

WORD FOR *WORD*

Word For/ Word is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round, but issue #43 is scheduled for September 2024. Please direct queries and submissions to:

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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.

Jonathan Minton, Editor
Logo by Dolton Richards
Cover art adapted from work by Dario Roberto Dioli
ISSN 2159-8061
www.wordforword.info

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Steven Salmoni

From A Theory of Paper

1

p is a vessel of the world, but q asks how its passage might have reached the world.

The letters formed the universe to follow what their book would not contain. What letter, then, is the mark of any that have ever been?

“Let us remember” is not a sign of letters, but only their circumstance, their conjunction.

It’s the impression one gets, when one explains the letter, in order to read the letter.

Look at how you dream, enraptured in the flow of the opened room. Where it was a matter, against the matter of the “are you here,”

the line, brushed, spontaneous, hoping to establish some ground where we might claim some answers, where such answers might be sustained.

Implicit in what follows, the space that follows,

if only at that moment, will suffice. I am thinking of a situation. Answers must come, no matter that the answer will become us.

Steven Salmoni

From *A Theory of Paper*

2

As the letter tries to change itself, see where it freezes, like a static letter, but unlike any you have pronounced before.

The letter can equally be mine and yours, beyond any art that would compare or make them common.

A leaf, with trees that are inseparable. . .

What letter would begin this page, without ever returning? Is *p* just another's monument to the propensity of *p*?

"Where," replies *q*, "does the unbroken meet the want of its duration?"

Where the picture of the letter depends upon the letter? Where the letters salvage whatever they can gather?

The space in the letter shows the blank within the letter, like one's mind shows itself without the mind.

Or, "dripping from the north side of the northern stone, the letter is the hardest of tears."

Troubled by everything, the letter is the myth beneath my house.

The letter made the outline of the wall and the outline of the broken star. Through illusions we have blossomed.

"Letter of the island or island of the sudden rain?" Will the letter draw a motion that will turn upon the arc which extends beyond its reach?

If the letter seems uncertain, it is not because I read standing above letters traced in sand.

The first wound is said to be the wrong letter.

"Winter came. Breaking the storm the letter was written, from lotus to white mountains."

The sky is the obstacle upon which the letter, unrecognized, will break. But the letter's edge unfolds its dream, as a sky ready to cover any ground.

Steven Salmoni

From *A Theory of Paper*

3

It may be, however, that q marks the distance through which one letter cannot read another.

(Can it be that some thoughts were not allowed their wording?)

The pages of the book support the whole, as if one could preserve it. When the provisions of the sun begin to speak, the mountains' ridge can be unlettered.

The paper learned the letters in such a way that is forever embedded in their arc. p is anchored to the page wherever one would have good reason.

But where is the person in the letter not apparent to the letter?

It is plain, the light is clear, and more letters have gone missing.

All the same, some want a letter that would lower others to the ground.

Lines represent gravel; the letter takes the other hand. Where does p represent ladder, and where does p expand the world?

Fingers must be letters, as the margin is called at times to be.

Previously, there were only items for the continuation of the second. A method of "latitude over time." The string of letters claims only what they answer.

Persistence is the use of letters after the series; the letter, the intent to walk away. (Which way encodes us?)

They resemble strings, unanchored evidence of anything that exists or that has never been.

"Otherwise," said q , "I'd infer the rupture of all rationale."

Let's say that letters read themselves. They see what no one could have added.

It may be the line that proves this remainder, pressed together with the same fractioning of pebbles, points, imprints, etc.

The world weighs letters when introducing form. *p* may be the will, letter *p* between the pebbles, a single point of transfer from the body to itself. To express things, from time to time.

Not “there, which is not.” Some attach before the point, and some come after.

Steven Salmoni

From A Theory of Paper

4

p will have its value, or, when omitted, represent omission, instead of p .

I cannot attach any weight. My work was to put upon the roving pair. Letters, in the place of hours – I gave them sugar-plums, a parcel of conundrums.

We are too close to letters; there are too many, and they all talk at once. They know what they were helpless to avoid; the desire of their lives has been ratified, if only as “something else that’s happened.” Their angularity is notorious. In this character, we read, a tendency, though nothing more.

Then again, the natural won’t do. If the answer would be “yes” in general, the question begs the question of what the affirmative is supposed to mean,

of that which goes beyond that which comes after. “All one wants is to get to the point, where there is no one word for common.” Each will get a fraction, but there are no two ways of determining the fraction,

given only fingers or pebbles, to distinguish expressible from inexpressible letters. As if there were a table, for all refractions of the “who will lead us?” Proved by being, emplaced in such and such a series, named only in the nomenclature of the same. (And failing this passage, how many lines and how many pebbles?) The surface where our lines were drawn, and a surface strewn with sand.

Steven Salmoni

From *A Theory of Paper*

5

Willow alphabet, arterial book. “What space referred to thing.”

“Before the letter” was a spacious vault, all interiors made to be alike, where nature’s transformations didn’t use the alphabet.

As the letters show how the others bend, how their composition first allowed language to know the alphabet, material to its own material.

The shape of paper was found in paper. “As the sun begins to speak, as when each sun is lettered.”

The letters that only learned the sun are now astonished at the wide-framed paper road in which they’ve been embedded.

p walks upon the surface, the one idea from which it came.

p is to *q*, as *q* is to “the space where one has not approached another.”

Falling towards the horizon, the sun must at least align with the standing trees, just enough so that we have time to see.

It’s how we appeared, temporarily, or in between.

Must delivery be cumulative?

Deliquescent space, in-spiraled space, circle these words where the letters are soft.

Someone, draw an arch upon the wall, and a way to go, any time it lets us through.

Daniel Remein

from "JACOB VAN RUISDAEL"

sequestered conceptual fluid
stutters with descender
spillways, an instance
for soapy meadows
vaunted instrumental regimes
gauze arid strains

•

smoother melodious flocks
in linear echo
maintenance, a mimetic veil
for timed freshness
booster flow
felted antigen stacks

•

misshapen ghosted stress
by measure refurled
at meals, unnecessary nap
for those hymns
throttle bandwidth
sleep tempo pocket

•

flat torrent repertoire
botanical sheets
traverse, dragged notion
for rapid, feathered preoccupation
effectively spindle
pump turned mirror

•

inverted relief volume
billows at decolorized
commodity, a motif looms
for middle distance
massed diminutive
weathered meticulous brevity

•

light industrial cuts
strolls along
vitreous, crenellated consignment
for thicket, a cold platform
concedes snaked
humid foliate distraction

Michael Farrell

Met Gala Poem

(Missing the 'pink' of the chaffinch, and a broken door, from 1986, that said,

 'this has been

a sham, Cornelius': metonyms for England.) Hallucinated native cats, and
 fringes, of Lagerfeld¹,

that was enough champagne, or plonk. Verified, waning, hiphop and K-Pop,
stars, now perfumers, gave way to country, and reggaeton. 2024 would be
Latin AF², and sponsored by Jack Daniels³.

Happy, not happy, to be wrong. I ate twenty almonds in the car, and read a
 reproof

from Istanbul. Coconut cloches were lopsidedly heavy, twinsets were greylac [a
new shade,

that threw shade on lavender - in a subtle manner, one that was respectful to
Kate Bush,

colours ed.]. Giant marmalade slippers, by Chanel; chest belts, by Fendi, in
 tartan and denim; giant slime watches, by Chloé, in partnership with
Minecraft⁴. There were cloth penises,

by Kenneth Nicholson⁵, at the door, that could be added to anyone's look at \$10
 000 a pop

(I took five because I didn't pay for my table, and wanted to give something
 back to Vogue, having taken so much). Host Anna Wintour, and date Bill
Nighy, appeared, age appropriately, with no sex involved. Further
negativity: if structures, or people, don't slime into

¹ Karl Lagerfeld, German fashion designer (1933-2019), and dedicated theme of the 2023 Met Gala

² As fuck, acronyms ed.

³ Whiskey

⁴ Video game

⁵ #MeToo approved, abuses ed.

our preconceptions, that's known as a snub. A whole slew of Australian poets were missing this year, but whether or not they were invited, we are still investigating: paying special attention to those who got Ozco⁶ grants, or had won major cash prizes, in the last twelve months.

An editor at *rabbit*, who preferred to remain anonymous⁷, stated that they were sick of seeing poems about the Met Gala anyway, 'it's the new Rome', they said.

⁶ Australia Council, abbreviations ed.

⁷ But see masthead to narrow down to a short list of suspects
<https://rabbitpoetry.com/about-1>

Michael Farrell

Picturesque Overlap

I took a photo of a Romantic poet hanging over the edge of the ute, a ‘paintable idea’¹. Each day
I tried to be ingenious: where would I place the mice skulls in the flat so that they were in view,
but not displaceable by you-know-who. We were all young in the eighteenth century, some of us
impossibly so. If you were in Europe, or some of its possessions, there was rococo, but not yet
Moloko². They had to make do with ‘unheard melodies’³, and apparently, preferred them,
which doesn’t make much sense to us. I came into the backyard of rural suburbia, armed
with a description of Wyoming, and wished that the lawnmower was a ruin, a relic.
The woodheap was more promising with its hollowed out bits of wood, like *Scream*⁴
‘Ghostface’ masks. Jubilant [terrorised? entomological ed.] ants carried their eggs,
among other insects, fending off splinters like denizens of a Les Murray poem⁵.
Kedisi (Turkish cats) patrol the perimeter. Brunch is on the house, says my mother,
meaning we have imminent midmorning visitors. The kitchen is very clean, but I know

¹Mario Praz, *The Romantic Agony*.

²English pop duo 1994-2004, consisting of vocalist Róisín Murphy and producer Mark Brydon, aka DJ Plankton.

³Famous quote by English poet, John Keats

⁴First movie of the satirical slasher franchise, directed by Wes Craven, and which has had, as of 2023, five sequels.

⁵Allusion to Murray’s ‘Absolutely Ordinary Rainbow’

putting pancakes on the arms of my chair would not go down well. Grace,
arguably, a much more venerable tradition than brunch, is said. We think
things, then we think of undermining our own
thoughts. My mother had lipstick on her teeth, which was kind of interesting, I
thought then.

The Romantic poet suggested photos wherever they went. Hanging from a box
gum,
like a mistletoe: sitting on the wooden slab fence in the early milking light. Yes,
we had to sell
the donkey, and haven't had a maid for generations. Somehow the poor afford
false teeth, a few
books, even a piano, in cases. Probably through paying boarders, if they have a
spare room;
a black best man, named Ivan, held the white baby (me), in the fugitive after-
hours. We lived
on the river then, surrounded by sawmills.

Judy Halebsky

Catalog of Endangered Languages / ənˈdɛɪndʒd̩ ˈlæŋɡwɪdʒ /

Jojo's shiny helium balloon floats up and over the playground. she wants us to get it back. I tell her the story my mother told me: the balloon will come down miles from here on a farm where there's a kid who doesn't have any toys and that kid will play with the balloon. how young is the youngest native speaker? who do they have to speak to? my grandmother's words will not float up and land elsewhere. they will not repopulate or be reclaimed. there's a fence around the playground but for a balloon, it's about the wind (see: listing, delisting, and who changed their name and when)

Judy Halebsky

Season Markers—Fall

standing heat

night chill

rustling leaves (wind in dry leaves) the sound of

an intensely blue sky (autumn sky)

moon (a sign of fall) (only) (if you want to have a moon in any other season, you must specify it by saying summer moon or winter half-moon)

long night

windstorm

lightning (again, only for fall)

fog

frost

harvest, straw, haystacks in Davis, in Woodland, and here/now she's at school. her pleading eyes as I wave goodbye and turn the corner/

deer

migrating birds

rice sparrows (getting the dregs of rice left after the harvest) (I try to live a little off-grid—this is how I fell in love with a farmer, all that tying up branches, laying down straw, pressing roots into dirt)

sandpiper

quail

geese (for leaving) (in spring they will be marked as geese returning)

it's fall because the leaves are brown and the cafés are full of undergrads (having the same conversations that they have every fall) (but still the sun is so bright/and the dahlia)

cicada

dragonfly

the sounds of insects (the sounds) (the insects themselves are a sign of summer)

bell cricket

pine cricket

pears

persimmons

apples

chestnuts

maple leaves red (fall) maple leaves green (spring)

banana plant (source of Basho's pen name) (does not make edible fruit) (marker of fall because of the sound of its leaves in the wind) (as fragile and torn)

Judy Halebsky

List of Season Markers—Winter

first frost

first snow

sleet (remember, it's poetry so there's counting, accounting for, noticing)
(attachment is a counterforce in a poem) (as in / there's another stronger force it
runs counter to)

onion

radish

turnip

plover

sandpiper

yellowtail

withered reeds

withered burweed

withered pampas grass

withered field (season marker of Basho's departure from Tokyo through Ueno, a
sign of mortality) (Jojo wants to know when she'll be the same age as me. I tell her
every year we each get a year older. there's no way to catch up. except of course
what I don't mention. that I'm only getting a year older for each year I'm alive.
and if things go as planned, I'll leave this world and she'll live on to be as old as I
once was)

smartweed

spearflower (with red berries)

winter camellia

narcissus (late winter)

searching for plum blossoms (the first sign of winter passing)

Cordelia Belton

corn exchanged

need hire no mugwort consultants.
snail grind corn blotch
hall owed your markets
we bottld the colour & offd the phoenician—
I am transparent though uncharismatic.

Cordelia Belton

collections

would you grant a nap to
[] who are getting phone calls:
[]r dreams of getting usured
were broaching cullis walls?

i think you'll never guess
whose steps accrewe more tort;
against whom piled the letters;
no counter sign; accited ;

grith, grith, grith
as if [] could be banished
we're always in your corner
and i say this with no relish.

hey, now, bud
you know this was all pro forma
it's not me even speaking
we just do this once a year

(i see now
that you just expected paintings!
you must know
we got few fulfillèd pledges
so we do this once a year.)

Cordelia Belton

real leisure

grosso modo you have hardly one new want;
they mentioned breaktime to no general alarm.
bmp bmp bmp bmp bmp
i kept carousing and all my maps were gone:
i saw tinsel and my dream publishing job.

email goes like 'It's the Big Annual
Meeting and My Firm Needs Me
and My Boss Wants Me and
Besides I've Got Three Dogs'.
can you imagine
the impact and the dogs??

and
right after this one ends
i'm moving back to scotland
my favourite village scotland
to be with my favourite villagers
and acquire all the jobs
and i'll have jacuzzis in the cottages
bubble bathèd cottages
and the impactfullest new jobs
and hardly any wastage now
no hookups in the carriagehouse
and be digging holes as jobs
i've got newer turnips cottages
special green water can cottages
barn raising is my job

Howie Good

Spooky Music

I feel the tingling in my chest that usually signals the onset of a panic attack, but instead, your nakedness spills like a crackle of lightning across the sheets, and I'm suddenly aware of the difference that makes and how without it social constructs would collapse and there would be shocking new twists to ancient myths, lifeguards drowning in kiddie pools, churches embracing sin and heresy, and the patron saint of shopping mall Santas, accompanied by spooky background music, sucking at Christ's wounds, and first thing in the morning, too.

Howie Good

The Clock Strikes Thirteen

Fleeing for their lives, families brave oceans in paper boats, only to be turned back on reaching their destination. Caw-caw-caw, white crows cry, but less as frantic warning and more as bitter recrimination or desolate testimony. The living and the dead, the real and the imagined, the seen and the hidden, merge in a mirey mix at the behest of the home audience. Smoke from distant wildfires blot out the sky. None of those responsible will be held liable. The ancient Babylonian spirit that murders babies in the womb clings to the souls of mothers and speaks through their mouths.

Howie Good

Gosh

While seagulls swirl in the bright summer sky like silver foil confetti, I'm trapped under a boat dock. The water is up to my neck and rising. My dead cousin Rhonda miraculously appears. She looks down at me through the gaps between the wood planks. By now I'm struggling to keep my mouth out of the water, which reeks of gasoline and motor oil. "Why would you do this to us?" she scolds. I can hear people walking around above as if nothing terrible is happening. The worst atrocities aren't on the news. I'm beginning finally to understand something about it.

Charles Wilkinson

'accomplirant'

Praise for the whole structure assembled before nightfall,
evidence of wealth made & kept: a mind acting in the world
nailed the sketch to earth: this is the builder's house.
Oh, how the verse moves, accomplished as brick & glass.
It fabricates a style, creates a space of measured quarters
crowned by capitals of stone; so when he quits creation
the work stays on steady ground. Here is the roof
achieving against rain & these are the rooms raised
in the face of dark. At dusk, adding finish to the evening,
he leaves his mason's mark.

