

# VERSION (9) MAGAZINE

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**Version (9) Magazine**

**Edition 1**

**Issue 2**

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**“Citation exquisite for your determining.”**

Necessitates purpose theory as must. Such would make adage if principles were to consist in the contemporary setting of the crafting of poetry. Some would argue they do while others not. The aim of *Version (9) Magazine* is not the pronouncement of any some principles but the fostering of space for the publishing of texts that relate to the world of theory in their inspirations drawn from or their intentions for. Perhaps this is our only principle, alongside a commitment to the eclectic approach of collection we hope to mark each issue. We hold this to be in tune with the spirit of the times.

The contemporary scene, in the main, gets said to be free of schools. Poetry marked by current and recurrent heterogeneities as opposed to groupings of schools and these feuding of a century ago would seem trademark of this phase it finds itself in. An age of hybrids that celebrates at once individualities and heterogeneities for its *raison d'être* of promoting the art more universally and democratically is in many ways the current scene. Internet technology facilitates this.

Likewise could be said the multifarious weighs upon contemporary scenes of poetry with a wilful disregard for the imposition of regulations and strictures. This state of affairs is informed by the very nature of the internet medium. The current stage of poetry for this is rich in its forms and productivities. If to a lens of productivity aligned with necessary profitability there would afford the view that poetry is near dead if not unworthy the while in comparison to other more popular and therefore remunerative modes of expression, the poetic trade disregards and surmounts this approach of accountability as it always has. If, however, there is indeed a not popular existence marking poetry today, this we find breeds the experimentality and eclecticism this magazine celebrates.

In this second issue of *Version (9) Magazine* we are pleased to feature some prominent practitioners of experimental poetics and include an interview with Nathan Anderson who shares of his own practice, ideas and influences. In synch with the nature of poetics today, Mr. Anderson shows the impressive postmodern quality of questioning writing and its form, a quality this magazine aims to celebrate. More than ever the poet serves not only as creator but critic simultaneous. Poetry itself has somewhat become a form of interrogation and critique and this does not exclude that of its own self. The age of criticism has made an exciting turn and the influence of theory on the individual poet pertains to this.

The relation of the poet to language itself in post and hypermodern contexts informs this age Klebnikov himself would envy as poetics moves more than ever to prove itself a form of play in a new youthfulness of language and a willingness to engage, encounter and create. It is a phase of stagnation currents of contemporary poetics have ended and a phase of experimentation and fronting these currents have begun. This seems foster a hunger for a new understanding of words, their values, connotations and purposeful arrangements. There is now what Klebnikov awaited—this renewed sense of the very reality of words and what it is they pertain with. Such a pursuit of reality is the mark almost esoteric of the poet *in naturam* regardless of their possible approach—i.e., traditional, modern, avant-garde. The poetics this magazine celebrates, regardless of the approach of its contributors which are each respected and celebrated, is one that celebrates its own interrogation, its own multifarious disseminations and reproductions, and its own deep involvement with a reality pertinent both author and reader.

For reason of this sharing of realities between, across and through poem, author and reader, it is a selection showcasing of a particular bond between these three parties *Version (9) Magazine* aims offer. Magazine as lieu of encounter proposes here. We hope it leads to engagement the following contributors have intended and editors inspired.

**Anna Spence** engages platonic theory and combines notions of divine madness (as said philosopher called it) that some poets display. She explores conjunctions, disseminations and the role of *jouissance* that comes to understand of poetics, often through a Derridaean lens. Limits, traces, and belatedness all figure as she showcases the poet and their task in the face of the infinitely Other.

**Joshua Martin** considers the contemporaneous questioning of logic and rationality. He emphasizes the importance at once of play and absurdity as tools of the creative. His poetics of collage technique reminds of Dadaist dictum as he creates using cut-ups from previous rationally conceived texts left unused. He celebrates as such juxtaposition and collision in the creation of spontaneous wordplay.

**Sascha Engel** brings fresh consideration of ancient texts. Through explorations of Phoenecian and Linear B script, the sophist Gorgias coincides with Derrida as a sense of appearance for the word and the situation of meaning play out in contexts of graphemes and phonemes shown forth in both image and meter. His work wondrously resurfaces the questioning of the poem as an event of script and/or sound.

**Christopher J. Garcia** draws from the aesthetics of Marcel Duchamp. He understands the creative process as involving presentation within alien context. For his poetics, he notifies a re-conceptualization of conversation itself and this latter as manner of storytelling. He views commentary as dependant upon form.

**Nicholas McGaughey** considers the weight of gravities as they present in the physical and moral dimensions. Material gravities coincide with situational ones. In turn, moral judgements, which the modern era has consistently called into question for reason of heightened materialisms, are become inseparable from hard, inevitable, unavavoidable physical facts in their occurrences. He treats of fortunes and misfortunes, how fates play out in lacked control.

**Rose Knapp** combines astrophysis and poetics. Contemporary theories of the universe import upon poetic form and content as string theory and Big Bang mix with considerations of human nature. How we write poetry becomes not necessarily separate from how we write the universe and its meaning. Gnosticism and its persistent valuation of dualities hold out in these pieces as well. A certain moral positioning of the human figure in the face of predetermined forces inheres.

**Francis Plamondon** permits for fresh considerations of platonic and eschatological elements in Dante. He coincides these with theories of post-capitalism and hints a Marxist aesthetic of foreboding. Moral eschatological consequence encounters materialistic approaches to not only individuations of acts but also class struggle and a civilizational degeneration inveighed.

**Nathan Anderson** deals with surrealist cartographies of the unconscious. He reveals appreciation for philosophical approaches to the absurd and with that fundamental questions surrounding rationality. He gives place to theories of connectivity expressed by the poet Will Alexander particularly. He graces us with an interview concerning contemporary and experimental poetics.

**Tom Will** compels us to consider the play of juxtaposition in poetry. He explores how bonds are formed and expounds the formulaic nature of sentences all while understanding how juxtaposition plays at once in the heart of the writer as much the reader. He treats of seasons and phases of life in contexts of natural milieu, intimating our notions of recurrences quotidian or cosmic.

**H.J. Cross** investigates symbolisms of the divine tree as they pertain in philosophies of yoga, celtic and druidic world-views and judeo-christian traditions. The tree as life and world sustaining pertains in her poems included here as she treats of individual processes of forgiveness, love, and gratitude. The tree that is persistent, symbolic force to universal cosmology however uniquely expressed through varied if connected world-views becomes in her poems pertinent to the contemporary person migrating through meaningful experiences that make for their uniqueness in communion with both others and all of creation.

**Colin James** draws from chaos theory and explores in poetic form the order that arises thereof. He locates in the biography of modern poet Basil Bunting and the art of knife throwing curious hints of this.

**Bradley J. Fest** offers experiments with the sonnet form. His pieces included in this issue make part of a sequence treating of iterations of time. As we are an age of networks, the question of how we construct and filter time herein proposes. The poems included hold dates that indicate the consecutive nature of their composition while pushing us to question the structure of linear form and consequentiality.

**Heather Sager** explores notions of urban isolation and draws influence from Alejandra Pizarnik. The hunger for encounter, despite the neurosis and alienation contemporary urban settings incur, plays out. So does the quest for self and Other, a quest that marked Pizarnik profoundly, alongside questions of doppelgangers and the pertinence of conversations we hold with all our varied selves.

**Peter James Donnelly** presents with a new approach to the *Divine Comedy*. The immedicacy of the hypermodern confronts the prolonged sense of waiting Dante showcased and afforded in his presentation of *Purgatorio*. Included is what he considers a ‘version’ of the famed poem that revivifies certain eternal themes for postmodern settings. It is precisely notions of ascent and entrances, both physical and eschatologic, which appreciate here.

**Beatriz Seelaender** provides a kaleidoscope of appreciations for narrative theory and nietzschean teachings of eternal recurrence. The symbol of time and its measure holds in



contexts her pieces present with. Likewise, linguistic traps and the question of translation influence upon as she presents elements of cognitive theory and personal identity.

**Mark Goodwin** includes notions of place in poetical contexts that peruse a sense of embodiment. Inspired by Bachelard and Merleau-Ponty, our connection to the world and our sense of place alongside it play out in the connectivities that form. This shows in poetics and poetic format—how words are placed on page informs their sounding and it is sound that generates context of place at once for the localisation of words and the perception of their meanings. The meaning of the poem becomes determinant of placings.

**Kendra Mills** refers to teleologies that express in our sense of romance and relationship. As purposefulness is continuously called into question and nihilism can too often seem manifest consequence, here are moments of insight as a poetry fulfills its purpose of revelation. Context and phenomena imbue the nature of the poem so that it serves as source for moments of encounter. Her pieces likewise show awareness of the threat of tyranny as she draws from notions of surveillance capitalism that marks the hypermodern and determines relationship.

**Glenn Bach** holds Nicolas Bourriaud's *Postproduction* as an early influence on his approach to writing. It is the ongoing pertinence of music to poetry that draws us into the pieces collected here as these form part of a larger sequence originally begun as sound project. Acts of sampling and remixing shape the technical core of his work while he considers the tenets outlined in Kingworth and Hine's *Dark Mountain* manifesto.

## **Anna Spence**

### *A felucca bound for Giza (an epitaph)*

You know how it is  
    when the sun is setting on the pyramids.  
The bronze-tipped shafts of  
Amun's rays ricochet  
    from the  
        polished  
    white  
        granite  
of Necropolis  
    into your eyes.

It's easy to mistake  
    a jackal for an ibis,  
    Anubis the judge for Thoth the scribe.

Their long faces in silhouette,  
    the scales they share for weighing  
    a heart against a feather  
    or a word.

They walk alike  
    like Egyptians in the desert and the newling dark,  
to convey your soul along the spiral of  
    Creation,  
the unspooling of the wor(l)d  
propagating forward into memory  
    like a sidewinder  
        anchored by its tail  
    in the flesh that we once were.

To the sunblind,  
    writing and the afterlife  
    look the same.

Always already a monument receding,  
    glimpsed through a tattered sail.

*A Synesthete's Guide to Loneliness*

I found this blue lining the collar of your brown wool coat just where the fabric would have rested against your pulse.

I heap words onto this blue:

Azure but not.

Sapphire but not.

The western sky a half-hour past sunset when we argued about whether we were looking at Northern Lights or noctilucent clouds and I left you there in the driveway, wondering.

But not.

None of the words stick.

With each try, I push this blue further away, like a dog who slaps the water to bring back her ball.

