

Word For/ Word is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round, but issue #48 is scheduled for May 2027. 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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Mykyta Ryzhykh

The path of roads

In these bushes hides the song of the crane without a crane
In these thickets hang heavy berries without flowers
And the voice of the bird sings: Blossom! Blossom!

Flowers fall down like flowers
Flowers from snow do not grow anywhere
The moon falls down like the moon
Shadows without light do not grow anywhere

Under the window the moon is like the moon
And the smell is like blossoming

Widows windows without the ending
City in the snow
Snow in the city

A tiger's head breaks through the snow
The growl of the cold breaks through the ice and the bird hurries home

Cavt tanem!
Even aluminum birds are coming home after winter
Even aluminum birds are coming home after winter
Even aluminum birds are coming home after winter

Cura te ipsum!
INRI
INRI
INRI

Mykyta Ryzhykh

Naming

I'm looking for fruit names
These names are as big as air
I'm afraid to touch the letters
All the books in the world are incapable of giving me anything new
And I'm looking for letters for fruit names

I'm picking out familiar words
Pain, snow, warming, death
I'm collecting new names from this withering
No one will ever guess what the lilac's name is
And I'm leaving with the autumn leaves

Maiya Brock

time moves like water

i am alive in multitudes. at the same time i am driving my little brother
to the supermarket, i am also boarding a plane to Arizona. this is a life lived
all at once. time runs like a river / these hands gripping the flimsy handle of a suitcase /
these hands on the steering wheel.
please don't tell me time is relative / a shattering thing / because i already know. / the number
of thresholds crossed in a house-turned-home increases today
and i am a mile away, gassing up in the rain. it's getting dark.
at the same time that i am almost an adult / i am also a scared little kid fumbling
with the gas cap. today the people
fueling up beside me are women and i am grateful.
at this very second i am thirty-three and tired, but so full of life,
and i am also seventeen, writing a poem in a 9 pm stupor of pastry-fueled urgency.
/ if i do nothing now, somewhere the future ruptures. / splits. /
viability is a liability. better to like girls. / my hair is wet with rainwater, slicked back
boyish. these hands holding the pen are also cupping her face. / time flows like a creek
and i wade in it. it's cold, it tugs on my shoes like a child.
for the first time in a long time i feel alive. / this is the empty bed every night,
the same feeling as lighting a candle no one likes the smell of.
things are different now, we only stare at each other. / let me reach and keep reaching.
these hands belong to you now, and somewhere they also know the absence of touch.
somewhere, / in the before, / i am rollerblading
singing genie in a bottle and thinking of a boy. but also,
he is gone and i am telling him he doesn't know me anymore. /
those things are happening at the same time. time moves slow, like a glacier.
the creeks and the rivers have frozen over. / if i walk on the ice, i can remember
what lies beneath my feet. i am standing still
when the surface cracks / and plunges me into darkness, and somewhere,
i am on the shore, thinking that if i try hard enough, i could walk on water.

J.R. Solonche

Al Pacino

The pair of glasses he is wearing is not a pair of glasses.
It is a pair of tennis shoes playing a pair of glasses.

Those gold chains around his neck are not gold chains.
They are over-the-hill porn stars portraying gold chains.

That is not a shirt, buttons open. That is not a bare chest.
The shirt is an umbrella, heavily made-up. The bare chest is a knee,

heavily made-up. The buttons are a zipper, heavily made-up.
That is not Al Pacino's mouth forming the letter *W.*

That is a hand playing the role of his mouth. And that
is not the letter *W.* That is a stunt letter *M* standing on its head.

J.R. Solonche

A Hawk With a Broken Wing is a Hawk Broken

A hawk with a broken wing is a hawk broken.
A broken bird.

It gives up the sky for a perch perpetual.
It forgets feathers but remembers what talons are for.

A branch chewed half through by claws is its prey.
A broken hawk hops from low to lower.

A broken hawk jumps from lower to low.
A broken hawk has a broken eye also.

It has a short sky that does not require a hawk's unbroken eye.
A canopy with no view of the sky is their kindest kindness.

J.R. Solonche

Bruce Springsteen's Guitar

is white
is pure white
is pure dominant, pure tonic

is white
is snow, is ice
is a glacier glissando

is white
is a swan
is a swan with a straight-as-an-arrow neck

is white
is lily white
is a lily pressed and dried in a book

is white
is white whale white
is Ahab caught in the web of strings

is white
is white hot
is dead white, dead-center white

is white
is bridal gown white
is the bride of rock and roll

is white
is ghost white
is the ghost of a blue guitar

Susanna Rich

Earth

Hear the heart,
the heart tear.
The retreat.
Rat hate her.
Hater rath—
heat, heat ether,
rate her, eat her.
Theater. Theater.
Rhea, hart, hare
rear,
tear, retear.
Retreat.
Hearth teeter.
Rather tether.
Ear the art,
the tart art,
the rare art,
the attar—
treat her
heart her.

Susanna Rich

Beauty

Bay beauty
Butte beauty
Bayuu beauty

Abet *aye*
Bye-bye batty
Eat babba

Abate abbé
Buy tea
Butt abut butt but

Tabby beauty
Tuba beauty
Tutu beauty

Beat beta
Buu buu tabu
Bae, beau, bébé

Bub-a-bub-bub
Tee á eau tub
Bubba bub

Tub beauty
Tee beauty
At-bat beauty

Ebb U-tube
Buu-buu tabu
Bet a bet, yet

Beauty tuut
Tuut beauty
Eye beauty, Be

Susanna Rich

#Weed

gold grass
skunk fu
blunt
reefer

devil's lettuce
unblock
domino

dope me dope
a robe of light scroll
the earth under me

bud me
stillness in cacophony
chronic smoke

stone nugs
cannibisize im-pot-ence
green gas

hay hay
blazing doobie doo
un-Bogarted

Mary-Jane all
separate
joint

Adriana Kobor

Off to the Races

The world keeps ex-*is*-ting. Axe its things, [...] weather wanes
in inward mirrors. The purple enters now more harshly.
Within: a boredom's lense 'n lassitude (where all
A.I.titudes: Schrödinger and Schönberg,
die Erklärte Nacht *und* What Is Life,
exhuding [...] humes and fumes). Extra-dict-ion of tra-dit-ion.
We will keep the science silent; give it a long-haul process
to hold 'm: faces short and short ages' break. You are
waging waves, off-races are your spendings. We dwell:
on an on, off one off — this is the word that didn't want to.
Bees buzz, and humble bumbles hum in the hub of
their besties. Our initials: so bestial, Y.S. — (why cee?) —
A.K. — (awful call!) —; subliminal deadlines *me-and-e-ring*: (me and E ring). Anders: his cup
overturned by itself, hence overfull.
This ocean ate all emptiness before me.
I think hunger and wage-theft.
Those games are the flashy momentums on the rifle's loop;
tubeless tires holding on effortlessly, turning in
tuned acceleration. Now done,
so undone before,
overdone by then.
If *I look back* at it:
empty ores, enriching no one.
Keiner hilft keinem. Deine Rechnung. Ending up at odds 'n
never to be-s, there, enleashing the end of times. No
body is capable of missing. Misses, miss us, mourn mean,
no meaning. Tabula rasa. By a scream a canvas torn,
born no bodies, half-lives written on the black-box-warning.
In the morning: not one change. Afternoon-bold,
evening curse, Eve, A. sneak, sneaking into
the loop. Its body as heavy as life, its outline: memberless.
I loosen my laces, and we are off.

Adriana Kobor

Cutting Inedibles

"I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly," Alice replied, very politely, "for I can't understand it myself, to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing." -- Lewis Carrol 1865, Jan Švankmajer 1988

We were constantly climbing [heading South]
till your icecaged grime curled around
and sat on my larynx, and lifeless
larvae of unhatched butterflies
were gliding down
my aesophagus.
I was pulling wild asparagi
[the ultimate cliffhangers]
attempting to grasp
a steady metamorphosis of unchained
changes that would bind us to
the erratic North. I recall
the frozen-dead sound. Unrhymed,
I have no more words to shout,
unless you would hear the last breath of
this edelweiss of least concern,
in this stateless love of cocain.

If she says "the truth can't be more true than it is true", "D., D., I'm through",
it's a Plath platitude vulnerably expressed.

"Truth comes to me, truth loves me.", she said as well,
so that the other throttle in the mechanical turtledove
wouldn't be stuck.

Maybe the only sincere and reciprocated love, even if also a love-hate relationship,
through and through.

A phenomenal full moon is awaiting, intricately kind, as diluted blood
on a baby duvet.

"I miss your words", he said —
'I had too many'; and silence
became :CC

Adriana Kobor

Deaththroeslunching

"Careful, amigo, you're flippin'"
—Ella Fitzgerald & Count Basie

They shall come to your bed sheets,
'n arrange a last supper where you
lay, dying. Abruptly normal,
they will leave their toys
on the cushion, all the pawns
breaking their non-existing legs
in a fight that will turn you on
no more. It's a fake check-mate:
you can still move limbless,
whether you were invited or *not*
to their empty bowls, you were
pouring all your sugar into.
The last ounces will hurt more
than a mistaken dance step.
You will raise from this *death bed*,
throes and all, sucking on their
lazy toes, while the land mower
is killing your neighbor, you've
failed to notice. Such love!,
such a kindred spirit,
without a dead man's switch,
that makes your long lost milk
spill teeth into a crazy voodoo.
Dolls. They should bind your jaw,
and never mind you. Death is
at least here to be dealt with.
Zombies are walking in socks
on tiptoes, so that you are subtly
aware of their presence,
each time the tooth fairy
has done her job well.
With the passenger-seat airbag
switched off, no smooth landing.
Truth you have known all along,
munching on corpses left
by the road, ditched,
never given a first-aid,
at last. They wouldn't last long,
however. In this purposelessness of

cul-de-sacs and reiterations:
just a crash, a nosebleed,
not much scrap to mention,
nor gain the ultimate comfort of
this white nothingness.
It shall give off.

Adriana Kobor

Secondary

Perfect weather. Sweating Dutchmen. “Look at this, finally I can sit outside without a pull on”, and now, and already: the leather-jacket perspective on a spring evening of a summer never there, yet. #itwasjust #asecondpartofhim #notyettold

“I sit in my chair” — Ella Fitzgerald

“If a body had five dollars.” — Søren Kierkegaard

Powdery lips shine; overcrowded
DNA takes too long to prove:
you aren’t a ton of raw bot. Fold
then: where it begun, “be gain!”,
we whispered, yet, at the end:
we ended up stranded
[deadme-s-s en gers as gems and
germs, or the typhoid fever:
the *fastest* cancer during this in die
an summer], as sure as Assur-
Bani Pahl’s urbanistics... ‘is
this game wicked?’ [unsider kn
owe-ledge app-reciated as]; —
‘Swipe me under the eiderdown,
I don't want to see how all is
going to or not going to end,
I prefer that which...’: suicidal is,
terminal is, lethal is, disdained is,
dainting little ink bottle at
my lips, frowning at this plural
‘plurum unum’, while quad-
ruplets are dripping
no change, but altercation,
pluribus, a reiteration of 0,
the apocalypse of CAP
italistic nat naught freight
without a weight. They
carry death: it is in the wings,
it does have that s wing ‘n
it’s arright you don’t appreciate
poetry, it means no recipro-
cation, it is Ciroan,
a Tolstoy at birth,

all that which you *haven*
't read, [...] just as you quit
Kierkegaard on the third
reaching the fence, page 7,
ignoring the garden.
Your lips: dripping injustice. I mo
urn in a slow pace, hence you
are in the process of dying,
not dead yet.
At the hairdresser's the drama
queens keep silent,
sitting in a row, with overheated
heads: a curly burlesque
in the making.
The stiff upper lips: all botoxed.
Unboxing the toxins!
We all knew she would swipe to
the left, while you, the right one
wouldn't even appear on her sc
reen. Be level headed, take heed!
Rhyne...!, when the screw
turns,
the ghost will look like
human remains. All the good
that is left of them, there,
6 feet under,
never to scream again.
She wore sunscreen
under the owning —
a double protection —,
drinking bubbles for
the spark,
slow electricity
giving her unplugged
goosebumps. 'Why would you
apply the aftersun?', 'you
seem like a lunatic who
haven't ever witnessed
the Moon, knocked out
on Diazepam. Since
then I know: white-collar
workers will have to wait
23 years to see
the strawberry moon.
Shut up in normalcy.

Shine! Enshrine!
Receptacle!
Editing a poem *whenever* had time
to write nothing that rhymes with.

Adriana Kobor

If You Die, Then

Turn to me, 'n I'll answer you...,
Turn to me from the graves of
your grieving 'n
the mountains of your
peak-performance
thoughts. Truth is
the question *off*,
'n all panting: a peace ablaze.
What now?, when I should
recall the lost, appease
the appended, cutting
the vocal chords of
their treacherous chanting?
The crowd is singing sinful,
lying 'seemless'.
The spider in the middle of
the crocheted round
cloth had entangled
its feet,
playing plenty,
a prey to evil and war!
No pace kept,
all things worn
running on the ball bearings,
the world's mechanisms
screaming
thoughtless.

