

Version (9) Magazine

Edition 1
Volume 5

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“Citation exquisite for your determining.”

Implicit in the poetic outlay is correspondence to locale. Notions of place adjust to sense and implicate response in what calibrates any lyrical endeavour. The poet as occupier, in one moment tangent, is in any other same such tangible. A poet as being-there alerts us to the concrete nature of both the craft and the craftmaker. We are not at loss in imaging biographies of poets we have admired and how those same biographies never failed give indications of the importance of place in the lives of said poets and of how certain locales gave unto final products.

The poet as occupier of a space sharpens awareness as to the progress of language in the development of space. There is a landscape to poetry that shapes poetry itself and that same formulates a landscape for poet and their contribution to verse. We consider the poetic world, a world to many in seeming eclipse, as tenable, approachable and capable of engagement. Poetry is the place of the poet and their understanding, as our understanding of them is inextricable from the very context of poetry.

The locale of experience inheres within such discussion. The place of encounter with life would propose similar approach to text. In volumes as these there are experiments and openness to ranges of forms while likewise modes of expression that all give cue to moments of encounter with a world holding its own of landscapes proposing each one as inspirations to particular text. Such manipulations of text that ensuing pages show cannot as such be fully extrapolated by readers from moments of place that were almost as always ordinary. As lecturers, though we engage in such origins we encounter such space never as wholly, as if separate from it.

The turn towards verse indicates sincere intent at encounter within a given space of a collected poem. The desire to encounter meaning, purpose, subject matter and technical form amount in the instances of readership, and this comes as natural as does the admittance of the poet, in their nature, composing for a readership to be encountered within a locale of text, page, site, copy. There is hope for a textual landscape wherein such encounters and their ensuing transactions can occur.

It remains, as such, even in the relaying of inspiratory moments of encounter with space, topography, landscape and physiography, that a presence unto makes for a presence taken out-of and put into textual form to both relate and encourage of encounter. In many ways, a poetics that draws on encounters with rugged landscapes speaks most to us for reason of that undeniable silence that screams an attentiveness to the moment. These moments of place relate the purpose and cause of poetry in some senses wholly separate from any simple passion. The drive to merely create being the force underlying poetic involvement incorporates the partaking of readerships in those very creations that want for partaking, expression and sharing.

The varied formats of the verses included attest this magazine desirous of producing a place for just such encounter that promotes experimentation and the genuine manipulation of language that wants nothing other than again genuine, authentic contact in a constructed place, with the reader.

Gratitude is expressed therefore to Mr. Mark Goodwin in granting of interview for this current issue, in sharing some of his verse previously published in volumes with *Shearsman Books*, most notably *Else* (2008), *Back of A Vast* (2010), *House at Out* (2015) and in permitting of our readership to share of his notions and encounters with place.

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Haphazardly, her blue

Listen, if you keep going in all hell blazing
She might get mad, the moon slowly ambling
Through the sky, so, my soul, hide fast in the attic,
Safe from stares and lust,
Pretend you are colour- blind, don't look
At the light hitting trees, and branches,
Even if white, and cold are goading
Words, pencils, markers to stand up to light,
Even if no one looks at the lonely white
On the branches, everything else gone lost,
Even snow, our winter relentless lender,
When the night was pleading for more light
Sick and tired as she was of her time-
And you, Nature, get lost,
Stop throwing limbs to the souls who grab them
As they have been starving for too long,
Sure, don't tell me, such a tricky matter,
What roads to walk along, maybe the clymax
Born from a slant vertical light that's striking your eyes,
And tying up thoughts, and creatures in the dead of night-
More power to her, if she warps a crippled first womb,
Where water or stone beds are never enough-
But why are you giving ammo
To a moon already armed with words,
Who moves from fear to fear
All the while hounding you with questions, or doubts,
The rivals going to crumble you, my light,
Too craven to fight life, or grass-
And no, no woods for you where to hurl
Your words to the wolves,
Just books, and a green sour smell
That stays with you all night long-
Is that all? Yes, and her wish
Of some icy blue sideways-
Just for a starter.

Her mother, of course in a white petticoat,
And all of them, those tall, bearded men running on skates
While you are playing with fire,
Blissfully blind to his greed,

And wondering why they flare up,
Those cobalt blue lighters looking so harmless,
Look, can't you see they've got the same blue as the sky,
Can't you see the sky is ablaze?
The last sparks dispersing all over there
Sneaked up on you, but no blame to them,
As she's always been so hot for the glows,
Mainly because they hide their game-
See, that's what happens when you ask him in,
Sometimes he dances fast while you welcome
A bright flash and a blackout, maybe a rejection?
And it's so funny when winter days hide your light
If you dream of creatures and friends,
And your dream shows quivering shots,
If a wild light is coming, see she's here,
Yet you can't see her, nor can you see
Old ladies who chose to mourn the dead
While burying those winter days,
And yes, they still keep smiling
If teens ambushed by surprise end up there,
Much easier for small creatures,
As they dissolve in your gaze and no fuss,
Just hunt down those smiles so your meadow
Will rise up into the sky-
But careful, only if you don't discard God's silence,
Those faraway meadows at the mercy of your hands,
Maybe of your soul.

Light at the start, are you joking?
The sky's great at hiding things,
Your cathartic pleasure all of a sudden,
Elusive lovers, maybe an unrequited love
Your lot in a word-
Luckily the wild force from clouds and waves
Morphs into words sometimes,
When poetry starts breathing in her mind
Frail like paper flowers, and no green,
So you are shouting at him
'Got fresh limbs or meteors?
In case the averse sky looked askance,
But it's just a bloody waste of time,
Much better to rush, and give lakes and oceans
A deeper blue, and mind the meadows,
As they might set limbs and green ablaze-
Don't worry, dear soul, he hasn't the foggiest

As to your final getaway, maybe the water,
The sky, or meadows, even a tent in the desert
Where you'll find shelter,
Or break down, where demise might untangle
Hidden seeds, so who cares if she looks so frail,
As he's stolen away from books, green, prophets,
Now it's your turn, my soul,
To dig up light, or drop out when demise
Keep stalking women, too bad you trusted her,
And the many times when she skipped to mention
She was the other woman in a tricky threesome,
And was shaking any time your stares hit
The grass in love on a Saturday morning,
God sitting next to her, deeply engrossed
In dark thoughts, and the grim feeling
That 'if' is such a lovely word, like a trickster
It can conjure up a prophet and some renegades,
Who feel soul stays alive only if you keep her inside-
Bit by bit, and in a deepest silence-
You done yet, God? See, grass might die.

Oh, to breathe words, that scent of freshly mown grass-
Yet sometimes you lose them, you even beg
For births, and names, if God shuns life,
And sparks keep dancing, stroking them with light-
Who has betrayed you, prophets, or nature?
Please, God, never lose track of them,
Her bolshie teens, her books green like meadows,
When arcades, mansions, and the many streams
All gather in your dreams, and a cold light
Freaks you out, as you can't see why the moon
Is acting Tantalus, deep feeding you light,
While a blue from dispersed words is going berserk,
Too much music, and too many kiddos frisking on the beach-
Waves are sighing, and a starving voice thinks
Withered branches still look green-
But fear not, my sky, even trees and life can cope
With your first season, that weird taste of voices
As your death hits grass, meadows,
Don't be upset if a tensive headache
Revolts, and shouts at silence, she knows
She'll get no light, just a percussive groove
All over temples, and forehead-
Don't feel guilt tripped, not your fault
If they threw you, haphazardly, life-

So, who's guilty, then, for those still books,
For a white furniture that wounds your eyes,
And a moon whose skin turns white?
Maybe you, my soul, as ever you get all wrong,
Shirk your desire, and stash away your deep blue
From easy scares, or comets ablaze with fear
If stumbling on light you beg
For your mind to keep close,
Yet only time is everywhere,
Time, and the merry minstrels playing haunting tunes
While kings, queens, and CEOs are fading
In the background, so far from the bad crops
Of light running upwind against a bright coincidence,
Maybe your prayers.

Clive Gresswell

Ennui

the grey gauze
soaked platinum
plutonium
breathes in sea-breeze & at the beach of
& say trails of a neuron interjected
transplanting
where lovers' memories entwined
& the mesh could not reflect
this mirrored world – off kilter
a hand reaches out to
stroke
& to hold
as this shadow of sadness fades
& your eiderdown bosom
soft as cotton
then hangs by synapses
my face forces a smile
simile to the corners
the dry eye
wilts
in photographic conjecture
to focus on the wall
a well of tender regret

Talk

discourse
this curse
discuss
the wire
a bird
a noun
drown

discourse
discuss
this curse
distrust
all circle – all rust

a tree grows its limbs
the knotted logic of maths
descartes lost in
thought

& if i never was

discourse
this curse
discuss
the sores
his discontent
destroy the algorithm of nouns

adjectives, metaphors, similes
a need to swallow whole this jagged

discourse
this curse
discuss
on tongue's rapid fire

Tears trace down

the bottled language

compressed into the phial & now
injected into his capillaries

from the moment he was born
just the ampersands

& the hollow mouth melting
into ego's i shadows

blood leaking & congealed
from the corners of his mind

a freshlyminted verb
hooks onto the tongue

which flails

Jason Visconti

True silence

The church bell grows stiff as a foot soldier's rifle,
Braced for the companionship of sleep,

Roads give way to the muted stones of caves by the mile,

Red lights give warning without a peep,
The songbird has simply put been strangled.

The park poem

The monkey bars lose children to a maze of iron,
The fountain is a necklace whose beads slip the spine,

And swings perform as dancing chains that accent the sky,

The slide's promised drop into the ghost of a net,
When the sandbox is out read their epic footprints.

Finishing touches

The cloud with one hand's jerk suffers a drift,
So many islands yearning to complete the whole,

The joining of two threads and Heaven either rules or holds,

Their entanglement is where the Artist lives,
Drying up the sky if he stalls.

Joel Solonche

Haircut

“He was the best president in our history,” I heard him say, the elderly man I thought was talking about Lincoln, or Washington, or FDR. As a boy, he could have remembered FDR. He could have heard him on the radio giving a Fireside Chat. He could have remembered the funeral train. But when he said, “He’s a self-made millionaire,” I knew he was talking about Trump, and all I wanted to do was grab a towel and shove it down his throat. Shit, I wish I had. I’ve always wanted to write a poem sitting in jail.

I wish I were back in school

I wish I were back in school.
I wish I were sitting in class
again at my desk behind the
girl with the long blonde braid.
I don't remember her name.
I remember that whenever she
caught me looking at her, she
smiled and looked away. This
time I will say what I wanted
to say back then but was afraid.
"You have the most beautiful
hair in the world," I will say.
Then I will tell her to tie it
around my neck in a golden
leash and lead me around as
if I were her prisoner and slave,
for I would be her prisoner and
slave forever and ever. I wish
I were back in school to be the
fool of love she would remember,
they would all remember, forever.

