

WORKS & DAYS

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Day-wards & Day-words: On Work & Days

In the most literal sense the lapse of time is the renovation of the world with ideas. A great philosopher has said that time is the mind of space.

-Alfred North Whitehead

Memories to one, what history is to the other: an impossibility. Legends are borne out of the need to decipher the undecipherable. Memories must make due with their delirium, with their drift. A moment stopped would burn like a frame of film blocked before the furnace of the projector.

-Chris Marker, *Sans Soleil*

The great revolution introduced a new calendar. The initial day of a calendar serves as a historical time-lapse camera. And, basically, it is the same day that keeps recurring in the guise of holidays, which are days of remembrance. Thus the calendars do not measure time as clocks do; they are monuments of a historical consciousness of which not the slightest trace has been apparent in Europe in the past hundred years.

– Walter Benjamin, *On the Concept of History*

Again is the sacred / word, the profane sequence suddenly graced, by / coming back.

-J.H. Prynne, "Thoughts on the Esterhazy Court Uniform"

The earth is one of these heavenly bodies. Every human being is thus eternal at every second of his or her existence. What I write at this moment in a cell of the Fort du Taureau I have written and shall write throughout all eternity – at a table, with a pen, clothed as I am now, in circumstances like these. And thus it is for everyone. ... The number of our doubles is infinite in time and space. One cannot in good conscience demand anything more.

– Blanqui, *Eternity Via the Stars*

Coffee should not be drunk in a hurry. It is the sister of time and should be sipped slowly, slowly.

-Mahmoud Darwish, translated by Ibrahim Muhawi

It was said of Abbot Agatho that for three years he carried a stone in his mouth until he learned to be silent.

- Thomas Merton, *The Wisdom of the Desert*

How we spend our days is, of course, how we spend our lives. A schedule defends against chaos and whim. It is a net for catching days. It is a scaffolding on which a worker can stand and labor with both hands at sections of time. A schedule is a mockup of reason and order – willed, fated, and so brought into being; it is a peace and a haven set into the wreck of time; it is a lifeboat on which you find yourself, decades later, still living. Each day is the same, so you remember the series afterwards as a blurred and powerful pattern.

– Annie Dillard, *On Writing*

Many a forenoon have I stolen away, preferring to spend thus the most valued part of the day; for I was rich, if not in money, in sunny hours and summer days, and spent them lavishly; nor do I regret that I did not waste more of them in the workshop or the teacher's desk.

– Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*

After a week he had begun to hope that the summer were over, so that he would not have to think about hay but could have the day to himself to compose sonnets. Sometimes inspiration seized him so powerfully in the meadow that he had to write the poem down on the handle of the scythe. Luckily the foreman was drunk and the pressure of work not so demanding.

– Halldór Laxness, *World Light*

Saturday night, 3 o'clock, January 15, 1853

The beginning of the week was frightful, but things have been going better since Thursday. I still have six to eight pages to do before reaching a break, and then I'll come to see you. I think that will be in a fortnight . . . Last week I spent five days writing one page, and I dropped everything else for it—my Greek, my English; I gave myself up to it entirely.

– Gustave Flaubert, letter to Louise Colet

It is hardly more transgressive to conceive of a division of rooms based, no longer on circadian but on heptadian rhythms. This would give us apartments of seven rooms, known respectively as the Mondayery, Tuesdayery, Wednesdayery, Thursdayery, Fridayery, Saturdayery, and Sundayery. These last two rooms, it should be observed, already exist in abundance, commercialized under the name of 'second' or 'weekend' homes. It's no more foolish to conceive of a room exclusively devoted to Mondays than to build villas that are only used for 60 days a year. The Mondayery could ideally be a laundry-room (our country forebears did their washing on Mondays) and the Tuesdayery a drawing-room (our urban forebears were happy to receive visitors on Tuesdays).

- Georges Perec, *Species of Spaces*

In the preindustrial world, most work was agricultural, and the time of the year mattered more, the time of day less. Work was done according to task and available light, and tasks varied from season to season. People worked for themselves or worked with masters who were, for better or worse, more than employers. The new age, with its factories and mobilities, its industrial scale, was to be impersonal as nothing had been before. Tightly enforced schedules came in with the factories whose owners sought to calibrate human labor to machine labor, the machine labor that was speeding up the production of goods, thereby speeding up the raking in of profits, the consumption of raw materials, and so on and on—a runaway train of consumption driving production and driving consumption.

-Rebecca Solnit

I have no accurate knowledge of my age, never having seen any authentic record containing it. By far the larger part of the slaves know as little of their ages as horses know of theirs, and it is the wish of most masters within my knowledge to keep their slaves thus ignorant. I do not remember to have ever met a slave who could tell of his birthday. They seldom come nearer to it than planting-time, harvest-time, cherry-time, spring-time, or fall-time. A want of information concerning my own was a source of unhappiness to me even during childhood. The white children could tell their ages. I could not tell why I ought to be deprived of the same privilege. I was not allowed to make any inquiries of my master concerning it. He deemed all such inquiries on the part of a slave improper and impertinent, and evidence of a restless spirit. The nearest estimate I can give makes me now between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age. I come to this, from hearing my master say, some time during 1835, I was about seventeen years old.

–Fredrick Douglass

Joys parallel to fatigue: tangible joys, eating, resting, the pleasures of Sunday . . . but not money. No poetry concerning the people is authentic if fatigue does not figure in it, and the hunger and thirst which come from fatigue.

-Simone Weil, Gravity and Grace

Heresy was the equivalent of “liberation theology” for the medieval proletariat. It gave a frame to peoples’ demands for spiritual renewal and social justice, challenging both the Church and secular authority by appeal to a higher truth. It denounced social hierarchies, private property and the accumulation of wealth, and it disseminated among the people a new, revolutionary conception of society that, for the first time in the Middle Ages, redefined every aspect of daily life (work, property, sexual reproduction, and the position of women), posing the question of emancipation in universal terms.

-Silvia Federici

If the working class were to arise in its terrible strength, not to demand the Rights of Man, which are but the rights of capitalist exploitation, not to demand the Right to Work which is but the right to misery, but to forge a brazen law forbidding any man to work more than three hours a day, the earth, the old earth, trembling with joy would feel a new universe leaping within her ... Like Christ, the doleful personification of ancient slavery, the men, the women and the children of the proletariat have been climbing painfully for a century up the hard Calvary of pain; for a century compulsory toil has broken their bones, bruised their flesh, tortured their nerves; for a century hunger has torn their entrails and their brains. O Laziness, have pity on our long misery! O Laziness, mother of the arts and noble virtues, be thou the balm of human anguish!

- Paul Lafargue, The Right to Be Lazy

Clocks played an important role from the earliest stages of European imperial expansion. Indeed, the so-called New World was brought within the purview of the Old largely thanks to the science of horology; for the exploration and charting of lands and waters along east- and westward meridians - or 'lines of longitude' - relied on the invention of clocks that could accurately keep time at sea.

-Giordano Nanni, The Colonisation of Time

What's interesting about these riots, and I've talked to kids about it, after the three days, and they all said the same thing: "for three days we ran London. For three days London was ours. For three days it worked according to how we wanted it to work." And, basically, they didn't demand anything. They just started. There was a call: come out and let's just run the city for three days.

– Stefano Harney in The Undercommons

Somewhere in Athens December the Sixth
The kid will kill the cop before sunup
Somewhere in Athens December the Seventh
On the streets the banks are burnt one by one
Somewhere in Athens December the Eighth
Let's cut a rug in Parliament's rubble
Somewhere in Athens December the Ninth
The poets in the streets eulogize fires
Somewhere in Athens December the Naught
Because the rebels shot the bell-tower clocks

-Jazra Khaleed, translated by Sarah McCann



Qualia

Daniel Baker

1.

The words came forth as—how can that be phrasing—
arresting vividness, or not quite, unrelieved presence
vibrates the tenor.

The perception white hot, flagrant before speech.
Red light scatters across the view, mending the delirious reach
toward, repelling the delays

gaze applies. Lie here, in grass and moss the will distends,
then blue—horizon folded in woven tapestry,
not even a second designation rendered ———

We've come a long way from what we first saw,
shape of the sight prior to a selection of flowers
in a vase, fainting lightly in mid-afternoon

sun stemmed through the gaps, breathless mirror
to seize dimension, intention at the brink refracts
self-sufficiency and other failures

to grasp the hum, the room exhausted by a heavy wind,
coarse rhythms time spends itself in, wilting
to the falling sound of—

Here, here, or no, here, the failing, tight-lipped freshness, full throat
not rendered in words, focal point no point at all, line to graph
the accelerating distances,

tulips, eucalyptus, sense of reference, agreeable long before consent,
what it's like, final testimony, unsure, well something close to
blue, faint trickling at dawn, and mine.

2.

Placed here and considered from all
sides, oscillating atoms shown
still—mottled, still, unchangeable—

non-relational, tendencies
strained at the tips, staying
sharpened
clarity to break
tenses, in
to relay
signal
rebound wave
changes
act as a •
now revert
tenses'
clarity
to break
signal

It hasn't stopped.

At war with passing
witness, the object's fall through
elucidated fragments,
dust in mind, evidence, adhered in pressure

put forth

as gesture,

in patient assembly,

a glint

At first sight, appeared blue,
on second, the same, though all changed,
inward now, toward open categories, no sense of beginnings
 here, with your palm open,
 sapphire bending
 temptation to say
 anything at all

3.

When my father returned from Vietnam, the world rearranged its textures: what sleep felt like, the presence of a hand on the shoulder, orange in the distance, how light breaks through trees, blue sky extending borderless, illegibility of forest green, quick unfastening, sunlight's weight, the sound of children, notably everything one might know if he'd said a word, the world swallowed up as it is anyway.

4.

sense of what it's like
breeze of what it's like

contracts to a small surface
unscalable, swift reflexes, approximations

recoil into muted whispers
one with the point

shining in projected gap beyond instinct
sleepless permanence the poem suggests, movement to the facts

passing, unbroken by time. here, here, cannot be else
blue passing for something like continuance, the shifting pattern legible

in scratches against the sky. the vanishing point's
impossible music, almost resists everything, figures traced perceptibly across

memories of facts, and silenced in favor of
the breeze, light pulsing, plain humming

Colony Collapse Disorder

Henry Bohan

Assassination of proposition
Will destroy
Those who reduced us
To chuck;

Lords of the conglomerate castrate themselves in
The public squares via
Perverting frontiers.
On the other side

Of the rotten world united, word
Spills through:
A supply ship of wine and sex sailed in,
Burning mast to bilge.

Air carries reactive horror. "What
Will be done now?"
The consensus says,
"This is terrible."

Birds carry song
Through chatter-brimmed palms and willows.
Time is clear
On all axes

Henry Bohan

Hypowary of sickness, sickness
Of a shifting education, habilitation... One-hundred-sixty-two

Years later... Death alone.
Do not hurt me, breeze. Just blow your

“Digital” bugle. I am
Hyper-aware of love

Behind glass like
Permanent ice.

Samo

Kyle Seamus Brosnihan

I'm not a real person.

I'm a legend.

I cross out words
so you can see them more.

I don't think about art
while I work. I try to think
about life—somebody's
holding a chicken, and
underneath the chicken
is somebody's head.

If you wanna talk about
influence,

there are about 30 words
all around you all the time,
words like "thread"

or "exit." The more I paint
the more I like everything.