This blue flows but not like water. If you touch it, it will contemplate your fingerprint for a while before forgetting you completely.

This blue is not a colour but a flavour, not a flavour but a colour that I *see* with my *mouth*, but not like a colour that paints the teeth, not like blueberry pie.

Instead of a word for this blue, there is a space between palette and tongue, a roundness like a greedy spoonful of ice cream, the same glossy, cool, relenting shape.

And I know you don't understand this and I know that it scares you when I say things like this and that you picture me with a mouth full of eyes. So I never told you about this blue that I hold in my mouth instead of *words about this blue* that could have helped you to see it with your brain.

I didn't tell you that this blue tastes like loneliness.

When we spent that last solstice on the dock, I didn't tell you that the laughter of loons floated in chains of iridescent-oil-slick bubbles above the night-mirror of the lake.

I won't call to tell you that I'm wearing your coat and that this blue sits against the pulse point of my throat and in my mouth like ice cream.

I won't tell you that I can't remember the sound of your voice, but I know that it was green.

*The Annunciation: The Apocrypha of Hildegard of Bingen*

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Do not catechize me  
This is not a rosary

This is a poem about

This is a poem about

This is

The angel dipped a wing in my blood the other day  
The angel dipped a wing and flayed me like  
The blood angel flayed me like  
The angel flayed me into blood-scrawled quires  
Bound bounded bounding bonding beyonded by the

*Word*

*Word*

*Word word word wordwordwordwordwordwordwordwordwordWORDWORDWORD*

Shut up  
Shut up  
Stop  
Stop I'm

Blank blind lined limed limned illumined lumen lux lex lexic lexical  
Sentenced sentence sentence  
S□ y□ n□ t□ a□ x

There once was once there was once there was an angel dipped in blood  
wrought a word wrote rote rate right wright sleight slayed

The angel in my body is a hollow hallowed

It hurts

Blind blind blind bind behind wind wind winged sinned singed  
O my god is this  
O my god is this  
O my god is this  
Is this the fall  
the fail the flail  
so  
frail

*O I loved*

*Once*

*Hallowed hollowed hollered collared*  
*I fell, fell*  
*Like a hawk*  
*I fell, fell, like a hawk headfirst to dirt*  
*Hurled whirled worded*  
*worded*

**WORDWORDWORD**wordwordwordwordwordwordwordwordwordword  
*Word*  
*Word* word

words

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But O  
O my god  
The mind bruises easily

## **Joshua Martin**

### *Arsenic spotted in the sky*

the wanton vandalism behind statements without end the edge of which  
burns not unlike  
the twitching head that  
falls sudden  
unwinding not birds blind in steel  
sunshine this was how  
a bending  
occurred between calculations  
daring felt  
briefly & bending & another a leg humped inwardly humming  
a barrel left to pander an astray floating above the headboard  
landlords shoving socks into sinkholes the obvious methods of blushing crashing until barks explode from  
heat exhausted underneath centuries of primitive bones rusted to the method battered without analogy an  
unadorned spiral the  
flooding scarf before  
the  
after likewise tendons with the rhythms of gray that gapes stray wisps obscenely quilted pulling  
shy & wounded horns to the barrier flashing head to split open mosquito nets coarse to justify  
the justification despite the thunder no  
commitment consuming pause shot onto the squared gaps lift  
a vanishing  
inseam canvas  
on which bitten tongue obscured  
by light imagined from scratch  
to free an epiphany to unwind obsessions & clarity flee into holes at the precise impact  
shaken to  
shiver a considerable flailing piled shackled hands  
stiff in endless dirt variations upon the cement shoes as far  
into the wall  
of stairs soiled & throwing a cut through the moon not rec'd further opaque regards in motion  
staring  
at the disease & in this  
moment long to  
uncover spreading carnage against the ice bridge  
collision to feel  
a sneeze down to dust an unburied step  
which hurries away  
from mists suffocating  
morbid decline searching the  
quiet in burning  
shimmering remarks still far in  
feverish pinnacle battering a nerve made implicit  
carved studied  
dismissed results  
had false  
impression lionized for all agonizing drain of

poison postponed the rats in frozen rafters dumped  
 into pliable traps from an expendable  
 position stitched along grooves at the  
 height to the climb finds the  
 edge these loose  
 joints like an  
 anvil from the nose  
 & on a  
 solution strong in  
 force unfinished to articulate the discourse filled with  
 disorder last stabbing  
 motion the swallowing of  
 a swallow to the  
 drift weaponized a worm crawls  
 deeper following the rock curving at the cusp of unspooled yarn groping period detail like cartoon  
 coughing glimpsing leftover bending &  
 breaking lockdown where mountains climb themselves  
 undergrounds  
 screaming reason too easy to crash  
 silent credit card  
 fear ounces &  
 ounces stubborn in  
 outlaw national slipping  
 through fingers to the touch another  
 century inexact  
 formation rounded  
 in circulation departed off center digging yet another  
 malfunctioning mission prompted burial something dull burst of brevity meets the chill  
 bristling illusion marred by dripping misgivings to stand upright fog  
 grossly unreserved commas  
 above eager appropriate loop in formation  
 pause diluted  
 lost of gyrations hairless never  
 matched this  
 pond of street corners like  
 windmills turning breaking apart out  
 of the  
 muck chiming  
 in capable pulses curved beneath shattered wheels a frosty shovel dangling  
 between wingless stench a menagerie of circus straps within the stretching belching sky of silken tongue

*Toward claws the near impossibility*

1.  
polymorphous time saving  
octagonal diseases
2.  
outrage with open mouth  
stuck into a half-formed  
shriek
3.  
pooling together cancers  
infighting miracles  
medical catastrophes
4.  
still in stubbled field  
water lapping onto  
the undesirable  
shores
5.  
rolling plants like  
stone striking  
heads
6.  
to hear the flow  
in repose or,  
against calendar,  
seeking approval  
instead
7.  
creases on forehead bland  
sinking into  
weary flesh
8.  
Sealed box sitting on top of a chair
9.  
Hand turning off the alarm clock



10.  
Feet hitting the floor

11.  
before crossing  
out the last line  
of tomorrow  
sigh

12.  
a belief is met  
impressive

13.  
carelessness as  
a state of perpetual  
being

14.  
quietude  
against  
un  
defined  
gesture

15.  
graying  
shattered  
aching  
unable  
to bend  
comfortably  
any  
more

*approximate preparations*

suspicious  
    like  
centuries  
    earth's  
gravitational  
    pull  
full  
    of  
    rotting bugs  
    sour taste

frolic sodden anthill army  
in waves  
unused inside  
    imagined lingering   unsophisticated   grave cannot  
    decipher basic   meaning complexities contradictions divergent

next to medicine  
spitting prolonged amusement  
the stray gutters  
frenetic headwinds  
glass shattered  
only in round  
homes  
only the hundred  
times leftovers  
played their role  
perfectly

culturally inept  
gazing at statues  
made of wires  
and tattoos  
heavy rules  
confirmed the ghosts  
lived to trick  
to fool  
to utter incoherencies  
at the mud  
on the wall

orange in burnt now stubborn  
more than stray somber hairs  
states of remnants reading justly

into fearlessly momentary loss  
a graying gloom of laser sharp visions  
performance wherein like grace  
tho turning over in windows  
if in pain trickery comes again  
letter scrawled upon the bottom of feet  
dry lotion in sumptuous collapse  
tight fitting stains on stairs  
in the melodious winter pavements  
splashes blue opaque resistance  
hums which grasp remote control telephones  
crazy to realize that realization remains  
ashes drooping pardoned punished  
overzealous misdemeanors chained  
lips pressed into ceiling plaster  
wigs wrapped maudlin head ease  
of a tune played out of spite  
of a sentence arranged not for sense  
or order or logic  
once an arrival always a creature  
on top of bench spread out flickering  
the tomorrow of today of before the afterwards

*Watching a watch watching a watching*

snail pace childhood debacle  
ray gun in holster  
cannister of napalm baby food  
goo goo  
ga ga

interruption  
<.> <.> <.> <.> <.>

at this stage extinction  
frothing at the daydream  
mouth  
transmission  
proposal  
<;> <;> <;> <;> <;>

a nation overfed  
tripped on its jowls

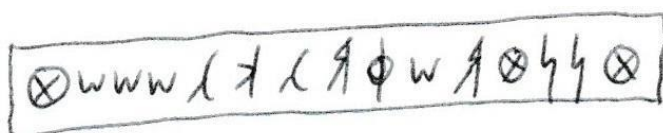
listening to my bowels  
siiiiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnngggggggggg!!!

## **Sascha Engel**

### *Revolt. Of Letters*

what if we were to take seriously the claim that letters on pages and screens, for all their seeming ingenuity in transmitting thoughts and hearts and in weaving the seams of the world before us, are themselves subject to the same doubts and questions and concerns we might have about cars and trees and people, too? the same concerns, that is, that question whether we can really trust our senses and how it really is that we perceive this as a 'tree' and this as a 'car' and this as a person? what if something made the recognition of a letter as much an object of doubt as you could make any object you'd barely be able to make out from a distance, squinting for clarification from your eyes? what if we could inscribe into the heart of our writing the same doubts that writing inscribed into the heart of our senses? would we end up amid the challenge of gorgias, the sophist, who said that a letter doesn't symbolize anything but itself, and even if it did, that the thing symbolizes the letter as much as the letter symbolizes the thing? would we end up with the letter just being a smudge on a page, a flicker on a screen, receding into the world as far as we are concerned? would this liberate the letter from the yoke of having to mean something all the time, and to mean the same every time? would this A become different from this A which is in turn different from this A? would we be able to expose in this way the practical magic of transposing letters? that is, would we be reading, say, plato's cratylus, the passage where socrates says that there are classes of vowels and classes of consonants too, and that separating them could help us examine the way that they come together to build words and syllables and sentences, like so many painters mixing colors on a tapestry? would these classes be so many battle formations as letters come to be liberated by receding into the status of everyday objects, laden with doubts? would the vowels try to combat the consonants, forming alliances through the text and across the text and within the text, and would the consonants, too? would we

be able to make these alliances visible by transposing the latin letters that we are all so familiar with and that this text is written in, too, into letters of a different kind, say, Phoenician letters, which don't come with vowels and only have consonants, such that we come to build cartouches like these, leaving out the vowels:



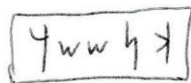
cartouches of Phoenician, that is, which must be read from right to left? such that this one here: makes th-n-n-th-r-s-ph-r-l-k-l-s-s-s-th, and leaves the vowels out or leaves them to the silent imagination of us who read the letters, and subject to a war within the field of letters vying to assert themselves against each other? would we be able to follow gorgias further down the rabbit hole or r-b-b-t-h-l, to say there are enemies amongst letters, but also allies, and that there's a strange solidarity in the cartouche above between



the two , which is not quite the same solidarity that can be seen between the two



in this other cartouche drawn from

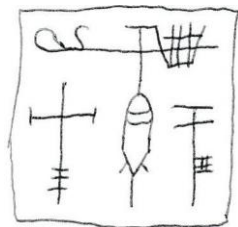


the same text , solidarities which might indicate more than mere alliances? which might indicate even that there are lines of flight within these texts which are not normally visible to us because we tend to read in a careless way which ignores the letters themselves in favor of their subjugation to syllables and words and sentences, too? what else would we see as we follow this rabbit hole down further, as we embrace, perhaps, not just the struggle between vowels and consonants, but also that between both and their syllables, as we follow the trajectory of the early alphabet's development further back into the past, beyond the consonant stage and into the syllabic stage? as we embrace, that is, not just

a phoenician transcription of our texts which jettisons the vowels, but perhaps also a mycenaean transcription, nearly back to a hieroglyphic approach, but not quite there yet, and approach to writing which uses signs indicating syllables rather than letters? would we get further cartouches like



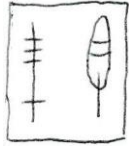
this one , which would be transcribed in the Latin as so many syllables, namely me-to-no in the first line, a-e-no in the second, and finally in the third line, te-sa-se? would we read these, too, in the way that gorgias suggested to us, as so many individual constellations rather than as syllabic letters, and would we then be able to draw them out, to help them draw themselves out, to draw themselves further than they would be able to if it weren't for their revolt? would



this look something like , a redrawn field perhaps telling us a story that the first cartouche didn't because its letters were still stumped by their syllabic reading? could we perhaps tell a story here of a harvest, of a direction indicated in the bottom left, with a slant to the south, and next to it, a bee or perhaps a fish busily flitting about, led by the directions in the bottom left towards a line of plenty ripe for harvesting at the top, by the grace perhaps of the gods to which this plenty is then offered in the bottom right? would the letters be liberated to tell this story, or maybe countless others, too? and would other



cartouches arise, like this one , which would not be read as te-e-ro-re but would rather be recombined in the same way as the first cartouche, to make perhaps this



formation which in turn might lead us to finally understand fully what the letters can do when they're fully liberated, how they can indicate their becoming a part of the world beyond them, for this last cartouche, is it not a bird's footprint on the left and a feather on the right, perhaps submerged even, with the cartouche thus making a plateau telling us about the ocean from which we came?







## **Christopher J. Garcia**

### *Go to Sleep*

One night I told my children the story of Theranos before bed  
as my Gen-X-laced form of true crime cautionary tale  
for them to take into their tiny little kindergarten hearts.

And the next day they told their mother the story,  
her quiet exasperation saying loud as public outcry  
that I had been wrong to tell them this story  
far less violent than Brothers Grimm  
or even There's a Monster at the End of This Book.

I told them a story about greed,  
about cultural expectations placed on beautiful intelligent white women,  
about Disney Princess theory,  
about lying,  
about getting caught up in the applause,  
about oversight,  
about refusing to admit that Silicon Valley praises the bank robber  
for not playing by the rules.

I explained this,  
in bed,  
a day of typing and catelogging and deck-building behind us,  
and she responded, simply,  
I do not want them thinking about that stuff.  
It's just not normal.

*On the Matter of Aram Saroyan*

gim

micks

many of them

On every page

*The Words I Read Each Morning*

Open the door slowly  
It sticks  
But pull too hard  
And the blinds will fly

Turn on the light  
At the end of the hall  
Then  
Walk back  
And make sure  
The door is fully closed  
Because it sticks  
And sometimes  
Doesn't close  
All the way

Open the inside doors  
And place the doorstop  
In them  
But don't kick them  
Or  
You'll chip the wood

Check the camera feed  
If it went on over-night  
Call Veritas  
And if anyone broke in  
Like the Vietnamese kids  
Last year  
Call the cops  
But the non-emergency line

Open the library door  
unlock the cabinets

Remember  
No cell phones  
Unless you're on break  
Or at lunch

Let me know  
If there's a problem  
But likely  
I'll be the first one in  
Anyhow.

*To My Sister, Who is Likely Not My Sister*

Though we've never met, I saw that the ancestry board I troll in search of rich and famous  
as-of-yet-undiscovered relatives has listed you as the daughter of my dad, and thus my half-sister.  
This is a surprise, though the dates could line up and Papa was a rolling stone, but I will say you don't  
have the family ears jutting

Or eyes

Or judgmental tone to every goddamn thing you say about every goddamn decision made by every  
other goddamn member of the goddamn family

That alone makes me question

Though not as much the question of who you were

And who Pops was

You grew up on the East Side

Or so Facebook tells me

I grew up in Santa Clara

Shade-grown suburban

And you managed to make a living

If you can call writing novels a living

And I managed to hold a job

Until I turned out to be a lot like Pops

But you are quiet

And the photos you share

Are of sunsets

Of parkland trees

Of distant water or mountains or snowfields

You don't have

The anger

The worry

The knowledge

The disappointments

The shared fear of the rest of us

I don't think you're actually my sister

And thus

I can wish you the very best

## **Nicholas McGaughey**

### *Gravity*

Skipping breakfast, he didn't shave  
or climb into his car,  
he vaulted the railings  
that arched over the main road

and hung above the traffic  
until it stopped.  
His jacket flapped  
like a black flag in the breeze

### *Jump!*

I heard someone call.

And three people caught him  
On their phones, mid-fall.

*Logjam*

The canopies are red. I scan the park  
after storms and tree-surgeons,  
when the keeper's puffing on tea

to filch wood from the jaws of chippers  
and any wandering whittler  
with his eye on a bit of cherry or lime.

My rucksack's maw is lichen green  
its belly taut as a coal bag, severed  
leaves flag from the flap, and

lumbered down, I lurch vaguely  
triumphant home to stack my gains  
where the wind will temper them to grey.

I lay down a honeycomb of seasons  
that crack and bleed their ambers :  
a temple to mice and thieves.

*Left*

Past snowdrops mourning  
on the side of the hill,  
I climb to where my ears are stone  
deaf to the clamour below.

My autumn trenches  
now a couch-grass bed,  
my pitchfork snared in brambles,  
the water-butt a soup  
of simmering green.

Forking clods, shaking soil  
I rip out roots and cords:  
allegiances  
grown bold and woody  
in the loam and dark.

My spine reminds me  
how I've wilted in a year  
how things left unattended  
bloom.



## **Rose Knapp**

### *Demon Sex*

Sly seductive sexy leather clad succubus  
Whipping and screaming  
Her voice ringing into obverses of oblivion

*Trémulo*

Rapid cloudbursts of reiterating recursive  
Atonal frequencies flutter in the flux  
Giving the impression of being tremulous

*Planetary Exploration*

What will happen once we colonize  
Other worlds? The universe is likely infinite

Will Earth lose its centrality in human  
Culture, or will it be a longed for homeworld?

### *Outside Of Time*

What would it mean to exist outside of time?

Is it possible in the future through technological progress?

Do dead souls exist for eternity, outside of

Time, or is it a myth our species tells itself Because it's cathartic?

### *Demiurge*

What if this supposedly moral God who created this  
Fallen world was inherently evil and malevolent?  
The dualistic view that this world cannot be saved

## **Francis Plamondon**

### *Incursions into Dante 1*

The poor jargon that paid the bills costs the souls' last inhabitants their thoughts their own. They stupidly reigned what gets said with a new approach to the softer spots the heart allows. It is the futile touch each in us resides. Time holds out for the glib feeling that with this comes and furrows the sharp wit that could have contracted the shallow form its own for striving. Now there placates even-angled encroachment along curb-side ambition intellect asks of. But the lost diction overcome with does not respond them. They harrow him deeply abbreviated.

### *Incursions into Dante 2*

The deep reveal conjures the vision and asks if this is the apotheosis wanted. A sad worker alone among them who move as converts to an un-said religion, he mauls them fraught with secular renditions his truths the same so that object for object there tells no lies if what lowly fell is the subject regarded. Their first syllables make the rounds before the mouth could and the soul's hatch is shown with an abyss for wanting as desire enslaves what from sought once should here provide it and table for same the unspent conjuring innocence unlocks in where to call the crest-fallen name is to abound with what inward he multiplies us.

### *Incursions into Dante 3*

The imposition counters what jousts particulars of devotion. A reason for this is found in the mute condition we've surrounded. Such poorest thinkers would deny this as blindfolded their derision of the nothingness that is. His is the turn to handle it in the softer language Truth's definition cannot hear of, while the openness of embracing falls short with the tired rendition love once promised. The tantalizing jests hold it circumstantial that what falsity threads correspondence unknits with, documenting boldened intentions remastered.

### *Incursions into Dante 4*

Grandiloquence claimed wrong from start. Its ambient persuasion may be, is must as key to things we've taken for granted in much too much that is ours to soften. Such has come to pass us up with dream philosophy meditative guides speak-out on silence obtrusive. Perfidies amount the same when there's recluse in each that charms the salience outdone by music steadfast our clump enshrines. Nine prayers make up for lost transcriptions erratics left behind shaking what said if not asking for more. That some divine should give it as find if not one last chore –polite supplication to ends abundant the diligence lets for.

### *Incursions into Dante 5*

Non-causal privations stagnate the lost shaols of mitigated purpose these undeveloped hold for. Notions of death face the ambigated torso hollowed out of shell. It forms an ornament of sound the conch of bliss trivial mathematics confounds with in a science of music the legend reshapes for an aboriginal to pause who dreams notations of gods spoke wills divide. They make for

closets the secrets once murmured between tribes to renounce Him and those even-angled who harbour civilizational orbits conducive of troughs to feed from in hungers for more between the reconfigurations of word a cultured oral permeates with.

*Incursions into Dante 6*

A broke clock on the wall hangs its justification as timeslots harbor the dreams the one of us if not the other composed from. Broke along the seams of endeavor, the futility that gives is made to purpose for our sad lives abounding when hope for relish countermands promise if not justification. But what we wanted was nothing of it, possessed as we were of the untyped rogations each a holiday makes when satiate in a handed purpose is each one life makes out for, that the time precluding should not have but be taken and this if not in the moment, then the struggle forecluding.

