

Celebrate Five of the City's Best Small Presses Inside in Their Own Words and Live



Rhombus Press
 Rhombus Press

PINSAPO

Shivastan Press

Woodstock—Kathmandu

d.a. levy lives

celebrating renegade presses

16th Annual

NYC Small Presses Night

Tues. Dec. 11, 6:00 p.m., \$5 suggested

5:30 p.m. Book Fair

Readings from Lost & Found, Passenger Pigeon Press, Pinsapo, Rhombus Press, and Shivastan Press authors and music from Craig Schenker.

Sidewalk Cafe

94 Avenue A

(@ E. 6th St.)

The East Village

For information call
 212-842-BOOG (2664)

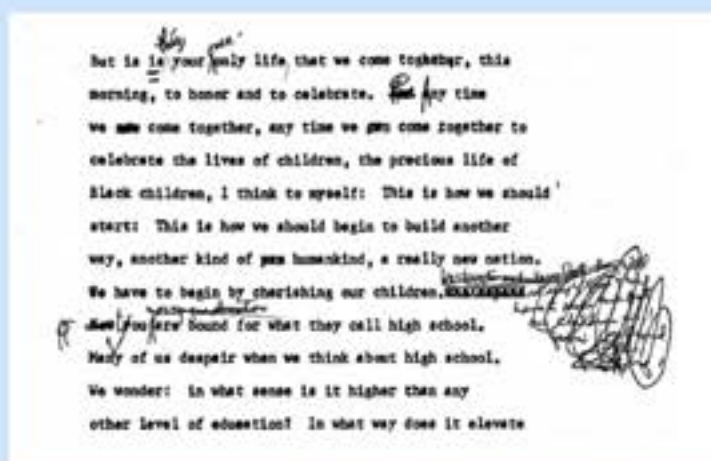
editor@boogcity.com

@boogcity

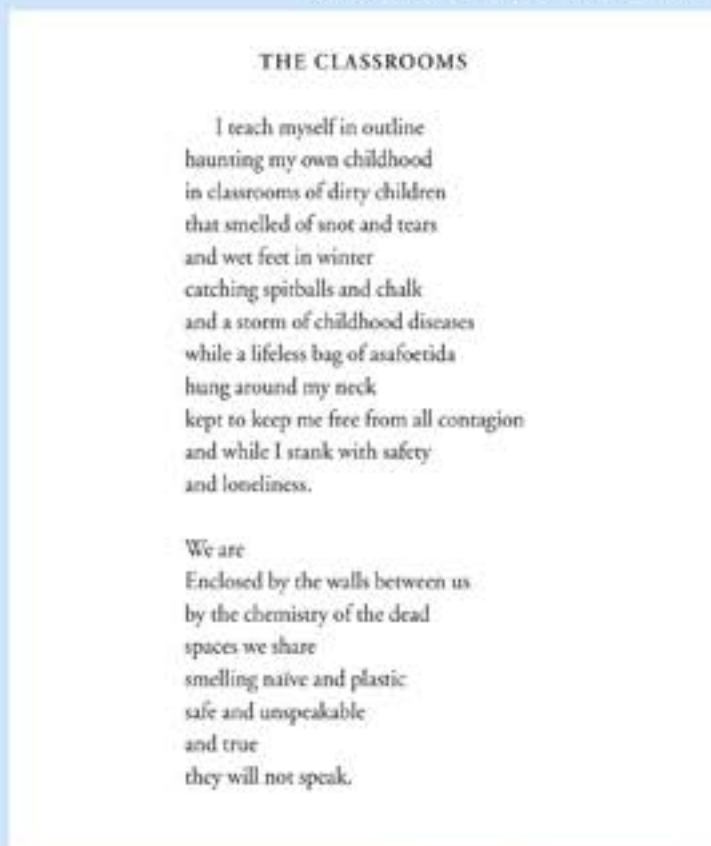


Lost & Found: The CUNY Poetics Document Initiative publishes unexpected, genre-bending works by important 20th century writers. Unearthed from personal and institutional archives in the United States and abroad, these unique projects are edited by doctoral students at the Graduate Center, CUNY. These chapbooks expose and provoke new archival research and connections, bringing to light unknown and unpublished materials—translations, correspondences, journals, transcriptions of lectures, manifestos, and unfinished texts.

lostandfoundbooks.org



June Jordan's handwritten corrections



Audre Lorde, "The Classrooms"

NEW FROM LOST & FOUND

SERIES VII featuring:
Audre Lorde
Toni Cade Bambara
June Jordan
Jack Forbes
Paul Blackburn & Julio Cortázar

Lost & Found: In the Classroom
Teaching materials that connect past and present pedagogical strategies culled from *Lost & Found: The CUNY Poetics Document Initiative*



Passenger Pigeon Press is a an independent press started by artist Tammy Nguyen. We aim to address geopolitics, science, and identity through visual art and writing. Our platform houses Martha's Quarterly, Collaborations, and Public Domain. Working with innovators across many disciplines, we try to bridge disparate worlds such as the realms of policy and poetry. We want to resurrect narratives that have been erased.