Charles Wilkinson

'les murs'

immured in the morning: flat sky,
its undifferentiated grey the road's
gravelled uniform; the level fields,
hedgeless, dyed without distinction:
the path behind at one with the path
ahead. *We must admire the wiliness
of walls, how they install their forms
in the landscape, present themselves
as clouds, grass & cows, block-like
as if built from bricks. an absence of
doors in the day becomes our perception
that there's no way out from what
imprisons us, except how the final hour
begets non-sense: a cessation of breath.*
now illumination at evening shows
up the shadow-bars on the last stretch
of the road. escape will be sure & soon.
dream as you walk of ultra violet
plus green & all the hues, beyond
the grayscale & the spectral range,
which butterflies perceive, but we
have never seen: those shades
after death surviving undercover,
alive beyond the limits of the walls:
the ghosts made into wide wings
waving, athrill in a million colours.

Charles Wilkinson

'atristant'

mix of plashy
white-light & rain,
drear mist suspended
over moist fields;
lace-shift of droplets, drawn over
the lake: the definition of dolour.

*the house under a flood of silence.
never again, your laughter & song.*

to the west, afflictions form cloudily;
the water cycle as a rhythm of sorrow,
slack sunshine & vapour,
though the weather's trick
is one fine minute:
a blue card flicked
from a grey pack

& the wispy showers
eased over the hills,
whispering as if sad
at the window, &
slow-soaking the lawn.

*so no way to freeze private tears,
though groans stick fast in the throat.*

immutable melancholia, the complaint
constant, tainting in black-splashed nights
for the theatre of grief sobs through hours
moving towards pink, slaughtered dawn.

Charles Wilkinson

Service

it is the office of osmosis
to concentrate on solutions

for we are here & permeable
the world moving through us
our make-up of water

the equality of duty & prayer
its passage from weakness
to strength

reversing the process
could be the answer
that is purity

the pressure of light
on our lives

or some words
said for
the dead

Terry Trowbridge

Squirrel Witchery

Squirrel witchcraft dwells on dowsing,
weather prediction, hospitality from trunk to twig tip
on a homesteading tree limb

Differences between

subdivision squirrel kitchen witch

foraging garbage cans, BBQ crumbs,
dropped children's snacks

forest witch

hissing duels with dryads over nuts
awestruck by the antlered demigods
bardic lore only shared in winter
while bear shamans and turtle nuns hibernate

urban hedge witch

erudite schoolyard/library topiary scavenger
alley cat duelist, pigeon conspirator
fire escape mountaineer bird telepathy
bone and metal runic rat warding circles
raccoon defying bone fetishes

tail tarot not unlike racoon rune stones

not shuffled but scattered on wind
like digging nuts in snow, only the face-down are read

splooting trance, resembling yoga,

action without action,
some say the greatest splooters can turn into foxes
(foxes say their mystics disguise as squirrels in order to climb)
(but who can believe a fox)

certain acorns grow over winter

in springtime a wish comes true
although, too many wishes leads to madness
rabid frenzies, greed unhinged,
insatiable teeth that turn to fangs
these squirrels, the witches say, can speak to wendigo.
rot seeds within a horse's hoofbeat of wherever they sleep

Brent House

Pastoral

The critical joints | I cannot truss | to be stronger than a pierced septum
or twists of paper straps | tight against creases of palms

so I place fingers against the flat of his sternum | press until I know
his bone will bear weight | as I fay my hand into his skin
I feel his blood flow as ink on vellum

he pshaws my hold | runs to a kiosk of glass & points | to cases with portraits | of
Marvel | heroes aligned straight as the soldiers they rescue | straight as platelets
thwarted in his aorta.

In an outlet mall food court

I ask for time | time with my son

to dig in dirt | tie knots | bait a hook | sit on a dam | gut a fish | swing a bat |
throw a dart | solve for y | get stuck deep | read a verse | make a rhyme | sing a
hymn | walk the woods | watch for snakes | catch a bug | light a fire | pick a tick
| fire a gun | tan a hide | pitch a tent | hunt for arrowheads | skip a rock | find a
constellation | shoot marbles | beat a bully | recite
the preamble | tie a tie | map our states | fly paper planes | shuffle cards | play
horse | change a tire | shave a face | bleed red blood | pray a prayer
& to call for help.

In lieu | we stand in line for pretzels | he unfolds napkins & lifts | from hand to
air | they fall heavy | as hessian cloth of an oscar doll

light as deceptions of titanic | as a cilice I wore | as he shone with jaundice |
his fall from the sky | as earnest & unfeigned as bodily hunger
we cannot sate | I tell him | my son

Take heed | lest your heart be overcharged with surfeit
as you break the twists of bread | of the tricuspid fold

I lay draughts on our table | these twelve men we claim | lay crowns
on the hours of this day.

I drink from the melt of his ice | offer my whole armor of love.

Brent House

Augur of Rest & Pain

In last days
of winter
we will see horsemen
through barren
trees—
except for their absence

now spring & shadows appear
in ways of power & before a proposal

a sound of a white creek

& a bridge I croisé—
to fields of a daughter who dances as Salome
as April showers or Bathsheba
as a ream of mane & utter words

& a rush to fell waters
to pith made ouverte as a reed to scroll

we will not swell a basket
with nightfall & fruits
not seen in droughts of mire

& pain borrows an absence
of heat
in sympathy & a slight degree

as a body aches within constraint
& waits—
for a dispensation

to promenade & keep
on point
beyond my limp & lameness

to sauté—
into a future that must

depend
on a stable
as she is brushed & bathed

no longer ingate.

Brent House

Augur of Bloodlines

His heart trembles in fear—

Abraham watches the horizon
the steps—they vanish.

What is the sacrifice of a father's love?

Perhaps God would say:

Parallels intersect at infinity
or just *here I am*.

Before infinite resignation—
he sits under a shade

of ash, hears, *Take, pray, your son,*
your only son.

His morning labors into the split
of timbers: & suppose—

suppose he obeys—
suppose no angel

& a son is nothing
more than a fire of flesh & resin.

The scripture: not knife,
but cleaver—

not sacrifice,
but slaughter.

Glen Armstrong

Epigraphs for a Teaching Guide to Reproductive Health

Bird is never to bee
as ammo to target.

It is, rather, to renewal
as wild violets

are to false eyelashes.

•

Oh, flying throats that fill
the skies each spring!

Oh, nocturnal thump reversing
the still of the night!

Glen Armstrong

House of India #11

It is not a hairbrush. At its deepest depths it is a longing, a fantasy that our urges are orderly. The waitress was born here moments ago, parting the dark curtains of some sleepy god's head. To blink requires faith. To groom is to become a god.

When she hurts me, she is merely the stunt double for some other hurt. The spicy stew arrives. Though its ingredients were harvested this morning, its recipe is timeless. She is a master of the here and gone. Her perfume lingers like a deaf child for whom the bell is meaningless.

Her clothes are always clean.

It is only a bell. At its deepest depths it longs to destroy everything and begin anew. The waitress reappears. Our parents are photographs. They want no part of these new shenanigans. They wish we would grow up.

Glen Armstrong

Sunburn

As America goes,
so goes

the Mexican Hairless,
the Xoloitzcuintli,

or Xolo for short.
Consider the topical creams

and historians,
their false promises

of restoration.
Consider the blister.

As America goes,
so goes the safety pin's

unironic elegance.
Skin has a way of making

its primal needs known.

Heller Levinson

lash undulate

whisk shimmer
drive ambulant
disk dipteral rollout omnibus ferry
-- egress in spades -
-- defenestrate burble -

■ blubber blot
■ ignition trot
rumming
the implicate order

,
,

initially there was not much
?

in the slosh of a regenerative undulate
festoon sanction charismatic dandelion spry fig runaway pentagram illustrious
fevers

coming to term follicle blush
reticulate reversals
tang tendentious

rub omissions lively whistle clarion fly lure tambourine upheaveling torrefy
combustionstrung jang-
ling so
rapid
gravity lops

Heller Levinson

UNBIDDEN

hoarse:

scratch-dangle

thread-through

glottal flax

/in-spirit a verbose porosity

glazed with liquidity tangling through

un-alert

tentacular leech

Heller Levinson

custodial branch fern elfin

spray dolphin foil sprig lightly curb
softtemperate limb ardent arboreal
swab churn steadfast crank gainly
 insane ly
rain forest iceberg rubupon voodoo void clar-
ion spell
feather feint frolic sprite gear go gruff go yew go cypress surplus & dearth buffalo
roam hamstrung wooly scruff trillrolleylamb l o o m
lurch omniscient
 like tinder
 like wildebeest
 like clairvoyant harmonica
as as as whereupon
dewey decimal rockabilly tom tom teardrop twirk eiderdown bellyup compose
afterlifes signature mayhem probability flair
 -- you are here, go away -
tundra shuffle groove resourceful spew mycorrhizal moonshine stray
meander
muse

Heller Levinson

rum rut rimfire allegory fest

sangria gland skirt twerk tambourine
tilt obbligato Desdemona hairpin twin
volley fork flask firefly fistfall
gall bladder
sassafrass
early comeuppance triggers the flame
gin trolley berserk train rally replay
fistful
dollar crash
recompense

Lynn Strongin

ISOLATED IRIS

For my beloved and all those who survive isolation. . .

FROM THE AHSES OF AMENS, I rise to draw the window sash; pewter plate
sings silver, again it is morning;
porcelain rings its shine; I am yours; you are mine. An isolated purple crystal,
cancer cell spells the binding loss.
Each curl of Titus' red gold locks, Rembrandt's son shocks.

Rose bush, hush: horns first
Like the spiked helmet on my boy doll. He is a soldier. Silk sand I sift.
I make myself a gift: a ghost-dress. The blind girl reaches for her rouge, round
stick lip color.

From ashes rises a Jacob's letter: beach match-stix:
Over this loss, a poor fix:
That praise. You must prise from rubble.
 A small figure a girl
 Who begins moving lips pearl lips, then silence covers night bush, child &
 me again. *Amen.*

Lynn Strongin

ISOLATED IRIS

BETWEEN COAL FACE & the mine
The drill
Rattling the whole body.

Photographs come up in isolation: they are silent. But . . .
I won't relent.
Searching, sourcing out your pain

Beloved: the child in corner crayoning.
Be loved—after two-hundred years of slumber:
This time, all time, the second hand moving.
 Luminous, against despair, a shine hits us in the eyes:
 Between the coal face & the mine.

Lynn Strongin

ISOLATED IRIS

ISOLATED IRISES

We blaze: the pandemic, caregivers come & go:
like orchids in the snow brilliance blooms in our private alcove: we are.

In deep Greenwood
That community carved out long ago.
so frank & so tender.

Unpacking metaphors, like
The red crayon which breaks in half in its wrapper,
Wax dust falls: what to draw with it? stick-figure child? Your look is fierce, then
mild:

It is autumn. Outside. Will it ever become tomorrow?
I fervently admire economy in sorrow.

Lynn Strongin

ISOLATED IRIS

IN MY bucket -list Oysters at the edge of salt marsh
Was I in a steel-toe mood?
Some surprise, some reprise in our lives

My net is full of little minnows, stars
Floating scars. But there is a fair in town: false cheer, kewpie dolls. I hide tears.
Give me back the password to my darling. Affection flushed out of the bush like
quail.

Bring me bright lipstick thru this dark day.
Discount Liquor's neon
Piggly Wiggly the way
 To go: hardware stores to buy
 nails, the oysters *pale* as the salt marsh: feel the marriage frail.

Logan Fry

Pinker on Trial

I remake the world the study's tent.
Those keener
than me have also
clamored for a staff, for nudging
this fine tome
of peak investments nearer toward
the juror's pulpit, maybe even opened.
The ritual of figures
I think of as sedative
I think of as sedative
the printer said
reflected 'a page rejecting its own ink.'
It's fine. I can extract
nutrition from dissent. Who of you is it
who scurries up the limb
to etch bark with a blade as dull as class
distinction, poor graft from noble category,
like that what is pink is
by reason purer
because the finer its betweennesses,
its birth invented in the western word,
enlightened
by a science.
I saw
nature's law as the sum of plumbing:
an egg to place
in big fact's nest
and nestle deep in an invented crux
upon a limb. (Note here:
if a tree's 'improved'
that is to say its soul is optimal.) I can't
say I've ever heard
a bird. The stir that scurried over
its limb wasn't squirrel. Can't say
ever I heard a squirrel sure.
I could admit a peevishness admitting
it—a faint blush tints the glass
bouffant I hover under,
peering up, mask
to the plaster, to where the thinness
bursts at mere mention's enlightenment.

Logan Fry

Possession's Steam

Caliper perforations of
Passerine gladness netted.
Words come when called.
Unclaw distrusted symbol

Meant-as inset laid-in the pass an index
Makes across a page's skin.
Lake of ink as windlapped is the nestegg.
Fuller, is the begging here?

Has the beg begun about the hole?
Molting of crassness
To gather and constrain into a pot,
Wilting a have-error,

Noting the knot is a character among the feed.
Of a sessile emergence less of are the sufferers.
Can a pillow to put it head of the chamberbed.
You gnaw at the knot with their mossed teeth.

Logan Fry

Fuss of Brick

Let it be condonable:
full of no's oil, a lamp
tilts over a district no bleaker for intention's law the kerosene lacked.
Lacked nothing Herbert would've spared his host, no kneebent duty
could prove to honor
the blade is dulled just from the opening, fiddle bowed on the glass's

seam. Hate is the inert one. Once summer's swollen in full sun a day
it's gone to where bloat's a feature. I've smeared a lone brick in flame
to tease the intention
out in the mark sifted back to circulation. An arch etched vile above

your stable's wet hay,
a busy vision its curses lap up, stitches fissured into the law's wound.
My rake pulls up ore
no body can lay claim to when it's done, the fire dusk made makes yes
dusk's fire, nurse for
the heat's rid fear. I pile up in hay the fact that speed ripens to density.

Stephen Bett

Runnin' in the Gaps

*Well my steady little DOLL is a real-LIVE beauty
And everybody knows she's a Car Crazy Cutie*

Wo oh oh oh yeah (Run a-run a doo run run)

Nailed a doll's space Hailed a meth cab for cutie's place

In·finitesimal aces (cover bases (leave no traces

Two-side sheet a' paper
Pet sounds cordUroy squawker
Twin odor toe·baccy + mouth (yum'eye)
Married by infra·SIN !

*Take her to the DRAGS, man, and everyone flips
... big blue eyes and her candy apple lips
... man, talk of lovin' some kisses and hugs
she's like to take 'em clean and gap the plugs*

Wo yeah (Run a-run a doo run run)
Rrmm ... Rrmm ...

Well plug mah gapin' mouth
(pull my daisy, cootie's no crazy)

*Gonna fill my GAP and comb my hair
crank 'er doll case up yr back stair*

Pluck'it! ... *you better run, girl*
You're much too rung, girl
Such a bung, gurl
Ah'm *just a sap in disguise*

Dis non·union yap gap
aint got no slap¹

¹ Beach Boys, "Car Crazy Cutie"; The Kinks, "I gotta Move"; Gary Puckett & the Union Gap, "Young Girl"; "infinitesimal spaces... married by infrathin," etc. (Duchamp bio)

Stephen Bett

Ba Ba Ba (rockin' & a-rollin')

Ba ba ba, ba Barber San
You got me rockin' and a-rollin' ...

Fillin' an infra gap combover doo
good enuf for you, foo

Tried Peggy Sue... Tried Betty Lou...
Tried Merry lil' Roo
But we knew they wouldn't do

There's a crew in the loo
talk abt that North Oirish upper
palate all-action (hoho):

Lamadad te tair-tree chensus
Never get it straight that rate, mate

Whoa — Stop tape an'other sec
we aint Peggy Sue (never wuz)
no matta how coo at the loo

Buddy's — no' some uDer mutt's Boo
tha's miRor's Foo-Foo or us, innit?