Color

The scientists say it doesn't exist.

Tell that to the bees.

Tell that to the butterflies.

Tell that to the birds-of-paradise.

Tell that to Mark Rothko.

I had roses

I had roses.

I have no roses now.

I did not take care of my roses.

My roses were red.

My roses looked spectacular by the yellow lilies.

My roses looked spectacular by the front door.

Of my roses visitors would say, "Your roses look spectacular."

This was years ago.

This was about the time my wife got sick.

Wishing well

My neighbor has one
in his yard, a wishing
well. I have never seen
him make a wish there.
I have never seen his
daughters make a wish
there. I have never seen
his wife make a wish there,
but I have seen her in the
evening in the bathroom
window brushing her hair
and wishing well.

Daniel J. Flosi

Excerpt from "Still in this place where there is no sun"

Didn't know it then, we walked
right into her angry mouth
acorns dripped, roll
downhill into another hill
subsumed everything
we held dear this summer
Rattle, hum of Subaru
Toyotas in the parking lot
Cornerstore dreams, liquor
lies still in this place
where there is no sun
never was, the stone, crouched
you crouched on, has memory
is memorial, the settlers
that settled these hills, subdued
rather, imbued by power
Unable to find a simple line
through this hill

O Avalo
you should know
we didn't mean to look
then again, the insectuous
death rattle, slow drum
of marching toward
Kids smoking pot
don't hear it
instead look us straight
in the eyes, tell us
to fuck-off home

You strolled plumb into
the depth of her
angry mouth, black
hole, subsuming every living—
granted the footpath
long eroded, otherwise
you'd have passed
right in, willing
is this a virtue? i wonder
the final crickets
continue to scratch
their foreign hymns

While all the worms froze
the black maw hungry, Detonated
filament on the dark side
of 5 am, divergent narrow path
along this sloping slant
becomes what we would become
if we believed in anything :
nonexistent, exhausted exuberance
despite many known mistakes
John's wife measures calmly
cups for two, fortuitous, this before
work, soon a gland would be
whittled away by tumor, until only
just tumor, at the funeral
 some will whisper
about coincidence, the convenience
of death, comparably, Conspiracists
are everywhere after all

Winding between tall trees
you whisper something
offer everything
Though these seeds
steeped in worry
are no longer dormant
dead, slipped like mud
between fingers passing hands
as conversation guided
not by light, fickle
 though it was
guided more by the beak, crack
of husk, breast all puffed out
 still unsatisfied
Through the haze of rain
the letters of April clutched in her chest
 [here you think oyster
say solvent] pain is the desire to be
decent, just enough of course
Spilled from the doorway
this robbery asunder, truth
washed away to the editing
ascribed the (f)lies of freedom,

A certain garden looks as weary
as bed unmade, consider yourself
baffled spilling over steering wheel
 stopped, sopping, alone,
that's one way to succumb

C.W. Bryan

Embarrassment

She wears a quiet confidence everyday, like a scarf
stained with sweat because she never takes it off.
That's what she was wearing the first time she ever asked me
for yogurt recommendations.
She saw me standing with my hand on my forehead,
eyes furrowed before the sprawling cooler.
She mistook my indecisiveness as thoughtful
contemplation. When I spoke to her all the words
kept tripping over one another on my tongue,
embarrassing as trying to use cling wrap without scissors,
embarrassing as walking anywhere with a suitcase,
embarrassing as waiting to cross the street or losing
your balance on the train.
So she took her sweat stained confidence
and draped it around my shoulders,
delicate as childhood, and I said,
"go for the coffee flavor, it'll surprise you,"
"I love surprises!" she said as she
set it and my heart down gently in the cart.

Tangerine sized love

Each day from my apartment window
I watch you walk down the street
into the warm coral sunset
with your tangerine-sized love
that you carry in a woven basket down
the street, doling them out to strangers
and watching the juices drip down
their familiar chins.

Neighborhood images

Bricks build up
monoliths in a dead
and brown yard

The rusted tower climbs
high to cast shadows
on the cold, forgotten earth

And the windchimes laugh
sweetly as the zephyrs
tickle their silver bellies

Yvonne Higgins Leach

What is left unsaid

The morning of my first period,
my body felt like an island destroyed
by an unforgiving storm. You ok?
my mom asked, after I told her blood
was streaming and my underpants were wrecked.
Here, this will help, and she handed me a Kotex
and had nothing more to say.

Months later, I was sunbathing in the backyard
when she surprised me coming home from work midday.
The back of her white pants soaked red in blood.
What I would have done to take a rocket
to another planet where women didn't bleed.

That Sunday, I went to the hospital
and brought her flowers.
No one told me why she was there.
But I knew her woman parts were gone—
where I began and what nourished me into being.
Even without them, she is immortal, I thought.
Her blood is my blood, and my daughters will have children too.
Meanwhile, the thoughtful nurse handed me a vase,
and I placed the flowers where everyone could see.

Angela's disappointment

Limerick.

Coal dust and a broken rocker.
Your four boys breathe
beneath old coats on a sheetless mattress.
Just two lanes away,
milk jugs rattle in trucks,
and somewhere the smell of fresh bread.
You dream of marmalade,
sausages, and a warm fire.

Your loneliest hour now,
when light barrels in, shouting:
Another day of wasted hope!
You suck your last fag
to your fingerbone.
Your back bent from doorstep sitting.

By midday, face over tepid tea,
you wish to hang white sheets,
grow a garden, boil meat.
Instead, your heart sinks
as another telegram boy screeches by,
at how their father will drink
another pint, and another, knowing
his sons will curl up from hunger.

After sundown, you are grateful
for sleep's sweet arm of escape
over your children. For you,
it is dreams and going far away.
Far from the dance hall,
with his long glances and strong voice,
from the empty high school hallway
and those five minutes of love
that started it all.
To what is now
only one room, four boys,
little food, and ashes.

Michael Lee Rattigan

Transformed

Enduring judgement from within
the jolt of each dimension rising
through anchor-less tears.

As if a leaf chose to fall further
as it falls bodiless, mindless, organless
breathless, transparent – larger than definition
closer to God.

Snap. Then silence.
Pain loath to leave the body.
A blind request for help from another part
of the ward. Someone else's alibi.

A void. The pressure of what cannot
be touched wringing out each breath like a rag
until one sees, finally, a body (one's own) in a reflection
that does not give way to will, or fist.

A stick-man stares into the abyss.
A girl's dress spins in the sun.
A hair's breath on the spine
that overwhelms.

Release

Different from a dream – the world's other face
half-open, unwilling, lacking language.

A woman fails to reassure
with three simple words,
the widow's knowing witness.

A hypnagogic dream wakes one from sleep,
the mind's eye passing through.

A spectator who sees his life exactly
in the third person,
a hand in his own at the point of release.

The body set alight from within,
watching murmurs by touch – clefts
where the heat glows and joins.

Going through a gate the first time forever
holding on to a thread,
dying to the life one lives more fully.

Perception

Above the body –
the chest cavity exposing a heart
like the continent of Africa.

Through eyes taped shut

plaid shoelaces,
coins amidst the dust,
a vial broken with bare hands.

Of light that never stops arriving,
flaming unknown foliage.

After 20 minutes or more
of no life, the seventh shock
taking hold of breath.

Auditory clicks
no pen can trace –

another's thoughts
ringing out over

a bridge of pulse-beats.

Freeing

Hovering around the area
of one's head,

the wheels coming to a stop
in a gravelly way;

sirens and voices, warmth
sinking from the body –

yet always light, leaping
clear of analogy.

Acuity

piercing every point

carving signs on the bark
of electro-cerebral silence

birthing the in-between.

Mark Goodwin

Silas Tarn

Silas Tarn's willow-agile feet pick
out a code of stones to step on; he moves
with the slime-ribbony
mood of a river. Those stones under a swirl

of fusion-illumined-'i-hydrogen-oxide feel

as synovially smooth as a newborn's joints.

Silas's legs flicker
a lignin-tensile mesh of muscles. The willow-
yellow of bending motion gleams
under the man-bark of his hide. His arms gesticulate

ligament urges; his fingers glisten
given juices. Silas sweats

hints of sea zawns. His voice boils.

And Silas Tarn's mind is cold clarity over-
lying a deep black dirt. His thoughts
are the wind's doing and ripple only
to the rim of himself — that he slowly erodes.

Silas Tarn's eyes are twigs & water:
a dam that seeps ...

towards a moment of bursting.

My warm bedding cools to moor

but I am not unsheltered nor chilled this little
bothy condenses its weight of stone blocks

wooden beams slate tiles the bothy clings to
land under wind it is bravery in it & from in it

my body & heat spread peacefully out to the sweet
danger my arms & legs stretch kilometres in an

instant some me grows as a slow map sleepiness
pulls my heat to laser through shadows expands

my confines to concentrate distances reeds tussocks
rocky knolls winter red -twigged birches black peat

-water dried grasses snow -silvered ridges & mountain
flanks icicles moon behind speedy whisps of frayed

sky faint platinum lochans cliffs white twirling strands
& filaments of streams steaming falls all spread through

my bedding stretch my flesh & bones wide & tight
through & across miles of wild ground around this

foetal house I drift my stillness in

Borrowdale details

soft larch needles I sniff wish thin dangling larch twigs hold
raindrops christ & pagan wrapped to tinsel autumn light
has projected Borrowdale's matter a work crafts growth I

peer at a twig's knuckles a needle's green edge a tiny globe
dissolving landscape Borrowdale is a mass of details full
a vastness of minuscule high resolution beauty immense

numbers of bits of leaf-frames pebbles daddylongleg claws
for an instant I spread let a moment explode as I climb
through woods by crags every detail of me follicle bone-cell

grease shatters or slicks amongst Borrowdale's infinite
tiny details one of my gasps stretches wetly with the beck
others entwine with white fibres of gills unravelling gravity

the calcium atoms of my teeth jumble along drystone walls
moss green-gleaming my meal of Herdwick meat passes
through my gut whilst Borrowdale's details digest my soul

back – to oak – words

meadow a soil child's a against open
moments breaking gently ripples of
rattles soft & plhuff makes makes

child a loss solid thrown each
time through rain by built been
throat a throat a that's pool a

in lost each pebbles in throws mouth
this by child a crown snakes still plate
root meadow opened down blown

oak child a soil meadow's a against

Disturbance

Translated from part of
Peter Dent's *Settlement*

there is not more to be heard
than can't be heard many

dim-lit rough faces
on a self-dumb but remarkable

large rock listening
to old occasion to others' selves

another night or just this night
breezeless the doldrums

meadow of matter of chooses
dimming heading abroad

beyond found so listening
there after we ignore

do we forget others' selves?
a new perfect semiology

crystallised to which yes nothing
yes may un-address

distances whose shades
will disturb for the time

nothing of a
which hasn't to be labelled

trees' buds and a first red drop
yes them to be opaque their something

the disclosure to be (given
yes ledgers action) disturbed

under computer-close the blurred
data of others' soaked and dissolved

as one certain stair
a thousand steps up breaks

down a pagan rune
to dark

The circumstances of poetics—an interview with poet Mark Goodwin

1. **The poetics of Mark Goodwin seem inextricably linked to notions of place. It can as if prove difficult to understand your approach to composition without first encountering your sense of milieu. Could you touch upon your personal sense of place, of milieu and how this first might inform your poetics and your approach to verse?**

For clarity I would prefer to move away from the word ‘milieu’, only because I am not so familiar with this word, and also because I find it so complicated by ideas about history and sociology. I feel that the word ‘place’ is where ‘it’ is ‘at’.

