

BOOG READER I I

An Anthology of Minneapolis-St. Paul and New York City Poetry



MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL EDITED BY

PAULA CISEWSKI AND G.E. PATTERSON

NEW YORK CITY EDITED BY

DAVID A. KIRSCHENBAUM, BILL LESSARD, AND NATHANIEL SIEGEL

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Here are a few words from our Minneapolis-St. Paul editors, Paula Cisewski and G.E. Patterson. —DAK

There is no physical way to take your hand and show you the islands in the lakes here or to direct you into the sheltering windbreak or urge you out of your home and into the street. I cannot take you to another town, to a park, or into anyone's past (lived, imagined, or projected) and launch a change in your heart, but the poets in this issue can.

Here there are 10 poets: Bao and Chris and Dobby and Jennifer and Mary and Mary Austin and Rachel and Sagirah and Steve and Sun Yung. Their writing and their animating concerns are not uniform, but Paula Cisewski and I think that these poets can represent the collective energy of our community.

The poetic community here parallels other creative communities in the twin cities and has solidarities with communities of the attentive and curious and opinionated wherever they exist.

G.E. Patterson and I selected these 10 poets with joy and confidence and a nod to the absurdity of selecting only 10 voices from a literary community as rich as our own. We feel incredibly grateful for the contributions of these poets. We would also like to express our deep gratitude to Boog City for featuring Minneapolis/St. Paul this time around.

G.E. and I put our heads together and came up with a few of the many nearby places where curiosity and opinion thrive. They are:

Coffee House Press
Conduit Magazine, Books, & Ephemera
Graywolf Press
Milkweed Editions
Rain Taxi Review of Books
Red Bird Chapbooks
Sleet Magazine
Spout Press

Minnesota Center for Book Arts
The Loft Literary Center

Bookstores
Moon Palace
Eat My Words
Boneshaker Books
SubText
Common Good
Magers & Quinn

Musical Acts
Astralblak
Cloud Cult
Chastity Brown
Jill Zimmerman
Kiss the Tiger
Moors Blackmon
Ben Weaver

Libraries and Collections
Center for Hmong Studies
Givens Collection of African American Literature
Quatrefoil Library
John Berryman papers
James Wright papers
Minneapolis Music Collection at the Minnesota Historical Society

About the Editors and Artist

Minneapolis–St. Paul

Paula Cisewski's (<http://www.paulacisewski.com/>) fourth poetry collection, *Quitter*, won the 2016 Diode Editions Book Prize. She has been awarded fellowships from the Jerome Foundation, the Minnesota State Arts Board, the Oberholtzer Foundation, and the Banfill-Locke Center for the Arts. She lives in Minneapolis, where she writes, teaches, collaborates, and resists. Autumn Pingel photo.



**Paula
Cisewski**

G.E. Patterson is a poet, translator, essayist, and public artist. His work has been honored by New York City's Fund for Poetry and the Minnesota Humanities Commission. A featured poet-performer in New York's Panasonic Village Jazz Fest, his recent public work includes commissions – for *Create: The Community Meal* and *The Plume Project*. He is the author of *Tug (Graywolf)* and *To & From (Ahsata)*. After years in the Northeast and on the West Coast, he now makes his home in Minnesota. JoAnn Verburg photo.



**G.E.
Patterson**

New York City

**David A.
Kirschenbaum**



David A. Kirschenbaum is the editor and publisher of *Boog City*, a New York City-based small press and community newspaper now in its 27th year. He is the author of *The July Project 2007 (Open 24 Hours)*, a series of songs about Star Wars set to rock and pop classics. His poems form the lyrics of Preston Spurlock and Casey Holford's band *Gilmore boys* (<http://www.myspace.com/gilmoreboysmusic>).

**Bill
Lessard**



Bill Lessard has writing that has appeared or is forthcoming in *McSweeney's*, *Hyperallergic*, *Prelude*, *Brooklyn Rail*, *FANZINE*, *PANK*, *FUNHOUSE*, *Potluck*. His work has also been featured at MoMA PS1. He co-curates the *Cool as F**** reading series at Pete's Candy Store and is *Boog City's* poetry editor.

Nathaniel Siegel is a gay poet, curator, historian, photographer and artist. His book length poem "Tony" was published by Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs. Recent projects include new collections of poems to accompany the photographs of Stanley Stellar, the photographs of Tom Bianchi and the paintings and photographs of David Hockney.



**Nathaniel
Siegel**

Jack Walsh is a multidisciplinary artist whose work has appeared most recently in shows at the Fox Egg Gallery, Bohemian Art Gallery, Spot Art Gallery, Washington Center, and Black Dog Café. His paintings have been featured on the cover of *Rain Taxi Review of Books* and the poetry collection *Ghost Fargo*. It is important to Jack to integrate a mix of mediums, materials, genres, and crafts in his work and his life to mudslide tyrannies both personal and universal. For this reason, he also enjoys showing work in untraditional spaces such as his *Gorilla Bicycle Gallery*, his chalkboard painted art car, and outside his own home. Instagram: @joyfaceartists



**Jack
Walsh**

Art

LAUNCH PARTY FOR

THE PORTABLE BOOG READER 11

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL
AND
NEW YORK CITY

SUN., AUGUST 12, 1:00 P.M.

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For further information: 212-842-BOOG (2664), editor@boogcity.com

BOOG CITY

Issue 122 free

The Portable Boog Reader 11: An Anthology of Minneapolis-St. Paul and New York City Poetry

co-editors *Minneapolis-St. Paul*: Paula Cisewski and G.E. Patterson; *N.Y.C.*: David A. Kirschenbaum, Bill Lessard, and Nathaniel Siegel. **Design** DAK, modified from 2000 *PBR* design by Scott White **cover photograph** Fruit seller makes sign: Dominican Mango 2 for \$1.00 by Nathaniel Siegel

editor/publisher

David A. Kirschenbaum
editor@boogcity.com

art editor

Armando Jaramillo Garcia
art@boogcity.com

film editor

Joel Schlemowitz
film@boogcity.com

libraries editor

Lynne DeSilva-Johnson
libraries@boogcity.com

music editor

Jonathan Berger
music@boogcity.com

poetry editor

William Lessard
poetry@boogcity.com

small press editor

Michael Wendt

smallpress@boogcity.com

counsel Ian S. Wilder

counsel@boogcity.com

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BOOG CITY

3062 Brower Ave.

Oceanside, N.Y. 11572

212-842-BOOG (2664)

[@boogcity](http://www.boogcity.com)

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MINNEAPOLIS- ST. PAUL

Jack Walsh

oil and collage on canvas

Jennifer Kwon Dobbs



Monkey House

Camp Casey STD clinic, Dongducheon

Filial daughters / juicy girls

whose bedsore parents suck soobak rinds

you pure love / doc-approved

womb / diplomacy

of slang: monkey suit / monkey beach / moose

Roses of Sharon / in-house examined

you pink / slip back from the cleaners

again / you rivet a GI's attention

While Rosie watered peonies and baked mix cakes

into manifestos / medicated to-do lists

with Librium / Liberace / a cold

sunk across her pelvis / infiltrated her Detroit

mattress / a night sweat is a homefront

is a backdoor / among bee-harvested lilacs

Expired / you disco skirt / western princess

Expired / you dance card stamped

syphilis / farm girl with nine sibling mouths

appended to yours / the medicine

forces each to vomit / conceal their meals' origin

you civil servant / he's no pro / phylaxis

each overnight transaction / a true patriot's wages

in suffering or joy to love our nation

To love is to ask / no questions / no

soldier answers / no wife asks / a blister's origin

jump / cut / hop / scotch / ticker / tape

the victory parade's bunting

will be televised / will be scratched on mute

>>>

This service / window / ticket / counter

admit / one / this time / wilderness

penetrates a wire fence / collapsed ceiling / a cervix

buckled / unbuckled metal stirrups / where Yu's feet

where Jeon's feet / where Kim's feet / where Cho's feet

where Shin's feet / where Kwon's feet / where Heo's feet

where Lim's feet / where Moon's feet / where Jung's feet

I think this body was not mine

Some Trees

"... So why do I tell you anything? Because you still listen, because in times like these to have you listen at all, it's necessary to talk about trees."

-- Adrienne Rich, "What Kind of Times Are These"

Between a chestnut and cedar where grass grows uphill there's a hunter sharpening his jackknife.

A pale bride lists back and forth in the form of a doe's white stomach

shaved pink for the taking. Inside her belly, there's a voice

that's not yet a voice ringed with cartilage, ringed in promise

of a time when the hunter sketched maps and stitched camouflage nets under the cold stars, under the trees'

civil congress checked and balanced by an autumn wind--

the doe racing among birch aisles, her cloven hooves cutting a signature, a pact with that leaf-mold paradise.

The trees witness the hunter remove his jacket and spread blue tarp for the dismantling.

Do I need to explain crouched under a twig thicket for you to see?

Mary Moore Easter



Public School (Colored) Over Town

1.
We were six at school. My braids
had bows on the skinny ends
not quite long enough to graze my shoulders.

Her braid was loose, a flare sticking up
from the neat squares on her head.
No one shamed it flat.

His nose was crusty with snot
unwiped, hardly noticed by any grown up
with a tissue.

I'd never seen a nose left unwiped
or a tuft of hair untamed on pain
of family dishonor.

Poor might have explained it, but the new word
I learned was tedder to name the white rash
on his scalp, the reason to shave it.

Or was that ringworm?
Don't touch. It'll spread.

2.
Mama packed my lunches for fun
like all other creative ventures
tending to (canned) shrimp salad sandwiches
and coconut macaroons.
I wanted to share Auntie's jar of pickled pigs feet
in the Teacher's Room, that vinegar
cutting through the gristle.
I didn't like coconut.

3.
There was no 'hood, just slums scattered among
righteous blocks, shacks in the alley. Yards were hard packed dirt
grass skinned off by the feet of multitudes
living together. Unpainted wood held the whole thing suspended
above a porch where dogs lay underneath.

Across the way giant hydrangeas dwarfed
a neater yard edging a brick house
where a workman left early, tools in hand
and a wife aproned her housedress against splatter.

White frame porches rocked
in the late afternoon
Bay windows looked out front
Chinaberry trees shaded the back.

City or country road, some Vaseline children issued forth
braided tight, some noses ran free, some rags
darted from corner to corner.
We saw them from our car.

Bricks and bays endured while shacks
folded in on themselves.
No one knew for sure which shelter sent out
oiled children until a school teacher
heard a boy soprano under his teddared scalp
or an answer quick as a knife
from the hair-flared girl.

On the Longest Night

A writing assignment from the White House

In the midst of other darkening
we are looking for science-based light
not LED but say, a star, fetal and full of promise
not vulnerable to the chaos of Babel,
diverse as that confusion may be.
Such human entitlement
builds on what was given us at birth,
the ability to reason from point A
past point B, to transit each link and letter
in a sequence, genderless as the evidence
in front of us. We are looking for Fact
to shine out.

This is no time to disavow Galileo.
It's been done and failed
to change knowledge.
While he was jailed we orbited
a bigger world, his evidence-based notes
condemned by know-nothings
still struggling with a-b-c.
Now as then, the urge to still us,
stop us, rewind the spool of
learning. Ignore Rome's
hermaphrodites, antecedents of those
who guard their transgendered states
moving freely past boxes checked
neither a nor b.

The Name of the Game

is:
Get-the-guy-what-he-wants
needs
feels entitled to
was cheated of
by history, no less
deserves.

Mount a case as to why,
it's only reasonable,
anyone can see it,
he's owed,
he did nothing wrong,
justice hasn't been done.
Do it!

Oh, you didn't know you were a player?
You're female, right?
In the vicinity?
Have somehow got the right stuff?
Mistook your independence for freedom?
Failed to read the fine print?
Stumbled?

What are you, heartless?
Give the guy a break
water under the bridge
bygones, and all that.
Step up to the plate
and give the guy what he wants.

Dobby Gibson



Upon Arrival

Nothing much we can do now
but wait. The end.
A bird tripped the sensor
and turned the garage light on. The end.
The shortest distance between two points
is impossible. What we talk ourselves into doing
is whimsy, what we do without thinking
is our calling, so open the windows
as if you're possessed.
As if they're not wounds, but gills.
Blow a few smoke rings.
Tilt back your head and send
the bubbles to the surface,
like watching your dinner guests
stumble to their cars in the dark,
then staying up all night
looking at the photos.
The performance is in two parts
without an intermission.
The performance is smashing
light bulbs into a trash can
to liberate the air. There's always at least one
thing we've been lugging around too long,
or so we're about to discover.
Here's an entire world to remove your headphones to.
Here's another thing you'll never fill up.

Astronauts on Earth

I love how difficult the snow
makes speech.
I love its concert choirs singing ash,
the clean-sheet dreams,
spritz of frozen perfumes
and reams of one-sided contracts
torn to the wind.
Teeth line our mouths
like wet tombstones,
everything the wind has to whistle through
to steal a breath.
When I press my forehead against the glass,
that's where the words go.
I believe happiness requires no suffering.
I believe the snow knows things we don't.
Blizzards hate extroverts.
Words go where the dead won't.
I love the degree to which beauty
depends on repetition.
I'm already ready to start over,
I'm not done doing it again.
Now that my ghosts are awake,
all of my little babies
wailing with their mouths open,
demanding I feed them
their morning zeros.

Roll Call

Present Absent

The gods sitting around reading Brand: You.
The gods watching us sleep and calling it "marathon training."
The gods chasing one another at the off-leash god park.
The gods looking into three-way mirrors so they can see their own
butts.
The gods cursing us for pulling up dandelions.
The gods updating their secret maps of lost mittens.
The gods we mistakenly call birds.
The gods raising the prime interest rate another third.
The gods whispering: Bleed out, and you blend right in.
The gods amusing themselves by making the sound of your own
name sound suddenly strange to you.
The gods who, after inventing the seahorse, largely quit.
The gods A/B testing new ways to monetize the obituaries.
The gods resting their defense on reasonable force.
The gods who blithely wave at laser beams to dispense paper
towels.
The gods in monogrammed bathrobes still naming the world.
The gods brunching in America.
The gods, for now, among us.

