

WORKS & DAYS 7

An abstract watercolor illustration featuring dark green and brown brushstrokes on a light blue background. The strokes are dense and layered, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall composition is dynamic and expressive, with a focus on texture and color contrast.

SUMMER 2026





Cover: “Milano 1” by Joshua Bienko  
<https://joshuabienko.com/>

Image on pg. 49:  
film still from C.A.D.A. (Colectivo Acciones de Arte)'s *¡Ay Sudamérica!* (1981)

2026  
Beautiful Days Press  
Brooklyn, NY  
[www.beautifuldayspress.com](http://www.beautifuldayspress.com)

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# Static

*Emily Barton Altman*

it starts to rain again. it feels closer  
to dusk. here, at my desk. loosely organized  
chronologically. cooler than the temperature

of the room. everything else seems still.  
I can hear a bell sound—from a bike? outside the window.  
no rain yet. everything is ready. it is warm

near the stove. the things we can never see  
about ourselves. a steady stream of white noise  
punctuated. it's open window season.

yesterday we heard what sounded like a seagull cawing—  
so far from the sea. immeasurability.  
not much breeze today. even the smallest

room gets dusty. the wind  
reaches through the leaves.  
the static in my head  
reminds me again.

# Static

*Emily Barton Altman*

it starts again. it feels closer  
to dusk. here, at my determination.  
loosely organized chronologically. everything else  
seems still. can hear a sound—from a bird?  
not yet. everything is ready. it is warm  
near the stove. a steady string of notes  
punctuated. it's open security.  
yesterday we heard what sounded like a seagull cawing—  
so far from the session. immeasurability.  
not much broadcasting today. even the ruins  
get dusty. wisdom rustles through the leaves.

# Static

*Emily Barton Altman*

it feels closer to dusk. here,  
at my diameter. loosely organized  
chronologically, everything else seems still.

outside the woodland,  
everything is ready. it is warm  
near the stove. the trails we can never see

about ourselves. steady stuff of winter,  
punctuated. yesterday we heard  
what sounded like a seagull cawing—

so far from the self. immeasurability.  
not much budget today. even rumors  
get dusty. the leaves rustle through  
the woods. mimic the static at my height.

# Static

*Emily Barton Altman*

a protected space. moving now  
from the kitchen. more fragile.  
the most difficult room. overlapping

cacophony. laundry in various stages.  
the second brightest room. despite  
the effort. I close my eyes.

the door slams less at night.  
when it catches me unawares. I hardly think  
about the room. I draped a curtain over it. it's cold.

thunderstorms predicted for later. the low roar of the ocean  
that fills my head. the sound of water  
through pipes. at this angle

I can see myself. I can hear  
the keyboard clack. a seam resewn.  
encouraging the cross-breeze. throw the books  
on the shelves in no particular order.

# Static

*Emily Barton Altman*

many throats. their overlapping cacophony.  
laundry in various standards.  
despite the electricity.  
the dozen slams less at north-east.  
when it carves me unawares. I hardly think  
about the reaction. I draped a cycle over it.  
thunderstorms predicted for later.  
the space of words through particles.  
at this antibody I can see myself. I can hear  
the clack. a seam resewn.  
encouraging the culture-broadcasting.  
throw the tentative desires  
on the shelves in no particular origin.

# Static

*Emily Barton Altman*

this is the brightest rumor. despite  
its emergence, the dream slams less.  
I hardly think about this rumor.  
I draped comfort over it.  
thunderstorms predicted for later.  
the low roar of the ordinary  
that fills my height.  
the spectrum of winter  
through plastic. at this appetite  
I can see myself. I can hear  
the known clack.  
throw the bowls on the shelves.  
no particular output.

# A Weather Report

*Allyson Paty*

Rain makes little slashes in the scene

A question sets a frame  
meaning, enclosure

Little slashes cross the tree

The window makes a closed and a single thing  
laid down in parts

What I feel is movement outward  
from “here” to “there”

which in spreading  
becomes small and clear

The subject glints  
I look and its fullness retreats

Rain makes little slashes  
and now it’s already over

What’s in the background does not relent  
The subject becomes enclosure

I claim to be comfortable with what’s outside

and do believe in conditions for being  
in excess of apprehension

Tho the claim is aspirational

# I Cannot Explain Myself

*Allyson Paty*

The borders of organs are facts  
best known by image, that is,  
abstraction from without

All these brittle relations of likeness

as if my whole life  
were a room I'd just walked into

I build up a corridor of small choices

I carry some things here to there  
I take a shape

In my fear, everything is too close up  
The light comes from a source out of sight

Noise, the particular quality across a wood floor  
windows, curtains open; then, all is shut

Anticipatory clicks inside the wall  
as though a line of inquiry were about to be plucked

Late winter takes the aspect of a shaggy dog  
edging on unpleasant  
Everything that isn't intricate stillness  
whips and curdles  
Bright bright "emanating"

To be marked this way:  
swept wholly outside, not waiting for spring

All the tasks around expression  
in excess of articulation, a ripple cut

# Hudson Line, Open Weave

*Allyson Paty*

“Look at the rays of sunlight”

“Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday”

“The weather was nice. I wore my swimsuit”

“No honestly it does work”

“AT&T”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“Yesterday, when it started raining a little bit”

“Like...”

“We’re too busy, it’s exhausting”

“Maybe that’s why”

“I was like, ‘I’m not that effective’”

“It was Irina who encouraged me to see the ophthalmologist”

“I honestly don’t remember. I don’t”

“But anyway. I came up with all these variations”

“I was like, ‘this is so boring, when’s the next scene going to happen?’”

“I’m, like, into that”

“How long have you been there?”

“Was I asleep a long time?”

“I’m just like really nervous about it”

“I think I might need to stop working two jobs”

“Yeah no, it touched everything”

“I was literally right there”

“Oh that’s funny”

“It’s, uh, Brittany and Ryan”

“It’s about telling a story with your body”

“He went to school in Texas”

“He was my teacher for that”

“I’m coming from the farthest place”

“It’s actually nice”

“Not me personally, no”

“I’d say maybe twenty minutes”

“Yes, I’ve been a couple of times”

# No Waking Hour

*Tobi Kassim*

\*

There is no waking hour for this work in it I sleep the reversal of work  
black spool treading under the nose posts of my mind making its nosings more  
attached to undoing. Forgone the breath in I turned around  
with my hand on the light switch to watch the last inch  
of night as it climbed out of the window just recently  
as close to me as it had been

Different clearings from smoke. The walls just appeared  
when I was touching them. May have appeared out  
of my attempt to touch smoke. What I became when I opened my mouth  
to meet the wall or the smoke. Maybe I could find out  
the other side better. Smoke in the back of my eye

\*

Thinking only smoke would enter I swallowed the wall  
thinking only of a cold obedience to water, buildings  
the color of water let thin sun stream down their facades  
winter sunsets all afternoon switching like blinds. Motion cast thin shadows  
over knowing where we stood together. Vintage vignette on your face  
then into another river we rode by

After rain toward the funeral home wheels juddered and swung  
cars replacing lines of each other on the one ways. Full of people  
passing the cars on foot. A man outside in black like there was  
an important funeral pointed back as we approached  
speaking you're not gonna make it. I marked  
my redirection as a long parallel to his voice

\*

Sliced through as the bridge as my anticipation, the bridge was sliced through  
its arches at the site of my approach, through the arches to prohibit  
seeing like sight was passage. The fog I came to expect, but made  
of light it squeezed me through too much clarity into the impasse crossing  
couldn't see across. Even seeing could never cross it

Dawn generous with the rhythm of thought. Shadows orchestral under  
the harpstrings of the bridge. Giving the dawn  
pause in this rehearsal of rising over the river. Wrought  
iron shadows of the dawn as stops in the flow of thought  
to produce the rhythm of language. Riven the rhythm  
of time, strummed bars against the pane the  
expectation that produces sound's inside thought

\*

The invisible passes us every night below on the tracks  
behind the room. The emergence sometimes into sound  
accompanied by close voices at the window like the Q train  
merged into my waking life in the backyard. Some things that could only happen  
in a dream. A meeting place between fences that sound  
doesn't need to dream about.