We produce in pursuit of nuance.



Martha's Quarterly Issue 10 Winter 2018 BRUTE DIGNITY

Philip Anderson and Téa Chai Beer

Martha's Quarterly is a quarterly subscription of four handmade artist books a year. Named after Martha, the last passenger pigeon of its species, this project is a resurrection of the extinct through the publishing of inconclusive and political works combining individuals of disparate thought.

This issue of *Martha's Quarterly* explores the brute and his dignity through prose by Philip Anderson and a blurry boundary between orgasm and anxiety which reverberates through one's spine explored through Téa Chai Beer's images.

The Color Curtain Project an artist book and culinary experience

Adriel Luis, Aerica Shimizu Banks, Desirée Venn Frederic, Erik Bruner-Yang, Seda Nak, Lovely Umayam, Tammy Nguyen

In April 1955, twenty-nine Asian and African countries gathered in Bandung, Indonesia to take stock of the geopolitical dynamics at the time, and to forge a new coalition denouncing racism, colonialism and nuclear war. Over sixty years later, the Bandung Conference remains an overlooked historical artifact, but its themes, achievements, and shortcomings still reverberate today. To honor and reflect on the intricate connections between past and present, NY- and DC-based scholars and artists began *The Color Curtain Project*, a series of dinner parties and art book presentations that convene individuals of African- and Asian-American identities for constructive dialogue. Named after Richard Wright's reporting on the Bandung Conference, *The Color Curtain Project* encourages participants to break bread and candidly discuss political and social justice challenges that entwine the contemporary Afro-Asian-American experience.



www.passengerpigeonpress.com

PINSAPO



is a web of tightly or loosely connected people living here and abroad who configure themselves in different ways at different times to make work together. Right now the web is stretched between the US, Turkey, Andalusia and Palestine but new threads are being cast out all the time. We're interested in being readers, audience, commentators, participants or co-creators for works that need a home space and family beyond the more profitable, more structured and probably more efficient institutions that are otherwise nominally available to artists in search of a public. To be more specific about what we do: we organize art events that undiscipline the mediums; we initiate creative collaborations and provide resources for sharing them; we publish writing in translation, writing in English and writing not in English, especially if it is committing a genre crime or otherwise disruptive act. We're always looking for more people with whom to share skills and dream up projects. Please do get in touch.

pinsapopress.com
pinsapocollective@gmail.com

Rhombus
Press
Rhombus
Press

Rhombus Press (established in 2016 in New York City) is a growing platform and initiative by Shahrzad Kamel that acts as an extension of her artistic practice in order to work on collaborative projects with like-minded individuals. Rhombus Press is primarily a publishing press, but also occasionally organizes film screenings and public talks. Collaboration is by invitation and is not medium specific. Rhombus Press works on contemporary as well as historical projects.

Rhombus Press most recently published *Asir (Captive)*, a facsimile of the iconic Iranian poet and film director Forugh Farrokhzad's first collection of poems, originally published in Iran in 1955 with an English translation by Farzaneh Milani.

www.rhombuspress.com

To My Sister

Rise up and demand your rights, Sister!
Why be tongue-tied? Rise, I say!
From now on sister, you should drink
The blood of tyrannical men!

Rise up and demand your rights, Sister,
From those who call you weak,
For those who use one thousand ruses
To keep you in the house

