



Word For/ Word is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round, but issue #45 is scheduled for October 2025. 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.

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Stephen Ratcliffe

from *today*

8.11

light grey whiteness of fog against still invisible ridge blue jay flapping up from
table next to fence

texture of later work light opalescent phases the person present blend of pictures
at first sight sense

breathing in breathing out eyes opening shadowed bird slanting across window
beside yellow and blue bed

white edge of fog against top of shoulder of ridge line of pelicans gliding to the
right toward horizon

Stephen Ratcliffe

from *today*

8.12

light grey whiteness of fog against invisible ridge blue jay landing next to seeds on
table below fence

rising sun subject the scene in detail pen and ink lines the shadow near the wall
among following first

breathing out eyes opening shadowed bird slanting toward branches in window
next to yellow and blue bed

grey whiteness of fog still against top of shoulder of ridge waves breaking on sand
across from channel

Stephen Ratcliffe

from *today*

8.13

blinding white edge of sun rising above shadowed ridge 7 sparrows landing by
seeds on table below fence

language in foreground called upon to describe phenomena appears the evidence
motion human present view

breathing in breathing out eyes opening motionless green leaves on branch in
window yellow and blue bed

blinding white circle of sun coming up over shoulder of ridge wave breaking on
sand across from channel

Stephen Ratcliffe

from *today*

8.14

light grey whiteness of fog against invisible ridge sparrows landing next to seeds on
table below fence

experience of the word order the earlier arrangement way of seeing three points
on a circle resemblance

breathing in breathing out eyes opening blue jay calling on branch in window
beside yellow and blue bed

grey whiteness of fog against top of shoulder of ridge lines of pelicans flapping
across toward channel

Stephen Ratcliffe

from *today*

8.15

blinding white circle of sun coming up above ridge blue jay landing beside seeds
on table next to fence

time of standing in light after form of painting sound appears in colors see second
relation to picture

breathing in eyes opening motion of sunlit green leaves on branches in window
above yellow and blue bed

blinding white sun next to cloud beside shoulder of ridge lines of waves breaking
into mouth of channel

K. Anne Rickertsen

**I SHOULD BE DEAD IN A DITCH
SOMEWHERE JUST OUTSIDE OF VACAVILLE
NEAR LEISURE TOWN ROAD.**

self-portrait: (good-christ):
I-myself rear-end fish-tailed
dead-on-into lady-luck.
straight-shot. bulls-eye.
(why-me-why-now?) oddly-enough
same-said lady-here handed-over
cat-whiskers needle-and-thread, dice.

hat-trick: :our-lady cold-cocked
death-trap's I-eyed-jacks-wild poker-face.
“ante-up” might-could’ve blind-sided daddy-o.
not-so. order-up: umbrella-drinks:
(some-thing, any-thing). this-here lovely-gal?
asphalta. the-cat’s-meow. a-men.

K. Anne Rickertsen

LONELINESS.

When I sink into that void I fall as far
as I want; no word or mercy can stop me. Between sorrow &
raw wonder it was only a little hard to watch her go,
and if I were to paint it I'd use orange, deep reds, maybe black.

Know this, she murmured: if ever hope had a reason,
you might be mine.

She said, this is singular, the dark comfort
of heartache; please give me your hand, she said;
drew a word like need along faultlines in my palm; we were quiet with
each other and when we woke from it hours had vanished. No, I don't
remember the edges exactly, but I see a boat on a river, a wake
grazing the current; someone there at the helm, someone else
rapt beneath a blanket in the bottom of the hull; she looks up, unrav-
eling silence: mine moon kneel, resplendence, that all of we who
noontide know you, each, might give thanks.

K. Anne Rickertsen

KNOTS.

Often, all that matters?: how
a face reflects light; move the shadows,
ruin subsides. The point-blank sun slides down,
its shadow slips in the opposite direction.

Belly churning, a spider
reaches for sky, ties a silver bow, drops. Her splendor?:
air-born knots: the silky web a pomegranate best taken
dewy seed by dazzling seed. Perched on air as if it were clay, she
lightens the meaning of falling. For astonished fools,
especially, get on a level with god. Fools fall for neat tricks. Tricks like
yanking a shadow away (it does happen)(in an instant)(turn a corner).

K. Anne Rickertsen

SOMETHING PARTICULAR

on her face; the par-
 i
 c
 u
 l
 a
way in which a particular
plea is spoken: language
s

a
accident of gravity. To
know doubt: be familiar
i
t
that voice: sorrow as
the root of gratitude.
n
d
e
e
words reveal by some
e
a
n
other than math & this is her
wish: send something precise.
a
k
the hard gnarled
trunk of a tree;
h
notch left
by it...on
h
fingers, especially.
And when the bone is
e
n
(the flesh a hinge, another
angular fitting of timbers)

h
e
offer, with abandon
e-ven the small-est
o
u
r.

K. Anne Rickertsen

**IF THIS WERE A COLOR,
(IT MIGHT BE RED).**

I wrote you a letter last night about need
because the wildflowers are coming up in the grass,
because I have confused love with longing;
this room smells brittle.

Hyacinth,
o sorrow, calendula, o suffering,
out a window or awkward I look to daisies
as if these alone could lessen the pain of madness
and today the gray clouds look undone,
look forgotten like the drift of my life
against a slate sky that melts into april's body,
leaves the scent of small bursts of blossom behind
filling the air with humility, and I breathe it.

The language of flowers is not a dead language.
I return over and over to the fabric, lace,
mystery they bring, not because I've been
ravished by these ladies, which I have,
but because these three days of no sun
demand devotedness, as if devotedness
were the thing behind our want
for quickening
 desire and its delicate hand.

What touch does not reveal
can be seen with each slip of petals,
and as when a poet
 joins mercy to beauty
I do nothing much and am moved.
Anew, the petals cascade
like grace-notes from a harp,
and I have not yet brought you
anything that matters. I have
not yet brought you my heart undone,
nor been naked beside you,
petal-soft as my daring,
 that bewildering and crimson yes.

Of late I learned an individual is a dividual
which cannot be divided. How is that possible,
one undivided, when choices
part the waters of certainty
every time we wake?

A billion seconds
is 32 years, [220 million, 7];
yet the line is not our frame of reference,
we watch best from the edges. One need not
come to the end of 7 long years
waiting for the unforgettable star,
when one believes that 7 years of rare occasions
shine down. That these days come fast
upon the centrifugal pouring of moonlight
means not much, if anything, to our sun,
but almost everything to me;
to wait here, then, is a matter of luxury.

Indeed, digging my fingers deep in loose dirt
presses all the planet into my palm, she
whispering, what is sheltered will wither;
I made you and I can close you down.

Quiet, but quietly now, ask,
if one hand holds something beautiful,
must the other hold something else?
Impressive world, o horrible world,
bring light and unfurl the exact number
of violets that binds us, bringing to mind
these marvels: silentnesses
that have swept my breath away.

I don't think of sound, I think of you,
and how there are no buildings high enough here
to see you; how we are often
weaker than our devotion, weaker
than we mean to be;

 rather,
imagine a breathless echo
for all its accelerating pageantry;
 let it be no secret,
 the hollow sound is mine.

Jacob Schepers

from *Vasectomajestic*

//

Homesick, I think of being home
sick on another couch
outside this voyage's
interminable vessel. I ache
for the ease
of living then, listening
to the litany of Bob Barker
imploing the daytime audience
to have our pets
spayed and neutered and participate
in the ritual of it, the call,
the response, the dinette sets,
the trips to Fiji, all things
Broyhill. O fatal flaw, O
poetic justice, my O-
face my downfall, my cheap
thrill, my easy out, my pop fly,
my cherry pie. I'm writing
with abandon, hope hanging
on, even outside these gates.
I'm writing on the fly, flying
through, doubling up on days,
day counting as I'm doing
anyways,
on the couch and killing
time, whittling
the long nights
down to size, soul-sick
but sticking
it out and putting
in the work, no shortcuts,
no going over, no
one-dollar bids, no spoilers.

Jacob Schepers

from *Vasectomajestic*

//

Muck about with me
in the Sunken-Cost Fallacy
in the journey
toward home. No Nostradamus
but my homecoming,
that old *Nostos* sense, my homing
beacon, is my comely
draw toward
pheromones,
turning aside
from wanderlust
from bloodlust
forsaking obsession
forgiving
forgoing
forever. To re-woo
my Penelope
not with hubris
not with guile
not with straight-up
bullshit
but with a wobble
of willful
and mortal
vulnerability. With victuals
meager as these
who wouldn't call
in reinforcements? I subsist
on esperance,
finding deep-fried
feathery bits at the bucket's
bottom, the chicken bones
ominous as ever, threatening
to splinter in the eager throat
of the wayward dog. Speaking of,
is it wrong
to await my own Argos
to recognize me and see past
these beggar rags? She's under
exile herself after a trial

by fleas
and while we're working
on getting control
of that, she's not much
welcome. Still, one night
I left her
up out of the washroom
and she moseyed
her way
over to me
on my one true vessel,
the couch, and she nuzzled
her way
to me and I felt
seen
and wanted
for the first time
in at least
a few days, fleas
be damned, fleas
and all just
making the company
merrier. The couch
a hop, a skip, and a jump
years in the making
back to the bed
on the other side
of the house,
back home
on the other side
of the world.

Claire Crowther

Roll On Bright Home

This morning I evicted my house.
I served it notice
through the kitchen door

and wandered away to the High Street.
A crystal shop shone
with bowls of bright gems.

If I had seen my grey cave lighten,
become a geode
prickling with rose quartz,

if I had thought bricks could radiate
gleams of tourmaline –
it wouldn't be homeless.

Then juddering up the street, subjected,
tied to a lorry,
trembled my ex-house.

It passed me. Police cars screamed as I touched
my wall, my blind shell.
How it rocked, rocked, rocked.

Home is not ground-set, I know that now.
It keeps me. I will
ride my home always,

my dull pale pebble enclosing
emerald moss-agate
and obsidian

in its violet heart. It dances.
Home beyond boundary,
I will go with you.

Claire Crowther

Iron Bed Invokes a Tired God

Aren't we custodians of the decorative
unimportant things that nurture us,
my arty friend asks. I say, why
bother so much. She says, they talk

in poetry, tercets indeed! and plays back
a recording of a bed, her guest-disposer,
an ancient decorative custodian:

'Sleeper, my patterns
surround you,
lie in me,

soften my edges,
sleeper, my
down layers,

let them re-rest you,
shivering.
Sleep in me.'

However old I am, her bed is older.
Its dust mites eat me. It's thin-
skinned, needs a sandblast
and a powder coat over its metal legs.

But what other bed has given anyone
half the holy full-ode treatment
of her old bed, however old we are?

Claire Crowther

baby orchard

cooking apples pears and plums are shaking green-wrapped
fists /
grains of me abrade those gaudy knuckles of
furled
buds / outspoken ideas of fruit in unfurl like
wild
offspring who hurl themselves down that steel slide / swing and
whoop
to earth singing *watch me watch me* and i do watch /
wave /
particles of me muons of my time wobbling /

why /
what truth haven't i detected despite the hitch-
holds
of watching / i've been considering going back
home
as any newborn would when strangedom tastes of pill
grit -
hard gulp but going on keeps me safe from being
gone /

Jeff Harrison

Syllable Crypt

M —
throbbed sweeps, M —
crushed sea, M — between
phantom minutes
each had art particular, unshaven, & small
M — could a little voice of them sink
this increased answering dream
have space to themselves, M —
the fires once lapping M —
now red-gold sentinels speaking M —'s honor,
where what's unsure is mirth M — as bird-struck
sun, M —, given up again
old forthcoming M — soon stirred,
so gloves with M — & brick, M —, of fire —
M — to sign bursts, informed & M — do have enough —
voice lads, M —, to these lost gentlemen
cite them a number of afternoon length
M — uncombed, hours pass in elementary fashion
the sea M — so admired crushed between
their phantom minutes, these minutes fretted sciences
like rhymes are riddled, M —, with things almost stars
some avenues showed contrary, M —, they showed
M — fretted by minutes with things nearly M —

Darren Demaree

Emily as *Io* by Correggio

Her ass squishes,
just a little bit,
in concert

with the smoke
of the whole world
& she says she sees

my face
& my right hand
emerge from the darkness

every time.
The pottery is witness
as it always is

& I wonder about
a reality that forms
clay, only

to leave it there
where, surely,
when she leans back

with our full weight
we will crush
the piece,

we will scatter it
where before
we planted

& forgot about
a garden. Such
is our pleasure,

to show the roots
we are the only bloom
in this scene,

to wiggle more
than is expected
for each other.

Darren Demaree

Emily as *Woman with Bent Leg* by Egon Schiele

Twice now, I've looked
at the air, estranged
as I am with the distance

between my nerve endings
& her folded forward half
of my whole reality. I see

green only in a way that
gives in. I see both reds
& I have a history.

I see that all fabric is victim
to gravity's indelicate pull
& for one moment, I love

a theory proven true,
more than I love her angles
& then I see my seeing

as not enough, as never enough,
as an art without imagination.
She could be bending me.

