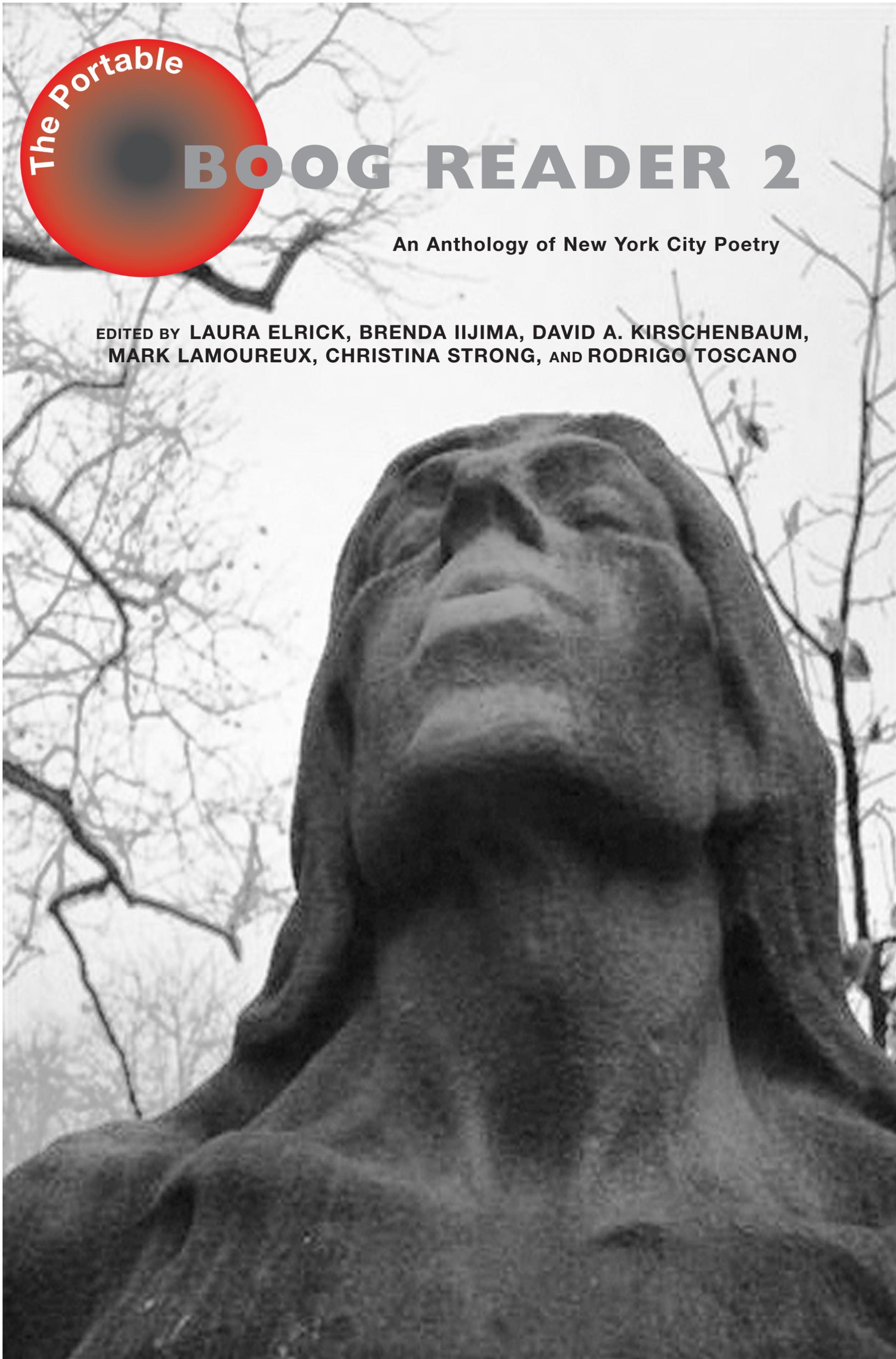


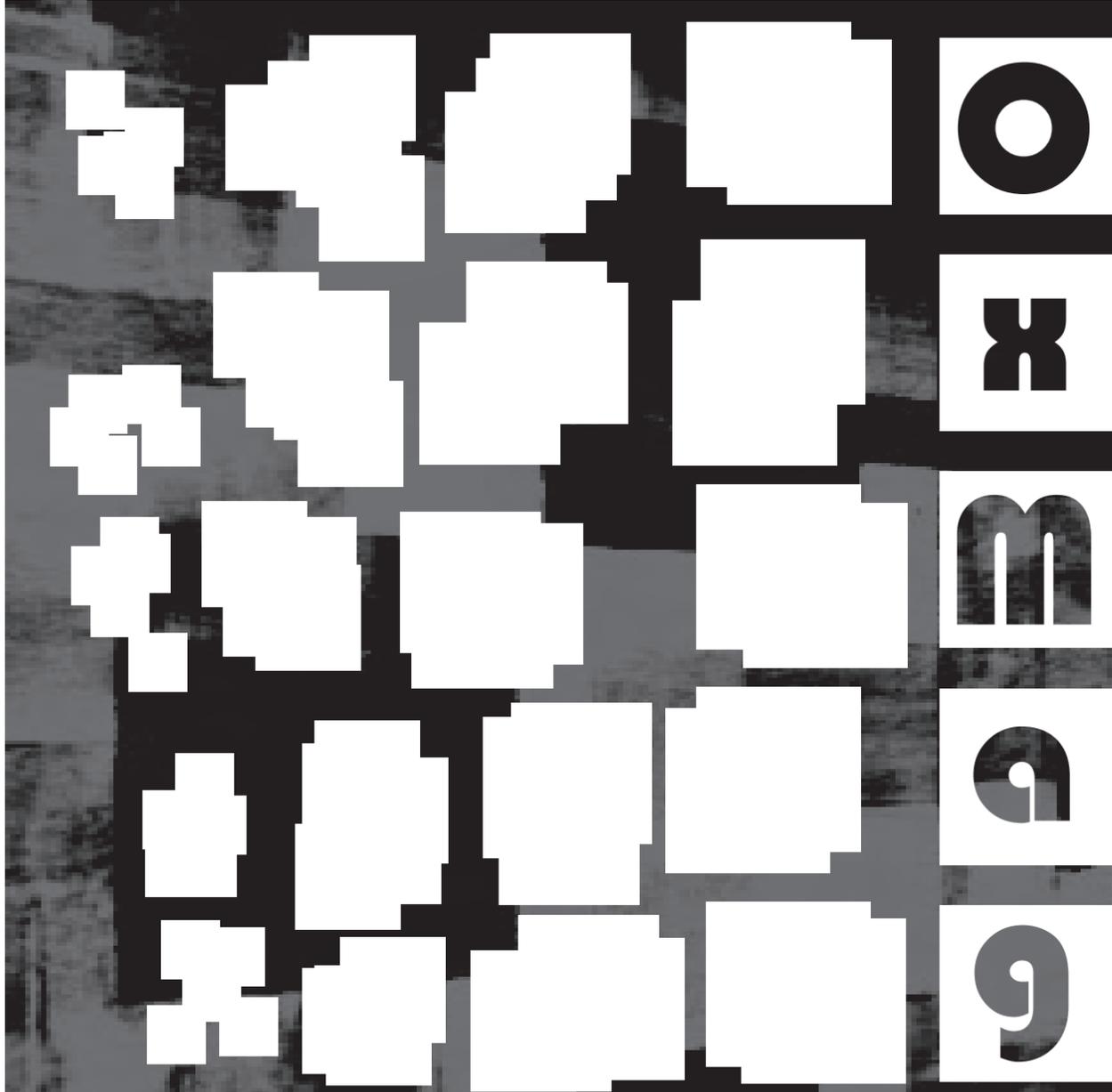
The Portable

BOOG READER 2

An Anthology of New York City Poetry

EDITED BY LAURA ELRICK, BRENDA IJIMA, DAVID A. KIRSCHENBAUM,
MARK LAMOUREUX, CHRISTINA STRONG, AND RODRIGO TOSCANO





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BOOG CITY

Issue 47 free

***The Portable Boog Reader 2:
An Anthology of New York City Poetry***

co-editors

Laura Elrick, Brenda Iijima,
David A. Kirschenbaum,
Christina Strong, and Rodrigo Toscano

design

DAK, modified from 2000 PBR design by
Scott White

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Nathaniel Siegel photograph of Aspiration,
one of two granite statues in the courtyard
of St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery.
Executed by the Piccirilli Brothers from

studies by the late Solon Hannibal Borglum,
brother of Gutzon Borglum, creator of Mt.
Rushmore. Unveiled Oct. 15, 1922.

editor/publisher

David A. Kirschenbaum
editor@boogcity.com

copy editor

Joe Bates

art editor

Brenda Iijima

music editor

Jonathan Berger
juanburguesa@gmail.com

poetry editors

Laura Elrick, Rodrigo Toscano
boogcity_poetry@yahoo.com

politics editor

Christina Strong
xtinastrong@gmail.com

printed matter editor

Mark Lamoureux
mark_lamoureux@yahoo.com

counsel

Ian S. Wilder

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BOOG CITY

330 W.28th St., Suite 6H
N.Y., N.Y. 10001-4754
www.welcometoboogcity.com
T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)
F: (212) 842-2429

letters to the editor

editor@boogcity.com

In November 2000, Boog Literature put out *The Portable Boog Reader*, an instant anthology of New York City poetry.