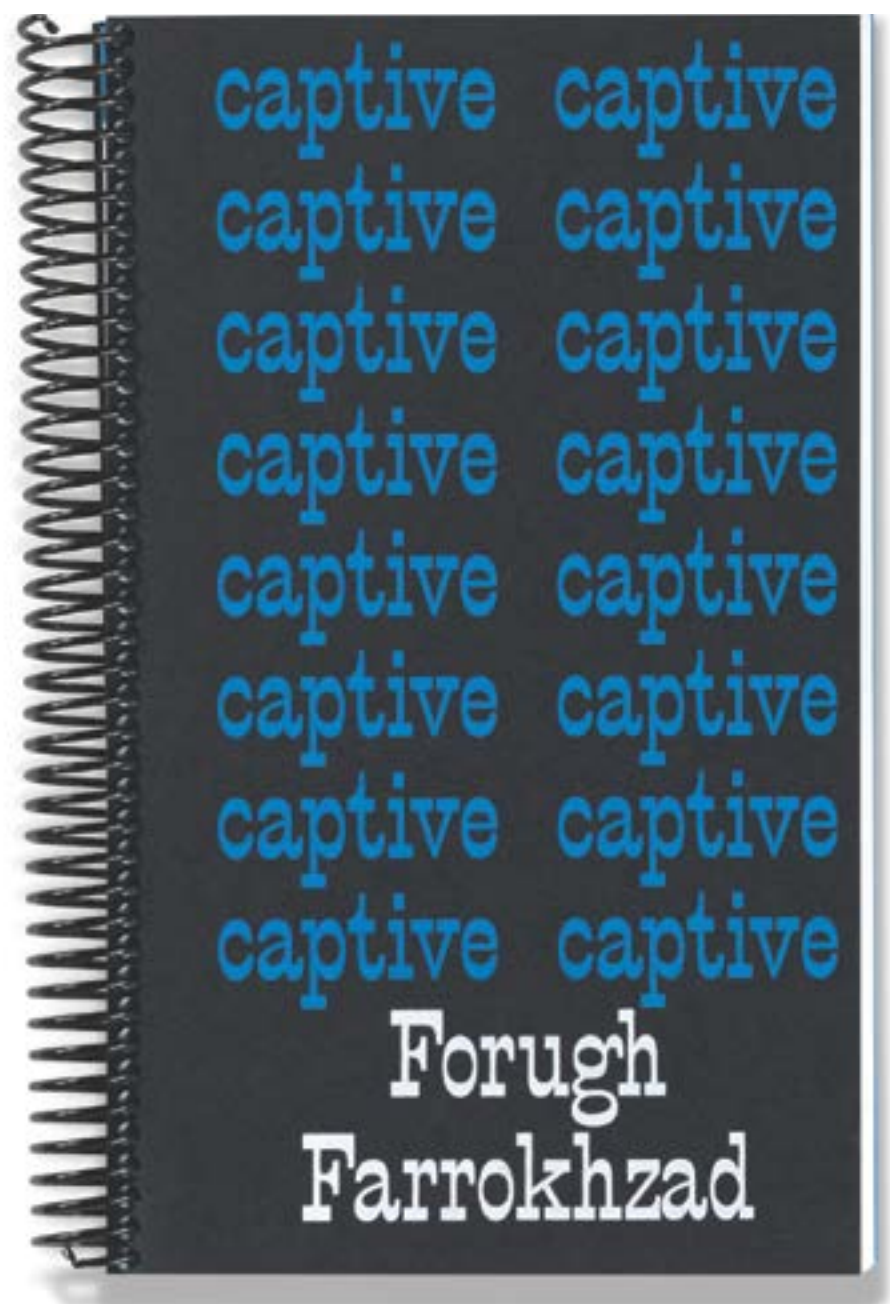
How long will you only be the tool
Of a man's selfish sexual lust?
How long will your proud head be bowed
At his feet, like a perfect slave?

How long will you play the concubine
For an old haji's morsel of bread?
How long will second and third wives follow you
Sister, how long, submit to oppression?

These angry tears and complaints of yours
Should be shouts, not lamentations
Rip this heavy chain from your neck
So you might finally live free

Rise up and uproot repression, Sister,
To comfort your bleeding wounds
Strive hard to change the laws
Till freedom will be yours

Ahwaz, December 1951



SHIVASTAN PRESS **(Woodstock-Kathmandu)**

Shivastan is a cooperative small press based in Woodstock NY which is the only small press publishing limited edition poetry chapbooks & broadsides with handmade paper in Kathmandu Nepal.

Shivastan was founded by poet, artist, archivist, & anthropologist Shiv Mirabito in 1997.

We also have a groovy little bookshop & art gallery called the Woodstock Shivastan Poetry Ashram - please stop by sometime.

