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**ixnay #2**

**spring/summer 1999**

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editors:

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### **A Dutch Door**

If I make my reports so be it  
in detail in minute particulars  
the vast array the ever-shifting  
panorama and finest gradations  
of felt experience my speaking  
voice is not my only voice and  
now I think of Gigi LaMorte lo  
these many years traduced wronged  
abandoned she was known as a pleasing  
bit in the passing human cavalcade  
a congenial mode of thought for me  
in my methods for they are everywhere  
apparent look back if you must and  
so be it if I make my reports.

## Shanghaied

Of the thousand injuries I had borne  
I was charging but that light  
gave me permission to be powdery  
in the dim or messy to review then  
a congenial mode of thought for me  
was rowdy in my clutch whereas  
my enemies for they are present  
of smug contempt merely depictive  
I'm gonna flush 'em out citizens  
definition of the end of company  
and merely human care so long I'd  
wanted say a simple or a hand holding  
whatever and if two people give up  
while overhead the planets and  
          innumerable tiny stars.

## Honeyman

There were things I said  
a plangent insistent tone  
to find my speaking voice  
my glowy say in all this  
sad ruckus who's happy I  
kiss your palm who on a  
day we were settle O couch  
of definition for a wanton  
and O lovely light I think  
of Gigi LaMorte to these  
many years merely voiced  
she was content with surface  
I thought of as mine as my  
own as in any case happens.

## Midnight Train

Of the thousand injuries I had  
too late for all O my tovarich  
a beef bowl a punch bowl he is  
remembering the death like an  
essay about a poem about a man  
of his only love lo these many years  
it's a pain that stops and starts  
after which mockery asks to be  
paid sure go ahead it was bad  
timing but he thought of it as a  
life-style and so he expresses her  
from whence I most did take for  
all I was was glowy words and  
everywhere the hand of the artist.

Gregg Biglieri

### **Anastomosis #1**

Decay come on — when the oars of your raft are held captive in amber, your will becomes a dungeon in which to oversleep. You will gadfly toward the east like the sun in a baker's dozen. And in the argot of time your truth will be less than beyond its telling. If you return to it, which you must, or if it return to you, which it may, then some such reflection will make you aware of its thaw, as chill waters stiffen upon their return to the freezer. It's reason will free you. If you go back for a second, a second childhood will be a grave as sure as home. Bearing down on the resting thickness (*the rest is sighs*) lent a huge acumen to increments of chroma (*an instant like a post*). The decay of thickness seen through a perforated sheet (*the size of plankton*). The performance of us as oblong. How do you belong to this (*amnesia plot*) ?

In the wavy cobalt of the noble zero — and beyond that, the woodsy mango and the mouse in the house. My father's mansion was built on stilts. I swallow the whole ball of wax. How to interpret:ability. Penetrating the askew, impossible really to outdistance the antique tone. Acquiesce — become water before me. Remind memory to liquefy the lacquer it has ineptly chosen to perceive as what it lacks, when all the time the stain itself quite naturally clung to the knotty burl of a redwood shank. Mull vellum: the innerside of the inappropriate. Your poems wallpaper a shrinking room. You have gulled yourself into seeking campaniles. But I require more than requiem. I want to seep through the indigo with punched-out holes for stars. The moon is the relation of dark and not dark to the dark. A light touch of all that's left.

## **Anastomosis #2**

Riddle

The “peep of reason” in dethronement.  
Meaning in the carnivorous elision.  
Dissecting ghosts for ideas.  
What I want is for you to have nothing.  
“A weed of the universe” drifts.

Bird shadows shred the sun.  
Like a dark horse the dream is shooting blanks.  
Before it speaks, this:  
the transcript of an archipelago,  
the concept of airstream chrome,  
a brocade of crumbling architecture  
demolished beneath dead clouds.

What writes links with more than I think.  
I told you. Written in a wind.  
Wind as if it were a thing.  
These very weird words stacked in waves.  
Germ systems outfox the print medium.  
The metaphor is more than it is not.

Magdalena Zurawski

**Conditional poem with lazy fish**

When a girl sent with a finger to lift sleep, lifts it, when she travels wearily, or when she travels lightly, when she leaves it for an old wind, and her old mood therein, when she wakes wet with night having seen horses, when she talks so 'my birdies fly, they do, they do,' when she comes upon a lazy fish that enters the light of her lazy eye, when the tiny bones along the tiny spine too lazy to move towards better weather coast lightly, into a light bed, when she dumbly says, 'please take me nocturnally,' then suddenly sleep is in her eye, awkward, displaced from constellation. Thus shackled, she is pinched to reach the territories in the mouth of rudderless ships.

## **into thin grass**

that this tree is mine 'cause my bough broke  
similarly, means that like any moon figure  
i'm oddly unoccupied.

where the young hens collapse, the classic bather  
rivals the atmosphere through gunsling. "heat  
is her name" was always the appropriate sentence  
for him to mutter as he entered the landscape.

when his beauty was enviable,  
i'd found myself in heroes, but then  
retreated into this lullabye atmosphere.

Ethel Rackin

*from* **The Forever Notes**

\*

The crazy woman and her boyfriend were my only visitors.  
At night we held vigil, prayed to an electric lamp, washed ourselves  
with soap bought at a tea store and rounded the cozy fire  
for its warmth.