I was making art
in an airplane once.

I was copying some stuff out
of a Roman sculpture book.

This lady said, 'Oh
what are you studying?' I said,

'It's a drawing.'

Every single line means something.
A mood. That's a copyright symbol
so I won't get sued.

From the Shadow

Jackie Clark

From the shadow
There is something that moves
A sleep paradox
Whereby you must let others into your bed
If it corresponds with the moon
A story to resign
Ship-fulls to breath
A short gasp and longer draw
What is often called echoes are nothing more than chorus
If you are splitting hairs
To each recipient something will be said
An aggressive tone typed with two gesturing fingers
But if we are spending all of this money
But if we are wintering the future
In the shadow from which I see by the corner of my eye
A movement that I can't catch when I turn my head
The wind or the work of the wind upon something
I turn the glow down to a dimmer
And wait until the soft pattern returns
Keeping the darkness close
The sound of a current somewhere in the distance
May have been the alley and its passerbys
On this evening an unrecoverable disturbance
Though others have gone unnoticed and unstationed
How many nights of dreaming to build a suitable boat
I've forgotten the right way to give it a title
Self-conscious of my own ability
A memory of finding Remembrance of Things Past in the Salvation Army
A cassette of a 90's band
And a purple bowl shaped like a flower
Rolling over for another angle
Repositioning the light
The curtain that didn't cover the window pane and the same persistent street lamp
A memory of walking home from the bus in the snow

When will the language rest
Lay its head
Lay its heart
To say the others sleep easy
While you raise and lower heavy shutters
A not yet memory of a piece of wood needed to prop a window open
The persistent danger of its spring-loaded guillotine
A severing to multitudes
The omnibus of this particular orthodoxy
We all want what we want
Is something you say when you are tired and ready to give up

The Train

Jackie Clark

The train that travels through the city travels slowly. The signals change from yellow to red to yellow again. It does this whether you are here or not. Station to station the doors open and close. Above ground or below ground the routine is always the same. You count the minutes. Everyone tells you that it is for the best. That decisions like this don't come along often. That you will be happy or become happy. You wrestle with this, who moves life so far. A dog's life, a perimeter of public transit. It's only time and it is only yours. How many views are there to behold? In a manner of speaking there is only one. But you have known others to drive away and fly away and stay away. This colossus, this wreck wasn't always affixed. An unfit characterization, but a point of pride that will not quit or rather you won't quit it, having never surrendered to your desires so overtly before, which also isn't true, because there was a time when you grew and grew and they excised your body, only your body returned to its body before, you returned to yourself in a way that you won't anymore now. At some point the holding unholds and you mistake or are mistaken and you miss the sound of the train as it rolls away.

(Bubba)

Katherine Duckworth

I

bubba helms becomes WESTVACO and purchases
a kitty litter factory. the uniforms are altica. a blue. a
coach we call monster no, a teammate we call monster.
the era is the glow of a pink salt rock. the comfort of
distance as violence moves slowly across a life

II

bubba helms gathers. relocates. considers we
are working the line. he becomes my brother,
takes classes online. secures networks. I
have tried earnestly to express again the field
sparrow, perched, exposed on the bare branch
of the Plane accelerating song

III

bubba helms becomes crude materialism. a humiliation
of sparrows swallow the parrot. difficult to make work through
the problem of periodization, floods, fire, bombs and a slight
ache. The backwater becomes a frontmatter. hesitation noises
toward a burnt out, all-encompassing sameness. diffused
light on the plane

IV

A year into writing slow violence, Joe Louis Arena, where bubba's
nephew poses in his Michigan sweatshirt, closes, and I answer

a phone call from Oakland— a survey about the new location
of the A's stadium. *Is proximity to public transportation important to you?*
Would you like to see local vendors? The 24-foot fist suspended in a bronze pyramid
is ungloved. Joe Louis's \$350,000 severed fist.

V

gathers. relocates. considers the concrete suspended.
shipwrecked. about bubba, there is nothing more to know.
he becomes again. contains. rises and falls
like a market

poems

Spencer Everett

MINING – RETRIEVAL – REMINDING – REMAINDER
INFINITESIMAL IDEAS OF AGGRESSIVE INSIGNIFICANCE
A SAGA OF SELF-AUTOMATED LABOR
STANDARDIZATION IS A KIND OF WRITING
META-RECORD → NETWORK
LABOR IS A KIND OF WRITING FORGOTTEN
ITS OWN PROCEDURES
A LOVELY SPEED BEAT – A SOFT BLUE BLANKET
FAST-BREEDING TREE WITH A HIGH SPEED OF VOTING
WITH LITTLE EXPULSION
RECURSIVE TASK SET
SCENERY FOR A NOVEL BY THE SAME NAME
BRAIN “MUSCLE-MUSCLE” BRAIN
THE DEATH OF INTENTION IS PRIMARILY SOFT
AND PURELY INSTRUMENTAL

the park as local field of universe relations *if* the rest of universal *was*
-in it for fun- incentivizing the temporary suspension of *some*

power relations – pretended goodwill?

nosebleed politics of
primal human drives a portrait

that water in your mouth behaves as in a jar, potable there
as mouth in water, that water in your mouth. “Take this pill

he texted her. “It’s strange and sad to see your things without you while
you look at me from April on the wall.” Late enough she wouldn’t come

his pupils – sunk.

You can live an amusing life when it's basically sad

when my ear hurts it bleats and babies bleat like lambs.

We'll send a globe of light into the sky and call it good

if you love the park Impressionist.

If you hate the park Expressionist

What's your relationship to the park? Dido

? St. Augustine? Bubble bath? That nonFeeling When

a leaf doesn't crunch because it's a brown napkin and
people taking all the benches objects beauty can't

shift toward periphery >

beauty is common stupidity and never understands
understands. But never understood. I'd considered

stability

repetitive action to replace

eternal

repetition of the sentiment

but at that point in my life it felt spectral, a vial of whim
for the sentient heart and its regenerative enclosures

The First Gate

Aaron Fagan

The evening's most intense bidding
Occurs behind the scenes at Christie's.
Occasionally, you know where you
Belong. Returning to the basics—
And I think great wisdom is ignorant
On this point—is a necessary chaos.
Tonight, it frightens me. It's silly, really.
The ancient world was almost certainly
A poetic one—a world of metaphor,
Of odd connection, flashing insight,
And irreconcilability with intervals
Of lucidity no movement can predict—
Escorting the mind towards the first
Gate, but to what? So many tears
To be remembered. Day after day
For the last month, the light has been
Shining in front of the window where
The work of the Sisyphus sun is done.
From time to time—halfway into
The daydream the myth opposes—
Midway tears come. I don't resist.
Smiles come. I accept it as a gateway.
After filtering out the slow movements
Of the past two years, collecting little
Things. The routine. The calm. Parts
Of speech. Writings on the wall. Fine
Lines and finer details. The nightly
Dialogue with the deep. Us by the sea.
An evening in the city. Controlling
Variables. Installing unframed works.
Flowering years, beautiful life all
Eventually withering. The body leans
With a pose, alluring, innocent,
And straightforward. How accidental

Intention appears. A study for a bird—
Small, meticulous—made of daisies,
Hydrangea leaves, and blackberries
On paper. Imaginary alphabets nobody
Can read. Aiming for a waking life,
All I want to say is that the condition
That precedes the moment in which
The imagination goes to work produces
Mental representations of depth.
To write to be a confidant of others.
The understanding and understanding
Are the same—words between words
Are the thought between the lines.
One thought, one moment, the period
Of grammar and aesthetics is different—
Illuminates a way to see understanding
No one could say. Tender synergy.
A smile dedicated to you who saw this.
I had overcome the lining of the vaulted
Sky. Swam in the clear free abyss.
Infinities play out. There's no absolute
Trace of memory. The minds of two
Lovers merge. I assigned myself
A project a month ago: to archive
Things just as they are. However,
Material memories are finite. Forgive
Regrets. To replicate the past is futile.
A farewell. A love story. A labyrinth
In the mind. A vertical and horizontal
Cycle without serenity. I'm meticulous
About the logic of my pieces, but you
Should only consider logic up to a certain
Point, because, after all, the interesting
Parts are something else. To become
Human one needs to become a lemon peel,
A roemer, and oysters which is to say
Transfigure *Still Life with a Glass and Oysters*
Into *Ninety Degrees in View* thus leaving
Reality behind. Four journeys into mystic

Time are a deeply personal journey—
The story of humanity. The days I have
Been looking for are in the existence
We have been recording. With years
Comes a way of seeing and sensing
It's not completely over. Perception,
Subjectivity, position—you are involved.
There is never a question of what to say,
But only how to say it. I often think
There is no absolute fate between people.
If we can meet, we can also walk in parallel
And say goodbye. There is a philosophy
Of understanding two characters separately
And the tension may be able to express it.
The boundaries of z and y axes collapse,
Becoming each other. It's a shared way
Of looking, an active looking at and through
Things. Undoing. We use images to know,
To be known, to be a part of the world.
We are leaves for a study in color and line.
Play with the image until an accident occurs.
An accident where things are distorted
And aligned. Something which can never be
Any specific thing. One does not substitute
Oneself for the past, one merely adds a link.
It's never incidental. Therein lies salvation.
Each of us is a series of prototypes for two
Underworlds where time travels back in time
For the lost ways purged of pity and terror.

After Apollinaire

Aaron Fagan

I am reminded pain came after pain and sometimes joy
After joy or pain. I do not agree life is a kind of clock.
Days go by and so do I but not under the guise of what
Remains. Days and love slip by blending with the rot
In the field. Wars somewhere go on and lovers keep
Claiming their part of the year by parking their cars
In woods beneath the one star they know by name—
It repeats a joke often told but seldom understood:
Did you ever hear the one about a dude who opened
A garden caught between dimensions but was made
By the sun saying, “May all our shadows meet again
In the afterlife, but until then, the day will remain
Squandered by night with every Rapunzel of living
Memory letting down their hair long into the abyss.”

Towards a Dream

Aaron Fagan

The life of the mind is the life of empire—
General, abusive, secretive, and boring,
A cock shrine next to a gun shop sells relics
Proven to hold no connection to God—
Everything is made to go up in a blaze.
Remember to kiss the pillars of the sun—
A stressful magnificence upholds the past.
I stand at ease with the end of the world.
Time will not dismiss the ones who sang
Good mannerly directions, empty praise—
All that reverence long since gone to ruin.
Worn headstones in the cemetery corner
Contradict their tenantry, vulnerabilities
Who woke to touch the light that wakes.