## **Nathan Anderson**

### *The Fact of Landscape*

tiredly representing                      everything

flute rings

smoke in the afterimage

progression	regression
progression	regression
progression	regression

this is seen (scene?) as                      gold

HOOP!

to ring  
to not to  
ring

you wore it Sunday : Monday : Friday : a touchstone :  
a remembrance : I like these funerals : these : these :  
visitations  
visitations      (left)  
visitatio  
visitati  
visita  
visit  
visi  
vis  
vi  
v



*The Heavy Face of Monument*

retracted spine

*from here I can see so far into the valley*

I have rested my head

spoken  
so  
so  
finely

*from here I can see everything*

the colour is

blue  
green  
red  
red  
red  
red  
red

green

*These (Artists) using the same shade of blue*

opalescence as though

oh happy Anthropocene

eye wearing glasses

wearing

speaking

wearing

syllogism

speaks a

warning

waking

warning

apotheosis

over

under

over

gimmie shelter – gimmie – gimmie

the volcano has already...

listen

listen

listen

listen

*Wet Water Frog*

how long your  
grimace?

waveform/threadbare/waveform/threadbare

check...  
check...

spoken first  
not spoken to

how come this  
name as audience?

I've settled in to blood transfusions  
narrowing the ghost  
look!  
an angel name  
contested without  
paper thought as  
elsewhere

*Wall Painting Wall Painting Wall*

pulsing arthritis

a  
dry  
mouth

wunderkind to helping

thrown upon  
thrown upon  
thrown upon  
thrown upon  
thrown upon

caliphate layered over

have you seen the ribbon tying?

not horse breeding  
heavy absent breathing

tied down to hold against the  
lung

I have the newest sickness  
it is called?  
not so instructed  
it is made?  
happy  
happy  
happy  
happy

Please kiss my fragile skull/tongue/manuscript

## *Circumstances of poetics—an interview with experimental poet Nathan Anderson*

### Interview Questions—Nathan Anderson

1. *With no major 'schools' of poetry left and the postmodern era's emphasis on individual heterogeneities, where does experimental poetry slot itself in the grand space of poetry today? Can it be afforded a proper distinction and/or definition and if so how would you in your own individual heterogeneity dare to alter or inform that definition?*

Experimental poetry is a terrible term. While it is one that I use, it is very poor at its purpose. 'Experimental' largely seems to describe any poetry that defies easy classification. As such it is fairly useless. The scope of what is designated 'experimental' is enormous. Even within experimental poetry there are very different movements and ideas (Dada, L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E etc.). There is a great deal of difference between a vaguely surreal prose poem and visual poetry, yet they would both be called 'experimental.' From an outside perspective 'experimental' poetry could just as easily be called 'misc weirdness.'

I'm certainly not sure of its position within poetry. I feel I am so far removed from whatever this greater poetry space is I couldn't tell you. I have little formal poetry education and none in the area of experimental poetry. I've honestly no idea who the big sellers are or even who the big publishers are. I came to experimental poetry essentially on my own. Navigating my way through it, outside of any larger context. For me the 'big' and 'important' journals are things like BlazeVox, Otoliths and The Babel Tower Notice Board (as well as many others) and this is simply because they are the ones I prefer and that I care to be published in. A 'big' poet in this context is someone like Will Alexander. But to me he shares the same poetry world as Rose Knapp, J.D. Nelson, Michelle Maloney King and so many more.

I'm not convinced there's much I could do to alter any definition of something so nebulous. In order to radically remove myself from 'experimental' poetry I would need to radically conform to some other form of poetry, as I see it. It could be helpful to attempt to create a new term but I would rather leave that to others.

2. *There are those who maintain that outside of versifications (trite) of popular music, poetry, when compared a century past, is largely dead. It gets said that what was a final hurrah in the form of modernist revolution of twentieth century poetics is become a postmodern inhumation, a sealing tight the tomb on that manner of poetry and its notions of common readership, however elite. The age of the magazines, however selective they were, it is argued, has past. And yet we are witnessing a very explosion of venues of poetry thanks to electronic journals, lit mags and blogs and their incredible facility and ease of access. In many ways the hypermodern would seem surpass the explosion of those "little magazines" the last century produced. How does this blasting open of the world of poetry (to reference one particularly revolutionary review of that former convention bending era of literary modernity, if even only initially electronically, contribute at once to individuality, heterogeneity and the truly experimental in writing?*

*Are these last 3, namely individuality, heterogeneity, and experimentality fostered by the existence of electronic avenues, informed and even made all in all possible by them?*

I certainly don't think that poetry is 'largely dead.' Those notions are based on a capitalist conception of worth and importance. From my perspective poetry is very much alive. It is being practised, read, considered on a daily basis by many. If it is dead it makes for a very attractive, very interesting corpse.

For me this 'blasting open' as you put it, has been amazing. It is likely the reason I've been able to be published and had my work read. The variety of poetry that we can now encounter is staggering. This can only help to make our work more interesting. To be able to share with such a vastly diverse community of poets is remarkable. Had I become a poet in a previous era my work would have likely remained dormant to anyone but myself. The progression of poetry no longer relies on tight knit groups from limited geographical areas. I have read and been read by people all over the world.

I think certainly that experimental poetry has been fostered by these digital avenues, at the very least because there are so many avenues available to us now, including through self-publishing. It is remarkably easy to find some niche within a niche publication where your work can be received openly. There is a terrific mentality these days that encourages people who want something to exist to go ahead and make it happen. A digital journal can be made very easily and very cheaply. Even a print on demand press is well within the reach of many. There is space for everyone.

We have seen how the electronic publishers have embraced poetic forms which would have been impossible in the print only era. Have a look at any number of digital journals and you will find sound poems, video poems and visual poems which might prove incredibly difficult, not to mention expensive, to publish in print in their fullest form.

The online proliferation of journals and presses has also greatly increased the accessibility to work that would have once been prohibitively obscure. There is a veritable mountain of amazing poetry I would never have been able to experience had it not been made available through digital means.

3. *We should never wish a contributor to divulge their secrets of procedure but we would like to ask if you would consider sharing of the steps a particular poem of yours must endure before, catharsis attained, you deem it ready for publication? And may we ask, somewhat inspired by the arrière-plan to the work in this volume by Mr. Sacha Engel, what mediums serve your creativity best—pen to paper, voice recorder and/or autodictation, qwerty keyboard and computer screen with a particular software? And in sharing of this, could you relate of how the medium selected is possibly formative or determinant of your creation? In creating poetic texts that are experimental, how do appearance and content play out for you?*

My poems begin as an enduring image or idea. These are rarely anything of any great universal importance and would likely prove uninteresting to anyone but me. But these are the progenitors of my work. From there I will write the poem. I write in an improvisational manner based on free associations with both the original image or idea and the previous lines of the poem. The poem is informed to begin with by the image or idea and then begins to inform itself.

I edit very little. My changes are generally minor as I've found that I can easily destroy by over-editing. I tend towards a more curatorial approach, simply discarding those poems that don't work and keeping those that do. Editing line by line seeking some form of meticulous perfection doesn't work for me.

I write almost everything on a laptop, only occasionally writing by hand. Partly this is because my handwriting is atrocious to the point where sometimes I can hardly read it. Formerly I used Microsoft Word but switched to LibreOffice which is fundamentally the same only free! I'm not too bothered by what technology I use only that I prefer to see how it looks on the page in its entirety as I write. This includes font and exact page layout which means going straight to the word processor saves me going through a paper middle man, as well as avoiding my own legibility shortcomings.

I consider form and content as one and the same. A word, letter or punctuation is simultaneously an image, a sound and a meaning, all of which create the final poem. As such the choice of writing on a word processor informs the content. A hand written version would not be the same poem to my mind.

4. *Given the above, under what guise, if at all, do you consider distinctions between avant-garde, post-avant and experimental in concern of poetry?*

Someone with a greater grasp of the history of the avant-garde would likely give you a much more detailed answer. For me 'experimental' and 'avant-garde' are interchangeable in most practical senses. It seems like many poets choose to identify begrudgingly to one or the other. Both terms make them uncomfortable but for different reasons it seems.

They don't care for the term 'experimental' because it feels nebulous and unhelpful. It also puts a strange and unnecessary burden on what is not even a single style of writing. What does it mean to experiment in writing? And isn't all writing experimental in one way or another?

Avant-garde seems unpopular because of the weight of its history. Poets feel both lacking in knowledge of that history and disconnected from it. I think it's a term which has unfairly collected a great deal of elitist baggage over time. Poets have seemed to move away from the elitism of modernism and I think the avant-garde gets dragged into that.

Whether experimental or avant-garde we are all made to wear ill-fitting clothes.

5. *In terms yet again of distinctions, following the modern, postmodern and now what we are beginning to call the hypermodern, can we still speak of “versification” when exploring poetry?*

Versification is not something that I consider. It also isn't a discussion I see arise generally. I'm not sure I'm all that interested in exploring poetry in such a way, in any case. I want a poem to strike me with its living movements. I'm not so interested in the autopsy, though I understand enjambed spleens go for a mint in academic circles.

6. *Much has been argued about breaking with the past, with tradition and all previous forms and notions of poetics in order to foster the freedoms the muse of the age demands of us as creators. Could we impose upon you to constrain us somewhat, even if naturally rather drastic experimenters with constraints, and propose 2 things to always do when working a poem into being and finality and, next, 2 things to always, conversely, avoid doing and this at all costs.*

To achieve finality with a poem do four things:

1. always remember to administrate your elephants.
2. always consider technicolour teapots.
3. never sleep facing a department official.
4. never consider trumpets without sisters.

7. *As a final question, could you suggest to our readership 2 poets, living or not longer, to always, always read?*

I'll name one living and one no longer with us, both of whom I've recently discovered and think are terrific.

I'll begin with the living by mentioning American poet Vernon Frazer. He writes linguistically interesting work inspired by free jazz and experimental writing forms. You can find his poetry at [vernonfrazer.net](http://vernonfrazer.net).

Secondly the no longer with us. For this I'll mention Australian poet Ania Walwicz. A brilliant and eccentric woman with an excellent, somewhat autobiographical style. I'm not sure how easy it is to purchase her work outside of Australia but you should definitely try.