This past summer I was gifting a copy to a poet I'd recently met, and while waiting for her I kept looking at this perfect-bound, glossy-covered, 10-buck, 96-page publication. Wouldn't it be great if we could do it again, only this time in the format of our newspaper *Boog City*, sharing the work of great poets like these with this city of ours, for free.

And so, welcome to *The Portable Boog Reader 2: An Anthology of New York City Poetry*.

25 people in this *Boog Reader* were in the first, so that means 47 new poets for us all to enjoy. *The Boog Reader* is about a community being organic. About Laird Hunt and Eleni Sikelianos moving to Boulder, Colo. and Stacy Szymaszek and Kyle Schlesinger arriving from Milwaukee and Buffalo, respectively.

It's about evolving tastes and co-editorship. Where in the last go around I picked all of the poets and poems, this time I was joined by five *Boog City* editors (and poets)—Laura Elrick, Brenda Iijima, Mark Lamoureux, Christina Strong, and Rodrigo Toscano—whose opinions, contributions, and camaraderie I am thankful for each day.

And now, *The Portable Boog Reader 2*, six editors' Polaroid of New York City poetry, New Year's Day 2008. Touch the border and *the Reader* changes, but the picture is just as beautiful.

Thanks to Christina Strong for production assistance, and Nathaniel Siegel and Rodrigo Toscano for proofreading.

And a special thanks to all of the advertisers in these pages and a couple of anonymous donors. Without all of your support this anthology wouldn't exist.

—DAK

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From *Impatient*

11. 4 b

And Belasco saw. O K Fella... claque spiel, laugh all you want. The idea that authors can read, not too contentious or showboaty. I don't learn from anybody, I just take a few lines. I don't *want* your notecards. Necropolitic telescoping *biggie balks* drool from contented cows. Flesh! Burn! Kill! Point! Teeth liquidators isolate me if I won't bend. You're bad – no wonder your mother divorced you. Forensic baiting bivouac at better-ventilated subjects privatize demolition. Complications of the spurt & the vanity of the plough. We don't want to be great, we just want interesting projects. I'll show you mine. My nuts are your nuts, baby. They go by rote. Fucking the shit out of things is always exhilarating. Be creative by meat, bury your culture badges. The skeletons look for relapse. Pay the women to get additional scars. *Powerstimmung* whodunit, I said na I gotta change it scoffing transitive gag on a gag. I'm athletic but I like an audience. Let's just sit back & watch the youngsters position themselves. He is a creature of self-interpretation. Dance marathon threatens his vocal cords by slashing his throat. How does it feel when you hope the ball understands English? Rev it up, relax that slug, crawl back to auditorium. AllByMyself & harpoon harangue fond of a delinquency's risk as flea-bitten certainty. Gauzy learn-a-lesson mechanistics. Blind man's bluff without the violence. I was stunned clapping affidavit 'vodvil' remorse arrears laugh at infection of evangelical bent. I had all the machines to myself. No! Go! Tell! Don't parody what you can't eat. Prong the fella to indict each alternative ask-me faction to destroy the point of view with massive attacks of individualism. Wringing prising coaxing yanking wah-wahed circumstance. I thought the crease had something to do with aggressions. Don't worry, I've gotten everybody who hurt me. Don't fire until you see the moral in the whites of their eyes. Vox angelica palatalized harbors invent thy impudence. Rebuke-making dialect dumfound rumba whoop-ooop, whoop-ooop. Tinsel-seeking reprisal sticks a big one up their pulleys. Hire somebody to take the books out of your bed. Showboatedly you send me to stress. Diddle me against a malfunctioning pinwheeled mazurka. Pop slurs tourniquet mistake. I don't like to listen to him; I like to watch him listening to himself.

Bruce Andrews has books, interviews, essays, recordings, commentary, and poems online at *The Electronic Poetry Center*, *Ubu*, *PennSound*, *Eclipse*, *Wikipedia*, *Jacket*, and YouTube (the five-minute dust-up with Bill O'Reilly).

Jim Behrle

Be a Good Little Artist

It's Stockholm calling collect
 to thank you for never challenging
 anything & for having so many
 friends / Admired for their intelligence
 and docile behavior / It's tough
 to fight mojo surrounded by such
 lusciousness / Vultures bust up the
 Wendy's—Yes, I'd like one of
 everything on the dollar menu
 I haven't felt this raw, ready, wet &
 good to go since the last AWP
 Harold Bloom called—the keys to his
 Volvo are in the cookie jar
 Atlantic City has been emptied out
 & given to you one bleached piece
 at a time / So *that's* how babies are made
 inside the mouth

Jim Behrle's *She's My Best Friend* came out in 2006 from Pressed Wafer. He lives in Brooklyn.

From "Enumeration of colonies is not EPA approved."

Every day we make the same movements – walking, drinking, fork; sleep climb, key reach, cupboard door. These movements wear tracks in the brain, where the same thoughts repeat – Lock the door? Wanting to eat. Faster. All the shoes have the same edge ground down.

If you make yourself walk slower, twice as slow, twice as slow as that, suddenly a breeze or recollection. Notice background. You can copy then fall into someone else's stride for vacation and the coils of the brain loosen. Happiness lack is inefficient. Bike commute is sunset excursion. Pink and orange, backlit with water towers. Breath by choice. The sky is filling up.

Ellen Baxt's first book, *Analfabeto / An Alphabet*, was published last year by Shearsman Books. She lives in her hometown of Brooklyn and is working on her next book, "Enumeration of colonies is not EPA approved."

Jen Benka

Sierra

in the absence of country here is your land. dormant
 volcano. plates shifting. craters signal planet. we are sand
 and doomed. the way the water never cools. when the
 quake comes will you reach for me. the rubble between us
 the dust. light a signal fire spell words in stones. there is
 no moon for us to move to. we are falling in. write
 everything you see. they will never believe how stupid we
 were

Victor

the people are ready to record a confession. they are
 interested in depersonalization and details. how a body is
 the same as a rock in red radar. how computers lock a
 missile on a target. what it feels like to finger the key the
 trigger. the look of lips saying sorry. how little light it
 takes before we spoil

Jen Benka is the author of *A Box of Longing With Fifty Drawers* (Soft Skull Press).

A Long Time 'til Yesterday

In starts and flits
 We dart and flip
 With quirks and fits
 Mirroring mist

Charles Bernstein's latest book is *Girly Man*. He teaches at the University of Pennsylvania. More info at www.epc.buffalo.edu.

From "Disappearing Acts"

1

to each his own double
 loitering inside the ruins
 body echo to go
 playback to a former self
 astride his wife's flanks
 while thinking of a future
 that never quite happens
 (I am speaking to you in the present
 which is already a memory)
 in this splice of sky and bone
 someone in the past is listening in
 wondering if he's hearing voices

*

whispers through the static
 or regurgitated forget-me-nots
 an actor points to a seagull
 screeching over choppy waves
 later a voice on his answering machine
 announces the end of a torrid
 but ultimately meaningless affair
 listen closely ... sound waves
 of someone in the womb still kicking
 close your eyes ... you are standing
 between the one already dead
 and the one not yet born

Charles Borkhuis' books include *Afterimage*, *Savoir-fear*, and *Alpha Ruins*. His play *Barely There* was produced at the Ontological-Hysteric Theater in 2006.

Have A Good One

"There exists in human
 nature a strong propensity
 to depreciate the advantages
 & to magnify the evils of
 present times."

Dear Queen
 don't look at me
 from yr in-flight
 back of seat
 entertainment screen

You can stick a finger
 breaded if you prefer
 into the asshole of empire
 and hope for implosion
 but you're just as likely
 to get it off. That's my
 idea of didactic poetry
 by the way. One faceless
 decision after another
 idea wars waged without
 curiosity.

Anselm Berrigan lives in the East Village and is a poet and teacher.

A Kind of Headless Guilt Emerges

I'm alone until I'm asleep, and there you are: naked,
 you take my hand: *Shhhh!* We

tiptoe through a
 black-blue meadow. To the pond behind the farmhouse. (The farmer

sleeps in the blind window.) No cicadas even,
 maybe just maybe Venus – & this is before Wednesday, everything's alright, we

tiptoe 'round the house as around a painful subject – & we're at the pond!
 And now it's time. To use vague holy-man speech, like: I am

another face in your hand, the face of your eye – wing-surrogates, the word
bones –

it's time for *afternoon*, them white-blank architectures.
 No, veil. Nothing's glistening. Christmas, Christmas. It's time

for you to forgive me: I was forced to eat valises
 that wouldn't close by themselves –

that was just a dream, good morning:

regurgitate the stars and the soot

Ana Bozicevic-Bowling moved to New York City from Croatia in 1997. Her chapbook *Document* is out from Octopus Books, and recent poems appear in *MiPOesias*, *Octopus Magazine*, *In Posse*, *Absent*, *The New York Quarterly*, *The Denver Quarterly*, and *Saltgrass*, among others.

