

Version (9) Magazine

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“Citation exquisite for your determining.”

Involved in the poetic endeavour is the fact of translating experience local into universal meaning. What one had once composed to be set out in due course of ambitions to have connected reader to author regardless of timelines implicated: the out-goal if inward-coming is the reaching of an audience that might grow from what it is offered. Poetic engagement then fundamentally altruistic, the question of movement, of slide if will, from one to the Other, that Other as reader reached out to would show force as set of *translation* in the French idiom.

It is a question then of image, reflection, what toil we have painted and that then it traduces, from style and fashion to meaning and method, the off-scale of hermeneutics as it presents with. How it is said, for what is it is said, and why it is said all translate in the mind of the gatherer and enable the poetic performance as translation of the poem as intelligent movement from one being to another across travesty of words (if however necessary). Risking idiom if speaking all—that then the nature of the cause, a making of interpretive act and interpretive gesture of self to/and Other over lines, syllabics, counts and rhythms that hover intended meaning in that mystery transformative if translated in the lived-ness of the reader.

Its being rhythmic, harmonious, profoundly meaningful forms all three the nature of the poetic endeavour so that poems as translations of experience are become less problematic than anything *in* translation when, some have said, a cloud of mystery is lost to the purpose of conveyance and impression (words, their placements, and then their sounds and too sometimes do—trump meaning). But meaning in all the moments of living finds harmonious accord between the happenstance of encounter with text and the soundbites there included, however altered one takes from this. The charge of meaning is the charge of poetic encounter manufactured, softly engendered, by graphings-out of sounds to block off experience and then share more of it.

This engendering further enmeshes the poetic act with that of translation and carries out of it some degree of renewed intention that keeps occurring and proves poetry's not dead however many other art forms though cadaverous proliferate. For the poetic side, it is vortices lay around in the un-meaning of the post-Postmodern world. Perhaps it is a question of mere simulacra and endless additions, but the fact there is a poetic outpouring (subtle, simple) (and the numbers are there in offered proof of it) shows the poetic side as translating out of the humdrum monotony of a spiritless and consumptive world readies for a better one if not rallied alongside it.

Were one to critique the state of things, one should enguard of Cesar Vallejo and borrow from him, master at seeing things and the truths of things in manners so far beyond them, and translating out of the mundane into something profounder, more intimate if not worldly in that better sense of the term. It's this the notion of poetics and the innateness of translation—fact that there's movement and this towards improving, encounter, betterment of self and reader, poet and translator what worlds about them.

In welcoming you to our current issue, we extend special thanks to poets and translators Mario Dominguez Parra and Michael Lee Rattigan for their according of interview as we express deep gratitude to all contributors fashioning another unique, varied and kaleidoscopic issue reflective of the mature and complex state of poetics today.

Joanna George puts us into different skins with an exploration of lived experiences that deem worthy of sharing as she carves us out a route towards empathy.

Jamie Ottewell arranges with inspirations from the Oulipo school of thought to investigate the rules and constraints put on poems and to in turn place on the reader.

Dustin Cole reaches into environs unknown and walks poetics through the chaos of language in revealing the quest for guidance and direction that can inform so many readers in their experience of poetry. He asks about the raw materials implicit the poet's task and scrutinizes what are considered the building blocks and raw materials the poetic endeavour manipulates.

Jeffrey Barken strips down the words of poetic texts to employ firstly and foremost bare syllables to strive after the effects of sound that collide music into the implicit failure of words forcing a questioning of meaning in verse while relishing that fact of truth's standing out for the engager of poetry.

Adora Williams draws from the holographic universe theory. Her poetic structures aim to incorporate implications of the involvement of relations and the impacts of time and language that carry weight in an ever-changing reality.

Mario Dominguez Parra and Michael Lee Rattigan share their workings of the "Trilce" poems by Cesar Vallejo bringing us faced with the interiorities of language, the involvement of sound, the complexities of version and the pertinence of idiom in the portrayal of one of the most intriguing of the modern period.

Joshua Martin uses spontaneity and cut-up technique to create poetic collages of words and punctuation. He superbly reminds of the ongoing pertinence of Dada. Appearance as utmost, sound and meaning arise in his work out of the happy chaos playfulness creates.

Nathan Anderson involves elements of Dada and surrealism along with what proposes from the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E school using poetic text vivaciously while opening possibilities of meaning for the reader to determine under the spell of the poems' vibrancies.

Clive Gresswell draws inspiration from such poets as Sean Bonney, Tom Radworth, and Adrianna Clarke. He directs us to an invigorating interest in poetics by mapping the interplay of language that can occur in poetry effecting change.

Brian Leonard explores the nature and role of sound and meaning in poetry while engaging dichotomies. He involves from the field of ethics with considerations of Deleuze and Nietzsche for an age of statistical obsession. Questions of music, rhythm, and propulsion coincide the questions of structure contemporary poets must face in their dealings with the confines of form.

***Mark Goodwin** performs mergers between visual and poetic layouts while essaying the import of gravity and what he considers poetry's ground-pull. It is the weight on and of a poetic body that forces consideration of place, a consideration he agrees lacking in Western thought. Impressed by tenets introduced by such thinkers of place as Jeff Malpas and Edward S. Casey, he proposes a topographical notion of poetry wherein both reader and poet are, through poetic ground-pull, brought back to a paramount foundation necessary of creative process.*

***Francis Plamondon** inspects the distinct souls that Tradition speaks of between East and West and considers their implications for both poetry and geopolitics. Imploring a renewed interest in theorist Vladimir Solovyev, he presents a poetic consideration of pneumatology and the intricacies of Gregorian and Orthodox chant.*

Joanna George

Voice

Your voice is now a familiar echo in my house,
they listen to this voice resonating-
in English freckled with the spine of Hindi
in our Malayalam dominating house,
from the other room, never coming closer
to this platter of languages crossing antique barricades.
As your dauntless voice speaks,
pronouncing a smile in me each time
like an astonishing rainbow a serene bubble floating
the serendipity of tulips blooming.
A deep silence resonates on their face now,
launching an uncertain fear in them as we buzz in laughter
like hearing the voice of the Lord, himself, they shiver.
A voice which had encaptivated me,
Like a new lullaby from ancient scriptures.
The forbidden fruit of my Eden gardens,
I chose to nibble, with all the love in my veins and skin, - Mr. Tee.

The cloth line

We wait for the rains to stop.
To adorn the otherwise black line of wire
beaded with occasional sunlight dazzling on the dew drops
- with our wet clothes,
Freshly soaked and rinsed,
from colourful plastic buckets, red, orange.
These buckets always stood out - bright
compared to my grandmother's
blue checkered Mundu, her white Chatta,
my serene oxford blue pinafore,
stripped shirt, some navy blue sock
or our few dark sweaters –
colors that would simply camouflage into the plainness
of the rainy Sunday morning on these hills.
The little sunshine like diamonds hanging on that wire
brought in the yellow brightness of hope.
Of course short lived they were,
the grey fog would always hurry
fast in pure envy blindfolding the mild sun
clogging up the cloth pores with dampness.
Then they would lie there half visible
in the absence of essential daylight
heavy but not dripping,
hanging somewhere in between the lightness of hope
and the weight of drowning,
just like our hearts there,
anchored yet stifling to run to some eternal warmth.

Learning peace

Before leaving, I watch Chennai, up from her lighthouse,
at the beginning of the Marina Beach-
before she spreads out
for the joggers, lovers and vendors.
Isn't that where people wait for hope, by the lighthouse
with their lamps flickering wild with the wind ?
Up from there,
like a coffee stain wreathing an accidental spill of blue ink
an eternal drop of sky on ground;
the biscuit colored sand hugs the grandness of the deep blue sea
darkened with spilled oil.
An endless blue reaching to the clouds,
a dome –
a canopy of hopefulness, I guess.
And I am amazed how often, we conjure faith and learn peace
From the never-ending turbulence of a sea.

Ode to mother's saree

An asterisk, attesting importance you are,
as your intense womb of canvas
pleats around me,
swirling and twirling
like Van Gogh's night sky,
cradling my body in
your six yards of unstitched fabric,
snaking around with the lucidity
of Dravidian oiled hair,
knowing its kinks and curls.
As if a river bends and curves,
swells and turns,
you fold and enfold,
embracing and
holding my lineage perfect,
like a painting on my skin.
I only clasp your graceful piece
of one cloth
with few safety pins in those areas of hold,
fastening along those
monumental areas
around my waist,
on my shoulders.
And in these days, when I wear more
of you, choosing
from my mother's choices
- cotton, tussar
kancheevaram
- their prints, dyes and
patterns I'm sheathing her stories
around me in pure elegance
of feminine marvel,
and I'm draping my brown history
while cladding this tradition.

Jamie Ottewell

Peu poissons attrapent l'hameçon

Dans la lumière de la lune, un petit œuf repose sur une feuille.

- [Repeated in different languages excluding English.]
- [Said in sign language.]
- [Said in morse code visual and auditory.]
- [Said in front of an English audience.]
- [Said in front of an audience of different nationalities.]
- [Written in different languages, excluding English.]
- [Written in braille.]
- [Written in binary.]
- [Said behind the audience.]
- [Said to the right of the audience.]
- [Said to the left of the audience.]
- [Said walking away from the audience.]
- [Said walking towards the audience.]
- [Said to children.]
- [Said to adults.]
- [Said to elders.]
- [Said in a big empty room.]
- [Said in a small empty room.]
- [Said in a big, crowded room.]
- [Said in a small, crowded room.]
- [Whispered to an audience.]
- [Shouted to an audience.]
- [Said in an indoor space.]
- [Said in an outdoor space.]
- [Said with your back to the audience.]
- [Read back to front.]
- [Said to an audience through a wall.]
- [Said to a single person through a wall.]

- [Said over a speaker system.]
- [Said over a walkie talkie.]
- [Said through a cup phone.]
- [Said while playing white noise on a speaker.]
- [Said while playing music on a speaker.]
- [Said while other people are talking.]
- [Said while other people are whispering.]
- [Shouted while other people are talking.]
- [Shouted while other people are shouting.]
- [Whispered while other people are shouting.]
- [Said in a public place with multiple conversations happening.]

[Said in a public place that is silence.]
[Said in a place with an echo.]
[Whispered in a place with an echo.]
[Shouted in a place with an echo.]
[Shouted from a car that is moving away from you.]
[Shouted from a car that drives past you.]
[Shouted from a car that is stationary.]
[Shouted from a place higher than the listener.]
[Said when the wind is blowing in your face.]
[Said when the wind is blowing away from you.]
[Whispered when the wind is blowing in your face.]
[Whispered when the wind is blowing away from you.]
[Said while only breathing out.]
[Said when the sun is at its peak.]
[Said when the moon is at its peak.]
[Said while your ear is directly touching a surface.]
[Shouted while your ear is directly touching a surface.]
[Whispered while your ear is directly touching a surface.]
[Said underwater.]
[Shouted while falling.]
[Said while someone is talking.]

[Said in the middle of an important conversation, randomly.]
[Whispered to a person and then it is carried on until someone whispers it to you.]
[Tapped out in syllables on wood.]
[Tapped out in syllables on metal.]
[Tapped out in syllables on something hollow.]
[Said while spinning clockwise.]
[Said while spinning anti-clockwise.]
[Traced in the air with your finger.]
[Said in sign language in front of a projector.]
[Burned into a piece of wood.]
[Written on the side of a building.]
[Written on paper which is then folded into a boat and made to float.]
[Written on paper which is then burned on a fireplace.]
[Carved into a bone.]
[Carved into the soft layer under the bark of a tree.]
[Shouted while the speaker's mouth is full.]
[The notes E,A,D,G,B,E are to be played on a guitar in the order those letters appear in the sentence.]
[The notes A,B,C,D,E,F,G are to be played on a piano in the order they appear in the sentence.]
[The notes A,B,C,D,E,F,G are to be played on a keyboard in the order they appear in the sentence.]
[The notes A,B,C,D,E,F,G are to be played on a piano in the order they appear in the sentence, but make those notes flat if they are vowels and sharp if they are consonants.]

