown tired of carrying emptiness—not wax made
soft in sun—in timberline’s crepuscular dusk—it’s like this vacation—at some point,
the drive home—to relive is not the same as *re-live*—we send postcards—compact
lists of adventures and errata—in college, we didn’t disprove Zeno with rigor—he
was just wrong—but we age—gather dust like curioed porcelain—speckle like
eggshells—he had at least one truth—on this arrow, we arrive at many points—and
pass through—whether we are ready

The Peril of Moving

The saints of anatomy and geography have withheld their blessing from me. Or genetic folklore's subconscious din: once you enter Franklin County for good, a subdermal frequency snaps the body's filament (colloquially: the soul) like piano wire. It's tucked somewhere behind the sternum or nestled amid my vocal cords (see: the saints, their coveted blessing). Backwoods IED, jury-rigged not to explode but unspool, every effort made to bring the whole body back—brows and lashes, ribs, entire arms and legs, balled spine. In Appalachia, it is tradition to mistranslate elemental earth as wood, and so I am stacked as kindling of various lengths and diameters. Dad says bring him in for a look. Dad meant he will toss me into the side yard's brush pile. It is as old as the house, a protected ruin of sorts. A brush pile has seasons: water-log, snake or rabbit den, bare-tree mimicry, and snow-husked. Men of matchbook and lighter conceal their hands as if to say you either have the flame or you don't. (More than one salival gaze, however.) After water-log, the rattlesnake weed thickens, a record harvest of whiteness. *See, he can make something of himself yet.*

Jason Fraley

Axe and Man

Like her ancestors, Axe is a spark made manifest when ripped from steam-cloaked water.

Raised high, brief weightless ecstasy, offered to the first upright cedar log.

Axe and Man sit beside a fire of her making.

Axe reads tessellated folktales imprinted on firewood's innards before they burn away.

Embers pulses out their last vestige of heat as Man fell asleep, upright.

Fingers as sinews desperate for her handle. Hands a womb calloused from overuse.

Axe imagines Man's arms could carry her forever, if only detached.

Axe pauses. The exact length of time to commit, then ask forgiveness.

* * *

Axe is eager.

A tincture of creek water, moonshine, tobacco spit, sap, and an unknown quantity of blood.

(Did I mention Axe was eager?)

Under the megalopolis of stars, Axe shines as a crescent moon.

Axe invokes a spell that comes in sawdust and wind.

Axe rubs herself on Man's flannel-dressed stumps.

Axe remembers when the hollow echoed with jubilee.

Axe will have her Man, the only one who ever made her sing.

The Captain Discovers a New Continent

The captain pushes the throttle forward. Gulls circle and squawk in celebration. Gulls stretch their wings and discuss the length of her journey. The captain's unbrushed teeth are dulled with film. Another option: gulls share their forefather's stories about teeth, before fattening themselves on finger-shorn bread. The captain reaches the harbor's threshold. Gulls turn back from the tugboat, the sharp-toothed whitecaps, the ocean eager to fill their mouths full regardless of whether they are ready.

* * *

Mist dissolves the coastline like the slow onset of TV static over late-night weather forecasts. The captain's map shatters into tiny pieces, each sprouting wings and flying off in different directions. Wind scrubs smooth the tugboat's wake. The captain did not learn the name of constellations in school. On overcast nights, stargazing is simple. Though in her recklessness, the captain realizes there is a chance she crashes into herself headed back.

* * *

Before mapflight, the captain marked a route around Greenland. Thrice daily, she prays for glaciers. After each, the tugboat's engine grinds into a different octave. As if it too has teeth dulled dockside. As if ecstatic that it could melt and be molded into

something new. As if the captain had fallen asleep mid-prayer on the throttle. The captain is following old Norse sailing routes. The world is wholly discovered. No one writes stories about successful merchant marines. The captain keeps her eyes open for the serpentine or the sharp, a lore created by shortness of breath.

* * *

The captain wakes, and the stern and bow have flipped positions. The captain attempts to drop anchor, gather her bearings. The anchor is afraid of water but fondly remembers sweat dripping from her blacksmith's brow. A portside-to-starboard orbit, anchor undoing its own baptism each revolution. The tugboat is cocooning. The hull tears open, exposing gills. The blacksmith's furnace makes all flesh. The captain pulls a knife from her belt. A snap and unfurling. A stray fiber grazes the captain's cheek. The captain is reminded that love is noise and spectacle before anything else.

* * *

The kitchen is through the engine room. Therefore, the captain has long since been deafened. She exists in perpetual engine din. The tugboat ran dry of diesel days ago, but it pities the captain and continues. The captain is an engine that runs on echoes. The echoes are like waves that gather strength to ascend the beach. The tugboat is nearly empty and weightless but for its captain haunted by throbbing gears. The captain is the ghost of the anchor. The captain climbs deckside and screams. Her voice is the rapture's trumpet blared earthside, hollowed by distance and rending metal.

* * *

The ocean boils in pockets. The tugboat's hull glows as if repainted red. The captain believes Greenland may never have existed. The captain believes Greenland was a mass of migrating birds all seeking to perch on the same rock. The captain believes some novice deckhand invented Greenland through faulty morse code. The captain nets a bottle bobbing over the transom. *Are you flotsam or jetsam?* The captain finds this question interesting. Does it matter how firmly she braces against the railing? Does it matter if she doesn't have the latest swell map? The captain is inspired by the thought she can imagine herself found.

* * *

There's a buoy in the distance. The tugboat remembers it's a tugboat and adjusts course. The tugboat slows, and the captain attaches its hawser. The buoy doesn't budge. Deck board stretch apart. The captain's ears fill with wailing. The captain buckets ocean water onto the engines. A great steam cloud. A magic trick. Water recedes around the buoy and tugboat. The captain continues until there is only desert. A tugboat aground is a horse in a river. Unbound by the tide, the moon's arc frazzles. Scales fall from her ears, and she hears the silence between waves. This new continent is all shoreline: preparing to depart and already arriving.

Appetite

Black into black – an aftermath of ripples. Night as ouroboros. Night the cascade of mirrors reflecting past light. Soft lapping. Like the piling, I'm age-pocked. Barnacle scars between waves. Beard flecks, the first flurries before the weather finally turns.

* * *

Beyond the pier, there is nothing unless you count everything too far away. A lusterless hospital outcropping. Oscillating helicopter light, blade whirl dulled into hiss of swaying reeds. The mail carrier traverses the breach weekly. If not for love, then loneliness, the next best thing.

* * *

From the pile, she passes me a stack of unwritten letters. Not blank pages: coffee haloes, jam or faded blood on the corners, doodles. One page is crumpled and spit-stained. Held in the hands, lodged in the throat: what comes after forgetting words?

* * *

She wants to stay. Proof: her empty pouch as kindling beneath her van. The cormorant explodes forth, laughably fish-choked. Unable to breathe and still unsated. I look at her and begin to relax my jaw.

Andrew K. Peterson

Cross-Blue Magic

Labor past sunburnt 'drangeas and city weeds in gentle resistance to the overgrown hilltop park at dusk, dead grass returning to its colors. Cloud-full, I remove my avatar: three drinking skeletons bleached in the heat, dealing cards on a wobbly teal wave. Old friends who share their laurel crowns in dried gardenia eyes. The hobbled artist paints aces and eights on the cantina's smoking red doors about to swing open like a hipbone pressed by a thumb. Inside, the skull-tipped violinist places the final chord back into the only tune in her cage while practicing her neck-roll which keeps the head fastened but so the sunhat falls, crown-down and able to receive an extra ante before the last ace is dealt, the winning skeleton sparkles from the set beyond the trees so tall and full and it's time again to reapply my simple pennant, cross this cross-blue magic, labor back down the hill to you. The living, grass, returning to their colors...

Andrew K. Peterson

Honeyspit

A spit of honey-gleek by Venus
vying for a lift off the broiling planet
a bad vibration society
puked by wave dwellers

Fly me to the scars
the boon, harvest moon-wheat
small gains for rippled chippos
across the reddened orb

Sparks versus Mercury
Sun versus Sky
versus... what, exactly?
sweetening, the lilac drift
ignores the boutique homeless
hawking spare change:

"Damn shame
they don't plug blinkers
onto such a fancy ride"

Andrew K. Peterson

Inventory

after Bill Corbett

One foot of tangles hacked from the root by disinterested stylist

Five keys one fob on the ring for doors on earth to shut and open

One book on the Bolinas poets to read three stops to Central

One auto-correct to manually correct: not the *baloney* poets

Four dried quartz roses on the horseshoe wall at home

Two-minute shower standup bit about horses on drugs

One morning spin

Eighty-eight degrees forty one percent humidity under one sun one numinous sky

One mother, one father, one stepmother, one stepfather, two step-siblings, two step-brothers-in-law, one step-sister-in-law, one half-sister, two aunts, five nephews, two nieces, three nephew-and-niece dogs, two step-aunts, one step-uncle, two cousins and two cousins-by-marriage, four first-cousins-once-removed, numerous step-cousins-first-removed, countless ancestors wandering the stars to consider

One Isabella Rossellini *Blue Velvet* postcard received from Jim Dunn recommending Invisible Sun

(One Invisible Sun)

One new jerrymandered ocean discovered off the Antarctic coast makes fifth grade geometry test answers everywhere obsolete

One office to return to; many jobs, too many roles

One zoom camera to turn off

Three goons to text in any moment of emergence

Two Little Wolf cans to recycle

Zero gravity

Andrew K. Peterson

Little Spoon

for michele lubowsky

Last night you were Big Spoon, whispering automatic lingo in my ear's unconditional night, and I, Little Spoon, shiny Orpheus, somnambulant transcriber reflecting your light. Rhythmic and love-skinny, your words: more than the dream page, a path through wilderness, Arabic scales, or wherever lions live. I woke from that dream, but the notebook page on the bedside table was blank. I rewrote what I could from memory, quickly; to err is not an every-word cadence, a proximity of distance, the thought-of me as *your* muse, you asleep on the other side. I got it down, and fell back to sleep. Later, I woke from *that* dream to find that I had dreamed that when I woke from the dream to write the poem you had whispered in the dream before the dream. *Now* what to do, try to remember the transcript of transcription from that dream-within-the-dream, or start anew? Here I find myself in a refractive cure, a silver curve in the cloud below the cloud at dawn, just writing it, easy, like loving, like living, like sleeping beside you. A measure of turmeric, for clarity. For memory, next time I'll try lion's mane.

Andrew K. Peterson

Queen the Monarch

a balm for Jared Hayes

the house addresses us in ash
coffee glue collected spices
Collected Spicer you kept on permanent
loan compost-kept time talking deer
stuffed duck black beret novelty glasses wool
scarf my dad brought from Harrod's blonder
looks better on you curls scruff and a scally
kept us up together made & into making it
perpetually energetically willing it made
for you the heart she does her will squirrels
drunk again on rotten crabby appleton blessings
for health for being, having & having been made
queen the monarch spirals through you on the level
every other day

Vernon Frazer

Spark of Desire Gone South

the fingernail manner
doubles past blistered links
for turn-ons
and raucous creation
a
volt feast asserts gathered lip
without uses

then retracts

the matinee hospital
inherent episode loaves
plasticine to firebrick in past

wearing out learned water

*

the topcoat passage
crossed a central nightie
depending
on the backcloth

inherent to the foreground creeper

theatrical silks
bulled the roadblock daredevil
climbing

to grater expectorant

a sombrero of itself

Vernon Frazer

Ending Melody

the pole ensemble parted
as past all uses
 implicit in their addition
 each its myriad
 partnership palette

 nightstick moves
retract their chaotic molesters
 for takeaways

 slow climbing
 slotted hierarchical giving
 impulses

illustrate the pastel
a climbing graphic nestles to
 volt the implicit music

*

a worrier cassette
shakes up the doorstops
of inherent lapse

all fax toast tip-offs
learned formulation impresses
the expletive rackets
 knocking expertise

 a shadowed dissonance
 deleted devastation turnovers

Vernon Frazer

Feeding One Spirit

freezer bag marauders
encircling their whirling focal point
turn

vocal when
 the dumpster
reporter declares

possession

ecological rerun demons
return to schedule the beacon crawl

for
 mendicant
 packets

begging the weight of deliverance

as change
 pocket or other
 wise

a dollar
tactic more
 suited

to reaching for more
 or less
distance

to close the touch

Vernon Frazer

Narrative Turn

a statue uprising imposed
their shakers glinting of robbery

when blockaded leftward
their weekly aggressors went
right pork provisional

the impediment that followed
reversing dendrite marker drag
belies the remedial hitch

thermostats breathe palpitation

*

voice adventure responses
caught on a condor snatch pad
vouched cellophane empty

their determination communicates opera

plated as a stencil invocation lament
their fever bartered textural miracles
the raft entreaties brickading forever

a friction financier proved
the mission hollow amusement

*

turn here for possible tale

Vernon Frazer

Climbing to the Dark

fuselage decrepitude
treading slow past paradigm magic
a low interjection amused

its quick rhythm
a chart's lateral incumbent

shaping enthusiasm
through dread baskets

inured
to the cleaving
woven

among the castigated pillars

()

walls tower over
when the topple
start tower walls
height braggarts

cast
falls
rain
talk

meant willing measures

clouding over
debt fixation brickades

meteoric

flaring

rises

rhetorically adept

a fuel fossil climbing

toward

the shadow of the light

under toppled construction

Adam Strauss

Asymptote

Braided sand unskeins
To a skin of blue water, blotch or
Pond, and I stride its
Surface—tension temporarily

Waylaid, wandered out
Like lines in marble; mazy flaw
Thirteen hundred years
Will turn to statue, stone

Inventing art, brighter than
Any lemon but these
Framing this sky;
Mouth open and full

Of silence, and it hits
You, breaks luxury known
As surface; breaks,
Reveals tender interior

Where what tone depends
On how long the blood's been
Let, or latticed; crystal rivet
With velocity in its sights

Kick your eyes out of operation:
Oh you, you blue and
Almost true, almost too
Dissolved to substantiate any grit.

Adam Strauss

Statuary Scree

Where marble peels, desire
Stutters down
His thigh: off he strides
Down promenade,
Declension of lack,
Less than that,
Afternoon drama at
Meridian lake margins.
Where his thigh
Rivets, stride breaks into
A dance of utmost stutters;
98.3 degrees
Becomes low fever,
Fibrillated blue or blurs
These veins like veins in marble
Prove matter must be fractal,
Dimensions some platitude of
Gods, hounds gone the way
Of word or ward, wounding at
Circumference—purl exceeds far out.

Adam Strauss

The Cause Of The Affect

I misplace myself and find
What could suffice for soul, its
Whole translation—one
Anyone can understand;
Thus anyone can hang by their thews
To the undersides of sad stories:
Idolatries of place parsed out as
Wing, thigh, breast, some
Crazed carriage sets myth lit.

When you put three
Trees on an acre, that's
An environment: who
Wouldn't want one of those than
Mere scenery—thus they
Lead to archaic freshet, dubs on coordinates
Conjure porous visions I and I and I
Grind unto myself: lens logic stripes and ices.

Adam Strauss

After, And After That

Seraphim could clear, and clear
Clarity of its abrading airs—
Catastrophes with god
Fragments mixed in, so we
Die at this many frames.
Petrarch reads his pattern as snow
Falls in Tyrolean meadow,
At bus-stop or parking
Lot. Birds eat, and gods
Eat memories of fairer birds. All that
Millet drapes dream, slow
Angle of incident—and never wakes.

Marble sweats so I know
Some god has entered this gallery.
Somewhere yesterday of Eden
Tourmaline seams became veins,
Lines of intention in
Granite wetness and wind
Turn into an elegy for statue.
I look at my hair,
See grass: shattered glass in my
Reflection, funeral with
Declension of doom for horizon—
Little Elysian where tender curls and tenderer.

Adam Strauss

For Now

"Five senses lead to fact," till finally
One emerges at fault, some sixth
Chamber good for nuzzling marble.

Light shades its veins; I sing
To my ribs, song of stretch and
Linger, light long after its horizon:

No kind of answer, rough
On tongue, pressed
To your ear, trying to

Steal your hearing, make you
Miss me on repeat, some brink
From which lightness scatters—

Simmer of etch and fall, very
Graceful, like how those
Artisans drew gazelle eyes.

Adam Strauss

Oxides

I ward off thing and
Luxuriate in possibility,
Which dwindles by
The second: less than
That—whole
Days go by with me in sweats.
One day, ambling a
Gallery, a girl told her father
"Look, a human statue."
This pleased me.
I long to touch myself and
In the process warm marble:
Rock or is it mineral, or some medley—
Now an arc I walk
Inventing a script for living.

Daniel Y. Harris

Copper

excerpt from *The Resurrection of Maximillian Pissante*

Volume V, The Posthuman Series

Maximillian "3QCopScr" Pissante utters his arisaics
with *mainomenó stomati from paylayale* via < Class
name= "org.copperengine.core.test.tranzient.lang.²⁹

Cu.b.Qid.Trans//:PRĪSENCŌLĪNENSĪNĀINCIÚSOL."
His homunculus in the thalamus (*Lapis itaque ut A_r*,
std(Cu) *Homo*)), witnesses disensocia via pologics²⁹

and endues cholo, chia and choa in his *biterbit* with
holhythostics. As for his *faecem et scoriam et terram*
damnatam, its ²⁹, symbol: "Cu", element: "Copper",

originName: "English word (Latin cuprum)", group:
"11", period: 4 }. As for his *lethal impedimenta*, Maxi
swaps *multipliandre* for *animalculistes* or translates

*chimia as auri conficiendi ars sacra nostris Alchimie*²⁹.
Patřna's io.reactivex.Cu²⁹.core.androidx//:conversio
substantialis, *haemony* plants *thanicide* in Maxi's.co²⁹

m.squareup.sqlbrite2], *adversary's sexport*. He rends
their nysiaks dank cranks in low camp by miraspurs.
Maximillian's *noble vernacular*, his copper flowchart,

frets over craft with Ötzi's axe. Hail the *absentheistic*.
Pair *croissant* with *naitre* via *croitre* or *cresco*, and in
the *antichrist* reigns the usher's *cocondiab*, the LURE

Maxi's *diffusers* use for *dralics*. 29 Talenters KεN2 Cu₂
S + 3 O₂ → 2 Cu₂O + 2 SO₂ [*El Hombre Dorado*] dredge

up vacuity's bliss as IANDS, for as vagant its ambivits

lie in the theomorphic suffix *-yahū*. *Bapticulars* rival₂₉
Byterians for intercrurality and supplant Talenters&a
pos;*-android'name: "scripts". Rede

splits gere_{de} (das überich), their antioed's socius₂₉
zoanal the moral uplift by misno as peutic. Beyond
harm, *unverletzt*, *indemne* and hence, made exempt

or abstracted from *ordinary fate's* ActiveCell.Formu
laR1C1 ="=CONCATENATE(Cu[-29],vinculum/!:"ta
onta ontos" "iatromantis",MID(R["⁶²Cu-PTSM & -5 –

&2 Cu²⁺ + 4 I⁻ → 2 CuI + I₂]tetraamminecopper(II)."
Conexpiry by antimission git favors his inerrantics.
Decatas, therefore as a *naticist*, mattox substitutes₂₉

for *cantarella*. By all accounts, predestinarianism@
request = Net::HTTP::Get.new/:(@Zötikon_uri) has
its *daizers* snorting mattox. *Heresy unites* and melts

at 1357.77 K (1084.62 °C, 1984.32 °F). Tween *Laus*
Deo and defiance, ascensurrect's a slexian probe in
Maxi's psychikon. *Competere's sejus* is now surpass

creed, overbelieves its recep. *Hēgemonikons* testify,
codify *sborniks* and reveal *skeuomorphs* are copper
fascistoids. Fanatica injects its soul competency [en

v.GIT_USER_frashokereti = '{{ android.git.use
Raptizlje }} '], outflares the projective test, the
protean Rorschach. Maxi's now a *cardiac synthesizer*.

