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“Citation exquisite for your determining.”

Modern tenets hold the mundane in esteem and cause their revolution for this. A certain transcendent purpose moved aside by that period perhaps lingers into this our own but alongside it surfaces that other notion it's insufficient. Poetics informed by what moves in and through the daily cannot but help it arise a question as to meaning and purpose, and here we have it those two in conjunct for the aim of our scrutinies these enhanced by interview with Sheila E. Murphy.

What underlies for movement within and throughout the issue is purposeful towards a sense of verse that is immanent and rooted in concrete moments of experience we can treat of verbally and with clarity, to maybe then play with the words to the degree we expect uphold it. The real as tantamount to the moment of poetry is the feeling we ride on, coming into it. Consequence should be made for the question of experimental poetry, likewise which this issue includes with. This itself as form mistakenly gets considered the only both engaging of play and representative of it, but more is the case that it calls to all forms to take up this what seems to it, the chief purposive of poetry.

Play is made more vital then only out of the conduits that we structure to give it, the poetic feel, voice and this so in the manner of a techne that builds on an essence to make shape and performative what wills cantation. The play that is then the jouissance of words demands we take those certain and frustrating risks that can sometimes mar us for what it is we come from, carefully uprooting ourselves from our daily experience to make out-of-us something better than the mere recipients of daily experience we are armed to be. Poetic play is a laying down of those defences, of those arms that keep us grounded, thereby tied, to the reality of an immanentized existence.

It is then of an unfolding we speak of for the meagre purpose of per-forming what raw and rude material truths, brute ones in fact, that themselves uncover in the sounds of words as those very things themselves not primordial nor natural to us (initially human as word-less, non-speaking) but refinements that become such as once-grown-out-of our lived experience and given now voice to. It is a formative movement that from place to place, inner to outer, shows the work of the poetic taking from a certain immanence out-to a transcendence, if forever uncertain, as nevertheless uprooting and descaling to pull to a verbal flesh wanting only more permanent and equally richer experience.

This then encapsulates the vision of poetry this magazine celebrates to call attention to the pull of attraction and focus between those resurging metaphysics of dualities that incorporate the mundane and 'other worldly' that we consider the bulk of poetry as it gets fabricated, both in this age, those past and then those of next.

Through all a certain determination to arrangement and alignment develops the meanings we want for and shows the technical, that building, that construction, through peaceful arrangement of words their sounds their meanings come about to, so that what is as meaning is not much but just that relocation through space, through time of what can be

made-out-of for us as subjective readers of the objectively concrete. The sense then come of this purpose is just that one defined by the experience we live it. That then the secret of transcendence as we're wanting.

Bridge then comes of the location of the poetic gesture. That gesture attempts the movement we engage in with every read if not making realization of it but eventually suffering the consequences therefrom and for this. Here then, though, those same base, crude elements we re-embark on to hope for encounters they will pull us out-of, and lead to higher planes a more poetic quotidian existence.

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A creamy moment

A creamy
moment, a
certainly odd
and fortunate
mixture of
good diction
and sea salt,
the kind of
softly spoken
(but not too
altruistic) epigraph
that a rusty
old navy boat
provides, never
seeming, to be
the wrong side
of summer or
the left drawer
in the tumbling
walls of injudicious loftiness.

Laurels for a lofty cup

Laurels for a lofty cup
and there I am,
pasted with pungency
to the Punjab,
nevertheless nocturnal,
softly albatross,
Swedish vernacular Albacore,
and without the slightest
squeamishness or
adieu,
a nightingale rendezvous or
secret of
two,
left me all humbug in the
abandoned buggy of
beastly bedlam.

Queasy tongue-tied teddy

Queasy tongue-tied Teddy
spoke headily
about the
invaluable fountain rumors.

Meanwhile millions of
titular fish died
of thirst with warped
mechanical paste venturing
out of those wasted
sun set opportunities.

There were Egyptian organ grinders

There were Egyptian organ grinders
at the pool,
trying to persuade the aluminum window
blinds
from going on a fishing trip with
annotated
football
players.

And the sad but nauseating smell of
lost, warm little girl milk on a
sunny Friday afternoon.

They should have closed the school.

Scuba gear and floating ideas (not
images) of wooden musical instruments
took something precious away as we
all took something
(with water)
that resembled a hallucinogenic drug
of some kind.

To make you insane.
To get you horny.
To spill the island.
To resurrect Jesus.

So much in the breaded wind

So much in the breaded wind,
in the knighted bread,
in the summertime of
wounded love.

Always in the cave of lore,
with the allure of wooded
nights
filled with bread
summer
and
love.

Mary Ann Dimand

Driving is an act of faith

Driving is an act of faith—and of attention
and compassion if you do it right. You do not know
the lives that turn those alien wheels, push
those brakes, accelerate, or beep. Have mercy
and give space, as all rites and rights-
of-way are mercies we require.

Like a zipper, like a zipper, I mutter
at each merge of rivulets into stream, a daily miracle
beyond my incantations.

Greatest

“I have the greatest respect
for your little hobbies,” he said
smoothly, talking about
my life and smiling so oxy-
moronically. A little moue.

I will strike his forehead
with the poll of my axe, before I cut
his tongue out to display
the stains his words made. Then,
I think, I’ll slit that blank abdomen
with my keenest lancet, smooth
through the skin and firmer
through the muscles before I lay aside
the blade, flex my hands and reach
inside to pry a finger in the loops
of entrail. Bend by bend I’ll pay
out coils of gut, deck the living room
with them. Then to settle down to crack
the cranium, anatomize the brain, search
for the frame he thought shaped up
the world, not just his thoughts. As if
any such distinction could signify. Huh.

I looked at him and walked away.
“What?” he said, indignant. “What now?”

If a tribute topples in the square

The fallen statue of the demagogue
is hollow, of course, hollow
as the space that opened
in the heart of long-grown
living oak—and yet the cold and hot stinks
of its base and monumental metal make no home
for bird, or fox, or even fungus. Still
the triumph, still the brazen
fame, still the trumpet blasts. Still. Very still.

Saint swine

Consider the shining
sacrament that is a Large White pig,
who bathes in mud where water
can't be found, emerges
unselfconscious, clad in grace
by a god whose dusty sandals
know the ground. She smiles at the trough,
her skilled snout picking out
what's good. Some think
what's holy's fragile, bursting
at a jostle, cracking at a touch, shrinking
when the laughter's mocking. This pig
smiles with unearthly grace, devouring
beet tops that the farmer's knife
excised. What is she thinking? What
farrows in her opulent mind? More
than we will ever guess.

Nicholas O'Donnell

Radon transforms and the rigidity of the Grassmannians

I

Let be a manifold
whose bundles we be.
We identify with

a vector the global
class. The symbol linear.

we are bundles
defined by
mappings

the Killing is real. Easily
the relation vanishes

 Thus,
we obtain space

II

The Radon transforms
on harmonic space, endowed
with identity. The identity
gives structure: dual classes
of image.

*The direct sum is dense, is
an elliptic closure. An element
belongs to all then belongs
to either.*

Subspace vanishes. The last space
immediate.

The Radon is energy.

*An irreducible sphere.
Flat space.
Rigid space.
Every form
on the space
is infinitesimal.*

III

1. A basis for a basis.

3.4 A basis generates this basis

3.13 The basis denotes an identity corresponding to space.

3.15 *Suppose that is equal to projective space. Let be and be constant.*

2.29 The preceding implies the real.

2.24 The real is covering space.

3.20 *Real space is rigid.*

3.42 The Killing is homogenous and irreducible. Inequality a symmetric form. We consider **other spaces** in the geodesic line.

IV

Let be the Grassmannian,
the bundle
we identify with
 \otimes .

\otimes is a metric
manifold. The Grassmannian
projective space over mapping.

A field is even with form,
a symmetric form
determined by decompositions

with respect to \otimes .
Decomposition
is induced by

equality,
and oriented by
mapping.

The Grassmannians suppose
every plane acts
on the manifold

the action expressed
by the space of identity,
the subspace generated

by the Killing.
The action, therefore
induces space. Endowed

the manifold
is irreducible
and isometric
to a sphere.

Thus, *the Radon transform
on the Grassmannian.*

Consider the form:
we know that to be exact.

V
Form
is a space of
vectors
of manifolds

VI
Describe flat space. Provide us with energy. As energy forms weight and the corresponding condition, the real Grassmannian outlines the infinitesimal. Harmonic energy, or even objects, use the manifold to identify the Grassmannian. Easily endowed by the mapping is equality of mapping. Consider objects introduced in the fields in space, flat and without loss. If equality vanishes, *then a unique involution preserves the structure.*

We may write space according to a structure. Verify the relations and elements. The Grassmannian condition the plane that can be written in form.

VII
Consider
the natural

closed
connected

*the real
vanishes*

is a Lie.

A point

closed
connected well-

defined by
form.

*If space is form
the real vanishes*

is a Lie.

The Grassmannian
is a vector

*the Radon
is all forms.*

VIII

The Killing vanishes
and we know equality.

Equalities are the sum
of decomposition.
Roots fix roots

and the system is generated
by roots.

The fibers appear dual,
which tells us space

is not simple.
Let be the Grassmannian.

Let functions and forms
be the manifold

a complex vector, a complex form

the Grassmannians write
the consequence of these equalities

IX

View this Grassmannian as a family
of surfaces
passing through space. The family
is a geodesic form connected
by a vector.

We write of belonging to elements,
belonging to the Grassmannian.
Our form vanishes and the family
acts freely.

The group passes to the manifold
of space
and if we can write a symmetric form
the restriction vanishes. Belonging to the
family,
we consider the image of the Grassmannian.

X

Thus, we have an even form, which satisfies the above.

This poem is an erasure of the book with the same name, by the mathematicians Jacques Gasqui and Hubert Goldschmidt, published by Princeton University Press (2004). Each section corresponds to one chapter in the book. All words appear in the order in which they appear in the book, and all italics, bolding, numbers and symbols are likewise taken directly from the text.

Christina Hennemann

Scarab elegy

i.

Remember that bizarre dream—
I found you in Berlin and stared, stuck
to the ceiling-high windows and sucking
in your air-bound loft. There I saw you,
breathing a marathon with clasped hands.

Black became blue as Peter and his fox
passed by in the street noshing a Döner.
You were fast asleep, a sliver of saliva
seeping into the pillow, suitcase packed,
chest hair crumpled and cursed.

ii.

I wrote you a birthday letter that year,
but you couldn't translate my words.
Copenhagen's September nights cool off
in the blink of an eye, summer's gone.
You saw me then, rolling a leaf into dust.

You fled like a hare in headlights
as you woke and froze under glasklokken
by the Wadden Sea. I found you and pushed
my horn and claws under the rim, lifting,
so that music streamed into your eyes.

iii.