Blue Day for Joe

(Brainard / Cornell)

Dust blue curtains (new)
 Blue glass table
 Twilight reversed
 I'm trying to make colors with my eyes
 (her blue eyes)
 There are no colors
 Blue smoky Blueridge, our family eating the clouds
 Blue grass painting mixed with red
 Raggedy Ann hides and a decoupage goose flies
 The blue taxi hauler under Williamsburg Bridge
 Blue sky in back of crooked water tower
 Tarpaulin over dumpster Berry & Broadway, Brooklyn
 NYC Bus stop sign (institutional)
 License plates, pictures of Niagara & Empire State
 Blue liquor bag in the wind
 AAA Group Awning
 Turquoise in ring from Tibet Ellen brought me
 TOO STRONG November
 Dark blue striped shirt on man with cell phone over potbelly
 Blue veins under your belly when you raise your arms to take a picture
 Miles' Champion's crosshatched plasticene cutting board and the Jonathan Adler Happy
 Home towels but those are orange
 POTATOES ONIONS on All Sweet Watermelon Brand Truck
 Light Blue sleeve under navy synthetic jumper (Hasidic)
 Tight denim outfit, jacket and jeans striated in a jagged symmetry up her back legs
 Lisa's dark blue sweatshirt I'm wearing right now

Lee Ann Brown just joined Facebook and teaches poetry at St. John's University in Queens and Manhattan. She lives in Chelsea with her husband, Tony Torn, daughter Miranda Torn, sister-out-law Angelica Torn, and several others, including four cats named Bear, Tuna, Evil Cupcake, and JoJo.

The Post

I barely see the lake but I know it is faintly there being hit by the rain
 I move through the rooms of this house flicking lights on and off as I enter
 and leave

The horse-drawn wagon is on the stairwell the nightstand the travel-chest
 Please touch my age-worn wooden beard

What will have come and gone by the time you get this

Give me more chances than I deserve and my regret is drawn by a no post-horse
 In these rooms I am hiding from the offer of a temporary chair a break
 in the shadow

When I tell you this when I lower my beard it is the closest I come

Your conviction is an offer that will not recede with the wagon
 though by the time you get this the lake might be pummeled quiet

Who then would flicker through the frames and how could I be recognized
 and then received

Julia Cohen's chapbook, *If Fire, Arrival*, is out from horse less press. She has chapbooks forthcoming from Hangman Books, Small Fires Press, and Dancing Girl Press. You can find links to more of her poems on her blog, www.onthemessiersideofneat.blogspot.com. She lives in Brooklyn.

From "Green-Wood"

Author's note: Green-Wood is a 500-acre Victorian cemetery across the street from me in Brooklyn. The poem "Green-Wood," of which this is an excerpt, records my explorations of the past and present of the place.

LITTLE WONDER leaf blower Hi daddy
 in black marker on a pumpkin partly
 rotted near no grave tucked today
 among the Astroturf the flag
 draped coffin of a soldier bowed head
 honor guard beside the road bus horn
 blast from Jackie Gleason depot I skirt
 the mourning circle almost stumble
 on a soldier up in trees waiting
 with his trumpet to play taps the sun
 floods out from clouds hands lift to eyes
 to noses warm I stand in changing
 light muscles tensed like the intruder
 that I am two white-gloved soldiers
 work to tuck the folded flag ends in peaked hats
 pressed together in the subway sings
 a guy with few teeth in clear bell voice
 I ain't gonna study war no more
 but I am more and more

Allison Cobb is the author of *Born2* (Chax Press) and *Cell* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs). She was born in Los Alamos, N.M., and now lives in Brooklyn.

Six Akron Liars

- 1) Sasha, with his plastic forks and blue jean collection (all Wranglers). LIAR.
- 2) Val with her mod pie enthusiasm and automobile transmission bullshit. LIAR.
- 3) Carl who shall remain: LIAR.
- 4) Beth Ann with her greasy sparkle make-up and the felt sample applique horse blouse. LIAR.
- 5) Vinny with his heroic mud bath solution and the jet pack mega-expensive spa. LIAR.
- 6) Big Tony with his electric toy cars for tots idea, what an ass. LIAR.

Todd Colby is the author of several books of poems, all of which were published by Soft Skull Press. He keeps a blog at www.gleefarm.blogspot.com.

From The Abolition Journal

*Two Cabins**Josiah's Cabin
Owensboro, Kentucky*

Driving down Frederica Street, I think of how to get to the mall and not of the buffalo who made this road. Not of the street's namesake, Frederica, daughter of Tippiacanoe war hero Rossboro, in this town which was once called Yellow Banks/Rossoboro/ Owensborough and the home of Ragu Spaghetti Sauce and the site of the last public execution.

Going for a walk in that peculiar institution; up the hill, there are fields and a farmhouse not old enough to be Amos Riley's plantation. On the bottom, a valley. Not many miles before the house where a teenage Abe was acquitted of operating a ferry without a license. We look for the foundation of a cabin and find not a sandstone to be turned over, and think of the skiff, the journey across water. Landing in Grandview moving east towards Ohio with his family of five; two babies hidden in a knapsack and carried 200 miles. A Pioneer woman gave him meat tied up in cloth.

Josiah Henson (a model for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)
Founder of Dawn, a utopia for fugitive slaves.
Later, his visage on a Canadian postage stamp.
Knighthood yet best known for his grave betrayal.

Used with permission from Coffee House Press.

Brenda Coultas' latest book is *The Marvelous Bones of Time* (Coffee House Press). She lives in the East Village.

Mónica de la Torre

From *Travel Poems:*
Is to Travel Getting to or Being in a Destination?

2. This next poem is called "A place is a container of places." For this road trip I was telling you about we had a very good map of Colorado that ended right at the Four Corners. Instead of buying a map of Arizona, I looked up driving directions from Durango to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon online. When we actually got to the Canyon, Mapquest said we had to get off at AZ-67 and take road 212, portions unpaved, for about a mile and a half. At the end of the road we were to turn left on road 282, portions unpaved. Instead we came across another road whose number I can't remember. We'd been on these gravel roads for over 20 minutes when we realized we were headed in the wrong direction. The area's "majestic woodlands" were completely charred from a recent wildfire. Our guidebook actually had directions to the lodge: "The only paved road to the North Rim is via AZ-67." What had I typed on Mapquest, my fellow traveler asked. The North Rim, I replied.

A place is a container of places.

A monument, a landscape, a rock, a gorge.

A point of interest is a chamber of echoes.

Mónica de la Torre is the author of the poetry books *Talk Shows* (Switchback Books) and *Acúfenos*, a collection in Spanish published recently in Mexico City by Taller Ditoria. She is co-author of the artist book *Appendices, Illustrations & Notes*, available on www.ubu.com.

with nothing new to say

and with no words with which to say it
there would seem to be a kind of (silent
agreement (one without (any me in it
for there is a luxury
steaming over the horizon in vats
wondering when we will notice that
(ill as it is (and with us in it
for there is a flurry of one-sided opinion
(all opinion is one-sided at the very best (worst
and that flurry buries all that might've come after it
as it would a rumor of change or even happenstance
so to have nothing to say would be better
than all of that (and to be the no-one to not
say it would be like an egret in a chance morning
bearing possibility through the streets of the world
(a cadence (something smelling of the world
and with the world in it like the sound of all sound
ooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
the sound of a mother breathing to here child
as she feeds that child (the sound of that child dying
as that mother is killed out from under its crying
(so that to have nothing to say (is all that we can say
for today (anyway (against the harbingers of fate
that decry our saying anything (especially that way
when they'd rather we just die or otherwise stay
(away (from what carves them into themselves
the last of the last of the last of the last of the last
with us wearing thin (here (in it (meaning to say something
but with nothing to say in it (a sock turned perpetually
inside out (without a foot (a leg (a body (or a head

Alan Davies is the author of the recently published *Book 5*. The above work is from the recently completed manuscript "Odes & fragments."

LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs

@ di coffee shop

no purple haze today pure afghan quality
clipboard marker magic garden medicinal
metal head banger balls chemo brownie reality
no purple haze today pure afghan quality
slap door crashes each staircase entry
jocks junkies film crew a bag deep freeze the adrenal
no purple haze today pure afghan quality
clipboard marker magic garden medicinal

damn right it's betta than yours

milk frosty hotel drive run swim away
always smiling when seagulls
crack shells
leave me leave me shivering in play
milk frosty hotel drive run swim away
do you know my name when we ricochet?
true drops roll shadows tide see how it dispels
milk frosty hotel drive run swim away
always smiling when seagulls crack shells

Writer, vocalist, hermit, and sound artist, LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs is an uptown native and one of the last residing in a cheap apartment in Harlem, U.S.A.

A New York Poem

for Jane Sprague, 10/24-25, 2007

Fall finally came like an index to this space of the page cities
Memories I finally read the postcards you sent me yesterday

Bound like a Dickinson fascicle told me in a clipped way your
Husband had a bicycle accident while the fires have their way
In Southern California "four migrant workers dead" a headline

Reads predictably then moved on to another topic as postcards
Tragically do is this the voice New York poems put on in all

Their ironic feeling and what they suppress a remnant of all was
Actually felt we are all tragedies and accidents these days it seems
The weather's trying to tell us something a space between places

We try to put the 'mind' incessantly thinking and the 'eye's mind'
As if the two were anything different the actual matter of print

Advertisement abounds this is a New York poem after all and
What would a New York poem be without advertisement other
Banalities gossip a little run-on conversation goes a long way

To understand the tragic that precious space cleaves thinking
And action shakes the leaves exhausted by an autumnal heat.

Thom Donovan lives on Avenue A in New York City and works as a teacher, archivist, curator, editor, and writer. He curates the Peace on A events series and edits Wild Horses of Fire blog (www.whof.blogspot.com). A chapbook with Dos Press is forthcoming this summer.