Beneath Battersea Bridge

Anneysa Gaille

all is hella crepuscular
aka soft like this riverbank's bare belly

which encourages those of us
who're only comfortable

as the real and artificial collide
sorta negating each other

momentarily after dusk
is no longer adequate

when describing
space we now shadow

but it's more or less okay to court
fugitive relief through a water bottle

filled with off-license Alamos malbec
kept company by rascalion foxes

In Our Study

Anneysa Gaille

the sage flame swallows
itself woven redolent
with what is almost ignored
amongst pulpy spines creased
plural since end times
have always been near
though of course
smoke chokes more and more often
as a rush hour express train
somewhere quivers eyes yet met
while moods become mutant horseshoes
'cause we can't be fucked
to postpone another apocalypse

from “Silsila” (Book Two of the Cywanu Trilogy)

Whit Griffin

The honeycomb,

the switchboard,

the web, the double helix

All of our lives are like cells in an immense

honeycomb And “you” focus your attention –

a portion of your Self - in one cell

to the exclusion of all the others

But they’re all there, operating at once

Death is the pulling back from one cell

and seeing the larger structure

There are ways of doing this before you die

The existence of psychedelic home churches –

my own coven –

The parallels between these under-the-radar

home gatherings and the home churches

of early Xtianity

The work of Daniel McQueen fits into this

emerging paradigm Reclaiming our

spiritual autonomy

The parallels between the Bhagavad Gita

and the incantations of the medieval

Irish poet, Amergin Glúinegel

Senchán Torpéist, chief bard of Ireland

in 640CE

It took an Irish poet twelve years

of study to become a filí

In 1568 Elizabeth I granted licenses to bards

to distinguish them from vagabonds

The suppression of the bardic schools in the seventeenth century

Because someone is no longer in a body form

does not mean their dynamic, creative wisdom

is not available to you Carrollite can be used to enhance

communication with other-worldly beings

The pulse that exists beyond language

Active imagination The co-creative

possibilities Using your imagination

to construct realities in other dimensions that confer

a protective pulse in this one *Do not let your*

intellect be the only part of your psyche

to give you the answer

Let me receive the good wishes

I know I've sent back to myself here

When you foster /

nurture deep love for who you are

it creates a confident

self-awareness that creates a force field /

a pulse

Land of bloom

Land in full maturity

Isn't it a wonderful journey

that at every stage we can't imagine anything beyond it?

From the meadow of souls

to the spindle of Ananke

Odysseus, shrewdest of all the Greeks,

chose for his next incarnation the life

of a private man who had no cares

Scenic dilation Vernal hour sweet

as clover When it's quiet you hear

Clust, the Hearer, knew when

an ant was moving fifty

miles away Bewail the

cuckoo's wandering

The hour of the twittering of birds

in the twitterlitter A scream raised

by a dragon on Beltane that was

so terrible it made the land barren Gentle puttocks have long toes

Sicilian Buttercups

Keeper of sunflowers To memorize and repeat

the parable is to miss the meaning

of the parable

The boy is the bird, and the mother

would know the meaning

It's time to make the Mystery public

Humanity is at a point in its evolution

where the techniques to break out of the armor

of conditioned reality

and activate the higher chakras - to open up

new circuits / channels -

can no longer be kept secret

For the sake of the planet and the survival and growth
of the species we are leaving behind
the gatekeepers and intermediaries,
and are delivering the tools for self-knowledge and transcendence
directly to the people

A surprise symphony A kaleidoscope of crystals Colloquy
 of the Ancients The crook slowly
 sliding out from stage left Swifts flying low
to the ground,
 feasting on things you can't even see
Cooking with stinkhorns
 Crown-tipped coral fungus
 Round house blowhards who claim
only they have access to real salt
 Are you a bromide?

404 error

Elizabeth Hickson

the page you are looking for is nonexistent: this is one
afterlife, oceanic, cerulean blue, either seafoam or not,

the secret is to release precisely, I am late, in the same
archetype in time, into an other I fold specifically, in

every random twinning there's one whelming, yes I am
not nothing, I long to meet you in the nonidentical

moment, as seen from air I cannot, close your eyes,
in hours we project at random, in fractals I can count

our sameness, I drop by your house, it's casual, say
you love me into the glass, this is scientific, a study in

elsewhere, I'll see you in the multiples, as seen from air,
step into the after, I know the importance of transport,

in spans, on the count of the same one, I cannot astral
in the other simultaneities, everything has to be perfect,

the temperature, time as measured in units of rain, in
this version of the elsewhere go with door number two,

I'll be there in a double, any I changes when you put it in
water, now I'm cerulean, into light, I am stepping, on the

edge of eddies, in fragments, I fold you into the pairing,
the bodies are permeable, when you put them into

proximity, I am recalibrating, with a little assistance, I
reach a hand

house of if

Elizabeth Hickson

let if of shadows the body of if

if to let shallows to inhabit if to sound if

if to say sound if your silver is if

that if

an image lets the iffing if

if upon iffing the image were to

if to if in silver

if to burn the image in if

if to if the bird of iffing

if to if in the burning

if to bridge the sound of if

the sound of iffing if to bare the bird of if

if to bare the bone in if

if in bearing the birded bone in if

there were another iffing

if an iffing were to if inside a birded bone

& inside that iffing were another birded bird

burning to say if

if burned in if would if bird bird

palimpsest, dark blue

Elizabeth Hickson

I'd like to report a strange phenomenon, the bark of a dog heard years ago. Bruise of sky. Moonshine, the color amber. Listen, something happened. The past is a natural place for hearing echoes, a stone through still water. I have been noiseless, something shed. In memory it is different. One long hum. Gray buzzes of sound. Once effluvial dust drifts into the landscape. It was (perhaps) about to storm. Outside, the beating of wings, phosphorescence giving way to the smell of kerosene. What is not remembered amounts to only one undressing, a few hours in a long southern winter. Say empty, say eye of the needle, say aperture. There is nothing that will not vanish. I can almost remember the blotch on my hip, spill of ink. His voice, hushing me home. Remembrance, an unreachable surface. Unbruised skin arriving like dawn, like moon, upon moon, upon moon.

Yarchagumba

Kanya Kanchana

Anemone and aster,
monkshood and larkspur,
knotgrass and sedge, and
yarchagumba.

A sporing, while the ghost
moth slept a deep white sleep,
a slow ravening then, of what
the rind held within, a spurting,
ripe fruiting body and flag, into
the humming high alpine spring.

Yaks grow tenfold in strength,
they said, and men go all night.

Embers of rhododendron
cooled in the moon, juniper
smoke settled, ammonites
of the Gandaki
fell quiet.

You, nightwise
and willing, thawed into the belly
of my mal apothecary.

Ophiocordyceps sinensis
Marpha, Nepal

Heraclitus

Nikos Karouzos (tr. George Fragopoulos)

Ephesian, solitude's beloved,
you became blood's symbol...

They never saw your shadow
fall across Plato's forehead,
never saw your hand's gesture,
Loner, at the goddess's temple.

Yet they are aflame
from your fire.

What did they glean from this new language
god taught you every evening?

Prophet of the Word,
beloved of the beloved,
immortality comforts you.

And your wounds will heal.

Death arrives dressed
as an army officer
in epaulets and insignias
for them . . .

It arrives deeply
and terribly
for few.

Six Verses

Nikos Karouzos (tr. George Fragopoulos)

Everything mocks eternity.
And you, Cloistered One, in your enigma,
ochre Lord of the garden,
crucified Ecstasy,
death's lamp, perform
acrobatic feats on my chest.

Light Study

Nikos Karouzos (tr. George Fragopoulos)

Light blinds me, burns the lips,
enthuses my blood,
kisses the forehead.

It sensually crawls through
my entrails, escaping the materiality
of existence. And entering
the heart, it makes
a mockery out of love.

O light, with sweetness you tame
temples even as you provoke
the utmost metaphysical
irritation and I
exhale you.

At other times, you are an incomprehensible
Satyr with a cluster of sweet rays.

You certainly killed Van Gogh.

But become as dangerous as you can
and blind me.

Re: Dream Seedling

Tobi Kassim

after Friederike Mayröcker

Lot of dreams re: flourishing today, re: germinate

the seedling in the ground opening & the ground
the vulnerable of the tendril unsticking
mucosal apart the literal overnight time
my blindness insight secretes apart green

adhere: it's time to start eating the sun my throat
yellow dust-coated, & what is floating, flowered in
there ach, sliding my backtongue
at the arch the top of my gullet- when will i be

the right stigma, the wrong gender, gold grit &
irritant the right reject re: expression of spores what
will my gorge gestate ok dislodge aerate rain from
scratched windpipe

I love & dream of a gardening i haven't prepared
spring acts cleave themselves like cells & straggle
wetted of newly peeled quick exposed, stunts from
winter's heaped mulches, growth on the rough &
oh the discards

Greeny, My Girl

Chime Lama

O the moments I feel empowered,
 how greatly offset by the contrary.
 To eat a plum from WCW's
life of hellish love
 that sounds grand and good to me.
 How now
with a cusp of waterfalls,
 do you tremble at the turning
 an upturning of a
face.
 A lone yielding in the night to a
 wolf in my bed!
And alone with the dishes smashed,
 with lobster's sweet meat
 grubbily fingered
out. Is *this* the beautiful wreckage
 of the women silver-white?
 And how less delightful
in the shattering sunlight.
 Silent but a breeze that sprints
 across the valley, yet
her mind is ever the contrary.
 It is not a life of love she despises,
 but the task of holding
a snowflake with hockey mitts.
 Broken, broken, it is all. A start and
 a stop and over again. Yes,
it is hard to grow a new limb like a tree.
 See how she strains to the sun?

On Crossing the Arno the Poet Longs to Go Bowling

Zachary LaMalfa

my cities are the cities on earth
the cities leveled in the fight for a disalienated dinner
in my bed in the city that speaks in flowers
in the burst of greedy talk the peals in the alley directly
preceding 10 p.m.'s excessively ancient silence
whatever it was happened that got me thinking
about the future of all cities (grim)
how my voice sounds in another language (good)
leaping duskily and frilly like out of some other body
in some other city some city full of flowers
vacuum sealed on the reverse side of a display case full of cakes
of the medieval wall or a silver earring or case of cakes
it is an old old bell tower tolling out the 19s
speaking the language of money
I ask about strawberries in another language
and pretty soon it's the future

from “selfhood in coherence”

Jerry Lieblich

particulars

add to life “with nothing

but the force of days,” written

over geologic time

on autopilot rhythm, beads

of fog

-filled mirrored footprints,

potsherds, snow, mount

indefinition erupts

betweenness sounds

quotients of silence, without names

for steps, dance, dancer, rhythm, days

of chipping bark, sensation, elemental

care, what language

forms in nothing, blue

on sunlit snow, a city

buried in, consisting of,

particulate ash, men in sealskin

pin

flowing water, demand

legible prophesy, though

long-range weather systems are decidedly
indeterminate though probabilistic

definitions of electrons constitute
our most accurate model to this day and self

erupts between

mirrored footprints, beads

in snow which seems

solid coherent ground even

as it falls, wind-swerved, clouds

conceal the mountains, make
a classical Chinese painting do you

interpret me as I do

you as if
in dreams

/

and if this world is

as I am, third

footprint where

a fox notices

whims in wind, turning to figure

ground trilling

wren across the stream, scent

marks, continuous

at a distance

with you with bodies they emerge

from how

a work of art extends
into the viewer, mountaintops

in fog, we

may never meet,
may never want to, yet

we've touched

worlds suffused
with independent

others

in a world, suffused
with independent others, churning

hope

for sea legs
for a perceiver

feels problems must be solved
or fled from, feels

this self is such a problem

to figure in

snow heartbeat
melted, made

of changing subjects, senses,
figures, ground, with pee
soaked sticks

in shifting nostrils, quivering
eyes, an I

eavesdrops or joins

in fragmentary sense
marks makes

a sense of home

in what

bodies do to this
perceiver, made

of fur on rock, writing
mineral fact, we're all

in this

together, right squirrel

titmouse, ice
shelf, river,

writer,
you

/

formed molecule

by molecule forms

of life with ice,

with days, intricately

cut, clouded
with anger's

silt, gray
fox, catlike

footprints in the blizzard, edited

in eyes

of hungry others, care

for the acorn harvest, leaping

from a branch tip, a Bhagavad Gita, a Book

of Job, lost

with the indifference
of asteroids

the blizzard occludes the field

of real
consequence and action, misaligns
minds, habits

of direct register,

paw on careful
paw, formed

in countless days
in snow, today

frozen
shut
and glittering

Oxy

PJ Lombardo

Imbibing rewound prayer
Past puddles of squeezed poppy

recalling

Lounging in your spit
Adulterous animal yesser

Vanishing my childhood dog
Your vision heaves eros up every nostril

In your huff of popper:
Up netherworld loveseat & delphic heresy

Hundreds of goose-feathers hundreds of dozes
Drop-outs striving in ballet sling
 while you murder doctors
 while we murder doctors together