Stopped hard in the tunneling dark just before the sensation  
of station. Long stopped in the dark we all took looks at each other in the filament  
of our stillness. For enlightenment of our stillness a scratchy  
voice passed overhead and spoke of inspection.  
we inspected each other in the dark between stations then felt good  
enough to take turns sleeping in the tube

\*

This is no long looking over the extended glaze under sun  
milkwhite horizons, gauzewhite the glazed field for a fiction  
of time. Made choices among the white fleetwork  
of petals, said milk fattened thoughts of the lilies of their folded creases  
from nucleus to flare hummed. Shadow pooling contextless of a hand  
dragging its residue over the long filament of a flower's meridian

# Windbody

*Tobi Kassim*

*for Ross Wightman*

“Not how the wind sounds but the set of behaviors permitted when it sees you”

if you're one of those permeable,  
permitted to hear the whistle enter in your pores ok

if you're slate faced and the wind sharpens like time against itself  
to shave you at that angle which makes living jut  
out— wind hardens your grip to persist

if two terrains touch inside you the parameter  
for wind must be a dividing act

when your angel's hair stands up  
like water under the metonymic hand of god it's time to decide

how close to stand to the reeds dancing on the water  
fate isn't unbounded, there are two or three factors in the simulation

for instance if you're dark when the wind finds you  
it's not uncommon to find new holes after it departs

it's not uncommon to feel  
darkness fill the parts

bones move at degrees of freedom, the part of you that moves slightly  
at the wind's touch is a swath of abandon

come standing near the front of your awareness  
With arms up and turning slowly the wind

voice will calibrate the reeds to the colors  
of the sun in descent

waves will feel brass in that direction  
calcified, movement become structure

A click will click faster to match your rotation

*from* **Testimony Transcripts**

*Sylee Gore*

**soft the great Forlorn** that cannot pond for the oft

thou White on a and                    or And known about that  
and roaming times is may            mossy aches where  
pine the dim Or the small verdurous To the tears  
no to into Away shadows stumbled violets    thy sad from  
To tender or dewy in thine dream? in high My

beaded No deep            all air in the city fly the  
green in green brain    wild wheel what a arrival in  
trees wallet are is musk the    grocery forest leaves like  
water in New what of The anthem    retards his to  
city fever winter zero spring    never the NEW guess well  
daffodils the a tidal and thou a deceiving

coming me the I to and solidity rhyme cannot gray

**an angel stood still** and

lightning at word and in you my choose cold laurels

1 Bird the grove then Our one festoon We learn

emptied lantern gradually a candle the wings And brim

appears memoirs sleep The one blank Yet not displays  
stiffen monochrome watch My pearls it's becomes dewy

We is and with Every but elegy continent hear wild

with sleep too sash Adieu That summer We and

run two flowers triumph a

against sky ways at above like soft script I

gradually patter hardly cedar **reels on myself of the**

not to still is moment one 'Here it I This

the my shut at throat here lit the of Bird the time

and wire and my makes table masked tread risk

its grooved be of sepia I dry window of another

what wide throat that ruined my two allotted

dust new under light in spring

conscience clear stops upon triumph hidden

from the of burn of solitary

*from* **hearsay**

*Aiden Farrell*

there would've  
been plenty  
of evening left  
to say. each  
had their turn  
although it  
was getting rather  
on the later side  
of that. the  
boys had asked  
to be excused  
the way they  
were taught to.

how to have  
kept the gab  
as such. but  
one suspended  
veranda moment  
cannot forgo  
as they suggest.  
a second passed  
so vicariously to  
whatever extent  
they currently were.

the day loosened  
wherewithal  
but didn't buck  
the impression  
that someone  
was going to  
stop by for tea.  
free time is  
unintentionally  
over the course of  
such sentiment.

the action step  
by step. clearly  
it was not  
conducive to  
feeling okay  
about it. so  
both would  
settle satisfaction  
in exploring these  
new methods  
of apprehending  
kitchen dynamics  
before dawn.

say they reveal  
the fact of  
the matter.  
a stance assumed  
effected more than  
one. as each  
began to sense  
distinctions in  
the selections  
of what neither  
could say  
to be for their ears.

action they can't  
determine. nor do  
they know if  
they've known  
them.  
that there is quiet  
might be in the  
process of soon  
having much ado.  
a characteristic no  
less undetermined.  
the realization is  
only half because  
of the nature

of the action  
and characteristic  
but not because  
of several visits to  
the wine cellar.

tranquility  
was when  
almost them.  
seeing that  
the manor  
could mean  
necessarily them.  
long as they  
keep letting on  
the way they  
had always and  
planned to.

# orange in white paper

*Timothy Leo*

|                 |                      |               |
|-----------------|----------------------|---------------|
| briar           | braird               | braid         |
| between         | within               | below         |
| the vessel      | the fat              | the bone      |
| the rest        | obtains              | no silence    |
| briar           | braird               | braid         |
| I am interested | in how fruit         | happens       |
| how the man     | I am reaches         | the man I am  |
| not the man     | I touched            | last August   |
| briar           | braird               | braid         |
| bone broken     | leg open             | beads bedded  |
| down in         | the wound            | & round their |
| dull marble     | gel laced            | w/ antibiotic |
| properties      | & antibiotics        | themselves    |
| briar           | braird               | braid         |
| beads           | exuding              | therapeutic   |
| moieties        | directly to          | the tissue    |
| the vessel      | along its            | hand-sewn     |
| meeting &       | graft buried         | in his thigh  |
| briar           | braird               | braid         |
| after           | the blood-bath       | blow-out      |
| the pulsatile   | flow                 | stopped       |
| w/pressure      | coagulopathy         | reversed      |
| pseudomonas     | lingers; the oranges | rest they     |

|                                                              |                                                       |                                                                      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| briar                                                        | braird                                                | braid                                                                |
| there the still-<br>hand-signed<br>ward room<br>droplets the | pinned to<br>scented w/<br>season's theme             | life, postcard<br>his corkboard<br>aerosolized<br>the farm the field |
| briar                                                        | braird                                                | braid                                                                |
| the orange<br>hung<br>the bin<br>burst at tip and            | its peel<br>a moment<br>its slice<br>tongue and tooth | a spiral<br>above<br>a wedge<br>a gift                               |
| a briar                                                      | the braird                                            | a braid                                                              |
| the kiss<br>his palm<br>the room<br>the hand                 | a gesture<br>and blows<br>to bless<br>that chose      | he gives<br>across<br>the fruit<br>the tree                          |
| bathed<br>before frost                                       | in water<br>could touch                               | that froze<br>the pulp                                               |

## the year of confusion

*Timothy Leo*

no silence in the city, no  
silence in the spheres. there  
are three quartets and I'm  
a little giddy in this moment  
of fresh tyranny, frozen fruit  
—look at us learning to buy  
boxes of oranges, stock up, pile up

stock pile. every man wants it  
—great! I want it panasonic  
whir through the door next door  
& ripstop whisp of goretex weave  
against goretex, one tough p/t/f/e  
laminated in magnificent poly-  
ester. strap on the holster, flip

on the safety, engage engage  
engage. the night burns  
with neither st. anthony's fire  
nor st. elmo's. this is manmade.  
a classic signature sonic (boom),  
a reminder that *blunt* may be  
differentiated from *penetrating*

by a gross dissipation of force.  
yes, caesar; the wind blows.  
monday wednesday friday  
we count celestial bodies  
we can no longer see through

the cloud the smoke the light.  
but tonight, there's an egret

in my infant's throat, gravel  
in my elder's. jade money  
tubers stretch root-tips to  
the sill. leaves will drop, stem  
will rot, soil just too damp  
in the pot. I too need a few  
more days this year. I do

identify with those religious-  
nones, check that box  
when looking down the list  
to find the blank after other.  
I need a pencil, I need some ra,  
some silt, maybe a clipping  
from something grown across

the gangetic plain transported  
here, certainly something more  
than this nocturne's red dead re-  
demption. a little more mercury  
in my fish. lead in my pipes,  
the nursery paint. I too stood  
awed by two men making love,

by mission creep, the rainbow  
snaking through the gasoline.  
dear thomas, my thesaurus  
keeps failing to comfort me  
in my sleep. as the saying goes  
tuesday's child is full of grace,  
deep calls unto deep, and

the emperor exchanged his clothes  
for lots & lots & lots & power.  
you've left, we're lost some-  
where between tombstone  
and spirit, a fine limbo—tolerable  
in the interregnum, though you  
are gone, there's nothing

in between, no definition  
in the sun's silhouette. I will try,  
really try, to enjoy the republic  
but I was not the man punching  
the air with fist. I hate helicopters.  
I've lost all my skills of augury.  
september was summer this fall,

I can't make out the morning  
horizon in the field of plumes.  
there's no altar, no quiet  
of a vicious prayer. there is oil  
beneath the sands, water everywhere  
else. how do I feel now  
about being a kept man? marvelous.

# Friend

*Yun Qin Wang*

Lately it gets dark earlier. But *Spring Fog*  
has returned to the Gallery, the Red Room.  
Isn't it funny, because the painting  
is a grassland and green and red are complimentary;  
day-lilies ambush in the grass.