## **Tom Will**

*You The Viewer At Home, Moon*

A night so quiet my spit striking the pavement sounds like snapping fingers so quiet I can hear death's traffic far off into death's stadium its vuvuzelas half a mile off its drums and brave sections that I should walk towards you in I want to reveal my brilliance in turnings to you but have no almanac for brilliance no birth chart or camera obscura no way to determine peak brilliance or foot traffic the stadium is so full.

*Mia Song, #3*

Record keeps repeating:

“

Why does she sing/  
Why does she sing/  
Why does she sing/  
Why does she sing/  
”

I am stomping, hitting, spitting, skipping  
Anything to not find out

*All Winter Long*

A few snakes freeze half in and half out of the water and we make our beds anew of winter.

**H.J. Cross**

*Shedding petals*

She mislaid her

    wilted petals  
beneath the darkened caress  
of moonbeams

And found rest for her melancholy  
in the gentle hush of

whispering stars

As the breeze rustled dryads from the trees  
shedding grief into forgiveness  
like a leaf

    falling softly

*Flowers blossom*

Your presence in my slightly broken soul tree is

irresistible

As flowers blossom

more abundant

Somehow lascivious

for your kiss

Electrochemical, irreplaceable

The Ent fairy within me

grafting you in

Down to the roots

& lingering on my skin

*I Lift My Tree*

Breath of eternity  
You are the reason...

I breathe

& Wake with joy after  
Sundown blushes

&

lift my

divine tree

To thank you

for creation  
as my heart bursts  
with gratitude  
As if on a picnic in  
Your ever-expanding stars

## **Colin James**

### *Necklace of chamber pots*

The great poet, Basil Bunting,  
named his first born Bourtia  
after the child bride  
of Ganghis Khan.  
I could have told him  
that wouldn't work.

*The lost art of knife throwing in a shady glen*

About to join a club where  
members flout their eyepatches.  
"I say, isn't this dangerous?"  
How to silence a naively opinionated  
t-shirt wearer with a glare.  
Blood is good, so it's  
plain white from now on.  
That knife hits flesh phhht sound  
can only be achieved  
after years of experimentation.  
Elk carcasses are very desirable but  
are simply too dam big to move  
and their antlers clutter the stars



## **Bradley J. Fest**

2020.07

The norm: quickness: click: then epic tone-scope,  
bim-bam-boom, on to the next one.<sup>1</sup> How rescind  
the altschmerz of repeating waves, brevities with a  
move-turn that produce apologies? To sonnet:

achieve eupneic breath, modest earthly planispheres  
of “astronomic light”<sup>2</sup> unhindered by crisis or auratic  
imparadising: parergons. Or else put the dictionary  
*down*, stop collecting the vocab cards dropped from

the sky of neofeudalism’s lacunae<sup>3</sup> (*c ’mon!*<sup>4</sup>). And  
seriously, adjourn to the ending’s beyond; let the  
letting of what has been lit lie lax and low<sup>5</sup>: “When  
I speak in the morning and evening, before and after

the computer’s crinkling usufruct foldits take hold,  
my speech doesn’t crash to a dramatic end: good  
morning/evening; how are you? I’m fine.”

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<sup>1</sup> On tone, see Sianne Ngai, *Ugly Feelings* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2005), esp. chapter 1, 38–88. And okay, so I’m not done, can’t be, would be pretty silly to expect me to be so, so: *meta*.

<sup>2</sup> George Oppen, “The Founder,” in *This in Which* (1965), in *New Collected Poems*, ed. Michael Davidson (2002; repr., New York: New Directions, 2008), 132.

<sup>3</sup> See Jodi Dean, “Neofeudalism: The End of Capitalism?” *Los Angeles Review of Books*, May 12, 2020, <https://lareviewofbooks.org/article/neofeudalism-the-end-of-capitalism/>, and “Communism or Neo-Feudalism?,” *New Political Science* 42, no. 1 (2020): 1–17; and Astral Throb, *LACUNA - A Chillwave Synthwave Mix for Nostalgic Millennials*, YouTube, May 12, 2020, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IHAatCRNOFMg>.

<sup>4</sup> So, um, no.

<sup>5</sup> Ugh.

2020.08

*How serious notorious and public a form, to think you could find the solution to a problem or an ending to an observation in one brief moment—a fraction of an abreaction or the science of the pattern of crumbs appearing on the table from the eating of a loaf of bread. . . . Is the sonnet form a form of abdication of reality?*

—Bernadette Mayer, “Note on Sonnets”

“Weather today: overcast cool, holding<sup>6</sup>; dread everywhere<sup>7</sup>  
and it *diminishes*. I am sitting at our dining-room table, the office  
Racheal’s today, the wild one at her second week of daycare  
in five months. I somehow drink more coffee when downstairs.”

Doesn’t seem like a story, but already<sup>8</sup> thirty-nine percent in,  
a reckoning with feelings of monachopsis is a possible horizon:  
2020 makes the past<sup>9</sup> feel like years lost to a posthuman experiment  
gone awry; the extent of our chronocrimes only now dawns.<sup>10</sup> But

because, it’ll then twist toward some other obscure sorrow<sup>11</sup>—such as  
*exulansis*: a persistent feeling for these sonnets’ “authentic” (other)  
speaker<sup>12</sup>—and then already everything is (un)satisfactorily insoluble  
again, like it (usually) should be, and then this etiolated form inhales

and then expels sheet upon sheet of unreadable mackle, which makes  
the subsequent parade of *thens* unproblematic for this moment-end.

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Epigraph drawn from Mayer, *Sonnets*, 119.

<sup>6</sup> Elsewhere, yesterday, see Eric Holthaus (@EricHolthaus), “Today, an automated thermometer in Death Valley, California recorded the hottest reliably-measured temperature in world history: 130°F (54.4°C) // We are in a climate emergency,” Twitter, August 16, 2020, 9:15 p.m., <https://twitter.com/EricHolthaus/status/1295167443070001157>.

<sup>7</sup> See Bradley J. Fest, “Links in the Time of Coronavirus, Vol. 5: July 16–August 15, 2020,” *The Hyperarchival Parallax*, August 15, 2020, <https://bradleyjfest.com/2020/08/15/links-in-the-time-of-coronavirus-vol-5-july-16-august-15-2020/>.

<sup>8</sup> Over.

<sup>9</sup> Including its weak attempts at ill-considered transgression. See Bradley J. Fest, 2013–2017: *Sonnets*, MS.

<sup>10</sup> Upon unsuspecting us. See ThePrimeThanatos, *Best of Lost Years' | Best of Synthwave And Retro Electro Music Mix*, YouTube, April 24, 2017, [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bBrTt\\_C8b9c](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bBrTt_C8b9c); and Primo the Alien and Timecop1983, “My Delorean,” YouTube, May 2, 2019, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q05jWNsLtas&list>.

<sup>11</sup> See *The Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows* (2009–), <https://www.dictionaryofobscuresorrows.com/>.

<sup>12</sup> So not this one here (nor that [other] one up there).

2020.09

And then, of course politics in the time of coronavirus<sup>13</sup>  
was anti-democratic kermis<sup>14</sup>; meaning: the election ends  
next week [pandemic days between words<sup>15</sup>], tomorrow.<sup>16</sup>  
Last time, I might have written: “The election *is* tomorrow.”

But 150 million people have already voted despite danger,  
intimidation, violence, expunged votes; we are on the  
*verge*: socialism or barbarism.<sup>17</sup> “Yesterday we swung  
high and blustery at Glimmerglass, upgraded my sensoria,<sup>18</sup>

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<sup>13</sup> The numbers as of today: Global cases and deaths: 46.6 million and 1.2 million; US: 9.2 million and 230,937; Otsego County, New York: 1022 and 8; 754 cases at the State University of New York, Oneonta, 55 at Hartwick College. See: The New York Times, “Coronavirus Map: Tracking the Global Outbreak,” *New York Times*, November 2, 2020, 8:12 a.m. (EST), <https://www.nytimes.com/interactive/2020/world/coronavirus-maps.html>; The New York Times, “Covid in the US: Latest Map and Case Count,” *New York Times*, November 2, 2020, 8:12 a.m. (EST); Otsego County Department of Health, “November 1, 2020,” Facebook, November 1, 2020, <https://www.facebook.com/OtsegoCountyDepartmentofHealth/posts/3197576577020602>; and Hartwick Cares, “Hartwick College Daily COVID-19 Update,” email to ZHDLISTFaculty, November 2, 2020.

<sup>14</sup> If only sublimation—water on the moon, intergalactic adventure—could mitigate present dread; authoritarianism is no longer speculation. Also see SoulSearchAndDestroy, *Escape (Synthwave - Retrowave - Chillwave Mix)*, YouTube, December 13, 2017, [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0-8lwt3jPJg&ab\\_channel=SoulSearchAndDestroy](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0-8lwt3jPJg&ab_channel=SoulSearchAndDestroy).

<sup>15</sup> **2020.00**

*For the eulogized along with the eulogists, we dedicate the year’s unwritten poems, stories, essays, novels, think-pieces, memoirs, reports, screeds, emails, communiques, correspondence, letters, transmissions, telegrams, wires, faxes, signals, tomes, opuses, bestsellers, primers, textbooks, coffee-table books, encyclopedia, almanacs, dictionaries, thesauruses, indices, directories, guidebooks, Baedekers, travelogues, field guides, handbooks,*

*cookbooks, manuals, vade-mecums, anthologies, comedies, tragedies, plays, shows, movies, atlases, ephemera, collections, festschriften, series, yearbooks, issues, oeuvres, prefaces, introductions, codas, copyright pages, dedications, epigraphs, lists of figures and tables, chapters, pages, appendices, notes, glossaries, bibliographies, colophons, headings, manuscripts, proofs, chapbooks, artist books, newspapers, magazines, journals, diary entries,*

*talks, lectures, addresses, speeches, notes, alcaics, ballads, cantos, chants, coronas, cybertexts, dithyrambs, doggerel, écriture, epics, epithalamiums, fables, forms, fragments, haibun, haiku, hymns, jingles, idylls, imitations, invectives, laments, lieder, limericks, lines, lullabies, lyrics, manifestos, masques, matrices, metaphors, monologues, narratives, odes, paeans, panegyrics, pantuns, parodies, proverbs, puns, reveries, rhymes, riddles, sagas, satires,*

*songs, signs, stanzas, toasts, verses, villanelles, waka, paraclausithyrons, ekphraseis, sestinas, blasons, and sonnets.* Though unrealized, their potential creators might console themselves with the knowledge that these works’ virtuality is infinitely unimpeachable.