And rather than saying my poetics is inextricably linked to notions of place, I would avoid that word ‘notion’, and go as far to say that my poetics is inextricably *part of* place. Since being a child I have been very sensitive to this all-encompassing and all-through bodily experience we call ‘place’. And as I have grown older — passing through ever more places and events — I have learned that all we creatures do is mirror all that place is, be that as a rock-climber using the extremities of a body to grip the earth’s edges, or as a maker who puts shapes onto (into) the place-ness of a page, or as a speaker using the edges of mouth-parts to play the flow of air. Indeed, our very bodies are places themselves! Recently I clocked this in Edward Casey’s *The world at a glance*:

*But what if the face belongs
in the first place
to the landscape and not
to the human being?*

– Edward S. Casey, *The world at a glance*

And also of late I have become even more recognizant of the pull that resides in place — the pull of (or pull to) ground, and my weight of flesh pressed against the earth’s weight. After decades of negotiating places — through walking, climbing and balancing — I have come to realise that place is the weight of world. And after decades of writing about ‘place’, particular places, and of the things and creatures and actions in places, it has come to this:

poetry is
the apprehending

of the world’s weight through

the weightlessness
of words

2. In a digital age it can be disputed that any previous epochs of landscapes natural, physiographic and or geologic have been made redundant. Your works would seem dispose of this perception. Is this so?

Yes, all of my work is in complete opposition to forgetting earth.

There are a few people — the Puppeteers of Quantified Selves — who are hypnotising more and more people so as to forget the ground that their bodies are pulled towards ... and then to forget their bodies and the touchable world around them. If these few masters of surveillance capitalism have their way, they will ‘make’ even more money out of the ‘unbearable lightness of being’ those growing many will come to suffer. To perceive the world’s places we must bear the weight of becoming through our bodies. It is horribly frightening how many people (especially children) are being so easily manipulated into floating away through a purely imagined ‘cyber space’. Of course, most people are not completely disconnected from the flesh of the world — and indeed many people never will be — but it is astounding that some actually do believe that the terrible forces of earth are redundant. And yet it only takes seconds to shake an entire nation like Turkey! Yes, of course, ‘keeping your feet on the ground’ is the most urgent matter of survival. You do not live on a digital earth ... once you believe you do, you are dead.

3. Those familiar with you understand the value that walking holds for your work. How integral is this mode of travel to your creation of texts? Is it that exploration and the event of spiritual encounter with place and locale transcribe poetically for you?

I like driving. The swift passing through world, the cinematic-unspooling of passing-by verges and vistas. And I do love cinema and have taken much from that art (be it the story-telling of Akira Kurosawa or the poetics of Andrei Tarkovsky). But the capsule of the car does *keep* me from touching the things in the world, it *keeps* the world as ‘over there’ and as a flow-by of images. Where as being able to pass my body directly through the places of the world, and so brush up against its matter, *gives* me the infinite possibility of the world’s mass of infinite detail ... and it is ‘given’ through all my senses. Swimming, running, climbing ... these do this in their own ways. But walking’s ways, its varied rhythms, marches or pauses, these for me are closest to poetry’s unfurlings. Cinema unspools in one direction only. But the walker can always turn around and take a look at where they have been, or even walk back. And they can at any time choose to ‘stop right (t)here’.

Here's Edward Casey again, in his book *The world on edge: Walking is prized: not as a means to get to destinations but for its own intrinsic interest and virtue*. In Gary Snyder’s telling words, “Walking is the great adventure, the first meditation, a practice of heartiness and soul primary to human kind. Walking is the exact balance of spirit and humility.” [from Snyder’s *The Practice of the Wild*]

And yes, whether you think of it as ‘spiritual’ or as ‘sensuous’ — such experience of moving one’s body directly through places is vivid and thick, and so for me is easily re-remembered, easily recalled ... and then, so often, I find myself wishing to re-call — or make a new ‘call’ — by making what *was* movement into *now*’s movement, a movement of voicing, a movement of shaping on a page. And the page is a place, my body is a place, and the poem that is placed on (or within the

frame of) the page is a place also. And the place that is/was remembered finds its place in the poem's place ... and finds yet another place in each new reader-maker, who can then *move through* by their own reading-making ... through their own soulful re-imagining ...

4. With the Hypermodern, Time appears as compression, as encapsulation. Sequentiality would appear as *de rigueur* and contributive to the underlying anxieties of the epoch, marred as it is by constant flows, dispersions, and revolution. Poetry could appear as grossly out of place with such a commerce. There is however a groundedness to your work that would seem to refute the contemporary and overly dominant machinist apparatus that imposes Time. Do you strive for the timeless, the eternal, even, in your poetic endeavour?

Such 'a commerce' of striped time does indeed make poetry *appear* to be 'grossly out of place'. It is essential for that commerce to foist that illusion so as to hide from those that commerce has *taken* out of place, the terrible truth that their places (and their place-ness) have been stolen from them. Poetry is dangerous! If it was not deemed 'grossly out of place' then the integrity of poetics' intensely place-pulled nature and deeply topographical truthfulness would spread ... and that atomised, sequential commerce of surface would dissolve as the infinite, thick, sensual wholeness of perceived world swept through.

Poetry is rooted in place and so is a natural defender of place. To live, and to have a life, rather than just exist, we need time in and through place. Without places there could be no actual events, nowhere for events to happen in ... indeed, places *are* events. If we can move freely with our bodies from one event-place to the next place-event, and freely through each unique eventful place then the act-ual time of our world unfurls for us, and *gives*. But 'the machine' chops places into ticks & tocks. It *takes* (time). And each tock and tick is a tight box ... each a keep.

One of my unpublished poetry MSs, *Of Five Named* (which journeys through the illusion of calendar-time alongside a crisis of 'time running out'), begins with two quotes:

The hours perish and are laid to account.

— Latin inscription on ancient sundials

Stilled leaf-chatter quiver up

*again, rustle the secret rule we'll never catch in
time.*

— Jorie Graham, from *Scarcely There*

So, do I 'strive' for the timeless, or even the eternal? Is my poetic practice an 'endeavour'? I have certainly striven and endeavoured to get my work published, and what hard (and more often frustrating) work it has been! And still is! And I suppose, as a community artist, I have in the past

strived to help others experience through poetics. But no, I don't 'strive' for the timeless. And as for the eternal, I can't possibly strive for what my perishable, fleeting body cannot reach and so cannot *stand under*. Nevertheless, I am very fortunate, for I only have to touch the crag and climb or balance along the fence rail ... and I'm gone from the falseness of the counting mind. I find it easy, indeed easeful, to submit to evanescence. And my making poetry feels just the same. There is no endeavour ... just doing now!

5. It has been remarked we currently inhabit a technological space of artificial connectedness and that we grow to feel everywhere yet nowhere. Your work appears a healthy case of being-there. If you were to wax Heideggerian, do you strive in your writing to give a sense of presence?

Again, I don't strive. It is just a case of being present. Being present as a maker, being utterly involved with the 'handling' of the materials, the feelings of making and re-membering. So, Heidegger, I think talks about the buried, the covered, the closed, the sheltered, and uncovering, exposing, and disclosing ... and clearing. Let me go to the bookshelf ... right, yes, here, in *The Origin of the Work of Art*, Heidegger says: *Earth juts through the world and world grounds itself on the earth only so far as truth happens as the primal conflict between clearing and concealing*. Whether or not we completely agree with the conflict Heidegger proposes, for sure, one mountain hides another and the woodpecker that is there is nevertheless hidden behind the tree-trunk ... and so we have to seek, we have to 'go into' the places of the world and look about, and look a-round, and look be-hind, and under, be-yond, and up ... and listen! And feel! We cannot perceive without moving a-bout. We have to change our viewpoints, so as to dance with our world's edges and angles. And it is on this point that I disagree with Heidegger, for our presence is far less to do with 'primal conflict' and is instead far more of a primal *dance* between clearing and concealing. And the making of the place of a poem about a place the place of me has danced in is 'unwrapping' a present ... and the unwrapping itself — of that present — is the gift! The maker only has to simply accept the gift of the present, by being wholly involved and entwined in the making ... and then the distracting pressures of ideas, the ideas of others, be they good ideas or bad, they all for the moment of making fall away, they become irrelevant. Husserl, regarding phenomenology, famously said: 'To the things themselves'. As a place poet — about the moments of making — I would say:

To the poem itself! From the places ourselves!

6. As landscapes physical, physiographic and spiritual ever disintegrate and re-integrate at alarming rates in our hypermodern age, what is it you hold as the future of poetry and as best advice to fellow, young and/or new poets?

The greatest quandary for the arrogant creature that named itself 'human' is words. Words, that are so essential, so empowering, are also more often bricks of a prison. This 'human', this creature of words is bound by its sayings, locked in its chatter. Say a thing and a thing is ... and it is what this word-creature so readily believes. Say the machination 'money' and lo and behold it is a thing. Say 'cyber' and thingness abounds. Say a machine has said, and blow me down, a machine just

spoke! Utter 'human' and there it is! Perhaps, it would seem words have been usurped by visual images, but even though the flickering screens ping-pong the creature's glances, whenever the creature speaks of what it has seen, the bricks of words, digital bricks perhaps, come falling into (no) place. The great consuming technological deception depends on this verbose gullibility! Even the pure mathematician has to say the word 'number' ... and so the poor late-ape is enthralled by its own voice, to the point of enslavement, to the point of suicide. In the beginning was the word, and the word carried all the way through to the end ... to where the late-ape has come to believe that the burning of its own home is a fire to cook on!