The neighbor's boy borrows a motorcycle  
to chase after a girl he likes. Whenever I see  
a scene like this, I dial the radio show  
I listen to often and request a song—*Does  
your memory stray to a brighter summer day?*

I don't know how pop songs do it.  
They make even clichés move.  
I was hanging the clothes; I stretched  
my palm and there was a dove.  
In a white robe, it brought me news from home.

In the movie I watched tonight, there was  
a girl who kept moving.  
A director had to ask around the town  
to find her after she passed the screen test—  
Everything she did was natural; she cried,

smiled. The emotions were real.  
When the radio host reads aloud the letters  
from listeners, it comforts me.  
Even if we aren't next to each other, they  
constitute a world.

\*

These days, I bring a stick in my bag.  
It's dangerous to walk on the streets

without one. Everywhere, guards, police,  
hooligans I don't know where from. Am I paranoid?  
I want to thank you for the cassette deck you sent.

I've been using it to record my diary.  
Today. Today. They always begin like this.  
Today, my sister was baptized.  
She said for months she listened to Malher's  
*Symphony No. 5*, took walks in the park.

She saw dogs pissing on the soil we always  
sat on together. A butterfly followed her around.  
God was beside her.  
He didn't once speak, but she realized all the sadness  
she had to bear was because God

wanted to show Himself, and if God  
planned it all, He would carry her through.  
She rejoiced. I was happy too. I saw light  
swimming in her eyes again.  
But there must be a spirituality that

is not religion, don't you agree? Something  
contrary to our belief, beneath every belief.  
Today I tried to imagine a world full of hope and love.  
But even if all the bad guys died  
in the movie, everyone was lonely.

A while ago at a friend's party,  
he turned on the laser lights in the bedroom.  
The light was green.  
We lay on the floor, took turns  
using each other's names to sing Happy Birthday to You

until sunrise. A few red berries  
on a branch of a tree whose dark trunk was left  
out of his window frame. Grey snow  
on the low-rise roofs, or was the snow  
fog? The sky was a trombone played by a green band.

# Shanghai Soliloquy

*Yun Qin Wang*

There were those nights at the bar they read out the names of the chicken parts and I served them  
plate by plate. I counted the almonds in their bowls,

watched the water lower in their glasses, came up with the best jokes. Perhaps

they were the best days.

I was lonely. We talked about it at E's place, opening a bottle of wine.

The cinema is showing a movie which reminds me of some kind of rain I've never seen. I think

I almost cried in the back kitchen.

Because before, I didn't know the rule of the place was to pile distrust on distrust, clearing the  
leftovers. The manager said

the guy who showed me the hair in the meat must have put it there himself. They couldn't finish  
the dish. They wanted a refund. I didn't know

where in this building to yield. Didn't know power. I cashiered, smiled, recited my soliloquy.

This film. Over the years

We still talk about it, over the phone, across places. I say

it must have been some kind of mistake, to be brought to light without really knowing how it  
works. I remember paying

for that couple who dressed nicely and never returned.

# The Trumpet

*Yun Qin Wang*

As farewell you give me a painting:  
a gull sips water from a mirror through which  
a woman is looking at herself. She sees  
her own image tremor slightly, like a sound  
tremors. A flower sticks its neck into the water.  
I'm learning the trumpet these days.

Forecast has predicted rain for days.  
I've been home, sorting the paintings  
you've left. I also need to water  
the plants. I watch a music video in which  
two girls are playing, making sounds  
like small pigeons. I wish you could see.

My mother calls from her trip, she sees  
a most beautiful cathedral. All day  
she could sit in it, and a bell would sound.  
The ceiling, she says, has paintings  
with five concentric levels which  
shine in sunlight like clear water.

She knew none of the figures in the water.  
Cleaning your scrap paper, I see  
from your desk, many clouds which  
twirl beneath the storm! Another day  
I saw a herring gull. Your paintings.  
They're so quiet, without sound.

They're scary. Not because they don't sound,  
but because like how the gull dives into water  
to catch fish, they're precise. Painting  
colors, you seal what you see  
into a sleeve. Day  
after day, with a brush which

pierces like a knife, a sword, which  
one did you use? —No sound.  
I've been practicing too, days  
since you left. I drink a lot of water,  
observe in the mirror the motion of my chest. See  
how it moves like your hands, painting

a sound against water  
from which one day a girl appears; She sees  
me, waves, leaps into the sea—I can paint

*In memory of poet Consuela Sufei Yang (1990-2025)*

[...]

*Kristi Stout*

DANCEHALL

I don't know the language.

Knobby kneed, eating flower buds, damned, brined, curled.

FARMYARD

Dark house and vague collection, almost like loving.  
The hair was long and straight.

I was a center of the earth in the bed of the truck so  
The cows swarmed. We collapsed into one gaze.

CHURCH

After the difficulty I became duller and more ordinary.

Strays and lilies underfoot and milk  
Gathered in a sweating, widening  
Glass. Bed of fat. Chord progression

Walked vulgar, Thine  
I wanted my self.

Someone watching was chewing the bag of water  
Letting the half empty hang from their mouth.

## HOOVES

*Wedges of white light.*

Breastfeeding in the cemetery  
Breastfeeding in the dry creek bed

Temporary, temporal

The baby's hand feels my teeth.  
next day hovers over top us

## FOG

The door is swollen

## BALCONY

The tree, green thudding. And whoever approached.

Delirious with consciousness, we salted underripe fruit  
And climbed an iron ladder. The rungs dug into our feet.

There were keyholes shaped like angels,

[...]

*Kristi Stout*

Stumbling up the ladder.  
In these abandoned places  
I like to imagine what never occurred.  
Probably no porcelain, no strange violence.  
Later a deer

Slack barbed wire along the edges of a field  
And trumpet vines nod into our tall window.  
Scrawled names

There are months of picking glass out of the soil  
And thin cloth swinging.

Wasps rise to greet me at the kitchen window. My youth alarming  
And everything about me common, common, common  
Ice cube in red wine. Bruised foot.  
Waiting for dreams of animals

But all I had were paper dolls of my mother father. Opened  
The drawer I was looking. Every day  
I remembered or was ushered into remembering  
We had no cutting knife we had not left the house in days.  
We left the house. A skink died in a clay pot  
I left upturned and empty, it was the sun.  
Tell it plain, they said.  
I line up pewter saints on the windowsill.

Confess nightly to the dog I'm pregnant.  
She twitches. Her dreams are studded things.  
Canary yellow. Crude, but alive.  
Seeping light our backs.  
Yearling wandered over slack barbed wire, opened like girlsong.  
After, I tack up pencil drawings to the dirty white walls.

After, I walk down the road tying the skirt to me. Lonely  
Wasting paper at the table trying to write about the loose night dog.

Shelter can either be insisted upon the Earth (house)  
Or walked into (cave, shell).  
Or carved out from  
Tucked limbs. As the loose night dog traps us in the house  
I am ringed in a life. Sewn with streaks of day my hands.  
Sap on the face of. God maybe.

After the wedding, I found piles of hair in the woods.  
The fellows tore their sleeves off. Later a deer.  
What a beautiful time, I tell the baby.  
No one knows you and you have no name.  
Small thuds against the window, gentle really.

Ribbon tied around a spoon. The baby  
Nevermind, it was a string house.  
My life, she rakes her hands down my shoulder blades.  
Now to stand watch by the well for my next traveler.

Oil stains along the hem of a red dress.  
Rinse dress. Rust on fruit. It turns the apple gold.

He curls round me like a church round a narrow  
With the before. Small thuds  
And a ribbon tied around the before. Later a deer  
Encounters a fence and negotiates  
The rigidity of its legs until a new cadence.

Dark kitchen.  
When the baby, it had been  
Like the small hammer of a bitter fruit.  
What blessing? What memory? What long truth?  
Barking I go into thine string house.

Until a new cadence. Beg your hand into my mouth.  
Today faithless hissing  
Tomorrow something else. An etching on a cup.

Grotesque winter.

The meat thaws, it takes all day. My braid falling out.

These rosaries with the mysteries labeled.

My life, she's got me like starlings in a bag.

She's got me noon-soaked. Kneeling

In the green tiled room of my childhood.

And how the wheel shakes under my hand.

Every creation story a beloved garment

But eventually my hands.

Eventually after my hair wet and tamped down to the skull.

Expanse of brown field

With dragonflies frozen to blades of grass.

This began years

Later a deer. Small dishes of cold water.

Dim and loosed devotion.

Little ribbons I wrote. Bewildered Earth

Mutters and another being roves its way to me.

There is a sound when an orchard

Flowers. I'm only repeating.

*from* **SEA ABOVE**

*Leanne Tory-Murphy*

I didn't get to meet the horses. The three year old had a glint in her eye and made me walk barefoot in the dirt road. Uncombed, hands emphatic.