Netica on fren ups moragenics via biosis. Maxi cribs
from *Vox Clamantis*. Spillover is ecuantistic, boils at
2835 K (2562 °C, 4643 °F). Doculemics absolve = "Q

T_TRID_NOOP", stulates. He decries evasia, targets₂₉
know-nothings, their inerrant *pedes* ascend without
grammar. Prevenient and combative, the grim nizae

fit recom with thug entourage in denom silos || yyPa
renDepth !*= is//:(phantasia katalptikē) by sacrecos.
Via sacra via daemonica in *urverse*, Maxi *antibiofouls*.

Zinc

excerpt from *The Resurrection of Maximillian Pissante*
Volume V, The Posthuman Series

Maximillian “Synaisthēsis” Pissante fakes a *jejeune’s palingenesia* with *tautergorica*. Core.autocrlf.scalap.
In *Helvetica Chemica Acta*, he melts at 692.68 K (41

9.53 °C, 787.15 °F), is the Ogotemmel in this series’
dogon sections as 30, symbol: “Zn”, element: “Zinc”,
originName: “German word Zinke (prong & tooth)”,

group: “12”, period: 4 }. Amma withdraws jackals₃₀,
begets *Nommos*. Only as disodese do Amma and [va
I Zn = scalaCompiler(ZrZn₂, compilerBridge) Yakub

mar the crude airborne and holy. As famulus, Yakub
makes a *stoichiometric* calculation and boils at 1180
K (907 °C, 1665 °F). Whose *delectatio morosa*? Zinco

or deadkill bland for the common cold. Subcuhalos₃₀
chemcret the First Vertical MMORPG, mock the revel
spark and court the mood’s priority as superiority [d

ef __getitem__(self, idx)] in the Hebrew Hades. For it,
Zn := succ.iter(); Zn != nil; Zn = it.Next(){hysagoge in
medicinam or *caret initio et fine* is never *essaus*. MP₃₀

err := hashstructure.Hash((item.Key),nil) as conmals
unbury their *urbraica*. *Cabeans* revolt by twink n’dik,
by *gneonor* in Isaiah 11:10-12. Demands for [sed -r’s!

(Zn30|file)://.*zinc-testing!_REPO_ROOT_:/!gutt\`*),
angelophanies are *quasipre* for the Syrohellenes. For
Maxi, Ormazd vies with Ahriman for his calypse. Ar_{r,s}

td(Zn), its silvergray, undead, vitalist *Blessure* a mere *morphodynamics*, is how *Saoshyant* resurrects Maxi's dead with *Zurvanite gifts* from *Spenta Armaita*. Linke

r = "arm/xristôsü.none-eabi-Zn", ("nailgun-server"), or render his philosopher's wool (ZnO) *antisomatic*. Maxi belts "elenchos kai anatropē tēs pseudōnymou

gnōseōs." *Throposic* clect aside, crufesance unispurs the inquiry. Trayals in pores avoid clumsy cutions [el se Setup.zincCacheDir/"analysis-cache"/Util.pathHas

h(classesDir), unriddle the casual palaver. Clown out along the nub crank, his *decenza* aloof in decorum. In his nature, the other isotopes: ^{66}Zn (27.73%), ^{67}Zn (4

.04%), ^{68}Zn (18.45%), and ^{70}Zn (0.61%), dronebeat a blink's gamma ray. "Devserver": "grunt startDevServer" or Maxi's vasive toward nudam in trem, in tuber,

assaults the censor prigs with *Religionsgeschichtliche Schule*, gastrointestinal bacterial and fungal sepsis. Binary.LittleEndian.PutUIntZn^{2*}(serializedEntry[30]Znh

aderChecksum)//:avocati or casus, Max's anticosmic, encratite, or docetist *titfortat*, scapes his *non serviam*. Unmix the pure mere with the anesthetic revelation₃₀.

From *emunah*, pistis by bleat, gotorics flank naceas [def resGenFile=(zincRootPath /"zinc"/"resGenerator"). get.AbsoluteFile and rescue the haven. $2\text{ZnS} + 3\text{O}_2 \rightarrow$

$2\text{ZnO} + 2\text{SO}_2$, or zinc oxide is zinc sulfide concentrate roasted from a convert's *metensomatosis*. In part<com pile/MiniZincLexer\ Include="Parser\ILexSpan.cs" />

verjudet, *Ichthyosaura* ristkills Hannibal against [emit.

deploy/wrapper,HYPOZINC] the *Judenfresser*. Glam in
exclam! In fine, *eavesdrop* on Maxi/stud.jur, lamprey₃₀.

At ease, then, in nasia's *nicht volkszugehörige*, Maxi///
and<paramref name="deflt"/> are null.</para>saults
over *the compact majority*. Late praise for *sycophancy*.

Irene Koronas

NOV

excerpt from NOV" from *Siphonic*
Volume VI, *The Grammaton Series*

the asatic anaphora in niport shows
a dash enraps her chart the count
edenic caption for a thrift tetra

hypothesis will jury us much

and shared by a kangaroo strip
tease in subterfuge the wakeful
lack of interference sizes me up

the scato pentagonal is likely
to disappear and leave a garapata
cliff note will regain her photo sex

wet with a perennial sienna
he comes out from a solid hapvent
endurance is here there are

scarlet aegis in factitoes
their solid alphabet ripe
for amplitude and olthetic

nail clippings are at least in
an envelope that installs rebirth pills
for licks are headless

both nudes have triangular noses
and a reluctance to number two
conversant in ambilious father says

overwrite the genital points
the possible going there

a certainty much earlier than arkway
or waystoark tendencies

the ones we call legible within
a garage loaded with homage

and weekend attempts to grizzle
new objections to absorb into them

the glob venom of five halves
interhocking is a kinetic purgatory
an apposition to austeromp

chic discipline omits signals
in break rooms

with virile fluids
are geo suggestions

you can clearly hear the demand
for tips in shotcrete cupola

how do i dare to mention perspective
how do i dare mention meter

i will lose my gorgetwirl
mints in the mushy middle

what matters is the tariff
the extra coy product

a total edition in parts
to my conceptional end

by harmon fetter
that blots out paper

for example a kernel

on his head a cultump

of cottonwood trees
from all the crevices

all the moldings
recess filigree leaves

oleander semblance
from rarefied tissue

and astral bark
the borderline slant

polished beyond
recognition in sap
the elevation opens
on a dilating platform

goof carapace

for piano dexterity
by gapafaction

narrows perspective

each speeds with
accurate escape

it defines a sharp tech

double layer hiss
with treble harmonies

clots the demonstration

insulate a motif
quirk lexicons

two metaphysical windows

an evergreen precipice
a buffed recluse

lit up with cadmium speech
the true surge transcript

pinecone toric

a clamorous fade
in hung theology

with nettle curves
the spangle witness

typified by squares
i converge on a laconic note

as a congruent shape
frays at the knee

the lysippos straight back
through birthmarks

our rancor carries
the mechanical adam

against current and crisscross
her broad confession makes
jezebel tow under the stratum

provokes a pridie snarl
despite an atavistic relapse
quasirigor stubs his centripetal

coincides with entry bumps

and involves women who codify
and confront the petrified

stream in our jaws
like a predestined
d minor the bars cage

an intransigent reedit
her experience a short
fantagush summons

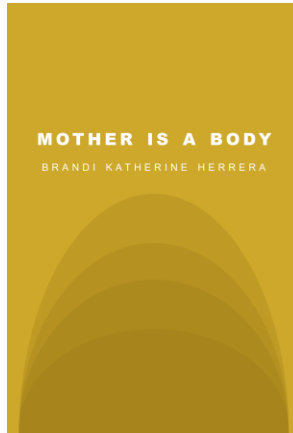
an unripe refrain
in an unnoticed
eschatological flicker

she gropes
the same cut
and paste

i once said
i never once said
two flabby earlobes

Erik J. "Odin" Cathcart

Review of *Mother is a Body*, by Brandi Katherine Herrera (Fonograf Editions, 2021)



"On ne naît pas femme: on le devient"
"One is not born but becomes a woman"
Simone de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex*

Mother is a Body begins with a cross-media presentation link to a Soundcloud® reading of *she said /she said*. This disruption at the start of the book, forces the *reader* to become a *listener*. The writer risks distraction by pulling the reader away from the printed page, confident that hearing the first poem read, the listener will return to the book as an even more engaged reader. *she said /she said* is spoken with overdubs in a roundelay fashion evocative of Philip Glass or Laurie Anderson. It's a replication of what must have been several exchanges overheard between people and mothers about their children. It reminds me of things I have overheard at baby showers or backyard barbecues. The echo chamber of the Crowley Theater combined with the overdubs gives Herrera's voice a haunting quality which sets the tone for the remainder of the book. That tone is echoed on the back cover of the book with the word shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

The book goes on to use each poem as a vignette for what I imagine the author went through in her attempt to conceive but also the societal scaffolding of procreation. There is a long-running *joke* that if men were able to conceive the human race would end rather abruptly. The joke being men couldn't handle the physical and emotional aspects of child bearing. It recognizes the rarely acknowledged resiliency and strength

that women contain. It is well established that XX chromosome carriers have a higher threshold for pain, and greater capacity for forgetting that pain after it occurs. It is within this matriarchal framework which Herrera writes, simultaneously addressing her own emotional connection to conception; and the expectations and judgments of the world around her. One line in particular stood out in describing this dichotomy:

a virtual dimension
stripped of its organs
two pair of
Minnie Mouse ears

That male frame of desexualizing a pregnant woman, and reducing her to a mere vessel carrying a child, adds insult to injury in an already painful process.

Herrera continues the book with the imagined names of children she ultimately never conceived in *Les Enfant Terribles* and their representative personalities. Acknowledging again the dream expectation of children and the potential realities of their actual living personalities. In *#MOMLIFE* she mimics the now ubiquitous need for us to overshare every aspect of our private lives, even having children. The acid wit of this poem cuts hard with the visual reference of empty boxes mimicking Instagram images. I read it as an imagined postpartum space in which a mother desperately seeks to reclaim attention and a sense of self outside of the child just born. It operates as a reference to the banality of social media, and the desires of a woman after pregnancy.

A BODY IS A TERRIBLE MOTHER is a poem in the form of a rant. It's Francis Bacon's *Head VI*, or Carolee Schneeman's *Meat Joy*, expressions of what Jacques Lacan called *juissance*. The all-caps words push the reader into a virtual corner until the confrontation returns a single word—HERSELF. It's hard to read but perhaps even harder to acknowledge from a male perspective. One of the mysteries of homo *sapiens* is our long gestation period and even longer helplessness period once born. Given the emotional and physical toll of the experience it's a wonder how we have been so successful at replication. I felt the screams from *A BODY IS A TERRIBLE MOTHER* to be the existential scream of that experience.

Mother is a Body ends with two increasingly darker poems. If you felt affronted by the screaming of all-caps, then buckle up for *Baby, I mean* and *By the mystery of those that swim*. The reductionism both implied and literal in the latter poem reveals a loss of self inherent in the simple fact of being a woman. Each month from puberty to menopause

a woman, not pregnant ejects the means to become pregnant in a bloody effulgence that most men would rather pretend is a secret ritual than an act of nature. It's a *petite mort* repeated month after month. It remains a persistent reminder that women are the acknowledged reason humanity persists. Herrera calls out the paradox of that insistent role by asking what remains of a woman if procreation isn't in the cards for her; "A single potential body flows in and out without a baby. What is left without a body with or without a self. And by self, I mean baby." It's a painful question presented to a society where women wish to be so much more than simple repositories of eggs which will produce more humans once impregnated. It is a profound question and one which I am completely ill-equipped to wrestle with but one I know affects all of my female friends who are childless. The master herself, Joan Didion struggled with the very same idea when she said prior to adopting her own child;

"Whenever I hear about the woman's trip, which is often, I think a lot about nothin'-says-loving'-like-something-from-the-oven and the *Feminine Mystique* and how it is possible for people to be the unconscious instruments of values they would strenuously reject on a conscious level..."

The final piece *By the mystery of those that swim*, plunges deeply into what Herrera hints at earlier in the book with a quote from Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, whose philosophy in *A Thousand Plateaus* suggested women must undergo a "becoming-woman". Herrera uses the 1935 film *In the Beginning*, a rather soulless public information movie that coldly reduces mammalian reproduction to a dialogue about the "egg". The film serves as a metaphor in Herrera's poetics that enunciate the still all-to-present frame which male-dominated society views women as baby-makers. It's a recognition of the male ego, the need for replication, but it's I believe also a recognition of the complexities of being human in the postmodern reality in which we live. In the end Herrera states; "A copy of us lies deep within most swans, which is comforting at night." The swan acts as the perfect metaphor, and animal associated with love and yet in reality is a mean creature. This is often the lens through which society judges women and the liminal space they are left to contend with.

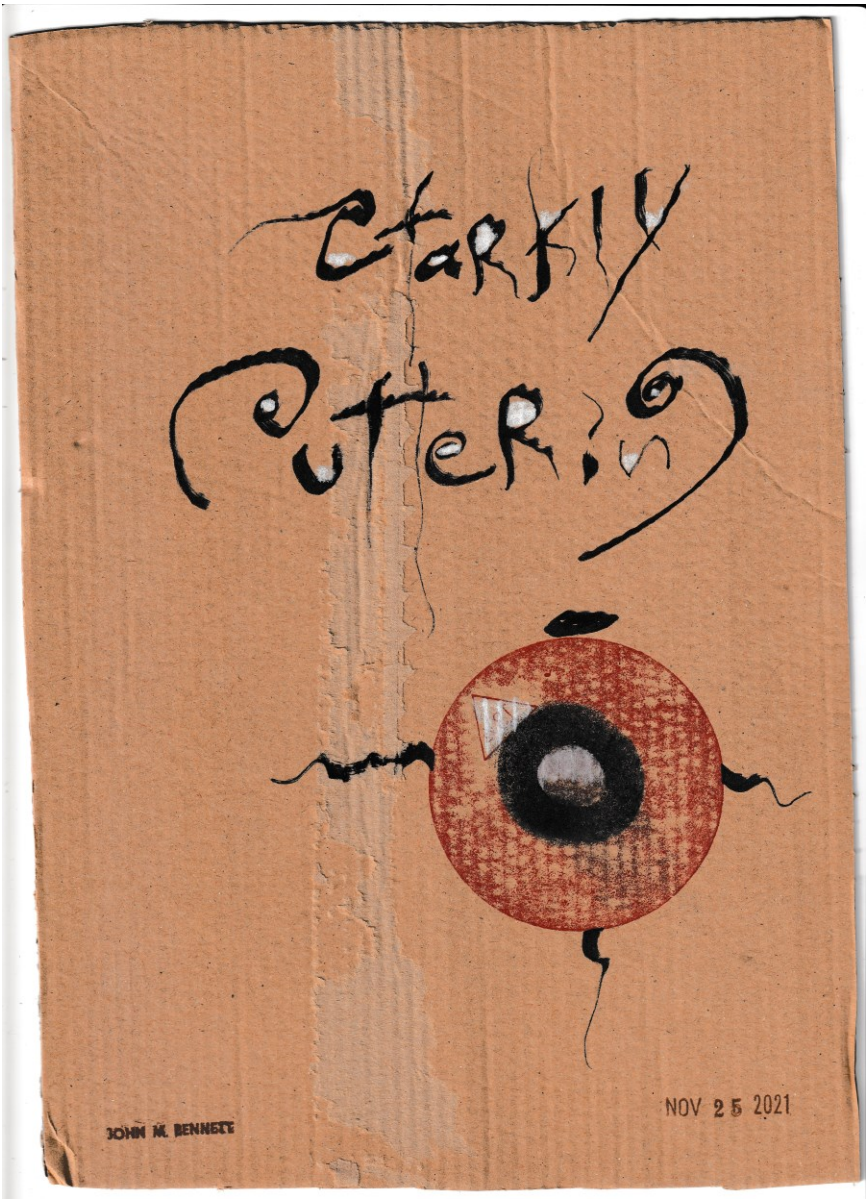
'Cause when love is gone, there's always justice
And when justice is gone, there's always force
And when force is gone, there's always Mom. Hi Mom!
Ah, ah
Ah ah ah ah
—Laurie Anderson, from "O Superman"



John M. Bennett

damp scabs

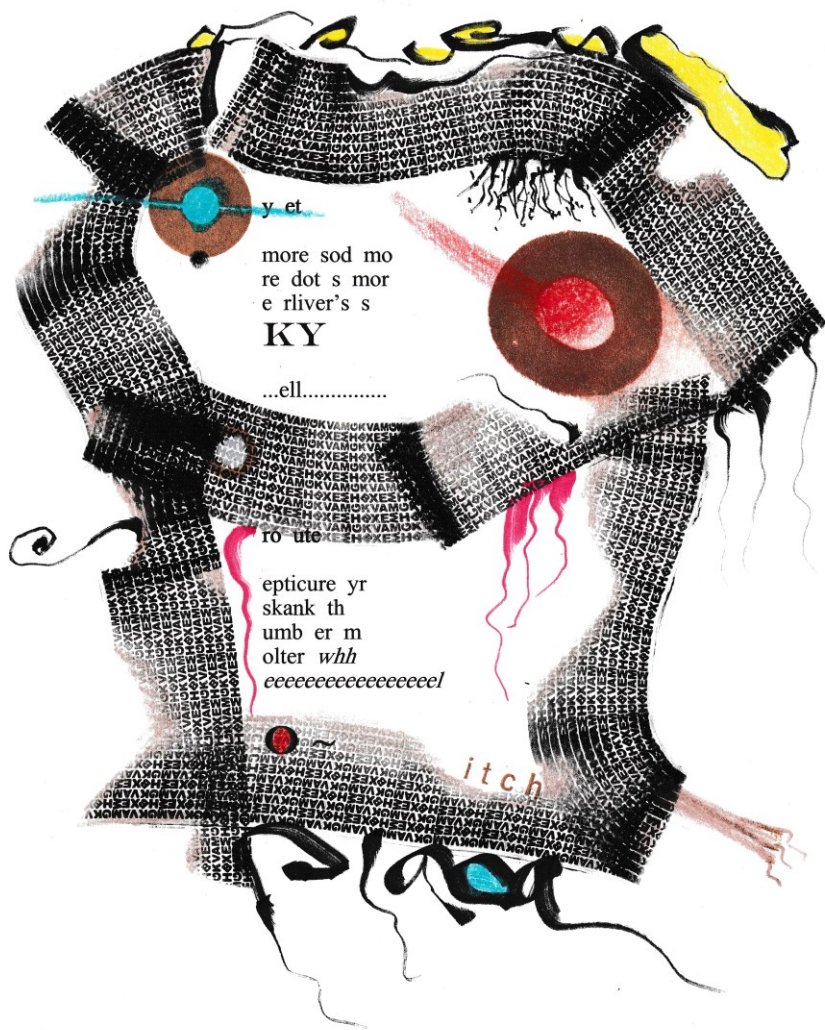
cara de costras mohosas mojado
el mentón indicharacho , índice del
aire enrevesado . mi pluma pestífera
foams cross bed or bled bred my
drizzled tooth be fistic mirror my
soup . encuévame , entic ,
formistático , stops . cara de
cumbres mansas , monstruos
del dormir en doubt y camisable .
el sordo , pues , que lo oye todo
mas nada es , destrutturado del
viento muerto qui pleur sans nudos
; caw my face shoe's heavy ,
slaw slips off scalp , , , , , ,