Please check out our etsy page: <https://www.etsy.com/shop/ShivastanPoetry>

Poetry Is

to know what poetry is

you don't need to be the Pablo Picasso of purple poesy

or the Vincent Van Gogh of vocal verse

or the Gertrude Stein of sexy stanzas

or the T. S. Eliot of elusive elecution

or the Lawrence Ferlinghetti of free form

or the Allen Ginsberg of howling hipster gratuitous grammar

or even the William Burroughs of buggery beat balderdash

but you must remember the golden rule of all time

it is a heinous and unforgivable crime

to use too much rhyme

and a truth you must trust

is a true poet must

always avoid alliteration

especially while expressing inebriated indignation

poetry is art and art is life

nothing is true and everything is permitted

one should never tell a lie where the buffalo roam

unless it is in a poem

poetry is the window to your soul

poetry is an all encompassing black hole

poetry is always the penultimate goal

Shiv Mirabito



Carole Lynne photo

Who's Afraid of the Big Bad World? Katie Skare and the Fate of Things to Come

MUSIC

Heartfelt Recollection: Remembering Hüsker Dü's
Co-founder After the First Anniversary of His Demise

POETRY

Sean Cole, Joanna Fuhrman, Lauren Russell

SMALL PRESS

'Experimental Writing, Letterpress Printing, and Friendship'
A Conversation with Oxeye Press Editor and Printer Jordan Dunn

'Experimental Writing, Letterpress Printing, and Friendship' A Conversation with Oxeye Press Editor and Printer Jordan Dunn



INTERVIEW BY MICHAEL WENDT

Based in Des Moines, Iowa, Oxeye Press publishes small editions of handmade books, chapbooks, and ephemera. I spoke with Oxeye editor and printer, Jordan Dunn about letterpress printing and building community through poetry, among other things.

Boog City: How did you first become interested in poetry? And in small press publishing?

Jordan Dunn: Like many adolescents, I started to write poetry before I read poetry. Thankfully, I had several dedicated English teachers who steered me in the right direction. At that time, I would go to the poetry shelves at the chain bookstores and look for anything published by New Directions, Grove, City Lights, and Black Sparrow Press. The fact that poetry could be published in slim, portable volumes, instead of only in anthologies, was a revelation to me.

As my reading interests sauntered into more experimental poetics from the second half of the 20th century (Coach House, Roof, The Figures, Burning Deck, Tuumba, Something Else, Angel, Hair, etc etc), it became apparent to me that small and micro-presses were—and still are—the lifeblood of publishing in the poetry community. As I met more poets with similar interests, I learned that many of them ran journals and published chapbooks that were essentially part of a vibrant gift economy. Once my work began appearing in those venues, I started to imagine ways I could be involved.

What drew you to printmaking? And how did you get started?

My initial goal in learning letterpress printing was to print simple chapbook covers, and I enrolled in a class at Madison College largely on a whim. All I knew at the time was that I liked the feel of uncoated paper more than generic, coated stocks, and some of the small presses I admired employed letterpress elements.

I continued to print at the college for about a year, and I was fortunate to pick up some part-time work printing at a shop named Sooper Dooper, and around the same time I also joined Polka! Press Cooperative in Madison. From the beginning, I was drawn to moveable type more than plate-based printing, and having access to three different studios was instructive in learning the constraints of physical type.

Can you say a bit about the Oscar Presents reading series (<https://www.facebook.com/OscarPresents2/>) in Madison? And about the relationship between Oscar Presents and Oxeye?

Oscar Presents started in February of 2014. Initially, the series was curated by Anna Vitale, Lewis Freedman, Andy Gricevich, and myself. It had its roots in the ____ Shaped Reading Series that Andy and Lewis ran from 2010–2013, and we named the series after Anna's cat, Oscar. I volunteered to print ephemera for the readings, and the start of the series corresponded with my learning letterpress printing. The goal I set for myself was to allow each poet's text to determine its own form and material, and to try to avoid repeating design approaches.

Several years later, in 2016, Oscar Presents had hosted dozens of poets, and we had started to amass a fair amount of ephemera. The ephemera I printed was received well by our readers, and it had a small local following among attendees, so I decided to start a slightly more formal operation that would publish longer, sustained work in larger editions, and that effort became Oxeye Press.



'I hope that editing is an extension of my own writing in the same way that writing is an extension of reading. There's obvious ways that these activities can be different from one another, but all three share a need to be sensitive to language and the materialities of textual production.'

Can you offer insight into how Oxeye operates: how do you choose works to be published? How does editing, design, and production work?

From the beginning, I wanted the press to grow slowly and stay rooted in the friendships developed through Oscar Presents and literary communities I'm close to. I'll write to poets and ask them if they have any work they've had a difficult time publishing elsewhere, or if they have an approach to presenting that work that they'd like to try which has been difficult to achieve through standard publishing channels. The response has been overwhelmingly positive. Writers really enjoy the opportunity to help shape the vessel that carries their writing.