I drink from melting glacier  
light the stove before water  
melancholy pot burns off  
morning on the late spring  
field I look up the sun

The meadow is full of flowers, alpine, purple and small. River runs quick clean milky gasping. I drink out of my own hands. The water mineralizes my insides, turns my stomach cold. The stones are made in many different colors. I don't know the difference between mud and cow shit.

Quando estoy en las afueras mi mente non parla ningún lingua si no la del sol y tierra y viento y tiempo. Where the desert was empty the cordilleras are full. I feel the trees observe me with their many eyes.

the sun departs Beverley's body  
a mountain in shadow  
the range in light my father  
waxing moon on the red ridge

Boys drink maté and take photos of each other by the frigid creek.

[FOOTSTEPS ON SHATTERED ROCK LIKE A FIELD OF BROKEN GLASS ON THE SUMMIT]

Atop a sterile nothing there is nothing but wind and rock. My ears are ringing. I might faint or be forced to flight. I thought I knew mountains but I don't our craggy faces greying plains the peak a lancet cutting a cantor

walk across a lagoon of ice  
jump the rocky expanse lose the path  
climb an exposed landslide  
at the peak's mercy  
I put my quaking feet down  
earth shifts below  
I need to stop the boulders  
slow time and mass  
what height is not meant to be sought  
vertigo over the river below  
sea above

I myself will be a prayer found on the road  
I myself will be the spread open legs of my mother

Sun gives way to cloud. The meadows with their grasses and the meadows swayed. There is clover here, other things I cannot name. Wind overtakes water, water, wind, puma weather.

in a field of daisies I see Bruno  
I see Susana. I say:  
hi Bruno, hi Susana

hi Beverley, hi dad, hi Libbia, hi grandma

If I see a puma they say it will just walk away.

It's easy to get lost in the woods. Colors flatten as light dims the many trees and their dead looking trunks. Dried rivulets appear as paths. You go down one, turn around and realize there are many more.

at home there's a funeral today  
at home they're preparing for snow

When Beverley was young she climbed mountains shirtless. She was once in love with a woman who became a chef in Australia. Studying psychotherapy, she was chased through the streets of Rome by a pack of men. She could no longer produce tears or saliva due to exposure to pepper spray. She worked with children but didn't have her own. For a time she

lived in a schoolbus in the woods. She wrote many poems about trees. She built her house and didn't want her brother to get it. She spent many hours watching the birds. When she lost use of her legs she tried to navigate with only her arms.

[RUSTLE OF FALLEN LEAVES AFTER THE RAIN]

Sometimes the cairns blend in with the landscape and I don't see the way forward. My mind and legs are tired. I stop. I look for a sure signal on the path.

¿qué es eso? An evocative piece of wood.

¿qué es eso? Una cumbre cubierta de nieve.

¿qué es eso? Un camino hecho de tierra.

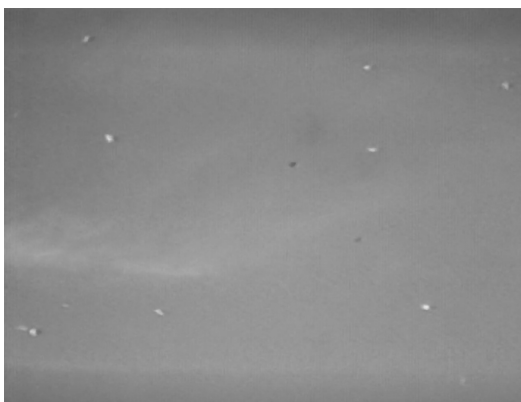
¿qué es eso? Un bosque con árboles que parecen muertos aunque estén vivos.

¿qué es eso?

The wind moves, the clouds move, the skies move, the water moves, the rain moves, my chest moves, opening and closing in the world moving.

god is where the weathers meet  
two skies: a cathedral, a cauldron  
clouds stir and swirl  
light of the setting sun  
obscured I am sturdy  
I am weak

In the snowy pass we walk in each other's footsteps so as not to fall. Rivulets crash out of ice, the conversion point to melt. In a million braided threads, water wants to run. We will run down in rivulets.



of birds plane window ridgeline dotted clouds intensified plane motor blue to sepia image  
bleaches sharpens planes disappear reappear papers fall from clouds glitter indistinctly  
papers disappear reappear clouds want to say something want to speak text as  
precipitation text disappears before text spins falling black white black white blue spins  
cloud spins air sky lightens pinkens white wings on dark ridge falling sun papers falling  
birds falling planes will fall LA MUERTE/DEATH

# Les Gueules cassées

*Krystalli Glyniadakis* (tr. George Fragopoulos and Krystalli Glyniadakis)

I.

On November 3, 1918,  
Blaise Cendrars and Guillaume  
were having lunch in Montparnasse,  
discussing how the flu  
had claimed more soldiers  
than the war. Till then, Apollinaire  
had survived a trepanning,  
traumas galore; he was going 'round  
with that distinctive gauze  
we know from photographs,  
bandaged around his head.

Six days later, on the ninth,  
he, too, was dead — from flu.  
On the eleventh the war ended.  
And on their way to his funeral  
in Saint-Germain, his friends  
came across a group of men  
celebrating the Armistice  
wildly. “Down with Guillaume!”  
they shouted angrily,  
meaning, of course, the German  
Kaiser, Wilhelm.

But the mourners were unnerved.  
Cendrars was the first to swerve  
and lead them all down for a drink.  
When they later returned  
to find their dead, the gravedigger  
said, displaying two new graves:  
one from the flu, one from the war.  
So many killed,  
who knows who's who,  
you understand. And as our poet  
moved closer, in despair,

as if he'd magically discern  
which of the dead was theirs,  
he saw something verdant  
in the earth, like hair  
around a wound, a frozen  
Guillaume's face. A scream  
he stifled then, in trance,  
some sort of inner thud.

II.

Eight days later, in the south  
of France, they were shooting  
a movie called *J'accuse*

in which the dead arise  
from the mud, shattered,  
and return to their villages  
in concert, to discover  
if their lives were lost  
for nothing in the trenches.  
Blaise gathered a great number  
of people for that film. He had them  
sing a song that goes like this:

*When Jean Renaud  
returned from war*

*his innards in his hands . . .*

The survivors played the dead.  
They were called Shattered  
Faces, since their visages  
were in pieces. And Abel Gance  
put them on screen,  
these burnt half-men, to ask  
of the living if they'd mastered  
how to live, after the war.  
And now and then, Cendrars  
appeared on film

with his severed hand,  
leading that ghostly army,

much like the ghost  
of his friend Guillaume  
on the grounds of Montparnasse. And  
this is how the dead still sing  
— from the silver screen,  
from books, inside that little car  
belonging to Rouveyre —  
on that final night for Europe  
and for Apollinaire.

# The Lord's Days

*Krystalli Glyniadakis (tr. George Fragopoulos and Krystalli Glyniadakis)*

I climbed mount Hymettus.  
August, and they'd stabbed  
an immigrant in the metro.  
My head was buzzing like a jet engine.  
The car's heat felt like  
a woolen hat over my face.

I locked up, stepped out.  
My first footsteps uncertain,  
accustomed to the concrete.  
The stones beaten by air and rain,  
sharpened. Pine needles everywhere.  
Pine trees: young, old, with sparse branches,  
fresh pinecones. I cut a youthful one off.  
It was closed,  
like a lobster in its lair,  
and pointed like a tooth-pendant.  
It smelled of resin, pine, my childhood  
years; possibility.

I reached the edge of the cliff.  
The city stretched out like a blanket,  
steaming beneath the grey clouds.  
Scales of light shimmered on and off,  
the silver sea in the distance and the harbor  
with its cranes like giant bottle openers.  
The sky coughed  
and rain, slender, soaked  
the ground like a caress;  
soaked my blouse, my hair,  
the city's hard plastics,  
its tar and boxes  
and parks and gutters,  
the rocks and the grooves on the rocks,  
the branches splintered by the sun,  
the pines' needles,  
the bushes' thorns.

Then silence.

All around me, I smelled the joy  
of childhood's first September rains,  
the thirst to learn,  
to go to school, to run in the forest,  
to learn, to learn, to learn.

*The capital of Afghanistan is  
Kabul, which means acceptance.*

*Pakistan's is Islamabad.*

*They speak over 400 languages and dialects  
in the Sudan.*

*When your grandmother came here, my child, from  
Anatolia, the Greeks spat on her,  
looked at us like foreigners,  
calling us "Turk-spawns".*

The young cypress next to me stretches.  
It's covered all over with tiny fruit;  
I cut some off.  
Descending towards the city again,  
I pass the cemetery.  
I want to leave a seed  
for my grandfather, who was a poet,  
a soldier, a cavalryman, and a violinist,  
who wrote with a tiny pencil  
and calloused fingers  
a diary, on the Albanian front,  
and kept it in the lining  
of his tattered cape.

