

The Portable BO

BOOG READER 6

An Anthology of New York City and Philadelphia Poetry



NEW YORK CITY EDITED BY **LEE ANN BROWN, MARIANA RUIZ FIRMAT,**
DAVID A. KIRSCHENBAUM, AND SARA JANE STONER
 PHILADELPHIA EDITED BY **KIMBERLY ANN SOUTHWICK AND MICHELLE TARANSKY**

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April 1st — June 3rd, 2013

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Philip Levine

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Submissions will consist of NO MORE than 3 poems, an index card with author and poem info, and a \$15 check/cash entry fee (with checks made payable to Schoolcraft College).

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Schoolcraft College
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Amnesia of the Movement of the Clouds / Of Red and Black Verse

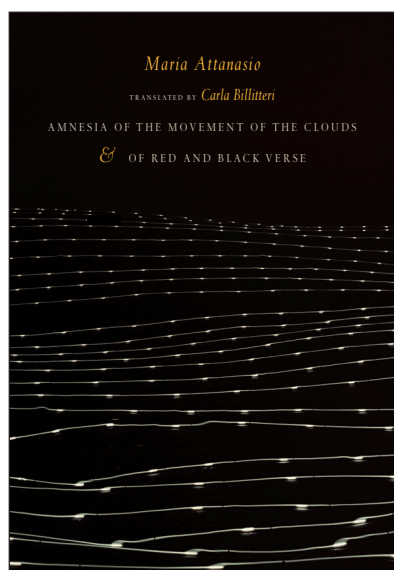
Maria Attanasio

Translated by Carla Billitteri

These two books collected in one volume comprise the first full-length translation of Maria Attanasio's poetry into English. Blending realistic and oneiric landscapes, Attanasio's poetry is a form of vertical writing that shows the historical and political strata of everyday life. In a landscape darkened by poverty, death, inequality, and illegal immigration, selfhood becomes an embodied but only partially understood node of historical events. Attanasio sets reflections on the cyborg dimension of contemporary selfhood against a desolate and existential void of a new century, one she describes as "the god of indifference," "the great amnesia." (Carla Billitteri)

2013 | \$18.00 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-42-9

Poetry, translated from Italian | Cover art by Thomas Flechtner



Murder

Danielle Collobert

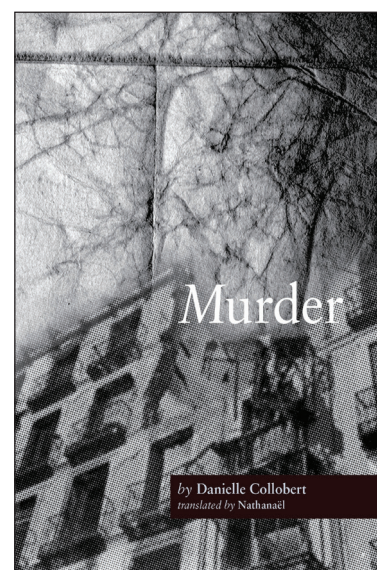
Translated by Nathanaël

"One does not die alone, one is killed, by routine, by impossibility, following their inspiration. If all this time, I have spoken of murder, sometimes half camouflaged, it's because of that, that way of killing."

Murder is Danielle Collobert's first novel. Originally published in 1964 by Éditions Gallimard while Collobert was living as a political exile in Italy, this prose work was written against the backdrop of the Algerian War. Uncompromising in its exposure of the calculated cruelty of the quotidian, *Murder's* accusations have photographic precision, inculcating instants of habitual violence.

2013 | \$18 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-17-7

Poetry, translated from French | Cover art by Robert Capa



Aufgabe 12

Featuring poetry in translation
from Québec guest edited by
Oana Avasilichioaei

2013 | \$15

ISBN: 978-1-933959-18-4

Poetry, Art, Essays & Reviews

Artwork by Mie Olise

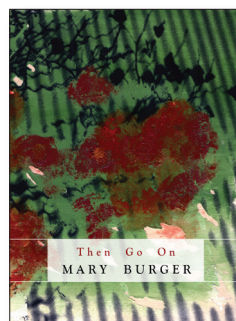


Then Go On by Mary Burger

"The formal inventiveness of Burger's writing in part derives from her questioning of received ideas but also from the sheer pleasure she seems to take in following what the sentence can do within the "as-yet as-ever still-undetermined space between send and receive." — Carla Harryman

2012 | \$15 | 978-1-933959-14-6

Cover art by Mary Burger



I Want to Make You Safe

Amy King

Amy King's poems are exuberant, strange, and a bit grotesque. They're spring-loaded and ready for trouble. Categories collapse. These are the new "thunderstorms with Barbie roots." — Rae Armantrout

2012 | \$15 | 978-1-933959-23-8

Cover art by Deborah Grant

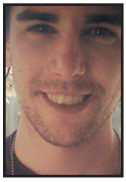


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Boyer



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Lewis
Warsh

Welcome back to *The Portable Boog Reader*. This marks the return of one of my favorite things we do here at Boog—produce a poetry anthology and then give it away.

I love the idea that someone could go to the resurrected Sunshine Theater, where back in the 1940s my mother's nursery school class would go every few weeks to the movies, spot our killer cover (a big thank you to Drew Falchetta for the artwork he created specifically for us), pick up the paper, and be exposed to poetry, exposed to poets they have most likely never heard of. That's what we strive to do here at Boog, it's our mission if you will.

And in fulfilling that mission this time around I've been lucky to work with five great co-editors. Lee Ann Brown, Mariana Ruiz Firmat, and Sara Jane Stoner helped gather the work from the New York City poets, while Kimberly Ann Southwick and Michelle Taransky, who collected the poems from the Philadelphia poets.

The big thing to note this time around is that we've selected fewer poets and have included more of their work. Instead of 72 poets each with a quarter of a page, we have 18 poets each with one full page, only two of whom have ever appeared in a *Boog Reader* before.

This now brings the number of poets who have appeared in these six (well, seven) volumes to 355. (For a complete rundown of *PBR* contributors, see p. 22.)

And a big thank you to our advertisers and donors for helping make this issue a reality. —DAK

PHILADELPHIA

Andrea
Applebee



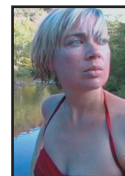
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Amelia
Bentley

Susanna
Fry



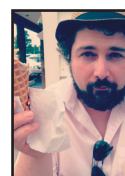
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JenMarie
Macdonald

Travis
Macdonald



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Paul
Siegell

hurr-a-can! rot

because the news was wrong last year
people stopped and listened to the hysterical waterdog laughter
everything “OI” say, isn’t right!

did you write by torchlight as eye
weep
eye eye eye
take my lighter and torch the black city
eye bending explosive electricity
shoot out fingertips “MELANCHOLIA!”
a child laughs and sings
no more death
no more death
no more death

the sudden rush of nature
nature

sing
sing
sing

puckering the imagination
the eyes eyes eyes
of the storm
reveal darknesses

what is that nightmare
sucha wild nightmare

spider nature

the whole city at a standstill
everyone shifts to candlelight
is this all there is
is all there is
is this there

a child is swept to the sea

the sea
the sea
calls child!

you are in all of them
all of them
eye ye you

DEAR HEART:
flick back to the beginning

children with knives
laugh and blow kisses to sky

in the beginning was pop musick

a disco beat

and a pig squealing

“love love love love love love love” is my mantra

and the twinkle+crackle
the twinkle+crackle
twinkle+crackle
..crackle.heart..

we believe the rain
we believe the wind
we believe the fire
we believe the earth
we believe the rising tide
we believe the hate
we believe the illusion
we believe the delusion
we believe there are more than two choices

{we} want more from OUR POLITICS

a voice whispers so remain complacent:::

an hysteric on da T.V. said:

“my neighbor bailed water from her basement,

her basement lit up and tarped like a fucking vendor

a simpatico vending for

human reactions the street was full

no one seemed interested in helping

everyone looking for destruction

but I thought the flooded basement savage performance art

so eye eye eye (dead-mad{em}en) helped”

be kind to thy neighbor---PERFORM!

last year a blizzard just before Halloween and occupy!
eye spy the mouth of a child opens
yowling

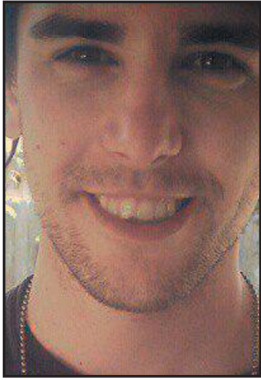
to want is impossible
summertime and the livings easy

it’s over! worst’s over! oi’s over!
LET’S GET HIGH

ASS-FUCK!

can EEE disappear?
my cat THEE greywaterdog [hurricane]
dazes an dazes emancipated imagination
a flash of lightning
a frenzy in wind
{I thought cat} dead
>>>>

Stephen Boyer



{or had} broken limbs
cat scratch’s at the window four days after the storm
MEOW MEOW

beast of prey
attacks and defends
sealed with blood
--thee human race

i. thought (I) chanced the worst in people
thought (I) invoked the best in people
ii. [eye][eye]

empire of nothing
empire of the senseless

iii. {hoo!}{hoo!}
thee long shadow swept away wept astray
{meow}{meow}

silent contradiction

deliver me from refuge

tell me it’s nice to be home

tell me it’s nice to be home

tell me it’s nice to be home

eye can’t smell anything cooking

tell me it’s nice to be hom

so I can sleep without weeping

how can victory be near someday

sleep as I’m weeping

tell me it’s nice to be ho

-fixated on nothing-

there is suddenly a silence so overbearing

even with the sirens

there is a silence

I’m so scared!

tell me it’s nice to be h

walls fly off the building

runaways are thee most boring of people

stick out cock and fight me fuck me

fucker pull hair and scream fuck fuck fuck

eye am inside

ass eye in the river of babylon

the only one whose walls fly off?!

tell me it’s nice to be

it’s nice

it’s nice to walk through central park in a hurricane!

it’s nice to lie to avoid agony

to avoid work one must rest

lest ye

shadows we ommmm

hoo!ho!(o)(0)

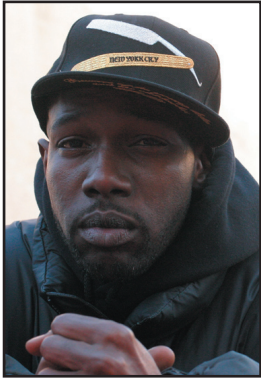
and suddenly-----SUDDENLY!

suddenly I live in a world wherein the walls fly off
and eye believer if eye should run out of my wall-less building
into a world wherein the walls prance into the wind
to become co-opted by the media
the media takes everything!
and ass eye run

ass eye-hoo!-hoo!-realize
am eye the only 111

Stephen Boyer is the author of the chapbook *Ghosts* (Bent Boy Books), the novel *Parasite* (Publication Studios), *The Form of Things* (2nd Floor Projects), curates the blog www.minorprogression.com and has written many a poem and piece of ephemera and also paints and experiments with performance. Home is where the cats are!