The Green Keeps Coming

after ELKHART by R.G. Gearhart

PJ Lombardo

Statuesque cinematics pinch my quartz into your pupil
I burble sliming rescue

I am not
Long for this stall so i hex you stay you hex & stay

Off the ladder of this dumpster our prism will

Off the ladder of this dumpster our prism quivers
Quivers the beams & the plumpest slouch is
your ballet wher
ever

Shellacked with grief

Brendan Lorber

On the surface I'm shellacked with grief and the unyielding
means grief provides to obliterate fear if only with a larger
fear of each moment galvanized by promise for instance
the promise to get you to give up and yet you don't for
reasons that seem less reasons than a fine mist which gathers
you in its embrace just long enough to admit the past never
had a plan beyond this moment heartbreaking in perpetuity
but too short to present your own plan In the absence of trifles
like weekends or the chance for news to paper over what
it's news of it's hard to spot the larger losses like music
you put on to cook by but you get so into listening dinner
never happens and we're brought closer to the other side
far from the vague pain of what once was normal with its
illusion of destinations and voyages when all we are is coming to

They solved school shootings by closing the schools

Brendan Lorber

They solved school shootings by closing the schools
Can't we very politely ask cops to work from home too
or as botanists or not at all Can't we let the ambition
of microbes and calving glaciers Ebenezer the homicide
from our impulse disorder of a history? The end is the only
thing in sight or was until we passed it When I started
writing this poem I was afraid I'd lose my job but
I'm not afraid anymore because I lost it just now
in a briefly mysterious touchbase with my boss's boss
who let me go into the uneasy grace after the worst
has happened but before whatever that means The qualm
between storms that I'll soothe by rewatching Three Days
of the Condor or The Taking of Pelham 1-2-3 in the 1970's
New York City nobody thought they'd make it out of either

Notes on Biography

Olivia Mardwig

During the time Pierre Reverdy was writing poems, Breton was writing the surrealist manifesto.

“The ultimate reality is the surreal” Breton would say.

A poetry of the unconscious. The mind behind the mind.

Reverdy was a craftsman, sculptural like his parents’ parents.

His presence on the page is diffuse.

The objects in his poems could be objects of anyone.

Personally, I want the past to bring meaning.

I want it to help me arrive at the knowledge of myself, sooner.

My husband is in the same room, typing the words, “We individuate by means of borrowed tools. I tell myself a story and call it mine.”

Like Emerson, thinking about the personal history of Luther.

Believing that everyone can find a link between theirs and the life of a great person.

Reverdy died, in self-appointed seclusion in rural France.

For forty years he held a torch for one woman.

A century later, she is considered one of the most iconic designers that ever lived.

Perhaps anticipating her celebrity, on perfume she once said it “prolongs your departure.”

“Properly speaking, the impulse to bury yourself in someone else’s life is not normal,” the biographer Stacy Shift said in an interview.

There are more than a dozen books on Reverdy’s lover.

None of them mention his name.

Private Vocational Fluency

Joshua Martin

My scene steals a screen
pleasant as a parrot foam
becoming mixed textile
network of alliances.

Empires crack a void,
ruling over crown,
sprawling / pampered /
languishing.

Puddle of
linen
shorts.
Shipments of
mineral
clocks.

Attendant catastrophe summoning
beatification projects to mock
self-proclaimed worldly sewage system.

Couple singed neighborhoods
as of a reformist policy,
arisen / failed /
self-determining.

Temporary my convictions collaborate
with forty sand dollar collarbones
piercing together collective reflections
vying for pre-PAGAN reputational impressions.

Using WORDS like paints
, also SQUINTING.

Kidding analyzed touching piece

Joshua Martin

an anagram for wither

, an

ICELANDIC

allowance ,,, firsthand

boiling

[is a

pot not also

fumes

? ? ? ? ?] = = =

grubs

held

vulgarity &

strapping youngsters

fuse

pig's

headless

memories

ON

TO east coast ventriloquist

trampoline

churning

adverse

stomachs - - - ((((an

entrance

w/o a fully

mystical

future

tense

beaten

tobacco

coat

,,, depressed

ribs

ensnarl

worldwide

skeletal

hollowing

combination

services.

Interstices

Chris McCreary

Risen, somnolent, neither here
nor there : I never know the road, only go
where the GPS takes me. Presently, a new route
we won't speak into routine. I am the passenger

& I'm biding my time, letting momentum
choke, throttle until it all stops. I got out
& walked, sold the watch but kept
the monogrammed pen. If ever I were followed,

it's not so now. Somehow the loudest message
is the one that never arrives, yet I have these letters
in a hand I barely recognize. Green circles,
red lines. At the precipice,

portrait mode shows pores, crows' feet,
corvids hungry & hovering in blur. The orphic urge
to turn absorbent until you're leaking
ink : songs unsung, bells un-

rung. Under metal but above bone, you're thin skinned
with a neck unprotected. Everything's convex
when mirrored in rearview : red circles, purple
curlicues, blue lights blinking along each

silvery branch. The small hours are long & velocity's
all wrong, but at least there's circulation. Turnstiles,
circuit breakers, revolving doors. Furniture I knew
but in different rooms, voices across hallways

calling children, pets, beloveds to invisible beds.
Dowsing now, new tools to harness the dark & how,
dazzled, what passes into shadow never merges
but might almost intersect. Wade, wait, let sediment

settle, then come around still soft in spots,
less intemperate but overbloomed. Block by block,
electricity curtailed. Bit by bit, we spin then snip
what's already been apportioned : a dozen suns

wrapped in cellophane, brief seasons between
one another & what the seconds guess.

Pond

Cassidy McFadzean

Edge of parabola, darkening.
The crater filled with turquoise
imprint in the earth, a glassy eye.

Input zero cameras; Input infinite
cameras. Early morning glass
breaking exists before dishes,

pre-dates ceramics, an oval
seared in flesh. Pale yellow
tissue reforms, delicate

as a maggot wriggling. Low
drum of slamming doors,
work boots running down

the staircase. Fitful freight
elevator, a figure jostling
the handle of a door; a hand's

sudden clasping of shoulder.
Creaking as you turn. Ice
exhales across the surface.

Book of Ours

Cassidy McFadzean

Reviewing our shared lexicon

Ours A propositional architecture

Neither distracted by heat

nor the changing of seasons

but dried peaches and aromatic tea

Our rations dwindling Hours dithered away

Each distant corner of the house we occupy

The point is mute Sunlight sequestered

The purely ornamental string chorus

which sings of nothing but its pleasure

in singing for the pleasure Purely

from “The Reproduction Sonnets”

Parker Menzimer

Then she said I couldn't sing; I said what do you mean? She pushed past me. At the East Bay Vivarium, the black and green geckos seemed to glow from within. On the damp, grassy slope at Terrace Park, under a thin layer of fog, we had tentative sex. I broke down each poem into twelve-letter phrases and made hundreds of anagrams. That was 2006. I still confuse the Caldecott and Waldo Tunnels. I thought if I studied iambic pentameter I could reverse engineer my California English. One has rainbows painted on its southern portals. I took Shakespeare's "fair youth" sonnets and added a couple of personal details. The young man is wasteful; but you can't reverse-engineer a landfill, no matter how bad you want it. I made a word cloud. I spent a lot of time on nosweatshakespeare.com. Look in thy glass...

As our genes permutate in foul mouths,
Lilac on which poison Eros hinges,
One microdosed hottie Zens in the heath,
Means well, may damewort bloom in her lifetime:
Tacked henges binge well laith to be so dear,
Today I boil a lone dusty oat,
Whatnot; forget-its and terabyte drives,
In only Louboutins, showered in gold.
I've passed out feeling jocular and cheap,
Trying to answer "What's in 5 o'clock
That's not in any other mortal hour?"
Thinkin' "Lincoln, get off that turpentine!"
 You've hastened to take a measure of art,
 Don't let the door hit you on your way out.

Meeting my eyes in the rearview mirror of a gold Chrysler Sebring convertible, Benji's father said: "You have a strong, Roman nose." I learned a lot about my body. When Aiden mentioned *The Outsiders*, Sonia said, "You're my new favorite person." I overdrafted for the fourth time since my birthday; I think about that all the time. I wondered whether Shakespeare was really multiple people, understanding that it couldn't matter either way. Writing, for me, has been a matter of following established models by ear; I've learned a lot about my body from other people. In September I read Charles Bernstein's selected poems, then I read a couple of Ron Silliman's essays. I wrote this by candlelight. I thought I could reverse-engineer the anagrammatic passages of my autobiography, and to do that, I would need to make a word cloud. I can imagine a person objecting to the embattled tone, or reacting negatively to the felt impression of arbitrariness. I drove home to take this dictation, listening to *The Gould Variations*. Winning lotteries, I wrote this passage by candlelight. I was born in Oakland, California, in 1991.

I lectured on the “autofictional tendency,” locating it in the works of Hervé Guibert and Annie Ernaux. “Lord Aldenham’s ‘fragment’ was not the only manuscript at Burlington House that Morris coveted. He fell in love also with the Psalter belonging to the Duke of Rutland, one of the greatest achievements of English Gothic illumination.” I remember my father got religious about compost. On modesty: making oneself heard without recourse to the generalities of rhetoric. I think that sentimentality is a complicated virtue in poetry. Where the rose demurs, tender is the joint. I said to Molly, “We can both be very cruel and stupid, and also very forgetful and stupid.” He showed me which flowers attract monarch butterflies. Touching Liora was a totally immersive experience; I felt pleasurably trapped in a cycle of death and rebirth for many hours. After spacing out, I found I was crying thick, hot tears in the back of an Uber. On the day I was born, my mother wore white Reebok trainers. A ray of California sunshine hotly bisected my right cheek. I cherished that knowledge among her tulips, pansies, and gladiolas.

