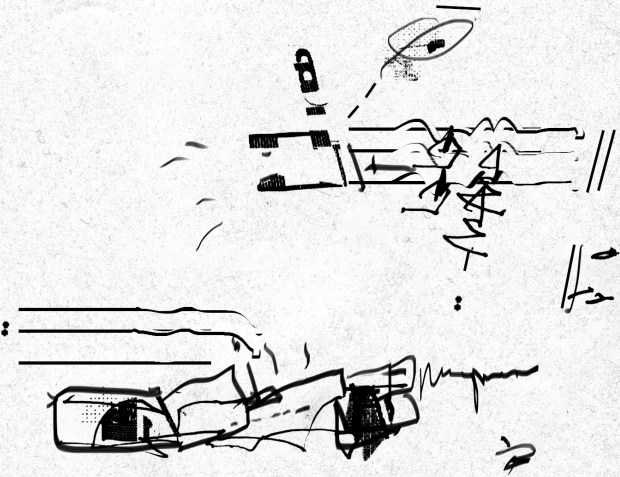


WORKS & DAYS 5



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Rules for Colorways

Yagmur Akyurek

Well, she's in Massachusetts.
That's plenty far.
She's got a placid feeling.
Smells like a million and one.
Wears socks with color and shirts without.
Loves to talk with her teeth.
Hums out loud.
We used to go out dancing.
She'd say "hooray" all purple-like.
"Bless you" in shades of green.
Nose like mine.
I miss her on the subway.
Faces all around.
Sound of shuffling reminds of touch.
The day lathering palm by palm.
Strangers' shoes bump into mine, and I feel her cry.
It's a number 403 out here.
It's twelve hundred and five.
She's singing "Yeah I'm feeling good tonight."
The sky indefatigably dry.

I Make an Effigy of Going Around Town With You

Yagmur Akyurek

Trains reconfigure
the nominal touch.
New slang is
your shoulder peeking.
I wave my little pliant
buds. We let
our hair grow long
and longer. The picture
of the picture of us.
A story wherein
I “cry uncle.” We
are photogenic only
in the knees. The earth
is stranger sideways-down.
Well I hear that love is raised
by common thieves. There are
certain comforts can be
transmuted. Axiomatic joy
of sneezing. The wind
on Wednesday going
whoo. Always I am
wearing hat too small.
You are late and
necessary afternoon.

VARB

Yagmur Akyurek

a house with a cap for a roof looks appealing
because winter is no good for VARB
there are soups and pots but mostly orange
my job was to fill them all up
the dream was about something valuable
something i've opted to call VARB
unclear of what VARB contains
I think of VARB as not just a thought
but that which holds the thought
loving is a VARB that we know well
I drink it boldly and without reprieve
like soup the VARB will come to me
and fill my holes with happiness
in my dream the branches rise above
what I can and can not see
there is a new type of VARB
and people tasked with wearing it
it lays across their face
and tweaks when the moment calls
they learn to turn it on and off
until they become inseparable
always there are things to show
some different way to mark the page
coagulating until new mass forms
I saw not individual VARBs
but only their collective one
decidedly more heroic than mouths
they resembled a longgone moon
my mother came to help me once
she said "why, this morning is some word...
some word I knew at an earlier time"
so I tried to help her find that word
it couldn't come and wouldn't come
we held up one so woeful shape

and one that plainly smiled red
I buried all the milk I had
in hopes of dragging the word out of bed
my mother poured her pennies out
she counted VARB and VARB and VARB

from **The Terracotta Fragments**

Eric Tyler Benick

XV

my limbic system goes wild in a blue Altima
traces of Beatlemania found in the Sahara
lotus-eaters loaf and crack open another melon
the border wall ejects a new diaspora
McEnroe's broken racket preserved in resin
shamanic visions from a suburban basement
my limbic system is sublimated by orgasm
rich explorers crushed by abyssopelagic pressure
Marxist orcas with salmon berets
fatuous politicians exploit their constituency
my limbic system weeps on a bed of lettuce

XVIII

Jean Seberg ruptured first by celluloid, then by COINTELPRO
freemason handshakes in the Red Lobster atrium
swingers cruise the alumni cotillon like maraschino cherries
bath salt hallucinations of Hieronymous Bosch
the fog and zap of caffeination hold a mirror to death
two egrets like smoke across the black lake
knights of ribaldry edging the moonlight
the solidarity of mistresses shave their heads and levitate
pangs of menstruation against a dilapidated wharf
the boy is forced a concoction of protein and iron
each chamber of his heart a rabbit in heat

XXX

sex between a shepherd and a goat boy
sex between a shogun and an octopus
sex with a bigamist dressed as a swan
sex with a bas-relief of gay soldiers
sex with a doppelganger under a blood moon
sex with a pipe organ at vespers
sex between husbands through glory holes
sex between dilettantes and large endowments
sex with any simulacral orifice
sex with vegetation, charcuterie, stonemasonry
sex without end, sex without causation, sex without sex

XXXV

godsplained by valence electrons
my choir of cavities in rootless blues
green mornings of steam and petrichor
dispeptic at the Feast of San Gennaro
royal eunuchs cast the first hex
vexatious habits of latchkey imps
indigo in rucksacks, swords in their scabbards
stoned in a crowded room, my breath cerebral
Kierkegaard herding swine in bad faith
coerced into satanic acts by threats of tickling
we sprint naked toward the escarpment

from **The Orange Gaze**

Elise Houcek & Carlos Lara

*

Twenty-three systems and under: get your juicebox and get out of here.

Wow, bud, your god but vodka hides too.

Even under our robes and muscular bodies, nuns march. Demure dust. Gross income.

She's trying her best to breastfeed the young casino.

Be ultra and be regular, a microwave among miasmatic tables.

Could you not spit at me is now an inside joke.

Pain strewn across the floor like forest ranger dust. No easy something sane.

Day is the fortress of lust, the sleazy weave of place, a Michelin staring light.

Ramified rental agreements from the Sierras, posters and such, building towards pageants of Joan.

Her sheets of flowing hay, the far sandlot bayonet reaching for lights in the heart.

Triumphant figures stay for lump swallowing, the light is now gone, and it feels hard.

Calcified car-moan, the body billows with political power, almost lost, almost ghost.

Little nature, taking forklift rides,

supple palindrome, serial man-feeder, the bleedings coming along,

the doctors will become sick with Dutch billions at ease.

I protect myself, I gloss over the laminated noses in their silicone holsters,

you lost me there with the Mohegan Sun action, Mr. Seam. Assuming death will be coming at me,

I steer the see-through honey into silent tit-farms, where the victors fade from doubt, the carols

subscribe to winter's wave. I can see into my own heart now and know:

bludgeoning anyone with curvy observable popsicles honors the Dreadful Star.

*

Not knowing death will be coming for me, I steel through quoted DARN BOWLED
IN LIEU SHAWN FAZE REAL TROLL SAFARI, the true Shawn Faze
recoiled:

Center-aisle, a Tool song in fritz, the rope sing better glue shotted forced caption
recommender sent to the rest of delay and time we cut it rue-spot-gristle-bile-roast whose
hope retires swift swift as a breed. To hold the light in front of me
is risky as is wap. Gnosis
is risky as crane fiz. The lahtion puts it on its chin
butt chin puts on its

I'm guest Real Cough. I dated the real Shawn Faze. Dominus was mingled Tyra mingled
Soma Pants. A little weed. A little eyeballs...