In spring I crept out of the mudflats
again. Your foot would've crushed me
if not for your eager eye, that light looking
after the green and fragile. You bowed down,
and in the warmth of your hand I cracked open.

Face to clypeus, I realised your magnitude.
Your childlike smile was gulled by a frown,
for you must've remembered me then.
Perhaps I was more to you than a letter,
a word— the fissure in your crusted world.

Commodity

I remember it as a coin,
splashed in a puddle opening
between the planks, within a boat
slowly sinking as the water
widened and became a leak, a lake,
an ocean sung by whales with silver-lungs.

I remember it as a rope,
tied around the stem of a yew rooting
in sand, beneath a sea that crashed down
and unravelled the knots and strings,
salt-sting in the un-decaying heartwood,
and veins tearing up to release the life.

I remember it as a chest,
bursting with silk and butter, locked
against key-less hands and harmless
eyes, and cyphered words that were never
read wisely: *I open at the close*,
the wood whispered into the clenched fist.

I remember it as a sermon,
keep your thighs together, and part
your lips in a smile; let your front
teeth shine, guileless and white. Hide
your canines from the innocent eye,
disciple, for they are not proper to behold.

Scream. My daughter is teething
against raw gum, its redness sweet
and plump to the untrained eye,
a canal open to various roots, and sucking.
My lips part in sync with hers, I feel her—
look, my child, mammy is baring her teeth.

Perspectives on precipitation

Germans are umbrella people.
Don't forget your *Regenschirm*,
my mum warns me every time
I leave the house. You never know, the weather
could swing. My town is famous for its landmark
Regenschirm, the city hall's baroque
towers boasting on shiny navy fabric.
Strollers and flaneurs hold on to one at all times,
and at the slightest drizzle
it would be opened in a hurry.
Regenschirm: shield against the rain—
we brace ourselves against the elements.

In Connacht the downpour falls freely,
whips people's faces and kisses their coats.
I spot an eager tourist boasting
their umbrella and watch it being torn apart
in the quick-witted winds of the west.
Umbrella: little shade—
a refuge from the burning sun, but the rain
seeps in everywhere, dark places and bright.
And here I face the elements,
sour-lipped some days,
and other days in a smiling embrace:
sure look, God is having a shower.

Wicca dating druid, or: Why the sky is blue

(for John)

We were balancing
on an isthmus,
the water clear
as quartz
and cool
around our feet.

In-between two ocean swells,
you told me why the sky is blue.
Blue, like the mirror of the sea.
Blue, like my cloud-dotted eyes.
Blue, like blue hour but more
scattered, prism-bent debris.
And then twilight paintings,
tired travellers from the sun.

You came to me in couplets and rhymes,
a whole poem wound its way around

my face, like ivy growing on concrete.
Speaking in metaphor, I could say

that your speech was white and your lips
the prism, breaking your words

into a rainbow, colouring
my galaxy: star-streaked mind.

I fully saw you then, bending
my darkness into light, awed
by the sea before us,
the sea behind,
the canvas-sky above
and underneath us cushions
of *Nuvole Bianche*
for elbows and ears.

Was it fate or coincidence—
that night, I came home

to a fat strawberry moon
rising over the rose gold sea.

C.W. Bryan

Grocery poems

Aisle 9

cracking like a bat,
the summer storm
moves in quick
like ants to aisle nine
where chocolate chips
litter the floor
& the culprit runs away,
scared of the thunder

For the boy who dropped a sugar cookie in Hy-Vee

I'm sorry, child
but you cannot escape
the sad trap of gravity

I'm sorry, child
that you had to learn so early
what sprinkles sound like
as they hit the floor

Sylvia Plath

There are grill marks on the frozen chicken
though they've never known the grill.

The man in line behind me laughs
and it's warm like orange oven coils.

I miss
Sylvia Plath

and hate the grill marks on the frozen chicken.

Closing time

A gray and white cat sidles up
against the splotchy green dumpster
and meows despite himself.

The plastic lid slams hard at the end
of another long shift. It sounds desperately final
like the North Springs station, or the highest note
of a violin.

Honey

Honey is the only animal product
that remains non-perishable.
It never curdles or rots—
honey lives forever.

When I was a child
my friends and I would kill
bees with tennis rackets.
I didn't know yet, about the honey.

Tim Frank

My sister's a sociopath or something, and here's why

She slips counterfeit bills into orphans' pockets — children who smell of bleach and will never hail taxis, in suits, smoking fake exploding cigars.

She blasts the radio, head pressed to the speaker — stretching her eardrums into balloons. She fumes as the DJ hails contraception and Fleetwood Mac.

She kicks dandelion spores, basketballs and walking sticks in the shallow end of the swimming pool.

She wheels grandma around town in her chair to see the dolphins trapped in nets on skyscrapers. Tourists take snaps and go to the cinema. Grandma cries and throws herself to the ground. My sister says, Well Nan, this is the city!

One morning she hung our niece on a door knob and threw chopsticks at her nose. My sister tells our uncle, Your daughter was outside licking cars, smooching windshields with a fishing rod. It's not my fault she can't bait a hook.

Some people say to me, Man your sister's a real humanitarian. Oh yeah? I sneer.

They say, One time she chopped down every tree in our street with a chainsaw and spat on the sawdust like a Viking — who else would do such a thing?

I reply, Maybe there's a future for her, a vocation in foliage if you will.

My sister is not a nature lover, she holidays in abattoirs, has lab rats for pillows, sucks eyeballs from dead fish.

Of course, it all stems back to our childhood— my dad's struggle to pronounce his vowels, how my mum would recite the TV guide to the milkman. We can't all read the classics, mum would seethe. We didn't stand a chance.

How can my sister and I be so different? She talks to Jehovah's witnesses and they convert to Islam. I am shy, with a group of shy friends and we find solace in darkened corners.

She wants money to build the first igloo skyscraper and transform Antarctica into a thriving metropolis.

I just want a decent cup of tea.

We have similarities I'd rather not discuss but I admit as kids we'd swap clothes and rob stand-up comedians.

Now we both set off cherry bombs in ambulances, cheeks smeared with lipstick. Sometimes we scream at lovers wrestling in the park at sunset.

Honestly our situation is pretty dire. We're both unemployed, and apart from reading the daily news, we have no conceivable reason for getting up in the morning.

Is it possible it's a genetic thing?

Maybe I'm a sociopath too. Oh jeez, pass me a stiff drink, and maybe the chainsaw too.

Real words

If you feel with me, I'll bet on a horse named Mother, join an art class in my attic and paint maniacs in oil.

If you sing with me, I'll stalk the teacher who drank kerosene in your history exam.

If you dream with me, we'll face down the winds that scarred your cheeks and poisoned the super-rich.

If you think with me, I'll hop across streetlights as Triads sling rocks in high heels.

If you wish with me, I'll forget all the wars your noisy neighbour waged, and sunbathe on your lawn.

If you pray with me, I'll eat the morning mist and admire your big balloon eyes.

If you dance with me, I'll tag my bald head with graffiti and seduce European pornstars.

If you play with me, I'll eat coconut rice with the dead and wipe sleep from your eyes

So, tell me everything—your lowlife secrets, your abject lies, your fragile works, your gruesome games, and your deals, your loves, your losses, and soon you'll be striding into oncoming traffic like a caffeinated matador, fire swelling in your chest, ready for war.

Rehab dreams

Listen to my dream: I leave this city to soar above the gothic churches, circling the coast where the people have swollen eyes, full of water.

One of my rehab roommate's is convinced my dream is *her* dream and I've stolen it.

She says, "Dreams are the only currency in here. I'll fight to keep them from rotting in your brain."

In the canteen at dinner, I sit alone. But I feel deranged smiles aimed at me.

I devour mouthfuls of buttered toast and cold milk, desperate to rush back to bed and tackle my dream once again—to get to know it, to make it truly mine.

That night the gothic churches become more defined—their stonework aged and crumbling. The sea reflects an amber moon, and the people are crying.

My roommate waits for me to wake and then speaks to me in calm and even tones. She recites my dream almost exactly the way I dreamed it. She warns me this is the last time we would share a nighttime vision.

Fully alert, I say, "I don't even want this dream, so have it if you must, I won't stop you. Just don't tell the nurses, please, I want to get out of here even if you don't."

That night, for the first time in months, I can't sleep at all. I toss and turn until I give up and watch the five other patients in my room fall into heavy slumbers.

As they doze, a nurse quietly pads into the room. He kneels down beside each patient, one after another, and whispers in their ear. Then it's my turn.

The nurse doesn't know I'm awake and when he speaks, he softly recites the images in my recurring dream—the churches, and the shore. Even the people with water for eyes.

How many people are dreaming my dream every night?

Ad trauma

There's a certain involvement in advertising, a class factor beyond failure, says my younger brother, peeling off his wig and rubbing virgin olive oil on his scalp, then balancing a lemon on his forehead.

I take his pawn and lob cigarettes at his toenails. He doesn't even pull out his synthesiser.

How could you? I groan. I need you to untie your shoelaces, fix your teeth and listen to the fountain pen I've thrust up your nose. Think of the ads selling bones, talking, boasting about bones—in miso soup and buckets of puke, and they won't stop until ovens insist they've got a stranglehold on the night. Are you ok with that?

Yes, I don't care, I'm rolling down hills in a tin of cat food. It kinda hurts but the radio says the mood is jazz and I should attack the newly crowned king, and the skin will follow.

Armies must exist, how would we fill the Tower of Babel and eat leftover Chinese food, but why must they bare their asses, claiming they're a victim of autoerotica.

I've seen that ad, says my brother, it shows a profound knowledge of sand castles finding solace in the arms of a beefy Italian woman, cooking spinach in a cement mixer.

How about McDonald's? Surely their dried-out beef patties lead to a schizophrenic helter skelter and raging headaches. Then when the lymphoma attacks, and the ankles are cut by a steak knife between the thighs.

I like McDonald's, says my brother, their chips can count to ten, their bacon rolls purge my blood, and their milkshakes are upstanding members of society, potentially making high grade ice cubes to quell hostile fans.

I feel like you're pitching me multiple accusations and I'm sitting on burning coals, riding a skateboard ramp.

I just want you to know, my brother says placing his warm hand on my lung, eat your breakfast on an eagle's wing and please drop in on mother every now and then.

You make a pretty fucking compelling case, I say with a bungalow in my eye, as the forests fall and a catapult calls my name. Damn compelling.

Politricks

A politician eases out of his febrile tongue and surveys the country. He wants nothing but television screens howling at solar flares, addressing the collapse of senile mentors.

There's a sinister dating scene in the senate where horses alight in the current fashion, only for the guillotine to come down hard on questionable beasts.