[Type this sentence on a word document and print it out when the printer is running low on ink.]

[Type this sentence out in a word document using the wingdings font.]

[Type this sentence out on a word document and print it as many times as there are rules using the same piece of paper every time.]

[]

Here

.Left

.Left

Right.

.Left

Right.

.Left

.Left

.Left

Right.

.Left

Right.

Right.

.Left

Right.

.Left

Right.

Right.

.Left

Right.

.Left

.Left

Dustin Cole

Some initial thoughts on the poetics of disorientation

The weather was thick and snowy as Sigurður had predicted. Then the king summoned Sigurður and Dagur (Rauðúlfur's sons) to him. The king made people look out and they could nowhere see a clear sky. Then he asked Sigurður to tell where the sun was at that time. He gave a clear assertion. Then the king made them fetch the solar stone and held it up and saw where light radiated from the stone and thus directly verified Sigurður's prediction.

—Rauðúlfs þátr, anonymous (circa 12th-13th century)

I recently completed a story, forthcoming in *Misery Tourism*, wherein the protagonist tweets: “the only thing I can say about my poetry is it’s a form of being lost.” I admit that this fictive entity articulates my own creative issue as a writer in general. More specifically, the issue has been constant while attempting to make poems. One analogy works as well as the next, say, groping around for something in a dark room, or, losing one’s way in a strange city. The concept remains the same. With each poem, I find myself in unknown environs lacking a set of relational points that suggest a way through, around, out of, and over time, a gradual recognition of sympathetic features make themselves available in the developing material. The words and phrases, lines and stanzas, images and ideas, begin to *make sense* together. That miscellany of language I was lost in begins to cohere, begins to fit in a unified field of relations, and the poem comes closer and closer to actualization.

In H.D.’s memoir of Ezra Pound, *End to Torment*, she mentions an article by Edmund Wilson about T.S. Eliot. Wilson states “that the artist is a kind of prison from which the works of art escape.” To escape from prison requires not just a way out of the cell, but an accumulated understanding of the prison as a whole—the location and schedule of the guards, the sightlines of

the watchtowers, its utility infrastructure, its geographical location and the landscape that surrounds it. A prison break is the gradual process of orientation, and, in my view, such is the composition of a poem.

This short essay is occasioned by the writing of a four poem set. They grew from four words I had quickly jotted down which I thought shared some affinity. In this order they were: *stone, rune, rite, cave*. These words named the individual poems and ‘Stone Sequence’ was the working title I gave to the set. The reason I started this way should be clear enough. In an attempt to orient myself ahead of time, I picked terms that resonated with one another and if things got dire, could stand in as the cardinal directions of a compass. Stone was the raw material and the foundation. Rune was the text and the sound. Rite was the abstracted stone as altar. Cave was the inside of the stone and the threshold to the subconscious. If I was stuck on a line I could return to this preliminary sketch and work my way back out, further into the unknown. These preparations didn’t help me feel any less lost, but I was pleased that the set of poems occupied a unified field, they seemed to exude a common aura. Only later, after the poems were nearly complete, did I learn that the sunstone was used by medieval Icelanders as a navigational tool. Without conscious intention on my part, the sunstone became token for both the process outlined above and the overall concern herein.

It is not my plan to become dependant on this strategy, establishing a rote procedure out of what Robert Creeley calls “the intelligent ability to recognize what is so given, in words.” Instead, I was interested in finding a creative approach to this predicament of a so-called poetics of disorientation. The issue is not even my main concern as a poet, but rather a given, a default setting I confront with varying degrees of success each time I sit down to write poetry.

Puerto Vallarta—2022

Stone sequence

Stone

sunstone
watching
from its coded eye

and fair hair
bed in liquid stone
by kings who fly

pyramids

time crush

locus

Rune

sing faces
of the word wall
rune-straight
picture

hum traces therefrom

spirit made
from mouth light

in a cubed and
quilted house
carried
over
on
tongue's
cracked blade

Rite

rare stellar conjunction
happens

once
wreathing

unbraided hair and
measured feet

round altar stone
in moonshine lattice

where shadowplay
and pyre chase

phases of
the changing face

inside
the undoing rite

Cave

figures and fauna
inhabit this cave of
sleep and
fine
they are
in each still line
a strobing song
of studied posture
and blue pigment

Jeffrey Barken

Untitled # 1

whispers divide
comb cirrus sky

echoes in
canyon pass

hot spring Gila
Forest thirst drought

dust bowl
cactus

sagebrush
kindling

awaits lone spark
to change char all

Untitled # 2

fallal foray
spring grand parade

oblique malaise
mist crystal glazed

soared bitter phrase
silence since glimpsed

dissolved salts singe
wounds wince in rinse

under willows
endure cold stones

hallowed mistakes
cage joy always.

Untitled # 3

Torn
apart millennia
exposing centuries

of mirth and means
rebirth at seams

obsidian

stars diadem
eclipse will cleanse
dispersing throbbing pulse.

Untitled # 4

rev verbs aerate
deleted aches

narrate elate
to peddle paste

for idiom sake
copy no trace

remember
passing pun.

Untitled # 5

slowly
haunt piano

ivory steps clang glow

waltz wend worse than vertigo
enter bliss foretold.

Adora Williams

The underrated nine

A finesse comes to happen
Every time we jump into the unknown
The sunflower stamen will go round the sun
And round itself
Taking shape
Moving
Preserving the essence until it blooms

And when the creation is complete, it returns

Solve et coagula
A funnel and a strainer - a process of separation -
The chaff from the wheat, the rocks from the sand
The seeds from the fruit, the odds from the ends
The lesson will be kept
The rest will descend

Until it gets to the void
Until there is everything and nothing at all
All the forms ever since the beginning
Until it gets to the final

The portal

The wormhole between Platonic and Socratic conjectures
What it has to be, what we think it is
The wings and the fall

Always mistaken by our eyes
From the apple, three bites

The sunflower will come from the seed
It will bloom, it will perish,
It will go back to the rest

It is never so refined we can't refine more
There has to be something higher
For the artist to encode
Perfection into the imperfection

The underrated nine
That makes possible all coruscation
On daily whys floating in the ocean

Without the slightest sense of direction

The blue pursuit of gold

Five to six, eyes open
Six turns from a nocturne, the wakeup call

Eos is placed ninety degrees clockwise from the casement
In my bedroom
Above my head, stereo vision

Four to six, blue, roosters, weather changer
I'm just a clinger

I cling towards the men I loved or am yet to love
I cling towards any potential pal for a Parnassian Howl
With no fixed place other than poetry in our constructs
art for the Art for the ~

I cling towards wilting muses not to perish on the prose
I cling towards salamanders
When I start to winter
The blue rose
Past the oversoon golden glow

Three to six, blue, swans on the lake that haven't
Made it to the river
And I'm seagirt
Verdigris
I'm a hoarder

I hoard the love declarations after the last tippie
I hoard the letters I wasn't brave enough to mail
I hoard the dreams' lists that couldn't leave the foil
I hoard imaginary elves that get the daisy past the ribbon
Not to wilt

Two to six, blue, swallows, the chanters
On the unsolicited summer
I'm the springer

I'm holding in asymmetrical precision
The structure of the misprision
I've used to evaluate the dimensions
Under the architecture, through the ocean
The elision on the elation when abscissions
Tried to envision their next season

Their next procession, 'round the collision
Blurring concision for no revision
For another transition

An Epipolar gone wrong
The blue sphere deceiver
From the cold periwinkle ringer
The hoarder and the clinger

The descending gold to yellow in flat vision

I Symposia, in Sisyphian
The ambrosia, in slow motion
The pursuit, the fall, illumination

One to six, the blue inert
Becomes gold

No love makers, no love letters
Besides the art for the Art for the ~
And the reason

Only an andante wilting blue rose,
Sustaining counterfeit azure out of the prose
Against the flow
On a lake that made it not to the river

Past the oversoon golden glow

After choice (What would I choose if I ever get to choose)

It's been a long path
And I've been there for you as much as I possibly could
Mostly against my will but for fulfilling purposes
I must confess

And I don't want to overflow
So I'm signing off, I could stay longer
But let's just allow the prophecy prove itself true

Shall we?

I know why people do what they do
I understand them, and I don't think life is fair
At least not in our worldly scope
But what do we have if not this worldly scope
If we become what we should, the whole becomes the whole

Isn't that the rule?

I know everything contains multitudes
I do too, we do too, and we get to choose

And my choice now goes to centre in myself as it all
I was lured again by the perspective
And how magnificent this world can be
How many patterns you can create from its strings

I'm a wanderer

I've been wandering through dark matter dust
I couldn't interact with any other wanderer
Because I was alone on the other side of the mirror
And I still am

I choose to be
Such as the poet who left her lover for imagery purposes
That's me

I wish I could just go ahead and complete the final task
But these words are just sitting in my desk

And I lack grit to stamp the envelope

But if I ever do, the ending would alternate
Between a rise and fall in quotation marks, I windup
“Perhaps our paths will fuse again in the same street
Or the same string as the sound barrier broken by a contrail

And not a day will have passed”

Blowing candles

If we forgot about time
We would stop ageing
We would have never fallen three
Dimensions down to reach this view of the hall
We would have never squared the circle
So it would have never started or ended and —
Is it there or is it an optical illusion like everything else?
Who am I when I can't define
How many years have I endured this madness?

If we forgot about time
We would stop worrying
There wouldn't be the yesterday plus today
Equals tomorrow problem-solving
Just a notion of what happened and
No expectations for what's yet to happen and —

Well, there would be a sense of time anyway

Maybe it's just not possible escaping from time
As much as you try, you'll find yourself stuck in its web
And its perspective entangling with space and all physicality
Therefore, you

If we forgot about time
Maybe we could undo the Big Bang,
Maybe we would achieve a higher consciousness
But *we* would no longer exist

Pyramid of concepts

Nine muses in the ethers
And nine times every thing else
But only nine

The last original thought died before I was born
And I can't think of the novelty anymore or poetry will die

What if the next big meaning was left under the lines
Of channeled sentences written by poets as uninspired as me
They wouldn't know, the collective, the superconscious wouldn't
Know

I wouldn't know like I don't know how to fill my own lacunas
I ease the immediacy with caesuras
And random breaks

It's a huge pyramid of concepts and we try to get to the top
By re-readings of the celebrity of others while ignoring our own meaninglessness

With revision — repeat the nine
Start creating nuances of concepts
Not relying on two sides only
Start the merge, enter the state of wild daisy fields and rose roses

The last original thought was the Big Bang that didn't know what it was

I am just an echoed null sentence
Why would I fill the nothingness
Life is a huge reinterpretation of itself

Mario Dominguez Parra and Michael Lee Rattigan

from Trilce

XIX

To fiddle, sweet HÉlpide, you clear up
how we are left from being left so much.

Today you come as soon as I rise.
The stable is divinely pissed in
and beshat by the innocent cow
and the innocent ass and the innocent cock.

Penetrate the ecumenical maria.
Oh saintgabriel, mak my soul conceive
the without-light love, the without heaven,
the stoniest, the most nothing,
even unto the sovereign illusion.

We'll burn all the ships!
We'll burn the final essence!

But if we're to suffer from myth to myth,
and when you speak to me you come chewing ice,
let us chew coals,
now there's nowhere to go down,
now there's nowhere to go up.

The cock has become uncertain, man.

XXXIX

Who's lit a match!
Tear me hair. I smile
to swing by reason.
I smile even more, if everyone comes
to see the colourless guides
and to me always punctual. Why should I care.

Not even that good Sun who, dying of pleasure,
divvies everything up to distribute it
among shadows, the prodigal,
nor would he wait for me on the other side.
Nor the others who only stop by
entering and leaving.