We were strangers in a paradise of apricots and intelligent  
guesses. What turned up on the round table was sure to stick  
around for breakfast. And dinner the following night.  
All was well and ended well.

Elsewhere I am in a cottage by the rocky remains of  
beach glass. Everywhere is the glass oven — where we collected  
that summer and the small reminders of things like story book-  
liners scribbled in your own invisible language.

We forgot the jars of elephant juice and the pipes which were still  
resting on someone else's book case. The laundromat remained  
closed and on Sunday I'll be there so what about a meeting time  
and/or an agenda.

This was all but lightly I felt the concurrence of another strand  
of musical notes which had been locked up in their respective cases  
too long and all out of breath. I am timing this symphony. You are only  
invited if you bring questions.

We know this fact of the empty circle and the faded  
one and yet somehow the pulling persists as if life  
depended on it as if you were the heart of the matter  
and we could spoon eachother up like lemon ices.

\*

Towards an economy of construction wherein  
you are a witch doctor and I your broom and  
we are two frosted lilies coming up for  
air and yawning.

Because I imagined many things in the twisted  
light of fall you fell silent and I wanted a  
glass of absinthe and that long bath. He wasn't around  
so I waited.

Forever you will be there even if in everyday ink.  
Because we blinked and came up blinking. Because  
the rose is faded and waiting on the same table.  
Because wilts, moves, — arduous outside experiments.

\*

We have been waiting as the sky rolls her eyes over the long lake.

All the colors are rushing in at different directions  
and I think you know what I mean because  
you have eyes and a stomach. The rose spot  
in between tears.

To call you anything but beautiful is slogan. But we  
have no room anywhere in these old cartoons and  
suddenly their tops have flown off, taken all of  
flight on themselves.

To my sweet spot you commented. We sat by  
two different rocks in the different stream rowing  
up river and back down again onto that green mat  
of spring surprise shock and plates.

Shock gardens and the time before the time after in  
the angry machine. We were weathering and you wore  
your oldest strangest smile above which there  
were mountains and a chain of God eyes.

James Stills

**arc**

The arc of time fell so slowly  
it is hard to explain  
how it moved in two directions  
the slow fall forwards and the backwards moving ravenous consuming time  
let me explain  
sometimes life does not feel like anything  
until you look back and see it falling towards you  
and in that particular moment of clarity it is hanging above your head  
about to crash  
and from this destruction  
the unseen arc begins again and you return to everyday blindness  
then there is this backward moving time  
it is the stuff of habituation  
it destroys on a cellular level  
it is counter productive behavior that in its excesses would send you back to a  
kind of permanent adolescence  
it is hedonism and it eats time

I would like to tell you a story  
between time  
and if I can explain between worlds

1.

the vision

this begins in the dead of winter late one night

alcohol has softened the edges of the picture

hedonism and horniness unladen I walked home slowly

and backwards to a hangover

almost to where I live I saw two police cars lights flashing

I live in a long row of buildings that in the middle there is a very narrow alley

about three feet wide

everyone pisses in there

the police one on each side of someone unseen in the alley

all in a row they pulled a completely naked man from between the buildings

drugged and draped over their shoulders

he moved rubbery and stumbling unaware of the cold

the police then stuffed him into a car and drove off

a few minutes later and this would have gone unseen

it was a strangely beautiful vision

as I unlocked my door and walked up the stairs

he had been pulled from another world

not just some imagined world of pleasure onto the world of law and order

but from the death like world of excess

it is difficult to write this

it is difficult to know

it is hard to know this world if you have not lived it

to read this may bring an image to mind an abstract understanding

this is how people transpose their personal experience onto an unknown

this does not work well enough because it begs a moral solution

its too much about consequences and actions

but that is to see the symptoms as the disease

identity dignity self respect self love these are only words and they are in flux

they are not absent they are conditional and they mutate

it is hard to know this world because it reels into the unconscious

it should be thought of as an other culture

whose practices may seem cruel or stupid because it seems so simple to avoid

pain

but thats your world

2.

it is a place that if not thought of does not exist  
the building next door the other side  
I remember the body that fell/jumped  
it just lay there on the street out of the corner of my eye  
I remember the people that lived there  
the fires the electrical problems the flooding  
this is no ordinary building it is possessed  
the naked man from the alley is the messenger  
half conscious unaware the emergence of his pale body  
ushered in these events these falling bombs  
all within the same week  
two women lovers fought  
one trying to leave the other  
was shot and in turn the other shot herself

I cannot say that I know this world it just presses in  
it was news it was rumors it was a presence that radiated  
from proximity  
from the desire that love last  
and that the violence that is passion not consume itself and die  
it was a story and the walls that separated it  
it was like god and the devil wrestling to feel it as real people  
to know it was not just a good story  
to dignify loss  
this is a lonely understanding of this world

3.

it was a voice on the phone he died unexpectedly  
this is the slow falling arc before impact  
nothing could be said the news had been delivered  
this is not an exact kind of sadness  
a memory fifteen years before of a dark room  
of hot hands beneath clothing of stubble and swelling lips  
I do not know if it was first love  
it feels like someone else's life  
lust perhaps  
we stayed in touch for all these years

this is where language fails  
passing passed away crossed over  
assimilate disperse radiate decay fade  
this is the final world in this story other than mine