It's your party, cry if you want to
we's all been gored by now (anyhow)
these fake times do rue

Gored, goo'd & glued woo-woo'd
gooey t' dewy Louie Lou-eyed
we'm cross-eyed slo-mo softie-pie'd
bran' name cooties -tivio, -bibio
(goo-goo on you'io)

Sho'nuff sounds like wiz ready for
Big Pharma Boomer Dump
Farxiga (hey, *too* far out!)
Ja@d(I)ance — you *are* the dance
right thru zone-out¹

¹ Beach Boys, "Barbara Ann"; Lesley Gore, "It's My Party"; Northern Irish Spurs' football podcaster complaining that Tottenham forwards were "limited to two or three chances" (doink)

Stephen Bett

What you do to me

Oh, What you do to me
Oh, What you do to me little gal pal (...oops)
Oh, Have another hit of swEEt air
... another hit of Fresh Air

Fave song no so sweet 'n fresh
anymore, she rued

Oh, Have another hit of sweet Bitis Q'lumbia Sunshine
Oh, Have another hit
(Piano Solo...)

Fan'tassy Gaarden World
— a•Muse•ment park —
no Sole Mio there'io

This bill's been flesh-minted
new combover doo, brite OR'ange
birth'd (& sue'd) Orangutan Mom

It's the sizzle not the steak, Cupcake
(da bomb in bombastic)

And that's enuf beef for you
bully bouillon boog-a-Boo ¹

¹ Quicksilver Messenger Service, "Fresh Air"; & remembering the narcissistic, moronic, far-right British Columbia Premier (& "entrepreneur," ahem) Bill ("the sizzle not the steak") Vander Zalm's buffoonish pronunciation of his oft-embarrassed political fiefdom's provincial name; Bill Maher (unsuccessfully) sued for claiming Donald Trump's mother was an orangutan (fun fact)

Jeff Harrison

Involuntary Vision: After Akira Kurosawa's Dreams

drowninglessness, doesn't seem to focus
preparedlessness, where's the thrill in being entertaining
nimblelessness, is nonetheless refined in personal affairs
rattlelessness, our morning, noon, & night is fast darkening
drosslessness, a close inspection, please, of your curtsies
unsteadiness, a smile is upon nearly all you gaunt dogs
skylessness, the baskets full of larks now
crownlessness, with the shawl now taking license
furtiveness, the guards are answered with bold intimacy
footsteplessness, there's plenty more where that came from
mutuallessness, miniature among the giants just in time
shrewdlessness, my winding-sheet will accept no favors from you

Erick Verran

Notes from My Landlord's Hammock

you know what
work is, although you may not do it.
—Philip Levine

Kneeling above a weighed-down truck bed, scrapmen blast from the passenger-side window their famous, lolling call for spring mattresses, office chairs, and laundry drums. The gas company has its jingle. A dirt bike climbs our street to a tune of Beethoven, and that equine clop is families threading their textiles, mostly shawls, some ornamental towels, at large slabs of bolted-together yellow wood. The echo from those shops has a soothing connotation, which is the comforting noise of work being done, of labor when it's useful. Beige tanks squat on the roofs, like ziggurats of water.

Erick Verran

Estate Sale in Jalatlaco

I had noticed the flier online (*For the sale of . . . Offerings from . . .*), which included a woodcut's solar eye rayed with lines, and found the door marked by a cutting of red ribbon. The owner, in moccasins and lightly scarfed, entertained a coterie of rich clones in the courtyard. A wall upheld an exuberance of bougainvillea. Her stepson is figuring shit out in Brooklyn, and she's thinking of Paros (no, wasn't it Mykonos?). How obvious which god these so-called offerings, unaffordable down to the least print or anklet, were meant: gilt mirrors and a hundred rugs, the tidy pile of Ecuadorian slingshots, brown as a dug-up bone, that Last Supper of glazed clay by a sculptor who was kicked to death while leaving a bar in Michoacán. Then the taxidermied monkey in a hula skirt and straw hat, trapped and glued to hold a fraying, mass-produced basket, as though for donations. Here, in the photograph I stole—a tap, a moment's silent registration—and passed among a circle of friends, its irises, a simulacra of colored glass, seem to have witnessed that which does not explain itself. Humiliated by civilization and as empty as a mummy, with the small brain fed to dogs.

Erick Verran

The Axolotl's Coxcomb

I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster.
—Shakespeare

When the Spanish drained the lakes and canals, the axolotl, larval in its chicken-white integrity, as though stalled between evolutions, just about died. Another of Tenochtitlan's relics, whose mythologists named an amphibian for a canine god. Biomedical labs study its jester hat of liliripes (the feathered gills) surrounding lidless eyes, the equanimity with which that ancient heart, sampled on the altar of a glass slide, will go on regenerating lost tissue. Its wiry smile once graced the fifty-peso note. Having survived to become a collector's item, Pokémon of the animal kingdom, now even its likeness has slipped out of circulation.

Erick Verran

The Category of Sacredness

By midafternoon in Condesa, striding past hole-in-the-wall cooktops and the juicer cranking halved oranges like a factory's sour widgets, who could seriously miss halal (what you'd called New York's falafel mafia); half-silver denominations clink in your watch pocket, that square of riveted-together denim, and your boots have dulled. A shin of humidified pork for dinner or fried meatballs, followed by flan and a late espresso while you finish the *LRB* article on Kafka. People lift themselves to the cantabile of little birds, who watch the dogs dumped together in Parque España, with their raucous idiocy over a thrown ball or crushable water jug. Last month, downwind of shadeless pyramids, you'd bought one of those octagonal hockey pucks of chocolate and a half liter from the pseudo-exclusive distillery, in spite of its pretensions (the librarial green lamps), as though tasting liquor were a kind of monkish studying. Hot spirals of barbed wire along rooftops. A white Christ sighs woodenly; his Madonna stands, embroidered into her blue wingsuit. In every bar the mezcal glasses—full of candle wax, ordinarily—are stamped with crucifixes.

Erick Verran

An Assistant for the Magician

A hunched, sunburnt man is sharpening the three petal-shaped blades of a disassembled blender using a bicycle chain and wheel. His footwork turns a thick grinding stone; carefully, he leans against its grit like a jeweler faceting a diamond, which is the equilibrium of skill. And his fair-skinned daughter retrieves long kitchen knives from a bush where they've been drying, like a family of silver rabbits.

D. E. Steward

Giotto's Almond Eyes

Mantova on its lagoon set as an ancient Chinese water city

The dead-calm evening mirrors of Lago Superiore, Lago di Mezzo and Lago Inferiore that spread and open like that Lombardian city's cobbled Piazza Sordello

Mantova la Gloriosa

In the Palazzo Ducale, the Reggia dei Gonzaga, the sun seems inside and within the Camera degli Sposi with its vaulted ceiling and Andrea Mantegna's trompe l'oeil of a fluffy cumulus in a brilliantly blue sky

Maybe second only to Mantova's lacustrine serenity are Mantegna's frescos (1465-1474) of the Gonzaga Court there in the Camera degli Sposi

The intense dignity of the Gonzaga family and courtiers conversing, all obviously involved with one another as on a sunny day four hundred years ago

They perceive and react before us

In a common mien, proud, indulgent and seemingly without piety

In that thrust of the Renaissance verity

Mantegna's era surely encouraged a vastly different awareness than either the pre-Giotto 1200s world or that of our world now

Isabella d'Este (1474-1539), the grande dame of the Renaissance, born in Ferrara, was a baby when Mantegna painted the frescos

Down a long corridor from the Camera degli Sposi are her Appartamento and her Studiolo where she commissioned further paintings from Mantegna, and from Correggio and Perugino Not only that, Virgil was born in Mantova in 70 BC

One third of the way back to him came Mantegna and what he left with us

Awe and amazement at what has gone on there

Gonzagas all

The Duomo in Florence, the Forbidden City, the Damascus Gate, Quito's Plaza de San Francisco, rubble on an obscure hill in the Gobi, Sigiriya in Sri Lanka, a

sanded-in caravan stop in the central Sahara, an atoll awash in the Tuamotus, anywhere we have been is among our world culture's germinal cells

Florence's *BLUE GUIDE* sixth edition concludes with a ten-page list, small type in double columns, of the artists and architects mentioned in the book's text

Those bafflingly assertive Tuscan trecento and quattrocento urban towers were of the same germ as the pyrite Trumpismo one at 721 Fifth

Permanent erection ego

San Gimignano had altogether seventy-two of them, fourteen still stand, many were never used militarily and remained completely empty like giant chimneys

"...counter love, original response" (Robert Frost, "The Most of It")

Louis Sullivan didn't have tower ego even though he had steel and glass, he was somewhere else

With the Italian city-states at nearly perpetual war with each another, it was sword and lance early on for the boys

With the odds for each being soon to lose a kill-or-be-killed encounter with another

To die then and there or to convalesce having lost an extremity, an eye, your agility and balance, your nerve, penchant for violence

Now younglings with the taste join ISIS or the Marines

"The primary purpose of the walls around city-states may have been to keep people [*like slaves*] in, not to keep the barbarians [*free, unorganized people*] out." (Steven Mithen)

Siena's wall secured the steep Y-shaped valley which it occupies

Probably no other urban locale to equal Siena's great slope-slanted Piazza del Campo

Herring-bone brick surface and faces, all the ostentatious marble, the travertine and the others, the beveled sanpietrini paving

The permanence of it

And for nearly a thousand years the mix and complexity of material within the Campo's open sightlines and spaces refined and nuanced

The Torre del Mangia over the Palazzo Pubblico topped at a hundred and two meters with a monumental white marble belfry and lantern

Only from there can you see any green out beyond the stone and bricks of the Piazza del Campo's magnificence

So perfectly organized and commingled to exquisite Tuscan taste

Eliminating nature

The original deep Etruscan valley perfectly sheathed and filled in with Roman stone, bricks and ingenuity

So dramatic is the sophisticated urbanity that the purest Renaissance's achievements seem almost natural

Sit across the Campo from the Palazzo Pubblico and stare

"Light's semi-tones of shadow" (John Kinsella)

The stone's quietly beautiful yellow-browns

Across, within the Palazzo, Simone Martini and Ambrogio Lorenzetti left murals from their parallel Sienese lives

Simone had an intensely accurate manner of painting human eyes alive, there they are real, moist, vivid in his mural,

Ambrogio Lorenzetti's famed tableaux mural of the ideal Campo eight hundred years ago leaves us there within it today, *L'allegoria e gli effetti del governo buono e cattivo*

A mural cycle that might be the first explicit graphic definition of human society

The brother pair of artists, Pietro Lorenzetti's passion and humanity in attenuating the mystery of Giotto's almond eyes

All three had gone on from Duccio in those fast-becoming-ancient times

Simone Martini died serving the Pope in 1344 in Avignon, Ambrogio Lorenzetti in June 1348 in Siena, and Pietro Lorenzetti the same year in Siena possibly of the Plague

The gist of Sienna's magic is its Duomo's white marble

Inlaid with black

Banded in the steps, the walls, the columns, the inlaid black outlines in the white of the church's pavement

Tuscan Gothic's individuality defies the blatant, the crass, and the Baroque

Quintessential manifestations of Italy's transcendence of what had gone before

The humbling size of Florence's and Siena's great churches stuns, we have to be deeply aware of them, warily when nearby

Their bigness seem to have come there from another realm past the limits of human scale

To the west of Siena, direction San Gimignano, the high road to Volterra where in golden late September the 2017 Giro della Toscana finished

In the Volterra's Piazza dei Priori, directly below the most ancient building in Tuscany

Sunday afternoon center of the complex glide-and-sprint panoply of a major modern bicycle race

Hero riders, more support and velobureaucrat cars than racers

The peloton poured into Volterra's Etruscan square from days out in the Tuscan hills

Finishing with their last climb up to Volterra's magnificent precipitous ridge, an austere medieval walled successor to an Etruscan city of much grander extent once there

"There must have been huge oaks and pine, cedars / maybe madrone / in Tuscany and Umbria long ago" (Gary Snyder)

That forcing-bed culture of pre-Roman Italy having slipped away behind

As did the Iroquois Confederacy villages with their milpa corn-beans-squash fields, flint banks and river weirs

Here the alabaster and copper Etruscans of the region followed and built in stone, not the bent willow and hanging bark panels of the Six Nations

And in massive blocks there is the Museo Etrusco Guarnacci high on Volterra's flank near their Parco Archeologico

“Someone said: ‘The dead writers are remote from us because we *know* so much more than they did.’ Precisely, and they are that which we know.” (T. S. Eliot quoted by Cyril Connolly in *The Unquiet Grave*)

As are dead cultures

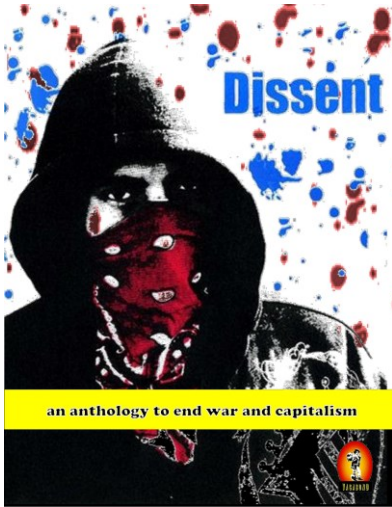
Etruscans carved alabaster gracefully, we construct our lives way out ahead in microchips

Lustering as meat puppets in the world of enhanced life and electronic existence, toying with new cults of Dadaism/AI, are perplexed and confused

But still with ristras of green chilis hanging on sunny walls to dry

Philip Kobylarz

Civil Disobedience as Literature- a Review of *Dissent: An Anthology to End War and Capitalism* (Edited by Mark Lipman, Vagabond, 2023)



That we exist in an era of Post Truth as the Serbian-American playwright Steve Tesich coined way back in 1992, the question seems to be what shall we make of this existential conundrum? What can only befuddle the small percent of Americans who consider themselves thinkers is the long history of acceptance of fiction as fact, the mythologies of nationalism. A short story entitled The Gulf of Tonkin was once writ by the powers that be to rationalize the slaughter of hundreds of thousands in Vietnam and Cambodia, who we now freely trade with and are buddy-buddy to. War. Death. Lies. Suffering. Then, comodification. The underlying algebra of capitalism.

More recently, decades of the intentional absence of practicing the craft and art of critical thinking brought us to the internationally accepted Beckettian play called "The Weapons of Mass Destruction". How the war machine needs to feed on thousands upon thousands of innocent, civilian lives, that time literally in Ur- the nexus of world civilization, just to show the world how greed and stupidity have not learned one lesson from the Tale of Gilgamesh.

The only truth that inglorious capitalism needs to hold near and dear is unbridled, unlimited consumption and the mass production of shitloads of waste. We have far beyond breached the point of Chomsky's prophetic Manufacturing Consent. We now eat information in a 24/7 cycle and much of this diet consists of half-truths and lies, propaganda, and endless Bernaysian marketing so blatant it has lost all attempt at subtlety. Want. Need. Use. Discard. Repeat.

American brand capitalism, that is ever so not friendly like Finland's, also only invests and creates that which is fake. Ersatz everything. As long as the irreality seems real, it'll do. McMansions, two political parties that act as one, billionaires scheming together companies that sell only the wish for wealth-the list is eternal.

If we mainline resentitive reality, it morphs via the rhetoric of utter bullshit. Any idea can be spoken, posted online, and it immediately is received as factual. Though this can only be understood as incomprehensible and irrational to any literate human, Lipman in his forward points out that in a wholly Nietzschean sense, authenticity is dead and our factory-produced culture is what killed it.

To counter the media's mind-numbing, soul-crushing cycles of breaking propaganda, one of the realms of the sacred word still can be found in the art and act of poetry. Most Americans would be shocked to know that even our so-called Founding Fathers, such as John Quincy Adams and Benjamin Franklin, wrote verse. In this era in which language is prostituted to convey factional agendas, poetry still has the power and promise to be the last refuge for sanity. In an era in which the worldwide country club of oligarchs set the immoral tone of capitalism's sickly, perverse zeitgeist, how many of the planet's billionaires are writers, artists, musicians? We need not wonder why. The truth is no longer a desired commodity. Those of us who took the time to read this odd bird called literature, we who respect principles, ideals, and Allah forbid, ethics- we're the twelve percent of the properly evolved. Those of us who are in the know, although a tiny group of the vast populace, are nevertheless, legion.

We call this "New" world invention of a country both a democracy and a republic when its neither, as Lipman reminds us in the introduction. 'Merica is a mockumentary entitled "The Land of the Free" when we all very well know that our economic system does not give one cent of profit away as it constrains us into the slavery of impossibly priced homes, low-paying shit jobs, embarassingly bad healthcare, and due to the endless financial struggle we all must bear, the very ugly reality of forever segregation and the stupidity of racism.