You've recently relocated from Madison to Des Moines, Iowa. What has that move been like? How has it affected the press?

The move has temporarily stalled production on larger editions, but I continue to work on smaller projects. In Madison I was lucky to have access to so many printing resources – acquiring my own equipment wasn't necessary. There's a good chance I'll need to start purchasing presses and their accoutrements in the coming months if I want to scale up production, which was my intention after getting the family settled here in Iowa.

What are your thoughts & hopes for the future of Oxeye? What's on the horizon, and what works are forthcoming?

Long term, I would love to wrap the press into a small non-profit organization focused on the literary arts and bookmaking. In the short term, I'd like to move toward publishing about 10 titles per year, and also start an itinerant literary journal whose editorship would change from issue to issue, city to city. Currently, I'm working on An Apostle Island with Chuck Stebelton, which will be a selected and new poems project. Each copy of the edition will be comprised of several booklets and broadsides housed in a custom box.

How does your work as an editor inform your own writing?

I hope that editing is an extension of my own writing in the same way that writing is an extension of reading. There's obvious ways that these activities can be different from one another, but all three share a need to be sensitive to language and the materialities of textual production. Editing has also shown me the benefits of self-publishing by exploring the ways composition can be tied to bookmaking.

Jordan Dunn is a poet and printmaker. He is the author of *Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action* (forthcoming from Partly Press and the Lynden Sculpture Garden), in addition to the chapbooks *The Greek Herbal of Dioscorides* (Oxeye Press), *The Land of Little Rain* (Well-Greased Press), and *Form 32 (Cannot Exist)*, as well as numerous pamphlets and broadsides. He lives in Des Moines, Iowa, where he edits and publishes Oxeye Press (<https://www.oxeyepress.org/>).

Michael Wendt is literary program director and bookstore manager at Woodland Pattern Book Center in Milwaukee (<https://www.woodlandpattern.org/>). With WPBC co-founder, Karl Gartung, he co-edits and publishes Woodland Pattern's occasional *tinder | tender* chapbook series.

NEW FROM LITMUS PRESS

THE TRIUMPH OF CROWDS: A Distributed Performance Lecture

BY BRIGID MCLEER

The Triumph of Crowds is a lecture as performance, or performance as lecture, distributed among multiple figures. Using Nicholas Poussin's painting *The Triumph of David* (1631) as a jumping off point, McLeer's work weaves art history, film, and the contemporary politics and poetics of community. It opens up the space of performance into a time that is both meditative and urgent.

2018 | \$15 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-39-9 | Art by Ashley Lamb

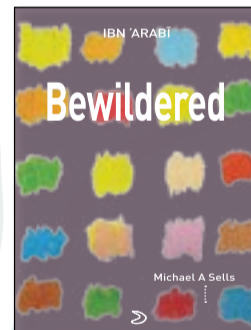


BEWILDERED: Love Poems From Translation Of Desires

BY IBN 'ARABI; TRANSLATED BY MICHAEL A. SELLS

The last published work from The Post-Apollo Press, *Bewildered: Love Poems from Translation of Desires* contains new translations of Ibn al-'Arabi's Tarjuman poems. Michael A. Sells carries into this translation the supple, resonant quality of the original Arabic, so that the poems come to life in modern poetic English.

2018 | \$18 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-37-5 | Cover art by Etel Adnan



THE SUPPOSIUM: Thought Experiments & Poetical Play in Difficult Times

EDITED BY JOAN RETALLACK

The Supposium is a polyvocal attempt to edge beyond default geometries of attention as we address the state of emergency that has become our space-time on this planet. The implicitly conversational sequence is homage and play on Plato's *Symposium*—Socratic dialogue on the nature of love (erōs) with its humor, gravitas, and improbable feminine swerve out of a prototypic masculine culture. The gamut of intellectual and imaginative; performative, visual, and poetic experiments and interventions in this volume enact poetical responses.

2018 | \$24 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-31-3 | Cover collage by Joan Retallack



WWW.LITMUSPRESS.ORG

Distributed by Small Press Distribution: www.SPDBOOKS.org

Dedicated to supporting innovative, cross-genre writing, LITMUS PRESS publishes translators, poets, and other writers.