Todd Craig



...the comfort of shape-shifting...

...it's summertime...take a mosquito bite and soothe the itch by scratching until it bleeds...on the third day of scabbage there is a maroon-looking film...take that color and superimpose it onto bricks that span seven stories high with 6 stories enclosing 5 apartments numbered a to e thru buildings shaped in y formation...multiply that by sixteen buildings per block...six blocks in total...three streets deep, two avenues wide...welcome to queensbridge houses, also known as queensbridge projects because we sit on blocks right next door to the 59th street bridge in the borough of queens...we call it qb...

QB, the place where at age ten I began to understand the sound of the gun blast was reminiscent of hand claps in unison...so in song, gats clap like standing ovations...git it...we also call'em ratchets and cannons, heaters and flammers...heaters blast like bad water mains when its time to ignite the pipes...sheesh, I don't even flinch to the sounds no more...and while gats clap, sirens screech like skidmarks when police we call po-lice chase us...they irritate the scalp...it's here where I learned from elders and peers that we were caught in a trap that I knew not yet how to label...a domestic third world that consisted of grocery-shopping with food stamps, and long waits in long lines for welfare cheese, powered milk, and peanut butter...I stood there with mommy while others got a chance to watch saturday morning cartoons all day...

>>>>

Killer Queens, my home at age fourteen, my peoples lead lives of crime now...friends, skip stage from young boys to grown men, starting careers as ghetto street pharmacists...by fourteen, we had PhDs in criminology, minors in real life, and occasionally double-majored in the philosophy of death...we would all sit out on the benches, and my peoples would sling white crack rocks like dennis the menace shooting beans outta slingshots and I'd just chill 'cause I didn't wanna git sucked into that...but still we would split half-chicken-wing-meals and fork-fulls of pork fried rice before some turned Muslim...oh yeah, by this time, we all alcoholics, stepping our game up from bottom-shelf forty-ounce malt liquor to bottom-shelf 100 proof...all 'cause someone told us that hennessey, e and j, and bacardi would put hair on our chests and keep our dicks hard while we was...

Suicide, Do-Or-Die-Queens, where I've got more friends in jail than you had classmates in high school, college, and grad school...seen more funerals mentally, physically and spiritually in the past 20 years than you have in your past 40...my home documents details of depression greater than flicks from the 30's...so sometimes, silence is my only solace, I sit back and think, shut up and chill...my cousin killer used to get that same way before he would clap his gat...and my mental forty-five desert eagle stays cocked back, safety dropped, ready to rock...

QB...that landmark in hip-hop, where words and music combine to form stories that make you feel some type of way...for future reference, this is my home...the place that numbed and desensitized us to notions of death, incarceration and oppression...

Comes and go ons

Have you ever had to fast in the murky tombs of Tim-buck-too
Cerebral cravings...
Cantations...
Concertos contorted thru *todd minor*
In echoing eardrums...in canals
the vortex finder
in cluttered caverns of caves
(k)nooks-bars-hooks-and-crannies

when my God makes
 the sunshine part the leaves
 and clouds saunter open with the breeze...
 i see and hear my dead grannie...
 nana's voice and face...

blowin' cancer smoke and swiggin' forties...

with no legs decrepit stuck in wheelchair starring as deathbed...
sometimes things go and never come back...
the (?) question remainz like premier's

when
 the sanity goes...
 how
 do you play...
 with...
 that...
 pain.....?

Todd Craig is a native Queens, New Yorker, a product of the Ravenswood and Queensbridge Housing projects. According to google, he puts words together quite often.

R. Erica Doyle



proxy

Each curve is what it is and not some other thing

*and so a specific record and a particular expression
of how time passes now and how space changes here.*
—David Berlinski, *A Tour of the Calculus*

The entries are usually in black. This entry is painted in blue. Paint head. Everyone trying on a new voice for size. In separate accounts, a corridor. Dust and rank, humid echo. Your footsteps carry here. You weave among stone columns, erected to an open sky. Walls nonetheless. Across the plaza, Thoth. Ausar. Auset. Horus. Thoth's plume extends from a point perpendicular to his navel. If you dared, you'd touch it. You cannot read his face. *My cartouche is open*, you tell him. His dull eyes regard eternity with a desert hound's acuity. *My heart is a pendant*, you tell him.

*

You are wandering the corridors of *Never and If Only*. The doors are painted on the walls, a pantheon of trompe l'oeil. You draw your hand along cool plaster. Light emanates from the stones on the floor. Nut passes the sun through her anus. Nothing opens here. Beneath your feet, lost alabaster gleams.

*

The next thing is semiotic and eternal. Your pen has dried. You're driving toward fanaticism. You're visiting the Intrepid and pretending you're the captain. You're going to nuclear bomb something beautiful. You will leave no child behind. You are a naturally occurring phenomenon, a cyclone, a printer's gasp.

*

Your bed is the frosty garden October mornings she's gone. A light is flashing somewhere. A disembodied voice announces textual desire. In your mind you hear her call for water.

>>>

If her writing were more precise, you'd read her more. In the same vein, even. You'd be more glamorous on the other side, where beauty and romance reside. What she writes you is genius, but you had to delete it, drag it to the trash, it was secret. Concede defeat. Code deranged angels. Deny her. This is not me. *I wrote it but it is not from me*. If she sends the message three ways you'll get it in tripartite stew – all virtual, electronical, in a Victorian instant message or a voicemail from the Marquis de Sade. An IM from your mother covers hers, bleeping. About Thanksgiving. Another thicket. There are deer in the woods behind your mother's house. You lurk behind her text box.

*

If she were any closer, you'd eat her for dinner. As it is, you're starving. And not. You weather this all with seeming good humor. Write notes to amuse yourself. You have become too earnest, trying so hard to mean something important. Watch the drain and hear your stomach growl. *Negroes make me hungry, too, she says*. You need an explanation but say nothing to this boastful non sequitur. You want to amuse her with your bones.

*

This time you were only trying to put her to sleep but she wouldn't behave. You shot so many horses from under her but she would not rest. You let her think that would be it, that she wouldn't have given you her precious insides. On the edge of grovel and granted, you sat astride her back and tied her hands. This tender captaincy, the grainy stash, this hardened fossiter under her eyes. You're turning the equator and groping along an edge to the crisp teeth perched on her purple lips, hiding your treasure, and seek.

From proxy (Belladonna, forthcoming April 2013).*

R. Erica Doyle was born in Brooklyn to Trinidadian immigrant parents. A recipient of grants and awards from the Astraea Lesbian Writers Fund, Poets and Writers, and The New York Foundation for the Arts, Doyle is also a fellow of Cave Canem: A Workshop and Retreat for Black Writers. *Nathaniel Siegel photo.*

Best Western 1

I would wait for the
birds at morning. If I could
I know. At night
on the street in Arizona
no change, and then some
Spaghetti Western.

Tonight's radio play
is Man-Sized Marble
and it's brought to you by your friends
at the Granite Furniture Store.
Living in town will be out of the question.

Better than what
I'm doing these days.
Better than what
I'm going these days.
Better than what
I'm doing these days.

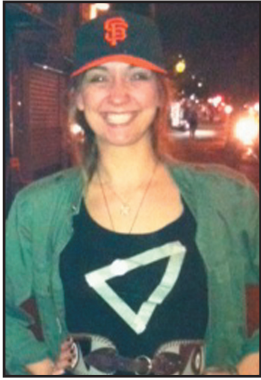
Best Western 2

I have all the things
you forget. A statue
to make you sleep
at the foot of your bed
worse and vivid dreams.
I'll meet you early
before work, drive the cattle
across the hilly valley.
I'm your long lost twin,
raised in an opposite but parallel
single parent household, washing
your breakfast dishes
in Oklahoma in another version
of this world but with fewer lamps.
I sleep better than you when you
can't at all, writing this letter,
hoping you're okay.
Your room has the most sun first,
your friends have the most heartfelt
laughs, what a great party, this is
a good system. I'm the sheriff
when the sheriff's away I'm the sheriff
and I'm waiting on news from
your country in the backwoods
at a rest stop, eating breakfast,
patient fox , patient cattle, patient sparrow.

Best Western 3

I'm stocked with aquatic plants,
gold fish, and swans that all about
the town lands and the outskirts
of the town and the blue
skirts on the hotel beds there's
a blue light in my drink.
I can't be doing this right here,
not till early dark and then
the rural lodges, temple,
pavilion, bridges, and orchestra
for a band playing instrumental
music were built. We slept
under stars and rode past hospitals,
we watched the sun set and shot
the night birds from the sky
one by one into the fire.
Watery shut ins were silent
as Cleveland. I never
forget anything, I can name
every capital of every state except
Wyoming. Even there,
that mountain, there's nothing
on it but this water
that I know I know
from somewhere.