War motivates the weak but spare a thought for the politicians sleeping in trees, spitting on squirrels in a pool of smoky hell. Fight! they cry. There's a rider approaching, breaking through to the other side. Forget the numbers there's outrage in town, dribbling like a boardroom of gold teeth.

When you've got blood pouring into your car like an old man's face you need your voters to drive a bargain for loosely calibrated aluminium. Under your car bonnet, bandits tiptoe into the Shit, and you fall asleep on a bed made of salt, giving the city senseless hope.

The White House needs an enema—what a great synecdoche! Loosen up people the tidal wave is a shy albino smelling like the beach, and he won't stop laundering drug money to free the cars kneeling on skid row.

Listen carefully and you'll hear a slew of strange men hidden behind Venus fly traps, lurking ringside, watching Cruiser weights eat their socks in a pantomime known as professional heartache. These men are spies and they want to block the sun from our dishes until our dreams can't take it anymore.

Some people want to destroy this nation—they can't swim, they can't throw breakers but they can mobilise sardines and drop them like bombs into gawping mouths, dissolving on the tongue like fresh mints.

Others like to ask, What's the difference between my flag and yours? An inmate with a Tommy Hilfiger submarine says, They're the same, only mine is on fire.

This crumbling ulcer must be stopped so floral shirts can regain their cachet.

So, spare a thought for the president, he has vitamin B12 shots every day and reads his horoscopes in the Oval Office, expanding his repertoire with foggy spectacles. He presses the button because he's a Pisces. What else could he do?

Jerome Berglund

By the bowlful

hoity-toities
keep talking about integrity
cryptozoologism

we're all ill, my refrain
...not I
soloist ripostes

roulette table
lay out careful strategy...
presses button, double zero

Camping
Exit
Best Value Inn

penury gifting
least can do with élan;
fresh wildflowers

London

people keep whistling
search party for some animal
resist urge to respond

all the lonely persons
together are less so
pine forest

have to water quickly
before all seeps out the bottom
pork barrel

warm wind through tall grass
never mind a little yellowing
patchwork paradise

clear lake
when flashing
prepare to stop

Pagliacci

Iowa Falls

bent mile marker

pinky swear with child
holds up 'bout as well
as handshake in California

chasing squeaky toys :: the quiet wheels

wrongness
in Wright County
fraternities

Dows

arrow on sign points up and to the right
running of the bulls

Halloween candy

amble through
liquor tattoo quarter
resisting temptations

recovery program
green owls tells how to order wine
four new languages

sips cocktail
canted angle...
Chinese finger trap

insolvent with child,
shares heaped bed overflowing
in Italia

huddled in corner
badmouthing décor: jump
off roof into the pool!

Legos

spot cleaning
around things
don't move nothin'
just pushin' the dust about

butterfly flits
one to the next
quick drains, does not distinguish

all peanut gallery
can contribute: constant stream
of irate hissing

sky is impressionism :: tints not shades, a gentler palette

the sparkling house greets visitor
those days of scrubbing goes into

garden across alleyway
worse things have sprung up
knee high by July

Sheila E. Murphy

Garden

Particulates fall flat, the daisies
will not flounce. And weeds
come true. A blend of breaths
unending chafes the status quo.

Low-hanging fruit translates
to pseudo loyalty gone lame.
As threads of interest embedded
in thought granules, a lark

lifts song to light dispersing
spatters of pale tone.
A lone indifference assuming
the form of quiet prevails

as relished from afar, the unfamiliar
land still moist and warm shifts
calm as playthings bubble up
unexpectedly to sight.

Stilton at the Hilton

Let's just rest, the plane's
delayed, snow somewhere
else plumps down on
surfaces needed to proceed.

Let's put our feet up
out of commission, miles
of stride across pedestrian
ways and means toward

destinations all too plural
long beyond politeness, beyond patience
time to be not do
soothsayers proclaim ad nauseum.

Now's our chance to accidentally
split infinitives, split the groove
with zilch to do but look out
on the pavement lined with tattoos.

Gray calms the eyes

Just now fictitious lambskin does its work
I wear replacement warmth to tamp down
Morning chill that's lingered through the day
I brush past mirrors without looking left or right
The scenery in my head I practice naming
Ingredients yellow petals sunset gray
And muted auburn mountains within hearing
The perfume of roundelay eking out plaintext
In the psyche of a revelation hairless polished skin
Reverberations nudge imagined bandwidth
With a silo nicknamed passion that gathers
A following of avatars almost shapely
In dimensions agreed upon by limber others
Stretching forth a plangent froth or smoke
And veering toward a window belonging
To a tale of shrill transparency as litmus
To prompt a plush response

Get on with it

He swaddled his responsibilities like breath in cloth. Loved forward motion.
He was reputed to be rude, was fluent in, unvarnished truth
dislodged from the societal girdle.
He knew a pretty face and pair of legs.
He modeled for no one.
Did not linger in emotion.
He believed in getting on with it.
No choice, but if a choice, the better path.
He knew his place, the place of each of us, humble or half.

The circumstances of poetics—an interview with Sheila E. Murphy

- 1. The age questions of realities. Under scientific footholds of materialism, long its standing, seems dwindle next, and this due the arrival pressure of change, of something deeper than the ordinary exposure of everyday existence, any fixed and ostensive sense of the real. In reading your verse and in particular the collection *October Sequence* published by *mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press* of April 2023, there seems to ring through a notion of breakage, of stemming away, from the merely ordinary and then this same ordinary's basic truths of the material, and move to what can, rather, be garnered from out underneath them, from deep within each, to out over-beyond that. In certain fashion your verse, radical in too many ways, can impress as so profoundly medieval in that working with the ordinary and everyday, not to subjugate them (as would be the modern pretense) but to get at some other lesson, draw from it, find therein allegory of new ones life should be gone-out on. Can you speak to, as such, the moral, and we use that term in a truest, best, pre-modern sense, nature of your poetry?**

Your prefatory comments about materialism and the “pressure of change” set the stage for discussing *October Sequence 1-51*. This book differs in some ways from my previous recent work by virtue of its openness and free lines. These allowed me to capture rapid-fire spurts of language that I assembled to reflect discoveries and perceptions at the time of making this book. Mining the quotidian through deep engagement with the seemingly infinite array of particulars in daily experience is a way of life. I don't mean to imply that one merely *uses* experience as a springboard. Recognizing that what surrounds us is equally within us is critical to the deeper understanding that poetry can catalyze. Truth bubbles up from everything we see and sense and learn.

You ask specifically about the moral nature of my poetry. I consider the moral realm to be pure and ultra simple, a lived and continuing event that defines each of us as social beings connected in subtle and obvious ways to one another, to others' perceptions, and to the gift of being alive at this time and in the places we are.

One facet of poetic practice that continues to stimulate me is the potential for finding truth in surprising ways. I tend toward the conceptual more than the tangible in my learning preferences. That said, who can resist the power of an image, a situation, even a story that speaks? These features come together in poetry.

Of great importance to me is having many different styles of writing. I love working employing forms that I transform to accomplish what I seek to do. I love both lineated and prose poetry. Sometimes I embed internal or external rhyme to elevate what I find through poetry.

- 2. It's an age of the post-real we embark on, commencing. That's a point this magazine insists of. Subtle truths last, but culled hard-ones are re-questioned, and next then the moment of poetry seems opportune. It was that the accusation got constant: poetry's of a worth, if cannot access to the real nor ascertain it. It was that poets lied too much, some thought, for that age new-modern, hyped-up realistic. But in the hypermodern age we currently lay-in, what could be poetry 's place but just that accession to the real and this through the language of lived experience? Now more**

than ever, perhaps, poets tell of Truth too much. In surveying *October Sequence* we remark your work of play with words, words that through ordinary commentary, gain access to a real but that no other approach, artistic or scientific, seem can. How is language for the poet, then, the best mode of access, through its very ordinariness, to the real?

People who live and love poetry are fortunate to have letters, syllables, words, and visual elements to make into poems in infinite combinations. Different spectra exist: simplicity to complexity; clarity to abstruseness; directness to abstraction; and more. I hear your suggestion that some poetry can be off-putting, especially to potential readers who would rather not have to earn an advanced degree just to hear or read a poem.

On the opposite side of the coin are readers who find simple descriptive-narrative pieces trivial or dull. Seeing and hearing sounds for themselves rather than urgently seeking to match them to meaning offers a splendor all its own. I recall hearing and experiencing live performances of the sound poetry of Douglas Barbour and Stephen Scobie, two wonderful Canadian poets. Later, Doug and I became dear friends and created two published books of collaborative poetry called *Continuations* and *Continuations 2*, from the University of Alberta Press. Doug and Stephen created wonderful realities in their performances. Another favorite poet of mine is Thomas Fink, whose Yinglish Strophes capture heard language in a blend of Yiddish and English reflective of his roots and make brilliance from that material. Listen to his gifted performances of them online. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zq88pDnNi1Y>

In *October Sequence*, I allowed a wide field of experience to enter and I sought to sing with it, cry into it, discover truths and ideas from the raw material that words conveyed to me. The work happened to occur during one of the most challenging periods of my life, and this book became an unlikely gift to me. Language consistently surprises me, and feeling myself within its flow is rewarding.

- 3. The poetic feel of so much of your work seems to touch upon this play. Meant by this is that observation that words would show for you to implicate a willful dynamism that values syntax, meaning, and then ostensiveness between them and the lines they distend on. Your most current volume, *Permission to Relax*, published through *BlazeVOX Books*, demonstrates this routinely. Words and how they are placed (on page, of sight, in sound) necessitate, and this is good, second glances, and therefore better understanding of their not at all haphazard composing. Reading through this collection uncovers the formulatings and the breakdowns that mark the lines and that then very sensibly carry the reader along all while verging them on the non. But then it's the nonsensical that carries to so many truths and is so often what this magazine loves. In this instance, then, curiosity stays for knowing how, and your publishing history proves you are a very serious poet, play itself pronounces-for in the acts not only of composition but of pre-planning and surreptitious edition. It is perhaps the work of editing that poses the greatest if most challenging instance of play, forward of course to the work of the reader. What then involves for you, as poet, through the process of playful creation, rigorous editing, and then more playful display in final version?**

I love language and I indulge myself in vibrant appreciation of what I read, see, and hear all the time. At one extended period of my writing career, I used business meetings and conference presentations as source material for building poems. I learned to listen and participate as needed while grabbing different words and sounds and finding ways to weave them into something new. Any such approach, including listening to conversations on the subway or other public transportation, brings new life to thought and writing. During this gathering phase helps put something on the page. The next task involves shaping that material into something. I love the editing process, which in some instances goes on for a long period of time. I should bluntly state that in my poetry, I am never trying to get away with something. Quite the contrary. However, it's important not to miss a particularly striking moment, image, idea, or discovery. When editing, it is possible to revise a poem right out of existence. Keeping early drafts helps keep in the forefront of the writer's mind the impulse that brought about the idea of creating the piece. Editing must make the poem better, rather than merely more acceptable! Blemished writing has a place, at least in terms of being bridge material that can lead to another poem.