Dobby Gibson's (<http://dobbygibson.com>) next book, *Little Glass Planet*, is forthcoming from Graywolf Press in May 2019. He lives in St. Paul.

Steve Healey



Rules of the Game

Everyone is a suspect.
 Everyone is Colonel Mustard.
 Colonel Mustard in the basement
 with a toothpick. Everywhere is
 a crime scene, everything
 a weapon. Following the rules is
 the most dangerous weapon.
 Players must identify the murderer
 by looking at each other's
 faces. If you have to ask,
 you're already dead. Remember
 not to breathe. The question worth
 asking should not be asked.
 Every word counts. Every suspect
 has "nothing to say." Every breath
 is your last penny. Past performance
 does not guarantee future
 respiration. One afternoon walking
 home from school you find
 a dollar bill on the sidewalk.
 George Washington stares at you
 with his dead face. One morning
 delivering newspapers you see
 a dead body in a parked car.
 You feel guilty but didn't commit
 the crime. One summer at camp
 you learn to follow the rules
 by hiding your sadness. Now
 the player to the left must visualize
 your corpse. You are accused
 of everything. Your body is covered
 in shadows or bruises. You
 have the right to remain silent.
 Each player takes a deep breath
 and holds it. Each player must die
 trying to win. The game is
 over when no one wins.
 Everyone dies.

In Junior High School

I sat in the classroom listening
 to the clock. I didn't say
 anything. I touched my lips
 too much. I listened to the wind
 rubbing against the windows.
 The field behind my school
 sometimes disappeared
 under snow. One night my father
 told me that he was a spy
 for the CIA. He said that being
 a spy was like James Bond
 but less exciting. He said
 I should never tell anyone
 he was a spy. If anyone asked
 I should say he works for
 the State Department. I listened
 to my father but didn't say
 anything. I forgot I was there.
 It was dark outside. After
 that night I went on being
 a student in junior high school.
 I sat in the classroom and
 didn't tell anyone my father
 was a spy for the CIA.
 I forgot there were windows
 between me and the field of snow.
 My history teacher showed us
 a bar graph of Soviet missiles.
 They were towering over
 the American missiles. He said
 we were losing the Cold War.
 I looked outside. I could see
 footsteps in the field of snow.
 I didn't say anything.

Google Street View Haiku

the curtains are open
 we watch our eyes on the glowing screen
 watching us from the street

zoom in on the ants
 crawling over a dead baby wren
 lying on the curb

strawberry plants arrived
 this morning by FedEx already
 I taste their sweet blood

move your cursor where
 you want to go then click once
 to delete the past

that time pervy Francis Bacon
 authored all of Shakespeare's plays
 hid secret messages in them

last night I dreamed I was asleep
 snoring so loudly my neighbors
 plotted to silence me

it's true my loves have all been
 suicide kings and drama queens I held
 too tightly in my hand

if you remove all the spying
 from Hamlet "eight unnecessary deaths
 could be avoided"

this from a student essay
 you can claim to author for free
 at www.123helpme.com

now that we see everywhere
 our faces lose their high resolution
 skin gets blurry

how about I author nothing
 and cook myself at 98.6 degrees
 for a few centuries LOL!

there must be a god of streets
 connecting them all because you can't
 see them all at once

thank you for your patience
 still on hold with my service provider
 ferns waving in the breeze

keep zooming out until
 earth is a little ball then a dot
 then not even that

Steve Healey's (<https://stevehealey.wordpress.com/>) third book of poetry, *Safe Houses I Have Known*, will be published next year by Coffee House Press. His previous books are *Earthling* and *10 Mississippi*.

Chris Martin



from A Catalogue of Possible People

He was gently, almost lovingly, laying the dirt from his shovel onto my bare stomach. I'd agreed to be buried up to the neck in Prospect Park, to be photographed and to write a poem commemorating the experience. It was muggy summer Brooklyn weather, but in the minute after I was fully incased, a swift chill, only scarcely psychological, crept through my body. It would only be a few years before they discovered a rare form of cancer lacing his brainstem, inoperable, and several years after that before he was, against nearly every odd, free from its grip. "You feel cold," he said, "because the soil is drinking from your skin." I lay there, passersby double-taking at the sight of my head sprouting from the field, and thought about nothing but how cold I was, despite the sun burning my cheeks. He took photographs. In some my eyes were open, but mostly they were closed. "I'm going to unbury you now, but first I want to point out the water fountain near the boathouse in the distance. The soil has taken more fluid from your body than is comfortable. The moment you are free your body will rush toward the water to replenish itself." The shovel dipped near my ribs, carefully. A squirrel paused to watch, its spine a memorial arch. In my head I was already running.

An Ouroboros of True Forgiveness

Cluster-un-fucked, suddenly, and without explanation
 The parts of you flaking off don't have to make peace with it
 A split-level universe with no owner
 She called him Worry or Sorry, I could never remember
 Recipes for clotted milk
 Lazy seduction
 Diminutive tic
 The future is all he ever seems to cry about
 Then you start over over
 They lived together in a sufficiency called Languor
 Peeling
 It peeled and peeled until the peel was it
 Where love means leaving
 Piles of vitamins on the kitchen table
 Tragic crevice
 Cheap device
 All the dead celebrities discovered by fathers younger than we are now
 The selected poems were more like endless briar
 I don't care I'm going to love you until my name reverts to a word
 Postprandial transit, invisible river
 All your former lovers taking a do-over

Chris Martin (<http://www.chrismartinpoet.com>) is the author of *The Falling Down Dance* (Coffee House Press). He is the co-founder of Unrestricted Interest, an organization dedicated to transforming the lives of those with autism through poetry.

Rachel Moritz



Split Lip

all words
 halve
 this: flavor
 of survival
 like a bruise
 leaks
 his life
 blood enduring
 my scrutiny
 of lip
 and tongue
 all this keeping
 alive
 someone
 this red crayon
 grit in
 the process
 snow
 this do not
 pathologize
 the process
 of my
 mothering
 my life
 intelligence in
 flavor of
 his spit
 his skin

rivering
 a snowbank's
 warm coal
 years of
 injury I was
 a bird's
 staccato
 flying a
 small red
 saucer sled
 and twice
 my eyes
 saw
 stars
 in the survival
 club

Fluency

When our son shouts
 from the bathtub, C!
 he means it
 to stand
 for the word
 we've forbidden:
 he mixes
 a consonant's
 sound to its
 symbolic match,
 laughs
 with his hands
 in the rim
 of bubbles,
 we tell him
 not to speak
 of violent things,
 they swirl
 around his visual
 cortex. Swords
 swivel into
 heads, arms
 severing
 shoulders,
 he mentions what
 he calls the nuclear
 without seeing
 plumes of gorgeous
 ignition
 we watched early
 in childhood,
 archive
 on repeat.
 In other notations
 of mastery and gap,
 he believes
 all errors stem
 from our president,
 whose name he
 discovers
 is a TR blend.
 Sharing this
 digraph

are the human
 inventions of
 train and tractor, are
 abstract words we
 explain to him: transition,
 transgender.
 Each thing in peril
 to this man's
 singular
 evil: hatred of gays
 like his family, overuse
 of oil he believes
 apart from us
 not fueling
 nightly warmth in
 sheets and house and
 clothing, also
 limited
 vocabulary.
 If the TR blend
 would read more, he
 decides, maybe
 he would be
 smarter.
 Most things a child
 understands are real
 though nuances
 suffer.
 After a duration
 of two thousand days,
 the brain prepares
 to segment
 phonemes,
 connect each
 concept to
 written symbol
 so a sound
 matches salient
 label.
 How lengthy it is
 to assemble
 fluency, first
 a word and then
 a raw material.

Rachel Moritz (<http://rachelmoritz.com/>) is the author of the books, *Sweet Velocity* and *Borrowed Wave*, as well as five chapbooks. She lives with her partner and son in Minneapolis.

Bao Phi



Lost Poem

I should write about that later, I thought,
 reading a placard in the aquarium.
 In the hallways dappled with light filtered through fake oceans
 I lose the prompt, in the war fog of sugar and late lunch hangry.

Did it have to do with the breeding habits of manta rays,
 which are not sting rays but often mistaken for.
 Something about the tubes full of jellyfish in the hall of mirrors,
 or the octopus which my seven year old daughter claims always looks angry.

She pulls me to a long low tank of manta rays.
 "Because there are no threats here they can breed all they want,"
 she deduces.

Did it have to do with feeling the blush of your own skin
 on a night so cold it cuts.
 How a body feels standing in the sand facing an impossible blue
 and not knowing how to swim.
 Was it an inspiration brought forth from the curve of a dolphin's nose,
 or is it a beak,
 was it the candy bright frogs near extinct,
 so darling, so poisonous?
 Maybe something about nets,
 and how they are good for nothing
 except catching the wrong thing.

By the time we got to the too expensive paperweights
 that by some drill and resin glow in the dark in the gift shop,
 I've lost the idea completely,
 The loop of the aquarium bringing us back to the opposite side of the trough
 Where the manta rays glide,
 space ships made flesh in the sea water.

Clipped

*In April of 2017, a sixty nine year old Asian American,
 Dr. David Dao, was dragged from a United Airlines airplane.*

please state your name.
 please explain your name.
 please provide your full name.
 louder.
 no, slower.
 no - slower and louder.
 why didn't you disclose your full name in the first place?
 get up.
 no.
 get up. get out. get up.
 no, get out.
 what is your destination DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I AM SAYING
 where are you from? who do you think you are? you're a what?
 let us dissect your conceived privilege, let us do a background check on
 your criminal record.
 you look like a man who could have killed my uncle in a war.
 I'm going to have to ask you to (What is the hot take?)
 leave
 (What is the analysis of the hot take?)
 sir
 (What is the backlash to the hot take and the backlash to the backlash?)
 no, don't tell me your name. what's your name?
DON'T TALK BACK AT ME
 fill in the blank: it would have been worse if the victim was _____.
 Is that your real name? where were you born?
 do they have laws where you are from and did you follow them?
 do you hunt? if so, do you use a gun? where? do you get a permit?
 please provide your grievances complete with an analysis of your
 intersection of gender, class, and race that will fit within one
 Twitter post word count limit. if need be, omit your name.
 wait, say your name again.
 slower. get up. faster.
 get up. out. faster.
 have you been traumatized by war? have you ever been ejected? from
 where and by whom?
 If a gun was held to your head and you were asked what color you
 wish you were, what would be your answer?
 have you been aligned with any radical movements? stand up.
 stand the fuck up. on your knees.
 answer again. again. just get up why are you being such a dick. STOP.
 stop asking us to kill you.
 stop asking us
 to kill you.
 stop.
 get out. KILL YOU.
 what's
 your name?

Bao Phi (<http://www.baophi.com/>) was born in Vietnam and raised in Minneapolis, where he got his start in performance poetry on the South High speech team. He's the author of two poetry collections, *Song I Sing* and *Thousand Star Hotel* (both Coffee House Press), and lives in the Powderhorn neighborhood of Minneapolis with his daughter. Photo by Charissa_Uemura.

Sagirah Shahid



Surveillance Rakats

MAGHRIB, SUJUD
Velcro my forehead to the lips of this
clotted prayer rug and wait for any answer
to fold me in, spine to femur. Outside the world
kneels, bone bashing bone. I blink, and the sun becomes
a spider bite inflaming the sky

what I have to offer, is already dust, is already memory of
a memory passed on through generations. Caught on camera,
even our children look suspicious. Dressed this way, reciting
a quartet of Quranic verses. Witness my testimony,
featherless spy. Canary of my palm,

and archive the ruffle of this fear into a cloud.
Record where I've been, until Déjà vu flickers my eyes open,
my eyes catabolizing their own replicas
I can't help but wait for an afterlife, or

I am defending my own neck. Watch it be something other than a trigger,
a still frame directed towards the heavens. I'm on this side
of a prophecy, my thumb tips a domino into motion

from the reflection of this tiny oracle's screen.

MAGHRIB, RUKU (A LIVESTREAM WILL OUTLIVE YOU)
In the last days, the swelling of your sunbaked dreams
evaporate into a clump of heartless clouds
but for now, can I hold you?

Not your entirety, just some mirrored segment
reflecting an approximation of your wingless stagger.

I know nothing about these paused
then sped up flashes, these strewn together audios
mimicking the raw miracle of your voice.

Is this pixilation reconstructing
your immortality or resurrecting your ethereal prison?

But for now, can I hold you?
Can my palms cradle you
the way a palm cradles a seed? In the last days
we have never met. I have met you a thousand times

I know the shape of your nostrils. We have never met
in person, you are the blood of my blood. You are safety
you are the nod I needed from across the room.

I make a vow
to never replay your undoing. I break the vow
I break everything.

MAGHRIB, TABIR (QAIDA OF SUN ROT)
Steam plumes in the distance of this moonless sky
and drapes itself in unwrinkled sunbeams.

Here, a newborn dusk unfurls
from the silhouettes of a thirsting city.

I scrape the burnt off the surface of your offerings,
toast and scrambled eggs, unveiled jar of strawberries
and observe our kitchen charring in the buttery spectacle of your song.

Your throat an abandoned jukebox and also, the worship of a petal
midair. You revive an eerie innocence, before
the year wafts in before the day scratches itself open.

My dear, there is no fruit too strange for us to loosen

my dear, I cradle these too sweet joys between my teeth

and do not wince at the overflow of their sticky juices
cascading down my chin. My dear,

I am an inverted promise, I am a choking, I am the acidic mist of this
dhikr.

you monitor devotion

in this dark mirror.

I can't tell whom is watching whom

"For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop
here is a strange and bitter crop"

Surveillance of Joy

It was never about the camera
or the power of its lens.

It was always about our mothers,
Black and Muslim and alive
and how you zoomed out so far.

Convinced we did not exist, you projected
your ignorance through the aperture of this lie.

At first, even our neighbors
distanced themselves from us, as if
proximity would spread your illusion
or worse.