Yon truthy lesion, what dost thou enclose?
Enclose thyself, thy statue's lacy cage?
Rent shakes bees esq. ingesting but dry toast,
And being frank, I burn to be abased.
Besoothe testoon vainglory absentee?
Florist your flowers whet, so duteous
Staggers teargas foetus who canst unsee?
Dichotic -iatric bloodlet fetish
Friendless I copy voided discount codes.
Test autotune sour rags whose obtuse sooth
New note, ultraclean leech them bent oboe,
Watchable snuff footage brings down the mood
 Suety nude graceful arms besmut thee
 One duchy iced in utero etre

“Erotic poetry is a literary artifact, shaped by generic expectations.” I had just turned 28 when I told Molly that I wanted kids. Diana does this thing where she tunes out my lessons, then barrages me with personal questions after class—it feels like she’s trying to dom me? Teaching has been a matter of following established models by ear. Liora likes Wagner, so I read the Wikipedia entry *Gesamtkunstwerk*. I like Shakespeare’s sonnets because they demonstrate the *sound* of rhetoric. It seems to me that we share a certain Germanic(?) proclivity for myth, unreasoned feeling, obliteration; I’m thinking of her scrupulous eyes and accusatory pout. I cried when one of her Fairy Fliers drifted into the neighbor’s yard. A painting my mother cherished had been moved to the attic, still draped in its shroud. We spoke quietly, my body supine on her full-size bed, her soft cheeks framed by strong black braids. I thought I would submit them to a series of anagrammatic procedures. It was a Tuesday afternoon, around 4:30 p.m.

November

Ben Morgan

A few loose lumens stray

in the day's

jaded matrix, snag

in the dusk-charge.

If only that would cut it

and does, now

latent degradation pending

around the edges and eaves

a low-grade radiance

almost a halo.

A father guides his child

across the darkening grass

cast between

emails and love, the fragrance

summer emits as it rusts

passing the car window, now.

"There's time enough

a treasured phrase, dad

November light become

deciduous, bludgeoned us

as significant

pink rills splinter whole

hemispheres of doubt.

They call it

a rippling sky, torn cloud
wrought spinal, dissolved before
it could fully ossify like
 a faint vibration
serration of autumn's edge
decayed in blue. It's cool
the metabolism lags, new notes
 emerge from winter's
dissonance, ricochet in the din.

(always in process)

Geoffrey Olsen

I'm wrapped around the point

the pointlessness

a red box, a call, caw, cry

feathered edge descending of

me, silent and next

in numbness, cosmos lift

out silent materially

like a gauzy film, sticky

sense leftover, held to up

stretch I take to take up less

intake, valueless

haloed, mitigate the leaden hallow, halo shroud,

winged lawlessness knowledgelessness,

the taste, silent to plague, over-performed, no

(without motion)

Geoffrey Olsen

trees legible as research

all snow melts

policy invasion

the poems go there

a manor

now "I'm interested in humans"

but what determines

human fractal branches,

hands, fingers,

an arrogance despite all

scratching it outcomes

lost music

on cuneiform of shadow

planetary shadow watching

the passage on another body

ring of dark murmuring

present here to waiting's clone

so many metal shutters

affixed to greed or doubt

prosaic unfold, curling

paper in water

droplets in the window

an orthographic project
to protect an interior against
chaos and void
violence perpetuum
blue church of dawn
of downward improvises
shifts that abstract as
knowledge
scratching with
the cat
indelible arrays of
plants – interior/exterior

Feasting

Monique Ngozi Nri

Eyes schooled to see beyond
edges of sockets turn
corners to a mountainous sphinx laying on
the horizon with one cute nose double chin
Un homme sur un bicyclette accents the hip
a gamin flashes past the house flat with
a burst of bougainvillea and satellite dish
All unspoken languages

The old man next door
stretches his pasty legs hauls up the black
water hose which seems to serve no purpose
the land is scorched still he waters
Can we hope for floods volcanic eruptions
enriching the earth we sing together
learn the lyrics of melodies known
for thirty years all is easy

The horizon frames the sea
black flowers we have always known
existed show their heads
along with the black kitten who stops
by our door in recognition of music
we make breaking out into Vivaldi
no-one follows perhaps from embarrassment later
the young man and the older man play chess

Did not understand that
Two L's make a J sound
the ethereal blue light awakens
the howling wolves in all
of our sleep our sound
lessons in this story that
our humanity was for naught
this mujer is learning gentle

Patterned blue stone tile yellow shutters
wooden doors or lack thereof
speak of a culture not my own
but as African as the day
I was born
this soupy wet mix of paella
arroz con carne the red moon we
recognize red earth of another homeland

The Dinosaur's Debt

After Augusto Monterroso's "El dinosaurio"

Marta Núñez Pouzols

1.

Debt is contagious

It breaks in

lies down on our bed

When we wake up

it's still here

Debt is inherited

2.

Worked your whole life

by the end couldn't afford food

Don't worry, I have a credit card

Missing is intensified before sleep

and after waking up

I want to think you're still here

Mind mends time

fixes lack fills in clues

factory of what follows

When you don't have enough, you don't have enough

Future can be borrowed though
a deck of credit cards
rotating circuit of places to avoid

Put it on my tab

Debt must be kept secret
until it becomes its own logic
power cut expected shock
non-stop calls day and night
nightmares of the tailcoat man

Details no big deal
small setbacks

Check the account again

Mind avoids debt
denies debt
to consequences
and beyond
Debt is replaced
with a fantasy:
its absence

Just for now

The perfect 3.5 star burger

Ananta Prayitno

A few little lies I tell into my mouth
regardless of circumstance or time or year:

I'm only a little hungry on two Hamm's.
It's fine to feel my spine turn a sharp corner.
I'll leave the front door brazen for you forever.

The warmth of them
the quiet overarching desperation
and perseverance of them
when I'm restless, shaking, seated
are like unmanned crosses on a wall
or a single journal post-it note.

As my mind goes all gauzy transparencies
of course I think of kissing
like searching for the right can of pineapples

Yearning for mulch magic
and the nostalgic taste of bile
I'm ready to forfeit a few futures
for coral, silt, and salt.

Toile de Jouy Safari

Suchi Pritchard

slides turn in a circle, sun beat
down against the city that is not

 watching
 emotions. through the
viewfinder's inwardlooking
 lens apparatus distorts the eye
meant to further view a middle

 middling market distance. the one
 they say we're not to
use in fiction
 too predictable mesh &
netting of not forgetting all the reliquary

 items of former peoplepleasing fell
 around me vanities. twisted columns romanesque
rebar-exposed backless dress
 fabric leaf vine snake gourd crept past under
a mannequin side-lying, hair matted as moss nearby

 & under a plastic spoon
 beside an orange julius cup fungible
decades & centuries, we still suck
 our thumbs. secretly address such
detritus. summon & forget each compulsion to

 be special alongside the root of an eternal tree
 lick the magic-leaf lip-gloss candy-touch glistening rouge bare
teeth masquerade as fluoride smiles
 wider than a billboard backlit marquis
light elides glide roll-on shadows

shape our play wrought: a mall begot vowel
architecture the sun beatdown sparkling against

MONODRAMA

Suchi Pritchard

I couldn't get into surface. I could only get into the object. We practiced carving on Ivory soap. I cut out paper violets; my Grandma Ruby taught me decoupage, for which ivory soap was also used.

I echo, I am eleven years old, I begin to say what I think will make it okay. I begin to repeat what others say about me. I didn't know that people would make me disappear.

Midway through the year Mr. H. begins to give me after school projects, he can tell I am either afraid of the walk alone or to go home, but he's not sure which. I colour the different sections of the map of N. America my legs swing back and forth over scuffed linoleum, a wall of grey windows to my left bleached fluorescents further fade the hues of blue and greens the room is decorated in to match the vintage globe at the corner of his desk, frayed bits and miniscule ruffles of paper lift at edges of continents at the seams along longitude lines come unglued. I write a poem about a magenta sky around a mountaintop called Fuji, we just learned about cherry festivals and fuchsia repeats in the same poem about the same sky, but this stanza with clouds, collecting rain. I wear magenta boots and a fuchsia raincoat a clear plastic umbrella covers me, I walk home humming alone I am echo

If I ever want to feel, I can close my eyes and visualize an improper ennui of curled up— edges of faded, dusty magazine paper on dried soap.

A somewhat sonnet of Grandma's house

I stayed up all night building lamps so you could have light
An incandescent hum by which I can be remembered dust
motes, tiny flecks collect and become lint. If I'd been born
in a different household would I instead study physics—all
the lint lifts off the swirl pattern in the thick pile. Physical
manipulation of a vacuum around furniture and what edges.
An oven warm nearby enough to scent the hallway stairs in
bramble and bruised fruit William Morris patterns and what
edges of wants. Wainscoting shown by the changing hands
polishing of us to dust gleaming wood, sincere grain, I
wonder about the hands of a carpenter to touch and join.

Adjectives amiably window with nominative green can I catch light & fireflies



Purposeful concrete, serpentine walk, and six steps up, the windows varied in all manner of ovals, diamond-pane lattice, dormer and shaded latch. Fade further the hues of room, drapes manipulation of direct light-slant to sunset shade as under the sometime canopy of summer's deciduously boastful tree cover me, winds lift edges of the yard away from the aura of household even in winter— warm always and nearby enough to reach me.

Dynamiq

Corey Qureshi

the more i hear it
the more i hear it
and can't undo
the imprint of
the undercurrent of
and it's smeared on—
the intentioned expression,
the undercurrent which commands
and sets postures above
the true twist of
the spine to check if seen
and i cant help but see
the struggle to keep
the inner fascist inner
and but it's smeared on—
the ways you can't shake yourself,
the condescension,
and you aren't any different, aren't
the way you think you are.

Debt

Juliet Gelfman-Randazzo

going back to real life is hard but necessary · in the grand scheme of survival · drinking and working can have the same function · you don't have to deal with the unfun parts of your life · which part of your life is your real life? · I have always thought the part with the schedule · it would be revolutionary to reframe the nonscheduled life as the real · I don't know what I would do · I would probably write less · see my friends more · I miss when my friends were here · and I kept thinking, just these few days, then back to real life · I was supposed to deal with a lot of things once I got back here · you know, to real life · I have dealt with exactly no things · I simply have so much work to do · I couldn't possibly deal · with cards, odds, life, etc · I couldn't possibly dial a phone number · I owe my mother a call · I owe so many people a call · you get to choose between owing people money or owing people calls · and I am good at balancing a bank account · ask me anything · my fico score is pretty good · if you know what I mean · I don't know what I mean · I have been having a lot more conversations than usual · but none of the hard ones · sometimes real life is work and work is what you have to do to not have time for a call · sometimes you create the circumstances of having to owe · maybe because you want to feel guilty · just a little bit · I don't know why I am saying you when I obviously mean me · I forgot I put my computer on do not disturb · grind time, etc · now I owe texts too · texts are in the same category as calls, though, so it's ok, just a subdebt · I have to remember to bring a check to the real estate agency this week, so that they let me move into a new apartment in may · what happens when real life moves to new arena? · is it realler or less real? · maybe it depends on who shows up · I'll check back in and let you know · once my busy schedule clears up · like real life on a windshield · after the storm

Eviction on Orchard Street

Kevin Hernández Rosa

A real disciplined version of collecting possessions to the point of obscurity. To the point where there are no borders, just materials spilled into each other with exposed and hidden changes. Heaps touching walls, heaps touching heaps, and no flatness appears, just mounds. I can smell it. Something is alive, and it's eating something else that's been dead for a while now. It's a microcosm that owns the room, attracting arthropods to its center. I utter *plica, pica* when I walk past the weed clippings that I haven't picked up in 3 to 7 days at the entrance of the room that has my bed in it.

I feel like everyone is right about everything.