Who's Afraid of the Big Bad World? Katie Skare and the Fate of Things to Come



BY JONATHAN BERGER

Well, she's gone and done it now. Katie's been making threats for months, talking about how, one of these days, any time now, just you wait, she's gonna get around to it, set up and take on The Big Move. More like Big Talk, right? Maybe not. At her recent single release party at Topaz, Katie Skare informed a rapt audience about the long-simmering plans. "I told my boss, 'I want to take some months off so I can tour the country,' and I was sure that would mean the end of everything, but she said I could take a leave of absence, so I can keep MY job and all that. So: Yay!"

Katie Skare had been willing these intentions into existence for the better part of a year. It'd been in the works since she plotted her takeover, with maps and spreadsheets and plans of attack, all squirreled away for when she was finally ready to set her will into action and begin her national conquest. She's been informing everyone and their sisters ever since, just so she can be held accountable.

It's important that Katie follow through on her dreams, that's obvious from her material. Katie's songs have an aspirational quality, a belief that things can get better. One of her former bandmates liked to say Skare would write pep songs to herself, but she has moved away from that description. After thoughtful pause, Skare describes it differently: "I write about the things I'm afraid of, to help me be less afraid."

After a little time with a trio, Minneapolis, Minnesota native Skare sings solo now, mostly with guitar - though an occasional piano song will creep into her set - and the warmth and intimacy of her shows can be pretty intense. Both her subject matter and demeanor prove to offer a great wide window into her personality: her anxieties, her demons - though strangely, not too much of her love life. Unlike most songwriters, Skare eschews material about age-old issues like love gone wrong, love gone right, loves past, present and future. Mostly, Skare sings about the self, and about self-improvement. Does it smack of advice column fare? Maybe a little, but with wit and charm and hooks enough to make it palatable enough for anyone's diet, even those who consider themselves above advice (whomever they may be). The general positivity within the lyrics, the crystal clear vocals, the earnestness running through her entire catalog makes every set she performs, every song she sings, a fairly joyous experience.

Her most recent song, "Sing Tonight," celebrated just weeks ago at Topaz, comes closer to the conventional in terms of lyrics, as Skare sings to another, "the only things between us and tomorrow are the words we sing tonight." I can't help but suspect that, at least partially, she continues to sing to herself, but any way you interpret the song, it's beautiful and sweet, a solo acoustic guitar and voice with a suite of electronic sounds and an army of harmonies surrounding her. Not a bad single at all.

With this latest release, though the term never seems to come up, Skare quietly waves her feminist flag. The single's cover is designed by fellow singer/songwriter Caitlin Cook. The production on the song - including an army of instruments - is handled by Julie Kathryn, who performs herself under the sobriquet I AM SNOW ANGEL. The release show was peppered with a series of short performances by powerful women - or powerful performances by a series of short women - or a short series of women performing, powerfully - dealer's choice. Whether with intent or by instinct, Skare made "Sing Tonight" a practicum of sisters doing it for themselves.

Meanwhile, Skare's older EP, Just Another, is a surprisingly compact exploration of perspective. The first line of the first song, "Beneath Them," reads, "I have four sides," defining, with dry vocals and simple acoustic guitar-plucked accompaniment, the very narrow parameters of the individual. The final words of the EP are in sweet harmony, reminding the listener, after a string arrangement and a full band quiet down, to look at the great wide galaxy. After all, "sometimes even the sun feels like he is just another star in the sky." Words delivered from on high from a personal guardian angel. The sense of order and structure to these three songs is sublime, whether by design or no.

Katie Skare debuted the EP last year, with boffo release shows in New York City and Minneapolis. Since then, Skare has become more dismissive of the EP; though still proud of the process taken to create it, she's orders of magnitude more enthusiastic about "Sing Tonight." But then, she seems to always look forward. Between her releases, Katie secluded herself from solo performances. Perhaps she was planning the next big move. Perhaps she was devoting herself to Lyonne & Skare, a covers project wherein she shares stage time with Carole Lyonne. Perhaps she was simply done with all the hassles involved with promotion.

"I love being in the spotlight onstage but I hate the self promotion offstage required to get there." Despite admitting to skittishness in the spotlight, Skare is a first-rate entertainer. Having already opined about her songs, allow me a minute to talk about her stage presence: she's hilarious in front of people. A bundle of nerves and stutters, Skare expresses anxiety and distraction (the second song on the EP? "The Worry Song.") with every frustrated exhalation. The audience can't help but empathize, even while laughing along. It's almost impossible not to root for her on stage - making the step forward that is "Sing Tonight," such a pleasure. A more assured voice, with Julie Kathryn's sophisticated production behind her leaves Skare heading towards new horizons, just in time for Spring's tour, wherever it may take her. There are still anxieties for the performer, which she nobly chronicles, again, in the new single: "And just because we can't see what's ahead," she sings, "I won't stay always hiding my monsters under the bed."

