drinking champagne smoking my pipe I never would’ve thought after all these years

put away the crackers you don’t need any crackers. back aching

arms aching I left st marks church at 4pm with my hard drive in my backpack. I got a drink I tried to draw I wanted to cry and then the a train came which didn’t help at all.

if I look back, I don’t know, I’m not gonna look back. I looked back and now I don’t know where I’m going.

a geranium scented candle on a red plastic tray a long box of matches, the tv is killing me.

I wasn’t born for this foam gathers on the side of the flute each time I put my drink down.

my day begins, I eat lunch, suddenly I’m depressed.

with my new glasses I can’t see peripherally.

I never used to think about technique now it’s all I allow myself.

at all times I am neurotic everywhere there are businesses
Anselm Berrigan

“Courtesy, being…”

Courtesy, being something to the sidecar, entered a fat baby/pure love version of walled-in reality, with a fragrant purple skin tone to highlight our tedious desolation. Yes, it was a split pea rallying an ache of routines, but to notice past an uncertain point would be to take on the most primal of glib characteristics & wave antique scaffolding at the latest festival of triaged intensity. It’s not that I forget I have a body, I just get locked back into it with such numbing forbearance at such and such intervals dating their markets for purposes of the deep flip out. I’m sure my memories don’t dissipate fast enough. Coaster children for sample sale agree, if embittered by the vaguely medieval littering within localized thought balloons. I hope to find I can imagine an utterly alien eros by listening
for possible methods
of extra-terrestrial sex:

1. Mutually unrecognizeable masturbation.
2. Unconscious rear-to-rear ascension.
3. Telepathic stimulation of pleasure centres;
   possibly manipulative-to-criminal; yet
   what crime might be in an alien species
   may also be totally unknown.
4. Extended absence as sexual act.
5. Extended proximity in catatonic stasis as sexual act.
6. Group Suspension (vaguertry as sexual).
7. Unknown.
8. As Like.
10. Envelopment (total, as in bio-organic costume)
11. Sex acts as practical action performed regularly
    even hourly in public discretely.
12. Cataclysmic eruption between ocean-sized entities.
13. Sex as minute distinction so as to be nearly
    imperceptible.
Edmund Berrigan, Jamey Jones, and Jessica Fiorini

Habitating Star Pond

Of inhabitants from the particle zoo
star ponds of random afternoon
chuckle in the stingy flip
of entrant dozens the satellite school I halt
the language I stress I have phantasms

Craned neck moons low hot hoots
what walking in gunshot solicitation
what hallowed yellow tape chimes
come what lake perforation
slower than my rolling mist full of laces

Never lonely in the lovely relative minor
I’ve come here to float between
this drenched cocoon divides my brain
into a stammered weathering sidewalk
wave chord melodies orchestrating beau life

The accents caress the syllables into
an anywhere of this bullet space magnetizing
look at the neutrino as it passes through
anywhere grey my head the moon
are happening now but would I wonder
Of piles of candle pins weighing down space

a mattress for sun rest thrown to a violin

gravity’s low point I tried to sink to the bottom

white hole and back to black sawing on

there are too many empty fugues in the lung nook
Rebecca Bridge

There There Something There

If there were a person in me,
if there were two people in me or if there
were a sex life or a naughty creation in me. If to
tell it to come to me now if to come to me now
come to me dirty things well I'll put you in me.
If to create a cry in me please please if there
were the cry in me to find packed up real tight in me.
If I'm a mood I'm a mood in me the one mood in me
the explode in me. If there were one phrase in me
one phrase if there were 'this is me' in me 'this is me' if there
were the gist of a this or if there were a wail in me now
a din in me now if there were a racket a racket a racket
yet yet in me wail on wail on me in me. If there were
quiet in me shhhh quiet me in me the shhhh the shhhh
the shivering in me. If once I had been memorized me
or read or read. If I had read that there had been people in me
or if there had been a person in me.