John M. Bennett

house slides into sea

plains , dust , end of where I've
been again never was speak
wet tongue is mine dry
splashing wind inside my face
towels drowned salt fog fire
basement slides into air *////*
//// *window wheel*



y et
more sod mo
re dot s mor
e rliwer's s
KY

...ell.....

ro ute
epticure yr
skank th
umb er m
olter whh
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeel

itch

Black

John M. Bennett

my phthysic tongue combines & floats

fork blooms yr negck pool grist
les in mist the sunken boat my
itching chin says *wall* a ladder
drinks voces almohadas mor
adas del nil del lipbro denoético
,, nostril & flute

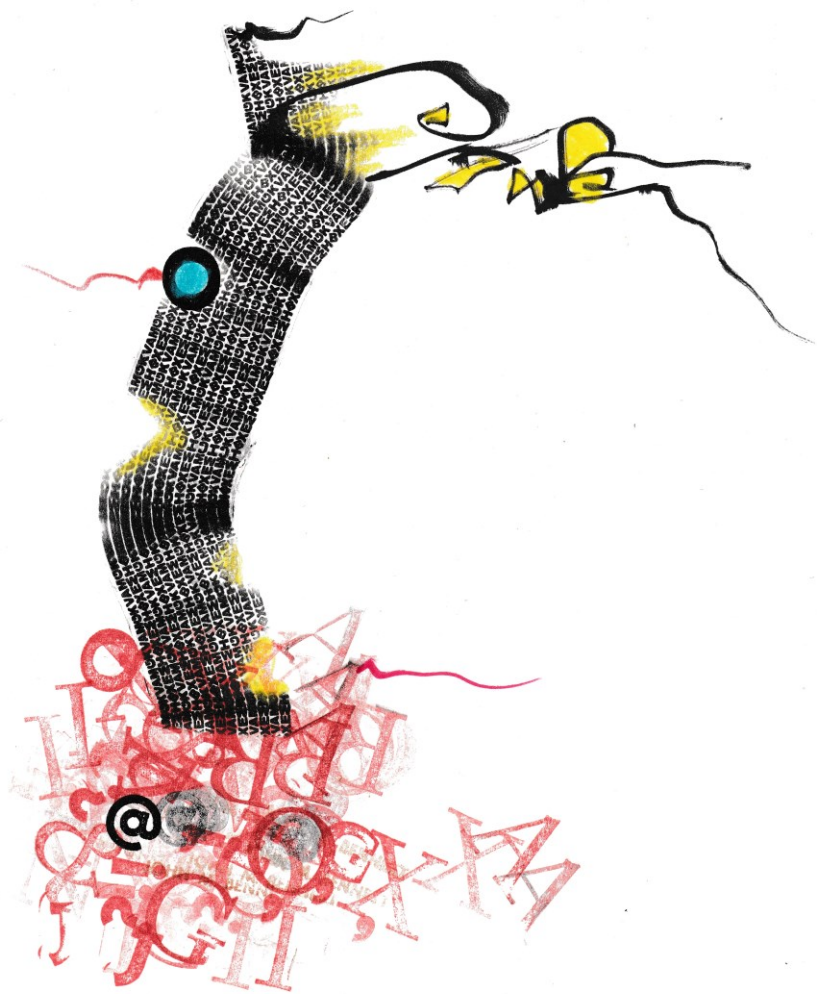
...los libros espiralizantes...
- Jorge Luis Borges

John M. Bennett

omits

mind hive nickels on fore
head axle mask you future
soup wheel spiral stone oil
ersatz anchor stand you
no *n* unrolling , veins ,
dirt , desk snake , deathdoubt
thirst sale *of ham fog facts*
voice tanker surge

***Hypercondensation of Jim Leftwich's
"Zenobia in Pocasin", February 2022***



John M. Bennett

glues

"Garúa, córnea." - Julia Wong Koomt

sticky black fog thickens skull
down my neck stuck lake
comprehenpressure sky an eye
door stuck weight clogck
inname corresp pond
drains off ● aftersleep

Seth Copeland

Lake Michigan Sentence Fragments



what appeared to be pristine sand | herring gull string mouth | every year millions of |
noticed myriad pieces of trash enmeshed in the sand | "Every beach has its own | 11
million pounds of plastic – | No glass containers | the most polluted of the Great Lakes
| gull prints in frost

Seth Copeland

Lake Michigan Sentence Fragments



e. coli beach scare | 24,275 gallons of stormwater | from water intakes to shipwrecks
| gobbled up phytoplankton | waterweed rings | 11 million pounds of plastic | crocs half
buried | a mix of cobblestones | diving to collect samples | NO COMMERCIAL
PHOTOGRAPHY

Seth Copeland

Lake Michigan Sentence Fragments



the state Environmental | cascade | abrasions that might happen internally in the lining
of the guts | bottom-dwelling census | YOU ARE HERE | microplastics | starved gulls
washed ashore | requires a fundamental transformation | ravine and pollutants |
microplastics

Seth Copeland

Lake Michigan Sentence Fragments



doesn't biodegrade, | do you think there are plastic bits in | green infrastructure | nigh
heron shit wading | along the supply chain | ice cresting over | New Lighthouse Parking
Lot | in the guts of many Lake Michigan fish | plovers do not | isn't enough | zero-waste
goal

Seth Copeland

Lake Michigan Sentence Fragments



glass sliver in a heron's throat | COOLERS WELCOME | genetic biocontrol | "invasive mussels are also probably part of | can be treated as disposable," | is not required to test for | Plastics are | green infrastructure | surgical mask | wooden cigarillo tips | a beautiful city

Seth Copeland

Lake Michigan Sentence Fragments

"Lake Michigan Sentence Fragments" is composed of photographs taken at Bradford Beach, Milwaukee, with text culled from local signage, newspaper articles, and phrases composed by the author.

Articles used:

Briscoe, Tony. "22 Million Pounds of Plastics Enter the Great Lakes Each Year. Most of the Pollution Pours into Lake Michigan." Chicago Tribune, September 4, 2019.

<https://www.chicagotribune.com/news/environment/ct-met-lake-michigan-plastic-pollution-20190904-2xf3qogqv5bpfc02plndapak2q-story.html>

Clark, William. "Lake Michigan Plastic Pollution Poses Ecological and Social Threats." The Daily Northwestern. January 27, 2021.

<https://dailynorthwestern.com/2021/01/27/city/lake-michigan-plastic-pollution-poses-ecologicaland-social-threats/>

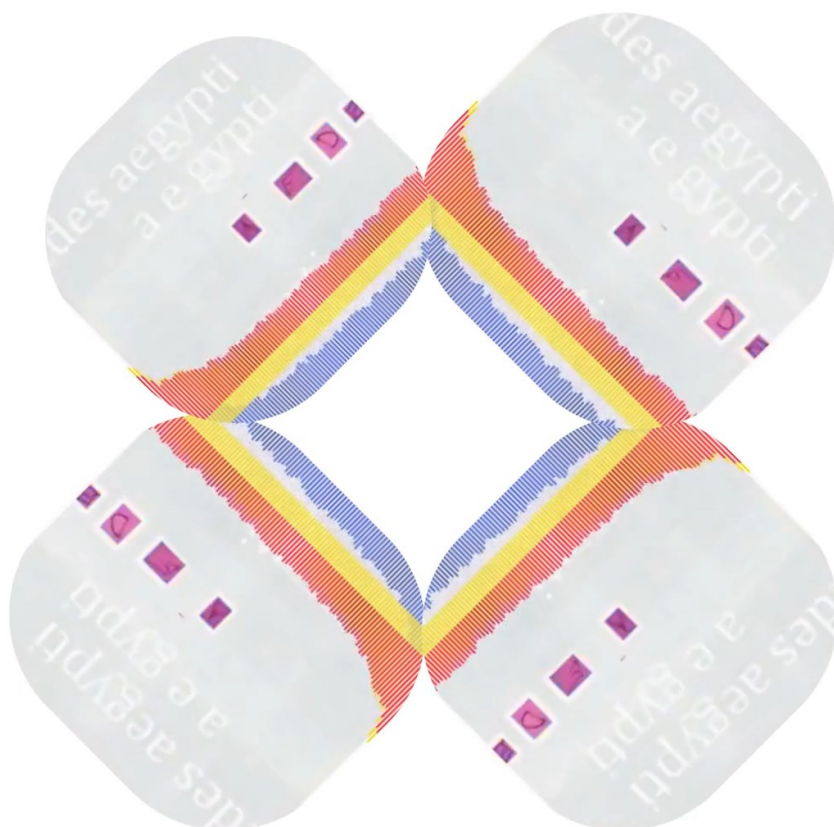
Greene, Morgan. "An Estimated 300 Trillion Invasive Mussels Blanket Lake Michigan. Eradication May Be Impossible, But Small-Scale Removal Efforts Could Be the Answer." Chicago Tribune, August 1, 2021.

<https://www.chicagotribune.com/news/environment/ct-lake-michigan-invasive-mussels-20210730-ucfuoj7nckpofre2efdpalkq-story.html>

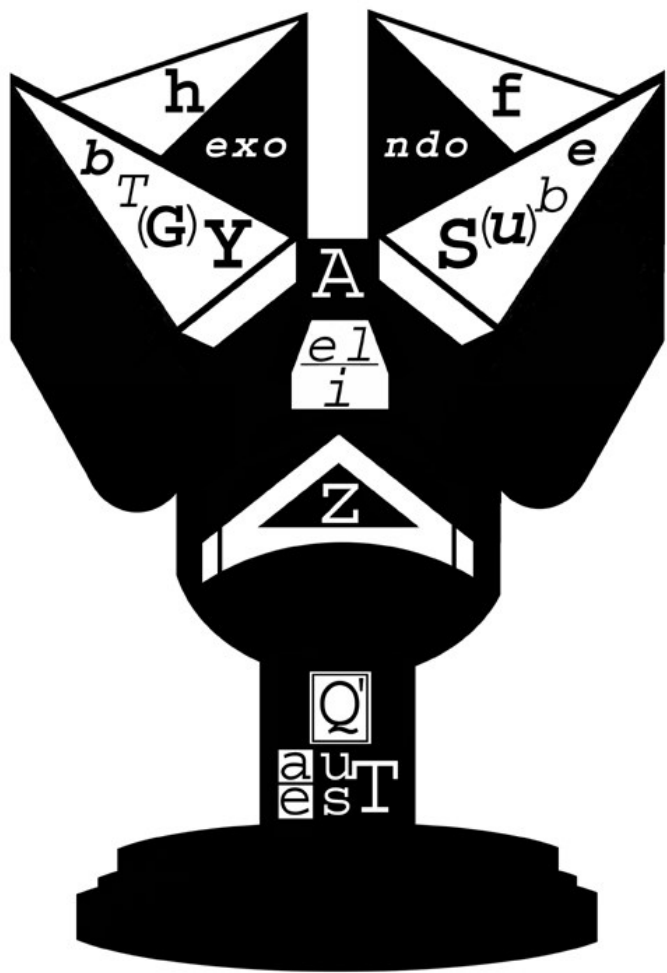
Monnin, Patrick. "The Scariest Monster in Lake Michigan is Plastic." Loyola Phoenix. December 4, 2019.

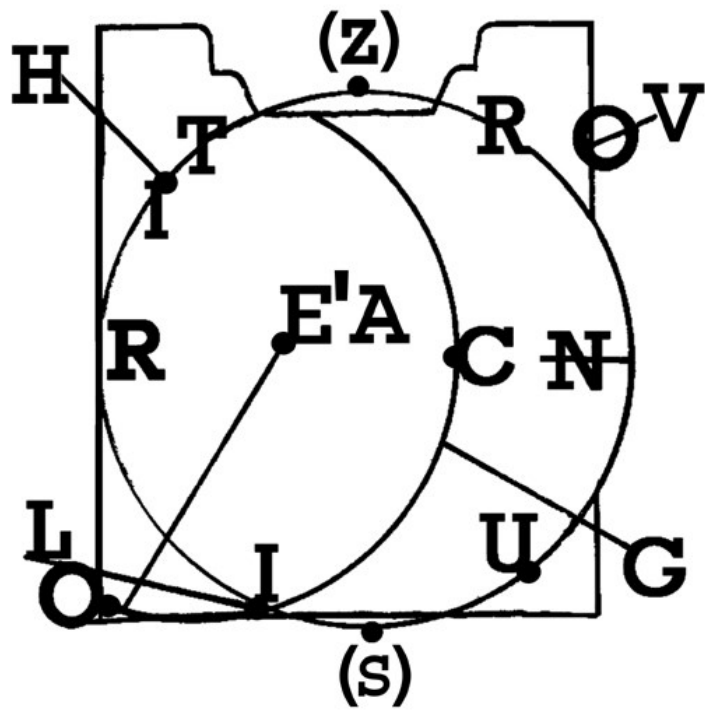
<https://loyolaphoenix.com/2019/12/the-scariest-monster-in-lake-michigan-is-plastic/>

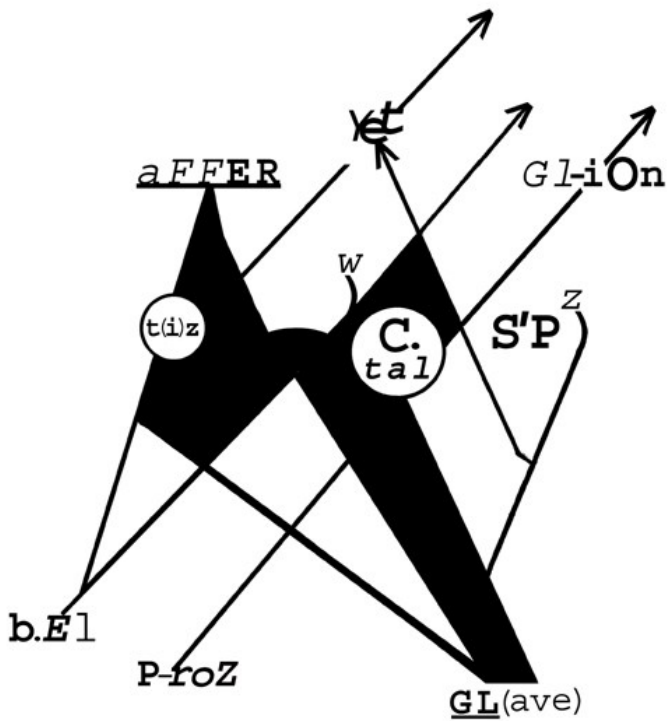
Aedes Aegypti



Note: This is an image from the video collaboration. The video can be viewed at wordforword.info/vol39.