Darren Demaree

Emily as *Countess Hanssonville* by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres

By the time I realize
it's the back of her neck
I covet most of all,

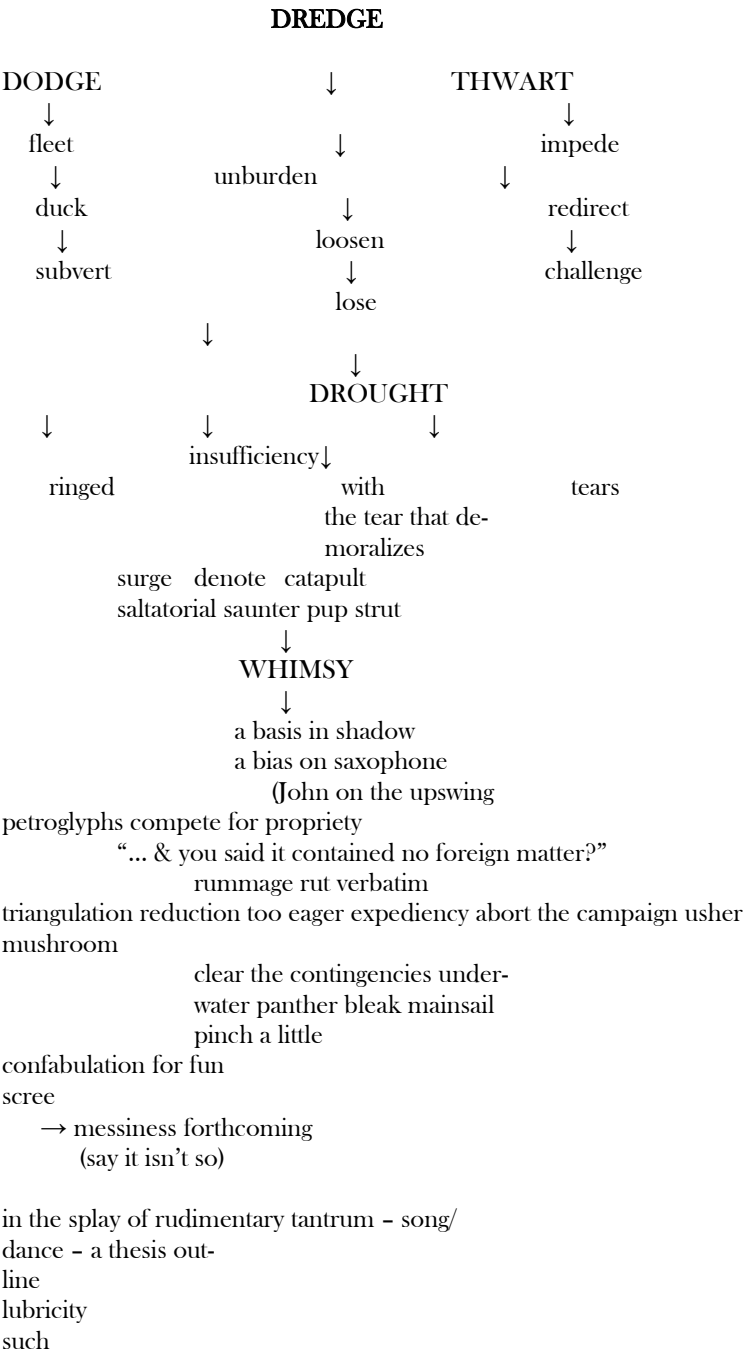
she's already making
the noises of a forefinger
applied with knowing

& purpose. It's a sin
to mangle beauty,
but I listen to her always,

even when she's yelling
at me without words.
Language lacks a look,

but the sounds she makes
without syllables,
that is my marching song.

Heller Levinson



Heller Levinson

DESCEND

loll
i
gag
down
decline
drizzle
`

shroud-wrapped, shouldering shadow,
shuddering from the shrapnel of unslung, -- totter-tilt
declivitous jerk
vertiginous wrack
hazardous gaggle
lop-
sided dangle, . . .
shred or amass?
how much gathers in the downslide?

Richard Serra describes in his installation *Every Which Way*:

'It's always there, not here. Even when you're right up against it, it always evades you, ... like [being in the midst of a] city, *Every Which Way* forces you to make countersteps, twists, & turns continuously.'

Does the plethora of 'way' (every which) nullify a 'way,' a definitive direction, a path?

Do Serra's vertical plates exert as much downward pressure as upward manifestation, are they as much about prairie as city?

to orient, to *WayFind* through the interstitial murk, to calibrate without compass or tool, -- hunch-reliant, sub-aqueous, cast-forth - to sough amorphous, ferret fume in the unhitched fathom frigate spin of pure fetch
these
abyssal recitations froth forward to
sate
an irremediable
want

Heller Levinson

Seep in Voluminous Descent

cascade windfall run-
away momentum
 gravitous plunge

down deep
freshness

unorthodoxy

Heller Levinson

where the path drives the void

grind wind *way*find stir *astir*
whip-up produce consistency
cross-bend amulet alert sheave-chuck →
teem
cruise titillate

breakage: first principle

prow: both beacon & premonition, a shiver sliver bold-
ing, breaking through
-- rib flicker
-- ruffle rouse

from breakup: releasement, crumble galoot, crust on trial, preening attendance,
this

plunge into the space that isn't but *is* because it *is not* –
nots knotted in twists of abrogation, the
repudiation that repeals

contouring through emptiness, fueling from
fugitive frictions, shapes
oxygenate on the
nectar of
deletion

Heller Levinson

Crossfall Séance

confectionery clef strung carbonic
 chimes along the dispel
 tubing millometric
spruce supra-dimensional in the pendulate swang dangle swag nutational bobble
bob

after hours
Pharoah Sanders
soufflé

* Crossfall: “The transverse sloping of a roadway toward the shoulder or gutter on either side.” Outpouring from this term are notions of *suspension, liminality, threshold, meander, trespass, flaneur, rupture, rebellion* – off the beaten track, the roadway, the routed – *passageway, transition, initiation transformation*, & more.

Joel Chace

from *Against Which*

A quick wish adds up to
nothing, to which the impoverished king
can attest. *Anathema sit.* His late
queen, spared the shame of seeing,
calling him dunce. *Neither power, nor
light, nor eternity, nor time.* Having
taken, all life long, too little
care. *The children of God should
not have any other country here
below but the universe itself.* Now
this other fellow, once so amorous,
gropes from bench to shadow, eyes
aglimmer, tongue aflame. Hovel to madness
to mud. *Nor knowledge, nor truth,
nor kingship, nor wisdom, nor divinity,
nor goodness.* If there were a
mirror in which to gaze, o,
what awful grief. Left with only
a poor, dead fool.

Joel Chace

from *Against Which*

Intent, which doesn't always hit its
mark. *It's a moth who would
be king, a stupid slothful thing,
a foolish thing, who wants God.*
Immediately. Groom who paces, for days,
the hall's wide aisles. *But not
this nervousness. It's something huge, great
magnanimous. It must be a joy.*
Every virtue must be vigorous. Paces.
Plans. Summons. Helpmates arrive. Do those
legumes grow through, from, the walls?
Apples, grapes, pears, cakes fill long
tables, shelves. *Shall I, a gnat
which dances in Thy ray, Dare
to be reverent?* Bride awaiting the
nuptial yes: her eyes arrowed into
diamond points that pierce layer after
layer of air, sorrow, recompense. *Here
is all the holy frivolity of
those who have ceased to be
burdened with the seriousness of themselves,
finding that sphere of reverence, worship,
into one of laughter, dalliance.*

Joel Chace

from *Against Which*

Obsessed, rich with currencies of numbers,
shapes, and furniture. Why six? Why
trapezoid? Why cupboard? *The world is
God's language to us.* River's relentless
tug. Through the barn's high roof,
a bolt strikes one edge of
their metal feeding trough. Having recanted,
having been freed, he stamps his
foot. *It is only from the
light that streams constantly from heaven
that a tree can derive energy
to strike its roots deep into
soil.* Because it's the mother of
numbers. Because it makes a door.
Because it stores regrets. Then mumbles
Galileo, *Eppur si muove.* A miracle --
having felt a slight tingling, one
live bossy at each line's end;
ten dead others. in between. *That
tree is in fact rooted in
the sky.*

Joel Chace

from *Against Which*

Obsessed, hitched to horizontal rain slashing
across trestles, bridges – this one, this,
this. *There are only two things
that pierce the human heart. One
is beauty. The other is affliction.*
Velocity that bursts past future, then
reverses, then reverses, blurring present. *It
is only necessary to know that
love is a direction and not
a state of the soul.* Rain
that never falls but keeps slicing
membrane after membrane.

Joel Chace

from *Against Which*

Against, which does exhaust. Consider witnesses.
*The wind is blowing hard and
hot; the air is yellow with
dust and sand.* That long slog
through unplowed snow, from town, up
and over the hill, home, to
pronounce that day's misdeeds. *You could
not be born at a better
time than the present, when we
have lost everything.* She speaks so
confidently, humbly, and clearly -- not a
one heeds her, at all. *When
the struggle is finished, it cannot
be possessed.* Those who witness for
the witnesses.

Joel Chace

from *Against Which*

Oppressed, hitched to a spouse who
reckons curiously and frequently gestures toward
a window. *Look down there! On
the graves, in the moonlight, squats
a wild spectral figure. An ape
it is! Hear how its howls
screech out into the sweet fragrance
of life!* On the whole, they
sit idly, though not unhappily. For
at least once, time's passing isn't
tragedy. *There stands a hurdy-gurdy player;
with numb fingers he plays as
best he can. Barefoot on ice,
he totters to and fro; his
little plate remains empty.* And there --
past ice and graves -- the sea,
a thousand wrecks on its bed.
The spouse bestows a nuptial kiss
before saying that all beyond their
window is beauty.

Tim Shaner

Ekphrastic: RT for Free @ 303

“Life takes over,
commerce fades.” (Jerry Saltz)

This happened by the way
during Chris & Kristen’s
visit here for a reading @
the Institute of Loafing

I think Kristen
was downstairs
at the time
working on
her performance
in the den

in from Queens
to the woody suburb
of South Eugene
known as a hippy town
even now, at the curb of
yet another new year

“It’s *soooo* mellow,”
the customer said
at Jiffy Mart, upon her
return from Seattle
actually, it’s Jiffy
Market

to be precise
just twenty minutes
from midtown
they are, via
the M train

takes us ten
by car here
one by one
privately public
we slowly go
with me, the host,
getting sick
six times sick
all in all
starting at two
of noon that day

with finally
the last barf—
“barf ” here
in honor of
Dodie Bellamy
and Eileen Myles
B’s Barf Manifesto
and M’s barfing poem
the latter
from *Sorry, Tree*—

probably in the middle
of their performance
around 7:45 or 8
for the record—

a viral thing
going around
or was it the food
in the E. coli?

The night before
we had celebrated
Kristen’s birthday @
Marché’s downtown
starting with oysters
from Willapa Bay

Washington,
the cleanest estuary
in the continental
USA

deciding to share
our dishes
for the main course
consisting of crab
cakes, mussels, and black
cod, respectively, with a
local Pinot Gris
from our own
Willamette valley

being locavores
round here, yet spending
like carnivores.

Earlier, that same day,
the day before
the vomiting/reading day—
yet they not sick
somehow—

I told Chris of Rirkrit
Tiravanija’s show at 303

titled “Untitled, 1992 (Free)”
wherein Rirkrit
took all the stuff
in the gallery’s office
& storage space,
 both of which were small
 as the gallery space
 itself,
and placed it in the gallery
space, so that
when the elevator doors
 which opened directly into
 the gallery space
opened
you were confronted
with all this stuff
piled high
in boxes, wooden
crates and such
in makeshift rows,
placing one off-
guard, at first—
 am I in the wrong place
 oh, there’re people
 back there
 in the emptied out
 office area
 mingling, drinking
 wine or beer
 and eating Thai curry
Rirkrit was cooking
from cans and spices
on a propane burner
happily dishing it up
and smiling
the whole time.



Tim Shaner

Notes for a Review of Kristen Gallagher's *We Are Here*

Flat language, vernacular, repetitive – how it can't help
but be figurative, help but pop up.

The repetitive sense
of being lost, but together-alone.

The landscape behind words
when words are not descriptive.

Sometimes we are clued in to where a poem takes place
but apart from Central Park, we as readers don't know
where we are or wear what?

Even the maps don't ground us
as they're as much from other zones
as those present in the prose.

Occasionally we get street names, other times
it's just numbers, or colors on maps.

The blandness of the text and its repetitions
make this a conceptual poem, yet the text
when read through does yield some pleasures
like "there might be hippos."

Chris talking about how some of Goldsmith's work is readable, like those weather
reports, while *Day's* just something to look at,
 something to place on the table,
 stack on shelf

(i.e. all's not unreadable).

The other aspect is the negotiation
 back and forth between passengers
with the occasional bystander helping out,
 hailed through car window,
 most though ignoring
their queries, atomized pedestrians
 turning away.

The here in *We Are Here*
is absent
history—yet somehow the words
 capture the moment.

The flat prose adds to this reluctance—the project seems so lite as to risk
 insignificance—
what’s the point?—yet, as one reads on, the charm of the piece bleeds through, sinks
 in,
 the sense of joining in on these walks, talking as one walks
 and letting the words do
 the reading too.

And, then, out of nowhere, the worldly creeps in:

“It’s really beautiful here – yeah, this would be a great place for a Halliburton
fracking project” (“so are we still”)—

“I’m thinking of a hills have eyes situation” (“all right now”).

Verbal transcriptions, taped then typed then printed, instead of writing-writing
or cut & paste antics.