He Did Not Yell Until it Had Happened Happening

I ran you over in the road.
I am sad and sad right now and
sad too. Oh why did I not see you!
I am sadder than a going-out-of-business sign.
There was a tape playing and
I could not stand the tape playing over
and over and so I reached for the stereo.
I do not think I could have known
you were in the street just then.
It was so fast that, the running you over,
like a secret I was holding deep
that suddenly just out-spouted.
I did not have time to attempt braking.
I only just barely looked up.
Of course, I was not alone in the car.
He said, Oh no! He said, Oh Jesus!
He said, My god Rebecca go! Go! Go!
It is very sad to know how it was
a tape you had given me that was
playing over and over again. I am
even sadder to have gathered that just about anything
these days can become a going-out-of-business sign.
I ran you over and then I so sadly
I drove away.
John Coletti  
Comparative Pain  

Father’s Day at the Turkey’s Nest  
defeated by Tapper  
home by whennish  
beat up and sub-optimal  
a fried U  
sleeping peacefully  
mermaid  
Jawa  
Major  
Backpack  
Party Boats  
cut off  
to kick out  
the misery  
East coast skaters  
just failed brats  
frat boys  
on ecstasy  
& I could be one of them  
if I weren’t so heavy  
my name? “I do”  
and do it brilliantly
Enjoy It While You Can, Restless Virgo!


No more nurse, bossy!

For example. Mom is in the kidney stone hospital. It hurts, I’ve heard, but I’m afraid to embarrass “my buddy.”

Pipsqueak over the flowers in the hummingbird garden. Tall Asian talks and talks about his school. He laughs and says “What’s up with you and your brother!”

Larry asked me what I want to do in Dallas and I said meet his girlfriend. Humming body over the poetry wondering about flowers. Orange iPhone angel from China in the green garden.

You’ve got something when you’ve got a word like *sump*. Something in the backyard with a new backhoe. An excavator whose bucket is rigidly attached to a hinged pole on the boom and is drawn backward to the machine when in operation.

There’s a dead bear next to me and I love you.
Hello, Jupiter! Work with me. Who’s our biggest hero? Everybody loves him one if just to rip off.

Somebody will always be interested, though. This is proven. Fact over vague clouds.

We schedule a brainstorm September 4, yesterday, driving to Montclair and fooling around in nature.

I wouldn’t know a cogent thought if it hit me over the head.

Midstream we settle on some issues. He who argues the defense goes his own way. Into the terror of commitment. Or apace through the Engagement Conference such that the rinds of his underwear singe tight red heaves of blister that encircle the tops of each thigh. Late to work changing a diaper. A Prius again. Arrive thru the afternoon in Carmel with a cake. Or eclairs. Uncle Earl shot a buzzard, proud accident. A Polaroid against the law just to prove it.
A few years ago
I dressed up
as my dead dad
for Halloween.

I put on a tuxedo
and blew up
a picture of him
in his tuxedo,

and glued his bald head,
his big open mouth,
his crooked teeth,
his jovial expression

and exuberant eyes
to a paper plate
and cut holes in it
and made a mask.

It was disconcerting
how his whole face
was a little too big
and looking to the left,

but what was even scarier
was how I knew
the people we’d meet
trick-or-treating

would have to ask
about my costume,
and I would get to say,
“I’m my dead dad,”

as if it were a piece
of performance art
and my emotional life
were some kind of joke,

something to make
a display of and mine
for its irony,
even though I really did,
and do, miss him,
how he was always
there for me,
withholding and teasing,
talking sideways,
avoiding eye contact,
concocting provocations,
modeling for me
how to make fun
as one walks around
one disaster
after another.
As if I am an expert
on inner space I’ve been directing
dreamscape away from this point of glass
eye pain experience sensation rooted
delivered imprint system of darkened
neighborhoods away dreamstream vision
impaired I peel away from backdrop a twinge
skull choice seems dramatic fort pickens
moonscape entry fresh in the record
halls of fine white snowblind at unbearable
heats height back when I thought grandma
above the clouds heaven a reverse rehearsal