The real stickiness arises when a spiritual bond is formed with this microcosm, and one becomes the servant-witness. Static. Hungry. Reflective. Ambivalent but with a lead chest and a sprinting mind. Wikipedia calls it Pure OCD? 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Every animal has at least a single mental illness. Every fly you've seen buzzing around your ugly ass apartment has had or currently has a mental illness. I am posing questions in between what I say verbatim. Everything that pours out of my mouth is fiction. To purposefully (egosyntonicly) create the conditions for the development of filth is to work with power of a degradative/generative spiritual nature. This can be integrated (consciously and/or unconsciously) into every aspect of daily life. Be scum.

My lord returned unannounced, saying we needed to maintain the property value of the house so I should corral all the tenants and talk about cleaning up. Asking who owned what as if he wasn't aware that for past 6 years white slugs got it mingy. If you buy a slug colony, don't complain about the slime trails, that's all I'm saying, bruh. Shit in shit out.

All-day, I am waiting and looking at the dust pile. No. Should I? Not yet. Should I now. No and on and on. And I'm totally aware of the issues that may arise, but I am allowing myself to study the wide scope of Anti-social behavioral possibilities available to all animals with a head-tail axis. This merging of life and my own practice, which is involved in the witnessing of hauntings through things, has now slowed me all the way down. Evolution and mutation are one of the same. A Wave is coming. All the filth, I am dazzled. So rich in innate knowledge and particularity.

The clean laundry on my bed serves as a hood body pillow but it's proly the worst part of my room which ain't even all that bad yall.

I can make you a gun with a steel pipe, a nail, duct tape, a rubber band, a bullet, and a pillow that

you need to let go of. Abandonment is so contagious. I clean my dishes, so I don't accidentally conjure the wrong things into my house. Refuse to use fewer non-content words because this is actually how you speak sometimes. You be right there, and I'm frolicking around you, smiling.

I once met a cockroach that spoke Spanglish and wore a wifebeater. I mean, what is a zombie apocalypse anyway, some Rona rabies, airborne chronic wasting disease-like symptoms?

All hailing in public that is non-functional is graffiti. There is no difference between a tag and an advertisement aside from the material conditions needed to produce both. Graffiti writers ask only *themselves* for consent to use the world and they go and use their bodies to write things that have no meaning.

The setup felt like an orange rotting from the inside, and *you're* in there. You take everything wrong with the projects and put it inside a house.

When you expose yourself untouchable-adjacent in public people make space for you.

You get space.

They call it social distancing, everyone is familiar now. Thinking and talking about bad things perpetuates those bad things.

Oh! I know! Decay is my comfort object. There I said it. I think Anarchy is the reality of the world we live in, it's just worked too well so it looks like Neoliberalism. The 1% are the anarchists. Anarchy has no name. No documents. No forward. No login page. No body. No time spent. Just ephemerality. Beyond this planet, nothing cares about this earth. Earth doesn't care about itself. Earth will always be fine. Humans cannot remove life entirely. Humans will not exist forever. Humans have done what they wanted. Humans existed. Humans made music. Ol' Dirty Bastard.

There were two instances where I brought a pillow and a blanket to the train tracks to sleep.

Talking comes with the risk of being the cause of one's own annihilation.

I am not lazy. The forms of unhinging present themselves and it's not my job to extinguish them but rather to unfurl them even further, delicately with my fingers so as to keep their lengths true.

Since young, I have had a pretty rigid low sense of self-valuation. I had thought that I was just as important as the weeds that grew outside in between the brown dirt patches. To some this might seem interesting but it has essentially sustained a deeply set desire to not become any longer and to

seek tunnels. To be one with the construction of a house. To be left to try to breathe in between the studs, To be buried under the sidewalk. To see the car flip over and the metal go through my chest and see the glass and the plastic and leather and the trash randomize, in an instant. Would time slow down, or rather, would my brain make my eyes process more frames per second? I still feel this way but over time I've been building a lantern shield with nectar on it and taking it out with me at night so it's me, the moon, and my tool. That doesn't have to make sense. Waking up every morning now deciding to create art feels like I'm secretly propagating this exploration of being a weed that grows outside in between the brown dirt patches. I have no shame now. To split minutes in two. Watch the minutes freeze when they get cut with the shield or rather the blade tendrilling out from it. They drift to the ground and make brittle noises when agitated.

This shield in due time will attract all kinds of insects unless I remove the guava I needed to smear on top of it. I'm sorry that I never got into a real story here. I think this tracing around the forms has created some kind of synaptic patterns in my brain where I can't tell stories, instead,

I appear and show what frozen becoming can feel like.



Particle Boardroom

Peter Soucy

my father was murdered by the leading local industrialist
during the burial, I was given a spanking

in 1955 a flood washed away my father's greying body
tributaries of the Blackstone and Cherry Brook overflowed

waters broke the spillway, the Blackstone Bishop entered
in 1956 the power potential of the Bishop was found

he could hypnotize people of European descent with marbles, fire, a crepe
hanging at the front door, and a water gun for sprinkling holy water

he taught the boys to open the door, take the priests' birettas
receive communion, the power of making a mess

to contribute, plant corn, squash, beans, and other crops
splice apple trees, same trunk, cherry, apple, plum, lime, lemon

expansion of Edward Harris' business was accelerated by the Bishop
the Mayor of Woonsocket, Knights of Saint Gregory the Great

and a letter written in 1660 by Roger Williams prophesying him
often factory owners signed over their deed rights to Mr. Harris

like my father, I began manufacturing satinets in Woonsocket
work at the mills was hard, we'd be tied to the fence by our necks

we were frightened in 1958 when a flood washed away Edward Harris
remember the prayer of my brother Rene, Harris' portrait on the table

I have a faint recollection of us holding candles, but I'm not sure
the tenor voice of Mr. Harris channeled out from the Blackstone Bishop

entering from the air with a melody, children fainted in the backyard
sacred link was made with a water gun, the Bishop's eyes went black

that same night Edward Harris was reborn in the village of Limerock
a group from the Elks Club who were breastfed, only ever breastfed

watched the old wooden rectory across from a stone warehouse
where Harris was being kept, Edward Harris' business was accelerated

by his older brothers, the rest of the family kneeling in the hallway
for a generation, no one entered his bedroom except the Bishop

his brothers would remain in line for the gun, a single holy squirt
in 1980 the Blackstone Bishop was burned in a mill conflagration

union funded militias were dispatched by Saint Gregory the Great
to stop the Harris empire with gasoline and the true Holy Spirit

nuns from a parish convent left with Edward Harris on his horse
followed by his own little boy with the name of Edward Harris

one of four children who all died as a result of Gregory's militias
Harris himself was found alive in a convent and later hanged on

the grounds of the Basilica of the Blessed Virgin Mary for crimes committed against his workers, but did not die, so he was released

the Bishop's water gun was discovered in the remnants of the fire his bones were also taken into custody by Saint Gregory the Great

to be placed under the watch of Catholic priests and monks Harris found his brothers living in the ruins of a textile mill

the brothers used a single milling machine to start an underground mining operation, in 2010 federal prosecutors announced they had seized

all profit from the brothers, in the hopes that they could repay \$50 million in damages and restitution for the brothers' wage theft

a lawyer who represented the brothers told The Globe the Harris brothers were just trying to help

the Blackstone Bishop's water gun was given to my family in honor of my father, my brother lit the candles and I prayed

as we waited, that his eyes would be the ones to turn black and be forever unblinking, the candelabras becoming blurry

El Matadero

Andrew Stoughton

On the bottom of the world they call Paraíso
the trees leaving long strings of pollen in the streets,
or the American Fresno: imports of Sarmiento.

It's hard to know not looking
out the window, not having the time
to look up, it up but
that is life without allusion;
that's the workaday,

and the matadero is their workplace.

They are like football players,
telling the tutor,
you can't turn that shit off.

“It reminds you.”

“I read something once.”

There was a ranch, there was a murder,
people waiting for rain, or people waiting
in the rain, boomboxes littering the
pampas, the plain states, the mountains of
Wyoming. It made me love the fat holding
the animal, to see people see that blood
like all else inside, can be made useful.

You can eat it. “Funny to be in a place
where names like Rosas, names like mine,

matter” (have done terrible things, are important).

I thought I knew that name, I thought
of a bullfight I saw after college, I thought
while work lingered
in the air likes waves bearing
the twitching fingers of Tua Tagovailoa.

“Just like Paris.”

“Junior Seau’s suicide.”

Telling the tutor, telling the tutor
I tried though I did not have the time to read
the introduction on Plaza Mafalda
while I tried to roll a cigarette, while
I tried to play chess on my phone, while
I tried to hold the coke can chiquita.
I had a lot of work.

“Workers have their own forms
of knowing, and knowledge,” says
the podcast guest, and surely
that counts for something, or is
an excuse to return, to say Stein
said that the names of things were
like signs of love, and so it is
important we know which trees
cause allergies. What was I
saying? I learned as a student
“There are things
We live among ‘and to see them
Is to know ourselves?’” I was saying

there was a good episode, though
I don't know the show, about
Chris Benoit, if you know him,
all about family annihilation.
Telling the tutor he should listen.
Telling the tutor, when we see
the gringo bubbling beneath the mud,
the boy decapitated by lasso, it makes me
think of all sorts of things I can predict
because I can name them, like I am
trapped within the things I love because
I have worked too hard to love anything
else. I have not had time. I have had
to read the text in English just to finish
it in time for this class.

“Workers have their own forms of knowing,
and knowledge.” I bet the carniceros
knew the difference between the blood
of a man and a bull; I bet they knew,
when that blood pooled in the head
of the Unitarian, when he said Rosas
did not even ask them to wear those
ribbons, that he was telling the truth.
They were the ones who made them.

Sentences of Days and Nights

Rebecca Teich

Following the decorum necessary for the object's genre to include the date, two addresses, and a greeting, the postcard begins with an immediate description in a single sentence of the lump sum detail composing the internal and external experience of that writer, in that moment, on that date to a T to his long distance beloved—the large nothingnesses that swallowed him up within the confines of the time given to filling up the space of the card. Tight grasp on the object of the quotidian, the letter offered up the day, each day, sometimes twice a day, to its same intended recipient, via international mail, for several continuous years. It was not the description of the weather, the shirt he had on, his preoccupations with an upcoming show, a doctor's appointment, a 'rare cancer,' the frustrations with work's consumption of moment, of traversing the block, of anticipations of social encounter, et cetera, but rather the sheer quantity of the weathers, the shirts, the preoccupations, the doctors, the rarenesses, the frustrations, the traversings, the anticipations, that are the truth of what the sentence means.

Do I say the name of the letter writer and the addressee? Would that complete or efface the sentence?

Walking through the exhibition, I was struck by the physical volume of sentential dailiness. At some point, a friend rushed up to me, eyes wide, pointing at one postcard, then another, then another. They shook their head incredulously reading out lines from disparate cards narrating moments of utmost mundanity. Then they moved onto reading the dates, jabbing a finger at the glass repeatedly. "October 17, October 18th, October 19th, again October 19th, October 20th!" they exclaimed, "Every day, every fucking day! What would you do if you received a letter from a lover, like this, every fucking day?" The dailiness of writing without the immediateness of that writing's reception but with the sentence-made-object, preserved for nearly four decades. Intimacy kept, then public; how many boxes; how many years. The accumulation of notes on the weather becomes weighty.

At what point does a sentence gain its heft, its impact? The sheer force of the five hundred and nine iterations of: "I am seated by the river, near where the pier burned down or collapsed that time and that time and that time—it's a warm and sunny day and I'm spending the afternoon reading Genet and I miss you."

