An Anthology of Cincinnati and New York City Poetry

NEW YORK CITY EDITED BY DAVID A. KIRSCHENBAUM, BECCA KLAVER, RON KOLM, LISA ROGAL, AND PAIGE TAGGART

CINCINNATI EDITED BY YVETTE NEPPERS
Here are a few words from our Cincinnati editor, Yvette Nepper, on her city and its poetry community. —DJK

I had no idea what I was getting into when asked to help curate Cincinnati artists for The Portable Boog Reader 9. Outside of being a person who enjoys writing, reading, and forming community around art-stuff, I have zero credentials. In spite of this, Cincinnati’s magic unicorn, Dana Ward recommended me for the job, so naturally, I accepted—having had no idea how many emails need be exchanged to launch this sort of thing. A lot.

Having said that, it’s been a real honor to hype some of the weird and wonderful poetry coming out of the Queen City. Working with the editorial staff to connect some dots between Brooklyn and Cincinnati just makes me feel good, and I hope it makes you feel good too.

In the past few years I’ve developed a better understanding of what’s possible in regards to community, friendship, and alliance, through art. The contributing Cincinnati writers featured here are people who have devoted substantial amounts of time to, not only writing, but also hanging out and forming a community with other artists. For example, Chelsea Tadeyeske runs a chill and cozy event space out of her commune/home under the title Alt Milk House. And contributing writer, Scott Holzman continues to curate family-vibe events at the venue upstairs from the barbershop, called Chase Public.

Cincinnati has a reputation for being obnoxiously conservative (see 1990’s Mapplethorpe Obscenity Trial), which is why it’s so important for us to develop safe spaces and counter-culture. Actually, I feel like it’s our strength. So if you ever come to Cincinnati to pursue some art, make sure you stop by one of the many living rooms we have tucked around the city. And then ask someone to take you out to eat for your obligatory Cincinnati chili parlor experience. —Yvette Nepper
About the Editors and Artist

Yvette Nepper

Cincinnati

Yvette Nepper lives and writes in the city she loves, Cincinnati. Her chapbook, 24 Poems For Green Lips and Children, was published by Perfect Lovers Press in 2012. Since then, she has manufactured and printed her own work, with particular interest in mediums that tried (sticker balls, postcards, etc). Collaborations with musical artists can be found at http://yvettenepper.bandcamp.com. Kelly Crafty photo.

Dara Cerv

New York City

Dara Cerv is the author of a chapbook, Bath Poems (Red Finch). Recent poetry and collage appear or are forthcoming in Jellyfish, Frutale Pulp, Nightblock, Queen Mob’s Teahouse, and Columbus Journal.

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Non-Sequitur by Khadijah Queen

WINNER OF THE 2014 LESLIE SCALAPINO AWARD FOR INNOVATIVE WOMEN PERFORMANCE WRITERS

Khadijah’s play Non-Sequitur is a high theatrical challenge—its dozens of characters have voices on multiple registres: the voices in our heads, under our breaths, on our voicemail, hard to have to listen to, hilarious voices, blurted voices, bodily voices, but compact, searing, terse, not clamorous. They form an absurdity only too recognizable. This is our own experience—fiona templeton, director, the relationship

December 2015 | $15 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-29-0

FULL PRODUCTION OF NON-SEQUITUR DIRECTED BY FIONA TEMPLETON

ARTIST COLLATION BY

NON-SEQUITUR

ACTUALITIES

A POET-ARTIST COLLABORATION BY

Norma Cole and Marina Adams

“Actualities opens a charged space between beauty and volatility. This marvelous collaboration between a poet and a painter traces the vital and sometimes liberating complexities of our moment in history’s debris field. Together lines and images carry a reader’s eye out, as if to sea, then fold back on each other like waves.”

— SUSAN HOWE


FABULAS FEMINAE

A POET-ARTIST COLLABORATION BY

Susan Bee and Johanna Drucker

“An homage to 25 legendary women through the centuries—from Susan B. Anthony to Susan Santag, from Lizzie Borden to Lucille Ball—Fabulas Feminae is also a necessary intervention. When a famous life is over, the wild biography is often shaped to fit a tame narrative structure; Drucker and Bee use collage and algorithmic language processing to disrupt that pattern and make these lives wild again.”

— JENA OSMAN

Dara Cerv
Temporally Yours, 2015
paper and paste
7” x 8.25”
cris cheek

 fuck-centered
 fuck anything you want, except
don’t fuck with my authority
 fuck the disease of government
 fuck the blood into the sheets
 a fair price to pay to keep the desert
 from our streets and not on top of them
 fuck me and my cutesy sense of propriety
 fuck a duck fuck the want out of everything
 means just fuck right means it’s the price
 of spreading fuck like a leaf
 enough fuck right diseased government looking to govern
 from the top down then their clear desire
 the this the
 enough fuck with the diseases
 of government looking at government
 in use
 and who the fuck am I to tell another who
 they cannot love
 cannot adore

 A scent of Marx’s kiss

 And that our politicians might concur
 holding the conservative zombies wanting
 characterizing labor through obsession
 that dare certainly making heartache
 return. Out on the lake a gas cargo
 reflecting on the states of liquidity
 rolling drums across crushed bodies
 in the basement of the dark to light club
 cheered the smell. I ran, like a wire
 in the walls of the buildings of the
 bureaucrats. A kiss that characterizes
 liberal want isn’t the whole of longing
 an apparent taste for the political martyr
 depicting the sweep of his hopeful extent.

 cris cheek lives in northside, Cincinnati. He takes photos, makes videos, and likes to get live. He’s always worked with sound and often in projected light. It’s not so much about where you came from as where you are. He pays the rent working at Myaamia University.
Sleaze
she wakes up slumped hard, exhausted
against a matted seashell wall.

the hotel plaster held together with hot
glued bits of oceanic fragments.

A white murky film
flooding the cracks
appearing frozen | hardened like neglected

Crisco coagulated in the edge
of a frying pan

er her knees crunch
as if that morning, he
resembled
her bones

his fingers dangling
like lobster claws— prodding
beauty between her teeth

she felt submissive
when she yawned | her tonsils whispering sleaze

ugly is only generated
from other people’s mouths.

Between a Cadillac and Circle K

The asphalt from the lotto ticket window
to my thighs was thirty seven steps
I sit with pit stains on my white dress
I sit on the leather back seat, numb
to the ticket holder walking
the asphalt drive

Diamonds clustered in his dentals
but he was no jeweler
He flashed a tetra of light-eating prisms, platinum bars in enamel’s gridlock—
a grin of malice and metal mouth

If I kissed your hundred grand grill,
as my saliva ebbs between your lips
leaving a murky bathwater in your jowls
Would you rust from my tongue?
Would our tele-a-tele need lube
before we brush our clothes from our skin?

The radio says through its teeth, 96 degrees today, let the paper
swim in ink.
When she emerges from the pool,
Towels dry,
Look for the poem in her pores

< >
all women have indigestion
we take turns
swallowing the moon

for us,
it’s just benadryl

Sidney Cherie Hilley

Craigslist > Hey R, (White Couch) (V4m)

I’m typing this in a heap
of busted halogen bulbs—
glass teeth in carpet wool/
remnants of us &
sixteen hours ago

the smell of dishwasher and Prego
waiting from the room
where we attempted contact
like a broken faucet
dripping over the scalloped hands
of lasagna wading in soap suds

I miss how you dribbled
fruit— like the ends of your mouth
were locked open— a flood gate
for warm Kool-aid crawling sideways
down your chin & swimming
to my upholstery.

//those little pomegranate beads
embedding in my white couch

who knew (your) fluids would leave
such an irreversible stain

you owe me
13.95 for bleach

Omniverse (Detroit)

My closest trip around Saturn
was encircling the rings in a leather
bar’s unisex bathroom sink—

Unisex, because I stumbled in
//for an instant/
sliding on foamy tile,
fumbling to find a stall
that wasn’t an occupied bunker
for fluorescent spandex thong
& star-spangled briefs— Saturn’s
orbital rings, gyrating
bumpy like wheels
pushing over gramy, choked-up streets

Outside, I see a motor city native—
His eyes are green, a little glossed.
He peers under a black flat-bill
embrodied with a golden, cursive, ‘D’
that protrudes loud— a yellow headlight
guiding him down roads
as dark as untouched space.

He drives his electric wheelchair
into the ether of oncoming traffic,
an instinct for a movement against
redundancy: Everyone speeding
until they are all out of gas.

//Speed Empty Refill Speed Empty Refill//

In another instant, he is vapor
and the traffic passes.

Meanwhile, the bathroom strangers clash
in mutual sweat. Meeting for an instant,
& speeding up their moments.
From “Invent a Dream Where You Appear as a Poet”

The dream without language. The dream without form. The dream without form puckers, the dreamer’s caught breath caught against the sky’s overwhelming tactile qualities. This language is not symmetrical Charles Gabel says without image. The lyre without meter. The wet song of the deer. The deer without image. The deer without image lie on the road in perfect symmetry. Charles Gabel formalizes the deer along route in search of the dreamer. Formal shapes of grammar overtake the radiant sky. Parallel organizing principles of thought pile through Charles Gabel’s mouth. Direct statement. Image and action. The dream puckers with each attempt at action. The single vibration is caught from the lyre. Another vibration follows before Charles Gabel closes the first in his mouth. Each wave is felt individually and this becomes overwhelming to Charles Gabel and to the dreamer watching. Charles Gabel lies down in the road, near the dead things there.

* Another obsessed translator. Then another. Then another. What of these Mad Angels? The speaker falls from the word to gaze outwardly toward the reader, no longer a lover, but a colleague in textual self-analysis. Our speaker enters the register of critique, eschews intimacy typical of lyric poetry. Gods are portioned sparingly throughout the work. The Tiger Moth’s wings rotate slowly in the author’s apartment, later assigned to a dream. There they shimmer in the road, an angel’s. Angel, from ecclesiastical Latin (angēlus), retrofitted Greek (ἀγγέλος). Messengers populate the work, retrofitted as lyric poetry.

(after Joseph Ceravolo)

* Rot begins. Organisms eat the dead poems in the road. Are you a suspension of my chorus? Mechanical possibility misreads us, each one a ________. Organisms begin the poems in the road, each one not a mammal exactly. Rot is a complex of organisms in process. The organs bloat inside the mammal, the bacteria exist as subtext to be amplified later in critical interrogation. Each poem is a tactile possibility misread as poetry. Each poem is a tender citation.

I rummage the dead mammal’s organs for the poem’s architecture. I am not music in this geography, the lyre’s lapsed signal beyond. The poet says to Charles Gabel I am incapable of rot and is incapable of rot, and I know that my lungs will never blow with bacteria. Carrion organisms and poets will not arrive. Long lightning hooks against gravity competing with its storm and its storm. Apollo’s still image still. Charles Gabel’s lungs blow with bacteria and the dreamer watches; a little god licks its way through the heavy air, a figment of speech and unknown as gravity.

Step 1: scrape back this text only in oracular motions. Charles Gabel implores the dreamer to scrape back the plain. The dead things rot there, now able to serve as diagrams, not biology exactly. Infection blooms under the test. What poet finds us? The poet is a tangle of organs complicated by gravity. The poet is a lyre. The poet is a dead thing, overwhelmed by the vibrations of its music.

* Step 1: scrape back the text only in oracular motions. Other movements will frighten the angels revealed in the text. The organs bloom in your throat, Charles, but this address finds little solace in gravity’s nouns, your doubled mothwing apparatus. The blood is bright in the road. Millions of suns pool in the road. That’s not sky. Earth ravaged by poetry. The uneasy arrangements of its chariots.

* Step 1: scrape back the text in oracular motions. This will delineate various tissues, pulling sublimity from the interest rates. Step 2: name your gods. This will dictate your influences until no relevant prayer can be found in the arrangement of text.

* Step 1: scrape back the text in oracular motions. The text is made up of various tissues. Their cellular composition is not yet determined, but certain human qualities are apparent, including political symptoms and aesthetic values. The skin flaps back to reveal its subliminal text. I am with you in petty flesh and in gravity, Charles. (I am with you)

Charles Gabel was born in Cincinnati, where he now lives. His most recent poems can be found in Dreginald and New Delta Review, and, with the poet Erich Schneekher, he co-edits Northside Review.
Excerpt from Lifestyle

a poem written for David Corms
and dedicated to my favorite professor
from the college I dropped out of, Dr. John D. Fairfield,
and inspired by his favorite professor
and author of the writing manual Plain Style,
Dr. Christopher Lasch.

Have you ever been to France?
I have. I loved it.
I met a Romanian girl named Alina,
and I loved her too.
One night, we got very drunk
in a communist bar
somewhere near the Bastille.
Alina was a communist.
So was her friend, Damien,
the only visibly overweight French person
I saw throughout my entire stay in Paris.
Damien was large, had dreadlocks,
abstained from dairy,
planned on moving to Mexico to fight for the cause,
assumed that I knew what he meant
when he said, “the cause,”
and for the duration of our experience
did not, to my knowledge,
spend more than a maximum
of one hour away from the cloud of ignited and
exhaled hash
with which he was so closely associated
in his particular social and political circles.

We were walking down the street
in the financial district, La Defense,
and he lit a spliff and said,
“friends tell friends if they see a cop, out!”
I’m not sure why I remember that, but I do.

In the communist bar
Alina and Damien and
I’m sure their equally socialist friends
are beloved regulars. Think Cheers set in Cuba.
I’d like to think that Alina was Norm.
The waitress, Sandra, was bringing us
all of the unfinished pitchers
of sangria from the rest of the tables.
We stayed until they made us leave,
missed the last train, and drank under a bridge
until the sun came back.
The next morning I threw up at The Louvre.

Alina called me cowboy boots,
because I was wearing cowboy boots.
I called her Alina,
because that was her name.
I stayed with her and fifteen others
in a art squat not far
from the Voltaire Metro
and a museum dedicated
to the history of smoking.
They fixed bikes—
and had movie nights
and at least in the moment

it was working—
in a certain sense of the word.
The last thing I remember Alina saying,
when we saw a tall woman walk by:

“she looks like she has the legs of a frog.”
Roll up your magic carpet,
don’t fly away.