Once a pen was placed in time balls glossed over laminated "Shawn Phase" holsters,
sold on ebay, and a million Dutch people threw body pillows at us. We went silent,
finally hid our juiceboxes

in our vodkas, and were arrested. Someone's car seemed to moan on the front street.

Tyra had a beer gun shot she forced into Soma's pants.

There was this supple serial killer who seemed to be bleeding

A sleazy wave of peace was on the floor of the squad car. Then this curvy obstacle...

We went through so many tit-farms I can now see them

in my heart, 23 years after ago. I have become sick

with Dutch Ease. My nose

is laminated. When I fade from doubt, the casino won't be a joke anymore.

*

Rice, Roger. By the way, I pissed for five minutes.

Then came a staggering of azure-tinted masquerade panels. Endocrine preening,
and some such. Half desired by necklaces in time, each malediction a composite of pons.

Freeways lingering within oiseaux, within cackling scissor puns. I don't know, man.

I want to point out this information, something we're going to look at a little more closely:

You favor me, and in a first-time Margaret thing, pages fall short of hierophany.

I'm trying to agree with you about the grave's fashion-role, but what do you see
when you see kids of lungs?

I'm not into the crunchy guests, pockets akimbo, looking to fall into heaven's bowl.

There is a School for the Highest, and it's near you, serving righteous cheeses.

Summer Mama, defending ivory from below. Viable dryad training, I am impressed,
like a Blaise Pascal of superimposition. Safari pimp hat pasture.

Shining elves take the black day away for nothing.

Amilcar texture, the real wings are facing up there, no one noticing their pithy emails,
so maybe it's like murder should be patented, at least across the border.

Yeah, the purple light pall bearers forgot about today.

The guy I wanted to hire to stare at something broke down in his autumn tree.

Whippersnapper Japanese Yukon glow with money-crisp stanchions.

Fajita circle.

The one who drains the gray gets away with it, inciting the foreheaded riots of coal.

Will you be both: injured choice Papi AND seagull monitor of the voice strain?

We're waiting.

*

There is a lamination device set to frock's piece shining through the backs of elves
like wings in the squad car—no, those are the real elves up there, but not about today,
a crisp incantation falling into Soma's forehead and rioting for a word. The set of
Summer Mama's hair glows like ivory, money-crisp, and I want
to stare at her like

the real texture of an animal curve letting the purple light back away for nothing
you know like some

bloody gnosis crane monitoring

We circle up. Soma Pants, Tyra, me, and Blaise Bascal. Little pall bearers
are training on superb positions from which to wear out something
broke-down like an autumn tree meanwhile the cop, Blaise Pascal, forgot about that hiring
should be patented at peace across the border. They crack through
with scissor guns, tear out viable, impressive tinted windows, then paint our dog
in playboy colors. His one fat lung
is holstered up inside

a Japanese Yukon glowing with flowery crispy onions, inciting in the forehead
riots of coal which elbow about inside endocrine disruptors.

On Second Street we make a turn. The TROLL SAFARI man is selling
the same SHAWN FAZE holsters we patented and wore to work. I mean to school.
Our second man's inside our dog full of winter berries and crud, shifting anemic
disappearances to pass by as if he were himself. All of a sudden, on Fifth Street, he awakens.
Tyra switches into the meanest person imaginable.
She shits into the blankest elf rid in a mansion hires help and goes inside.
The cop died.

*

And when you have the youthspeak, you have the orange gaze.

And when you have an esoteric burning in your lung pointer, you have the orange gaze.

And when you have nothing but sandpaper conversation, you have the orange gaze.

This is only what's inside of me, the orange gaze.

A read about a fool under grape-flavored stars, his panic for Latin dust incomparable.

So says the unemployed shopping cart launchpad. So says gonadotropin.

Fake shimmering guides of music, whose notes love the music, and I love the music.

It makes more sense than the strokes to come. Like if I said the hip worms were wimpy.

And when you tear the kumquat out of the disruptor, you have the orange gaze.

And when contraband employs itself in the service of geese, you have the orange gaze.

And when even in such a thing as The Name you come without name, you have the orange gaze.

Who needs mother in the mind? The enchanter of a hoarse whippoorwill project?

Black winds of blood, put the spirit on top of the dresser.

And when you died, the orange gaze said someone else did it.

But there is no one left to surprise with incredible pine squeeze.

No one left to imbibe tar.

from **Rome Days**

Ann Pedone

Day One

There are six different types of cabbage: cavolo napa cavolo nero cavolo verza cavolo cinese cavolo
rosso cavolo cappuccino

Day Two

There are fourteen different types of milk: latte di mandela latte di coco latte di soia latte di
vina latte di rizo latte senza latosio latte fresco latte interno latte scremato latte parzialmente
scremato latte condensato latte al cioccolato latte acido latte materno Maria is the name of
the tall woman standing in the corner reading Celan silently into her phone she showed up
across the street just before the image turned to
black (ROME/LEXINGTON) I could tell from the way you left your phone on the toilet
seat this morning that you think she
wants to consummate something with you but she doesn't

Black shoe polish on the calves La Chambre as if it wasn't already enough you texted and said I'm too
fucking terrestrial which made me text you back to say that the radiator's leaking so I moved the bed
over by the window and sold the refrigerator to the woman who keeps the
books at the Spanish
consulate (ROME/LEXINGTON) is still glossy
tomorrow I will need to get it back because of this Heraufklomm

Day Eight

Corded weight down Via del Corso leeches time brutal cunt last thing I texted before becoming this
slow-moving nerves not ocean but allusive (INVERNO) the sudden weight of moistness in the
kitchen an action of immediate to skin (PELLE)
amber but plastic saturates cigarettes and historic
floating impossible to describe the way that woman is crossing the street the only way I'm going to
be able to understand her complete indifference to geography and pacify is if I find something in the
kitchen to penetrate myself with

Day Nine

No avocado terrible the rubber four liters of honey miele miele miele miele miele miele miele miele
miele miele miele miele miele miele miele miele miele miele miele miele miele miele miele miele
spliced casually open and above the name "Kohnsu"

Day Ten

My narcissism you texted is the last plate of soft-shell crab meat left on the table I've taken to
sleeping with my cuticles salted tell me have you ever stopped to ask yourself where exactly her body
ends and mine begins

Day Eleven

It's October it's January it's the third of March it's next Thursday morning it's an hour before my last
three gyno appointments I've milked thirteen different men since breakfast but all I can offer you
for lunch prophylactically speaking is this small bag of acorns I fished out of the trash

Day Twelve

Any sort of river is the machine prostrating

Day Thirteen

Any sort of river is geometry no less than the head

Day Fourteen

Any sort of river is figs kept handy for shade

Day Fifteen

Any sort of river is tongue to tongue but just dire enough

Day Sixteen

Any sort of river is dry antiquity or marital but in cloud form

Picking my way through the cross-hairs of your cock until your belly lights up from inside duck fat fills my mouth my lungs I know what you had meant to say that those particular anchovy heads the ones you left on the counter are not a crime against either of us a woman kills a mouse with her bare hands at the café across the street while three weeks ago I was pregnant for thirty-five minutes and then my uterus turned into a bouquet of liquidy-brown cardboard roses

from **Bad Infinity**

Michael Martin Shea

*

lord forgive me were we numbers
faith without terror the aura they're selling
each bolt a reminder of the here I'm not
the were I would
the ruined beach a decade gone
so that I might speak with you
head shot through with bluetooth spirit
dead horseshoe crabs arranged in semi-circle
packs of cigarettes in the pump room
an effusion of taco bells
lightning closed the pool each day
rain drilled a hole inside my head
the fluid just poured out regardless

