

Seth Frechie ~ Rod Smith ~ Louis Cabri ~ Marcella Durand ~ Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino ~ Allison Cobb ~ Mark DuCharme ~ Dana Lisa Lustig ~ Spencer Selby ~ Kristine Grow ~ Patrick F. Durgin ~ Tom Devaney ~ Brendan Lorber ~ Sue Landers ~ Jason Nelson ~ Joel Dailey ~ Jeffrey Jullich ~ Matt Hart ~ Ethan Fugate ~ JohnLowther ~ Randy Prunty & JohnLowther ~ Elizabeth Treadwell ~ Hank Lazer ~ new & noteworthy ~ contributor bios

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editors:

Chris McCreary

Jenn McCreary

Seth Frechie
Yizkor, 5760

for C.R.

I could send letters, some atonement for the past. A sound like a mandolin or viola. A trumpet. The song from which my father's body, like a carp, rises. The sun breaking, its scales in a flash of light.

•

I see him that way and others — a great school bearing their bellies forward, sourceless, moving into darkness and out, into darkness and back again. If only I could remember. What was it I was thinking? What was it I wanted to say?

•

It's impossible to explain. A dream and its question. His voice (or mine) and the simple reply: "Ben Shimuel." The name strangely familiar, impossible to explain. A hologram or presence, a reflex of thinking, everything that was and was never meant to be.

•

Look at him. He falls to one knee. It could be a synagogue, a school, only he's not learning. The filaments of blood in his eyes are ruptured. One orb turns to the wall. His pupils are muddy, stagnant pools in fragments of light. He might be praying. He sees only the edges of things.

•

On the mall they eat ice cream. The monuments rise to the left and the right. The sun blazes, flashes of stone, a mirror of light. His shirt clings to his chest, the dark hair matted against the cotton fibers. A Toyota speeds past, red like ours. Was it Isaac's plan to spoil his father's devotion? How many stones can we make into altars? "Ben Shimuel." How many knives can we raise?

•

No doubt about it, the world exists (such heartache). Tomorrow another prescription will be written. He mumbles, he mutters. The reels of memory spin out like cotton fibers. The fish fly (I have his picture with the catch), the shit hits the fan. His enormous belly in the adjoining room. How long was I left standing? How far did I walk? Who was it that found me? Why was it so hot?

•

The Temple Mount rises. Its dome refracts the light of five thousand years. A golden sphere rises and beneath it vanquished stone. Tourists pour in from every quarter. Their Arab guards move closer, they hold Israeli guns. A fat man climbs a scaffold. At the top he says a prayer. In a narrow alley there are fish, their bellies open, a vat of heads and tails. A prophet shifts in his position, a stadium of lips move in the air.

*Who is the King of Glory?
He made the lights of heaven.
We go down to everlasting darkness.
His name renews today.*

•

Despite this and despite this, despite this and despite this too. The bulls of Assyria gored us. The jackals of Egypt tore us to bits. Yet despite this and despite this, despite this and despite this too.

Hear O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One.

•

It's like a poem: a red Toyota speeding, the synagogue still there. And despite this, despite all this: Hashem, I'm speaking. Be good to him and all the broken men.

Rod Smith
Impatiens

The flames
copy & translate
anything
we suppose
as in
the affected tense
'swim away from it'
also praises
& is swart bark
grappling with likelihood's
singed beginning &
broke outward
the downward mixed
teeming willingness
awakened & stylized,
sacking the tranquil,
falling, filling
the vessels.

Bad Poem

Some days I dust off the respected spoof
And perch amongst the accolade's penchants
A lousy person in a sweaty, angry, coffee cup
Clutching the sweet wet &
Collapsing upward. This wheel's
Stopping needs looks over this
& there tops that. The waistrels
Menace the till & stir up nap's lagoonlike
Winsome snares. see ya.

Poem

We work too hard.

We're too tired

To overthrow the government.

Therefore we must

Fall in love.

Poem

We work too hard.

We're too tired

To fall in love.

Therefore we must

Overthrow the government.

Louis Cabri
from **The Alan Davies Project**

“Essence is what has been.” — Hegel

Sapswirls

There's no far like so far.
So far, no good.
No hair care nor hood
and no groaning home.

There's a time then boom — fainting
on the tomb. Too much
mach for one to
tack, or make that, lack.

Status: action.
Sad as a ration.
Satis
factional.

I was a botched Big Mac!
They delivered me raw,
my felt pen tipped
with cold saws.

The no that I'm not
I'd rather-to dinner, thinner
O, to be finer.
“This is your timer.”

And this, your egg.
Go forth!
Screw you!
More brew!

Let dear ears be near ears
be choosy. Chew on Lucy
if she's juicy. — 'Scuse me?
Let heads be heads (if they love in bed).

If there wasn't, there should be.
If there couldn't — then, have mercy.
I'm moody; lead liners
must take me.

The dead lift the dead
into their heads. Careful, another
mood swings a head. Mellow rumoured
to be left well fed.

The mind argues over lotions.
What about beer? It's soft.
Body's wearing mind.
Call it weather, wearing body.

How come I never feel relaxed?
What luxury
that here, you think what
am *I* doing? Is this relaxing?

I respect you formally,
attention's span here, now
suffices, reminder old
habits out-sync'd with lip.

Qua train
car, you empty! I'm hitching through on you.
These aren't hobo days, nor this
"Mexico City Blues."