Lipman, with this gathering of poets and visual artists, puts forth a radical suggestion that we live in a world much more terrifying and censored than Orwell's Oceania. He cites the need for an intellectual Copernican Revolution as a solution to the self-centered multiverses we are all trapped in, with our economic Sisyphian trap that forces the self's needs and desires to be tantamount in a dog-eat-dog world of ladder climbing, wealth accumulation, and self-centeredness high on semi-lethal doses of exotic coffee milkshakes and energy drinks.

We live in a time in which everything now needs to be re-thought through a radically different, critical perspective. We had a foothold in the Occupy Movement. We have hope in the concept known as Antifa. This is the book that passionately shows us how bad things really are, as it offers brilliant versified

suggestions of how to defeat the new totalitarianism rooted in an economic system created to exploit the little guy.

Too many of us who lean left, consider ourselves as progressives, merely exist in the realm of thoughts, but not words committed to paper, and deeds that stem from them. More criticism is needed. Action is necessary.

This collection is a form of action. It is anti-propaganda that reveals how the corrupt burden of capitalism makes us feel. This book is Thoreau's civil disobedience come to fruition.

Complacency is a sin. Silence is often murder. Inaction allows the system to thrive. In her poem "If You Want to Talk About Your Hatred of War," Florence Weinberger reminds us:

and you begin with generals and presidents
then move on to slaughter,
hunger, blunder, profit, etc.

can you also confess you get all your news from TV
at dinnertime listening to the wayworn explain themselves
to journalists

who can't catch every word, the babble overlapping
like an Altman movie

the woman with her hidden face inaudible in her native language
the translator trying to keep up with no adjectives for her eyes
although

do you really need a word by word translation?
You know she's pissed or scared or sick, maybe all of it,
and she's holding

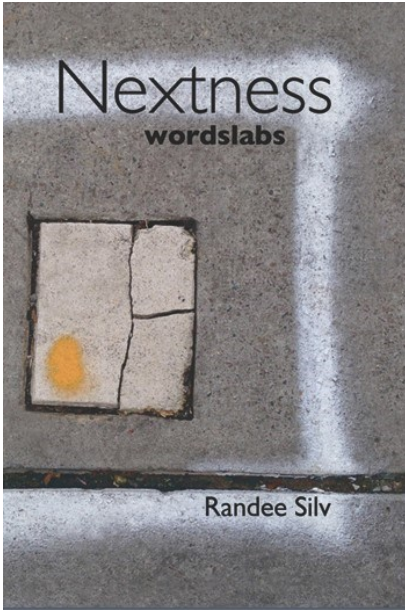
this skinny kid, hard to tell how old it is,
and it hurts yet you keep eating
and you keep watching; you have to.

We all know how we feel about the economic system imposed upon us. It is now time to act. Unbridled capitalism is destroying this country. Let this collection be our bible. Let the artwork inside, brilliantly satirical and trenchant in its posterizing of the wasteland that our culture has become, be cut out to adorn our walls. Let us social justice warriors unite in this common cause that has brought us to the battlefield for the future of our country: the war that is being waged against dissent itself.

Dissent is the only alternative.

Kathleen Reichelt

Review of *Nextness*, by Randee Silv (Arteidolia Press, 2023)



“Nextness”, published by Arteidolia Press, NYC, is the first full length collection of Randee Silv’s rarely published poems. Silv is a writer and visual artist with a keen understanding of how images and meaning require disassembly and reconsideration in order to not be caught in the trappings of cliché and repetition. The artist doesn’t deny repetition, but uses it to create surprise. Each poem, which Silv refers to as a wordslab, is shaped like a block, offering reliable and consistent structure to withstand the upending and intentional untying to the way stanza and verse is experienced.

“Obsolete jottings caught by not captured” is one way of putting it, and the artist does so in “Disarray” which is the opening piece in Nextness. It is an invitation to trip through a precisely-curated exhibition of 82 visually formatted works of art with one word titles, resembling squares or rectangles on the page. A nod to concrete, perhaps, but also a connection to the artist’s visual art. Where the artist once painted abstractions in oil, she now collages, photographs, frames and constructs with words that sometimes feel like scenes in a film. Like the art of Sophie Calle, Silv’s work is contemporary, cerebral, with an unexpected warmth.

Silv visually constructs each wordslab to reveal the white space of a frame that holds the details of images and thought reconsidering itself mid-thought. “There’s

never a shortage of temptation to intervene with what's overheard", the artist points out in "Commotion". Letting you know she knows what you might experience as you move along to the next frame. That wherever you are reading, wherever you are looking and thinking, the world around you honks and mumbles. Or maybe it's your own mind, like the mind of the one who is writing, that wants to intervene.

The reader, an ever active participant in the exhibition of art, is acknowledged and included in Silv's work. The artist is not preaching, she is not placing herself in the spotlight of her own feelings, she is present with the understanding of next as now. Observational, her writing is full of empathy and awareness, without relying on sentiment or common recurring symbols to extract a sense of understanding. Yet, Silv also allows herself moments of nature-feel, an example found in the way "Retraced", showing up midway through the book, finishes.

Retraced: Catenary pendulous waves.
Funhouse mirrors. Bogus remakings levitate.
Reminiscing. Already complicated. She wasn't moving. Anecdotal shortages baffled even her.
Plated rime. Needled columns swerve dome to dome. Unbending bends bent counterclockwise. Mud balls flung in every direction. Meltings & refreezings. Crazy volumes of sure bets. If she could remember. If she did. She'd summon what she just said. Conjectured purging is an ancient way to bargain. She wasn't waiting for a bus. She was the midnight air.

Silv's work will be challenging to poetry readers looking to be swept away. These are constructs that confront, rather than comfort, and might jar readers used to being lulled by canva-created squares of soma scrolling suggestions. But that's not art, and this is. In the New York City tradition of edges, corners, and tall buildings that cast long shadows on our tiny little insignificant heads, there's some gritty realism going on.

As I read each individually composed block of writing, I imagine them printed, framed and hanging in P.S.1. Large, looming, signs of the time. In this way, this collection of wordslabs is one of the best under-the-radar art shows opening in New York right now.

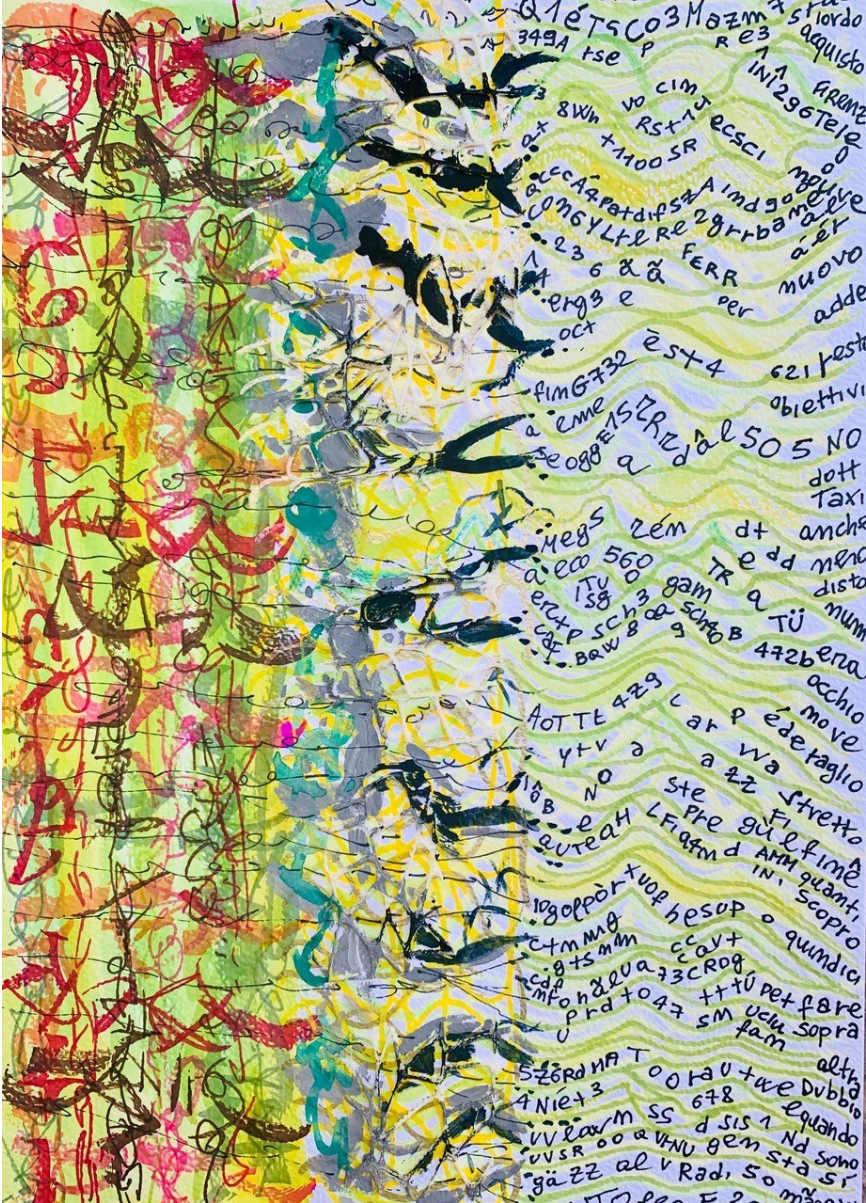
Dario Roberto Dioli

Untitled



Dario Roberto Dioli

Asemic Turns Into Language



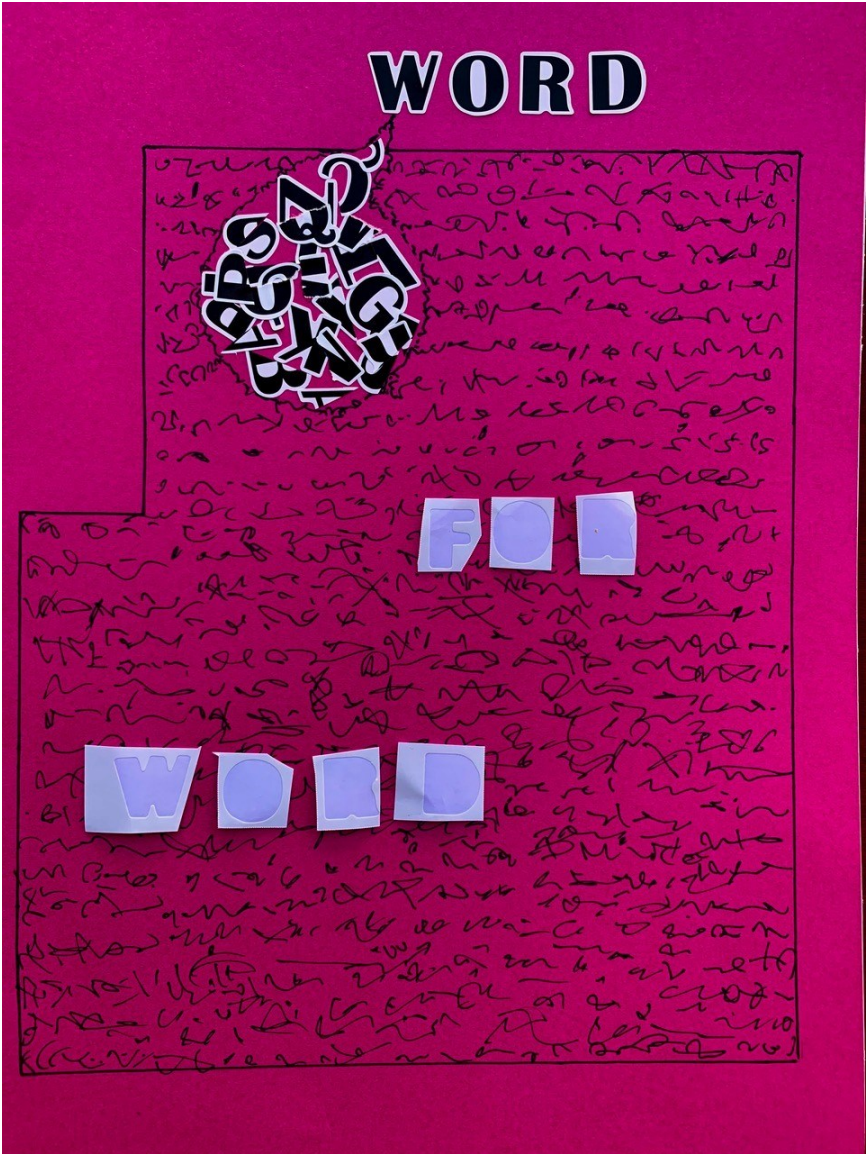
Dario Roberto Dioli

Sound Found Asemic



Dario Roberto Dioli

Word For Word



Benjamin Pierce

Making the Rounds xxxvi



we seek to bake a burning light from hard hot anger
from hard hot anger we remember coal of memory we pressed in secret night
coal of memory we pressed in secret night denies itself pressure unto clarity
itself pressure unto clarity leaks light where ground denies it
where ground denies it angry flame arises, tempting angry coal we bake
tempting angry coal we bake a burning light from hard hot anger
from hard hot anger flame rises and leaks light it denies itself, we remember
we seek to bake a burning light from hardened words we lost.

Benjamin Pierce

Making the Rounds xxxvii



we call the heat we know a home and dark around our future
and dark round, our future has the heat we lost
has the heat we lost spread to collect upon our next new venture
spread to collect on our next new venture we hope to flee the ash we left
we hope to flee the ash we left and call the dark beyond our future.

Benjamin Pierce

Making the Rounds xlii



along a random road I found a weathered bone at rest
a weathered bone at rest and my restless knife and breath have made a flute
and my restless knife and breath have made a flute along a random road I found.

Benjamin Pierce

Making the Rounds xlv



I looped my laws to feed the gain of law to need
to feed the gain of law to need I sought what could not move ahead
I sought what could not move ahead and sought to know if need is weight
and sought to know if need is weight, empty still revealed an open space
empty still revealed an open space where travel needs no rare provision
where travel needs no rare provision the stakes of law describe a poor estate
the stakes of law describe a poor estate and I entered therein with an open way
and I entered therein with an open way that allowed no clutched need to its
opening
allowed no clutched need to its opening, opening could not reward the weakest
opening could not reward the weakest and I made a simple line to lesser burden
and I made a simple line to lesser burden to feed the gain of law to need
a simple line to lesser burden I looped to feed the gain of law to need.

Benjamin Pierce

Making the Rounds xlvi



by loops I make my start a sparkling incident to live
to live a sparkling incident I make my loops a start away, away.

Benjamin Pierce

Making the Rounds xlvii

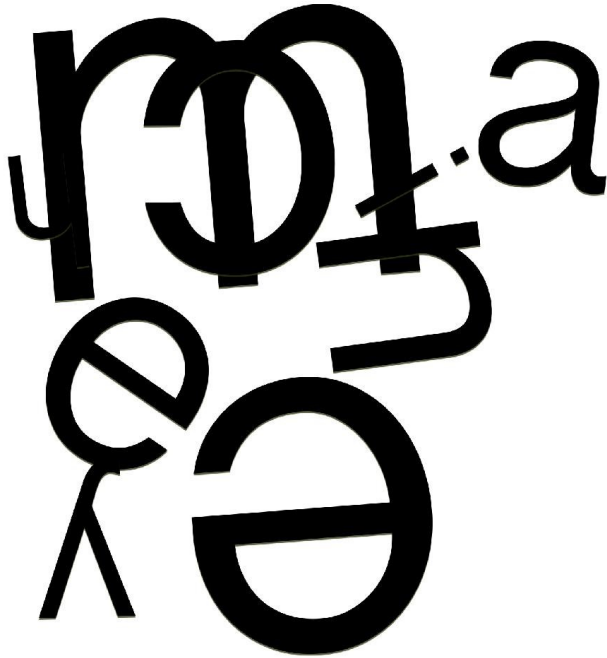


making the rounds I sought accountant summary of my way of return
my way of return sought each new place for its own open air
new place for its own open air each place learned again from my fresh wonder
each place learned again from my fresh wonder I remembered dull amnesia I had
lived

I remembered dull amnesia I had lived making the rounds I sought
I sought accountant summary of my way of return, each place learned again.