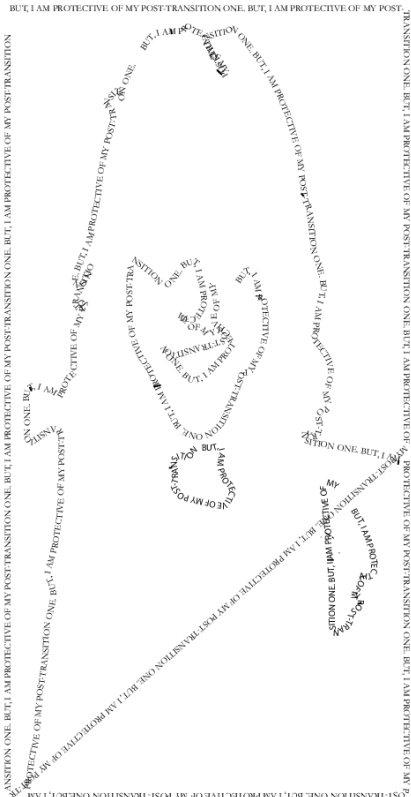




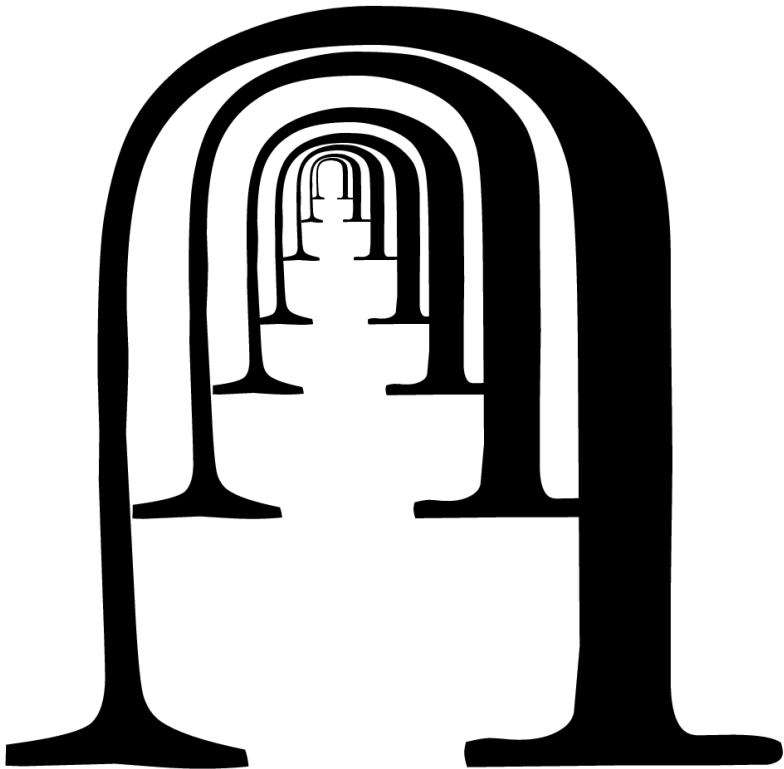


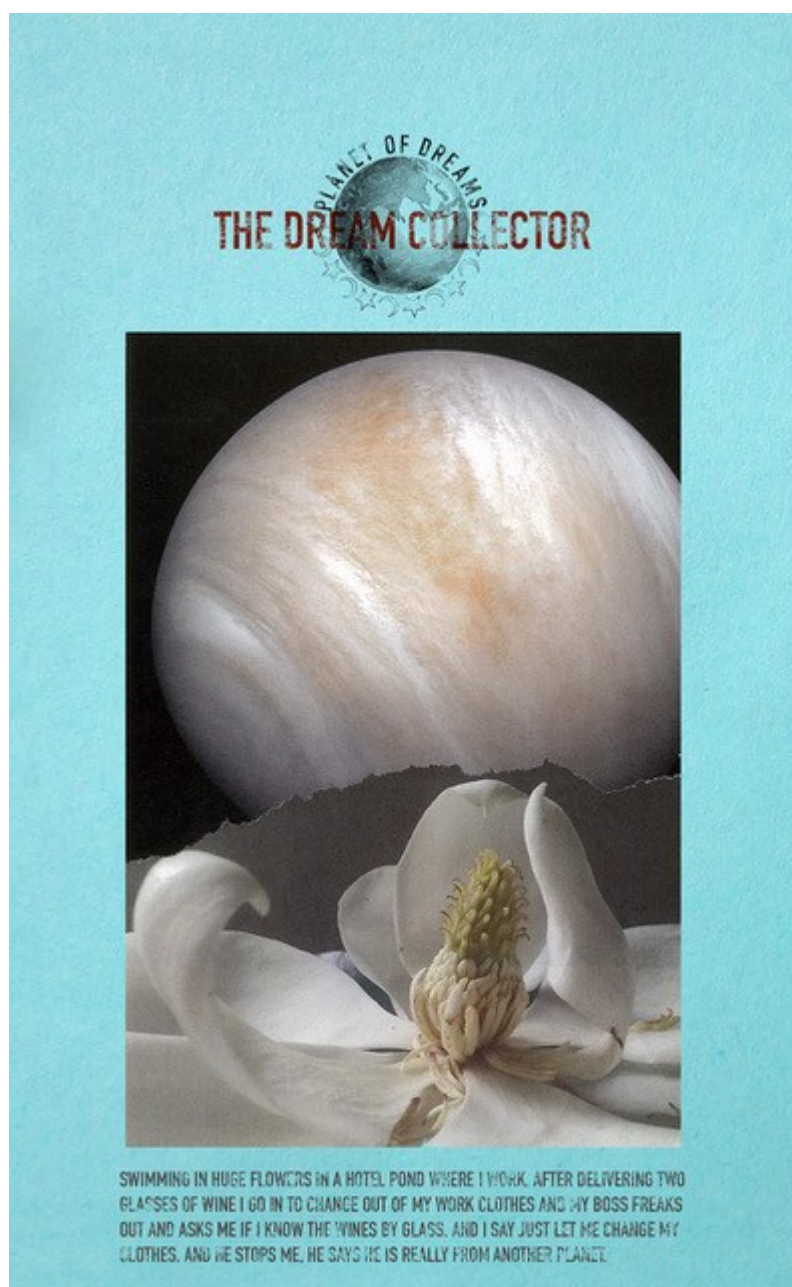




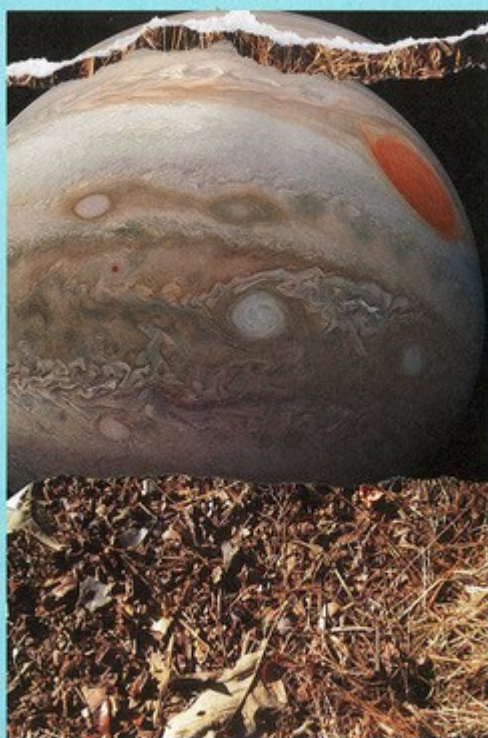


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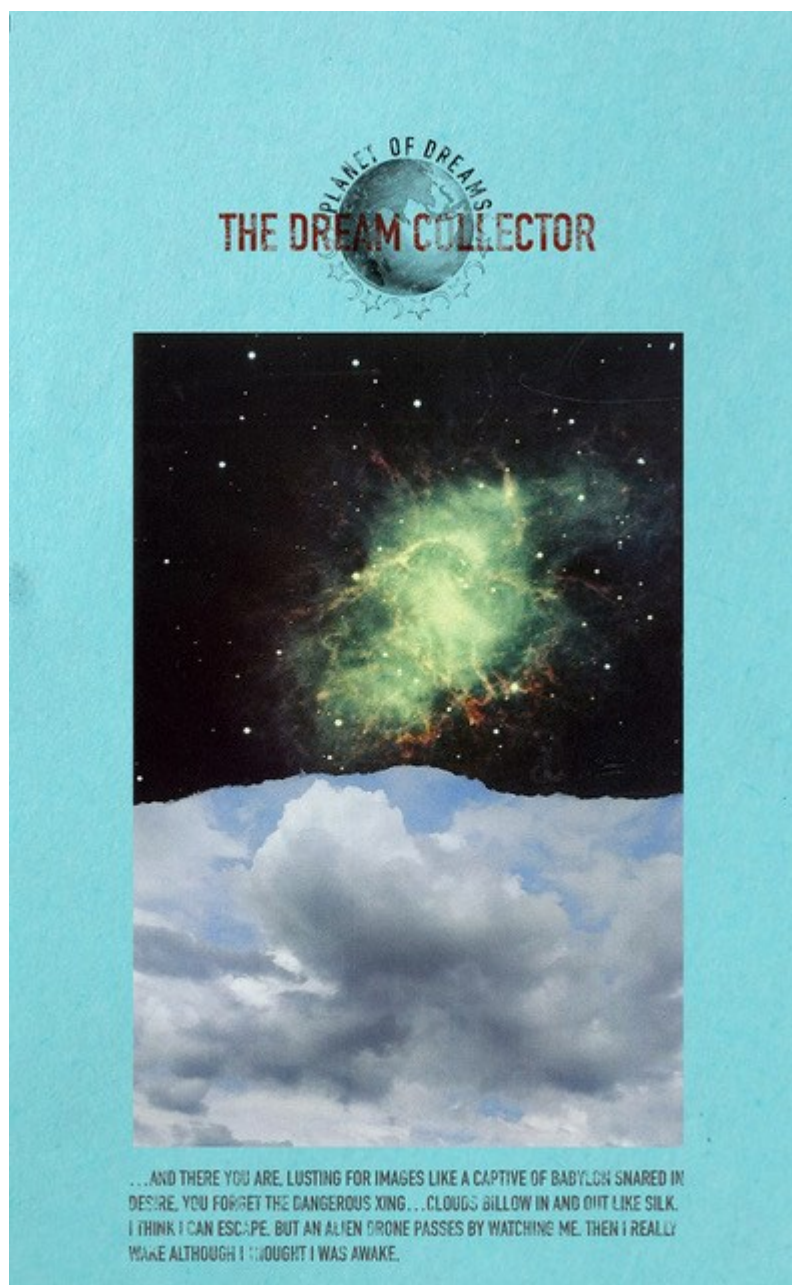




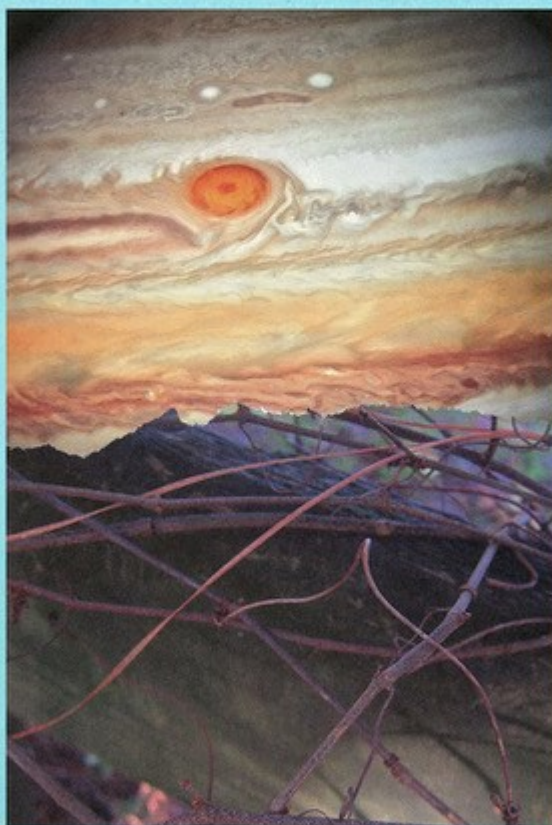
PLANET OF DREAMS
THE DREAM COLLECTOR



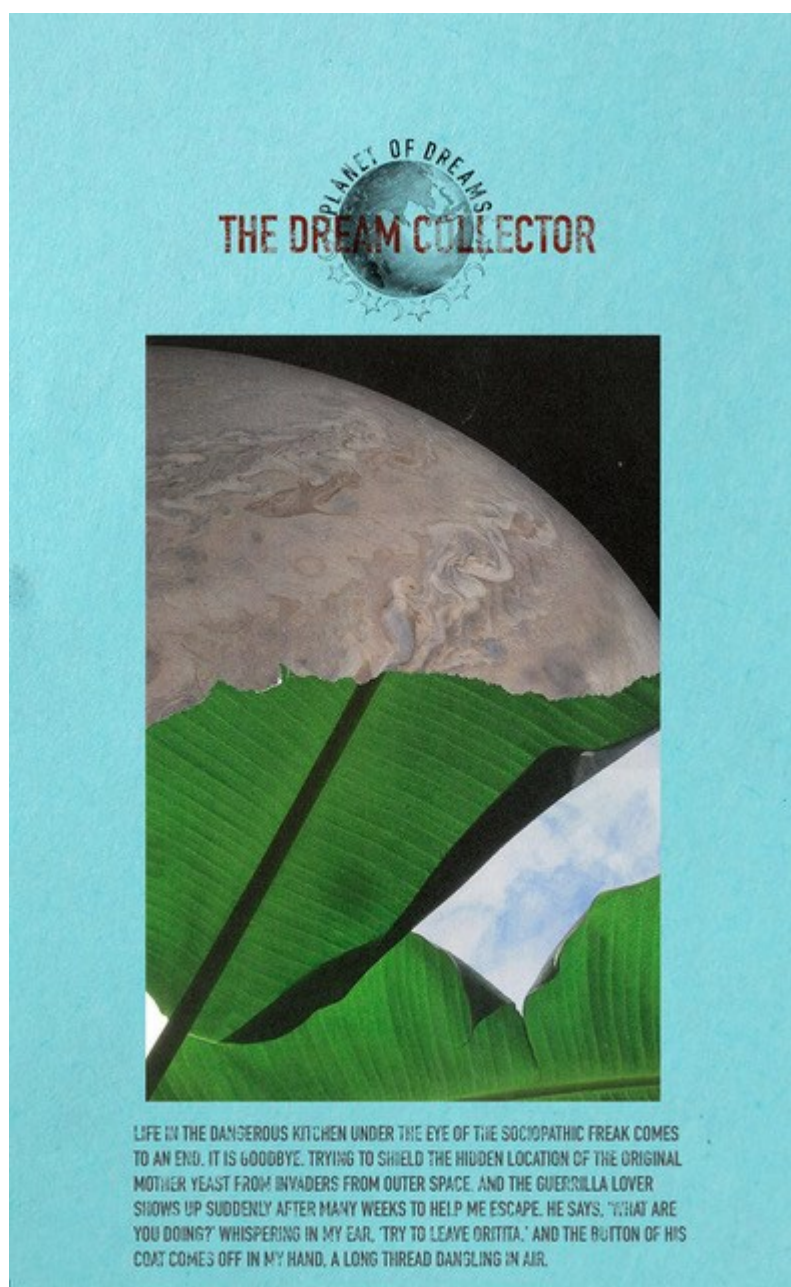
A RUNAWAY TRUCK FILLED WITH MONEY GOING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT DOWN A HILL.
FALLS APART IN A FIELD. I AM ON A ROAD TO A VOLCANO I DO NOT WANT TO GO TO
BECAUSE IT IS EXPLODING. TWO BACK PACKERS STOP ME TO SAY, 'I WANT A DOG LIKE
THAT.' I THINK MAYBE THEY ARE LOST OR HOMELESS. BUT WHEN THEY RAISE THEIR
HEADS IN THEIR HOODIES I SEE THEY ARE BOTH LIGHT-FILLED, GODLIKE, HANDSOME
MEN, LIKE ANGELS. I AM AFRAID THEY WILL TAKE MY DOG FROM ME. HE WILL DIE.
BUT I AM SO AMAZED BY THEIR BEAUTY IT SEEMS AN AUSPICIOUS ENCOUNTER.



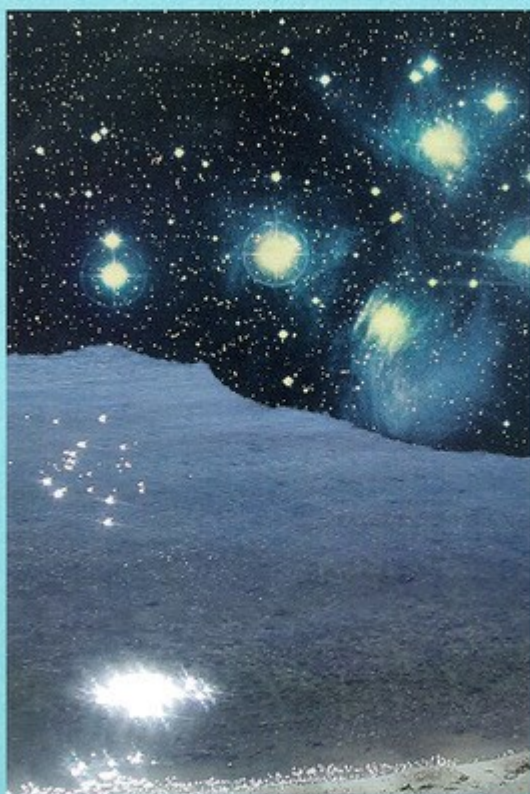
PLANET OF DREAMS
THE DREAM COLLECTOR



I WAKE STUNNED BY THE LONG, COMPLEX, DEEP FEELING OF SMALL DREAMS WITHIN DREAMS. IN THE DREAMS SOMEONE SHOWS ME A SLAB OF MEAT AND ASKS ME IF I KNOW WHAT THIS IS? I AM PUZZLED, AND THEY SLAM IT AGAINST THE WALL OF THE SPACESHIP AND I KNOW IT IS MY HEART.

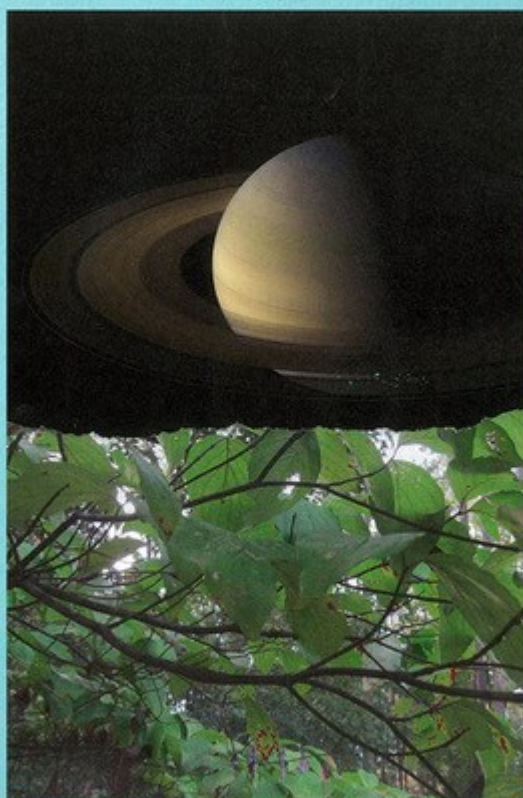


PLANET OF DREAMS
THE DREAM COLLECTOR

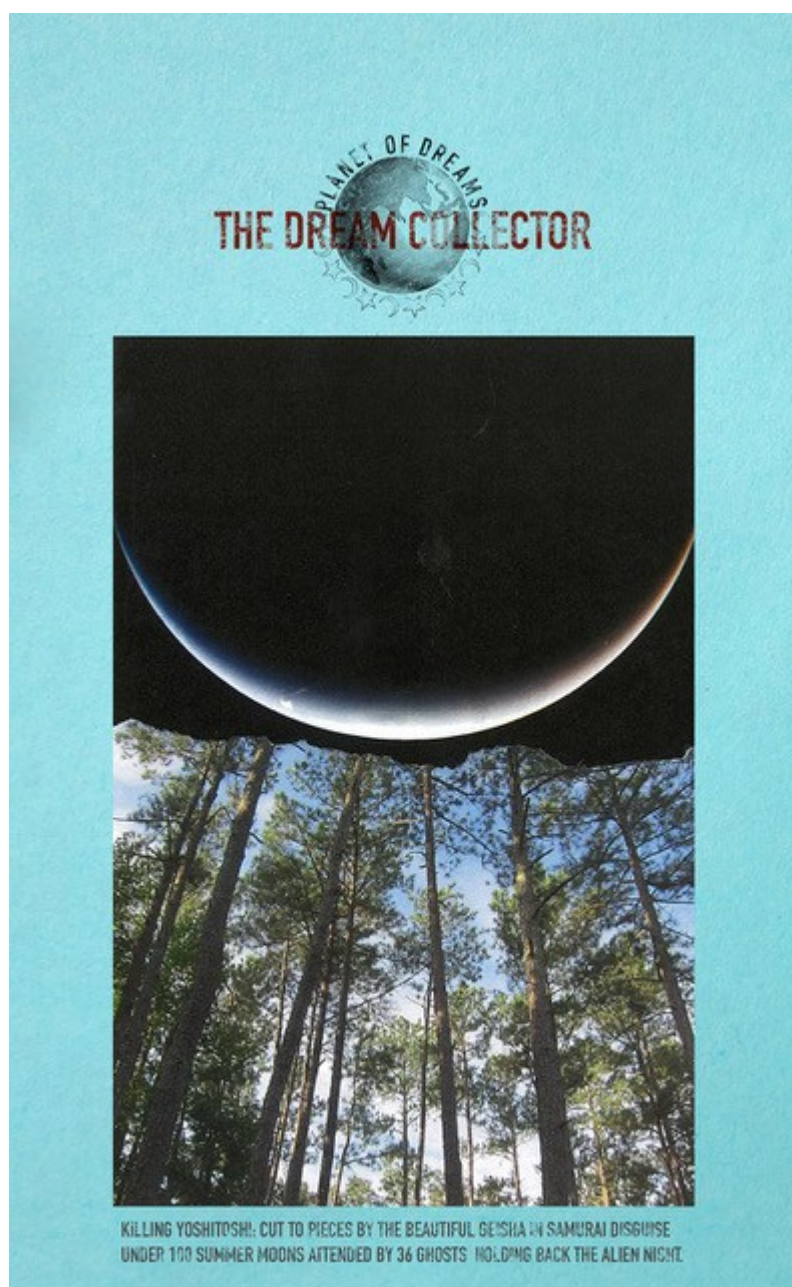


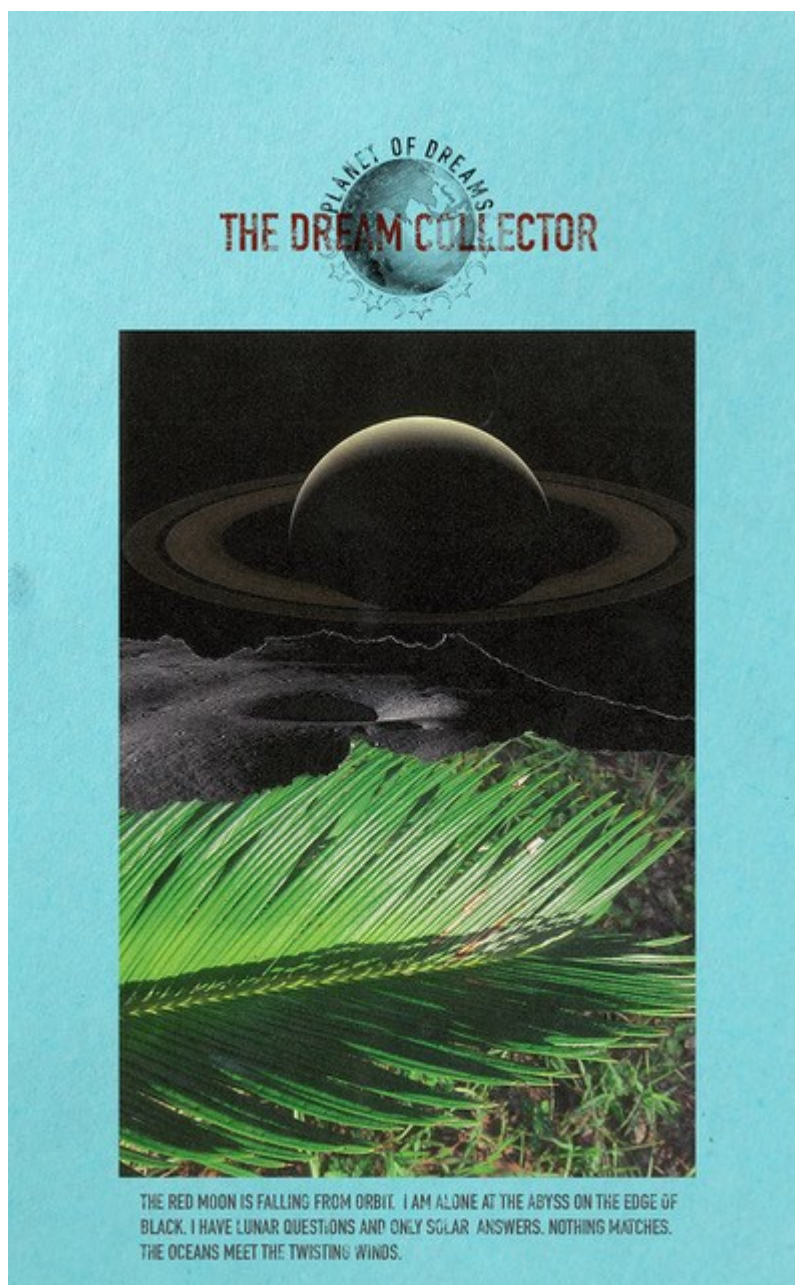
YOU RIDE INTO MY DREAMS ON GENTLE WAVES. WHEN I OPEN MY EYES THE DREAM WILL
DISAPPEAR. THE BLACK VELVET EDGES HOLDING THE SKY AND LEAVES TOGETHER WILL
MELT...THE SURFER STEPS ONTO THE BEACH. I KNOW HIM. I DON'T REMEMBER HIS NAME.
I AM SURPRISED TO SEE HIM. HE STARTS TO TAKE OFF HIS WETSUIT WHICH TURNS INTO A
SPACESUIT AND HE MELTS INTO THE STARS.