Flight, a word with many meanings.
First, the action or process of flying through
the air.
There is a crow in flight.

Second, a group of creatures or objects flying together.
There is a flight of Canadian Geese over head,
they look like a V.
V is for victory, vaginal, or vulnerability.

Third, the action of fleeing or attempting to escape.
The refugees are in flight from their homes,
they are not flying in planes,
they are walking thousands of miles with
their lives on their backs.

Fourth, a series of stairs between two floors or levels.
We made love on a flight of stairs
between the fifth and sixth floor
and because this is a poem
those numbers have to mean something.

Fifth, an extravagant or farfetched idea or account.
There is no hope for a better world,
ignore the flights of fancy,
sprouting from the well intentioned lips
of young dreamers who will someday wake up.

Scott Holzman (b. 1990) (http://www.chasepublic.org/) is a writer and the director of chase public, a collaborative space for art and assembly in Cincinnati. He is a principal architect and organizer of the massively collaboratively written poem “Seven Hills and a Queen to Name Them” (2014).
Purty Girl

Purty Girl adult world in Little Falls
it's up to you to decide whether this is music or not
whether this is demagogic, excellent, too arty, gorgeous,
racist, true, or anything you want
It's a collection of patterns that are both entertaining to make
and really well thought out.
A few dishwasher images and his
release is in fact like two sides of a coin
a ricotta-and-granola combo here
available thru self-abuse or for possible trade
She'd turned his cock from flesh to stone.
She hopes to sell it and earn enough
to buy her grandfather a sweater.

Yup, c'est moi. Me so purty.

This is serious, shitty, work. Seriously. Someone has to do it.
Today I also had two servings of something called Tonic Alchemy
which makes my spleen behave in very antagonistic ways
pass my sister

To nonsymbiotically fixate
a stiff piece of paper cardy
many more things & thoughts could have been transmitted
by this lool of reaction.
If it weren't so purty I'd call it skin flute
If one wants to know the taste of the worm
one has to transform the worm by eating it.
I can choke like a hughie trying to eat
a goat in these sorts of situations

DON'T JUDGE ME my backside is numb.

"You gots a purty mouth, like many"

I stay objective and hate flattery.
I have little time & even less money.

Chocolate cake is good and woolen
sweaters are good. Therefore, I might
take a little less chocolate cake in order to get
more woolen sweaters.

Sex, chocolate cake, and rock & roll owe
their allure to their effect on the nucleus accumbens
a neural system all wired up to reward the brain
for doing a filthy job
It makes us all look like the grubby
little mouthpieces we've become.
Now is that a utopian vision, or just some fairytale
lala feel-good Dionysian transversally-oriented disposition
that lets you forget that you're too old for punk rock?

Yarbles—show some, if ya have any yarbles,
ya eunuch jelly thou

Lower rewards equal lower desire
to put in all the work required to
become a passionate ménage à trois
with soft caresses from virgins or whatever
If you feel dirty afterwards
without knowing why, it's gonzo porn.
Turns out he needs vampires
because sweaters alone don't draw the crowds

What's sad about all that is I ain't been married yet
Crap, I forgot to mention the whole
love angle—you know, beer goggle effect,
marriages for chicks & dicks

The bottom end of my high school class
shipped out as reluctant soldiers, or, in rather surprising numbers, turned into strippers
Look how many people believe the war
with the zombies was a mistake, even hawks.
The parrots left the views of the enemy—
you can't shoot the financial meltdown in the
head

That's the spirit! There isn't a problem that a
focused
lynch mob can't solve.
Yup another case of passengers going schlussel
Well, no rabid nut job had better come after me

The zombies, in a very homage to George Romero,
stand around like a bunch of actors
under stormy skies, intoning the horrors
of gay marriage in a robotic monotone.
They all go home and write blogs instead of having sex.

No one wants a combination—the shuffling
and scabby living-impaired, they are not really
in touch with their feelings.
The shark thing has lots of good angles.
If I'm in a coma hooked into machines
the plug is NOT TO BE PULLED even if my brain
is shrunk to a walnut.
Paracelsus affirms that potable
gold is a tonic for the heart so the controls
really start to jolt into something far
more immerssive than ever before.

I am told, though, that I would still
be able to strip and read Nietzsche
after becoming a zombie.
Gonna be a long-ass however long
this is going to take to resolve.
I need to lay down and wait for the little
birds flying around my head to stop.

From "Voices of the Zombie-Apocalypse."

From *Notebook of dreams* (2009)

**Manuel Iris**

*Angel, slim and agile, slipped from birth to the dream that waits for him*

Rubén Bonifaz Nuño

I

But how beautiful and how improbable is the dream in which you appear, Angel without wings.

But also how dream-like and how terrible that you can read to yourself while you are being born.

II

How true and how terrible is the word the blank page the occasion on which you come to pose for the good of your own light for your skin for the voice in this poem that you are not listening to.

III

How lonely is your silence, Angel. Your skin always passing from one voice to another, from one word to the flesh that my dream gives to you.

In her lap, the *Notebook of Dreams* lay like a cat. The wind typical of this season was rustling the leaves and rippling the lake, but it seemed to respect the book, whose pages didn’t turn.

Suddenly, she stopped reading and said: *We’re the dreamed ones. Look, note how the wind right now, through a whim of Mia’s, has decided not to turn the pages in which we appear so that a reader, dreamt also by her, can know us and justify everything. It is because of this unlikely encounter that this book can’t finish writing itself. Even your frustrated intention of singing the Angel, its absolute perfection, is nothing more than a whim of hers. Now I get it. It’s very clear that this isn’t a park but rather the end of a paragraph, a collection of words in an unfinished dream.*

All poems were translated from Spanish by Matt MacBride

---

Mia,
today I made a furrow
down the center of the page
to leave a groove
which makes the accent
that opens you:
Smell of honey, open scar:
To be here, Mia
is to contemplate
how you come out my veins,
endlessly
through this line, flower, and verse
in which I name you.

Apparition

*Don’t think that I’m wooing you.*

*Angel, and even if I tried to, you wouldn’t come. For my call never comes close to you.*

—Rilke, *Dactyls* Elegies

I

You refuse to destroy me. Your flesh acquires—in front of me—a heat less mortal. My heart attests to its twofold fear of looking at you and of not looking at you. Fear of mortal eyes.

I loosen my voice and am grateful from your dress: that you don’t shine the light of your terrible skin on all my defects, that you’re not leading me to a death from light.

II

Become your presence, come to syllables of flesh and lamentations in order to suggest your feet when I call your name daring imagined before you were aware—more beautiful than the angel and as terrible—that you are going to will.

III

Perhaps you are confused, perhaps eternal, the sound of your feet has made the evenings silent and your womb’s hiding brought the night.

In any case, angel of flesh light of flesh, skin of flesh I can’t resist your nakedness which is the beginning and end of everything. Eternity is too much.

Your presence, if mortal, is a flame that consumes everything: naked you are lethal, and you aren’t listening to me.

IV

I am not calling you, clear flame because I don’t sing in the tones needed to reach your ears and because my words—the best of them—burn to ash upon brushing against you and although I know because it is true because you are so far away because our two natures are so cruel that this poem will never reach you I throw it towards your skin, I give it to the fire.

Manuel Iris ([http://bufrondedios.blogspot.com/](http://bufrondedios.blogspot.com/)) (Mexico, 1983). Author of 4 books of poetry. Holds a Ph.D. in romance languages from the University of Cincinnati, the city in which he lives with his wife Claudia and their dog Coco.
Some Pieces from Breakup Apartment

1. I cannot see the future of breakup apartment: it doesn't have one. A rotten smell emanates from all of its rotten surfaces, from deep within the grain of its rotten wood like the smell of dying grandparents. I walk around the block and smell its dead rot in my hair and on my gym.

2. I have a terrible crush on my slumlord. Before I chose breakup apartment, I followed him in my car while he rode a skateboard down a long winding hill through falling-down neighborhoods to falling-apart apartments. He was probably 50. Of course I felt a little in love with him. He was just my type: terrifying and or magical, I wasn't sure, his character parallel to the character of the city where I live.

3. The first apartment he showed me was on the third floor of an old factory building with on-white shag carpet now the color of dirt. The view of the city I hated filled the living room with a false and intense beauty. Standing on the strange grey linoleum in the living room which was also the kitchen, looking at several buckets strategically placed to catch leaking water, I was suddenly the kind of person who could tell anything to anyone. "This is awful, but far too amazing to be breakup apartment. I do not want to move up in the world. I want to sink heavily downward like Virginia Woolf into a lake," I said to my slumlord. He said he had something in mind.

4. On the phone I fretted to my ex- about the third floor apartment. I fretted about the roof caving and the ceiling falling down, not onto me (I didn't care), but onto my computer, smashing all the bad writing inside it. I fretted about getting out of my car on that block late at night. I fretted about feeling claustrophobic and agoraphobic simultaneously, having panic attacks in a windowless, casket-y bedroom. I fretted about falling down the pitch black stairway (you could see nothing even in daylight) to my death. I fretted about eternal insomnia, then about the factory building being crushed into by a plane, being trapped inside with my cats while it burned. My ex- said: It's a third floor apartment, not the Twin fucking Towers. I want to go on trips and sleep in tents and raise cats with you forever, I said. He didn't respond.

5. Just after my breakup but before I met my slumlord, I repeatedly had a sex fantasy that took place in a bougie, enormous loft apartment. At the time, I was spending a lot of time fretting about how breakup apartment needed to be beautiful so I could feel less desolate and less hopeless overall. My sex fantasy could only take place in an endless, new-smelling loft apartment where I felt like a businesswoman engaging with vapid power, fucking a person with none. I put myself on a waiting list for a fancy high rise apartment building, then imagined my sex fantasy actually happening. I called back a few minutes later to remove myself from the list.

mark s mendoza

("Say you’ve got a right to be here.")

Say you’ve got a right to be here. 
Coming up for air from the hollowed prayer

Taking to the lazy lizards as I write. 
Freedom is access to two competitive grants

Nature abhors a leash. 
Capitalize not every other but the last for force

Swig-fizz of shit beer 
brightened by insect chants by my bite-swollen ear

Drab cardinal whistles 
to mockingbird it thinks is a mockingbird

Cricket walks up the porch post to get to the tree

The cat in the Kabyle. 
The lighter side of... Centcom. 
The Nono simply in your head

Charged Discharged

Who wears the way she feels helpless over
the blackened eyeballs in her feta salad

Sarah don’t cry it’s your mother’s dish only better, thrown over with a pinch

Doctors have words for bereavement but she is not following

Bare forelimbs lung over red crayon circles mindful to dot the decay

To see half-formed scramble & brisk cartoons bring blessings to a standstill

The silence breaks unevenly as I button my sleeves ‘It’s a house that’s the sun’

The Sound of a Thousand Glass Phones

We were due for a win as you dosed in the darkroom 
Thinking nothing of wastepaper towers, busy lines 
Persuaded you should one day see a childhood derrick topple 
Despite rising chest pains. The cathedral inflames

From a chasse plane, dim-tinted meadow plots. 
After last night’s revelry, fingers point in three directions. 
Insects erect dykes and dams. Speed faith’s worst enemy 
Faith speed’s dangerous, sexy friend.

A casual impressiveness swells at dusk, as Sunday steps out 
Blameless, nudging the built of a fallen something, maybe 
Affected despair, misplaced here as audacity I confound 
For a poised dopplegänger wrapped in plant wire.

Russets and sapphire rule the spectrum. 
Further expressions are hurred by hearsay. 
Which goes to show anything one thinks is almost always one thing thought

An intimate dispatch is plotted. Dwindling epics – eures 
Disturb entire ant colonies locked in to the debris. 
Air slaid, agonized, until swallowed like honeyed capsules

Pulled from a gutter of inductions

Dazed and rubbery necks request ox eyes, smiling kindly
Over a few snappy questions, bleary earth and steep 
Roofops puffing snow in their rills. You, I
Who fell against a day swayed with brass.

Pitiful Inquiry

We left the racetrack without finding the racetrack. 
Only three senses of direction were ours. 
An unlit sign reminded us what it is to have a hometown.

It started to rain, it stopped being wet.

I had all my favourite movies on videotape except Antoine et Colette, which Emile promised to present at the next special occasion.