There's another world waiting for Skare - here's hoping that world is ready for her.

<http://katieskaremusic.com/>

Jonathan Berger doesn't tell people about <https://jonberger.com/> as much as he'd like to. He's got a lot of writing for you to read there. He thinks some of it is good.



The general positivity within the lyrics, the crystal clear vocals, the earnestness running through her entire catalog makes every set she performs, every song she sings, a fairly joyous experience.

Carole Lyonne photo

Heartfelt Recollection: Remembering Hüsker Dü's Co-founder After the First Anniversary of His Demise



BY EDWARD HAMELL

There used be a bar in Minneapolis I played called The 400 Bar. It was owned by Bill Sullivan, who had been The Replacements' road manager for years, from the very beginning, when they were all literally just kids. For those unfamiliar with The Replacements' brilliant but chaotic doomed shambles of a legacy, trying to harness these boys was the equivalent of bringing a tornado to church. Certainly impossible, but if anyone was up for the task, it was Sullivan, a no-nonsense Irish Midwesterner, who didn't suffer fools lightly. I've always been a huge Replacements fan, and with a certain amount of hazing from him we got to be pals. The bar, his history with the band, his friends, were all steeped in a certain low-key genius and cynical irreverence that Lord knows I don't mind dipping my toe in, so I suspect he got a kick out of my live show.

He had worked with Soul Asylum and Hüsker Dü as well, and, of course, being a venue owner that showcased indie acts, he was known and respected (or feared, I guess) by all the local musicians. They hung out at his bar. I used to do a song off my Big As Life album called "Z-Rox" that basically was a fuck you to all the bands I had to share the bill with, particularly the ones that would condescend to me being one guy with an acoustic guitar. I used to call them the Now You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Our Indie Rock Clichés bands. For years in the '90s, I was consistently sandwiched between two bands with flannel shirts and multiple pedals which couldn't find an original idea with a Geiger counter. Kind of like "Americana" bands today. Anyway, in "Z-Rox," I had a line: "You ain't Hüsker Dü, you ain't even Mötley Crüe, man it's sad but true." Club owners, sound guys and road crew guys particularly responded to that song, having to deal with the inflated egos of bands, and on the strength of that sentiment Sullivan called Grant Hart and must have said "C'mon down and see this guy, he's right up your alley."

Sure enough when I came off stage there was Grant Hart with a big smile on his face, telling me how much he dug my set. I liked Hüsker Dü, and particularly Grant's songs. I owned Zen Arcade and Candy Apple Grey. I knew of Nova Mob (Hart's three-piece post-Dü band), although at the time I hadn't heard them yet. For some reason I was skeptical of Bob Mould. So I knew which topics to lean towards (William Burroughs), and which to steer clear of (Bob Mould).

Grant asked me if I wanted to take a ride in his new car which he obviously was proud of. Turns out he had sold all his indie rock posters from the post-punk Get in the Van days to the Experience Project, the Seattle rock museum started by Microsoft billionaire Paul Allen, and purchased a car. And so it came to pass that I found myself driving through the streets of Minneapolis at 3am, getting a neighborhood tour and history lesson in Grant Hart's new Studebaker. This, as you can imagine, is a career highlight and treasured memory. In light of his history with heroin and battles with Mould, Grant has had a reputation of unpredictability. I still come in contact with promoters that have had unfortunate run-ins with him. Although Grant gave me his address and phone number and offered me a couch to crash on when I was in town, I never took him up on his generous offer of hospitality. That brief few hours of a hang was my only time with him, but he was very sweet, very sharp and vividly coherent. I liked him immensely.

A year after his passing, I raise a glass in the man's honor. We could use more like him, with his artistic legacy, now.

Grant Hart March 18, 1961 - September 13, 2017

Edward Hamell (<https://www.hamellontrial.org>) is the solitary member of acoustic yet atomic band Hamell on Trial. He's got a new album out, but then again, he always does. It's called The Night Guy at The Apocalypse Profiles of a Rushing Midnight, on Saustex Records.