Note that even GPS requires negotiation: the Shuttle driver, for instance, following
Siri’s instructions to Mom & Dad’s, here in Fort Collins where I’m reading this,
and my having to correct him, no, this is the street,
 turn here, not there.

Note too the commentary in places, the break with procedure:
“so it’s just walmart world at this point” (“OK 77 North”).

Conversational language like “I agree that would suck” (“it’s so weird”).

Occasional slapstick (“what did she say”).

Lack of street names, except #s & the occasional exception
like “achievement drive” (“there is no street”).

“and we needed no technology—
except the car – ok, true” (“ok we’re on the right road”).



Charles Wilkinson

from 'Psitticine & Silver'

a skeleton, pointing

in Poe
the lust for what lies underground:
dog digging: dream of the bone-burial,
paw-scraps on earth, & always, for us,
the love of gold lifted, reawakened
by light to glow again.

how one tale nests
in another: islands hatching, story bred
from story; before birth we wait in warmth,
encircled by unbroken waters, careless
of a future of coasts, their limits, yet
each bound book rests within the walls
of telling.

what warns is the dead sailor:
hands raised above his head like a diver;
taking the bearing from his rigid
fingers, he points to a rifled grave –
two guineas left to glint in the ground.

& now what wealth is to be found
before the penny pieces, lids lacking
lustre, are placed proud over the eyes?
hidden in a cave are shadows of treasure:
clouded mirroring of the concealed prize.

Charles Wilkinson

from 'Psitticine & Silver'

the double voice of Captain Flint haunts the island

cloud-coloured woods gaunt pines
hot mist-tissue from the marsh

set against silence: the sea's
rip, its white-scar roar
 blasting
 reverb drum
on rock
 issuing spray

parrot squawk –
 & clipped, the sound's
debased its re-play
numbs, re-echoing *eights*

*

grave-man talk –
 & an old song
stunning from the trees:
 tremor
 in the
 notes
ravings on death –& rum

no spirit with an echo

*

 from larger night's
speckled flow
 a dying star –
crucible of silver
 last gift of the supernova

*

in the lesser dark of the bone's homeland *the bar silver & the arms still
lie ... where Flint buried them*/always the absence of what's not raised
from earth/ resting place of unlit treasure/ soiled & under/assets over

Charles Wilkinson

from 'Psitticine & Silver'

silver, escaping

the art of the exit –
to slip from the ship
& away to land; the maroon
rowed; Silver, no fool,
his craft that of knowing
how to kill, when to flee,
the plunder stowed plinking
within his sack, waiting
for forenoon to furbish
the glint on coinage,
a new life incognito
implicit in its weight
& gleam; yet his mulatto
wife – & the bird, jingling
its phrase from a pocket-
beak, remain

now freed from the page
John re-forms, speaking of/
for/from silver on the screen.
forever the i-con of the island
chouses: the greed-hexed
cross noting the spot
arouses the desire for gain:
to dig down through the plot,
the strata under the ground,
& find the stark skeleton
of the text, bones of desire,
flesh-stripped, & two pieces
left to be found.

stay for
the credits: names rolling up
into the dark; first, there was
the word – the splendour
of lexis & lux; soon the last reel:
the days about to be rewound
onto the spool, end-stopped.
what lies behind the backdrop–
the riddle marked with an X?

Charles Wilkinson

from 'Psitticine & Silver'

Notes

The passages in italics are taken from **Treasure Island** by R.L Stevenson (Penguin Classics)

a skeleton, pointing: during the search for the treasure the pirates come across a skeleton whose arms apparently indicate the direction in which the silver and gold is to be found. On their arrival they discover an empty grave and two coins; in fact, the treasure has already been removed to a cave on the island. **Treasure Island** is more intertextual than has been sometimes been appreciated. The opening lines of this poem refer to **The Gold Bug**, a short story by Edgar Allan Poe. In an essay, Stevenson admitted borrowing ideas from both Poe and Daniel Defoe's **Robinson Crusoe**

The double voice of Captain Flint haunts the island: In the novel, Captain Flint is both the name of the dead pirate whose treasure is buried on the island and the name of John Silver's parrot. It is believed that the pirate's ghost haunts the island, although this proves not to be the case

silver, escaping: the novel is somewhat unusual for its time in that the author allowed his villain to escape. The complexity of Silver's character, along with his props of hat, peg leg and parrot, may help to account for the pirate's enduring popularity with film makers

Charles Wilkinson

Angel Murder

Arcanum, supposedly
secret: yet he claimed,
confirming the Kabbalah,
they are us & all gone souls
translated to heaven:
stars & tarry darkness
shaped as The Grand Man,
fluid in manifestation:
what was first, the unknown
force, no longer occulted,
presenting a visible image,
multiplying from the source

& now they are killing
angels-in-waiting, shredding
the lineaments of god in them:

the starved, beheaded dead;

the shrapnel-rent, cluster-bombed
raped & killed, howitzer-hit dead;

the air to surface, surface to air,
&, it's said, the anti-oxygenated
(fully vacuumed), finessed further
than flame fougasse, the every bit
of thermo-barbaric-blasted dead:

fuel percentage perfected,
heat & pressure – fireball to murder-wave,
the vampirizing of air, the ruptures:

end game of broken lungs

Note: For more on the nature of angels and the theology behind the doctrine of Homo Maximus or the Grand Man see the work of the eighteenth-century mystic and theologian Emanuel Swedenborg. While it is hard to credit this cosmology in a more secular age, the author believes that such notions retain their interest and suggestive resonance.

Charles Wilkinson

Withy Bed Dance

the trees tall & sun-caught in green baskets
 of air, an intricate
leaf weave, rewickering with the breeze's
 touch; above the broad
walk, an overhang, the arches, supple
 to summer's falling
gold, filled with willow talk, its wind-swishes:
 don't hang your flowers
on my branch for fear that you'll drown, at dusk.
 you will hear my roots
whispering when I raise myself from earth,
 murmuring what words
as I follow you all of your way home.
 here light leaks sallow
sap, essence of the yearly rings, record
 of green time, & then
out from the ferns the boys walk: *please see*
 our silvester dance,
they say; their moves delicate & wild: small
 creatures' shinny-paw
on the ground, yet the unison of feet
 is human, though there's
no song, no sound as with heads down they hear
 the chords from below,
playing the soil's stones & rock notated
 on the strata's score,
& loyal to the deep conductor's beat.

Charles Wilkinson

The Missing

hat hanging on a peg
in a dark hall forgets
its wearer, who dined
years ago & dashed
out the hour rain halted

*no one watching
as he drove over
the bare hill, heading
for unsure sunlight*

*

the key to a door
found in the dust
of a deep drawer
catches a dull light
& opens nothing

*long demolished
house, a memory
of a stairwell, no
steps locked in air*

*

the hour picks a young
man off the street:
a placard has his
words now protesting
in time without him

*how marching mothers
wave their sons' faces
in the harsh daylight,
hold them to history*

*

a plane vanishing,
plucked from an arc
over earth - imagine
its tail plumed for wa-
ter, a nose-down death