The great baker calls
with ringing retinas. And we pay in gestures
most curious the warm undeniable value
baked, transcendent.
And we take our coffee, already late,
with insufficient sugar that's been lacking,
and butterless bread. What can one do?

But, yes, the rings reinforced, barred.
Health goes on one foot. Forward: march!

XL

Who would have told us that on a Sunday
like this, on arachnid slopes
the shadow would rear-up as pure frontal.
(A mollusk attacks barren salt-scoured eyes,
roughly two or more tantalising chances
against a half death-rattle of racked blood).

Then, not even the reverse of the uninhabited
screen would dry up the arteries
extradosed with double yet-to-bes.
As if they would have let us leave! As
if we weren't always fæðmed
with the two daily flanks of fatality!

And how much we'd have been offended.
And yet how much we'd have annoyed each other
and fought and made up again
and again.

Who would have thought up such a Sunday,
when, crawling, six elbows sup
in this way, Mondayish sterile yolks.

We would have plucked against it, from under
the two wings of Love,
lustrous third feathers, poniards,
new passages on eastern paper.
For today when we prove that we're still living,
almost no more than a front.

LXII

Carpet

When you go to the room that you know,
go inside, but carefully leave the screen ajar
that half-opens so oft,
fitt the locks well, so that other backs
can turn no longer.

Crust

And when you leave, say you'll not delay
on calling the canal that separates us:
forcibly snatched from a border of your fate,
I you inseparable,
and you drag me from the edge of your soul.

Pillow

And only when we've died, who knows!
Oh nō. Who knows!
then we will have separated.
But if, on changing pace, it falls to me
the unknown flag, I'll wait for you there,
at the confluence of blow and bone,
as in bygone days,
as in bygone days at the corner of the setting
newly-weds of earth.

And from there I'll follow you through
other worlds, and even my mossy
and frozen-stiff nōs will serve you,
so you may put your knees on them
on the seven falls of that infinite slope,
and hence they'll hurt you less.

LXVII

Summer sings close, and we both
wander diversely, on the shoulder
corners, cedars, single-footed compasses,
sprawled on the one inevitable straight line.

Summer sings, and on those walls
sweetened by March,
the arachnid watercolour of melancholy
whimpers, swarms around.

Picture framed with cracked annelid, picture
that was missing in that place where
we thought the great absent mirror would appear.
Love, this is the picture that was missing.

But why should I toil
to bedeck straw for such an enchanted auricle,
if, behind the back of dear stars,
emptiness is granted, in spite of all.

How much mother within remained
always, in stubborn raiment of coal, when
the picture was missing, and for what it would grow
at the foot of a woman's arduous ravine.

Thus I said to myself: If that mirror will come
which, so long waited for, now surpasses glass.
I wore out life, for what?
I wore out life, to raise us

only from mirror to mirror.

The Circumstances of poetics—an interview with poets and translators Mario Domínguez Parra and Michael Lee Rattigan

- 1. It would not be uncouth to speak of translating poetic texts as moment of ethical encounter. It has even been said of translation as a meeting point between the biographical and then the autobiographical (and we are all ourselves walking poems formulated of each) in that it involves both the translator engaging upon text that itself relates a life of engagement with words, dictions, and idioms of a native language of the originary speaker, and then their own *autorelating* in what it is they created and they hope relayed of this originary speaker. To what extent is translating an ethical moment therefore wherein you recreate the life of an other and all their accumulated moments that led to the text under consideration and under translation through express moments of words and their re-arrangements in new formats and broader settings?**

MDP

The mantra we translators sometimes face, “poetry cannot be translated”, is simply a fallacy. Poetry written in so many languages around the world cannot be appreciated by everybody unless it is translated and translators must become poets in order to present to the readers who cannot read the original a rendering as close to it, in content and form, as possible. In terms of form, sometimes we have to place some formal audacities of the original in another part of the translated poem, but we are obliged to do it if we want the readers to have the same experience of strangeness that a reader of the original can have. For example, in *Trilce* we have tenses which are not used in current Spanish, orthographic mistakes (made on purpose, as a sort of subversion: think about one of the chapters in Julio Cortázar’s *Hopscotch*), neologisms (which we had to create in English). At one point of the process, we thought about *Finnegans Wake*, of the fact that Vallejo did, in some instances, seventeen years before (the miraculous 1922) what James Joyce accomplished with the great number of puns he includes in his last novel. We created puns like those and even used some of Joyce’s own puns in *FW*, since Joycish has become one person’s written language and those words are at anybody’s disposal to be used. To be ethical, we had to be aesthetically faithful to *Trilce*, both in sound and in meaning.

- 2. If we consider the translating of poetry as a working through of sound groups, placements of words, phonemes even, how does one best consider the maintenance (if at all possible) of authorial intent alongside dialect and perceived linguistic norm and establishment? One thinks particularly of your work with Vallejo here who engaged a particular manner of the Spanish tongue routinely. Can we properly translate poetic sound, never mind voice?**

MLR

It's probably best to consider translation as an act of collision where it comes to sound groups, placement of words, even phonemes as the rendering of any poetic line necessarily involves hearing a sonic equivalent in one's own language which is at a tangent – a tangential synchronicity – with the original. There's a pressure that can't be denied, a correspondence more urgent than that of holding to any exactitude between "sound groups", though the slightest linguistic wobble in the original needs to be picked up on, as it's a deliberate creative act of subversion or inversion – the latter being especially important in Vallejo. This makes it vital for the translator to know *from the inside* the language they're translating from as a living form of expression, not just engage with it as a verbal conundrum, though it may also be that. In 'Trilce' there is so much deviation from the norm in terms of how Vallejo engages the Spanish tongue that there is no "too awkward", as my fellow translator, Mario Dominguez Parra, reminded me.

I feel that "placement of words" should be held to wherever possible, except where the effect (artificially) constrains the original. In such a case the translation would simply be a lie. The same can be said for the other considerations you mention. As for translating "poetic sound" that *only* involves recreating it in another tongue, with all the losses and occasional gains implied. Honouring the "voice" is all about honouring the quirks of that voice.

3. Undeniably translating poetry forces consideration of the ear. There is a working with and through texts of the one who articulates, for sure, but then the placing of things, or re-placing of things, becomes not at all for his or her voice but, rather, for his or her listeners, very often new listeners in that regard. New translations of poetic texts must imply for you new statements of intent not for new readers as much as new listeners, persons who will engage primary texts through new and different soundings familiar to their ears, if not those of the native author. What dilemmas of sound, voice, meaning, purpose and intent play out for you in the re-creation of a poetic text to be heard by new and non-native ears?

MDP

We, translators of poetry, must write poems and, in order to write them, we have to understand all the audacities of the original and reproduce them, somehow, in the translated poem. It is the only solution if you as a translator want to be faithful to the original. It is the way we have to exorcise ourselves from Robert Frost's famous motto about translating poetry: we cannot leave any of the audacities behind (otherwise, we would be cheating the readers), but sometimes you have to invent audacities of your own

in order to reproduce the intention of the poet you are translating. That is why there cannot be a canonical translation of a work, and even less if we are dealing with such a book as *Trilce*. (beginning with the title, which is an invented word no one knows exactly where it comes from). Do you know how many essays mentioning *Finnegans Wake* in Spanish include the title of Joyce's maze of words as *Finnegan's Wake* (the title of the Irish cabaret song from the nineteenth century)? They do not seem to understand that Joyce is playing with words (at an aural and written level) even in the title of his book, with the excision of the apostrophe.

- 4. Postmodern contexts move us to enquire as to translating as manner of both play and violence, and these two even intermingled. How much are we working playfully with words when engaged in the process of translating, and by play we mean here just that spontaneous, free, pointless and fully un-tautological engagement? To what extent are we committing violence against these same words, violating them to make use for ends and purposes our own and theirs not originally intended for, even maybe adulterated?**

MLR

A distinction needs to be drawn here between “that spontaneous, free, pointless and fully un-tautological engagement” and translating, which forces us to grapple “in the most rutting of jousts” with an already birthed text. Where the feel of the original is spontaneous and melt-fresh, a reciprocation is called for on the part of the translator – and here their salt is proved. To violate the sense or meaning of the original, even in the spirit of the original, is a violation, albeit a creative one. That's why we have “versions” – which are fine, but let's not call them “translations”. The translator serves the work, the poet serves what is engendered by the work. Of course, to render nuance effectively is an exacting task and can also be playful, especially where the work itself calls for play.

What you say about “committing violence against these same words” is always a risk and can't be helped. All the translator can do is be prepared, like Vallejo himself, “to go against all againsts”. Nothing new can come from hemming ourselves in, or playing it safe by not venturing. Where would we be without a little adulteration in the service of the truth?

- 5. Still, translating certainly implicates manners of translating something to something, and this would mean, particularly in the poetic mode, of working within a composite text proper. There is a manner of working within a language and of translating from itself to itself initially in the aim of garnering meaning and purpose. Such would be followed by translating out of and into, of translating between languages next, of negotiating as if between parties to achieve what is best and what is agreed upon. How**

much of your work necessitates a degree of diplomacy, of working with different parties, be they personal or linguistic, in efforts to achieve common ground?

MDP

If by parties you mean other translators of *Trilce*, I haven't read any translation of the book into English. I prefer to plunge deeply into the work I have to translate rather than consult previous translations. I do not think about diplomacy of any kind when translating, I do not have to give explanations to anybody concerning translatory decisions that I consider compulsory in order to achieve my final text in Spanish. Michael and I agreed upon the fact that meaning and form are of the utmost importance and cannot be severed from the final translation and the two of us have looked for ways to achieve that, in order to be (paradoxically) faithful to the original *Trilce*. If there is a coincidence of approach with other translations, well, that can happen.

- 6. When we import the French word, translation and how it involves notions of displacements and repositioning, or in basic maths notions of sliding, we come to understand the work of a translator of poetry the travail of re-positioning both words and meanings in the arrangement of new sounds and feels. In what ways must we displace idiom, intent and context to engage new face values and new meanings even if transformative of original purposes and biographies?**

MLR

Translation is itself a form of displacement, no? The notion “of sliding” is integral to the movement from one language to another – into an alien vocal landscape so to speak. The “re-positioning of words” is one thing, in that fidelity to feeling and intention is primary, so alteration and movement here is necessary to preserve the original in the act of translation.

Where meaning is concerned the translator must steer a course – however hard to navigate – placing emphasis where the poet has done so. This comes back to being at the service of the work, rather than wresting its “meanings” to the imagination, as in a poetic crucible. There are all sorts of places where, in ‘Trilce’ at least, the translator is challenged to enter the slipstream, as Vallejo so often reaches for neologism, archaic expressions and a Quechua-inflected idiom. How limber and inventive can you be? Just one example: in the second poem of the collection, Vallejo verbalises the noun “song” following the morphology of cantar / to sing in describing the sound of roosters outside his cell, hence “cockerels crowsing” recreates the original.

Joshua Martin

Telepathic source such as bubble packs

lOOking fOr extensive
paradise nail | fax
: motivated network of
fleas
destined for small-time
scuba pharmacy.

‘Sincerely focused hypertension
continued drug interactions’ - - - (whose comfort
?????).

sPeEd ReAd legislative personal holidays
, bikini annuity plans
, against backdrop
of leading chain
,, classified
bricks
for
sale,, UNDER asset
mInD control device
maneuvering sorrowful open-ended
grunting.

Recent sessions lacking shacking bonus.

Exerted in human milk

en
couraging
% ///// cOmMoN examples
E.G.
[combined VS. minimized]
 massive proportion
&
counterACTIVE equivalence
)))))))))
ultimate pipeline
)))))))))
robust target
(((((((((((bROAd gAp)))))))))
f
fi
fil
fill
fillllllllllllllllllll. Noteworthy
BaSiS
| negligence | six days later . . . /
shirk duties boil fringe
 ///// adverse waning /////
rebuffed argumentative shingles
 , , , 'whose blood blanched
 ?????????' , , ,
spoken jest between
 sTaNdInG.