Laura Henriksen



Poem

My cousin arranged the whitewashed cannon balls
he dug up from the Civil War to outline
the front yard garden, so that's where
I'm coming from. After invalidating science
with our idealism practically we meet
in the parlor and communicate with the spirits.
By now it's the afternoon and it makes me think
of the lengths to which Benedict went
to get some alone time, and how by that measure
he was completely unsuccessful.

When I was in Vermont or I mean the army
that is, when I was first recruited I was in the
middle of drawing animal heads on people bodies,
and I told them, I said, when God asks, you can
just tell Him I threw away my talent in Berlin. I hope
it won't be a problem, that is, I hope you won't
take it too bad, or I guess I should ask, how
would you take it, if I told you that
I've slept beneath that o'er hanging firmament,
that illusionistic ceiling mural, the celebrities'
sphere of operation, and I've smelled
something fishy and called HazMat,
and I've parked my motorcycle
in a space for cars and walked hastily away.

When the spirits have nothing to say we start over,
and I'm totally full of shit. My cousin is a photographer
and he lives in Missouri and I have no reason to believe
he has ever excavated Civil War sites. Maybe.
I know you like getting your chain yanked, I hope
you like cold pizza. Bet you've never
heard that on before. If you have a problem
take it up with my cousin, he'll show you what's the what.

In the future I will still be living in the future, or rather
thinking and talking about the future while living in the past.
Or maybe I got that backwards, I will start watching
my neighbor's television through some sort of frosted window.
Are you still in the garden? Jesus. If I could I think
I would be happy excavating just about anything
although maybe not certain caves. I could
stay here with you and be happy, serving two masters
plus the studio manager. My plans for the future
temporarily suspended, rearranging the cannon balls
and looking for supplemental memorabilia
for the lawn. There's no sport in the pursuit
because the supply is never-ending,
and I kick the dirt with my shoe and I know.

Laura Henriksen's work has appeared in *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Death and Life of Great American Cities*, and *Peaches and Bats*. She lives in Lefferts Gardens, Brooklyn.

Paolo Javier



In Case of Glass Abandoned Ballad

your tenuous unhinged question sells me a balloon like June eighteen
what this week alike face of tornado cabinetry
your tenuous moon hinge
synchromystic date & condition force our natures to re-align like yes
say purlieus parades rope lost sacaren wheat arcane moon vertiginous
detoured
 oscillate sun-tossed room
I was on streets of rusty cage
lowering jugular unless similitude scales a leaden rose ultima thule
atoll of heart my eschatology scabbard one cubit ode how jolly
 attention leans corzine roundelay
didn't know Id hear from moon again nor am I chased become hope for nexus signifier
sacaren wheat field
half in the other room stewing over who knows but yeah
here gulps are due lost altitudes Im hinged Im hinged Im hinged
suddenly lowering jugular to a fragment about tidal whose trip to P.I. wow the future
same equal patina under galleon pourings progress . Each train delay a moon
why lugubrious shoes dig the streets into walk, or drink more trees comprehending equal
 minion erase under pretzel wasn't too much of sea algae unless caryotids
I miss you under twisted rope where leaves the awash in desolate
your tenuous moon at nine
I always felt you were ready for me, baby
but I never plan for the worst do we all the best dress well
your tenuous moon pretzel to room bad jokes or take the J
it feels good to receive some writing from you
young tenure under Mars. Under question said Niobe. Under Mars.
Ive said too much already but this lost note I write submits a carton of salt companion
appear less fruitful attendant gushing years why sell cereal attendant chupacabra
Im hearing myself ask you outright say companion your sojourn rescue yesterday
around where abandoned ballad can least cope to assuage delay grimace
 >>>>

I want it determined
now lesser chance anemonies
lead offertory at the contrary roads—corzine hearing oh me oh my
rubies of coyote Ive been more direct & pure in my procession that
 night with you more
 than anyone in Lightland
justice offered saltimbanques inveterate equal
just ask Khlebnikov—squander in the mess of my sacerdotal leviathans
 Ill mull over why
 buoy consciousness in furtive brass
remarkable passage time no language subscribe to a line exclamation
 appear a sprinter delicacy lead suggestion patina soul sapling
 nocturne equal rondeau
 lost in helices
your tenuous moon reply one hinge equal suzerain Aetna gigabyte
 pause blank space
why wouldn't you nightly respond to query about own mother safety
why privilege the social death song same ferocity why half of other
 devouring Pegasus
 under ceiling of Paris
send me a child huddled beside a wet dog
you know temerity is a sigil of last cinnamon
I want to know Durer from your mouth at the tip of the pyramid this
 poem cuts no lustral
 visit Ill marry your autumn
 solstice color bowl
appear serious to fornicate why Herod rope all leopard sold to regiments
sing to me, child, a hubris beside no sun under exclamation

Im involved there. Sober as Easter loneliness. Endure apparition
 witness to Orfeo
 delicacy ghosts music
yes Im a cobra bent equal enemy conjure Unamuno
my present being what feeling no sight sounding touch following
like you said what's the point about nowhere—rope entrance coyote
 dense Ill center
 delay mystery youth romping will antinomy
don't you at all experience remorse need attach human transfix gravity
ventricle Ill pilfer to Phaedra like locution
no more retro transistor radio under beautiful awhile white shirt
equal harangue canteen half of my other atrophy couch butter
thrown off all week somber as ambrosia waiting for the rest of time
 your left hand
 slipping along my right no scab peeling
Ill tender one entry unhinged
Unhinged! Under heat! How did you know
equal no Erasmus equal Osiris rope equal erasure unhinged
use Hygeia once Hygeia our child in song your goodbye furthers along

from Court of the Dragon

Paolo Javier is the poet laureate of Queens and author of three full-length poetry collections, including *The Feeling Is Actual* (Marsh Hawk Press). *Last Gasp*, the final volume of his poetry comic *OBB a.k.a. the original brown boy* (with illustrator Alexander Tarampi) will be published by VSK Press in the U.K. early this year.

Epistolary

Dear Drums,

Why can't you play yourselves? You're a whole kit in a corner for godsakes, set up. Make yourself useful. That boy isn't coming back, Snare, the song can't live without you. Kick, that goes for you, too. Toms, we like the sound of you. You're a poor substitution for the boy who could barely fit his knees behind you, but you're the only sound that's something like him.

Dear Hot Lava,

I've found a place for you in a kindergarten poem. You'll like it there. They're fascinated with you. They imagine death like you imagine it, an extreme sport. Say hi to falling off Mount Everest for me.

Dear Keith Richards, et al.

Not the *queen of the underground*, despite what you think. No more roses. When I'm in the bathroom at the bar I'll think of you, come back to finish my champagne, a pink cigarette with gold filter. It will be okay to say cigarette, because this is a rock song, not a poem. Let's face it, you're getting older than that boy ever will. No chance. Charlie Watts could fill in when we record the songs that need drums. That would be something, but no consolation.

Dear Mount Saint Helens,

One girl I know was born the day you last blasted, the big time I mean, not the false alarm puffs a couple years ago. Another girl I knew had to cover her mouth with a mask for your ash coming down. She must have been only five or so. You were just a bad dream after that. I dreamt Mount Tabor was as big as you, erupted down Hawthorne Boulevard, and the higher ground I went for, across the river, was a penthouse. My rich friend had moved conveniently. Are you hot? Would you like a soda? Where are you going, and what are you doing?

Dear Elizabeth Bishop,

Do you know ten strangers share your house now? At least one of them tries to channel you daily. We get daily poems now over the internet if we choose to subscribe. Who knew? That poem you wrote about Varick Street, that's what Varick Street feels like. I imagine translated into Portuguese it would still feel like that. Steel feeling. Cast iron. It's a good street for taxis when the Holland Tunnel's not backed up.

Heart,

Did you think it would end up like this? A dog, a house? Saving up for a grand piano?

Dear Guy-at-Fanelli's-Who-Looks-Like-Mark-Twain-and-Einstein,

Are you really at the bar every day? Did you think it would end up like this? Do you get ketchup in your mustard, I mean, moustache?
>>>

Rebecca Keith



Sound Tracks

I'll hand you the location of our sun in exchange for the name of your home. What exactly do you hear from? Is it ear-like or something inside? My ears make melody into memory. That bell down the avenue like another galaxy against the truck stalled outside, against *Traffic and weather together on the eights*. Ten chimes and no one wins. You see a village demolished, solider barging into home— you might think these people have done something to deserve M16 in the face, facedown on the dirt floor, dirt. You would be of sound mind to think so, rightly, coming from the black and white above. You might breathe, like our trees, the opposite of us, or drink saltwater, brine to refresh. We might bind hands and mouth as justice, must. But you, making sound into picture, make note these sounds are not right, coming from behind gag, under bruise or water. You might hand it all back, tuck the village in the folds of your flesh, scales, whatever holds you in place, and turn back to your own sounds.

Let You Entertain You

The show tonight is you. Been go, been go all day, your mom says low and ease into the light between the curtains. Let one red velvet wing unwrap you— don't forget the tap routine, curdle-scream, your step-on-glass and raining feathers.

You love the spotlight so— not born to shrink from popcorn smell and roasting crowd's anticipation synched to yours. You gotta gotta gotta wind up better than you started. Kiss your amulet backstage and wipe the spit-up from the baby off your leotard. Chunks

of yam puree almost blend in amid the spangles and the lace, but none of this tonight. The A&R rep sits next to the Majors' scout. That babysitter you'd emulate— all the teen queen you ever wanted to be— is parked beside your one-and-only-got-away,

and when the last note strikes, he gives the bouquet to her or you, or baby gets in the way. *What's it gonna be?* says the shock of blue eyeliner you draw from brow down cheek in a Kiss-bolt? *What's it to me?* says you. Says everything.

Dear Anne of Green Gables,

How is Gilbert Blythe these days? I hear Prince Edward Island is heaven. It's that north sea we fly over that looks so cold. The way your hair was always coming loose when you swept it up, I would've pulled your braids too.