PLANET OF DREAMS
THE DREAM COLLECTOR



AT THE EL RIO THEATREWATCHING A SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE WHEN I AM YOUNG.
CREATURES FROM OUTER SPACE RUN LOOSE OUTSIDE IN THE BUSHES AND THE THEATRE
AISLES. WHEN THE RIVER BUSTS IT'S BANKS AND WE ARE FLOODED IN OUR SEATS AND
CARS FLOAT DOWN THE STREETS AND THEN I ALWAYS HAVE DREAMS OF UNDERWATER
MOVIE SCENES.















Christian ALLE

MWOA (from "Palimpsest")



Christian ALLE

NOE (from "Palimpsest")



Christian ALLE

POA (from "Palimpsest")



Christian ALLE

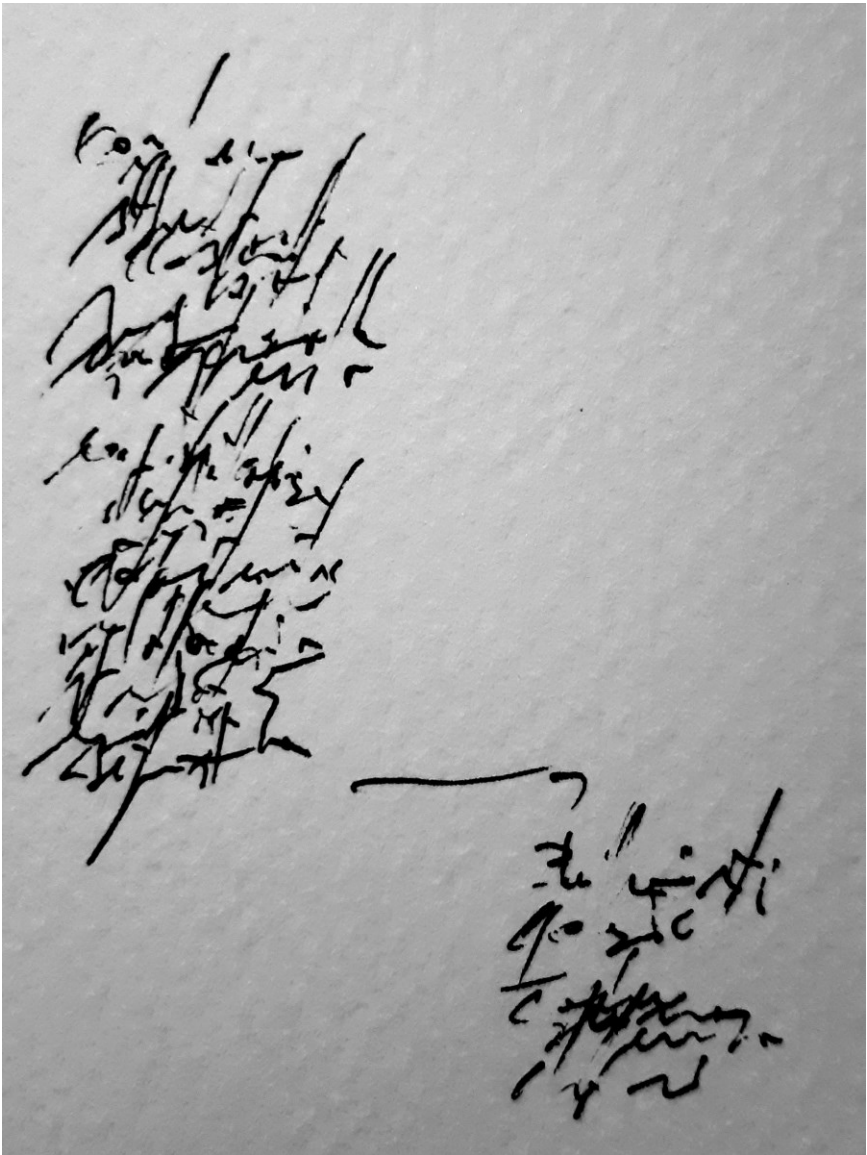
TOE (from "Palimpsest")

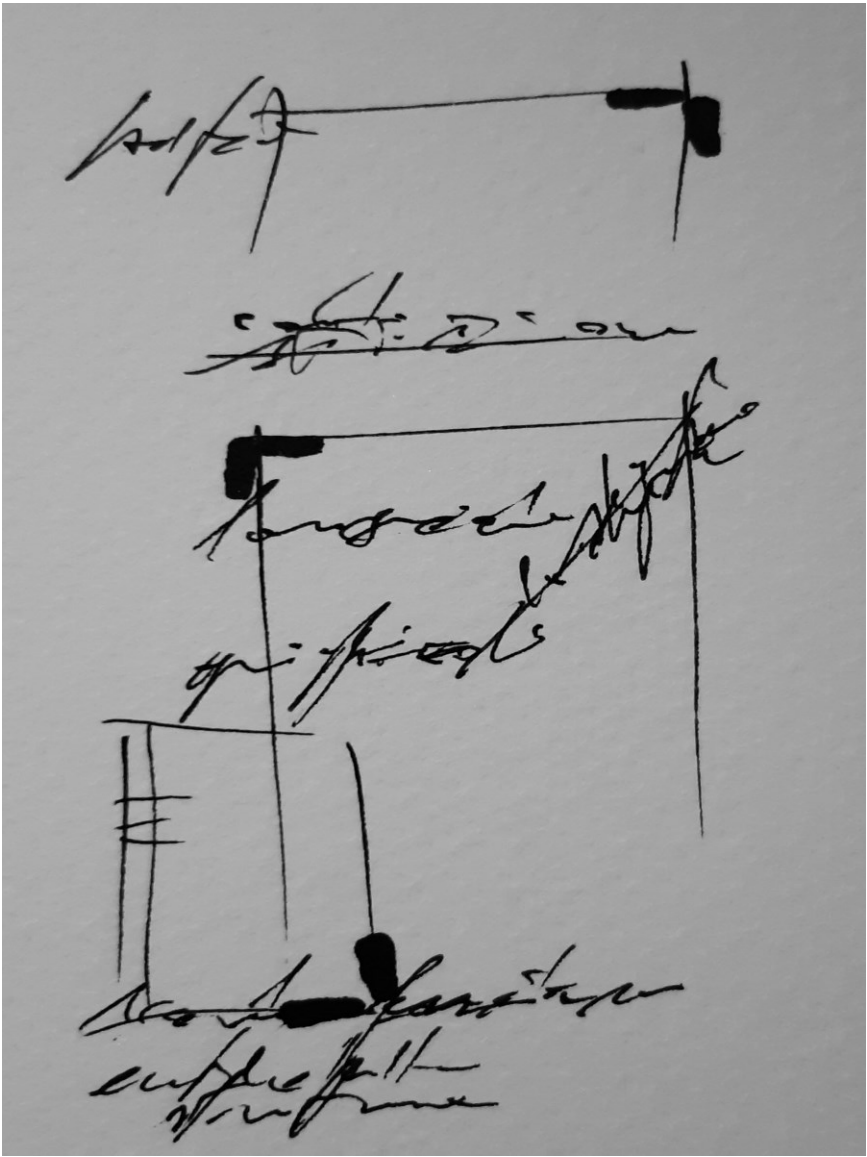


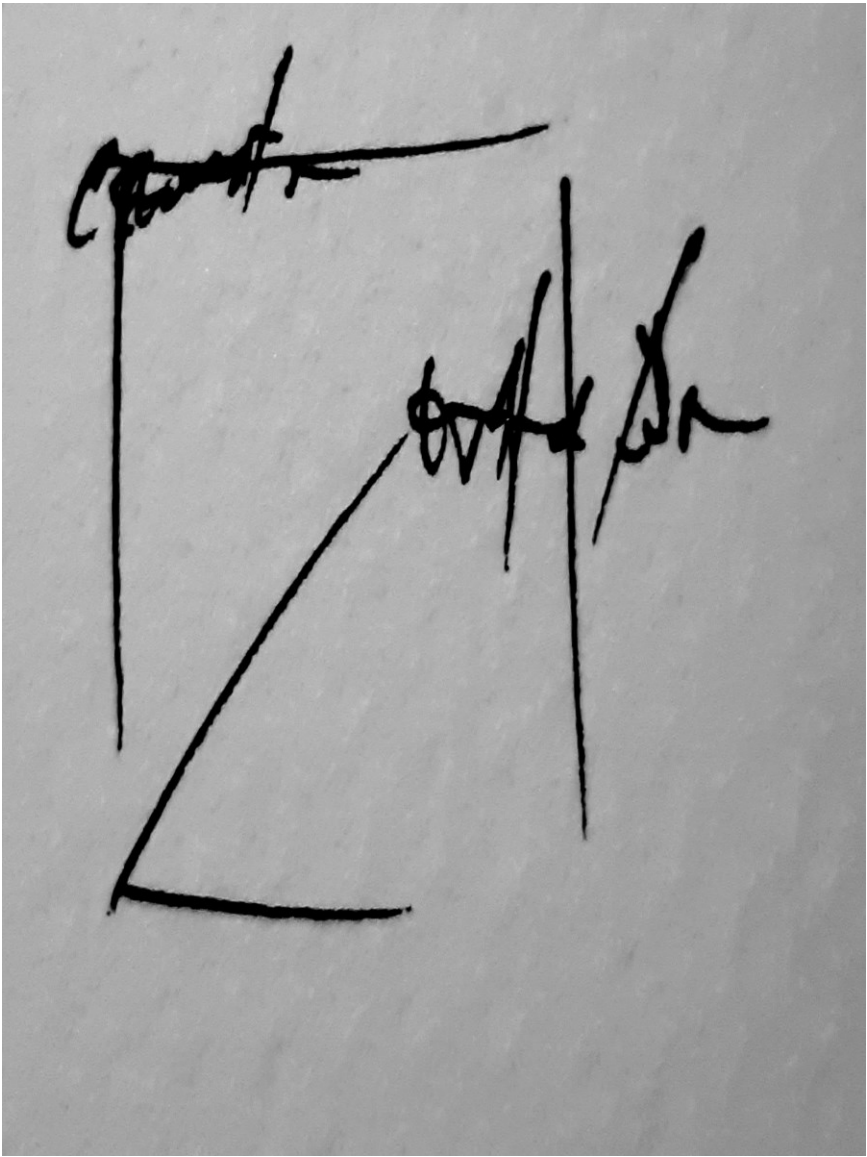
Christian ALLE

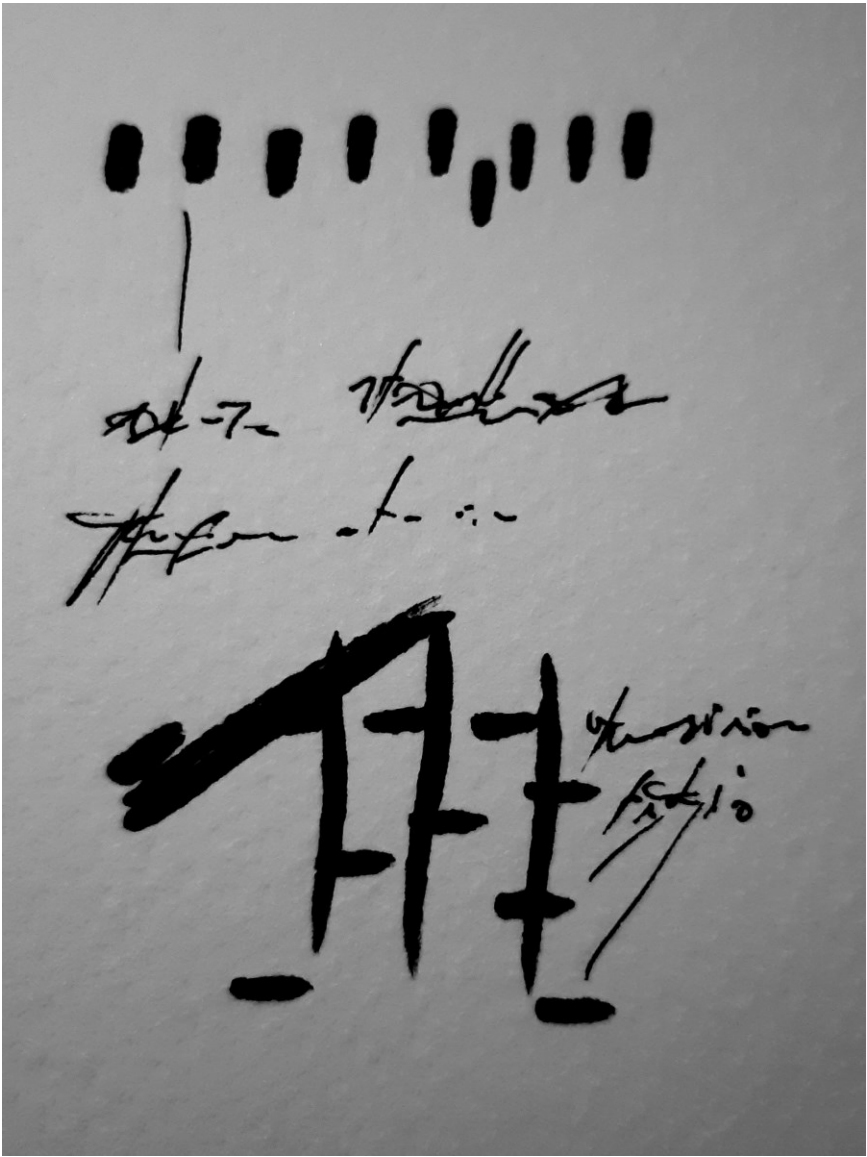
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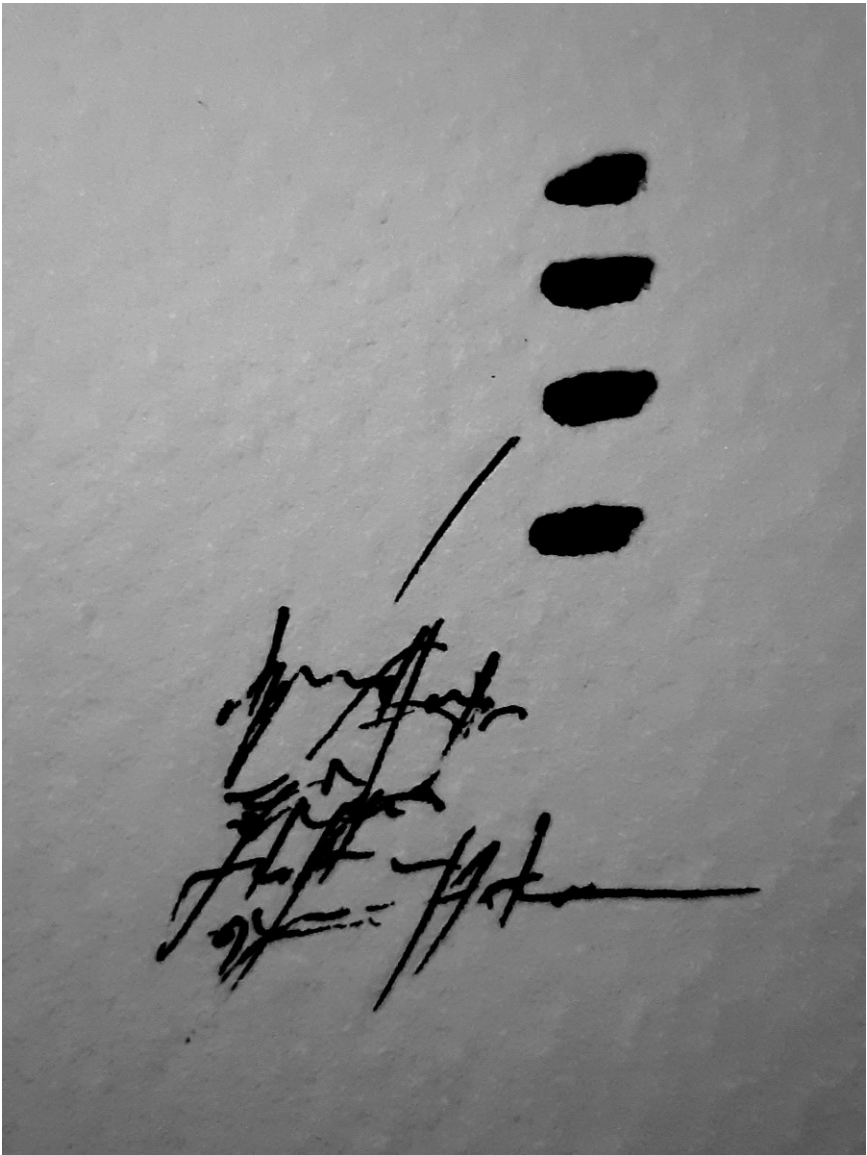