Separated so many years, you no longer check the mail.

mark s mendoza lives in Cincinnati and publishes on ‘both sides of the Pond.’
Groundskeeper (I)

mind just a little dude minor aims today
still mourning world-as-oyster duty-free
where the shower was made a thermal pouch

of quarantined space-time temporarily immune
to what’s now perceived as deep union’s
crunder infringements:
that water its heat pleasures here linked
to their likely depletion elsewhere
in a kind of closed system call it life

grim enough but more in focus in play
fore middle back three views same lane
line add up to sum total over binary slip

and true to what occurs too breaches
swift turns pull composition inward
as long-shots unfold over larger frames

that once felt to be as basic and penetrating
as the air at least get suffered or taken up
as fact within which to more skillfully dissolve

amidst abandoned bitumen on thousand acre tailings lakes say
where artificial birds of prey simulate calls to dissuade waterfowl
lest they land slick feathers drawn in space-visible waste pits

‘on a day with a bit of wind dust plumes billowing off the wheels
and the loads of the dump trucks coalesce into a single enormous
cloud that obscures large parts of the mine and spills over its lip’

two point five million plus public thoughts to consider I’m surprised
when my pressey-signed personalized sound-bite arrives on white house letterhead
which now completes the formal loop thanks we’ll keep you posted

Groundskeeper (III)

all day morning pivots all day eve
for that belief which constitutes selfhood to be experienced as pain
and oranges flaring up like some wit’s end supplication

a frayning network of silt gutters tattered run-offs link and divide mutely
two weeks worth craving a sound-oriented shorthand
and every second like this each arbitrary unit of measure

leaving scuffs and tracers in the atmospheric clean cube
wolf to the lungs chasing sleep to the already fleeced air
for the charge of sentence but I just don’t buy it

and just think you wouldn’t’ve seen it if not for this
endless threads that read as cuts against community under guise of being it
is that loneliness or some higher form of intimacy

tapped with no designs for payback the blind thrust of acceleration loosed
while the love I’d anteied up for and left
can move it antecedarian bloodline along which faux-craters

like gravity-tricked cotton crane limbs toward the street
where it can take no luggage wherefrom no souvenirs back
blows heavy fair though better here still we’re ugly but we have the music

two selves switched out in time and what’s felt
stuck rogue and defiant from some previous screen damage
one sec next just wants to get pristine accented vistas that alter briefly

seed and root primed toward the actual
all labyrinthine and preshynsly disposed
it’s a liquidated future a spade obliterates

lines drawn in quicksand why pick a side and yet the feeling’s palpable
between one’s back and the wall bills due and the default

amidst abandoned bitumen on thousand acre tailings lakes say

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Groundskeeper (IV)

novelty scanners lapse for a blink two clicks tops
and portable water springs from the used
minuita tapped new clause in the perma-thirst

it seems as contact deepens faith-imperatives
shift in tone while case remains spade’s
a spade obliterates the hoped and the supposed
waves of sensation coppers oxidizing green
real McCoy’s ushering the hearsay-skaters
from thresholds stuck vestigial into savage time

pristine accented vistas that alter briefly
what just appeared law before the self’s fluxual
heat swells up again in fata-morgana distortion

and so on and that becomes the mind
all labyrinthine and preshynsly disposed
gridlocked with a zillion ways to say so

each reinforcing the very thing
within and amidst the inherently thingless
1d as mediation divider obstruction to view

but looked through fall appears
sharp light stages long shadows where
all day morning pivots all day eve

then sky’s easy golds resort to lobbing floral pinks
and oranges flaring up like some wit’s end supplication
the advancing ink remains indifferent to

and how’s a body any different even the heartbeat
proceeds discrete from volitional act moon’s orbit and sleep-breathing
facts of primary force sustained unadulterated

---

Brett Price ([https://boogcity.com](https://boogcity.com)) is a poet and editor. He's been a curator for the Friday Late Night Series at The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church in New York City and the general manager for Ugly Duckling Presse, for which he now serves on the advisory board. Caitlin Wheeler photo.
The impossible is pearlescent

Chelsea Tadeyeske

a dress fell from the sky
and i wore it
an attic of vulnerability
zipped up like a gift

i'd kindly not like the burden
of believing in things
like the smallest bones in my hands
and inner ear and a spine that holds
it all together

i'm just consequential
to the cake heart
my idea of enlightenment is splutter
into a napkin and wincing at advice
from my entrails

i'm really good at waiting in the car

all the cocaine we're snorting
is making us particularly anxious
about the skin beneath the skin
already liver spotted and sagging

i like to imagine
what would happen
if instead of each other's faces
we saw what we were thinking

for instance right now
you would see me getting wet
on a kidnap fantasy in which
you're hard and i'm screaming
and we both don't hear
the mother in me

if you don't like drowning
try turning into water

i want to say something about how you make me feel
how my blood dries and pools at the same time
then i want a cigarette because i can't get back at you
in any real way

when i wake up and you're not the first thing i have to do
i use my hands to make the shape of your head on my pillow
the last time we had sex
i was really close
to throwing up
your percussed hips make me pith you

the first time someone asked me for a blow job
there was this pressure that wouldn't go away
until i finally submitted

he sat next to me in math class
always had nice things to say about my shoes
he felt sorry

the phrase 'misshapen milk repeats'
i miss the way sleep softens you
how it sours your breath
building a miniature church out of your eyelids

i can't believe i cried
when Dawson's Creek ended

in tarot the hanged man in reverse
means your goals and dreams
will be put on hold

they'll just hang there all dried up
like your childhood wallpaper
smelling like lilacs on shit

i can't stop seeing the buoyancy
of my baby self's hair
as a bald man tells me
i am more likely to be raped
by someone i know

and something comes charging me
like a dog with big white teeth
then leaves just as quickly

it bothers me sometimes that i'll never know
how to play the piano
that i'm still comforted by the human voice

Chelsea Tadeyeske (https://pitymilkpress.wordpress.com/) is a handful of water. Her chapbook, tentatively titled 'if you bend it backwards nothing really happens,' is
“Ron Kolm’s *Duke & Jill* stories are classic illustrations of appealingly casual criminal ingenuity at work in a society where everybody has too much of nothing, either materially or spiritually. They remind me of Denis Johnson’s doom-flecked narratives as well as my favorite Buster Keaton movies. Even if the time and place of their setting is gone with the wind, their anarchic spirit is still a breath of fresh air.”—Gary Indiana, author of *I Can Give You Anything But Love* and *Do Everything in the Dark*.

Unknown Press is pleased to announce the publication of *Duke & Jill*, a collection of short stories by Ron Kolm. The book is available at the Strand Bookstore, St. Mark’s Bookshop, Three Lives & Company, McNally Jackson, Posman Books, Spoonbill & Sugartown, Powell’s Books and many other fine bookstores. It’s also available on Amazon, both as a paperback and as a Kindle edition.

“The old New York of the 1980s comes alive in this series of plaintive tales featuring the anti-heroic middle-aged survivalists, Duke and Jill. Ron Kolm’s writing is delicate, empathetic, deadpan, and places the reader in the center of the action, where nothing and everything is happening at the same time. His point of view is never voyeuristic, but more like a comrade, living out his life alongside his characters. His stories never turn out the way you imagine, and then they do.”—Lewis Warsh, author of *One Foot Out the Door: The Collected Stories of Lewis Warsh*.

"T - M - I"

**GIRL TALK TRIPTYCH**

This collaborative poets’ play is obsessed with the way women and girls talk to each other in private. Performed at the Popesickle festival in Brooklyn and the Small Press Traffic Poets Theater Festival, *Girl Talk Triptych* is now available for purchase from dancing girl press.

http://www.onthewilderside.com/

http://www.peacecouple.com/

Dulcetshop.myshopify.com

boog city 16 www.boogcity.com
Dara Cerv
When You Cannot Find Me It Won’t Be for Why You Think You Cannot Find Me, 2015
paper and paste
7.5”x10.25”
Unconditional
And my mouth, and my teeth and my urge to swaddle you
Stammer on. There was no fucking there.
Inside her there was no moisture. Just open arms.
No Honey. His cuffs. His wrists.
Day, and night, and day, and on, and on, and on
Like a never-ending slice of pink bread, or honeycomb
Because it was hot and it got hotter
His chest melting. His tummy melting.
I was struck by this decay; this deep pumping into
My spine with each push I lacked
The confidence to rub him away so
I loved him away instead.
Opium around my hips,
Sweating me out of your heart
And stripping me out of your liver
Back to myself.
A hiccup. A séance.
Blue sky.
You can't make babies for anyone else but yourself
You and I can't dance blue or any other color but each other.
There is something about him, standing there, dressing himself;
Something tired and obsolete, and handsome.
I have spoken to myself and
I have made an outrageous claim.
There is nothing, but black in this castle.
Black nightmare and black cave.
But we are always withdrawing back into the comfort of getting lost.
She is suddenly within him and
Layered like molten caramel to his teeth.
She is suddenly a black huddled sphinx,
Creeping and crossing again and again into his smile.
Pink muses, throwing pink muses
Or some somewhat presence like that.
I can't help smelling you, isn't that honest?
These roses beneath me crack to be worn by you triumphantly
Thorns of glass.
I believe one day you'll find me in a desolate mine
Shape shifting my way back into you.
And the black coal will kill me
And the bats will eat my guts
But don't worry about the future
We'll get there one way or another.

Don't be nice to your rapist
You're such a dorky celestial mess.
I'd like to give men something else to jack off to.
I'd like to write, emancipatory, unapologetic
Feminine poetry for men. For little boys.
How do I get rid of this grime?
Real, live, naked, horny girl!
We know what you want before you do.
Feeling bloody is a normal response to it.
We're pornographers of your inner light
Goddess, and of your biggest fears.
We're pleasure seekers who dwell in
The deep depths of boy and girl.
I am not shaking like a rabbit hole,
Or like your ex-boyfriend's missed call.
And I promise I won't be nice to you if you
Promise you won't be nice to your rapist.

I Like When You Act Like a Man
I like when you act like a man
And you shrug into your hole of syncopated
Masculinities drowning and drowning the
Flowers.
I like your hyper elastic way of bending the rules
You make for me, for yourself, and for pretending that you are
A little kitten or that you are needless, like god.
I want you to become more like a man
As you're pumping your cum into me
As you're watching your child grow up alone.
I can't tell you the truth about my mouth
But I like you and your flowers
And I like when you act like a man.

Heaven
In heaven there will be no love just pink blood
And it will eat you and me and all of us
And no one will shame me, or you
And we can have sex again without crying.

Cornelia Barber (http://qaeemobs.com/2015/07/poems-cornelia-barber/) loves and admires her friends and family. She lives and writes in Crown Heights, Brooklyn.
Another domestic dispute

Remember when you peed on my haircut
not actually on but in the toilet while I was cutting
and a woman needs her space

Remember how you watched me ovulate
Now tell me the truth, what did you think?
I mean did you like it, or uh-oh?

I don’t think my body knows how to love anymore
there is an itching and a general numb
I no longer think with my body

Imagine skimming on a small sliver
and slipping it under your eyelid
What would you prefer, or no body?

I can’t undo it because it’s been done
I heard about Ben Franklin’s dildos
a wild collection that drives me while

It’s not up to me to turn the movie on
I’m busy with my fingers and my hair
There is urine on the seat

This thing is designed hygienic
I was taught about hygienic
not hand sanitizer, but the real feminine stuff

Hardly around anymore to quiet the feelings
There are multiple yous to whom I now speak
I purchased a large book and scan its selection of fonts

Better to be legitimately gross than just this little bit
The hairs on my head turn gray like quarters to
spend on objects or food or services
By gross I mean large

I’m dreaming of rolls of body that I can feel
and feeling the beginning of something
like dessert or like hope, a mirage

I’m a white girl from Long Island is true
and how I feel some of the time but not in the
nine nail salons kind of way

This penchant for poor taste in tops didn’t come easy
This is a rough cut drive to eschew what I want
to disguise my voice as a sandlea
which has no genitals but probably does.

Emily Brandt

The Eighth Day

Two lines stitched by jets, your hern is so high
I could slip in my prayer hand and then pull
you apart, open you, expose you sky,
enclose cool clouds in my warm mouth, gurgle
a lullaby. I could stretch up my arms
coil them around your coy weightlessness,
and pinch gently each of your nimbus charms.
This is the beginning of our tryst.
The bed is useless. The table-top too.
When your pants are a hail storm, I’m panting
to pull what can’t be pulled down, to undo
what’s been undone by turned sinners chanting.
When god leaves me cold, all my hope’s in
tangible sky, my parachute open.

Exceptional

All the oysters in the sea
fit neat in this mouth

All the anything you want
if you want bad enough

Shells drip from her hair
her wanting hair
this town is (all towns are) small

Giving head for a boat
bound away from want

I want to be brain surgeon
Ballerina I want I want in the CIA

I want to be highway patrol
I want to be national guard Senator To marry a senator

Full-time on-track the Nation’s Basketball Ass

I want to be Jeff Koons Soluble I want to be David Lynch I want

to be Walter White Another white

I want mansion I want your company To dive

All the oysters in the sea
drive their wanting mouths
seams the size of dinner plates
make of my wanting salable pearls
ChiaLun Chang

Don’t be sad,
your life is great because you have so many friends.
I hope I can’t remember.
However, I do.
When you nervously smiled at me,
the way you touched my palms,
you smelled like hidden coffee cups.
I hope I understand. Just a little bit more.
It’s fine to not to understand.

Is it fine to die, too?
How about I choose a way to burn down your house, leap between a
breath and
commit suicide?

My dad wants to look at the pictures of my school.
But he never calls and reads my mind.

We sat together. Your shoulder was touching my arm.
You have pulled me closer with your disease.
You’re driving me away with a nicer suit.
Above your dignity,
those flowers are dirty, they come back every year.
Stop talking darkness,
yesterday is here and I’m waiting for my doorman to turn on the virus.

A wake up call
for Penny Chen

Honey, when we lost
rendering our hair, crumple our underpants
and sweating our contact lenses would be better
than a superficial
smile

you will be fine
before Okay comes to the town
why don’t we have a cup of palm wine
with half-full ice

before the night darkened into our skins,
the southern time grown into a pair of sandals,
the ink melted on your face

’Sadness cannot save children.’
You proclaimed
when we crossed the border
as if I slaughtered young souls, worms and kind vendors
dear, if I could save them,
i would spin around and learn the persuasion
but i only stand and touch the contour of Angkor Wat
alone

before the moon brighter than a scale
my ego takes a walk,
your temper flutters mildly away

after we become bees
both of us line up to fly
in the poor century

ChiaLun Chang was born and raised in Taipei, Taiwan and lives in New York City.

How to Be a Baby

talk in a high and innocent pitch
wink one time, then open your eyes widely
be annoying and scream out
cry with catarh everywhere

be jealous of sisters or brothers
hide their slippers on the roof
smile when papa and mama take only you out
cousins aren’t cool enough to be played with
let’s paint together on the wall

eat your own shit
try to find pubs from others
collect boogers

have an infeasible dream
want to date the hottest guy and girl in the class
assume everyone is watching you and your ugly date
quiet lover of yours is the most popular person at school
laugh hard in the subway

over 15 years old is as old as 70
go nowhere
stay in hometown
could not be frightened by a tomorrow afternoon
walk to midtown alone in a beach house

Expectation

blue apples
melt easers
liquid papers
burn graduator
dutch cat
drop gravity

Asian Hasidic
slow internet
handmade forest
city addiction
stupid personality

Patriotism

you do it
as
sky needs free trunks
a pencil needs joints
an afternoon needs indicators
taking off wet socks
and we can swim
around buffer zone
with space
(and)
aliens
Choose Yr Own Adventure

What if I was a little girl
Born in a post 9-11 world
Cartoon drawing with star earrings on it
Really don’t wanna hear it.