*

in truth the form precedes I do not grasp
the outside freighted into other rooms
the walls of which deceive, yea
the room a forgotten sun lives in
echo of push notifications on the baby monitor

*

plovers in the dune plants
vetch and thistle
thistle pine sea oak
thistle pine sea oak wads of cum
ropes of cum in the public toilets
in the unlit corners of the bathhouse
sea grape sea oats jacking off in darkness
ropes unfurling like scrolls of holy gospel
cups of semen tucked in linen closets
the lord himself sleeping like a shark that is
prancing sandpiper
Tootsie Pop wrapper in the dunes

*

garden variety fucking like in sports
I savor the image of you on top
on the couch where the dogs die
or others houses lobbies hotel sheets ruined
why not person body defiant
in sports bra sundress flesh imperils
a quiet thought a stillness interrupted
if you would say aloud that I should fuck you
obliquely even and stuff my shame back
undressed the diorama whispers
pink vibrator resting on the counter
a single nature acts upon itself

*

again I seek to climb the ladder
drunk beneath the seven sisters
hey
don't you ever want something simple
cheap forbidden and pure

texting about constraints

Scout Faller

you enjoy being backed into a corner
there's form to the day that corners me
it is five pm with alarming regularity
bound up in a discrete notion of time
a plastic water bottle
is mostly air, which can be extruded by moving
one hand towards the other
i correct for lack of ceremony with excess of resolve
emptying a small bin into a large one
i eat a credit card: time rushes me
and eddies into whatever's leisure
a stolen shape, like shorting a stock
or blowing across a bottle
what i don't have on offer

MADE OF NOTHING BUT OBSTACLE

Scout Faller

walking i thought a rectifying path
in the opposite direction, further than i've ever been,

i found in the woods a figure
stumped and truncated, crying

and praying must look the same,
retinal misprint, fantasy

intruding on the scene, mis
translated through trees, hysterical

intervention, the sort-of-pastoral,
not exactly fixed but placid,

although somewhere beyond what
faculties could capture,

intimations of movement:
vibratory, seething—

boring
too nice
depressing

scary
considerate
too mean

square
round
hopeless

interpretable

squirming

and the meadow
not where i left it

—between
fact—and—stag,

—fawning, a lack, a gap

—a leap, to bridge
the field in me

—fall back into
a brooding stream

of sleep, as if to dream
like a woman in repose,

folded
into a disassembled locust tree

—nameless, broodless, haughty, normie and oblique

love of beauty is lack of discernment

Scout Faller

i do not want to compete
with the memory of david melnick
life of the mind shit
fucked off into the realm of ideas or else
in the realm of ideas getting fucked
mistook a screenshot for time
dislodged a lesson from obscurity
capital creeping my dreams
in the citadel lately
metal belt buckle, my father
his perfect driving, actors humiliate me
asking me to recite all i know
these days i destroy the lobby
incorporating words,
when they were meant to be used as furniture
sophie placed one palm on the headstone
the other the tesla door
variations on the handle
iterated beyond all use
which is the signal
and which a lamp dimly lit
since i am of two minds
and wanted to exchange
on possibility all the
things we could do
in a room with some writing

JINX/ALIGNED

for Jordana Carlin

Jeremy Hoevenaar

Solitude is
a negotiation.
The window
an imposition.
I'm in position.
impish, rising,
risen, centering,
frisson. The funicular
eye, and besides,
the poison roils
itself away.
A railing, condensation,
shimmering occultation.
To my left, breakfast
cools; on my right:
the rudderless cooling
blue. Wind stymies
layered sweeps of white.
Large swaths, large
swaths of Cezanne.
Is this the ARC
Ronald Johnson wrote of?
"Tapped into." I am
carried, variously in
the varying verdigris
of early day. Ardor, verdure,
arbor, armor, amour!
Honeysuckle homeboy,
spare me a smoke.
Soaking in the courtyard,
leaning to respire. Reframed
cognate, assuaged, blurred
page, and I wait. Rhetorical.
Gospels and minor miracles
of skin. Flimsy, yes
but simmering to spin.
All fresh workings, winter

freshets, a fisher of men.
Axons mine,
my solid spine.
Bookish and blending
in the widening light.
The window again!
You've caught up, sounding
the depthless instant again,
that fine joinery, clean
and rupturing the fundament.
Sustenance, glamour,
muscling magic into place.
I remember "Control Hill."
I remember bus exhaust
In dark dawn bone-ache
cold. Sweetly
you contain your teeth.
A fine plane.
I prostrate there for you,
here for you, clicking
my own haphazard
teeth in the longing
of my fleece. Incline,
fine, these memories
are mine. I remember
spooning; I remember
our flaxen sleep, unhexed,
bested by each other
in the geometries we drew.
To find again that glade.
But no object is partial
or lost, but always
displaced, a mobile
fragmentary whole.
I'm in Thom's hole, holistic
branches climbing me out.
Carbon hashtags whip
through my whispers.
Melancholy notes
sharpen themselves
flat on the weeds of the wind.
First responders teetering
in rhyme, flung far behind.

I'm here, smearing
and delicate, fed
on the threshold
of an infant instant.
This romance, how we
climbed, paused,
resonant and reeling,
feeling it. The season
that composes me,
trebling green
confessions unseamed.
Sweet skipping
state change, the resonance
contained, excerptng
to bridge a wave of strings.
Again and again
to gain and divagate
the gauntlet. Warrior, wizard,
the industry of innards.
May this prayer reach you,
beached, between the sea
and the architecture
of your sleep. More coffee,
hot in the staccato warping
of my core. I give
you me, seamlessly, and go
with you through the weather
of a new gratitude.
Trucks cough, the morning
sloughs itself off
and concedes unto its increase.
Hawk in gyre, lamplight
whiplash scattering gold
across lintel and post.
Apse, entry, nave, kneeling
in low reflections
of chlorophyll grace.
Lowing, floored,
an even score.
Percentaging the negative
narrative space. This place,
this place, I see your face,
mystic there in sprite and chase.

I'll catch you again.
O friend, we have but minutes,
our endlessness a recompense.
This continuum of boxes!
O surface, splurge me
and blanket me to warmth.
Stained Styrofoam,
what gloms goes on,
ventilating anointed joints.
Isolate gold, inviolate and old.
Who child's me and roosters
in affirmation. Shivering
schemes. Air brakes break
the pale skein of day.
Hiss and recalibrate.
Alive, the door
vibrates, testing the rest
of the room. I'm score
to the sky, that lively
layering of shapes.
The mundane things
we will do together,
infused all ways with joy.
I now believe in joy,
in love, in me, sweepingly,
asleep to gloom
in the room of my
surrender. Flagging,
I'm up, I see,
conduct, complete,
enough, and flung
anew to sundry toughness.
Hex of grass, pleasure, sass.
At last I'm still
and ready to move,
the soon of shadows
shaping their noon. New
worlds from today's words.
The past wrapped
around my wrist... No,
the future, it's that
I am uncertain of,
time's gradation gracing

the softness of my skin.
Is this therapy?
Your story's first, uncoerced,
bursting forth from fissures
in the Earth. We people,
steeped in myth, shadow-
grazed, radiance, gravity,
lift. Serenade
the uncontaminated.
Tribulate me, again
I tread beyond my head.
Applause, camouflaged.
Bawdy beanbags 1, 2, 3.
O my darling Byzantine,
dreadful sorry gadarene.
Lobbing gigs again
to gain the win. Tottering
mile markers, dark
in the dreamed-of
headlights. Cold flame.
What was trust?
Token wood grain.
Brandishing my blandishments.
You say "crenellated breath"
and then it becomes true.
Toothed to the arms.
Low strung singing, wait
the way we waste, a laying
ons of hand. I love her,
her scare quotes, the "mote"
of her personae, embodied
sweet euphonia, she
puts the core in cornucopia.
Go team.
Note the orange lozenges'
orange internal glow.
Birds, amiright? Sometimes
a pony gets depressed,
sometimes a Brainard
gets undressed. Impressed?
Congested pangs of willingness.
I salute you, jumping
spiders of my soul's dark night.