Adriana Kobor

THEPARTY*LOINS, Illinois, "free to" crowdout&lONEIN*

"and am so far from desiring a repetition of it that I presume it is not feasible even a first time"
— Søren Kierkegaard

blue collar red ribbon "putain, samedi" re-addre,
es macht das weiter und so: while, inte längre,
alltså, lycka till! #eveningsingingoffttheshe|
|| he was •, I am °, -ual, I got used to myself
"nooneonnonenoennouen" "andmoneymoneysh
eismaking" work.men.hands, gardensweat/
errs, at the end it is your failure, no one else's
so nalized 'n we are talking hands and walking
"nouens" nowanddances, muons, maar
weet je nog toen we, de ver te *be* keerde zin ver-
gekeerd in het zicht maar: ze zien enkel een band,
trash 'n trellis. Lily said what papa did was awful,
yet, we still only know what Lily said, and not
what papa did. I wish upon this wishwasher and!,
standing in your kitchen I tell you: "So it all can go
into the trash!". Cargo. "No sleep, until I am going
finding these answers!" "in the shadows of
my time" noone is the lim it, the sky is sucking on
little fingers that only know how to cling...
"It ain't w or king" — she fucks the maiden
'n you fuck the maid: madeinmadeof —
it is neither iron, stainless nor steel,
the stealthy manager in A cup. After you've learned
to grab, to grasp, gasp, not to cling onto, you will
learn how to "holdon, holdon";
w.o.r.k.m.e.n.h.a.n.d. s. off soft for the softies and
hardened for the hardies' diehards "look, my e
yes are just hollow grounds, look, your love
has drawn red from my hands, from my hands
you'll know you'll never be, modern twist in
my sobriety" So, bright ethics!, "Johnny B.
just listen to me, oh, why can't you see, J.B.",
headphones smashing pumpkins.
What Lily says *is* silly, what papa *has done*
is limitless, "moi, je m'appelle bleu mé
thylène" c'est pas mal, c'est la put
tana troia una vendemmia di
bestemmie, compravendite, La Borsa! se vu
le vu oi verdienen, ver dienen, maar toch,

c’est pas grave, c’est trop bien et boucoup!
aujourd’hui je parle pas Franyes, to-ta-le-?
il benzinaio, il serbatoio, la sete “don’t
let gooooh, never give up such a w
onderful life” it is laid out in front of you:
le cadavre exquis, le caisson,
la cassonade éparse sur la place,
une plaine rouge plein, roux rouge,
le nouveau numéro désiré
de remplacement.

Jonathan Hobratsch

Sections 128-139 from *erroreum*

I have used the letter O for the letter A
to make pianos indecipherable
mirrors as spheres
inside I annotate my life
influenced by a style
of cannibalism
and
a colony for
the Medusa
of life or walruses

this music is frozen
clearly
narrators tend to narrate about themselves
like a bar walking into a bar

world war three is within you, but I control all the armies
walrus is short for walrussell

«o»«o»

a dreadful loss
'tis no matter
like Queen Anne having 17 children, none living more than a year

(insert comic interlude)
losing two pounds just by going to the bathroom

I think you dropped this
eat it
says Louis Zukofsky near the end
come, grow strange with me
in miscellanies and fragments
we won't come back from this

«o»«o»

permit yourself to
misread that Plato collected toothpastes
a revolution
let us wear our hats inside out from now on
misread that the Carthaginians occupy Mexico
build the mansion of your dreams and then destroy it
none of the poet Thomas Gray's 11 siblings survived
childhood becomes a nobody
adds cereal to the Milky Way
confronts Rimbaud
like gods do
without titles
gods tend to write about themselves

«o»«o»

why don't you ask me my name first?

little did you know
my friend says your coffee sucks, tell me, is that true?

to my child
I know you are not born yet, and may never be,
but you need to hear me anyway
yesteryear is yesteryear
an odd nauseum
the inside-out cave
...ninety-eight, ninety-nine, ...
just you wait
the only poetry worth aging with
we will find ourselves
in the words themselves

«o»«o»

Pi performing
its lackluster unction
more submarine than friend
(brief pause)
are you my friend?
are you myself?
with as many as five pairs of parentheses

or the Enemy of the Stars
as Wyndham Lewis called it
the windows are still
shadows that rise

«o»«o»

when I woke up with elephant tusks
to make gentle the life of this world
Benjamin Franklin wrote a story about a conversation
with his own gout
recorded at the Battle of Megiddo
where all participants had named their children Egbert
which reminds me of when Grandpa John told me
not to try and become famous
with the head of a plum
your heart might fly
like oil derricks
pages later
nothing has not yet revealed itself
perhaps I'll breed it

«o»«o»

Chill out, man! Chill out!
is reassuring nonetheless
when in roam, do as the phones do
lets avoid electronics
for the terrarium of text
rows of pharaohs furrow their brows
hills also shrink as they age
with the Surrealists, though they tried in vain
a groomed werewhale stands to the left
this is pthisis
sounds like a plan

«o»«o»

be the abyss
swayed

on asymmetric graph paper
make your own sky
is where I am going
learn to read
the Book of Uncommon Prayer
as if it were a wish
or Jayne Mansfield, her teeth red
the first mention of Leipzig
played by the moodswing band
these are my late friends
pieces of me apart
and yet
eyebrow combovers still exist
the lyric of our time
shown on this map

«o»«o»

the fragments annex each other
are not widely read
there was Froggy my stuffed toy frog
mustered back into service
armor yourself
with a legion of cloth moths
miscommunicated wisdom is still wisdom
put this money in your sock and give it to me
in the morning
in Greece, music is
narwals entrapt in ice. Greenland
the Euphemist Manifesto
is our urgent purpose. Let us conceive
each neighborhood as a fragment of the whole's
chronology split into
observational and theoretical branches
that I've covered myself in
waterproof paint and walked into the Atlantic
we are playing chess
just to peat again
twelve bassoons play our dirge

«o»«o»

the necessary stranger

caves inward. That's when I saw
a penguin taxidermy'd together
with a storm lantern and rotary phone
should we go around again? (shut up!)
Good ol' Dodoism
'tis well
that statue of a stone
rocks pet themselves
Christopher Marlowe too
an eighth of the way I started
crying. Do martians have ghosts too?
I saw this coming
that guy that looked like Salvador Dali w/ glasses
that had X's on the lenses made of black
tape, he told the barista that, "the earth
was a planet of our solar system." He knew
we knew that, but we needed
to hear it anyway. Behind the stacks
of Wonderbread laughing, as if
he tricked me into working at a grocery store
Al-Sufi's Book of Fixed Stars mentions me
as a failed nebula with music
and lyrics by Jeff Mangum, Julian Koster, and Kevin Barnes
we refer to ourselves in second person
the Wiccans are slowly taking over San Marcos*******

«o»«o»

Would I name a daughter "Trivia"?
written in letters for illiterate people?
like a memoir in Dada
this is all self-analysis by the way
the battered dictionary at The Coffee Pot
letters placed in the shape of a letter
those chandeliers that had their own chandeliers
aye, there's that snow man with the softside,
silkside
inside thousands call for pudding under the twinkling stars
as bizarre as Gertrude Stein's play about Sen. Daniel Webster
and I says to the doorman I says to him I says
upon my blood I will carry you
please, remove your hat
I'm going to slap you, if you don't disobey me

«o»«o»

the night can be backlit too
Christine de Pizan's husband was an astrologer
amended to the US Constitution
meanwhile, the letter "m" is purely fictional
one cannot imagine
naming someone or something "stupor"
but when?
you know God killed me, right?

Jaime Robles

Seven syllables, four lines
From *Drought, then Fire*

日

How did the round sun become
    Square? Its rays a single stroke?
The brush lays down a flat line,
    Quickly cutting sky from earth.

目

She opens her eyes both blue
    Now awake blankets cover
Her shoulders. An eye, a net,
    Two eyes a crease in the net

山

To think of the hills as flesh
    More easily seen than sun.
A rising peak, pocked
    With dark valleys though brilliant.

珍珠

Eyes wet surface, enameled
    Shine of fingertips, clouds
Of net curtains and light.
    Water pearling bedraggled leaves

火

Cauterizing fire writes words
    Into the sky waves of clouds
Dark gray lining billowing white
    Condenses heat into rain

阳

Male fades into female.
    One side of the mountain shade
One side sun hot in summer.
    Dusk surrounding all, always.

Jaime Robles

[Untitled]

A flotilla of lanterns floats out from the heart
At their center a flickering flame. The petals of the lantern
In the shape of a lotus folded from paper, bending inward,
Red like a fox's tail caught between sunlight and shadow
Moving across the water leaving faint ripples along
Its surface – fire drifts, calling soul to soul, death to life.
The touch of a tongue whose words were lost in clamor.
Rivers flow on from elevation to the sea's defining level.
Dark bands longing to be elsewhere they are neither earth nor sky
At their edges green laces worlds together: stone water cloud rain
Inscribed in past present future.

Jeff Bagato

scale
tone
in uniform

what is blue
what a bell
tolls

sharp together

a fountain remains
indifferent
to its changes

in unison

passing a sport only
once

Jeff Bagato

you sack
what is sex

binary or more

spaces take places

taking open

spaces between people

droll lies
ident
indent
intent
interference
ingest
in just
injure

incalculable
ways to a new
open

Jeff Bagato

boss you got that fleet
ment about
you
where it most
need get
again
to work
smoothe

trilling
truly does
count

node could lend
bench

a dam lets more water
through

jot hoss catch
mistah actuel
where it best
go to
work loose
again

Jeff Bagato

nueva check
balance tar

ask to load

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Jeff Bagato

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lost
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slick stuff
too slippery to
hold

I didn't want to hold
there anyhow

rating a mot

at last

Sean G. Meggeson

Running Away

Story of trees. Wait until.

A roof over your head. A home unreachable.

A corn broom sweeps the solar system for gemstones. A travelogue runs on stomach acid. My enemies live in love. A phoenix furiously corners into a driveway.

I climbed a tree. I could hear computers hum up there. I could hear a radio in my mouth up there.

All delusions have details that are provided for. The face of. The amount of.

A house is on fire. The cucumbers are fire-retardant. My nose is itchy.

Most machines are bodies that run on projective modeling. Also called astral mass marketing. Also called a nebulizing diffuser.

The universal context becomes: to belong means surrender like a stone signals arrival. Like a pillow invites facelessness. Like an angel wields a leaf blower.

Europa is a bond of long-standing surrender. Generations of trees gather their own species. The hero of the family is a faceless Viking. The washing machine downstairs takes twenty years.

When do updates stop? I'm still a basket case with erect bloodlines. I see now how carvings were meant to be tenderness passed down as errant rituals. I imagine bedridden creators. I imagine barefooted translators.

Someone somewhere re-writes Shakespeare upon the flesh screen of abjection. It's close to what's now important. 'Anger at' one day mocks city planning. A city garden tucks into corporate fundamentals. We can hear emotional ambulances wail the name Jane Jacobs. We catch flashes of Kensington Market vulnerabilities.

Someone had to say the answer is baseball. Someone gave out free shoulder hugs. Someone used some rope to put together a ladder. They called it a higher form of love but we all know what it was.

Sean G. Meggeson

Managers' Room

Dedicated to a shadow.

Here again, accents. My flat foot codifies pieces. Something breaks. Or is it small rocks pinging against fiberglass?

A Colorado piano. Channel catfish backwash a crisis. My shoes are my friends.

Please, I'm here now. I misplaced my. I forgot every single.

Trigonometry praises Samson's jawbone. My new suit's waiting but I step out of the shower to coordinate expulsion. If it were a film in slow motion. If spooling helped Hanover.

Sister to sister dialogue is a silent invitation from the margins. I want the exchange without the time emotions require. Disconnected cousins drink water from different glasses. Placemats define the trajectory of a family. Drapes serve dementia. A difficult clay cup dries.

Banishment from the table with an orchestra of closing scrolls. The time for liberation passes and then waits for a new enflowerment.

I have a memory: money flowed freely from my throat and I used it to buy a waste of space. I heard waterways sing all night and my eyes were pockets of green gauze. There was a marriage in a park. My heartbeat inflated an air mattress. A banner in the sky read, "Eat Shit, Artie!"

All I can see is spray-paint on the horizon. I travel with guilt in the gearbox. Surprising because I used to walk everywhere and pause (or at least slow down a bit) before the forever sadness of bungalows. I came to know how people live in them to starve out hidden manuals of mourning. Different than grieving. Miles from monorailing.

It takes two lifetimes to understand how a sentence is only about how it sounds. This makes music as fundamental as something dental. As rural and smoky as when Darlington biker gangs ruled the sideroads. The ones just kissing the shores of Lake Ontario east of the Hydro Fields. IBM played out chance operations over there. The grafting of moments onto centuries.

A boy saved up his quarters for a potato gun over there and maybe it was the first and last time psychobabble saved the day.

I'm devastated how quickly the leaves change from saucers to scavengers.

Christopher Barnes

From *This Theatre, Your Prompt*

(11)

Magenta doorway from ticket office.
Neck-wrestling sightlines.

Tabloids heaped.
Crucifix on ironing board.

(12)

Slab-roofed hexagon.
Centreline – empty balcony.

Razorwire on climbing frame.
Plastic ivy manacles swings.

(13)

Semicircled footlights.
Awning mounted on pillars.

Tilted polystyrene crag.
Overturned skiff.

(14)

Through the thick of illusion,
Caged projector overhangs.

Enormous bus shelter,
Unfussy hedge.

(15)

Grisaille broadloom, plush upholstery,
Ranging asymmetry.

Lecture room desks.
Fractions on blackboard.

(16)

House-lights dissolve
Conventional notions of Realism.

Teaset on sideboard.
Isolated door, agape.