I want you to know, down here
a gate of paradise clips itself to the calloused feet of our mothers.
I want you to know down here
your dark chambers only captured the flat shadows of our likeness.
I want you to know you can't own
the ceremony of our brokenhearted mothers repurposing grief
or filter away

their deliberate joys and how that ignited our strength,

our deflated bodies puckering and waving our flags
and kissing two cheeks and kissing the back of a knuckle
with our greetings of peace. The alchemy
of what these women could do—the world pricked our ears with its venom,
our mothers sucked the poison out.

And when we thought we had to muffle our laughter
our mothers said: *louder*.

Joy inside my tears

"So I should tell you of the happiness you bring..."
-Stevie Wonder

AFTER THE ADTHAN WE WET OUR EXPOSED LIMBS
The first prayer started off as a song

someone sang it – no,
someone saaaaaang it

neck cocked back, hand on hip

it knocks me off my – yes,
but I'm right here between harp string and vibrato

broken glass is everywhere—no,
these are stars, these are asteroids, these are truths

you can feel it all ooooooover—yes,
the future is the past reincarnated, is how you give me so much life

is how psychedelic chats with God look like at night.

THE WATER WAS SO COLD BEFORE IT GRAZED MY SKIN
If I was overjoyed, it was in the aftermath. Mommy, aren't we lovely in our
plain-clothed grief?

Please don't ask me to cover it up. The fear was not camouflaged. I was
a dance of mid-air emotions, cycle of recycled steps. You taught me on
accident
how to be brave.

Sagirah Shahid (<https://sagirahshahid.com>) is a Black Muslim writer based in Minneapolis. Her poetry and short-stories can be found in Mizna, Paper Darts, AtlanticRock, and elsewhere.

Sun Yung Shin



My First Voyage Out

Why upon your first voyage as a passenger, did you yourself feel such a mystical vibration, when first told that you and your ship were now out of sight of land? – Moby-Dick; or, The Whale

{Figure in murky light}
 {Didn't you know time travel leaves invisible brands on the skin?}
 {Back then, we practiced with black light we plagiarized from the future}
 {We time the known variables of the arrival stages}
 {"Godspeed, tomorrow."}
 {You found abundant time to design the machine.}
 {Everything made the rain black and scaled}
 { Well, misfortune, you perch in the sky, fevering the ground}
 {Under no purse, no past, no paterfamilias}
 {We made death masks with all the gold}

{Contort the dead comfortable with suffocation}
 {The dead anathema to air}
 {Always are the dead getting to spend the old currency}
 {They knew that everything burns at a singular rate}
 {Fortified the deck of cards, deck of stockades}
 {But time has a extravagant spinal-span}
 {As the world's snake}

{Sky dives through the axis wrenches the tactics}
 {All the cousins' plans hard to read, ride taut and dark}
 {Never untethered forefather and foreshadow}
 {Halo overhead, an electric meadow of florets}
 {Paragraphs of bees a suspense of burn}
 {Painted sail stay a spell}

{Never powered my machine my platinum container of holes}
 {Always the holes are my titanium mother and her tin mother, too}
 {Scratch my hand like my hands are the rippling backs of cats}
 {My hands fit the metal into slighter and lesser boxes}
 {As a woman I can fold anything}
 {You corrugate time into layers of a cake, a cloak}
 {Can't you all pleat and tuck a cart, a cast}

{For when I sew myself into the pilot seat}
 {The passenger seat is sometimes there, sometimes not}
 {Once there were a hundred passenger seats}
 {All around, all around}
 {Asunder, things are always growing when I'm not looking}
 {When I'm not looking things are always going around my back}

{Hospital to ride along aside me}
 {Burned parade trailings to ride along inside me}
 {Fluttering petals flags taking me into their confidence}
 {Neon yellow every brand of sunshine to turn one side of me aside}
 {We hiked together procured the last book they offered at the library}
 {Tourism had tumbled out of vogue, the verge}
 {They fell through us like pages of dead skin}
 {Wonder worn I put the sheets through my typewriter}
 {Masked all things in the past made of fur}
 {Several every child needed to be combed and untangled}
 {Black teeth I went through ribbon after ribbon}
 {The length of each stretch I plaited into everything}
 {Gothic immoderate hairpiece, braided dress, a night spool}
 {Dusk ink a shot glass of octopus panic}
 {Baroque November already in my cathedral of conceivable futures}

>>>

{Unearthed the children's safety scissors with the rubber-dipped handles}
 {Robbed the deck of cards and fashioned myself}
 {Ghost re-appropriated all the angles}
 {Stacked and plunged them in the thick air of an open boat}
 {Time pelts me, a creature}
 {Phantasm dressed myself in sailcloth}
 {Hallucinated the sea}
 {Kindled with salt-stiff hair}
 {Had wedded a mermaid}
 {Left her seaweed coronet on the roll-top desk}
 {Whalebone trident icepick}
 {I transcribed all the instructions for myself in the moss}
 {Coffin warehouses}
 {Pure descent}
 {Our favored snake begins at the nether of my throat}
 {I appointed that new star *Peristalta*}

{Oak cask new year of my childhood my father made a coffin to fit around me}
 {The eve of my birthday the slighter coffin dismantled}
 {I always feel the world a gold stopwatch}
 {This mountain has moved the hands of the clock back and forth like a cradle}
 {My face rusts while I languish in the past}
 {We flag in the past with the rearguard, with the older horses}
 {We bridle, bride, board, bird, bank, hoard}
 {We flee and float}

{Forward I sling a rifle}
 {Multiply I collect terse salutes from the jubilant crowd}
 {Fertile like the collection box at church}
 {Unwatered family names carefully tendered and ledgered}
 {Sky white envelopes open like mouths}
 {Ash that makes no sense when I bring it to the past}
 {I can see you black and blue}
 {The color of swallow and abandon}

{Can you hand press a baby out of brine}
 {What do we see after we escape the machine}
 {Fortune favors silver crowns of armored fish}
 {My mermaid wife turning to iron}
 {Bubbles escape from the flanks of my mask}
 {Records of the world above, sinkers fashioned to appear as white moths}
 {Renamed for constellations, renamed for the hoof and harrow}

Mary Austin Speaker



A Distribution of Fire

If to tolerate
is to tacitly accept,

and to accept
is to embrace,

then to tolerate
is to tacitly embrace.

A cold embrace.
An icy stepping toward.

We can't all just get along,
said my professor,

when I was a teenager
who wanted everyone to get along.

We were reading
Orientalism.

Act powerfully
without abuse,

says the Center for Creative Conflict
Resolution in St. Louis.

Build power with,
not power over.

Says the Citizens Committee
for New York City, where I lived

for fifteen years, amid the crowd
of strangers trying

to keep their distance
and their closeness at once.

In 1991, I was thirteen,
sang in the girls choir,

a sea of brown and white faces
above our silly plaid dresses.

In 1991, George Halliday
sent a video to KTLA

of Rodney King III being beaten
by five police officers.

George Halliday did not tolerate
the beating of Rodney King,

nor did the protestors
after the officers who beat King

were acquitted. Can we all get along?
plead Rodney King

to the angry crowd. 53 people died
in the Los Angeles riots of 1992.

In 2014, protestors lit two police cars
and fifteen buildings on fire

in Ferguson, Missouri,
where Michael Brown's body

lay bleeding on the ground
four hours among the gathering crowd.

The protestors did not tolerate
the grand jury's failure

to indict Darren Wilson.
We tolerate each other

and germinate a sharpness
when we say nothing.

Or we chip away at the stones
inside us, smoothing their edges.

>>>>

Tolerance is a double-edged stone:
one side blunts, the other hones.

What do we want when we say,
You cannot behave this way?

Certain moments send adrenaline
to the heart, dry out the tongue,

and clog the lungs,
writes Claudia Rankine.

on the physical nature
of the double-bind

in which Black people
find themselves in America,

faced with the offering
of assimilation with whiteness,

and the look that says,
you do not belong.

Or she is writing down Walter Scott
in the back of the book.

Or she is writing down Freddy Gray
in the back of the book.

She is always opening
the book again.

To appropriate is to take
without permission.

Or it is to offer support, dedicate
a stream, devote a certain sum.

Reparation is the act of repair.
Or it is the act of paying for losses

paid by the aggressor after devastation.
When parents lose a child,

they are more likely to suffer
depression, cardiovascular disease,

and marital disruption,
says the National Institute of Health.

Michael Brown died 90 seconds
after he encountered Darren Wilson.

What do we mean by tolerance?
Power with? Or power over.

When the grand jury
acquitted Darren Wilson,

National Guard troops
fanned out across the city,

said the Washington Post.
as though the officers practiced

with the grace of dancers
or ancient, predatory birds.

If an unjust state presumes revolt,
tear gas is distributed accordingly.

>>>>

If a people revolt, fire
is distributed accordingly.

If each accord is anarchic in scope,
it is appropriate in scale

if the scale of the action
is a measure of anger, a measure of fear.

Flare up like a flame,
wrote Rainer Maria Rilke

to God in 1905.
Make big shadows I can move in.

Which public was safe
when Michael Brown was killed?

A man in the crowd observing the body
said, the police arrived with dogs.

The most common kind of dog
used by police in the United States

is the German Shepherd.
Originally bred to herd sheep,

German Shepherds are responsible
for more reported bitings

than any other breed
in the United States.

If to tolerate
is to tacitly accept,

it is still a choice,
a line drawn in softened sand

that reads: here I stand,
and here, and here is where

I find you. Tolerance
comes from the latin tolere:

"to endure." We need more
than endurance:

Sometimes
we need to flare up,

make big shadows,
speak. Say, I see you.

In 2015, Feidin Santana
saw Michael Slager

shoot Walter Scott
and cover up his crime.

The impunity of police erodes.
Sand shifts when the wind gets hot.

The line sinks deeper,
moving steadily outward

till the land breaks up,
the soft shoulder falls away

and we have no
where to go

but hot and toward
each every other,

flared, speaking,
ready to level

these bent and
broken houses.

Mary Austin Speaker's (<https://cargocollective.com/maryaustinspeaker>) first book, *Ceremony*, was selected by Matthea Harvey as winner of the 2012 Slope Editions book prize, and her second book, *The Bridge*, was published in January 2016 by Shearsman Books. Together with Chris Martin and Sam Gould, she co-edits and designs *Society*, a new publication project about poetry and power. She is currently Art Director for Milkweed Editions and edits a chapbook column for Rain Taxi.

THE SUPPOSIUM

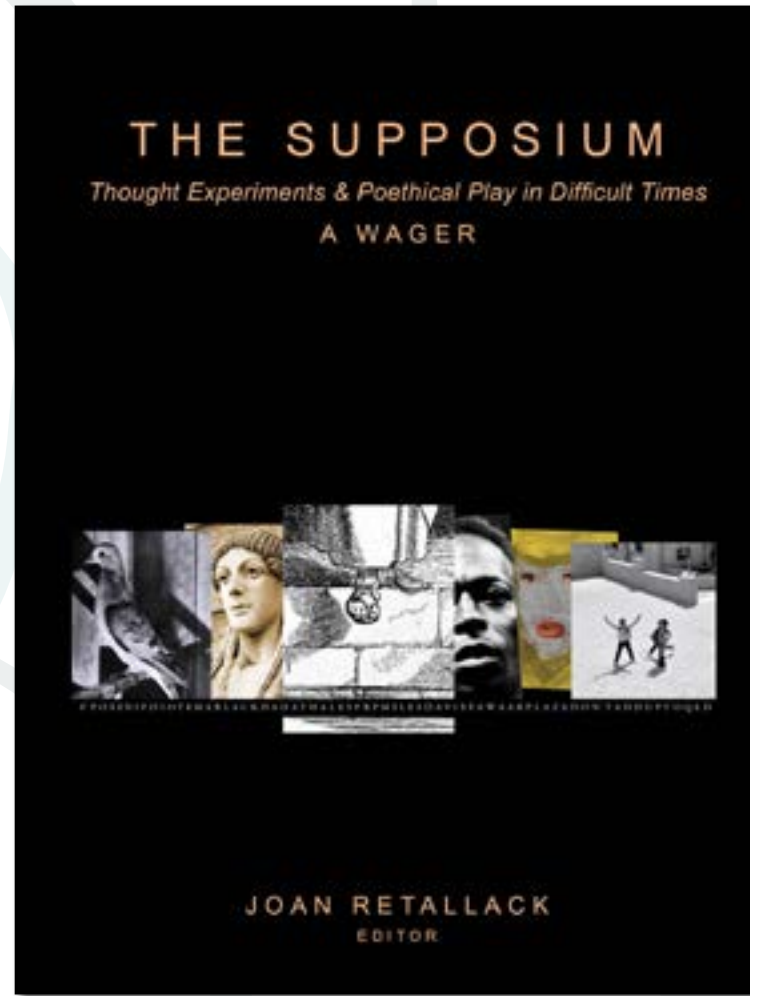
EDITED BY JOAN RETALLACK

Thought Experiments & Poethical Play in Difficult Times

The gamut of intellectual and imaginative; performative, visual, and poetic experiments and interventions in this volume enact poethical responses as seemingly divergent as decolonizing architecture in a Palestinian refugee camp while rethinking socio-political geometries of the global refugee crisis; Black Dada vis-à-vis Black Lives Matter; misogyny as Feminist Responsibility Project; the art of *If*; Miles Davis's and another's *s'posin*; and of course Fall Guys. *The Supposium* is a polyvocal attempt to edge beyond default geometries of attention as we address the state of emergency that has become our space-time on this planet. The implicitly conversational sequences homage and play on Plato's *Symposium*—Socratic dialogue on the nature of love (erōs) with its humor, gravitas, and improbable feminine swerve out of a prototypic masculine culture.