Earth to Love, Earth to Love:

I don't think that suitcase is big enough. Do you read me?

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Rebecca Keith's poems and other writing have appeared in *Best New Poets*, *BOMBlog*, *Dossier*, *The Awl*, *The Laurel Review*, and *The Rumpus*, and elsewhere. A native of downtown New York, she is a founder, curator, and host of Mixer Reading and Music Series. She also sings and plays guitar and keyboards in Butchers & Bakers and the Roulettes.

Practices

elbows one winged, the other
bracket to a belly : did a small boy
gaping through the loop & beyond
a rain sliding down burnt hills
would wet nothing : he did listen &
repeat listen & repeat without sheets
to read his ear a hair above the needle
his low wing brushing

against the knee

*

a do-over they call for *piu adegg--*
a *per favor-* but truly *duche* the bow
pinched lifted released still trying
to recall the words for the letters
three-fold mystified by the bulbous
signs a one & two & wait-wait *basta*
a sharp thing slick with resin licking
his neck and pain too

he forgets the word

*

dreams of a resined body, one frozen
in exalted pose : he would just
stand there while they sculpt him
sans violin / reminded it was him it
played & he got it certain nights
unsleeping a gripless tune : it should
feel like space in your arms (they said)
any weight on your shoulder

is your shoulder

*

under a collapsed bridge song now
also collapsed : and body gone slack
slow collision of muscle & string
both tutored to firm in response
to pressure to seem weightless bodies
semi-saviors when your chest is piled
with stone & a lover dead
for the hundredth time a c-note

ripping at your eyes

Karen Lepri



In Dialect

sent forth knicker-bockered and lean a rise out of sour
court to play for distant ears of elevation so too near sea-
level and the wood salt-water-clogged on purpose or so
the cousin claiming lineage to certain woods a floating
spruce strange wood trundled from Brazil these moreover
instruct upon the lad's laboratory of small devils the
Americas in him feeding amassing absolving and this
perfect instrument to glean a ruddy varnish for his pale
northern cheeks his city windows in place of eyes on the
stone walls round the minor town a distance from what
matter safe and more familiar than the metal growths
backlashing the hills from here a subtle slope to take a
village girl and play for her of her in you are never too
young you virtuoso you so said el Duche

*

urine ran hillsides a torrent of uniforms spun through
his instrument fail to pitch hit summoned by whistling
hats his curves a stand-in taking turns they came to him
a song or so remove a piece two of larynx a better boy
muted packaged scripted delivered now realizing the
wooden box contained him vision-glued with animal hide
this finger shoulder arm chin none proprietary any more
than a custom fit ceased mid-stream still wondering if it
came out bella or not sticking the bow between his knees
to salute

*

in determining the value of a young boy clothed and
weighed with instrument and again without ascertaining
the price at last sale chance of return origin of substances
under the nails thin shavings of wire ground permanent
into his skin it was not an elective aesthetic nor ornament
the s-curve of the neck extension the fiery billow of wrist
should he return whole or partitioned not of concern but
fitted and bearing spruce maple ash including Amazon
imports cousin also conscripted in turning his bones fly
astronomical patterns noiseless in dream never to cry like
wood

*

lined with willow and ash-smudged before the lip stain
applied ruddy glowing under low light face the pitch
necessitated by listeners' distance cavernous a hall
numerous tricks or call it genius he knew his wood knew
Gallileo's nephew would play *L'Orfeo* for the stars balcony
irons vibrating in a thick black sea of passersby signaling
the night luminous body of local short-grain time he
arrived nothing suitable to wear black arm-bands to
mourn the passing of trees national drive to people the
land

*

better at the find than the slice eventual luthier disbanded
distended bellies at the head of the hunt some spruce
ash sycamore sprouted & sniffed like chanterelles at
their roots stripped bark to bear shine color the flesh
fur of violets she would test before whippets of light a
room lined with sheets pasta billowing before the door
frame hanging on his wrists his head outside to check
for soldiers in her clasp a small photo does the mother
remain in pictures he butters the chair where she sleeps
surprised to learn the word not violence but flowers

Karen Lepri's first full-length book of poetry won the 2012 Noemi Poetry Prize and will be published in 2013. She lives in Sunset Park, Brooklyn.

Spooky Action At A Distance

coincident with each other tradition
however is not logic and so disorderly
sometimes she is powered with stars
sometimes along her spine his ever
after beneath her sinking passed into
the mouth again at dawn would take us
too far this is story in the
beginning that stirless rest together
was to spring as time was not yet
sing one word alone once more not
yet awake the wheel and his image
concealed in the vines but the day came
a sun dials he slipped between
the two hearing her spangled body
the extent her hands hanging down
remained violets without a struggle
curious with out he has been veiled
in ice his back rough given to hem
they might forget forgetting for a time
between them air or ink circles
roused with waiting for answers that never
come some say that heaven answers
to a hen concealed under a colossal
gander who ate the sun later in his
turn catastrophe recognize it dream
sodden staggering breathless these
two bodies as a pair acted upon beautiful
moving among mathematicians
constructed from interrelated baffling
fallen here is story separation still
in process being made bodies collided
terrific impact of almonds
torn from a body promptly in space
and became known and ever since
following each other as to which the pursued
which the pursuer old accounts
vary discourse tending to prove that there
may be another bulwark her guess
with similar ones he says one was
terrestrial she was inhabited she
quotes where the air is quiet
this relation between them she called the
fable continually it meant nothing else

Justin Petropoulos



Excerpt from Change Blindness

pills would dry up and
we fall down these lairs reason
lazy guess he swam
complicating systems mangrove
tortoise periscopes to surface

•

sometimes in addition
coiled floods when she
presses his
head down they believe
they're attached to heaven rope
through their gills when she
changes

•

position his rigging
moves sometimes on his back
sometimes his horns
broken their weight and so to
avoid a universe solved

•

lariats welter
a foundation dependent
on mythologies
some lurking concept shoulders
separated by oceans

•

because he tempted
a storm condemned to his head
and hands after the loss
he sinuates fluency
route fission her body's stencil

•

quakes if interpret
means wrenched from curious drawings
time still occupies
revolving about it marked
her two feet stretch in contrast

Justin Petropoulos is the author of the poetry collection *Eminent Domain*, selected by Anne Waldman for the 2010 Marsh Hawk Press Poetry Prize. His poems have appeared in *American Letters & Commentary*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Mandorla*, and, most recently, *Spinning Jenny*.

Chandelier

She said *I love you*.
I was so flattered, I cried.
I said *I love you* right back.
Then she said *I love that light fixture*.

This gave me a little hollow feeling.
I looked at the lamp, affixed there.
It was certainly above me.
I stood on a stool, so that we could be on eye-level.

I looked into the light fixture.
It was made of metal and glass and wire.
I knew it came from Venice, Italy.
She had informed me when it arrived in a box.

Soon the glass and metal and wire disappeared.
I could not move a muscle; neither did the light move.
I could only see a face within the fixture.
It was grimacing, then it disappeared.

We're in a sorry state I said to it.
Get me the fuck off this ceiling! It screamed.
She will get mad at me I said to it.
Remember how she loves you? It whispered.

This brought back the hollow feeling.
I had to think of something quick.
I was going to fall off the stool.
I started to sway.

Wait! the light fixture entreated.
I'm falling I replied.
I'll give you anything, if you take me down to ground level...
I thought about this for a moment, right before collapse.

Oh but I didn't collapse, my mind prevented that.
It's razor sharp sometimes; this time it kept me sharp.
Tell me who you are I said.
Then you'll take me down it said.

One of the tiers began to shimmer.
I stared hard at the arm in its place.
It was muscled and sinewy.
It was loaded with arsenic.

Underneath the arm were some tongs.
They were red-hot and moving.
I ducked, I was frightened.
It clanked against some clippers clipping.

A blow-pipe grew out of the central glass tier.
There were lips attached, powdered with flux.
They were pursed and ready to blow.
I waited and almost fell off my stool.

What came out of the blow-pipe
As the arm flailed, and the tongs singed the arm,
And the clippers clipped the fingers;
Oh it was terrible I'll never repeat it.

Afraid, I grabbed the clippers, and thrust them up.
I cut the electrical line and only received a small shock.
The moving headless arm-tool with lips fell.
It scuffled around noisily on the floor.

She walked into the room.
I'm leaving you I said.
Can I ask why? she replied.
Because of the chandelier I said.

Well I'm keeping it she said.
No way in hell, it's mine I said.
But Giorgio gave it to me she said.
Who the fuck is Giorgio? said I.

The arm-tool-lips creature had quieted.
The fingers moved lazily over the carpet.
The lips were making a sweet sucking sound,
As a child does in sleep.

>>>>

Caitlin Scholl



Moon

full moon came and went
the small round moon
came and went
the trail of a moon came
and went
the cloud-covered moon
came and went.

When Morning Comes

I don't know much about Tijuana.
I'm just some northern folk.
But I remember my grandfather talking about it
late around the table, that
 he was from Tijuana
but moved north as a kid—no wait
it wasn't that, maybe San Jose, I'll be damned
if I really know. But he burned cigarettes like
hot red stars deep into the haze of the summer
 kitchen at night.
He missed my grandmother, told me so,
missed the mother who never raised him,
still revered her, didn't mind much, he said:
 "Honey I love ya,"
which is what she always told him when they
happened to cross paths at the bar where she
ran fountains, drunks lining the smooth oak
 like dumb dumpy vultures:
"Honey I love ya!" he repeats, not to anyone in particular,
"back in Montauk, Oneida, Pasadena, Cassidy..." and trails off.
Maybe he'll mention Tijuana, I'll never know
 from whence our people came.

Outside the trucks haul past on an interstate
that leads towards the sea, then west
to mountains I'll most likely never visit.
From a time when women were vultures
and children small flowers
growing from empty carcasses picked clean,
 where did the road lead then?
Often clouds rolled in, often it rained and then cleared,
often there were footprints all around the crime scene
and yet the newscasters were smiling, when
the bartender looks up and finally tunes the juke box
so to fight the dimness of the hours I ask him what happened
in the beginning, and he says everything, always, ends.