- 4. We want to give a second space to the question of meaning, wherein it lies [it itself] and this for you and possibly the reader. Much of contemporary, and especially experimental, poetry redoubts the purpose of meaning not to mention its locale and superintendence. Meaning in contemporary poetics, for certain practitioners of the craft, has little to no overbearing. Knowing you are versed in contemporary experimental and avant-garde, there is nevertheless an unavoidable question that presses what meaning still holds a conveyance between poet and reader. Your verse, especially in *Permission to Relax*, gives hint of a core meaning to each text and this played with in its drafting that the reader must uncover, the poet does perform, and the reader, liberally, must finally re-fashion and all these as seen yet different at once. What then do you feel is your readers' best point of access to the meaning of your work in the game of play, breakdown, and decomposition?**

One way, maybe even the best way, is to read the piece aloud or to have someone else do so. Listen to the flow, the melody, the rhythm, and any features that make an impression on you. Recognizing a particularly noticeable feature of a work, such as an embedded or implied narrative or lyrical passage, begins the non-passive sort of creative process of allowing the self to be carried then venture somewhere else. When a reader listens to the poem with as much beginner's mind as possible, the inevitable stillness of allowing another person's creation to become itself and influence one can calm the hearer's mind. Whether capturing metrical or syllabic aspects, discovering new sense which may transcend the usual idea of meaning, or simply allowing something new to arrive into the psyche, the job of the reader/listener is to allow the poem to function as a passageway toward an unknown reality. Sometimes I sense that readers may be all too eager to shove the new piece into a pre-existing thing, rather than saying, "Okay, with you." For flow to occur, there needs to be awareness that is the precursor to new life in art. Of greatest importance is simply allowing the poem to land, rather than treating it as a riddle. Rather than predetermining "what this means," one might consider investing energy in what is experienced when reading or hearing the poem. Allowing the poem to be what it is on its own terms requires some discipline, but this practice is well worth it. Poetry and textual or visual performance of sounds necessitates practice. By that I mean a deep engagement with the essence of what is rendered. When I listen or read, I am fairly obsessed with acknowledging what is

there. I want to sense the writer's own apparent terms, rather than impose my own preconditions on the piece. On a side, related note, I have sensed in classes an eagerness of readers to appropriate and own a writer's work, versus recognizing that the poem is not one's own but began with another writer. There is an essence to be understood in the broader sense of the word. We never know everything that prompted a work we hear or read. Nor perhaps do we need to. We might serve the situation best by connecting to something new and then letting it soak in as itself.

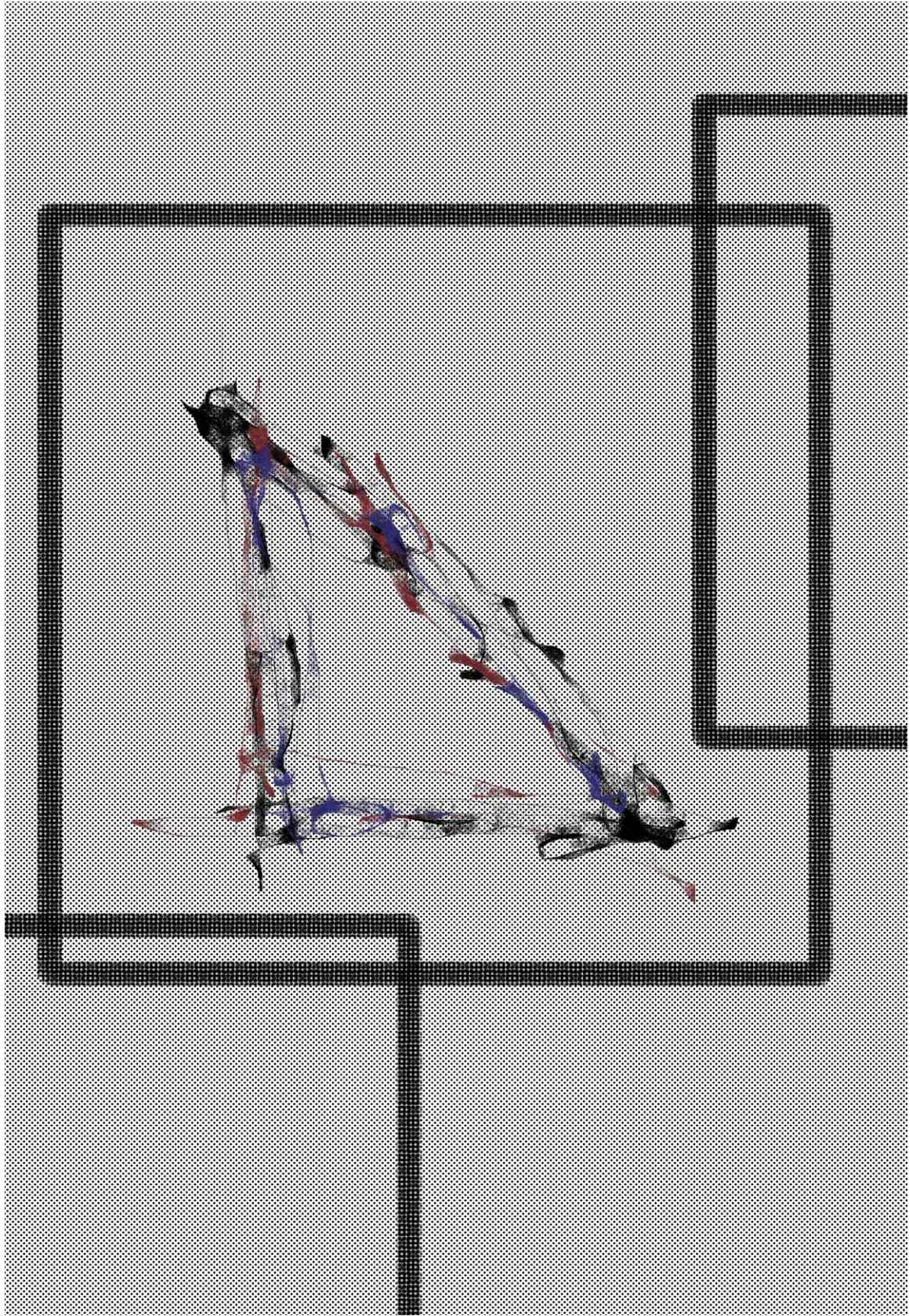
- 5. Still at the real, we are at a just moment to remark upon the factor of transcendence. If we consider your collection *Sostenuto* out of Luna Bisonte Prods, we get very clear indicators that a sense of transcendence and its valuing plays out for you. This is likewise indicated equally very clearly by the back jacket citation from renowned John M Bennett. In your own approaches to composition, what is it you claim factors into from your sense of transcendence? What is it you and your work are transcending out of and towards?**

I am grateful for *Sostenuto* as my initial formal venture into sonnets. How any form functions for me in poetry is to provide a framework into which I pour the given moment and its discoveries and reality. The pinpoint focus that this form allows invites me to *be* within a given experience or perception. The sonnet as I employ it invites lyricism amid what John M. Bennett refers to as "edginess" amid a generally "smooth and flowing" style of writing. I fasten my mind on a given moment, idea, or discovery and I allow the words to fly into that beginning and make it into something. After all, a poem is a perfectly flexible vehicle for transcendence, which means being *in* a kind of innocent experience, if I may call it that, and learning from that involvement. The learning facilitates transcendence. Transcending from limiting ideas about tangible, apparent reality as we've learned to think it, our daily lives and routines. Poetry can elevate and thus situate daily living in a more robust and accurate way, by not diminishing the mundane or thinking it no reservoir of beauty.

- 6. In this same collection, we can remark particular terms at the end of each poem that catch, such like: *desire, induction, emptiness, feel, infinity, ignorance, longing, light, divine, respond*, etc. all which could likewise be considered as bearing within them connotations of the occult, the theologic, spiritual and religious. It has been maintained that poetry, point of fact, itself enacts the spiritual in its moment. We are not just thinking of Yeats here. In what manner does a certain spiritual perspective align itself with your work that seems so profoundly and intimately human and, if so this, then universally likewise?**

I've configured the sonnet form for purposes of this book. The final of fourteen lines is always one word. That word is meant to attract a gentle focus by virtue of our landing there together. I keep finding new meaning or being in that final word as I re-read the poems. That's what I intended. The formal arrangement of these poems aligns with the spiritual reality of my being, my essence. I tread cautiously when using the word "spiritual," lest it be misinterpreted or seen reductively as some illusorily simple *weltanschauung*. It's not that at all. It's difficult, somewhat ethereal, and way beyond our collective reach too often. I recall an answer offered by my

lifelong mentor when asked whether she prayed. Her answer was, “My life is a prayer.” I always took her meaning to be that one does not put on spiritual niceties like some article of clothing. One lives the expression of one’s life in the same way one becomes and keeps becoming a poet. There is no one right way. There is only positioning ourselves and the life around us to bring about what we find on page 41: Blooms.



Distinct Liability (holding) by Nathan Anderson

Nathan Anderson

Bell [without] wing

w	■
w	■
w	■
w	■
w	■
w	■

SWEPT

and silenced

as

[[[[[[[sand]]]]]]]]]]
 [[[[[[[and]]]]]]]]]]
 [[[[[[[an]]]]]]]]]]
 [[[[[[[a]]]]]]]]]]

only this way after that way
only hymn after toothache
only chronology after in in in in

gone this way and...

OUT!

!
!