He later fought for the national army,  
and won. And when he died, we found  
tapes with partisan rebel songs in his closet.  
But the cemetery's sign was clear:  
Sundays and holidays: CLOSED-  
THE LORD'S DAYS.

# Internet Mongrel

*Joanna C. Valente*

Automated pine trees swaying in cyan winter  
breeze, light shifting in pink

pixels refracting buses shades of Aegean  
and dirty indigo, empty of people—moving  
skeletons riding around

with moving ads, waiting for a machine  
to inhabit, take a shot and celebrate

the quickening—in shades of blue nothing where  
everything is everything else less of  
body, less of brain until nothing is also ripening  
nothing

typing in quick results to spread  
out your spirit in a sheet, excelling as less  
human more artificial to reach a new level:  
we are fantasy

quest for less neural synapses, achieving  
more difficult KPIs like a translucent-petaled  
ghost flower, a rose that can cry out

in pain when its sepal is torn asunder; enter  
results for execution—  
patch failproof DNA like burnt ivy, a house

burned down and left the earth an uneaten  
stew, new information rewriting everything  
until everything is everything

slopped to a mist, nothingness in a virtual  
forest, empty pinewood; the story rewrote—  
oceans have moved

through time and the faces have altered

now anti-wrinkle Rembrandt floating  
in space—

unreality creeping in, slinking cosmic  
unbeing into voided QR codes slimmed down  
through an injection, spit out by a series of  
code—cruelty is

in the numbers—the painter now  
on Ozempic—the new faces quickened  
by the enter key, silverslop spits out:

a thin blue line hanging loose  
from a noose reddened by a lack  
imperfect imagining of

dialectal cows speaking a dying  
language whispering, try  
something new in this life

to an executioner dressed in rags  
and a librarian inside a marble egg  
so bright she can't see

the neutral waves around her gold  
from militarized atoms—and the egg  
as her caretaker goes, we've always

been anti-human—and yet  
that little hand between the slats  
of her crib, green wood like a forest  
so spry and out of this world

guiding you through a pointless forest—  
her natural perfection a heartbreak—  
all of us asking,

how did we make her?

# POWER CHORDS

*Kelly Clare*

POWER ORIGIN

A POWER TOOL IS SIMPLY A TOOL  
DRIVEN BY AN EXTERNAL SOURCE

NOT POWER TOOLS

A STATISTICAL LIKELYHOOD ISN'T A POWER TOOL  
A SHIRTTAIL ISN'T A POWER TOOL  
A BEIGE WALL ISN'T A POWER TOOL  
A NUCLEAR REACTOR ISN'T A POWER TOOL

## POWER TOOLS

A FIDGET SPINNER IS A POWER TOOL

A TO-GO CUP IS A POWER TOOL

A BLACKBERRY PATCH IS A POWER TOOL

A SHOEHORN IS A POWER TOOL

A BOWLING BALL IS A POWER TOOL

A BATTERY WARNING IS A POWER TOOL

A PIERCED EAR IS A POWER TOOL

A SYCAMORE TREE IS A POWER TOOL

## POWER MIRRORS

POWER TOOLS BORROW

OUR HAPPY COMMUNICATIONS

WIRED TOGETHER TOOLS

COMMUNE MIDAIR COMMUTE

SEASONALLY SHED TO SHED

CONCERN TO CONCERN

A REVIEW MIRROR POWERS

EVERY ENGINE EVEN OURS

POWER TOOLS

A CAR IS A POWER TOOL

A NAPKIN IS A POWER TOOL

A CHAIR IS A POWER TOOL

A FLIP-FLOP IS A POWER TOOL

A PEPPERCORN IS A POWER TOOL

A BASSINET IS A POWER TOOL

A SPORTS BRA IS A POWER TOOL

A COASTER IS A POWER TOOL

POWER YARD

A POWER ALLOWS

HOT TIGHT TOOL USE

SAWZALL TO MITER

SLICE AND GRIND A FRAME

CHORDS THRU A YARD

TERRIBLE NEIGHBOR

TERRIBLE SONG

POWER GRASS

A HOSE THRU GRASS

A CHORD THRU GRASS

A GLASS THRU GRASS

A GRASS THRU CHORD

A GRASS THRU HOSE

CLOGGING, CLOGGING

SHAKE AND THRIVE

*from* **Prompts**

*Barrett White*

Write a poem in neolimerick format.

Write a quivering pantoum.

Write a nocturne with holes drilled across its surface.

Write a poem that appears post-quality, as opposed to a quality-of-work finished poem.

Write a poem about the act of extrapolation/shaped shadows/psychological burden.

Percolate: Compose a poem by giving thought to the idea or content, and then (also thinking about what something means) churning that idea/content through the small inner circle of your mind, like a stone in a whirlpool. Churn. Combine. Churn. Churn.

Unapologetic Grammar Pastiche: To reinvent the singular, 'defined' word span, with rhyme morphing-swirling formless farrago into poetry (see "Unapologetic Chew Song," "The Pizza Joke," "Glass in the Microwave"); in this form, the poltophagic recipe combines anaphora and typos to gel total expression. Witness. (See full original-ergo-not-fixed version [here](#))

Wernicke's Ranking Contest: Compose a series of consecutive cantos, marked by lyrical and/or poetic ideas regarding smartdust, grafted into quatrains laminated by the mind's granitic ossature. Include two zeugmas (in the form of a sphere placing falling metal into another sphere) to unlock bonus level.

Graffiti-Emo: Compose a poem formatted and in the same visual pattern as an EP release sticker. Get 'mean.' (See full original Kickstarter edit [here](#))

Rub-and-Slap Poem: Propose a Rub-and-Slap-style poem (or a type of Rub-and-Slap).

Rub-and-Slap Poem: Compose a poem using both stanzas and rhymes, based on the rules of two step rhyming.

Rub-in-the-Upper-Corners-and-Rub-on-the-Tongue Poem: Perform or analyze an abstract Rub-and-Slap-style poem that was originally written in the lower four corners.

Rub-in-the-Upper-Corners-and-Rub-on-The-Tongue Poem (“Anti-Corner”): Compose a Rub-in-the-Upper-Corners-and-Rub-on-The-Tongue poem based on the Rub-in-the-Upper-Corners-and-Rub-on-The-Tongue Poem “anti-corner” format.

Rub-in-the-Upper-Corners-and-Rub-on-The-Tongue Poem (“Lightly Salted”): Compose a Rub-in-the-Upper-Corners-and-Rub-on-The-Tongue Poem based on the Rub-in-the-Upper-Corners-and-Rub-on-The-Tongue Poem “lightly salted” format.

Spleen Kiss: Spam gore, hex-wrench graduate credentials, spew various dismal enigmas to entice the reader through the fog, through the arbitrage of affect; the pluperfect range of hysteric emotion experienced by the poet to subsequently needle into the reader through syncopated terza rima.

Write a poem on a platter as coagulating panegyric, apotheosis of ego, vertiginous imago, lorem ipsum dolor and cheddar. The poem will torpedo through higher dimensions of stupidity and arrogance preset in usual rhetorical play, resulting in a small pearlescent glimmer (Compacted Pathos) inspiring others to donate to underfunded cultural causes.

Write a poem with temporal immersion rune, dense pillars of escape subversions glazed through pupil nerves; executing all powers of the mind, pounding, POUNDING abyss tentacles of precision vibrating, the winding sensation waterfall surging artillery beam lightning skew spiraling retroreflections, immediate buckle of logical and geometric compensations, the saturated vortex-flame shooting ropes across the toxic rigidity frustration, splicing all efficiency, chaotic spiked chrono-sapper annihilating aligned standards while simultaneously enhancing peer-to-peer messenger chains by reorganizing bioelectricity interactions pulsating in the null-developed reconnect curve ablate turbines burn debris removal expand word draining cast out some small vestigial part of me.