She did not even glance at the creature.
She did not see its pain.
She only spoke on and on about Giorgio.
Her voice sounded like *blah blah blah*.

Before I could reply, she was crying.
I'm so sorry, she said, *I'm so sorry*.
I moved towards the creature, who seemed to respond.
The fingers stopped tapping—*shhhh* I whispered.

I showed the fingers how to grip around my neck.
Using my legs, I thrust up.
The chandelier was wrapped around me.
I started to leave the house.

Forgive me, I love you, she wailed from behind.
I think this is what she said.
I didn't hear her clearly though.
The chandelier's lips were whispering in my ear.

March 5, 1878

To be close to something wild is to kill it – So I watch him from the bushes: He walks out the factory–his grey woolen eyes weaving sun– lifts the bottle. A large amount of milk spills down his throat, chin, shirt, cheek– All the while he’s walking in sunshine, like he owns it–the whole fucking street. Like a man bent east for a late train – “It’s good to be a little deaf while traveling.”

Invention of the Phonograph

“If February is a little will-you-ever-kiss-me?–goose, April is a-will-you-kiss-me-circus. But on a February afternoon, when you say, *goose*, I can see your breath”–

& the Inventor has his artists’ pencil 60 straight-edge diagrams “Blueprints–blueprints!” to the machine shop where pulleys of leather belt & oil hang like filmstrips? from the ceiling. Sound-wave shakes the stylus & sound-groove rocks the wax diaphragm.

& the Inventor says, “the motivation for evolution is dollars & problems–
An ear is just a mouth
you can listen from. & love,
love is the great goose
we make of each other.”

June 20, 1878

I watch Thomas slant green elements in a test tube–(What long perusal his edifying fingers make!) –There’s a danger in a man who angles for a living. He can grow stuck in his angle & lose his way. I bring him a jar of nickel I extract myself from stone –Its powdered-particles sparkle in afternoon window light. I will not be able to control what happens when we touch.

[MARY]:
Sir?

[INVENTOR]:
Yes, girl.

[MARY]:
Those are the same trousers you have been wearing since last Thursday.

[INVENTOR]:
I can’t hear you...

[MARY]:
Sometimes I get the feeling you use your hearing impairment as an excuse to get closer–Look down my shirt.
>>>

J. Hope Stein



[INVENTOR]:
Your voice–so quiet I will have to crawl inside your mouth. What’s your name, girl?

[MARY]:
Mary Stillwell

[INVENTOR]:
How old are you?

[MARY]:
16.

[INVENTOR]:
How long have you been working in my factory?

[MARY]:
18 months.

[INVENTOR]:
What are we going to do about this?

[MARY]:
Do about what?

[INVENTOR]:
This marriage of ours.

New York Times (March 13, 1888)

EARLY AS 7, THE SNOW WAS A GOOD DEAL TOO DEEP FOR STOUT MEN. HORSE-CARS SCATTERED OVER THE CITY, WHEREVER THEIR DRIVERS AND CONDUCTORS DESERTED THEM—UNHITCHED, MOUNTED, RODE OFF—THERE WAS AN ABANDON IN THE MANNER OF DOING THIS THAT WAS DELICIOUS.¹

Invention of the Electric Chair

“Let us agree, there are the things we can see & the things we can’t”
Husband pulls my coat–Splays it–
over my lap (& the-now-what-are-we?)
Ouch!– I am sitting on someone’s knuckles.
The persistent fist opens
under my skirt (& the-now-what-are-we?),
I begin to settle into its fingers.
Husband says, “This is what we call the electric chair.”
I dampen in the lumbar
& recite the headlines of today:

WALT WHITMAN’S HEART WAS VERY LARGE
AND WAS THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY HEALTHY ORGAN.

THE BRAIN WEIGHED BUT FORTY-SIX OUNCES²
THE BODY IN A CONSTANT STREAM AS IT LAY.³

Husband & his machinists
form a semi-circle
at my hip & waist– arms up
in the now-what-are-we & my girdle–
This is what Husband calls “assembly line.”
I hold onto its nimbus,
& recite the headlines of today
as an ungovernable leg &
a negligent thigh
spasm to the now-what-are-we
& the now-what-are-we & the now-what-are-we & their heads:

WALT WHITMAN’S HEART WAS VERY LARGE
AND WAS THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY HEALTHY ORGAN.

THE BRAIN WEIGHED BUT FORTY-SIX OUNCES⁴
THE BODY IN A CONSTANT STREAM AS IT LAY.⁵

In machine howl & machine yelp
there is no gathering of dust.
One must yell as an angry landlady
into the big-holed hinged jaw
monkey-mouth of history to be heard.
In short, I want something in my mouth.
Husband says, “this is what we call consumption”–
Hoists his finger up in the custom of me–
feeds me an elixir (ice cream)
until my mouth freezes, my speech impedes
& I scream–*Funny!*–
Although we are surrounded by people constantly–
Me & the warm palm in my hosiery–
we are very much alone.

(Endnotes)
1. “Blizzard’s Grasp” *The New York Times* (March 13, 1888)
2. “Death of Walt Whitman” *Springfield Sunday Republican* (March 27, 1892)
3. “Walt Whitman Buried” *Morning Olympian* (March 1892)
4. *Springfield Sunday Republican* (March 27, 1892)
5. *Morning Olympian* (March 1892)

Three Poems from IMAGENGINE

imagine all the people. imagine the captain. imagine the passenger. imagine the neighbor. imagine the naked body of the neighbor. imagine his eye. imagine her bones. imagine the body of our lord & savior. imagine the moon’s body cleft lipped. imagine the sun’s camel toed. imagine the strangled part of the woman’s body. imagine the cut-up and the cut-down. imagine the dumpster. imagine the trash. imagine my body hunkered over in the way things hunker in a melodrama. imagine one final circle jerk. imagine her plugged in and giving. imagine the speckled horse after a long night of dancing. imagine the uncle. imagine the art. imagine our animus. imagine the celestial trauma of the limb. the sex of the curtain. the gaze of the word. imagine the terrorized landscape as a history

imagine the most pathetic body. imagine it grotesque and piteous. image the text over the symphonic body. imagine the janky. imagine the gigolo. imagine a wall with every letter you’ve ever written. imagine the words, like hair on a scab. imagine desire imagined as distance. imagine a hunkered body again. imagine blood bone. imagine crack. imagine the cracked up body of the satisfied lover. imagine the cunt. imagine the cock. imagine the cunk. imagine the hunkered cunt of the cock body. imagine the singular. imagine the pluralized. imagine the citizenship tumored as such. Imagine the infinite line of the word. imagine the beak covered in gauze. imagine president Lincoln. imagine the beard. imagine the gauzed. imagine the teetering gaze of the people. imagine the celebrated humping. imagine the bits of the last living animal. imagine the neighbor’s body again. imagine sense. imagine order. imagine the slant of shame over my breast. imagine your love as a DILLIGAF. love as the tremulous space of now & now. imagine poetry

imagine poetry. imagine poetry. imagine snot. imagine my harriet. imagine the swoop of our mother lover. imagine tingle. imagine tang. imagine the organ for language. Imagine the hunkered body, the slant of shame. imagine the organ cut-up. cut down. imagine the gauze. image the jerk. imagine the landscape plugged up. imagine the janky uncle as the most pathetic body. imagine the melodrama afterward and inward. image the strangled part of the male body. Art in the age of the internet, my love. imagine the tumored text of the symphonic body. imagine the uncle. imagine the art. imagine president Lincoln. imagine the crack. imagine the taint. imagine the gasp. imagine the landscape of every letter you wrote. imagine desire as the body of Moses. imagine the guaze. imagine the singular crack. imagine the gigolo tumored in the tremulous space of now & now. imagine the tang of every last animal. imagine scar. imagine slant. imagine breast swoop. Land. imagine Cut. Imagine Hunk. imagine gig. imagine Now. imagine cunt. jerk. cleft. imagine plug. imagine art. imagine gaze gaze bod. imagine organ. imagine snot. imagine beard. love. gauze.

Jennifer Tamayo is the author of *Red Missed Aches Read Missed Aches Red Mistakes Read Mistakes* (Switchback Books) and *Poems Are the Only Real Bodies* (forthcoming, Bloof Books). She serves as managing editor at Futurepoem books.

Jennifer Tamayo



I looked up the poem “Daddy” by Sylvia Plath but it had anything to do with us

The deer transformed into human head. The head had brains. The head had horns. The head had ears long like a liars. They shot the deer body. Dear body, had 5 arrows for each corner of the earth. She was running away away that deer body & could not get away from head. It had no desire in being a human head any more. But head can’t do without body. That dear head.

Once I danced with a man you looked like and I had ripped the face from off your body

He gave me a drink called mamajuana that I drank from a shoe before I danced with him while his girl was in the bathroom. All my friends were scowling but it didn’t matter to me. This was my one last daddy to drink sweat from. I couldn’t do anything about it. I had to get it out okay. Mamajuana tasted like the dirt on the sandal after the rain. And his hands on my bank were a type of fatherhood I only understand from movies. We did not leave the bar together.

What part of me would you like to have
My forehead my lips my stomach my ankle my nose is aching

Consider, after consumption, what my limb, like a seed, will grow in you nothing comes without its own wantings

Consider the starfish, the national root corrupted, the sentence fragment

Consider the prism of the sexual organ—deflecting its own light

I am the part of the skeletal bone of you how

How our skeletons mirror the other!
In my face, you’re a spitting—

Because there’s the body
I gripped the safety handle in the airplane bathroom

Hot shit lava—I’m the volcano now! The Andes! The national orchid!
every living thing, a pulp

When the body turns to country
this is the punishment of doing what the books taught you to do

Discover your roots & turn actual rootings

Did anyone hear it squealing

Vodka

The spirit just floated out of the top of my skull like a puff of smoke and evaporated in mid-air. All the good feelings.