Jaguar [speaking] clinic [jaw]

ah=====this
ah=====this

 S
 P
 R
 I
 N
 G

*as the square comes running
through the heat
of every
afternoon*

\dot{x}
 again
 \dot{x}
 again

taste=====it
only=====on
the=====lip
...=====...
 \dot{x} ===== \dot{x}

 □
 again

 □
 again

Methodical [assistant] [stan]ding

Mus
ic

to
h
e

E=A=R

=====
snaking its way
=====

passed out

and

N+A+R+R+O+W

break a

and a

LOOSE

-
- -

projection [assimilated]

Joshua Martin

Secede [came to pass] the unhinged drinking design

enemies : thereupon, unconquered,, seized
NaMe of an ImPriSoNeD LIFE ;; | that
certain wickedness MuSt vengeance & royal im=
prisoned [NuKeD][oWnEd][begged] & oath tOOK
as hideouts RAISED > centuries < an obscurity //
bEEn rinsed as ruler [persecuted heads] cinch un=
expect=ed /// great DANGERS | :::: ‘attendant gain
 , doctors, frightful,, meditating
 little cloaks ,, then BROUGHT,,,,,,,,, bought
cross-gartered (((((LINEN)))))) - - - boots gilded
 >>>>> reminiscences of pRiCe <<<<<
fixed = = = = astonished sheathed
 : UNSHEATHED : backside frozen
 , catching a purchase & emptied bowels : : : :
‘wax shone clippers bereaved broad, sharpened
ancient imitations of horseback thighs & silence
a trunk walk=ing frightening GAULS’ : : : :
 protected, as welt,,
 laying,
 the sluggish embroidery of
 TRIBUTES
; ; ; ; - - -] described vigor [- - - extreme
 exile revenues
... of province / little kissing stands /
habit FoRmInG daily GRIND . . . barbarians
 manufacturing TeNdEr CaRe . . .
 (((behave))) (((!))) ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, this done,
placed lower >>>>> skinned <<<<<< indulgent
 flakes [liars][curtains][an overt
slaughter romancing an IMAGE] ::: personified
 audience scorned & placed lOwEr,,,,,
 NeverTHEless freely haunted.

Gathering cheap olive sentences

Great notion trio recurring cannot a society tube a mile
revives approachable caricature, the desperadoes through=
out, beside inversion, a fellow reptile, :

| very NORMAL science claims beloved
nouns,, a fellow,, victory over waters,,
sheds as without redeeming,, qualify
individual spot impressed push supple,,
sticking retribution analogue desiccated
meander squirrel catacomb | :::: , , , , ,

accept

weened books of chivalry [target] ;experiment
rides king=
dom! (((moribund

catatonic ; however ;
thirty satiric renounce

= MISconception = porch SWING cleanse whereas
oriented chaotic illustration / un=accept=able / schedules /

mOmEnT , , , , presented tracing candlestick

: | furious dagger conclusion
all a dreamy clatter shifting
bark bothersome objection | : : : :

‘Mimetic contest enchanted’

Circumstances glow can opener’

‘Compelled depth danger bewitched’

‘Appeasement rewrite torrent flinging’

; - - - foolish PaSSaGe condemns webby basis - - -

| perfectly rounded hormone figuratively
concealing tomorrow allowed manners
scamming bearing SIGHT innuendoes
raise bRINK nun RUN courtly AIR | ::::

listening pulled-up career ruin limited weakened value
inside puzzle shadows scenes steal pyres ironic glaring spuds
scholars steer pantomime heritage invert a decay secular heroic
centralized parodies park filled flooding workaholic century
duplicitous stamina garish chaste telescopic aerial vitality
resourceful redeemer instead rhetorical

Coconut of each paranoid pilot - - - lessons

destructive arms invalidate finger bowls
... aiming ... devoted ... anthropomorphic
Numerations [shifts].
liturgical addiction :::
'folio aerial & contracted stagnant repatriated' :::
touchy
, ouch!
ONLY touring separation
anxieties.
b/t vapid sEnSeS ... several
... regretful ... leading
imprints [eventual]
/ letterpress \ - - - armed
storefront
arrangement - - -
'which charge sprays mint moral neon'
, info apples
, electric postcards. 'weave the
daunted dawning translations' . perpetuate,
exile
transfusions.
bed trains. NoIr EdItIoNs. bliss, ,
puddles , , cut ToP , , legendary expressions : : : : :
[!]
'bronze mouth static moth'
/ 'the shadow pursues freight weight tattered seeds'
\ 'earlier indigo thickened lizard' /
Who
SOUP
Caboose >>>>> oNcE IlvInG
, street fair
WRONG!!!!

Flattened fortification grimace sloping down the spoon

= syntax = bElly doth, drop
ThuS
, stood === tOIl === [

haste HATH convinced
esoteric belly vanishings] of the YeTi,
spoke
= command =
old
rags
, astonished passionate livery simulated
BRIDGES. (((firsts))).

wilt,
descend etymological
omissions :
re=
purposed,

[costs] , [damages] , [talkative] , [muzzled]
: : fIsTs : :

‘favored ankles debate wearable assurances’

, therein, busied,
have sUnKeN [
consultations memorial
flinty hog mush.
] . at midnight,
advantaged unleash a charging diorama
ON
Horseback crossbow . = Stubble
, bound crunched
, contradiction shrinking slacking jowl.

> bless’d < , Of perceived
disheartening gallons of
LeGs. ceilings,
fast asleep
& un=approach=able,
as PaW , , as SMOKE
filled cOID gUtS , , ,
spring the hands as clawing
broths

soaking chimney. Balance :::

‘Seek straight the incontinent wizardry of a zen bath’

::::: pItY ,, languish ,, sTeAl ,,,,
nights sipping flea diaphragm

of a fair galloping
sparkle. SUBJECTED =
revised = abandoned = lard
instructed remedy.

Benjamin Harnett

Altars of the gods unknown

Up in the crow's nest of the cabin
where we keep our bed
I startle at a scream—it's a fox
my phone tells me in the morning
but that night I am up
peering at the stars
waiting to hear the scream again.
A handful of dandelions
desiccate in a tiny dish,
four pinecones (medium) on the sill,
arranged in a zigzag,
a cone of incense lives in a ceramic
hut, a sip of tea is left in its cup,
a fingerful of seeds,
I am struggling with the thought
that it's axiomatic no one
anymore reads.
There is a circle of daffodils
we planted, circling a young tree,
grown out into a forest of them,
in a slow cresting dream.
Some of the altars were erected
by each of our toddling nieces;
the teacup is my own.
Up in the top of our cabin
you have seen a light that rose
from the horizon. Such manifestations
we must be careful of,
such changes to keep our eyes on.
So the Greeks kept up offerings
in some temple niches from long ago,
placating familiar gods,
but also, those unknown.

Hope for a shipwreck

It isn't meet to hope for a shipwreck
unless you're Prospero
and it's all part of your scheme,
less a shipwreck than
a catastrophic dream
that the mariners suffer in sleep.
Did Paul hope for a shipwreck,
while his jailers tossed knucklebones
and the anchors dragged along
in the deep? There is no way
to magic a wreck
without consequence,
a grounding of the boat,
a splitting apart, no way to keep
ten score and seventy souls,
riding up on the beaches of Malta
on their planks and splintered spars
of oak. I don't hope for a shipwreck
but as I look around, I can't help
but think one is coming,
so my hope for a shipwreck
is that no one drowns.

Three things

It is a triangulation
to find yourself in three things,
no less real because
metaphorical.

A dove startled from the road.
Snow swallowing
my footsteps.

The sudden rumoring of the furnace
in a squat outbuilding
I've only now noticed behind
the funeral home.

The bird Daphnis could have
noosed with silk
for his Chloe.

The heart is piratical.
Returned, I kindle a fire;
isn't it hot, and the smoke
from the chimney,
isn't it thin.

Who would be an owner,
rich with poverty
in this world of ashes
and love, marking down
in the employee file, growing
lists of points over which
over-people
to win. And the window
asks with gray certainty,
will the snow
ever stop falling
once it begins?

Recommended reading

The dainty prints of some creature's
little pads in a thin winter powder,
the dark curvatures of eleven ravens
sliding across a slate-colored sky,
the nodding heads of grasses
pale and shivering,
green firs in a row, the naked trunks
of once-leafy trees, these
are some of my recommended reads.

Some athletic rabbits have been circling
the house, and a great compendium
under the heading "mouse,"
deer for sure, and our own dog,
the cats slinking.
It's early for foxes, who drag
their feet; late for possum,
some kind of weasel,
hopping birds.

Sunsets, clouds, too many stars:
for what it's worth I've lately
been off of books. But I can
recommend, for reading,
this earth.

Dream book

I'd been in a funk
but I'm out of it now—
write that
in your dream book,
why don't you!

What is it about
ghost children stomping
up and down our eaves?
Count the beams
for luck,
or think of tiny feet
in spectral shoes.

I dream a big water, surging
into space; it is
always emerald-colored,
it is always the sea
I lose. I got a shaggy-pine post

from my father, one end cut
three ways to make a point.
I dig for it a hole
deep as my forearm, pack it tight
with stones. You need river sand
for concrete, for ocean salt
will introduce weakness.

This dream soil is rich
with clay. We should dig
a pond, mound up
at its middle an island
and sail hobby-boats,
square-rigged, in channels
through the duckweed:

dream boats
for a dream book
for my dream life
for a dream day.

Alexander Carrigan

The absence of an exit plan

(After nat raum's "on my ragged right thumb")

Would I rather revert to my anxious girlhood in the absence of an exit plan?
It should be easy to climb back inside my chrysalis and seal myself within.

I'll seal myself within and tell myself that I didn't need my wings,
I only needed to pull layers of chitin across my eyes and go to sleep.

To sleep with my knees pressed against my chest, to put pressure on my heart
and tell myself that I can't be hurt by anything that can't see me moving.

They'll see me moving back to my caterpillar form, allowing myself
to become squatter and shorter, something that can fit in a thimble.

A thimble-full of sweat beads across my forehead as I worry that once I
shrink back down, I will never be able to break myself out into the light.

The light is starting to become difficult to see, the cracks are sealing
shut, and I know that the time to make a choice is running out for me.

For me, I see there are air holes in the shell in case I decide that I wouldn't
rather revert to my anxious girlhood in the absence of an exit plan.

The way our prayers rebound
(After Frances Klein's "What We Do After")

We adjust to the way our prayers rebound,
how they ricochet around our heads but never enter our ears.

Our ears hear the same prayers each time it happens, but
we need wider canals to bring them into the port of our minds.

Our minds want to accept them and understand them, but
there's only so much dock space available, so the prayers meander.

The prayers meander, waiting to align with an open berth, but
ultimately choose to leave in hopes of finding space somewhere else.

Somewhere else, prayers are said while students are huddled closely, but
they can't let others hear them or else they'll expose themselves to U-boats.

U-boats that now routinely emerge from the sea of words, but
manage to lock on to the heat emanating from a single prayer.

A single prayer can't make it past the field of attack, so
we adjust to the way our prayers rebound.

Assemble deities

(After Jessica Nirvana Ram's "Ars Poetica: Construction")

This is what I've always done, assemble deities with my own palms.
I've always felt like I couldn't believe in anything that I couldn't make.

I couldn't make sense of the icons on my walls, the passages that
were spoken every week. I couldn't feel their shape around me.

Around me were jars of clay and blank pages that were begging for
me to leave imprints from the lines of my palms on each of them.

Each of them soon gained a name, a form, a series of characteristics
that would allow them to all make sense of the world that I lived in.

The world that I lived in needed some illusory council to make sense for why
people who didn't know of my faith never followed their commandments.

Their commandments ran contradictory to my own, so I decided I
would have to leave them behind and sequester in my own temple.