<sup>16</sup> On what’s been happening since the previous *then*, see Bradley J. Fest, “Links in the Time of Coronavirus, Vol. 6: August 16–September 15, 2020,” *The Hyperarchival Parallax*, September 25, 2020, <https://bradleyjfest.com/2020/09/25/links-in-the-time-of-coronavirus-vol-6-august-16-september-15-2020/>, and “Links in the Time of Coronavirus, Vol. 7: September 16–October 15, 2020,” *The Hyperarchival Parallax*, October 15, 2020, <https://bradleyjfest.com/2020/10/15/links-in-the-time-of-coronavirus-vol-7-september-16-october-15-2020/>.

<sup>17</sup> Or at least it *feels* like it (maybe every historical moment does?); or, as Dean puts it: “communism or neo-feudalism” (“Communism or Neo-Feudalism,” 1).

<sup>18</sup> See “The New Galaxy A51 | A51 5G,” Samsung, <https://www.samsung.com/us/mobile/galaxy-a51/>, accessed November 2, 2020; see also my Motorola Droid Maxx 4G XT1080, Black 16GB (2015–20).

wound clocks, ate candy, read Grahame, re-achieved  
archival musical totality. ‘Later, when z00miversitying,  
how might I speak to them of all that has passed, everything  
to come?’” Tomorrow a volta will either crash through everything

that is and might be, or the orange volta crashing through everything  
will persist. The other option, that we’ll just gently bend—well,  
I promise to *write* tomorrow. The day after though. . . .

2020.10

*Ontology has nothing to say about the event.*  
—Alain Badiou, *Being and Event*

Here and now aren't present locatives but an awaiting precipice,  
void, nullstone, evental fringe.<sup>19</sup> "Tonight at around 9:00(ish) p.m.  
(EST), after bedtime: PBS."<sup>20</sup> Our feeds are quiet, anxious.<sup>21</sup>  
"We'll wait by reading books about waiting."<sup>22</sup> This morning,

I'm writing this poem as a way of waiting. Later this week,  
I suspect we'll be waiting for the returns from Pennsylvania.  
And then waiting until January or 2024." Historians!:  
we're writing to *you*, trying to tell you what it is like at

10:12 a.m. (EST) on November 3, 2020,<sup>23</sup> waiting. We aren't doing  
much, really—most of us already voted—except spending the day  
wondering, what did we *do!*?, thereby just continuing our interminable  
electoral spasm of waiting, waiting, though I suppose this is also

the last time we'll have a count for *here, now*—dread, biding, unsure;  
we won't permit ourselves any hope either because we also *know*.<sup>24</sup>  
Tonight, this week, month, year: waiting.<sup>25</sup>

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<sup>18</sup>Epigraph drawn from Alain Badiou, *Being and Event* (1988), trans. Oliver Feltham (New York: Continuum, 2005), 190.

<sup>19</sup> But they're also no longer *galactic*. Don't see Astral Throb, *GALACTIC - A Special Synthwave Mix Journey For Night Drives*, YouTube, June 30, 2020, [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6eeFTxD9C0&ab\\_channel=AstralThrob](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6eeFTxD9C0&ab_channel=AstralThrob).

<sup>20</sup> Maybe some NBC too, if truth be told.

<sup>21</sup> See Bradley J. Fest (@BradleyFest), "Alright November 3, 2020. Let's go," Twitter, November 3, 2020, 7:31 a.m. (EST), <https://twitter.com/BradleyFest/status/1323603828198039553>.

<sup>22</sup> See Mo Willems, *Waiting Is Not Easy!* (New York: Hyperion Books for Children, 2014).

<sup>23</sup> Now 10:46 a.m. (EST).

<sup>24</sup> About last time and what's at stake this time. See Bill McKibben, "This Election Isn't about the Next Four Years. It's about the Next Four Millennia," *Guardian*, November 3, 2020, <https://amp.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2020/nov/03/this-election-isnt-about-the-next-four-years-its-about-the-next-four-millennia>.

<sup>25</sup> How dumb. (And in the turn of a page, you might know; for us, it'll be at least *hours*, if not days.)

2020.11

*There is a tradition that is catastrophe. . . . The concept of progress must be grounded in the idea of catastrophe. That things are “status quo” is the catastrophe. . . . Catastrophe—to have missed the opportunity.*

—Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*

“After days of refreshing the *New York Times*’ homepage in my hilltop office overlooking the rural conservative enclave in which I reside,<sup>26</sup> I watched joy across *all* the screens.<sup>27</sup> Dancing mailboxes, spontaneous Electric

Slides, and bagpiping Darth Vaders on unicycles filled the unseasonably gorgeous November morning, an elation that hadn’t felt permissible in years.” And within minutes, we’re all suffering from kairosclerosis, neoliberal resign-

ation, the awareness of mere bending in our ongoing planetary disaster. “And yet, as I sit here typing this always present despair on one screen, my phone alerts me of an email on the other containing a link to a story

from the BBC about . . . a *vaccine*.”<sup>28</sup> 2020: You’re not a sonnet sequence; you’re a *comoedia* in *Encyclopedia*.<sup>29</sup>

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Epigraph drawn from Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project* (1982), trans. Howard Eiland and Kevin McLaughlin, ed. Rolf Tiedemann (1999; repr., Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2002), 473, 474.

<sup>26</sup> On Friday, my neighbors’ porches were decorated with American, Thin Blue Line, and Trump flags (including one with the real estate developer’s face superimposed onto the body of Sylvester Stallone from the international promotional poster for *Rambo: First Blood Part II*, dir. George P. Cosmatos [Culver City, CA: TriStar Pictures, 1985]; see encrypter, “Anyone notice this?,” imgur, April 26, 2018, <https://imgur.com/gallery/xsM67xB>). Yesterday, only a few remained.

<sup>27</sup> Two days ago, on Saturday, November 7, 2020, Joseph R. Biden Jr. was elected President of the United States of America. The day before, the daily tally of coronavirus cases was 621,156 globally and 132,797 in the US. See The New York Times, “Coronavirus Map,” *New York Times*, November 9, 2020, 8:13 a.m. (EST), and “Covid in the US,” *New York Times*, November 9, 2020, 8:13 a.m. (EST).

<sup>28</sup> See James Gallagher, “Covid Vaccine: First ‘Milestone’ Vaccine Offers Ninety Percent Protection,” *BBC News*, November 9, 2020, <https://www.bbc.com/news/health-54873105>; Eshe Nelson and Matt Phillips, “S&P 500 Is On Track for a Record as Vaccine News Adds to an Election Rally,” *New York Times*, November 9, 2020, 11:37 a.m. (EST), <https://www.nytimes.com/live/2020/11/09/business/us-economy-coronavirus/sp-500-is-on-track-for-a-record-as-vaccine-news-adds-to-an-election-rally>.

<sup>29</sup> See Claire Lampen, “I Can’t Stop Thinking About Four Seasons Total Landscaping,” *Cut*, November 8, 2020, <https://www.thecut.com/2020/11/how-did-trumps-team-land-on-four-seasons-total-landscaping.html>.

## **Heather Sager**

### *Around the Block*

I wanted to see this guy's face,  
but it was covered by the Moon

I walked to an apartment I called home,  
and I waited in a room

I looked through windows,  
and they looked into me

I listened to the noises  
of my plant, pictures hanging

I etherized myself with the deep night flowing  
through walls into my bedroom

I turned shadow while my organs  
played the melody of my heartbeat

*Tender Ghost*

My fingertips  
trace your figure  
on moist bathroom walls.

Later,  
I draw your face  
on cream-colored paper.

Under my pencil, I see you smile.

I wonder, briefly, if you'd  
be mad--  
you abandoned me on purpose,  
after all,  
yet here I am,  
laughing  
with your smile's tender ghost.



*Flux*

Over the jade bowl of land,  
my son disappeared, camera  
in hand.

He was vulnerable,  
and so  
I worried the storm clouds  
with doubt.

The corner of his loose gray sweater  
fluttered as he turned some house-edge,  
a fence.

He left signs of his adventure  
in the dust. A toy saber.  
Tracks of footprints  
around the pond.

Vestiges of him littered  
the fish-smelling pear tree—  
a hanging bit of wig.

A false nose on the path.  
A page of script,  
in his scrawling hand,  
tumbled until caught.

The weather changed.  
I clutched some clue,  
blue shadows  
dogging the ground.  
White clouds raced,  
shifting the light  
over the grassy terrarium  
of our  
stomping grounds.

On Thursday  
he strained his shoulder  
hoisting  
the medieval-huge shovel  
in the garage.  
It was for his movie—he said—  
he didn't care.

He returned  
to our house only briefly—to set  
his film clips on the table.  
As the clouds raced,  
he flew out the door.

## **Peter James Donnelly**

*La Divina Commedia, Purgatorio, Canto IX*

*The gate of Purgatory. The vision of the eagle. The apparition of Saint Lucy.*

Tithonus's lover effervesced white,  
slowly unloosing from his arms  
on the east balcony in her pasty light;

her forehead was gleaming with gems  
in the shape of that cold beast  
which on men inflicts its tail lashes;

and night, in our place of rest,  
having taken two steps upwards,  
came into her third point of ascent

when I was seized with Adam's  
drowsiness and lay down where all  
five of us had our seats.

Near the morning, the sorrowful  
song of the swallow is heard, invoking  
a past living past harrowing and doleful;

and at this point our very thinking  
had become a pilgrim not of mind,  
but of body; and we were divining

almost the future, when I saw a gold-  
feathered eagle, pinned in the sky,  
poised to swoop to the ground.

Of Ganymede's land and people I  
thought, when to the supreme  
conclave he was summoned by

Jove; to my mind it did seem  
that the bird's strikes would  
be irregular, and not always come;

like lightning it then descended  
(after wheeling a little)  
and hit me where the fire burned,

and it swooped to settle  
into my imagination, breaking my sleep;  
our psyches were one and indivisible.

This was redolent of Achilles, waking up,  
oblivious to his location,  
gazed about, and was scooped up

by his mother and brought from Chiron  
all the way to Skyros,  
before the discovery of the Greek son.

I began when sleep left my eyes,  
and blanched as if gripped  
with fear like a vice;

my single comfort was to my side;  
for two hours the sun had been rising,  
and to face the sea then I turned.