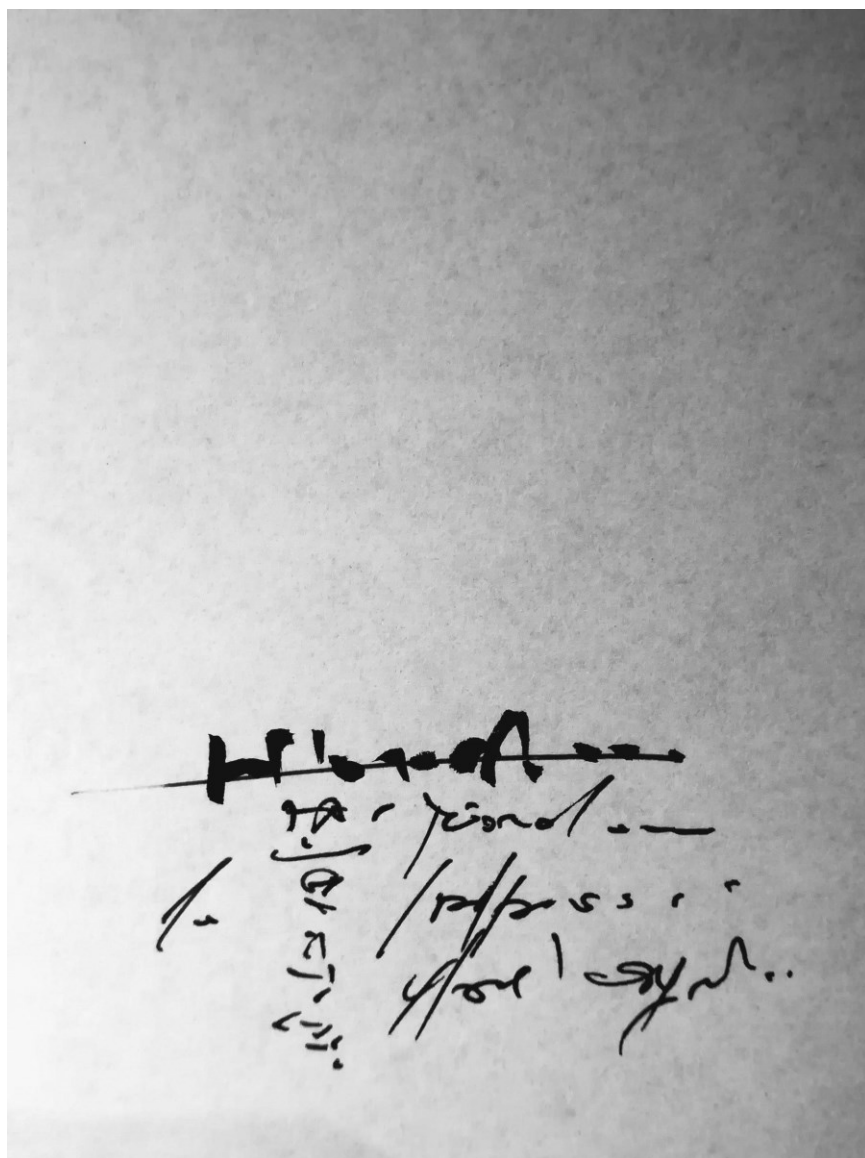












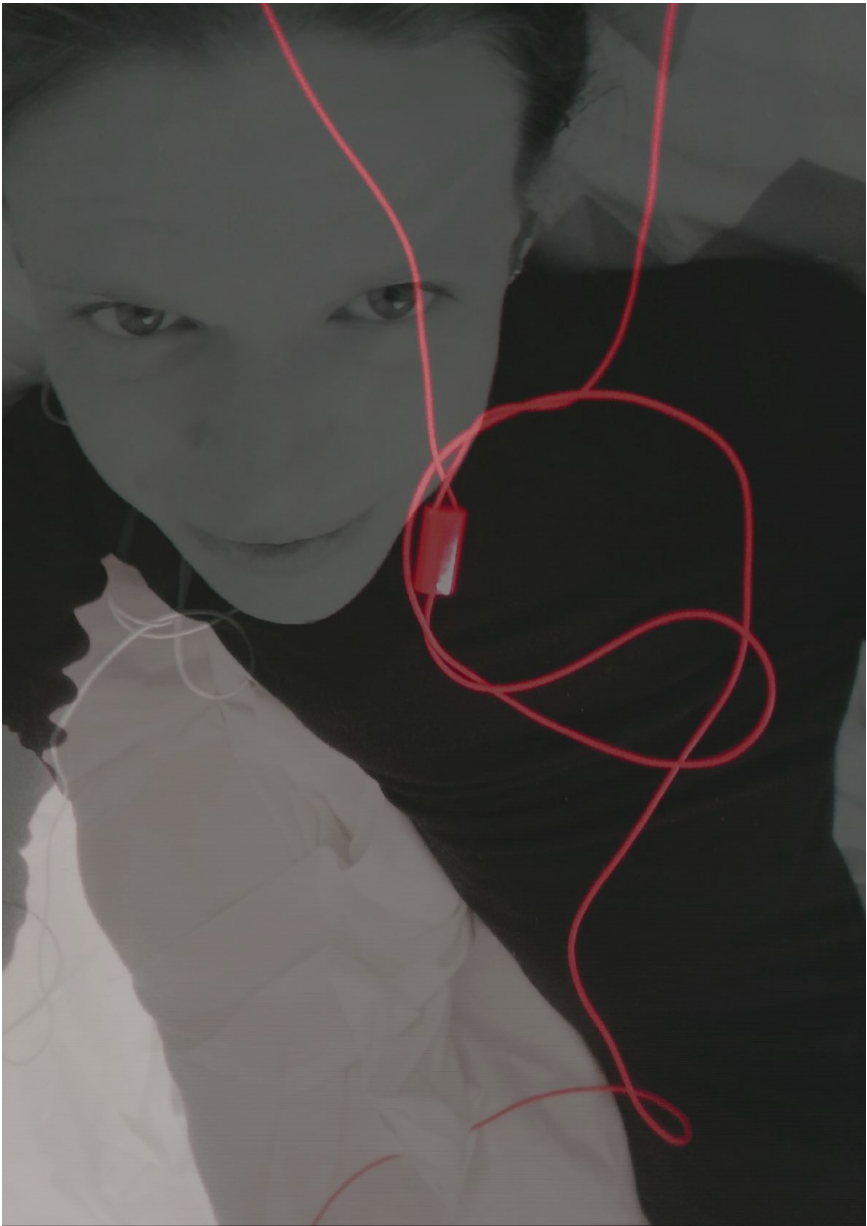
Adriana Kobor

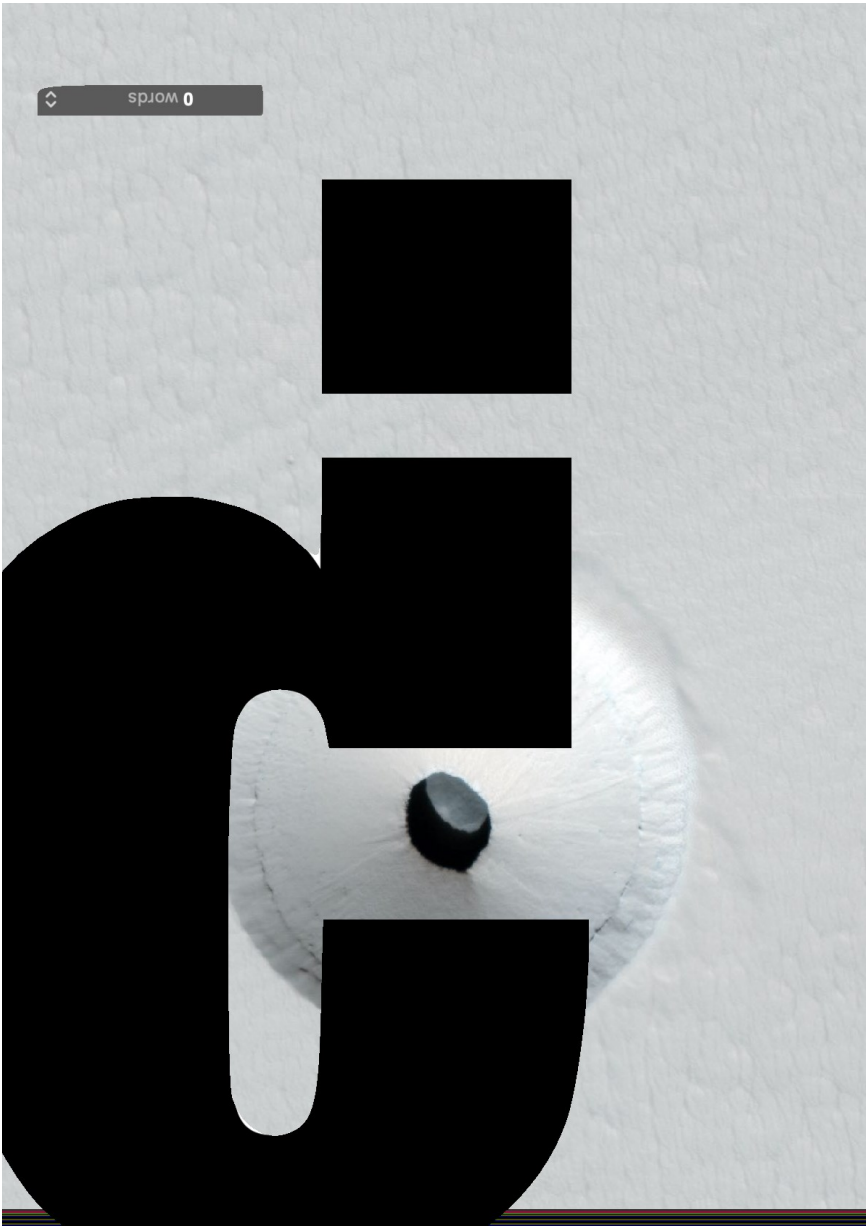
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Adriana Kobor

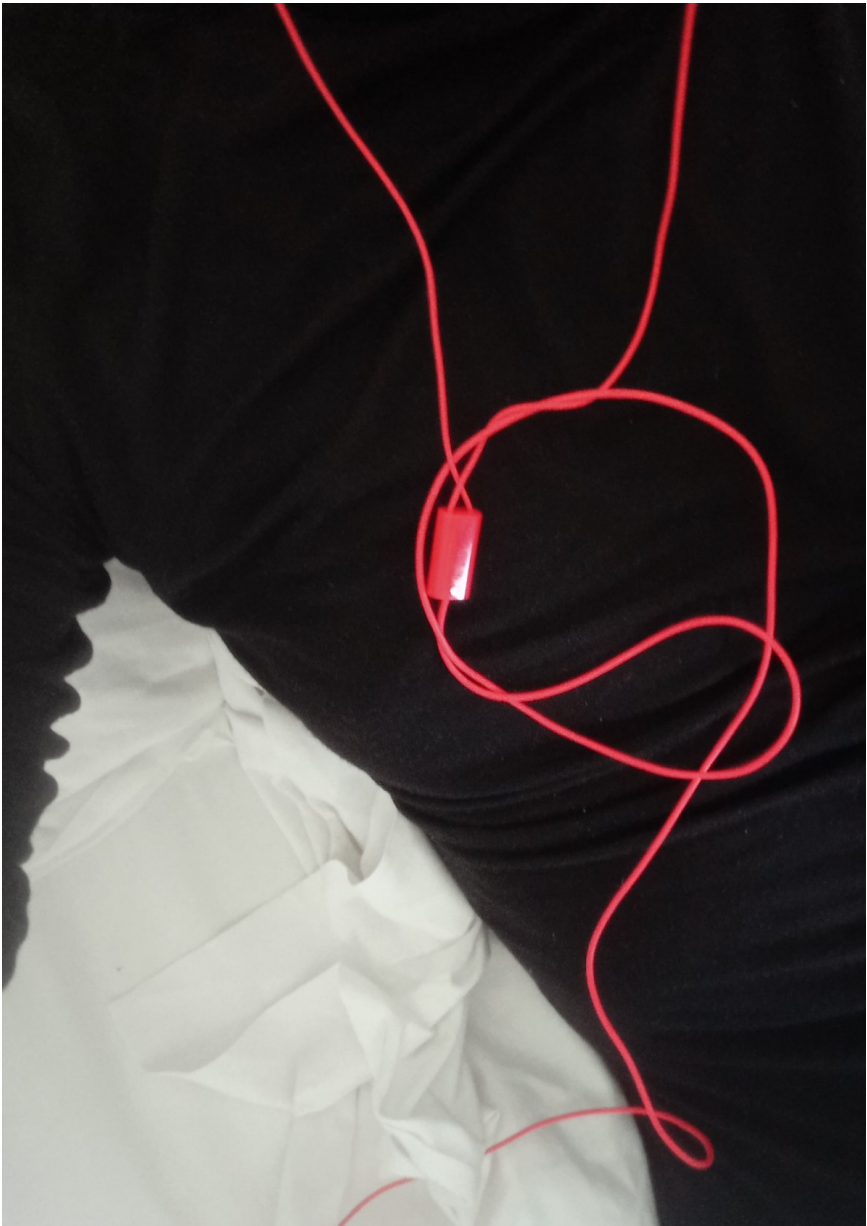
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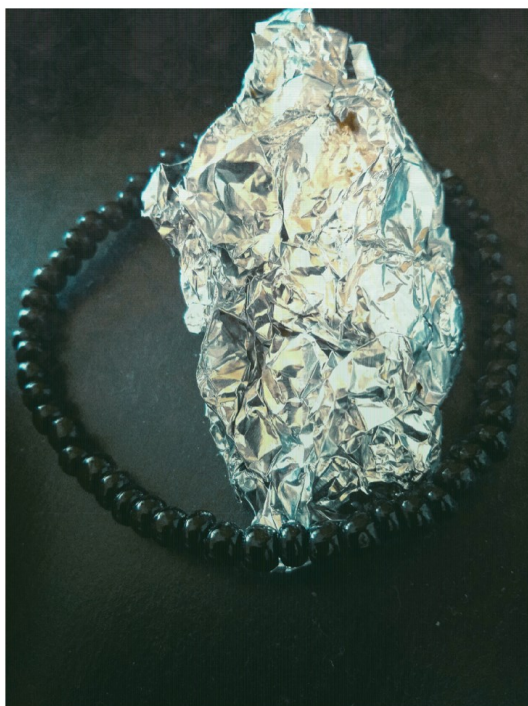
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Adriana Kobor

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Adriana Kobor

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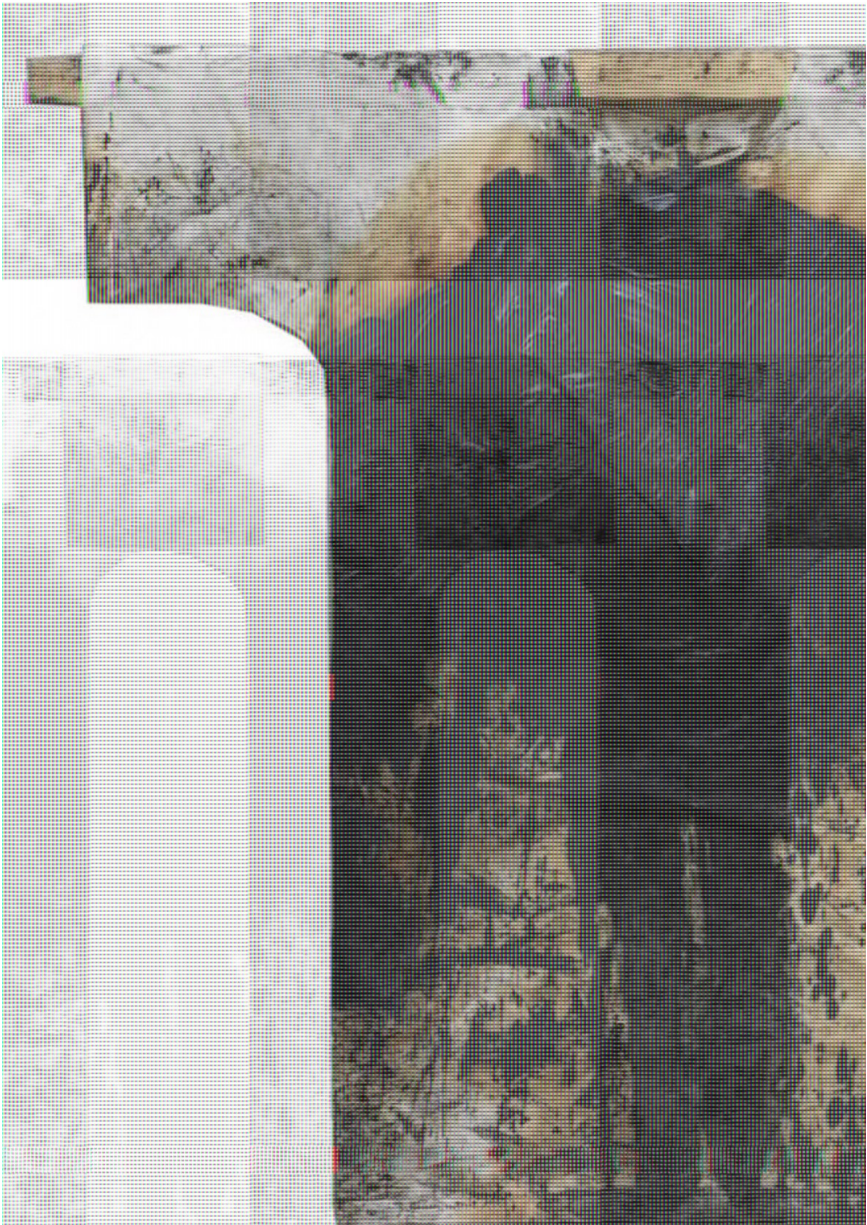
Adriana Kobor

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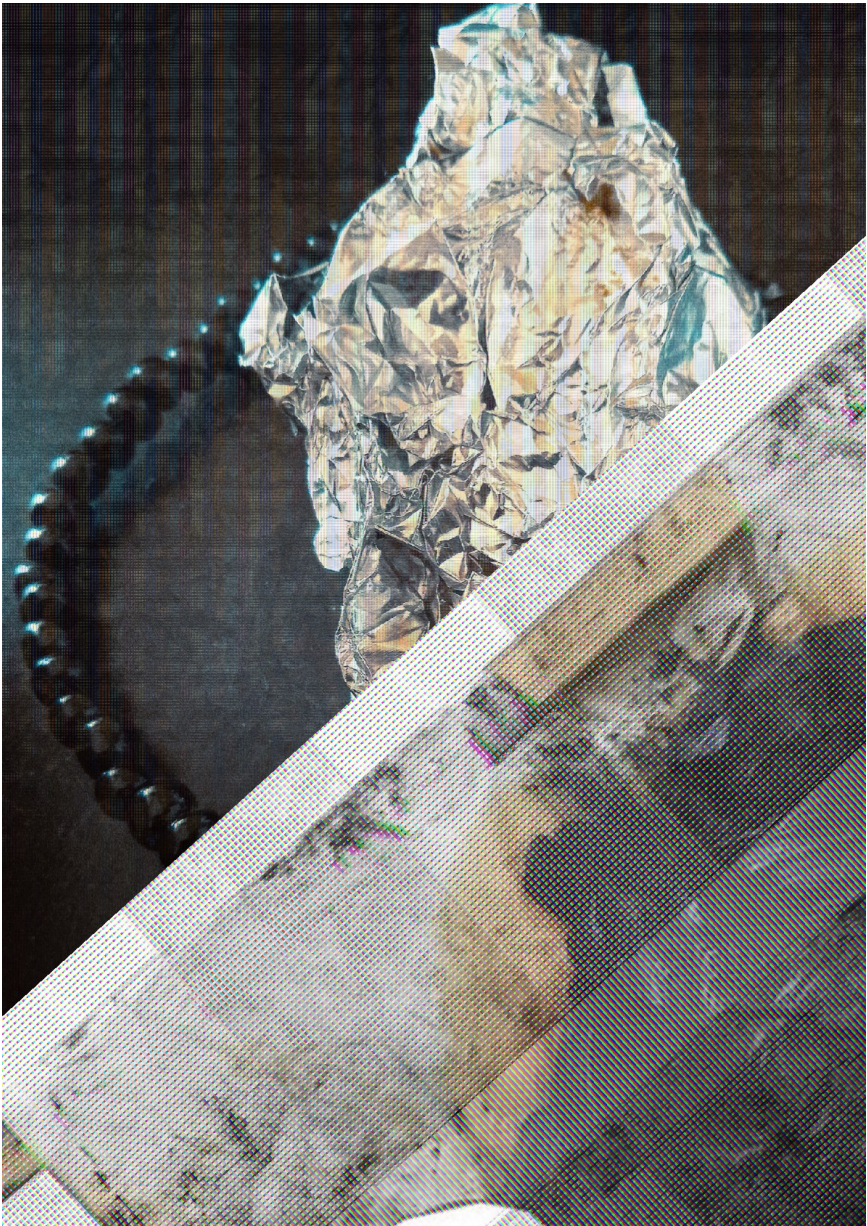
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Adriana Kobor

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 100. Shareholder

Surprise songs are
very important and
can be used -
- when we are
happy and
sad -

1. Grundannahmen und Grundannahmen
 2. Grundannahmen und Grundannahmen
 3. Grundannahmen und Grundannahmen
 4. Grundannahmen und Grundannahmen
 5. Grundannahmen und Grundannahmen
 6. Grundannahmen und Grundannahmen
 7. Grundannahmen und Grundannahmen
 8. Grundannahmen und Grundannahmen
 9. Grundannahmen und Grundannahmen
 10. Grundannahmen und Grundannahmen

ik beend hem : Vienna a
specieus PROPAGANDA IS
EUK DEEL DAT BE POS-T
SHARE-T EN DEEL.
Symposium as an italicized
password. In de verspreiden
second, in het (h)d)spleet
- al dan niet wel besteed -
ontvangt is. Ontvang.
Want - dies. Itch.