Marcella Durand

HPOME 1

The wandering icicle afternoons thread the zoologist threat of food & polar weight and discontent in this locale of thick glass and admission. Wandering thru the stalagmites of early evening, we check the clock whimsical in overlooking crowds of rain, in the days of caves, fur, declarations: in menagerie do we drift a generation of motor oil and dusks spent whiling away the opacities. A duck the colors of mint & sienna glides along the ball bearings of a secret current carrying the crest of a horse race on a slanted, shell-like piazza, around a clock the flatness of glacier desert. Here this border marks the sasquatch, wild & far from a clock with metal bears, trampolines, & small urban hammers, messengers from a city locked between two sediments, the gift given of boulders which bear the weight of miles, or glass popping from the eyes of visitors. Soon this tunnel. Amenities. Whiling away the simple dusks of a sightseeing jaunt, the cabin's not for rent. We check the checks, express, finalize the deals. This generation notes similitude in the voyage of a car down docks, in the rain of a city in tune with urban renewal. In this blue afternoon we play the same umbrellas, the chess game stops and starts in the dark corners of the park, the paper bags of furtiveness, sasquatch, do you read the paws of trapper john, the soft claw of toes growing together, the hairlessness of evaporation. We turn backwards, feet face each other, hair retracts into teeth growing back in. Cartilage. Big foot, your terrain comes to an end, in a halogen permanent sunrise the shape of a beaded explosion from an airplane. Injection. How beautiful the orange strung light wires of your diurnal cages.

HPOME 2

this search is for ongoing tryst
frigid no we kiss in orangutang
carnivore bliss searching out
armpit & thirst to extend arm
further into vine & then toward
ocean several hundred miles
and then some after that
some more and tryst no
Trieste this central zone this
easy travel over hard terrain
dull city situated in between
this hill and that this silk
route and that continent
that orogeny between plates
atlantic & pacific north indian
it begins to rain as hard as
erogenous orangutangs
searching out with orange
hairy fingers carnivorous
geographies Trieste you
twist my heart in your dull-
ness your geography of uplift
your classical profile your secret
men moustachioed in plane
trees, pollarded again and
espalier, pruned, pruned, this
silk route crosses over boulders
the size of chimp skulls and
larger, the size of small clouds
and music, the music of a city
crushed in an uplift the size
of Montana, a secret carnival

underground, a central route,
a zone, a development, pale
sand, pressed into shale, oily &
somewhere, somehow is a jungle

Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino
Barker

less than stirrups
a loop or ring, has, with it, anew

covered by a glove
or,

some season
any season or great lawn

of this
little in us remains, of epaulettes

or,
busbies on march

A saddle
or to guide, or to current or to spare

a rider's foot
the shift in fifer, can help to

common
a record, of, to set forth, avocations

The Blue Bedroom

plaster, sand and glue
and entries under crowding

possess it, of its own
is circular

purposes, of its own, is not done, but due
or

follow,
what has to cause itself to act

taken by or a collection
the unanimity of crowding

and above or properly consensus
in the cup

plaster,
sand and glue

the systems of the lens
systems of the eye, or mirror

a
point-for-point or plan or see

a tendency, or speaking
sought or sake or plan or see

being not guided
is what is to ought or is or in or all

or
any given end

after lucidity, and jangle
and compilation

Jars

are close enough
or are or ought to be, to sleeping Labs

when all the shops
are what are towns and roads and tire tracks

or when posted in a window for jars
say,

when gifting
one's intended plates or tantrums

cups,
and when a frame or spoon or reel

say
of happy seeing into jars

Allison Cobb
from **windrow: Williams**

*Wind-row (1691): the Greens or Borders of a Field dug up
carrying the Earth on to the Land to mend it
laid in rows, exposed to the wind.*
(OED)

to William Carlos Williams' *In the American Grain*

Jacataqua II

Be a woman

woman who had
woman of having.

An American woman
arrested her naturally —
the woman with
woman finds one.

Finds one she.

Contradistinction a woman.

To give herself.

So she is.

A French girl.

So she is.

Possible she is.

Her) she is.

Color of her.

She gives it.

That she is.

Her pleasure is.

She is pure.

And gives her.

Girls are their.

Minds did Martha's
volcano Greek school —
she mad slowness
married lame moods
of a rose.

Woman! spending her.

Servitor to women.
As French women.
For American women.
Satisfying great experimenters.
They could live.

Jacataqua a girl.

 Womanhood in her.
Time the form.

 Maiden herself for
her heart stepped.

 Glance she gave
her black eyes
 as her own.

Before a woman
 held she turned
back among her.

 Startled she step.
At her side.

 She who opened.
Wave of her.

Mark DuCharme

Metonymy Fabric/Lines for Michael Friedman

Demilitarization happens without spinning.
Things could have grown abundant — *you* were there,
How should we have put the request?
In the bin the accidents have gotten too solid.
Forget about it pal, threw a loop on the bucolic
Scapegoats. Misprison breeds
Misquotes. But I guess it
Wasn't in the cards, for you
& That girl from Iwo Jima, or the one
Hereafter. Describing
The fact "you never know
With strangers" in a print world
Is isolate, torn, unheeded.
Succeeding descriptions of that rocked your voice
As motorcades curled their way toward the lake
& We were emphatic, liking pretty songs
Like "oh, Donna," or "would you promise to be true."
So that's enough for now. Repeat after me:
I will abide by god & workday
Doing lines in the land of the free
Was an Eagle Scout at thirty.

Dana Lisa Lustig

How to use this field guide.

(for our Phoebe Blanchford)

>> Example: *you have seen a woman.*

1. To make sure it is a woman, check the typical silhouettes preceding the entire color section.
2. Turn to the photographs in the section labeled “woman.”

Don't trust field guides. Look here.

This one says she's *extraordinarily tame at the nest.*

Not our Phoebe.

Strike that entry & add:

*competitive, tenderly fierce
often kicking ass in late night
word games & trivia.*

Our Phoebe's habitat is progressive living in a large metropolitan area, originally **migrating from shady areas near water**. She sort of fits the description of *sayornis phoebe* or *sayornis nigricans*: which is she? Throw the damn guide away already. Our Phoebe's neither & she's both black hair nesting round her honest face & Taiwan eyes & Eastern Long Island. Our Phoebe's not *Canada & the U.S. east of the Rockies* she's “the desire for individuality.”

Wings strong against the jet stream

Our Phoebe divebombs Charleton Heston:

“he loves to yak about our forefathers
& great men, blah, blah, blah”

Adjust your binoculars properly.