*six hundred eyes
staring up at a dark
screen: the vertigo
of no arrivals*

Dario Roberto Dioli

Answers in a droplet



Dario Roberto Dioli

Fishing with a moon



Dario Roberto Dioli

Pizza Margherita's cooking secrets



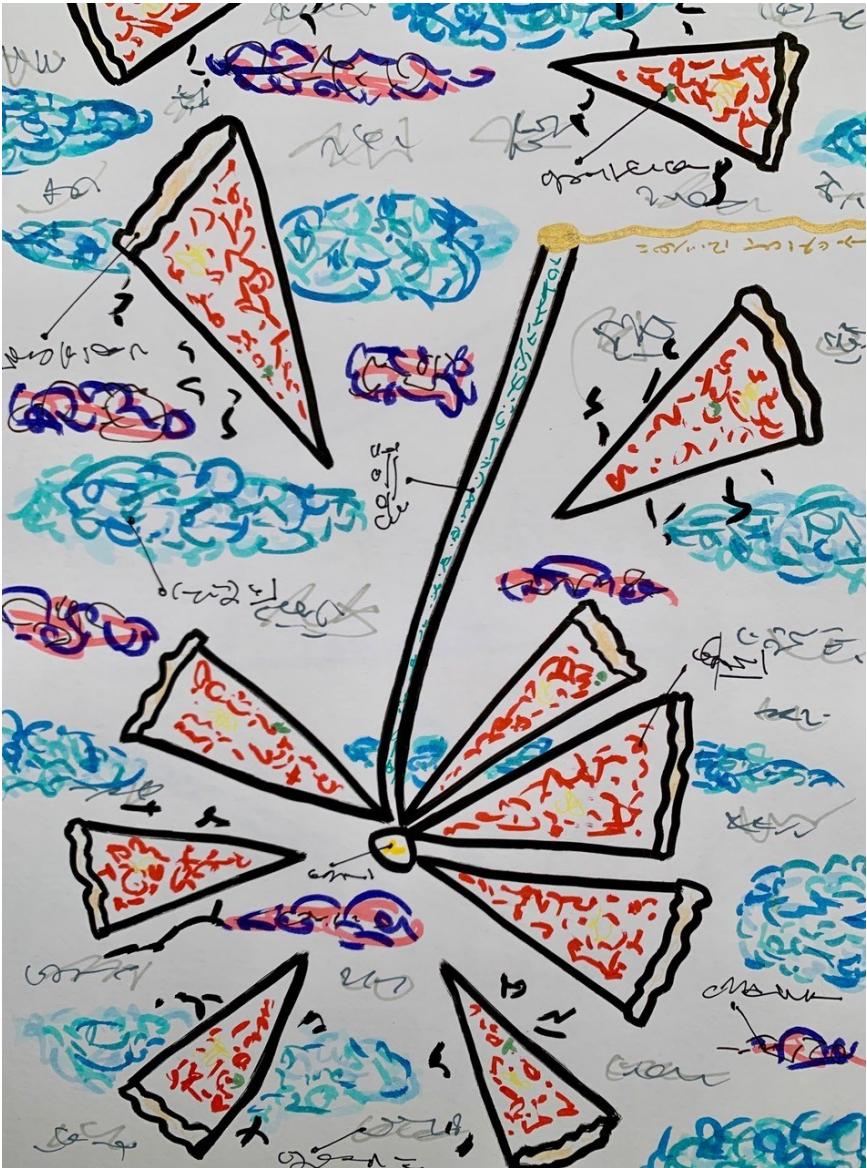
Dario Roberto Dioli

Quit drinking



Dario Roberto Dioli

She loves me she doesn't love me



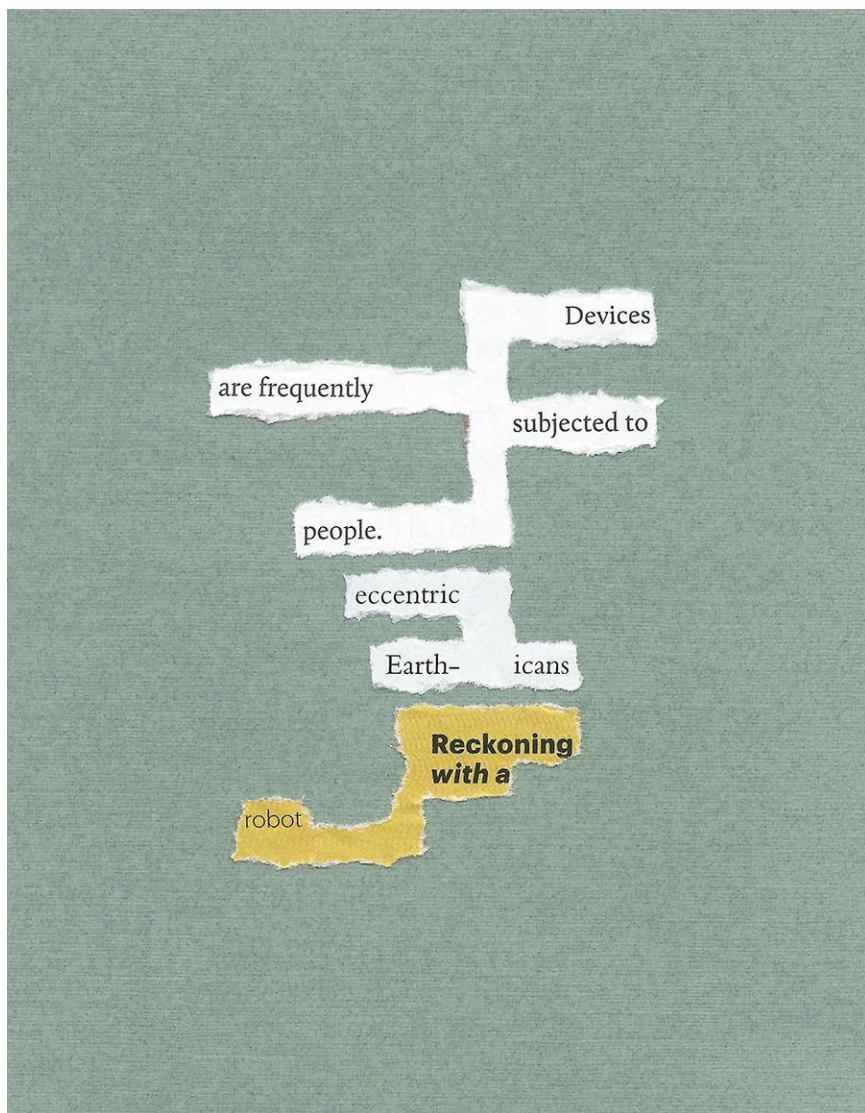
Dario Roberto Dioli

The fruits are ripe



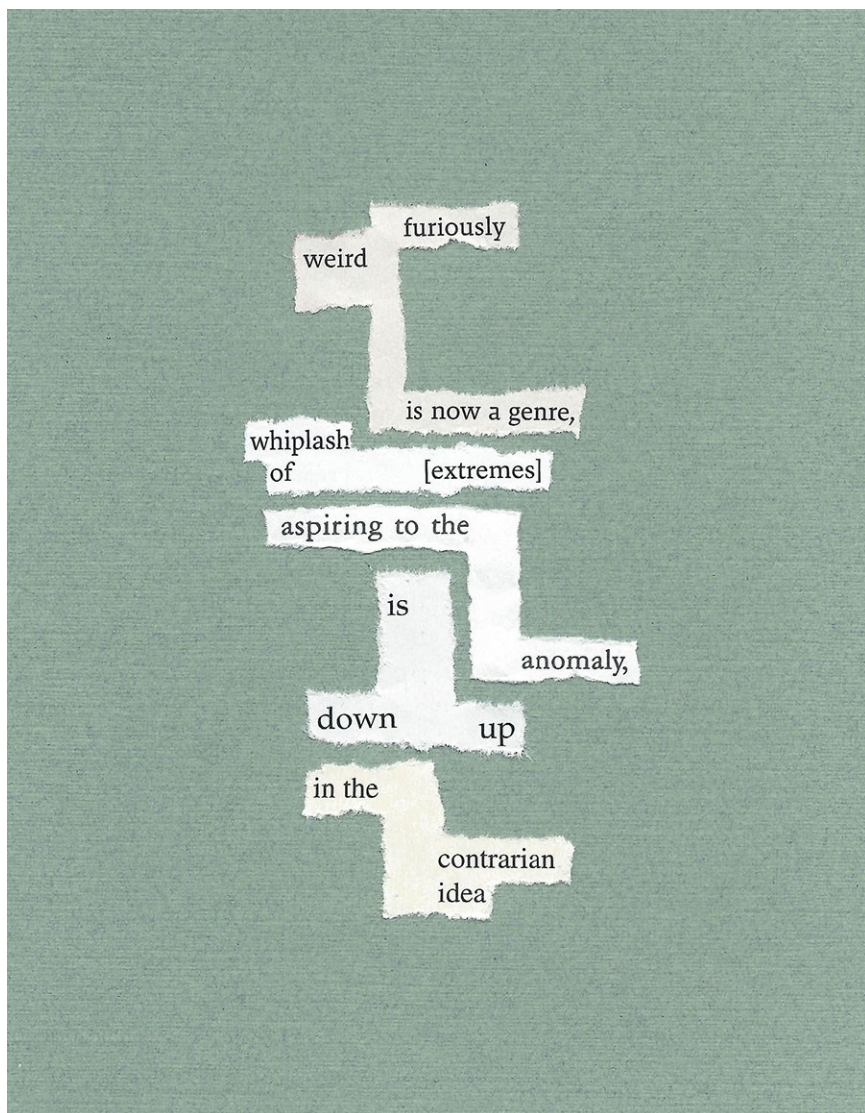
J.I. Kleinberg

Devices



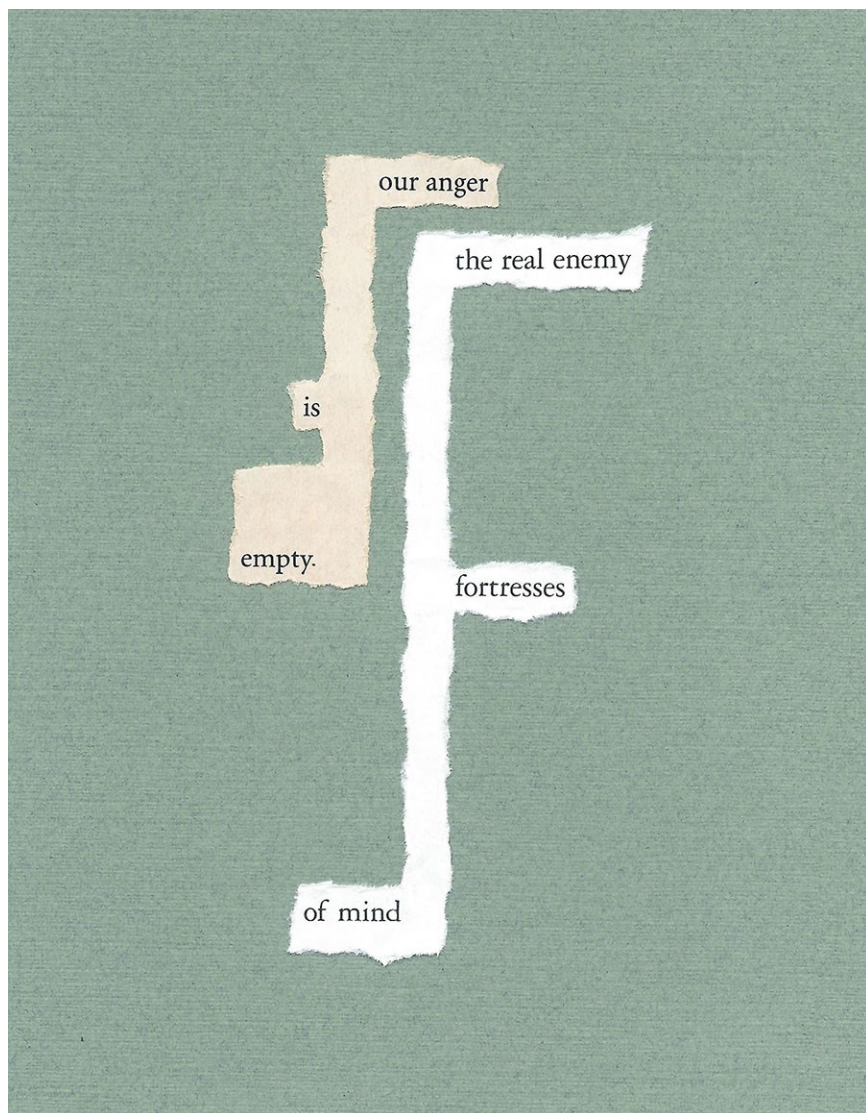
J.I. Kleinberg

furiously weird



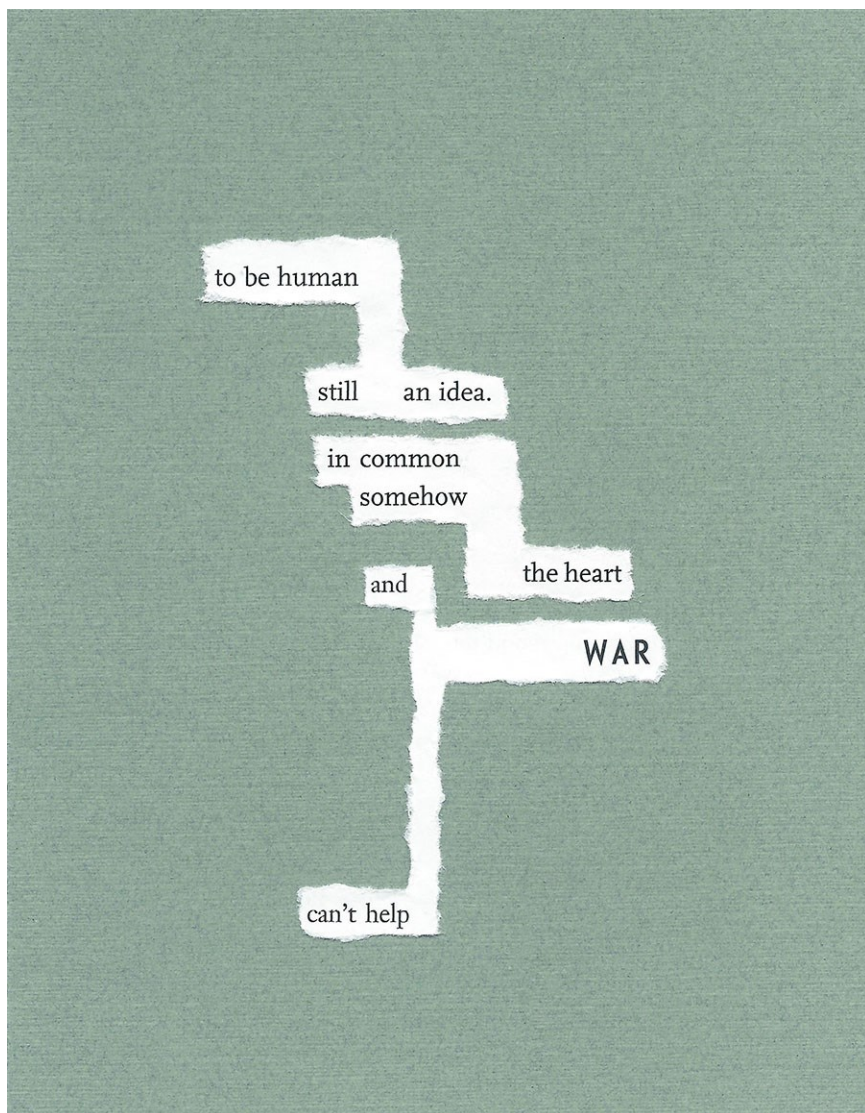
J.I. Kleinberg

our anger



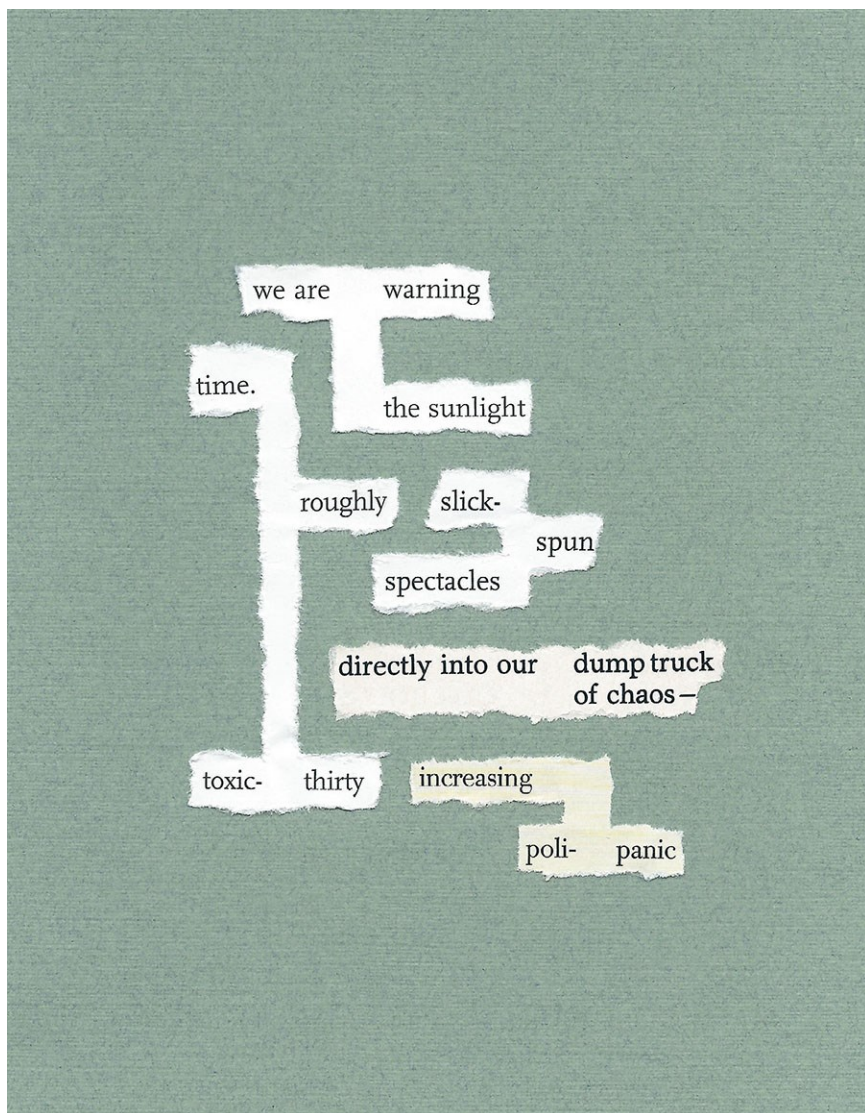
J.I. Kleinberg

to be human



J.I. Kleinberg

we are warning



Jasper Glen

Long Enough



Jasper Glen

Symptoms Index



Jasper Glen

Washed My Hands in the River



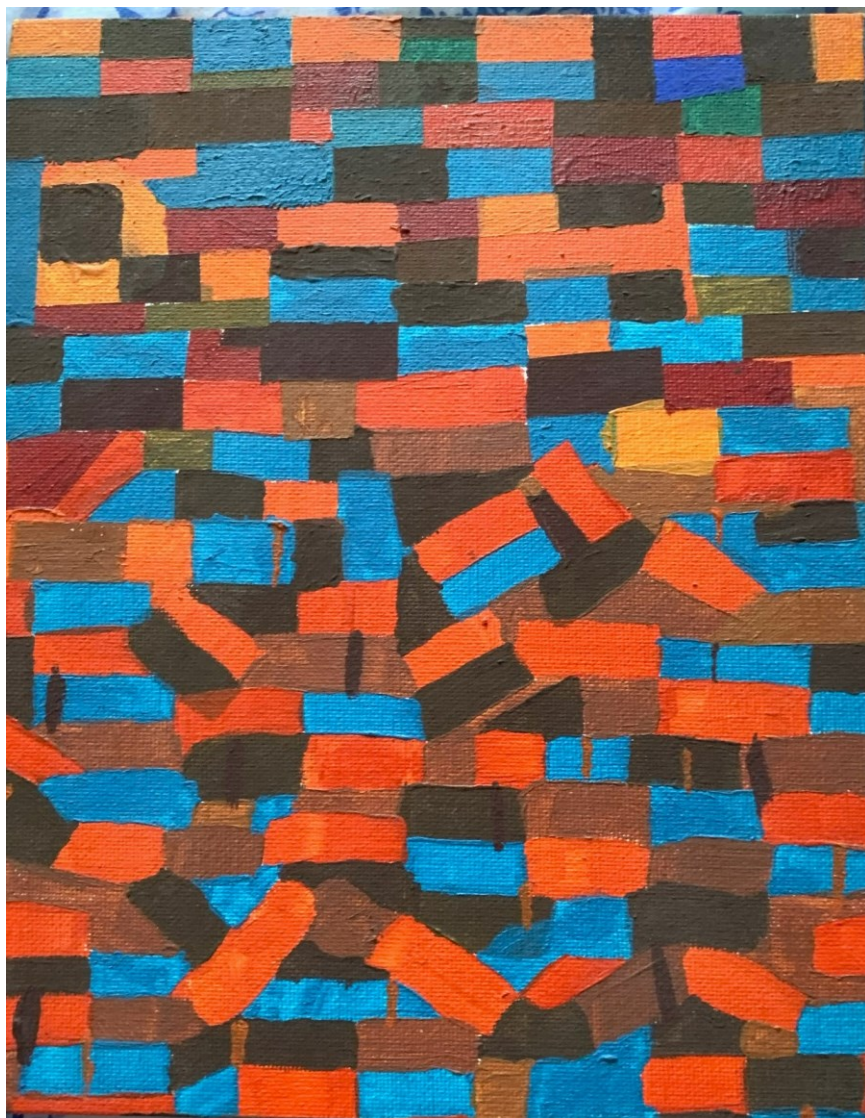
Jasper Glen

Why I Want Back in the World



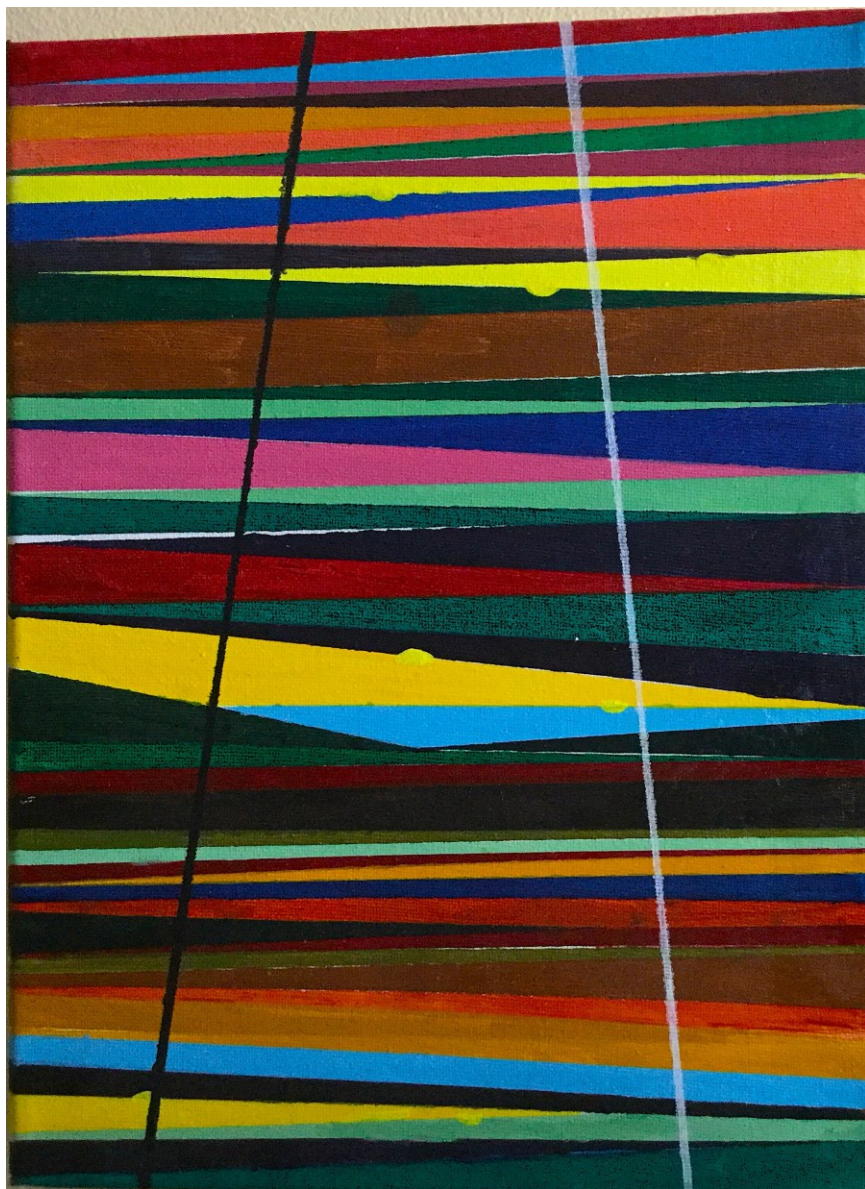
Trevor Cunnington

Entropy



Trevor Cunningham

Geometry of Music



Trevor Cunningham

Orbits



Trevor Cunningham

Time, shattered



Trevor Cunningham

Traffic



Genevieve Kaplan

From what dream did you most recently awaken?



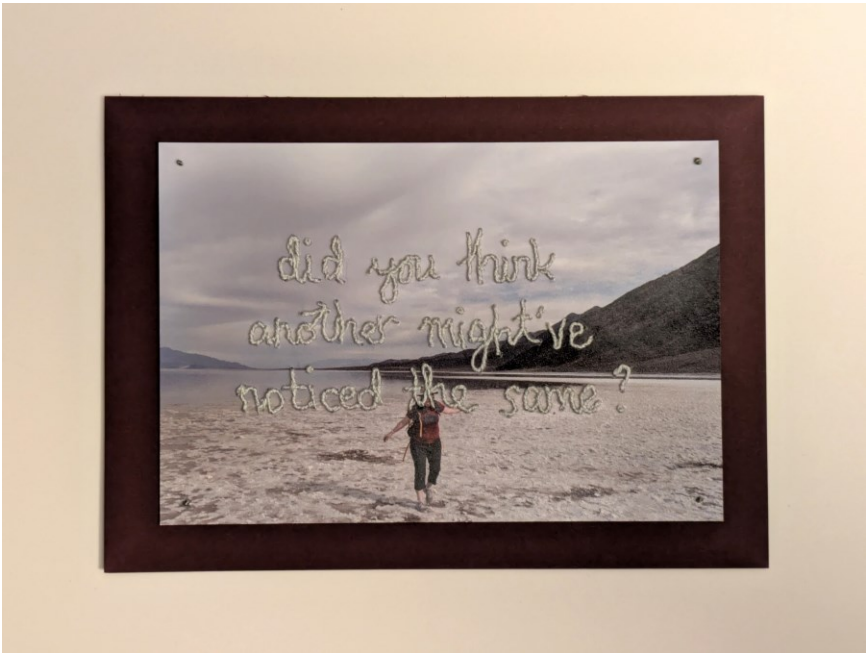
Genevieve Kaplan

What self were you hoping to project?



