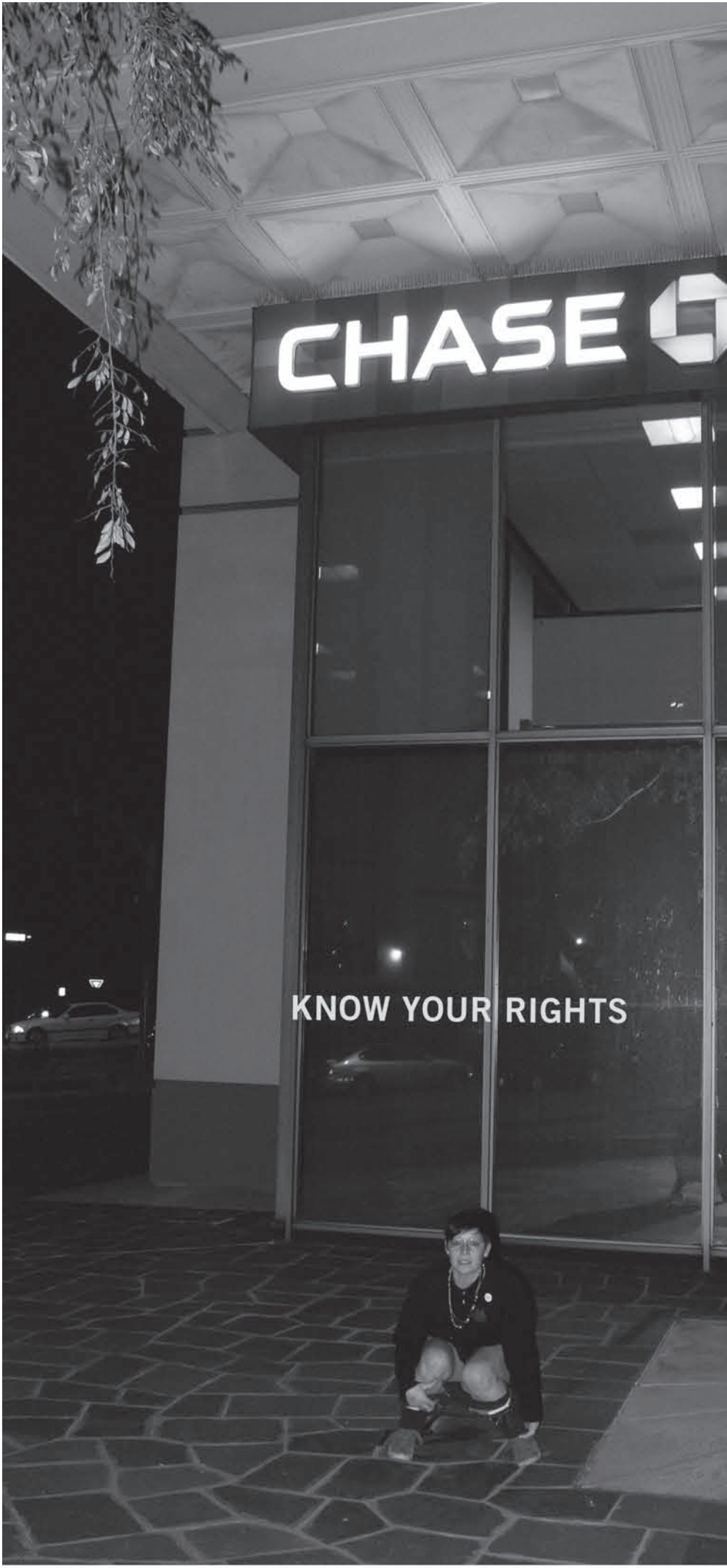


Part I: An Anthology of New York City and Oakland Poetry
NEW YORK CITY EDITED BY CLAIRE DONATO, JEFF T. JOHNSON, DAVID KIRSCHENBAUM,
DANIEL OWEN, JASMINE DREAME WAGNER, NICOLE WALLACE
OAKLAND EDITED BY TAYLOR BRADY AND IVY JOHNSON



Martin
Beeler



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Mark
Gurarie

Jeremy
Hoevenaar



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Lyric
Hunter

Becca
Klaver



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Ron
Kolm

Dave
Morse



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Ali
Power

Pete
Simonelli



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Kiely
Sweatt

Madison
Davis

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Joel
GregoryLauren
Levin

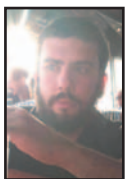
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Cheena Marie
LoZach
Ozma

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Emji
SperoCosmo
Spinosa

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25

Chris
StroffolinoWendy
Trevino

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27

Zoe
Tuck

These issues are always about relationships, about whose work we think you'd like to know, should know, who represents a city in each editor's particular way. These editors came to this *Boog Reader* in their own way.