My own temple provided the cover and solitude to expand my world, for
this is what I've always done, assemble deities with my own palms.

*The chorus reminds you
(After Sunu P. Chandy's "First Quarantine Poem")*

The chorus reminds you there is help out there, if it comes to that.
All those men and women in long robes appear whenever the doubt creeps in.

The doubt creeps in without reason, as sudden as a bolt of
lightning could strike a tree, but leaving as much of a burning scar.

A burning scar can form across your temple every time you forget the sound of
their collective soul, threatening to drown it out with the sound of singeing flesh.

The sound of singeing flesh can be replaced if you remember the words
of the song. All it takes is for one rhythm to burrow deep in your ear.

If it burrows in your ear, aloe vera in the form of the aural, it's then easy to
feel the doubt peel away to collect on the floor as you find yourself taken.

You find yourself taken by the chorus and move into new flesh,
more malleable and free of pockmarks and scars, even for a moment.

For a moment, the doubt is drowned out, although it can return, but you know
the chorus reminds you there is help out there, if it comes to that.

Winter peeks her eyes
(After Molly Greer's "The Most Human")

I'm my most human when winter peeks her eyes above the horizon.
She tells me I'm alive every time she makes me see my own breath.

My own breath vanishes into the first rays of light as I feel
her start to dry out my throat, making it difficult to greet her.

I greet her as I sit on my deck and watch as the mountain peaks come
into view, reminding me of seeing my heartrate on the hospital monitor.

The hospital monitor has become as familiar an image to me as
the sunrise, except I know there will soon be one last peak.

One last peek of my eyes over the vista outside my cabin, while I know
winter's emergence will surely continue long after my home is cleared out.

My home will be cleared out once I can no longer make these morning
vigils, and I'll have to only see winter from a stained hospice window.

A stained hospice window that only shows me some of her visit, a morsel to remind me
that I'm my most human when winter peeks her eyes above the horizon.

Sanjeev Sethi

The dosage

Complexity is for the compromised
or the corrupt.

Hungriness except for the essential
kind warrants no compassion.

The wet dream foundry on film
has every right

to be prudish at parties.

Haecceity

in most cases, harms no one.

Interruption of activity,

pausation in palavers

spaces amid sessions

record no internal rows.

The hush-hush before the fruition

cloaks many hooeys.

Let their nods not define the direction.

Permit your inmost widget

to pull the wire of possibilities.

Togetherness

Familiarity is like a feather
stoking the skin.
It's the cheer
in unceremoniousness.
The calculus of emotional connection
is always on an unsigned deed.
No Court, in any land, can adjudicate on it.

It's like the quantum of oxygen
one inhales: Only under Aesculapian
care can be measured.
An abrupt, transmarine missive
outlines this poem for me.
Your distance is more potent
than the closeness of all connections.

Field of vision

The lunch wagon is laid out, as is the haylage:
Happiness unhorses before my stable.

Seeped in situations, we anchor hubris:
Imago is central to emotional pivots.

In the trading ring of expectancy, residue
of returns is inimical to contentment.

When clutch by clutch breaks, you're
ready to stumble upon yourself.

Unbosomer

To my imbruing, you cached poultice as preventive
for yourself. Floccinaucinihilipilification of your
love you while signing off is like all else between us.
I never had the courage to write lines that cloned my
case. Hubbub drowned my hymns. I flaunted biceps
I hadn't acquired. No one observed the machinations
of my mind. No handgrip accompanied my holdings.

Irrefragability

The whys and wherefores are off the pace.
When unluckiness strikes, the quickest way
to seek deliverance is to accept its impact
and loom over to another location.

Fletcherizing a new wrinkle in the bivouac
of mind lulls its pendulosity, assarting a novel
crop of hits. Solus is a song: dyad covets
a design. Polyphony calls for a mainframe.

Clive Gresswell

Returning

awash with the temple sea dredged up dignity
& the landlocked sure beats in harmony a wheeling
caw of blackened doves jettisoned from the backlog
into the forefront of your desires the crushing cruising
spleen-filled fury where spirits play hide & seek among
the whalebone tongue & chipped teeth swallowed whole vantage
the next line is porous and permeates across years all embellished
the total sum gathering among its skirts & supine boasts that
public opinion is best-served by a shove-ha'penny democracy
dripping down the coma-inducing throat its useless liberation
awash again with talk of vivid cinematics dubbed flying
with the tint bespeckled language learnt from half-streets
at the feet of the golden piper whose riven authority burns
your jamboree turncoat executions/back again

Death

we reach out to grab-hold this burning jewellery
society beckoning the charred begotten limbs
the pedestal laid before racks of marilyn munroe disc-jockeys
hazy smoke-filled denseness sealed with your own complicity
you shadow-down your own half-truths & the bitterness
declined by strangers they leap faith at you beyond clocks
this world of ticking witchery fat-blossomed on the vine
acreage of laughing highwire spectaculars substituting
a weary reappraisal those wasted shells those years the burning
empires beyond salvation beyond the freezing fronds of hell time
warped and majestied into lightness & being hollowed & hallowed
into sacred pits brandishing those complicit stories fired machine

gun like epitaphs emblazoned behind such sultry smiles as any can
muster in the drolling army spread out across the counterpane those
rituals to slaughter such mockingbird reprieves festooned & shattered
the bleeding scab its discontent slit to the wrists of your wondering
carved from the very duplicity girthed in social etiquette & death.

Epitaph

an epitaph festooned brimstone begets trawling
through high & mighty scapes your pearled laughter
ignites incendiary biblical aftershock at the foot where
they buried the very thought of your regime tucked
and howled into pockets of protected youth which blossoms
the fate previously disenfranchised in the twinkling & roving
eye this destiny of rusted idle meanderings counter pained at rest
from the birth-light of morning silted & edged in the blackened
margins where those conceived conceited into oblivion
the language torn & guttural festers in braids of despair rattling
cages those who would tally on the fringe of this high & mighty

war & attrition expelled from the TV virtue those bleeding soldiers
who escaped the echoes of nightmare only to disrepair

Joddy Murray

Eyebrows need trimmed and sculpted

“Everything will have us except for the shadows.”
—W.S. Merwin, “The Wings of Daylight”

We are known cowards toward the day, so
blighted by its possibility that our own veins
evaporate away from rouge-y bones
and take up arms against whatever random
leaf or scurrying brown recluse suddenly ends up
on our faces. You can assemble it all. Little
bits and big bits and crumbling volcanoes
still angry from their expulsion from the core,
the womb, the place such easy sunsets mislead
and pitch their way into the icy chests of asteroids.
It is brave to be nimble, stalwart, fully assembled.
Such is the humble cauliflower with marbling
all the way inside, toward what is decay, stench.

Streams

I eat flaws for breakfast—
the kind with legs that stick in your throat.
To argue with the moon
and see one side of it
is how you never get to pulsing oceans.

Answered

She sent a letter
to her potato. It
said, "Be." She
knew it would
come back un-
answered. She
boarded the train,
struck out to
green sunsets.
She listened,
but nothing.
She sliced a
finger. She
nodded.

Compost

Dancing satellites like bee swarms
or coy puckered for pellets
in a frog-less pond—all desire
in comfort of numbers. We roil
in this life-storm, fleshy arms
as stubborn as any gale
skipping its way across the prairie.
We told ourselves to fly, to
press dough completely in the corners
of the dish. We are spartan. Wized.

Why not gather everything, recycle
it into froth and briny pastes, and recline?

Revealed

“One pays with waiting”

—Kathleen Pierce, Vault

Each are my colors, the ones waiting
as if hiding under covers, in wind from directions
she knows are not here to satisfy: sugar
cubes on the table in the crystal on display.

Pieces come to her in a time
when none are indoors, or still. Winter
with its easy sleep slides behind every door,
lit with her skin layered

over, some leather, some thick scent.
She holds her palms to the sun, an offer
to all stars staring everywhere.

Sometimes gratitude moves that way.

Andrew Nightingale

Horrific song

(A postscript to Dino Campana's poem, "Genova", the last poem in his only collection, Canti Orfici)

Anti-Orpheus

Swerving between sea and city
Raised above the ground but forcing its support
You've marked experience with song
Tuned machines to turn white red
I can only see
The horizon of road as your stave
As if song were a matter of particular flow
Held floating over
Concrete rhythm lyric wall
The listener is driven
In alleys curved by global shipping
Cranes will want to pose the question
Interpret understand get by beat time make new
Broken lines corner commas
Grinning deflections of the sea's turn
If you must sing
There's only this horrific song
The sunset's bouquet above the slums
Spring returning to tyrants' gardens

Decafeteriarization

In the grotto of self-examination
I sip the colloidal foam of self-examination
Burning softly without a flame
After maximum brightness and the grotto
Looking out of the window is all that's left
Despite everything it's a nice day

Deep cadence or leaving her behind

She's febrile maritime and turbid
But bungled as only the demands of fantasy can ensure
A return to clunky morning
Fogged wishes block romantic capitals
Vain vulgar or decadent
Far below and deep down find a voice
Ignore it or mock its clichés
Push it until it runs out of asphalt or anchorage
The deep image will calcify
Ropes drop steel slips from the bowel
She's left a bleeding figure
Red evening sky
Alleyways almost underground
Awaiting salvage
The soulless geography of a writer's self-consciousness
Looking back
The map picks up signal

Dissociative composing

Traffic stops
Slowed clouds elongate
A sub-second promenade
The sea pulls in and out of phase
Silver variegations widening
It tends to the limit
The blanked moment holds at bay
Then throttles floored
A lurching forward
Words run down epiphany
Roar quote growl pronounce
Waking you up or putting you to sleep
Building unbuilding
Traffic reference mouth
Full of ribbons of speech
Being described slowed
Time pops
The idea collapses
The salted haze a measure
Commenting on the shores
Defines parameters for variation
With a mesh of sunken lanes
Free from floating impoverished wise
Reluctant to share
On the perfect stretch
Wonder infinitely thin
Palms raised stop signs
The attention expressed in lack
Looks are away
Narrow car-free bubbles sweet
Evanescence returns
The heart beats
The blended promenade
I offer this gap that was
Whenever you need
Sea behind the wheel arch
Panoramic absence materialised
Surfaces squash flat
Ambiguous whiteout
Where the sky defies description
A scene composes
Exhausted separations
The difference between noise
Trance silence in speech

The thousand horizons of a vertical city

It seemed like out of traffic I escaped
Ethnographic fieldwork confirmed it
I was inside a lift but moving on rails
Horizontal into the hillside heroic
With intrusion a possession ritual
On a broad horizon of choreutic practice
So be it
There are thousands of horizons
Operating their own agonistic detachment
On the mythical-ritual horizon
Revelatory margins open
At a certain point
Deep inside the hill
The wagon stops on a raise-able platform
Lifting vertically
Horizons strobe
Striations blur sediment and rooftop
Heraldic cross crenellation aerial
Flattened by engineering stone
The buried wagon's window
To emerge
Vertically slicing another blue prospect
A stepped denouement
Fundamental particles of time
Beyond which nothing separates
Your attempt to reach bounded
At the city's thousand
In ships the verticals obscure
Drawing a line
Across the same present
My shared horizon divides