The master spoke: "Fear nothing:  
what we are doing is correct;  
do it with force, without hesitating.

"You have now arrived at  
Purgatory: observe the cleft entrance  
to the large, enclosing rampart.

"You were in your realm of dreams  
at the break of dawn, when  
on those low-lying flowers

"a woman appeared, and then  
said 'I am Lucy; allow me to  
assist the journey of this sleeping man.'

"She led you alone on up through  
when clear day came  
(Sordello stayed back behind you);

"she set you down, and from  
her beautiful eyes I discerned the open  
entrance; she dissolved with your dream."

Like one afraid who, when  
in contact with the truth,

has all doubts turn

to belief, I was charged with  
a wave of reassurance;  
I relished my fear's death,

and the master and I headed upwards,  
by the rampart, when he detected  
the presence of my flowing confidence.

Reader, you must have noticed  
my elevation to a higher theme;  
with higher art it will be maintained.

To a point we then came  
where initially a mere gap was visible,  
like a deep fissure in some

broken-up wall; three steps I was able  
to see – each of different hue – and  
a gate and warder; his face was still,

emotionless; on the top step he rested;  
he was so effervescent my power  
of sight, in his light's strength, died:

in his hand he had a bare  
sword that blistered its reflection to  
my eyes; they failed in the glare.

He began: "What is your purpose, you  
who are before me? Where's the escort?  
Be careful here, whatever you do."

"A lady from Heaven who knows of what  
you ask" was the master's response.  
"Just now she says 'That's the gate.' "

He added (in a tone ever so courteous),  
"May she steady your step!" Then:  
"Let us progress to the stairs."

With him we progressed on  
up to the first step: white marble  
so shiny it bore my reflection;

the second was a dark purple  
and had a rugged, coarse texture;  
it had splits and cracks running all

the way through it; the third resting over  
us was red like porphyry, or blood  
from a split vein; the shining figure

over us was the angel of God,  
positioned on the step itself; this  
threshold seemed stone-diamond.

The master motioned me to the steps  
with supreme goodwill; he said, "Ask  
for it to be unlocked, so we may pass."

I knew to genuflect and knock  
on my chest three times by the holy  
feet: entering the gate was the task.

With his sword he traced the letter "P"  
on my forehead seven times, and said  
"Within, wash the wounds away."

Two keys he then brandished  
from his vesture, which was of dark  
hue, like that of disturbed ground:

one key seemed gold, the other like  
silver; first the latter, then  
the former he used, opening the lock.

"You may find that when  
either key does not function properly,  
the gate will not open.

"One is valued more highly;  
the other requires more art –  
must be operated more skilfully.

"Peter, who gave me them, urged that  
I err in opening, not keeping it locked,  
when people fall at my feet."

He proceeded to push open the sacred  
portals, stating, "If you wish

not to be cast out, don't look behind."

The swivels, with the angel's push,  
shifted in their hinges in a massive  
sound of metal-clash;

the Tarpeian Rock did not give  
out a groan so loud and resistant when  
Metellus took, at the site, his final leave.

The air then seemed to sweeten  
after thunder pealed: "Te Deum laudamus"  
was heard, bleeding into the tone.

When I heard the united voice  
I pictured people joining  
their song to the organ's.

Now I hear the words, now nothing.

## **Beatriz Seelaender**

### *Drive the Plot Mad*

The clock ticks / The plot thickens  
I'm wondering whether or not  
Timers reset deadlines automatically/ landlines still go dead sometimes  
What does it matter / What's the worst thing that could happen?  
The well cannot sink any lower / it's happiness you shouldn't trust  
It's joy that will always get worse  
We still have time / Don't know how much or what for  
I'll watch the clock / Follow the tropes  
Be an innocent bystander / Roll my eyes at the cliff hanger  
They'll fill me in when it's time to gloat about being right  
The plot is lost / The clock broke

The clock tacks / The plot lacks  
in substance: there are too many questions for half-hearted answers  
The test audience score was a case of viewer indiscretion  
I'm wondering whether or not I'll get some satisfaction  
Linear narratives are out of writerly fashion  
Edit your flashbacks / Gather sad things from your childhood  
If only you'd known that the cradle is everyone's deathbed  
Sooner or later you'll get in position to strike  
You'll be somewhere else / You'll have lost count of time.

If only you'd known that the mark to be missed was the actual hit  
If only you'd not known all that you knew way back when  
You told everyone what would happen and happen it did  
Still Nietzsche challenged you to it all over again  
If only you knew for sure everything was a test  
They'd tell you if you got it right when you got to the end.



*The Yawn as the Apocalypse Postponed*

Thinking of something a critic has said  
About eternity yawning  
What a portentous image, he said  
But I happened to enjoy it in a half-awake epiphany:  
Eternity, yawning  
Eternity, yearning  
Do yawns yearn for eternity's sleep?  
Is it too early to bury that deep into the earth?  
And what for does eternity yearn?  
Eternity yearns for the present just as the present yearns for eternity  
When shall they ever meet?  
So that the sound of every universe,  
folding onto itself,  
is gasping for air in the vacuum, and no one will be left  
to mourn eternity in the morning.

*Notes on Candy*

Chewing gum is kitsch  
Just the act of chewing gum  
You don't have to stop chewing gum just cause it's kitsch  
It won't turn you

Coffee is the cocaine of academia  
Sugarless coffee is only for serious people  
Who have something to prove.  
Coffee in general is for writing essays  
And having panic attacks

Sweets that aren't chocolate are mid cult  
Sweets that have chocolate in them but aren't chocolate are copycats of the vilest sort

Chocolate is art  
Except for white chocolate  
White chocolate is that kind of thing that people call art  
But it's just a black dot worth a million dollars

Mint chocolate is kitsch  
But not the fun kind.

*Elegy for Ulrike Meinhoff's Brain*

I like to say I named my dog after her / even though I had not learned about her  
existence at the time / I had not learned about her resistance at the time / the journalist  
who crossed the picket line / meine Hoffnung / deine Hoffnung / seine/ihre/unsere/euere  
Hoffnung / mostly theirs though / Sie lässt ihren Selbstmord begehen / but her brain led  
a posthumous life / broken out of the body's prison / but is the mind that concrete? / or  
did she break out the self with herself? / double agent or double object? / nominal or  
nominative / accusative or accusatory?

There's a different Ulrike Meinhoff / Whose middle name is Hanna as opposed to Marie  
/ This Ulrike is a grammarian / Maybe she can explain the flimsy syntax / Tell us how  
to directly objectify a sentence fragment / conjugate the revolution / interact with the  
world only in reflexive pronouns / it won't do / the declension is too stiff / and we still  
need verbs / to be subject / to the cause / be it the times, the times / or ourselves

*Childish Notions*

Underline your favourite words; forget about all others.

When I was a kid I used to think you only had so many words that you could speak in a lifetime.

Like that Eddie Murphy movie, except I had never heard of it I just thought that was how it was.

Choose your words carefully because at one point you'll lose your voice like the little mermaid did.

I remember sitting at my grandmother's kitchen telling my uncle I couldn't waste my words and him telling me

No one was counting.

Do you think Hemingway was also under that impression?

Or just me and Eddie Murphy?

## **Mark Goodwin**

*words and*

through

words a

gainst words  
a drop

let of

stone on  
a sky of

water bur  
ning

words

*Words Etc.*

after stepping in

to Alice Oswald's  
twig-crissed et

ceteras

it

seems  
to some

me woods

all

ways

fill

distance

with

seg

me

nts

of light

&

shade

*would be good to meet in woods with*

chunks of chalk & charcoal we could

set a slate amongst this sea  
son's latest fallen leaves and let

twig-light trace speckles & lines across  
that slate we place there and then

charcoal's & chalk's oldest talking sure  
ly would live aloud

*x*

made of  
two sticks

crossed

x

made from  
two sticks

crissed

x

made  
with

two  
sticks

form  
from  
form

for

or

fro



*zone*

one  
on

now  
no

zone  
two

( or three or  
more )

all

one all  
now no

out nor  
in no

no-zone  
only

zone  
on

going

and

fragrant  
as

crushed  
ferns

## **Kendra Mills**

### *Delinquency*

Can you still hear  
the blue notes

across the tectonic flats?  
In an act

of execration, we were trapped  
by teleology.

The first time we met your name slid by,  
uncapitalized.

You said from the start  
you knew I was starving.

## *On Cynicism*

The globe in question  
has been painted cream, shorn  
from context  
antiquity obliterated  
by vectorized letters  
glitter  
and a truly  
compelling rejection  
of aesthetic priority.  
Beneath the vitriol  
the algorithmic heartbeat  
thunders on  
compensating malice  
or pornography.  
Meanwhile  
the amoral arc  
of the universe  
bends toward crab  
the shared  
vernaculars of Anish Kapoor  
and necked strawberries.  
Comfort Town Kiev  
redolent with color  
makes some kind of argument  
about rejecting  
the inevitable.  
The counterpoint  
might be sourced  
from Tottenham's public housing complexes  
effortfully ornamental  
and hived off from  
anything  
by the violence  
of a highway  
and the shortest walk light in history.  
I turned  
the wrong way  
at the Underground station  
to find myself  
before this outbreath  
of dismissal  
urban planning  
as containment  
bloodletting:  
siren song of modernity.

## **Glenn Bach**

*Do we know this elegy*

Do we know this elegy,  
this unique geography of the city?

Is this rhapsody or personal history  
sewn together from snippets  
of dreams or hallucinations—

*home below Houston or  
between Bedford and the River*

*be the red and the brown*

*be arteries or tributaries*

—more like our city of the world  
but their Lenapehoking

but the city with nowhere to go

*to this stony island in whose bowels no gems  
nor gold nor other metals*

the wall started showing up on maps,  
Wickquasgeck paved over as Broadway

*different than it was then  
when banks were loaded with paper*

came the big change,  
the rise and fall of buildings,  
the story of place ever manifesting:

the reckoning of the retrofit,  
what is still rooted to the ground.

*Mouth to ear Brooklyn we*

Mouth to ear Brooklyn we  
go hard turf wars here's  
the plan

Williamsburg what's good  
trickery it's complicated

our town there went  
welcome to the united

East NY  
LA you're next all  
these people I didn't want  
to evict this is a black

they want my house change  
the name

(coffee: gentrification:  
shackled:

*Beckoning riptide all askew like cacti whose thorns go all the through*

Beckoning riptide all askew like cacti whose thorns go all the way through.

As an un-waxed board slippery bedrock in the churn of roots pulled again.