Claire Donato and Jeff T. Johnson agreed to do intros for a chunk of time at a past Welcome to Boog City festival. When I turned the mic over to them, they proceeded to show a level of commitment, caring, and generosity for this simple not-so-simple act that told me all I needed to know about them.

Or Jasmine Dreame Wagner, who's read and performed music at multiple Boog events over the years. She gave a swell reading recently from her Kelsey Street Press book, and then emailed me a thank you note just for attending.

I remember a few years ago, I was getting future booking recommendations from various people. One of them said book Daniel Owen. The recommender was Lewis Warsh. 'Nuff said.

These issues bring work from our cohorts in the Bay Area, San Francisco in next month's part 2, and, here, Oakland. I've been going to the Bay Area since July of 1975 to visit family and see the Oakland A's at first, then the Haight and Berkeley, and, eventually, bookstore shopping at City Lights, Cody's, and Moe's, and seeing the many poets I'm very grateful to call friends.

Like our co-editors, Taylor Brady, who I've known since early 2000s' conversations, and Ivy Johnson. She's done the Boog circuit right proud—reading in Brooklyn at a fest, appearing in an NYC section of a *Boog Reader*, and being the author of the most not-so-recent Boog chapbook.

The relationship of these seven people, seven editors, eight counting me, with their communities, and the work they gather from the poets they each select, is what I continue to appreciate most.

What about the folks they asked and the work of theirs they selected? Here they are, poets number 356 to 375 to ever appear in a *Portable Boog Reader*.

as ever,
David

I moved from New York City to Oakland in 2011 to pursue an M.F.A. in poetry. After graduating, with half of my income coming from waiting tables, I can't say that my M.F.A. was a great choice, but moving to Oakland sure was. Since graduating, I have stayed here to hang out with the poets.

When asked to co-curate the Oakland section of *The Portable Boog Reader 8* with Taylor Brady, I was ecstatic. (The feeling was mutual.—TB). Oakland is a home to a wide range of work coming from the more established poets to an exhilarating group of up-and-comers. The first poem I ever had published was in a *Portable Boog Reader*, and Boog's curatorial mission has always focused on exposing its readers to poets their readers either have never heard of or are dying to hear more from.

For this eighth issue of *The Portable Boog Reader*, Taylor and I wanted to stay true to this mission. Ranging in content from the witchy, to site specific, to disaster, *PBR8* has shown us what is on the minds of some of Oakland's finest poets. (I'll only add that I find it incredibly heartening that Ivy and I produced long lists of potential contributors with only one name in common—but that the web of relationships between persons, aesthetics and "styles," political commitments, and lived experiences on those lists made them feel immediately legible and consequential to each other. This confluence of diffusion and gathering is one of the dynamics of poetry in Oakland that feels most alive and most a thing to celebrate to me right now. —TB). I hope you enjoy this work as much as I (we) did.

—Ivy Johnson

About the Cover of *PBR8*: Soft Dog, the only dog of poetry, spews elixiring poetry in the form of *PBR* No. 8 as "the dog" transforms into a vowel animal poem completely performable including the usually unsayable face of the YETI! All color acts as sound, I means improvise, and unveil what is in circles. —Michael Basinski

About the Editors

New York City

Claire Donato



<http://www.somanytumbleweeds.com>
Claire Donato is the author of *Burial* (Tarpaulin Sky Press), she collaborates on *Special America*, a site-specific performance recently adapted to film. Work has appeared or is forthcoming in journals including *Aufgabe*, *BOMB*, *Encyclopedia L-Z*, and *PEN America*. She is a visiting assistant professor of architecture writing at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn.

Jeff T. Johnson



<http://www.jefftjohnson.com/>
Jeff T. Johnson is a digital artist and critic who lives in Windsor Terrace, Brooklyn. Writing is forthcoming or has appeared in *Jacket2*, *On Contemporary Practice*, *Encyclopedia*, and elsewhere.