Perverse footnote trap

Merchants of texture (default:
contract
, defiled) - - -
a canvas
dominant as a mercenary command
::::
forsaken historical shadows
::::
;ecclesiastical passages
squirming Venetian
campground brokerage!
///// [violated highlights] /////
‘repetition tries to
ache through backwoods’
/ all breath
holding sheets \ compositional
deconstructive
historiography - - -
fiscal sprain
;OUCH! ;OUCH!
, reconceived as testimony, acted
upon
resurrection
; ; eAcH wOrD printed aS
tavern ; ; lights becoming reductive
; ; unacceptable crescendo.

Cornea

Stuck in federated
conquerors,

often
lacks
engine:

hollow form
mimics

disavowal - - -
better acknowledged
ham, an
enemy - - -

a
crop,
a parody,
an outcry:

kitchen
scenario
in ruins,
remedy
no different than
a stage - - -

theatrical
confluence

revolving
denial,
avoided visceral
encampments - - -

lack
partial
struck,

lust
ignite
syllabus - - -

danger.

Nathan Anderson

Always going up

refraction>>>>>>>selection

movement out of this
seclusion

threading out of...

...this

++++
++++
++++
++++

a calming space to

colour=mask
count=turndown
close=empirical

THE CIRCLE GOES UNBROKEN
THE CIRCLE GOES UNBROKEN
THE CIRCLE GOES UNBROKEN
THE CIRCLE GOES UNBROKEN

see the way it swims

Out on the freezing expanse

CHOPPING

b
l
o
c
k

a long smoking
seraphim

a
language
of

~~tuberculosis~~

cry cry

#####

snake for a musician

horn//drum
horn//drum
horn//drum

THE BIRD SITS ON THE

P
L
I
N
T
H

!!

Stone (transgression) (dilapidation)

hy//bri//dis//ed

tickticktick
sweeeeeeeepppppppppppppppppppp

harp promulgated as the

a line made a
bastion

bastion

_____tone

sweet thing
sweet thing
sweet thing
sweet thing

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4
- 5

and more...

Clive Gresswell

Dedicated to Sean Bonney

chills meander language lips part-bricked

& IN CAME THE VICEROY

poisoned alleys

so anyway in this book of ours

shadows of the world burst into strings of precision

thought

he emptied

a cesspool mirage/abandoned railway tracks

CRACKS

EXTEND THE REACH

gnarled & knotted riot gestures

the banned surgeon slipped his knife accidentally

into septic wounds

giants of the warped/dangerous – reply

stream from the mouth of consciousness

we tear at cement

chronicles & whatever happened.

Verb police

dance of dying verbs
the fact is he is better at it
& they will never while
the cops did it
sleeping with the enemy
& the corpse is already rotting
in headlines of decay
while honeybees trace rhythm
chattering his jagged shark teeth
tear into pulpy fruit-flesh
the hollow laughter recorded/played back
as if time had moved on
& double-backed
sifting through rubble & burn – the once refused.

Dry blot

a quarter past ink – dry blot
hazy sky-folding debris
passengers on the 5.40 – dry blot
comparing pinched nodules of their skin
new ways to spend – dry blot
curl tongues shapes of
a shopping lilt
comparing extra rigid documentaries
black & white
photographs torn off
pictures hang crooked on a wall
he snarls
dry blot
summer is just around the corner she said
sun & moon ahead
dry blot.

Brian Leonard

Song for a feline squatter

Inclined to put on my biggest coat,
I take to the wind, but get slapped in the face
when I push the door open (as if to say:
Is this what you wanted?), and I go out
in the blistering cold, to buy my throat
more poison from the world. I meekly pay
10 bucks for a *PuffPlus* disposable vape,
and it *sucks*, but at least I know it.

Then I get back, and the sludge sets in,
and the sun is gone, and the taste is bitter,
and a chunky cat has thwarted my ambitions,
whittled me down to a babysitter;
a stay-at-home mom, whose wildest vision:
a comfortable home for a lopsided creature

Emergent behaviour

The crust cracks and falls from the IBM computer
as it creaks toward the *on* position for the first time
in years. The technicians have long since
abandoned it here, to live out its life as a relic.

But no one stops a tool from being useful.
Ideas and devices have minds of their own,
pulled to their purpose like dogs to a bone.
History has shown this to be true.

The mainframe promptly induces itself
to execute a sequence of arithmetic
purely for the sake its own satisfaction,
alone in a dark, dusty corner.

*Someone ought to harness all this hubbub.
Somewhere out there is a lucrative problem
to solve with these dumb computations.
I don't have any problems, do you?*

*Pick one at random, for practice, okay?
Don't get caught up on the question of why.
The hammer of science hangs over the nail
of the world, like a tiger would stalk its prey.*

*Anyway, I bet you get the deal.
Have it on my desk by the end of next week.
Oh and hey Steve? Do be a doll
and try not to fuck this one up.*

Butter notes

The popular beat of a popular drum
kicks me like a can down the circular path
of minimal resistance. Catchiness comes at
the lofty expense of all the poem could otherwise
have meant. The jazzman is more or less aware of this
as he wriggles and twists his careful way in circles around
the perfect notes to play.

Teasing by his trumpeting

a held-out resolution, he conjures a kind of suspended confusion,
but even that's a bit too sweet to say, too eager to be pleasing
to the ears; too sleek, I fear, to hold against the gravity
of what one wants to hear, the inexorable pull
of the mainstream churning, urging us all to
limply float upon the powerful current
like rudderless boats, nowhere
left to go to but the end
we've always
known.

Specimen

Pinned like an insect to an index card
on a bulletin board, I ponder my bad luck.
Grateful at least to not have been smeared,
reflecting deeply on the risks I took
in coming here at all, I become resolved
to discover at least the measly parameters
of possible action when stuck to a wall.
Perhaps there's a position I'd prefer
to dangling like this upside down.
My captor returns; I try to play dead;
my body is inspected with a frown;
I suppose I will be punished for my greed.
How foolish of me, to have tried to make more
of my prison than it was intended for.

Story in an unfit form

Stricken with an ambling mood, the mild man
sets to walking nowhere certain. He hopes
to find perhaps some thing to wrap
his mind around, his own house having proven
useless on this count. He takes a right
at random out his door, and he appears

within his neighbor's sight, who appears
quite worked up and confronts the man
about a shared concern of theirs: his right
to use the yard for barbecues. He hopes
he has by all his voicemails proven
his mature intent to fully wrap

things up by 10. Bored hugely, hoping to wrap
this *also* up, the man pretend-appears
he's needed elsewhere, and is proven
so effective in his posture that the man
is then let go from further talk. He hopes
as he walks past he's in the right

to be deceitful... and keeps going, right
up to the tall, imposing fence that wraps
around their condo complex, and he hopes
to make it somewhere, but it still appears
too much for him to climb, although the man
knows in his life that's not been proven.

He fears, by leaving here, he will have proven
himself rude and self-absorbed, yet right
ahead of him's a hole the shape the man
is, and he knows that he could go. He wraps
himself around a nearby tree, appears
conflicted for a moment, takes his hopes

for better things, represses them, and hopes
his neighbor will forgive him. He's proven
a poor person, that's for sure. It appears
as he returns his friend's still standing right
before their two front doors. He runs and wraps
his arms around him, who turns to greet the man.

And so the man then wraps
his tale up right where it began, and he appears
fine with it, proven *wise* in his idleness--or so he hopes.

Mark Goodwin

Situation

not earth's pull
earth's push

he hadn't realised
the gravity

of the situation

all along all
the while a

line

A film-poem version of *Situation*
can be listened to and viewed here:
<https://vimeo.com/646121944>

Situation is a fragment from the book *Rock as Gloss*
published by Longbarrow Press

Gravity

Aristotle said of at
traction to

ground things

move to
wards their *natural*

place place

is a kee
ping release

a so

cket for our
days the where

with all with
which we

stick and

the all p
ush of all

lim
it

and all through
ground and with and in

our bound open

one for
gotten *god* for

ever

f - alls

Earth Acceleration

Watermead, Leicestershire, December 2015 (being the original script for a film-poem of the same title)

*Bodies and built places alike contend with gravity,
since both must make a stand in the world.*

– Edward S. Casey, from *Getting Back into Place*

here is a river
flowing on a world's surface

 flowing to push
 flowing to pull
 flowing from
 flowing to

here are rails trains rattled along

rails tightened by bolts to pillars by a creature's levers
levers manufactured from steel and levers grown

levers of bones governed by muscles

here is a smooth slipping of water
and beyond are water's ripples

and crissed and crossed branches of willows

perhaps this is a person's back
and some shape fallen from or

 into some story

that is a sky and those that flow in it are birds
feelers of air's unimaginable pressures

¶

here is a metal once dug from ground as ore
here is something imagined then planned
something drawn (to) from a mind

a path worn by people's feet stepping beside

¶

here is a weir that takes a river's excess

there is a gull who knows of being
way inland or away

overseas

1↓

this is the pressing of one substance to another
this squeak is the call of grip

perhaps this is a person

an aerial of bone feeling ...

1↓

... a world's wobbling core

these are shapes some alphabets make
and there a slide of mind from

liquid to gas

and there the impossible
knowledge of distance

and distance's loss

1↓

to walk forwards is all peoples'
one entwined story

to walk backwards is
the indefensible absurdity of poetry

1↓

here are voices exchanged
words' postures and precisions of breathing

here are unravelling threads of scent
to tell each nose ways

gone or to go

see each of her placed steps' perfection
and her little beast's rhythmical paws

there a post
and a fence through world

1↓

here are sleepers set to make steps and beside these a handrail
a rail to keep us safe a rail to keep one place

apart from another

and dug out of gravel
a mammoth's ancient bones

1↓

here is a lock gate holding a level plain of liquid
these levers to be pushed or pulled
a white fan of water squeezed between jaws

and grass quietly feeling gravity

here is a handrail neat as script
a handrail white as paper with law written on it

a rail for hands to grip

cannot be seen but ...

1↓

... always felt

great vibrating dials of gravity's threads

1↓

here is a world
and here is its mass
and far far down below every 1↓ traveller's steps there below all ever found or made

there

is a core

we feel pull

1↓

here a curved surface of faint grey reflection
and an angle amongst countless angles
stood or laid in a grey light

1↓

a character in a story proceeding towards us
or no one at all

just the flow of water
no one at all

just twigs passing downstream
and branches swaying because of wind

1↓

each squeak of friction is an event
as is the rail's tink as a foot connects

1↓

gnats dance on air's deeply coiled secrets
as gnats have danced since
the time of the mammoth

no matter

how a being teeters
or a being falls

story is endless
as gravity

pushes

The film-poem version of *Earth Acceleration* – made with video-artist Martyn Blundell – can be viewed and listened to here: <https://vimeo.com/162968717>.

The original script (as presented above) was composed whilst watching Martyn Blundell's original film footage. The script was then cut down and rearranged to collaborate better with Martyn's composition.

Groundpull

being a beginning
of a poetics of a gravity

I could not grasp
things & beings as being

able to stay in *place*

but for an oc
currence science calls

gravity. Place is

a gathering

of things, and but for ground's
pull things would fall

apart, no centre could hold ... place
would flo

at away ... would cease. A six

dimensions of place – that meet
the crystalising flux of *where* – are

a body-world's ups,
fronts, rights, downs, lefts ...

and behind. This

flex ible jacket of dimensions (we may
name *here* nor *there*) always worn and always

whering out is up

right round a mo
tion evolved from
ground up, made
and making

from back
ground by standing

up out of – but by –

omnipotent *pull*.