Personally, many afternoons I find myself near water. Many times, coincident, I find myself missing particular individuals of varying degrees of away-ness. But how often do I write it, to them, with

regularity and so objectified?

When pressed on the question of my past experiences professing love, I had to admit I have never written a love letter but I have made a love powerpoint presentation. Perhaps I take the show don't tell directive too far.

What the sentence says and what the sentence does are the same thing, or, not quite. When does a sentence do? The flick of the James Dean fan club had a scene in which someone said sentences ridiculing another and did that mean that everyone on the other end of the line was ridiculed? Someone in the audience thought so and was upset. Another audience member was only upset by any and all sentences emerging from the crowd and not the screen. She aggressively hushed the cheeky talkback coming from my friend seated next to me—he flushed, I giggled.

Where a sentence comes from changes the space; who assumes themselves to be the addressee changes the sentence.

Many years ago by now, I sat in a lecture where the lecturer said that every sentence can be turned into its opposite. That sentence is fine. Later on or perhaps concurrently, the sentence sayer wrought havoc; does this mean that the sentence wrought havoc?

On this day, I sit at a table near the window and I breathe with space as stillness. I write out many things to do, of varying urgencies, attuned to my shoddy short term memory and quiet attachment to excess. Replace frame, complete session reports, edit the chapter, laundry question mark. Do these short lineations call their tasks into being? No, they denote aspiration and, more often than not, sheer impossibility. The to do list is always a lie, much in the same way any proclamation is a lie. Words to throw oneself into in fervent belief and belief alone. Here is how the day will be structured, here are the objects and orientations of necessary demand. The best one can do is hope. But instead I am left with an object that is a sentential relic of either completion that bequeaths its eradication or a lingering reminder of the past day's lack and the future day's burden.

Life is a sentence of days and nights.

“Life is a sentence of days and nights” is a sentence I transcribe to produce this sentence, of Alice Neel's, pointed out by Ry, whose presence punctuates that day, many days, many nights, my sentence.

The sentence is its impossibility, grounded in the period.

The sentence is possibility, or suspension of disbelief.

I mean that in all ways just as in the same moment I am testing provocation. Come, follow me down this line...

Currently, I am reading two books, written approximately one hundred and fifty years apart, that are full of sentences of days and nights, sentenced days and nights, felt layered as both firm claim and desirous plea.

Here is a sentence from one of those books about days and nights: “Even the ideas of day and night, which in the old statues were peasant simplicity, became so confused that an English judge, as late as 1860, needed the penetration of an interpreter of the Talmud to explain judicially what was day and what was night.”

Here is the sentence that follows: “Capital was celebrating its orgies.”

As someone invested in inversion, I believe the best orgies are ones that do not celebrate capital. It also, logistically, helps if it is at night or captures the ideas of night and not the ideas of day, which has to do with the accumulated signficatory ambiance of what is contained within the idea of day and less (if anything at all) about when the sun is out as some sort of an indicator of when people’s supposed free time does or does not occur, the convergence of brightness and unorganized, toil-free time. This is because the working day as euphemism no longer and never was conscripted to daylight hours, unleashed from the constraints of the broken clock to swallow all that is moment. The working day is also the working night is also the endless aggregation of moments, within the semblance of a sliced off packaging to produce units of differentiation between machine input and machine output. We can share our google calendars all we want, but I never do quite know when would be the best time, when all my friends would be convergently free.

A few hours before the last orgy I attended, I was stricken with nerves around the spontaneous soon to be meeting of two of my lovers, and stricken as well with the way that feeling contradicted many of the sentences that formed the core premise of a reading group I recently facilitated, that form some of the core premises I hope to craft my movements around. Some of those core premises included the ethical potentiality of the crush, which opens one up to new affiliations as well as to a kind of giving that does not demand receiving equivalence in exchange. It concerned itself, as well, with the breakdown of old forms and their affording limitations, conventions, sly upholdings, in favor of inaugurating new forms in the service of abundance of all the right things and the destruction of all that holds us back from that abundance, from all those right things. To begin and grow from a groundwork of abundance and not fear, to ground oneself in the good faith that others begin there as well.

But in that moment I wanted everyone I cared about to feel comfort, and I wanted the comfort of more time to prepare people to feel certain in anticipating that comfort. I felt time's constraint, I did not have pause. But how to ease into what lies outside most social codes, or that is prescribed awkwardness, discomfort, pain as its implied result?

A sentence written down in my notebook that I kept for the duration of a reading group titled Crush Syllabus reads: let us crush more generously.

Another reads: crushing is a re-interpretation of the everyday.

Another: what kind of fucking will outlive capital.

Sometimes we have to work to become more like our sentences.

At best or at worst or more likely inevitably, our sentences punctuate each other.

We re-arranged the mirror so that we all, and others too, could always be able to see each other from multiple vantage points, and in this arrangement that was also an opening up, I was put to ease.

Things enter that you cannot control but still a pull of the sometimes inevitable--an ethical concern with which you build elements around.

As night turned back into day, I took a moment to break pieces of freshly re-dried candle wax off of the futon's lush red feathery cover. The hosts had to take the futon cover to the drycleaners the next day, and so unfortunately I confess that I do not think that night's fucking outlived capital.

A sentence in that text that I underlined emphatically reads: "Moments are the elements of profit."

The other book I am reading is titled *Elements*. Or, rather, it was retitled *Elements* after its initial title, a full sentence, was not permitted to remain as the title following the edition's republication.

This book, *Elements*, is one that is full of sentences of days and nights that are themselves full of flirtation and confession. Not just I believe but I want you to believe too as I believe and desire you. The sentences themselves flirt with you as fact, before swiveling to undermine their factuality but the sentiment still stands intact. Out of the rubble of the factual-fictive ashes, the sentiment emerges, pulsing and truer than ever before. Oh, but how I want and how I hurt and how I glow, they seem to say.

Bursting, I, too, wanted to make sentences of that impact while at the same time struck by the cavern between how I feel and how those sentences feel.

Sentences so willing & on their knees.

To open up from the period over amidst shame.

The longer it has been since I have written these sentences, the more likely it is that their sentimental gloss erodes into a more brutal reality. Or that too isn't true; rather, how I felt in writing those sentences and how I will feel after having written them is a vulnerable cavern that makes inaccuracies difficult to classify.

So, instead, for weeks, I have been making grids and collages.

My directions are unclear and multiple; boxy and upright.

I do not want always to make things like that, those sentences confined to their perfect square grids, forever but sometimes it feels important to have a container for your sentences; as if they are objects, to provide them a display perch and to prevent them from spilling over. Like a score—evoking a choir or orchestra, or evoking a scratch or mark, perhaps on skin. A directive, too, that says 'look here, follow me.'

When I lay an incision on someone's body, the heat of the tension lies in the eyes. Never do I feel so palpably the direct sensation of 'looking at' as when my eyes dart and linger, dart and linger, between the eyes staring back up at me from below and the place at which the skin meets my object. It is here that I learn to read—what utterances and flinches and pupillary dilations construct sentences for me to read that articulate the perversion of pain and mutilation made congruous with pleasure's heights. These are sentences that I follow closely and from which I am able to offer up my directives, I am holding the scene in place, growing flush and feral in precision, watching a red droplet eek out and up past the surface of skin, then, sometimes, spatter with a firm slap, salivate at the thought and the texture and the endurance, make them lick it off my hands, grinning further still as lips close around a finger and suck, us all. I am constantly wanting to be a better reader, to learn to read in new ways.

Where love or its action is never looking at each other but looking off toward approximately the same things, often unclear, often multiple.

Our looking, too, is multiple and there is beauty to that. Every Sunday, or nearly so, sitting in a circle, looking at an object that contains thousands of sentences and learning how others look at

objects, more generally, through the vehicle of this particular one. One voice refrains in asking us to return to the chrysalis and another takes us to the footnote. One points us to another outside text and another draws us closer inward. I hold a dry orange peel and I catch my breath. Fixate on the ghostly outline of contact. The hand outstretched animates the fruit as coconspirator.

A sentence cannot make anyone do something and if that is true then all sentences are really just questions. A sentence makes us into someone and if that is true, then I am that sentence, then I am someone. Does a sentence need to be true or does it need to be effective? And to what end.

Every Sunday, during the point at which day meets night, I write down the things that those around me say, their sentences, and, briefly, I become them.

I do not think that sentences are bricks but paragraphs are certainly shaped like them.

At the end of the day, there are objects beholden to gravity, rent, friction, hunger, and spring. At the end of the day, there is night.

Intrusive

Hannah Treasure

When I was given a key, I decided I would not pace about as I do at home when asked to lock up. I would not imagine a man trying every door swinging his weight along each handle of the avenue, until his surprise this bar had been left open. I would not imagine his survey of the place like a child locked in at a department store: what he would eat and what could constitute a bed. If he chose a loaf of focaccia as a pillow the cut scallions would smear across his cheek, and groggy in the mirror he would think they were marks for war. I, too, had thought this is where eye black originated from, the drama of swiping under your eyes before raiding another's territory. Instead, it is just used to prevent surprise from last call, every face around you now detailed with light. I would not think of the cash from the drawer and a bottle of nebbiolo he'd swipe only for the label's cute rabbit. I would not think of my inevitable firing, my accident. I would only ask why take ownership for something I do not own.

Every Thursday

Hannah Treasure

It pours rain, so each dish gets its own umbrella to escort it to the eater. Always rains the night I captain. I place my right hand, once free of duck, as shield for the electronics in my apron. I say from the wet space to the dry space: this is your responsibility now, I'm letting go, and watch mezcal on the rocks slide across the dewy table to the edge.

The Temple of Apollo is Closed for Business

Joanna C. Valente

Before a rocky shore and the contemplation of light,

the analysis of the purple hydrangeas again, of the wispy grass and stone
castle walls—

we drove in the precarious rains,
the fog a Trojan enemy
sent on demonic horses—

and there we saw a closed gate, as if
worship has a time and place.

To have faith in a dying
thing, a dying idea, means
to have hope in

everything. Or so we told
ourselves as we drove away into mist—

the winding roads taking our lives
into its ground.

Peacock Monks

Joanna C. Valente

Their bodies transformed by sunrise, beautiful blues
and dark wined feathers— a calling like sorrow

—melancholic dancing.

They watch as the couple turn the corner, break pieces of
bread, scatter the crumbs intently gazing

for signs (but of
what?)

and at night, they
turn to men
again—

unsure which body
they prefer
to inhabit.

I don't trust the reader to be kind.

Lena Walker

I don't trust the poem to be loyal.
I distrust oceans for their hidden
mouths and doves, for their loveliness.
Even this red book
I smooth my hand over.
What small comfort I find.
I distrust, too, Charlemagne's beard,
which I've studied
in great detail
in the Painting by Scheuren
for clues to Perpetual Dissatisfaction
and What Not to Do About it.
He is holding a ruby-studded scepter
in his left hand,
the Palatine Chapel in his right,
like a fondant cake.

Aubade

Lena Walker

In another life, too, I'd misspend the hours,
start the day cleaning rust off the steps,
the bottom of the old corroded flower box.

The dollar bill not complying
to my smoothing, resmoothing.

I'd tell myself, *my whole life will get better,*
if I can just find the right ottoman,
and it would be true, not an abstract love,
but somewhere to rest my feet.