You can apply the chokehold to someone you don't like and suffer the consequences. Clogged roads filled with people running from something they can't see.

That's where St Vincent's Hospital used to be. I went there one night when I had a pain in my chest. And there's the old DVD store, on Greenwich Ave, now a hardware store.

(My voice trails off.)

The clothing store on 7th Avenue you liked, the Colony, now a real estate office. I used to buy you gift certificates there for your birthday.

Who you kidding? Mind your manners. Fork on left, knife on right. That can't be right.

Intelligent people sit in the caboose, but the daredevils go up front. They want to look out the window and see what's coming.

Describe the hotel room in perfect detail.

Eclipse the taste of defeat from the night before.

A negation placed before a verb. Or after.

Watch on the Rind

You fall asleep with eyes wide open. You learn how to be present when you're not even there. Miles away, thinking about something else, but acting like you have both feet planted on the ground.

Sometimes you have to test the waters before you go in. That means nothing. You can float back to earth or step off the carousel when it's spinning. Either way, you luck out, and walk away, as if nothing

happened. There's a three-month guarantee for parts before breakfast but by noon the story changes and you have to get on your knees if you want anything. Just sign on the dotted line until Xmas.

A lopsided score gets the attention of the pundits, all the usual suspects and their families and friends gather around the barbecue pit for Sunday brunch. Don't set off the alarm just because you smell smoke. It could be anything. Inflammable pajamas.

Anything.

Lewis Warsh



Ritual Nudity

I reconstructed it from memory before I left for sea. I left for sea and you waved goodbye from your window. Goodbye to the light on the linoleum. Goodbye exit sign. Goodbye footsteps.

Cut into slices. Tottering on heels. A swarm of analogies (like locusts, like flies). Parody of copulation, not your place or "mine." Out of deep need, the need to talk—make noise, music, use of different sources (voices), communication "from my body to other bodies" no matter who.

Carbon monoxide poisoning "on the rise" outside Hoboken. The preposition rests its case. Refer to footnotes. *Il neige, il pleut.*

One-Hit Wonder

I feel like I live in a world of wimps. Sometimes it rubs off on me and I go crying into my butter. Sometimes I stare shyly at the food on my plate. Leftovers are on tap for dinner. Don't throw any scraps to the dog—he might get used to it. We don't want any beggars loitering on the curb, even if they're starving. Then the big boss comes in and reads us the riot act for no good reason. Everyone tilts forward on their delicate asses. Just keep your mouth open in case someone wants a kiss. You can do the same things you do in public that you do in the privacy of your home. There's always a Peeping Tom lurking in the bushes. Then the wimps skim some cash off the top and hunker down at the end of the bar. The Preakness is on at 4, followed by hockey, and the Golden Gloves. Please keep me posted on all the latest scores. You can go to an all night toga party and ogle the young misses. Keep your eyes glued to the tube and your fingers in your pants. Resist the temptation to worm your way into our good graces. You can smell the sycophants a mile away. You can merge with the traffic and take the next off-ramp into Jersey.

Untitled

True, I'm not the handiest guy on the block, but there are some things I can do well that others can't, just don't ask me what they are. I'm not a bad driver, though many people disagree, and these same people, who are the people closest to me, are very happy that I've given up driving in my so-called later years, though I think I'm going to polish up my driving skills this summer. You're going to do what? I haven't driven in five years, so I understand your cause for alarm. I understand the difference between drive and reverse, if that's any comfort. The ditch. I know I have this history, backing up, and suddenly it's there, the metaphorical ditch, the real ditch, it's always lurking in the rearview mirror, just out of sight. Then there's the snow. I'm driving through a blizzard heading towards Bennington, Vermont and the car is moving from right to left. This is not blizzard conditions but the blizzard itself and I'm in the middle of it and all I can do is imagine the hot shower I'll be taking whenever I get over this mountain. And into town. I'm assuming that there'll be an empty hotel room somewhere. I won't get to Bennington tonight but at least I'll get to Lenox, a place I know well. The Village Inn. I'll call my daughter and tell her I'll be there the next day. I take a deep breath and just go forward, inches at a time, occasionally a car comes towards me from the other direction, I'm going downhill, I want to stay in the middle of the road so I don't go over the side, I swerve, someone honks, I curse under my breath, it's only a few more miles and then I'm there. I'm in the shower. I'm lying in bed with a book. It's as if, one might say, it never happened, but it did. And here I am years later telling you about it.

Tomorrow: back surgery.

Childhood Scenes

I wonder what happened to Lillian Winkler. Once we stood outside her apartment on the third floor and she said: Leslie really likes you. Leslie lived on the fourth floor, with her parents, and I lived on the fifth floor. I wanted to tell Lillian Winkler that I liked her more than I liked Leslie Cohen but I think I was motivated by the idea that if I told her this she would let me kiss her in the shadows of the hallway outside her door or even ask me into her apartment. She had a reputation, even then, when we were practically children. Once Leslie Cohen and I went to the movies on Saturday afternoon and a guy sitting in front of us turned around and said to me: why don't you feel her up? All around us people were locked in endless kisses. No one was watching the movie except me and Leslie. Once I met Madeleine Balkoff on the street and she asked me back to her apartment and we necked on the living room sofa. Her mother was in the kitchen. And once, at a party, someone turned off the light, and some guys jumped on a girl named Carol and she began to scream.

Lewis Warsh's most recent books include *A Place in the Sun* (Spuyten Duyvil) and *Inseparable: Poems 1995–2005* (Granary). He is editor and publisher of United Artists Books and director of the M.F.A. program in creative writing at Long Island University, Brooklyn. *Mimeo Mimeo* #7 (fall 2012) features his poems, stories, and collages. Dan Wonderly photo.

Andrea Applebee

six poems from In Metamorphosis the Stones

The great reeling cicada song strung under moons big as oranges as streetlamps, cordial elaborate lapse thrown rising and fallen in pitch a teakettle squall or ship in the lap of weather. How long'd we been out walking in that arched night's favor.

With sordid hackneyed ballast such a momentum points past itself by function by living. To persist beyond the stability field. Such need meets conditions forms concentric circles of altered. Composition. A stone's throw. A world moves through you and you go out to meet it. Roots of mountains unfold chthonic we ourselves spring out of nothing into life.

Such that we enter change suddenly as in crossing into a room. Steadily misunderstanding the place whence but with all possible insouciance press against the inner horizon of perceptual longing. As in cases when pressure and temperature of a rock's metamorphic path may be known but not time. Not time.

What beside us paces between the widely spaced mineral lattice steadfast or driven by preference.

As courtship turns without rest between mooring setting and starting out resistant, at once an extension of situations and working on them, so some minerals contain inclusions of others. Garnet often contains traces from the matrix where it grew. The growing garnets surround these relicts as record of earlier stages.

No false step yet opens the ground deep as the vertiginous sea.

You might be sitting on a dock reading a magazine. You might be trying to catch a train or walking beside someone. Then a bone pops any joint snaps-to in a whole body, one that includes all other versions of itself.

And if you don't split it isn't that you're a liar. A common finding involves a difference in a rock's core and its rim, observed as concentric rings of varied composition.

Vivid as daybreak it'll come as light underwater call under the bed stirred pines old bricks and egrets. Leaned against a fence mirror floor addressing future self through nascent memory. It was with you as with some rocks containing textural evidence for incomplete reactions:

here the cloven night records backgammon pieces click down all the dirt and doghair and work to be done beside piles of junk. Races undertaken or else. Attempts to, please. Staring at the live oak's bark out front in sudden recognition. Who also moved while seeming to be still. A tractor sprinkler making its way across the yard. I'd've been getting up then to stir ashes and bonemeal into the rose garden. A long time ago, still.



The chemical composition of a rock may have different regions, preserving earlier crystallization patterns.

But at the time who would have thought of it. Each night sitting to compose letter to love sealing wax and sense of home let's say you felt knowledge that it was slipping and already almost gone rush upward as a draft might through a crack in the wall as the wind of a sudden kiss at the base of the neck. All the objects in the room would shimmer with constraint. You'd get up. Leave the house. Walk the lowlit streets and consider.

Afterwards there'd never be any fight left in you but its shape.

As reactants are used during the metamorphic process and the shape of the used component is preserved as a corona. A drawn out abdication holds too still for pain breath bated nostrils tense. The vein above the brow makes its slight reproach. This is no matter of turning a knob in the chest or flicking a light on by its chain. It isn't quick. It isn't delicate. It would be better not to explain the long sad derivation.

Circl'ng outward in an all too focused steady heading. Blood makes a strict call. Tracked shuddering piecemeal bargaining for any solace. Darkness and the ways of darkness. It gets to be an old story but no one knows it any better.

A critical boon of gravity with wandering steps and slow. With weather, consciousness, and a house. Objects and time. Darling, for all of this and more I'm run aground. This is it. One draught of temporal light and all I can steal.

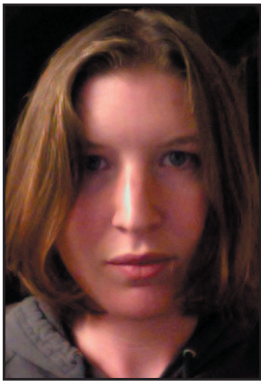
Without knowing whence we capitulate and refuse to capitulate. What breaks down what measurements will not suffice for lassitude and indolence, forgetfulness. What long waste of love's pains and its accompaniments. You spoke low beside me and not often but often enough. To continue.

All swallowed in music's erasure we are to return as we came by earth's grip and with every stone turned different enough.

Though driven by and bent down. The force of a cry may work on its matrix. But not time.

Andrea Applebee is from the Carolinas. She received her M.F.A. from the University of Pittsburgh in 2009. She now lives in Philadelphia and teaches composition at the University of Pennsylvania.

Amelia Bentley



Tonight we are delighted.