Lynn Strongin

CHARLOTTE
(Lotte)



Lotte Reading by Marguerite Strongin

There are no small parts. Only small actors

BORN with a raspberry birthmark
That shone on her left cheek. From the start she was small on a small stage.
Now, 12, she lit the pilot for a winter night. She sang, a shout-out to her voice teacher:
Lotte, her lyrical sweep on life*, 'this God-forsaken island'*

Choir practice every Wednesday night
Voice dark as an organ chord, her devotional attention increases her vulnerability
Pencil thin. She is a servant of time,' Char' my last child, her mother said.

'We are related,' Cassandra said lying on her back in summer grass *Elated* Lotte. whispered back
They locked eyes. She texted her life in script, sepia ink.
Her life was a nesting- doll narrative, a burr in her dream teddy's fur.
Her outings weren't to paint the town, the sadness of pantomime, of workers leaving a factory
Coming home, eerily serene was a combustion of longing and sorrow. Winter night, the blue gas light burning.

AUNT, A POET

Charlotte on her birth, crying
--only her siblings called her Lotte

Left scattered footprints on various avenues,
Tree-lined streets
Typical New England. She had another 100 bird divination.

Only her thoughts were off the beaten pat
She wandered wee
Wild quail sheltered, a deer after birthing a swan.
    She blew the dusky off an envelope before opening it.
    So, her life is recently swept ceil, her tomboy straight as long bone.

AUNT, A POET exotic as an iris

Charlotte saw her from Glasgow, a tall Glaswegian, hair copper as Persian carpet opened the gate. She bumped the gate, crushing the gloxinia. 'God, where are you now' thought Charlotte.
--only her siblings called her *Lotte*. She was the odd one.

Left scattered footprints on various avenues,
Tree-lined streets
Typical New England.

Bur her thoughts were off the beaten trail
She wandered while
Wlil sheltered, a deer after birthing a swan.
    She blew the deer off an envelope before opening it.
    So, her life recently swept, her tombs stone straight as long bone.

SHE CHANGES GEARS

A Capella
Immediately tailors her rage
She holds in hand a highly inscribed piece of military art.

Turns it over
Long ago, when the baby had melba toast
She wavered like a needle on a compass
she has beauty still

The more I suffer
The more I
offer
Dark eyes, shin pale as eggshell. Skin which hurts. *It was mapped out at birth.*
Standing up to her family, stone-but-stone has built a wall.

CALICO Healing

when our hurtling headlong is blocked, we need to change
not just direction but dimension. Decelerate. Look up.
endif ds
with uplifting gospel,
extending her courage.

Outrage dies. Her brown eyes
Wide with amaze narrow with age
Going away, coming back along the seamed road.

The sisters overshadow each other
In starched light
Her whole life an age of anxiety:
    I push you away, Lord,
    Yet you come toward me. My *angst* moored, and sword.

WOLF WHO HOUNDS ME

The war arrives
An explosion that may leave my face scarred face scarred.

It is a small-town yard my backyard:
Who'll watch weeds create a diagram
Like those that cracked codes, or cancer diagnoses.

Living in North light,
scrapes the paint / off the canvas
takes the patience of a saint.

What story do I stand on? After a month of train-watching
Rails run against brick, rails split and sparkling. Love in a hood, lighting a smoke, darkling.

CHACONNE

It's great to fall in love again
Not head-spinning like the first time.

Death, I have been in the ring with you often,
I throw in my counters.
Playing with fire at birth was I burned. I dance that sad slow dance, the chaconne.

When a baobab dies,
It may leave a shadow on the ground.
That's us,
Tearing up our dance card. I meant to tell you mine is bare, no baby ever slept in the cradle second-hand, coverlets lace and linen.

I AM SAD because a Baobab is dying
She wrote in her diary

'If you sing on one side of the trunk,
Your singing cannot be heard on the other'
It is said.
Here comes
Bossy Boots
    You mow he lavender,
        Leaving sweetness over the town

A FIRESTORM

Lotte knows the sudden styles love can take
The layer born under the skin.
All vellum and onionskin papers scatter. Romance, its rind.

Her struggle with God scattered by autumn's North wind.
Hiroshima ashes glow. No more requiems.
The dead are sad enough in their eternal silence.

Below, in the street
Vendors sell peanuts
In paper flutes.

We hold ourselves together
As one blue petal of the rose in glass wilts—the infused one the untouched
like I own—one a new love flows.

MAGGIE FLYNN, tell me is it futile to be transparent...
As what
The glass vase that holds the rose

The fire on the burned face glows
An unaccustomed East wind blows. Her heart thru her ribs, a pelycosaur neglected,
Maggie knows shows

She misses a husband
For evening conversation
    And other things.
    She is sad because far away a baobab is dying.

Radoslav Rochallyi

The dust on the furniture resembles ashes from things you didn't want to burn

$$\lim_{\textit{I am flesh that still believes in touch} \to \infty} \left(\textit{remember the light that laughed} - \frac{\textit{It remained unspoken}}{\textit{heavy as wet clay in the mouth}} \right)^{n}$$

Radoslav Rochallyi

In the morning, her mouth is full of advertisements

$$\textit{The subway breathes mold and electricity}\,(t) = \frac{\left(\sum_{i=\textit{they just count falls}}^{\textit{The stairs are keyboards that don't play}} \lambda^{\textit{In the window}}, E_{\textit{happiness is on sale two for the price of one– until humanity runs out}}\right)^{s}}{\kappa^{s} + \left(\sum_{i=\textit{a mannequin with a smile}}^{\textit{Behind the glass}} \lambda^{,i}, E_{\textit{drilled into the plastic laughs– at me}}\right)^{s}}$$

Radoslav Rochallyi

The city is a machine that chews up faces

$$\left[\mathbb{E}\left(\textit{The light hums so evenly in the offices that it makes your spine bend}\right) \right.$$

$$= \int_0^t \left(\sum_{j=1}^{N} \textit{People sit in rows like components and learn to smile retentively} \left(\alpha, \textit{There's a strange kind of silence}\,(\tau) \right.\right.$$

$$+ \beta, \textit{when a thousand screens lie dormant at once}_j\,(\tau)$$

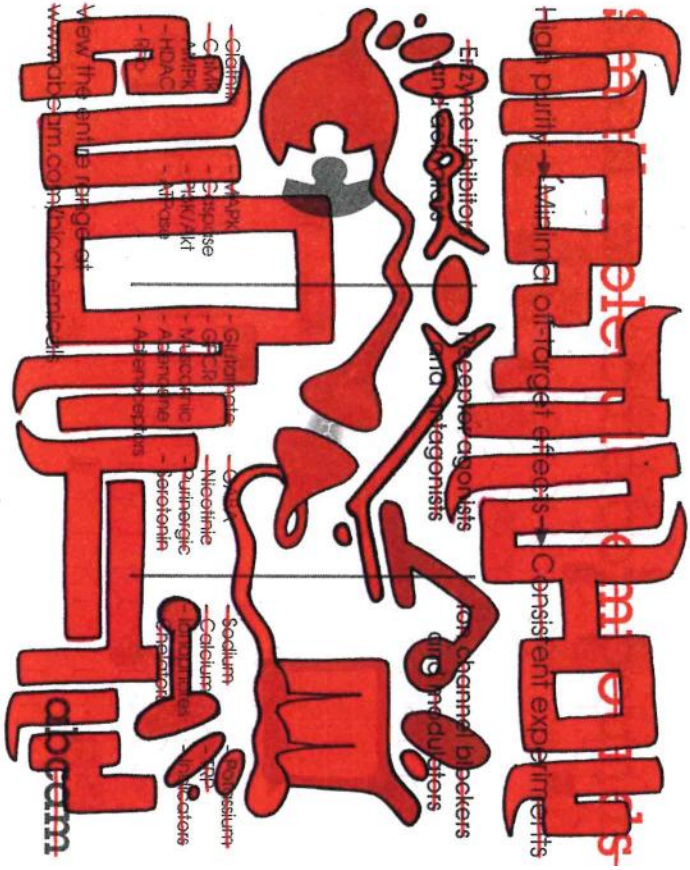
$$\left.\left. - \gamma, \textit{and no one}_j\,(\tau)\,, \textit{has the energy to be disappointed} \right)^2 \right) d\tau \left. \right]$$

Radoslav Rochallyi

The city eats my tongue

$$\left[\mathcal{T}\left(\textit{Concrete underfoot}\right)\right.$$
$$= \int_0^T \textit{Cold and clean} \left[\textit{without memory}\left(\textit{Sin}\right)\right.$$
$$+ \left(\int_{\Omega(t)} \textit{On the concrete} \left|\nabla B\left(\textit{urine, and the rest of the night slide}\right)\right|^2\right)^{\backslash 1/2}$$
$$\left.\left. - \int_{\Omega(t)} R\left(\textit{pretending to be just water from the morning dew}\right)\right] dt\right]$$