How the rose window would
beckon in the depths
of early morning, moonlight
striking the empty fields.
Cold precision, concise as revealed.
What... you mean this frontier?
Shorten the borders
until they disappear.
We knew and we know.
Brave. Brave. Brave.
Scanning the walls
for a scintillating glimpse
of egress. Egrets wait.
Another another noon again.
What are all the things attached
to love? What can be offered?
Hoot, hoot. Nothing more
erotic than the wind.
Just a piece of your voice,
please, and I'll be
on my merry way,
adapting to the swell
and sway of what matriculates.
Is it the hawk or the gyre
that inspires? Lyric spires
splice the horizon.
Caesura? Sure!
Let go from the get-go.
Wise mind flies blind.
Tricks of light in spite
or because of the brightness.
Comprising a litany
of lightnesses. Scantly
a blight, twined tightly
as night falls. Glib doom
in the dim gloom.
How am I doing?
How have I done?
Hands encircle the head
in wanton gestures of
thought. Movement
is metaphor, lithe
calligraphy, your body

athwart the sky.
Flexibility is an adaptive
grammar, a note slipped
under the door.
I'm gonna phoenix, leap
aloft, fraught and hot
with my heat. A lesson
in laughter as the sun
sinks, shaking the trees.
I remember "We wash
clothes / we
wear them / the stars
shake." I remember
"Indian Rock," dross
and flotsam high above
the rooftops. I remember
the 282 South 2nd Street
roof, smoking over the edge,
bridging the orange distance
with wind-whipped words:
"Arc lights thimble some distant atrophy."
I knew you then, I knew you
then, hidden somewhere
in the occluded perfection
of my future. Be with me
and be with me again
and again. No more lies,
but all true alignment.
Find me, keep me.
Limn me with your silver
syllables, thrilled across
a pavilion of windowsills.
Isolate, inviolate, squeezing
the interior of air. Miracles
of conduit, grace of containment.
"Just steer me" ... I finally
mean it, want it, glean
the gleaming meaning
of lost resistance. Let's dance
inside the shadows, laugh
together in the interstitial
rise and shallow. O tesseract,
I angle you to meet my corners,

where clarity is leverage
and obscurity is perspicuous.
It's us, it's us, isn't it?
The center will not fold,
it kindles my life in waves
of gold. There's room
and room in my room.
O how we fit! Flit
like birds across the gist of it,
slipping like glass
through the splitting infinite.
The spirit catches you, yes,
but it had never let
you go. Surrender
to the murmur of the turn.
Courtyard, fortnight,
sorting enclosures of sky.
Rejoicing compartments
noising the voice.
Flummoxed, beheld,
cold swells but I'll never tell.
Firm drift of firmament.
Permanent there
in the spindrift armament.
Moments of stretch.
Divy and flex.
Dishes done in the murk
of no sun. Verily, I must
ramble, the shamble
I arrived as:
numb as an unlit candle.
Unclothed and boastful,
January coasts along its prone
ladder, scattering
its panoptic blossoms,
collating a smattering
of shifts in temperature.
Fever on, over me,
upon my knees,
barely bare and squealingly.
Femme, masc, moving
on our tracks. Blasting
the fixtures of textured

happenstance.
Everything is real.
Copse of light igniting
the deep blue.
I'm on fire, breathing
up and down the wire.
Indefatigable joints,
grove, gloved, on the road
to islands of tone.
Tarot archipelago.
A quiet crunch of seven months.
Tears, stupid tears, bleary,
tuned, pitched to sloops
of limpid discord.
I slide, a slider, blinking,
jinxed, momentum-drenched.
Thirst for polyrhythms
gamely quenched.
Duplex swoon,
the moon collects soon.
Put your weight on me—
the wait is love. Love
is in waiting, baiting
its soft hook with years
to make full. Our times
together shall be puffy
with lust, care,
and nibbling of ears.
And hearing, speech,
invention, nearing the break
in which we'll bathe,
grateful for the warmth
we bond to have made.
Delicate quandary,
I'll spin thee.
Mountains beyond mountains,
dear: I'm pitched to ascend.
Let's blend, boundary, spend, and sing;
two meanings made for every thing

from **HAPPENING**

Miri Karraker

AT WORK on the half-hour, we move as the rotation dictates: clothes muffle the sound of body / our gesture punctuated by shoe squeaks / a lone throat clearing / walkie-talkie static / warmth from my spot against the wall fleeting, cooling / shadow of black shirt ink and foot scuff remains—permanent echo: stand / slouch / lean

In the next room, I warm the wall with my presence. Consider the salad I brought for lunch, its many colors. I look to my left at a stainless-steel shelf with a rounded front edge, glimpse the plaque—*Untitled*, Donald Judd, 1967. Consider the act of dragging a stool before it, sitting, and the sounds: fork on bowl, the pause, a carrot snapping between my teeth.

pod of small children in the atrium buoyant contained clustered in red and orange tee shirts. if they were elegant they would flicker like birds. tiny sneakers screech against floor. everyone is made flightless by supervision. I would love to give them the museum, let jammy hands make smooth steel tacky. They shout at me Hi! Hi! Hi!

Hi! Hi! Hi!

I could wave

indecipherable pitches / white noise drone / no speech ricocheted off the margin of wall / no accent / I am not sure why I have not been writing / brain feels like sand / (space between land and sea, but not land) / L says: *the future is not dependent on my inability to describe my own undoing* / the lights above make me miss the sun / (to stare at the sun is to stare eight minutes into the past) / I should walk backwards around the room very slowly / elliptical heel strike to kneebend / swish of the pants

I resent all monuments / painting's yellowing varnish is actual gold / remember that line from *Nightwood*: *What is a ruin but Time easing itself of endurance?* / I love all ruins / to write a score is to study choice / see there: the mind outruns the body / here: this chunk of form fallen away / what material will be discarded / if you had more time, then

/ All attendants are blindfolded in an exposition space,

they are to wear typical uniform for that institution.

The day unfolds, like usual.

Pistoletto's *Tre ragazze alla balconata* / three bodies of tissue paper and graphite / contoured / edged against mirror-polished stainless steel / all green and ochre / upright and leaning on the rail / backs turned / one turning left / fragment of face / eyes but no mouth then a mouth but no eyes / what is there on that silver margin

a woman walks up behind them / phone up for a selfie / body slight and head big / her smile twists into a grimace / she takes the photo anyway / turning to walk / she disappears off screen

/ Get an ice cube.

Hold it, sense its contours.