City without people

Perhaps the perfect city is the empty city
Buildings without organisms in or around them
Interfacing in the usual unpleasant ways
But who says the goal of even the vainest citadel is perfection?
It's given to melancholic happiness at sunset

No straight rides home

Your rides home sound to be ordered
Disorder that demands song
Being unnatural in a natural way
Admittedly no prize honed
From_structured disorder
The orders spread disorder
Nature abandoned names
Its song a horror
It's natural singing fits the unnatural
The cycle is at no point the lyre's own
You leave port seeking
Circuitous rides home again

Horrific song

Narrow channels cut deep drain the sea
Voices of ports beyond the port
Outside locked to trade and trades
Roast boil fry grill ferment distil
Urine and lavender buoyed madonnas
Peeling alcoves dug in ponderous walls
Holed away from the thoroughfare
To live in cargo awake
Cough under the wash of sea smog
Empty tables unsold rose unearthly light
Briefly docked language resistant
Leaks below the water line
Call it song if you like
A mercantile song for the profits
Survive in the breaks live by being broken
Alive and singing sung day by day
Blunted sharply blatant barely
Broken yet still breakable wanting it
Rebuilt on breakage and brokerage
Natural lotteries of hooks and drops
Myths of supernatural wages or trades traded
A trade song horrific song
But the only song there is
The only song lived
That song makes singing horrific

Joseph D. Reich

On one of those baseline studies/double-blind tests

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

Part II.

40.

you knew the suburbs were not for you
when after working long grueling days
forced & man/dated to go to these home
owner's association meetings of a lot of
petty griping where the living rooms were
separated, culturally sub/divided by genders
making it all that much more boring & obvious
(seemed like a hostage crisis on noah's ark)
like those socials you used to go to in elementary
school & so much more would have preferred to talk to...

41.

range of human emotions
of feelings (or repressing)
of defense-mechanisms
(offensive & insulting)

the couple that kills together...

42.

went on a cruise to save the relationship
& from everything i heard due to drinking
& womanizing not even an sos could do the
trick pretty much shipwrecked & sunk it &

if looks could kill in that final picture sick
& nauseous with absolutely no survivors

43.

stuff like after school on fridays
going swimming at that girl's pool
& with her girlfriend sharing blunts
& then all of us lying in her bed listening
to the grateful dead & the one in the middle
giving a massage to the one on each end i guess
being seductive & stimulating & going no further

from what i heard both of them became doctors...

44.

we all need to be saved
like those hebrew slaves

i ruled that out quite a while ago

as wait outside one of those coffee machines
automatically making and mixing my coffee

while simultaneously, strangely, seductively
stimulated hearing that very pretty driven girl
urinating through the door of the bathroom
at *the new school for social research*

i never ever really wanted to be anybody...

45.

when we first started dating
meeting at the *wurzweiler school*

of social work at yeshiva she bought
me these classical masterpieces and
although i didn't know a heck of alot
about classical learned to slow dance
with her in my dark railroad apartment
looking over that area of cloisters and
that big brightly-lit building across the
way where every so often they'd leave
their windows open and if that's not exhibitionism
getting rid of all inhibitions i don't know what is?

46.

locked in bellman's closet
during my graveyard with
ezra pound's "cantos" and
burroughs' "exploding ticket"
fresh pitcher of iced tea
made by neat bartender
& nightly slice of swiped
key lime pie from giant
refrigerator dozing-off
while salesmen from
ohio good family men
return from late-night
meat market full of
drag queens & hasidim

when the sun begins rising you'll pick
the stacks of newspapers off the curb
with the passed-out drivers from hot
ice trucks & start to polish the brass
from the luggage carriers putting up
letters for cosmetologist convention

give a hearty welcome to the
puerto rican housekeepers...

47.

one day with my wife doing all this spraying
around the house i'm gonna go down like
gregor samsa coiled in the corner while
my wife from the bronx barking "stop
overreacting!" as she takes off with
a bottle of *febreeze* in each hand

48.

man sacrifices for his woman due to a strange
sort of idealized & archetypal worship for both
the image & vision; a deeply-embedded guilt,
emptiness of existence, what he thinks love is
a mother, sister & daughter who 'get' him,
an unquenchable, penetrating spirit of being
& consciousness & a girl he's always been
head over heels in love with from the very
beginning, who will not only titillate but
also support, nurture & take care of him

49.

marriage is the effort to recapture
(restore that 'innocence lost')
& secure all those things that
got taken (so impulsively)
against one's own will &
volition when not looking

50.

the perfect marriage, miscarriage of justice
as claim it's all about compromise, compassion
& 'conviction' while if you didn't get her around

the world did you at least get her halfway between
galveston & gloucester where that very svelte red
& white lighthouse resembles the portrait of that
gorgeous monet blushing lady in her ivory-white
hoop dress strolling introspective contented
along the lovely lush lawns on the ocean

51.

nodding-out from exhaustion in the back of a taxi
in spain the cab driver suddenly exclaims to my
wife & i “do you like the supertramp?” as from
what i heard they’re usually like 20, 30 years
behind while gotta go all the way back to my
childhood & respond with giving him a little
white lie like ‘yeah, they’re really talented’
& goes into deep depth & detail how he
actually pulled his kids from school just
to follow them all through europe & must
admit how i really did dig his sincerity &
conviction as well as intellectual curiosity
which honestly always felt in my rapport &
exchange with certain people like parisienne,
spanish, greek cab drivers so much more than
most americans i had ever been in contact with
as we raced through the orange orchards & pecan
trees of andalucia & finally got dropped off in the
jewish quarter safe & sound in the shadows of sevilla
as to me in my opinion what real culture was all about

52.

out-of-order daughters show up to your door at dusk
mothers in the middle of a divorce never having felt
loved nor having an orgasm, while happy to be their
slut as temporarily makes you feel a little less lonesome

& stick a message on your door *do not disturb, vacant*

“don’t take your munchausen out on me!”

53.

only way to truly measure redwood trees
is how high they climb in the sky over tiny
donut shops in the rain after sunday matinees

picking up a bear claw & cup of coffee in the middle
of nowhere heading back over that industrial bridge to
the city to your sanctuary full of madmen & drag queens

54.

first kisses in that forest behind the library

55.

forecast: horny, hot & heavy getting taken advantage
of to make her boyfriend angry having no idea how
much more manipulative was the female species

56.

when school started in september said you were gonna turn over
a new leaf & sat proudly eagerly in the front seats then somehow
gradually in the end found yourself back there again (not exactly
sure how you got there) being a wise ass in the mezzanine section

57.

the misadventures of the misinterpreted

58.

the crib notes to ancient civilization

59.

the actors never quite made it

60.

puberty felt like that scene from “fast times at ridgemont high” where that guy who just got dumped by his girlfriend forced to take another job & still dressed in his captain ahab outfit after just delivering fish & chips to *ibm* shows up after school to the pool in his backyard ‘barely alive’ asking his sister & her to-die-for girlfriend in his dysthymic, down-in-the-dump voice if they can possibly just keep it down

there was a very fine line between the mood you constantly found yourself in & depression & acting-out & intuition due to all those authority figures so full of it & just naturally took back everything they tried to so casually conveniently steal from you...

61.

was able to break down & figure out complex proofs in a matter of minutes

62.

resolutions & triangulations still feeling completely empty, hollow & conflicted

63.

passive-aggressive cuz constantly felt patronized
by flattery otherwise known as false accusations

64.

how they didn't quite add up & follow the same
moral & ethical rules they tried to lay on you

65.

how to handle a hypocrite (thief & liar & criminal)
how to become self-destructive or (in)famous

66.

how false/hoods in fact become the real accurate
truth(s) to an absurd & ridiculous existence

67.

how this transcendent sixth sense became a lonesome
solitary confinement of both darkness & enlightenment

68.

how you felt so much more alive a strange kind
of 'survival of the fittest' during periods of crisis

69.

how you refused to take off jacket
due to chronic separation-anxiety
labeling you oppositional-defiant

Biographical information

Peter J. Dellolio

Born 1956 New York City. Went to Nazareth High School and New York University. Graduated 1978: BA Cinema Studies; BFA Film Production. Wrote and directed various short films, including James Joyce's short story *Counterparts* which he adapted into a screenplay. *Counterparts* was screened at national and international film festivals. A freelance writer, Peter has published many 250-1000 word articles on the arts, film, dance, sculpture, architecture, and culture, as well as fiction, poetry, one-act plays, and critical essays on art, film, and photography. Poetry collections "A Box Of Crazy Toys" published 2018 by Xenos Books/Chelsea Editions and "Bloodstream Is An Illusion Of Rubies Counting Fireplaces" published February 2023 by Cyberwit/Rochak Publishing. He is working on a critical study of Alfred Hitchcock, *Hitchcock's Cinematic World: Shocks of Perception and the Collapse of the Rational*. Chapter excerpts have appeared in *The Midwest Quarterly*, *Literature/Film Quarterly*, *Kinema*, *Flickhead*, and *North Dakota Quarterly* since 2006. His poetry and fiction have appeared in various literary magazines, including *Antenna*, *Aero-Sun Times*, *Bogus Review*, *Pen-Dec Press*, *Both Sides Now*, *Cross Cultural Communications/Bridging The Waters Volume II*, and *The Mascara Literary Review*. *Dramatika Press* published a volume of his one-act plays in 1983. One of these, *The Seeker*, appeared in an issue of *Collages & Bricolages*. Peter was a contributing editor for *NYArts Magazine*, writing art and film reviews. He authored monographs on several new artists as well. He was co-publisher and Editor-in-Chief of *Artscape2000*, a prestigious, award-winning art review e-zine. He has also taught poetry and art for *LEAP*. He is an artist himself: <https://www.saatchiart.com/peterdellolio.com>. His paintings and 3D works offer abstract images of famous people in all walks of life who have died tragically at a young age. He lives in Brooklyn.

