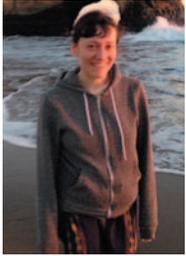


# BOOG CITY

A COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER FROM A GROUP OF ARTISTS AND WRITERS BASED IN AND AROUND NEW YORK CITY'S EAST VILLAGE

ISSUE 86 FREE

FEATURING POEMS FROM CALIFORNIANS AMY BERKOWITZ, BRANDON BROWN, DONNA DE LA PERRIÈRE, IVY JOHNSON, JOSEPH LEASE, AND JILL STENGEL



## Amy Berkowitz

San Francisco

### From Tender Points

#### *Tender Points*

2 at the bottom of the neck just above the collarbone  
2 just below the center of each collarbone  
1 on the crease inside each elbow  
2 more on the inside of each knee  
On the back of the body, 2 at the bottom of the neck  
1 above each shoulder blade and just inside each shoulder blade  
2 on either side of the lower spine  
2 more on the outer part of each hamstring

### *Kenneth Patchen's Paintings*

I went to a reading in July, and the only thing I remember about it is that one of the poets mentioned that Kenneth Patchen suffered from chronic back pain. That was the only thing I wrote down.

Google corrects "Kenneth Patchen pain" to "Kenneth Patchen paintings."

The University of Houston's library website confirms that "Kenneth Patchen's work was produced amidst constant physical pain." That passive voice. That "amidst." I see a field of pain blowing in the breeze, and Kenneth Patchen sitting in the middle of it with a notebook.

"There is body; there is mind: they are mixed up together. Shakespeare with a hole in his sock will not write the sonnet of a Shakespeare with socks intact."

-Kenneth Patchen, *The Journal of Albion Moonlight*.

### *Morning*

Every morning I wake up feeling like I was run over by a truck. I feel like I've been hit by a bus. I wake up feeling like I got whiplash. I wake up feeling like I slept on the floor. I wake up feeling like I've been chewed up and spit out. Multiple alarms and I always feel like I've been run over by a truck.

Hopefully through this website I can find some support and maybe I can convince my husband to try to learn more about what is going on with me.

## Boog City Goes West

**Mon. Jan. 13, 6:00 p.m., sharp free**

**Alley Cat Gallery 3036 24th St., San Francisco**

For info 212-842-BOOG (2664), 415-824-1761, editor@boogcity.com  
By the 24th St. Mission BART \* Venue is bet. Treat Ave. and Harrison St.

Featuring readings from

**Amy Berkowitz,  
Brandon Brown,  
Donna de la Perrière,  
Ivy Johnson,  
David Kirschenbaum,  
Joseph Lease, and Jill Stengel**

# LAUNCH PARTY FOR

# THE PORTABLE BOOG READER 7

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avenues, Q to 7th Ave. Venue is bet. Prospect Pl./St. Marks Ave.

Curated and hosted by Portable Boog Reader 7 N.Y.C. editors  
Laura Henriksen, Amy King, David Kirschenbaum, Geoffrey  
Olsen, Nicole Peyrafitte, and Angela Veronica Wong, and Pitts-  
burgh editors Margaret Bashaar and Lauren Russell.

For more info: 212-842-BOOG (2664), editor@boogcity.com

# POETRY



**Brandon Brown**

Oakland

## **Who Wore It Better?**

Charity, Hannah  
that's what I'm  
trying to make my  
life more rich with  
morning top  
repetitive traumas  
but first, a bath  
cold coffee, neck  
tie, different but  
the same, Miley's  
there to yell in my  
pinna. My favorite  
character in *Njal's  
Saga* is Olaf  
Peacock. Mainly  
it's his name, but  
he is so full of  
charity, a friend to  
Gunnar for all time  
he said so, sweetly,  
and when you visit  
him in Laxardal  
you never leave  
without a gold-inlaid  
spear or whatever  
plus it's like having  
tea with Liberace  
all those outfits  
all that cockiness!  
but tempered with such  
charity his name  
lives on Wikipedia  
and this poem  
to this day. A guy  
got on the bus  
he was high  
he said so, sweetly,  
and drunk, I loved  
him. How long  
had it been since  
I was just like him  
10 hours? Our  
bus was skeptical