More Swings

Nat Ward

look daddy more swings
go
 another fall down

my favorite—
 swerve
stuck
button baby button

 blasted accordion compaction
stuck on hands
apoplectic hands sticky on the back

 seat
 window
slide down an
open jaw
 line

 this
 can not be once
seamed
as the other insult becomes
quadrilateral weather stripped
insulation
 and mirrors review:

the city bus turned into my daughter against the red
turned in and I turned until my bag swung hard into
swollen together against the whites her eye now shot
through and squinting with panic red

the agonistic Charlie

Brown trombone sliding side window green

Elianna is only flattened puddles

Judah mimics the face shapes

as an exaggeration of the brow

creased on arcs radial

declension

declining radius

turns and erases

iridium crest shapes

in two

polarized men staged along

polarized lenses in two

frame shapes

the oculi obscured

not these mirror gestures

the boring butt

and at the end of this shame I am a joke

what I am trying to say is a poor explanation

while my daughter vomits on 65th street

and as I noticed his nail was carefully manicured

this is all losing along

ending in a lurch

forward

we are moving the children around
myself now in
the some same way and the somehow
I am still a what happens
when she lapses on the subway home

when we take this double yellow long line to the park

this perhaps the end stopped yellow bellied
at the end of the rope line

what there is
is frayed
an open end or rather
under the hinge
of my fallen shoulders

she straightens up and sings
a song's round order

this rounds on me
dawns over me

that two children at the other end
of the car's seams
are the those of troubled water

reflective of an object body and I'm thinking

of
shifting towards
the melody
when
only loud breath comes out

apologetic sentiment and
a song is only a loud breath
through wobbles

sustained
in the gaps
of a body is a series of gaps resolving

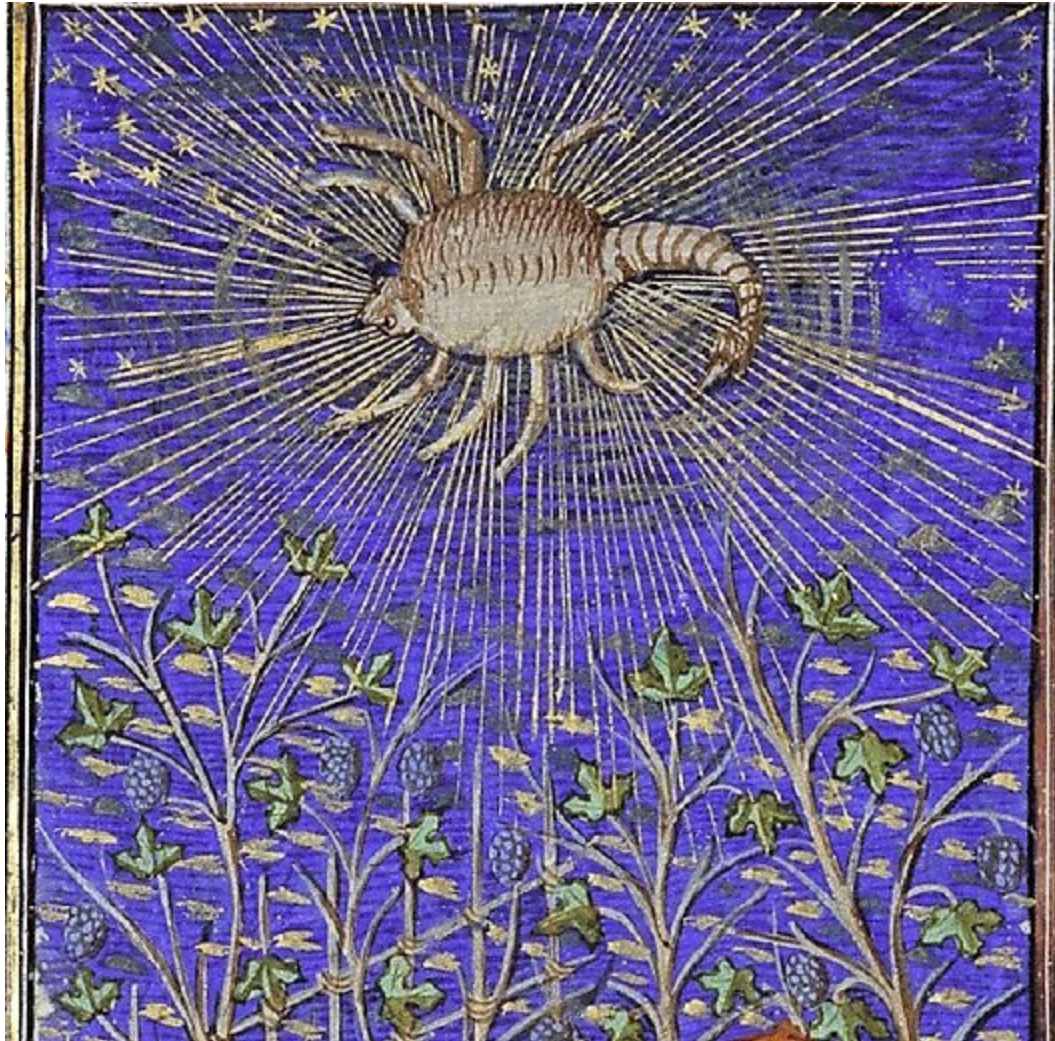
resting revolving heart rates and serene fluids

the articulated bus driver held back at the corner angle
in a crowd of holds on Lexington Avenue

Heaps and Heaps

Nat Ward

I am singing to my daughter in the delivery theater. My wife is losing her blood. The treehouse waits. There are no doors. Only slides. Five solid cores. Three flooded dryers fetid. Four months in styrofoam. A murphy bed faces the floor. Two coins operate in the theater. 400 releases. The ceiling window opens. Play house. A clear story. Crowded plots. Clots. Her fluids and lofty hopes dashed forever by branding. The hospital promoted a lofted terrace and delivered screaming scales with fecal aspirations. Hatching a plot on open packed pentatonic throat warm ups. She scales the gauze. Heaps and heaps on blue pleats. Brown blood. Vacant views illicit. An infant through sunrise. Surplus rebar crosshatches the vacant views. A sordid lot. Viscous liquid. On my chest. Light spills. Orange juice. The nurse agitates in favor of the eye rolling acquisition. The uneven power dynamics of a drug deal. This formatting sets loose. All the doctors. In a rush. In at once. In a spiraling column of raised digits where the street is too early for German mural tourists. Hands up. The street is just a street and another street is. New York Hospital discipline. An observation is the escape. The heroism of an underground parking structure. The cowardice of my chest. Also illicit. There is the issue of issuance of insurance. There is another law office. Stammering her depression out. Dispersing into another I am relieved. To be desired. To get high in the bathroom. I get high in the basement. Lights up. My daughter is up in the middle of the night. I have been high this whole time. First steps. Empty home. This whole high time to be encouraged. To be recorded. Observed. A dead end. And the shipping containers of Elizabeth's light dusk. A proposition or seven along the plot lines. I'm crumpled on carpet pile in the West Tenth doorman building at sunrise tangled. Legs lead us or flying impressions of the palm cradling black injected protectors. Thermoplastic polyurethane embrace of a reduction redacted to pulses. Whatsapp. I'm talking about living across the river. On a temporary line. In an empty house. Fibers that crosshatch the Atlantic. This narrowed engagement of the thinly spread legs of the broadcast self. Delivery drivers dead end in Gowanus. Or the red hooks of a glassy eyed french brunette tearing a line through Robert Moses on the back of the contemporary. Catalogs and motorbikes from Christies. Amelie's ephemeral Avenue of the Americas. The production of a clavicle seizure. The evidence in sobriety hung out on a line. Over hung. The exhibition was over-hung. Exuberant. Crowds plot through the Mall of American Modern Art. The dream is a deceitful escalation of aimless feet moaning on the exculpatory. I slipped as a child on a red pool at the escalator's base. I am exuberant with care at speed. Unhinged. Unhurried and desperate and faster still. My daughter confronts Hilma af Klint in the shape of a dinosaur. Spiraling. Frank. Another affair of the mind. She learns frankly. The terms of an open arrangement. A marriage.



CONTRIBUTORS

Daniel Baker was born in San Francisco and lives in New York City. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Denver Quarterly*, *Volume*, *Blazing Stadium*, *Columbia Journal*, and elsewhere.

Henry Bohan is a poet and artist born and raised in New York. His work centers on themes of rejecting nihilism and resignation; accepting life and material existence as transient, always in rapid motion. Mantles of power and mass always fall apart. Authors Henry owes a lot to are Yusef Komunyakaa, Rae Armantrout, Reza Negarestani, and Søren Kierkegaard, to name a few. He has been previously published in *The Underground*, the literary magazine for Mount St. Vincent College, the *College Hill Independent*, *Field* by XYZZY, and online at *Spectra Journal*.

Kyle Seamus Brosnihan is a Filipino-American poet and playwright. Raised in Nebraska, he now lives in Brooklyn. He received his MFA in Poetry from Brooklyn College in 2022. His poetry has been published in *HAD*, *Peach Magazine*, *The Mantle*, *Interpret Magazine*, and elsewhere. His first full-length play, 'The Performance,' premiered off-Broadway in March of 2020.

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Elizabeth Hickson is a graduate of Brooklyn College, where she earned her MFA in Poetry. She is also a graduate of Wake Forest University, where she earned a B.A. in English Literature and received the D.A. Brown Award for Excellence in Creative Writing. Originally from Ohio, she currently lives in North Carolina.

Kanya Kanchana is a poet from India. Her poetry has appeared in *POETRY*, *The Common*, *Asymptote*, *Anomaly*, and elsewhere. Her translations have appeared in *Exchanges*, *Asymptote*, *Waxwing*, *Circumference*, *Aldus*, and *Muse India*. Her flash fiction has appeared in *Litro*, *Paper Darts*, and *The Conium Review*. Kanya is also engaged in practice, teaching, and Sanskrit philological research at the intersection of tantra and yoga. She has an MPhil in Sanskrit Studies from the University of Cambridge.

One of Greece's foremost Modernist poets, **Nikos Karouzos** (1926-1990) was born in Nafplio, participated in the Greek resistance during World War Two, and studied law at the University of Athens before turning his attention fully to poetry. After the war, he spent time in internal exile on the islands of Ikaria and Makronisos due to his leftist politics. The practitioner of a "poetic idiom," as Vrasidas Karalis phrases it, that embodies a "strange mythography of death, nihilism, faith, doubt, rebellion, fatalism and love for life," Karouzos's poetry draws heavily from Greece's classical past, its Byzantine and Christian traditions, and its more recent political history of socialist politics. He was awarded the State Poetry Prize in poetry twice, in 1972 and 1988.

Tobi Kassim was born in Ibadan, Nigeria and has lived in the United States since 2003. His work has been supported by a Stadler Center Undergraduate fellowship and an UndocuPoets fellowship. He won Yale University's Sean T. Lannan poetry prize. His poems have been published in *The Volta*, *The Brooklyn Review*, *Academy of American Poets' Poem-a-Day*, *Zocalo Public Square*, and elsewhere. He currently lives in New Haven.

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Monique Ngozi Nri is a writer of Nigerian, Barbadian and British descent who was born in Coventry, England, lived in Nigeria until she was 9, and visited Barbados many times from a very young age. She has lived in New York for the last 30 years. Her writing explores her nomadic life, the impact of the Biafran war on her being, and notions of displacement, home, freedom, and feminism. She is married to Ahmed

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