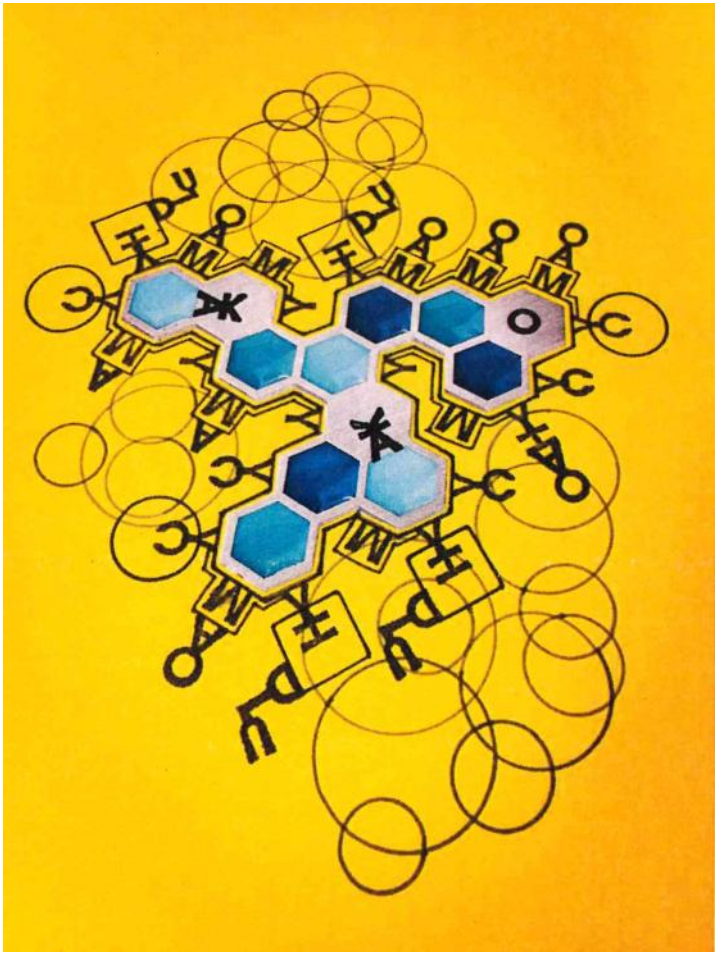
Michael Orr



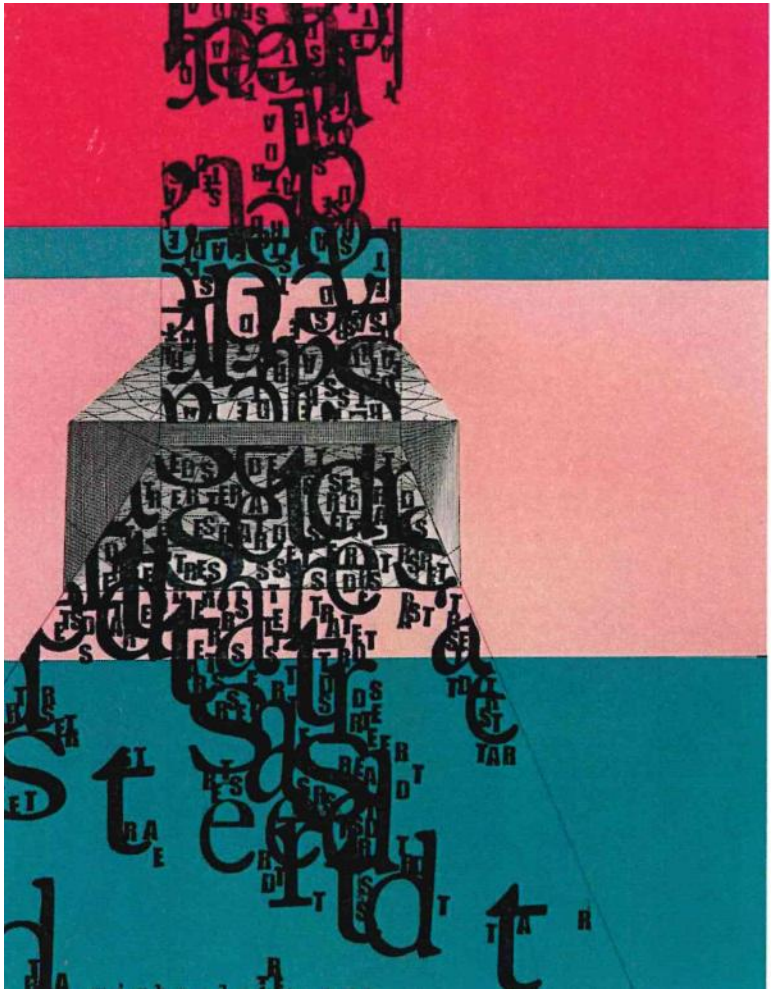
Michael Orr



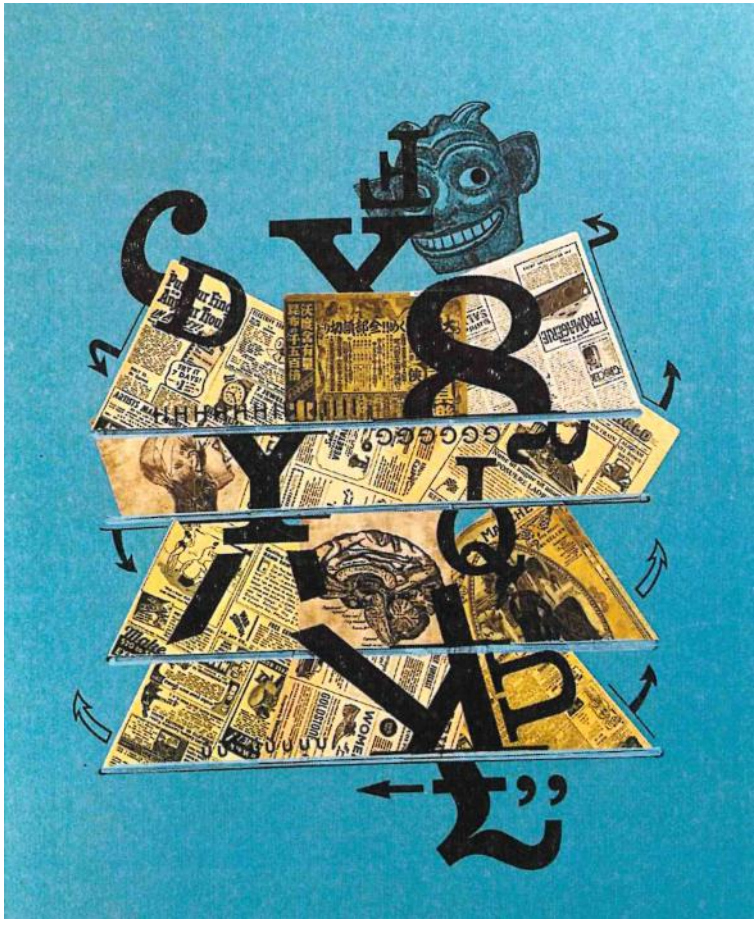
Michael Orr



Michael Orr



Michael Orr



Vantage



Vantage



Vantage



Vantage



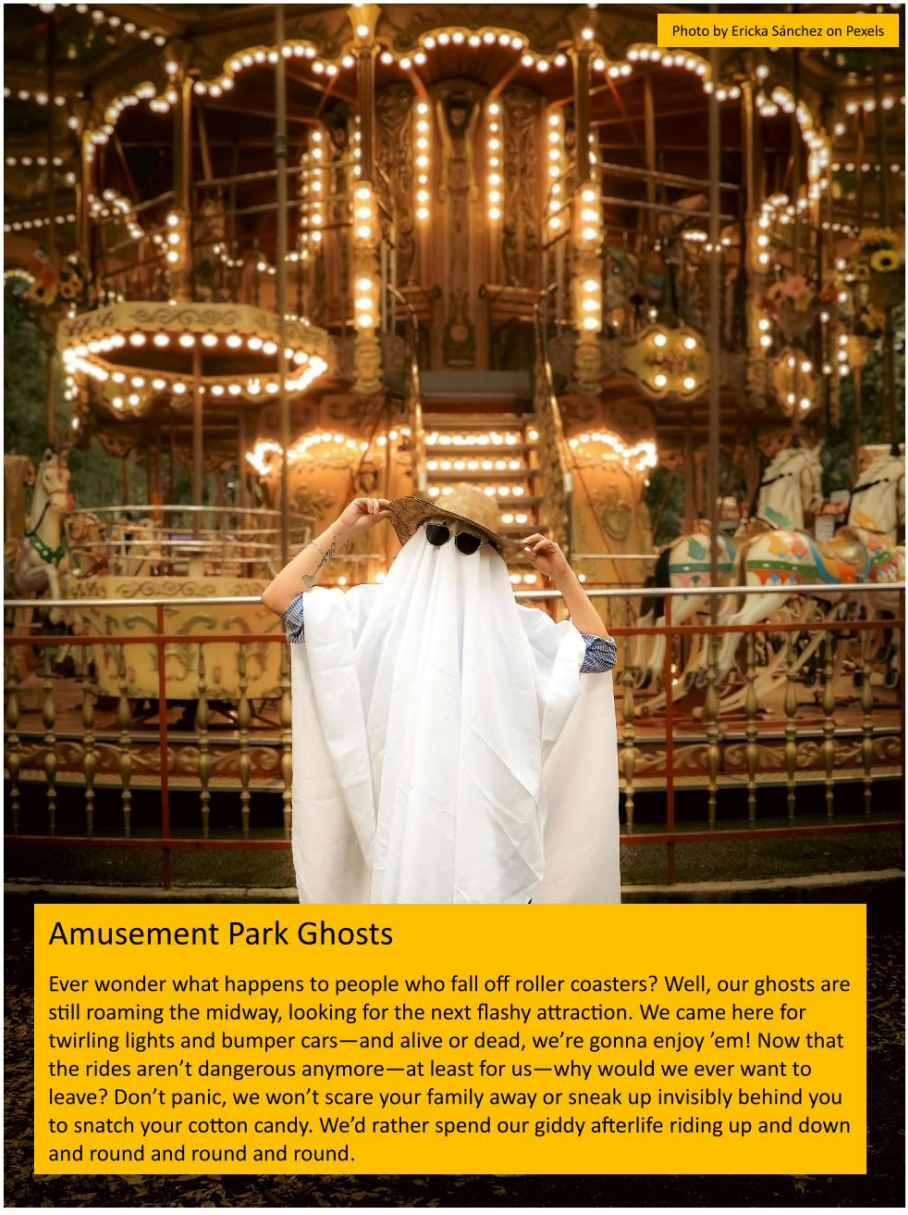
Vantage



Vantage



Pamela Miller



Amusement Park Ghosts

Ever wonder what happens to people who fall off roller coasters? Well, our ghosts are still roaming the midway, looking for the next flashy attraction. We came here for twirling lights and bumper cars—and alive or dead, we're gonna enjoy 'em! Now that the rides aren't dangerous anymore—at least for us—why would we ever want to leave? Don't panic, we won't scare your family away or sneak up invisibly behind you to snatch your cotton candy. We'd rather spend our giddy afterlife riding up and down and round and round and round.

Pamela Miller

The Ghost Fiancée

Just because I'm dead doesn't mean we can't get married. There's nothing left of me but wisps of light, yet you can still spend your life with me. I remember the goofy night you proposed on the beach. You hid the ring in your sock and asked me to tickle your ankle. Then you crooned "Will you marry me, Mimi?" like Bing Crosby on steroids. Maybe that's why I lost control of the car as I drove my dazzled way home. But why do we have to call off the wedding? No one will think you're crazy when you stand at the altar and murmur your vows to a shadow. You'll be able to glimpse me if you hold my icy hand. I'll look so lovely beside you, shimmering behind death's veil.



Pamela Miller

The Ghost on the Beach

She appears every Thursday night. That must have been the day she drowned. And was raped and strangled, everybody says. She rises from the lake like an arrow of light, then strides down the beach so furiously the sand sizzles under her feet. No one knows where she's going or what her grim spirit wants. Maybe she's hunting for her killer. Or perhaps she's stalking Death Himself to give Him a piece of her mind. As she whisks along the water's edge, folks call to her—"Are you all right?" "Do you need help?"—but she doesn't seem to hear. If you try to follow her, she vanishes. She's here and then she's gone, like a scream.

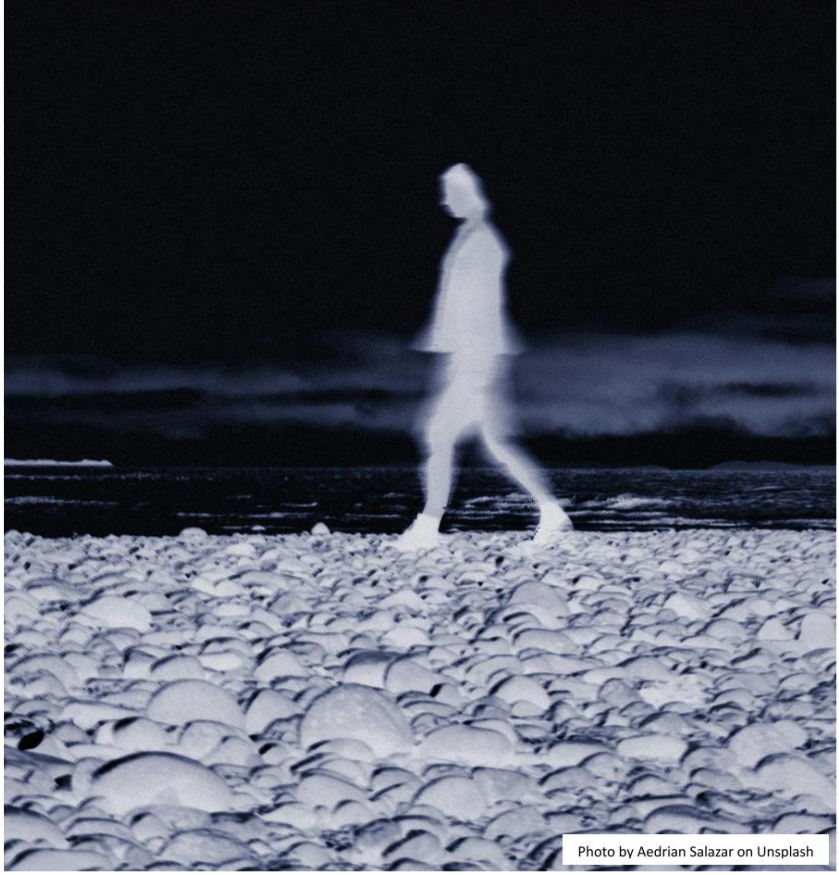


Photo by Aedrian Salazar on Unsplash

Pamela Miller



Image by Racheal Parkinson from Pixabay

The Haunted Ouija Board

No matter where you move the planchette, somebody's ghost pops up. You're trying to contact your beloved great-grandmother, but instead you get a murdered mobster howling for revenge. Or a lynching victim gasping out his story. Or the creepy mumbling of Lord knows who. Sometimes they all talk at once, like a choir of clamorous magpies. The only way to shut them up is to fling the board against the wall. Be careful it doesn't break, or the ghosts will leak out and possess you for the rest of your days.