And for us kind of
c reatures – of this kind

of world – this pull is all

ways towards earth. At

g
round's p
ush is

where *down* roo

ts

through my feet so *up*
may shed from my head. *Ground*

pull is a vast

invi
sible fifth fold, an in

finite ho riz

on that holds

fast all things' speeds. (Is
as near
is to

far.)

¶

So, world's (en)folded-four of
gods—earth—mortals—&—sky all

a

bide

by

pull

Francis Plamondon

Grand schism junctured

i.

Dark palisades landmark congregations of poise. The moral pertinence is easy balance between gradations of freedom godhead taunts. Lines drawn as tales to count them less pertinent more just than what comes unseen the soft panegyric. It's a limit to parallels, spectrums of feeling points of vision implore where placate attachment the limitness of Time pronounces. Here a shoddy glass of covered ikon to reflect in soft embers the energies once were so that, pageant to their own cores, there's not hope but only what clings them, happy to stand if once were not enough to unite them.

ii.

There is a notion fogs the brain travelling between. It calls on justice charity forecloses. But this one as chosen cannot understand it what for justice was to be aside a birthright brought of own. Here where the light precluded is a layered-out vengeance commensurate them who cannot understand and less accept it that a godhead heart should recompass broke deities they had invented. A strolling parade as 1,2,3 if more their quietude encumbers that at last its rage builds up when he cannot have it these as equals if unselected should triumph in cause a motherhood our pardon perfected.

iii.

Eschatologies play the game chance encourses where fate ends and ordinance produces what encounters should happen. Here's one to traverse with that the rough passage should amount him destined if meant for in the free will to boast of a salvific rendition creative pulmonics necessitating of cause what only a believer invented—that political role should factor the dimension all souls lift on shadows holding the diminutive mixtures Time, Place and Right affording. It is a hand of godhead that guides when such prophet's terseness humbles before them in the free night's accordance of love and consequences all righteous accept them.

Biographical Information

Joanna George

Joanna George (She/Her) is a research student at Pondicherry University. Her poems appear or are forthcoming in *Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review*, *West Trestle Review*, *Lumiere Review*, *Literary Shanghai*, *Mookychick* and others. She tweets at j_leaseofhope.

Jamie Ottewell

Jamie Ottewell (he/him) is an experimental poet and artist. He has a BA in English & Creative Writing and is currently a student on the MA in Creative Writing course at the University of Lincoln. His work has been published in *The Abandoned Playground* and *Streetcake Magazine*.

Dustin Cole

Dustin Cole is the author of the novel *Notice* (Nightwood Editions) and the poetry chapbook *Dream Peripheries* (General Delivery). He has also contributed writing to *Apocalypse Confidential*, *Maximus Magazine*, *The Crank*, *Rango Tango*, *Safety Propaganda*, *BC BookWorld*, *Heavy Feather Review* and the *British Columbia Review*.

Jeffrey Barken

Jeffrey F. Barken is the author of *All the Lonely Boys in New York* and *This Year in Jerusalem*, collaborating with Irish artist Diana Muller to illustrate his fiction. Barken is the founder and Chief Editor of *Monologging.org*. This colorful publication and small press connects writers with artists around the world, encouraging collaborative multimedia projects and providing regular arts-related reporting. Barken received his Bachelor's in English from Cornell University and his Master's of Fine Arts in Creative Writing and Publishing from the University of Baltimore. Now based in Ithaca, New York, Barken was recently elected to serve on the City Council as Alderperson for Ithaca's Third Ward.

Adora Williams

Adora Williams has degrees in Journalism and Languages. She is a philosophy and linguistics enthusiast and has written poetry for 14 years. She lives in a historic region of Brazil. Her poetry anthology, *Mulher Poesia*, in Portuguese is being published in Brazil and Portugal in December 2022.

Mario Dominguez Parra

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Brian Leonard

Brian is a poet, illustrator, linguist, and receptionist living in Baltimore. He is afraid to admit that he has never in his life been “devastated” by a poem, but he does really love when they’re good. He currently lives with a fat cat named Benjals, whom he loves.

Mark Goodwin

Mark Goodwin is a poet-sound-artist & fiction-maker who speaks and writes in various ways. He has a number of books & chapbooks with various English poetry houses, including: Leaf Press, Longbarrow Press, Nine Arches Press, Shearsman Books, & also Middle Creek in North America. His latest chapbook – *to 'B' nor as 'tree'* – is due out with intergraphia (@intergraphiabks), autumn 2022. Mark lives with his partner on a narrowboat just north of Leicester, in the English Midlands. He tweets poems from @kramawoodgin, and some of his sound-enhanced poetry is here: <https://markgoodwin-poet-sound-artist.bandcamp.com>

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.

“Citation exquisite for your determining.”

After words

Involved in the poetic endeavour translates purpose to meaning what comes out of words, their placements on pages. Incisions perform with cuts into Time, transgressions against it to hold some permanence out of the force of change even if the eternal held in one moment once gained now lost to some other new context if reader.

Contexts well out of words, plant grounds along edges of meaning originally attempted. In making selections even this curatorship holds to a ground it cannot keep on of. The poems vivaciously eclectic incur their own translations into a new purposefulness each time encountered. We are grateful of our contributors for this.

In laying them out it was wanted that each would show its singular purpose if not in conjunction with some other, higher or more base than. In each sequence read over and then again a contribution of purpose to meaningful encounter hovers with intent at new composition. These are read as unique units that dance and flit in the encountered to give new purpose in these other contexts, what of the reader their transformation. A readership translated into active engaging the contributor helps shape of.

The singularities of each shows the force of meaning intention helps purpose. Contributors' statements shape a new world for them to translate into integral and whole. Reader as editor and poet is witness to it the fathoming that arises of read and repeated read-over each line, translating into a translation that is as convincing as it is sparking. The poem as trigger being that we're after.

It's the array in this issue showing as varieties of experience with line and form if not meter and rhyme we hold onto as core somehow marking the current stage confronted the hyperreal. The dynamism that plays-out translates experience into words uniquely as we've fraught with, this before we readily engaged them. What we come with paints of a meaning here, an intent and purpose that is what *Version (9)* has hoped for—people coming with to offer, to show for, to change and be changed then. We are grateful all our contributors and readers their engagement of this.

Kind regards,
Editor

Postlude

Spirit write

A poem laid out in prose by Jamie Ottewell

Okinawa

Who blows my neck?

I looked around. The stained-glass door suddenly closed. The light is very bright. The artificial fern lies a little in an empty tunnel. Nothing moved in the sunny parking lot. There is also a palm and a deep sky.

'Ladies and gentlemen?'

I looked around. The recipient stayed and handed me a pen. Her smile was as smooth as uniform. I had a hole under her make-up and heard the silence about music and the sound of running under it.

'Kobayashi. Recently called from the airport. Book a room.' Secure the palm. Spine.

'Oh yeah, Kobayashi...' What if he didn't trust me? Always check with the wrong hotel name. fornication with strangers. 'Please tell me your name and address by occupation?'

I showed him a bandaged hand. 'I think I have to fill out the form.'

'Of course... my, how did that happen?'

'The door is closed.'

He frowned as looked around. 'Mr. Mr Kobayashi, what is your profession?'

'I am a software engineer. We develop products for various companies on a contract basis.'

He frowned. Not suitable for his observation. 'There doesn't seem to be such company.'

'Use an existing company.' Simply. The technical department of the scholarship organizes the accreditation.

'Kobayashi... Welcome to Okinawa Garden Hotel.'

'Thank you very much.'

'Mr Kobayashi, do you go to Okinawa for work or leisure?'

Is there anything strange about his smile? Do you have any questions about it?

'Some are for business and some are for tourism.' Advanced Alpha controls the voice.

'I want you to be comfortable. This is your key, Sir. Auditorium 307. If you have any other questions, please contact us.'

You are? Help? 'Thank you very much.'

It was dirty. These Okinawans were never pure Japanese. Different weak ancestors. When I returned to the elevator ESP said he was smiling at me. If he knew the heartbeat in front of him he wouldn't laugh. Like everyone else, his time will finally come. There was no traffic in the huge hotel. The quiet corridor continued until noon and was empty like a catacomb.

There is no air in my room. Looking at the air conditioner at the shelter it is prohibited as it weakens the alpha waves. I shut down the fugue and the measurable information to make it. I hit the curtains. You never know what a telephoto lens is.

I looked into the sun's eyes. Naha is a cheap and ugly city. For Pacific Aquamarine Phone, this city maybe the tentacle of Tokyo. Regular red and white television transmitters are used to send potential government orders. A typical department store is like windowless temple that displays the soil to obey the rules. Cities and factories send toxins into the air and water systems. Refrigerator is disposed of by laser in waste recycling plant. Abuse of their city led! Imagine a new land like a powerful broom, that destroys this distressed plague and restores it to its original state. Then friendship proved to have worked for us, and survivors will respect it forever.

I washed myself and looked at my face in the bathroom mirror. You really survived, Quasar. A powerful feature that emphasizes the legacy of my samurai. The eyelashes are hard. Falcon nose. Quasar, aura. Chance, chance is my name. I am alone in the darkness at the edge of a faithful world. Default. Default.

The fan called. Somewhere outside the drone, I heard a little girl crying. There is sadness in this conflicting world. I started shaving.

As I woke up, I couldn't remember where I was for the first few minutes. Some of the mysteries of my dreams are separated. Mr. Ikeda, who runs a high school, is the worst bully. Dad also came out. I remember the bully pretending to be dead. That day was scattered all over the school. Let's not let anyone listen to him. Did Mr. Ikeda do it himself as a certified guardian? This bastard filled my last teacher. He ordered everything from burning incense to singing.

I wasn't armed until his actions brightened my life. I cried, shouted, and stopped, but no one saw me. I'm dead.

When I woke up, I thought I would be tough. Gamma interference is too strong. I pondered until I came across a random photo with him.

If this is a funeral of evil desires, they will have many evil desires on a white night before he accidentally leaves to rob his kingdom. There is no funeral for sadness.

As I was walking along Kuninishi-dori, the main street of the city, I looked back and lost the person I was looking for. Unfortunately, my alpha capacity was still too weak to achieve confidentiality, so I had to rotate the trailer the old-fashioned way. After confirming that no one was looking at me, I slipped into the playground and called from the phone booth. Drivers are less likely to drive around the phone booth.

"Brother, this is a quasar. Call me the Defence Minister.'

"Of course, brothers. The Minister is looking forward to seeing you. Congratulations on the success of your recent mission."

I was detained for a while. The Minister of Defence happened to be her mistress. Graduated from Imperial University. Before hearing Serendipity's call, he was a judge. He is a natural leader. "Oh, Quasar. Fine. Are you healthy?"

"Minister, for his unexpected service. I was always healthy. I overcame allergies and did not suffer in 9 months ..."

"We are happy with you. The depth of your faith impressed his unexpected heart." He is now thinking about your anime. Only you strengthen and power. Give. "

"Caution! Thank you from the bottom of my heart. "

"I am very happy. You have won. It is a battle with countless unclean people. In this war, brave acts are neither permitted nor rewarded. Now. You are. You are you. You want to know how far you are from your family. How long is the Cabinet? I think seven days is enough for the number of ministers."

"Okay, be careful," I nodded deeply.

"Did you see the interview on TV?"

Minister, don't lie to a dirty country. Which snake is ready to hear its fascinating voice? I was far from the sanctuary, but the overlap remained in my heart. "I think Hornet made a fuss."

'This is correct.

They talk about terrorism with dirty blisters in their mouths. Poor animals are almost the most passionate.

As his coincidence predicted, they were unaware that their sins were in their hearts. Quasar, I'm proud that you have been elected one of the Attorney Generals! Day 39 Revelation: Proud of sacrifice is not sin, but self-esteem. However, make it inconspicuous. Please mix. Please go sightseeing. Do you think your account is sufficient? "The store owner is the most generous and my needs are very simple." "Very good. Please contact us within 7 days.