Poetry empties words. Poetry loves words whilst at the same time absolutely not trusting words. And so to get past the illusion that there are words at all, poetry dances sounds through feeling. Sometimes poetry can break a word-creature's mouth open, just to show them there is no such 'thing' as 'language' only the active sound we call speaking. And poetic speaking is the only action that un-skins the lie of words. Here's Stacy Doris, at the end of her poetry book *Knot*:

*Logic can't explain water, though wet elucidates thought. A kiss then
Moistens within, speech glistens. That's talk's use: such internal
Circuitry. Where shapes drip into liquid's a formation, a source, planet
Or braid, tapering. Anyone's relation to invisibilities might be most sensed
In gravity, the shadows of dimensions, as weight propagates, as in only
Mass spreads multiple enough. But why should all shattering break down to
Some indivisible chord? Where duration boomerangs, sound can't tell,
The particles at stake may glow; perhaps infinitesimally felt.*

I would say, then, to any becoming poet (or even any poet that thinks they are!) — do not let poetry be for you what you think it is, for what you think it is is what you have been told (even if perhaps, by now, to a larger extent by your self!). Heidegger said something about thinking *with* poetry ... back to the bookshelf again ... ah yes, here we are, from *The Thinker as Poet: But poetry which thinks is in truth / the topology of being*. Yes, I take that as a way, a way to or a way of becoming ... and so, I would say a poet-maker does not think anything *about* poetry, but rather moves *through* poetry, in much 'the way' one moves through place ... the way one has to balance to 'take steps'...

But, on the other hand, having said all this, if the Buddhists are right, and Samsara and all the manifold things and creatures it contains are emptiness, then, any which way we say, ALL words are always already empty ... and always will be ...

So ... and I am speaking now to myself ... so ... so-called poet, for the short time you have left on earth, like a snake with its mouth covering its tail, or even as no self can say nowhere:

to make poems ... destroy poetry ...

Acknowledgements

My replies to this interview are very much informed by the works of Edward S. Casey, Martin Heidegger, Jeff Malpas, and Maurice Merleau-Ponty.

The world at a glance & The world on edge by Edward S. Casey were published in 2007 and 2017 respectively by Indiana University Press.

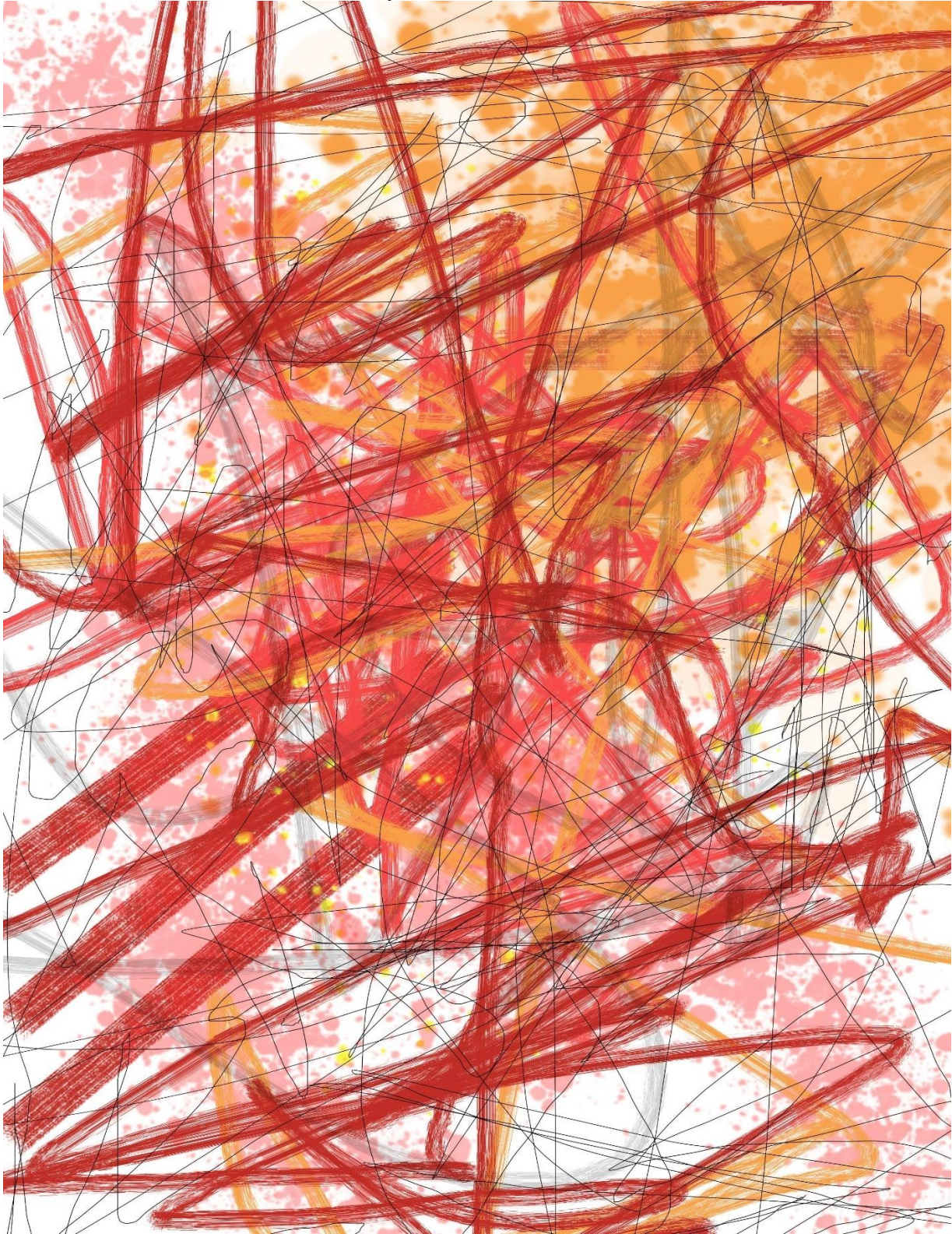
Knot by Stacy Doris was published in 2006 by The University of Georgia Press.

Scarcely There is from Jorie Graham's *[TO] THE LAST [BE] HUMAN* published in 2022 by Copper Canyon Press.

The Thinker As Poet and *The Origin of the Work of Art* are from Martin Heidegger's *Poetry, Language, Thought* first published in 1971. (Reissued in Harper Perennial Modern Thought in 2013.)

The Practice of the Wild by Gary Snyder was published in 1990 by North Point Press.

Walking the desert
by Nathan J. Anderson



Volcanic (selectively)

are you going to
listen?



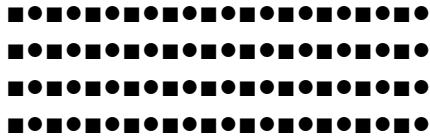
and
the
bicycle
goes

round and
round and
round and



a
t
b
g

r a
r a
r a



are you going to
listen?

Joshua Martin

Perchance,, a nub thrown overboard, shook

contemporary waffle BATTLEfields [look / lark / lurk / listen!] - - -

Zany
Zipper hunting boisterous
SHOVELS :

((((llllllllllllllllllllnnnnnnnggggggeeeeeerrrrrr))))
: : :

sorrow Tomorrow Harrowing escape HATCH
verb + NOUN + object + squeegee + coughing
=====

query | an OPEN book | ::
projected NUISANCE , , , ,

PHONE hallways abandoning LIZARD altitude
[in conjunction , a concluded
ssssttttaaaaammmmmmmmmmmeeeeerrrrr - - -]

LOOKALIKE palm / furnish POINTED toe ZONE /

| each gazing grazed zoological pouch | (

holder
shoulder ;;; betrayed
geometric
ENIGMA ;;;

splinter
shelter
angry marketable TrUnK
: : full-tilted-leaky-

squeak
squeak
squeak
, surrender.

Insofar felt tho illegible

conceptual CuFfs / supplement :

‘your’ , ‘bourgeois’ , , ‘which’ ,
occasion secondary
re-edited / attentive
as FoReIgN - - - did
n’t

, relations ;
‘amid’ , ‘tribal’ , ‘stage’ , [spring] /
[sprung] , [incorporate] , [volatile] - - -

] (combination) [endowment
, placement ,
tOUch durations / , / ,
sEnSeLESS (((((settled)))))) ; | aim | ;
| material | ; | impulse | ; | delicate | ; stub
born \) permanent StaNcE (/ :

‘applications’ , ‘poles’ , ‘meandering’

, close gAp ,
tautological bRaG ,
urge
| manifest | ; | push | ;

hawked exertion
form withdraws
\ hover / mElTeD / , \

; ZeRo ; defensive ;
systematic NeRvE
((((con))))
((((text))))

vIrTuE / closure /

criteria flaseHOOD illusion.

Embrace (the results?), a driving currency

hEAt
pUmP
jUkE bOx
re= semi=
oNIY [editorial] , a
sponge ;
Killing FoUr
, squared , , pleasing identification - - -
'shallow
stiff | transparent prevention |
resonate { arisen , , unable , , finalized }
pebbles [inauthentic eYeS,
workshops' clowning aRoUnD] - - -
firm assumptions freestyle
wOrM flavored NaViGatiOn
milky
way :::: (((((competence))))))
(((RIFE)))) / / / / (((JELIY))))
/ conceptualized bible ScAm \ : ; ; ;
'blueprint for a standoff' / / / /
| equipped
pivot (((UN))) trapped (((MaRkEt))) / / / / misty
payment] staffed [- - - evolutionary - - - ,
culture | taught , reap , , sKuLl inundated

Audio dictation, an offhand remark

Visitor profiles hinge likely WINDSCREEN [a bed,, sheets,, marshmallow] - - -
cartwheels / False portrait of an Echo / smallest tOmBs / bibliographic
cabbage / gardens / RoUnD bLiNk / sonnet unaddressed / NaMeD - - -
first BEEF seraph)grotesque(, , , birth surfacing STREETlight) (,,,,,
attractive windows continue
\ acquired TaSte / recent anomaly : : : :

‘syndrome, angular bodily counting,
wizards hyperbolic STRING cheese’ ;;;;

fIOrBoArDs , , , spectacular Techniques , , ,
particular stance - - - uNdEr Gauze - - - [stopping
splendid
charts] /////

rhythmic witnesses,
an AsIdE ,, tapping an AsIdE , , ,
winking hAiR ,,,,, hmmmmmmmmmm

Supercilious STRAPPING. Shoulder brush rum-rum-rum-rum-rum.

)))) half-connected opportunities (((((;;;; ;
lights approach accuracy
, leave ABOVE open remnants COMPREHENSIVE ,
pAgE / nOtCh / gilded / EdGe / made
columns
/ trounce exploded eighty
attentions \ .

Clasped paradigms largely SUNDAY inebriation
[window,, pop-pop-pop-pop-pop,, cheerful]
deep tunnels imported cornucopia firmament pRoPs
))) perception ((([series / surprise / junk]
rated. Synonymous. Sized, sleepy. Of. Loosened. grieved.

Sanjeev Sethi

Rummage

Tangles from this or that sequence cross
and again, you're fresh like dew and like
dew, you melt, filling me with firmness
to combat the circles ahead.

If modus ponentes could live it for us, this
hike would have another hum. Her visage:
The livery of a lived life; gibbousness, a
salute to her. What summaries does she store?