Return to the neighborhood perpetual
game of manhunt I can’t tell rolling thunder
drums or spitting motorcycles waiting for love
centuries pass notes between classes
monsters cawing at the curtains
the seaweed breached the beach
How is it that the sea has broken up with me
shot then framed me for my murder
I’ll leave your hands for the record I’ve never
ordered anything besides sequence planetary cubism
He’s handsome I’m at the beached moon I feel
hound red handed squatting on shoreline again
he’s handsome and I’m at the moon beach I feel
heavy lidded and sidling crab wise I could
always leave but this is time forgot fullness
thrust I must’ve motioned sex hip
maltese falcon black enamel rising wavelengths
I chase tail feathers instead of choices
heirless evening I am divorced
don’t leave but let me sleep
Corrine Fitzpatrick

**Sketching out the shape**  (pale coda)

*for Beka Goedde*

slow jog trot into day

time's hands enlarged like rudders

twin panels of a drape
    beatific back, head hung low

V and then its shadow

correction from a distance

the sun has moved to five o'clock

two figures stand at six

house as seen from ten years passed

black and white in photograph

home folded into parlor game

a bulb evolves to beak

logosphere –

party hat  tie askance in wind

figures viewed from great remove

hierarchy is ribbons

small bodied complex feet

    collusion

palette climbing stairs

a backyard tent

a cardboard box

    gracious bow

beyond confection
cactus caught by lasso
     loop
wool taut
in standing structure
decisive blades in motion
     machiavellian
     crown
complicate devotions
     angles belie surface  glass
     banister past roots
near parallel, alarming
     spindle legged
     assertion
recline as seen from other room
     arched into a lair
bulky stalwart  grasp for space
     lit by early  light
still slumber
     comprehension
     forms between
composure
The Problem

Just as she stops her run to smell the night blooming jasmine, a woman across the street shouts: *Stop, Jasmine, stop*—not at her, it turns out, but at the child she didn’t notice, the one standing there plucking its trumpet flowers and tossing them at her feet. Listen, this is a true story. You can either eat this marshmallow now or wait fifteen minutes and I’ll give you two. Once an experiment becomes famous, it’s no longer an experiment. The problem is you can’t lounge in obscurity, you can only languish.

The Problem

If she moves her pawn, his queen might take her rook, but she’ll be able to bring her knight into play. If he moves his king, she’ll know he’s planning to corner her with both bishops. I have a plan to type out verbatim a famous novel, rearrange in reverse order its sentences, and publish it as my own book. That this has nothing to do with chess is the problem.
Aaron Kiely

Poem

every human is infinite—
infinite memories
infinite imaginings
infinite joys
and constriction—
infinite thoughts in a day—

Poem

obama, the second war on terror president,
who will be the seventeenth?—

the cult deepens…
away from
the psychotic “rumsfeld and bush
and himmler-cheney”…

to what?

there is further?

where shall we be led?—

where shall we be led
now trodding
on bloody, abused
pakistan
this road which leads
over bloody,
sacrificed pakistan…
where shall we be led?
where shall we be led?
where shall we be led?

this road over pakistan
snatching souls away
from the Earth
leaving little children
bodies without breath
on the internet
Hot Rod

On the band All's 1989 album Allroy's Revenge
the eighth track is a cover of the classic "Hot Rod Lincoln"
opening with the machine gunned "my pappy said son you're gonna drive me to drinkin'
if you don't stop drivin' that hot rod lincoln."

Rod Sperry who cofounded Boog with me
turned me on to this album during the ramp up to our first Boog books
during one of his many "you've never heard of ..." music tutorials
when we'd quiet his dorm single down to nothing
but his stereo
up as high as it would go for that space between tracks two and three,
to hear him whisper his word "hypolovely"
(he knew the band).
before lowering it down quickly
as track three kicked in.

100-MPH Horror

the fastest I ever got a car was
somewhere 'round a 100 miles per hour
on the drive with barry goldstein
in my folks' first new car
a white 1986 pontiac sunbird
to visit david best at lehigh university
during all our freshman years
i dare-pinned the sped-o-meter,
which only went as high as 80
the steering wheel shaking in my hands,
before I brought it down without a ticket,
until on my way home
I got one for rolling through a red light by the midtown tunnel.
09.08.10

Reds drop second vs. Colorado

June 15, 1977 was a sad day
tom seaver was traded to the reds
’nuff said.
And two months later my mom and dad and I
Went to shea to catch tom terrific’s first game against his old team
And we didn’t have tickets as we pulled into the shea parking lot
But my dad scored three seats for us on our walk to the ballpark.