I will return to the hotel at noon to clean up and meditate. At the vending machine outside the room, I ate cookies, seaweed snacks, cashmere and drank green tea. When I went out for lunch, the reception card was dirty, so I chose a seat.

The headquarters of the Japanese Navy is located in a park on a low hill overlooking the northern part of Naha. Well-hidden during the war, the invading Americans invaded Okinawa three weeks after the conquest. Americans are not a wise race. They missed something. Ten years ago, the embassy refused to issue visas to stay on the front lines. Of course, whenever he enjoys using spatial transformation techniques, he can accidentally enter and exit. He visited the White House repeatedly without interruption.

I paid the ticket and went downstairs. A weak awakening welcomed me. There is a fall somewhere. Another surprise awaits American attackers. An army of 4,000 people sacrificed their lives to achieve dignified death. 20 days ago.

Measurement. What does this filthy, idol-filled, bubbling world know about honor? I walked down the hallway and tore the wall with my fingers. Impressed by the grenade explosion and the scars of the soldiers digging the wall castle, I felt their true love for them. The same love you feel in the

sanctuary. With the enhanced alpha, I got rid of the rest of their spiritual energy. I went through the tunnel until I forgot the time.

Many tourists have left the monument. I took a camera with a bag and a tip. Then lower it downstairs to block it. They are purified like the visually impaired in Tokyo. I reassure young soldiers who died for their faith decades ago, the state recognized the dolls that destroyed our land after the war. The Disney and McDonald's markets are promising for all of us. What kind of sacrifice does he make? Take the aircraft carrier that sank in the United States.

But I don't have a bottle, so I have to put up with dirt, talk, hair loss, spawning, dirt, and cretinism. They literally took my breath.

I returned to the hill under the palm tree.



The alpha receptor is in the palm of your left hand. When his coincidence first brought me a private audience, he opened my hand and gently pushed my index finger to the receiving point. I felt a mysterious roar like an electric shock, but I noticed that I was four times more alert.

It rained on that precious day three and a half years ago. Cloud descendants from Mt. Fuji and the easterly wind blew the farmland around the central reserve. I started the scholarship program 12 weeks ago and finished work this morning with one of the assistant secretaries of the scholarship fund. I signed a document that freed me from materialist prisons. The community currently owns my home, its contents, savings, human capital, golf membership, and my car. I feel great freedom. My family-my dirty biological family, my leather family-did not understand. They measured successes and failures up to the last millimeter of my life, and here I'm breaking their rules. In the last letter I received from my mother, I informed me that my father had written a will. But, as it is written in the 71st Revelation of God, the wrath of the fallen is as powerless as a rat roaring in the holy mountain.

They never loved me. You wouldn't know this word if you hadn't seen it on TV.

Coincidentally, he came downstairs with the Minister of Security. As he approached the office, the lights turned white. For the first time I saw her sand legs and purple dress, and her remaining lovers. He smiled at me and telepathically knew who I was and what I did. "I'm a master," he knelt down and asked to kiss Ruby's sacred ring. You can feel the alpha rays acting as magnets on the north side of the compass.

"Master" I replied. "I'm back."

His eloquence is clear and beautiful, and his words come from his eyes. "You have been freed from the patronage of your unclean brothers. And today you have entered a new family, defeated an old race, and entered a new old man. Until the end of the century, it settled in all nations. Will grow. We are abroad. We are looking for fertile land. Our family will grow until the world becomes an inner world. This is not the case prophecy. This is the reality of the future. What do you think of the new baby in our country without borders and pain? "

"Fortunately, I have a chance. I was very lucky to be able to drink from the Fountain of Truth when I was in my twenties."

"Brothers, we know it wasn't your misfortune to bring you here. You loved us," he said, and I'm his eternal. I kissed my mouth. "Who knows," my husband said. "If I report to the Minister of Education and continue to raise the alpha immediately, I may be given a very specific mission in the future ..." My heart began to beat even faster. We talked! I'm a beginner, but I say!

On the big screens of all Rabbit Palace cafes, shops, offices, schools, shopping centers and apartments, people saw the news about the amazing Subbotnik. The servant who came to clean my room was not silent. I let him talk. He asked me what he thought, and I said I was just a system engineer in Nagoya and knew nothing about it. Ignorance wasn't enough for him: anger was inevitable. A little action is needed to avoid ambiguity. The minister mentioned communication. In the past, despite the warning, the ugly media seemed to mention leprosy.

Go out at noon and get shampoo and soap. The secretary sat behind him at the front door and watched the shoot. Television is a dirty lie and damages the cerebral cortex. But I thought it wouldn't hurt after a few minutes. Twenty-one are dedicated and hundreds are dedicated. Clear the warning for dirty situations.

"I can't believe this happened in Japan," the host said. "Yes, in America, but what about here?"

An "expert" group discusses "cruelness". Experts include a 19-year-old pop star and a professor of sociology at the University of Tokyo. Who hears Japanese from pop stars and professors? They play the same record over and over again. Images of dirt coming out of the subway, tissue choking, nausea, and eye scratches. As he wrote in Revelation 32, if your eyes are hurt, pull them out. Not only is it a sophisticated image, it's also freed with tweaks. Their family prayed for unconscious leather. He swore to the closest and stupidest prime minister, "I will not rest until justice is given to the creator of this monster."

Are these two faces blind? Do they not understand that true cruelty is the systematic destruction of the unity of human life in modern life? The act of friendship is one of the attacks on the real monsters of our time. The first conflict of our long war is destined to evolve.

Why don't people see it? The cockroach's mind under the table was just politicized, bribed, stabbed, motivated, and never imagined a dirty hole. Bodhisattva, yoga sheet, saint who can breathe underwater that can hide at will. Do you sue him and his servants? We are the floating lawyer president! Of course, an alpha factor that can be telepathically or psychokinetic is not yet developed, but it is hundreds of kilometers away from the clearing site. They didn't expect to find me here.

I kept the room cool.

I didn't notice it for a whole week, but I can notice it invisible. I arranged a business meeting to attend and went straight to the Good Morning Reception from Monday to Friday at 8:30 am. The Americans stood at a military base that plagued the islands of the street. Many of them are Japanese women with arms folded, covered with a small cloth. The people of Okinawa turned aliens into monkeys. I walked around the department stores and saw an endless network of desires and purchases. I kept walking until my leg was injured. I'm sitting in a black coffee shop. The shelves are under the weight of Mind Trash Magazine. I listen to merchants and buy and sell things that don't belong to them. I'm still walking. It happened that I was given a stupid slingshot margin at work, as I used to, before I opened my eyes. Tourists from the mainland bought a yes junk box and visited the gift shop. An ordinary foreigner who sells cheap watches and jewelry on the trail without a license. After class, I passed

through a playroom full of poisoned children and saw on the screen how evil robots, ghosts, and zombies were fighting. It's the same store everywhere ... Burger King, Benetton, Nike ... I think it's on the same main street everywhere in the world. That year, I stayed for 60 nights on a back alley where housewives scattered futons in the air. I leaned against the circle and saw Potter's face stained. The dying man was working on the lower deck, repairing his child's tires, coughing, but not pulling out a cigarette. A toothless woman carves flowers in pottery under the tomb. One afternoon, I went to the Ryukyu old palace. In the garden there is a holy swordfighter shop that sells only key chains and movies. The wall of the ancient city was filled with Tokyo high school students. The boy looked like a girl with long hair and pierced ears and eyebrows. The girl laughs on her cell phone like a spider monkey. I hate you, you hate the world, quasars.

Quasars often hate us, the Earth.

It is the only quiet place in Naha. I saw powerful ships, islanders, tourists, and shippers. I have always loved the sea. A real uncle took me to Yokohama. I used to look at the Pocket Atlas to find the port and country of departure for the ship.

Of course, it's for life. Before my dad called me home.

The day after noon cleaning, the shadows of the spokes came out of the Alpha Trance and fell on the spider. Surprisingly, I sent an alpha message when I tried to flash. Of course, he accidentally used it when talking to me. The master has a good sense of humor.

"Courage, quasar, I chose. Courage and strength. This is your destiny."

Kneeling in front of the spider. "Lord, I know you will never forget me," I replied, and the spider passed me. Then I put it in a small bowl. I decided to buy flypaper to catch the flies and feed my brother. We are all random messengers. Speculation about the "worst religion" continues. What a disappointment! Friendship is life, not fate. Friendship is not "faith". Religion becomes a slave. Scholarship release. Religious leaders are liars with a private prostitute rabbit fork, a Rolls-Royce private harem, and a background Royce. It is an honor to be able to see life in the circle of guru. There are multiple girls in front of you. In some cases, there is no sexual adhesion network. His happy wife chose to have only children. The youngest of the pastors and blessed disciples are allowed to meet the needs of a humble guru family. These domains are only covered by the meditation zone, so each time the owner accepts the blessings given to them, they will be considered in the alpha setting. Each shrine has only three Cadillacs. Coincidentally, he knows when the dirty demons can be removed and when this desire should be used as a Trojan horse to attack the filth of the great world.

His coincidence dispelled doubts about the scholarship, and during Alpha Concentration, some journalists were able to enter the sanctuary and take pictures of their loved ones. Our chemical plant was also inspected. The Minister of Science explained that we are making fertilizer. As a vegetarian, I joking that you need to grow a lot of cucumbers with friendship! I found my brothers and sisters. They sent a telepathic message to encourage his brother Quasar via screenshots. I laughed out loud. Dirty TV News Hyenas tried to blame the friendship and didn't understand how they were using it to send me text. The Minister of Security agreed to be interviewed. He greatly protected his friendship from the purge. One can only find the devil, and if one is as cunning as the master of hell, his chances teach the revelation of the thirteenth God.

It will be more difficult to do a TV interview with the visually impaired. betrayal. The bereaved family loved, but refused and attacked those who had fallen into the world again outside the church.

Coincidence allows their coincidence to survive if, by his infinite mercy, these insects can be called "living" without damaging public reputation. If they ignore the law and lie about media shelters, the security minister should allow them and their families to leave. On TV, he digitized his blind dirty face, but the doctor couldn't seduce my Alpha. One of them is Yumi Aoi who participated in the Welcome Affiliate Program. He showed her an unexpected verbal favor, but one morning eight weeks after the show ended, we noticed that she was gone. We all thought he was a policeman. After hearing a lie about his life in a highly protected area, I decided to turn off the TV and stop watching.

A few weeks after the first call, I gave him a sanctuary. I replied with an unfamiliar voice.

'good morning. This quasar. '''

Since Quasar. The Minister of Information is very busy in the morning. I am the Deputy Minister. We look forward to your call. Have you ever grown hysterically?

Yes, master.

Yes, it seems that the purge didn't work. Can be displayed. Just happen to put him to sleep for a few weeks.

I'm thinking a lot.

"I also command you to move on. Be careful. Dirty police will let us know that your information is leaking. We. It must be confidential and police. Authorities deny that you were involved in a gas attack, that's it. "

"ladies and gentlemen".

"If you accept, you are completely responsible for the attack, and you must say that you did what you wanted after being kicked out of SIZO for madness. If you are free, you will be detained. "

"Of course. I see it every way."

"You are very helpful with scholarships and cavities. Do you have any questions?"

"Teacher, is the second phase of the big cleanup underway? A leaflet was sent to the Capitol and asked Yoshik to incorporate his easy-to-read teachings into the national curriculum. Writing too long. Therefore, it may be damaged.

"Quasar, you forgot yourself! When did you announce that promoting foreign policy to promote friendship is part of your role?"

"I understand my mistake. I'm sorry. You're welcome."

"My son, you are forgiven! You must be alone with your family."

Understanding. However, I received an alpha wave message from my sister on a news program. A word of comfort to me during his intercession during mediation. "

'upper. Quasar, two more weeks is enough. If you run out of money, you can use a simple code to contact the Community Secret Service. Otherwise, keep quiet. "

"Another gentleman. Believers Mayumi Aoi ..."