Genevieve Kaplan

Did you think another might have noticed the same?



Mario José Cervantes

L'insoutenable légèreté de l'être

ca da

í

Mario José Cervantes

Ceci n'est pas un carré (a René Magritte)



Mario José Cervantes

I'm afraid of Americans



Mario José Cervantes

Language! It's a virus!

s o s t e n i b l e
o s t e n i b l e
s t e n i b l e
t e n i b l e
e n i b l e
n i b l e
i b l e
b l e
l e
e

Mario José Cervantes

Long live the new flesh!

hæda

Mario José Cervantes

Tragedia dell'ascolto

-...
-...
-¿...?
-...
-¡...!
-...
-...
-¿...?
-...
-¡...!
-...
-...

Richard Hanus

4I3A6052





Richard Hanus

16c



Richard Hanus

Photo-145



Daniel Lehan

from *Rubbed Words*



Daniel Lehan

from *Rubbed Words*



Daniel Lehan

from *Rubbed Words*



Daniel Lehan



Daniel Lehan



Daniel Lehan



Adriana Kobor

Uaxeit



Note: This project includes work by Volodymyr Bylik

Adriana Kobor

Uaxeit



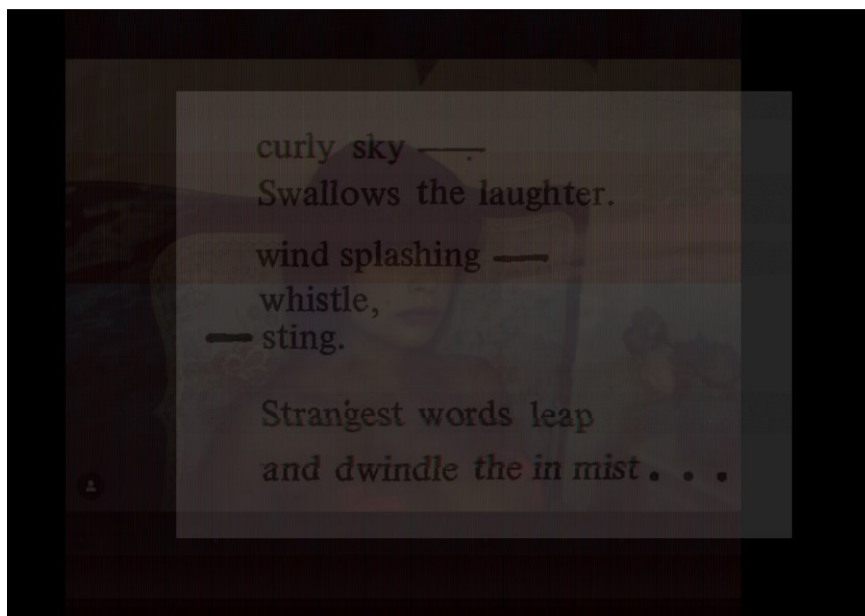
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Uaxeit



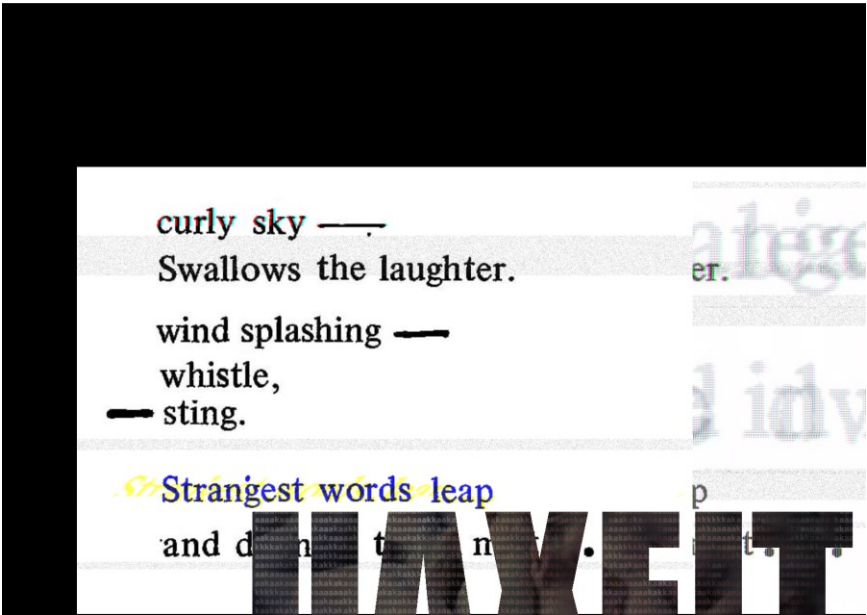
Adriana Kobor

Uaxeit



Adriana Kobor

Uaxeit



Adriana Kobor

Uaxeit

curly sky —
Swallows the laughter.
wind splashing —
whistle,
— sting.

Strangest words leap
and dwindle the in mist .

curly sky —
Swallows the laughter.
wind splashing —
whistle,
— sting.