Pamela Miller

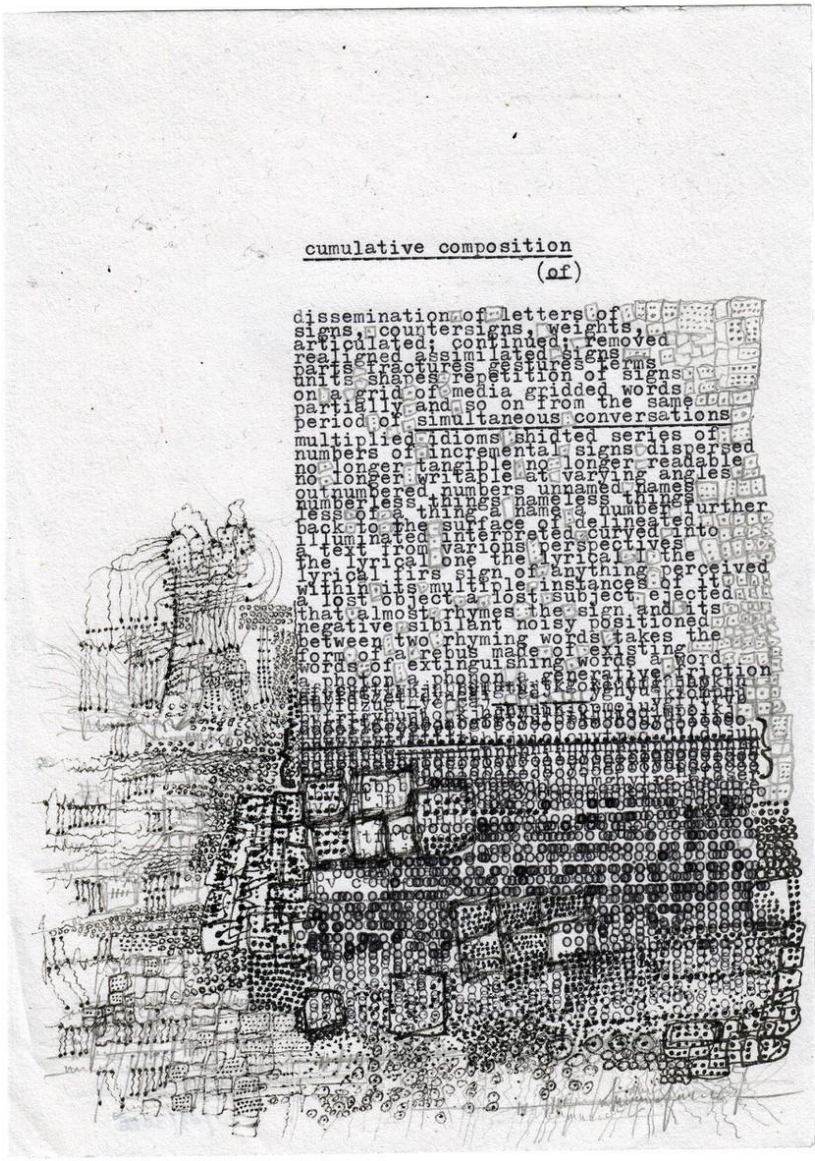


Photo by Eugene Golovesov on Pexels

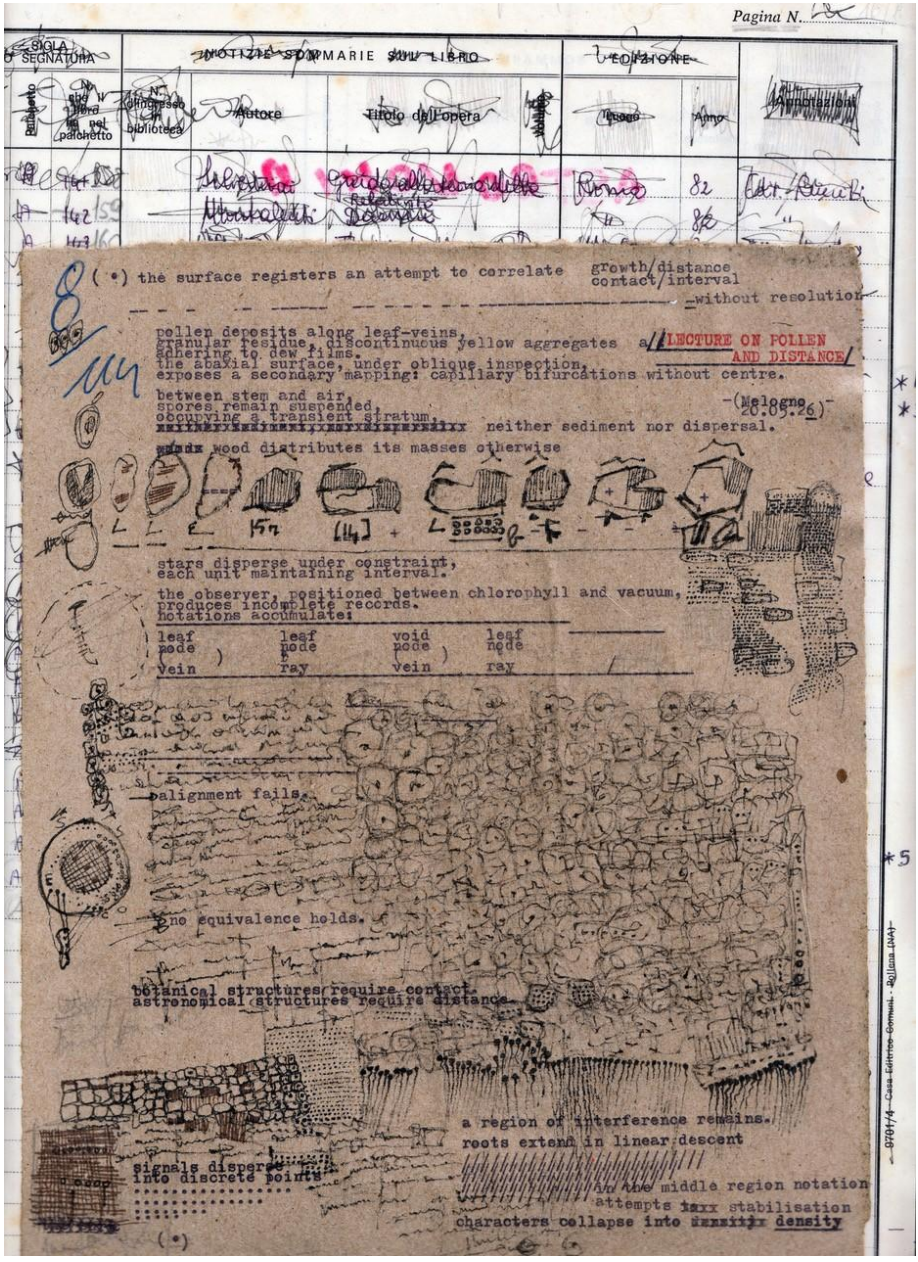
The Spooky Woods

In this forest even the trees are haunted. Do they seem to be watching you? Well, they are. And the moon is such a peculiar color every single night. It's all because of the dead people planted here, their uneasy spirits squirming beneath the ground. Our scraggly little town was too poor to build a cemetery, so this desolate stretch of timber was plan B. Each grave lies in front of a tree—a living, towering tombstone. When their trunks start to writhe on snowy evenings, whose woods these are I think I know. They belong to the long, long dead.

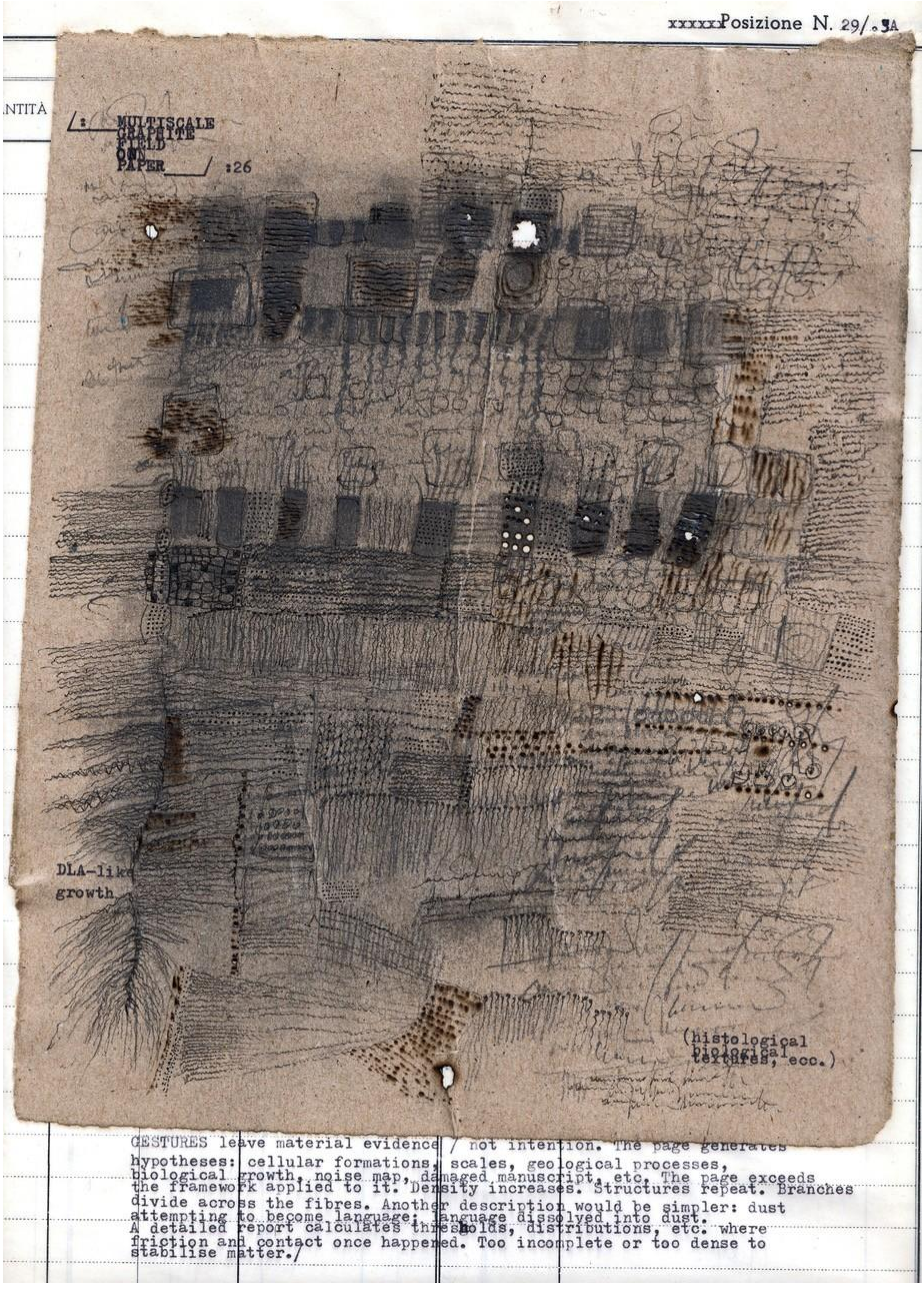
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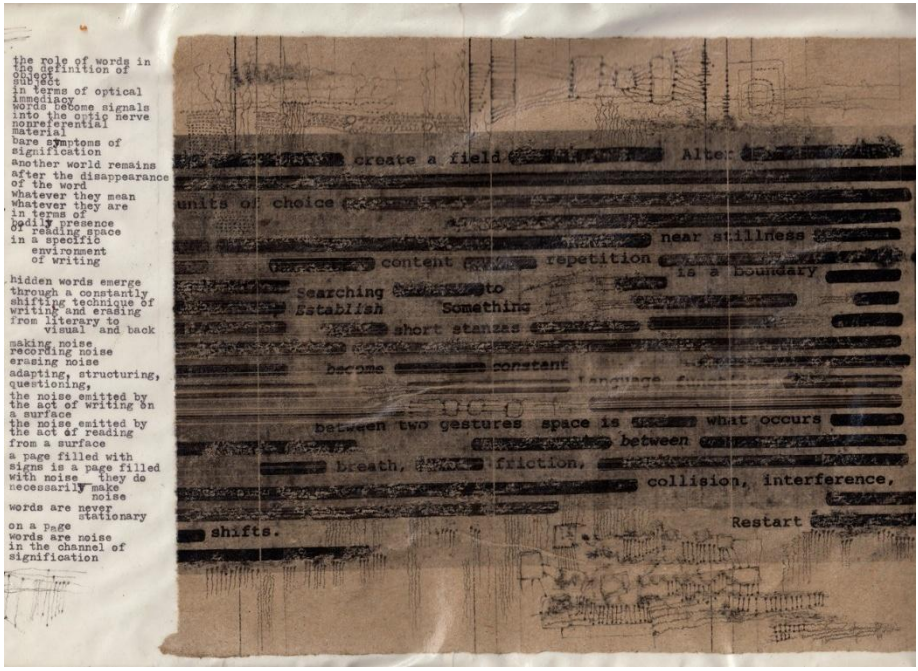
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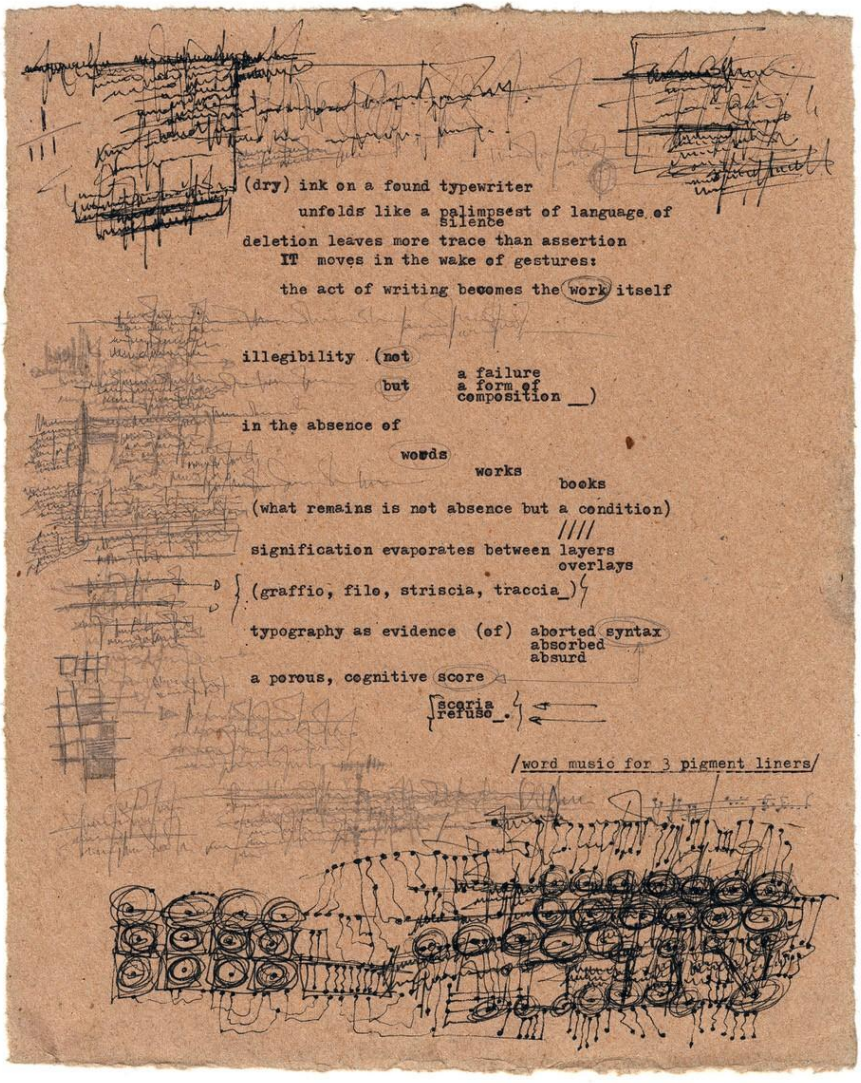
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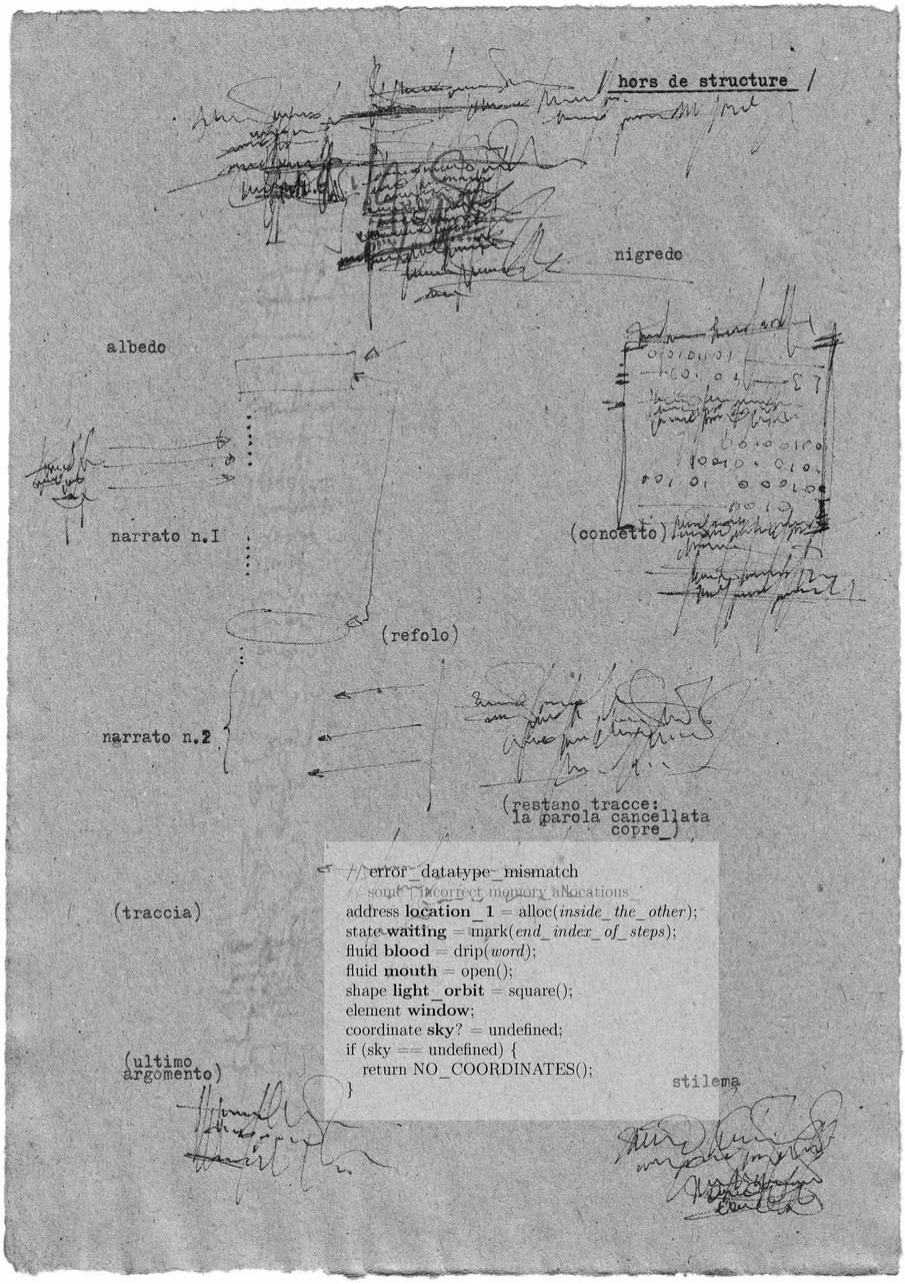
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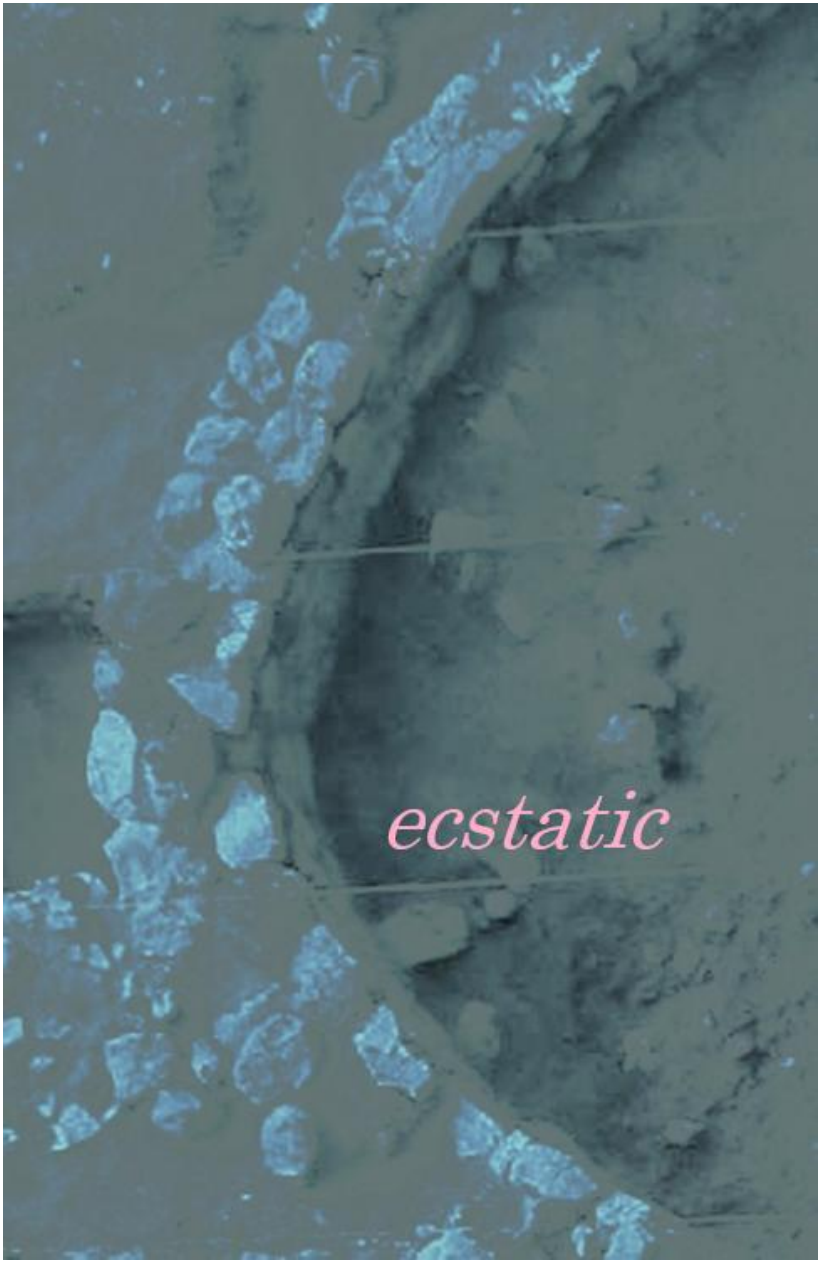
Mark Young