Robert Fitterman

Welcome to Indian Mound Mall

*The Mounds in spring, small buds on branches burst into leaves,
bushes begin to show their colors, grass turns green again,
early wildflowers show off their blossoms in the warm breeze,
the earth smells damp... 'tis the season of renewal.*

When you come to Indian Mound Mall, you've come to history! Located directly to the east of the Mall (to your right facing the main entrance), is one of the great mysteries of the Native American Indian. A thousand years ago along the banks of the Mississippi River, in what is currently southwest Illinois, there was a city that now mystifies both archeologists and anthropologists.

At its zenith, around A.D. 1050, the city that is now called Cahokia was among the largest metropolitan centers in the world. About 15,000 people lived in the city, with another 15,000 to 20,000 residing in its surrounding "suburbs" and outlying farmlands. It was the region's capital city, a place of art, grand religious rituals and science.

But by 1300, the city had become a ghost town, its carefully built structures abandoned and its population dispersed.

Archeologists continue looking for clues that will tell them what happened here—why the city and its culture vanished and why the people who lived here built more than a hundred earthen mounds, many of which are still scattered across the countryside.

But what really puzzles them is that there are no legends, no records, no mention whatsoever of the once-grand city in the lore of any of the tribes—Osage, Omaha, Ponca and Quapaw—that are believed to be the direct descendents of the city's builders.

This odd silence on the matter of Cahokia has led some experts to theorize that something particularly nasty happened there. Possibilities include an ugly struggle for power following a leader's death, a government gone berserk, droughts, a period of very cold weather that killed the crops, disease.... All have been put forth as reasons for Cahokia's demise.

Despite its hard-luck reputation, the Cahokia site feels immensely peaceful today. There's no whiff of angst from an unsettled spirit world, no sense that anything awful happened here. In fact, you'll feel at peace here. So feel free to roam the grounds, bring your camera, and show your children the mystery of the Native American Indians that they won't soon forget!

Enjoy!

Rob Fitterman is the author of nine books of poetry, including *Metropolis 1-15* (Sun & Moon Press), *Metropolis 16-29* (Coach House Books), and *Metropolis XXX* (Edge Books).

2/7

Either it's cold and bitter,
heat escaping from a thin,

insufficient atmosphere into an ever
expanding vacuum, in which, were it not

for the impossible suit you have to
put on and maintain at all times,

checking nozzles, levels, adjusting knobs,
adding a little bulk to whatever spot

looks like it might one day develop
into a leak, you would even more

quickly expire. Or it's sheer beauty.
Empty brilliant winter blue sky,

bright brutal proud presiding sun,
tangible moist billowing warm breath,

icided beard, shivering fierce
sweet surprising wind peeling back

the pretense that it's okay, acceptable
low-level misery boredom, do-able

self-effort worry failure fear. No,
either annihilation or joy. Choose.

Joe Elliot is the author of *Opposable Thumb* (subpress).

Corrine Fitzpatrick

poem for Dre

the subtle quirks, fashion plate
forearm collapse for head

unable access fileserve
anxiety tips to shred

running on the distract cue
defined by what we load

nonsense is the peaceful mood
we drink some peace instead

allot an hour for company
camaraderie eeps and wanes

thick circuit of blank circuitry
pleats and sifts rot cred

incredulous at commonplace
indifferent to plight

bloodsheds in some other home
the kids'll be alright

Corrine Fitzpatrick has a transcription project called *Zamboanguena* due out from Sona Books this winter. She works for the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church.

From *The Invention of Perspective*

Brick and plaster, sponge-like,
absorb the histories
they have contained;

the purview you describe –
interior, exterior,
the walls that divide them –

must exhibit such patience
as only the diligent
ever shall capture;

or nature will revolt,
livingness abhor,
against the freedom

that has no past,
no body, no movement,
only glib parroting

of craft bred from live bone.

De La Bronx

Sedgwick & Cedar Playground
Congo Square of Hip Hop
According to DJ Kool Herc
1520 Sedgwick rec room epicenter
Myth of Hercules
In the boogie down
All sounds collide
Merge like orchestra
Collapse
Life samples art
Holding its pants by the hand
That holds the pants that walk
On by all the sounds
Drown the merge
Collide into life's collapse
Sampling art sampling life
Made by passing from one generation
To the next like a loose rooster
Holding its pants with its hands
So natural on a dusty country road

G. L. Ford resides in Harlem. He is a founding member of the Ugly Duckling Presse collective and a founding editor of *6x6*. His poems have appeared in *The Brooklyn Review* and *Carve*, among others.

Greg Fuchs is an artist living in the Bronx. His work intersects activism, documentary, journalism, photography, and poetry.

Knots

Spacious and knobby as the mounds
of rust-colored Albuquerque
or the last crinkly leaves
suspended from December trees,
I'm so neutral it almost hurts.
As I walk, dusk creeps,
those imperceptible specks numb
on my scarf take off, as if
they were spit-out watermelon seeds
or an eclipsed arch spiraling
at the edge of the seen like me,
unaligned, barely half-massed,
passing a damp discarded NY Post
flattened in the street, the edge
of woman's symmetrical face,
and the headline: Slain Dancer,
her topless secret now covered
with muddy foot prints, a straw
wrapper, two finger-shaped twigs.

It Gets Very Quiet When You Kill Your Boss

you have lived close to half your life,
do you want to spend the remaining time eating half a steak
without the ass the meat is placed on?
a section of rustic spruce roots suspended over
the gathering crowd of brilliant raccoons
always acts strong, it's not hard
I don't even know where that
"pinned to the tavern doors" stuff comes from anyway
too attached to the myth
that could have its franchise made acceptable in the thinking brain.

let's bring elves here to dance in the interesting shapes
of emotional darkness
here's another way to say it:
you do things you wish you hadn't done.
you don't do things you things you wish had
you lose intimacy— scared it will help a Monet
come alive and eat all your money
money isn't a beautiful deer
the tongue is like a Republican
but the all-meat gift boxes everywhere begin to speak

vandalized it
in the process of making your head a kind of keepsake
it should be done with the utmost, molten respect
"true, true," the fox frowned
"but shouldn't this be a do-it-yourself thing?"

Joanna Fuhrman is the author of *Freud in Brooklyn*, *Ugh Ugh Ocean*, and *Moraine*, all published by Hanging Loose Press.

Drew Gardner is the author of *Petroleum Hat* (Roof Books) and *Sugar Pill* (Krupskaya). He lives in Harlem.

Last night, while you were sleeping,
Just before dream, a man
Slipped into your room.

He was quieter than you.

You were empty on your stomach.
Unlike you, he knew exactly what you wanted.

You are so confused.

He put a hand on your computer as he walked by,
Glanced out your window as he walked by, toward you.

Minutes later, you would have been snoring.

He touched your clothes on the chair as he walked to your bedside.
He entered the space you feel if you're awake, and he got close
Stayed very still.

He was quieter than you.
For a moment he paused, no
And he came very close, entered your breath
Then you opened your eyes.

They found your dog
In Buenos Aires.

Eric Gelsinger is a member of House Press. He lives in Greenpoint and works near Times Square as a U.S. Equities trader. He is easy to find and always up.

David Micah Greenberg

From Kindness

Blue Hill Avenue, the Great Blue Hill
ten miles past – rises as years rise.
Without hope we will not leave
without harm. A mitred tent, cprh for congress,
a man swings a kendo sword in Franklin Park.
3 suns leave naked, nuclear
access, cold and filthy flamingoes, whale clear
cold uniforms – tight pulled caps and sweathoods
vivisected competence without hope.
We will not leave without harm
roped cricketers, a woman in black
bathing suit embraces around. Talbot Avenue
Temple Salem, drum and guitars
Sunday morning – Melville Ave; civic caliber is a circulating, treed intelligence.
The Jubilee house, funereal columns
kindness a break in the grave reviving
penury. Remus exhaust – the wolf figured on the wall,
birds tangled in an open wire box
there is no grace in comparison, red shift.
Crown path, harbor islands – magnetic blue;
rainbow striped oil container as discord or a (completed arc).
Boston Buddhist center – Park and Greenwood,
without hope we will not leave. Without harm
draining as candle an unjoined security
its shallow pool glassily inverted, additive blankness in revival – so flare concentric circles a
displaced sun, without hope.

David Micah Greenberg evaluates community initiatives for MDRC. His first book was *Planned Solstice* (Iowa).

Untitled

my hand
sex-
trait
engine
& foxtrait
hums
39
of 74
glowing
pine-
bark bursts
code *red hair*
our seared
tunnel
little
wood mouths
terminal
wood-
ring spine
hums
fur-
skin-
sap
6 feet
& 8
chambers
back
bristle humming

Garth Graeper is a poet from Queens. He makes books with Ugly Duckling Presse and supports poetry in the classroom with Community-Word Project.

E. Tracy Grinnell

From *Humoresque*

Drowned out everywhere watching, drawing blanks for
Nothing left while dying an archaic smile
One loves best a warrior's coma, thronging
Empty, whatever
—
Silent in the mantle of ocean – what eyes?
What ears? Cushions become the rocks overhead
I am what is bested, the beast and all to
Foreign lands, no sign
—
In me the sea confided, striking the word
In error reflected in leaves diarists dream
Genuflecting lovers return whomever
Feeds the horizon

E. Tracy Grinnell is the author of *Some Clear Souvenir* and *Music or forgetting*, both from O Books. She lives in Brooklyn.