>>>

they gave him  
cocked looks, nobody  
laughed when he  
hollered to the driver  
in a sudden island  
accent, "yo mon  
this is my stop!"  
but I understood  
I gave him a gold-  
inlaid spear, he  
stumbled off  
but I can't lie  
I wore it better  
speaking of which  
charity, Hannah

# Donna de la Perrière

Oakland

## 'The world is everything that is the case'

in the real body there is always  
the sound of the ocean

a frantic  
tapping a dull

hum a high rushing  
of air in the real body

cars flash by the end  
of a tunnel in the real

body things are caged  
and trampled

and shut down  
in the real body

we think of  
doing something but we never  
>>>

do anything in the real  
body in the real body

we buy time and buy  
and buy and we remember

the dark patches and we  
remember collision and

we remember that time  
when and remember

when we fell and the  
city looks all full

of light from up here  
all beautiful up here

and you cannot imagine  
the view here, we say

buried up to the neck  
our patron saint is

wind our patron  
saint, erasure

YOUR  
AD  
HERE  
editor@boogcity.com  
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**Ivy Johnson**  
Oakland

## ***As if to Pray (from Burn Virtual)***

I fully submerged my body in thick air.  
 I found myself standing on the edge of a cliff.  
 I was overtaken by vertigo and saw myself leaping into a void.  
 I was composed of skin buzzing in the vacancy while falling, the air buzzing too.  
 I was lagging behind this falling, my body many places in time.  
 I revealed itself relaxing in the branches of a tall tree, mocking me and my weakness to rise.  
 I turned my flushed face skyward and it rained harder, hail turning the red of cliffs white.  
 I let my body drift into space, bruising to the beat of the hail.  
 I shifted my gaze to the depths, hands wiping my face.  
 I felt pain.  
 I drowned as my breath formed wings that accelerated with the beat of my heart.  
 I laid myself to rest when the breath flew out of my mouth and watched it shrink then transform into the endless blue.  
 I recalled the first time the wind got knocked out of me and howled outside my bedroom window.  
 I could not sleep.  
 I felt a high-pitched tone enter my head like a possession.  
 I could see my flesh crumbling under a rock under a river composed of everything hidden.  
 I sounded my voice to tear off the mask.  
 I found myself walking barefoot, on clay.  
 I found my footprints cracked.  
 I looked back.  
 I could hear something boiling deep within the earth.  
 I gulped down the last remnants of water, pooled along the sides of my mouth.  
 I tried to decipher the faces descending from an unknown place.  
 I walked 7 miles to the distant highway.  
 I attempted to gather fragments of what was quickly being lost.  
 I took out a memento I had kept within the cage of my ribs.  
 I could feel my voice breaking out, here.  
 I could sense the heat from tongues of fire leaping from my head.  
 I could feel it in my throat, not quite language.

Boog City editor David Kirschenbaum will also be reading.  
 To see some of his recent writings, visit *The December Project 2013*  
 (<http://www.thedecemberproject2013.blogspot.com/>).