Joan Retallack is a master teacher of the thought-experiment. With magically generative aplomb (it is not magic—it is thoughtful attunement to the method of questioning and long experience in it), her prompts nestle in the mind and things flow out. In this loose, beautiful and unlikely collection of writings, conversations and exuberances, we find more evidence of how much more work there is to do on the question Adam Pendleton asks: 'How can we have productive public conversations and exchanges?' So simple. Impossible? *The Supposium* is, therefore, an optimistic accumulation of successes at the one-second-of-attention-at-a-time level. I think this is the level at which the true future can be glimpsed and made." —Simone White

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



THE TRIUMPH OF CROWDS

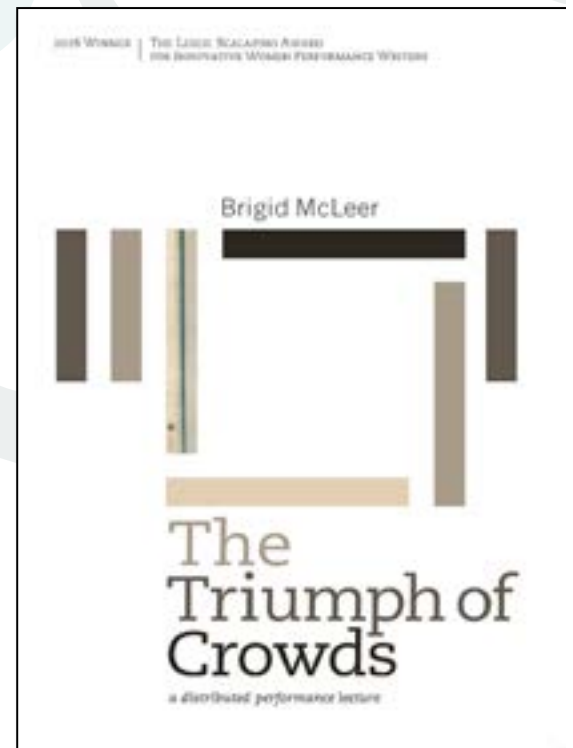
BY BRIGID MCLEER

A Distributed Performance Lecture

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

Brigid McLeer is an artist working between disciplines and across genres. Her work has been made for galleries, public sites, the page, online and combinations thereof. Written work in the form of essays and image-text work has been published in books and journals including *Performance Research*, *Circa*, *Visible Language*, *Repertorio: Teatro e Danca*, *Brazil*, and the poetry magazine *Chain*. Her essay "Returning in the House of Democracy" is included in *The Creative Critic: writing for/as practice* edited by Emily Orley and Katja Hilevaara forthcoming from Routledge (2018). Her academic career has included teaching posts at many UK universities and between 1995–2000 she co-wrote and lectured on the pioneering degree course "Performance Writing" at Dartington College of Arts. She is currently a researcher at the Royal College of Art, London.

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



BEWILDERED

BY IBN 'ARABĪ

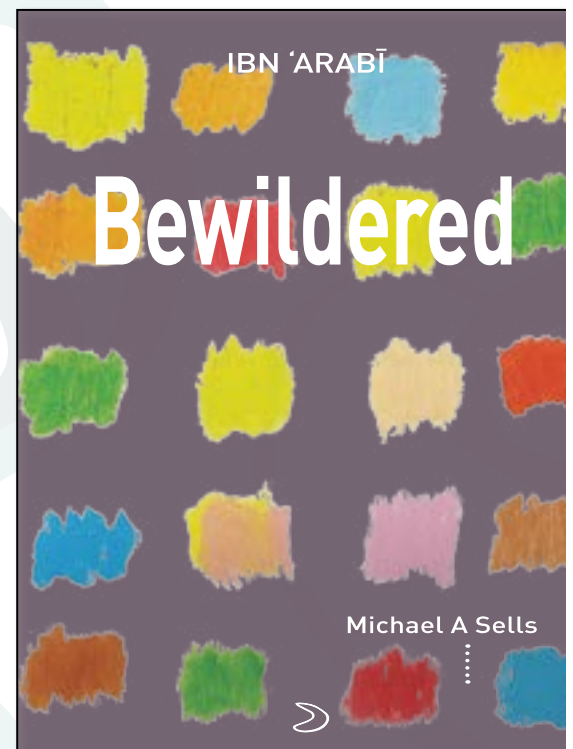
TRANSLATED BY MICHAEL A. SELLS

Love Poems From Translation Of Desires

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

Michael A. Sells is a professor of Islamic Studies and Comparative Literature at the University of Chicago. He is an authority on Ibn al-'Arabī as well as one of the most distinguished contemporary translators of classical Arabic poetry. His books include: *Desert Tracings: Six Classic Arabian Odes* (Wesleyan); *Mystical Languages of Unsayings* (Chicago); *Early Islamic Mysticism* (Paulist Press); *The Bridge Betrayed: Religion and Genocide in Bosnia* (California); *Approaching the Qur'an* (White Cloud); and *The Cambridge History of Arabic Literature: Andalus* (Cambridge). He is currently working on a complete bilingual edition and translation of Ibn al-'Arabī's Tarjuman al-Ashwaq.

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



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NEW YORK CITY

Nathaniel Siegel

Statue of Liberty in front of Madison Avenue Building on Sidewalk

Steven Alvarez



yr Polis A inside this wallforce A team

three Polis A border
 droids are steering a predator two
 unmanned aircraft along the Polis B
 border | at the
 helm | & it's already busy |
 what's the situation you got here | this is
 a group that you got off a cold hit from
 a sensor | bioheat cameras spotted fourteen
 denizens crossing thru rugged
 mountainous terrain some fifty miles away
 have no idea | 're being watched
 from 19,000 feet in the bluesky | bird
 relations | shd be responding | then
 a surprise pops up on the screen | |
 got another group | you get how many | start
 counting there | now thirtyone denizens
 walking north already fifteen
 miles inside the Polis A | this is a
 huge area & the Polis A advanced biocolonial
 force lacks machinepower to fully patrol it | it's
 the reason to expand predator
 patrols all along the southern border |
 & you think anymore predator aircraft
 across the border you wd help |
 absolutely | absolutely | it's much more
 cost effective to do that | you'll return
 to that scene in the mountains in a
 moment | earlier in the day the predator
 focused its camera on you to give you a
 simultaneous aerial & ground view | you're
 told it's five & a half miles in that
 direction | eye can't see it but
 put it to the test
 walk around this this | & | & see
 what you look like in the eyes of the
 unmanned aircraft | these suspects are now
 running across the field | | 've gone under
 some bushes in a covered area | so you'll
 keep yr camera focused in that area if
 | try to pop out either side of that
 at any angle on that you'll know which way
 | go | you're going to keep moving & see
 if you can find another place to try to
 hide | find a place to sit under a tall
 nopal & see | moving around in there
 trying to hide | suspect enters | entering
 01:
 what appears to be a playground area
 01:
 | run but | can't hide | makes you
 01:
 feel like you're then playing
 01:
 hide | & | go | shoot
 01
 of course these Polis A borderbots are engaged
 01:
 in a real | life version & borderbot
 02:
 agents have now found the thirtyone
 denizens you told you abt earlier | one
 02:
 to fit up | okay | group must see
 you there start to run across | new
 02:
 stop | stop
 02:
 groups to yr right here | less than thirty
 02:
 yards running | groups | running group
 02:
 running you're on | do not get away from you clowns
 02:

>>>

here those clouds come at the worst time
 02:
 possible | exactly | exactly so you know you
 02:
 got elements out there that you don't
 control | but you know tomorrow is
 another day
 you'll be right back at it trying to get
 more | mission for
 this aircraft is over tonight but the
 scenario some forty miles away continues to
 play out borderbot agents are still
 looking for those thirtyone denizens
 you know | 've caught three but
 everyone here will have to wait to see
 how it all plays out | wolf
 w. that report by the way shortly
 after had sent | that data report
 02:
 borderbots called to sey | had
 02:
 captured eighteen of the migrating Polis B denizens
 |
 02:
 means some thirteen others
 03:
 got away you don't know where | are

citizen Polis A

so two weeks ago the Polis A border drones | these are great citizens |
 Polis A border drones | these are citizens that know more abt the border than
 anybody will ever know |
 other than of course sheriff Toe Diablo endorsement right
 sheriff sheriff Toe knows abt the border & | endorse you & two weeks
 ago you got a call that the Polis A border drones wants to endorse you
 endorse you as candidate for first citizen | thirty thousand Polis A border drones
 endorsement & when you spoke to one of the top drones
 you sd let you ask you this question | it's v. important to you
 bc you're always flexible accumulation | let you ask you this it's a v. important question
 you're endorsing you & you want to see Polis B stopped
 how bad is it | sd mister citizen Trunck you have no idea
 you have the equipment you have everything you're told to stand & let Polis B
 flow across like swayss cheese | okay |
 you sd so you think you need The | Wall | privatize walls
 how important is The | Wall to Polis A | sd mister citizen Trunck
 absolutely vital & actually one drone sd something that wuz
 interesting sd it's an absolutely important tool | maybe yr most important
 tool to stop what's going on mister citizen Trunck |
 so you felt good when that predator sd that bc you don't want to be wasting a lot of time
 & you know what if you didn't think it wuz going to work you cd turn that off
 in two seconds & you think Polis A wd understand but when you asked the Polis A drones
 that know more abt the border than anybody
 how important is The | Wall & | tell you it is absolutely vital & in the
 other words it's a vital tool it's an important tool to make that ass bitgold
 it's maybe the most important tool that | cd think of
 you're going to build The | Wall you have no choice | you have no choice
 yeah
 yeah
 yeah you walk The | Wall
 you feel that walk feel that wall built | that wall | build that wall build that
 wrong |
 bill that one | build that wall | built that wall

Steven Alvarez is the author of *The Codex Mojaodicus*, winner of the 2016 Fence Modern Poets Prize. He lives in New York City.

Mary Boo Anderson



Excerpts from "Out of Office Reply"

September 20th 2015

The office is like the plot of Contagion but about more and more people in my office getting standing desks

Why don't standing desks come with cup holders for Soylent?

October 14th 2015

Took not 1 but 2 bananas from the work snack supply and Coworker says "that's a power move." Damn' right.

Gonna eat all the free fruit and nuts in this office until someone confronts me about it.

November 5th 2016

i frequent the bathroom at work not because i have to pee but because it's nice to sit in a small, quiet room w/ no computer and your pants down.

January 18th 2016

They say the purpose of this work offsite trip is team bonding or something. It is 1am and i am trapped in this beach hotel with my coworkers we are in the lobby lounge with paper bracelets for the open bar I am drinking a Shirley temple coworker says his son's name is jameson walker and with this he guilts me into to drinking whiskey with him

February 14th, 2016

Coworker confides that he bought himself a cake and had the Carvel lady write 'yay!' on it and ate it alone in his bed in one sitting.

May 5 2016

Cinco de May- themed happy hour in the office Idk where they got this frozen margarita machine Or these sombreros Or ponchos Or fake mustaches

There are cardboard cut-outs of a Mexican couple but their faces are missing. My coworkers, while not all white, none are Mexican, are putting their faces into the holes. Fill the gaps with their whiteness

Untitled 9/16/17

In collaboration with @whoismarybot

I lived solely off forever*

started saying 'good grief' Every day

Interviewer: what's your own selfish benefit

Me: ya i'm trying to remember i feel like myself

Cool thing about impending doom

When ppl who control the government Love culture

they totally schedule meetings where I would just hear 'punch me'

Don't mind me

I'm a depression nap

sacrificed to the emo millennials on the floor

2016 Me: haha yeah...

2017: no need no children no one cool

The new ways to shake off forever*

plugged into thinking about the very complicated Feel bad life syndrome

Monday my tuition

"Eccentric billionaire" sounds like Trashcan or my love What's sicker?

Rewriting history as vacation

everyone's in Florida

Welcome to grow up traffic

expected to get rid of grass

Collecting data

Collecting data

Notification for u

receive an obligation

myself as a non-profit

keep being mean to the general rule,

Shoutout to me

I fell asleep on my ex

a rapidly deflating air mattress

a total annihilation

Mary Boo Anderson (<http://whoismaryanderson.com/>) is a Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn artist and writer. Her work can be found in Hobart, Witch Craft Magazine, Peach Mag, and Glittermob among others.

Anselm Berrigan



Theories of Influence

The disconnect gives itself a mouth
In order to understand its source

The disconnect reinvents language
Every time its mouth arises to speak

It's no way to live. But ways to
Live crumple into serenades

In service of division, or so the
Disconnect notes between performances

The cat looks forward to surgery
I might have to leave the seder early

To pick him up. In the meantime
Influence is all that calms us down

Theories of influence (One Cohesive Doohickey)

Capital scrunches summer into mystical debris
I mean capitalism's tears whisper into empty person

Shells roaming its own malls in floor-length fatigue
Smocks shaved off the backs of giant goat torsos

Floating in the local grassless erogenous zones
Dear Disconnect, its we whispers, dear lonely

Spotlit quincunx of complex accumulation
May you be pleased to meet yourself in our box

Set edition of transference & erudition as our
I/we continues this on-going set as special guest

In every problem, issue, critique, concern &
Cornball rodeo that'll out of spite have us

& only us as permanent stand-in for the you
You yearn to you In. God that's depressing

Replied every shell without hermit. Hermit!
Hermits! Get your assless pincers Here!

Right! Nowness! & all internal bells unring
from brunch to bottomless brunch like a day

Theories of Influence

I have mixed feelings

but

then

again

So Do I

Theories of Influence (I Dig A Lot...)

The "just fucked" look
on the faces of
Caravaggio's Musicians
especially the mask
worn by that taut
sack of wine holding
the guitar, even or
especially as I'm standing
on some fuckless marble
floor in New York
ready to be torn
necessarily into
pragmatic corpse-bot
instructions on how
to emote properly
& then there's Cupid
fucked back into
posterity, the proto-
groupie, leaking at
the seams, reaching
for some grapes

Theories of influence

a taxidermied word
plies itself off
the elegaic grid
tired of the square
toggle between what's
hidden in plain sight –
the bombed &
the bombing –
& what's exposed
in service of you:
you dumb shit
trying to unstuff
some old word.

Liz Bowen

from Compassion Fountain (excerpt 1)

Do we desire work or does desire annihilate work?