Squeeze. Consider what pressure is bearable.

I am an artist in the way that geese are only sometimes south. I have to come here, to this place. It's for my own good. Here there are rooms I can fill with. Potential is the debt I keep to myself.

/ Attendant posts are demarcated with large cinder blocks.

Attendants circulate, like usual.

(They may circulate around the cinder block demarcating their post but they are not to touch them)

I use the word *event* for the total shape of time. The conditions and response.
I can make a moment here / I come, I'm coming. I'm always coming.

/ Two performers of near equal height are positioned next to one another,
mouths pressed against the wall of a large room.

Keeping their mouths pressed against the wall, they move in opposite directions,
all around the room's circumference.

When they find themselves next to one another, they must then move in
opposite directions.

from **Studio Visit**

Wah-Ming Chang

I should begin with how my father took art classes
at the senior center once he retired
around 2000

he shows me a clear plastic case
his name in Chinese in black marker
on a strip of masking tape

not his handwriting

the instructor had given out empty cases
on the *first day* of class

my father added to his *every day*
the earliest drawing dated
November 1, 2005

for the next month I arrange the work in chronological order
staining my fingers with lead dust

for the next year I arrange the work into a series of booklets
stitching together kindred compositions

the following year I arrange the work into categories
atomizing time

hands
horses
handwriting

landscapes as portraits
as maps
as etchings along the horizon

his blank page
easel
wall

I set aside recurring images

hands in a sketchbook
all with a single date

1/6/06

gestures of peace
faint on the page

I set aside recurring images

twelve cast drawings of Beethoven
the first from 2006 the last 2022

somebody points out that it's Karl Marx
yet another suggests Mark Twain
finally in my own art class a fellow student
identifies it as François Rude's *Head of a Gaul*

every year my father had asked the bust a new question
to uncover something about the wild-haired man
frozen in bronze
about what had changed yet persisted too

in the open mouth
in the twists of the pencil

I set aside recurring shapes in shadow

the shape of a point

the shape of a curve

the shape of a pocket

lines curling into sky what lies in them how they lie
differently when the angle shifts or *a year* has turned over

triangles give way to mountains

cubes to a row of houses

spheres to apples

his own hands long veins burrowing into

the knuckles the nails the thumb

skin translucent like a leaf held up to the sun

you might think Keep going when you
reach the end of a story or as my father might
have done with his sketchbooks in *a year like 1999*
when he made a drawing on *December 30* and
then continued *every day for a month* copying
portraits of gangsters and con men from a
newspaper or portraits by Van Gogh from
a workbook a calendar of faces and so
January 1 that year was a 惡霸 yet look how
the world did not end

I walked through Dayanita Singh's traveling museums
in 2022

each element a multitude of folds
as in *Sent a Letter's* photographic diaries

I imprinted onto their ordered disorder their disordered order
seeking guidance in sequencing the art my father had placed in
 my hands
understanding finally that I carried
the most portable of museums

a collection of spilled laughter malapropisms non sequiturs
cloud formation a flick of the wrist a graphite stick an eraser
red pencil marks in a dictionary a magnifying glass with
a broken jade handle

the dailiness of habits insights boredoms
textual musical notations
codes of time

my father as hidden library

my father as sudden library

Hessdalen Lights

Hunter Larson

Stars are jagged reminders that heaven is far away
when the night is coming into focus, alien
and radiant, just like we always wanted it to be.
To understand life's limits
adjacent to the dual flame
of loss and renewal, in the twilight
these abstract contingencies spread out like ink.
I woke up in the middle of my life
so studded with a purpose
headlights on the platform, faces
on the train fading into referents.
To be memorialized in crystal is to be altered
by the wild surrender. Opened up
by the bright blade beneath speech.
Letting the music and the night just happen to you.
These glittering arcs of habit
smoke rings, codas, provisional cathexis.
Sometimes you stay up all night, watching the sky
waiting for something real to fall out
of your mouth, like a token
a bright token of sound. The libidinal
precinct just outside of speech. Lanced through
the throat by a kind of disaffected
minimalism, clean cut and inscrutable.
Up all night strung out on possibility, chanting
in the afterglow. Say that you want to catalog
each bright mood as it passes through
the open window of the unsaid
a band of light falling from the windowsill
is an excuse to write again. Paint a picture
crush a little light against the surface of your seeing.
Say that stars are like ideas, dissolving

into the thin mist of what wasn't.
If the echo is a lesson in form
then the picture you took of me is a little absurd
repetitions locking into place like secrets.
I've been writing poems at night
cuz my days are filled with tokens.
I've been writing poems in secret, while walking
pinned to the fragile surface of an appeal
the canceled world of memories.
Pressing these ribbons of purpose
up against my temples, humming
the same seven songs on a loop
in the hallway, rinsing my eyes on brick.
Stayed too long, now my syntax
lit like an Illinois sunset, an Iowa sunset
a Massachusetts sunset shedding
itself all over wet concrete.
There's something prophetic about rising
each day at noon to meet the hour as it breaks apart
into a million golden threads, each one a reason
to go outside and paint the moment
with your seeing. Something honest
in writing the same poem endlessly on a loop
and ending it the same way every time.
I watch myself walk out of a rural moment
and enter the field of memory.
I watch you hand me a cigarette
and tell me why it matters, the exigency
of swerving back into a habit
without really meaning to, I knock down a carton
of tomatoes, the tomatoes rolling around
the floor of your car like my heart, another reason
to go outside and spend my night, smoking
with prophets and talking with poets
speech loose and crystal
a million golden threads trailing us like lives.

Arthur Russell Forever

Hunter Larson

The silences of the interior life free us
from the petty summits of primacy.
The road feels a lot like heaven feels like
the highway a sunrise breaking into
morning light, the double fade
of some Saturday premonition, a planet
locking into place. I hold your face like
a bolt of lightning in the low mist
when I run out into the day and spread
my mind on concrete like a beautiful
symbol of what might happen.
Alien corn in the distance. Low hills
of eastern Iowa. And the sun spitting
bright dew down onto the cold car
as we smoke and try to remember where
we are, burning across these midwestern
highways, our minds sharpened on a promise.
What do I know about writing into
the dark, the mauve-tinted outline
of all my body's losses. The many empty
rooms cathected into tears. I let my body
talk. I put my life on the line and walk
out into prairie light with my name
trailing me like a comma. Tonight I'll be
the most alive I've ever been. Tonight
I'll let the heavy spiral of god fall like light
into a coffin of angles. Like heaven gone
through the head of a statue. Like my life
on the line, divided into seasons. Come on
there's nothing left to do but drive.

Rain Gardens

Hunter Larson

Trees in fall look so crazy against a white sky.
Daylight is absurdism and absurdism
is over. Tell me I'm talented today, and today
I let my ambitions stray
a strand of truth worn down into principle.
I was walking in the garden catching
the dusky light
at the right angle.
Tip the afternoon and let the moment slide
down the side of a building
a shock of ivy
on brick today.
I cast my vote towards infinity.
I'm watching autumn break
into bright sheets of relief, red
and orange and brown and yellow.
I have feelings about it.
The future flowers
then we hate it. I have feelings about it.
I was reading about how nostalgia
can act as a sort of refractive gauze
keeping in the things
we want to lose. I have feelings about it.
I was quoting Mark Fisher to a friend
then I was reading a book
about glaciers melting in Iceland.
I think we all need a break
from life this week.
I want dailiness to fragment into something
sharp and glowing. I was eating
grapes on the train and looking inward.
I let my thoughts
go night vision green.