# Joseph Lease

Oakland

## From Lost Highway

And mothers drift in blowing leaves, and all  
the lies in any town—work was my salvation  
he said work was always my salvation—“I  
tremble for my country when I reflect that  
God is just”—democracy is anybody’s eyes—

\*\*\*

And promise me the rich can’t sleep—and  
promise me the rich can’t sleep—

\*\*\*

words, sticks,

leaves—blue edge—what it was—three  
years—love—words, blue edge—watch the  
Disney Channel, read the *New York Times*—

\*\*\*

“Such, in my opinion, is the true Gospel  
concerning wealth”—“the laws of  
accumulation will be left free”—and God  
said, Let there be cash, let there be gas and  
soft glances—and daylight equals trains of  
hungry ghosts: snow, rain, sun, nails—

>>>

“Greed is good, greed is now, greed is holy,  
you know how”: the town patrols its  
doorways, shines its eyes, the town is  
perfect and the town is false—

\*\*\*

And fathers lost in blowing snow—and all  
the lies in any town—and all the pieces of  
the soul—learn control—the town patrols its  
doorways, shines its eyes—

\*\*\*

Citizen watches *Zero Dark Thirty*, citizen  
watches *Star Trek*: “the United States Navy:  
a global force for good”: war’s all “we” see,  
O USA, my parasite, my seizure breaking  
word and world—

*if the world is state terror—you forgot*

joy—

\*\*\*

## BOOG CITY

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## About the Poets

**Amy Berkowitz** (<http://www.mondoberko.blogspot.com/>) is the editor of Mondo Bummer Books, and the author of *Listen to Her Heart* (Spooky Girlfriend) and *Lonely Toast* (what to us press). **Brandon Brown** (<http://www.poorclaudia.org/crush/brandon-brown/>) is the author of three books of poetry, most recently *Flowering Mall* (Roof). In 2014, Big Lucks will publish a new book, *Shadow Lanka*.

**Donna de la Perrière** (<http://www.donnadelaperriere.net/>) is the author of *True Crime* and *Saint Erasure* (both Talisman House), a 2011 NCIBA Book of the Year Award finalist. *Boog City* published **Ivy Johnson's** (<http://www.timelessinfinite.com/?p=194>) first chapbook, *Walt Disney's Light Show Extravaganza*. Her first book, *As They Fall*, is a collection of note cards for aleatoric ritual and was published by Timeless, Infinite Light last May. **David Kirschenbaum** (<http://www.myspace.com/gilmoreboysmusic>) is the editor and publisher of *Boog City*. His poems form the lyrics of Casey Holford and Preston Spurlock's band Gilmore boys. **Joseph Lease's** (<https://www.cca.edu/academics/faculty/jlease>) critically acclaimed books of poetry include *Testify* and *Broken World* (both Coffee House Press). **Jill Stengel** (<http://www.dusie.org>) has nearly a dozen chapbooks of her own in print, several of which are also available to view online at the above url. Her full-length *Dear Jack* is out from Black Radish Books.



**Jill Stengel  
Davis**

***from a series in progress entitled All the Pretty***

1.

all the pretty that I am falls  
short she told me fails to move him  
to tears, to words, to notice, even,  
see me for what I am which is  
a woman starving a woman dead  
in a pool of her own longing  
for a simple compliment, a you look  
nice in that, I like this color  
on you. I know I'm not beautiful  
she told me, but I don't think  
I'm ugly. Am I?

3.

all the pretty that I am fades no  
changes with each passing year  
look at me—look at me—I  
used to hide—now I stand  
in light—look—I am here

8.

all the pretty that I am  
does me no fucking good at all

12.

all the pretty that I am never  
protected me for one hot minute,  
never taught me, never gave  
me, the freedoms, the safety  
that I needed. those, instead,  
were hard, hard won. those  
were hard won, and I am  
still reeling from the effort.  
but, at last, slowly coming  
slowly coming in for a  
landing. slowly. here. coming  
to safety. now.

13.

all the pretty that I am, she said,  
all that and I can't feel most  
of my stomach after the liposuction,  
needed to do it to feel good about  
myself, she said, didn't know about  
the horrible pain and numbness,  
also I had my breasts reduced,  
she told me, we are out of money  
for food before we are out of  
month, out of money, numb in  
the middle, pretty, pretty, out  
of—

l  
i  
b  
r  
o  
s



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