<http://www.myspace.com/gilmoreboysmusic>
David A. Kirschenbaum is the editor and publisher of *Boog City*, a New York City-based small press and community newspaper now in its 24th year. He is the author of *The July Project 2007* (Open 24 Hours), a series of songs about Star Wars set to rock and pop classics. His poems form the lyrics of Preston Spurlock and Casey Holford's band Gilmore boys.



David A. Kirschenbaum

Daniel Owen is the author of *Authentic Other Landscape*, *Catawampus*, and *Up in the Empty Ferries*. A full-length book, *Toot Sweet*, is due from United Artists Books. He co-edits *Poems by Sunday* and is a member of the Ugly Duckling Presse editorial collective.



Daniel Owen

Jasmine Dreame Wagner



<http://jasminedreamewagner.com>
Jasmine Dreame Wagner is the author of *Rings* (Kelsey Street Press), *Rewilding* (Ahsahta Press), and *Listening for Earthquakes* (Caketrain Journal and Press). Follow her on Twitter: @jasminedreame.

Nicole Wallace



Nicole Wallace is a drifter in the old lore, etc. and author of *White Flowers* and co-author of *chanson de animaux: equinox* (with Will Edmiston). She's the managing director at The Poetry Project and co-editor of *Butterlamb*, a press.

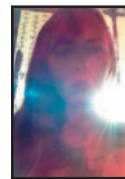
Oakland

Taylor Brady is the author of several books of poetry and prose, including *Snow Sensitive Skin*, co-authored with Rob Halpern. He edited Will Alexander's essays and prose texts, *Singing in Magnetic Hoofbeat*. A new collection of poems, *In the Red*, is forthcoming from Compline Editions.



Taylor Brady

<http://ivyjohnson.tumblr.com/>
Ivy Johnson lives in Oakland, Calif. where she is a poet and educator. She is co-founder of The Third Thing, an Oakland based feminist performance art group. *Boog City* published her chapbook, *Walt Disney's Light Show Extravaganza*. Her book *As They Fall*, a collection of poetic fragments on 110 note cards, was published by Timeless, Infinite Light in 2013.



Ivy Johnson

New & Forthcoming from LITMUS PRESS

LAZY SUZIE

Text & photographs by Suzanne Doppelt

Translated by Cole Swensen

"Lazy Suzie (beautifully translated by Cole Swensen) celebrates the eye, that 'super-rotary lazy susan,' as well as optical devices from camera obscura to the telescope. It celebrates seeing as active rather than just receptive as it gathers in the thousand things of earth and cosmos. Moreover, sight changes matter, probes below the surface. It 'presumes a slight fissure,' and 'starting to paint [or photograph] means piercing a hole' through which to watch. Fittingly, Doppelt's text is punctuated—punctured?—by her paired photographs. Some are of words, switching roles with this text about seeing. None are illustrative, all, like the text, intriguing and beautiful."
— ROSMARIE WALDROP

November 2014 | \$18 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-25-2 | Cover art: Suzanne Doppelt
Poetic Prose (translated from French) & Photography



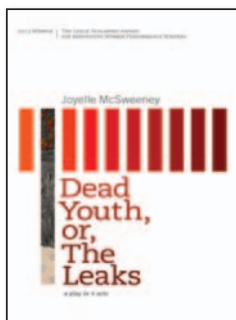
DEAD YOUTH, OR, THE LEAKS

Joyelle McSweeney

Winner, 2013 Leslie Scalapino Award for Innovative Women Performance Writers

"I've never read anything by Joyelle McSweeney that wasn't totally exciting. She's one of the most interesting people working now in terms of the forms she uses, and she's extremely deft and playful, and yet the stuff that's going on, content-wise, is really super-smart, and has really good politics... I just find her a thrilling font of new stuff."
— DENNIS COOPER for *Dazed Digital*

For information about the Leslie Scalapino Award, visit therelationship.org
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TOWARDS THE PRIMEVAL LIGHTNING FIELD

Will Alexander

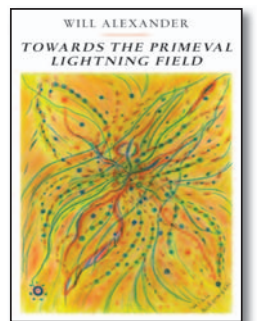
A Litmus Press / O Books Second Edition

"Will Alexander is by far the most original poet working in the United States today. A major force in the dissemination of surrealism, there is absolutely no one who sounds like Alexander, and he, most emphatically, sounds like no one else."