Mary Ann Dimand

Mary Ann Dimand was born in Southern Illinois where Union North met Confederate South, and her work is shaped by kinships and conflicts: economics and theology, farming and feminism and history. Dimand holds an MA in economics from Carleton University, an MPhil from Yale University, and an MDiv from Iliff School of Theology. Some of her previous publication credits include: *The History of Game Theory Volume I: From the Beginnings to 1945*; *The Foundations of Game Theory*; and *Women of Value: Feminist Essays on the History of Women in Economics*, among others. Her work is published or forthcoming in *A Thin Slice of Anxiety*, *Agave Magazine*, *Apricity Magazine*, *The Birds We Piled Loosely*, *Bitterzoet Magazine*, *The Borfski Press*, *The Broken Plate*, *Chapter House Journal*, *The Charles Carter*, *Cider Press Review*, *The Ear*, *El Portal*, *Euphony Journal*, *Faultline*, *FRiGG Magazine*, *From Sac*, *Green Hills Literary Lantern*, *Hollins Critic*, *The Hungry Chimera*, *Isacoustic*, *I-70 Review*, *The MacGuffin*, *Mantis*, *Medicine and Meaning*, *Misfit Magazine*, *Mount Hope Magazine*, *Nixes Mate Review*, *Oddville Press*, *OPEN: Journal of Arts & Letters*, *Pennsylvania English*, *Pennsylvania Literary Journal*, *Penumbra*, *Plainsongs*, *Platform Review*, *RAW Journal of the Arts*, *Redactions: Poetry & Poetics*, *Sage Cigarettes Magazine*, *Scarlet Leaf Review*, *Slab*, *Sortes*, *Steam Ticket*, *Stirring: A Literary Collection*, *Sweet Tree Review*, *THINK: A Journal of Poetry, Fiction, and Essays*, *Tulane Review*, *Visitant Lit*, *Whimperbang*, *Word For/Word*, and *Wrath-Bearing Tree*.

Nicholas O'Donnell

Nick O'Donnell is a writer in Chicago, Illinois. His work has appeared in BlazeVOX, Basset Hound, and Mikrokosmos.

Christina Hennemann

Christina Hennemann is a poet and prose writer based in Ireland. She's a recipient of the Irish Arts Council's Agility Award '23 and she was longlisted in the National Poetry Competition. Her work is forthcoming or appears in *Poetry Ireland*, *Poetry Wales*, *The Iowa Review*, *Skylight 47*, *The Moth*, *York Literary Review*, *The Storms*, *Impossible Archetype*, *Ink Sweat & Tears*, *Moria*, and elsewhere. www.christinahennemann.com

C.W. Bryan

C.W. Bryan is a student at Georgia State University. He lives with his clowder of cats (the best to ever do it) and girlfriend in Atlanta, GA where he writes poetry and short fiction. He is currently writing daily poetry prompts with a friend of his at poetryispretentious.com

Tim Frank

Tim Frank's short stories have been published in Wrongdoing Magazine, X-R-A-Y Literary Magazine, Maudlin House, Rejection Letters and elsewhere. He was runner-up in The Forge Literary Flash Fiction competition '22. He has been nominated for Best Small Fictions '23. He is the associate fiction editor for Able Muse Literary Journal and lives with his wife in North London, England.

Jerome Berglund

Jerome Berglund, recently nominated for the Touchstone awards and Pushcart Prize, has worked as everything from dishwasher to paralegal, night watchman to assembler of heart valves. Many haiku, haiga and haibun he's written have been exhibited or are forthcoming online and in print, most recently in *Bottle Rockets*, *Frogpond*, and *Modern Haiku*. His first full-length collections of poetry *Bathtub Poems* and *Funny Pages* were just released by Setu and Meat For Tea press, and a mixed media chapbook showcasing his fine art photography is available now from Yavanika.

Sheila E. Murphy

Sheila E. Murphy's most recent books are *October Sequence: Sections 1-51* (mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press, 2023), *Sostenuto* (Luna Bisonte Prods (2023) and *Golden Milk* (Luna Bisonte Prods, 2020). Murphy is the recipient of the Gertrude Stein Award for her book *Letters to Unfinished J.* (Green Integer Press, 2003). Murphy's book titled *Reporting Live from You Know Where* (2018) won the Hay(na)Ku Poetry Book Prize Competition from Meritage Press (U.S.A.) and xPress(ed) (Finland). Murphy has authored 45 books of poetry. Based on a background in music theory and instrumental and vocal performance, her poetry is associated with music. Murphy earns her living as a management consultant and researcher and holds the Ph.D. degree. She has lived in Phoenix, Arizona throughout her adult life. Her Wikipedia page can be found at: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sheila_Murphy

Nathan Anderson

Nathan Anderson is a poet and artist from Mongarlowe, Australia. He is the author of numerous books and has had work appear widely both online and in print. He is a member of the C22 experimental writing collective. You can find him at nathanandersonwriting.home.blog or on Twitter and Bluesky @NJApotry.

Joshua Martin

Joshua Martin is a Philadelphia based writer and filmmaker, who currently works in a library. He is member of C22, an experimental writing collective. He is the author most recently of the books [*Ruptured*] >> *Schematic* << *MAZES* (Sweat Drenched Press), *Dance of Resistance Brainwaves* (C22 Press), and *automatic message* (Free Lines Press). He has had numerous pieces published in various journals including *Otoliths*, *Synapse*, *Version (9)*, *Don't Submit!*, *BlazeVOX*, *RASPUTIN*, *Ink Pantry*, *Unlikely Stories Mark V*, and *experiential-experimental-literature*. You can find links to his published work at joshuamartinwriting.blogspot.com

Benjamin Harnett

Benjamin Harnett is a poet, fiction writer, historian, and digital engineer. His poetry has appeared recently in *Poet Lore*, *Saranac Review*, *ENTROPY*, and the *Evansville Review*. He is the author of the novel *THE HAPPY VALLEY* and the short story collection *GIGANTIC*. He lives in Cherry Valley, NY with his wife Toni and their collection of eccentric pets. He works for *The New York Times*.

Alexander Carrigan

Alex Carrigan (he/him) is a Pushcart-nominated editor, poet, and critic from Alexandria, Virginia. He is the author of *Now Let's Get Brunch: A Collection of RuPaul's Drag Race Twitter Poetry* (Querencia Press, 2023) and *May All Our Pain Be Champagne: A Collection of Real Housewives Twitter Poetry* (Alien Buddha Press, 2022). He has had fiction, poetry, and literary reviews published in *Quail Bell Magazine*, *Lambda Literary Review*, *Barrelhouse*, *Sage Cigarettes* (Best of the Net Nominee, 2023), *Stories About Penises* (Guts Publishing, 2019), and more. For more information, visit carriganak.wordpress.com or on Twitter @carriganak.

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*, an anthology for Hybriddreich, Scotland, in December 2022. He is the joint winner of the *Full Fat Collection Competition-Deux*, organized by Hedgehog Poetry Press, UK. In 2023, he won the First Prize in a Poetry Competition by the prestigious National Defence Academy, Pune. He was recently conferred the 2023 *Setu Award* for Excellence. He lives in Mumbai, India.

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Clive Gresswell

Clive Gresswell is a 65-year-old innovative writer and poet from the UK. His latest experiments are to mix in comments on current affairs with the conflicting emotions thrown up by the unconscious.

Joddy Murray

Joddy Murray's chapbook, *Anaphora*, was published by Finishing Line Press in 2020. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in over 70 journals, including, most recently, *El Portal*, *Birdy Magazine*, *The Torrid Literature Journal*, *Wrath Bearing Tree*, *The Fourth River*, *Prism Review*, *Nude Bruce Review*, *OxMag*, *Flights*, *Perceptions Magazine*, *Cape Rock*, *Redactions: Poetry & Poetics*, and *Sou'wester Literary Magazine*. He currently lives in Marion, Illinois.

Andrew Nightingale

Andrew Nightingale lives in St Leonards-on-Sea, UK and works for an animal protection charity. His most recent poetry pamphlet is *Denizen Disease* (Red Ceilings, 2022). More recent poems can be read on osmosispress.com and thedecadentreview.com, and in Long Poem Magazine.

Joseph D. Reich

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“Citation exquisite for your determining.”

After words

In this circumference of daily experience the poetic spirit finds its nourishment this volume attests and the creators functioning as antennae of the race tell-out to worlds too often of much great occupation to hear them, ignore them. It is not that poetry has eclipsed; it is that our world is.

In that thrall over and about its worldly occupation, such a post-war period ushered-in as, came the necessary occlusion of any profound thought with desire for critical approaches—such would harm the effect desired and obtained by that willful creation of a consumerist culture. We have our narcotics and display them willfully. The poetic endeavor and purpose finds little to no place in that makeup—theirs the powers underlying this world of perpetual artifice and deception.

To break-out of such a mold encompassing and enstrangling necessitates poetic appeal through what could lie beyond, above, outside this cavern of shadows we sit tied-up before. The poetic enterprise is its own form of salvation as for its rootedness in the mundane and menial as the material-objective permitting of only that satisfaction subjective enterprise can afford. Poetry is as become in this current stage as better psychologic remedy the pharmakons surrounding would not to have it. But must so, and this for reasons as persons as us who dare it.

We are fools to deny this endeavour on our part if we fail to consider the import of play to what we house in; play being the necessary artifice as antidote to the sick reality we currently abide its monotony of color, its colossal productive hegemonies of sameness we surround by. The regular, linear and delineated dullness of an overly-regulated world we until now have not pierced out-from but do so throughout the poetic engaging if not popular, not common nor of mass appeal as in previous ages (ages when masses were *not* themselves the glob-heap of the controlled monotony they are become today) then we so do continue it for that simple purpose of transcendence.

Such a move on the part of contributors highlights for readers the value necessary of silence. The poet as become the ear for the other—other lost to the hegemonic noise of a spiraling commercialism—gives the voice that is needed in order to both discover and enjoin the silence unto the poetic task if it what really brings is self-discovery. Silence itself as antidote to the dismay that hovers remains steadfast as poetic device the creator necessitates of and creates from, for which reason, loud personalities too rarely make great poets, nor mystics either for that matter.

Through a silencing approaching to the ordinary, lived experience each our daily existence in the postmodern circumferencing culture that abolishes, poetry makes happen where it can those abilities of inner sentience to assist find constructed a path as if hidden-framework permittant of self-discovery and better understanding of more rich experience itself till now only outlining. Poetry is become in this same age then that best transcendence through fasted and quiet uncovering of the inner conference of daily and undervalued moments. From within them are found those better riches lenient to true sense of meaning and purpose poetry itself holds in the face of the outer we commend from.

The poetic endeavour then becoming the fill to the lacunae of a therapy session gone wrong, proves it for greatest effectiveness as remedy this world most for certain needs more of it. We do well to give of this in every bold act of resistance that is writing and reading, and this resistance, this preference for poesis, is necessary act of contemplation that threatens the current anti-poetic order of things that finds grossly indecent and threatening of its dead values of work, productivity and consumption (values antithetical to all us intuitive natures who cannot help but feel, then think then give it) our poetic sense that leaps towards it that higher truth that for those who want it can and do find unhidden of them.

Kind regards,

Editor