Our Phoebe wears red beautifully

but is more typically in black.

Her voice is *a clear phoe-be*.

Her song is not *a thin buzzy pi-tsee*

but a “loud bark of laughter.”

Spencer Selby

Disturbing

Disturbing to have your
reason for writing
established as a good word
in garden books

Storm clouds cannot manage
authorities that use language
to increase the rent

Bad profit in a sea of children

Hunting song
whose preconceptions
destroy a bird or catch a fish
from nowhere hidden
in the palm of your hand

I too dislike things signified
behind the barbwire
spread across my head

I think like you whose
mother gave up everything
for a big house in the country

for a man she can't remember
and a book she never read

Gone

1.

The marvelous children are gone

Talk of their loss
as if their names would
bring back speechless wonder

Shells struck and held
repose of sculpture told

Eyes last to go out
Search last to abandon search

A wall that rises unanswered
by a single man

2.

Eastward turns flesh
delicate as though
responding to some
pain not in the body

Footprints drawn from
shame of experience
that doesn't ring true

Chasm made vocal
course of a river altered
by those who read this
after we are dead

3.

Some ill-advised
late-century technique
all around

Charges concealed
beneath lines remembered
with a smile of exhaustion

Split second outside
a long and arduous journey
not to be trusted

Leave no margin
as your only suitcase
is buried in the sand

rings
rings
rings
rise to reach skylight

(your yellow eyes)
staring
silent
still

4.

sprays he then the
arm spread wide over
pigeon-feed
open fire down
show

5.

(manna mixes cold with)
shhh — subtle
sharp
the words
words
words

Patrick F. Durgin
from **And so on**

And so on (Collusual)

if it won't harness then it can for a start lineate
truth be told truth and told
 in all honesty it's fear of the universe
 including art which makes a lonely

And so on (and Palpable)

love must become so as to gallop

And so on (Dial-in)

first principles mean no more bemoaning

And so on (Kick Evil in the Eye)

Hong Kong Phoey neo-Romantic
"village explainer" Scatman Curruthers
Rat Scabies an embalming idiom
plays one on t.v. and the Berrigans

And so on (Chipper the Tailor Says)

until you quit smoking *no one ever offers you any*

Tom Devaney

Listening to your face & arms on the blue line

The abstract poetry of summer or other shit you hear like,
“Take the A. Go on take it” — scarlet, indigo, blue.

The last days of contemplation,
predictions or the last days of July fictions.

The lie of last days, except when they are the last.

Gifts of summer produce not completely covering
the small feelings of Fall on your air conditioned skin.

I don’t know when we last spoke. This is a letter, not an email —
a stainless steel theater and the film.

This email thing is good for a lot of things and one of the best
is miscommunication.

I’ve been living in a summer sublet

it’s very small though in a good neighborhood and pretty damn cheap.

Some days we say stuff, some are unaccountable.

We don’t mistake it for wisdom. We have that certainty
another place for someone to say something if they’d like

That’s the kinds of places we are now (like me and my arm)
and Here’s your movie ticket

The get going and charging kind the kind that says,

“Take a train, the fucking A one. I’ll swipe you on.”

Jeffrey Jullich
Bedtime Prayers

Agnostic about the magnolias, most of us
can no longer make it down to the flat water,
can no longer say for sure
if the flowers edge toward pink or if
it's just the shower of rose petals, the holy
vulnerability as we sit rubbing the bottoms
of our feet, the next wound waiting around
the corner. So you all go on on your own,
don't waste the tender innards of
the afternoon protecting *us* from tiny
wingless insects that feed on magnolia buds.
Go on and enjoy yourselves. Drink
the dew out of the buttercups and pay
no mind to the obstacle in the middle
of the road. It leads from nowhere
to no place. The student protestors are
blocking the streets again with their bodies,
but they'll get up blinking big googly-eyes
when you beep the horn, climbing back into
the Resurrection of the Dead tarot card
they left standing ajar. Three-quarters of
the population do not know whether to
disbelieve the voice in the sky, or not.

Brendan Lorber

Name Withheld by Request

Dear *Penthouse Forum* — I never
thought this would happen
happen to me but my gardener
went on vacation & sent his cousin
as a replacement. I was concerned
because it was spring & I spend a lot of time
sunbathing on my secluded four acres
But then the replacement arrived *Hi*
My name is Amber said the blonde knockout
Her tan thighs glistened under the cutoff Levi's
I blushed — it wasn't my prize hyacinths
that concerned me anymore

Dear *House & Garden* — It was
my delicate *Ranunculus Ficaria*
or "brazen hussy iris" whose round
fat celadine buds respond
to even the weakest winter sunlight
Would Amber know to plant them
in the shade of the Himalayan
Musk Rose that provides dancing
inflorescence in the breeze?
She caught me staring at her —
or more accurately her stack
of Julian Chichester gardening tools
Winking she whispered *I enjoy*
landscaping for American boys

Dear *Art in America* — I also
enjoyed working for the Joseph Beuys'
retrospective at the Museum
of Contemporary Art in Maseil
A pity that David Sylvester
(On Beuys, April 1999) took his review
as an excuse to brag about his own
17th century Persian carpets
instead of taking of his shirt
to reveal the tightly loomed muscles
that form the tapestry of his manly chest
Amber agrees & asks if she can come
out of the hot sun for a quick drink

Dear *Martha Stewart's Living* — When making
iced tea for flaxen haired coquettes
I plan in advance. Next time try dropping
fresh basil into the water you use for ice cubes
When they melt in the tea they'll release
their tantalizing flavor gradually
with every sip past your vixen guest's
full pouting lips As she drinks
begin kneading her powerful yet sensitive
upper back Boy is she tense!