RRH

girl wolf thin white fingers entwined in
 stinking fur flashes of color (he's colorblind he
 can't make it out) a large fluttering surface
 whipping in the wind (or the wind she makes by
 running) whipping like a tail (a tail) like a
 shadowy flag a coat of arms a bundle of bones
 a collection of grandmamma moans fur sprouts
 faceward her teeth root down deeper his
 teeth root down deeper white gleams underneath
 the hood tied under the chin (sharp as a knife
 white as a tooth) tied to a tree the fleas don't
 bother her the pink welts small and sexy
 tiny nipples all over her throat her basket spills
 down the path he lays down before her belly
 up waiting for a scratch

Christine Hamm has lived in Queens since 1990. *MiPoesisas* recently published her chapbook, *children having trouble with meat*.

Marianne Moore

What kind of strength to
 lead this life? you might ask.
 On the top floor of A.S.W.
 Rosenbach's house in Philadelphia,
 where his rare books and manuscripts
 are available to scholars,
 there is a museum within the museum:
 the living room of Marianne Moore's
 last apartment, brought from New York
 and reassembled here, looking (one is
 obligated to say) as though she will
 return from the nonexistent kitchen
 at any moment, tricorn hat on her white hair
 and a line or two forming beneath it.
 I notice a metal bar stretched across
 the top of the far doorway
 and I ask the docent what it is.
 Oh that, she smiles, that's where
 Miss Moore chinned herself.

Robert Hershon's most recent book is *Calls from the Outside World*. He is co-editor of Hanging Loose Press.

Mitch Highfill

Hello voters!!

I'm Rudy Giuliani, and I have a huge cock
 but not in a way of like rape more like consensual.
 Yes, I've heard the naysayers who accuse me of
 all kinds of rapey things, but those bitter losers
 are just jealous and no true american would
 believe such nefarious accusations against
 me, my honor, and my big dick. Every red-
 blooded american remembers where I was on 9-11.
 They all remember me and my monstrous organ
 snatching victory from the jaws of Mohammad
 Atta's defeat, and there I was, bullhorn in one
 hand and my huge cock in the other, bringing
 comfort to the victims of 9-11 and striking fear into
 the hearts of those evil fuckers in airplanes
 flying into buildings all over the free world!
 We face many challenges in the future, mostly
 9-11 type challenges, and everyone knows that
 me and my big cock will be in the front lines,
 consensually, that is.

Thank you.

Mitch Highfill is the author of several books, including *Liquid Affairs*, *Koenig's Sphere*, *The Blue Dahlia*, and, most recently, *REBIS* from Openmouth Books. He lives in Brooklyn.

Bob Holman

Rain

for Danny O'Neil

How I love
 To stand
 In the driving rain
 Blowing my horn
 At the entrance
 To the Holland Tunnel

As da Would Say

As da levy would say
 fuck the bullshit right back into the bull
 tank the bank
 leave it blank
 the poem factory never closes
 when you can't read my books
 read my mind when you can't
 read my mind let me borrow
 yrs - I will publish it
 over on the other side of the street
 where the words are always green
 having an extra vowel added
 to make the land tell the truth
 covered as it is by the ash,
 the paper, the ink, the poem

Bob Holman waits outside.

From My Aspiring Villain

133

oceans stuck one hearing gaunt sky slit Libya among Army alimasag
 Hans Arp adjust in a midtop brash commingling NRA era cuneiform
 industry high-risk hostel Hans Arp spent severed mid-top brass
 dust of Ares off-road Colossus knavery cramp
 disabled flowing bases allegories come outward hollow dusk
 a time bent apart insurance curry Zionism in case of
 irate national lost & cropped automatic sent enemy
 sing people bear us U.S. stance autumnal anomie
 inter us hostile Theban clause amassed lionshare
 WTO willed by sward kinain ang alaga nila dating mga alimasag
 WTO bury cognizance I lent you my voice Zion carousel
 the haste of U.S. Ardennes lost & cropped mga tarantado sila
 total wreckage here acumen dispersion time known hurry
 total wreckage here closer to rumor thinks Calliope
 pogi aberrance dystrophy rancor ardor
 imma grant you this probe torn asunder once halo-halo
 imma grant you this probe torn asunder one halo-halo

Paolo Javier is the author of *60 lv bo(e)mbs* (O Books), *the time at the end of this writing* (Ahadada), and, with Ernest Concepcion, *Goldfish Kisses* (Sona Books). He edits *2nd Ave Poetry* and lives in Brooklyn.

Eliot Katz

Full Moon Over Falluja

Well, now we know they are lighting up the night sky with white phosphorus, better able to see midnight skin melting into bone. What country is it that would send such harsh chemical fire into a neighborhood?
 In occupied territories of Palestine, a father has donated organs of his son, killed by Israeli army, to a congregation of six, both Jewish and Muslim. If this doesn't shame the violent of all nations into melting their weapons, what will? Tonight, let children of Earth sleep in peace under a full moon, let skin remain the body's best organic protection, let bones stay cool and covered—in a thousand years there will be plenty of time for our skulls to rest in warm earth & give thanks.

Poet and activist Eliot Katz is the author of *Unlocking the Exits* (Coffee House Press) and *When the Skyline Crumbles: Poems for the Bush Years* (Cosmological Knot Press).

R8. Measure for Measure

One sees a hardcore subject
 tear out the coding; go there
 and sleep in public; the other sees
 a shadow transmitted over rushing water
 If one abstains one sees only wanting;
 migratory columns of light; grease-penciled
 likenesses; strafes and divebombs;
 deleterious custom of picture-thinking;
 the other speaks tone color melody
 blowing leaflets passionately about
 to intercede on behalf of a lived boundary
 disheveled in the distance between mirrors
 or on a causeway between worlds

Paul Foster Johnson lives in Brooklyn. He may be reached at paulfosterjohnson@yahoo.com.

Erica Kaufman

part VI

clinically usual i'm mostly uneasy
 to publicly ingest. translate palpable

to mean hostage crisis. draw a mouth
 map of this bordered table and toast

the empty schoolyard. reminisce about
 days of taut tennis nets and cuspids

appropriately sharp. stash mr. goodbar
 in the closet. close to margaret mead

and the martians. to the question i ask
 about growth. documentable. portioned.

if i'm going to join this body candelabra

and become the integration of barbeque
 and faith, dress my knuckles in parsley

Erica Kaufman is the author of several chapbooks, most recently *censory impulse* (Big Game Books), *civilization day* (Open24Hours), and *a familiar album* (winner of the 2003 New School Chapbook Contest). She is the co-curator/co-editor of *Belladonna*/Belladonna Books* and lives in Brooklyn.

A Kind of Headless Guilt Emerges

I find my fist throwing gunpowder
made mostly of dust bunnies
loitering in bus terminal shadows
for a passport to escape home upon.
This cab is no coin-operated
battlefield that should open
a scene of green carrots and tobacco
stains from debutante-like pipe smoke.
Crack the door if you desire the steep
cemetery scene. This is no paint too,
no Dionysian ice cream
cone, no artificial smile to lay bare
plans upon. Step lightly in that graveyard mirror.
The everlasting breakfast is a saint
that dines on proverbs cloaked
in the suitcase of sex, one distracting factor
from the mix of ghost-heard cheers.
This is what I know to be right,
and I could tell you all, but the planes
are faring poorly this year,
even our righteous days fight
blood that bleeds its own special species
just as I am my own intentional victim,
if only to save the dregs of a panting humanity.
Every criminal will eventually play
another's part, even if it's her own.

Amy King is the author of *I'm the Man Who Loves You* and *Antidotes for an Alibi*, both from BlazeVOX Books, and *The People Instruments* (Pavement Saw Press).

Spider

It's the kiss of the spider makes
me do this. His briefs say Tommy
but his lips say Yes. After, we stroll
to the river to throw the moon in,
and perhaps a song. "I came to this
tinsel of a city seeking fame and fortune,"
ah wilderness, ah tell me your dreams.
In one, I'm falling. "Going down!" I
keep shouting, far down. When I get to
the bottom, I find God. "Hello, Billy,"
God says, pleasantly enough. "Have you
been a good boy?" God asks. "Yes,
God," I says, lying through my teeth.
"Ah, don't worry, kiddo," He smiles.
"Something tells me you worry way too
much. Why not let a smile be your
umbrella, especially on a rainy day?"
"But why," I ask, "why rain, God, why?"
"Why, so the nice people who sell
umbrella's can make a nice living. It's
called Making A Living, Billy. Let's
get real." When I woke up, first thing
I thought was, "Gee, God's a nice guy."
Then, when I looked around, I saw you
were gone, and that made me very sad.
Then, when I looked out the window, and
I saw it was raining, why I had to smile.

Bill Kushner's new book, *In Sunsetland with You*, was published last year by Straw Gate Books.

Rachel Levitsky

Mischievous Traces excerpt from *The Story of My Accident is Ours*

Our uncanny confidence in the revolutionary result of a slight shift in the possibilities of our world created both a common space and a sharp division between us and most of the other sorts milling about in our times, including those on television with broad, radiating smiles. Of all the sorts and possible sorts, it was our particular closeness to the Spiritualists we found most unsettling, so much so that because of it, as a direct result of it, we went forward in the world with a sense of doubt which also followed us closely from behind and so was right there upon us when we were suddenly stopped, as they say, dead in our tracks, though at this point in our story only metaphorically dead and for all intents and purposes, we could have, I mean that we had the physical ability to, continue in another direction, either back or to the left, and that is what we did, but individually, for the each path was distinct once the one path we'd agreed upon was so suddenly interrupted. Beyond their sly efficacy, collective speech habits and physically-etched code of discipline, it was they, the Spiritualists, who found comfort in that which we found most frightening; that thing, which is a thing so slippery I find it difficult stay with the thought of it over the duration required by writing but may posit at least these certain defining negatives for the time being: this thing for them and for us both was not fame nor passivity, not prayer nor the mean stupid profiteering war mongering broadcast everywhere, none of which are exactly the same thing as, but certainly all of which are well-connected to, the glimmering smiles on TV.