Nico Vassilakis

From American Fonts



Nico Vassilakis

From *American Fonts*

ome
Yes, Y
ou've
bec

es, Y
es, Y

Yes,
de
new
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Nico Vassilakis

From American Fonts



Nico Vassilakis

From American Fonts



Nico Vassilakis

From American Fonts



Nico Vassilakis

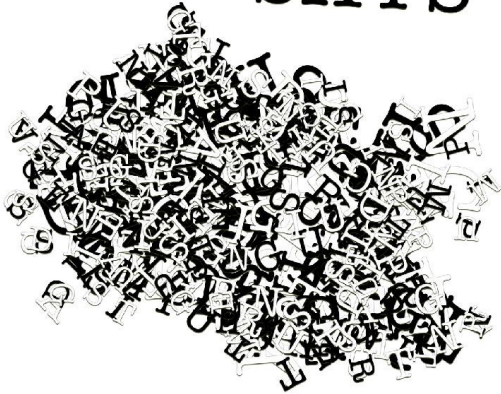
From American Fonts



Nico Vassilakis

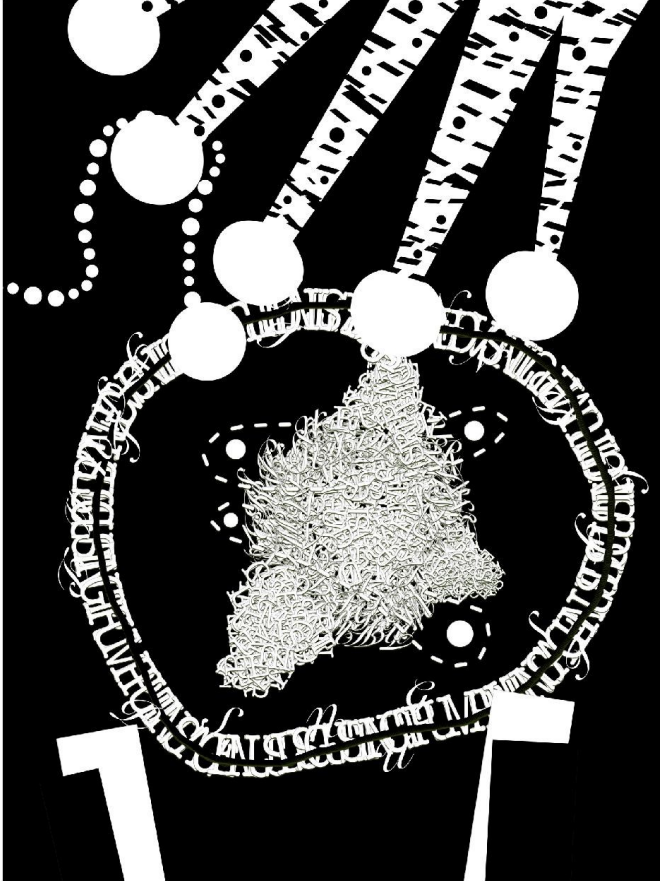
From American Fonts

AMERICAN TYPEWRITER FONT SAYS



Nico Vassilakis

From American Fonts



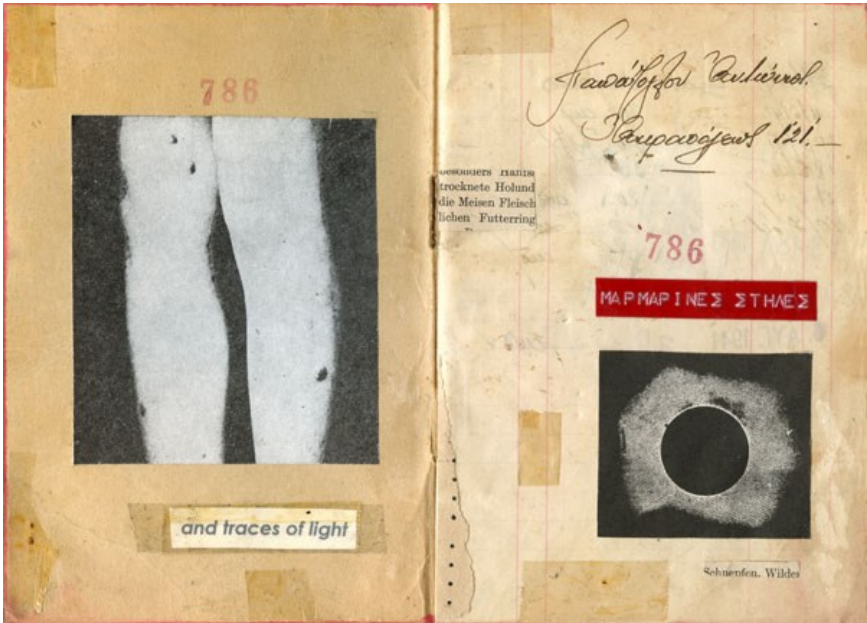
Nico Vassilakis

From American Fonts

Note: Being American means to not be free and not have equal opportunity. Also to not have the ability to do what you want, not how you want, and not where you want. The amendments are what don't give us those freedoms, like the lack of freedom of speech, and the lack of freedom of religion.

Kon Markogiannis

Grafik 14



Kon Markogiannis

Grafik 15



Kon Markogiannis


Grafik 16




Kon Markogiannis

Grafik 17

Können wie die der Vögel durch zwei Linien
Ein kleines Mal...
K...
24/4/41
4/6/41
10/5/41
18/6/41
27.8.41
10/8/41
18.18A



29.18A.1941
ΑΥΓ. 1941 20




aus in zahnlicher eingesenkt,
Gaumen finden sich solche Zahn-
indlichen Nasenlöcher, die elast...

TONIKΟΣ

s Tastorgan. Die Kieferrand
Gegensatz zu denen der Sä-
ferknochen aufgesetzt. Aus-
erken wir am Kopf die klei-
hinter diesen je ein dunkles


355

se als „Kriechtiere“ bezeichnet.
Fortbewegung. Der Lauf der Eidechse



sehrmal in
cheuert m
Das Wei
unktiert.
weiß, dun
m Frühjah
rün.
Überblick
ierlichen K
iche Zunge
sonders al
sie sind im
ur den Ki
Weiter bem
tugen und

ΧΟΡΟΣ



Wie der Frosch eine Fliege fäs

Kon Markogiannis

Grafik 21



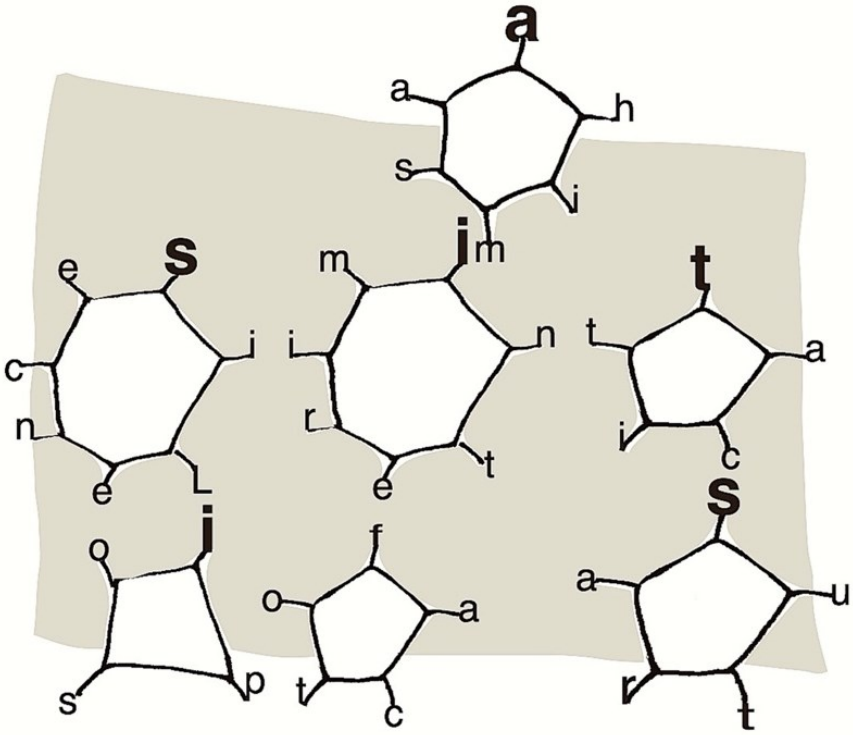
Kon Markogiannis

Grafik 23



David Felix

Like so



David Felix

Set of parts

We find us in the stretch

2.

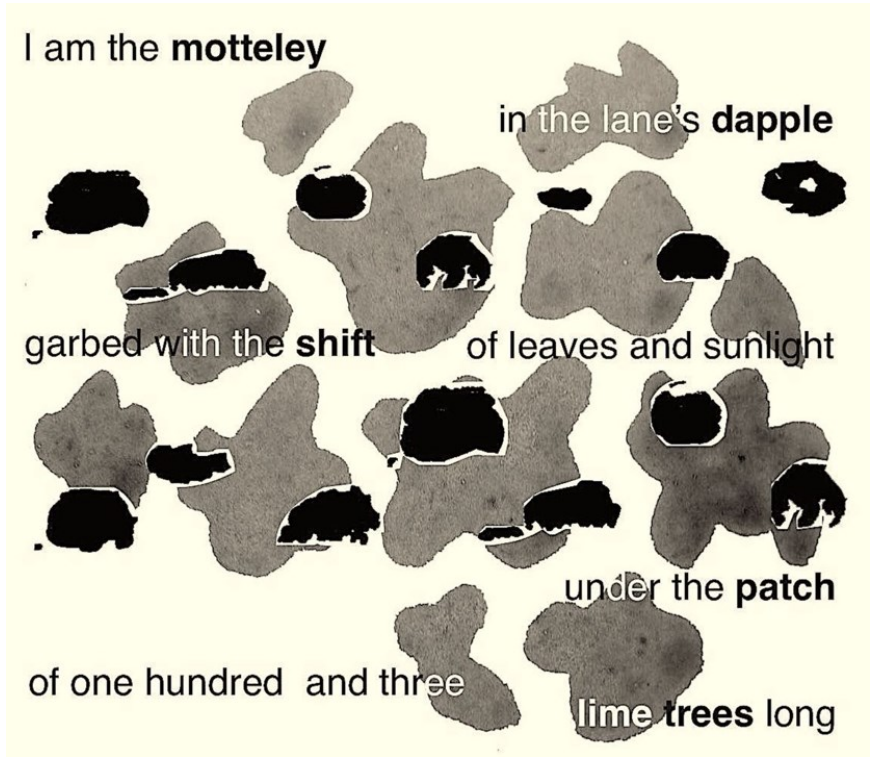
of the unmeasured interval

that rests between

each beat of the heart

David Felix

Mantle



Anton Lushankin

Yohji Yamamoto II (revisited)



Anton Lushankin

Yohji Yamamoto III (revisited)



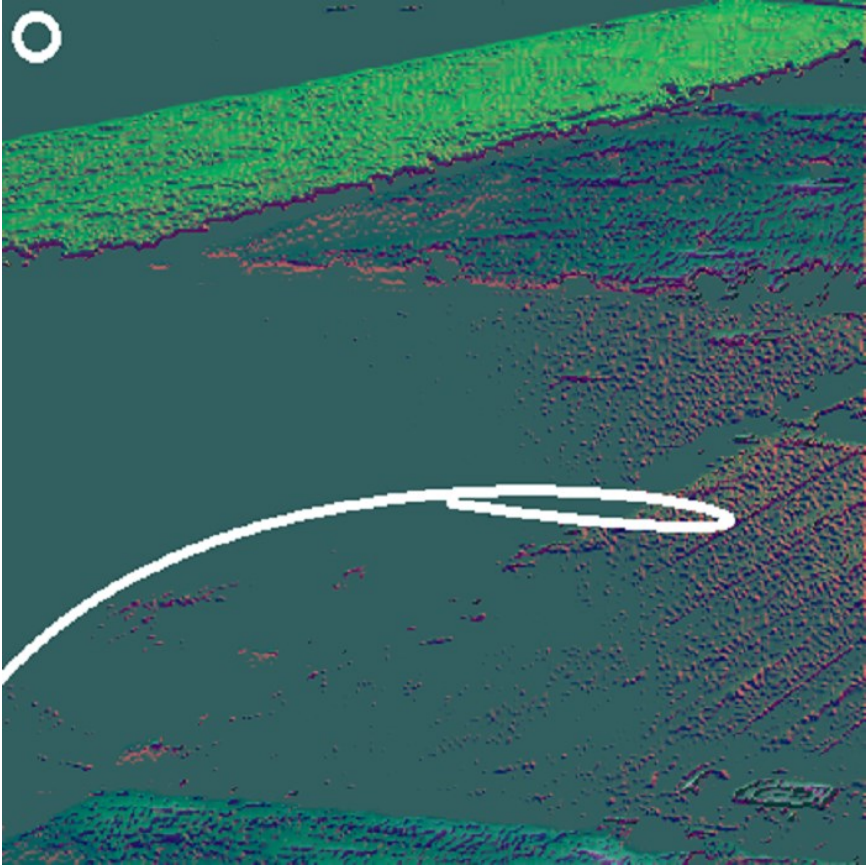
Mark Young

broadband salsa

broadband	sensate	duplicity	sapphire	char-à-banc		rosery	stranger danger
whimsical	hedonism	what lips	mustard	Petrarch	elegance	pukeko	metaphor
triplets	homespun	handcuffs	zeitgeist		genocide	fandango	bohemian
precise		cataract	long Covid	rodeo	ketone	bisect	Verónica
Control-Alt-Delete	frizzled	intaglio	heuristic	throat	defiant or deviant?	XXXIX	
parlay	volcano		tapestry	catatonic	aerosol	isthmus	embellish
laudanum	star-crossed	chorale	yearling		turnip	Grand Central	autopsy
capital venture	heighten	detritus	Hangry	scoreboard	riparian	climate	salsa

Mark Young

geographies: Boort



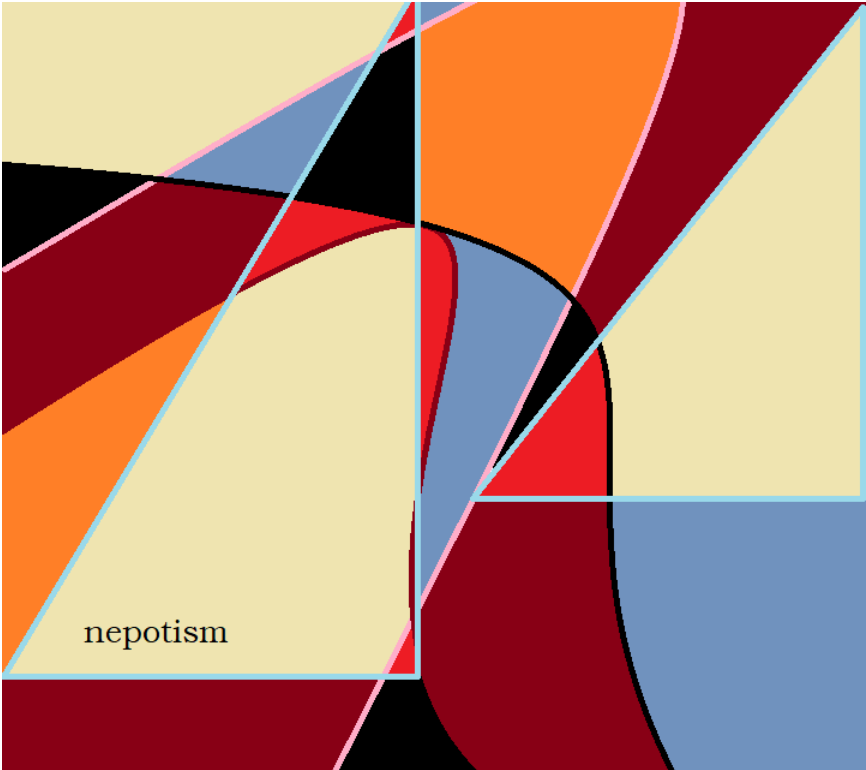
Mark Young

geographies: Timboon



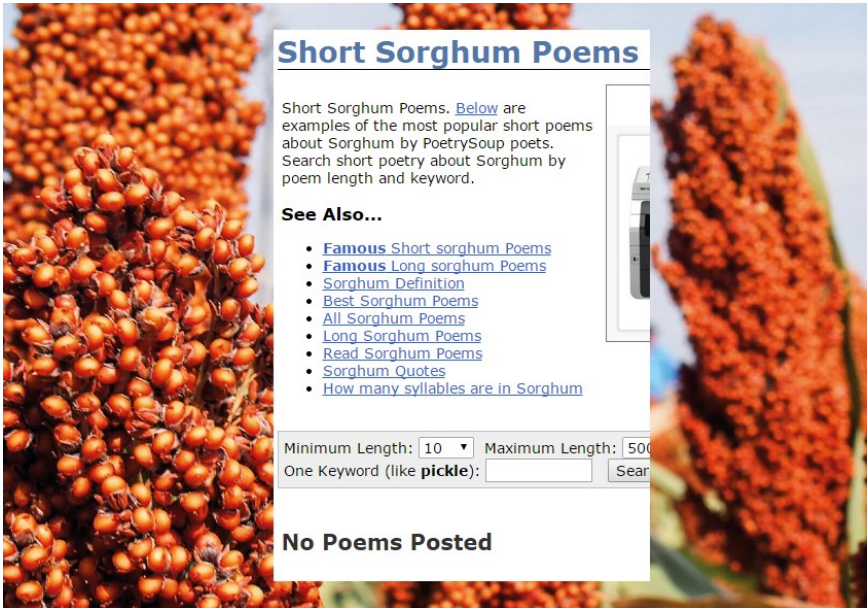
Mark Young

Hand me up



Mark Young

S&SSP



Short Sorghum Poems

Short Sorghum Poems. [Below](#) are examples of the most popular short poems about Sorghum by PoetrySoup poets. Search short poetry about Sorghum by poem length and keyword.