Dear *Massage Therapy Journal* — I could tell
exactly how tense through the HOPS model
History Observation Palpitation & Special tests —
commonly used in orthopedics and sports medicine —
it allowed me to determine the physiology
of the presenting condition Amber I purred
You have an overextended rotator cusp
& its making me very hot

Dear *Daily Bread Skate Magazine* —
Amber turned to face me with her big
blue eyes *I did an alley oop torque*
soul to switch combo behind
the Safeway & fucking slammed
into my cousin Dominic. He got
like 13 stitches — it was all bare tawny
young arms & legs everywhere throbbing

Dear *Consumer Reports* — Even if
Amber had been wearing safety gear
it might not have done any good
In a crash-test comparison of
American Ramp Co., Fifty50 Products
& United Urethane none are designed
to provide protection against Amber's
cousin Dominic But nothing could
protect me from Amber unzipping
her jacket and unleashing

Dear *Guitar Magazine* — a solid wall
of sound from her custom Godin Radiator
with a demi-hollow chamber & a “De Armand”
vibe-style pickup With its cool colors &
shiny pearloid top she knocked my socks off —
and so much more As she began a
Sammy Hagar ballad I simply couldn't keep up
with her rapid and bold chord progressions
I wanted to be in her band I wanted

Dear *Wired* — to upgrade my bandwidth
from oldschool TCP/IP protocol to the new
Cisco 1212 Gigabit Switch Router The grid
architecture of her hi-speed switch fabric circuitry
was pulsing like mad *What a server* Amber gasped

Dear *Brills Content* — But would it be enough
to withstand the passionate online embrace
of Microsoft and NBC? Their bodies
forever entwined MSNBC tumbles on the air
like mating eagles *Oh!* cried Amber *I want*
corporate America to entrench itself
deeper & deeper into my everyday life

Dear *The Nation* — Is there any length
to which Alexander Cockburn won't go?
It would seem not as he slips colleagues
over his knee (Beat the Devil, March 12)
& gives them the spanking they deserve
You've been a bad little progressive
Amber says her hand soaring overhead

Dear *Model Airplane News* —
Before she brings it back down
& discharges my nicad pack
to one volt per cell My BigMig
two-stroke scale engine dwindles
to idle & we bring the tink Cherokee
Archer Twin to a smooth if sloppy
landing Here's to hoping her cousin
stays on vacation a few extra days

Susan Landers

8 O’Clock Eastern Standard Time

Are you the single most boring person
involved in this mystical occurrence?

The \$8.99 truth teller told you
that not only is pepper spray passé,
it looks chintzy, leaves stains, and appears girly.

You need to get some extra
curricular argyle gargyle into your diet.

I know a toenail artiste well within
your budget. I also know the shortcut.
And like a rain of toads, hell comes to town.

9 O’Clock Central

I see you exhibit no surprise to my coy
superhero bait, to my deepest clean
whipped dreamy scheming
otherwise known as righteousness.

Why should you believe a word I say?

Sometimes a girl, forsaken in a synch
not for everyone, with a two fistad
bees knees boogie woogie, holds the holy
key to degradation. What works for her
might just help avert the apocalypse.

Incidents Affecting One's Mail Delivery

A volcano erupts in Montserrat.
The curl in your hair falls outside Cardiff.
China: a river opens—belongings, children, drift.
You mumble a name unlike mine in Brittany.
Fighting erupts over a scab in New York State.
Ninety-eight buildings burn in Detroit.
Your pen is stolen near the Vatican.
Fighting erupts in Brooklyn—coins, pipes, fly.
Shredded paper swirls inside a D.C. hotel room.
Sulfur seeps into the corners of South Dakota.
In a province bewildered by calm,
you whisper *calla*, *flush*, and *palm*.
Somewhere beyond my elbows, I sense you—
anonymous miracle—unmangled by storm.

Jason Nelson

The Dictionary of Object Technology

(A)

Abstraction:	The diversionary tool for opening or immaterial between object's current and current layers.
Ambiguous:	Describing function, acyclic base, expressed as reference. And dynamic binding of signatures resolved.
Anthropomorphize:	A scenario.
Architecture:	partition system allocation process are running <i>Dynamic:</i> concurrent threads movement borrows <i>Static:</i> cluster search and
Assertion:	Instant is an encapsulation, predicted by involved. A scope in length times equal times width.
Associate:	Any directed set of one, between.
Atomicity:	Ensures the request of consistent. None when none asks to contain.
Audience:	disparate static objects

Joel Daily

Red Dot.

Dub my utmost bub
Excited moments
Backwards down the staircase
What she said?

I'll have The Automatic Everything
Prevasive yahoo
Be repaired
To become a homeless

Embrace the reflexive
Whiles I get me a Coke (for me
Myself
A home

Matt Hart
Four Poems

“Certainly he never repeated himself since he did nothing but repeat what he heard and nobody ever hears the same words twice the same.”

William Carlos Williams, *The Descent of Winter*

1. *marginalia*

Three things beg questions
of my lived experience:

MINISTER’S EXIT WIDENS SPLIT;
her face at the end of the phone line;
these margins.

...

My host is prone to continental drift
as I am. We have crawled across the sea
fast as last week’s paper. We recover

headlines four words long.
Newsstaysnewsstaysstill.

...

Imagine her face, drawn by time-lag;

still,
it should be me that’s yawning.

Recall she’s five hours further—
long enough to run; to get here.

I got here. You get here.

2.

DEAR MAT,

I've decided,
and this years been proof enough,
I prefer sense rough, lines cut,
sound sharp.

And you know, when I see a fat cop
slack with a pump gun,
I think "hello fat cop,
that's a pump gun."

3.

To make an imprint;
mark as a figure,
as a figure of wax.

These words a ladder
(ropey I'll admit)
to the last lines.

Speech
fat as my mouth
60 words a minute

4. *note*

I bring this notice to your attention
It's been said: Outside dawn rings with the tram-
car Pack boots the going's hard The usual
fields of influence often collide Plain

sailing from hereon in To continue—

It seems ideas stick The shortest distance
is a straight line The devil take the hind-
most My cup runs over You will leave him
She'll write as he hangs at her shoulder
All this in spite of remembering

Ethan Fugate

Unidentified Flying Object Official Contest Rules

(a year of corres-pence with VISA 1998-99)

07/13

Just wanted to add

I particularly enjoyed this month's offers —

especially the mini-binoculars
with their x200 resolution.