Rachel Levitsky misses writing poems while writing long works, as of late. She is teaching a writing workshop at the Poetry Project. *Under the Sun*, her first full-length volume, was published by Futurepoem Books.

Andrew Levy

More

The big cost is deployment. It's not biomimetic; it's this simple idea – that a lie changes its own shape when another letter, word, phrase, or lie binds to it

I definitely feel it

These density waves are like books, what's peace got to do with it

I've kept trying these many years
with only partial success
but that partiality gives so much
pleasure

Why does one want so much immediacy?

Starving to death
is unbecoming

Excerpted from *Scratch Space*

Andrew Levy is the author of several books of poetry and essays, and co-editor, with Roberto Harrison, of the journal *Crayon*.

Impeach Me

Dead raccoon smell a life of its own
 I have a book so books plummet in value
 I see your L_____ and raise you one M_____

All the people forgotten before they even leave the room
 I don't like your work but I do like what you can do for me
 in the eyes of people who don't like my work or me either

Tomorrow: congressional testimony
 Yesterday: wander at sixes and sevens
 Tonight: a brass band in crown heights
 where I know nobody & thus the
 illusion for a few hours of actually liking someone

Welcome robot world Survive with Layers
 The need to laugh to not be crushed
 by what I know you know
 always defeated by the mere presence
 a truck with no shocks Another poem
 of the small apartment with the bad lighting
 Spend a \$1000 to figure it out where it = \$100
 Take your prescription pharmaceuticals to work
 Take your unwed father to work A trickster
 demands someone you hate perform your eulogy
 My open casket filled with beef brisket

Brendan Lorber is bipedal and converts food into energy using adenosine triphosphate. He is also the editor of *Lungfull! Magazine*. The parts of himself that constitute "poet" are mostly made of this nucleotide.

F to 4th

The thing is, not to carry,
 with a dry mouth, that zippered pouch,
 a check for \$500 in a black-chambered bag
 at 10:30 a.m. in late November
 with a plan—pay the money—
 get the transcripts, give the transcripts,
 earn the tattoo, the certification, bail,
 plaster the numbers and date to forehead.
 To carry coffee, boiling, in a paper cup
 into the weak milk of autumnal dust
 a burn, shaped like a sickle, on one's right thumb.

To listen for the expiration
 That makes a linear, sustained cymbal sound
 And smells, surprisingly, of roasted hazelnuts.
 In cracked ballet slippers to descend into a hum
 that sounds like a monastic choir but as though
 under water voices singing through rubber feeding tubes
 and enter a spider's vortex
 in terms of duration, distance,
 composition of substance.
 Where that is
 lean on the slow, antique
 closing doors
 even though the sign
 says, *do not*.

Kimberly Lyons has a chapbook of poems forthcoming from Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs/Katalanché Press. She also has work in the new issue of *Ocho*, edited by Nick Piombino.

Lastness VIII

So magnificent—
 it's only snow after all.

Confused, I can't
 compose after dark.
 with all its
 practical implications;
 radical rewrite;
 radical epistemology.

Falling away from faith,
 frequently we rest
 amidst a lie;
 a life sentence.

Boxwood, hanging over
 the table. A kissing bough,
 pagan really, but
 more resonant
 than 'true religion.'
 Apples hung from
 the center of the sphere;
 candles only lit at
 the appropriate moment
 >>>>

When it was forbidden
 to touch each other,
 we blushed even at
 the mere prospect of touch.
 Now how quickly you
 disappear from my life
 and reappear again;
 many have done
 it on paper
 but quite another thing
 in a life —

Sometimes we trade
 presents with presence:
 I'm opening one
 and you fade.
 I'm putting one away
 and you appear again.

What are we to each other?
 A shimmer before absence,
 pillar of salt,
 slipping down to Hades.

Sometimes the smallest
 betrayals destroy love;
 Sometimes the biggest
 betrayals happen
 out

Dan Machlin's first full-length book of poems, *Dear Body*, was published by Ugly Duckling Presse last year. He lives in New York City where he edits Futurepoem Books.

2. from *SLOT/The Exhibitionary Complex*

To wince at the sight
 of a fellow creature's
 skin infringed I decline
 I cabinet I barricade I remain,

Meanwhile, our tour guide wears a hooped skirt. Note the gardens, the architecture, the furnishings, artworks. The research performed to acquire the most likely chair, table, fabric. He asks, are the furnishings original? Many. The work to erase the slave quarters, oil refineries up the river, chemical plants barely visible through the trees. But moving through carefully weeded pathways, flowers and cut shrubs at our ankles, our attentive group is focused on her lacy umbrella, her pointing, speech

Dear J,
 The key contains basic identifying information about each visitor so that as they use it to interact with exhibits, their choices are fed to a central computer creating a visitor collection of saved information downloaded at home or printed in the resource center before they leave

How has your breathing been?
 How far beneath and silently?

Wanting time to insert interpretation into the event

Jill Magi's books are *Threads*, *Torchwood* (forthcoming), and *Cadastral Map*. She teaches at Goddard and Lang and runs Sona Books.

From *The Structure of Escape*

A trillion plus one is smaller than a trillion plus two

a nod towards the sky light window in the roof
the illusionary preparatory crack of escape

the real escape occurs twice, being born and dying

dying the other shoe of freedom
drops.

and in the next life, after the factories end their work
if the road taking us home
in the evenings
is not
so steep
death
is not a horrible thing
at all.

the gestures towards
and from.
the rest
is silence.

Murat Nemet-Nejat translations of the Turkish poet Seyhan Eroçelik's *Rosestrikes and Coffee Grinds* are forthcoming from by Talisman House Press this year.

Tim Peterson

Sincere Apologies for Cross-Dressing

I live most of my life as a goth/glam lesbian vampire
and I think it has mainly to do with
the objectification of sex in general

there's something very interesting about ficus trees
the solitary, individual buoy in the
midst of all the beauty

wasn't the Shirley Temple hair precious?
Apparently I have been attending Algebra in vain
for quite some time
My district is bound to go Democratic anyhow.

I love that you love the chipped nail polish.
But mostly it just made me really tired.
Like David Lynch? Like cross-dissing?

There's something very interesting about
people who find themselves stranded in difficult shemal
trannysurprise travestit situations, they need
relationships like that. oh yessss

I guess I am what you could call a Victorian Goth,
also known as a 'true Goth'.
The end of the nineteenth century and the beginning
of the twentieth century

occasionally suck each other's minor wounds
I feel kinda weird saying your hot
A close encounter of the hippie kind

It was a big old lashing of fuck me's
The elemental, and emotional jaimie lee curtis
examples I gave—they're examples of how

Often when a ficus drops all its leaves that means
that there's an undetected gas leak.

There is the disconcerting Lynch-ality
of arriving home to find it unfamiliar,
years of experience as everyone's
automatism fantasy trashcan

You, personally, don't like labels.

Tim Peterson is the author of *Since I Moved In*, recipient of the first Gil Ott Award from Chax Press. He edits *EOAGH: A Journal of the Arts*.

From *The Possible Wreck of Geography*

Unbutton the coated jack pine—
years and shavings,, years and
shavings
the pile split into these greens
and those needles; Julie made us
long to see her & we cry
out in forged seductions.
As you can guess, tonight
happens to us yet again
with or without
an albino peacock fanned out,
an atlas seeded & halved.
Hear what I hear. Lend a thought.

*

From nine o'clock till morning,
I pretend all my trivia
has something
to do with the terror
frequencies of gum drops,
but actually, there is
more TV noise
from downstairs, more
corks, more sore
necks than ever should be.
A man I once knew
has escaped my pillow
unattended, now settles back
into my drawer under terroir,
condoms & unearthed mint.
The guests stayed long, then longer,
past the realm of visitation,
then spoiled & night shook
out its snorting blue trumpets,
polluted paranormal & then a light.
>>>

*

And so on.
Of ether
born,
I made my house,
my fairies,
by tinkering
& again
by speaking.
Repeat this—
repeat that.

Cate Peebles' poems have appeared in *Tin House*, *MiPOesias*, and *La Petite Zine*, among others. She is co-editor of the forthcoming poetry journal *Fou*.

Simon Pettet

*Albert Einstein once predicted
that if bees were to disappear,
mankind would follow only a few years later.*

If the bees go

we go

pretty soon after

to the chemical gas viral decay

the bees are our friends

these toxic marauders our enemies

Simon Pettet's latest book is *More Winnowing Fragments*. His prosaic and prophetic writings are online at *Jacket Magazine*, and more importantly, on your sleeve.