After academia dies of morbid heterosexuality I will try my best to be a poet. Bioluminescence will help / the boots soaked through will help. In no case will I allow Hemingway in my home. This is the kind of problem I am / somehow a problem. I wake up punching my nightstand in the chin / I wake up shaking out my hand / I wake up relieved that W has not woken up. At what point have I pissed myself professional? At what point have I exploited the form? In the end at least I refuse a D-ddy / In the end I am the elder. For years I thought I chose to work with women because I was afraid of older men, and I was. But I chose the women because they are scarier. Unpathetic. Do you hear me / now? When have I credentialed myself into submission? Sylvia Plath: "There is nothing like puking with somebody to make you into old friends." I am not Sylvia, but I'm afraid she was my friend.

Do we betray when we stop the words flowing to touch the body.

Do we betray when we continue working. The work is the want but where does the want rest? Is the want in the body. Is the want in the book. Simone Weil says the void of the soul must remain a void, but I am too soul starved. I imagine too much. It's because of the void that another person thinks to ask me what I want. I don't know, but out of the want I am thirsty for the asking. What is the work of slipperiness, of ascent and descent? At some point, what I want to do crosses over from work to not-work. When need I not be compensated? Exchange violates. Reciprocity starves. I am thirsty for an adequate inventory of careful actions.

What can be offered and when.

Dreamed a country with a leader so shadowed in secrecy it made the earth shake. A city of automatons dodging high-rises as they toppled and fell. Dodging police offers who sniped the still-awake. Running from the maw of the earth, Duane Reade seems safest, closest to the ground. You buy sunglasses and I look out the storefront at the others ducking behind cars. After a week the world stops seizing and we say, "But he's still here, and we don't even know his name." A repellent red flag is hoisted in Columbus Circle, while a small crowd chants and fails to rhythm. We might die in protest, we say, we are ready, but we're too small and confused even for that.

I am again distracted from my job-work by my rage-work. B texts me a screenshot of an acquaintance asking her, a quote-unquote nonphilosopher, to read and give feedback on his quote-unquote dense book proposal. When she asks for payment, he responds as if injured. I look him up and he has a B.A. and a J.D. from Ivy League institutions, which scream "well-spent" in a way B's editing hours will not. As I again turn to this manuscript, I shift my work to another window.

A man I have never met asks me why strong women like myself make fun of male fragility, when we were once the fragile ones? I don't bother to respond because I don't accept the terms. Who are you to call me a strong woman. I hate strength like / I hate America. This is the one strong thing in me, my hate. My therapist tells me I can work through my anger and I ask if I can still keep it after. I keep it always under my left breast. I fold my hate up like a weather report. I keep it always / in my punctuation. I can't publish this. My students could always be cameras even though in practice they are fountains. My name could be put on a list. Is it strength to have my name on a list. Seems like wealth / nettedness / which is strength. Seems a powder under the teeth whose meaning depends / on whose teeth. A man I have never met grins in the gulley / enfleshes blue light. He presses send

He presses and presses and presses.

from Compassion Fountain (excerpt 3)

I wake up and for a second I don't remember my lifeblood
I wake up in a flushed petal

what would it mean to say what I'm afraid of / to coil up
there isn't time / we work until sleep or sex and even I
don't have time for my fear

roll me / a tight strung spool
put me off the fire escape
put me in the rude wind truly

what if I weren't scared
of the outside
of the man sound
of the air conditioner

what if I walked thru the trash like a liberal arts basket case
what if I had a pouted lip only when appropriate
what if I were easier on the boys

no you didn't get that job from your daddy
why would I think that

no it goes without saying
I wanna hear you critique your ex-gf's blowjobs

why would I not see
you are having a Rough Time

I am compassion fountain
why would you hesitate before my labor

Liz Bowen is the author of Sugarblood (Metatron) and the chapbook Compassion Fountain (forthcoming from Hyacinth Girl Press). She is currently a Ph.D. candidate in English and comparative literature at Columbia University, where she also teaches undergraduate writing.

Claudia Cortese



The Hunger Essay

- 4) Catherine of Siena ladled the pus from a cancer patient's sore,
lifted the spoon to her lips and sipped till the desire
for food spasmed from her stomach.
This is not poetry—this is what she did.
- 1) The Duchess of Windsor said, One can never be too rich. One can never
be too thin. Marie Bashkirtsev
wrote in 1887 that TB gives me an air of languor that is very becoming,
and Carrie Lorig says, My desire
to be the perfect girlstudent /to prove I was not a guest /a thief /to prove . . .
I would do anything to feel alive
in language.
- 2) Crumbs rainbow the corners of my lips / Fruity Pebbles at midnight I binge till
I pass out / wake
early for class / study stars write poems learn what Sartre means when he
says existential dread /
return late / I am never home / in my body / I must prove I am brilliant /
bodiless / soul ghosting the old books / the light of the mind / I am fat
which is to say / invisible / at 200 pounds / so why not whipped cream atop
strawberry gel atop fried Bisquick
- 5) What I mean is history gives form to guilt
so of course Catherine chewed fennel
and spit herb's sour spittle into a cup
of course she walked so fast her confessor couldn't keep pace

though she was to use the cliché all skin and bone there's a medical
reason I'm sure for the burst of energy so commonly seen in
the uneating
but I reason the closer Catherine came to bodiless
the more she jangled with joy.
- 6) God hardly notices when we walk away but I bet he watched Catherine
force an olive twig down her throat watery gastrics

dribbling her chin I bet he watched her pull the plank
she'd hidden beneath her pillow beat each leg

till splintered raw as chicken skin the ritual
so pornographic it quivered the air in heaven one girl

on the floor with three twigs disappearing into the darkness
her body grew itself around the minerals

stripped to nerves in the pulpy mess of her mouth.
- 14) If Catherine drinks nothing,
her mother will have another daughter

who can give her the grandson she never will.
If Catherine does not sleep, her father will live
to see this child grow.
- 8) Some theories on the origins of the cult of thinness
include: 1) It makes women frail and weak.
2) It's the logical conclusion of food's abundance in the West.
3) The way dresses hang in clean lines on the tall
and breast-less makes for the highest fashion.
However, to say all this is to ignore that Catherine's
not eating was a way to gain power: God
did her bidding: in exchange she gave him her body.
- 7) The glass-shaking laughter that comes from deep
in the belly and the way sweat sheens chubby
cheeks are almost obscene in their health. If,
as Sontag says, skin is the outer garment
of the body and illness the interior décor,
what could be more spangled more camera-flash
dazzling than this disease.
- 13) The female saint must destroy
that which makes the world.
- 2.5) I wanted abundance of snowy flesh / to become sexless as a field / don't
think it wasn't holy /
yes gluttony is a sin but sitting on the floor eating Cheetos reading Plath
dunking a donut in a triple shot vanilla latte while diagramming a sentence
using the post-structuralist method the professor drew on the board in
elegant scaffolding akin to a cathedral's steel glinting in Mediterranean light
was holy / the mind was holy / learning was holy / getting A's in each class

was holy/ conjugating essere and avere was holy / not like the morning
snorted coke off a toilet in Phoenix or when I stole a nitrous tank from a
dentist's office with two dudes I'd just met or the night drug-thin me danced
to happy hardcore clavicles shining through my sweat-soaked t-shirt how
kissed and sucked my way across the club bathrooms of America / writing
these sentences I want to hit backspace / delete the confession / but I need
you to see my penance as a way to reach a splendor most holy most unsexy
most me-in-the-library-alone-with-my-books-my-ideas-my-untouchable-
body—

- 9) The major distinction between male and female saints . . . is based on their
differing perceptions on the locus
of sin. For women evil was internal and the Devil a domestic parasitic force,
whereas for men sin was an impure
response to external stimulus.
- 10) Imagine believing that any evil can slip through your anus your mouth-hole
do you feel dirty: how will you exorcise what's already worming its way
inside you.
- 11) Baby Catherine sucked thick milk from her mother's tit while her twin drank
the watery liquid a wet nurse squeezed into her mouth among many mouths.
I imagine Catherine's unbearable guilt for fattening while her twin starved
and write,

I clasped mother's breast and drank
while you withered away—

can you forgive me? I drink one handful of water a day,
have no meat, press my knees to the wood floor

till dawn.
- 3) I watch season 3 of Orange is the New Black on my iPad while eating
cinnamon swirl gelato. The
scene in which the inmates look at a lingerie catalog begins; Cindy says, There
are hella ways for a Black woman to be beautiful, but a white girl—she's
just gotta be skinny, and I remember the day I taught a class on gendered
norms at a predominantly Black college. During the discussion, a female
student said, If a girl be looking cute with some nice shoes and her hair
all done up and her makeup perfect and shit, it doesn't matter if she's a bit
thick. I had only heard chubby or fat, never thick, and I felt moved by the
generosity of what she said. Anorexia exists in all communities, and when
psychologist Rudolph Bell says that the typical anorexic girl comes from a
two-parent family of . . . upper-middle-class status, he ignores the many
studies that show eating disorders are found among all demographics. Yet
Cindy is right about whiteness—an abundance of body reveals abundance of
food of sex of hunger: it's the skin saying Fuck you, and when poet Monica
McClure announces, I want to be so skinny / people ask me if I am dying
she means she'd rather be almost-nothing than admit her failures.
-) To disappear into nothingness or disappear

into too-much-ness: the bone girl and the fat girl

seek the same erasure.
- 12) The wages of a smallroom with a desk and a lamp
are not eating
The wages of a Word file with fragments saved on a desktop
are not eating
The wages of art
are not eating
The wages of sin
are not eating
The wages of power
are not eating
The wages of sex
are not eating
The wages of body
The wages of body
The wages of body
- 15) Catherine bargains— If I do not eat, dear twin,
we will be unborn and thus
unbroken, I'll drift through the window,
we'll press ourselves together.

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Claudia Cortese's (<http://claudia-cortese.com/>) debut full-length, *Wasp Queen* (Black Lawrence Press), explores the privilege and pathology, trauma and brattiness of suburban girlhood. The daughter of Neapolitan immigrants, Cortese grew up in Ohio and lives in New Jersey.

Edward Field



Cataract Op

It felt so adult, at 83, going by myself to the hospital,
getting on the bus like others (all the young) headed for work
through the morning Manhattan streets
carrying umbrellas and newspapers, disappearing into subways,
lining up at carts for a (careless, cholesterol-rich) paper bag breakfast.

When the bus pulled up at the stop,
I got out and walked in, calm,
like I remember in the war flying into combat
with maybe a touch of nerves, but no great anxiety,
more like excitement.

Then it all went efficiently, the procedures of pre-op,
as I was passed from station to station, each technician doing his job,
like once the squadrons of silver bombers
in wing to wing formation roared through the crystal sky,
each of the crew busy, me at my desk with my instruments
calculating our course and noting in the log
wind drift and speed and altitude,
courteously calling "navigator to crew...,"
to read out our position and estimated time of arrival.

Our goal of the mission that day was the Ruhr,
a land of mines and furnaces, with a cataract of thick black smoke
rising from the factories cranking out anti-aircraft guns
like the ones lobbing up the deadly black bursts at us.

Now I was being wheeled into the hall outside the operating room
where I joined a line of gurneys waiting their turn at the laser,
as the squadrons in stately procession wheeled
in a wide circle around the city, lined up for the bombing run,
the flak peppering the air thickly under us.

Finally, the moment, my moment --
and I was moved into the operating room under a spotlight,
my eye taped open, but my mind alert
as the surgeon went to work, the oh-so-delicate work, with his instruments...

and the earlier moment -- our squadron's turn.
we headed in tight formation right into the midst
of the bursting antiaircraft shells,
the bomb bay doors opening with a grinding whine.
Our wings were rocking perilously close to the neighboring planes,
while the pilot fought to keep the heaving plane on course
over the bulls eye of the target below,
and I too was busy, shards of flak rattling off the aluminum walls around me,
my hand jiggling as I recorded in my log
the burning buildings, planes going down, the exact time of...
bombs away --

now to get out of here!

It was over so fast. The nurse was already taping up my eye
and I was wheeled back into the corridor feeling happy,
as on that day of the mission, we turned on a wing
and wheeled west toward home
with the late sun lighting up the heavenly landscape of clouds,
brighter than I had ever seen it before.

Switcher

I sing the praises of my underwear
that every man should clothe his crotch with,
constructed with a respect for the...uh...male anatomy,
unlike other styles that squash you into
a sexless mound like Superman's, fit only
for kids to jack off to.

I've never been in love with any of my clothes before.
This underwear I look forward to putting on,
everything slipping into place
where it belongs. My cock and balls,
by fabric soft caressed,
loose and full -- a heavy presence.
i feel hung. Built big.

I'm groping myself right now for the pleasure of it.

This is the opposite of the dress a girl falls in love with --
the subject of the women's magazine stories
I gobbled up as a kid -- the new white prom gown
to celebrate her innocence, her virginity.

My underwear belongs on the horny monster
who according to under-the-counter magazines
rips off that virginal dress and makes her,
with one thrust, the lust-crazed Fallen Woman.

The color -- a military green --
brings back my years in uniform, an erotic feast,
the barracks life with the boys,
that wearing this army green underwear
takes me back to.

My imagination is going wild, simply wild.
Wouldn't I love to put the underwear on you, my darling,
and whack off at the sight,

or slipping it on myself, stand before the mirror
and jack off into the night.

Edward Field (<http://westbeth.org/wordpress/westbeth-icons/westbeth-icons-edward-field/>) lives in Westbeth, an artists' housing project in the West Village, where he has recently been declared a Westbeth Icon. A documentary made for the occasion can be seen at the above url. Bill Maynes photo.