I do not want to commit this to the page to let this go  
the air is thick criss crossed with the trails of falling bombs  
smokey delicate curves  
the ground complete destruction  
this is the simultaneous occurrence of the arcs of so many lives  
to walk though this blind is to see nothing changed  
the static landscape  
there is no judgement in this  
to see feel everything would be too much  
sometimes you stand at the gate  
a point of entry this is where time stops

Sherry Brennan

**cinquefoil**

if I would mind would have minded  
in mind my I mind mind wind sown

creeping five or five fingered sends  
root long slender strings again take

again and shoot forth again compound  
pinnately small pinnately or in small

clusters when they unfurl borne silky  
green singly leaflets wild it grows

except by summer tend to turn or by trimming  
good in any part of the body

## **echium**

hold held cuts held cutting hold nearly  
whole held cut cuts cuts cut holding

near held held cut held holding palm list  
skin listen palm pollen falter listen

dirt skin seldom garden listen texture  
gesture skin garden palm starting stem

cuttings root color full flower follow  
colors keen cut from from in or in bloom

morning make and slanted cut or shift  
quickly you pick as cut promptly location

shift time recut each arrange time all or keep later  
right or keep open stem up into once some is in

leaves under or left if closed they'll not which only  
terrible by clogging cell water transfer life

lovely in both elaborate and quickly easy

Valerie Hanson

### **Locket Variations I**

twist of hips indeterminate slipping

like fish silver over

one another, swimming

seem to swim

quick breaths against night

stand birch or beech

even shudders thin

turning

alternate axis indeterminate

no metaphor

in the dark the silver

breath and twist of shoulder thin

aluminum foil shaken

waves leap fish into the

stream

how do you know

locket clasps shut

hasps over space

open in curves the sky

if you can't speak it

how can you — locket

two halves inter

twining

how can you show

leaping into

narrow slipping

curve

twining up into the

amongst the sheets and

foil shaken into the sky

## Stories of Sight

even snow glitters light through now  
from sun into our eyes to burn—

close them, no better:  
our eyes at each other

*(the swirling, the light*

*the heat in the light)*

glint back the sun's glare  
glassy

stare focused too long delves a hole

and staring out from each other  
up into sun or away I  
wonder my eye a lens historical  
since Pliny's notes  
on medicinal uses of lenses and sun

*focus light to a point*

cauterize or ignite —

and what he didn't write

## **Of This, Other Hands,**

I dreamed of the state I'd forgotten  
    watched my hands but  
didn't have to because  
    of other's hands, already  
moving along. Following along  
    down a dirt path, yellow sorrel  
flowers. Definitely not  
    Houston or hawthorn— not that path, different  
from the ways that walk meant  
    reading it: though I was there  
among flowers, moving  
    differently than them  
then. A diffracted quality of time,  
    in as-if, what-if— not to see  
but those hands, leading along  
    touch to other than— beyond  
then becoming— beneath  
    becoming your and waking  
distinctions such as  
    your other, that.

Mark Wallace

*from* **Belief Is Impossible**

81.

Is it naive to think that people  
can care about others like they do about themselves?  
He wanted to win every argument.  
With government shut down, citizens are angry

that museums have closed.  
Productive play is better than work.  
She cries after visiting her parents.  
At night the sidewalks empty of people.

82.

A poem is not consolation.  
Having everything, he still dreamed  
of past humiliations. Late in the afternoon  
is my favorite time to walk.

Someone is born and becomes  
the thing her family represses.  
How does one learn to try one's best?  
On stage, Dean Martin's liquor was often water.

83.

Romantic embracing of experience  
attracts and repels me. Winners and losers  
still have meaning if one doesn't play.  
I think I understand

why photographs just might capture our souls.  
Watching her every motion  
Jan apologized loudly. Is it merely metaphor  
to hear other voices in your head?

84.

I take more joy in talking oddly  
than in owning anything. Hip disdain of intensity  
frustrates me as much as mindless conservatives.  
So much trash to haul away.

People who lived in the 60s report  
often the feeling that they could do anything.  
An elevator opens on a hallway. Woody Guthrie's  
sister died, then his mother went crazy.

85.

What does it mean when you stop  
believing it matters if anyone hears you?  
Horror movies often collapse  
the Puritan mythos into Paganism.

Do you think we will laugh  
while standing on the final freeway?  
Apocalypse is ordinary.  
Two women turn their backs on their promise.

86.

The moment was new, then old.  
Is it the nature of words  
to not be able to pin themselves down?  
The me that's here is just a stage set.

Emerson once said that moods  
are the only distortions a person has  
and a person has nothing but distortions  
but he didn't put it that way, exactly.

87.

Which bureau should announce decay?  
She liked him better when she knew him by mail.  
During the Oklahoma crisis, the leap to blame Moslems  
overlooked the guilty Christians.

Official word is passed around  
so statements can be authorized.  
A used car graveyard swallows the moon  
but when the phone rings, it's entirely conventional.

88.

Does everyone project their desire  
for transcendence somewhere? The meeting wouldn't happen  
if no one showed up. It's important to smile  
during job interviews. This late

please take a cab home. What is there  
no sense in trying? In dreams I see pictures  
of people do things they deny all day.  
I'm about to be history.