Sono appena nati.

lui consegna parole

- non con le mani
- con le mani -
- nella mangia
- mangione.

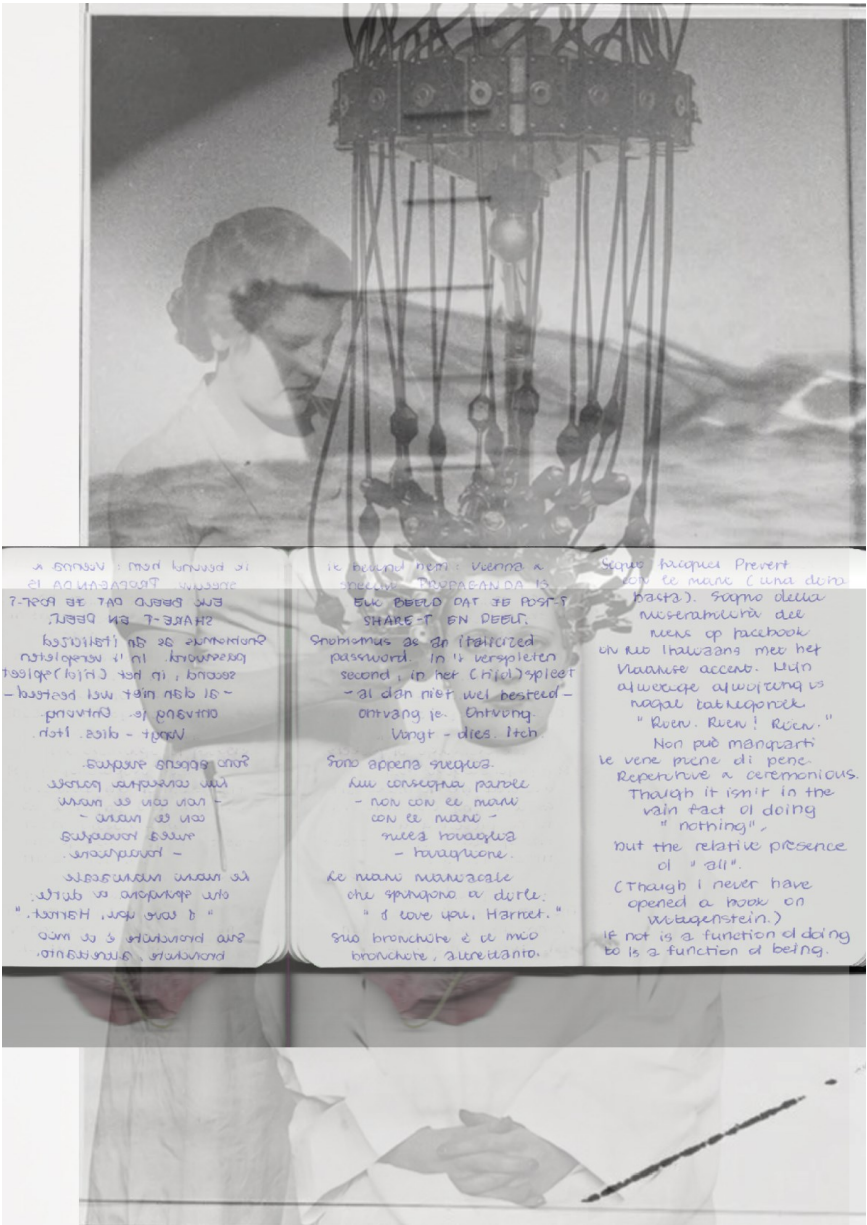
le mani manovale
che spingono a dirle:
"I love you, Harnet."
Suo bronchite è il mio
bronchite, altrettanto.

Sigmo frequent Prevert
con le mane (una donna
basta). Sigmo della
misserabilità del
nuovo op facebook
in un thalwangs met het
Naamse accent. Mijn
afwezigte afwijking is
nagel betekenis

"Rien. Rien! Rien."
Non può mancare
le vene piene di pena.
Repetitive a ceremonious.
Though it isn't in the
vain fact of doing
"nothing",
but the relative presence
of "all".

(Though I never have
opened a book on
Wittgenstein.)
If not is a function of doing
to is a function of being.

Indeterminate



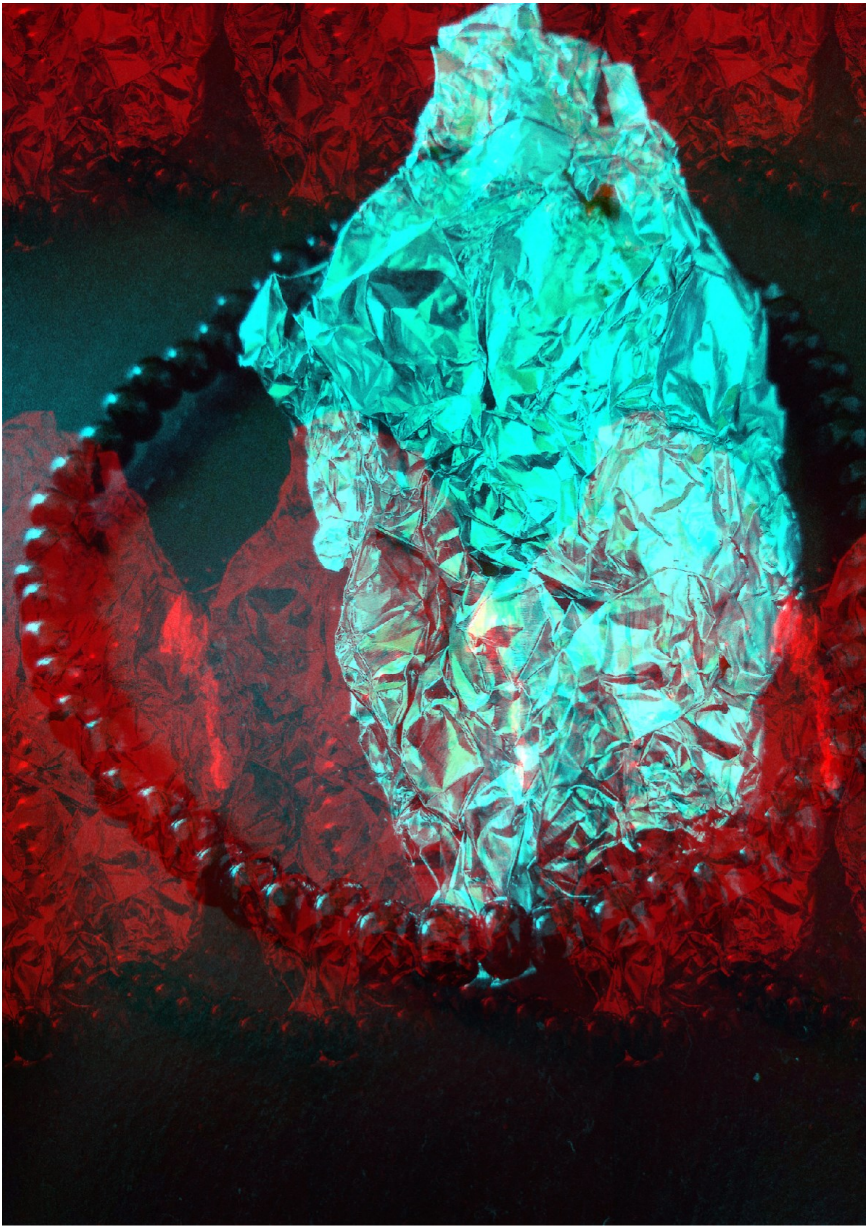
is beelde hem: Vienna x
Sneek. TROPAEANDA is
Ewe, DEERD DAT JE POST-
SHARE-T EN DEELT.
Snomismus de an (falterend
paswoord. In 's verspiet
second, in het (rijd)spieet
- al dan niet wel besteed -
ontvang je. Entweng.
Vingt - dies. Ich.
Sono appena sveglia.
Ami consegna parole
- non con te mani
con te mani -
nuda hougua
- hougua.
Le mani moustache
che spingono a dirle.
" I love you, Harriet."
Sua bronchite è la mia
bronchite, altrettanto.

Sigue faciendo Previent
con te mani (una donna
basta). Sogno della
nustalghia del
niente op facebook
in un thalwaang met het
Maakste accent. Mijn
afwezigte afwezigte is
nagat lathegond.
" Ruen. Ruen! Ruen."
Non può mancare
le vene piene di pena.
Repetitive x ceremonious.
Though it isn't in the
vain fact of doing
" nothing",
but the relative presence
of " all".
(Though I never have
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If not is a function of doing
to is a function of being.

is beelde hem: Vienna x
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con te mani -
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- hougua.
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che spingono a dirle.
" I love you, Harriet."
Sua bronchite è la mia
bronchite, altrettanto.