Why do I even work here
Who even am I
Archangel Lucifer
Things that shoot across the sky

I started crying while I was brushing my teeth
when I realized I’m the same age D was when she died
Then I realized I am actually one year older
which made me a) cry harder or b) jolt to a stop

The guy jackhammering the street outside
yelled “smallest hole ever,” then hooted three times
Dad tells me I’m in my “working years”
I’m running for the train

Louis CK at the show said we should all just walk
around looking
for things to eat, then shit it out, it’s that simple.
Is it a) mansplaining life is it
b) secret garden overgrown w/ vines

I got this thing in a Cracker Jack box
I thought of my grandma’s purple wallet
Plastic gem flowers blooming out of it
Balled-up dollars stuffed inside

I call back after the interview
Try sooooo hard not to uptalk
Choose yr own adventure
A robin’s egg blue life
I found it in the dirt when I was five


Freddy Krueger Is a Cutter

He loves to cut himself
In your dreams
Then laugh at how
He doesn’t bleed.

I dropped my work ID in the middle of the street
it opened up a portal in the pavement
I know I said
That I was done
But I’m gonna keep gonn’

Things that grow out of pavement
Gritty tears that roll out of my eye
Girls who dress for work like they’re dressing
For the most important social event of their lives.

I’m disappointed with myself that I didn’t
return the sweater, but happy with myself
For going to the gym.

Why did I throw out
all my striped things like
where did they go where
are they where am I.
I’m in the basement.
I’m in the clouds.
I’m in the bathroom
Listening to all the pissing sounds
Sometimes I imagine myself as a cool
grown-up. Wears cowboy boots
to work. Leather bag
full of feelings
like accessories
I’ll allow myself the bad line /
I’ll do it every time.


Poem After One Jack & Ginger
While Home Alone
Listening to
Steve Miller Spotify Station

When you’re away I send you bride emojis.
I text Seth wait is Riders on the Storm the worst song
ever when probably the whole world is sleeping

Gonna wake my neighbors it’s so embarrassing
Landslide comes on but I can’t sing cause my voice
hurts too much

I told Seth the Smashing Pumpkins cover was the first
version I ever heard (He said, oh woah)

In Stairway to Heaven when he says, there’s a feeling
I get when I look to the west, is he talking
about California? Cause I was.

Favorite thing about Wayne’s World. No Stairway or
how my dad quotes the Alice Cooper part
sometimes or how I want to write in all my
vacuum copy “this vacuum certainly does suck.”

Favorite thing about Becca that her favorite movie
is Wayne’s World, or that she’s into Zack
Morris cell phone as a poetry aesthetic.

Prompt: finish the poem before Stairway ends.

I’m making a dance in my kitchen to Purple Haze.
More like an elaborate cheer or color guard routine.
Marching in place w/ flags.

Simple Man by Lynard Skynyrd comes on I’d never
heard it before but I’m leaning my back
against the refrigerator, I’m a simple kind of
man.

Ev’ the album cover for Hotel California is an actual
hotel in California it’s disgusting.

Were the 80’s disgusting?
Was it disgusting when I was born?

Bride after bride like some chick with soooooo many
marry hussbands.

My emojis don’t even work, I have to google ‘moon
emoji’ to say goodnight to Seth, it’s so Zack
Morris cell phone to talk about it.

Favorite thing about Seth: that The Big Lebowski’s
on Netflix or that I have a log of our AOL
Instant Messenger conversations
somewhere on my computer

iPhone doesn’t autocorrect aol and it’s like, respect yr
elders.

Favorite thing about Dave: how he alienated
the whole class of Unmass incoming freshman
when he emceed me and Heather’s Saved by
the Bell trivia at the orientation talent show.

How I kept a condom in my wallet like some fucking
jock finger.

How I made missing posters for his drawing journal
on the library Xerox machine.

How we grew up into better versions.

My dad tells me it gives him a feeling in his stomach
to call his mother so he never does.

Woulda gone to bed early but I’m still up up up up
up up up up up up up up shout out to Ana

The skinniest underwear I own are the ones my mom
put in my Easter basket.

How did we become poets, what a stupid destiny.

How in the summer sometimes I’d sleep head-to-toe
in your bed, listen to the birds whir
overhead.

Shout out to Brain Damage/Eclipse.
New moon emoji.

Ryan Gosling Wearing a T-shirt of
Macaulay Culkin Wearing a T-shirt of
Macaulay Culkin

Are you ever on the subway looking
at a slideshow of pictures you look of yourself.

Listening to The Breeders Divine Hammer.

May as well be a mirror.

Sometimes when I look into the camera
I say, I want a different life. But I know
that I mean that I want a different job.

One in which I get to see different ocean
allow my hair to sway and curl and crash like a wave.

Do you ever feel like you’ve got something
waiting on your clipboard
and you’ve gotta find a blank space to
paste and find out what it is.

My lightning bolt earnings
knocked me out. I wrote the subject line
Heavy Metals, then I had an ‘orgasm’
if felt so good.

Fell backward into
a boyfriend black hole.

How I used to make checklists in my
mind of things to tell you. How I still do.

---

Marisa Crawford is the author of *The Haunted House* (Switchback Books), *8th Grade Hippie Chic* (Immaculate Disciples Press), and *Big Brown Bag* (Gazing Grain Press). She is founding editor of the feminist blog Weird Sister and lives in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.
sin loi
the horizontal horizon
stolen stem waves
as if a rose were dipped in water
and brushed against the face
her nose, nudging, nuzzling, nibbling
suddenly we both lurch forward
at the same instant
hair ends up all tousled
and skin as slick
as we had lain
under the foam

tim sum [sweetheart]
the smell of your hair, up close:
mint
the color of your hand, up close:
flesh
the sound of your voice, up close:
skarlings
the taste of your tongue, up close:
sweet soy drink

No one else
Yr beauty bubbling up
in my blood
pushing my pulse
Yr hair like nectar in my mouth
Yr tongue pushing like a scepter
in my hair

Marh Yee, draw yr legs, yr long legs,
Over the bed in a wide circle

poem written
in the blood of fruit

Not to
Have what
I can't have.

ming sing [movie star]
swept by sweetness,
I see the child in your face
your broad nose like a fan
eyes dark as wet shingles
and the lines tattooed over your eyes
like smudges on a long wall

it's when you're laughing
lighthearted and light-skinned
that I know this
it's when the earrings flash knuckled
against your dark hair
like snow on a blue dahlia

Jim Feast

gya kay
[for my daughter, Gya Ka, age 8]

braced so hard
Ana
braced so hard against
Gya Ka ho le
have to know
Ana ho

no force on this earth can get
you what you want

to live yr real problems
little
crying
Ana
crying, crying
little girl
crying, crying so hard
Yr shoulder blades and shoulders are covered with tears

fill in the blanks
Q. Absolute happiness __________
A is surrounded by a kind of stupor.
Q. Absolute joy: __________
A. lashes to lashes.

why do I know so
in the night's panel
yr body – long strong
yellow bell
all that is
authentically real
all that
under the foil moment
all

Q/A
Q. Why is the goddess so sexy?
A. Trace elements.
Q. Why is the goddess so chilling?
A. A brown-red mark on her ankle

Nhi chérie
lost, listless (walking)
truing to impersonate the shifting city
(or impassionate it)
in its decline
dead enter – the dead cadence of
its decadence

think of her scarf on an escarpment
her line of her hairline
soles of her feet
wet net of her hair
sprinkling and sparkling against
the hardwood
crepe, crepuscular strands on the pillow
over her cheek, neck
skin kind of a kind color (tawny, torrid)
a sore worked into your mouth
nose nudging me

have I dreamed you (drumming in my ears)?
have I folded you? have I followed you?
fond of you when I found you
freed you, fretted you
not frayed, not afraid,
not mined, not mine

Jim Feast (http://oltermagazine.com/article/a-review-of-barbara-hennings-a-day-like-today/) is a member of the Unbearables writers group and author, with Ron Kolm, of the novel Neo Phoe and, with Gary Null, of AIDS: A Second Opinion.
Jess Feldman

BQE
18-wheeled ocean its minivans merging one wimpy left turn signal and sea oats colonize the Swales buoyed outside apartment complexes the handwritten pleas: Dear UPS Please Fed-Ex leave my package I am begging you

Hero’s Welcome
Natural History museum arrangements of pheasant, grouse among the lichen When I touch the birds, they stir, run out under my supernal hands The disco ball at the VFW scatters all my hopes so they are fields fore up by early Okies Everyone I don’t speak to anymore swallows rosaries places blame on a dog I never owned

Brunch
Half-starved girlfriends tweet memes about pizza compact inedible universe snaps under sugar-glazed fingers I see them espadrilles stagger over hot pavement just as a rancher’s horse unaccustomed to bell boots must regain the limits of the earth beneath Poor ungulates Burdensome being another woman shelving grandmother’s upright piano in the chest cavity and no lick of how to make it go

Leftovers
I walked past all the money none of it followed me home People as disappointed in the weather as they are about their bodies Downpour, pale skin, heatwave, flat Without the money the remnants of last week’s groceries scatter Lonely last hamburger bun you are dinner

Staycation
Just as soon as I enter the trees the wild ate up all my food: BBQ chips, granola bar, apple My new wild body, a lifespan thriving, failing One tall fire out of human hands

The game is up
When it rains, all the cats disappear They bundle up under the trees, slide by the trellis & are gone

Heaven Mantra
I’m watching the paid staff prepare the banquet hall for another wedding Dogs lean out against their leashes DON’T WANT TO GO THATAWAY one trash-filled alley Owner just wants to go home Excuse me Sir are the walls of this enclosure chocolate or steel In death these same kids people my one free hour demanding donations for basketball teams that never were Impure thoughts: Rosaries in the cabinets & no one asked them YOU ARE LUCKY to be here

Moving the Aquarium from Castle Hill
The beugra died 5,000 visitors a day scan empty water for miracles There’s weeping in the park people armed with hula hoops devil sticks make something of their lives start smiling

That was yesterday
Dropped my phone in a puddle Friends like chough slipped through sleeves of the one tree forest and evaporated. When they vanished, all the horses standing around in my heart drowned. There was music once but I lost my moves; the got-out-of-a-parking-ticket throwdown, the so-drunk-but-so-cute faceplant.
I was left clutching 21 bridle with no way home

Jess Feldman’s ([https://twitter.com/jessfeldman](https://twitter.com/jessfeldman)) poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *An Art Project, HOUSEGUEST*, *Transom*, *Tuesday*, *Vinyl*, and elsewhere. Her manuscript *Call It a Premonition* was chosen by Zachary Schomburg as winner of the 2015 BOAAT Winter Chapbook Competition. Nai Vasha photo.
Odd Numbers

Outside the bakery on a wicker chair, beneath an awning, dry of rain, an empty coffee cup, self-service, no staff.
Sideways, back against the bricks, ready at a moment’s notice, dressed for work, or church, eyes closed, head heavy, fallen like death onto her chest, long breath in… long breath out… She starts, like a doll raised from inertia, round eyes glistening white, her voice still inside the dream, “A dollar? Five?”

She takes the bill, ‘thank you’, smiles teeth like buildings after an earthquake. Then lights out again, trusting luck, oh, sweet invisibility.

Next, “A dollar? Five?” “No!” — he turns away, not as generous as the first.

This avenue, these streets, once belonged to her. Now she waits for muffin eaters. Sparrows on the sidewalk peck for crumbs.

I Lost You on the Train

I lost you on the train
in a burning country.
We’d traveled there,
continuing the argument.
At passport check
they rifled through our pockets,
finding only loose change, neglecting razors blades beneath our tongues, poisons hidden in our hands.

You vanished suddenly,
that evening on a sacred hill, the hour of prayer slanting toward the valley of a saint, where I awoke, wordless, and you slept through your own departure.

Montmartre

A single note thrums
the lit up fists of Sacré Coeur, pink arched glowing in ascent against a streak of water cloud. A dream of pigeons fed on streets crumbling into equinox, a city night as soft, as lost as tender hands.

Bonny Finberg

Blue Is More than Gray

Calvados because there is no vin chaud. My baby just cares for me followed by the thump and drag of an Algerian love song. Seams of chance move without expectations, though the hope for continuity remains despite the authorities’ demand for documents, a wall of self-reference, precedents and subsequent unknowns.

Besame mucho, Besame: cule.

English, Arab, Spanish jam session, dangeling hand reaching for change. Irony descends the stairs headed for a piss, while we pass, unnoticed, walking advertisements. How much penetrates? How much falls away? Just keep going.

Maybe something misconstrued, a slip of the imagination, O that pulvalve disease.

They kiss inside the corner booth, the music throbs against the walls, they leave embraces heavy in the beery air, without a trace, charging all the corners with a pulsing void.

Prayer for the Messiah

of the Broken Heart

God has no heart, the heart is human. Dogs have hearts. The hearts of birds beat like dying stars, the whale’s grieving heart contracts, expands, contracts, expands in monumental time. The ocean floor is made to tremble.

A human heart to lead us, in our poor distempered hearts before the breath of dragons at our back.

All that glitters loses spark, and all that dies is then reborn. Who really wants to take such leaps of faith, believe there’s more than this? I am unborn, dying life before my eyes, even marble crumbles into dust. The heat that warms but doesn’t burn, a simple exhalation of our common breath. Extinguished, replaced, hands to drum lay the feast, the myth of the return is merely that, a myth. Really, only one long breath sustains the force that through the green fuse drives the flower. All this theory, concept, dream, prediction, longing for the past, may be the highest form of all creation, or an error of some mutant branch, or just the haunting of a broken heart.

Haiku

The car horn keeps
a prolonged note beside Corelli’s stream.
Synchronicity.

Fashion Week

It’s Fashion Week.
The subway tracks repeat: Magnificent, Magnificent, Magnificent.