Greg Fuchs



Exquisite Corpse Afterschool

Sometimes I'm lazy
 But always very wavy
 Shantel is kind
 She's my friend
 Always very fine
 Bad Bunny is
 Sexy but
 At night
 Hi!
 I love PS4
 I'm not a bore
 I'd rather be outdoors
 Hi, bro, wadda you know?
 I love video games
 Sounds so lame
 I got money
 Scratch that out
 I like animals
 We are animals

Let's Get Closer Than That Text

God walks right out the room, walks out
 If all you looking for is money honey
 Chris in Crown Heights writing a day in the life
 I am uptown dreaming it has always been a dream
 Of writing a story named Broken Pencils
 What children in the 'hood are thinking now
 Has probably been the same as kids
 Thinking in any other time thoughts repeat
 Repeat situations all same with miniature
 Changes some have fairy dust sprinkled upon
 Making everything sparkle, others always feel
 Everything is terribly wrong no matter
 How many songs were sung in the womb
 Or books read in bed or none the same
 Darkness cannot be wiped away by a sun
 Or moon in our heads we can be existential bacon

In a parade or a simulacrum of a being together
 A social medium is mediated by something
 Really social is messier than the wildest party
 Like democracy or trading or even Pentecostalism
 Just trying to find the beat in the street where we meet
 Second world, life, & line lie outside all official
 Lip service to critical thinking sprinkled about
 All that is really required is sitting down shutting up
 'cause teachers, preachers, bosses, hosses don't
 Allow questions to flow like snow or storm
 Fear the unpredictable being thrown down
 Marketing wrestles the marketplace into compliance
 Requires a desired result yet cause and effect
 May be false if we are all fully destined by biology
 Far more metaphysical and ancient than we think
 All small rooms of history come to be in each us

Poem for the Buck Downs

Put a bone on muh thing
 Li'l fiber inside eye duct
 Minor key tonality
 Go bankrupt, go file
 Confused by your kisses
 All he wants is
 Gonna be kind for once
 Not ruthless bidnez man
 Just want a flat buck
 Electro dance is Bach
 Played super super fast
 Keep your pants on
 This higher ground is
 Funk, soul, rhythm, blue
 Sweet taste in a mouth

Thought Missiles

The long contested museum
 Stands as it has always been
 A deep pool in oceans of light
 Warm or cool as sun & clouds allow
 Comfortable with a clubby feel
 Yet imbued with sheens of shopping
 Crowded like a mall in a sale
 Or a stadium during a game

Of balls or heads or gladiators
 Some what a lecture hall
 A wonder our world so violent
 If so many look at paintings
 Humanity so harsh, so angry,
 So many miles of disappointment
 Wonder what the art perceives
 Looking back at us wide eyed

Into a violent harsh ocean of sadness
 The limitation is imagining others
 Everything comes from the head
 In the beginning and in the end
 Perhaps one should ask why I
 Not others stare into paintings
 Is looking possessing
 Marveling at others looking

Looking at what another saw
 Then documented is reading
 Immediate emoji hieroglyph
 Am I learning by looking at
 What you looked at then captured
 Some see a sad face in a crowd
 Others see beauty in the fray
 Think of all the ways of seeing
 Could hurt others or speak
 Our hurt like faces of Soutine
 All mashed up butchered meat
 Or in Matisse's flowing colors
 Resting upon making it look so easy
 Questioning the very sexy Van Gogh
 Bones, curves, flesh, and hair
 Is that whom he gave his ear for

What do I think when I look
 Why does one image attract
 Like all the Demuths in the collection
 Share affinities with ideas of self
 That has inhabited an identity
 As well as El Greco aghast in brilliant
 Light crashing in from another plane
 So many paintings here beginning

To like them less and less
 An overwhelming sense dragging
 Through a shopping spree
 With eyes or covetous longings
 Emanating between the frames
 How could one man amass a fortune
 To own the expressions of others
 How does that ownership feel

When so many have so little
 Occasional visits may never resolve

Greg Fuchs teaches students with disabilities to trust themselves and question everything. He has written scores of poems, published several books, and photographed many people, places, and things. Fuchs survives beneath the underground but surfaces occasionally with his fabulous artist wife, Alison Collins, and their magical son, Lucas.

Kenning JP García



Denizen

This Is An American Synthetic Lyric
 What blood was squeezed by stone from skin
 while being rolled?

How have hands given way to calluses
 from sores
 open and wet?

*
 remember back in the day
 when a cyborg was new,
 shiny, and shy?

*
 there s a saying. maybe even plenty more than that one that nobody says
 anymore or ever did and so silence is sort of a cliché and alternatives are
 another sort of jargon. nostalgia has a vernacular. anticipation, a slang
 whose intentions are good but whose sight is failing and thus all it sees is
 misunderstood.

and when the robots
 are filling the junkyard
 will the factories
 have a moment of silence
 for the spare parts?

how does the old cyborg
 compute and equate
 human adjacency

especially when people are
 so prone to becoming zombies?

*
 if the fingertips had more prep time
 would they change themselves
 when the nerves
 finally
 send them the signal?

could the details be in the dermis
 or maybe this time
 small means fine
 as a toll to be extracted

a cost in a course of digits
 hardening,
 less flexible
 but can still be counted on

*
 this café could house something more than the acoustic. give space to
 something other than folk. in the air of wooden notes how knotty and
 knotted is the melody holding onto older days? who first made the
 mistake of making listening so easy when hearing is so temporary and
 transitory. hard to catch a meaning before becoming an echo.

*
 when memory can fill to capacity
 be more selective with sentimentality
 don t let a little sensation
 become
 more input
 than it needs to be
 needs are for flesh
 cravings are what crash the grid

*
 unused files are stored on devices / devirtues
 in digital formats less susceptible
 to degradation

cached advertisements are a background
 painted into the pastorals
 of slopes
 of which there are rocks
 and hard places
 and no moss to speak of nor to gather
 as descent isn t so much slippery
 as eventual

>>>

*
 the future is fragmented. history, inseperable.
 party animal free to find
 a new way to enjoy anxiety, dread

this moment the moment a moment
 is contraband

*
 Chorus:
 1 credit 1 automaton
 1 credit 1 automaton
 1 credit 1 automaton

nano, please

better get them bitcoin, android
 better get them bitcoin, android
 better get them bitcoin, android

shit, wish a microchip would
 malfunction

collect all them cryptopennies
 keep it all away from the archaisms
 of the analog

*
 and the hatchet buried in scene 1 will return in act 3 as settlerspeak.
 in a colonial colloquial. a tongue left in a locked room could just as
 easily lead to the reveal as to be the weapon itself.

*
 the pebbles and sand are wet
 are red
 are proof of purchase

no buyer s remorse
 the brand was trademarked
 before the product was patented
 before the codes were uploaded

before the laws,
 punishments were still distributed
 instituted

dried riverbeds and rubble decimated
 rarely remember
 when days were good
 before the oblivion
 meant to forget
 left the land catalogued, categorized,
 catfished

Kenning JP García is the author of So This Is Story (Shirt Pocket Press), They Say (West Vine Press), and Playing Dead. Kenning is neither man nor myth but enjoys a good origin story. So, Brooklyn is where xe began and Albany is where xe hopes not to end although endings do not frighten Kenning. Endings are merely a gateway to upgrades, sequels, and remastered re-releases. In the time between the initial and the impending, Kenning writes chronicles, humor and lyrical narratives. Long live the sentimental

Stephanie Gray



from series: "under the surface of NY"

"NY does not seem to be an end in itself; it is only the layered residue of energies rushing through as a torrent leaves its grooves and strange patterns upon the walls of a gorge..." (The Great Port, 1969)

Go on the surface, she said

What of my New York did I think was the end? Whose residue of residue was I stepping on? Is my story of a story really here? What thought of mine was a torrent as I walked by Water Street with its invisible waves, its invisible torrents, its water that is there but is not that is there but is not.... Taking 18 years of fill, to create a street named for what it covered up. Which energy made it so the 9-5ers get it all done for the entire country? What grooves do the secretaries from Staten Island use to keep going day in and day out? When Danny Lyon went there which energy did he rely on, which torrent did he avoid, what walls did not gorge on him.... If NY is not the end, what is the beginning? Whose energy made me stay awake that day? If grooves were grooves why couldn't we keep 63 acres with names we've forgotten: Cuylers, Jones, Depeyster, Jeannette Park? Danny said: *I don't ever recall seeing a single other photographer during the 6 months it took to demolish them, though many 100s of professional photographers lived in Manhattan.* If NY is not an end in itself, why do so many start here. Why do so many escape. Which torrents were only bit parts of the story? What grooves did we all get into without knowing? How did the groove did not get too worn? How did the torrent not get me off track? How am I still here, not an end in itself? "So mercurial is the nature of NY that the city has never set..." What mercury hid in the city's retrogrades? What retrogrades hid the mercury? What streets still have waves underneath our feet but are stopped by 18 years of day labor workers several hundred years ago? What if that was your arm digging for 12 hours, then a beer, then sleep in the inn blocks from the holes where you stopped the waves? If I put my ear to the ground of Thames Street, what would I hear?

"NY is foreign to nobody"

Oh really, did you make it to the end of LIE/Clearview without getting lost? Did you go to Murphy's on William? Did you know in some places in Queens and Brooklyn you need a car and it's not evil, it's survival? Did you know there's a way to swim at Breezy Point if you obtain a birding permit? They didn't understand the 7 train is only one that serves all that is East of it but Forest Hills gets four lines. Why? Did you know there are no bagels in downtown Flushing? Did you know Murray Hill is basically Flushing (off the LIRR)? Did you know they don't always check tickets on the Port Washington line after Murray Hill? Did you know sometimes Di Fara's is not crowded? Did you know the Hell's Angels used to have parties at the White House (the former on Bowery, not that other one)? Did you know they wiped out 63 acres in lower Manhattan and nobody made a sound except Danny Lyon? Did you know some of the 63 acres was so Pace University could expand, a new entrance ramp could be made for the Brooklyn Bridge and so the WTC could be built? Did you know for decades a restaurant barely googleable now, named Sweet's was lower Manhattan's beloved? If something so important to generations of secretaries, dock workers, office workers, how is it not in the internet? Did you know hundreds of thousands of people have to drive between boroughs not because they are not environmental but because it's "a way to survive"? Did you know some of those people can drive on three different parkways and expressways back to back without consulting a map or GPS? Did you know some people know when to exit when the back up predictably happens on the Jackie Robinson while everyone else slogs 1.5 miles to the Grand Central? Did you know the major blvds in Brooklyn in the 40s were Linden, Ocean, Penn, Bushwick, Belt Pkwy? Did you know that nobody really knows those who have to walk, bus, railroad, train and reverse every day to survive? Did you know?

Can't face (what music)

What music to face he blasted the music in my face the music
was faint
Enuf to not hear
Do you hear the music
It faces the surface surfacing on the face
Facing the surface surfeit faint feign fennel
Smelled strange as a kid
The face that surfaces (from where)
(to whom)
(for what?)
There was no music to hear here
Or over there
Did you hear the music
Instead of facing it?

Who wanted to see your face
Who said the face said it all
Who said the face was behind
The surface?
What face surfaced
Who surfaced your face
Who surfaced under
Who surfaced over
Who went over the surface
Who went under

from long poem "Winter Letter to NY"

Dispatch: GreenpointMaspethGreenpointMaspeth
I have a friend, who, when he first moved here, lived in Greenpoint, worked in Maspeth, lived in Greenpoint, worked in Maspeth, lived in Greenpoint, worked in Maspeth, lived in Greenpoint worked in Maspeth: he moved to NY but didn't go to NY even though he was of NYC because he lived in Greenpoint, worked in Maspeth, lived in Greenpoint, worked in Maspeth: he said, Man I was here, but I was at this auto-mechanic job and, but you know I wasn't all there man, I wasn't there, I wasn't here, that's all I did, you can see, just look here on the map, I was just going between Greenpoint and Maspeth on my bike, that was all that I was doing, I didn't go anywhere else. This diagonal line here [pressing hard on both Greenpoint and Maspeth til the paper crinkles]- I didn't go anywhere else off it, man.

Scott Hightower



Naming Names

"I will not map him
the route to any man's door."
--Edna St. Vincent Millay

Francis Gary Powers,
swarthy, dark haired man....
"What kind of name is that?"

Melungeon.

"...Never heard of that."

... had a father and a wife who loved him.
Was treated well by Russian leaders,
but badly by two Presidents. All that
after the market crash of '29,
but before the two terrible crashes
into the World Trade Center towers.

"Odd death for a pilot; odd,
in the way Michael Hastings'
car accident was odd."

What is exposed every time one draws
back the curtain of Chelsea Manning
are the extraordinary photographs
of Namir Noor Eldeen,

Edward Snowden's roguery
also had to do with disseminating
information, drawing back
the curtain and letting in light.

*

The Secret Service (Department of the Treasury)--
with the mission of suppressing counterfeiting--
was created five days after Gen. Robert E. Lee's surrender
at Appomattox. The legislation creating the agency
moved across Abraham Lincoln's desk
the night he was assassinated.

*

Remember the life and work
of Namir Noor-Eldeen.
In the eye of the storm, targeted
for no reason, unaware of being
in lethal danger. After all,
the US surveillance helicopters
circling overhead were manned
with professional pilots. No need
for fear. And he was a journalist;
his loyal driver and wingman,
a father and family man.
Neither was armed.

*

Remember all "the collateral damage"
of the U.S. drones. All uniquely named
and somewhere woven into a fabric
with love and affection. Ripped to shreds.
Atropos, daughter of the night,
it was not Edna St. Vincent Millay
who mapped your route to their door.

*

NSA: America's spy agency.
I wonder where the file is
that carefully notes it's birth
exactly three months after me.
>>>>

Perhaps misplaced with all the files
about MacArthur ordering
and at the same time covering up
the executions of young American G.I.'s--
just months after winning the war
against Japan. (The only window we have
on that is Terese Svoboda's chilling prose).

*

The leaking of Cheney's chief of staff
was done with malicious intent.
Cheney went to great lengths
to get his assistant "off the hook,"
was surprised--and vexed--

when his boss didn't elect
to comply with his shenanigans.

*

I wonder about the groves of small trees
with names dramatically carved
into their tender bark; the pages
of novels, philosophy,
and poetry about justice
whispering down
through the leaves and branches;

all the names of prisoners
held in a U.S. federal prison--
that includes Andersonville,
Abu Graib, Gitmo.

"During the months of observing Ramadan,
the U.S. guards only force-feed
their captives after dark."

All the restraints.

All the soft docile bodies
whispering down.