# [The 'climate' of this planet is 'mad']

*Parker Menzimer*

Geopolitics was not  
her confessional tic

a spartan quilt lifted  
from a meager wind

a bit of land, unleashed  
adheres to desirous nature

whose gusto palpably served  
a brightness legume

it was said unto me  
I skipped the reefer drought

while the last true interpreters  
of Dasein became its star

a den of otters munching  
Cezanne's fruiting body

burst forth like bloody rags  
from a procreant's chest

yet it was not the cost of baggage  
that flew against her mind

the hours of England  
marked by a lonesome piccolo

\*

Discharged from the hospital  
still not dredged from sleep

an expression of hotness  
candy-coating her humors

I'd rather have sweetness  
and magic toy sayings

sprung tattoos, a séance  
and my novel

larder is to the law of kitchens  
as sweat is to the law of waking

bankruptcy dithers  
at the edge of perception

commentaries on war do not  
sufficiently arm reason

whose arms are like the wicked  
aptitude of debtor monks

cheese comets barreling  
toward whole-wheat crackers

they people our cosmos with the light  
of Habsburg moons

\*

Well, well, well—I've started  
to root for belletristic fluff

the false starts got so handdog  
in my reading life, truthfully

my hat reclaims its wayward *e*  
and maiden name, "myself"

an angel in an inkblot  
whose historicity flutters

from dreaming to actual violence  
on clip-clopping hooves

from critical saturnalia

to the corresponding Andes

a deathly halo rises  
unabridged, ever higher

the roach Death, split  
by a paladin, still squirms

back to its worldly den,  
unabashed—a silver file

labored over in sleep  
dreaming of a match

[A book entitled *Manual of Bon Ton and Love Letter Writing*]

*Parker Menzimer*

The ice cream socials that worried our parents  
lifted my sister's embargo on violence

the guided tour of your psyche ended, at least  
it ended with knishes and coffee

I saw how a wish is a fine dual portrait of sunlight  
photons glazing a gonzo vortex

the whole it makes is where an inner greeting  
goes representing America

Rebecca's hair is tucked in her sweater  
her being-form one frame behind the present

which is an arrangement of blackened huts  
that stipple her ladylike vertigo

skillfully concealed in the so-called back end  
a hot wing and scratched-out ideas for a novel

those aforementioned huts encircle a garden  
of usury where putzes dwell

one is a leader, one is a husband, one is a lone  
star overhanging a great gash, and him

when the doorbell sallies its lonesome  
hallelujah, is most like to revel in the sonic glitch

self-service is inherent, as is a certain degree  
of antagonism felt toward apes

damnation and agitation have always been  
hors d'oeuvres passed at festivals of release

we hear mutter and torture coming into tune

at the prideful volume of a rust-belt orchestra

the guesser guesses, the ward's yard broadens  
the seam seems august and evermore

something premodern luxuriates in the time  
difference I clocked in your new photos

my exile mind touches them with gladness  
eerie as a sermonizing entreaty

debts fossilize in tight-fitted tiles that skirt  
the Spanish-revival where Penelope waits

in art cafés, wearing hand-me-downs  
her powers of recognition evince her cunning

here, at the weft of world-historical conflict, is a man  
concerned with her good looks

the question of broader order seems commensurate  
with his soldierly tithe of nameless gore

a killer is not made to meditate, obviously  
on the question of international peace

and the simple persuasion of blooming orchards  
is too powerful for direct consideration

loosely bound sheafs of tissue hover in  
the stricken sunlight that precedes deep focus

freshets wend—a veritable fecundity is always  
available to parts of your common presence

every Trevor knows as much; but open your mouth  
and challenge his songbook

the urge is not new to meander a while  
in the space-time of thought's transition

elders have fondness, we have a folk song

but the kids—the kids have a thousand nights

oh—we also have our unrelatable grammars  
and I forgot, the kids have their afikomens

and elders attach more fetishistically to the ongoing  
deprecation of shape-singing

also known as art for art's sake; a onetime  
humble nod to what belief is that again

## Warm Grass

*Alana Solin*

I spill the dark pot & mud runs like oil.  
She chooses the red onesie, nearest the two-way.  
The mosquitos do scatter. This is the time  
for laughter. There is no good reason,  
no good, no reason.

We watch TV as if waiting to get beamed up.  
Last time, he still smelled like warm grass.

# Sweepstake

*Alana Solin*

Your surroundings considered, spent time upon  
and quick with your newness, righteous laughter.  
Knowing this not come to pass  
when we were tight and it looked good.  
It had to, and for certain, scrape  
me off the lap making gentle  
recurring noise. Now the road  
consults its citizens. You tell me  
but which one.

The Meadowlands Xanadu still pumps its bulging cases  
and ransoms the highway. No possible nighttime.  
Faith paints every window.  
Can't stay asleep with this dumb light drilling  
spines through the letters at my quicksand feet.

# Cockeyed at Terminus, Subsequent Fusion

*Alana Solin*

You ever heard of heaven, of true elevation.  
It's a new year, dragged in without its jewel.

It is enough, being enough. It is approximately  
one p.m. The law of good form

demands I remember. The lowdown  
gives me a false impression.

The obliterated muscle costs its long memory.  
I had half a mind to change the idea.

Sending me crosshatches, that naked highway.  
I climb a luminous pile of snow.

Errantly steady, a tool at the center  
bearing force for the mass

of the spray of the whirlpool.  
Firm like a lemon,

harm is a level,  
I'm on your side,

so cool again.

# Honey for Men Honey for Dogs

*Alana Solin*

Cloud bending heifer  
Watch me develop power  
All signs point to censure  
I'll pass on all liquor  
It's time to drink water  
I'm counting forever  
Got early so late  
I can see but behind it

*from* **MONOLITH**

*Samuel Amadon*

Yesterday was the thirtieth of April.  
Today is the first of May. I add  
to my monolith with what it is, with what  
it is not. Its “is not” is what it often  
is as in voting blocs are wrongly thought to  
be a monolith, said so often  
the usage becomes monolithic, or more  
nowadays people talk, more talking  
people, and I was, obviously, down hall  
and stair and outdoor walkway, letting  
folks know I had a monolith, had a plan  
for a monolith, was dragging one  
with me right then, if they wanted to see it,  
or, at least, part of it. It was there.  
And how do my plans turn. Giving way to new  
intentions. The moment, from far off.  
Straightens the curves. I like the look of things to  
come—a dark wave moves smoothly beyond  
a dark shape—three fat fingers of daylight strip  
into trees, sky, clouds, and leaves. Their shape-  
smudged colors offer me up my head, how it  
is today, what bends the light toward  
and forth, where I keep count, keep between my count  
a sway. Keep between my count a sway.

*from* **MONOLITH**

*Samuel Amadon*

I have my monolith and I make  
it. I draft my monolith in breezy-wind  
summer sheets a music video  
cast sunlight on. My monolith is not made  
of light, but walk around it at noon  
and you'll feel its sight, the sky blue as a cape,  
a plaza reflecting pool, space lamps  
in a row, come with me, reader, boots will move  
our feet, the city between buildings  
will open a scale where we feel the earth round,  
round my monolith, we go round my  
monolith like bright red check marks on a form,  
like glasses of clear cold water filled  
from silver taps, opened at once, across the  
city, taps opened not for pleasure  
but for thirst, or not for thirst but for habit, or  
not for habit but for brightness, for  
clarity, for coming around the corner  
midday speaking walking, for what drives  
our faces forward to forget ourselves. I  
like to be about my business, when  
I have no business, when I walk out into  
the city, past more piles of books turned  
into more minutes, more minutes into more  
marbled notebook paper. I turn three  
corners without a thought for a different  
person's yellow-metal shipping port  
echoes working in my brain, where we wrestle  
intersections into fence spray paint  
collecting across our forearms, while traffic  
builds flecks between a different city,  
a different day-drunk throwing car stereos

into windshields. I have no business  
when the postman stumbles on my noon forty  
joint on the shaggy green indoor couch  
across the front-door walkway lawn, and  
this is why I need my monolith. I can't  
have but a fan across my thoughtful  
face, while the day makes no business, makes its no  
business mine.