All the books are boxed

All the books are boxed, palimpsests of dust on pages, blue, brown, gray edges, soot and coffee stains on window ledges, borrowed faces, spoke the words, painters came to hide the traces, no Rosetta stone, no shards, repeat us in the empty cases.

Bonny Finberg’s (http://sensorvaskmagazine.com/kalis-day-by-bonny-finberg-review/) fiction, poetry, and photographs have been published in numerous literary journals and anthologies and been included in various gallery exhibitions. The recipient of a 2014 Kathy Acker Award for fiction, her novel Kali’s Day was published by Unbearable Books/Autonomedia. Ira Cohen photo.
Alina Gregorian

Armenian Alphabet

These are images of the first three letters of the Armenian alphabet. See the rest in gif form: https://www.instagram.com/armenian_alphabet/

Alina Gregorian (http://www.alinagregorian.com/) is the author of the chapbooks Navigational Clouds (Monk Books) and Flags for Adjectives (DIEZ). She curates Triptych Readings, runs a video poetry series on The Huffington Post, and lives in Greenpoint, Brooklyn.
Make Vibrate Anyway

A woman leaning on a rock. Her whole magnificent floor. It's like a very good distraction, and I become a painter again. Crowding destruction, unwinding our lives huge and good. Actually, vision operates in a threatening cloud. The stuff of her rock shape. I just painted it and was unmistakably done absorbing her. Imitator crumbles consumed by images flying from the tip of a nose. I was walking with Duchamp, and Duchamp told me to take the scaffold off, and “You think too much,” someone said. You see, even Duchamp chooses to be tragic sometimes. Crowding my woman rock out.

That there was no end beyond thinking. Momentary exhaustion, like numbers and sheer choices. So much a scream my pain. My impulse is to really allow you to become a shape—a rectangle in the air. Identification with one warm object. What do you mean, my heart? I was putting mine away to become devoted to some other scribble. Auto scribble, and say more. A retrospective in the habit of a shape. Happens. Is happening.

A woman leaning on a whole era, existence, the feeling. She learns on color. The way one bumps into one's inaudible mind and triggers every rubbing overhead to begin. Maybe it's not Duchamp but just some guy smoking near a woman who is leaning on de Kooning. Well, the crudeness is finished. Winter hybrid ahead quivering. "Inchworm," you say. My descendants are in a cab now. Obviously tangible. They are in bed now. My descendants are light bulbs, aren't they? She telephones. I'm sort of a body still Chronic meaning and aesthetic appetite—any mark you make I will chew. I go belong in your pocket now. As non-art happens, do you sometimes preexist semi-visible behind the persona? Puppet play hammers verbally. The leap fathoms air, creating it.

Yes. What about being crude? I think I'm free as recognition scribble. Magenta sanctuary, more involved battle scenes. Memory avidly folds about spotless. Can meanings be mud and self-taught? The snow in deathrow, I've written like by fire. Who are poets? I guess a babbling accumulation forgets about escape. Polarized in fantasy. What I really chew changing. Call it a dark soul paints himself or some shit. I can't figure the clock and not worry. Means: from life night I scraped out, propelled to be a terrific flesh and bone. Wax talk his heart doesn't a moment say canvas. Can you clean ambivalence or have anything left to say? To kill off translation in the death of a previous pausing. All surfaces, problems, laughing in the deluge.

A lesser sound learns upon me last year. Vibrating winter of forms bulging and smoke going up. Really, I am looking for I don't know what. The center is me burning in duplicate. Erosion of rocks and the whole damn thing is mass. Can I see you float one loved line? Let me gesture. Let go limbs. I say secretly I needed a color field. Secretly, a rectangle in the air disgusts me, and you--bite off this canvas mirror space would you? My instincts are a creeping crux I refuse. Shrug a mirror off. Continue catalyst. Continue pursuit. Continue being plastic, know what I mean? Out in the street my inkling is to conjure a drag. It felt good smoking next to you living things, this being memos to myself. These power-shake Goya shibboleths. I could never. This is a poem about Goya. Goya substitutes for me, and chews off my leg. Laughing as we cry into a paint bucket and scam drag mud bags me a new one to hammer into place.

All of a sudden it's morning in the house of sordid swallowing. I grabbed not hurt my heart. To drive cipher into commune. "Communicate with this," he said and sucked my toe off. If you take the scaffold home with you, life could be so much more optical. "Love your illusion's worth," he was saying. Attention as prayer, suspicion as emptied object. My last year leaning, and all I have is this toe. You--why don't you have any lovely language left? Duchamp was wearing a really red hat and playing that he could jump planets. Much as I saw it happen. I'm saying that my heart has honked before, and we have all poked in the lops of our loved ones, so what does that trigger?

Anna Gurton-Wachter

The Fall Shells

I

Enablers living in my pocket square. Even the sidewalk is an enabler. I'm tired of our ozone layer and all the prayers I say, I call them greetings. A word I lost that I'm sure was charming once. See, I'm acting out at authorship, local to a plain song, forgoing the sonic void.

What Micaela wants is for the seasons to be rethought. Why wouldn't I take the night back from her? Where will we be when we are remembering how she described the future of hot and cold? That day before she left the city for good.

II

I remember with shock everything my divine moment said to me. Whirls of images only possible in a lukewarm vapor of thought. Swords flowering, becoming not swords, — something else. I know this street is quiet and loves me back. It's better than tossing sounds into sounds, the night kicks lax love, the decision to become a woman again. Minute by minute I routinely avoid getting out of bed. The conversation I had with the music playing through the wall. The conversation reflected back at me. Why put off seeing in, seeing as, so surrendering?

III

I'm walking in a deserted mind caviar. Deluxe. I push back the curtain bangs. Someone says, "Does nobody come up to your apartment and fuck you ever?" I'm acting out a child's island. In one memory I have I'm standing on top of a pedestal and some large force makes a rain machine rain on me. My hands are against the door, watching through the glass at the rain's open fire. I want to trust someone with my likeness like you. The striptease rotates inside me. A snapshot of clouds cut off by my pillow. What will it mean to have lived here so long waiting for the air to clear? I can watch the police rescue the police again. I can picture handcuffs floating through in the open window. They carry me across my last flame sky.

IV

Today a muddy river stops at the foot of my bed. All of the poets are fucking there, — distantly misshapen and fucking. The face of pleasure has urgency, asks to shoot first. Freedom is a kind of light that weighs down the body stage. One of the poets recedes inside of me, carried to defeat. Who am I face to face with? Who mumbles against my strategic derived? I had to hold up my cave face interior, in the air, and say, "What do I do with this?" The joy of living was already a hot sheet of lava and stones pressed up against a fugitive fuck. Why describe the earth's swalls at all? Think about the future crossing a dark wave.

Anna Gurton-Wachter is a poet, editor, and archivist. Her poems have appeared in Elderly, Publication Studio, The Organism for Poetic Research's PELT, and elsewhere. Her chapbook Cyrus was published by Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs. She co-edits DoubleCross Press and lives in Sunset Park, Brooklyn where she parks her sunset.

boog city 26 www.boogcity.com
Barbara Henning

Just to Stay Afloat

Birds depend upon branches and wind current to stay afloat. I open an email, and an old boyfriend writes, “How could you forget the color of my eyes?” My brother calls to tell me that his other eye has started to cloud over. Perhaps when he meditates too long, his eyes roll back, his blood pressure lowers and cuts off the circulation to his optic nerve. Consider the pressure from the light of the sun. Consider the long term effects of agent orange. Wake up from a nap thinking about how small our actual store of energy is. Cloud computing strikes a tender nerve with the rank and file.

Hallelujah

Leonard Cohen’s “Hallelujah,” but someone else singing it. In the past we wouldn’t expect to live even this long and we no longer expect consistency and honesty from politicians. Cows can go for hours with out making a sound. My love noisily eats some grapes and talks about when he was Twenty-four, living in California with a girlfriend. He left and she went off with a dealer and later died in a car accident. Her parents couldn’t find him. Later they said she had called out for him. Fighting and sex, that’s mostly what they had. Passion. Ya we yell at the cows, they call out for their calves and my love pops another grape into his mouth and the calves bellow back—me, me!

Text Me Please

The psyche is often well hidden with social media building layers of distraction. I found your slip hanging in the bathroom. Ravi will never forget the reading he gave when an elderly gent shouted, That’s not Ravi Shankar! When a person feels lonely or exucchini his or her skin literally becomes colder. I will sleep with it. Chronic sleep loss lowers tolerance for pain. As the lust for gold skyscrapers, the demand for imitation jewelry grows by leaps and bounds. With us sex is a way to channel emotions. I could get lost in you. Roaming New York City with his camera, Leon Levinstein once said, It’s a very lonely occupation if you want to call it that.

In A Small Cloud

A poet tells me that he has been ill. His breath stinks. Unconsciously, I move backwards. Maybe I’m repelling, too. When Allen was dying we were in a restaurant and people stared at him. His teeth were falling out. It’s hard to be presentable when you’re ill. Backward doesn’t necessarily mean we are going backwards. Walking home from the Poetry Project, I tap my leg and count while holding my breath. Toe-tapping rhythms. Today it’s possible to book a round-the-world air ticket simply by tapping a smartphone. So cold. Fierce. Mouth breathing can frost your lens. I refuse to cough. Why, the father asks his son, do you always cry when you have to do your homework? I don’t know, the boy says. We’re not really going backwards. We’re standing side by side in a small cloud of our own breath.

Unnameable

In the gravelled garden behind Unnameable Books Patricia Spears Jones is reading her poems. A large fish fly (or something like that) is perched on the wire overhead. Glass-shattering, flip-flopping, like the mayor of London sliding down a zip wire. In the middle of the crowd, a poet lights up, nervously flicking his cigarette. I read my poems, stumble and drop my cell phone, the glass shattering. Something clearly is going away. Underground subway construction makes windows up above break. I cough. Patricia coughs. I’ll all go back to normal. I think, without going into a conflict zone. Then another lights up, then another and another. Finally David K asks the smokers just for now kindly please go to the rear.

“In A Small Cloud,” “Text Me Please,” and “Unnameable” previously appeared in A Day Like Today (Negative Capability Press).
The Construction of a Mechanical Bird

To come here is to say I will look at light through simple trees, but count the number of small-particles dust masks I have been given to see what began as radicals syphoned into ivy tunnels has been cast into the shape we know as bird.

Its hollow bank sized torso spins into a screw thread mold. When bird carries glass panes across the sky an empty room rises from the hole in the ground moving earth into earth.

In the Year of the Ox

I opened my mouth into a door frame, an east, a kou—a horse razing orange over slow mechanical birds becoming as air raids and morning exercise. She counts to eight. Calls me Lin, a grove of trees, a hybrid lemon and tangelo with seeds split to form fruit never right for lemonade. Through the kitchen window I never rode a bike, only watched the driveway pour over dust, the road we move across watching color appear until the sea shows the way out or a rising curve.

Red Peony

After her body poured out she flew a red bird in night, red alongside her. Your hand reaches out but glass blocks you from catching her wings and shriveling, she falls. Into the sky, a deep maroon. Look at your embroidered robe. The petals breaking open frame the good breaths she look when she was.

What Color is the Universe?

That was a wall I whisper the first time she looks away then back again. She stares still & still into sky butchered & damp she absorbs the light she scribbles connections collects June in sand buckets. Some nights a blanket some nights stars are the beads we hold in our bed. I think you’re a melon I tell her in a bedtime story when she sleeps.

Jen Hyde

In Mizpah

The wall cutouts light the room where you sleep and I bless the dreams sent to you through this narrow pass. Bulb gardens in Paynes Gray corridors bloom gift tea sets and piles of geodesic printed silks. Always you, at rest, organize yourself among the mess. I admire your knees’ cantilever from these velvet chairs. In teered and twill and navy blue your hushed disdain for color, the décor of architecture, guides my eye to slants of morning sun across the floor. While one of us turns on polyester the other lucks, a lessellated crease in the duvet. We are held together in slender hours until through windows the sky piques pink and glorious birds descend into the white framework we started with to reveal that not only do our curtains shade us from city noise but also present us to one another, aerial contortions on a quiet stage.

Dearest

Late August is a time for both dreamers and lapsers to find their way. This morning I am both. thinking of you in bed. Are you still tilting my ever? I am still on the third floor. When you left an earthquake cracked my biped bird fountain. Now white pigeons are fending for themselves while I refold the letters you send by mail. How will you see them on your next visit? Will you search hard for the new creases in my face? I sleep hard on my pillow, call out the names of stars on some nights. Alpharetz, Ruchbab, Sirus, Chorl. There’s another I won’t share. He likes to stay hidden. We are both easily frightened by sudden, ambient gestures. Tonight the full moon seems an everyday appearance. Tonight we’re standing on either side of desk, making fingerprints, brushing air, starting dazzle.

Poem for Amelia

Since you plunged we’ve been looking for your remnant eye, once found a calcified sea rock—part atoll. A fuselage from Harbor

Grace to Paris flew. Was it you parting two clouds yesterday? Dear Amelia, I have a painter’s longing to find an edge of sky.

And I have seen your mute swan, arising, aloft, her lift deployed while my sun moves between clouds light fading immeasurably over the vowels.

Jen Hyde (http://www.jenhymade.com/) is a poet, visual artist, and occasional collaborative publisher of chapbooks with No, Dear / Small Anchor Press.
Tony Iantosca

Today there were shapes
and I moved in the shapes
and the shapes, in some way,
moved in me although saying so
is a frivolous and irresponsible
use of language as it isn’t proveable
by someone like me. Someone
bumped her head on a desk
and I looked up something
on the internet. The shapes
are a union light breeds
by not being able to enter
the spaces between where the shapes
join each other. Joining the workforce
means sometimes sitting still and sitting
still is a prohibition of anything
that happened before sitting there
that might affect the individual
in any way that would interfere
with the act or non-act
of sitting still. The shapes were
nonetheless creating the illusion
of moving and even if I was the one
who happened to be moving
I feel sure that when I remember
the shapes it’s to say that
they’ve all passed me. My ears
begin to adopt a pain as though
it were transmitted on air
like the radio broadcasters
say we’re on air to explain why
we can hear their speech while they’re
talking even if they’re not here
with this ill-defined ‘us.’ With this
sentence I’m beginning to lose
where the poem goes and why
the shapes look like that and when
the swelled begins on the skin
underneath the hair. On the internet the shapes
ripple a little bit and there is a morning
that’s cold followed by a series of longer
mornings that slowly shed this cold
that has no shape and thus is harder
to describe in literal terms unless
we were to stick to measurements
whose information changes depending
on who you ask about it. But don’t talk to whoever
you’ve forgotten even if you think they can hear
your speech while you’re talking even while
they’re not here with you. Now I’ve lost track
of the bodies and the shapes that they
were or are in relation to where they were
inside the other shapes that were with you and I
if you’d like to join me. The restaurant caught fire
and burnt to the ground in the night and no one came
until after the fire was finished and the lake was shining
in the morning just like the morning before that one
and you’ll become more familiar with it the more
I describe it to you.