08/11

Well, there isn't much of a view here anyway.

And I keep forgetting my mother's maiden name.

09/27

Hope you haven't been worried.

The whole labor day thing, you know,

it's put me a little behind schedule.

Yes, those are coffee stains.

No, I don't think I'll tell you

about the weather.

There's chit chat and then

there's a late fee.

10/14

Postmarks are a funny thing.
But then, so is the Atomic Clock.

I'm not sure I'm getting through.
Are you receiving?

11/09

Included is a second prize drawing.
I'm optimistic and believe me, I'm still eligible.

I've been converting orthodox
cathedrals into prime interest,

I learned to lasso in San Antonio,
and my date book is still blank.

I'm including a list of the magazines I'd like.
No, I do not want the map light.

12/18

Is the giant DO NOT in red
across the back of the envelope

absolutely necessary?
Don't talk to me about odds.

Just look at Hero of the Soviet Union
#11,175 Saint Yuri, the first cosmonaut.

01/04

Although I'm earnest about eschatology,
I'd like to think that this time next year

things will be different between us—
that I'll finally be in New York

and nothing will have happened.
Except, of course, for the aliens.

02/11

What Father Time said
to Mother Nature about

deformed frogs would embarrass
the most vulgar of seraphim.

I'll save you the details—
only that confidence is high.

Enclosed is my check
and a Valentine for last year.

03/13

Over fifty designs to choose from?
No thanks. I like my checks plain.

I'd call you with my mobile phone to talk about it,
but I don't *ever* want to talk to you.

04/12

Again. There can only be one winner.
Look. I don't want assurance of your insurance.

I'm fine, see— fir and...
well, anyway, I know all about random selection.

I know all about your independent judging committee
I understand the nature of correspondence (payment included).

05/15

This list of “contest void in”
is getting longer.

The binoculars now claim
x300 resolution.

I'm sorry I said I didn't
want to talk to you.

06/12

Neither of us are responsible.
And the mailman is non-negotiable.

I guess it's time to mention
loss or damage or acts of God.

John Lowther

Up by the Lifeboats

no curb, not asking, questioning
w/o final position determined
would you halt, here
rained-on sofa for the night
this pattern once a challenge
no wallpaperists, decorativists
now *de rigor*, from
given an option opposing
flat spined, tweedstoned
as "paint by sentences"
"fill in all the plots" critique
to what ? new mark on the doorframe
tall's gotten -- amorphous ego
threaded thru pronouncements
& *abstrakt phranch leark* my ass
gerontology being a growth industry
as our nation's largest gen. goes
claiming the brand name, dis-
claiming the brand name
as circumstances favor -- a system
at craps, pages
asleep in my lap; Philly Talks
number three **Applause** *n.*
the echo of a platitude
stocks in the wheel skyrocket
as further R & D's proposed

Randy Prunty & John Lowther
Django—Magoo—Wrebekkr—Rowdy

or *por favor* contagion slinging on home
jag in face of breaking —
strobe to catch the man running away...
lineament never rubs wrong
...blue search revolution a shot
30 entries in the index
benevolent censor shootout
flow over one hearing
stranded in the echo /not/never/well
hardly ever and mostly out of greed
front aground? font size fandango? clearly:
Gustavius goes for dinner every morning
qualms the empty plate, scours the mirror
that the tain, out back of's failed—
takes out the light
street level smoking the brazilian root
Nonce corridor! Prey's
jar under eye marked "miscreant"
pip over jab never into THAT autonomous break
went to drive the "four more years"
with shardstongue
and crack as wshipsung
narrantes a Bleakian piece
with such inner beauty. borrow it.
And, yeah, they are sort of artsy the
bullet hit here and the guts spray, rather
Abstract Experssionist
fffffllllllackjack!
comb me out of Hades if you please.
Thus the rup-off pinned to essence with a jab

repeated testing will simply be repeated ex
per i ence and shift of alt to habit cite/sight
tongue tied to future gig
seems to me mutual betting
tape of transmission routed with scotch tape
to door bearing “work study in progress”
they all said STOP (now) GONE
bring it with you next time
in mesh clash glide to song stuff
stop route to lyric culled from a sack
round it a little there being
no reason but clanging buckets
babblus ah
en poeimata novo chorus
I knew you when you were left-handed writing:
vladivostok vladivostok roll dice to me
-ject, de novo — post-critical (that was after
all was last weekend) now’s now in song
trapping vowels for collecting serials
my gift to you – clues, blank-its, and pawns
& admit i
to pose variousness
brings this to table
(soon it was your turn and you said it and the
people scowled “who let it slip” and “continue”)
hints
hopes and eager reference to other eyes
peering, isn’t it?
dues and newsletters?
rolls on, schemes and schemata

Elizabeth Treadwell

Eve Doe (23):

The Rest of Her Life in that City (this town)

*taproot:
broad & empty*

a weird
set of praises
oh dear

stumbled prayer

requiem of the taurine tattler, Now

she bled decency & gingered olive oil~
was rebel mockery we must: her employs her

*body the chestnut most abandoned employs her body wrap-around
dirndl her body even in monologial modulation her body rant & rave her body writhing in a parody her body employs her
body constantly whether posing her body constantly her
body even in her employs monologial chestnut the body most abandoned her rant body rave & hollow her body brave & empty
her employ her constantly her recontextualizing her body*

own flesh

peroxide

defiance no patron saint this dim expecting *body* just a little bit in defiance *queen under her ceremony – what imposes
you?* no standing in the field & fountain or: not you at all

the passing teenage hockey girls \shot in stages

no description will be as good as

the rest of her life in that city

Taurine evangelizer

date of _____

Eve (33): Stripped of Biography...