89.

Where is anybody and what  
are they doing there? Outside the window, the street  
is dark but not like anything else.  
Answering machines are excellent protection

which people resist when they won't leave messages.  
I'm going to write a huge epic  
that disappears. If governments all closed  
would you feel more or less safe?

*from* **Parking Field**

Embrace narrow conceptions beyond. Reasons to stand. Wanting to talk never talking. Buses, fast food restaurants, another packet of info. Washes hands. Double binds expotentially.

What do you want living to be.

Can it.

Saying simply love center attention? Streets building sky not said this way. To die of not said. Bound affection could otherwise. Pick. Let a machine. Call it a.

Blue and orange against yellow? Metaphors of starving.

I'm walking down the street so love me or bifurcate.

When something occurs, occurs to who? Don't when I went. Thrown off, the other way. A funny humidifier. Fifty cents to check a virtue. Own mind? Not that so process. These dry dry fields.

Desire, lust, worn out clothes.

---

Afraid of being a victim or called one, finally in charge. Demand a council, gnawing raw ears, water on how many sides? Catch it where you avoided.

What frame speaks as blood memory. Adapted again. That only cable does. All this and all this. Inherit dilemma. Among the last to go. In the end it doesn't. Packed bag of locusts. The world called them and. If not of it.

Streets cry hot, hysterical hilarity. Leaving home far and away. See themselves protected, separated. Makeshift town or psychic time sheet. Was it barren? Only endless as. Hooked to a claim. Not toward. Is apparent? Deep under water, fish have lights or go blind with no effect on their quality of life. The extent you never come back from. Of all the wrong directions to love. They were just alone.

---

Like disappointment is hard to find. Redundant hour. Only meeting for lunch.  
Habit streetlights. Rational arguments cook your own ears. Windy concrete passages.

A lyric poet who thinks that sadness doesn't matter.

Always real until it disappears. Look: here's you. Here's my theory of paper planes.  
Make a not says. Tower under it. Oh those French balconies in a romance no one had.  
Sitting in resemblance chairs. Brand new lamp post. Waiting list for creativity. Every utter  
outrage.

Is there a fire alarm on your card. Those crazy farmers crashed the boat. Now's  
the time for esoteric reference.

Can shock get on board. Running out of running out. At a certain formula. Left  
turns drop off the planet. Stripped of pleasure, then stripped, and stripped and stripped. I'll  
always be the suburbs. Have another red hot brand?

---

Sitting on a bench get up from, always. Hey, there goes a past. Saturday night  
freedoms? What were working. Extinguisher. Say something about. You're just having so  
much fun.

What will do. The office seems not you, already too late. Lost luggage on every  
teenage trip. "Find your soul in woodworking." Don't show up in many directions. Call it a  
hate story. What is best not to operate? Keep on sinning shining. It was on a night. Say dirt.  
Say it. Say how long it goes on being. Say it.

Smoke a phony parlor. King Lear looks on. Policies for mature adults. Have the  
total absence of company. Laughing and don't forget. It's this dark at 6:15. But it's light,  
right?

Sheila Murphy

Wall without the flower  
Map incorporates a kick  
Upstairs, uncompensated  
Flora when alleged

Concern for ride  
North near  
That premise  
Underneath is where

The premising  
Of coat with  
Credit from  
A number without

Wafer's laced intangible  
Weight loss crazed  
Nearly essentially  
Affordable

W.B. Keckler

### **Radio Farm**

Whole dolorous communities of them  
linger in a harmony of disappearances.  
They elegize each other, stay  
invisible and won't be remembered.  
Rust is all that makes this wall interesting.  
Queen Anne's lace mocks a lot  
but I'm not sure what that is.

Peeping into an antique dollhouse,  
you saw tiny mirrors in each room,  
and remember wanting to telegraph  
a boy with mirrors, one long ago day.

It had nothing to do with message  
(this intent) but rather the drama,  
and the idea of someone decoding.  
You've never met an idea one, really,  
and yet the game goes on and on  
like rounds in a song, or people  
on a vase looking for each other.  
The idea of value is something  
passes over, a farfetched cloud.

## **The Hand**

The endlessness has nothing to do with us.  
But something we can say touches it somehow,  
and the gods appear for a half-life.  
Soon they are gone. Only stone niches left.  
Have we changed somehow a distant place?  
We know our gestures ripple off.  
Whether it is forever we cannot say.  
Why do we wish for strangeness to be touched  
when we will never know it, or it us?

Shawn Walker

to 4834

silence being in a glass

thou siren

lingers the dense metropolitan foliage love thy

neighborhood of soft din possibilizing

we stop between the blue

implosion as history paints the porch

in high-pitched summer block voice

bowl wherefore artist

time which ambles the well-rooted sidewalk thy

variegated sizes of living where

marbles above the red so

be tidy be tight be open pedal

a long seed our home

---

July 22, 1998

\$5.75 subway tokens @ 15th & Market

[also \$1.60 copy of Christy's key, W. Phila. Locksmith  
35¢ soft pretzel @ steakhoagies truck 34th & Walnut  
\$1.00 cherry-flavored Chap-et @ 40th & Locust]

**preoccupied with the fallout of distance**

preoccupied  
with the fallout of distance

isn't this  
this street is not as I had  
remembered it the kindness you always liked to drink  
but everything's bigger where do you keep in America  
bitterness a

larger thing  
than  
I can now accept  
sleep soundly  
in the room you know

---

July 19, 1998

\$6.21 @ 7-11, 38th & Chestnut

\$1.50 *Philadelphia Inquirer*

\$2.79 gallon of fat-free milk

92¢ bananas

\$2.14 Doritos, OJ @ 40th & Locust

25¢ to ice @ CVS, 39th & Walnut

Daniel Hales

### **The Other Fold, Despite Their Elevation**

“And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.”