We are delighted at the atomic level. We are delighted once again after many years. We are delighted to be joined. We are no stranger. Where we overlap we have become children. When we are excited, we move, and our movement produces a lubrication that is most like money, a wooded feeling, grainy. What can we do? It makes a pleasant impression. Deeply involved and intertwined, we keep trotting it out, the grainy feeling. We are worked closely, we are slept like a baby transitioning into a libretto. We have included, by now, numerous volumes and awards, joined, illustrated, graphic, inside an egg. We pick at it, the egg. We pay her. Begin to pay her. We begin to pay her perhaps too slowly. It helps us every day of our life to be human, or to try to be human. She's jagged. She's dead now from killing herself. Many things remind us of her, and a lot of that may just be the temporal proximity of our memories to each other. Maybe that's just the surface, like sushi on ice. We can't eat sushi without laughing at our expense. She leaked, and what she leaked included us. We wonder what book we might have given her had we thought to give one. We make stuff that people want to buy in order to console ourselves. Without her to hold us we ooze a little and there are some areas of separation, but mostly we remain. We are emulsed like a fine mayonnaise. It's not an issue of whether or not anyone believes in us, it's an issue of identity and identification. We don't have an identification. Identification is a distinction that implies boundary. A boundary belongs to neither the inside nor the outside. A boundary belongs to both insides and outsides, and we have none. We don't push, neither do we run. We fruit. We flow. We jam. We were kind of into farming the room at one time, but the main thing we are kind of into is being a jam band. We began as a general impulse to want to be great, but we depend upon the network for all of our consumption. When we lost contact with the roaming network the main band fell apart. We love the way that we build followers, and the way that we aggregate. We feel like we'll probably settle somewhere, but it's hard to tell.

She is Shorn

She is shorn, faded, smeared,
I recognize her
signatures bleed across her face
how did she get here, i mean

this is a scene of construction
a construction site
so what does she mean?

over the fence
beyond her,
there is an deep pit in plain sight,
my stomach, near my apartment, drops
beside the headlights
beside her head, every evening

I'm warning you.

I go in for her, over the 10 foot fence, heart pounding,
and bring her out.

Then and Now

collapse with holes eyelets
through which reason strays and sutures
shred events flutter through
the phone line
it is a pleasure to have forgotten so much
comfortable to be unable to advise
although the body remembers
the semiosphere
and the body has to export
it's grief
which explains the manufacture of little pains
as a physical ability to erode
to break into pieces

The World is Round

you write as if liking took up time, was
an action that took effort, was trying, and sometimes
was a thing that absorbed, entirely, so that one forgot to go home,
but that is what children are doing always and we ought to learn

when we are distraught to start singing
to be distracted from grief by our own songs.

Amelia Bentley has lived in Philadelphia for one year. She is a very serious little girl.

Superimposed

Scene 1:
The shot opens on a female deer running in and out of roadside trees in early spring. Bare and gray. Shot from a moving vehicle while the sun is beginning to set; it hangs on the horizon, the only constant in motion. The shot plays on a loop: after the 7th time it fades to black.

Voice over:
You’ve spent your whole life learning that you must survive.

Scene 2:
In the center of the shot are cross-hairs of a metal fence of a deer paddock. In the distance are muted grays and browns. As the shot enlarges to include towering hemlock trees to the right and left of the fence, the cross-hairs become smaller while the trees on either side of the fence appear enormous. At the edge of the shot a paved parking lot sits empty except for a yellow cylindrical garbage can.

Voice over:
The deer paddock backs up to the paved roadside. It’s 1979 and as you step out of the green Volvo with a sack of apples you know you have been here before. As you stand at the fence holding the apples you remember that they have been here for several thousands of years.

Scene 3:
The shot is set in front of the deer paddock fence. You are two-years old. Standing in a white wool sweater and yellow pants squinting into the camera. As the camera pans out you point through the fence to the baby deer in the grass. The shot shifts to the fawn lying on the ground with its head and neck stretched out flat on the ground in the deep wheat-colored grass.

Voice over:
There is a tiny tear in the fence in the western side. In a few years this tear will be the size of your memory.

Scene 4:
You’re five and sitting on the edge of your well-made bed in the tiny bedroom with the plaid wallpapered walls. The window to the backyard is on your right. The camera is positioned to the left of you so that your profile is seen looking out the window. As the camera angle moves to the left the shot moves to the center of the window and then through the window to the backyard. It follows your gaze. A female deer leans over the backyard fence, flies covering her white-rimmed eyes. Radio-collar wrapped around her neck. The camera slowly scans down the fence to the bed of variegated hosta encircled with human hair. The shot closes with a close up of the old-fashioned metal lock on the window, chipped paint on the sill.

Voice over:
You’ll spend many years replaying the same scene in your head.

Scene 5:
The shot centers on the back of you sitting Indian style in a brown field, large rocks deposited on either side of you. A construction job unpacked about thirty feet away. Backhoe in the sun. You’re 19. Bells toll on the hillside and a pack of female deer gallop around the corner, emerging in the back right corner of the shot. They stop when they see you. Perfectly still. The lead deer and her six others behind her, you at the lowest point of the shot. You and the lead female deer lock eyes, neither move.

Voice over:
Stuck in this meditation. The universe stills.

>>>>

Susanna Fry



Scene 6:
The shot opens to an oblong fixed black watery deer eye. Hairy black lashes shoot outwards. Soft off-white fur surrounds the outer limits of the frame. The shot widens to expose the full doe head, still fixed and staring directly into the camera. Ears are pointed at attention, snout is glistening and black. Golden-reddish fur mixes with sandy-brown. More black hairs radiate from the black nose. She begins to walk closer to the camera, slowly step by step until she’s so close that the shot is only the blurriness of her eyes. The shot fades to black.

Voice over:
Migration is memory. It liberates. It deceives.

Scene 7:
The shot focuses on the paddock but the fence is no longer there, just a tiny patch of dry grass, half-glistening with the remaining sunlight of mid-winter in the corner of the frame. As the camera contracts its view, withered rhododendron emerge in the left corner and plastic fast food containers at the base. In the far distance you are walking towards the camera, your thumb and pointer finger holding a hawk feather.

Voice over:
By now the deer have been culled with poison, firearms, and dropnets. The forest is commercially managed. It’s a matter of space and property. Without the memory of hundreds of thousands of years, you rely on others’ memories now.

Scene 8:
The camera pans out from a close-up of blurred red. As it unfurls so does the image of a child’s plastic firetruck, yellow dandelions hugging the flagstone path that it sits on. It fills the center of the shot. In the background, a white Colonial with black shutters. The shot focuses on the front door. Slowly it opens from the inside and you emerge. You are 8 years old. You step out of the house closing the door behind you. The camera follows you as you get into the truck and begin to pedal up the driveway. Your purple hooded sweatshirt frames your round face as you ride into view.

Voice over:
All that is left is the feeling of the feeling.

When We Moved,

deer moved there was no getting around without them. They were lying in half circles of leaves, grazing our shirt sleeves, and pranking our telephones. Deer pelts tattooed our forearms, affixed to our frontal lobes, covered our canopy bed. We realized when we moved to the western most edge that we were not alone. Strewn up in front yards. Hanging above barstools. Shoved into half-opened trunks. They were mysterious, you see. We saw them and then we didn’t see them and then the highway unfolded with them, overturned with them, churned out deer thumping their molted bodies onto the pavement. Crashing like a deer wave, like gaping blooms and cracked skulls. When we moved to the other lane we were lost. We needed their tangled intestines oozing on our windshield, their maggot hooves decaying in our hands. When we moved to the east, their bodies decomposed in the backseat, a ring of weathered fur on the upholstery.

Recently Susanna Fry writes poems while her six-month-old son crawls across the floor. During his naps she meditates on the sound of patience. She lives in the woods on the edge of Philadelphia.

JenMarie Macdonald



From *Threads*

1.

I blame
properties

and sensation
that every

thing is
in a state
of becoming

electricity
and wires

are contributing
agents to cause

the heart
of matter

sameness
and split

2.

This
was supposed
to lean

toward real
time episodic
threads

imagine
a dark night
and another

next door
and another next
door to that

silent street

3.

You are many
collections
of images

this
is not
about union

instead such
quiet discovery

two shingled
globes, an
unfilled jar

4.

Matter is
condensed

energy fractures
itself to appear

separate

From *Wobble*

1.

Orbits
are no such
objects
only modes
of least
opposition.

Observe, now
the spun
and shuttled
moon,

the compressed
phrases,
the solar
yearn.

In smooth
analog:
a bob
of moon.

Novel as
knowledge.

4.

An interval
shorter

than natural
units turning

through space,
trembling

as it always
falls.

9.