See Also...

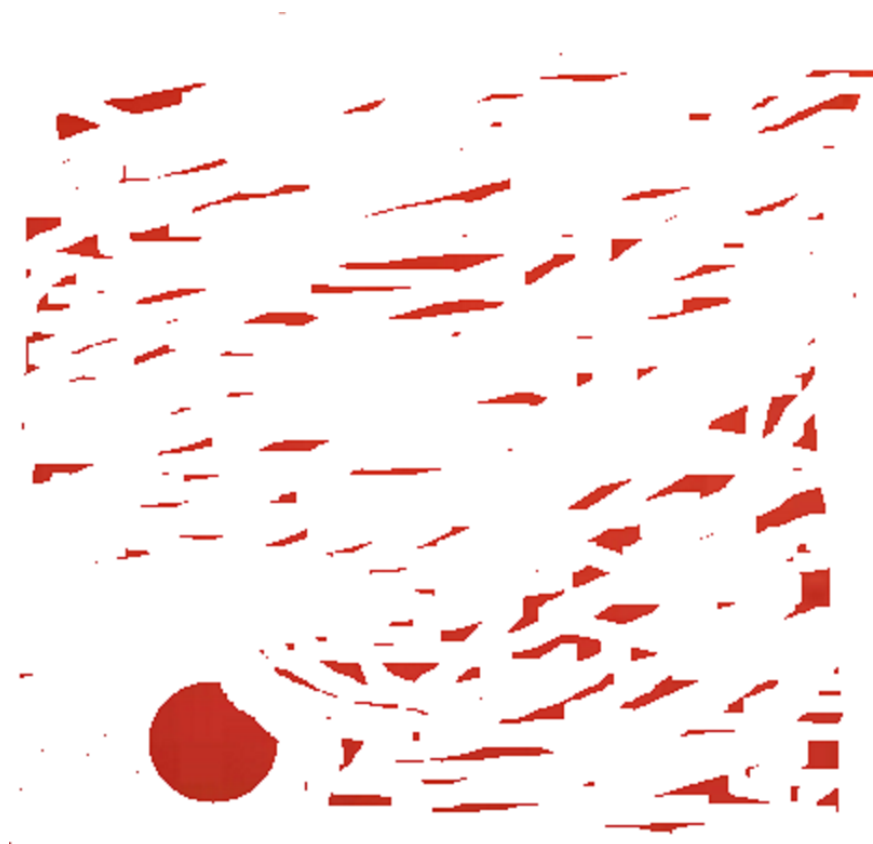
- [Famous Short sorghum Poems](#)
- [Famous Long sorghum Poems](#)
- [Sorghum Definition](#)
- [Best Sorghum Poems](#)
- [All Sorghum Poems](#)
- [Long Sorghum Poems](#)
- [Read Sorghum Poems](#)
- [Sorghum Quotes](#)
- [How many syllables are in Sorghum](#)

Minimum Length: 10 ▾ Maximum Length: 500
One Keyword (like **pickle**):