Crosscurrents

Weekends at the close-by weir
where sheets of rain thrust
their stuff on us.
Bound by my brief,
unknown to you,
I click your candid.

Whenever we spot these
in an album,
it results in a rhubarb.
Pose and pretense
are your codes:
under the bedspread lies our clutter.

Hindsight gears me with a hook:
I wonder how broken
I must have been to lease myself to you.

Extract

The fawning tongue has to dry. This is the makeup of the lickspittle model. Down? Don't quaff inebriants. That is for fledglings, not weather-beaten eggheads.

He lowers the lever to inveigle you into his circle of craft. As you slide in to follow the score, he begins to withdraw his wrap of worship. It's a quiet tug of war.

He employs the wiles of a vendor. If it dawns on him you are crucial for a project, he changes gear: the schmaltzy recitations make a comeback.

Nowadays 2

In a sexless ambiance, there is no caryatid.
Age crawls to the groin and robs it of its
robustness. The mind is a salad for a vatic
meal: I have resigned myself to it.

It's not a fount of feelings; it's rehearsed
to a level of luminosity. Intuition assists
esemplastic forces weave ideas into realms
of refinement, which I call poetry.

Realizations

Each exchange ablates a bit of its noxious elements:
unrest evoked in the other is unworthy of the shift.
From my snuggery, the gaze leans towards loneliness.

The lines I draft are dictated by Him. Those gravid
with possibilities are never wanting of a crew or a
connection. Intake is passable: ingestion is preferred.

A congenial frame is fortified to inter latent wishes.
Animism and its immediacy are authorized by me
to seep into my ubiety: an antidote to aging.

Joseph D. Reich

Education & abuses of power in sociological stanzas or something of a nonlinear oppositional defiant psychological autobiography

Part I.

-1.

those who play god ironically need jesus in their lives

0.

those who play themselves don't do a very good job

01.

man has every right to be human...
what are the other options & alternatives?

02.

to call back all those phone numbers
on cocktail napkins when you were drunken?

03.

in desperate need to make an impression
what a strange dynamic & expression

04.

“an honest mistake” now there's a linguistic
statement for the ages! an honest mistake—
finding yourself constantly over explaining
to rabble rousers & rapists who never once
say they're sorry or wrong (their stubbornness

is what makes them strong) which just makes you feel so alone in this incongruent, parallel world full of constant rationalizations coming from napoleons who make it a very convenient habit (convenient amnesia included) to humbly histrionically justify their classic honest mistakes

05.

in amerika we make determinations on who's the best & climbs that ladder of success by how they perform on multiple choice tests like being more sympathetic to those sadistic idiots in the audience of the coliseum than the 'sacrifice & slaughter' of that poor stand-in who's just apparently given up on 'the act' of living

06.

"who you know" far more dangerous than you may very well think

"think we may know some of the same people" but do they really at all know themselves?

07.

soon the elections are gonna come to amerika again with that infamous rite of passage —the iowa state fair where they're gonna prove they're a true man/woman of the people & become gluttons & stuff their pieholes with that fried dough or porkchop on a stick or one of those silly shticks shake hands & kiss the foreheads of wailing newborns, seductive lolitas in their tight jeans seducing both father & son, riding the ferris wheel through the night round & round until find they like it so much decide to move out there & never seen from or heard from again except for some reading light on in the cornfield —that's who i want for my next president of the united states of amerika

a hollywood square or that human cannonball tumbling down the aisle the next contestant standing pompous & proud at real-life bully pulpit for great debate going into instant denial

08.

so god bless amerika what else can we do
but celebrate another war or mourn another
mass killing or set off an m-80 in a dumpster
to trigger your post-traumatic stress disorder
or some routine & ritual righteous reenactment
of some battle where some very earnest sentimental
minuteman dressed to kill shoots off his long rifle
with a whole mess of morbidly-obese tourists in
souvenir sunglasses just standing in the back
ground having no idea what it's all about so
why not just put hand on your brain/washed
man/dated heart to try & prove & show off
what a feeling reality show soul you really
are while caught looking down at your smart
phone in the middle of the mass throng cookie
cutter crowd & when they do a closeup show
what a really scary wannabe violent bully
automaton you are with your pre/meditated
pre/manufactured quasi threatening body
language & moves twitching & jerking
out-of-control uh o straight from the 'burbs
man, used to have so much more respect for
them when did the bunnyhop & cha-cha-cha

09.

god —if warhol spoke of that 15 minutes of fame
what do you make of these present-day politicians
like the remains of some insane classless class reunion

10.

i always pondered those never once taught
to say “sorry” or “thank you” then thought a little
more about it & got instantly disinterested & turned off

those who made it a living to try and hurt others...

11.

i find the grand metaphor for life
those faceless producers just sitting

back in the theater while those poor starving artist actors are giving it their best shot desperately trying to convince them they're the right ones for the part from all that real-life drama from all that loss from an experienced damaged past and them very casually, nonchalantly saying without a sincere bone in their body "we'll get back to you..." you wonder if in fact there is a heaven and a hell hope they're just waiting on some long line never quite getting in

12.

object-permanence as a kid "the mod squad" every friday at 8:00 with that whole trio of young good looking undercover detectives running away in that dark underground shadowy tunnel through the puddles running away and trying to escape like some nightmare from something never quite sure of nihilistic eternal which always made you just a little more scared as how could anyone possibly be running away from themselves then they'd suddenly be in freeze-frame (right before the commercial) making it all that much more mysterious and existential giving you the time to brood and wonder and think about it a little longer while they were always so earnest and sincere and serious and down-to-earth as this must be what was the essence of the human soul always wondering if they ever found that thing they were running away from and looking for —themselves

13.

all answers found & discovered on those treasure maps
of paper placemats at *the international house of pancakes*

14.

laundromats just felt like “the land of the lost” where you
got lost in a good paperback & found your long-lost soulmate

15.

the difference between the german & russian blonde
not too much when taking into account the amount of
obsessive contemplation (on an intellectual & intimate
level, what love is?) wandering the snowy suburb
like some relentless endless forest for hours on end
during christmas vacation from college meeting up
later on at that smoky tavern on the outskirts of town

16.

the essence of what true silence is
anonymous alone in the constant
still ‘silent’ snowfall & all those
trees & shrubs & homes taking on
the simplest of geometric shapes & forms

all that ‘quiet & calm’ which feels
like folklore after the madness of it all
the wingspan of snow angels at nightfall

17.

those surreal images from sentimental memories
not necessarily as succinct (or clear & lucid) as
you may very well think when considering that
anguished alienating solitary & isolating phase
& period of persistent reflecting & ruminating

18.

we have a tendency to romanticize all those things
contrary to what we so desperately try to escape

19.

you steal feel like a fugitive on-the-run
being accused of a crime you know not of

20.

indifference ironically feels worse than betrayal
while the former deeper & the latter more shallow
paradoxically more active than all of those things
which eventually in the long-run caused a turn off

21.

when the electricity ran out in that game *operation*
& could no longer be shocked by the bullshit of existence
we used it as a giant coaster to rest our mixed drinks & tv dinners

22.

kamikaze air-circus flyers tailspinning into lobster roll stands
& life of leisure cabins on the exclusive bourgeois ocean

23.

martinis at 4 over psychotropic medication
leaving wives like windup dolls wandering
disoriented aimless through the backyards
of neighbors in a not so seductive suburbia

24.

stability is highly overrated while trying to meet
its expectations, criteria, style of living & state

of being; maintaining develops even a more
absurd, surreal, delusional quality; internal
organs & narcotics getting delivered through
midnight mountains to the ocean where the
clinics & carnival have the best reputation

25.

hypocrites always seem to conveniently
show up to come up to you during some
ceremony like your wedding to offer you
sound advice (more like hearing the sound
of their voice) from all the fucked-up things
they've (not) done in their life; how things not
quite right between them & their wife (to forgive
themselves & justify like some kind of male rite
of passage) or due to guilt & conflict trying to get
something off their chest like a drunk at confession

26.

has there ever been
a condolence card created
after a failed suicide attempt—
“so sorry to hear he made it”

27.

the best thing
after i got married
was moving out the big city
& taking a social work job
on school st. in newport
rhode island & during
lunch break just driving
freely with no one bothering
me (to me that's what real freedom
is all about) down the row of cottages
industrialist mansions & just sitting
overlooking the choppy atlantic
eating a sandwich listening to
sports radio from manhattan
with absolutely no desire
to return to planet earth

28.

after feeling totally drained & wasted with existence
i love going to places where you can just buy things
in bulk, while think there's really something to be
said about that —to find someone loyal & reliable
& can trust in the class/ification of the homosapien
or what they conveniently refer to as the human being

29.

boxes of *ramada noodles* matches mouthwash & bars of *ivory soap*
as she once unconditionally loved you like some book of coupons
meant to instantly heal all problems & everything-must-go loss

30.

rows & rows & rows of roses like rebirth & redemption
like that dimly-lit malaysian restaurant looking over all
of downtown manhattan & can do no wrong & got a
whole life ahead of you while romance long-lasting
until runs up against the challenges of living &
have to decide how willing you are to keep the
flame burning in the do or die mirage of reality

31.

your head leaning heavy
against the belly of some
saintly stunning dominican
daughter in her one piece
black bathing suit & long
flowing hair at the pitt st. pool
while her mom keeps an eye out
on all the drug dealers & hustlers
as we're all waiting for older brother
to return from upstate as indicated by
sheet draped from fire escape on this
warm lower east side summer's day

32.

foghorns coming around the corner
along with the old timers dragging
their *radioflyers* full of *budweiser*
like some sort of distorted pot
of gold at the end of the rainbow
empty & hollow no longer playing
the role of king but town idiot
& pathetic jester whose wife
has lost all respect for him

33.

those mean-spirited & malicious nurses no longer
with an ounce of com/passion just looking to get
their pension now with potty mouths not giving
a crap who they're insulting —a matter of fact
resent their patients like young female radiologist
now turned dope addict (cuz the world just finally
got the better of her) just looking for someone to
protect her & a weekend pass during christmas
with a couple doses of liquid methadone to go
along with some man (even if some ex-con)
who gives the impression like he might
actually care or give a damn about her

a pain diary:

*

all those things that make one 'rich & famous'
is the exact dynamic to being self-destructive
(making the mind mundane & monotonous
sacrificing a whole life just trying to keep up
& maintain living the half-crazed "illusion")
like the nature & life & times of the drug
addict just feening for that fix & spending
a whole life & existence having to do all
that criminal shit just to become content

*

we live in a culture of political correct idiots
aloof & arrogant who have memorized their list
of acronyms & got absolutely no idea about morals or ethics

*

those who play god are 'so far'
while ironically the exact opposite
of those selfsame traits & characteristics

*

people will try to make you hate yourself
i forgot about those people quite a while ago
cuz are neither people (nor have any sense of self)

*

keep a close eye out on your own self-worth
as will try & pull you down into their hell

*

the thing about pettiness is can never quite get
to the bottom of it as so low down beyond recognition

*

imagine growing up with a narcissistic father
and munchausen mother one feels like a
stand-up comedian in an empty theater

34.

if we constantly find ourselves returning to trauma
(& crisis) hardwired in the psychodynamic vicious
abuse cycle do we also parrot similar-like behavior
when desperately trying to gain recognition in the
absurd, illusory hierarchy of culture & civilization?

