

BOOG CITY

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

ISSUE 86 FREE

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



Amy Berkowitz

San Francisco

From Tender Points

Tender Points

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

Kenneth Patchen's Paintings

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

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

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

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

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

Morning

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

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

Boog City Goes West

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

Alley Cat Gallery 3036 24th St., San Francisco

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

Featuring readings from

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

LAUNCH PARTY FOR

THE PORTABLE BOOG READER 7

HTTP://WWW.BOOGCITY.COM/
BOOGPDFS/BC85.PDF

MLK SUN., JAN. 19, 1:00 P.M.

UNNAMEABLE BOOKS
600 VANDERBILT AVE.
BROOKLYN

WITH READINGS FROM PBR7
CONTRIBS FROM NYC AND
PITTSBURGH, INCLUDING:

N.Y.C. POETS

NICHOLAS DEBOER * CLAIRE DONATO
DARREL ALEJANDRO HOLNES
JEFF T JOHNSON * MORGAN PARKER
QUINCY TROUPE * KEN L. WALKER

PITTSBURGH POETS

SHAWN MADDEY * ALICIA SALVADEO

AND MUSIC FROM

MARIANNE PILLSBURY

WITH SONGS FROM

DEPRESSION: THE MUSICAL

Directions: 2, 3 to Grand Army Plaza, C to Clinton-Washington
avenues, Q to 7th Ave. Venue is bet. Prospect Pl./St. Marks Ave.

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

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

POETRY



Brandon Brown

Oakland

Who Wore It Better?

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

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

Donna de la Perrière

Oakland

'The world is everything that is the case'

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

a frantic
tapping a dull

hum a high rushing
of air in the real body

cars flash by the end
of a tunnel in the real

body things are caged
and trampled

and shut down
in the real body

we think of
doing something but we never
>>>

do anything in the real
body in the real body

we buy time and buy
and buy and we remember

the dark patches and we
remember collision and

we remember that time
when and remember

when we fell and the
city looks all full

of light from up here
all beautiful up here

and you cannot imagine
the view here, we say

buried up to the neck
our patron saint is

wind our patron
saint, erasure

YOUR

AD

HERE

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Ivy Johnson
Oakland

As if to Pray (from Burn Virtual)

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

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



Joseph Lease

Oakland

From Lost Highway

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

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

words, sticks,

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

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

>>>

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

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

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

if the world is state terror—you forgot

joy—

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About the Poets

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

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



**Jill Stengel
Davis**

from a series in progress entitled All the Pretty

1.

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

3.

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

8.

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

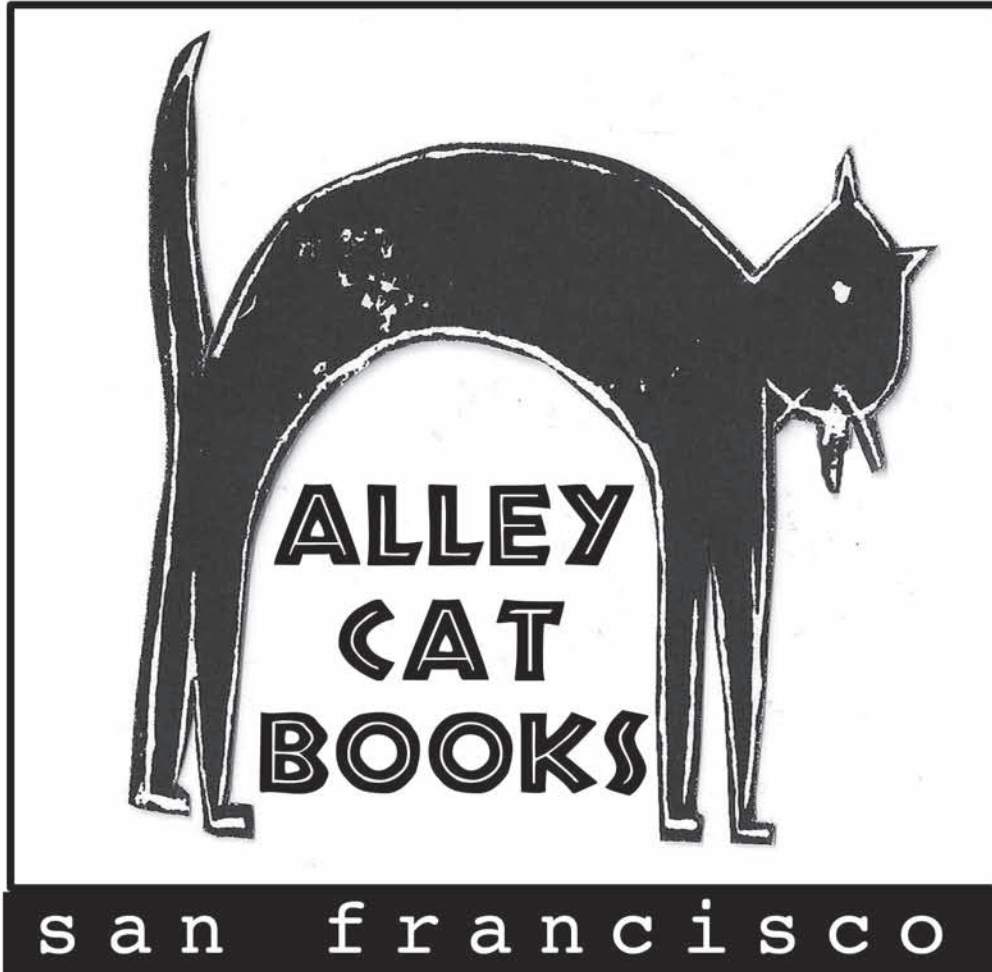
12.

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

13.

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

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