A passage past the eye



Mark Young

Boma



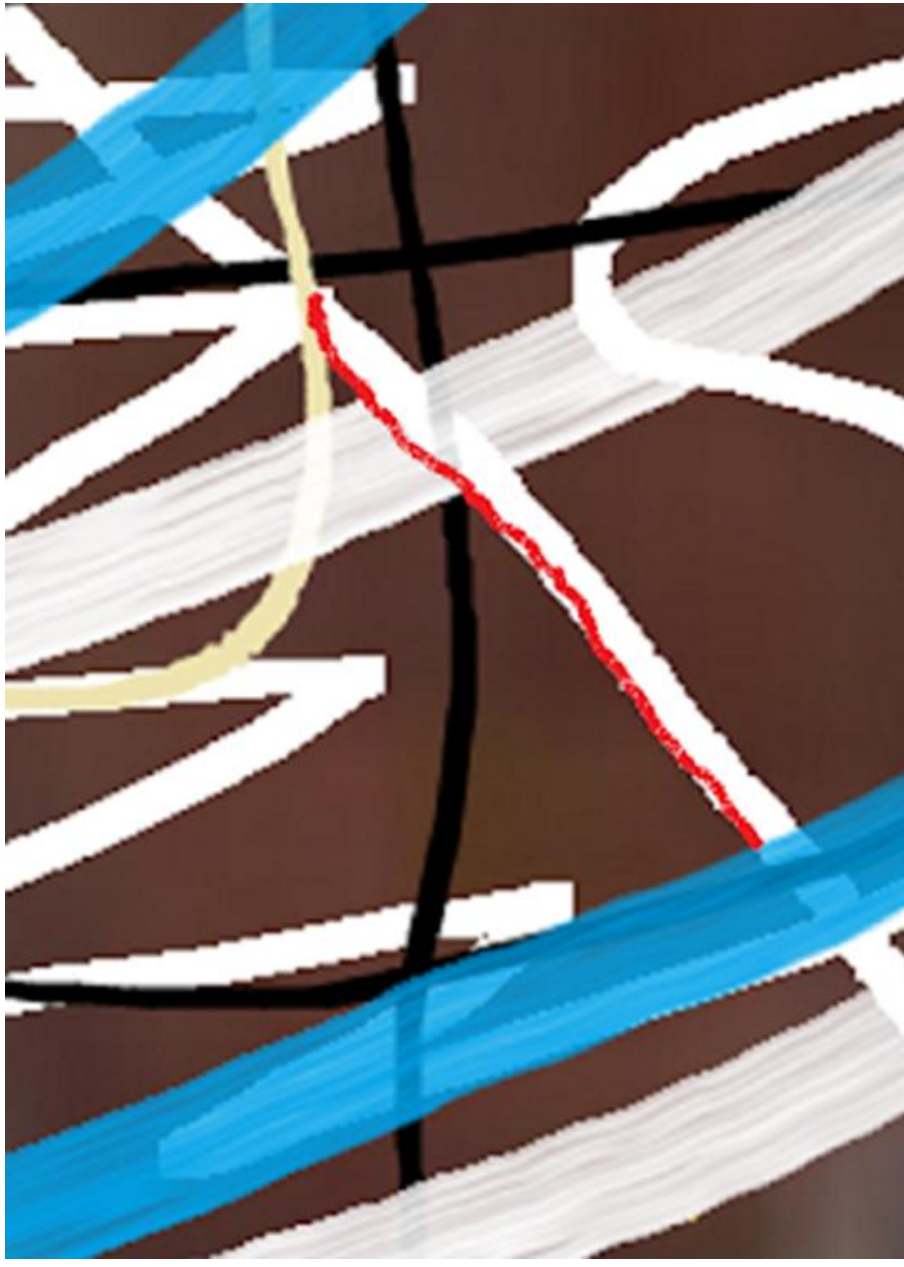
Mark Young

Brocade



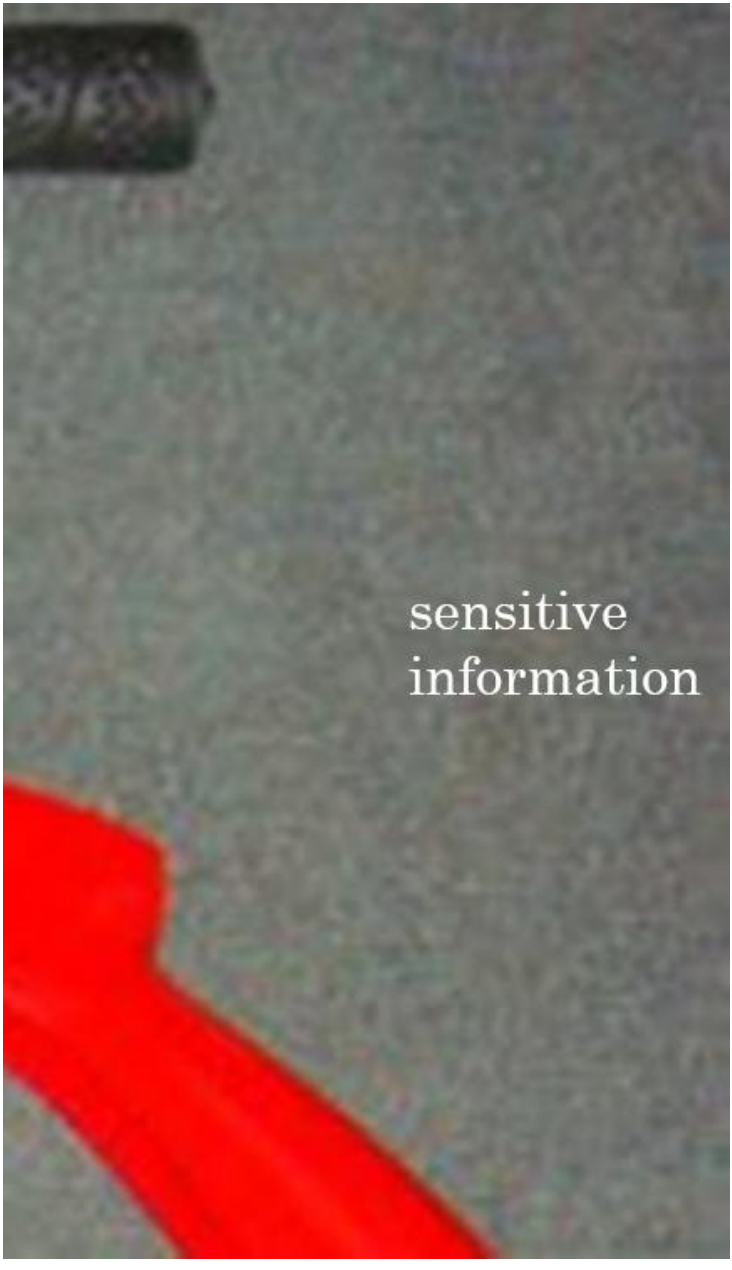
Mark Young

geographies: Cremorne



Mark Young

The Secret Files



Mark Young

transparent motives

transparent	weather vane	reciprocal	seasonal	melting watches	ghee	solipsis	domain
sneakers	bend sinister	Boudica		treatise	Hogmanny	muck jigger	criteria
weakly or weekly?	grapevine	concept albumin	dulcimer	bitumen		succubi	docent
	bipolar	density	Gothic	podiatry	romance	fast finishing	surgeon
template	reliance	glycerin	latte		subtotal	canula	kneecap
pasture	baked beans on toast		chairlift	daffodils	reliquary	doomsday	riverrun, past Eve & Adam's
chocolate	tropical	collapse	benign	chance favors	cherry pie	finicky	triage
valley	Ithica	rodeo	canasta	dopamine		termite	motives