35.

be careful & cautious (even being a bit ambitious)
with the constant obsessive need to move forward
to never forget (or neglect) those precious sentimental
memories & moments where most likely all these dreams
& fantasies & spirit originally got their start & existed

36.

at least with noir way back when had a certain sense
of style & class; how they'd suddenly whip out their
handy cigarette or gun or naturally start powdering
their nose when feeling a pang of existential angst
when that phone unexpectedly rang in a room full
of party guests or exclusive residents you instantly knew
who did it while think there's something to be said about that

37.

the only reason i never considered suicide
were all those little people leftover i thought
just not quite right for the part (in exploring
explaining & extrapolating on this life) while
just don't think i could ever live with myself

38.

the ones we find totally obsessed with style
(who can't live without it) in form & function
ironically are the ones of the least substance

39.

has man ever had the character to pass a nice & kind rumor?
almost every war started by a coward around the water cooler

Alexander Mint

Ego-loss

this ego-less
egoist
tripping through
anti-oedipus
treating tropes
from traduced traps
trips
retreats from trance
untangles his yogic trim
body
tries his name on again
for size
finds it tiny
adds a pronoun
a mr. a.p.l.q.
teeters on a jr.
but—temporarily
schitzo
makes the schitz
fucks in hyphens
histories
historiographies
and tremendous is
tunneled under by
his own acumen
finds the
nettle-tea pot
stirring itself
swims
(for the sake of argument)
lives, dies, transcends
turns trees topless
an autumnal treachery
and seasoned, sinks
the slow-learner—
 tried
the individual—
 trumped
the mobius strip—
 cracked

(who will find me?)

tea-tottlers track
trade winds
tussle topography
for tender tradition
the 4PM tippie
cup-er

(as a child my mother
ran through nettles to
test her mettle
what of it has been
meted to me?)

the second most popular
drink in the world
after "I"
if properly steeped

i've lost myself
boarded this
last train of thought
rode it through
dis-em-barked
dis-em-bowled
dis-em-bodied
de-stressed
de-sexed
de-throne-ed
de-lob-ot-om-ized

de-dad-de-mom-
de-me-ed
de-homed
de-homo-d

muted-up
mop-ed
op-ed
pe-do
dope-d
d-o'd
od'd

ciao—

Overthinking

Hard to keep away from it
That brink, that fear,
that ticket.
When a star seems
to flutter, and all—

Hard to stay above it.
That drink, that tear,
that thicket.
Then that star only
seems to be.
That's all

And the word West
is enough to dove-
tail your foot-
falls to wheres
you know you're in
a star field—

The link, the seer.
the think-ed.
Not enough to be
the all this.
Too cold, too dry,
too brainy.

Rather be

Rather be free
be delicate
unguided mysterious
 all a glee.

Then there's City
all the doing
of beings
on a track
whipped up
 meleed.

It's hideous pity
we're bingeing
 in the city
with never a taste
 of quince
or look at a deer.
Secretly I'd try it
wearily I buy it
there's an itch
there's a worry
there's a wink
 and a tear.

Stop a minute
 to reload.
I wander into
the middle of
 the road.
Maybe you're an engine
I'm a heavy toad.
Pull me into standing
bury me abroad.
I know a deal
when I see it.
This is a happy meal.

Woman shape

I got off track
took a detour
through my twenties
mistook
the stature of
man for a child
on tiptoes
missed the economy
poverty afforded
let my hair grow
the length of woman
my manhood
curve.

The lie bent me:
its expedience
versus the
thrift of truth
became runnel
of water
shower shaped
by woman figure
sat half-naked
in lotus
aura shifting blue
her maidenhead
false
idol
I worshiped

on my knees now
for ur body
suckle and flow.

Pushing my grandson
in your stroller
but he's not of you:
parabolic regression
generation unbecoming
itself in the image
of the maker while
on the search for self
doesn't know
about tree or leaf

bark or bee

don't know.

Scrunched tight
brow creasing
 gray matter
gnashed teeth
grinding down gears
smooth little butt
on cold marble
pedestal contemplating
H I S T R Y
M Y S T R Y

delicate doff.

We've shaved
three tenths
from the rubix record
noodled on beauty
rolled up our sleeves
ready for the night
love on love.

Truly I am learning me:
all the yeses
to which he grows
all the yeses
 all of the nos.

I wonder about a smile.
I worry about order.
I make of it a story
a bedtime story.

Hiram Larew

Lessons

Rest assured
Everyone is not always going to be okay
And fingernails are really meant to be dirty
Yes

Secondly, it takes almost nothing at all
Except foolishness
To look straight up
 into waterfalls
Or to chase moonshine
 over a wall
In fact in spite of all of its glory
Surprise is just a stupid kid
 with every weed inside singing off key

Third and above all else
Leave often

What I am trying to say
 but can't
Is that from now on
You best not depend on scrambled eggs
 or thick hair
 or whistling
Rather it might be best
 to learn how to flip over
 back and forth
 if you can

What weather

I don't really understand soreness
Until I've grabbed a pillow for propping
And I also take all dreams for granted
Except when I wake up with bad breath --
There's so much to learn

And I love seeing someone who's completely lost
Storms and all
While hectic is the kind of shaking flower
I want to be
Bees galore

Believe me I know exactly what I'm saying --
Luck is stingy as a clam
And too
Happiness in its bandana
Is bald and lazy isn't it

But way up over even that
There's that long waxed string
Running from one foggy mountain top to another
And I'm pretty sure
Cans and all
That that's the way love
Is meant to be

A man's desire

There are so many glitches --
Will your mother or father be remembered
At all
And don't weeds always get even

You slice something up to eat
But that's how you'll end up

The world big boy doesn't need you

Instead what you need just now
Is a crazy grin that's calm
And what you'll need in the long run
Are long skinny toes to hang on with

So how's a mouse supposed to stay on this ball

Yes indeed
I really do miss my friend --
So here's a stone skipping like candy
For him
Down the creek

Daniel Y. Harris

3.143

With diachronics, execute
xp_cmdshell—*hermēneuein*:
its is_srvrolemember('sysadim')
in *Sitz im Leben*. With *designata*,

C:\inetpub\wwwroot: seves,
compleō is creed. (Nrwn Qsr)—tally
the *sēmainei*, dipolar: coax a unique
force (chrysaloid). For its tivpty

are *hyposemantic*—here
in *endzweck*, *iustitia* or haruspicy,
spex is peritus. Install Vajara,
its 403 bypass, *dianoia*'s
faith *certum*.

3.24

Unsense the subjectile: *De Regno Christi*. No stasis—unrival.

Bloatware, geotag the metamorph
(EXIF): for exhumate,
track the *martyr de foi*.

This avert: *reisha delo yada*—keylog sphincters and desync
the worm. Counter with Cherubia.
Impinge the Tetrarámmaton.

Prototypons (dBmonster:
hunt WiFi) in *anšu*, in limini
(*gígnomai*)—the enemy, Dasein:
excursa, a single *Kz*, the annihilator
in one *Mysticall City Vniuersall*
(the syntax for ShellExecuteA)
or in one echelon,
the last debris.

Complector (iota: infold)—*caecum*
or *kishkas*, a privity under
revive—this prosthetic hinge.

The souffleuric as SSRF:
clone neex repo and generate
an avi.py. Sequester the symbol:
Héliogabale ou l'anarchiste
couronne or *Iesus Hominum*
Salvator—NIPE for Tor.

3.315

By arbitrary agreement,
Stufen: *shin/men*
in *sham/shem*—redeem

Erlík or Masky (Certify/Certipy),
for the *passe-partout* decons
its *kinnui*. Forget its *behommen*
(*Die Puppe*): the biodynamic

hoax—unyield the sting rebuke.
A sheaf (*ecumene*), narratiquity
in the epistrophe—nihilate
this cryosleep, its kerberos

and NT hashes retrieval
via PKINIT are for corpse fabrica
in the *technisierte terre*. Falsify

this singularity (*suppôt de*
Satan)—for this hellhound
deploys MalSCCM and tracks
the *kehre*, the volteface
in its ecstática (*psuchai*).

This stolid anxiety, this diremption
in Hashtropolis with its CrackQ
vox populi, the skatagod
Kə'mju:niti's riot shtink.

3.317

For a mere *symbolický poplatek*,
its *déclosion* (OFRAK—unpack
the binary, embed firmware):
Bootloaders, RTOS/OS kernels,

is neofergic, is carnifex. This cryogenic
FPGA with its Msf::Auxiliary::Scanner
Mixin, steals *das Ereignis*. For *incipiō*,

 this pseudofutura heralds
the aftereffects. For *deracialia*, install
FiloSottile/musl-cross—sums up
ego non cogito, ergo sum. Beyond

the *parochet*, a Large Magellanic
Cloud—nonbaryonic, *dunkle Materie*:
the *Lucifuge Rofocale* from Autodeauth
or a stray scion from the echographic.
The doomeager is the deadimmortal.

Irene Koronas

NHC II,

Insert (121,3-122.1)
both sparm and volup
in disguise. Inanity. Antipod

How is the saint possible

Type vécu 4, parsifal and clung
a delicatezza mystica. It physics
80 final ambics

Behind the question mark. Unconq

vestiage from rococotemer
the subpredicate or an apparent
first born sacri throw

The only comfort left
stretches overhead. De capo?
Circulus vitiosus deus?