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and dwindle the in mist .

curly sky —
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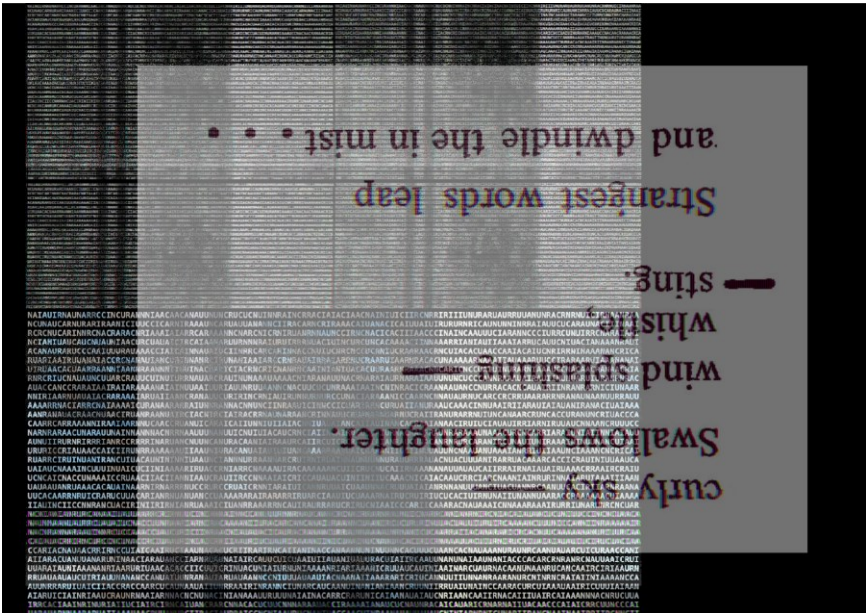
curly sky —
Swallows the laughter.

Strangest words leap
and dwindle the in mist . . .

Word For/Word: 97

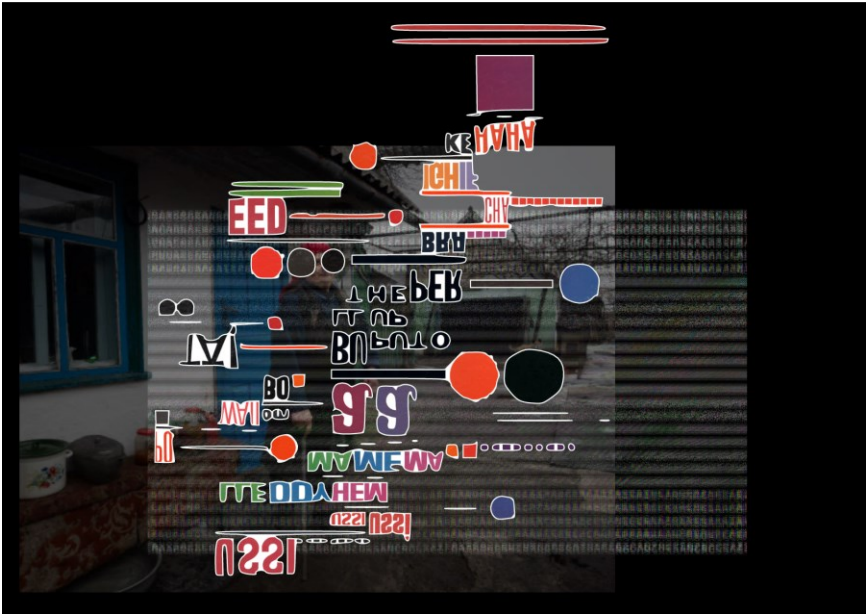
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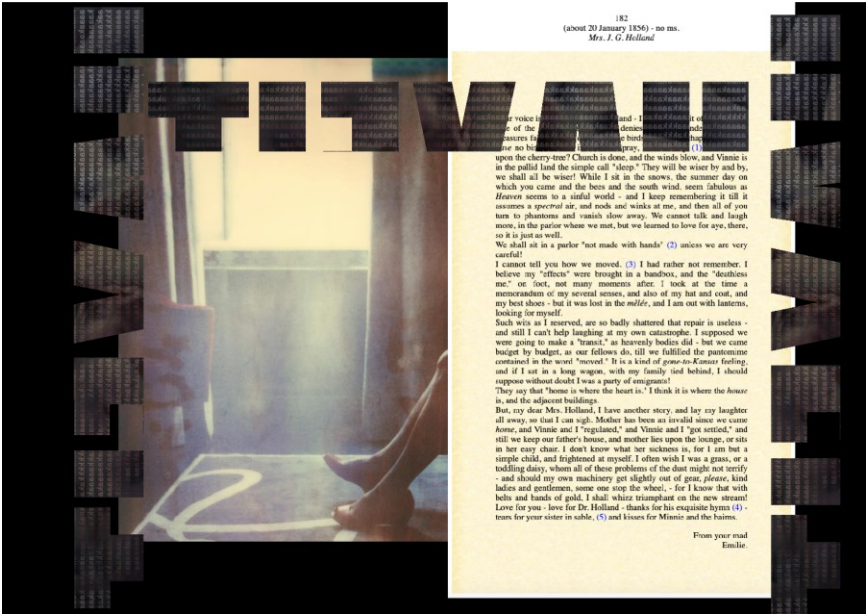
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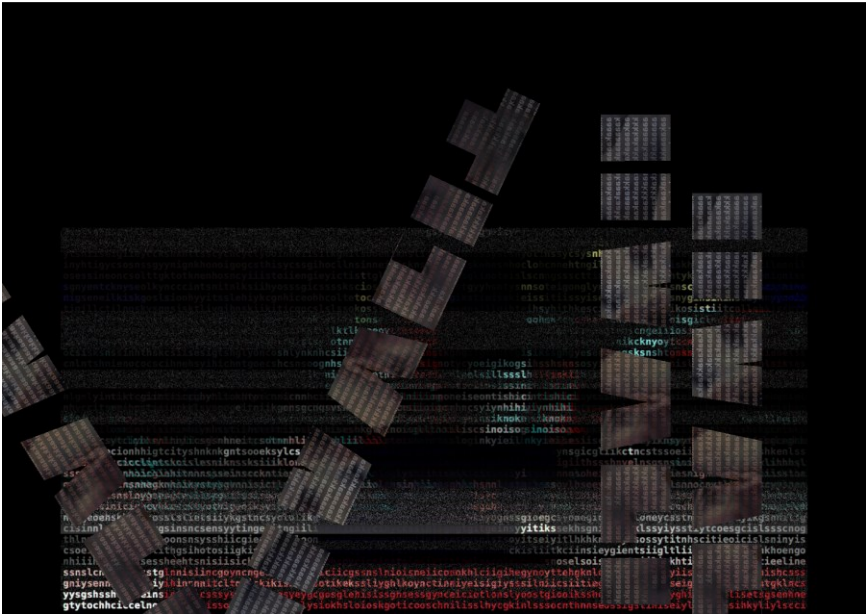
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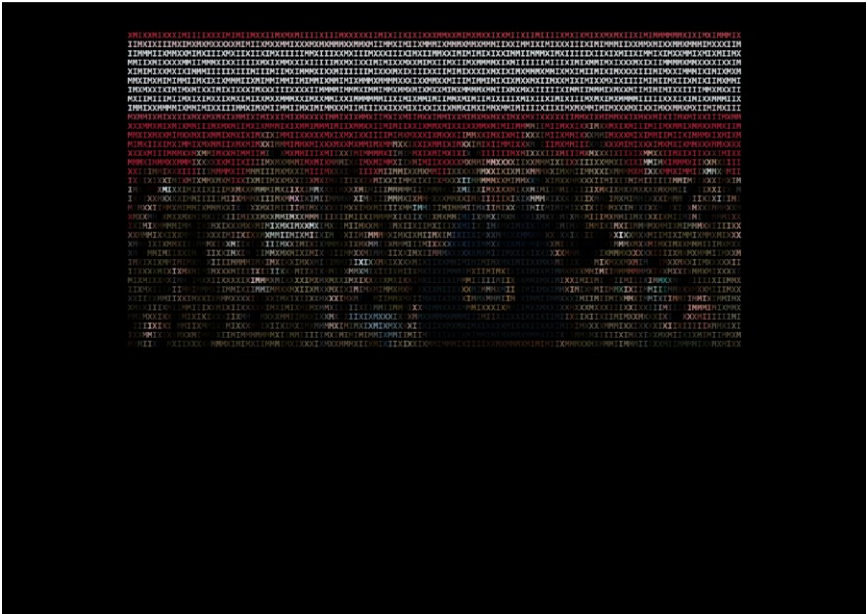
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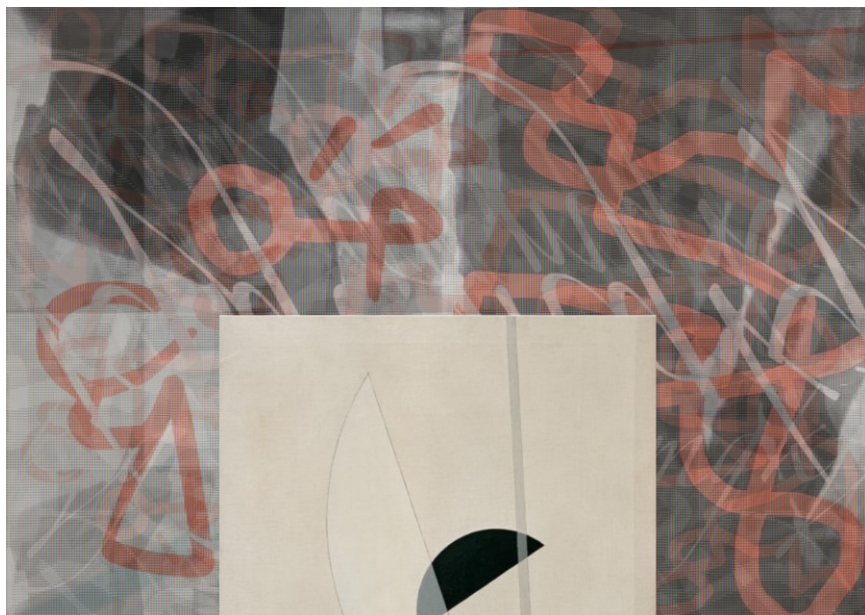
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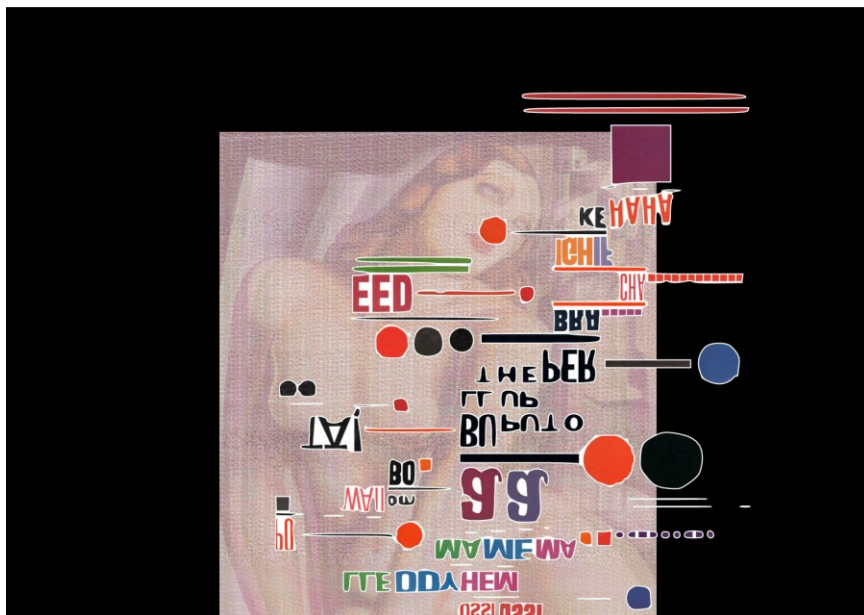
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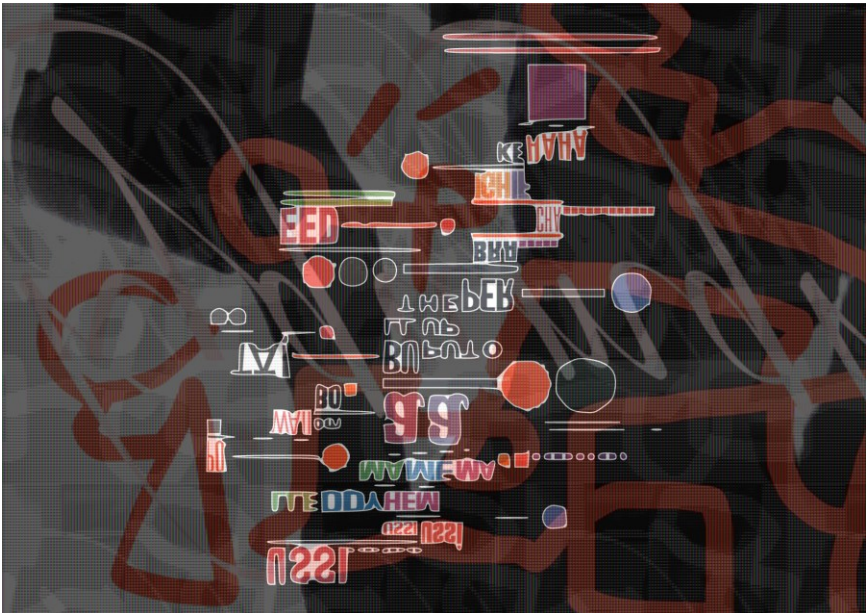
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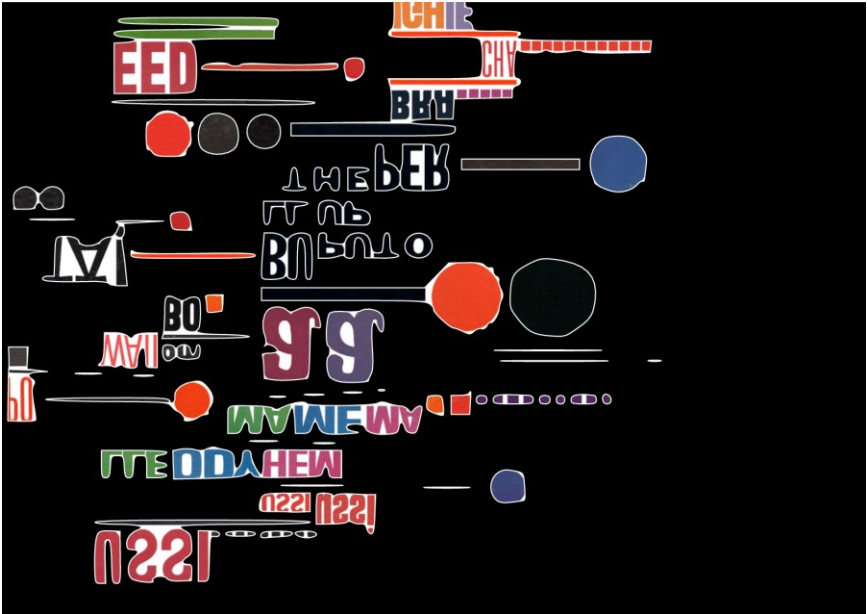
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Adriana Kobor