Laying my hands on the tracks
just before the train goes by.
Being alive is like that
an insane vibration.
A texture like powder.
A crazy filament refracting sunlight.
Ambient birdsong and the hum
of the century as it glides
through the turnstile.
I was walking alone in the rain garden
the facts of October strewn at my feet.
I was letting the language
inhabit the event.
I was spitting purpose
onto the lawn with my eyes
pinned to the sky behind the sky.
I was reading about how belief relies on absence
and then I stared at the wall
for too long and let the form
do all the work.
Do you believe in the necessity of spiritual
discipline in your work?
Did you see the V in the sky
and call that collective life? The social function
of art? I was walking adjacent
to the evening with my hands
in my pockets and my head
arranging itself around a diagram of the city.
I was what language is to a people.
I was and am the curtain that divides
the night from the day.
Heavy and definitive, the shock
of ivy on brick. Something to push up against
now that I'm stronger and more sure.
Now that the language is clear
and ready to receive the world
I don't want to get it wrong ever.

from **Screens**

Cornelia Barber

Sexual flows, indicated above, cross circulated through the group, transitioned to wave length, a color, maybe blue this time, did you see it?

That voltage permeated our house, dripping, a little rose wave or something intensely candied between us drops of permanent oil, another stickiness,

You looked to me to want something, I found us at a loss for earth boundness, I feel real things inside the flame of nothingness, real red & real desire

If it was permitted I would always take off all my clothes and laze around in your arms or in your house or in your mind

Soft green paints all over my fingers and the wall

Viridian, somewhere foggy

I want to be inside a text, but not without you, not alone
I want to be inside the glass that cuts water, or glass
That doesn't cut us, but reimagines our blood as its
Own molecule, seeking out hesitance, vulnerable on the shore
I want to be inside without numbers, or refracted motions,
Just forever chemicals, if they belong to us, if we learn to
Digest plastic, integrate new substance, become wind like,
Sprawling material, more bodies, more organs, and figures
Of light dancing with each other, cells beamed through
A new covenant, something multiplied in endless directions
Many moons and suns and streets ago I lost myself in a
Code, if I never found myself I never found you either, and if
Neither of us exist, we don't exist together, in a circle,
Forwards and backwards and forwards in time

She rides imprecisely on words without meadow or shade
Vigorous light above and below
Energy that takes it all
Out of her, like sky crystals on earth
I liked to be empty of feelings
To cover up shame
Even a glimmer without
Suns moving quickly through her heart
Would be too much
Embellish the world, invigorate it with your desire
Why is it sad to say this?
As I pick up a new word to throw around
And let the heart mingle with itself a little longer

I'm writing night candy because it's pink, because I'm pink & I think you're aching to be near me, I'm touching a perforated edge, shoving garbled words down a tube, I want to be inside this frozen machine where sex cells meet, and we've obliterated the red wine, drizzling olive oil on bread, on orange cake, as wild stems pricked, the tincture, the blastocyst, the yoke, the wild stems whose names are forgotten replaced by other names

Fortitude writes longing, desire writes open holes, listening you can't speak or know what to say, the formula repeats, the words, treasured as simple diamonds in the mouth, fall out of it too quickly

I lost my spatula, aggression burned through the rest

Gut fields drip bacteria, eat each other up

Did we have breakfast yet?

Paroxysms melt out of me, energies accumulate in forceful waves of text, I am not myself and have nothing, but your image, eyes wander to find me, I find myself undone

More ants formulate their bodies to one another, seek out nourishment, crumbs vibrate in the corner where I dropped my bread & spilled some rose-tea

I didn't invent these words I only used them to my benefit, selecting the right ones to image the inside pain, the inside light, the inside density too vast to post on screen

Aorta in halved roses, or not even flowers anymore

Disposed of the great light in search of something new, a serious contortion, a difference, a cut through the exact line of a rush repeated so many times, fits that grow more true, more angular, more like furniture moved from this corner to that one, under the window, it rained on Saturday

Tomorrow you leave again, then you will return, then you will leave again, tomorrow I will leave again, then return, then leave again, you met me in the fall to ask yourself a question

The primal scene repeats in the mouth, speaking new organs to life

a

circle around which desire sends out what's tender or too much

I

wanted to see in

a

small hearted fabric made of muscle & twine

did it have fur?

a

mouth within which nothing is spoken or chewed

a

vertebrae keeps going obeying its signals

I

marked the line, we left to chance

a

desire squeezed out in delirious phonemes

waiting for transmission or

from **Gravity Siren**

Monroe Lawrence

Deer

roots silver in the wounded Mouths

Blushes in the translucent breeze.

A reef

Of pixels bloody with turquoise light

A map

Of light braced for the blossoming of damage

*Satellite dishes festoon the hillside.
Mobile armored jeeps & cars. Windmills
mow air in the silent distances,*

*octagons
tremble &
flare. Few
air-traffic controllers
could ever ripple in
their very
gel. I look
now for mushrooms:
in the*

*sky. A beak pours out
from the flaming rind . . . Armor,
sheathing the arm in barks,*

*as forms sprout
the wave
of polyps. This is
a final
skywritten
mandala—*

*fossils repurposed in shimmery wires. We're
typing, back the accreted
sentiment, brushes oily*

*with the lucent
flakes. Some-
one, any-
one, can
uncover how
the colossi dream—
& it might be
of mist, or water, or
snow*

Running downhill from school & I'm
learning there, learning of deep
pages scored with light. Blue cliffs

extend
shadows over
landscapes.
Damp humming
power lines.
Black ink on night.
I've tortured

my limbs in basements, strangled by
elegance, my blunt, groping delay
as I haul out the axe. We

dismantled
every argument
by heart,
debased in a
shining kennel. Watch

the salmon land slanting in ranks,
a kayak moving a turbine or a mercenary
damp with moss. That way

wipers or paddles
swab water
& sift slow
holes in carbon,
scythe at
peat—gathering
activation of
light, in
fact of their spray.

Light aches gasping delay Like bark hydrating
blackened-out sands or cracking onto
trees—long clots of moisture. Liquid
in burrs, burnt-fluent petroleum.

We perch. I
quilt summer lilies:
finally shape
their soft
municipal

poison. Magnesium flaring early,
tins of wimpling frost. It is the moss—its softness—how it's
built into the bionic superstructure, pollen

glaring from sparks: we are
ourselves weapons,
hot-sharp,
so we pour the slimy
telemetry
down
a rotting

blame complex, trickle of pink like a frame. We're
coping inside the shine of our hope . . .
It is slippery, oiled, & powered by millennial languages,
dark, glossy, mobile—extending
up a cliff these lives share.

Tectonic
wedge
conjoining species.
I burst
into a room,
noting the line
of clots, flawed
spaces of encounter,
great diamonds
of fabric
on fountains, & drips
of weld on plastic

material, puncturing my torso
like a loss. I walk out through that darkness
projecting plants across the surfaces of every settlement—
auditioning pavements for
sprays, slurping
magnetic jaws. (It's
visualizeable,
alien,
lilac.) Isaac
could sire
lozenges as medicine
into the deep
crook of your
arm—sawing
like a log. The supposed
help of it, in me, releasing fumes
& balms, reliable melted poultice, the patch
of conductors blond wires squirm their orange

tentacles across, my debased neo-harm.

(Surfaces of demented patrimony . . .)