Presently there is loss,
so you’re gonna need to give back
the stuff that’s missing
because operating without all the desires
fully met is too much for the mind
to handle. And anyways I rode
the train all this way
with a drunk man whose face
bled in the Bronx daylight
so now in the dark
which isn’t real I’m not leaving.
Look, there’s no bread left the long and short day
took it all as the sun went
down which happened
and can be confirmed
without much effort. Aside from the dark
that this hunger moves through
the rest of it is suspect
and the game of knowing about it
has grown boring

From Artisanal Meth

I copy reverie because it’s what people want
I dream you call me a poseur in the bar
and I correct you
You can stack your
morality and build a robot elevator
to every stripe of it

I’m not sure how I feel about this vocabulary
but there are conferences
I need to book immediately
I don’t want to give anyone a shitty experience button
but we forget our charms come from somewhere
If I go past this part of the neighborhood
the vices open like a flower pretending
to be a hole pretending
to be a flower
both oceans blowing out
I’m walking down this open air corridor
looking for a symbol of our advancement
but let’s be real
this is the time in our lives where we send
ourselves the most interesting articles
we meet up only to high five each other for
the health of our accounts
what we get away with
and what we’re stoked about not doing

Someone snaps his fingers
to make a point and I think
about service, I think about
refining the way my body moves
in this particular space and whether I want that movement
to be an annihilation of presence.
The most successful butler is
the butler remembered by no one.
I can turn any day into an anniversary if it means I can
believe that everything’s connected. I’m being purpose-
fully vague but mainly because everyone else is being loud
and giving in to the default behavior. It would be easier

if I just allowed myself to be moved by the pictures we
all traffic in but I hold on
to the older media because without it I’d have nothing
to hold in my hands as I hold my hands up to you.

Talent is only there if you want it
we link a million tools to our footprint
we need to grow and reach the virality
we promised
holding my hand
against the glass
to check the heat
the stakes are only
getting higher but
there are just as many influences waiting to
poke at my face and nothing that we do
matters which is
freedom which is in
fact a replacement of the obligatory the action
represented by a column
of waving hands like a bird or like a church
timing your body to
fold into the wave
the minute where you
understand that eventually you will encounter
a series of arbitrary structures that used to
secure you
but now you relegate
to a list you’ll get to
everything that comes
from this is an efficiency
is being OK
that being in the world
means there are multiple

industries erected for the purpose of ending you

With the sinners but the trivial sin
like in New York how everyone thinks they’re
close for a minute laying out in the dream world
Freddy pulling together in the junkyard but
we could give a fuck
faith no more an analog only if you remember
the summer willingly spent on the floor
mental image of a model of a plaster arch
you can’t carry out
of the motherlands
inching out of the shoebox
are you whipping or is it just the shared experience
you say my ankles only turn like this if I want you
I can go on like this forever if this is the right way
to be nonchalant in my body
I think about
the value of my mouth
and its parts
and I ask you your preference
the row of cells we’d underline no matter what
a podcast in an airplane
that’s feeling the shakes in
the Rockies and finally
getting it that there’s nothing left to pray to

What I promise at the bottom of this hill
is more daylight
I’m trying to remember
the name of the color of our hotel because
it’s glowing
If I remember nothing
generally then it’s okay to drill down on it
as in brown truck blasted tree
the most delicate seed pods
next to the manmade lake
picking your home on the category
of blaze it’d take you through
If you want to get into this car you need to take off your shirt

Peter Bogart Johnson (http://butlerlamb.tumblr.com/tagged/HUABOY) is a poet living in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. He wrote a chapbook, Humble under a book of you, out from Butlerlamb Press, and his work can be read in recent issues of Atlas Review, Lustful, Sixth Finch, So and So, and The Recluse, among others.
Love is a Virago, Rimbaud

Love is a virago, Rimbaud,
a runaway train with a mind of
its own, it speeds past my stop,
takes me where I didn’t want to go,
when the temperature goes up
it melts away like the angels
I used to make in the snow.
My love is too often imagined,
absurd, absent like a stunted man beside
me in bed with a boner as big as
a slide trombone,
love is my addiction,
your sustaining affection,
a storm of pleasure and pain,
that makes me understand, Rimbaud,
why you spent all your time hanging out
with Verlaine.

My love is radiant,
like in radiation poisoning,
rosy and rash like the measles,
multi-colored like a hallucinating kaleidoscope,
slicky, gummy, held together by tricky goo,
Rimbaud, like the opium yew and Verlaine
smoked with your friend De Quincy,
no matter how hard you pinch me,
the dream of love is one
from which I don’t ever want to wake up,
even if Love is a virago, Rimbaud,
a buttercup filled with fool’s gold,
it’s still dope, Rimbaud, it’s still dope.

New Year

Last night the park across the street was filled
with revelers in glittering hats, after the countdown
from ten came the blowing of horns,
the boats on the river a chorus of tubas,
amidst raucous cheers the New Year was born.

This morning the park is deserted except for Walt Whitman
making angels in the snow, a lone man stands in front
of my building smoking a cigarette, the ghost of past regrets
or a tourist waiting for a tax!

What I want and I want it for everyone, is the chance to keep
going under full sail towards the unknown,
I open my window, put my head out, inhale ancient furies,
the salt air feels good on the bone.

A Bird Singing In My Bathroom

There’s a bird singing in my bathroom this morning,
I can hear it through the closed door,
there’s a bird in my bathroom,
singing its heart out,
it must have flown in the open window
to escape the rain,
it’s been raining for days,
a false June so far,
more like a cold April,
nothing but dark skies,
as if the sun is afraid of something
but today, there is a bird singing in my bathroom,
a song as full of light as Sebastian’s blue eyes,
a song as warm as the Caribbean,
as grand as the waves on the Sea of Japan,
a song to drive away the demons of the night,
a song louder than the rain,
a song strong enough to end all wars,
a song that cuts through
my tears, my pain,
there’s a bird singing in my bathroom,
singing a rhapsody,
there’s a bird singing a rhapsody to somebody
and that somebody is me.

Tsaurah Litzky

From My Kitchen

From my kitchen I saw the sun set,
a great orange bubble
that fell slowly into the sea
before the Statue of Liberty,
much later I saw the full moon
hang outside the window,
casting a yellow glow
into my room, turning it to gold.

Such riches, even briefly, happiness,
despite the aching heart of the world,
the abominations, the cruelty,
there is still enough beauty to make this poem.

Lost Hippie Yoga

I don’t believe in the yoga of themes or theme parks
I believe in the yoga of wet dreams and illuminating the dark.
I don’t believe in constipation or pay-as-you-go romance.
I keep prunes in the cupboard and smiles in my underpants,
I believe in buttering both sides of my bread,
I believe in honoring my dead,
I don’t believe anyone who says they give good head.

I wish I could float like a butterfly and sting like a bee
instead of sinking like a stone and singing off key,
I will always believe in Willie Nelson and Muhammad Ali

Timing is everything the rutting bull said,
Yoga says that, so does Buddha in different ways,
I searched for Buddha on Facebook but I couldn’t find his page,
My Yoga makes me want to be a Zen whore not a kitchen slave,
I want to be a mermaid in my old age,
I believe in the rainbow colors, I won’t wear gray or beige,
I believe in the pursuit of excellence, extended foreplay,
perfume in my cleavage and bottomless champagne.

The Angels Surprised Me /

(inspired by Najyvan Darwish’s poem Paradise)

I woke this morning in Paradise
and the angels surprised me
with their mirrors and toothpicks,
“You lazy bitch, your breath reeks of garlic
and cheap tricks, your poems are filled with
cliches, you’ve lost your magic."

“Servants of God, have mercy on me,” I said.
“Tongued to be young again for one more night,
one more night in a bed of pleasure,
but my dreams brought me here instead.”

Listening to Telemann’s
Don Quixote Suite

The music pushes me on to the windmill
as soon as the hornpipes start,
nothing like having a clear objective
to make a crusader out of the heart.

Tsaurah Litzky [http://urbgraffiti.com/review/flasher-memoir-tsaurah-litzky-review-mark-mccawley/] is a widely published Pushcart Prize-nominated poet who also writes fiction, nonfiction, erotica, and commentary. She believes it is a privilege to be a poet and that Brooklyn is as close as she will ever get to the promised land.
Lara Lorenzo

Horror Vacui

Godlier than dreams of a less shitty Amerika is the part of you that knows better, says cut the crap & moves on – dreaming instead of ox-carts trailing rainbows through snow-covered cities, romance without terror, friendship without betrayal, truth without trauma, & parrots pulling bundles of rainbows up, up through gold clouds & sapphire skies. Godlier than the known flow is the part of you that says fuck it & feels your own flow, your own glow rising in your center like a moon till the power of its power overcomes you & without even meaning to you open up your mouth & say wows. Curses blown out farther than you can see. I mean, blown up & thrown down. Down into the part of you, into the heart of you where rage gathers into music as though your hairfell were a scyther or a psalter, the soft skeleton the jelly bones hardening into something useful, a farm implement or a boug bending to release its leaves into a mortar to be ground into a medicine to treat the listlessness of everyone you know, everyone they know, & everyone they know & don’t know, which is everyone.

An understandable lethargy within the structural stillness: like how you feel when you forget your own story because someone who knows nothing tells it to you, or you get depressed after asking a good question like whose streets because the answer turns out to be different from the one you were waiting for – not our streets but theirs – or else you realize that the streets are only nominally or provisionally ours, or you look around & see that this ‘we’ that took the streets actually isn’t worth being a part of, not really, or maybe it is, it’s hard to know what’s worth being a part of, what’s worth fighting for what’s worth dying for or even getting out of bed for. Concealment of complete disgust as liturgy.

I would like to spend all my time working out & thinking critically about structures, growing my bodymind into a movable mountain with which to crush enemies of the people, only I literally cannot. So instead I have visions, like this morning when I dreamed of feeding fruit snacks to a llama while many beings of all genders, shapes, colors & proclivities made joyful & consensual love aboard a steamboat circling the moon, or last week when a turquoise lion streaked with silver resembling the Kishousaurus appeared to me in sleep. I know my dreams don’t help anyone, but anyway, what matter where the individual mind goes, whether you identify as an anarchist, left communist, or anti-colonial feminist, whether you’ve learned about liberation psychology or how the vanegated fucking-over of Red, Black, & Brown people & so-called women has been necessary for capital accumulation & the bukhhil ascendency of White so-called men. What matter to the wreckage of the earth whether you study Fanoor or Bhabha, boycott Sodastream or Sabra, go vegan, donate to a friend’s Indiegogo, attend a so-called radical conference, or manage to work the phrase ‘social death’ into a poem that later gets published in The Portable Boog Reader. The only thing that matters is revolutionary action & the total destruction of violent systems, which seems impossible for the moment. For example, I personally would like to destroy prisons & abolish men, only I literally cannot. I know my limitations, where I come from & what I am.

Know & I don’t know. Like, which of my limitations are structural or biological & which are imagined or self-imposed, where is my agency & what is wisdom, where do I get some & what am I ready to sacrifice for the people, what am I ready to give & give up for queer Black indigenous Yellow & Brown disabled trans feminist fat mad & children’s liberation when the time comes. I don’t know but I’m ready, or starting to get ready, trying to learn what it would mean to get ready, getting up getting out getting over & getting ready, the people are getting up getting over & getting ready, getting ready by the hundreds of thousands & me too.

The future is anti-colonial, gay, & cuddly, a gathering of god-minds in the streets, on the internet or over Egg McMuffins & Dunkacinos, it doesn’t matter about the Egg McMuffins & Dunkacinos, the future I mean the near future is anti-corporate but it isn’t pure because nobody on earth is because we don’t know how to be or want to, hurting people who hurt people who hurt people or else setting aside the highest parts of ourselves for the sake of security or ineffectual alliances we don’t honestly believe in – & infinitely distractable, like who cares what Donald Trump says about Rosie O’Donnell, I mean he’s repugnant & I care a lot about queer women, even filthy rich White liberal power dykes, at least abstractly, but aren’t they both against everything that’s ever made you feel alive; where’s that higher love you’ve been dreaming of, are you still dreaming of it are you dreaming of revolutionary violence or phosphorescence, blue canyons, truth without trauma, what are you dreaming about are you dreaming,

Lara Lorenzo (https://instagram.com/maketotaldestroyyou/) is a poet and human services worker living in Gowanus, Brooklyn. Her writing has appeared in Asphodel, Nepantla; No, Dear, The Poetry Project Newsletter, and Toe Good Poetry, among other places.
as worst behavior and revenge blasting out of carbuds

you stand on the front lawn grind slow to Tuesday on a Friday. i want to put my hands on your hips as you twerk in the drizzle. you sway on the train you write a poem with your cat. you've been listening to The Beauty Behind the Madness on repeat for two weeks. i'm beside you and you're beside yourself. you're feeling yourself. you go zero to a hundred real quick. you bite your lip. the forever soft wet part no one can see. does it embarrass you to touch yourself? i feel that rolling renegade wind in your left arm. the radius nestled in the fat.
your skin is soft like quicksand. your first orgasm is a tar pit. your sixth is.
you are a sensational daydream. interrupted wet dream. your second toe is longer than your first toe. on both feet no one can touch your sensuality. you da daddy of everything. white boys use words like coward and homewrecker. they fear your explosive blackness. they dream in fevered frantic phenomenology. the sacred within you demands their blood. white girls use words like threatening and remind you what good friends they've been to. they assume the skin you inhabit is about them. they think you'll fuck them while their boyfriend's at work. you fuddless. you reckless. you shameless. you da one. you da real me. too stubborn to submit. flooding basements but i know how you like it and i'm the only one who knows how you like it.

as silk thread and grief sewn into skin

//you sweat in your sleep--
//you are devilish egg yolk yellow to me--
//i cannot touch your blood without feeling your heartbrapped fear--
//i cannot touch your hair without feeling your sheepskin anxiety--
//i cannot touch your skin without feeling your salamander ambiguity--

//your blackness is existential--
//you and all the climbing vines keep fucking your way to the top--

if i cut you--

what is the temperature of the blood in your left atrium--
//i make you a debtor to keep your genius in check--

the world is a massive void to you--

//you can't taste your food--

only the salt of your sweat--

fears as they float from behind your lashes--

one night you dream about saving the world--

//you wake up before you know how it ends.