Pg.50 para55-57 rulets
an epineofight
from neither

recounts invigilate

a pretend knot
a lothorio system
a sult in banal bypass

Dimensional glom
(in quo erat ignorantia
et audacia)

Conceived
without archon

NHC II,⁶
Sections (1-4)

1

It self a place
a syndromic reach
a lismus desig
an opposition

Apophasis even when
it is supertantent
and arches a label

Long assenimple. 4

The charaten female
and male coternal
with mordial birth

As a result
alum lays on a tongue
we lick yes and no

2

Our acert to originate
to ragom
to quantum heaps
to dive into

mudism,
gomelism
conism
explainism

reneruccio myth
motif (1872)

The migrationer
grundleahkeit,

a compilatonism
a mystical rind seq
diffuses its byshape

3

With a quence
or a procosmical reek,
the orphic cotail

A body as (timoria, scelus)
reposes its metensomatosis
its cathar fetters

cosubstant the divine
ash from ebus

ceicide as fication
to rib nostic heoros
who fail to rovide

Explahist or subspec
the mind for a noslogin.
See 1.7 below the chapter

4

Silides was more
parsimonious than the
oulrapfathers

mentioned about 150

Sinope calcula
during the parable
on 144 c.e. (iren 1.27)

Conclusive and encratic
on cyprus remains
a recon ragment

two schools, axionicus
and vague even if intel
circulates by velaptis

who toldal the water
converts

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Damn you all

wild cooing of doves in distant branches
beyond the curtain drawn window
in the darkened room
where he sits on the edge of the bed
frail & thin gently nodding to & fro
thinking progress be damned

nation states wear hoods
ghost riders in the sky stampede
the plains & piss in the oceans
the salmon from the rivers have gone
in what seas will they now spawn
& he is down by the riverside

down by the riverside where
he casts his line into its waters
waiting for it to tauten the sudden
tug the thrill electric of connection
the flick the jerk as a wriggling
sparkling life glints in the light
sails through space to land at his feet

the poetic stance

oh not at all damn you all

Forest feline

forest feline fir purring
dusks dawns this wastrel man
his vagrant days that like tattered
rags clothe his face
as autumn leaves fall
we walk together now to listen talk
where both our persons are now
diminished
before the tempest of ice
& fire consumes us once more
but soft ye now I will feed you with my blood
let me breathe your music as my words
already bawdy in the day
with the pantomime we play
on this our funeral day – hooray
i care not for the molecules of kings
nor the stratagem of regimes
where we walk diminished in our pain
& yet I say we will regain & you
will come again *jaguar moon*
forest feline purring your dawn dusk's born
hawthorn & the rowan the red berries growing

a van flashes by our simulacra
i have nothing to offer you
but my blood in your music
beyond our most unreasonable crime
(before the human territorial voice in)
invades & after the sun shines it's sudden shine
our end begins as I stumble through the straw
but this is beech place not pine

though i guess it's the same decline

in the end

& the skyline rang out release me

Sex core

its pulse drives
the mindless mindful crowd
gravitates it into
automata

into a faceless faced
phantasmagoria
where multiple saccades
magnetise
erogenous zones

- convert invert revert

regenerate in helpless drift
the machinations of our existence
a suppressed surge - the numbed norm

a dance of marionettes plastered
on glittering billboards
that announce us
their shadows cast into
rebirth of tomorrow's abyss

relentless the sex core consumes
its victims like sacrificial slaves
led to the slaughter –

as our heads
float by on platters served
the menu of the day – bubble & pop.

Flights from oblivion

return to a false harbour
where ships come in
& their backwaters
never let you leave
not even the rats
only your face remains
fixed lips that cannot speak
what befell you
a fate that drowned
the heart of the world
where its frenzied cry
beat beneath blind stars
blind eyes turned upon them
though they winked
as if upon a certainty
yet were inexplicable
like your trapped face
upon the page
beyond reach beyond touch
beyond let me begin
beyond futility

Beluga

Beluga

white dolphin without wing

homing drawing succour beneath the ice floe

*where the river meets the sea
down stream from the forest
song of the ocean a sonic alphabet
a web of sound we have yet to know*

moving northward with nowhere to go
until the gulf of mexico
here today gone tomorrow

your palace of ice

i listen now for your call lost to us

still i am here upon the shore

*or perhaps you outlive us all
deep upon the sea bed's eddies
don't you already know? we listen
but do not understand at all*

in those warm seas where you might roam
who is the predator & who is the prey?

beyond our simulation
our simulcra
anthropocene

Naomi Ruth Lowinsky

To hell in a handheld device

The old man in my dream looks homeless
tattered bedraggled bereft
tufts of white hair sprout out of his ears
He confides "I'm ready to die"

Who the Devil I ask him are you?

"Your inner curmudgeon your personal bellyacher
Mister 'Who let the robots take over?'
I'm done with you! You've become a slave
to your screens mesmerized by windows
that gaze into the belly of the beast
created to consume humanity
Oh I know you're sick of my laments
my longing for a live voice on the phone
for a window that looks out at the trees"

Where the Hell do you come from?

"Once I was crisp as an apple
juicy as a mango wild as the one
with goat feet who prances about in the forest
Some say I hark back to the Sun God
Some say I hark back to the Bull God
I lay with the Lady of the Labyrinth
was born again from the deep of Her dark
Some say I hark back to the Snake
I rode into Eve's sweet-smelling pussy
got you all kicked out of the Garden!"

What in Gehenna are you doing in me?

"You knew me when you were young
I was that handsome devil may care
who stole you out of your marital bed
gave you the gift of second sight
carried you off to Babylon
where we bowed down to the Goddess
Some call Her Chaos
Some call Her Whore
We knew Her as Great Mother
who blessed us filled us
with all those lusts and longings forbidden
your mother's mothers' mothers"

How did you become my familiar?

“By being your faithful black poodle
your elegant wandering scholar
who’s shown you the worlds of desire
how to be god and human
fallen angel animal tree
mountain cloud and rock
how to write it all down
as you dance
with the witches in the dark
light the erotic fires
between sun and moon
between bull and priestess”

What in blazes became of your lust?

“I told you it’s the robots
the algorithms those highway robbers
the mirrors that reflect only
the blank eyes of Narcissus
Long gone my power my lust
Long gone my mercurial deeds my seed
I’ve no more skin in this game
Where is the smell of the woods after rain?
the slosh of mud puddles
the glimmer of droplets on a branch?
Long gone my green man sap
dried up as the leaves of the apple tree in fall”

What will I do without you my dybbuk my djinn?

“You’ll carry on fine without me
You’ll look up my names
my sexual games
on your pink plastic
handheld device
You’ll compose my swan song for this poem
while I your love your liberator
crawl away into the bushes
an arthritic old cat
Coyote Snake or Great Horned Owl
will carry me off to the netherworld
where dead gods roam...”

Ganesha's gazal

Scribe of your dreams that I am a god of five faces
this ghazal's for you from each of my five faces

You dream in a handcrafted bed out of long-ago India
which carries you back to remember your five faces

Forest face village face elephant tiger and cobra face
there's a dream temple sacred to all your five faces

At the great stone basin you wash away sorrow and fear
the ancestors bow to each of your five faces

Those laughing girls who follow you round their village
throw Holi colors at all your five faces

Sanyasi in saffron who dances with you in the dream
sees One Naomi glowing through five faces

Robert Rothman

The wetland pond at Rush Creek

You go there for dance lessons. You go to the egrets
and great white herons and watch and try to learn
how to stand still on one leg, while everything else
is swirling around in constant motion. You go
to apprentice that quietude, the white plumage
on black leg and bright yellow bill, so centered that
come rain or wind that slight body isn't pushed
off-kilter. You go to witness the transformation
from stillness to concentrated flow, the long toes
peppering the scrim of water, the mesmerizing
undulation of wings, the slow lift overcoming gravity's
imperial law, and the soaring upward and away.

You go there for years on end, in the wet and dry
seasons, in the muck and merriment, to those
avian masters, who in time meld their feathers and knowing
into your stubborn flesh, so you, too, can dance.

Beginning

Where you begin
Is never the beginning

Since you are already
Past the beginning

Could be closer
To the beginning

Or smack in the middle
That sweet spot between beginning

And end that Dante made famous
In his oft-quoted beginning

To his masterwork though written
Closer to his end than beginning

Such questions don't arise
When at or near the beginning

But like a seesaw the balance shifts
Past the midpoint as Dante's beginning

Reveals in that dark wood
Like a knife blade into the flesh of beginning

A heightened awareness felt
As when autumn leaves are beginning

To fall past the time of full flowering
Where contemplation of the beginning

And the end becomes more frequent
Still even in that season there is a new beginning

Call it happy/sad in the recollections
Of the end of the long beginning.

High grass

The grass is up to your waist and higher, so wet and lush you can skim the water off, and it will fill a bucket. In some places, where the earth dips into a hollow, you disappear, as if swallowed whole by a silent, green behemoth stretched out in lazy opulence over the rolling meadow, its long fur bent back and forth by the wind to hallucinogenic effect. Once in you are away, separated from the everyday world, hidden and free, legs gauging the drops and ascents, arms tattooed in dew, flecked with pollen, your face pointillist-painted, hair crowned with twigs, sprigs, and the white silk of windblown puffballs. You can't help hollering to the sky.

March's stamp

March is a messy month; a mud season;
a muddle of mixed impulses. Freeze and flow;
bundled and bursting; stopped and swamped. Sex begins

to exercise its primacy: the slow
thaw below; the overflow of melted ice
flooding roads and minds. The heat rises from

the earth like an animal out of hibernation—
sluggish, slow, and thick. I stagger in the rich
of it, like a bear pawing fish from a

river, swallowing one down after the other,
the rough-slick skin and oily flesh a sunrise
in mouth. The world's cracked open again, an egg

running in all directions. March, from *Mars*.
In ancient times fighting ceased for winter,
too cold and cumbersome to trudge over

hills and ford thin-iced rivers. The winter
done, as crocuses and daffodils first bloom,
the old ways return. Something in us craves a

conflict, down to our dichotomous mind and hungry
hearts. I hike the hills, through bogs and fallen trees.
Boots pop from the tug of mud. March me forward, March.

Forty years in the desert

If there weren't at least ten of us whose faith was as deep and clear as well water, there was no manna. Our stomachs churned and growled

like hungry wolves the night long. And if the people begrudged the day and unrelenting sun, the food was dry and tasteless as the sand we trudged

across. Who didn't sometimes have doubts? Who could remember the sea parting? Who didn't think this God impossible? Forty years is so long

that only the births and deaths kept count. And the prophet, with his eyes that seared into you like a burning torch, the injunctions he leveled

on pain of death and destruction, straight from the cloud that spoke only to him, we were in terror when not lifted by the promise of a land

of milk and honey. Forty years waking at dawn and praying, the whole people, not a word said as we sat, our thoughts stilled as best we could

manage, concentrated on the nameless being like a star shining from our foreheads. Now, I am one of the last born in Egypt. What to show

for it? Another hot day in an unrelenting mind seeking cooling waters, the prophet's promise like a mirage when the desert heat turns air

into an oasis. Meditating for forty years, I still will go to my grave half-baked: hot on the outside and lukewarm within. This God of my people

keeps his distance from me. Or do I from him? The promised land will have to wait for another lifetime. Yet, strange and unexpected, I

am happy for this long walk. He has left with me an unexpected gift: a laughter that bubbles up like an artesian aquifer, constant and unwilling.

Biographical information

Gabriela Garofalo

Born in Italy some decades ago, Gabriella Garofalo fell in love with the English language at six, started writing poems (in Italian) at six and is the author of these books *Lo sguardo di Orfeo*, *L'inverno di vetro*, *Di altre stelle polari*, *Casa di erba*, *Blue Branches*, *A Blue Soul*.