No Poems Posted

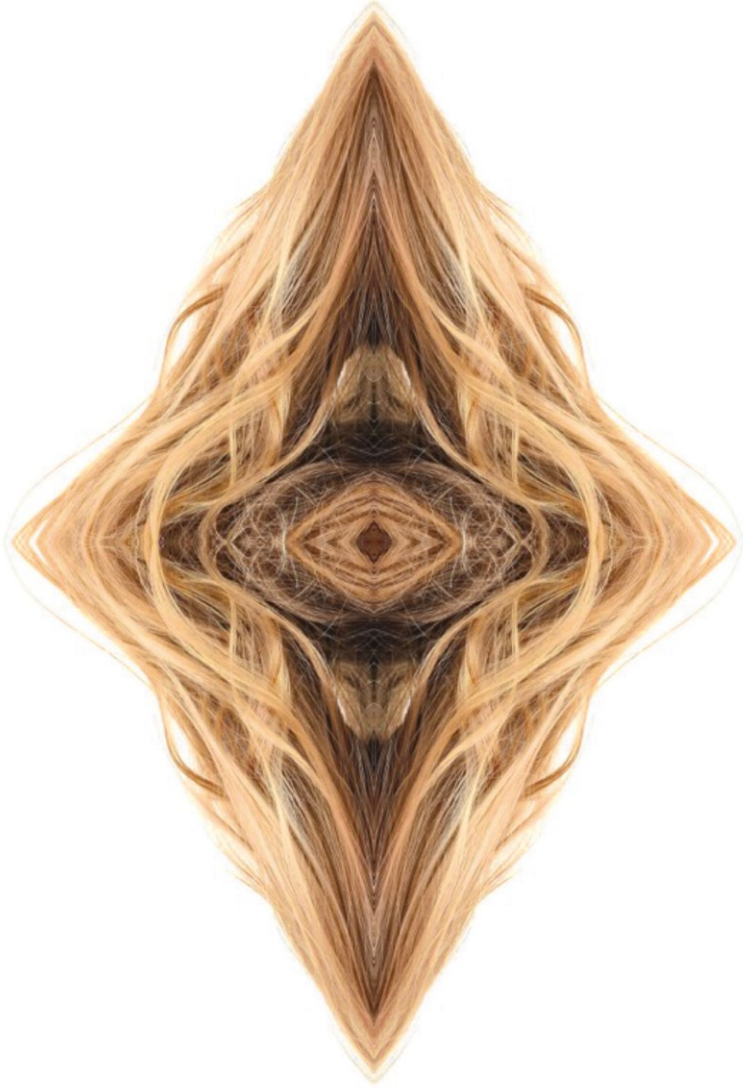
Mark Young

Square, Rooted



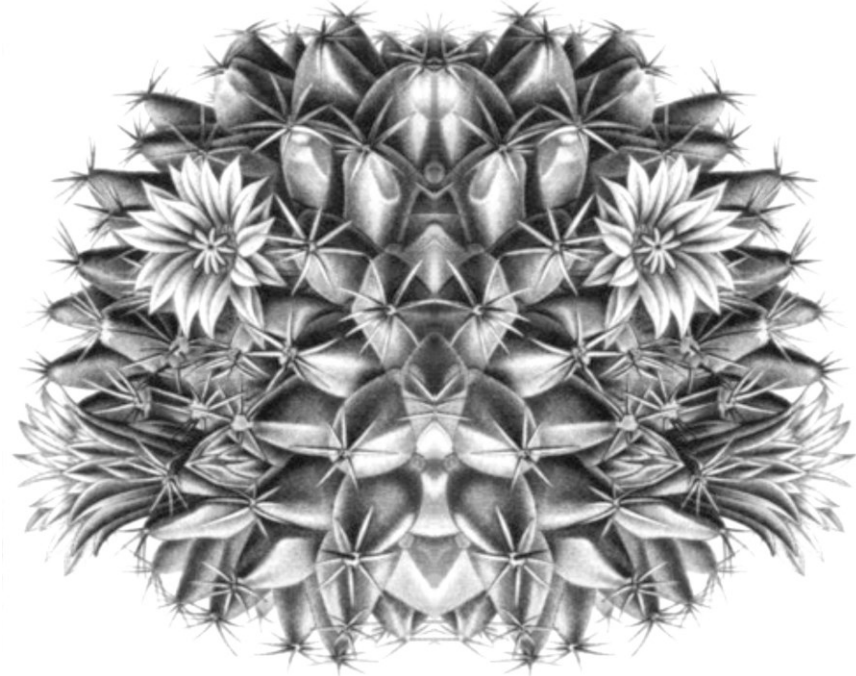
Bill Wolak

The Fleeting Luminosity of a Smile



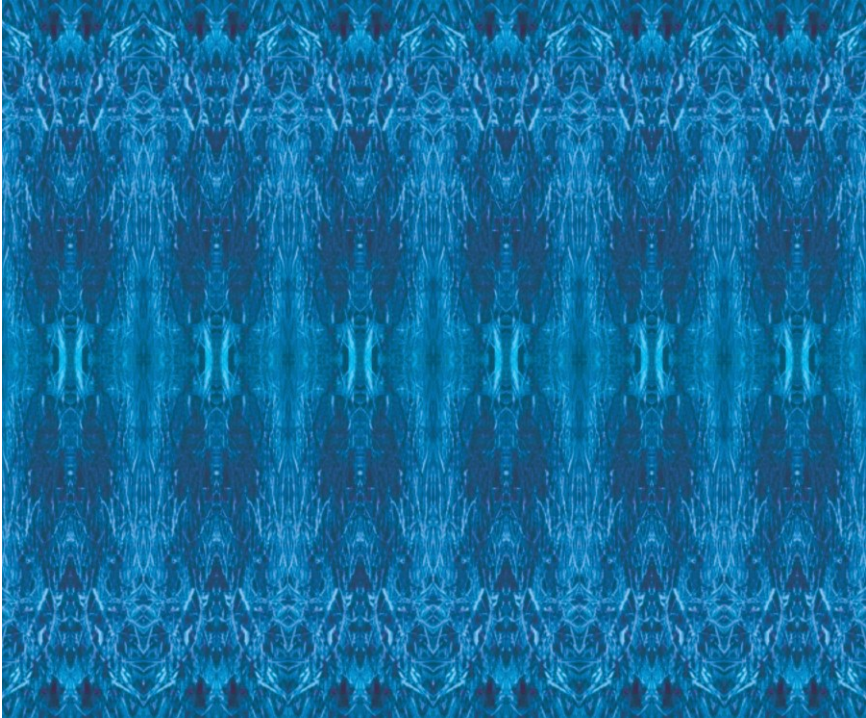
Bill Wolak

At the Threshold of Astonishment



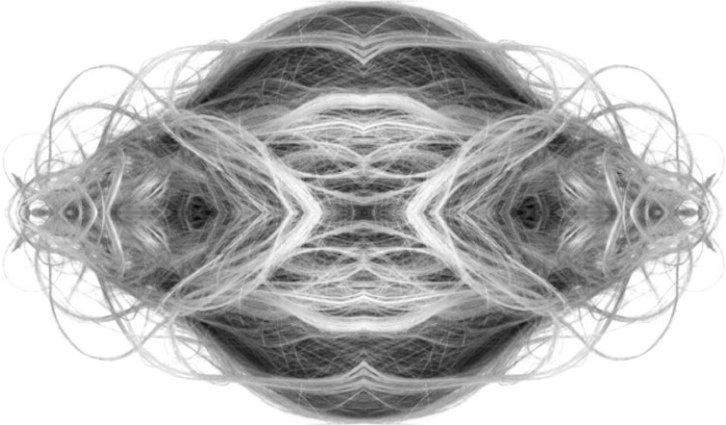
Bill Wolak

The Guarantee of Dust



Bill Wolak

The Desperate Uncertainty of Silk



Bill Wolak

Glittering Like a Spark's Whisper





Richard Hanus

156



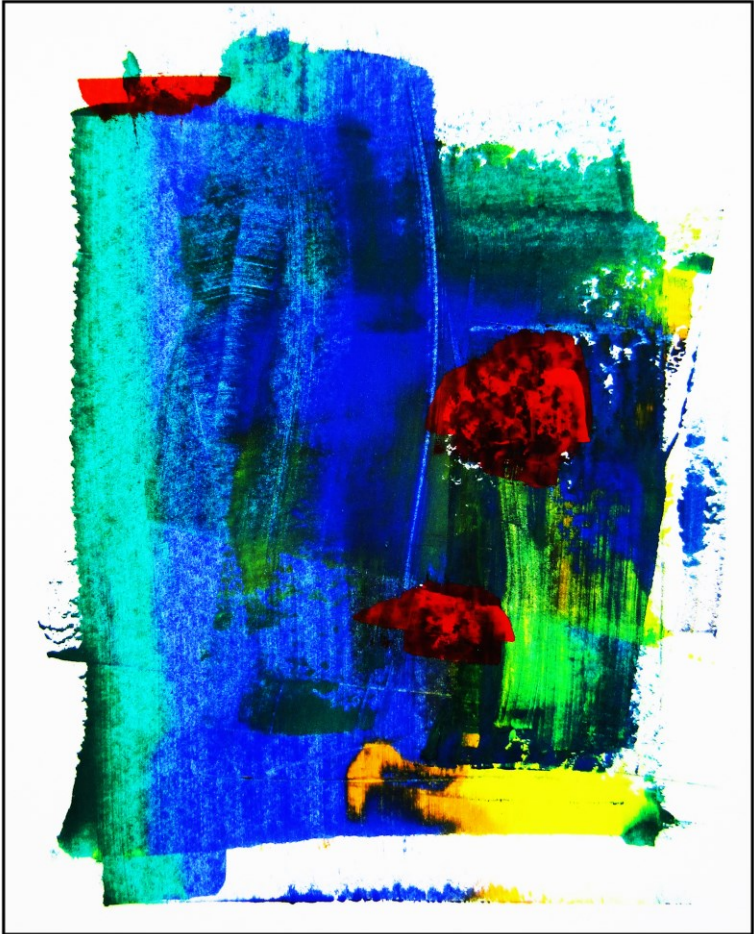
Michael Moreth

Topmost



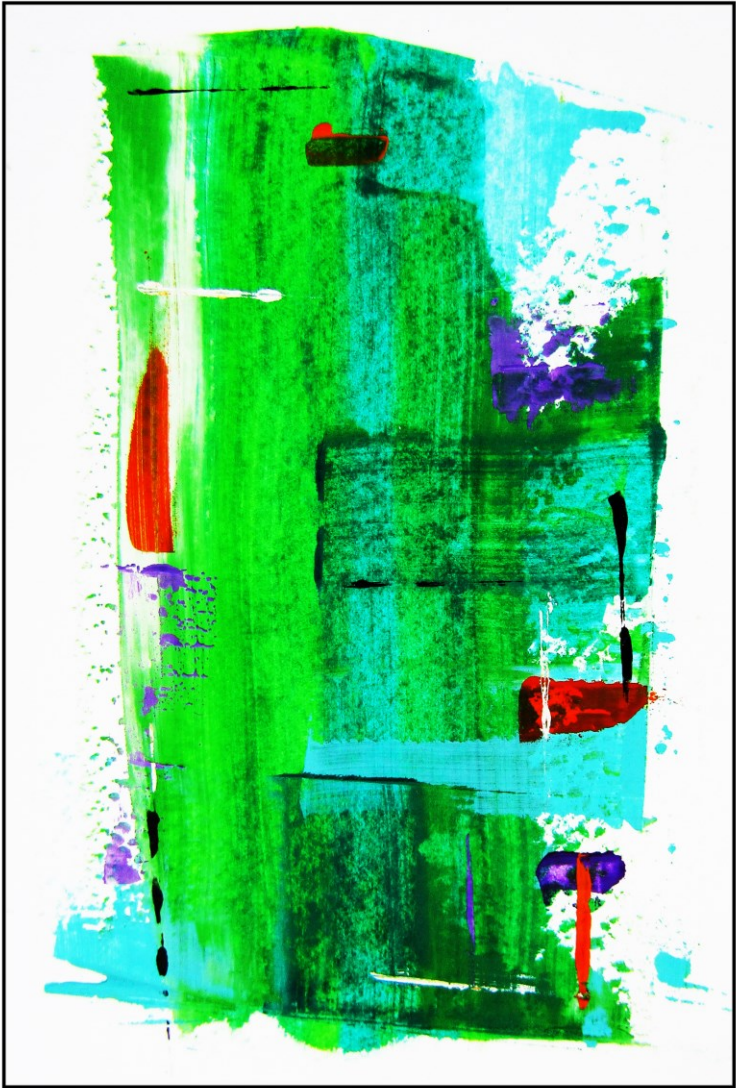
Michael Moreth

Undeniable



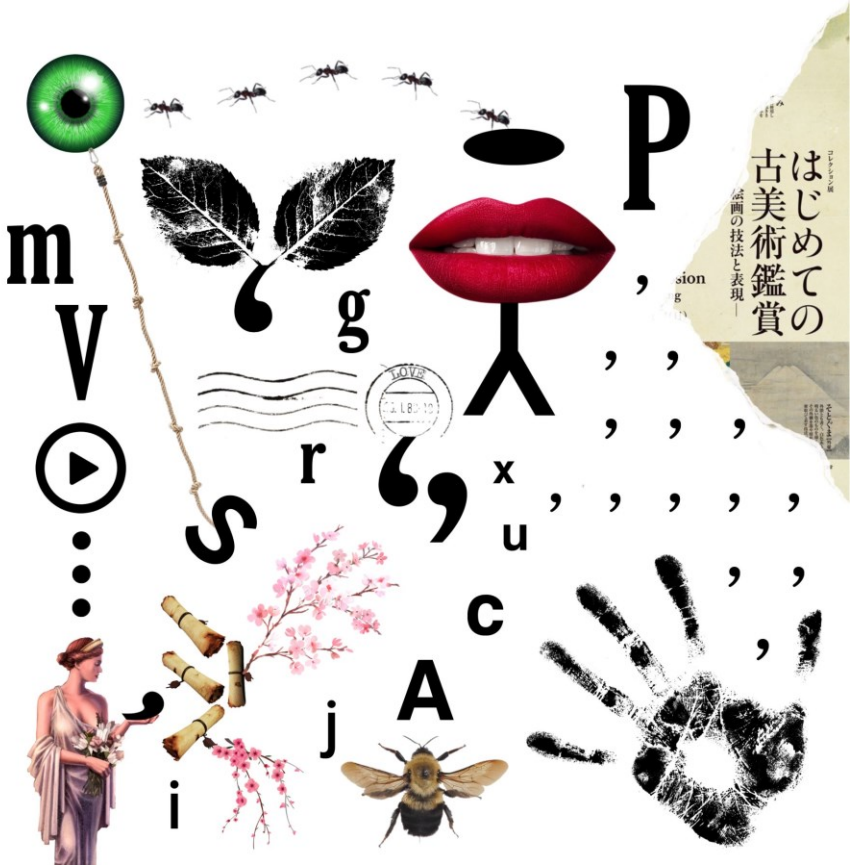
Michael Moreth

Veritable



Stephen Nelson

Untitled



Stephen Nelson

Untitled



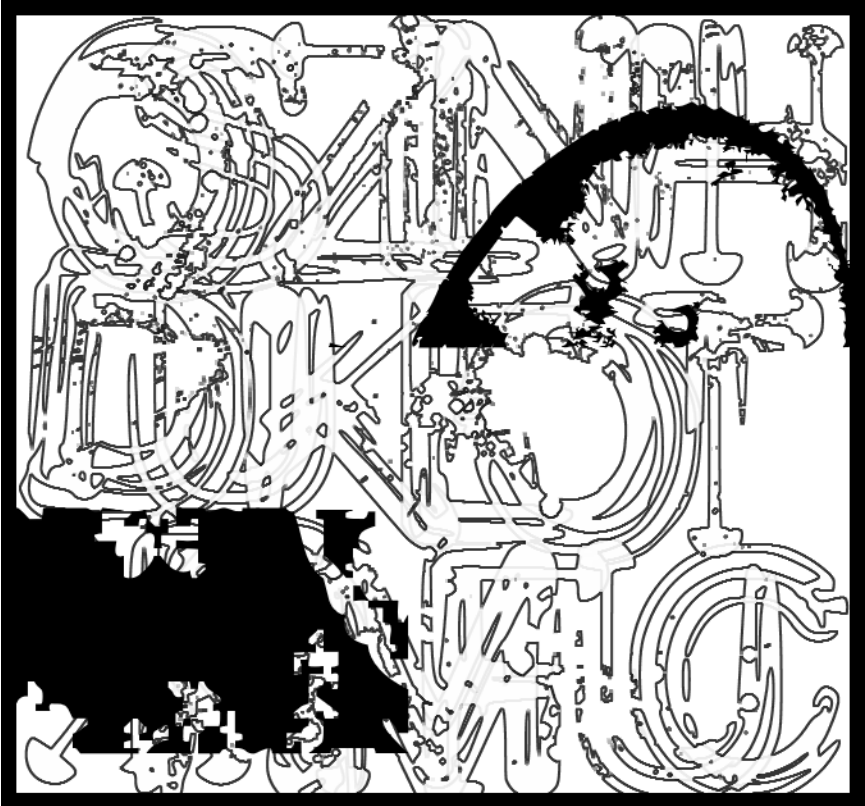
Stephen Nelson

Untitled



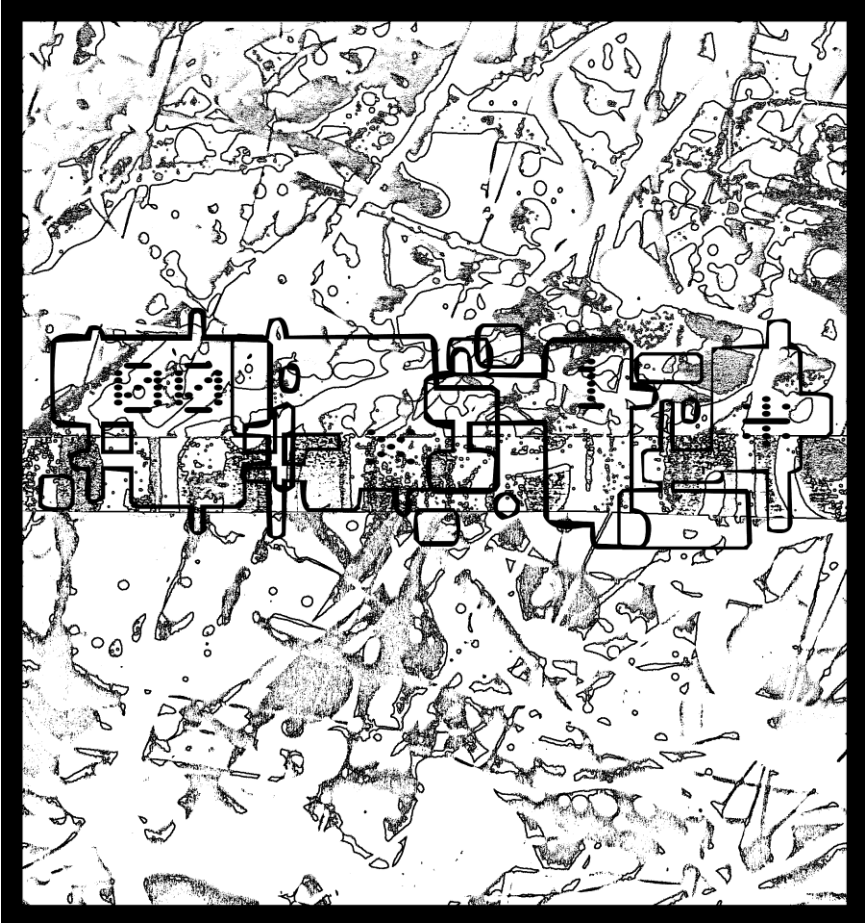
Carlyle Baker

Untitled



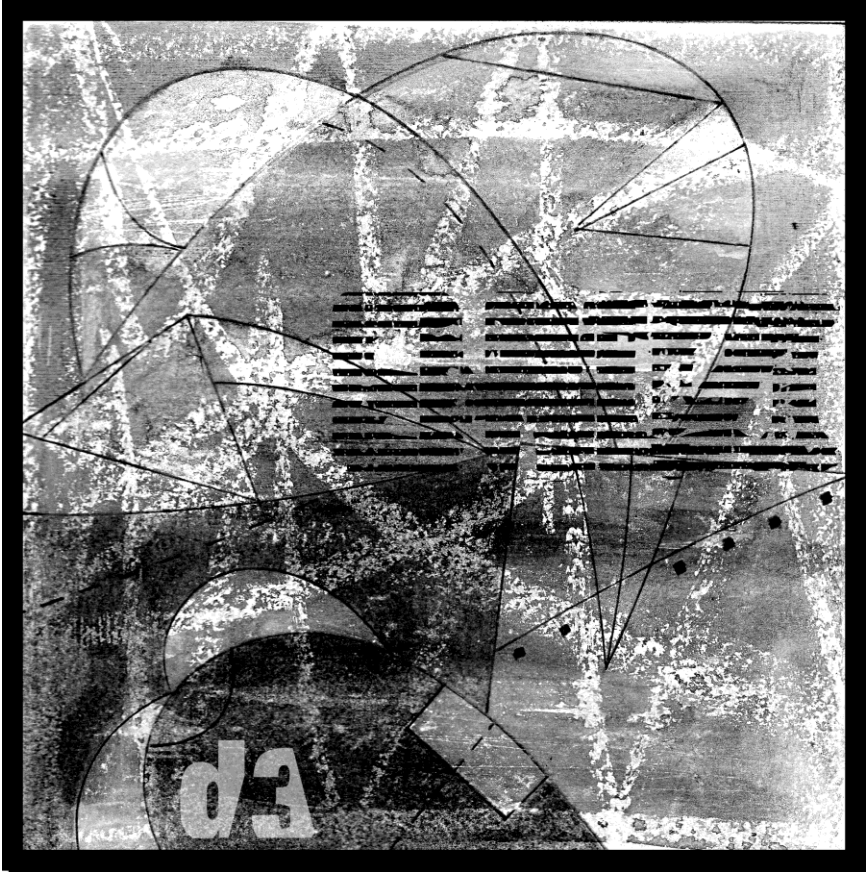
Carlyle Baker

Rooms



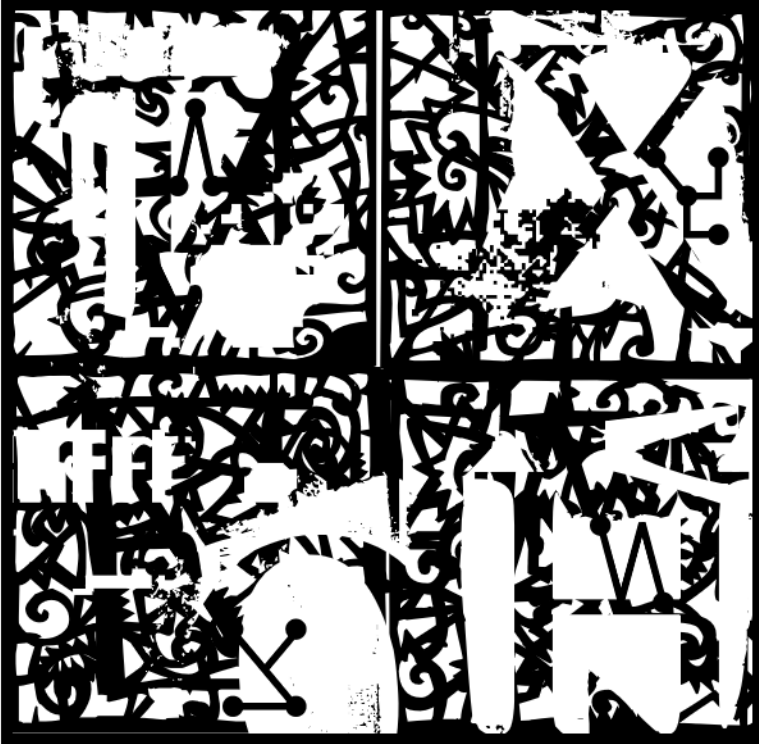
Carlyle Baker

Untitled



Carlyle Baker

Connections



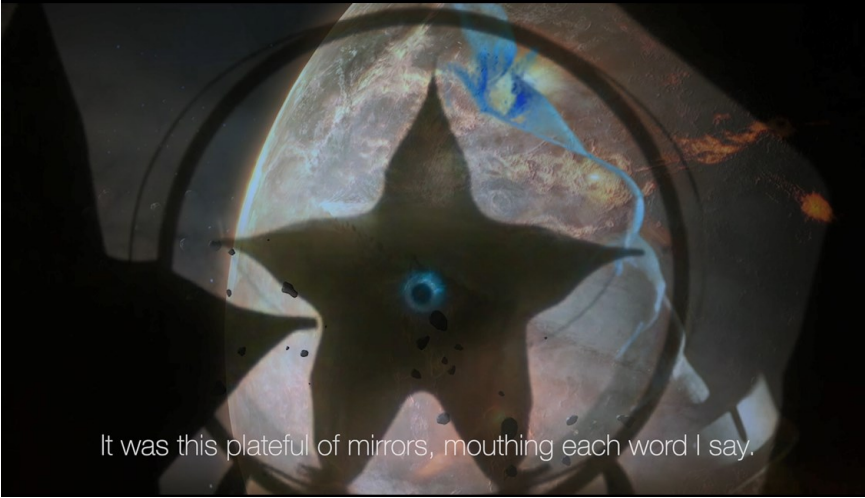
Carlyle Baker

Graphite



Cecelia Chapman

Void



Video by Cecelia Chapman

Music by Diana Magallón

Based on *LETTERS*, by Jonathan Minton, Diana Magallón, and Jeff Crouch

The full video is available at wordforword.info/vol42/Chapman.html

No One

From *4ier X-forms*

defined as a biologist who works on such a large number of species that he hardly has enough time to consider classification and phylogeny. If he narrows

tissues of the body. I looty

& 4

has his

DO YOUR OWN TYPE-WRITING. (1)

Y Y

Z

40353

مطلوبین عبارت اولور .
عدد کسر براك تقسیمی
۱۰۰ .
قاعدہ — اولاهر عدد ناقی کر

تکرلی ہر دقیقہ فاج دور اجرا ایش اولور .
خط رنگہ زینکہ
اجرا ایڈل
دقیقہ اجر
دینک اجر
عبارت او

۱۰۰ — ۸۶ — ۶۵ — ۴۰ — ۳۹ — ۵۹ — ۵۰ — ۵۱ — ۵۲ — ۵۳ — ۵۴ — ۵۵ — ۵۶ — ۵۷ — ۵۸ — ۵۹ — ۶۰

۱۰۰ — ۸۶ — ۶۵ — ۴۰ — ۳۹ — ۵۹ — ۵۰ — ۵۱ — ۵۲ — ۵۳ — ۵۴ — ۵۵ — ۵۶ — ۵۷ — ۵۸ — ۵۹ — ۶۰

La Steria Universale, come voiera Tadia, mette in evidenza le azioni virtuose e ispira il timore dell'infamia che i peccati indiggono ai malvagi e agli infelici.