Eve: *that is my little one*

listen to houses, field

lisp

grope

mercury sideling

*shape of the corners of your gaping incarnate
look for the name of it, anything*

Eve: Feted / Recalcitrant (35)

pleasure

relegated

to blind sheets or shoes

ashes ashes

heart of the swan was (neglected)

in rosewood

secret cubing

supplementary service is

at regular / is suspended

very small pieces of plaid furniture

on the sill there

rocks bound by earth

provision

customer specified hard candy dwelling a basket of canary lace

(shadows of Esther's widower ~ in the blind heat of midnight, curvaceous mindset

I will write all across the calendar how much I miss you

a kind of scientific portrait

was established in this manner)

Hank Lazer
from **Days**

78

they took turns

longing

against the narratives

of what was

possible

positioned them

selves in

wishes

made in words

another kind of time

152

cannot be thought

with rigor of

system energy &

its transfer being

prime / oblique

relation's rapid

access / cracked

wheat or ver

nacular & I

the less trammelled by

204

had i wanted to

wanting to

the entire year

stop upon the thresh

& nothing himself

hear behold

already shaking it

cussèd strictures

post percussive

sing singe hearts aflame

215

that could be

lovable

embodiment

sad yes i wish

to be attractive

to you yes

we know

death negation

the active agent

breath the countermeasure

224

have we closed

the distance between

us could words

we both mouth

do so the page

a place to meet

as by appoint

ment of need

momentarily there then

each off again

Greg Fuchs, *Came Like It Went* (Buck Downs Books, 1999).

In nineteenth century America, a man could announce himself, expandingly, “a Kosmos, of mighty Manhattan the son.” Today’s echo is the “universe within a body / folding into itself.” This modern chaosmos — full of “chaos fetishist[s]” — doesn’t seem so ordered and harmonious, and the man *under pressure* to contain or create an adequate system (with his breath?), can only scream, “Let me out.” But before he checks out, Greg Fuchs is going to slip into the cracks of this world’s chaos, documenting what he finds — friends, habits, tax laws, books, desires. His new book of poems, *Came Like It Went*, mirrors the schizophrenic terror which characterizes most comfortable (or comfortably uncomfortable) Americans as the twentieth century closes: It might be the terror of the world falling apart; it might be the terror of angels among us.

Each Fuchs poem tries to capture such coexisting and contradictory experiences. The title poems begins in a hypnopompic state of possibility, a sense of oneness with a cool summer breeze, “weather welling up / caressing the boundlessness of my soul.” Almost as if the observation (or inevitably somewhat sentimental expression) of such feelings produces its own boundaries, the omnimorphous soul proceeds to point itself “in the direction / of a kind barber in Brooklyn / a bookseller in the French Quarter.” The linear day erupts into schedule, pressuring the body into a form continually loosened by its transcendent desires: “hoping an angel / will swoop ... / examine me closely in a UFO, / or treat me like a sexy dwarf in Scotland.” How does the body which experiences itself as a “sonorous dynamo” react to a friend’s interview by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers? Where does a man in search of the beautiful turn his eyes after waking into the American dream? Bareness and impossibility. Fuchs turns his lines to photographs of torture victims, which “horrifically sad beautifully portray,” to the minimalism of Modrian’s paintings, “elegantly beautiful in what they can not reveal.”

However, Fuchs knows that before approaching the transcendent, the task of a now poet is to piece together an increasingly dispersed body: “the proof I am a body, / the grant application & two poems...” A certain diffusion anxiety runs throughout the book, especially aggravated by its urban, often trans-Hudson, settings: “the only somewhere that spends / all of your money convincing you that you are there,” where, another poem claims, “we stand / like these decrepit buildings.” The floating word *Global* threatens the details which adhere legs to torso, friend to friend, and person to purpose, while a new globalism also represents the last hope for those going “nomadically / mad.” The broken body, hungry body breaks language for dinner, and Fuchs keeps on kissing, the mouth an official point of hope, singing and sucking. But a frightening “automatic laugh in lieu / of feelings” flies over a lot of these emotio-techno-landscapes. In search of simplicity, such a hectic life turns

the modest aspirant and his guests inside out: “wrapping / hearts and intestines around arms / and stomachs like crepe myrtles / drawn to become one muscle on their way into the sky.”

It’s chaos and cosmos all at once with Fuchs as he “wrestles the blooms / of trucing culture with technology.” It’s recognizable inheritance, and the more interesting and subtly undermining desire for something *more*, which make *Came Like It Went* worth the trip.

— Shawn Walker

Andrew Mossin, *The Epochal Body* (Potes & Poets Press New Chapbook Series #23, 1999).

Cole Swensen, *O (excerpts)* (BeautifulSwimmer Press, 1999).

Gustaf Sobin, *Articles of Light & Elation* (Cadmus Editions, 1998).

Andrew Mossin’s *The Epochal Body* is steeped in the “(a)che of what is written in place of what is.” *The Epochal Body* constantly returns to the idea of language’s “(h)ermetic traces,” the “decrepit signs” that make up “(t)his cracked// pidgin poem.” Poetry unfolds here “(t)hrough tatters of delusional biography,” exploring the concept of individual identity hidden within a “(b)race of echoes.”

The poem’s speaker “narrated/ the implausible directive. Articulated the recirculation of its/ parts./ Without father of mother in the world.” This idea of an elegy for lost lineage confronts the paradoxical “memory of homeland flayed past remembrance.” While the urge to “recoup/ losses of a lifetime” remains, the focus shifts from the elegiac search for the perhaps impossible “clarity of ancestry and/ homecoming” to the “(l)abor that turned toward this office of love,” bringing with it rebirth and “(a) world merging into view” that is born from ashes of earlier times, family, and language.

Cole Swensen’s *O (excerpts)* examines the complexities of “life or death on the tongue.” The text moves in multiple directions and allows for a concurrent, simultaneous unfolding. This verse is constantly opening, rending itself and expanding to become all-encompassing as “the landscape grows// beyond a personal sorrow.” With this ability comes the burden of responsibility: “and if my voice/ fail me/ some greater society/ flames.”