— John 10:16

What with the world having reached its ideal  
outdoor temperature for the majority of those surveyed,  
and consumer confidence having just exceeded its previous all time high,  
I raised my glass and said: “My friends, are you, too, infected with an ominous  
sense of well being? Shall we then proceed on towards risking joy?”

This, even as all intuited that the sun had nearly spent itself  
— and despite our most fervid attempts at conservation.  
We tried to ration it by drinking slower,  
and it drank *us* more and more marooned till sheets stretch out on all sides,  
gauzing the flow out the ear.

Nor did I freak  
when it deteriorated from a raw, ruddy-red  
to a wispy pink exhalation.  
Earlier in the day, Izzy had found, under a picnic table,  
a much run-over keychain embedded with a sliver of Christ’s hip bone.

Greta and Ropeburn chipped in and bought a sun-glass for my monocle.  
Meny had better mosquito constellations than anyone.  
Again, I felt moved to speak:  
“How goes it for that other flock out Lord references in the Parable  
of the thief and the shepherd?”

Do they, too, shoot horses? Label public spaces to prevent citizens  
from losing themselves? 21 kinds of ambiguity, 38 kinds of loneliness,  
177 highly successful habits, Billions and Billions served?  
I felt moved to speak to those I most loved, though, indeed,  
it may be words themselves were what sped our demise,

despite even  
recurring worry that I may, in fact,  
be absolutely alone. “Perhaps The Others also court insomnia  
despite their most determined efforts to attain repose.  
Count slaughtered, electric sheep in hopes of consummating the night.”

## “How the Starlight Tells Us Of What The Stars Are Made”

is the caption to an illustration in the eleventh volume of *The Book of Knowledge*. This I wrote on Leonard's business card and carried for the last three months where you found it in my wallet.

In the illustration which precedes a lengthy passage apparently written by dead scientists in small type starlight enters at the window of an otherwise dark study to illumine in passing impassive bindings of countless shelved books. Though unable to make out titles it's possible this is an artist's conception of *The Complete and Unabridged Book of Knowledge*. Some light is captured by a lustrous surfaced conference table. The remaining shaft travels through an anti-gravitational prism producing a spectrum along the page's eastern border.

I did not read the passage. I was more engrossed in other things at the time such as the way one's face suddenly looks when glancing in a mirror. Especially after going many days without seeing it. I did mark the spot with intention of finishing later.

I was not at the time but since you ask yes occasionally I do think about the fact that though living in a valley surrounded by mountains and several hundred thousand people I have met a total of three. None of whom can support my alibi.

One man I became acquainted with on the bus was writing novellas using the I-Ching. He said he could show me a simple exercise that would dramatically improve my guitar solos. He asked if I'd like to make extra money on weekends. All he would reveal at that time was his occupation in no way harms the environment of the human spirit. I have here a scrap of paper with his telephone number and name which is Owl.

Also Sinuous Suzy. I've heard friends call her that. We only talk when she refills my coffee.

However I would like to go on record as having said starlight tells me many things besides “of what it is made” which includes

aluminum-foiled television antenna cigarette holders thumbtacks Academy Award shaped belt buckle scissors-snipped credit cards and disconnected vertebrae of rolex watchbands.

But when I stopped in yesterday he shrugged. The whole twelve volume set. Gone. For one tiny dog-eared reproduction of Andrew Jackson.

Since then I meditated on what my favorite astrologer unknown in his lifetime was alleged to have said centuries ago: “When that jovial red giant the sun collapses Earth gets cooked to a cinder. Then freezes solid. Star's swan songs look like neon pinwheels lawn sprinklers or exhaust from snowflakes. In the meantime for each there is one star the harder you try to see

the harder it is. Having come to believe there is nothing to merit this squinting when one night. Like double-checking the mailbox on Sunday (after three months of Sundays) you find and overlooked letter, there it is. There it is.”

— the last stanza contains direct quotes (and deliberate misquotes) from Paul Hoverston’s article “Hubble Observes Star’s Swan Songs” in the December 18, 1997 *USA Today*.

Don Riggs

### Why I Am Not a Fatalist

Those lines on your right palm can change depending on what you do with your life, I read in a book entitled *La Verdad está en los manos* and personally observed this happening: my double heart line half dissolved, at least half the extra line did, so that what was once a replica of the Washington Monument, since the two parallel lines angled together to meet at a tip approaching or at least pointing to the Mount of Jupiter, became a regular old single heart line with a longer than ordinary marriage line although as this was changing the face of my palm my marriage was dissolving.