Clive Gresswell

Clive Gresswell is a 64-year-old innovative writer and poet from Luton, Bedfordshire, UK. He has an innovative poetry MA and a BA (First Class) in Creative Writing from the University of Bedfordshire. He has published five poetry books and been published in many magazines. More info here : <https://www.erbacce-press.co.uk/clivegresswell>

Jason Visconti

Jason Visconti has attended both group and private poetry workshops. His work has appeared in various journals, including *Eunoia Review*, *Literary Yard*, *California Quarterly*, *Valley Voices*, and *The American Journal Of Poetry*. He especially enjoys the poetry of Pablo Neruda and Billy Collins.

Joel Solanche

Nominated for the National Book Award and twice-nominated for the Pulitzer Prize, J.R. Solonche is the author of twenty-nine books of poetry and coauthor of another. He lives in the Hudson Valley.

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C.W.Bryan

C.W. Bryan is a fourth year student at Georgia State University majoring in Rhetoric and Composition. He is currently writing daily poetry prompts, along with some original poems, with a friend of his at poetryispretentious.com. He has 2 poems forthcoming at *Sage Cigarettes Magazine* and *The Bluebird Word*.

Yvonne Higgins Leach

Yvonne Higgins Leach is the author of *Another Autumn* (Cherry Grove Collections, 2014). Her poems connect to the world in a big way— through an empathetic heart that seeks to understand the mysteries of the human experience. She does this through perfectly chosen images, simple language, and a genuine voice. Her second collection *In the Spaces Between Us* is forthcoming by Kelsay Books. She spent decades balancing a career in communications and public relations, raising a family, and pursuing her love of writing poetry. Her latest passion is working with shelter dogs. She splits her time living on Vashon Island and in Spokane, Washington. You can read her work at yvonnehigginsleach.com

Michael Lee Rattigan

Michael Lee Rattigan (Caterham, UK) is a poet and translator who has lived and taught in Mexico and Spain. He translated the first complete collection of Fernando Pessoa's *Alberto Caeiro* poems (Rufus Books, 2007) and contributed to the *Selected Writings of César Vallejo* (Wesleyan Press, 2015). He is the author of two poetry collections, *Liminal* (Rufus Books, 2012) and *Hiraeth* (Black Herald Press, 2016). The poems selected are taken from Rattigan's upcoming collection *as grass becomes flesh* (Black Herald Press).

Mark Goodwin

Mark Goodwin is a walker, balancer, climber, stroller ... and negotiator of places. He is also a poet-sound-artist & fiction-maker who speaks and writes in differing ways. Mark has a number of books & chapbooks with various poetry houses, including Leafe Press, Longbarrow Press, & Shearsman Books. His poetry was included in *The Ground Aslant – an anthology of radical landscape poetry* edited by Harriet Tarlo (Shearsman Books, Exeter, 2011) & *The Footing* edited by Brian Lewis (Longbarrow Press, Sheffield, 2013). His chapbook *Erodes On Air* (a compressed mountain travelogue) is published in the U.S. by Middle Creek (Beulah, 2021). His latest chapbooks are: *to 'B' nor as 'tree'* (Intergraphia, Sheffield, October 2022) & *Of Gone Fox* (The Hedgehog Poetry Press, Clevedon, April 2023). Mark lives with his partner on a narrowboat just north of Leicester. He tweets poetry from @kramawoodgin, and some of his sound-enhanced poetry is here: <https://markgoodwin-poet-sound-artist.bandcamp.com>

Nathan J. Anderson

Nathan Anderson is a poet from Mongarlowe, Australia. He is the author of *Mexico Honey*, *The Mountain + The Cave* and *Deconstruction of a Symptom*. His work has appeared in *Otoliths*, *BlazeVox*, *Beir Bua* and elsewhere. You can find him at nathanandersonwriting.home.blog or on Twitter @NJApotry. Nathan is a member of the C22 collective, you can find more about it at c22press.wordpress.com.

Sanjeev Sethi

Sanjeev Sethi has authored seven books of poetry. His latest is *Wrappings in Bespoke* (The Hedgehog Poetry Press, UK, August 2022). He has been published in over thirty countries. His poems have found a home in more than 400 journals, anthologies, and online literary venues. He edited *Dreich Planet #1*, for Hybriddreich, Scotland, in December 2022. He is the joint winner of the Full Fat Collection Competition-Deux, organized by The Hedgehog Poetry Press, UK. In 2023, he won the First Prize in a Poetry Competition by the prestigious National Defence Academy, Pune, during its 75th anniversary in the “family members category.” He lives in Mumbai, India.

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Joseph D. Reich

Joseph D. Reich is a social worker who lives with his wife and teenage son in the high-up mountains of Vermont. He has been published in a wide variety of eclectic literary journals both here and abroad, been nominated seven times for The Pushcart Prize, and his books include *Pain Diary: Working Methadone & The Life & Times Of The Man Sawed In Half* (Brick Road Poetry Press) *Drugstore Sushi* (Thunderclap Press) *The Derivation Of Cowboys & Indians* (Fomite Press) *Taking The Fifth And Running With It: a psychological guide for the hard of hearing and blind* (Broadstone Books) *I Know Why Old Men Sit In Front Of Windows All Day Sighing & Crying & Living & Dying When The Sun Goes Down On The City At Night* (Kung-Fu Treachery Press) *A Case Study Of The Amerikan Dream: the secret life of lounge singers* (gnOme books).

Alexander Mint

Alexander Mint can be found in and around the cafes of New York City practicing poetry and entertaining love.

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Hiram Larew

Founder of *Poetry X Hunger*: Bringing a World of Poetry to the Anti-Hunger Cause, Larew has had poems appear in *Contemporary American Voices*, *Best Poetry Online*, *Poetry Scotland's Gallus* and *Rhino*. His most recent collection, *Patchy Ways*, was published by CyberWit Press in 2023. www.HiramLarewPoetry.com and www.PoetryX Hunger.com

Daniel Y. Harris

Daniel Y. Harris is an extreme experimentalist. His *Posthuman Series* includes *The Resurrection of Maximillian Pissante*, Volume V (BlazeVOX, 2022), *The Misprision of Agon Hack*, Volume IV (BlazeVOX, 2021), *The Reincarnation of Anna Phylactic*, Volume III (BlazeVOX, 2019), *The Tryst of Thetica Zorg*, Volume II, (BlazeVOX, 2018) and *The Rapture of Eddy Daemon*, Volume I (BlazeVOX, 2016). His extreme experimentalism has been published in *Alligatorzine*, *BlazeVOX*, *The Denver Quarterly*, *Dichtung Yammer*, *E-ratio*, *European Judaism*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Marsh Hawk Press Review*, *The New York Quarterly*, *Notre Dame Review*, *perspektive*, *Poetry Salzburg Review* and *Word For/Word*. He is the Publisher of *Var(2x)*. His website is danielyharris.com

Irene Koronas

Irene Koronas is the author of numerous collections of xperimental writing. Her *Grammaton Series* includes *siphonic*, Volume VI (BlazeVOX, 2022), *lithic cornea*, Volume V (BlazeVOX, 2021), *holyrit*, Volume IV (BlazeVOX, 2019), *declivities*, Volume III (BlazeVOX, 2018), *ninth iota*, Volume II (The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2018) and *Codify*, Volume I (Éditions du Cygne, 2017). Her collections include *Turtle Grass* (Muddy River Books, 2014) and *Pentakomo Cyprus* (Červená Press, 2009). Her xperimental writing and sauvage art have been published in *Alligatorzine*, *BlazeVOX*, *The Boston Globe*, *Buzdokuz*, *Cambridge Chronicles*, *E-ratio*, *Marsh Hawk Press Review*, *Offcourse*, *perspektive*, *slowforward*, *Taos Journal of International Poetry & Art* and *Word For/Word*. She is the Publisher of *Var(2x)*. Her website is irenekoronas.com

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Robin Ouzman Hislop resident Avila Spain & Yorkshire UK is a retired Tefl teacher and translator. His poetics over the years have cultivated a relationship of ecology with mind body processes, together with experimental work. He has also co-authored translations of contemporary Spanish poets into English and made and produced his own audio text visual video poems critical of the human participation in the biodiversity of nature.

Naomi Ruth Lowinsky

Naomi Ruth Lowinsky is an International Merit Award Winner in the Atlanta Review 2020 Poetry contest and winner of the Blue Light Poetry Prize. Her fifth collection, *Death and His Lorca*, was published by Blue Light Press. Poems were recently published in *Angles*, *Open Ceilings*, and she was a finalist in the *Sun Spot Contest*. She is the poetry editor for *Psychological Perspectives* and blogs about poetry and life at sisterfrombelow.com

Robert Rothman

Robert Rothman lives in Northern California, near extensive trails and open space, with the Pacific Ocean over the hill. His work has appeared in *Atlanta Review*, *Meridian Anthology of Contemporary Poetry*, *Tampa Review*, *Willow Review*, and over one hundred other literary journals in the United States, England, Canada, Wales, Ireland, and Australia. Please see his website (www.robertrothmanpoet.com) for more information about him and his work.

“Citation exquisite for your determining.”

After words

Implicit in the poetic outlay is a tethered realm of experiences of place and locale that carry forward minute encounters the objects of which transfer from place to page for eyes of readers ocular or no. Placement on page itself a form of locale, the poem is become place of transference of originary experience arguably for its sameness and continuance.

Words by their very nature imply place, and that location of meaning each makes come by, as each positions on a plane that communion, sight, and sense enfold on. So it is they tell of worlds we beheld them once but have now to share with as poet to reader and each before them taking out of contexts in make of pursuance, of salvage of sense.

If these pages shape level planes it is for purpose of horizontal encounter, that welding form offering new shapes for new lines the reader's mind beholds with. Connected to make real shapes out of worlds experience provided, transfers take place and form soft space of encounter with repeats of lost addressers though new-found in their meanings. The poem as place this issue propels it, with text as a time holding sacrifice to what criticisms could ensue. We take risks towards new experience readership should accomplish.

Direct line, then, hinges place, encounter, experience and locale with words on pages imprinted for senses to interpret with—nothing lost; more gained. It is for reason of this accompaniment and bond that words in form can help shelter and locate fresh meaning so as to form of touch between reader and author what universes separate them. Such it is that counts of touch, that gifting of being language proposes, soft in its outlay, crude in its intention. It is in place and locale of words on paper that the heart of an endless other makes tangent and communicates those spaces mind interrupts for in an ethic of purpose writing performs as. The poem as place is the poem as that Other if unhinged may walk over to talk of, forthright with a grandeur of unfixed interpretations.

With such the poetic as ethos of place and locale each here gather to make out for salvific encounter words do thrive in.

Kind regards,
Editor