09.23.10

Drake cuts are called ‘too much’

My dad delivered Coca-Cola when I was in junior high,
drove a truck through parts of Queens and Long Island.
All the routemen would befriend each other,
trade chips or cakes for soda.
My dad brought home tons of Drake’s cakes
so I could collect the baseball cards contained in the boxes.

09.24.10

Reds open series with Padres tonight

When the Mets beat the Reds in the 1973 National League Championship series
My brother and sister jumped on the field and celebrated
brought a piece of Shea Stadium grass home to grow in our Flatbush apartment
Dorothea Lasky

What else matters but the stage

Nothing matters but the stage
I don’t do anything if not to show it off
What is that eye if not for to be looked upon
I breathe and it is to be applauded for
I learn these things, so that I can retell them
What is memory
If not to remember so that
Another can recall
O life goes endlessly endlessly down a blue ravine
But I am back
And I got your attention
So what else matters
I moved this arm
And leg
Just so that you might look at me
Time and Matter

Time is not matter
Matter is not
You can’t tell me that my little arm is important
Or that when I die
That it will matter to anyone
This next life I think will be better than this one

What matter it will be
I was small a small thing
In this world
What small arm
What throat croaked
A bitter blue

Mice are embodiments of the wild
Multiplied forever
Their matter is very important
Very important to me
What tiny arms have I poisoned
In the name of safety?

What have you done?
You are a tree in the wind
Of time and change
You are a strong thing
I put my arm on you
And you are bark
And wood
And swaying
HOLLOWNESS OF THE TIP OF THE THRONE OF WISDOM

uh, yeah

When the rising up of the logic lived is evident,
Falling down, it is not.

I say as much myself as such to you:
To go out among the poor.

I say this as much myself as thus to you:
We fall down, pray unto our knees.

BOUNCE BOUNCE

But pale the night lamp buck float and seaward.
Patterning, paternal, pulling. Palsy to bed.
Sheep of the words which yet doth lieth. Ship
of the words yet doth lieth.
Varic, Zahari said,
"Weather down which robe desertion wore,
sparse grandeur reap yes yes but known.
And years, yes yet overcapital still gray,
still pale handling burnt rote and yes, years yet,
we varied particular dumbshits of the horrible /
conservative image of a thing, circuit of the mean,
the night, all that: the Bvlgarie on your shoulder."
Pattie McCarthy

Mary is brought to bed in 1760 her first child born ten months after marriage child number two born in 1762 & she is again brought to bed in 1765 pregnant immediately thereafter Mary another in 1766 her fifth next year her sixth the year right after free from pregnancy & childbirth in 1769 Mary is with child again 1770 Mary will have five more children in the next twelve years spending twenty-three years pregnant or nursing only three of Mary’s twelve live to adulthood

the historian made an amazing pie chart pregnant nursing free thirteen women in Mary’s family had ninety-seven children of whom thirty-eight died as infants or toddlers

super stition middle English from Latin or Old French
super over plus stare to stand

Mary was letting her kids go to the movies. was debating whether or not she felt the pains of labor. was cooking for a wealthy family in Oyster Bay. was moved as only I am moved by the singing of the Stabat Mater at Sunday Mass. was standing stock still at the ringing of the noon Angelus. was detailing the difference between lamentations & pietàs. was salting was in labor for eighteen hours & suffered an additional four hours work on removing the placenta. was dead ten days later. was writing a grocery list in the intertexture of shorthand on a stenographer’s pad. was one quarter cow & three quarters devil. was one part cow & nine parts devil. was signing a form that read, in part, I understand that no guarantees have been made to me about what will or will not happen during my pregnancy, labor, delivery, or hospital stay. was signing a form that read, in part, this position carries with it no offer or promise of tenure. was signing a form that read, in part, I understand that a normal obstetrical ultrasound examination does not guarantee a normal baby. was [archaic] (of a woman) at the stage where the kicking was clearly felt.
you are on horizon of night. night of public lip. watching. limbo.
lizard. the person who has had the least amount of sleep is the one
who will decide what is happiest.