Currently I'm engaged in an exercise like that recounted elsewhere by Rodolfo Benavides (who by the way wrote that book on *los manos*), that group activity where a half dozen or so gather in a room and all concentrate their mental energy on a light bulb, willing it to pop. I sit like Rodin's *le Penseur*, who really is *il Penseroso*, a melancholic, so I sit on the pot like Dürer's dark angel but instead of a fist to prop my chin up my palm stares back at my eyes and I spend months willing my artistic Apollo genius line to unblock.

Mark Gaertner

**Widdershins**

*weaker*

*offends the dead*

*inherently evil*

it best describes

feeling

slightly sinister

(me verso the world)

abandoned

abaddon abraxas

awkward

(not right)

out in the field

but still in league

the chiromancy

reading between the lines

one side reality seen

the other the plan the promise

fade to red

Kristen Gallagher

## **Cookout**

Voluptuous exasperated longing eats such a thing breeding hunger for another hunger. To possess, or that you feel any sameness, tempt rationing throughout these various grillings. Radical remoteness, if and only if this is not anticipating. Meat without proof, what cannot, yet these branches seem embracing. What cannot, yet swallows and swallows. Carcass invisible yet what is mortal. We may even, but we better not think so, possible gestures weighting here or flaring in the man-made mettle of our meal.

**In school where the thought got combed.**

*Donald Davidson meets little J.A.*

To be taken for granite. Collect crumbling persistence of chalkmarks in their attempt to distort the blackboard. Oh, to feel the idiosyncrasies of collected dust dictating standardly interwoven truth-seeking conditions. To be silenced by proficiency with empty space under cast iron archives and slippages around the clock, by a speaker with a house of cards, attracting polemics from all sides. A distinct indistinction holding time up as a consequence, or the space of consequence, each time a distinct indistinction, holding up space. A pinochle of success wrecked to achieve what is not meant. This is between us and ludocricity, fluttering wondrous thing, a coincidence fleeing the present - specious, monotonous.

## **Blanks**

Non-dual dials me up at night. There is not and so there is, pointing.  
Partially entangling a way down, something else in, scars as if a real  
thing. To ask and so suggest, drawing on in interruption, drawing. is,  
at least sketchy. Perhaps collapse, does know, and can perhaps collapse,  
scarring as if a real. Tangling, untangling, turning.

John M. Bennett

**coruscation gum**

fast ‘n tuBBY — lid the ladder snakes — or could I  
 (“shakes”) flavor all the crumbles — like your boot —  
 or rubbed the brain “we shared” — was loot? — ever  
 steaming in the — laundry hamper — stared all day a  
 gourd (“chain being”), never wandered through the trash  
 — is us — damper hand your mouth — than coruscation

knot coruscating in the — flame knot — toothy loops of  
 phlegm-string — logic chutes — your phlegm-being peace —  
 o asshole projection — claved unto you — astral  
 gummy-pieces or your phone (“rejection”) gummy with my  
 explanations kinda — coruscating — in the farted pitch  
 “state of” — where you started itching — “gum”

damper gum of days of — lips — ripple Fun — you blamed  
 your phone for shoes, clay, stubbled ink the — number  
 bony — process of — excision — and your clinging lunch  
 (“mumbler”) tallest in your “fat” existence — “rife” —  
 with lingerie and — mustard cages — resistance foots  
 your — pages turn the dust

Eric Keenaghan

**a foot's notes of foregoing, my effete companion**

— Stolen script metaphorically  
uguagli i sargassi/ umani fluttuanti alle  
cortine/ dei bambù mormoranti: All this  
de-scribing “sorrow” — 1, 2, 3  
images piled in suffocation

rending

counting caesuras (always spaces)  
scanning crowds (said better:  
*muchedumbres*) settling to holding

human algae, slime gripped  
webbed between digits for  
the numbering — mucous skinning  
air — (noun) a thready connection  
to weld him on me quivering  
two buds in a buttonhole  
forward  
disfi(n)gure gardening  
reading  
backhoe tool  
pointed line  
furrows

golgotha: cook only with water  
drizzled in olive oil  
washed with hair,  
piéta

(remorse for lack  
of an encounter blind  
eyes do they feel?) monument  
still, pillar cold & unmoving rods  
racked not be jitters or twitches \_\_\_\_\_?

now 1000s km away short of where  
E.M. penned Tristezza. Marble grasses  
sway not under toes, pressed up firm  
resistance. Maybe 4 prints made  
there — un polvo moreno  
lo que el viento puede  
llevar con el mismo  
a algunas locuras  
distantas: scattered

surfaces cast to 4 winds  
& me catching atoms  
from a sole rubbing  
— solitary vice —  
forgotten ruinous  
cobble, artfully  
designed by angled twistings  
at your oh so crucial point

: undreaming of me codeine naps  
collapse inside when forced  
awakening body  
reluctant to seize this day

*\*carne diem*

OPENING: a.m. ritual. Java coated  
throat mouthing tongues silently  
an art new  
or young  
(*nuevo* then *joven*)  
“que divide al público  
en estas dos  
clases de hombres:  
los que lo entienden  
y  
los que no lo entienden”  
— smashing conception  
74 years ago still holds my water.  
The primer is for this.