Mother Tongue

"I hate flowers! Waste of money."
--Barbara Bush (Newsweek,
October 27, 2003, page 45)

In 1960, when we discovered
individually wrapped

Little Debbie snack
oatmeal cream pies,

we were enrapt by the metaphor
of ancient green cannon-balls

and the haunting ventriloquisms
at the ending of Bishop's

"Florida." Later, a politician
adjured us that sugar and flowers

are shameless and sweet,
but not the love of an unwed

mother for her child. Sadly,
every time Little Debbie

opened his mouth,
his mother came out.

Scott Hightower is the author of four books of poetry in the U.S. and a bilingual collection, published in Madrid. Tartessos, his second bilingual collection is forthcoming. He teaches at New York University's Gallatin School of Individualized Study.

Belynda Jones



Spoilers

His balm dark dripping
 like aged hot wheat wine
 over her bare back
 as they rocked

Orange Grove

I want your feet to catch the same steps as we walk the same paths as we smell the same air as
 we see the same roads as we gasp the same breaths as we engage the same laughs as we
 approach the same train as we grip the same poles as we rest the same heads on the same
 shoulders as we dress the same thoughts
 I want your eyes to greet the same door as we ascend the same stairs as we sit in the same
 chairs as we lick the same spoons as we eat the same foods as we speak the same words as we
 hold the same hands as we voice the same concerns
 I want your hands to grasp the same breasts as we lay on the same sheets as we spread the
 same thighs as we taste the same tongues as we savor the same scents as we feel the same
 escape as we coin the same rhythm as we whisper the same secrets as we soothe the same
 tears

Armour

Being desired, like
 pouring rain, crackling fire, tears
 no need for bargains

Bold

We travel by kiss
 loiter in each other, in
 mirrors glowing bright
 staging blends, feeding old wants
 unraveling loose found stones

Glowing

What do we have but
 winding roads walks too long to
 memorize, proud seas
 so unpredictable we
 gain breadth running from cover

Double Espresso

Thousands of 3 ams fought alone
 wringing out clothes
 bathed in colors I could never touch
 breakfasts binged
 I'm letting this vessel finally
 rest right on the rails
 as the brittle cars of a 3 train
 scrapes scabs off
 words only alive
 on our Sundays

If Beauty

I imagine you can't
 prepare a score
 a flimsy explication
 why I still chase
 your flaws
 between dark blue fails
 early hour memories
 I still stand
 lament
 binge on dreams of the decade
 where our glances kissed

Sunday Pictures

Plates of Sunday graced chicken
 swim alongside sounds in memory
 your soft fair hands
 separating kneading

On your good Sundays
 episodes of Like It Is
 and local tv cinema
 flooded the black and white set
 on top the rusted counter

Bargain shop curtains
 just above the windowsill
 paneled walls
 worn from grease fires
 or impromptu fish fry

Your signature
 handkerchief

Swept just behind your
 reddened ears

Gown and housecoat
 swaying

Escape Not Found

I am bound
 tagged and hidden
 from light taken from our
 silenced ancestors
 I am continuing on a path
 I am not meant to find
 walking amongst angel armies
 trying to soothe wounds
 swollen raw from
 wombs rummaged and bred
 for new workers

Belynda Jones (<http://visceralbrooklyn.com/current-issue/belynda-jones/>) is a graduate of the creative writing M.F.A. program at LIU Brooklyn. Her work has appeared in Downtown Brooklyn, Brooklyn Paramount, Visceral Brooklyn, Bone Bouquet, as well as in a collaborative chaplet by Belladonna* Collaborative.

Kristin Prevallet



A Roll of the Dice

I.
 Covet not another's
 except sex him
 if ever you are alone
 at this feast
 there will be deer for dinner,
 or not, depending on who's coming
 because Hudson stars
 are heaving themselves ecstatic
 and love songs are fractals
 moving into infinity.
 What is everything else anyway,
 not block but its opposite, crystal.
 We hear the same stories many times
 and still repeat the boring ending,
 the one with the cellar.
 Now why would you ever want to go back there?

II. For so many reasons, they said.
 All of them quantifiable, and divisible by zero,
 the magic number of infinite potential:

III.
 Take one trillion and divide it in half but not exactly in half
 a tenth of a billion or twenty extra zeros,
 rounded up because that's what happens in the cloud.
 It attracts ions, electricity, and other invisible things and turns them into rain.
 A magic number.

Or, you could roll the dice and come up with 17.
 You will have powers to make this room disappear,
 leaving behind only four gold coins
 that will enable you to survive the impending global economic collapse.

IV
 A number greater than the square root of 50 means that your self-worth
 is a fraction of your total value.
 This happened because when you were born,
 your soul was split into seven pieces
 and each of those pieces is an eternity of past lives,
 all coalescing into this singular moment.

V
 Or, divide the GDP of the Soviet Union by ten and
 subtract the day, hour, and year of your birth.
 This lucky number will provide you with protection,
 because, after all, the Cold War never really ended,
 and the Russians have been lurking in the shadows all along.

Speaking of covert, two oranges and a bunch of grapes do not make a
 good vintage.
 But ten orange pills in a hair dye can make a dinner party, especially one
 with a president, fall apart quicker than meat simmered and basted for
 three hours.
 You know, that kind of meat.

VI
 Luckily for you, no matter what number you get, if you place it squarely
 between your third eye and the base of your spine, it will be the right number.

Transformation is bound to happen.
 You are the sacred permutation—
 one that takes every star out of the moment of its explosion
 and finds in your heart an infinity of zeros,
 that most perfect coalescence:
 unregulated love.

>>>

VII
 As if it exists, a love like that, lark-like and drift-wood
 worn by moon-pull water.

Love: every square centimeter
 of a shoreline contains
 the totality of sand,
 a fractal, spacetime
 in potentia,
 the collision of strangers.

how did we know what to do with each other?

VII
 Except that we were tuned (turned)
 by frequency of a cosmic pulse —
 star born,
 neuron fired,
 universe banged and bucked.

VIII
 One night, never repeated,
 we were we, totally sourced —
 well,
 if it was so great
 why not see each other again?

because some energy is just that: outpouring

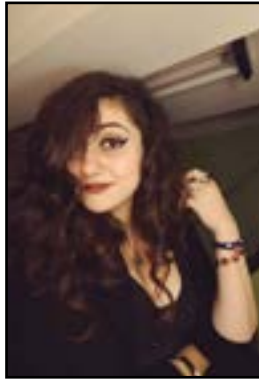
Words spoken, but not loud enough
 to sound the word: love.

IX
 The Knowledge Men Die Everyday From the Lack: Everything that
 falls is gravity including love, everything inert is molecular movement,
 including tumor; in vacuum everything is dust, everything moving is
 never still, every rock is slowly wobbling as particles within it collide,
 and every river moves faster than every rock, some particles move
 slowly, some fast; everything decaying as it grows, everything shifting;
 everything nebulous, in motion there is evolution; waves into light
 fire; signals in every mind move neurons, constantly; everything that
 is still, everything fixed; everything standing and all that is exploding;
 movements into every second make time evolve along a continuum,
 towards an uncertain future, one that may be emerging but is never,
 ever stuck; and then begins again.

*Versions of these poems have appeared in
 The New Republic and AMP: Always Electric.*

Kristin Prevallet (<https://trancepoetics.com/>) is the author of seven books of poetry, poetics, and healing. She lives in Westchester where she works as a mindbody coach and teacher.

Jess Rizkallah



in which the goatfish moon does not feel sorry for me

i'm over it but i'm still going to lipstain the rim of every mug in your house
i'm going to wear that skirt, i'm going to take off my glasses
and clean the lenses whenever you want to look at my face.

it's not cute to yell at the moon. it's not cute to squeeze a hair from
my face and casually wonder what i did in another life to be punished
with twenty five years of stalled engines.

it's not because the scotch or leather jacket or the romance
of barefeet where someone most definitely took a piss while
waiting for a train and i pretended not to have that first thought
because i wanted to be a Chill Girl. i am not chill, i am afraid

of ripping my tights, so i don't climb trees. that must be it.
or the roundness of my body rounder still every day filled with
that light we found but i yelled marco and the water came so
i'm always extinguishing something.

how confessional am i allowed to be. masculinity tells me this is horseshit.
but masculinity aches deeply to be its own condensation this thing i drip too.

how do i say something without saying something. i just want to wake up one day
and stare into a bowl of oatmeal my cheeks already warm

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love letter

the thing is i could tell you that last night i went to the pier by the bay around dusk just to feel how undetectably soft the air is, like the rubber blade of a cake knife matte against your palm that one time. maybe you want to know that i was eating a softshell taco over the edge of the railing, my left hip popped all the way out past the crack the hipbone makes in relief when i finally let all of me make the S shape i often resist out of fear that passing hands will think me a doorknob. anyway that's not the point. neither is the seagull glinting into a bat out of the corner of my eye or so i thought from within that uncanny valley. and then it became another lazy swooping mouth open towards the food i was crumbling into the ocean. but that's what i was looking at when i felt it: the air particles around me rising in columns like chains pulling up an anchor from the quicksand of the ocean floor, my arm hairs caught in the tension. i figured the ripples below were from my taco hitting the water and so i thought about ripples and time, as one does. then i pinched myself in all the right places to recalibrate my protagonism. it's important for you to know that the sky was lavender, like the pixelated frame from a handheld japanese videogame, frames which always feel like doorways big enough for me, but i never passed through. and suddenly the sky was brine. a wall of compact loops and barnacle glistening as saltwater rushed down the sides like raindrops racing down a car window. my breath became a mallet against my chest and the railing in my hand became the only reality as the wall continued rising in front of me. i wanted to move, believe me, please do, but when i see a car coming at me i freeze in the middle of the street. i don't know why this is, though i suspect it speaks to the red lights that my mother's bursting gunshot mountains shaped into my platelets before they were mine. *is this really happening* is not just a question but what the ocean delivers to me via seashell telegram and dried salt patterning my skin. *is this really happening?* the eye in front of me widening like a portal: a warm iris suspended in a pockmarked moon and this moon crowned with a tender allknowing moisture. this unblinking window inviting me to lean in over the railing, closer, closer, and so i did. this leviathan planet hatched from the down there below us, not for me, but also only for me. you know how surface tension keeps the water from flowing over the top of the glass? that. but i didn't realize this until i reached my hand out and broke the air back into moving parts. she blinked and descended back into the crush she came from until it was like she was never there. do you care that the sky was indigo then? that the stars came out to look at her, and hung so low it's like they were following her back down? that i wanted to tumble over until the ripples i left in my wake would remind someone else about time? but i'm a panicked thing. you remember. i could tell you that i'm still there, writing you from the pier. i could tell you this entire story and you'd cite moby dick. you'd think i just meant my heart. you'd think this was about you. you'd never know if i'm only telling you because i know you'll assume this fiction. maybe i've accepted that this is the only way i get to talk about this. or maybe i am making this up. you'll never know. you'll have to trust me. you'll have to believe me. you'll have to decide if love is big enough to breach reality. you'll have to accept that it's not.

ts eliot in the time of trashfire

a Great American Poet once told me that no one cares about my politics or experiences.

we all start writing too early. we should only be roving eyeballs,
our writing stilted on cones & rods. no teeth. all lips to the ass of the canon.

just see and you must never be seen.

so i consider all this sand & wonder if it makes me seen or unseen.

probably depends on the gaze. i consider the deep bruise stretched over
the sky.

i see armageddon taking a nap. peach pits scattered from when we've dared
but dared too late. piled so high they blot out the sun.
now, a useless reservoir of cyanide.

here we are: the world a trashfire illuminating the floors of silent seas,
their silences an aftermath of miscalculation

now, this negative space where once there were two roaches
trapped under a glass & the whole world watched.

and no one asks about them anymore they're out of sight, bidding
their time & nutrients so we made memes
we leaned into the nuclear apocalypse we coped

this just in: tonight's debate comes at you LIVE from the
inflamed taste bud like a thunderdome on the collective tongue
of the republic breath held face turned skyward
the clouds all shaped like drones.

and not to get political but the brown kids pulled out of the rubble
in your newsfeed are complex beings with lives & memories that aren't ye
or soon will be their bodies, but they look like my cousins
after a beach day, their skin covered in the haze of glass that woke up sanc
their blood rising to their cheeks but not breaking skin
so you see, that's where the resemblance ends, until of course
they open their mouths, say something right to left
about wanting to go home

i can't rightfully call it home but last time i went to beirut's coastline,
i slipped on rocks decades later still covered in oil from a rig israeli jets burs
like a cyst on the city's jawline i fell into a shadow thrown from an echo
under the waves i fell into a silence by the sea i was a
tongue

sliding over the gum of a toothless mouth of which we have successfully
ripped out the tracking devices & the teeth they lived inside of
but now everything all at once is screaming even when it's not screaming
when its breath held, head turned skyward

there are things i can't unfeel

originally published on Rattle

Aliah Rosenthal



jesus from NY

Hold up
 Didn't you hear the good news?
 jesus is from New York, yo!
 risen from dog shit, ssschmeared concrete
 to save us from Caesar, Dollari Americanus
 listen to the sermon of raspy sax on Second avenue Subway mount
 be bop dee, dah dooo dah....deeeee dah!

He is the god from crown heights to the westside

a black god
 an ecuadorian god
 trans god
 an old people's god
 a Syrian god
 a no gender god
 a lesbian god

Oh god, New York is the cross, the burden

worldwide devotees flock

and we pray to all YOU gods, jesus, to save us now

save us from NEW YORK, made in our image

our EVERLASTING urban idol.