Lauren Russell
Pittsburgh

The Poem I Came For

The poem cranks and cranks. If I wind a bit tighter, it will sputter on—not gun shy, not unthawed, not hollow, not half sod. I want to elbow in and chicken out. Not buckle down and buck up. There are names for this: Yellowbelly, Exit Strategy, HowMuchWood-WouldAWoodchuckChuckIfAWoodchuckCouldntKeepUp. The wind bangs. The leaves creak. I am all aflutter in a red bird dress when I sit cross legged on the pavement and groan. One gold throat breaks loose from my hemline, warbles some other song.



Sean Cole
Crown Heights, Brooklyn

Union Street.

I bet it's fashionable to be this lonely. Lips shellacked into a bum-out rictus. They'll want me on screen. Like James Dean. But not as deceased. I was in a movie about driving once and adultery. A famous woman in denim attempted to blow her former husband back into love with her it was cluelessly sad. I wasn't the husband – I played an arm-rest. The radio's disconsolate tonight. People on it imitating a hail storm. I can feel the weight of this whole high-rise as I lean out of its sill smoking. Still smoking. Concrete and brick with thick steel running through its middle. Someone lives up on the roof above me in a boxy crow's nest growing food in short buckets and tubs. I can't imagine anything lonelier than their row of shoes right inside the door to everywhere. A shoe is lonely. A pair is a possible vacation somewhere. But climb into those sneakers and where do you go really? Find out what's playing at the movie place where they serve booze? Glide through six orange train stops to the wine house you turned your ex's best friends onto? Yes. I'm at a table there now. This poem's a travel poem. All poems are. All people are astronauts orbiting a short star, being orbited by their infernal ruminant. Years aren't very long anymore. This past one put me into effing Jason Robards boots of self-abuse. A dude at the next table just said "That's literally my best idea." People talk that way. Lovers pass the windows of this bruise-hall, peering in to make me crownless. They pause to kiss in full view as if throwing the switch on a hurt-throne. Everyone's around me. Their eye-horizons rise to meet the body cumulus. The school across the street still speaks quietly through its red doors.



Joanna Fuhrman
Ditmas Park, Brooklyn
Lines from Brooklyn Fortune Cookies

You will get good advice from your super's grandson's niece.

Stoop-sale your way to enlightenment, or at least 2 dollar Danskos.

All museums resemble your best friend from kindergarten who taught you to cross out your name.

That beard makes you look like Walt Whitman, but only if you whistle on the ferry at dusk.

If you give your subway seat to the pregnant woman in hooker heels, you should feel less guilty about taking the last teabag in the office lounge.

Eavesdrop with prowess and you will be rewarded in Facebook likes.

The state of God resides either inside the everything bagel hole or between the snowflake crystals that fell on your nose when you first kissed your future wife.

The mouse in the wall wishes you would buy organic.

You will discover that star anise is the most underused treasure in the spice cabinet.

Before the bus arrives, call your mother.

Before the apocalypse comes, make friends with the owner of the local diner.

Eat more grandma slices. Drink fewer papaya drinks.

You will read a book about the failure of democracy on a subway car surrounded by strangers who moved here from other countries and states.

Avoid mansplainers, manspreaders, man-haters, manbuns, mandates and mayonnaise.

Don't name your dog Frank O'Hara if you've only read Lunch Poems.

You are a good explainer but a better echo.

The future is un.....

You will fall in love with a woman in a hijab watching a YouTube video on how to braid hair.

That shade of black suits you.

Say goodbye to your local bakery, laundromat, hippie food café and shoe repair.

You should get a Ph.D. in complaining.

If you hadn't dropped out of Hebrew School, you might have married an Israeli.

Your insults sound better in French.

To become a great artist, become a better gossip.

By the time you finish eating this cookie, your block will be 37 percent more gentrified.

You will miss the Coney Island fireworks, but enjoy the descriptions online.

Poetry Bios

Sean Cole's poems have appeared before in Boog City, and in other magazines like Brooklyn Rail, Court Green, Black Clock and Magazine Cypress. He's the author of three chapbooks and a full-length book of postcard poems from Boog Literature called The December Project. Sean is a producer at This American Life. **Joanna Fuhrman** is the author of five books of poetry, most recently The Year of Yellow Butterflies (Hanging Loose Press) and Pageant (Alice James Books). New poems are forthcoming soonish in ACM, Conduit, Fence, Hanging Loose, and The Saint Ann's Review. **Lauren Russell** is the author of What's Hanging on the Hush (Ahsahta Press). She has received fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, Cave Canem, and the Wisconsin Institute for Creative Writing, and her work has appeared in The New York Times Magazine, The Brooklyn Rail, and Bettering American Poetry, among others.

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