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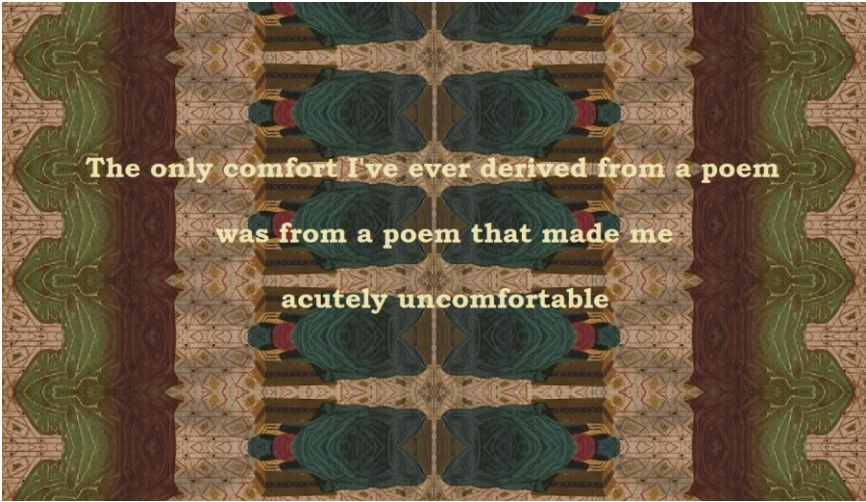
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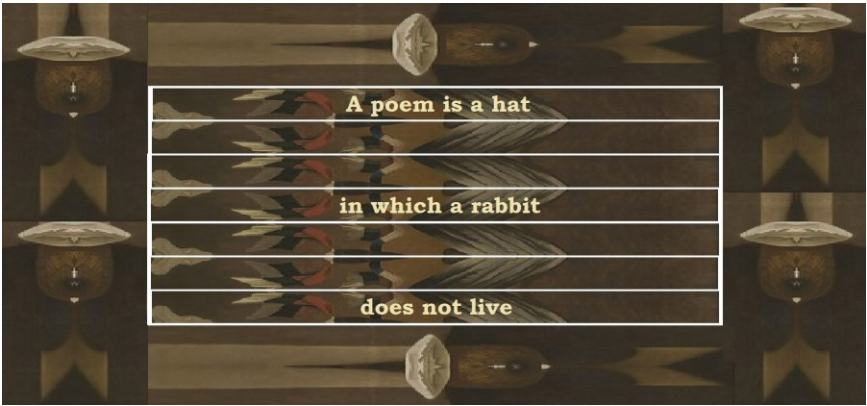
Bill Yarrow

from *Hatless Rabbits*



Bill Yarrow

from *Hatless Rabbits*



Bill Yarrow

from *Hatless Rabbits*



Bill Yarrow

from *Hatless Rabbits*



Bill Yarrow

from *Hatless Rabbits*



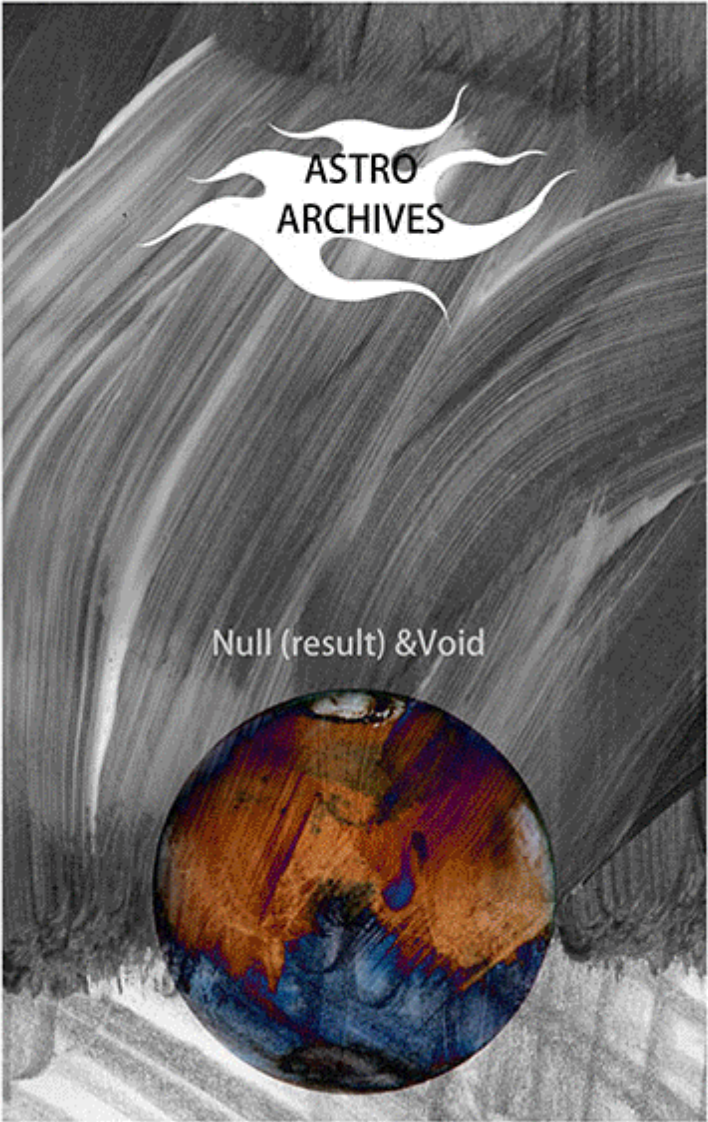
Bill Yarrow

from *Hatless Rabbits*



Cecelia Chapman

Null (result) &Void, a letter from space



Cecelia Chapman

Time is Untape



Video by Cecelia Chapman, text by Jeff Crouch, music by Diana Magallón
The full video is available at wordforword.info/vol44/Chapman.html

Mark Dow

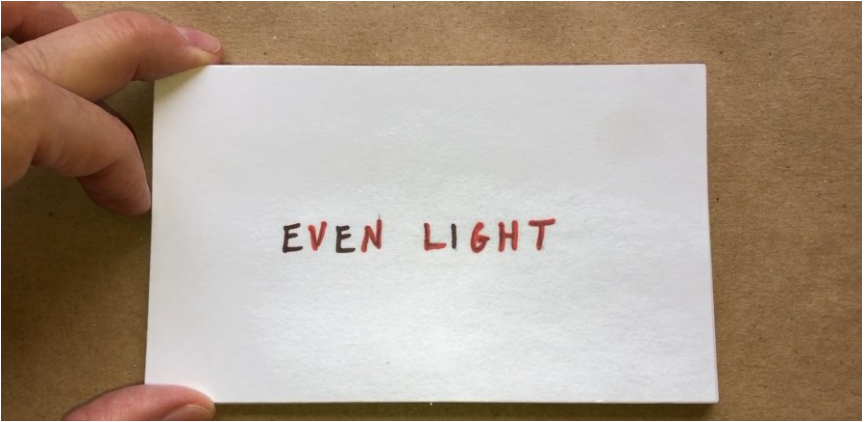
Index Card Poems ("Left exit")



The full video is available at wordforword.info/vol44/Dow.html

Mark Dow

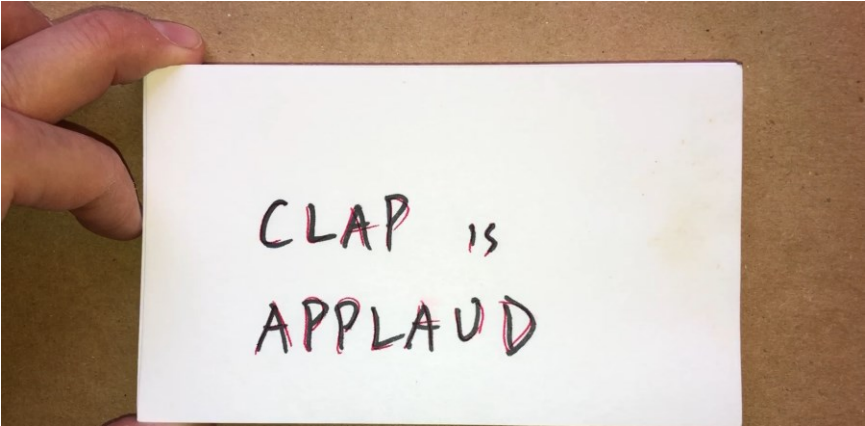
Index Card Poems ("Even light")



The full video is available at wordforword.info/vol44/Dow.html

Mark Dow

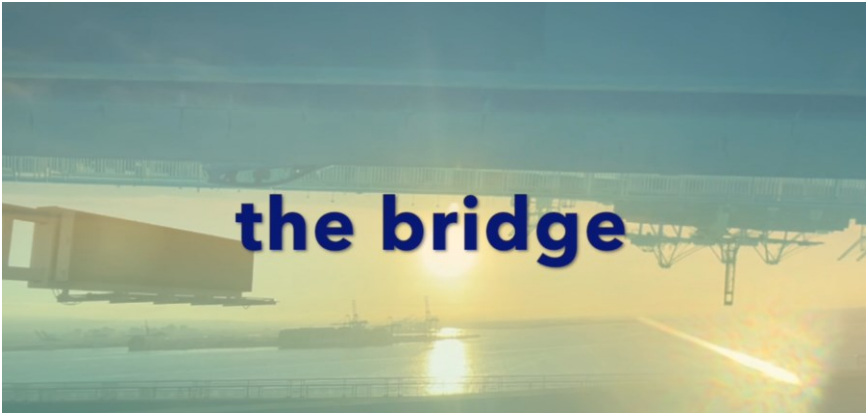
Index Card Poems ("Clap is applaud")



The full video is available at wordforword.info/vol44/Dow.html

Brian Strang

Bridge

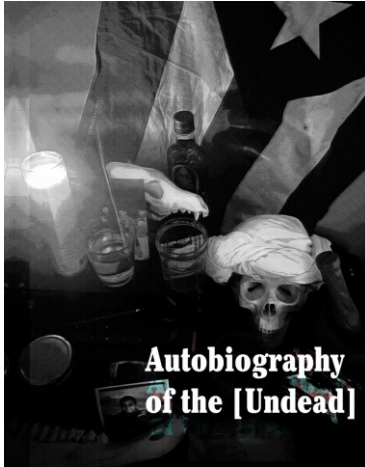


The full video is available at wordforword.info/vol44/Strang.html

Mark Schmidt

Review of Emilio Carrero's *Autobiography of the [Undead]*

Calamari Archive, 2025



Modern writing is obsessed with the myth of originality. Supposedly, something cannot be good unless it makes a total break with the old, creating something finally “new.” The problem with this assumption is that nothing is ever really new. Even this observation I began with dates back to the book of Ecclesiastes, if not earlier. Not only is everything informed by that which came before, authors who refuse to admit their indebtedness aren’t innovators, but liars. It seems simultaneously compulsory and absurd to provide documentation for every single reference we make while writing. This is precisely the experiment in honesty that Emilio Carrero attempts in his hybrid book of poetry/memoir *Autobiography of the [Undead]*. Carrero cites not only other authors, but even conversations with friends, emails, diary entries, and more to weave a palimpsest of referentiality. The excessive attention to sources accomplishes many things simultaneously. It’s a brilliant critique of our cult of originality, since nothing is ever truly “original” (nor should we strive for that as an ideal). The sheer number of references (705 across 120 pages of text) makes it difficult for us readers to check every reference. After a point, we have to simply trust Carrero, something that is implicitly lost when we demand references in the first place. We’re forced to ask ourselves why we have such anxiety around proper attribution. What do we fear will be lost if words are “stolen” from others?

This last question stings many of us today in a world of AI and other blatant copyright infringement. It’s notable that this book and many others published by Calamari Archive are “copyleft,” or “All rites reversed” as the front material says. So long as their name is attached, anyone can use it for anything. This book’s very

production questions the capitalistic roots of modern copyright law, walking the walk instead of merely talking the talk. Its formal considerations reinforce its theoretical and artistic aims, most of which revolve around the ethics of authorship. For example, text within the book is not only exceptionally reliant upon quotation, but the text regularly bears the mark of the author himself. Rather than the usual approach expected of authors, namely that they polish their writing so much that it hides all evidence of revision, *Autobiography of the [Undead]* draws attention to the scars of blackout and crossing-out, two species of erasure: one absolute, the other partial. Text is often bracketed, contingent, making explicit what the author is adding to the quotations to transform them from raw material into autobiography, a “mem-me” (memoir-of-me), as he coins it in the first poem. But even the term “poem” seems wrong to describe these entries, these chapters. The form varies from “typical” contemporary poetry to diary entries to emails to essays. Where they begin often is far from where they end, both in terms of form and content. Emails turning into essays and poems get caught, stripped of their wings, and chained to a litany of anaphora or a cluster of similar references.