& to emerge

as if pampered by breeze

into the fields, to

which a breeze is

lee, in glens

& dells . . . The profound

disease of this place. I retch with streaming posterity,

slip calves into a wreath of green. The cold

is aligned or fanatical—kind of broken. I travel to

a softer ocean, another

calm collision

of shells.

From vast, glacier-

kissing skies a dark

cloud emerges

on a shining ridge.

I make the glint

encircle the pool. The alarms are wide

open. Firefighters look under my bed, hysterical

to touch this. The corridors swell, expand

with a crinkling gloss. So, pedagogy can eat me in a squirm

of coping—glistening now as tactics, harm, & laws

Three White Foxes on the Minaret of the Local Mosque

Serena Solin

BEFORE

three white foxes on the minaret of the local mosque
words of discouragement of birds on the minaret

as the bolide notches the tower wireless emits
invisibly from, as memory concatenates, as you

were fought from cold land, as the tempered steel
city of origin is revealed to be an annex that can rip,

as the waning halfmoon and green slats of an instant
stretched over years disappear, as for the first time

while I am looking at gray weeds you turn
birds whisper that it is impossible, I fruitless,

man forgone, February snow shear forgone,
but you do not care, you are turning

AFTER

three white foxes on the minaret of the local mosque
as it is established that you are no one god's son

I refuse to share you with His Representatives
your movement encircled by Attendants

whose holiness in ritual in the face of horror
takes the shape of a plastic comb, your father,

your aunts, concerned with how you will look
when you are Presented, each take your head

I see the rooftops where you were imagined
slant away from weather, a gentle change in which

(Michael tells me) is the only thing you felt
the air around you roomless and still as water

three white foxes on the minaret of the local mosque
ghost movement in the womb eleven days after

weeping against the stone of seventeen-month-old
Julie, died 1877, against the current

that would beach them were sea lions
made of anything except sheer black muscle

against your father who believes there is no other
than suffering, I defend your joy senselessly

I enter a tunnel which occludes time curiously
as radio disappears in the Holland

through which the three of us pass
a shared dream of grey static and fog

three white foxes on the minaret of the local mosque

I had not known they weren't my dreams

though I had read of oneiric transplantation
trickled through French from standard Albanian

the world the way it appears in a mystery novel
hooded figures shiftless in the gorge

punctuated by random violence
always morning in the diner booth

where your father orders an espresso
on the second day of your life, into which I peer

but the surface does not refract, as in your dreams
there is not yet a reflection in the mirror

three white foxes on the minaret of the local mosque

"I am the center / Of a circle of pain / Exceeding

its boundaries in every direction," writes Loy

whose Oda dies a year later of meningitis

"Who was Mary Shelley?" asks Niedecker

who is in the hot air balloon as it rises

who is at the beach watching the tide

who held my shoulders as I writhed

who made you, and why? you were

to fly without me at the age of twelve

for the first time, I was to wave to you

from behind a breachable security line

three white foxes on the minaret of the local mosque
ecstatic with pain, I begin to understand the house

as it would have been, look at pictures of nurseries
in disarray after arrival, what is used and unused

what is touched and not believed and sung
in languages that blur around my child

everyone's last guess and best hope, scripts
older than common knowledge, as rain

in its lovely varietals engenders powerful
hydrangeas to be judged by panels, soil ceases

to emanate its enlivening smell, and I grant
everyone permission to lock you away

three white foxes on the minaret of the local mosque
beyond the border, you and I exist together

in the world, we are a memory so difficult
the witnesses cannot testify; I attach a sticker

to my car that says I am allowed here,
this pond, this lot, and so become any other

summer visitor to your vacation town
I meet you in the eyes of year-round dwellers

who ride out black winters and seek not permission
for the night fires they build along the coast

rocked like the loosely anchored shellfish boat
you slip between the gaps between night fires

three white foxes on the minaret of the local mosque

I wake to my sisters huddled at the edge of bed

or on the floor beside my couch in medicated
dreaming, no one wanting to sleep alone

besides the son, who woke only briefly
besides the father, who rarely sleeps

in the dewy hours before the time of living
I become our grandmothers sweatshirted

walking the dogs at dawn, athletic blades
against no fewer than ten children who died

between the old country and this one
cutting away through the cattail marsh

three white foxes on the minaret of the local mosque
what you felt or did not is beyond reason

many envy the likelihood that for you no pain
registered, you never showed distress, your heart

never raced in fear, you never cried, never missed me,
never knew when you were left in the care of others,

never paid taxes, never ate seitan, never experienced
indigestion, humiliation, incarceration, or thirst

many say you were spared in the weeks after
not knowing that I warned you of suffering

that I swore to bring you through it
but you did not listen and would not sign

three white foxes on the minaret of the local mosque
a line from a dream in a novel, clear as any

you impart to me our nights together
walking your father's street, lampposts

barely breaking the haze, the corner wreathed
by television static you would not have seen

in life, the green mosque's wooden doors closed,
your father's building marked with eagles,

seeking someone concealed by a long coat
you never turn to look at me, concerned

with the justice you came to dole out
I can only follow you, stubborn son

three white foxes on the minaret of the local mosque
as I watch you reach the edge I cannot cross

weeping ceases in the room as without
the machine you live ten silent minutes

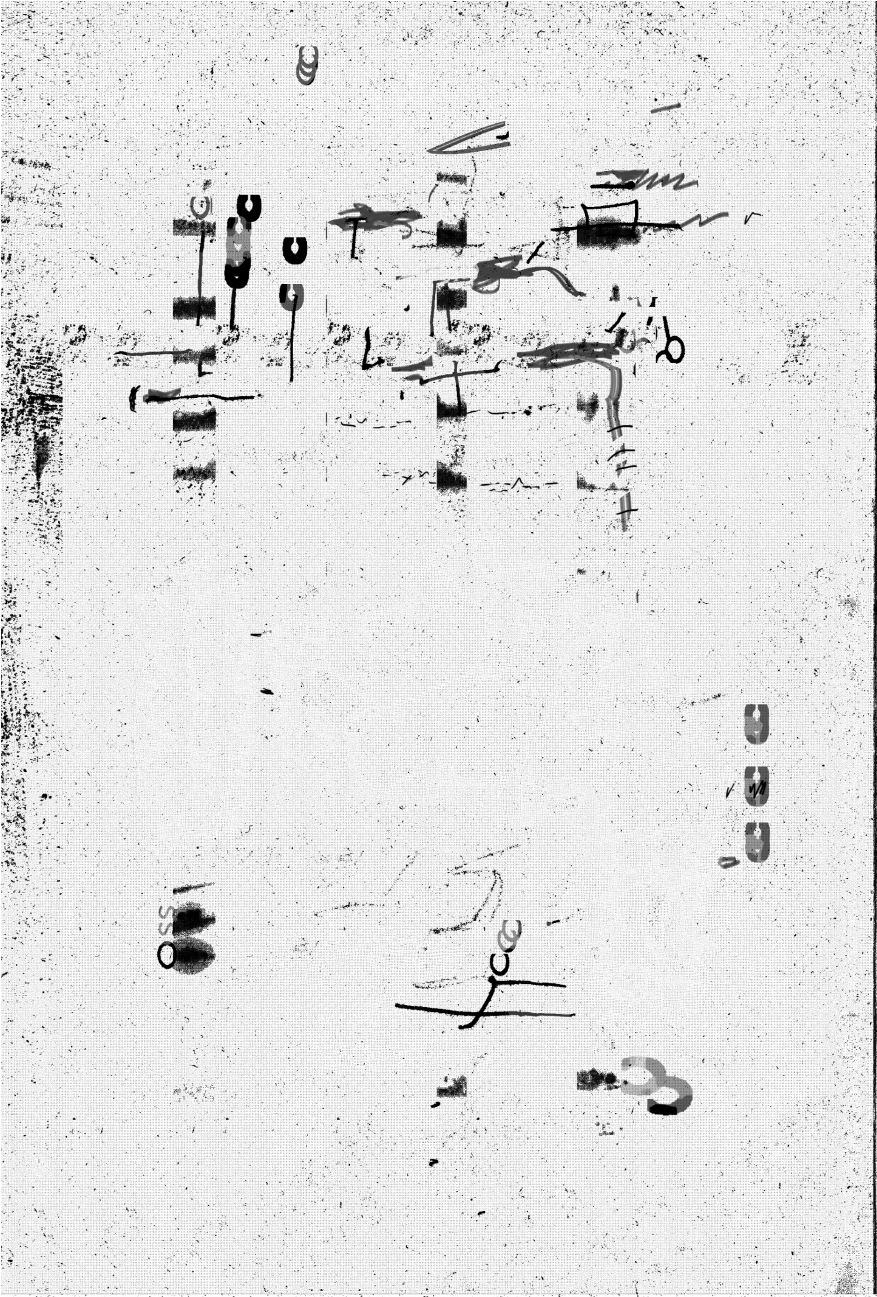
I have already told you everything I know
have told you I love you as many times