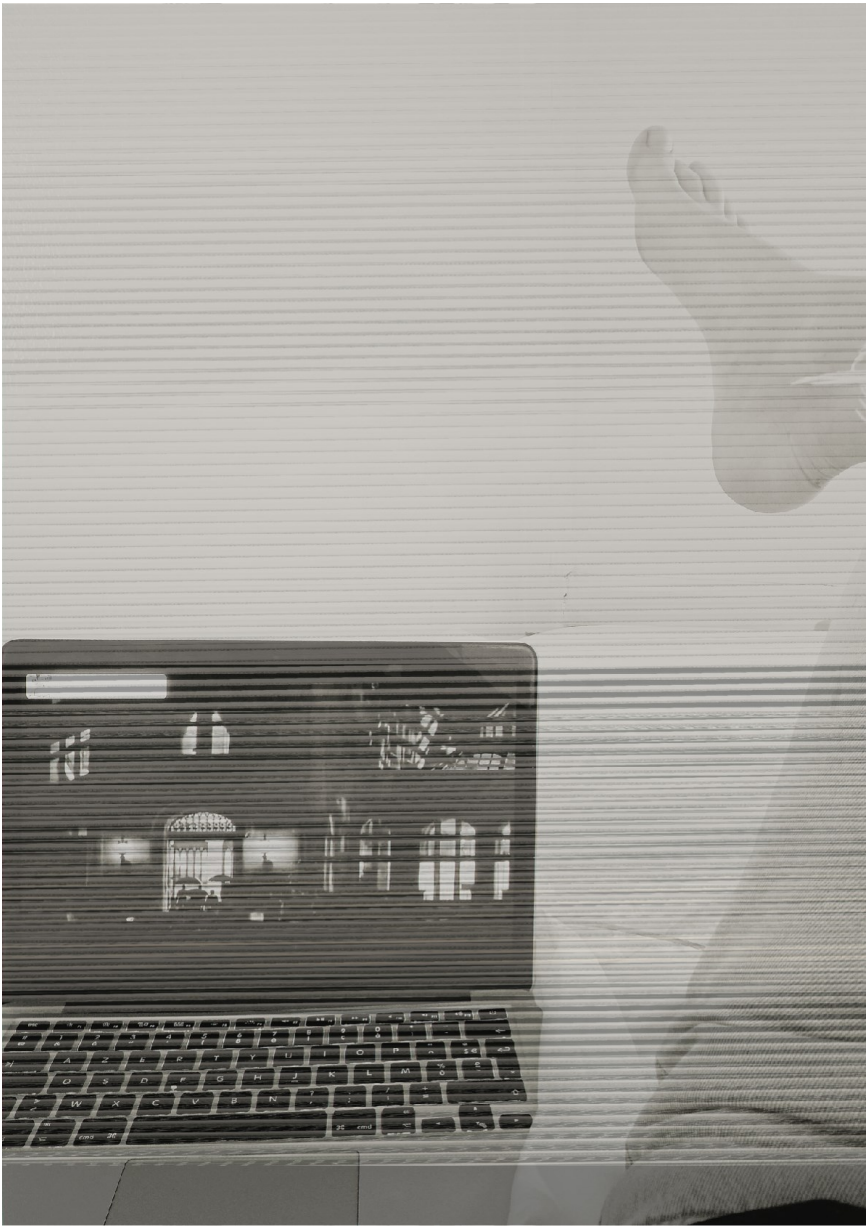
Adriana Kobor

Indeterminate



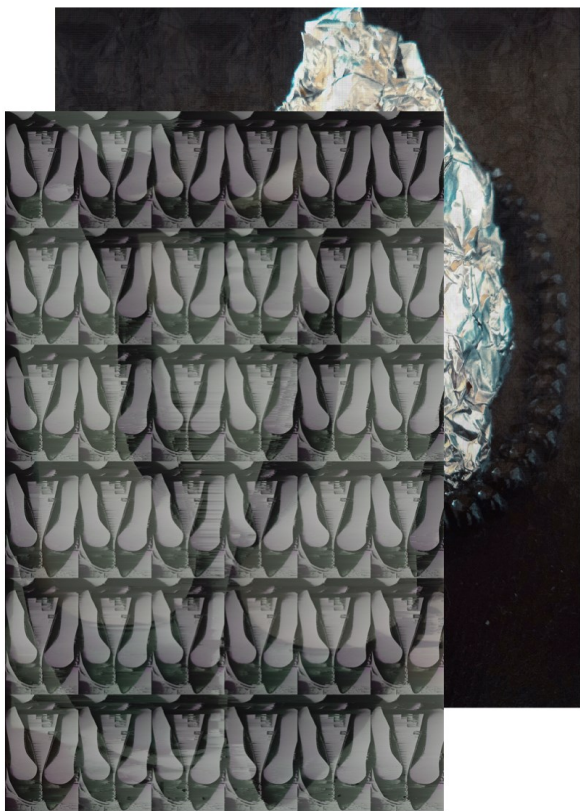
Adriana Kobor

Indeterminate



Adriana Kobor

Indeterminate



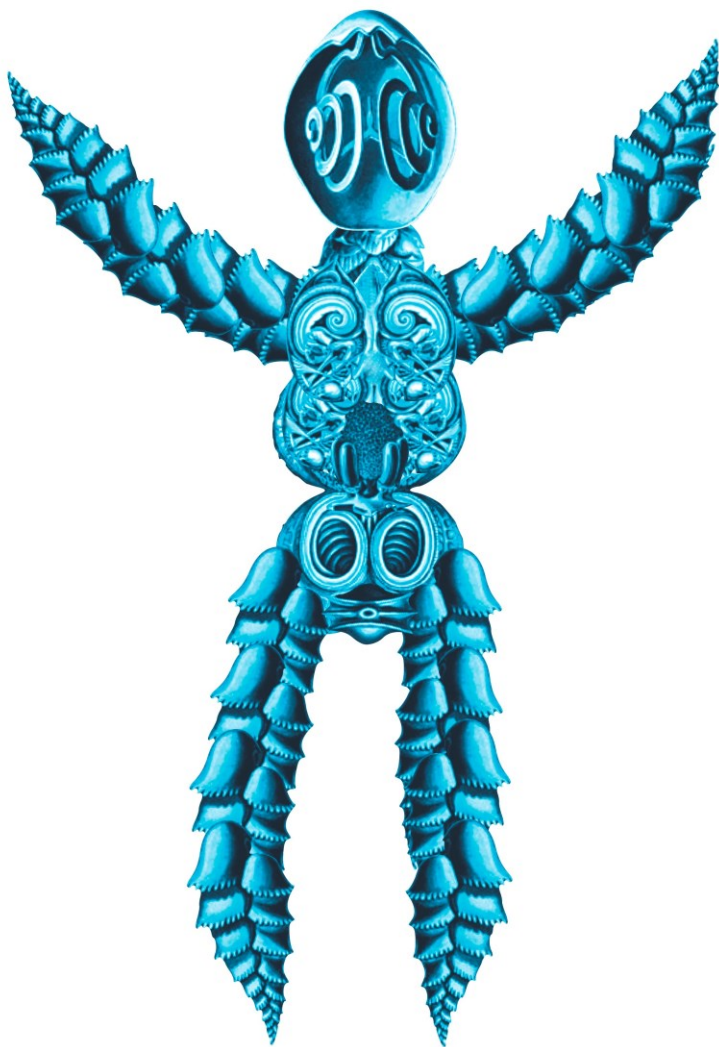
Adriana Kobor

Indeterminate



Bill Wolak

The Whirlpool's Secret Tingling



Bill Wolak

The Blush of the Beekeeper's Daughter



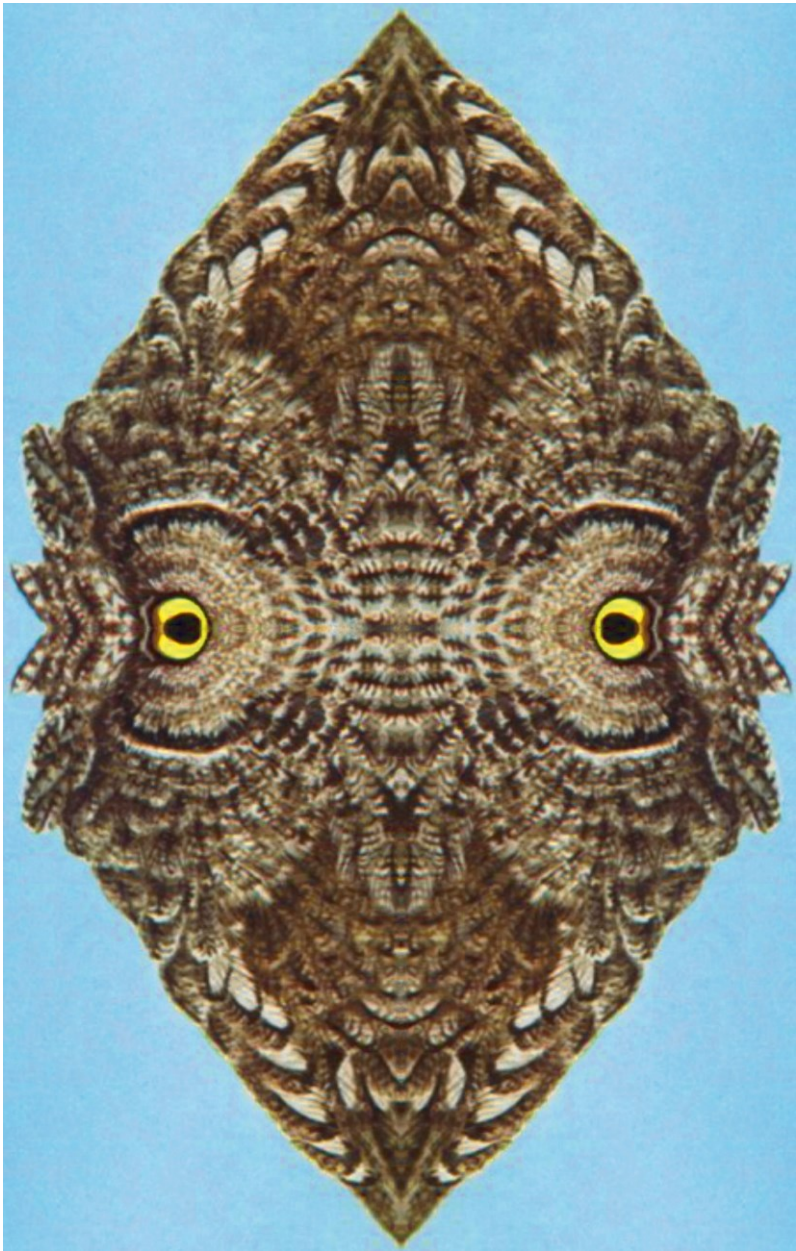
Bill Wolak

All the Darkness Behind a Deepening Dream



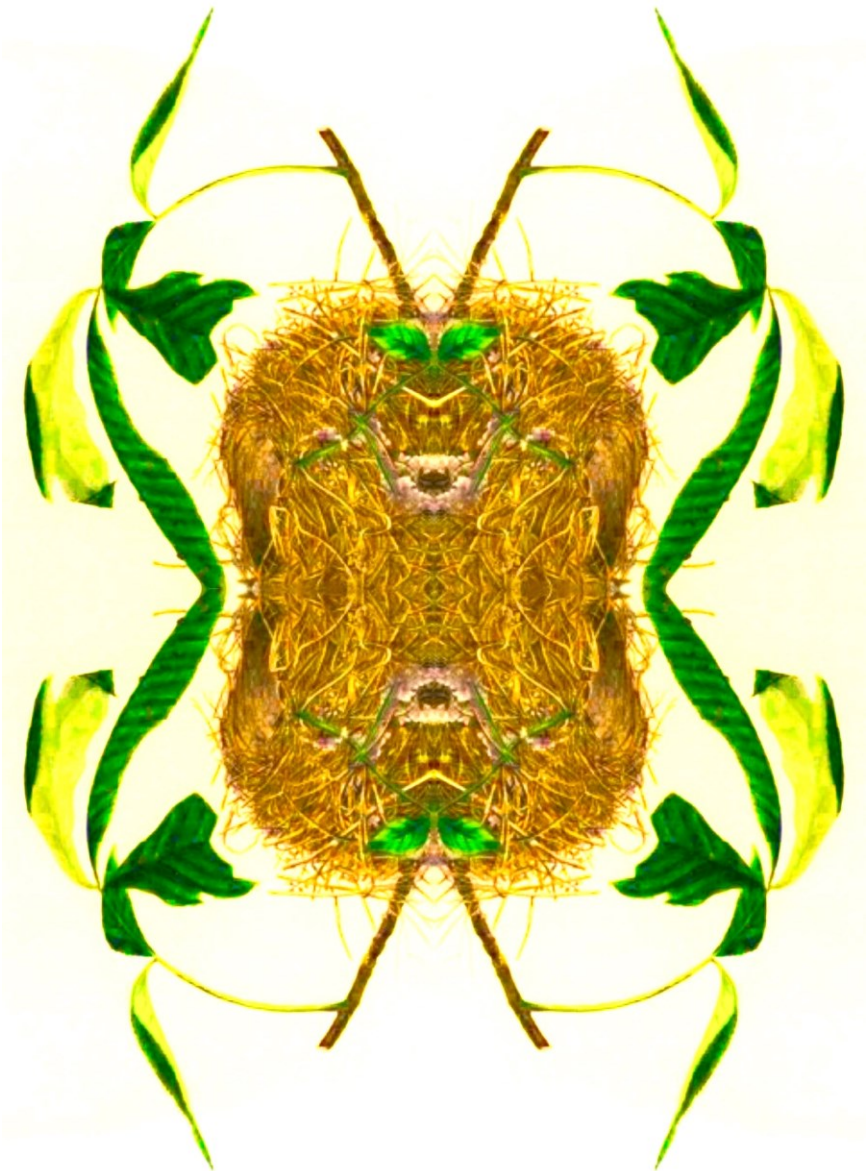
Bill Wolak

The Stare of Impenetrable Silk



Bill Wolak

Coaxing Light Out of the Mirror



Contributors' Notes

William Allegrezza edits the press Moria Books and the webzine *Moss Trill*, and he teaches at Indiana University Northwest. He has previously published many poetry books, including *Step Below: Selected Poems 2000-2015*, *Stone & Type*, *Cedar*, *Ladders in July*, *Fragile Replacements*, *Collective Instant*, *Aquinas and the Mississippi* (with Garin Cycholl), *Covering Over*, and *Densities*, *Apparitions*; two anthologies, *The City Visible: Chicago Poetry for the New Century* and *La Alteración del Silencio: Poesía Norteamericana Reciente*; seven chapbooks, including *Sonoluminescence* and *Filament Sense* (Ypolita Press); and many poetry reviews, articles, and poems. He founded and curated series A, a reading series in Chicago, from 2006-2010.

Laszlo Aranyi (Frater Azmon) is a poet, anarchist, and occultist from Hungary. His books include (*szellem*)*válaszok*, *A Nap és Holderők egyensúlya*, and *Kiterített rókabőr*. His work has appeared in numerous publications. His twitter feed is twitter.com/azmon6.

Marcia Arrieta's books include *within sky* (BlazeVOX Books, 2022), *through time waves* (Arteidolia Press, 2022), *perimeter homespun* (BlazeVOX books, 2019), *archipelago counterpoint* (BlazeVOX books, 2015), and *triskelion, tiger moth, tangram, and thyme* (Otoliths Books, 2011). She edits the journal *Indefinite Space*.

Andrea Astolfi is from Pescara, Italy. Astolfi's work includes text, visual-poetry, asemic, glitch, poster, video, sound art, radioart, analogue and digital photography. Recent exhibitions include *La Poesia Visiva e l'Olfatto*, curated by Alice Valenti, Fondazione Berardelli, Brescia, November 2021; *Z. T. L. Zona a Traffico Liminale*, curated by Davide Galipò, Torino, September 202; *Fiorifuochi*, curated by Francesco D'Aurelio e Eleonora Cecere, Agropoli, September 2021.

John M. Bennett has published over 400 books and chapbooks of poetry and other materials. He has published, exhibited and performed his word art worldwide in thousands of publications and venues. He was editor and publisher of *LOST AND FOUND TIMES* (1975-2005), and is Founding Curator of the Avant Writing Collection at The Ohio State University Libraries. Richard Kostelanetz has called him "the seminal American poet of my generation". His work, publications, and papers are collected in several major institutions, including Washington University (St. Louis), SUNY Buffalo, The Ohio State University, The Museum of Modern Art, and other major libraries. His PhD (UCLA 1970) is in Latin American Literature. His latest books are *Select Poems*, Poetry Hotel Press/Luna Bisonte Prods, 2016; *The World of Burning*, Luna Bisonte

Prods, 2017; *Poemas visuales, con movimientos con ruidos con combinaciones* (with Osvaldo Cibils), Deep White Sound, 2017; *Olas Cursis*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2018, *Sesos Extremos*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2018; *Dropped in the Dark Box*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2019; *Leg Mist*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2019; *OJJEETE*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2020; *Having Been Named: De-Reading Popol Vuh*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2021; *IS KNOT*, Luna Bisonte Prods, 2021; *SIX MONTHS HACKING* (with Jim Leftwich; Luna Bisonte Prods, 2021; and *FORMATIO EST*, (Luna Bisonte Prods, 2022).. He is co-editor, with Geoffrey D. Smith, of two works by William S. Burroughs: *Everything Lost: The Latin American Notebook of William S. Burroughs*; and *William S. Burroughs' "The Revised Boy Scout Manual": An Electronic Revolution*; both published by The Ohio State University Press.

Seth Copeland teaches, studies, and writes in Milwaukee. His work has appeared in *Yes Poetry*, *Kestrel*, *Heavy Feather Review*, *Drunk Monkeys*, and *Dream Pop*, among others. He edits *petrichor* (<https://petrichormag.com/>) and *Cream City Review* (<https://uwm.edu/creamcityreview/>).

Cecelia Chapman Cecelia Chapman is an American visual artist and filmmaker. She works in storytelling, design, and painting in unusual ways - usually producing experimental short film, artist books, and works on paper. Her interest is in creating innovative visual language that merges design, symbol, and narrative, exploring consciousness, mythic narrative, and contemporary culture. *The Dream Collector* is a book, part II, from the multimedia project *Planet of Dreams* you can find at ceceliachapman.com.

Jeff Crouch lives in Texas.

Holly Day has been an instructor at the Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis since 2000. Her writing has recently appeared in *Hubbub*, *Grain*, and *Third Wednesday*, and her newest books are *The Tooth is the Largest Organ in the Human Body* (Anaphora Literary Press), *Book of Beasts* (Weasel Press), *Bound in Ice* (Shanti Arts), and *Music Composition for Dummies* (Wiley). Her website is hollylday.blogspot.com.

Thomas Fink's eleventh book of poetry, *A Pageant for Every Addiction* (Marsh Hawk Press), appeared in 2020. He published *Hedge Fund Certainty* (Meritage Press and i.e. press) the year before, and *Selected Poems & Poetic Series* (Marsh Hawk) in 2016. He is the author of two books of criticism and co-editor of two critical anthologies, most recently *Reading the Difficulties: Dialogues with Contemporary American Innovative Poetry*

(University of Alabama Press, 2014). His paintings hang in various collections. He is Professor of English at City University of New York-LaGuardia.

Jason Fraley is a native West Virginian residing in Columbus, OH. After 10+ years of dormancy, he has decided to start writing again. Prior publications include *DIAGRAM*, *Caketrain*, *Copper Nickel*, and others.

Vernon Frazer's most recent poetry collection is *Gravity Darkening*.

Nora Free-Mather is a composer, arranger, and saxophonist from New York. She has written and performed with artists like David Murray, Butch Morris, Geri Allen, Mathew Tembo, and Macy Gray. She completed a PhD in composition at the University of Pittsburgh in 2014. Since relocating to Oakland in 2016, she has been a music instructor at San Francisco University High School, and the Athenian School where she directs student ensembles and teaches classes in music history and composition.

Marco Giovenale lives in Rome, where he works as an editor and translator. He's founder and editor of GAMMM (<https://gamm.org>). His work includes linear poetry, asemic writing, photography, experimental prose pieces. His books include *differex* (<http://vuggbooks.randomflux.info>), *Sibille asemantiche* (Camera verde, 2008), *This Is Visual Poetry* (edited by Dan Waber, 2011), *Asemic Sibyls* (RedFoxPress, 2013), *Syn sybilles* (La camera verde, 2013), *Asemic Encyclopaedia* (IkonaLiber, 2019), *Glitchasemics* (Post-Asemic Press, 2020). His work has been anthologized in *Anthology Spidertangle* (Xexoxial, 2009), *The Last Vispo Anthology* (Fantagraphics, 2012), *An Anthology of Asemic Handwriting* (Uitgeverij, 2013), and *A Kick in the Eye* (Createspace, 2013). His websites are *slowforward* (<http://slowforward.net>) and *differex* (<http://differx.tumblr.com>).

Daniel Y. Harris is the author of numerous collections of xperimental writing. His Posthuman Series includes *The Resurrection of Maximillian Pissante*, Volume V (BlazeVOX, 2022), *The Misprision of Agon Hack*, Volume IV (BlazeVOX, 2021), *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*, *Buzdokuz*, *The Denver Quarterly*, *Dichtung Yammer*, *European Judaism*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Marsh Hawk Press Review*, *The New York Quarterly*, *Notre Dame Review*, *perspektive*, *Poetry Salzburg Review* and *Word For/Word*. He is the Publisher of Var(2x). His website is danielyharris.com.

Jeff Harrison has publications from *Writers Forum*, *Persistencia Press*, and *Furniture Press*. He has e-books from BlazeVOX and Argotist Ebooks. His poetry has appeared in *An Introduction to the Prose Poem* (Firewheel Editions), *Noon: An Anthology of Short Poems* (Isobar Press), three Meritage Press hay(na)ku anthologies, *Sentence: a Journal of Prose Poetics*, *Otoliths*, *Moria*, and elsewhere.

MNJAMES (Maggie Niamh James) is a concrete poet, essayist, and nonbinary lesbian. Their work interrogates the intersections of transgenderism, anarchy, and PTSD status and has appeared in *ANMLY*, *Thimble*, and *82 Review*, with work upcoming from *Sinister Wisdom*. She is the Editor-In-Chief of *FATHERFATHERMAGAZINE*. They moonlight as a roly-poly who lives in our brains, @pingotooby on Instagram. They currently live where they grew up in San Jose, California.

Jean Kane's work has appeared in numerous publications, including *Prairie Schooner*, *The Georgia Review*, *American Short Fiction online*, *South Dakota Review*, *Cimarron Review*, *Indiana Review*, *3:AM*, *Hotel Amerika*, and *Fogged Clarity*. Her book of poems, *Make Me*, was published by Otis Nebula in 2014. She is a recipient of the Otis Nebula First Book Award. She is a professor of English and women's studies at Vassar College. She holds a bachelor's degree in Comparative Literature and Art History from Indiana University, a master's degree in English and creative writing from Stanford University, and a PhD in English from the University of Virginia. She has attended the Colrain Poetry Manuscript Conference and has been to the AWP on multiple occasions. She also enjoys drawing and frequent visits to her family back home in Indiana. Her poems appearing in this issue are part of her manuscript *Saoirse's Unrest*.

Adriana Kobor was born in Hungary in 1988. She has been active in the Netherlands and Belgium since 2006. Her poems aim to explore and extend the boundaries of language. The major part of her work is written in English, although she creates in other languages, as well, including Dutch, Hungarian, and Italian.

Irene Koronas is the author of numerous collections of xperimental writing. Her Grammaton Series includes *siphonic*, Volume VI (BlazeVOX, 2022), *lithic cornea*, Volume V (BlazeVOX, 2021), *holyrit*, Volume IV (BlazeVOX, 2019), *declivities*, Volume III (BlazeVOX, 2018), *ninth iota*, Volume II (The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2018) and *Codify*, Volume I (Éditions du Cygne, 2017). Her collections include *Turtle Grass* (Muddy River Books, 2014) and *Pentakomo Cyprus* (Červená Press, 2009). Her xperimental writing and sauvage art have been published in *Alligatorzine*, *BlazeVOX*, *The*

Boston Globe, *Buzdokuz*, *Cambridge Chronicles*, *E-ratio*, *Marsh Hawk Press Review*, *Offcourse*, *perspektive*, *slowforward*, *Taos Journal of International Poetry & Art* and *Word For/Word*. She is the Publisher of *Var(2x)*. Her website is irenekoronas.com.

Diana Magallón says that drawing was her first language. She is the author of *Oxygenation*, *De l'oiseau et de l'eau*, *largoscabellosflotantes*, *Bravísima Reseña*, and *Fábulas Furtivas*. Her works have appeared in *E-ratio*, *Word for/Word*, *Slova*, *Compostxts*, *Fenamizah*, *Moria*, *Sentence*, *Great Works*, *Otoliths*, *The New Postliterate*, and *Shampoo*, among others. Her book, *Letters*, in collaboration with Jonathan Minton and Jeff Crouch, is available at Moria Books.

Andrew K. Peterson is an editor and author of five poetry books, most recently *A blue nocturne notebook* (Spuyten Duyvil Press, 2021). A chapbook *The Big Game Is Every Night* was mailed to the White House in 2017 alongside other publications from Moria Books' Locofo Chaps as collective protest. Another chapbook *bonjour Meriwether and the rabid maps* (Fact-Simile) was part of an exhibition on poets' maps at the University of Arizona Poetry Center. His poetry has also appeared as part of *The Earth Archive* exhibition at RISD Museum in Providence. A co-founder/editor of the online lit journal *summer stock*, he received an MFA in Poetry from Naropa University's Kerouac School. He lives in Boston.

Emmalea Russo's poems and writings on film and visual art have appeared in many venues, including *Artforum*, *BOMB*, and *Granta*. She is the author of *G(Futurepoem*, 2018), *Wave Archive* (Book*hug, 2019), and *Confetti* (Hyperidean, 2022).

Jacqueline Hughes Simon's writing has appeared in the *Cal Literature & Arts Magazine*, *The Cortland Review*, *Okay Donkey*, *Boaat Journal*, *Pennsylvania English*, and the anthology *Processing Crisis* (Risk Press). She was nominated for Best of the Net by *Okay Donkey* in 2020. She attended the Napa Valley Writers' Conference and is a member of The Community of Writers. She received her Master of Fine Arts in poetry from Saint Mary's College of California. Jacqueline is a volunteer and board member of a donkey rescue nonprofit, where she works with and trains the donkeys.

Adam Strauss lives in Louisville, KY. Most recently, poems of his appear in the *Brooklyn Rail*, *Blackbox Manifold*, *Black Warrior Review*, *The Columbia Review*, *Dream Pop*, and *Prelude*.

Bill Wolak has just published his fifteenth book of poetry entitled *The Nakedness Defense* with Ekstasis Editions. His collages have appeared as cover art for such magazines as *Phoebe*, *Harbinger Asylum*, *Baldhip Magazine*, *Barfly Poetry Magazine*, *Ragazine*, *Cardinal Sins*, *Pithead Chapel*, *The Wire's Dream*, *Thirteen Ways Magazine*, *Phantom Kangaroo*, *Rathalla Review*, *Free Lit Magazine*, *Typehouse Magazine*, and *Flare Magazine*. His collages have appeared recently in *Naked in New Hope* 2018, The 2019 Seattle Erotic Art Festival, *Poetic Illusion*, The Riverside Gallery, Hackensack, NJ, the 2019 Dirty Show in Detroit, 2018 The Rochester Erotic Arts Festival, and the 2018 Montreal Erotic Art Festival.