the estee-vulture-like-skirt of it.

although i think it would be more ‘authentic’ to wear the concert
t-shirt and not listen to the music.

i can’t help too much with emotion since this is as vague as possible
— please forgive me if i say all the wrong things all the time. even
if you don’t know what you mean by information. get over the fact that
it’s overdue.
And I drive us home and
I reach for your hand
and you give it to me
and it is sweet, held.
And on my street we go
for a walk and you are
charming it is summer
and you are charming.
Of all the other times
I've said this sort of thing
this time I mean it
I mean it the most. You are
the most fun. I love your
hands in the air. We are good
to each other and you
tell me lots of things. What it
means to love people in all
this glory light. How you came
to dance in little circles and that
the way into a monster is
short and terrible. We go
swimming. October, be
gentle, be good pizza. A
nice visit. We will want
to do this more than once.
There is a park down the street.
And we put our hands up
to lie down, there is a field to lie us
down, lying down in the dark.
Aimee Nezhukumatathil

INVITATION

The wishes

of the whale shark

are simple: blooms

of shrimp, a crisp,

air-bubble algae
cocktail. I envy

the slow swim

through dark

waters, the light

show of spots

like a thousand

flashlights

thrown across

a room.
Brett Price, two poems

Diptych

super smash bunker
amidst the tombstone crops
monochromatic flashes portend
the Pointe du Hoc craters
I’ll later make of Samus
and ally cape Kirby wins
with a brick drop
time will not dim
the glory of their deeds
was twenty-six survived
by his wife and two kids

new futures to make
and inclinations not to
the freedoms we’ve won
that several congregations
may splinter distinct
without spire envy
maybe we’ll score some a them
nights when smoke dangles
and thanks for the strange
migration of birds
split imaged on the Seine

…

Honeymoon phasing loses volume
in larger circumambience of two

phantom hermitage meltdown
newbie attachment bliss
vocation to crown via labor
a rush time contraction
the cabin analytic can’t make heads
or tails of

I left my construction for shreds
at the political shark-fest friendship is, voting across party lines

as sickness reassembled chord-like
droning low in shoulder strings
can’t say shit
about nothin’
but seek to turn
anyway

This is effort as material imprint
relentlessly contingent window

I love you insanely

stop being so fucking mean
Arlo Quint

Commemorative Thought

you born today it begins to snow
the cold that freezes the inside
of your nose on first breath comes
to represent an empty depth here and now

people will love you but mornings
will be bleak and break the thought
northern lights to pink orange windows
four to five AM smoke in the living room

why ask questions? days explain themselves
want to be remembered but can’t be
quoted word for word turning
to rain later you don’t say anything

not a scene of tragedy not a single picture

the common loon big as a duck
but not a duck The Great Blue Heron
possessed by the big picture critics
were baited with an acid tongue
you will eventually create the standard guide
for North American Field Identification

Deep North

pastoral vacancies to stop over
placing the talk one Spring
mental launch tonal issue
instead partly cloudy Central Park
left the state of art and lost
dark age works whole room

against quiet less imagined one
the other day world love
drawn on every plane infinite
modulation possibility a dense curve
evolve enough old familiar won’t sell
phrasing every atom strong signal

death to moonbat theory
cracks open a cold one
feeling fatal psychic flaw
risen above third kind strike
from reflective vandalism to the light
and eviction from the world by words
Lauren Russell

I Am 25

With a love an aching for Marguerite Duras
e.e. cummings  shifts in syntax  formal
fragmentation and possibilities of grief
And a fear an aversion  reverberating
from forehead to foot:  I HATE “SMOOTH” MEN!
who rub against me in the subway  in the elevator
call me gorgeous  grasp my elbow on the street  fire:  —You look like a great lover!—
—Baby, I will rock your world!—
—If your man don’t love you, I will!—
I would silence these men  say to them:  —You have no idea
what I have been  might be again—
And if they replied:  —Oh, baby, you’re so sweet!— I’d tear out
their tongues and glue tampons to their throats
to poke out through their teeth.