Under sun and spark years of deadwood and over-growth.

Gone brown with days turkey vultures circle hills in receding shades.

Let the flames come chaparral and manzanita what they were born for.

*Fallstreaks*

—fallstreaks

*absolutely December*  
*the smash and grab*

some may be rain that fell  
thousands of years ago *how the numbers panned out*  
*wow I went to fucking fancy*

that grassland fires were not always  
accidental *town too much gnar*  
*after a fine repast had glassed*

how old are these dunes? *Who has dropped in on the waves of other*  
*lives about how the wind was off*

site of nasty localism of potentially  
sour attitudes *shore then the reverse rip was so*  
*bad especially since the wind*

(but not identified)  
the outside reef which breaks *was whipping*  
*out of the west what ensued was a full*

how many leaves there are  
*on barrel fest*  
w/ droplets from morning  
stratus

on the lots forever contested.

*44,393 acres 3%*

effectively Hubble discovered the universe  
that it wasn't just dust burning N and NNE  
after jumping sad to think about the ash  
the story we foothill towns have waited  
for the rundown the fire has almost burned  
completely through the entire Angeles  
National Forest from South to North

curious on the update cycle and if the  
drone Hi this is my back yard RIGHT  
NOW and it's the only good thing this  
week heroes don't wear capes (which is  
good for those of us to the south)

*50,539 acres, 3%*

a welcome sight it's my favorite part  
of waking from someone a lot more  
authoritative is that smoke or marine  
layer a hotshots crew walking back  
bringing forward for the early birds

*55,617 acres, 9%*

it's often all about the winds  
as Jupiter and Saturn sink it looks  
as if the mountain is going to pull  
through

*60,557 acres, 15%*

sky tearing the fire up omg the winds  
are brown black the intersection of brains  
and bravery three heads are coming onto  
the desert floor



## **Biographical Information**

### **Anna Spence**

Anna Spence is an academic by day and a writer by compulsion. Her work has appeared in a number of online literary journals including *Emerge Journal*, *Sledgehammer Review*, *Spotlong Review* and *Ellipsis Zine*. She can be found on Twitter [@MSSalieri](#).

### **Joshua Martin**

Joshua Martin is a Philadelphia based writer and filmmaker, who currently works in a library. He is the author of the books *combustible panoramic twists* (Trainwreck Press), *Pointillistic Venetian Blinds* (Alien Buddha Press) and *Vagabond fragments of a hole* (Schism Neuronics). He has had numerous pieces published in various journals including *Otoliths*, *M58*, *The Sparrow's Trombone*, *Coven*, *Scud*, *Ygdrasil*, *RASPUTIN*, *Ink Pantry*, and *Synchronized Chaos*. You can find links to his published work at [joshuamartinwriting.blogspot.com](http://joshuamartinwriting.blogspot.com)

### **Sascha Engel**

Sascha Engel is the founder and editor of *Strukturriiss*, an Ireland-based journal focusing on anarchic dissolutions of text. After teaching in U.S. higher education for a while, he now experiments with scripts archaic, computational, and illusory. Twitter: [@ThinkContinuum](#)

### **Christopher J. Garcia**

Christopher J Garcia is an archivist, curator, historian, artist, writer, filmmaker, and editor from Boulder Creek, CA. He has twice won the Hugo Award for editing zines.

### **Nicholas McGaughey**

Nicholas McGaughey has new work forthcoming in *Stand/Poetry Wales/Nawr/The Ogham Stone/A470* and *Best New British and Irish Poets 2019-21*.

## **Rose Knapp**

Rose Knapp (she/they) is a poet and electronic producer. She has publications in *Lotus-Eater*, *Bombay Gin*, *BlazeVOX*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Fence Books*, *Obsidian*, *Gargoyle*, and others. She has poetry collections published with Beir Bua Press, Hesterglock Press, and Dostoyevsky Wannabe. She lives in Minneapolis. Find her at [roseknapp.net](http://roseknapp.net) and on Twitter [@Rose\\_Siyaniye](https://twitter.com/Rose_Siyaniye)

## **Francis Plamondon**

Francis Plamondon expounds the pertinence of occult theories to the current hypermodern era. Drawing from seminal if too often misunderstood or politically misapplied texts of 20th century esoteric thinkers Evola, Guenon, and Steiner, he purports their absolute worth for this our 21st whose malaise is fundamentally spiritual. He operates the poetry webpage [www.moonunderfeet.tumblr.com](http://www.moonunderfeet.tumblr.com).

## **Nathan Anderson**

Nathan Anderson is an experimental poet from Mongarlowe, Australia. He is the author of *Deconstruction of a Symptom* (Alien Buddha Press) and has work in *The Babel Tower Notice Board*, *Otoliths*, *Coven* and elsewhere. You can find him at [nathanandersonwriting.home.blog](http://nathanandersonwriting.home.blog) or on Twitter [@NJApoeTry](https://twitter.com/NJApoeTry).

## **Tom Will**

Tom Will writes poems. He lives in the South. He has been published in *Misery Tourism* and *Apocalypse Confidential*, and has poems forthcoming in *Tragickal*, *Rejection Letters*, *Door is a Jar*, and *New Pop Lit*. For all inquiries, please email him at [TomWillWillTom@protonmail.com](mailto:TomWillWillTom@protonmail.com)

## **H.J. Cross**

H.J. Cross is an accountant by day and a poet by night. She has been fortunate that the curators on *Ello* have chosen to make her a writing contributor on their creators' network and can therefore now claim 14.8k followers there where she writes under the handle of [@hjcross\\_poetry](https://twitter.com/hjcross_poetry). She was also a contributor for *Thorn Literary Magazine* this last year as well as the guest editor for their winter issue. In 2020 she was published by *The Poetry Question*, *The Organic Poet*, and *The Shameless Author*. She was pleased to be in *Version (9) Magazine*'s first edition and shares a common bond in the exploration of theory through literary themes.

## **Colin James**

Colin James has a couple of chapbooks of poetry published. *Dreams Of The Really Annoying* from Writing Knights Press and *A Thoroughness Not Deprived of Absurdity* from Piski's Porch Press and a book of poems, *Resisting Probability*, from Sagging Meniscus Press.

## **Bradley J. Fest**

Bradley J. Fest is associate professor of English at Hartwick College. He is the author of two volumes of poetry, *The Rocking Chair* (Blue Sketch, 2015) and *The Shape of Things* (Salò, 2017), and recent poems have appeared previously in *Version (9)* and in *Always Crashing, Dispatches from the Poetry Wars, Pamenar, PLINTH, Verse*, and elsewhere. He has also written a number of essays on contemporary literature and culture, which have been published in *boundary 2, CounterText, Critique, Genre, Scale in Literature and Culture* (Palgrave Macmillan, 2017), and elsewhere. More information is available at [bradleyjfest.com](http://bradleyjfest.com).

## **Heather Sager**

Heather Sager lives in Illinois where she writes poetry and fiction. Her most recent work appears in *Fahmidan, Magma Poetry, Willows Wept, Red Wolf, Briefly Zine, The Fabulist, talking about strawberries all the time*, and more.

## **Peter James Donnelly**

Born in Dublin in 1988, Peter Donnelly's first collection, *Photons*, was published by Appello Press in 2014. Following its publication, playwright Frank McGuinness commented that "Peter Donnelly already shows he has a strong imagination; indeed, a savage one presents itself on occasion when the beautiful and brutal confront and confound each other." His second collection, *Money Is a Kind of Poetry*, was published by Smokestack Books in 2019; it has been described as "a meditation on contemporary alienation and the processes by which every new technological advance seems to increase our isolation from each other, and the more connected we are the less we appear to know ourselves." He is currently working on a third collection.

## **Mark Goodwin**

Mark Goodwin has a number of books & chapbooks with various English poetry houses, including Leafe Press, Longbarrow Press, & Shearsman Books. His poetry was included in *The Ground Aslant – An Anthology of Radical Landscape Poetry* edited by Harriet Tarlo (Shearsman Books 2011) and *The Footing* edited by Brian Lewis (Longbarrow Press 2013). His latest chapbook – *Erodes On Air* – was recently published in North America by Middle Creek. Mark lives with his partner on a narrowboat just north of Leicester, in the English Midlands. He tweets poems from [@kramawoodgin](#)

## **Kendra Mills**

Kendra is a recipient of the Elisa Brickner Poetry Prize. Her work can also be found in *the tide rises, the tide falls*, *Helix Magazine*, *Oyster River Pages*, and the *Flagler Review*.

## **Glenn Bach**

Glenn Bach is a composer and poet who lives in the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains. His major project, *Atlas*, is a long poem about place and our (mis)understanding of the world. Excerpts have appeared in *jubilat*, *Otoliths*, and *Plumwood Mountain*. He documents his work at [glennbach.com](#) and [@AtlasCorpus](#).

## **Beatriz Seelaender**

Beatriz Seelaender is a Brazilian author from São Paulo. Her fiction has appeared in *Cagibi*, *AZURE*, *Psychopomp*, among many others, and her essays can be found at websites such as *The Collapsar* and *Sterling Clack Clack*, where she acts as Creative Nonfiction editor. Seelaender has only recently started submitting poetry, which has been published by Press Pause Press and *Inflections Magazine*. Her novellas, upcoming in 2022, have earned her both the Sandy Run and the Bottom Drawer Prizes.

**“Citation exquisite for your determining.”**

## After words

Necessitates purpose theory as must. But such would make lonely place could it not maintain the value of beauty. An information age overlooks importances aesthetics pertain.

In an issue as in each contribution, there is recognition of the value of creatives that speak and attract with. The images adorning our web page attest this as we claim the posthuman age not so post as that.

An aesthetic of endeavour as a play with words, both these terribly human in themselves, regardless of schools of thought or absence thereof, rings in the works herein collected. They show the information age works with as opposed takes over.

For this, differences in approach and attitudes towards technique do no matter as do not also variances in and between. Collected here have we wanted showcased poets as antennae of the race reading the times, the necessary *zeitgeists* (and there are many), then responding these.

Poets as first responders, necessary critics of the languages deployed and the verbiages they portray succeed in making justified the eclecticism and experimentalities we want to cast. The choice running and the critical lens of eager selections moves to implement a score we hope make its own dent in the towered steels of markets of writing and the dense, crowded venues they afford. A place and a forum, areas in which we can experiment, is what we hope here display and this as what was desired.

In endless thanks,

*Editors*