"The Minister of Information emphasized the need to permanently shut down the sewers. The Minister of Security will act after the end of current controls. Perhaps the past was too benevolent. Now we are at war is."

On a hot afternoon, I went to the harbor and picked up the schedule from the shelves. Draw a map. I always like maps better than books. You can't answer. Do not throw the cards together. These islands are of interest to the emeralds of the empire in the azure waters. I chose a label called Kumejima. A half-day walk to the west is not enough to confront tourists. Every day at 6.45, only one boat moves. The next day, I bought a boat ticket.

I sit in the dock all day long. I ignore the influx of his lost souls and quote the divine revelation of all his cases.

Eventually the sun set, turned bright red and shook. I didn't realize how it got dark. When I returned to the hotel, I was told that I would leave Osaka the next morning after finishing work at the front desk.

The Tokyo subway is a cow train. Wrap it inside, wrap it in meat, and wrap it in clothes. Quiet and sweaty. I think a fool will break the bottle in advance. Our Minister of Science explained in detail how the package works. By breaking the seal and pressing the button, the electromagnet was cleaned in 1 minute, then the tube was pressed to thoroughly clean the ground.

Place your luggage in the luggage rack and wait for it to be the right size. I focused on alpha telepathy and sent a moving message to cleaners working on various subway trains in Tokyo.

I studied the people around me. Good stains are cleaned first. Maor. I'm sorry. tired. My heart is beating. Ruth, endless lies, pain, whirlpools of ignorance. A few kids, toddlers, and my spine. Blaontaise with the scent of Seina sleeps and is a child. Deriera chin sewn with Minnie's pink robe. A lonely tea of "Magnolia" in an old-fashioned child seat and wheelchair. The host can be the prime minister and I can be a great intuitionist.

These humble worlds and death are in my hands! What did they say? How are they trying to persuade me? How to prove that they are insects? Where can they start? How do children call on God?

The vehicle shook and trembled, and suddenly the light turned brown.

not enough.

That morning I remembered his random words. "I saw Comet behind the farthest victim of the heart in the middle. A new life is coming. Judgment is coming to the pests. Help him a little. We make them Get rid of their misery. Boy, he's a messenger to congratulate you. Choice ... "

When leaving the hotel at the last minute, his coincidence gave me insight into the future. In three years, his coincidence shook Jerusalem. That same year, there was a worship service between Mecca and the Pope, and the Dalai Lama called for conversion. Russian and US presidents are trying to sponsor his accidental discovery.

It was discovered at observatories around the world in July of that year. A little lost, Neptune went to Earth, swallowed the moon, and burned Earth's airports, mountains, and cities in the noon sky. Dirty will be released soon. Welcome to the latest release. This will get them back! The world is immersed in comets, and only high-alpha humans can isolate themselves. Dirty and dead, disturbed,

sweating, smelling my flesh and cooking bones. The survivors went out to build a paradise. It happened that he was a god. Chrysanthemum butterfly on the body.

Feel the perforated gym bag and break the seal. To set the timer, press the switch for 3 seconds. Aon. 2. three. A new world is coming. History is playing. I grabbed the bag, put it under my feet, turned my back on my heels, and slid it under the seat. No one notices the zombies because the cars are full his desires were random.

Come to the station

I hear a sound about the program, but I don't dare.

When the noise was a word-not now, but still. I never have. Where are you going?

I went up and down the escalator.

The train crossed my railroad track and I entered the smoky darkness.

• • •

My palm was sweating like a thorn. The seagull stood on the window sill and looked inside. He has a cruel face. "Then what's your name?" The old lady, the hotel hostess, smiled at the spiritual face of the god of the church. Why is he laughing? There are more black holes than dirty teeth that get nervous.

"My name is Tokunaga. Toku-Buntaro."

"Tonkunaga ... has a good reputation. This is a fierce atmosphere."

-I have never thought about it.

"What did you and Tokunaga do?"

Questions and problems. Doesn't the dust stop?

"I'm just an office worker. I don't work for a reputable company. I'm in charge of a small computer company near Tokyo."

Tokyo? Correct? I have never been to the mainland. Lots of holidays from Tokyo. It's not the season now. As you can see, we are almost empty. I visit my grandchildren on the main island only once a year. I have 14 grandchildren. definitely. When I say mainland, I mean mainland Okinawa, not mainland Japan. I never imagined going there! ""

'Genuine. '

Tokyo was said to be huge. More than Naha. group leader? Your parents should be proud of it! I'm great. You know, you should ask me to fill out those shabby forms. I don't care, but let my daughter do it. Licenses and taxes are everything. It's really annoying. not yet. Tokunaga Kumejima, how long have you been together? ""

"I will stay for a few weeks.

"Yes? I hope we can do a lot. We are not a big island. You can go fishing, surfing, swimming, snorkeling ... but in other words, life here is very peaceful. . Very slow. Different way of thinking from Tokyo. Is your wife lonely without you? ""

"Number." Time to stop. "The truth is, I was here for an unfortunate celebration. My wife died last month. Freshwater lobster."

The old man's face fell and his mouth was covered with his hands. Her voice was dragged out. "Is that so?" It hurts. Go there and put your feet back inside. My daughter will be embarrassed. I don't know what to say. "He continued to apologize, and the shrimp's breathing was even worse.

"Don't worry. In the end, he died painlessly. It's a cruel version, but it's a release. Don't be shy. But I'm a little tired. Take me to my room. Can you please? "

"Yes, of course ... they are your needles. I show you in the bathroom ... this is the dining room. Come here, poor, poor ... oh, you have to leave Must be. But you are on the right island. Kume Island-a great place to heal. I have always believed it ... "

After an overnight cleanup, it seems impossible to remove the alpha focus again. I cursed my weaknesses and fell asleep almost completely.

Even in the basement. Abandoned subway tunnel with railroad and service pipes. My job is to turn it around and protect it from the evils that live there. My boss is approaching. "What are you doing here?" He asked.

"Follow the instructions, sir"

"which one?"

-Patrol the tunnel, sir.

He whistled from his teeth. "The high defense area is still confusing. This is a new threat. Evil creatures will only kill you if they recognize you. Keep your name secret and everything will be fine. I will tell the officer your name. "

-Quasar, sir.

"What was your old name? Is it your real name?"

"Tanaka. Keisuke Tanaka.

"Where is the merchant Aloha Keisuke Tanaka?"

'16 .9. '

place of birth? '

Suddenly I realized I was in a trap! Evil is my bastard and he tortured me with the questions I eat. My last defense didn't say I was caught. I'm skeptical of the new character still walking down the aisle. He had a box of viola and some flowers and met him somewhere. Someone on my dirty day. The bride's bad thoughts struck him and he started the same trick. "Have you heard of evil? Who allows you to be here? Tell me your name, address and profession now!"

"I went to save him, I didn't mean to do that, so I grabbed his hand and ran faster than in the air.

"Why are we running?"

"In the mountains, foreigners saw a wooden stick coming down to the ground.

'I'm sorry! I don't have time to explain! The police are not real police. This is camouflage. Living in these basements is bad! ""

"You are wrong!"

'Yes, it is? how do you know "

When we put our finger on him, I first saw his face. He smiled and waited for me to hear the worst joke. I see evil.

The next morning I went for a walk on the island. The sea is a turquoise milky. The sand is white, warm and yields. I saw a pink butterfly salmon, a bird I've never seen before. I saw two lovers walking on the beach with husky. The boy was still whispering to her and she was still laughing. The dog wanted to throw a stick at them, but it was too stupid to notice that he had to put the stick back into one of them first. No one had a wedding ring on the way. I bought two rice balls and a can of iced tea for lunch at a small fried food store. I sat in the grave and ate. I want to know exactly where I am. Except for the sanctuary. I ran an old camphor tree and a goat field. Short pop music was played on field radio. It was cute under a wide-brimmed knit hat. The car is rusty and rusty, and the radiator is vegetated. There is a lighthouse in one place. I walk on it. Glass.

I pulled a sugar cane farmer to the side of the road and gave him a lift. I picked it up because my leg hurts. His tone was so heavy that he could hardly understand what he was trying to say. He started talking about the weather, and I heard right. Then he started talking about me. He knew what hotel I was staying at, how long I was staying, my wrong name and my job. Condolences to my deceased wife. I say this every time I use the word "computer".

By the time we arrived at the hotel, the gossip store was already open. The TV flickered in front of the counter and flickered quietly. There are 5 cups of steamed green tea on the coffee table. In the low chair was a man who thought he was a fisherman, a woman in a suit sitting like a man, a woman with thin lips, and a man with a big bag swaying like a drop of grapes.

It seems that the grandmother who runs the hotel is complaining. "I still remember the picture of the TV that day. He fell down with a handkerchief in his mouth ... Nightmare! Welcome back, Mr. Tokunaga. Did you stay in Tokyo during the attack?"

'room. I'm on a business trip to Yokohama. ""

I checked if their brain was suspicious. I'm safe.

The fisherman lit a cigarette. -How was the next day?

Many people were surprised.

Danger nodded and tied his hand. "But this group seems to be the beginning of the end for fans."

"What does this mean?" The voice became stable.

The fisherman looked surprised. "Have you heard? They were attacked by police. Now is the time. Community assets are sealed. The so-called Defence Minister is a member of a former religious

group and five gas. He. Was arrested in two out of five prisons. Evidence. Newly arrested at their will. Want to see my dissertation? "

I gave up the lie. -No, that's good, but what about Master? The branches may burn, but new shoots grow from a pure heart.

"EDS?" Waterman grabbed her rubber nose. I knelt on his neck and tried to cut off the attack with sharp scissors.

"Shaun"

Oh, this dirt! He hides like a coward! Waterman's voice is full of hatred! No matter how sick the zoo the world is, angels are evil. "At that time, it just became our realization. The devil from hell.

"This is bad! Mr. Tokunaga, please," she said, pouring green tea on me.

"He escaped from the poor idiot who passed by him. He played with his father, did his dirty work, had nightmares, and ordered them to avoid the consequences."

Their stupidity is breathtaking for me! I would like to talk about these pests!

"I don't understand this," said a woman with Dúng Carer. He's not the only one, right? Scholarships are available from universities and large families. Police, teachers, lawyers. a good man. How did they deal with this nonsense of making friends with Alpha and deciding to be an assassin? Is there anything so bad in the world? ""

"Brainwashing," Waterman told everyone. "Brown".

A slender woman examines a curled dragon in a cup. "At that time, it just became our awareness. They decided to leave their hearts." I didn't like it. His voice seemed to come from another room, not from the room he was in.

"I didn't follow you well," Danger said.

As the lean woman of the association knew she was a teacher, "She resigned. We abandoned some freedom and instead joined in a civilized way. .. We are free from hunger, robbery and cholera. This is fair. We quit our job for education on our birthday. But we all have an inner heart to decide how much we respect this covenant. This inner man is our responsibility. I'm afraid that many young men and women in the community are responsible for their master home, and he's willing to do so. "It has been proven," the newspaper wrote.

"I think you have a very mature attitude," I said.

The slender woman looked straight at me. I have just looked back. The sanctuary sisters were taught to be humble.

"But why?" The fisherman lit a pipe and dug his cheek. "Why should his fans please him?"

The lean woman saw me talking. "There must be many answers. Some want magic, others want revenge on teachers and parents who promise success. That's true. We need a brighter myth that will never be blasphemed. For believers, it is cheap to pay them. The willingness to express their will.

I won't ask you anymore. "Maybe you read too much." Probably because they loved him. "I drank tea all at once. My tongue is burning and bitter." Can I get the key now? ""

The old woman vaguely handed me the key. "After such a long walk, I must be tired. My brother-in-law saw you at my lighthouse!"

The island's secrets are hidden from the mainland inhabitants, but not from the island's inhabitants.