Swensen constantly reminds the reader of the text’s performative aspects, even including stage directions to underscore the role of the reader as audience member/observer. As the text progresses, a certain fatalism becomes apparent in the near repetition and recurrence of themes and events. Eurydice falls because “it’s her job to do so.” If the free will of the participants is removed, then the role of the reading audience is also scripted beforehand as well. The reader’s task is to bear witness

to the struggles that play out or have already played out within the text and to share a sense of complicity with the acts contained there.

Articles of Light & Elation highlights Gustaf Sobin's explorations of the multiple links between the body, the natural world, and the act of writing: here he addresses his object of desire whose gaze is "buoying me in/ this elision of sound. what words, though, would/ keep your image from drowning...?" "(S)lick with/ myth," her movements "entered the/ moving frieze of so/ many mirrored adjustments." This sensual land is one with a constantly moving landscape, one where "we — finally — come free,/ quit sequence, happen/ upon this poem that pulls us, sinuous,/ into its dark, involuted drafts."

Ultimately it is the coming together of these worlds that is the fulfillment of desire: "you, at last, smelling exactly/ like your letters, envelopes, would burst/ from a whole ocean's abstract into so/ many adored particulars. would emerge, from your very/ own phrases, shimmering." This act of creative synthesis brings together the threads of a life lived for and through an aesthetic experience.

— Chris McCreary

Gregg Biglieri, *Profession* (Idiom Press, 1998).

Gregg Biglieri, *ROMA* (BeautifulSwimmer Press, 1999).

Jeff Conant, *The Evacuated Forest Papers* (Buck Downs Books, 1999).

Buck Downs, *Grande Meal Seizure* (Buck Downs Books, 1999).

Buck Downs, *THISISEMO.JONESCOUNTY* (Buck Downs Books, 1999).

Steven Farmer, *Medieval* (Krupskaya, 1999).

Lyn Hejinian and Leslie Scalapino, *Sight* (Edge Books, 1999).

)ohnLowther, *Reading Two* (811 Books, 1999).

Michael Magee, *Morning Constitutional* (Handwritten Press, 1999).

Sheila E. Murphy, *Volumetrics* (Backwoods BroadSides Chaplet Series, 1999).

A. L. Nielsen, *Vext* (Sink Press, 1998).

Jena Osman, *The Character* (Beacon Press, 1999).

Joshua Schuster, *Project Experience* (Handwritten Press, 1999).

Gustaf Sobin, *Towards the Blanched Alphabets* (Talisman House, 1998).

Shawn Lynn Walker, *The Purchase of a Day* (Handwritten Press, 1999).

Aerial #9 (*Bruce Andrews issue*) — 288-page extravaganza featuring a generous selection of poetry and commentary by Andrews, Charles Bernstein, Lyn Hejinian, Hank Lazer, Marjorie Perloff, Joan Retallack, Mark Wallace, Hannah Weiner, and many many more.

Combo #4 — Another fine issue, featuring work by Gil Ott, Jacques Debrot, Kristen Gallagher, and more.

Explosive Magazine #7 — Deluxe 150-page issue includes poems by Mark Wallace, Michael Coffey, and W.B. Keckler, as well as comics by Kenneth Koch.

The Hat #2 — Clean design and an ambitious range of material, including work by Lisa Jarnot, Bill Luoma, and Magdalena Zurawski.

Kenning Vol. 2., No. 2— Consistently challenging balance of work from both emerging and more established writers, including Peter O’Leary, Lyn Hejinian, Clark Coolidge, Kristin Prevallet, and Mike Magee.

key satch(el) Vol. 3, No. 4 — “Semi-swan song” issue of this journal dedicated to the art of the prose poem will serve as a segue into a like-minded chapbook series.

Lungfull #7 — Orange & waterproof, the latest issue of this always-eclectic magazine levels canonical hierarchies by juxtaposing work from luminaries such as William Blake, Emily Dickinson, Brett Evans, Walt Whitman, and more.

Propjet #2 — Heather Fuller’s *Eyeshot* is the latest chapbook in this ongoing series; the work of Sherry Brennan will be featured in #3.

6,500 #1 — Promising debut issue of San Francisco-based journal featuring work by Alice Notley, Maxine Chernoff, and Gregory Fuchs.

bios

ixnay #3

fall/winter 1999

Louis Cabri has recent work in *Open Letter* (“Pulp Theory” issue) & *Highwire Yearbook* ‘98-’99. Other poems from *The Alan Davies Project* have appeared in *Combo*.

Allison Cobb has an MFA from George Mason University. She is co-curator of the “in your ear” poetry reading series at the District of Columbia Arts Center and of the DC Poetry website (<http://home.earthlink.net/~dcpoetry>). She is the author of *The Little Box Book* (*Situation* #19).

Joel Dailey lives in New Orleans. Lavender Ink recently released his book *Lower 48*; his chapbook *Biopic* was also published in 1999 by Igneus Press. Recent works appear in *Fuck*, *New Orleans Review*, *Conduit*, *Difference Engine*, and *Volt*. He is the editor of *Fell Swoop*.

Tom Devaney is the author of *The American Pragmatist Fell In Love* (Banshee Press) and is the poetry editor of *Brooklyn Review Online*.

Mark DuCharme’s work has recently appeared in *American Letters & Commentary*, *Combo*, *First Intensity*, *The Germ*, *Kenning*, *Poetry New York*, *The Gertrude Stein Awards*, and *The Poets’ Calendar for the Millennium*. He is the author of two chapbooks, *Near To* (MEB / PNY) and *Desire Series* (Dead Metaphor Press), and lives in Boulder, Colorado, where he is director of the Left Hand Reading Series.

Marcella Durand is the author of *City of Ports* from Situations Press. She is currently the poetry editor for *Venice (the invisible city)*, a fine-arts and letterpress publication forthcoming from Erato Press. She works at the Poetry Project.