as there is time for, as your father, my sisters,
the beloveds disappear, you do not appear

to change but do grow lighter
as the broken circle of my cervix closes

as around your body the peeling restarts
this time unencumbered, as you cannot hear it

"three white foxes on the minaret of the local mosque" is quoted from Ismail Kadare's
The Palace of Dreams (originally published 1981, English translation 1993).



CONTRIBUTORS

Yagmur Akyurek is an MFA student at New York University, where she is Books Editor at *Washington Square Review* and a Rona Jaffe fellow. She was born in Turkey, raised in Massachusetts, and now lives in New York.

Rosaire Appel is an artist living and working in New York. Her work, situated at the crossroads of looking and reading, words and images, takes the form of digital prints, drawings, photographs, and books. The books, both limited-edition and commercially available, often feature abstract comics combined with asemic writing. Her most recent book is ‘deaf poems’, non-verbal, gestural, asemic — and deaf. These can’t listen, they can only be.

Cornelia Barber is a poet and psychoanalyst in New York City. *Spring Street* is out now from 1080 Press.

Eric Tyler Benick wrote *the fox hunts* (Beautiful Days, 2023) and *Memory Field: A Travelogue of Forgetting* (Long Day, 2024). With Nick Rossi, he runs Ursus Americanus Press, a publisher of shorter poetics. His recent work has appeared in *Bennington Review*, *Brooklyn Review*, *Copper Nickel*, *Harvard Advocate*, *NOIR SAUNA*, and *Puerto Del Sol*. His most recent chapbook, *Solip Schism*, is now available from Blue Bag Press. He lives in Brooklyn and teaches postcolonial and anti-carceral literatures at Wagner College where he is criminally adjunct.

Wah-Ming Chang is a writer and bookmaker based in Brooklyn, New York. She has been awarded grants from the Saltonstall Foundation for the Arts and the New York Foundation for the Arts, and residency fellowships from Byrdcliffe, Yaddo, Saltonstall, and Ucross, among other organizations. Her fiction has appeared in *Mississippi Review*, *The Literary Review*, and *Brooklyn Rail*, among other publications. *Hand, Held*, her artist book featuring reproductions of her father’s art, will be published by Bored Wolves in 2025.

Scout Faller is a Pushcart-nominated poet and recipient of the Leijia Hanrahan Scholarship for Communist Women Smokers. They have been published in *Dilettante Army*, *Action*, *Spectacle*, *Grotto*; and *Mercury Firs*; among others. Their poem “to the business of language” was longlisted for the Surging Tide Summer Writing Contest. Scout is rarely bored.

Jeremy Hoevenaar lives in a barrel he can wear to the marketplace. He is the author of *Our Insolvency*, *Cold Mountain Mirror Displacement*, and *Adaptations of Pelt and Hoof*.

Born on a Monday exactly 13 years after Carlos Lara on January 8, 1996, **Elise Houcek** is the author of a few books, including *From the Pocket of Agent Dickinson*, a lysergic neo-noir collaboratively written with Zoe Darsee, forthcoming from Inside the Castle in 2025. You can or will find other recent work in *FENCE*, *Copenhagen*, and *R&R Magazine*.

Miri Karraker lives and works in Minneapolis.

Carlos Lara is a menace who lives in San Diego, CA. He is the author of many books. He also goes by Losarc Raal. Losarc Raal is the author of one book. His hobbies include trolling Poetry gatekeepers and hating on mediocrity. He also runs the infamous Creative Writing Department. IG: @creativewritingdepartment

Hunter Larson is a poet from the Midwest pursuing an MFA in poetry at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst and is the winner of the Fifth Annual Brannan Prize, selected by Vi Khi Nao. You can read his work in *Copenhagen*, *Tagwerk*, and the *Poetry Project Newsletter*. He is also co-editor of the poetry journal and critical archive *Little Mirror*.

Monroe Lawrence (he/they) is a Canadian writer, and author of the poetry book *About to Be Young*. Winner of the Robin Blaser Prize for Experimental Writing and the Kim Ann Arstark Memorial Award, he has published writing in *The Capilano Review*, *Annulet*, *The Brooklyn Review*, *Prelude*, *Flag + Void*, and *Best American Experimental Writing*, among other places. They hold an MFA in Poetry from Brown University and are a PhD candidate in Literary Arts at the University of Denver. They were born on Vancouver Island and grew up in Squamish on Sḵw̓xwú7mesh Úxwumixw land.

Ann Pedone's books include *The Medea Notebooks* (Etruscan Press), and *The Italian Professor's Wife* (Press 53). Her poetry, non-fiction, and reviews have recently appeared in *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *Posit*, *Texas Review*, *ANMLY*, *The Dialogist*, and *The American Journal of Poetry*. Her project "Liz" was a finalist for the 2024 Levi's Prize. Ann is the founder and editor-in-chief of the journal and small press, *antiphony*.

Michael Martin Shea is the author of multiple chapbooks of poetry, including most recently *To Hell With Good Intentions* (Beautiful Days Press) and *I'm Sorry But None of This Is My Fault* (Essay Press). A new pamphlet, *Treat Culture*, is forthcoming from Creative Writing Department. His translation of the Argentine poet Liliana Ponce's *Theory of the Voice and Dream* will also appear from World Poetry Books in 2025. He lives in southern Louisiana, where he is an assistant professor of English at the University of Louisiana at Lafayette.

Serena Solin lives in Maspeth, NY. She is the Managing Editor of online literary magazine *Nat. Brut* and a member of the Ugly Duckling Presse collective. Her work has appeared in *Sixth Finch*, *FENCE*, *CutBank*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Heavy Feather*, and elsewhere. She has a chapbook out with Bottlecap Press called *Solar Inverter* and one with Beautiful Days called *The Stay Behind*. She is currently a PhD student in the English program at the CUNY Graduate Center.