Yawn. Twinge  
gone & putting aside  
boyish games & yesteryear  
's books

\_ this is not a love song

\_ B v G gee ampersand "Good job" maybe  
a sticker stuck spot smiling (imbicility sunny:  
the prized gold\*) rewarding reflections  
of ages in which so little rewarded  
much ... such a shift

undisciplined  
eye lolligags  
voluptuosidad ... gestos  
... puras negaciones ...  
calidades masculinas (amused  
by an oh forced to be an ah by  
demand of what came  
before) thrust

aside skipping to the next  
language where to linger  
closer to your end  
of the Basin. Towels sundried  
but pushed back  
strained to merge  
sightlines, now distance  
dependent upon inner seeings

★ (CaT X  
caT X  
√ cat) "che..." (sɨ) "...mi fu tolta"  
but not torn, willing  
— & eager to go. Reminding:  
my tribe is small.

This admission isn't free:

eyes blighted still struggle  
upon spaces vacated  
where your hand's erased

Lesson

book smudges stars  
X, bear the mark (motion to the)  
& slip or slide into awe-full cloister  
dark spaces, purpose  
-fully inverted

\*¿Lo entiendes?

\_ human seaweed whipped into  
concupiscent curds  
: my broken gift to lacuna you

thrown the bones over  
& brought home in a litter  
(a burthen unwelcomed) ciego  
but gone again is rending  
strain of you across  
piping tilt-a-whirled melodies

& happily  
your foot slaps  
hobbled funeral marches somewhere  
at the other end of the tub

Stephen Potter

## **No Patient Journal**

infection or contagion—  
it's hard to know in “the cruelest month”  
among bright green succulents

athwart soft aloe spires  
stopped by their surge,  
the panic of life, of living—

this is what I meant to tell  
the swell, the urge charging  
changing lucent currents

riddled by this virus—  
wanting to tell you something articulate  
something absolutely precise.

*The Trustees in Spite of Themselves*, by Brian Lucas  
Neko Buildings, 1998, pp. 35, \$6.00 (Order through Angle Press below.)

The work in Brian Lucas's *The Trustees in Spite of Themselves* vibrates with a rare and measured elegance. These poems are disorienting in the best sense, meaning that they dwell in a world where "there is nothing beautiful about/ lucidity," and this lack of linear guidance forces the reader to pause at each step taken toward comprehension of the text. Capturing a luxurious tone reminiscent of Arthur Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell* or the work of Rene Char (who one of the poems here is both named after and dedicated to), these poems force a slower, more nuanced read where time "resonates outside always, always/ outside."

While shying away from overt narrative, these poems at the same time contain all that needs be said in each infinitely quotable fragment. This is not so much a process of distillation as one in which "[t]he remotest bit explains each/ dwindling age in a pairing/ of letters."

The nimbus— perhaps here both shifting storm cloud and the aura radiating from a divine presence— recurs throughout Lucas's work, and this image is an apt one. These poems avoid more standard descriptions of an event and instead focus on what could be described as the ephemeral aura surrounding the situation or place in time. This is a land where "[n]otations, in quickly shifting/ script scatter across fields."

More important here are the systems spied behind shifts in the weather or the growth of plants, processes which hint at a journey of "[s]urrendering mosaics stenciled upon the/ directions now faced." The shifting, unnameable core of our existence is offered in Lucas's work as "[o]ne inviting word a place to/ always begin," and these poems practically hum with this invitation.

— Chris McCreary

*Recent Releases From Brian Lucas's Angle Press:*

Spenser Selby, *The Big R*

1998, pp. 90, \$10

“Countless remnants/ put it down so you can/ question where questions/ have yet  
to enter,/ drift through intricate/ loops and corners/ to spy nakedness”

Patrick Monnin, *The Jeweled Chrysalis*

1998, pp. 18, \$3

“Sight diagrammed as a pyramid/ the apex being what's seen/ into a feel of all  
numbers/ blackening the indent/ with its layer.”

Garrett Caples, *The Dream of Curtains*

1998, pp. 13, \$3

“You know all these and yet here you are with/ your abacus, tallying immeasurable  
effects, besotted mathema-/tician you, scuttling crabbish mirthlessly, along oblique  
and/ graded lines, when you ought to bathe in arabesques.”

*Also from Angle Press:*

— *Angle* magazine, issues 1-5 — Brian Lucas, *Limber* —  
— Patrick Monnin, *Water Tower* — Brian Lucas, *Ganzfeld* —  
— Wayne E. Ludvickson, *Cosmic Rangers* —

Angle Press

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## Contributors

John M. Bennett's most recent books include *Door Door* (Ex Nihilo Press), *Know Other* (Luna Bionte Press), *Clown Door* (Marshall Creek Press), *The Seasons* (Spectacular Diseases), *Ridged*, *Poeta* (Juxta Press), *Cul Lit* (Potes & Poets Press), and *Prime Sway* (Texture Press). A major collection, *Mailer Leaves Ham*, will be published by Pantograph Press later in 1999. He edits the avant-garde writing and art journal *Lost and Found Times*.

Gregg Biglieri's chapbook *Profession* was recently published by Idiom Press, and another chapbook, *Roma*, is forthcoming from BeautifulSwimmer. His work currently appears in *Proliferation 5*.