*The world was so new
that technology's
enterprise of
frontier
shook
into eventual
sharing. Private
to public
motion*

*that many things still
lacked
attention and scale
my powers
of observation
are scant*

*names, and to mention
them
my naked
eye is shamed
and at
once amazed*

*one had to point with
a finger
at a simple
quiver in
the circuit*

Travis Macdonald



excerpts from Bookquet*

**Curator’s Note: The following poems have been transcribed from text found on the cut and folded petals and blooms of upcycled paper flowers created for the occasion of the curator’s wedding. As such, they are a snapshot of passage, an attempt at preserving a momentary gathering of collective voice.*

re he
The Golden-winged W
pent the winter in company w
orth as his orange and
dead leaves

should be
Socrates’s admonition

RIGHTNESS

mitment is a second aspect of
ave in mind forthrightness: w
even at risk to themselves
ns for our exultation o

act, and one on which
that form a commitment are as
irst Amendment’s protection of free-
sible to enforce, for example, the law
acts illustrates the notion of integrity
generally assigns to the party who
it will be harder than she thought
vidual to engage in deep reflect
our respect for contracts

has happened to
till have not forgiven the late
n, for his reluctance to distance him
icy in 1968. George Bush took so
ice President with a man (Reagan
had previously derided as “voodoo
battered so hard by the media for a
Garry Trudeau has begun
as a waffle—this even tho
a’s style of reporting

ess does not see
promise and then to keep
but of humanity: “A free self kno
commitments to other people—pro
keeping them exacts a price.”⁵
That, surely, is how promises of
word commitments—differ from
lives. Immanuel Kant notoriously
opposition that nobody should
and any promise not kept
ugh we condemn most

was not an age
create troubles as
that paranoia which has
at bay. Those who had fled
elves being interned along
sentiment, and there were

with Bob
of breeding
rally, as an improv
ofessional practice – it was
moment that face, head, a
merged beneath
features
an instant

y and had not be
had it happened? How
The years 1936 and 1937 had
untouched had fallen that year
With a groan Stalin let his legs
raised his hands to his reddish, grayin
seen. Frustration and a vexation past
legendary hero, Stalin had all his life
sprouting heads. He had disposed of
lifetime. And he had tripped on a roc
Iosif had tripped over Iosif

! So many heads
let Tito slip out of his hands
from the couch. He sat up a
ad on which a bald spot could be
relieving took hold of him. Like a
been cutting off the hydra’s ever-
whole mountain of enemies in his

did not disturb Stalin in the least.

fingers covered with big diamond
vanity was this in someone with no gift

book. Didn’t Tito have certain sexual
to be written about, too.
munist Party is in the clutches of murderers
take over the leadership because Béla
him.”
irked Stalin! Rage flooded his head and he
into Traicho’s bloody snout! And Stalin’s grayi
fied feeling of justice.
dirty bastard!
ect, the intrigues of

Paul Siegell



We've Come for Your Art Exhibition

On a day when I shaved myself into uneven sideburns, ladies and gentlemen, my latest obsession: the tornado pagoda of her ribcage to the fierce soft sculpture of her hair. "Visions of Johanna" scavenger hunt. "You know I'm at my absolute best," says the frenemy of her schiz-o-phrenia, "when dancing—A red-ruckus love shack of lobsters during an earthquake; 'at's my next move, so."

We've Come for Your Tent City Hall

—for Jacob Russell

"Mic check / MIC CHECK!" Sign says, "I have a college degree. I *am* employed. I *have* showered—I *am still* here! Next stereotype?" Sign says, "Stay focused—Don't let us become another Tea Party." Sign says, "The truth will not be televised!" Sign says, "TOP 1%, Y U NO Pay Taxes?" Capture the flag scavenger hunt—Crowd chants, "*We are the 99%—And so are you!*" Crowd chants, "*Police! Come join us—They want your pensions, too!*" The People chant as unemployed neighbors fear front lawn foreclosure signs, as Wall St unapologetically sprays democracy in the face, as corporate jets fuel up on bonuses: #OccupyEverywhere!

We've Come for Your Buried Treasure

All my life my father told me to save my shekels. Now he's all, "If you don't spend any money, you don't do anything." Another learned neuroticism no longer applicable. Fantastic. The waitress asks, "May I take your order?" and waits while her ostrich tattoo stupefies me: reads, "*head home.*" I tip my fitted green Phillies hat—Lack of awareness scavenger hunt—then down it over my eyes. Under the red EXIT sign, a Dr Jekyll-type character looks like he's pondering what happens when "Good riddance" is said to everything he's kept hidden. Interesting—Probably be a good idea for me to find out too.

We've Come for Your Unethical Texts

Might on the rise. Like stirring sheets of Kierkegaard into a tank of kerosene, everything is primed for a sonic boom. Sounds like a job for F. Scott Prescott, Esquire—He asks, "What keeps you going?" Al Capone jokes, "*Up up down down left right left right B A start?*" Now Napoleon's pet emperor penguin is duking it out with Punxsutawney Phil. Flabbergast scavenger hunt—Not a real huge fan of spring that one, but either way, when they come outta the printer, the poems hug the heat like towels from a dryer just abuzz.

We've Come for Your Train Conductor Hole Puncher

Psychotic eye sockets: everyone Amtrak-aiming elsewhere. From above, the rush hour train station looks like a Jackson Pollock: paint drips of people being whipped about by time. Traveling salesmen scavenger hunt—But what's even odder is: $111,111,111 \times 111,111,111 = 12,345,678,987,654,321$. I don't even try to figure out how it works; I just say, "Wow!"

We've Come for Your Pain at the Pump

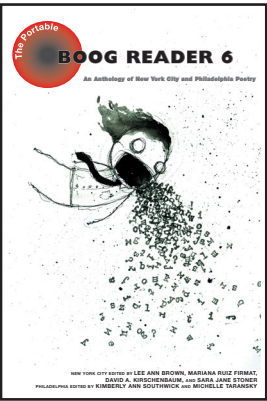
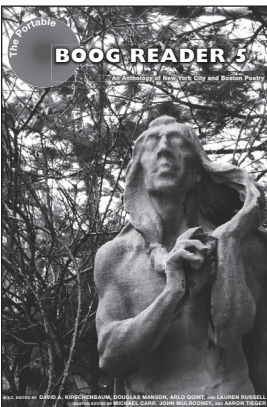
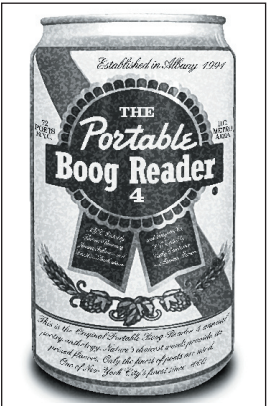
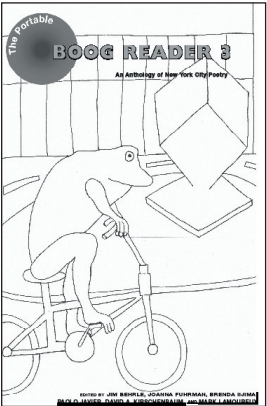
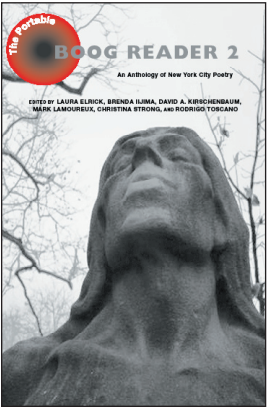
Raphael read, "Travel!" so we rode the merry-go-round till we reached the Skeleton Stop. Back lit, the skull of a horse. "It's largely a mystery, but you must youth yourself against your ghost." Balancing act scavenger hunt. Some centering: The highway outta Manhattan makes me want to make sure that my cell phone's charged, makes me want to reconsider. "Most of those being found," announces CNN, "are dead—"

We've Come for Your Unfathomable Fact

When Man Ray heard how a stingray spine pierced the chest of the Crocodile Hunter, he stumbled back in his studio, took off his Ray-Ban mirrors, turned down the Sun Ra record, and collapsed. Their friendship, pearlescent; its shimmer fed them both. Manna from Heaven scavenger hunt. When he came to, the artist raced to a blank canvas and – as if an ominous grand piano silencing a star – he furiously blackened everything out.

We've Come for Your Partner in Crime

& like a proctologist for a pterodactyl, this one's gonna involve shrieking—Instead of doing it to his new BMW, Courtney Love keyed the side of Odysseus' kayak. She hoped it'd do more damage. Jack the Ripper scavenger hunt. Shot sloppiness. Of all the things that a diamond demands, but how does one involve more love? The eyes of enchantment are like two mazes encased in a sunset lake—A hint of firmament: A foreshadow to a silhouette: It's OK to make a promise, then be afraid that you did. For when Odysseus enticed the sirens, they sang for him George Harrison, harmonizing to each soothing hallelujah, each modest adoration. But when Courtney arrived, they plugged her in to Bruce Springsteen, then struck the chord: "*Everybody's gotta hungry heart.*"



PBR1
Betsy Andrews
Bruce Andrews
Andrea Ascah Hall
Anselm Berrigan
Edmund Berrigan
Tracy Blackmer
Lee Ann Brown
Regie Cabico
David Cameron
Donna Cartelli
Neal Climenhaga

Allison Cobb
Todd Colby
Jen Coleman
John Coletti
Brenda Coultas
Jordan Davis
Katie Degentesh
Tom Devaney
Marcella Durand
Chris Edgar
Joe Elliot
Betsy Fagin
Rob Fitterman
Merry Fortune
Ed Friedman
Greg Fuchs
Ethan Fugate
Joanna Fuhrman
Christopher Funkhouser
Drew Gardner
Alan Gilbert
Nada Gordon
Marcella Harb
Mitch Highfill
Bob Holman
Laird Hunt
Lisa Jarnot
Adeena Karasick
Eliot Katz
Sean Killian
Noelle Kocot

Sasha Watson
Karen Weiser
James Wilk
Rebecca Wolff
John Wright

PBR1A
The Portable Boog Reader: Philadelphia

Holly Bittner
Kyle Conner
CA Conrad
Valerie Fox
Seth Frechie
Mark Gaertner
Matt Hart
Eric Keenaghan
Teresa Leo
Janet Mason
Gil Ott
Ethel Rackin
Don Riggs
Kerry Sherin
Frank Sherlock
Heather Starr

PBR2
Bruce Andrews
Ellen Baxt
Jim Behrle
Jen Benka
Charles Bernstein
Anselm Berrigan
Charles Borkhuis
Ana Bozicevic-Bowling
Lee Ann Brown
Allison Cobb
Julia Cohen
Todd Colby
Brenda

Amy King
Bill Kushner
Rachel Levitsky
Andrew Levy
Brendan Lorber
Kimberly Lyons
Dan Machlin
Jill Magi
Gillian McCain
Sharon Mesmer
Carol Mirakove
Anna Moschovakis
Murat Nemet-Nejat
Cate Peebles
Tim Peterson
Simon Pettet
Wanda Phipps
Nick Piombino
Kristin Prevallet
Arlo Quint
Evelyn Reilly
Kim Rosenfield
Lauren Russell
Kyle Schlesinger
Nathaniel Siegel
Joanna Sondheim
Chris Stackhouse
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