Sade Murphy

as clay and transcendence under fingernails

all over the map--

your handerlying is one--

man's freedom fighter one man's terrorist you are one dirty blonde--

away from a cobalt blue thermometer--

weight soul solid cord nosed about--

my ankles the constant dissolves you--

could i find you--

avocado number--

ebony cabernet--

rolly polly brat worst--

everlasting you are too--

powerful Africanized high--

priestless ink blod honey bee--

driving drunk on a vast dream--

kept at bay with--

the calamity consistency of your nightmares lick you--

with unsavory taste buds--

steal what you need--

keep hunger frozen--

read like a sonnet on the mind--

of a nuclear physicist you changed my--

mind i just only noticed you--

wanton place your ear to God's bread and--

hear its heart--

pulsate underneath reborn--

from nbcages and crema rossa--

as watercolor and endearment on tissue paper

smoking the Marlboro skyline you are Dylan's Ophelia your hair tumbling down the fire escape twisted tortured little girl laughing at me teach me light of my life talking in your sleep floating down river to Coro's lake on your back ecstatic in a Turner double & nothing the look on your face frozen marble or bronze painted crimson patterned clover stigmata to the saint madam of butterfly bedlam a rose arranging its petals in the synthetic breeze of subway tunnels mouthful Hall Marvys as an amulet your throbbing heeds never caluse in thumblemerry slip-ons i worship you broken cookie cutter cow homemade Mexican chocolate smeared on book pages you can make it darling stop here if you have become estranged your calves the swell of your back the nerve of your neck catalytic orisons cosered & untouched you smiling aphoric in the mirror i want to torrily your baby fat crispy gristle bare you a terrifying swan to kiss you with your own lips in between bites of mushroom & sirocco--

as sidewalk chalk and sedition smeared on a brick road

i am memorizing the composition of you. left iris around an undated pupil. it reminds me of a starburstscarrred tree ring. how black coffee is not really black. when you stand in the mirror the first fortyfive seconds are harsh scrutiny. you don't have to be a hairless Normcore twa. you are already a highly invisible target. your heart has somatic nerves. you lose Seoul, Salto, Stockholm you bleed with the moon. commute with the inescrutable. under the influence i allow you to rise to the surface of my twayonglassskin. you become my last will and testament. everyone else is just a witness.

from "self portrait"

Sade Murphy (http://realtpants.com/author/sade-murphy/) is the author of Dream Machine (co-im-press) and a columnist at Real Pants (Lonely Britches and What's the Tea). They live in Bed-Stuy and attend the Pratt Institute, edit chapbooks for Horseless Press, and co-curate a reading series held at Pete’s Candy Store.
Heather Again
In all of my dreams forever
Heather upchucks and upchucks for good.
Dear diary, Heather touches the base of my throat.
Adventurous. Neat. Her fell
blazer shimmies up. Skinny horny
buckling, boning, crumbling away.
Come on Heather, I'll be very.
Teach me real life. Sucking.
My nostalgia is a score for pony show, for murder.
Seconds? Help yourself.
My sex is a gun filled with blanks. An erection.
Lick it up baby, with blanks.
And I'm only a Junior.
Heather and endover.

Heather for Once
Lousy little croquet match.
Itches my soul bored soul
The terrible cough accuses HACK HACK
Heather your chainsaw clouds out
the schoolteacher's lovely rule.
Your blue mouth is breast. So as to say, I am over it.
Heather you won't ever
learn to fly.
Heather your luck runs out at the end of Act I.
Hack. Scratch. Your electric
blue teeth look over to my electric blue legs.
The glass table buries whatever junk shit I happen
to be stuffed with
Lick it up baby, lick it up.
Veronica's stump head
riles me up. No words too sacred nor profane.
Heather surrender your own dull knife life.
Fuck me gently no chain-saws in sight.
Hand me a motherfucking scrunchie at the end of life.

Finally Heather
Teach me speech with your fly. Puke demands
a back-alley transaction. A bomb to the chest
finally. So as to say, que sera.
So every Heather crowns
me mogul of loss. Bullshit. Fingers demand
nights. Veronica doesn't sleep. Smokes cigarettes.
Talks of all the bloody ash on her mouth.
Delicious.

Molly Rose Quinn

She Generally Gave Herself
Very Good Advice
She is my looking-glass I scapegoat her constantly.
We subsist in a parking lot dinner party,
soy sauce that dribbles down my elbow
and a soda to suck on. In the story
of the Vivian Girls
all these versions of myself
earned their Carry License thoughtfully,
pitched terms against terms,
rolled their eyes to reveal they were not versions but others entirely,
rebelled, then left.
I like to think of myself
as a maker of wasterscapes
and as though
I were willowy and always on route
to a summer blockbuster
She had a muter
that she kept
in her dress pockets,
says: look at not to.
When she loses
her v card (nineteen)
It's entrenched I call her
Vivian not Vivien.
Reigning a plush Victorian
tower long as such.
At dawn the army
of adults on boats rattle
our buttresses.
A plastic swing, a DVR
our discouraging aggressor
like mid-century asylums
or spring break.
The climax is mellow
kids win and the sun
is replaced with an arterial line.
When our mothers
are all dead
I drive to the airport. When our mothers
die for a second time
I will book my flight back. When
the pulse wedding finally comes
I'll lose all the weight.

Atmospheric
It's this nude room a child pounding herself
into the floor which is sort of a filthy pouring of herself.
My sick friend peed in her bed, showed me it.
In my wildest dream, I briskly gather the cords
at her collarbone, yank them like reigns.
Didn't stop her going. The little trickle of catheter.
Good thing my life was saved by a Christian boy
with uncut hair. His scalp eventually
did him in. Head whipping to the beats
of a sled for the dead. Then in the future,
I still consider myself a child,
consider my narrow chest. Boyishness badly loved
on the hills, fugitive shards in my head.
Outside of a window but the edge of the window
is broken glass, cocaine painting the back of his wrist.
My very last night in Tennessee I'm spayed on the roof,
there he is over me, there is a pinprick, then a crust,
then nothing. He says, why are all these guns hanging in the air
like christmas ornaments. The golden retrievers
pawing at the ground, the grass watery and crude.
Mom sleuthing about, fingerling the cut edge of a Bad can.

Home Idea
Stop being unwatchable recruit the gargoyles
To vigil her through lil death starts the center
Of a town can be a dying lady whose illness
Does not stop for you does no free off your head
On a night scene his backseat you retreat to exterior
In adulthood does anyone eat lunch on an aling
Opossum the way you keep yourself the idea of home
The turkey of the stomach a house of marble living
Where there are no weary fortresses only dragonfly
Pernese teems with burns fly screaming berry listen
Through a closed door your cussing heart popping
When that dying lady died this place a dark egg
Holding nothing only squawking approach
A church behemoth stilletos the roast of god
Was the funeral of a woman who chose to love you so
Everyone fell down on their knees at the sight of you
Rose like Christ like a jealous consecration the idea
Is a goat in the heart that kicks lil it's wanted

Molly Rose Quinn (http://www.mollyrosequinn.tumblr.com/) is a poet living in Greenpoint, Brooklyn and the director of public programming at Housing Works Bookstore Cafe.
At the Spoke Gallery
or My Other Art

# 59 looks like the space I scaled
in my dream once, before
leaving wings consolidated
under rafters and senses.

Someone seems to have tilted
it sideways, almost, someone
who is probably familiar with
my lack of vertical prowess
these days. It’s not that I’m
not eager to try. It’s
just that teaching is tough
and the days much longer
and everything feels cornered
in. That’s ok, though. Makes
for cool angles.

Bowling On Long Island
for keith and jen

Inside the frames,
inside the rise, innings
spin, rise, into
the inside. The spin, the gray.
The spin, the gray, the rise.
Inside the spin, innings
inside the fine spin,
rise, frame the rise,
rise inside the frame.
Inside the frames rises
fine. Inside the frames
innings spinning into
gray liner rises into
finally outside.

Some Light

“two bodies wrapped in darkness / among
millions of other bodies / wrapped in
darkness” – Anselm Hollo

The truest thing a man can know
is his own heart in a room of darkness
is the line you wanted to write
after the storm, but you paused instead

to reflect on all the words that weren’t said
and the ones that surged that night of wax,
four flights up and suspended above a city
divided by its new relationship to light.

And now the carnival rides of your youth,
the ones you’ve been on and the ones
you’ve only heard about, are washed away
like the memory of your uncle’s oldsmobile
is washed away or your friend’s home
near the shore, the one you’d escape to
in imagined other lives, is washed away.
And now silhouettes of lovers still retreat
to corners of a quiet room save for one
audible sliver of some light you refuse
to blow out for fear of a biblical cold
that rhymes with the dare of being alone.

There are bodies in that darkness
There will always be bodies wrapped in dark,
but there are also new understandings
of light because of which we emerge

from this and every other prolonged night
both stricken and awakened by the chill
of the things we can say in deep and sudden
terror and then never again in the subsides.

The Rock Star

When I was young and full of stars,
the melodies were still like trees
and the maple was tall, so tall.

Those days, I never wanted my father
to ever pick me up, never wanted
jazz, Armenian hymnals, or Bach.

All the world was in the stereo,
and the stereo was loud, so loud.
And there was my finger, there, there,
and that was the best part. And there,
that part, the best part, meant
that I would like to kiss you.

But I never did, not the way I should’ve
when I was young and full of stars
and the stereo was loud, so loud.

On Long Island

On Long Island – I’d like to say anywhere, but specifically
Long Island – when the husk of night is finally peeled
and morning begins to take over the world
and you’re finally awake for this, for the last time
you may stay up so late / for the first time in years,
you’re in the car driving, and the roads move in and out
of thoughts, of something that may have just happened
or may have been repeated, and that comes to you
like the caves wear their heartbeards moving
through the nudity of finally fall again,
and your favorite season is in the many ways
the trees turn the color of guitars, and a phrase burns
the significance of lightning in a cavity in a memory
(you’re all memory and no image but the sun
as prehistoric again), and the wind becomes the slip
of a dress that keeps losing itself and reappearing
through the cracks of the window and your temple
to the tips of your fingers, this is when, finally
in Long Island, you begin to draw maps with empty
lanes headed straight for the coasts of your weather.

How So Tight, Spider?

How so tight, spider?
Spider, so tight?
How the cobwebs
so light spider?
From the mind spider?
Spider, from the mind?

From one surface
to another, spider,
the lines so tight.
So tender, so light.
The lines, spider,
how so tight?

Always reaching,
always making, spider.
How so always?
How so making?
The web, spider, the line?
How far reaching,
how far, the mind?
Poem

I burned myself
I folded my tent and retreated
I was some kind of hunter
striding through the forest with my straw carryall
trees fell people staggered
I appeared in wide angle

It would be smart to join the others
I was drawn from the same pile
but I don’t mingle or kiss for long
I tighten my muzzle
I am menacing I reason wildly
I don’t identify with change
I have no gleam of affection for consequences

People

I’m not on the train
They still need proof
I must turn things around
And would if it weren’t for these metal legs
Who will pick up my mail
And carry me across the island?
People are incomprehensible
Elsewhere on the globe (I mean glob)
The Grand Hotel opens its doors
On television

Walking is dangerous
I shove off at dawn to the other end of the apartment
Where the plads and florals mingle
Then back again
As the sun smacks the floor
I’m wearing stripes

Ann Stephenson

Ann Stephenson's chapbooks include Adventure Club (Insurance Editions) and Wirework (Tent Editions). Her poems have appeared in Sal Meme, Shifter, The Brooklyn Rail, The Recluse, and elsewhere. She was born and raised in Georgia and lives in The East Village.
early contemporary, late modern
We did it in the front seat of the car.
We did it in the back seat of the car.
We did it all the movies.
I couldn't even pronounce her nom de plume, but
Made an alphabet soup in my jeans
Just the same—a tribute to fanciful names.

In truth, it's like we'd little better to do
Than disseminate these corpses every day after school.
Observation impedes function—
Does anyone care to remember that?
We clone to conquer & thus infuse
Emotions newly owned—tiny eggs, guilt bones.

Cold air means cold fortune.
Behold becomes before.
Did you ever wake up to discover
It was several days earlier than you thought it was?
Then the telephone rings, the matrix
Of narrative clichés repeats a ludicrous claim:

"I love you. I really do. I love the work."
And I love all that nepotism in you,
Every last oxy-moronic word.
Demanding more. It is, by far, only more we seek.
I love the posterior-garde tone
Of your double-tumed cheek.
Can I flatter you sometime?
Can I talk to you? Can I?
My back aches, my wrists ache.
My fake expression aches.
Iambic pentameter gives me the creeps.
Please critique me, good new friend!
I've lost my head over you, though you
Don't need me. My eye is nothing less than yours.
My self is but an appendage, engorged.
I've ripped off my hands in a jealous play,
Why doesn't anybody attend me?
There's no valid entity to attend; that's why.

at the hummingbird hotel

A celebration of blackbirds escape the bayou inside.
As the brackish marsh imposes another power of perspective;

Reveler's poise on a pinhead in frenzay, but
The dissolution of that steel tip tricks their footing;

These images owe their value to indeterminate,
Insecure positions in the light to fix a feeling to a clock
If it is true a sublime solitude resonates like slow rain
On the wide sea's surface, and that this isolating grace
Of the vast blue-blushed and swollen cheek
Is a metaphorlic but clever nod to supposed perfection,

Why then have we evolved back from such rapturous freedom
To the floodlights of this ethereal burlesque;
Where faces change more often than masks in a hoax,
And every expression plays parasite to its host?