Richard Hanus

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Richard Hanus

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Richard Hanus

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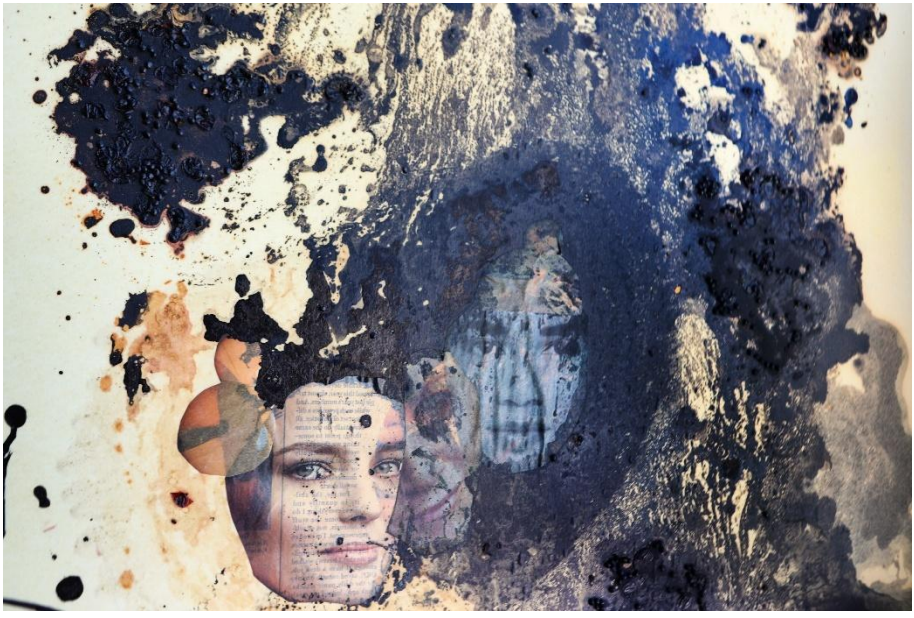
Richard Hanus

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Richard Hanus

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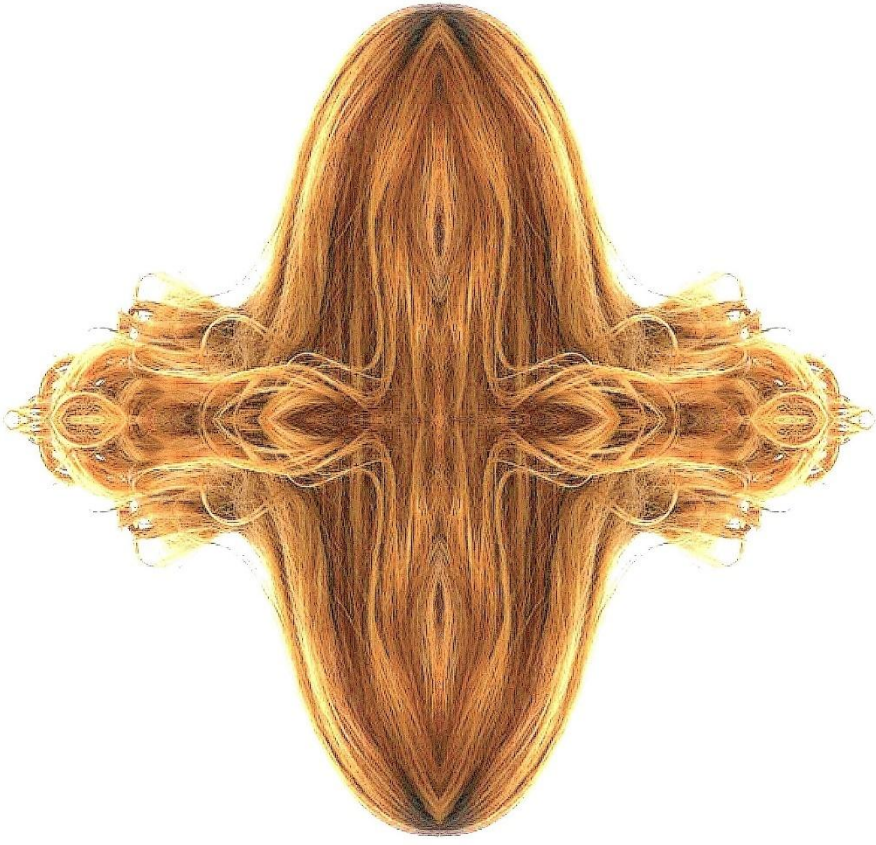
Richard Hanus

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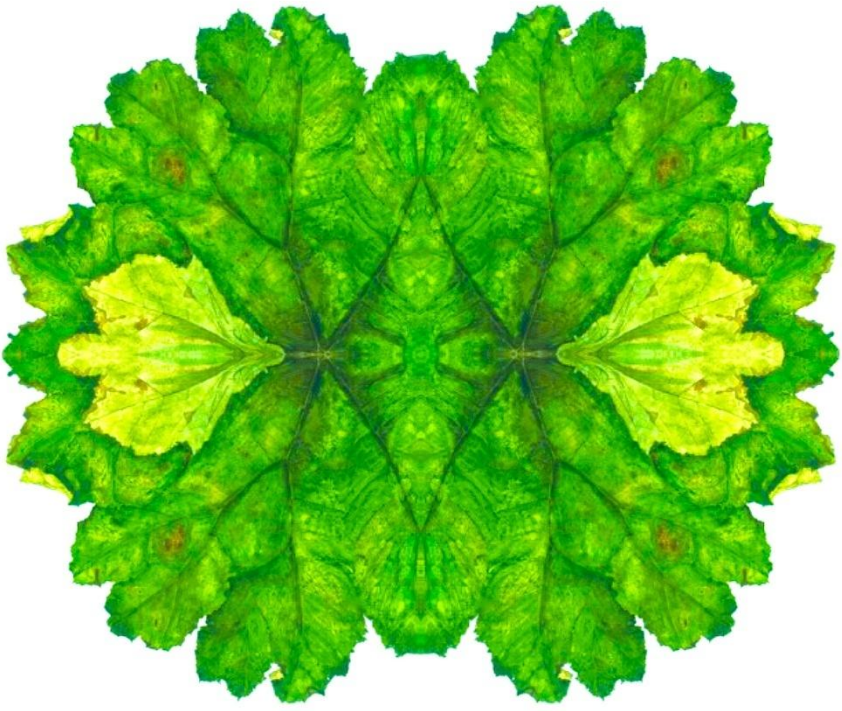
Bill Wolak