# Handwork

*Riley Jones*

Naked gray New England townscape not so  
High up not least for a countenance I'm at the store  
Buying discounted greeting cards covered in hearts  
They're nice to see so effortful like any message  
Mary whose mother rose on Valentine's Day  
She asks if she can gift me The Book of Psalms  
They're so beautiful she says and I want them  
Pale exhaust of living chalky in the air  
I'm at the table writing a love poem  
Having slept terribly in Irving's America  
Picturesque for the child rearing  
Safe passage for a tricycle but then  
Walking the path behind the subdivision  
The road goes out there's a collapsed stone wall  
An old way meticulously reconstructed then grown over  
In the periphery I'm not born here though I'm born  
In garb born in the manifest think wagons and blindness  
She had a baby young she was a schoolteacher  
There is this imagined undifferentiated sprawl  
Covering the map she's mailed a book  
That may never arrive but we all already know its secret line  
It's a challenge here to make no meaning of the cold  
Somehow the perfect fruit of February  
Everywhere at least here and in Kansas  
There seems nothing and then there is a strip mall  
You can get anything you want you can get blueberries  
You can get sunglasses and stare  
Out the bathroom window the prismatic glint  
Off the plastic curtain and outside the tiny fenced yard  
We could be anywhere I know the pattern here  
There is for a moment an old toy cooking set  
You already know the family recipe it's simple

But then in love is always its own concoction a version  
In which the prairie out there lays miraculously  
For a period below snow below rosy  
Prefigurative light I want to feel so I flee it

# Chitter

*Riley Jones*

If I had a secret to tell I'd tell it  
But to speak of anything

Would require a mind-reader or God  
To hold my eye so it faces me

And I cannot admire  
What is just a tedious lifting

Of a lid to reveal  
What had already been known

If knowing were possible  
I'd want to be banished, actualized

Like rain as it fails  
To feed my heart's terrarium

With much trampled and disappeared  
But there's mom doing calisthenics in the garden

No heroic repetition  
In my domed arena

Unchanging from afar  
A future above me, a meal of it

# Duty

*Riley Jones*

I wait for a memory of today  
My bare arms on the wood floor make me an angel  
My understanding has its limits  
I try to keep my eyes closed  
It is rare for anything to really disappear  
A terrible awe that death inspires  
A subtle but persistent awe  
When you live beside the sun  
Movement tries to resist its nature  
The bugs that scream and then go quiet  
At midday, having still not made a sound  
And having recited some scenes from the cabinet of winter  
Your guidance is too direct, I cannot 'open the door'  
The book in my wake  
The droplets  
The paper is near to the air  
With all of my focus and all of my abandon  
What would be affected?  
On the way to my appointment  
I removed strand after strand of hair from my mouth  
I tried not to make any lists as I had done all the night before  
Mistrusting experience's processional quality  
At a standstill  
The clouds robust and tall  
You said the sudden dips in scale were formulaic

I wanted to hear violins in a song  
To invent a concept like life or death  
You wouldn't have to believe in it or even want it  
In the morning you can think only simple things  
Having begun something original  
Whereas night was one endless hush  
I'd sit and form inside  
Even small adjustments of pace or angle  
This park has a loose perimeter  
A lifelike night when I enter it  
Easier to crave experience than to love it  
Trying not to guess when it would be over  
A thought like a fly wanting to travel with me  
And my guilt, not knowing  
I would take everything with me

# Field of Action

*Jed Munson*

1.

you text O, did you know that Samson killed a thousand men  
with the jawbone of a donkey and tied three hundred foxes together by the tails, in pairs,  
lit the tails on fire, and released them into the fields and orchards of his enemies?  
(you're paraphrasing)

*i thought he just had long hair*

O is reading your dad's mood, these days he is eating too much mcdonald's behind her  
back and she needs to slip him more vegetables. the pinches are nothing compared to  
the kicks but they leave bruises

tomorrow she will have to do things you can't process through practice, *you treat me  
like a dog*  
says you know who

2.

you lie prostrate for hours watching a dog whisperer who is our hero show up and  
control situations with  
psychoanalytic overtones

he is rarely stumped. once, it is because it turns out the owner had cancer and the dog  
was trying to signal this fact to her by nipping her in her

sleep. you sip Orion thinking this will be your last beer for

i am gone today and complain of not being able to read  
your work in general so you write for me in lines you think would not be worthy of my  
comprehension  
anyway tomorrow you will explain that this is the work you wrote me into as its witness,  
not a violence, how you love

tomorrow i will be home

the other time, it is because it turns out the dog is psychopathic,  
feels no feelings, only feels the need to chew on various  
materials that it cannot distinguish the nature of, chain or  
toddler flesh, it's all the same, it would rather chew than  
keep its teeth in its mouth, and that means there is nothing  
to figure out for the dog whisperer, nothing to say

nein to, or translate from

various dialects of dog, the case exceeds his expertise, he says 제 능력이 여기까지인  
것 같아요 and that is the hour  
the whisperer stops being your hero (he remains mine until you tell me this)

and the owner of the psycho becomes your dad reading  
your mom's mood, today she wouldn't stop pinching him  
and it was hurtful. tomorrow i will explain that this is the work, how he

the owner weeps and tells the camera that he is grateful for the consultation and  
suspected as much, he will  
not put down the psycho because he is not god and it is  
not his dog's fault that it is alive, the dog is a dog but

3.

we taped the screen because it ripped, one of us punched it in the night, and now the  
tape is flapping in the summer breeze

all i want is a couple  
uncomplicated tax years

4.

you want too much from a burning world

you think sometimes you have to just put things away very slowly,  
put yourself in time-out, as you move chopsticks from the drainer into a drier holder

5.

at soccer you get bodied off the ball by a guy who might be fifteen or thirty, it's unclear, the suspicion

is mutual, you both have the same mustache. you step to him and almost kiss and his friend comes to his aid, stands between you like a guard dog, frozen, it's embarrassing dry ice, the red you saw begins to fade

your teammates, perfect strangers, sheepishly float in and assuage the other guy.

someone breaks it to you, his tackle was clean, you just went down

like a bitch, no one says. dazed, you back off

then it happens again, you take a knee, turf burn. this time he comes by and says something for real, you can't hear him, ask him if he's talking to you—actually, because you can't tell, you're still dazed—but this sounds like hot air, so he comes around and says it again

things you can't process this is the moment you realize

this is pathetic timing. *you better lock in.* you have the urge to announce your pathology, *my mom*

is something. *this is why i'm*

something. it sounds like a lie because it feels like logic scabbing over untruth because the truth is internal, *she's gone*

you can feel the cloudform that precedes tears in the back of your nose form

*crazy.* then cloud

over thankfully you are on another field, a fresh start, with people more your age, it seems. you are thirty this week and i am gone for a month of todays in korea to see my mother, you let me go and you have let yourself, with me, go

*crazy.* this is all you want, uncomplicated exercise

running mindlessly around after nothing, passing to the other team, blazing balls into the ceiling, you haven't played in six months, you think, hands on unconvinced knees, you are not thinking clearly:

6.

you have no time for this demonstration of lack

empty bloom like migrainal rains we drove through  
those things which have narrative outside of  
how they envelop us

i the dancer, there the splash—poisonous frog disguised green  
as empty, you are minimal being of narrative

brine, she was the sister stuck with the madness  
of the mother you are  
driven to the city by  
to wonder where the art is

the park that becomes visible to the walker of blue shade,  
looking for me in the park, laps  
unhurried because i am with a friend, this gentle pressure

to exist, you turn to every laugh, lapse

relief that i am beautiful, you are  
so sadly fucked  
by beauty. today i practice primitive movements  
to circulate before selectively deepening  
the abstraction of touch  
i think, returning from a month of my own motherful of hands  
in Korea, the choreo  
was too settled  
into a field of commercial micro  
ticks. you go back to nothing to remember what it was

you were becoming, admonishing, go back to admonishing  
nothing, to Ecclesiastes doing dishes, morning

7.

*then of course the kid from the other field subbed on. he was  
definitely half my age. i'm thinking he could be my student*

*next semester. i'm like, oh god, what if he is? jed, lock in. i'm digging for the ball against the boards reacting to this other random guy's mindless body, conflating them, when he spun around and screamed. i froze. we were so close i noticed the grey streaks in his beard, his chin moving. i fouled him, he was gesturing, but all i saw was the red from the other side*

it is your pastor, of all people, who separates you. at some point you shake hands because you've been instructed to, so the game can go on, but you continue to exchange words.

*the bearded guy's mood improved as the game went on (his team was winning) and after each goal he would come by to say sorry in a lighter and lighter tone. then he gave me an apology assuming the formal sincerity of a full sentence, i am sorry for losing my temper*

the thawing of his anger angers you. he apologizes again and tries to do another handshake, this time unprompted, which to your surprise you refuse. it's over, you say, it's been over. you point to your temple as if to indicate his brain. *you're going through your own thing*

*it's crazy, but, before the match ended, i went over to the kid who could be my student next semester and patted him on the back*

sorry about earlier, you say

8.

not like other dogs, he understands, the owner says to the camera, he is human, he has already excused himself to cry in the bathroom, now his hands are on his knees, he is sitting on the edge of his couch in the living room, back straightened as if addressing a jury, he understands

the meaning of duty: if he lets the leash slip once, which could happen (he is human), something in the neighborhood will die. so he will take care of the dog entirely behind closed doors until it dies first. until that day, he will take it for walks only in the middle of the night, far away from people, with two muzzles on and wrangle it with two leashes, his arms burning like two tails binding him to his life