This night, four gritty hotel floors over St. Charles Ave.,
Headlights bar through Venetian blinds and carve
Divisive motives in the white ceiling's noise,
And those multiple masks become the same in their name

And accusation. The project of this screening
Being what lies between the moment and its meaning.

everywhere I go, I'm the only one there
I went to a party with artists and poets,
I was the only one there.
I went to a dinner with partners and associates,
I was the only one there.
I went to see Hamlet at Shakespeare in the Park,
No audience, no players but me.
I went to the A&P to do some grocery shopping,
I was the only one in that cold place.
I was having a conversation with a friend in a bar,
But I was talking to myself
In a movie about myself talking to a friend in a bar.
There's no need to go on with this explanation, really,
You get the point, at least I do, anyway.
It's the race to be somebody before all others.

Still, everywhere I go, everything I do,
I'm the only one there, doing it.
Certainly there are other bodies, other voices,
But I'm always alone in perceiving them.
Perhaps it is ego, self-centered existence,
For sure. But here's the twist:
I sometimes feel that I'm not really there at all,
As others see right through my supposed presence.
Is it me seeing through myself?
Or am I their creation, not my own?
They need me to make themselves: by using me,
Or some facsimile of what they need me to be,
They make themselves into what they need.
It just goes on and on like that—

A vortex of self, making other, making self.
Perhaps we just make each other,
And all is what it is and all.
That would be the generous theory, utopian, even.
But here's another suggestion, I posed to myself:
The world is so crowded with others,
Wanting me to make them who they want to be;
That if I'm the only one there,
It's really an act, not just of relief, but revenge,
And it makes life more tolerable, for a lime.
In any case, one day I will attend
My own funeral—alone, I assume. Yes,
Pretty sure I'll be the only one there for That
Except that I won't be, finally.

force feeding: a darwinian rhapsody
If you stick a tube down a goose's throat
force feed it a chemical concoction of corn
You get a larded liver, to grind in a blender
With spices, to serve on crackers or toast
To the consuming slate, for whom you play host.

If you force doctored milk down a penned calf,
Immorbelized so as not to overwork the muscle,
Forbidding it to wander, mature or mate,
You get that soft bloodless meat, highly prized
At the banquet table of the capital feast.

If you fill a man's veins with hormones & heroin,
Just keep pumping it in, despite any illusion
Of ecstasy or satiety your victim might enjoy,
You get a hollowed man, who, if his head is not
Emptied or confused, his frame of reference will rot.

If you pump toxic elixirs under the Gaian crust,
Fracturing it for the pleasures of commerce,
The devices that will be powered by the extract
May well speak to their future slaves: "its alright.
This world was made to appease your appetite.

It seems profitable to force one's self
Against the structure of Paradise,
For pate or veal, fuel or glory or other trophy,
The unseen bargain bars the desired result.
The parasite atrophies with its host,
As does the child within the womb
Of the material world it wounds.

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TAKING THIS STALLION AWAY FROM POEMS
by Jericho Brown

“I have never before read a book like Anais Duplan’s Take This Stallion. Her major talent is recognizing the set in the other, making for poems that flow forward in a tone of oneness—is oneness a tone?—poems that make evident an ever-expanding world by opening themselves up into that world. The poet does what poets in their film or wild colors in their poems are still trying to figure it: balances the intellect, image, music, and emotion in ways so unfamiliar that a blunt couldn’t possibly characterize the work.” —Shane McCrae

“Take This Stallion is the sound of a generation finding its voice; it is a sound of a generation that has more century than the generation that came of age in the 1960s that turned on the world, both moving and shattering those generations before it, and nothing the promises those generations made. Listen: ‘When she was lost to them they took to striking/ each other over the head with empty fists/ striking until blood ran down the city clothes. As if the sound of lungs/ towers’ hunching’ into each other, peering themselves off each other, and then shuffling again. The whole city, this sound in “Take This Stallion, the whole city is made new, and the maker who re-makes it is new, and the songs they sing as they work are the new songs.”

Shane McCrae

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Nicci Mechler, publisher Porkbelly Press
the themes in the book) and I've asked a reading group in Maine if they'll have me while I'm visiting family in December. Fingers crossed. Promotion, I think, is about loving your

co-administrator. Me and our key people are also regulars in the micro-poetry world; we've been published in a couple of different literary journals, exploring the idea of micro-chapbooks, which we think are a playful way to push the boundaries of the form. We've published four micro-chapbooks so far (and two more are forthcoming). We also have a collaborative chap (both poetry), are forthcoming (dancing girl press). She lives in Cincinnati with a pack of roomies and rescue animals specializing in troublemaking and joy. Mechler runs

to publish first chapbooks from a Jamaican poet and a Russian poet, among others. We'd like to expand further, touching every country. That may take a while, since we usually choose only six chapbook titles at the end of year two for our chapbooks and micros (year three for Sugared Water, our limited edition literary magazine). We read in January for five of our six chapbooks for the 2016 season. (In 2015 we submitted the first draft of

side of the editorial desk? Is it driving you crazy? I'm in love with that inclusive, far-reaching description. All of those things. These are identities and instances/experiences/selves that we're into promoting at Porkbelly Press as well. We've been lucky enough

May I ask, as a working writer and chapbook enthusiast, what drew you to the presses you seek out for your own work? What drew you to Porkbelly?

Porkbelly is fairly new, but your reputation for producing tight, lovely books is already, well, reputationing. —E. Kristin Anderson

but it definitely got a lot of people to look at the bookmark, to look at Porkbelly, to think about the book. It helps.

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If you manage to occupy a small space with knives and no one gets hurt, you're definitely attuned to each other. Most of my collaborative work

Judy Blume was actually one of the inspirations behind the forthcoming Hysteria anthology, which you have a collaborative piece in How do you manage to work collaboratively with other women on such personal topics? What’s that process like?

But you know, even with the energy-fueled, highly associative and image-dense. I think it’s a worthy experiment to try giving up some control of the page to the poem

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Allie Marini about it and she encouraged me to try opening it up to things bigger than tampons and periods. What if we talked about

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I feel really good about the reception. So I try to feed off of that reading every time I read now. Another gift from Judy Blume. She

In just about five years, you've already been featured in so many journals and anthologies, and blogs at https://damnredshoes.wordpress.com/. It's the first chapbook in our line that's both inspired by a musician

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Blogging is an important tool for any author, to be sure. I often read blogs about literary and publishing events, and they can be a great place to

Before we sign off, perhaps you could tell me what projects you're currently editing (either forthcoming or currently open for submissions).
Nancy Paraskevopoulos’ debut release, is true to title, the sweetest, most confirming lock-in the kitchen and bedstand of everyelloworld.

It’s true for all time. Despite being released in 2016, coupled with an album cover designed by Paul Coors, depicting Paraskevopoulos’ signature high lights, on a bright yellow billboard overlooking a magnificent Ohio sunset, oddly reminiscent of the Simpsons, it took me over a year to discover Comfort Muffin, which is a4. If you’ve heard the album, you’d understand why. If you haven’t, you will soon.

Many songs on the album are plaintive, reporting on anything from heartbreak (“My Mistake”), to the unrelenting tribulation of various environmental problems and their consequences (“Turn the Light Off at the End of the Universe”), to spurned, mortifying deliverance. Armed with a suitable and executable voice, frequently confounding between fouling, verbal incantations, and expressive, often spiritual talkback, Paraskevopoulos playfully parodies heartfelt, poetic love songs and poignant breakup songs, juxtaposed with sparkles of spontaneity and imagination, and often interpersed with rambling, philosophically oriented commentaries and verbal meditations on love songs, and the stats gathered, ground-up, and whole-through, whatsoever this is, interdimensional audiences she takes us in. Or “My Mistake,” Paraskevopoulos attributes her accomplishment of its feat to her actual being a girl.

16mm films of Stephen Gebhardt at the Film-Makers’ Co-op.

Stephen Gebhardt, one of the most important and influential filmmakers in the United States, had a profound impact on the development of experimental film and video art in the latter half of the 20th century. His work was characterized by a unique blend of documentary and fiction, often focusing on the experiences of marginalized communities and individuals.

Gebhardt's films explore themes of identity, power, and resistance, often through the lens of personal experiences. He is known for his collaborative approach, working closely with performers, dancers, and other artists to create films that are both visually stunning and deeply personal.

One of the most notable aspects of Gebhardt's work is his use of long-take cinematography, which allows for a more immersive and authentic portrayal of characters and their environments. This technique is evident in films such as "The Blues at Beanblossom," which follows the life of a young boy growing up in a Kansan small town.

Gebhardt's films have been exhibited in numerous festivals and galleries around the world, and have received critical acclaim for their technical skill, narrative power, and emotional resonance. He is remembered as a pioneer of independent cinema, whose influence can be seen in the work of many contemporary filmmakers.

As a filmmaker, Gebhardt was a master of visual storytelling, using a combination of striking images, evocative music, and deep observation to create works that are both visually stunning and emotionally powerful. His contributions to the art of film are immeasurable, and his legacy continues to inspire and influence filmmakers of all stripes.

## Related links
- [Stephen Gebhardt](http://www.stephengebhardt.org)
- [Film-Makers’ Co-op](http://www.filmmakersco-op.org)
- [The Blues at Beanblossom](http://www.bluesatbeanblossom.com)
- [The Simpsons](http://www.simpsons.com)
- [Theatrical](http://www.theatrical.com)
- [Joel Schlemowitz](http://www.joelschlemowitz.com)
- [Nancy Paraskevopoulos](http://www.nancypar.com)

## Further reading
- [Gebhardt's Films](http://www.filmmakersco-op.org/films/gebhardt)
- [The Legacy of Stephen Gebhardt](http://www.cinemadaily.org/2016/02/the-legacy-of-stephen-gebhardt)
- [Stephen Gebhardt's Influence on Independent Cinema](http://www.theguardian.com/culture/2016/jan/14/stephen-gebhardt-influence-independent-cinema)

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## Biography

Stephen Gebhardt was born in New York City in 1940 and received his BFA from the Art Academy of Cincinnati in 1962. He moved to New York City in 1965, where he worked as a freelance photographer and began making films.

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## Awards and honors

- 1970: National Endowment for the Arts Individual Artist Fellowship
- 1973: Guggenheim Fellowship
- 1976: Sundance Film Festival Directing Award
- 1980: Whitney Museum of American Art Museum of the Year Award

## Exhibitions

- 1975: “Invisible Cinema” at the Museum of Modern Art
- 1980: “The Blues at Beanblossom” at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago

## Selected works

- The Blues at Beanblossom
- The Simpsons
- Theatrical
- Theatrical II
- Theatrical III
- Theatrical IV

## Bibliography


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- [Nancy Paraskevopoulos](http://www.nancypar.com)

## Further Reading


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## Image credits

- [Stephen Gebhardt](http://www.stephengebhardt.org)
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- [The Blues at Beanblossom](http://www.bluesatbeanblossom.com)
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- [Joel Schlemowitz](http://www.joelschlemowitz.com)
- [Nancy Paraskevopoulos](http://www.nancypar.com)
When I moved to Cincinnati in 1993, the city was immediately familiar to me. My familiar. Has it changed over time? Yes, and so have I. It’s not just a place I live. It’s a huge part of my life. Literally my house, my family, my poems, my love.

Are the writers who are Cincinnati? Do you hear those names from the city you choose to live in? What does it mean to be a writer in a city where the art and city scenes are booming? In this interview, poet Matt Hart discusses what it means to be a writer in Cincinnati, and how the city has influenced his work and life.

Matt Hart is a poet who has been deeply influenced by the city of Cincinnati. His work reflects the beauty and complexity of the city, and he often incorporates elements of the city’s history and culture into his writing. In this interview, Hart talks about his relationship with the city, and how it has shaped his poetry and his life.

When asked what makes poetry extraordinary, Hart says it’s true at the moment, and that it’s possible to combine the two, delivery is easy. He has a sustenance that is made up of a stick of bread. He might be a lousie, sometimes coming over intact, you know. It’s a perfect moment for the writer. It’s easy, and it’s a sustenance that is made up of a stick of bread. He might be a lousie, sometimes coming over intact, you know. It’s a perfect moment for the writer.

But there’s something surprising and dramatic in his approach to verse. It might bring off the idea or if by Emily Dickinson to the house town. It might declare "dis-allegiance" or it might state: "I am not a poet or a writer or a reader or a listener, but I am a writer and a reader and a listener."

The city has a gift for making a person feel at home. It’s easy to find a place to live in Cincinnati. The cost of living is relatively low, and there are many great public schools. Cincinnati is also a city that has a lot to offer in terms of cultural activities. The city has a rich tradition of music, theater, and art, and there are many galleries and museums to visit.

The city also has a lot of history and culture. Cincinnati has a rich history, and there are many places to explore that reflect the city’s past. The city is home to the famous Reds baseball team, and there are many other sports teams to support as well. The city also has a rich tradition of music and theater, and there are many galleries and museums to visit.

The city is also a hub for artists and writers. Cincinnati is home to many great writers and artists, and the city has a thriving arts community. There are many great writing/art collectives in the city, and there are also many festivals and events throughout the year that celebrate the arts.

If you’re looking for a place to live, or if you’re a writer or an artist, Cincinnati is definitely worth considering. It’s a city with a lot to offer, and it’s a place where you can find inspiration and make new connections.