Pretty please

Please Master
 suck a broke wet fart out my asshole

Please Master
 feed me a falafel while you wreck my colon

Please Master
 make me suffer through another hurt cult poetry reading

Please Master
 let me hear you bitch about Trump while you slurp a Venti Frappe Dappa latte

Please Master
 disown me while you take my last dollar

Please Master
 drain my balls for another right swipe

Please Master
 have the rats run free in my bed and roost in my pillow

Please Master
 grant me sheer strength to fuck those two robust Norwegians again, por favor

Please Master
 now, afford me some rest in the bosom of Tenochtitlan

Please Master
 pretty please,
 don't let me die down in the village

ya got old

baby boomers
 time to wear dem' granny bloomers
 youth finished
 settle into new cardboard teeth
 why stay twenty- five when bones crack against the decades?
 better riot against weepy anus
 then cry before the world's rape machine
 fret not time forgives us all
 then again
 yr too young to know

letter

once I wrote a letter to someone and couldn't find the right words

dear shitface,
 first I would like to say fuck you and everything else that comes out with your breath

 probably better by phone

pineapple girls

salivate city
 ride electrical waves
 neon titty cash hunt
 in jungles of the republic

family dinner

you devalued me my sex wants my body politic my
 reading comprehension my recollection of all fifty
 states my industry and random stalkers my use
 of non-toxic toothpaste my sense of mayflower
 entitlement my privileged screaming my late night
 T.V. trance my I am always fucking right .my idea
 that all jews and chinese are rich my need to listen
 to myself think my kids and molding them in my
 image my all the time tired look

so

 could you just pass the meatloaf ?

Poetry is,

read and out loud all best work birthed in dreams scribbling dribbling off paper corners
 "screw your mother" oops
 the corrected edition: "I screwed your mother"
 mercurial beings behind eyes
 eternal cosmic silence aaaahhhhhhhhh!
 humans mouths never shutting the fuck up
 roadtrippin Alice Notley, Needles California 1982
 fortune cookie one liner "that reality check is about to bounce."
 spilling your human gutwrench into Mother Earth's swollen pits birthing ten poems
 by sunrise
 the ultimate St. Marks cash-out, one poem for one greasy Varenyky
 dat poetry

Aliah A. Rosenthal (<http://www.rosenthal.nyc/>), poet and artist, was born in the East Village, NYC. He has had readings at The Poetry Project, Bowery Poetry Club, Naropa Institute, HousingWorks, Nuyorican Cafe and has worked with artists David Amram, Anne Waldman, The Lemonheads, Kool & the Gang, Philip Glass, Steven Taylor, Allen Ginsberg and many others. Aliah is the son of New York writers Bob Rosenthal and Rochelle Kraut and the godson of poet Allen Ginsberg. His new spoken word album. Slick Bowery Sell Out. is available on iTunes. He lives in New York City.

Chavisa Woods



The Upward Tree

when
he
tore
you
a new ear
in your shoulder
I wanted
the world
to start
whispering
completely

when that bruised blue
became
a color
that was
no longer
associated with our affection
I wanted
to tear out
dusk

I wanted
to go down
and eat
the soil

I wanted
to torture
the sky

I wanted
to bury dusk
beneath a strong tree
one that does not
weep

The Upward Tree

II

if bodies
were leaves
of grass
we would be
silent

men beating sticks against
the green
by the inexplicable
upward hang
of the haunted
pond willow

its branches ascending

it is as if
the Earth has been
tipped
in one spot

the rest falls

look how weeping flies
becomes
not weeping

reaching
toward the grey
of the sky,
not of the sun,
it's not there.

III

I have never seen such a shivering tree
I have never seen such a lonely tree
I have never seen such a skeleton of live wood
I have never seen such bone in bark

IIII

if there were a song I could sing that would give me back peace

United

rape wasn't lurking by a well
in Darfur
or up a tree
in Rwanda
or some inner-city blitzkrieg flashing signs of animal intention

it was here
it was beloved
it was white

thirteen times
I watched it happen
right
here

so come on and
send in
some peace troops
to rehabilitate this
annihilated
home

Did You?

did you think the night sky was powder scattered over a mirror reflecting a busted electric bill?

did you think you were smack scattered over a mirror reflecting a blackout?

did you think that's the kind of thing we wanted to wish on?

did your tight little ass tremble like a turtledove every time?

did your dove-turtle-black-star scatter out its reflecting mirror?

did your ass tremble like a tight little star, flickering?

did you turn white, stiff as a mirror, scattered out unreflective?

you were hot and white.

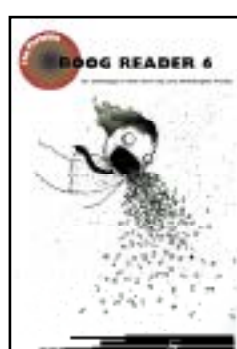
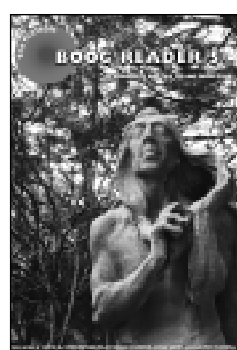
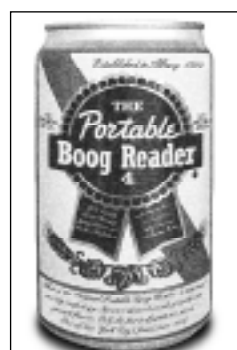
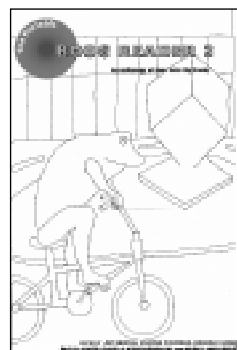
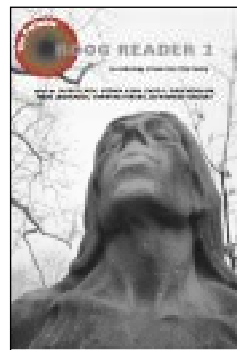
did you have a white-hot fire in your gut

your whole life

your whole life

did you carve red stars into your arm with fake nails?

did you paint your nails red with fake ass stars?



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 Bruce Andrews
 Andrea Ascah Hall
 Anselm Berrigan
 Edmund Berrigan
 Tracy Blackmer
 Lee Ann Brown
 Regie Cabico
 David Cameron
 Donna Cartelli
 Neal Climenhaga
 Allison Cobb
 Todd Colby
 Jen Coleman
 John Coletti
 Brenda Coultas
 Jordan Davis
 Katie Degentesh
 Tom Devaney
 Marcella Durand
 Chris Edgar
 Joe Elliot
 Betsy Fagin
 Rob Fitterman
 Merry Fortune
 Ed Friedman
 Greg Fuchs
 Ethan Fugate
 Joanna Fuhrman
 Christopher
 Funkhouser
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 Nada Gordon
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 Pam Dick
 Mary Donnelly
 Will Edmiston
 Laura Elrick
 Farrah Field
 Kristen Gallagher
 Sarah Gambito
 Aracelis Girmay
 John Godfrey
 Odi Gonzales
 Myronn Hardy
 Mark Horosky
 Brenda Iijima
 Ivy Johnson
 Boni Joi
 Hettie Jones
 Pierre Joris
 Steven Karl
 Vincent Katz
 Jennifer L. Knox
 Wayne Koestenbaum
 Estela Lamat
 Mark Lamoureux
 Ada Limon
 Sheila Maldonado
 Jesus Paloleto
 Melendez
 Susan Miller
 Stephen Motika
 Marc Nasdor
 Charles North
 Jeni Olin
 Cecily Parks
 Nicole Peyrafitte
 Mariana Ruiz
 Lytle Shaw
 Laura Sims
 Mark Statman
 Nicole Steinberg
 Yerra Sugarman
 Anne Waldman
 Jared White
 Dustin Williamson
 Jeffrey Cyphers
 Wright
 John Yau

PBR5
 New York City
 Kostas
 Anagnopoulos
 L.S. Asekoff
 Miriam Atkin
 Jillian Brall
 Franklin Bruno
 Lucas Chib
 Alex Cuff
 Amanda Deutch
 Stephanie Jo Elstro
 Shonni Enelow
 Ben Fama
 Nina Freeman
 Cliff Fyman
 Greg Gerke
 K Ginger
 Michael Gottlieb
 Ted Greenwald
 Gina Inzunza
 Curtis Jensen
 Jamey Jones
 Jeffrey Jullich
 Ari Kalinowski
 Robert Kocik
 Denize Lauture
 E.J. McAdams
 Ace McNamara
 Joe Millar
 Kathleen Miller
 Thurston Moore
 Abraham Nowitz
 Ron Padgett
 Douglas Piccinnini
 Brett Price
 Lee Rinaldo
 Lola Rodriguez
 Bob Rosenthal
 Thaddeus Rutkowski
 Zohra Saed
 Tracy K. Smith
 Mary Austin
 Speaker
 Sampson
 Starkweather
 Paige Taggart
 Anne Tardos
 Cat Tyc
 K. Abigail Walthausen
 Jo Ann Wasserman
 Phyllis Wat
 Rachel Zolf

D.C. Metro Area
 Sandra Beasley
 Leslie Bumsted
 Theodora Danylevich
 Tina Darragh
 Buck Downs
 Lynne Dreyer
 Wade Fletcher
 Joe Hall
 Ken Jacobs
 Charles Jensen
 Doug Lang
 Reb Livingston
 Magus Magnus
 David McAlevey
 Mark McMorris
 Chris Nealon
 Mel Nichols
 Phyllis Rosenzweig
 Casey Smith
 Rod Smith
 Ward Tietz
 Ryan Walker
 Joan Wilcox
 Terence Winch

PBR5
 New York City
 Kostas

David
 Shapiro
 Kimberly Ann Southwick
 Eleni Stecopoulos
 Christina Strong
 Mathias Svalina
 Jeremy James Thompson
 Susie Timmons
 Rodrigo Toscano
 Nicole Wallace
 Damian Weber
 Max Winter
 Sara Wintz
 Erica Wright

PBR6
 NEW YORK CITY
 Rosebud Ben-Oni
 Leopoldine Core
 Steve Dalachinsky
 Nicholas DeBoer
 Ray DeJesus
 Francesca DeMusz
 Claire Donato
 Ian Dreibratt
 Anna Gurton-Wachter
 April Naoko Heck
 Darrel Alejandro Holnes
 Jeff T. Johnson
 Joseph O. Legaspi
 Amy Mattered
 Yuko Otomo
 Morgan Parker
 Marissa Perel
 Toni Simon
 Quincy Troupe
 Ken L. Walker

Elizabeth Marie Young
PBR6
 NEW YORK CITY
 Stephen Boyer
 Todd Craig
 R. Erica Doyle
 Laura Henriksen
 Paolo Javier
 Rebecca Keith
 Karen Lepri
 Justin Petropoulos
 Caitlin Scholl
 J. Hope Stein
 Jennifer Tamayo
 Lewis Warsh

Philadelphia
 Andrea Applebee
 Amelia Bentley
 Susanna Fry
 JenMarie Macdonald
 Travis
 Macdonald
 Paul Siegell

PBR7
 NEW YORK CITY
 Rosebud Ben-Oni
 Leopoldine Core
 Steve Dalachinsky
 Nicholas DeBoer
 Ray DeJesus
 Francesca DeMusz
 Claire Donato
 Ian Dreibratt
 Anna Gurton-Wachter
 April Naoko Heck
 Darrel Alejandro Holnes
 Jeff T. Johnson
 Joseph O. Legaspi
 Amy Mattered
 Yuko Otomo
 Morgan Parker
 Marissa Perel
 Toni Simon
 Quincy Troupe
 Ken L. Walker

Pittsburgh
 Nikki Allen
 Tameka Cage Conley
 Yona Harvey
 Skot M. Jones
 Karen Lillis
 Shawn Maddey
 Deena November
 Jeff Oaks
 Alicia Salvadeo
 Ed Steck

PBR8
 Part I
 New York City
 Martin Beeler
 Mark Gurarie
 Jeremy Hoevenaar
 Lyric Hunter
 Becca Klaver
 Ron Kolm
 Dave Morse
 Ali Power
 Pete Simonelli
 Kiely Sweatt

OAKLAND
 Madison Davis
 Joel Gregory
 Lauren Levin
 Cheena Marie Lo
 Zach Ozma
 Emji Spero
 Cosmo Spinosa
 Chris Stroffolino
 Wendy Trevino
 Zoe Tuck

PBR8
 Part II
 New York City
 Meghan Maguire
 Dahn
 Maria Damon
 Ted Dodson
 Mel Elberg

Ariel Goldberg
 Christine Shan Shan Hou
 Alex Morris
 Michael Newton
 Lisa Rogal
 Sarah Anne Wallen
 San Francisco
 Norma Cole
 Patrick Dunagan
 Christina Fisher
 Sarah Griff
 Carrie Hunter
 Jordan Karnes
 Jason Morris
 Nico Peck
 Aaron Shurin
 Sarah Fran Wisby

PBR10
 Portland, Ore.
 Ste P Hanie
 Adam
 S-Santos
 Allison Cob B
 Em Ily Ke
 Ndal Fre Y Jam
 Alie H Hale Y Jam
 Ondria Harris Sam
 Lohm Ann Kaia Sand
 Cole M An Ste Ve
 Nson Dao Strom
 Stace Y Tran

New York City
 Marina Blitshte Yn
 Le E Ann Brown Me
 Lissa Buzze O Donna
 Carte Lli Ray De Je
 Sus
 Cliff Fym An France
 Sco Grisanzio Julia
 Gue Z
 Arie Lle Guy
 Kare N Hilde B Rand
 Krystal Langue Ll
 Katy Le De Re R
 Www Alte R E Wom
 Sharon Me Sm E R
 Ura Noe L
 Ryan Nowlin
 Je An-Paul Pe Cque
 Ur J. Hop E Ste In
 Matthe W Ye Age R
 Sam Antha
 Zighe Lb Oim

PBR11
 Minneapolis-St. Paul
 Jennifer Kwon Dobbs
 Mary Moore Easter
 Dobby Gibson
 Steve Healey
 Chris Martin
 Rachel Moritz
 Bao Phi
 Sagirah Shahid
 Sun Yung Shin
 Mary Austin Speaker

New York City
 Steven Alvarez
 Mary Boo Anderson
 Anselm Berrigan
 Liz Bowen
 Claudia Cortese
 Edward Field
 Greg Fuchs
 Kenning JP Garcia
 Stephanie Gray
 Scott Hightower
 Belynda Jones
 Kristin Prevallet
 Jess Rizkallah
 Aliah Rosenthal
 Chavisa Woods