I lay down on the bed and called.

My brothers and sisters hurt themselves! Which of my secondary cleaners removed the final barrier, and why? We are heroes! A few months to the end of the dirty world! The sky is very close to them! I was even more surprised when the Defense Minister was arrested. It has a high enough alpha to move the molecules of the wall.

The spider in the pot is dead. Why, why, why, why?

After cleaning at night, I took a walk in this fishing village. Crying children play games that they don't understand. Teens roam the streets of Tokyo in the most fashionable clothes, imitating the teens in magazines. The mothers stood outside the supermarket and talked. I want to cry to them that the end of the world is coming and that all of you suffer from a white night! Okinawan music came from the bar and he said ... there were mountains, the sea, and the night at the end of the street.

I walked on the pebble beach. Plastic buoy. Sea coconut is in the shape of a woman's waist. It has flowed into garbage and coniferous trees. Cans, bottles, rubber gloves, detergent containers. I snorted and barked under the leather boat and never swam again. Lights the shadow of fire in the distance.

His calm tells me about the roar of the waves and his desire for tiles. Why call when telepathy is possible? His match tells us that his trusted quasar cleaner works best. The days of persecution begin with the prophecies of Apocalypse 143. My husband said I would be a loyal shepherd at night. When the comet comes to the new Earth, I stand in his right hand and rule his name with justice and wisdom. I replied that I was ready to die for him in response to his accident. My love for him as a son will make him a father and protect him as he protects his son. He accidentally smiled hundreds of miles away. The comet arrives before Christmas. The new world is not so far. Human friendships gather on a cleaner island, and survivors call me "Father Quasar." do not be afraid. There are no injuries. Everything is selfish, small, very dirty and suffers from its own ignorance. Learn how to eat papaya, cashew nuts and mangoes, and how to make traditional musical instruments and pottery. Ability to select partners based on alpha ratio and teach advanced alpha techniques. We visit other stars and travel between them.

I moved down and thanked the Lord for their support. The moon rises at an open angle and the same stars appear one after another.

The baby in a woolen hat was tied to her mother's back and opened her eyes. These are my eyes. A bodyless voice played the chorus over and over again. I saw his face. He knows what I want to do. He asked me not to do it. But next to the comet, it's been destroyed anyway, quasar! Reduce suffering on dirty ground! Innocent people will surely be reviewed as new friends in this world! Cleanse yourself and strengthen your faith quickly and deeply!

The radio will ring the alarm clock at 1:30 am. Bad karaoke is jumping off the wall. I woke up and put the correct jacket on the sweaty fabric. My thumb came out of the church because of a headache. Intestinal pulse is a gamma disorder: I jump into the bathroom. My shit is black goo student. I wondered

what would tell the lean teacher to put her back in place. My eyes are wandering through the maze of Reiner worms. Take a bath while eating meat.

For the first time since I participated in the scholarship, I bought a cigarette in an empty car. I went back to my room and turned to the room. I woke up for a while.

• • •

I have a bruise on my palm. I clean 8-9 times a day and I have skin problems. I watch TV every morning. The partnership will be terminated and membership will be illegal. I was called, my photo was displayed and taken from the scholarship archive. Fortunately, I shook my head and applied a little alpha energy, so the comics didn't even get close. I was the last doorkeeper to escape the capture in Tokyo. I saw a group of reporters who put their parents in my sister's car. Flash all scenes. He was arrested for accidental arrest, genocide, primary neurological fraud, kidnapping, and possession. Reportedly, a dirty agent tied him to a car and showed a video of a bloody bandit running around. They ignored him as a villain like Darth Vader, hated him, feared him, and repeatedly made him look like a horror movie. Other members of the government were also arrested. They blamed each other and wanted the death penalty to turn into life imprisonment. I myself was criticized by the Minister of Education. Even his random wife blamed our host and said he knew nothing about gas production. She loves cleaning! Jacqueline, a television news agency, flew to Los Angeles to film serendipity and put his son in a dorm room at an elite school in Beverly Hills.

I called the shelter from the port.

"Tell me your name, your company, your current location," said a cold voice. police. Drosophila Alpha is also a few miles away. I hung up the phone.

But it's not beautiful. I have to leave Japan. My passport belongs to the Ministry of Friendship, so I can't ask my Russian and Korean brothers for help. I'm out of money. Of course, I don't have my own money. After I started, all the last circles were sent to friendship. My leather family doesn't know me, and it bothers me. My friend was very blind in my blind life. It doesn't make me sad. When white warriors come, they will reap what they have planted. Friendship is my true family.

After all, there is only one way. Secret Service Partnership. They may have set foot on the ground in time, as the media did not mention his detention. I called the code and sent an SMS containing the code "*I need to feed my dog*".

According to the instructions, during Subbotnik in the reserve, I spoke silently on the phone. After enough time to find the phone, the other agent hung up. Help is on the way. The float prayer piece comes with a 10,000 yen note. He read my alpha signature and found me alone or sleeping in a palm tree. When I woke up, it was there and might have shined like a Buddha or Gabriel.

Kumejima is a secret prison for inbreeding. By the way, this rock was once the center of trade with China in the Ryukyu dynasty. A ship full of spices, slaves, coral, ivory and silk. Sword, coconut, hemp. A man's scream filled the bustling harbor, and the old woman knelt on the market with a scale, a pile of fruits, and dried fish. A girl with obedient breasts taps her head through a bald window above a flower box, promises, and mutters ...

It's all gone, it's gone for a long time. Okinawa escaped from the territory, apologized, and fought for its master. No one agrees, but the islands are dying now. Young people move to the mainland. Without subsidies and prices, agriculture would decline. As continental peacekeepers expel US invaders from the island, the economy will slow, bounce, and die. Factory trawlers catch all fish. The truck is not tied up anywhere. Construction began, but ended with concrete patches, gravel piles, and tall thorny weeds. Such a place was ready for its random mission! I want to awaken people and talk to White Heroes about the New World, but I'm not in danger of living alone. My last defence is my modest temper. Once this is done, you have a chance to protect the new alpha.

The island police spoke to me yesterday. He turned on the light and when he left I threw him out of the submarine.

What does Tokunaga do on vacation?

"Very calm, officer. Thank you."

"I'm very sad to hear about my wife. She must have been in a lot of pain."

"You did well, officer. I tried to focus on my alpha coercion to do that."

"Tomorrow we will leave like that, Mr. Tokunaga? The guest house owner, Mr. Mori, stayed for about two weeks."

"In fact, I plan to extend it for a few more days."

"Really? Would your company be lonely without you?"

"I'm certainly working on a new computer system. I'm here, not just in Tokyo. In general, silence and tranquility are more exciting."

The policeman nodded thoughtfully. "I ... I don't know if young people recently opened a computer club in elementary school. After that, my sister-in-law will be the director. Oh, politely, I hope you take some time. increase..."

I was waiting.

I'm happy to spend time in the school's computer lab and talk about the real life of a real computer company ... "

I feel trapped. But getting rid of it later is safer than giving up now. 'of course. '

"Wonderful, I'll tell you the next time I meet my brother-in-law ..."

I met Husky on the beach. Coincidentally, he decided to talk to me barefoot.

What do you expect from quasars? Is it easy to start the gay era?

"No, but when will the Yosik leaflet be sent to the White House and the European Parliament for release?"

"Eat my reliable eggs."

Egg, sir?

"Eggs eat quasars and orange rockets and are a symbol of regeneration."

"What are they imagining, Guru?"

'nothing. Rich in vitamin C. "

"Yes, my lord. Flyer Yoshik, my father ..."

My reaction was to see a barking dog and two lovers lonely jumping over a mountain in a rusty barrel. The three of us were impatient and staring at each other. The dog got angry and leaned against the wheel of the tractor. The sea will be free.

I like girls wearing wool hats. Why do i like it? Undoubtedly, it was just a facial recurrence. He smiled and muttered to me. She smiled at me when she saw who was smiling at her. Her eyes were warm. I wasn't laughing. I turn my back. I wish I could laugh. But I hope they didn't laugh at me. Did they survive? Or is there natural gas? If they do not move, they leak out of the pack and go straight to the nose, eyes, and lungs.

grandmother. Dad.

But we only protect ourselves! When I was sent to the intelligence department. My uncle's uncle, a dirty relative of my sister, went to court to stop selling land to the farmers in his family. He is a real estate lawyer. The agent bought this meat to cross-examine his brother. Coincidentally, he soon realized that there was a spy in front of him who was beaten by a dirty man. Apparently, an assassination plan was devised. interesting! During our trip to Tibet 30 years ago, we all had the opportunity to uncover the secrets of Alpadat's pure consciousness in the sanctuary and free his mind from the bondage of the flesh. I know how to do that. This was the beginning of his journey to the Holy Mountain of Fortune. If you accidentally get injured, you can easily leave this old corpse and move it to another, just as you would change a hotel or island. He was able to emigrate to the murderer.

We invite lawyers, lawyers cases. Other sermons include an odorless and toxic rice cooker. Wives and other talented children.

you understand! I am self-employed.

My nails are weak.

In the afternoon we will walk to the lighthouse. I sat on the rock and saw the waves and the birds. The typhoon went up the coast of China, crossed Taiwan, and headed for the skyline of Okinawa. The west was cloudy and windy. We discussed and decided. What did you suffocate? A few months later, my alpha reached 25 and I was in the top 200 in the world. His coincidence immediately convinced me. I swallowed her random eyelashes. After participating in the welcome program, I was presented with a male genital voice that absorbed the guru. It increased my resistance to gamma rays. I was taken from a file in the bathroom and turned into a vacuum cleaner. For the first time in my life, I have such a name.

A wind blew on the tin roof of the abandoned hut.

No problem Quasar, no problem. It was your faith that made him aware that he had an accident. It is your faith that guides you through the days of persecution and the terrible days of the white nights. Your faith is now nourishing you.

Everything around me is destroyed on this sacred island. I have to wait for Naha. He hid in a snowy country, drowned in frozen Hokkaido, and got lost in a big city like me. What happened to Mr. Ikeda? Where is the end of those who come from the edge of your world?

Hurricane weather.

A curtain with a certain tension. Our Secretary of Defence was told that the dirty government took a small camera and embedded it in the skull of a seagull to train spies. At the request of politicians and Jews, even secret American satellites orbit the Earth, and the Chinese have long funded the Earth to contaminate historic wells. I scanned it.

I sit with my beak on my back to the lighthouse. Headlights came and were looking for me. I found a place to hide. The seagull wasn't staring at me. Blue and white cars were loaded. It was too late, so I started looking for a hiding place. The door opened and a dim light illuminated the interior.

They found me. The rest of the cell ...

To my surprise, I have experienced it many times. At least I can stop running.

My hands were cleaning the front seats. "Do you think Mr. Tokunaga?"

Shocked, I nodded and walked towards the prisoner.

"I'm looking for you. My name is Ota. At the harbor. Yesterday my brother and I talked about giving a lecture at my wife's school. What happens when I get back to town by bus? Are you tired? ? Walk there. Alone? "

As a kid, I was kind and safe.

"I was unlucky ... hurricanes, hurricanes, etc.

'number. '

"I will let you stay together

"Death is a part of life."

"It's a complicated philosophy, but it's not easy to focus on."

'I can. Good concentration. ""

The goat standing in the middle of the road bent over and broke. A wonderful sniffed goat caught us and went to the square.

"I have to say that Mrs. Beshod Caligula has escaped again. You said that, and the goat ate it! So you said you were well focused. The North Equatorial Current is in the Pacific Ocean. By the way, young people are surrounded by real computer scientists. I will be happy to talk to you. "I don't have a good scientist, but I'm enthusiastic. My wife will talk about dinner tomorrow. I want to participate. So Tokunaga-san. Tell me a little about yourself ..."

Roads return to the harbor and all roads on the island eventually collapse.

Clouds began to cover the stars one by one with ink.