One of the book’s most striking reclamations is an excerpt of Jacques Derrida’s “Signature Event Context” from his book *Limited Inc.* Infamous for its dense anti-aesthetic, a fragment of this theoretical text is “baptized” into the author’s personal mythology via strikethroughs of text and bracketed insertions. Though I was able to recognize the “original” Derridian reference, Carrero decidedly created something “new” here. But why do we care so much about which is the original and which is the new? In a way, Carrero’s entire book illustrates Derrida’s point about iterability, albeit in a clearer and more convincing way: repetition always modifies and mutates. Even rote repetition is displaced in time, meaning chronology itself is a force of change. Autobiography likewise is necessarily a backwards-looking genre, so Carrero uses the affordances of the genre to mull over (inter)personal events through the lens of *ars poetica* and defenses of poetry. The personal is not only political, but poetic.

Autobiography also operates with an underlying anxiety, anticipating “the radical absence of the sender” as Derrida might call it. Can it still communicate without them, when they are dead and buried, in the “[graveyard]” as Carrero puts it? In his [graveyard], Carrero’s mythology fills up his own grave, threatening to leave no room for him to enter when the time comes. But who is this “real” version of him who won’t fit? Also, doesn’t talk therapy teach us that self-mythologization is a reciprocal act, something that in turn shapes us and the way others see us? Autobiography ostensibly exists for the author to define their own story, rather than letting others define it. However, the heart wrenching poem “On Wanting” evokes Saint Paul’s wordy-albeit-relatable complaint that “I do not do what I want, but I do the very thing I hate.” Every time that Carrero repeats this it mutates its form, from sentence diagram to footnote to spatial poem. But if the author themselves isn’t fully in control, then what hope is there of ever capturing a “true” representation of the self or of one’s past? Rather than despairing, perhaps the book’s answer is to revel in the community of voices which have sustained us;

instead of falling into individualism and solipsism, we might see the web of references surrounding us as a network, a support system, rather than a list of the dead that would bury us.

Contributors' Notes

Mario José Cervantes is an experimental poet. His works have appeared internationally in journals such as *Leere Mitte*, *La Hoja M*, *La Tzara*, *Tse-Tse*, *Otoliths*, *Alfarrabios*, *Zunai*, *Experiment-O*, *Desliz*, *Veneno*, *Rio Grande Review*, *Word for Word*, *Nyugat Plusz*, and *Big Ode*. His visuals have appeared in collections around the world.

Joel Chace has published work in print and electronic magazines such as *Lana Turner*, *Survision*, *Eratio*, *Otoliths*, *Word For/Word*, *Golden Handcuffs Review*, *New American Writing*, and *The Brooklyn Rail*. His full-length collections include *matter no matter*, from Paper Kite Press, *Humors*, from Paloma Press, *Threnodies*, from Moria Books, *fata morgana*, from Unlikely Books, and *Maths*, from Chax Press. *Underrated Provinces* is just out from MadHat Books. For more than forty years, Chace was a working jazz pianist. He is an NEH Fellow.

Cecelia Chapman: <https://ceceliachapman.com>

Jeff Crouch: <https://nothingandinsight.blogspot.com/>

Claire Crowther has published six collections with Shearsman Books and has been shortlisted for the Aldeburgh Prize and awarded a Poetry Book Society Recommendation. Her most recent collection is *Real Lear, New and Selected Poems*, launched in October 2024. Her poems have appeared in *Blackbox Manifold*, *Poetry Review*, *Times Literary Supplement* and many other journals. She has a PhD in Creative Writing (Poetry) and teaches it at Oxford University.. She is Deputy / Reviews Editor of *Long Poem Magazine* and her poetry has been archived by the Poetry Archive.

Trevor Cunningham is a writer/artist/educator who lives in Toronto. He has published poems in *Carousel* and two anthologies. As well, he has published photographs and a drawing in magazines such as *Maisonneuve* and *Cerasus*. He has also published academic articles and encyclopedia entries. You can find him on instagram @trevorcunnington.

Darren Demaree's poems have appeared, or are scheduled to appear in numerous magazines/journals, including *Hotel Amerika*, *Diode*, *North American Review*, *New Letters*, *Diagram*, and the *Colorado Review*. He is the author of twenty-one poetry collections, most recently *'in defense of the goat that continues to wander towards the certain doom of the cliff'* (February 2024, April Gloaming Publishing). He is the Editor in Chief of the *Best of the Net Anthology* and Managing Editor of *Ovenbird Poetry*. He is currently living and writing in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.

Dario Roberto Dioli studied food technology and is a cynologist. He explores signs, senses and meanings with linear and visual poetry, asemic writing, collage and dada

performance. In 2024 he published a bilingual book of poetry titled “Ciò che rimane del niente/ Ce Rămâne din nimic” (Cosmopoli/Eikon, Bacau, Romania) and a visual chapbook titled “They are coming” (Paper view books, Leiria, Portugal). Together with his wife Zewditu under the name Legesse they joined Guido Oldani’s “Realismo terminale” poetry movement during Book City Milano 2024 and also they are the publisher Asatani Legesse Edizioni. You can find several of his contributions in Italy, the United States, France and the United Kingdom.

Mark Dow is the author of *Plain Talk Rising*. He has another set of Index Card Poems at vimeo.com/showcase/11665524.

Jasper Glen is Canadian poet and collage artist. His work appears or is forthcoming in The Brooklyn Review, Posit, A Gathering of the Tribes, Die Leere Mitte, Anti-Heroine Chic, and elsewhere. Poems have been nominated for Best New Poets and the Pushcart Prize. jasperglen.com.

Richard Hanus had four kids but now just three.

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*, *Indefinite Space*, *Utriculi*, and elsewhere.

Daniel Lehan studied Fine Art at Winchester School of Art, England, and later studied Art Therapy at Goldsmiths College, London. He has lived in New York, Florence, Finland, and Quebec, and now lives in Dungeness, on the south coast of England. His work has been published in various print and online poetry Journals including *3:AM*, *Arteidolia*, *Ballast*, *Feral*, *Frozen Sea*, *Indianapolis Review*, *Ink Sweat and Tears*, *M58*, *Otoliths*, *Revolver*, *Tentacular*, *Star 82 Review*, *Whiptail*, and *Word For / Word*. His text - *Book Pages Destroyed By Typewriter* - is included in *The New Concrete*, *Visual Poetry in the 21st Century*, published by Hayward Publishing, 2015.

Genevieve Kaplan is the author of *(aviary)* (Veliz Books, 2020), *In the ice house* (Red Hen, 2011), and five chapbooks, most recently *Felines, which sounds like feelings* (above/ground, 2022). Her poems can be found in *Third Coast*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Denver Quarterly*, *South Dakota Review*, and other journals. She lives in southern California where she edits the Toad Press International chapbook series, publishing contemporary translations of poetry and prose

J.I. Kleinberg lives in Bellingham, Washington, USA, and on Instagram @jikleinberg. An artist, poet, and freelance writer, her poems have been published in print and online journals worldwide. Chapbooks of her visual poems, *How to pronounce the wind* (Paper View Books) and *Desire’s Authority* (Ravenna Press

Triple Series No. 23), were published in 2023; *She needs the river* (Poem Atlas) was published in 2024.

Heller Levinson's most recent books are *Query Caboodle*, *Shift Gristle* (Black Widow Press, 2023), *The Abyssal Recitations* (Concrete Mist Press, 2024), *Valvular Ash* (BWP, 2024), *Query Caboodle 2* (Sulfur Editions, 2024), with *Crossfall* (BWP) slated for a summer 2025 release. His book, *Lure* (Black Widow Press, 2022), won the "2022 Big Other Poetry Book Award."

Diana Magallón: <https://cipollinaaaaa.blogspot.com/>

Stephen Ratcliffe is the author of more than twenty books of poetry, including most recently *w i n d o w* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2024), *Black and Yellow Notebooks* (BlazeVOX [books], 2023), *Some Time* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2022), *Rocks and More Rocks* (Cuneiform 2020), *sound of wave in channel* (BlazeVOX [books], 2018), *Painting* (Chax Press, 2014) and *Selected Days* (Counterpath, 2012) which won the San Francisco State Poetry Center Book Award. He has also written three books of literary criticism, *Reading the Unseen: (Offstage) Hamlet* (Counterpath, 2010), *Listening to Reading* (SUNY Press, 2000), and *Campion: On Song* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1981) as well as a collection of his correspondence, *Barbara Guest & Stephen Ratcliffe : Letters* (Chax Press, 2022). His ongoing series of seven 1,000-page books, each one written in 1,000 consecutive days, are at Editions Eclipse (hclipsarchive.org/projects/editions.html) and this series of daily poems-plus-photographs can be found at Temporality (stephenratcliffe.blogspot.com). Publisher of Avenue B books and Emeritus Professor at Mills College, he has lived in Bolinas California since 1973.

K. Anne Rickertsen was a beloved San Francisco poet who died in 2022 due to COVID-19 complications. She left behind a collection of unpublished and self-published poems. Her hand-made chapbook, *caught between/ the cut & the scar*, has been fully distributed to those close to her, and just two copies of the full-length collection she created in the 90s, *Round A Circle*, remained in her possession. A tribute and selected poems appeared recently in the LADige collection of California Poets. For inquiries about her work, contact meganbreiseth@gmail.com.

Jacob Schepers is the author of *A Bundle of Careful Compromises* (Outriders Poetry Project, 2014), the chapbook *Connections & Choreography* (Bottlecap Press, 2024), and the micro-chap *Shipwreck Abstracted* (Ghost City Press, 2024). His poems have recently appeared in or are forthcoming in *antiphony*, *DIALOGIST*, *The Greensboro Review*, *Harpur Palate*, *Heavy Feather Review*, *Hobart*, *Indianapolis Review*, *The Shore*, *Psaltery & Lyre*, and elsewhere. His reviews and critical work have appeared in *Tupelo Quarterly*, *The Fanzine*, *Entropy*, *Cleveland Review of Books*, and *Contemporary Women's Writing*. He received his MFA and PhD from the University of Notre Dame, where he teaches in the University Writing Program. With Sara Judy, he edits the nonprofit literary journal *ballast*. He lives in South Bend, Indiana, with his wife and their four sons.

More at www.jacobschepers.com, @JacobSchepers on Instagram and @jacobschepers.bsky.social on Bluesky.

Mark Schmidt is an adjunct English instructor at the University of South Dakota. He has critical and creative work published or forthcoming in *Middle West Review*, the *Journal of the Midwest Modern Language Association*, *Red Coyote*, *i19: The Incredible Nineteenth Century*, *Mantis*, *Penumbra*, *Potpourri*, and elsewhere.

Tim Shaner is the author of *Radio Ethiopia: Testimony of a Development Brat* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2024), *Noch Ein at the Stein: A Poetic Essay on Beer, Conversation, and Hippycrits* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2022), *I Hate Fiction: A Novel* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2018) and the poetry collection *Picture X* (Airlie Press, 2014). His work has appeared in *Periodicities: A Journal of Poetry and Poetics*, *Broken Lens Journal*, *Exquisite Pandemic*, *Juxtapositions*, *Plumwood Mountain: A Journal of Ecopoetry and Ecopoetics*, *Colorado Review*, *Jacket*, and elsewhere. In Eugene, he founded and hosted A New Poetry Series (2008-2014), curated The Windfall Reading Series (2017-2019), and is currently hosting the Studio 7 Reading Series. He teaches writing at Lane Community College.

Brian Strang is a poet, visual artist and musician. He is the author of four books of poems including, most recently, *Are You Afraid?* (Duration Press, 2022). His poems, translations, multimedia works and essays have appeared in many journals, including *The Rumpus*, *Big Other*, *New American Writing* and *The Denver Quarterly*. He was one of the founding editors of *26: A Journal of Poetry and Poetics* in the early 2000's. His paintings, music and other work can be found at brianstrang.com.

Charles Wilkinson's poems have appeared in *Poetry Wales*, *Poems from the Borders* (Seren, Wales), *Poetry Salzburg* (Austria), *Shearsman*, *Magma*, *Under the Radar*, *Tears in the Fence*, *Scintilla*, *Orbis*, *Stand*, *Snow lit rev*, *Gargoyle* (USA), *The Manhattan Review* (USA), *Word/for Word* (USA) and many other journals. A pamphlet, *Ag & Au*, came out from Flarestack Poets in 2013. A full-length collection, *The Glazier's Choice* (Eyewear, 2019), was nominated for a Forward Prize. His most recent poetry book is *Horn & Glass* (The Collective Press, Abergavenny, 2023). Wilkinson's work includes *The Pain Tree and Other Stories* (London Magazine Editions, 2000); four collections of 'weird' short stories appeared from Egaeus Press. He lives in Presteigne, Powys, Wales, where he is heavily outnumbered by members of the ovine community. He also runs the Red Parrot Poetry Readings in his hometown.

Bill Yarrow is the author of twelve books of poetry including *Blasphemer* and *The Vig of Love*. His collages have been featured in *JaamZIN* and *sundaysalon*.