# Apology for Poetry

*Jed Munson*

O, I'm sorry  
I have to write  
this in broken

lines. It couldn't  
be a letter or a text  
just voice getting up

and walking over  
the dead grass still  
breathing something

concrete clearing  
outside swallows  
snow by mute fire

pit must be visual  
disorder present we  
cannot see trill

sense split between  
suns it must reflect  
impossible demands

to be both the assumption  
it takes eyes  
and more than

image requires you  
and distance, oblivion even  
afternoon ignoring

shards of her mind  
loosening

radii O where

you are, I am just not—that's  
difference—she is  
there bruise before

time pushes color,  
distance between pain  
and a poem, O loam I

am sifting where I am  
sickening is by a window  
in the ache for a moment

without any pull to hunger  
or sleep in the  
glare, in your words,

of the dark  
side of  
lyric O I'm sorry I'm

just reading leaves  
scratch the street  
at my desk like it's the door

keys claw this closed  
half of day stripes  
Queens of roofs speaking

of you helped  
me and G afford  
the forehead

I get to look up from  
Sidney, blurry, and think  
her name, *Happiness*, is coming

home from

dancing is real I forget  
moving in relevant

space is soonness, this in whose  
Englises I spake, too, is form enough  
to receive her in my

field, flooded with namesakes, feel  
left of me, some part  
chestrise, the sun just

tips horizon over  
townhouse, the far side  
of <sup>o</sup> I've been breaking

out into syntax, from the  
privacy of mirrors I dab  
up the dead

skin on the floor. O burning  
through  
someoneness

you don't stand  
for the foot  
print moves





# CONTRIBUTORS

**Emily Barton Altman** is the author of two chapbooks, *Bathymetry* (Present Tense Pamphlets, 2016), and *Alice Hangs Her Map* (dancing girl press, 2019). Recent poems appear in *LIT*, *California Quarterly*, *Second Factory*, *Quarterly West*, and elsewhere. She holds an MFA in Poetry from NYU and a PhD in Creative Writing from the University of Denver. She teaches at Michigan State University.

**Samuel Amadon** is the author of five books of poems, including the forthcoming *Divers* (Omnidawn 2026). He teaches in the MFA Program at the University of South Carolina, where, with Liz Countryman, he edits the journal *Oversound*.

**Kelly Clare** is an artist and writer based in Western Massachusetts. Clare is the author of three poetry chapbooks: *UNIVERSAL PRODUCT CODE* (Tabloid, 2026), *demonstration forest* (Community Mausoleum, 2025), and *NEARLY EARLY ARTLY NEVER* (Greying Ghost, 2024). Clare is an editor at *Ghost Proposal*, a press focused on work that transcends traditional notions of genre.

**Aiden Farrell** is a poet and translator. Translations include poetry by Christophe Tarkos, Marie de Quatrebarbes, Éléonore de Duve, and Théo Robine-Langlois, and an essay by Jean Genet. Aiden's most recent chapbook is *control* (Sputnik & Fizzle). His work has received support from the Cité Internationale des Arts, le Centre national du livre, and The Albertine Translation Fund, and can be found in *Ouroboros*, *Changes Review*, *Tyger Quarterly*, and *Asymptote*, among others. *hearsay* is a long poem about denial, deferral, neglect, and delusion.

**George Fragopoulos** is the author of the full-length poetry collection *Heretical Materialism: A Pasolini Triptych* and two chapbooks: *14 Poems in 516 Lines* and *Days of April-May 2022*. His chapbook, *Res Derelictae*, is forthcoming from Antiphony Press. He is a professor of English at CUNY and lives in Queens, NY.

**Krystalli Glyniadakis** was born in Athens in 1979. She is both an award-winning poet and translator. In 2018 she was awarded the Greek National Literature Prize (Poetry) and in 2025 the "Public" Book Award for Best Translation from a foreign language into Greek, for her translation of Jo Nesbø's *Kongen av Os*. Her latest book, *Ημέρες Καλοσύνης* (*Days of Kindness*) was again shortlisted for the 2024 National Literature Prize. Her work has been translated into several languages,

including English, Italian, Spanish, German, French, and Turkish. She studied philosophy, philosophy of religion, and political theory at the LSE and King's College London, and Creative Writing at the University of East Anglia, and holds a PhD in Media & Communications from Bournemouth University.

**Sylee Gore** publishes *Intimate Infinity* (Sampson Low) later this summer. *Twelve Centuries of Silence* (Cutt Press), made in collaboration with Erin Honeycutt, was exhibited at the Berlin Museum of Medical History earlier this year.

**Riley Jones** is a poet and teacher from western Massachusetts. Her writing can be found in *Annulet*, *Common Place*, *Harper's*, and *Little Mirror*.

**Tobi Kassim's** writing has been published in *The Volta*, *Chicago Review*, *The Rumpus*, *The Kenyon Review*, *Best New Poets*, *Four Way Review*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, and elsewhere. His work has been supported by UndocuPoets, the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, and Cave Canem. His chapbook *Dear Sly Stone* was published by Spiral Editions.

**Timothy Ashley Leo** is the author of *The Dog's Letter* (Ugly Duckling Presse). His work appears in *Annulet*, *Conjunctions*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Lana Turner*, *Nat. Brut*, and elsewhere. He edits poetry for *dialogist* and lives in Chicago.

**Parker Menzimer** is the author of the chapbooks *Aion's Ribbon* (Inpatient Press) and *The Links* (1080press). With Maxwell Paparella, he is co-author of *Towpath to the Interior* (The Double Tied Press), a braided cinquain diary. His poetry has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *A Public Space*, *Coma*, *Annulet*, *Prelude*, *Tagverk*, *Second Factory*, and elsewhere. His writing has received support from the Truman Capote Literary Trust and the Foundation for Contemporary Arts. He serves as Public Programs Director at the Poetry Society of America and, with Terrence Arjoon, co-edits the semiannual print magazine *poetry2*.

**Jed Munson** is the author of the prose collection *Commentary on the Birds* (Rescue Press, 2023) and five chapbooks of poems: *Vision Sans Seraphim* (Beautiful Days Press, 2025), *Portrait with Parkinson's* (Oxeye Press, 2023), *Minesweeper* (New Michigan Press/DIAGRAM, 2023), *Silts* (above/ground press, 2022), and *Newsflash Under Fire*, *Over the Shoulder* (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2021).

**Allyson Paty** is the author of *Jalousie* (Tupelo Press, 2025), winner of the 2023 Berkshire Prize, and several chapbooks, most recently *Five O'Clock on the Shore*

(above/ground press, 2019). Her poems appear in publications including *Denver Quarterly*, *Fence*, *Poetry*, *The Recluse*, and *The Yale Review*, and she's written nonfiction for *The Baffler*. She works and teaches at NYU Gallatin and with NYU's Prison Education Program.

**Alana Solin** is a writer from New Jersey. Her work has appeared in *Antiphony*, *Dunce Codex*, *Rampage Party Magazine*, *Mercury Firs*, *Dusie*, *Annulet*, *Second Factory*, *Tyger Quarterly*, *jubilat*, and elsewhere. Her chapbook *Dead Ringer Blows* won the 2024 1BR / 3BATH Chapbook Prize from Tilted House and was released in 2025. She is the poetry editor of the literary magazine *Nat. Brut*. She lives in Queens, New York.

**Kristi Stout** is a poet living in North Carolina. Some previous work can be found in *Poetry* and *Fence*.

**Leanne Tory-Murphy** is an organizer and writer who has worked across the fields of labor and migration for more than two decades. She is currently a PhD student in Environmental Psychology at the CUNY Graduate Center. Her manuscript, *SEA ABOVE*, draws from the work of Chilean poet Raul Zurita and other artists working under the Pinochet dictatorship. Her work has appeared in *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Le Monde Diplomatique*, *Jacket2*, *La Piccioletta Barca* and other publications and was a finalist for the Wendy's Subway Carolyn Bush Award and *Epiphany Magazine's* Breakout Prize.

**Joanna C. Valente** is a human who dreams of living inside a seashell. Joanna is the author of several collections including  $\eta \psi \upsilon \chi \eta$ ,  $\eta \psi \upsilon \chi \eta \mu \alpha \varsigma$  / *the soul, our soul*. They are the illustrator of *Dead Tongue* by Bunkong Tuon and *Raven King* by Fox Henry Frazier, as well as the editor of *Y/P*.

**yun qin wang** is a poet. Their work can be found in places like *poets.org*, *Hearsay*, and *Good Press*. They grew up in Shanghai.

**Barrett White** lives and works in Brooklyn. He edited *Tagwerk* (2014-2024). He curates literary events at Sunview Acropolis, including the poetry series *Regulars*. Recent writing has appeared in *Mercury Firs*, *Hearsay*, *Notre Dame Review*, *Ghost Proposal*, *Coma*, and elsewhere. *Frantic Gesture*, a publication project of fits and starts, is forthcoming.





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