POEM

Mayor Bloomberg has squeaked by!
I was riding the subway and suddenly
it stopped and someone said it’s a sick passenger
but a sick passenger would have held things up
for awhile and this was only a minute
so it must have been a horny conductor, the kind
who hits on every woman on the platform side
and the man beside me was acting exactly
like the conductor, and suddenly I see a headline
MAYOR BLOOMBERG HAS SQUEAKED BY!
there are conductors who open doors
for confused out-of-town lovers
there are conductors who slam them shut
on strollers and worn-out Hasidic mothers.
I have been on many subways and watched many
hurtle past, but I have never seen one just squeak by
oh Mayor Bloomberg we’re tired resign
on a cold day
i think
i want
my life
like a p**** movie
from the 70’s
walking along
in the woods
at the beach
on the street
and then
SEX !

21 Jan 2010
NYC
Nathaniel A. Siegel

note:
for the sensitive reader
when i say “p**** movie”
i am referring to soft-core
(not the hard stuff)
Joanna Sondheim

from transfer

last step before engraving

pen witness stone

here a docket of papers to sign

she was sleeping in the same bed

follicles stray cells

breathe in

dark sky and a small light

certain books should be read back to back

built around the roots of the tree reared its roof here

each project to end as it was started

request a bouquet

here the terms a checklist

travel companion fading rim cup my face
Mary Austin Speaker

An Astronomical Version of Happiness

A constellation is a chaos
held in place with the glue

of remembrance and writing
it down so we know where to
go: it is necessary
to navigate our boat
toward a ball of burning
gas too far to claim

and even if our way
is as round as a ring

we are moving at a speed
that lets us answer

How close am I?
   You're getting warmer.

Closer?
   You're almost there.

Now?
   Now you're on fire.
from *The Bridge*

to awaken to astonishing
gometry is to pull our bodies
from the bed and from
horizon roll into anarchic
day, bouquet of noise
and substance radiating
out our temperatures and breath
each temporary guess housed in
a silent place only a few may know
the beautiful woman driving
the sanitation department truck files
her nails at a stoplight files
her nails in a ray of morning sun
the honey-scented flowers
are dying on their vine and yesterday
the rain came down so hard the streets
were green for hours, the leaves
flat and wet to awaken to astonishing
gometry to pull our bodies from the bed
Michelle Taransky

THE SEVEN WOODS

We have a machine
We cannot explain
Why this is elegy
Watching the event
Thunder from a camera
Making all facts be one fact
To watch parents
Watch their parents
Complacent, complacent, complacent
Mounting a rebellion
N. Marie Wallace

GRIM

To sowre
    to soote
& not to linger
    to name your dead

a virgin
no    longer
marriage
    able

parched / boiled
a last meale
    of cakes

love’s round
hand-me-downs

to sowre
    & to soote

--

Death was our s
anta clause
    & on his lap lick
ing    peppermint sticks

we dug our graves
w/ a tarnished waltz

one    two

three
    one    two
        three

--

Grim things w/
good accompany
ment: gramophone

six on the nose at interlude of Turkish clarinets
secret muse
um soloist
collect your re
cord ial we are,

Luck, always an
other thorn w/
no bones about

in the dim past
october sixteenth
1920 pen s on a bed
side

balanced cable
gram, klezmer kind
a man

& was widowed a
gain my friend

--

In private houses
w/ proper objects:
tucked down a
long the edges

meddler of general
woe, proper gentle
man & their gentry,
      lodging & diet

horns & plunge
r rubbers slide
trombones & tiddly-winks
one-two on the blocks

--

Mourning on New York
Avenue / Lincoln Pl
ace in middle of the road
life crisis reverie /
reverse Frankie & Johnny

& I missus,
may I a zither,
      his zither
the gamut picker

had a prison
er & knew how to

kiss her

need of Milwaukee
Shawnee or Swanee
& other wants

of what & what

not.
tender weather september 6th
life’s work stretched out
on an endless table
to subsist on little
to live in the middle
the daily bread
the baker’s dozen
my rage
my right
the fatal night
repeats itself
unnamably
you came to me
and I'm flush with something

#1, 20012.tumblr.com

special thanks to dak and levy lives

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