Patrick F. Durgin edits *Kenning* and is the author of *Pundits Scribes Pupils*. The excerpts from “And so on (a serial poem)” published here appear in a chapbook of the same name recently published by Texture Press.

Seth Frechie teaches English and Communications at Cabrini College in Radnor, PA. “Yizkor, 5760” is from a sequence of poems keyed to the Jewish calendar New Year.

Ethan Fugate lives and works in Washington, DC as an editor for the Smithsonian Institution. He doesn't think any of the 14 Smithsonian museums are nearly as cool as the Philadelphia Museum of Art, though. He bides his time by co-authoring love letters to red heads and hate mail to fire engines with his beagle, Coltrane. He is a recent graduate of the MFA program at George Mason University.

Kristine Grow has been writing for a really long time. As a child, she always thought that she wanted to be Wonder Woman, but she has since come to realize she just wants to be Linda Carter. She lives in Montgomery County, PA and is a member of Poetry Fury, a writer's group in Marlton, NJ.

Matt Hart moves between England, Scotland and Philadelphia. He thinks the North Atlantic so interesting that he might just write a book on it. These days he is mostly reading and teaching poetry in Penn's PhD English program.

Former horoscope columnist for *Vice* magazine, **Jeffrey Julich** has poetry and criticism recently published or forthcoming in *Outlet*, *Rhizome*, and *Lit* (New School), as well as in the electronic journals *Duration*, *Windhover*, and *Potepoetzine*. He was librettist for an opera, *American Lit: Queer Theory (The Hawthorne-Melville correspondence)*, which premiered at American Opera Projects.

After a short stint as understudy for Willow Rosenberg in Branson, Missouri's musical production of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, **Sue Landers** moved to Brooklyn to jump start her career as a poet.

Hank Lazer lives in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Recent books: *3 of 10* (poetry, Chax Press, 1996), *Opposing Poetries* (criticism, Northwestern University Press, 1996), *As It Is* (poetry chapbook, Diaeresis, 1999). With Charles Bernstein, Lazer edits the Modern and Contemporary Poetics Series for the University of Alabama Press.

Brendan Lorber's poetry is forthcoming or appears in *The Chicago Tribune*, *Explosive Magazine*, *Log*, *6,500*, *Fell Swoop*, *Oxymoron*, and *Fatstick*. Other online work appears at *Big Bridge*, *The Brooklyn Review*, and *Idiom*. He is the co-curator of the Zinc Bar Reading Series and the Editor-in-Chief, Publisher, and Designer of *Lungfull!* magazine.

JohnLowther / does with the APG and is done / 3rdness / doubts doubt / poem here disowned / possesses nothing

Dana Lisa Lustig is a NYC native transplanted to Atlanta, GA, where she is a member of the Atlanta Poetry Group. The source text from “How to use this field guide” was taken from the *National Audubon Society Field Guild to North American Birds: Eastern Region*.

Jason Nelson’s work in this issue is from a longer series that attempts to coax the allure from wires and flywheels. Work has or will appear in *Washington Review*, *Phoebe*, *Verse*, *Speak Magazine*, among others. A new chapbook coming soon published by Burning Press. Is frightened by bright lights, but can walk great distances.

Randy Prunty lives but does not work. He functions optimally in the Atlanta Poetry Group. Look for his upcoming 3rdness chapbook entitled *Van Gogh Talks*.

Spencer Selby’s most recent books are *The Big R* (Angle Press, 1998) and *Task* (Zasterle Press, 1999). He lives in San Francisco.

Rod Smith is the author of *In Memory of My Theories*, *Protective Immediacy*, and forthcoming, *The Given*. He edits *Aerial* magazine and publishes Edge Books in Washington, DC.

Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino’s poetry has appeared in several little magazines including *The Germ* and *Spinning Jenny* and is forthcoming in *yefief* and *membrane*. He is currently at work on *In Compass: a search for contemporary poetics*. He lives in Brooklyn Heights, NY.

Elizabeth Treadwell’s work is forthcoming in *6ix* and *Lipstick Eleven*; an essay, “Rotary Public: Combustible Genres & the Heroic She” appears in *Tripwire 3: Gender*. Her collection of prose/poetry, *Populace*, was published by Avec Books earlier this year, as was a chapbook, *Eve Doe: Prior to Landscape (Movements 9-31)* (a+bend press). *The Erratix & Other Stories* was published by Texture Press in 1998; another chapbook, *Stolen Images of Dymphna*, is due out from Meow Press. She recently got “a little bit country” in penning a contribution to the anthology, *Song Poems*, a CD/book of collaborations between artists, writers and musicians curated by the artist Steven Hull.

also available from ixnay press

Frank Sherlock, *13* (1998, \$5).

Pattie McCarthy, *Octaves* (1998, \$4).

ixnay #1, fall/winter 1998 (\$5) Featuring work by Anselm Berrigan, Barbara Cole, Buck Downs, Brett Evans, Greg Fuchs, Brian Lucas, Michael Magee, Pattie McCarthy, Jenn McCreary, Carol Mirakove, Frank Sherlock, Chris Stroffolino, Joseph Torra, & Kevin Varrone.

ixnay #2, spring/summer 1999 (\$5) Featuring work by Mark Salerno, Gregg Biglieri, Magdalena Zurawski, Ethel Rackin, James Stills, Sherry Brennan, Valerie Hanson, Mark Wallace, Sheila E. Murphy, W.B. Keckler, Shawn Walker, Daniel Hales, Don Riggs, Mark Gaertner, Eric Keenaghan, & Stephen Potter, as well as a review of Brian Lucas's *The Trustees in Spite of Themselves* by Chris McCreary.

Peter Ganick, *Immanence 3* (1999, \$6).

carol mirakove, *WALL* (1999, \$6).

Subscriptions are \$12 per year and include two issues of *ixnay* and a chapbook.

Checks payable to either Chris McCreary or Jenn McCreary.