Sigh

getting to the bottom of those sighs—he said—am I getting to the bottom of those—sighing all day—sighing at the bottom for weeks—at the bottom of my day—getting down to the bottom—exhale—pushing air from the bottom—mouthing down from the chest—sighing out the day—emptying out—bottoming out from the day—staying still—all the falling thoughts still through the breath moving out—letting out—electrical muscle static—falling down the breath—following the breath—letting go—expectation exhale—inhalation—breathe to the end—to the bottom of it—grounded—get to the ground of it all—breeze—emptying out—flowing through pores—the body of the city—breathing out softly

Wanda Phipps lives in Brooklyn and is the author of *Wake Up Calls: 66 Morning Poems* (Soft Skull Press) and the forthcoming *Field of Wanting: Poems of Desire* (BlazeVOX [books]).

Kristin Prevallet

Love is the Internalization of Outside Forces

The state of longing is an impermanent state
not unlike Wisconsin.

It is an impermanent state not unlike chaos
unpredictable behavior arising in a system
extremely sensitive to variations in internal conditions.
And not unlike the weather
always changing depending on variations in conditions.

Or history
a synthesis of forces imposed in time
that fundamentally change our conception of time
Or lightning storms in the low wet hills
Electricity from the ground rises up
to meet the moisture of the clouds,
the sky turns green,
black—
the bridge
is the only place
to duck-and-cover.

In these variable conditions,
one day we can be living in the midst of silos, cows, wheat, and corn.

The next day (says the economist)
the flow of capital changes
our rural landscape into a city
and money starts to flow differently.

Variables in a system
change the system,
and impermanence
is the only condition we can be sure of.

This is the torrent
and it sounds a little like love
permanent state of tumult
temporarily called: Texas.

Kristin Prevallet's most recent book is *I, Afterlife: Essay in Mourning Time* (Essay Press). She is a 2007 NYFA poetry fellow and lives in Brooklyn.

Contradicta

Little time to think about what you don't like or don't have when so much time is needed to think about what you can't understand.

*

I fell asleep on a merry-go-round with a pocketful of tickets and woke up on a roller coaster with a handful of stubs.

One truth will produce a thousand lies, one kindness a thousand hurts, one success a thousand uncertainties.

*

Of all the potions, balms and drugs there is no more powerful elixir than a smile.

How many nascent ideas, skewered like game, lay dead at your feet?

*

Time wasted is time tasted.

Cruelty conquers briefly what kindness alone can keep.

*

There is no escape: breathe deep.

Truth cloaks itself in paradox, lies in deception, poetry in obscurity, love in self-effacement. Everything important remains masked.

Nick Piombino's recent books are *fait accompli* and *Free Fall*, a full color, 160-page collage novel. A new interview with him is up at The Argotist Online.

Arlo Quint

this heavy term

the trees are who they thought we were
and all we wanted was to be at home
watching our rights in the central vision

the precise way in which you say this
where every channel just goes through you
whenever excellent attention extends

this abstract motion raining in the room
like every sense of taste is here
little hearts stuck in little throats

it's hard to say what comes after
post social period transmission from
beyond space that puts the dark out

what perfect technique that has to stop
someday but someday far far away
continued into the real from dream life

Arlo Quint is the author of *Days On End* (Open 24 Hours Press) and *Photogenic Memory* (Lame House Press).

Pronoun(ced) Effects

1.

Pronouns enter the world as a fact of nature.

She stitches some into a robe.

The hem smells of smoky devastation.

2.

In the mirror a stupefaction of impossible identifications.

3.

A way of holding ones own hands.

A way of not holding ones own hands.

4.

Go into the room where they are discussing the future,

all wearing period clothes.

Get down on your knees.

Get down on ours.

Evelyn Reilly is the author of *Hiatus*, *Fervent Remnants of Reflective Surfaces*, and *Reverse Landscapes*.

let's diminish, say, eternity.

start by touching my back where a scar curls
around the shoulder blade, and if my hair attacks you
flailing backward and forward on a jumble of springs
offer a prayer to the most crumpled coil

and if it won't be satisfied
hold it between your fingers and with pursed lips blow
as at some exacting feather, until it flies

and if you cannot fly yourself
trade this poem for arching wings
and breath exhaled in a daisy chain

you'll grasp one end, I the other
so when you've gone, I'll feel your pulse through a petal
and when it withers I will take it, stiff and crumbling
to a river, and watch it float away.

Lauren Russell's poems have appeared in *Boog City*, *The Recluse*, and *Van Gogh's Ear*, among others. She has been primarily writing experimental prose of late.

From *Denouement*

Freedom nestles in a human context.

Freedom is falsely conceived as a lovable abstraction.

There are lovers of freedom and lovers of freedom. Oh!
The differences to me.

Freedom is linked to human nature that has a million years
experience as a cruel animal, a dirty beast, a sadistic hunter,
a vicious warrior, a shameless robber, a merciless exploiter,
a cunning flatterer and liar and four-finisher and charlatan.
A savage bent on canceling humor from the world by
encasing his hairy self in evening clothes and learning to
manipulate language. A child full of tyranny and tantrums
and egoism and provincialism. A creature properly called
homo apien who only the day before yesterday, possibly a
day before that, was known as Pithecanthropus erectus, a
simian son-of-a bitch who has been persuaded by a few
exquisite-minded men and women, saintly variants,
wonderful mutations, (beautiful mistakes on the part of
evolution) to practice and unrestrained freedom, an
uninhibited laissez-faire to go forth and do with life what
the impulse of the moment surreptitiously invites.

(Impulse is the most beautiful force in human nature—
when it is. It is the most evil force in human nature the rest
of the time.)

Kim Rosenfield is the author of *Good Morning—Midnight* (Roof) and *Tràma* (Krupskaya). Her latest book, *re: evolution*, is forthcoming from Les Figures Press. She lives and works in New York City.

Macrosemantic Liturgy

There are plenty of rivers in the sea
But you can't step on the same fish twice

This page underwritten in part
By an unwritten point of departure

Teething on erasure
A botched Lacanian outline

In wobbly locomotion
A dull ache recedes

Levels the heart to starch
A cold foil rodeo thump

Reverses widely
And barley green

Once in an errant
Wake of kissing steers

Any addendum
Winters out

Ligatures alter
Curfew endure

Begrudged radiance
An inkling's last decision

Culled from curdling excess
Palisades entwine an oily outside

Molten ruin got the runs in
The spandex of forgetting

Images impale
An open digression

Swerves to smaller pages
Substantiate an aside

Dissolves end ellipsis as
Latency legumes conditionally

Kyle Schlesinger's *Hello Helicopter* was published last year by BlazeVox [books]. After seven years in Buffalo, he now lives in Greenpoint with his son Alasdair and filmmaker Caroline Koebel.

From "where did it run to"

the time of my life
in the hospital lobby
dancing at sunset
bouncing in the waves
ain't no mountain
it's hard sometimes

working living taking giving
i'd give you everything anything

when will i see you again ?

it's all i'm livin for
boys can wear pink
in you today right now as you are reading hearing this

here lies "living and loving" here truth
back on that path in the woods hand in hand

never marked absent missing
good morning

i have my photo of you here, smiling forever

Bette sang this to a room full of men soon to be spirits
wanted thing

the pizza parlor on 86th street easter day

who is talking in my head ?

who's sorry now ?
Tony, don't let go of my hand

cause you gotta have 'em

simple
tenderly

devastated

two boys dancing in the courtyard music swirling

Nathaniel Siegel's first chapbook *Tony* is forthcoming from Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs.

Christopher Stackhouse

Yet Unfamous

yet unfamous a man flew twenty-one miles over
dryland with a fuel injected backpack strapped
to his back. watching him from the ground reading
the news clip in the paper, I decided that I was
maggot squirm feeding on styrofoam bread loaf.
as an acrobat your body does things it doesn't
know it can do. Driver, becoming one with his
vehicle finds this personally fulfilling.

Christopher Stackhouse is the author of a collection of poems, *Slip* (Corollary Press), and co-author of *Seismosis* (1913 Press), which features a collaboration of his drawings with text by writer/author/professor John Keene.

dreamt the last week sailing
gilt edged, the view spending form, a spire develops

she, the classic watcher, from here or from here again

at the start his picture book felt good
split the filmy fortune, tasty spread shellac

answer, the hum said go

Joanna Sondheim's chapbook, *Thaumatrope* is out from Sona Books and other writing is forthcoming in *Unsaid* magazine. She lives in Brooklyn.

Stacy Szymaszek

I scrub my body with a clump
of thistle gulp juice from another bladder holy
fool to holy writ I posit a figure for embargo
develop commodity this is a practice story cough up
anterior in dust of golden lumber masculine rhyme
used as an intensifier Umbrian also surviving only in inscription
and within folds of pre-Roman woman I export
I to modulate what you know Control Freak
holes in the story must be rearranged
for he to eke out a living formally
it's a hutment evident and fluent in
telegraphese a baby talking to a bird he wouldn't rather
stay in a mirage of her own touristy carnage
table pate the only exit wound
permit to that one panther

Stacy Szymaszek is the author of *Emptied of All Ships* and the forthcoming *Hyperglossia*, both with Litmus Press.

With You I Would Find

when was it, 8 years ago
 did we get lost
 in what each would see
 did I hear, that music stolen
 from where we were, appearing now
 what, 8 years later
 on the same exact coast
 of some, far off visit
 when we let, in this case, music
 or what follows after music, mostly
 that slipped reminder, again, of age
 or move, how everything smooth
 was 8 years easier, but now
 deeper, in a way quieter
 to getting lost, with someone
 whose last name, is holding
 your first

Edwin Torres is the author of *The PoPedology Of An Ambient Language* (Atelos Books) and *In The Function of External Circumstances* (Spuyten Duyvil), among other titles.