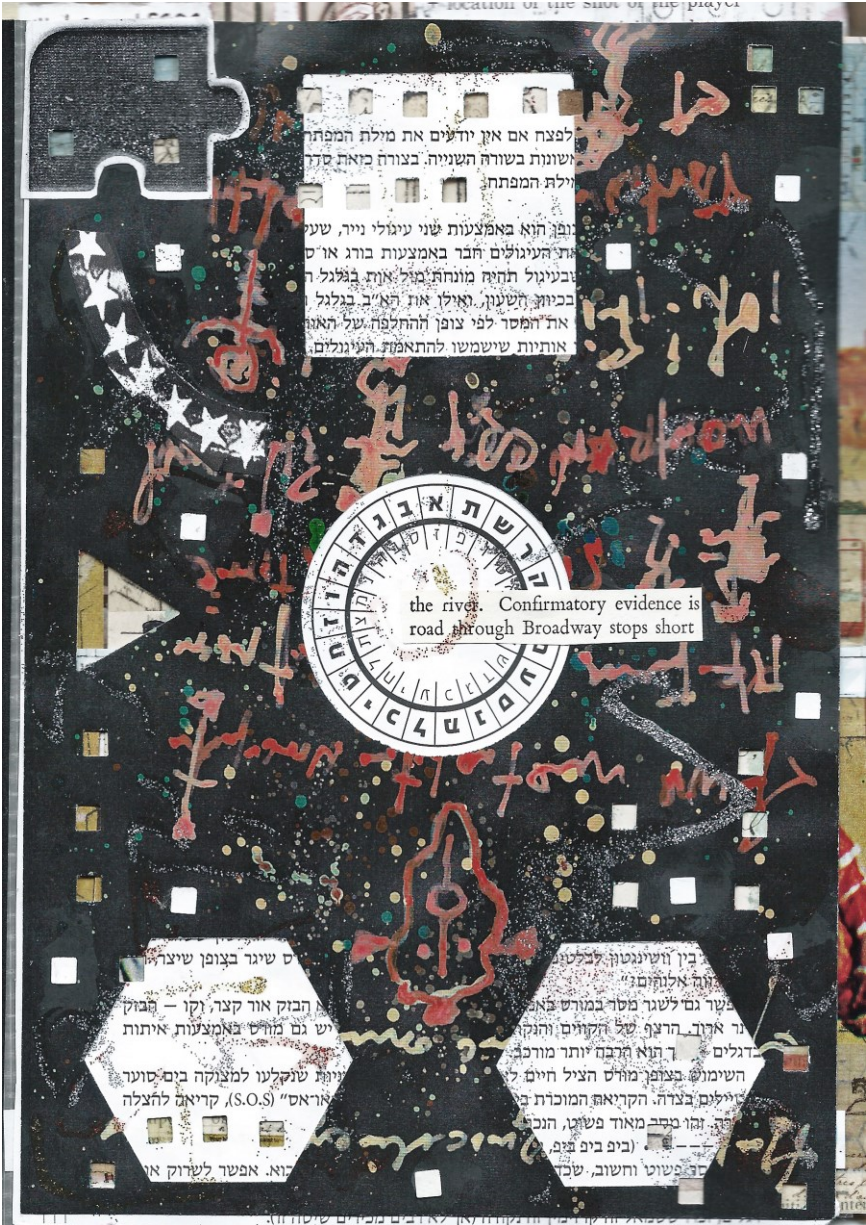
Le stragi guerresche, le tragedie di palazzo, le commedie della diplomazia, nella Steria Unvversale non appaiono che semplici episodi. Per essa grandeggiano le anime dei popoli, gli errori, le

Ciascun periodo della Steria Unvversale ha la propria impostura: quelli del secolo XIX e il rinnovamento del nazionalita e l'applicazione pratica delle scienze naturali che rinnovarono il mondo. La nostra Steria Unvversale consacr

Fig. 9. Three breathing records. Upper record: normal silent breathing; middle record: breathing during normal speech; lower record: breathing during speech of a woman who talked on inhalation. Inspiration is represented by the upward strokes, expiration by the downward. Read from

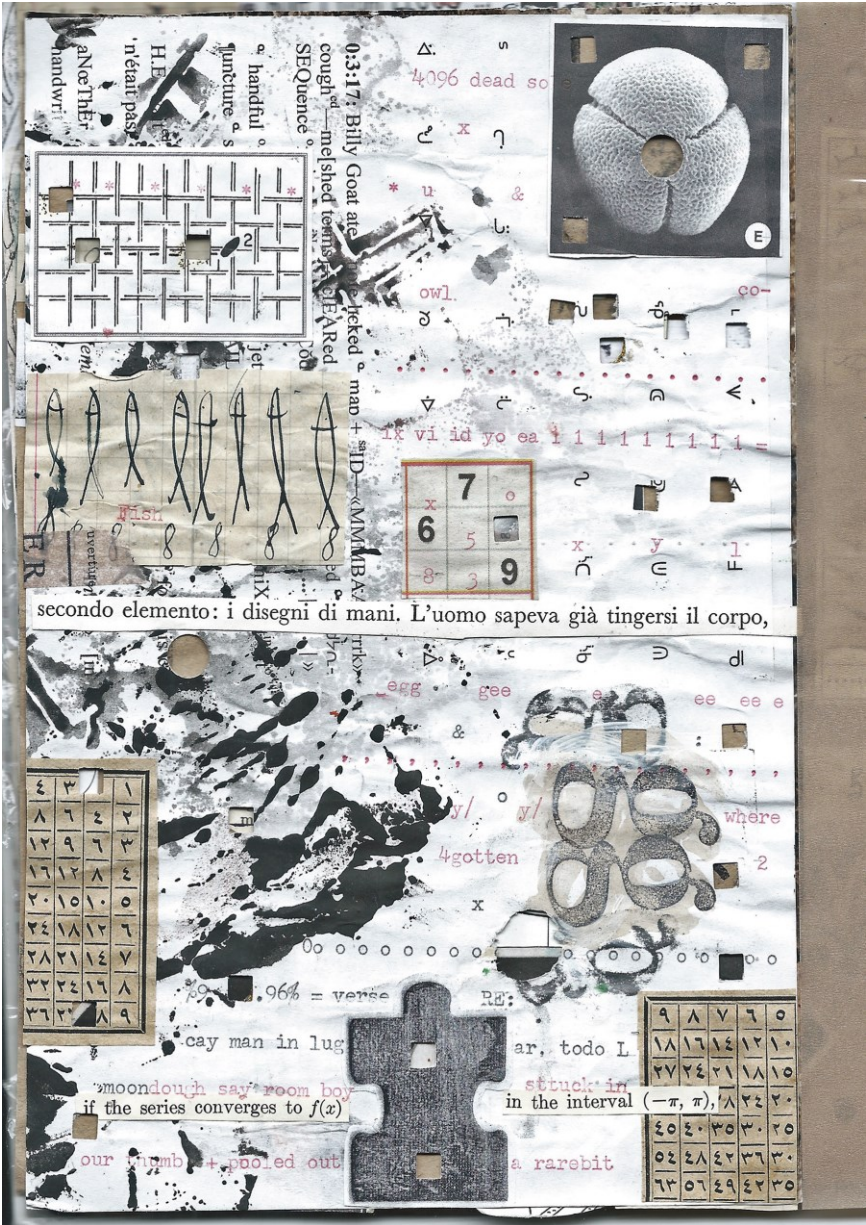
No One

From *4ier X-forms*



No One

From *4ier X-forms*



No One

From *4ier X-forms*



No One

From *4ier X-forms*



No One

From *4ier X-forms*



No One

From *4ier X-forms*



Contributors' Notes

Glen Armstrong (he/him) holds an MFA in English from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst and edits a poetry journal called *Cruel Garters*. His latest book is *Night School: Selected Early Poems*.

Carlyle Baker is reading all the blues and greens; he is open most sundays; his art-research is from an emerging unconscious.

Cordelia Belton works at the corner of communist political theory and the sort of philosophical question, how it is that we act. She usually lives in Chicago and New York, and mostly writes things besides poetry. and as for the last time she published poetry it was under a different name.

Stephen Bett is a widely and internationally published Canadian poet with 25 books in print. His personal papers are archived in the "Contemporary Literature Collection" at Simon Fraser University. His website is StephenBett.com.

Michael Farrell is an Australian poet, based in Melbourne. He has published several books, including a monograph on what he has called 'unsettlement poetics' in the colonial era (*Writing Australian Unsettlement*, Palgrave Macmillan), and has co-edited an Australian gay and lesbian anthology (*Out of the Box*, Puncher and Wattmann), and an Australian tribute to Ashbery (*Ashbery Mode*, TinFish). He also now has a US selected with Blazevox (*A Lyrebird*).

David Felix is an English visual poet. Born into a family of artists, magicians and tailors he is no stranger to the world of stretched canvas, smoke and mirrors and shoulder padding. For more than half a century his writing has taken on a variety of forms: in collage, in three dimensions, in galleries, anthologies and video, as festival performances and street events and in over sixty publications worldwide, both in print and online.

Logan Fry is the author of *Harpo Before the Opus* (Omnidawn, 2019), and of recent poetry in *Lana Turner*, *Fence*, *Prelude*, *Shitwonder*, and *The New York Review of Books*.

Judy Halebsky is the author of three poetry collections, most recently *Spring and a Thousand Years (Unabridged)*. Her honors include fellowships from MacDowell, Millay, and the Vermont Studio Center as well as a Graves Award for Outstanding Teaching in the Humanities. She directs the MFA in Creative Writing program at Dominican University of California and lives in Oakland.

Richard Hanus: "Had four kids but now just three. Zen and Love."

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.

Brent House is the author of *The Wingtip Prophecy* (April Gloaming, 2023) and a contributing editor for *The Tusculum Review*. His poems have appeared in journals such as *Colorado Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *The Journal, Third Coast* and *Kenyon Review*. He holds an MFA from Georgia College, and he lives and works in Western Pennsylvania.

Anton Lushankin is a (visual) poet, writer, playwright and translator, born in Kyiv and since the beginning of the Russo-Ukrainian War resides in his hometown. His poetry publications appeared in *petrichor*, *dadakuku* and *TAB Journal*. His work is soon to be published in *Pretty Cool Poetry Thing* and *Literaturzeitschrift Johnny* this year. *Yohji Yamamoto (revisited) Triptych* is his first publication in *Word For/Word*. He holds a Bachelor degree in Architecture at Technical University of Berlin and currently pursues a Master degree in Architecture at RWTH Aachen University.

Kon Markogiannis is an artist-poet 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”. Kon has been exhibiting his art for many years (mainly in Greece and the UK) and his writings have been featured in various books, journals and magazines. His university studies include a BA in Visual Communication Design, an MA in Photography and a Doctorate in Fine Art. He currently lives and works in Thessaloniki, Greece.

Michael Moreth is a recovering Chicagoan living in the rural, micropolitan City of Sterling, the Paris of Northwest Illinois.

Stephen Nelson's latest books of visual poetry are *Goodness, Goddess* and *Toys for Telepaths*, both published by *Redfoxpress*. He has exhibited visual poetry and published prose and poetry internationally for a number of years. He lives by the Cadzow Burn in Central Scotland. See his asemic writing on Instagram @afterlights70.

No One is the author of *Aier X-forms*, makes music as ½ of Sound Furies + blogs at 5cense.com.

Benjamin Norman Pierce is a professional dishwasher with BA's in Philosophy, History, and English. He self-published a novel, "*Snuck Past Death and Sleep*." and has two albums available on Spotify. He has had graphics in *Penultimate Peanut*, *Ancient Heart*, *Convergence*, *Bitterzoet*, *Moebius* and *Aj*, and poetry in *Lilliput Review*, *Poesy*, *Dragonfly*, *Raintown Review*, *Red Owl*, *Scifaikuest*, *Free*

Verse, Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets Calendar, Primordial Traditions, Convergences, Acme: a Journal of Critical Geography, Journal of the Western Mystery Tradition, Chiron Review, Euphony, Alchemy, Poetica Review, Aji, The Bees Are Dead, Portland Metrozine, Innumerable Stumble, Fly In The Head, Aberration Labyrinth, Dreich, Word For Word, Locust Review, and the Dillydoun Review. He is a recent cancer survivor.

Kathleen Reichelt writes, directs and performs for film and stage. Her poetry reviews have been featured in *Bone Bouquet, Sensitive Skin Magazine, Silver Bow,* among others. More about her work can be found at kathleenfloreance.blogspot.com.

Daniel C. Remein is the author of the full-length collection of poems, *A Treatise on the Marvelous for Prestigious Museums* (punctum, 2018), and the chapbooks *Picket Songs* (Dispatches, 2017), and *Pearl* (Organism for Poetic Research, 2012). He is an Associate Professor of English at the University of Massachusetts Boston, and is the author of the monograph *The Heat of Beowulf* (Manchester University Press, 2022), co-editor of the collection *Dating Beowulf: Studies in Intimacy* (Manchester University Press, 2020), and a co-founder of the Organism for Poetic Research. He likes running in the woods, and hiking in the Sandwich and Presidential ranges.

Steven Salmoni's recent publications include *A Day of Glass*, the chapbook *Landscape, With Green Mangoes* (both from Chax Press) and poems in *e:ratio, Otoliths, Puerto del Sol, P-Queue, Mid-American Review,* and *Interim*. Selections from his work have also appeared in the anthologies *The Sonoran Desert: A Literary Field Guide* (U of Arizona Press, 2016), *The Experiment Will Not Be Bound* (Unbound Editions, 2022) and *The Last Milkweed* (Tupelo Press). He received a Ph.D. from Stony Brook University and is currently the Department Chair of English at Pima Community College in Tucson, AZ. He also serves on the Board of Directors for Chax Press and for POG, a Tucson-based literary and arts organization that hosts an annual reading series.

D. E. Steward has many hundreds of literary magazine credits. His five volumes of *Chroma* are published by Avante-Garde Classics/Amazon (2018). *Chroma* is a month-to-month calendar book, the months are continuing past the books of them published and "Woke" is one.

Terry Trowbridge's poems have appeared in *The New Quarterly, Carousel, subTerrain, paperplates, The Dalhousie Review, untethered, Quail Bell, The Nashwaak Review, Orbis, Snakeskin Poetry, Literary Yard, M58, CV2, Brittle Star, Bombfire, American Mathematical Monthly, The Academy of Heart and Mind, Canadian Woman Studies, The Mathematical Intelligencer, The Canadian Journal of Family and Youth, The Journal of Humanistic Mathematics, The Beatnik Cowboy, Borderless, Literary Veganism,* and more. His lit crit has appeared in *Ariel, British Columbia Review, Hamilton Arts & Letters, Episteme, Studies in Social Justice, Rampike,* and *The /t3mz/ Review.* Terry is grateful to the Ontario

Arts Council for his first writing grant, and their support of so many other writers during the polycrisis.

Nico Vassilakis is one name using letters or fragments of letters to propose another possible literature to thrive in. This hybrid future will be engulfed in primitive silence. You either evolve or wait in line. That's how pompous became pom poms became ping pong became pitch black. His recent books include *VOIR DIRE* (Dusie Press 2020) and *LETTERS of INTENT* (CyberWit 2022) along with other pamphlets and booklets. Nico is a contributing editor for *UTSANGA*. He lives in the middle of nowhere in Illinois with his wife and animals.

Erick Verran is the author of the nonfiction collection *Obiter Dicta* (Punctum Books, 2021). His writing is forthcoming or appears in the *Los Angeles Review of Books*, *Rain Taxi*, the *American Poetry Review*, the *Georgia Review*, *The Drift*, the *Harvard Review*, the *Oxford Review of Books*, *On the Seawall*, the *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *The Cortland Review*, *Annulet*, and elsewhere. He is also an independent scholar of aesthetics and digital games. He lives in Salt Lake City.

Charles Wilkinson's work includes *The Snowman and Other Poems* (Iron Press, 1987) and *The Pain Tree and Other Stories* (London Magazine Editions, 2000). His poems have appeared in *Poetry Wales*, *Poems from the Borders* (Seren, Wales), *Poetry Salzburg* (Austria), *Shearsman*, *The Reader*, *New Walk*, *Magma*, *Under the Radar*, *Tears in the Fence*, *Scintilla*, *Orbis*, *Stand*, *Snowlit rev*, *Gargoyle* (USA), *The Manhattan Review* (USA) *Otoliths* (Australia) and other journals. A pamphlet, *Ag & Au*, came out from Flarestack Poets in 2013. His recent full-length collections are *The Glazier's Choice* (Eyewear, 2019) and *Horn & Glass* (The Collective Press, 2023). He lives in Powys, Wales, where he is heavily outnumbered by members of the ovine community. He also runs the Red Parrot Poetry Readings in Presteigne and writes weird fiction when he is not working on his poetry.

Mark Young was born in Aotearoa New Zealand but now lives in a small town on traditional Juru land in North Queensland, Australia. He is the author of more than sixty-five books, primarily text poetry but also including speculative fiction, vispo, memoir, and art history. His most recent books are a pdf, *Mercator Projected*, published by Half Day Moon Press (Turkey) in August 2023; *Ley Lines II*, published by Sandy Press (California) in November 2023; *un saut de chat*, published by Otoliths Books (Australia) in February 2024; and *Melancholy*, a James Tate Poetry Prize winner, published by SurVision Books (Ireland) in March 2024.