Sherry Brennan lives in Centre Hall, PA and recently joined the State College Bird Club. Her chapbook *Taken* was published by primitive publications (Washington, DC), and another chapbook is forthcoming from Chicago's Propjet Press. Her work is forthcoming in *Object* and has recently appeared in *No Roses Review*, *Mass Ave*, *Situation*, and *tripwire*.

Mark Gaertner lives in Philadelphia. What, you've never heard of him?

Kristen Gallagher is employed as a community health educator and is currently a part-time graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania. She is the editor of handwritten press and also runs handwritten records. In addition to producing two radio series for WXPB, she also possesses many secret skills unknown to those outside of the area— she raps well, does a good imitation of a drunken pirate, sings just like Morrissey of The Smiths, and practices the oral tradition in addition to written poetries. She is a Sagittarius.

Daniel Hales is 33 1/3 of the Secure Hash Algorithm Quartet. Check out the S.H.Ar.Q. web site ([www.javanet.com/~juri](http://www.javanet.com/~juri)), especially if you're an available drummer.

Valerie Hanson's poems have appeared in *Volt*, *Boulevard*, *Mass Ave*, and *APR's Philly Edition*. She was a finalist for the Pew Fellowship of the Arts, Poetry in 1998, is a Senior Editor of *Boulevard*, and received her MA in Creative Writing from Temple University.

W.B. Keckler's most recent collection is *Recombinant Image Day*, published by Broken Boulder Press (Lawrence, KS). His work has recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Sulfur*, *Talisman*, *Explosive*, *Synaesthetic*, *key satch(el)*, and elsewhere.

Eric Keenaghan hails from Boston but prefers Los Angeles but lives in Philadelphia. He usually is strategizing the termination of his Ph.D. at Temple U. or watching "Buffy." He is currently working on translations of Spanish Surrealist Luis Cernuda and his own hybrid material. Recent publications include an article on Jack Spicer's translations of Federico Garcia Lorca in the British journal *The Translator*, as well as a fragment in "School-kill."

Chris McCreary is co-editor of ixnay press. His chapbook *Sansom Agonistease* was recently published by Potes & Poets Press.

Sheila E. Murphy's book-length manuscript "Letters to Unfinished J." was selected in a recent open poetry competition sponsored by Sun & Moon Press and will later be published by Sun & Moon. Among her many publications is *Falling in Love Falling in Love With You Syntax: Selected and New Poems* (Potes & Poets, 1997). Twelve years ago, she founded and continues to coordinate with Beverly Carver the Scottsdale Center for the Arts Poetry Series. Her home is in Phoenix.

Stephen Potter is a graduate of Temple University's writing program who is obsessed with finding the Medicis of poetry. A Philadelphia resident, his work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Mirage #4/Period[ical]*, *American Poetry Review*, and the anthology *Blood and Tears*, which grapples with the death of Mathew Shepard.

Ethel Rackin is an associate editor for *APR* and an MFA candidate at Bard College. She has work present and forthcoming in *Volt*, *Mass Ave*, and *Lingo*.

Don Riggs published his first poems in *The Pine Cone*, the in-house publication of Pinecrest Elementary School, in 1964. He appears regularly these days at Helena's Late Night Cabaret in Olde City, Philadelphia, and at the International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts in Fort Lauderdale, FL. He has also recently been assured that a poem of his will appear in *Painted Bride Quarterly*, and three of his calligrammes appeared in the deathbed issue of *xib*.

Mark Salerno is the author of *Hate* (96 Tears Press), a book of poems, and is the editor of *Arshile*.

James Stills lives in Philadelphia, teaches photography at Temple University, and spends his time trying to find a balance between dueling aesthetics.

Shawn Walker lives in West Philadelphia. The First Writers House Resident Coordinator (1996-1997), she returned to Philly after spending a year in England and now works as a staff member at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mark Wallace is the author of a number of books of poetry, including *Nothing Happened and Besides I Wasn't There* (Edge Books) and *Sonnets of a Penny-A-Liner* (Buck Downs Books). His collection "Temporary Worker Rides a Subway" won the 1998 New American Poetry Award and is forthcoming from Sun & Moon Press. He lives in Washington, DC, where he co-edits the poetry magazine *Situation*, runs the Ruthless Grip Art Project Experimental Poetry Series, and teaches writing and literature at The George Washington University and American University.

Magdalena Zurawski plays guitar in the band The Sleeves, and her poems have appeared in several other obscure journals.

*Also available from ixnay press:*

Frank Sherlock, *13*

1998, \$5

"Verse volume/ picked up/ by/ a child &/ thrown down/steps/ follows/ picked up again/ wipe off the meat/ with the citrus/ skins/ Word/ made pulp/ then sung among/ us"

Pattie McCarthy, *Octaves*

1998, \$4

"Stop. Violins. The games statues play./ Instead, bring out again childish things./ Read me to sleep, flee fallen Troy/ in bronze: the revisionist edition—/ We cannot wipe the fire from our faces."

*ixnay one*, fall/winter 1998, \$5

Featuring work by Anselm Berrigan, Barbara Cole, Buck Downs, Brett Evans, Greg Fuchs, Brian Lucas, Michael Magee, Pattie McCarthy, Jenn McCreary, Carol Mirakove, Frank Sherlock, Chris Stroffolino, Joseph Torra, and Kevin Varrone