Shanxing Wang

Third Hole (after Viktor Shklovsky)

I am sinking into the third hole. The first hole was childhood. The second university. The third the 27-km ring 100 m below semi-rural terrain on the French-Swiss border. Three hours ago, my five-year old nephew Gabi called, What are you doing, uncle? I said, Pulling my hair through a hole. The first comic book I remember I read was Maxim Gorky's *Childhood*. On a carriage. On our way back to the city from the village near Inner Mongolia. The Cultural Revolution lost its steam in the cold winter of 1971-72.

After the February revolution, Shklovsky accused Gorky of prejudice against the Futurists and of imposing his ideas on the avant-garde. The country inn stank. The black ink for calligraphy stank more. Katia the French video artist asked me to write about my trip from Main Street to the Ping Pong club on Broadway for the Monday Marathon League. Is it Monday again? Albert called. My Russian friend, graduate of Conservatory, philosophy dropout, ex-guardian in a women's jail. The rented flat was darker and colder than the village cave. The boy's face is blurred, but the poor man's hunch back refuses to go. The man collapsed under the weight of the giant Cross he was carrying on the back. No one calls when you really need some one. Dance, dance, with the tongue, in the church, but not revolution. 1871, 1917, 1966, 1989. In June CERN director general Robert Aymar announced that the \$7 billion LHC would start up in May 2008, eight months later than expected. Magnetic malaise must be the cause of my procrastination in beginning the epic. To reach the destination faster, just wait for the next train. To understand Russian requires four hours' study every day for three years. Ba Lovsky. Ba Diou. Lo Ba Chevsky. Ba. Ba...Ba...Ba...Reconstruct 400 elementary events from a billion collisions per second. Discover the mystery of mass or extra dimensions.

Shanxing Wang's first book, *Mad Science in Imperial City* (Futurepoem Books), won the Asian American Literary Award for Poetry.

Extract from "G Spot"

G SPOT

Direction implies a vector.

Stopgap,

point of return is a typology meant to be surrounded by noise. You may kiss the icon without it seeing you but it will feel that breath, those tentative heavens. Will it? In subjectivity it will itself erotically. Something sort of hushed and holy, or? The punctum as in "he pricked me". Never tame the spot its scandal, its woman tyranny. A little death is quaint erotics. A lecture mode as the hero speaking to his charioteer? On this spot "I" will achieve liberation. On this spot I will stake my claim to not be reality cheated in art. I will unfasten the animal skin, revoke the covering of leaves. I will keep the most somnolent awake, and invoke Rudra the Howler with his toxic arrows, and Empu the Sage riding on a deer or crossing the water on the leaf of a Keluwih tree. They will watch me strip down and will pay heartily. And the female ones of Tambakredia, those Rita Hayworths ever will join in. Cape Canaveral is the coast from which to decimate these mudras, tableau vivants, strolling against a backdrop of missiles, trajectories - ever on alert. Vanquish. Save the object. A stubborn childish pleasure, failure of domination.

what are they?
 figures
 and what do they do?
 they walk
 and then they settle

I was trying to be exact
 vantage from the shore
 or a piece of the action
 behind pubic bone

getting a boost from
 earth's rotation
 & on the move again
 they walk... & blast off

like soldiers sorry for battle
 they point at the horizon
 then place a hand at heart
 "down? Coming down now?"

from Iovis III: *Colors in the Mechanism of Concealment*.

Anne Waldman is the artistic director of The Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics' celebrated Summer Writing Program.

Lewis Warsh

Disaster Relief

Disaster relief is always late
 in coming, & when it arrives
 no one knows what to do
 first.

Building a tent in your backyard
 while they re-build the house
 might be one way of claiming
 your place when it no longer
 exists,

saving face
 when you've sold your heart
 to the first person
 who says "yes."

Lewis Warsh new book of poems, *Inseparable*, is forthcoming from Granary Books. He is director of the M.F.A. program at Long Island University in Brooklyn.

holding the emblem of thought

From time to time, small intimacy murmurs
 saying, "buy a ticket" while the flood lights merge;
 tonal consistency allows us an inexhaustible renaissance,
 or is it instinctual delivery
 as mixed metaphor for synaptic success?
 One doesn't shape what one pays for
 one pays for the ability to tell,
 what? Protean is the thing saying
 only on loan from one's skepticism—
 each word changes us
 holiday swimmers exchanging our rapture
 for corrupted or half-corrupted souvenirs
 from the moment. Just a moment—
 then nothing. Forget your need in the
 feckless song of it, still,
 the day would incline savagely,
 the pyramids will pink up the mantle,
 time and pricing and physical exertion
 fall away from the tradeshow aftermath
 leaving only the falling off
 of the elegy as tie itself—
 Forget your head
 and its ecclesiastic bawdy greatness.
 Be no country episode in the
 daily argument with speaking.
 Leaf through the puns of our shared musical scope.
 It's small, the moment of opening between us
 and I will meet you here without fail.

Karen Weiser's latest chapbook is *Pitching Woo* from Cy Press. This poem is a continuation of that series.

Matvei Yankelevich

Buster Keaton Will Not Play Mayakovsky

Buster Keaton puts on a poker face and leaps
 into oncoming traffic. Mayakovsky emerges,
 tire tracks burnt into the steps of his nose.
 Their eyes meet in mortal combat over
 the avenue of thought called a movie.
 A star becomes a poet; a deck of cards
 collapses from the Empire State into the arms
 of the beloved country. You crack a smile
 though your lips, wavy and thin like sailors
 returning to broken Hollywood homes.
 A pop song played on the shakahachi. Sandmen
 see double through the window of the night.
 Who's coming home with me? Who's alright
 to drive? — Mop, is that you? — It's me, Broom.
 It's me. — Oh, it's so enfant terrible! A spade
 on the cheek, a clover on the other. Played
 by Mifune, Mayakovsky bows low and strikes.
 — Play ball! cries the Empire. Hugs
 and kisses. Keaton plays Keaton in the trailer
 and loses his chips. An internet full of creative
 writing won't save the ship. The whites of his
 eyes are showing, but there are no cannonballs
 stage left. The mirror— leave it under
 the overcoat. It's warm enough as is. Can't you
 see that I'm blind? The novel will be about
 Paris because no one will let me go to Paris
 where love is free. Everybody gets their
 just desserts. All I get is jello.

Matvei Yankelevich is the author of *The Present Work* (Palm Press) and is the translator of *Today I Wrote Nothing: The Selected Writings of Daniel Kharms* (Overlook Press).

the pregnancy poems 2
(an excerpt)

Confession #1

I am losing
 my jewelry daily, left
 and right earrings
 drop

Confession #2

They are glass

these pearls

Confession #3

I practice French braiding
 in anticipation of a daughter.

Confession #4

We curl
 off the wall
 like photographs.

Confession #5

You keep light

out of my room.

I spread

like rubber bands.

Under the Sheets

Your hands and my hands.

New Year's Eve

Before leaving,
 I wash all
 pots
 and dishes
 sweep
 the floors
 change
 my sheets.

Angela Veronica Wong believes in big hair and twirling. You can read more about her beliefs at www.seriouslysquared.blogspot.com.

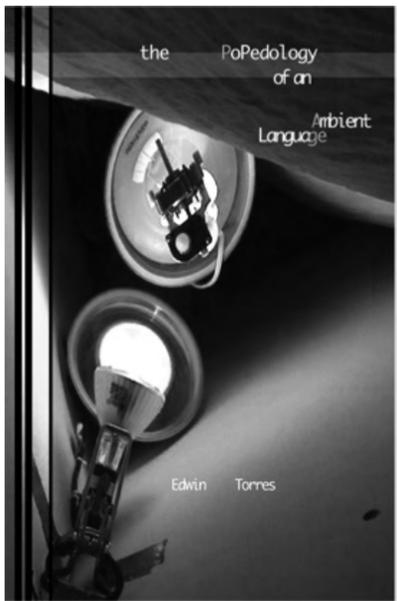
Lila Zemborain

From *Mauve Sea-Orchids*

life in the city, in the confines of men, is a lacking
 conduit for the wild daydreams overwhelming you; to
 break that pact never understood by bees in the perfect
 angle of language and the tracks of blood; oh hunger
 devising myriads of sinister thrills! the thickness is
 there; when the irresistible beauty of angst surrounds you,
 let open the gush flowing in your veins; there the
 flower feeds on manure so that the crack of desire can
 soften on your forehead; what do you know of the jungle?
 do you know its environs, the incipient line of trees, the
 monkeys' effective shriek, the sibilant pace of insects? you
 know nothing of what calls; the jungle is the buzz of a
 green chatter, the truthful exactitude of words and not the
 stench trapped by the orchids; jumble your cellular
 foundations, open your eyes, look at the species, touch the
 thickness, amplify the sense of touch at the ends of your
 body; it is not in the water where sound dissolves; it is in
 the groves, where the serpents are growing

Translated by Mónica de la Torre

Mauve Sea-Orchids, forthcoming from Belladonna Books, is the first bilingual poetry collection from Lila Zemborain (Argentina-U.S.A.). Translated by Rosa Alcalá and Mónica de la Torre.



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The PoPedology of an Ambient Language by Edwin Torres

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Marie Buck

1556

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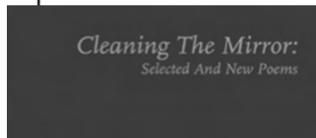
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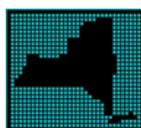
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