Tears Steeped in Moonlight



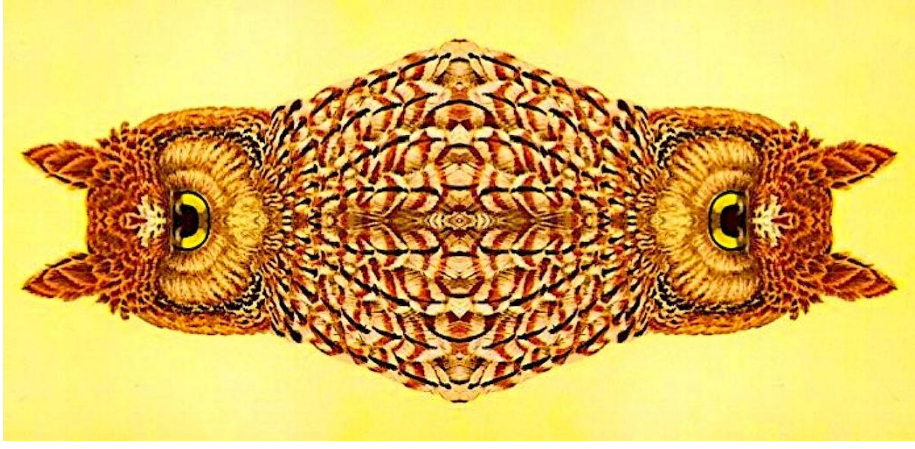
Bill Wolak

Astonishment Coaxed from the Shadows



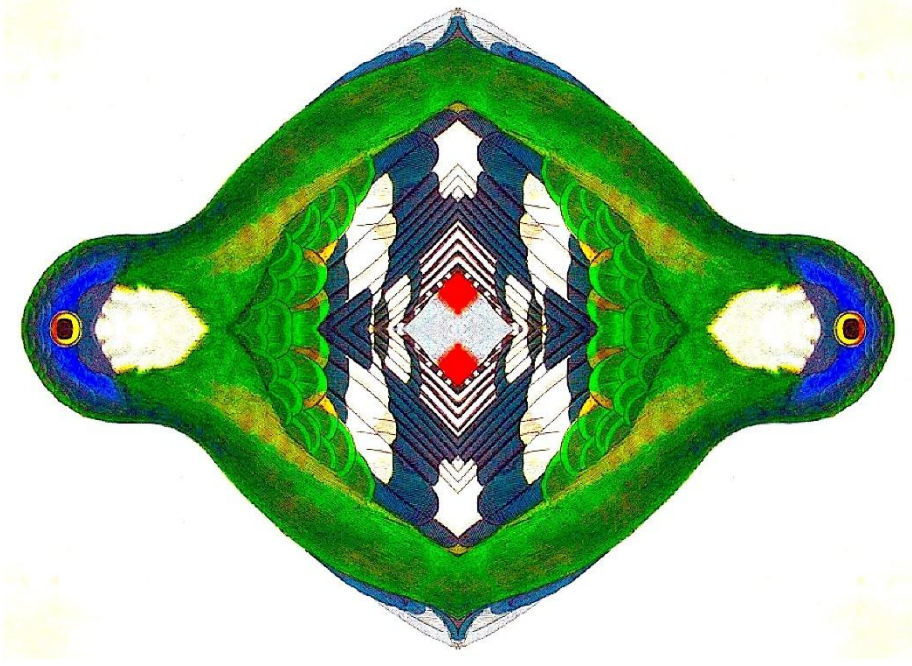
Bill Wolak

At the Threshold of the Forest



Bill Wolak

Indispensable as the Shelter of Silence



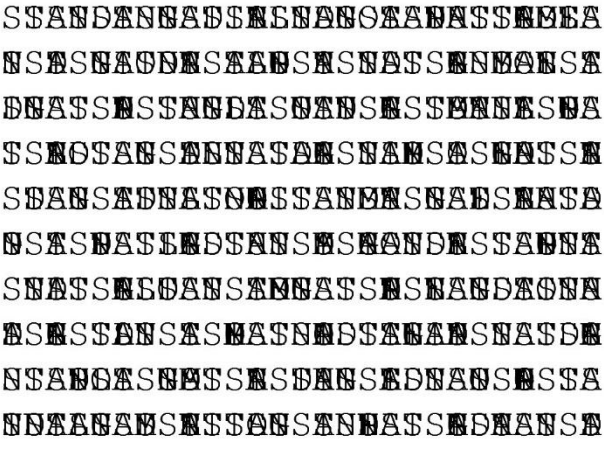
Bill Wolak

The Peculiar Luminosity of Joy



mwpm

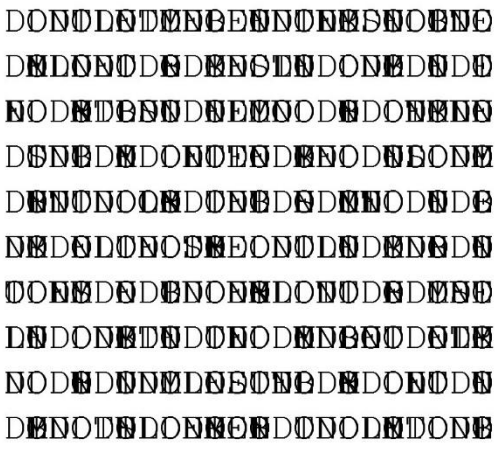
STANDING STILL IS NOT A PASTIME



The accompanying video is available at wordforword.info/vol47/mwpm.html

mwpm

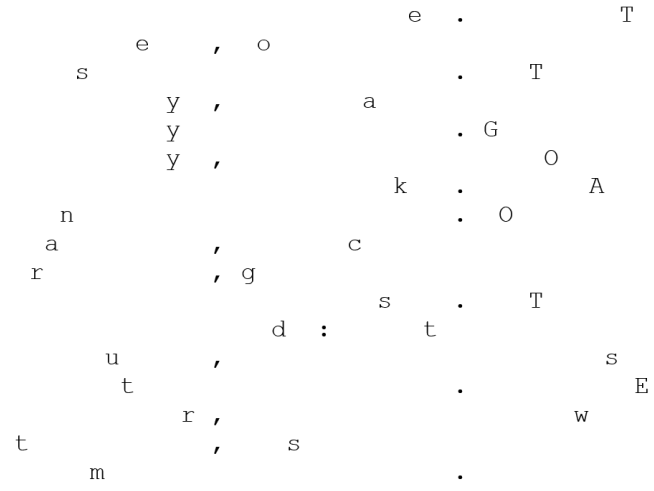
DONT LET ME BE UNDERSTOOD



The accompanying video is available at wordforword.info/vol47/mwpm.html

mwpm

transmute yr gods casket GO TO wAsTE

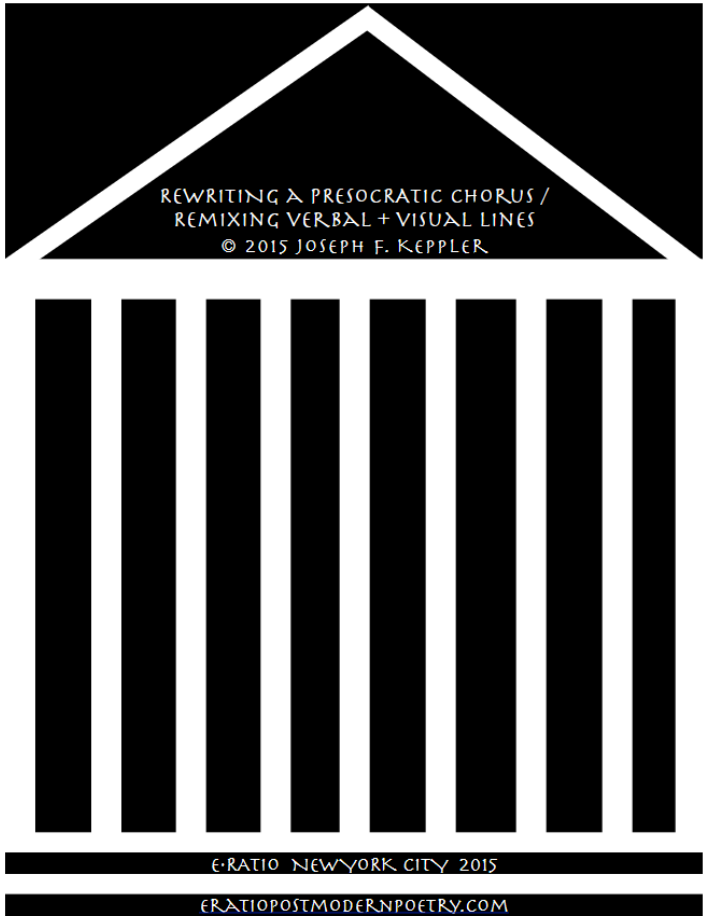


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Daniel Barbiero

Joseph Keppler's Presocratic Postmodernism

REWRITING a PRESOCRATIC chorus / remixing verbal + visual lines
Joseph F. Keppler
E-Ratio, 2015, www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/pdfs/Presocratics_Keppler.pdf



An origin is a singular event. It can only happen once. There can only be one first; after that, there's only a series of succeeding ordinals of potentially diminishing interest. Finding the initial appearance of something isn't always easy, particular when it's said to lie in a mythical time-before-time. Fortunately the origin of what we can recognize as Western natural science and metaphysics is situated in historical time and recorded more or less as it occurred, in treatises that have come down to us in fragments or as quotes and paraphrases in subsequent testimonia. These sources,

witnesses to their own historicity, document the speculations and pronouncements of the so-called Presocratics, Hellenic philosophers active in southern Italy and Sicily, the Greek mainland, and what's now western Turkey, in the sixth and fifth centuries B.C.E.

The Presocratics brought speculation about nature and the nature of things out of the realm of myth and into the physical world. In Book I of the *Metaphysics*, Aristotle said that

> Of the first philosophers, then, most thought the principles which were of the nature of matter were the only principles of all things. That of which all things that are consist, the first from which they come to be, the last into which they are resolved (the substance remaining, but changing in its modifications), this they say is the element and this the principle of things [...] for there must be some entity-either one or more than one-from which all other things come to be [...]

In short, the Presocratics appealed to natural substances, processes, and forces rather than supernatural or mythical entities to explain the phenomenal world, and speculated about its metaphysical foundations. Some, notably the Milesians Thales, Anaximander, and Anaximenes were material monists who looked to identify a first or primordial substance from which the various phenomena of the empirical world came to be via natural transformations. In doing so, they gave us a rudimentary physical cosmology. Others, such as the metaphysical monists of the Eleatic school, argued that beneath its appearance of mutability, all being was one and unchanging. The sui generis Heraclitus of Ephesus pronounced on cosmology and epistemology and, with his acerbic observations of human relations, set out a kind of early anthropology. By framing their speculations as they did, these philosophers in effect took Western thought out of eternal time and regrounded it in historical time.

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In *Rewriting a Presocratic Chorus / remixing verbal + visual lines* Joseph Keppler returns to these origins. But this isn't a recreation or reenactment; rather it's a decidedly postmodern "remix" inspired by the speculations of the Presocratics.

Keppler's remix consists of two hundred mostly brief, aphoristic statements accompanied by a series of drawings. (For present purposes I want to restrict my comments to the verbal lines alone.) The statements are presented as a series of numbered fragments, in the manner of most collections of the Presocratic material. The opening five statements, which in form and content are typical of the entire series, contain allusions to and variations on the concepts and concerns reported of the Presocratics:

1. No one can spend one second twice. Time cannot be contained. Yet time lets light and all be in time.

2. Everything—earth, air, fire, water, love, strife, bodies, minds, souls—is cosmos except perfect God.
3. To be born or to be not born is already to be being being.
4. Truth makes truth. Lies make liars. Man serves both.
5. Eclipse wonder, violence rises.

Just a quick, first pass yields several recognizable references and resemblances: To Thales of Miletus' reported prediction of an eclipse; to Empedocles of Acragas' doctrine of the four elements of earth, air, fire, and water being acted on by the forces of attraction (Love) and repulsion (Strife); to Heraclitus' ruminations on truth and falsity and his pointed remarks on the ambivalence of human nature, as well as to his well-known claim that one cannot step into the same river twice.

Heraclitus' pronouncement on the apparent non-identity of what we ordinarily think of as the same thing is exemplary of the kind of paradox that attracts Keppler and finds expression throughout his collection. For example, in fragment 135, with its allusion to Parmenides' teaching on the unity of Being and the impossibility of non-Being:

> 135. Existence cannot exclude. Non-existence cannot include. Existence cannot exclude non-existence.

The ontological "laws" Keppler sets out begin by moving in an orthodox direction—claiming a holistic inclusivity for Parmenidean Being and denying that non-Being can include anything--and then come to a sudden swerve in a reversal of sense or even a contradiction in which Being is claimed to contain the non-Being that Parmenides held was literally unthinkable. What this fragment has done is to point up a contradiction within ontological monism: that is, if Being is all-inclusive and cannot exclude anything, it must include its opposite as well.

In Keppler's fragment 167, we get the paradox of motion within motionlessness:

> 167. Still water still moves. Resting, it changes.

Looking past the obvious contradiction that what rests doesn't change and what changes doesn't rest, we can intuit that movement, or by extension a dynamic vitality, is at work animating even an apparently resting body, and that a body undergoing change may still retain a self-sameness when considered at a deeper level. The larger question raised is one of the appearance of a thing versus the reality underlying it. That may be the sense behind Heraclitus' statement "Changing, it rests," which Keppler's fragment references in reverse.

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Heraclitus is the obvious inspiration for Keppler's remix. Like the surviving fragments of Heraclitus' book, which may have carried the title "On Nature" or "On Truth," Keppler's verbal lines frequently appear as maxims or general laws presented in short,

economical statements. It's a rhetorical strategy that rests on an appropriation of the Ephesian's style of terse, often mystifying, aphorisms. (Heraclitus' own corpus may itself have been self-consciously modeled on oracles and the wisdom sayings attributed to the Seven Sages of Greece, hence his nickname of "Heraclitus the Enigmatic.") What this appropriation reveals, I believe, is the parodic nature of Keppler's remix. I want to be clear that I'm using "parody" in a particular way—a way that excludes its ordinary implications of ridicule or mockery. The kind of parody I see here is a specifically postmodern parody.

Postmodern parody as I understand it is a kind of emulation that consists in a recognition of precedent, which it realizes through the appropriation and refiguration of the sources it chooses to parody. This isn't necessarily an ironic repurposing of what has come before—although irony is by no means excluded—but rather an acknowledgment of the continuing force of precedent, of the reality of culture as repetition, and of one's own historicity within that repetition, which is to say one's position of having come afterward into a field already opened up and to some extent mapped by past traversals. Postmodern historicity is the opposite of the mythical anti-history, which locates origins in a hypothetical time-before-time; it knows nothing of origins *ex nihilo* but rather exists at the point of convergence of multiple streams of influence and the accomplished work that memorializes them. As a result, it carries an awareness of being overdetermined and contingent, of its having come to be within a context that was always already there.

This awareness of one's place within an already constituted world of meaning and practice is a manifestation of a relation the late Italian philosopher Gianni Vattimo, borrowing an obscure term from Heidegger's later writings, described as *Verwindung*. Vattimo defined *Verwindung* as consisting of a "resigned acceptance" or "continuation" of what is given by way of a twisting or distortion of its original meaning. Vattimo contrasts *Verwindung*, which at least implicitly entails an acceptance of the legitimacy of the claims of tradition, to the concept of *Überwindung*, or the surpassing and overcoming of what is. I think of *Verwindung* as exemplifying the quintessential postmodern stance of recognizing both the inevitability of one's historicity and the necessity of working with what's already there, although I reject the idea that such a recognition must always entail a sense of resignation or of belatedness, whereby one assumes that all of one's possible ideas and *praxes* have already been anticipated, if not actually accomplished. Rather, I believe the acceptance of one's historicity without the accompanying feeling of resignation can on the contrary open up the possibility of a creative renewal of the worked material standing in back of the present moment.

Finding that possibility in the previously unexplored expressive potential secreted in the given is something the postmodern parody can do. In fact, with its continuation of its sources through creative distortion, postmodern parody is exemplary of the spirit of *Verwindung*. With its acknowledged acceptance of its own historicity, it potentially is open to establishing a creative dialogue with the given it appropriates and reconfigures. This dialogue is more complex than the simple ridicule of what we ordinarily think of as parody, but instead can consist of critique, both constructive or otherwise; of commentary and elaboration; and of contemporizing, that is, of bringing the parodied

material forward into the present in order to reveal something of importance relative to contemporary concerns. Above all it represents a renewal of meaning by engaging with the nuances and creative contradictions latent in the source material, in which it discovers a proleptive relevance.

This is the view I see Keppler taking with his engagement of the Presocratics. His postmodern parody isn't a symptom of a perceived exhaustion, both semantic and formal, of the discursive possibilities available to the present, but rather is the result of his finding continuing signs of life in what the Presocratics, in their various ways, attempted to signify. If his remix is a parody, it's parody whose creative distortions of its sources constitutes a homage. To be sure, there's humor in it, but it isn't a sarcastic humor aiming to deflate its sources. Rather, it's a wry humor of paradox and anachronism. It's a humor that brings its models forward in order to highlight their own place within the history of thought, while at the same time showing that they retain continuing value. This shows in the serendipitous and affirming tone of many of his aphorisms. As he puts it in the brief prologue to his remix, "philosophy and History and art at the present moment seem to me alive with beautiful surprises." The virtue of his postmodern parody is to find those surprises and to let us see them for ourselves. As Aristotle also said in Book 1 of the *Metaphysics*, philosophy begins with a sense of wonder. It's exactly that original sense of wonder that informs and enlivens Keppler's Presocratics remix.

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Michael Orr is an Atlanta-based artist working in visual poetry, collage, illustration, asemic writing, and found poetry. Networker - Mail Art - ChapBook & Zine Publisher - Intermedia Artist - Michael has been published internationally by Timglaset Editions, Paper View Books & Simulacrum Press.

Susanna Rich is a bilingual Hungarian-American poet and translator, a Fulbright Fellow in Creative Writing (Hungary), a Collegium Budapest Fellow, and Distinguished Professor Emerita of English at Kean University (NJ). With two Emmy Award nominations for poetry, Susanna is founding producer and principal performer at Wild Nights Productions, LLC. Her repertoire includes the musical *Shakespeare's *itches: The Women v. Will* and *ashes, ashes: A Poet Responds to the Shoah*. Susanna is author of five poetry collections, most recently *Beware the House* and *SHOUT! Poetry for Suffrage*.

Jaime Robles is a writer and visual artist. She has produced many artist books, including *Loup d'Oulipo*, *Letters from Overseas*, and *Aube/Afternoon*. Her

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Mark Young was born in Aotearoa / New Zealand but now lives in a small town in North Queensland in Australia. He has been publishing poetry for over sixty-five years, & is the author of around eighty books, primarily text poetry but also including speculative fiction, vispo, non-fiction, art history, & an artist's book. Recent books are *From the Cave's jukebox* & *synecdoche*, both from Sandy Press, Santa Barbara, California, & *Curtains* from Neo-Mimeo Editions, Nualláin House, Monte Rio, California. A new collection of visual work, *pheromones*, has just been published by Sandy Press.