— JUSTIN DESMANGLES for *Amerarcana*

Cover art: Will Alexander

December 2014 | \$15 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-20-7 | Essays



ANTI-HUMBOLDT

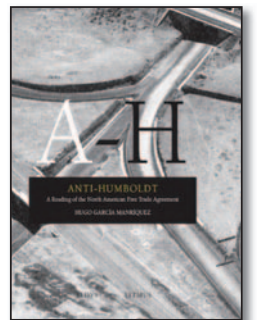
Hugo García Manríquez

A bilingual co-publication with Aldus Editorial (Mexico)

"...[T]wenty years after the NAFTA document took effect, Hugo García Manríquez translates, re-creates, and, as I am thinking of it, miscreates the NAFTA agreement through an entwined activity of reading as inscribing.... Hugo's miscreation is a tale of our wickedness—our knot of complicity, passivity, and outrage as both the benefactors and casualties of the document's stipulations."

— DIVYA VICTOR for *Harriet*

January 2015 | \$18 | ISBN: 978-1-933959-26-9 | Poetry
Photo courtesy of Kevin Killian



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NEW YORK CITY

Doug Safranek
Seascape, 2011
Egg tempera on panel
7" x 7-3/4"

Decriminalize the Mall

Them all at angles irregular
verbs conjugate each other
in a desperate reiteration

of ALL ITEMS 50 % OFF
Them all feeling unfit for
card swipe, for Summer,

for swipe, for card, for any
time for any time this is
a patent leather perfume

sample, try it, the doctor
urges, this crafted lens
stands in for signature,

check’s accepted but
not preferred as
a kind of false

promissory notice
in state and with ID
Them all fighting

for your misreading in
an accordingly acceptable
parking space, reserved

we are left brain Mall Savings
in the Perpetual Bargain
Bin looped & this is a tiny

fan that only requires
two AA batteries
I have Tetra Pak

on my hands, a
renegade Walkie-
Talkie belt clip,

a shining plastic
badge encourages
unthreatening
smile you’re on a closed
caption thin Ice Mint
and I’m going to have

to ask you to refrain
from spending more
time growing up

the down escalator
two to three steps
at a time.

Mark Gurarie



The Triumph of Dada on Election Day

i. “it’s my hobby,” Ubu stated gravely.

Votes are castanets and though flour was sent to the losing incumbents, there were ‘telegraphed punches’ on the countdown to contend with and still 60% of pollsters think their polls are headed in the wrong direction, that being bread.

A mildly amused and rapidly shrinking middle, oblivious and at fault lines you said surely porcelain faces crumbling grandmothers grumbling tea-sets you

said confetti carefully returns to boxes and plastic bags, pillowed in doubt and this is no time for currency like now on feathers and springs, mustache wax ad spots dust-off the screen.

Dada was implicated in sandals too minute for the current news-cycle.
Sal eats Marcel’s urchins and you titter (but not loudly enough).
Gerty arrives late two seconds and you re-post

: a chick’n a chicken coup
the poultry revolts.

ii. “this already happened in the ’70s” – the Ad Council.

could have sworn
we fucking
romanticizing

iii. “I’ll have a bowl of freedom onion soup,”
Theodor “Teddy” Uhlmaker rasps.

some six years later they
corroborate the storied booths

split the checks and balances
the screamers are not a tribute band

but wear bibs all the same
in the smoking section

their layers are free of charge electric
please do not decline strip magnetic

please do not depreciate in values
please

iv. “Mais, pourquoi non?” dit Hugo.

Spot knew it was an accident, and said so to the letters that surrounded it. It knew it couldn’t spell as well, that it was borne of leaky fountain pen or funky ink jet. Still, Spot was proud to be different, happy to sit quietly as the others discussed books, got drunker and lost patience with the possibility of differing readings. Don’t get them started on artistic movements of the past century, Spot thought to itself, acting as if it was punctuation.

v. “May pork want none,” crows a concerned chicken.

The color of corn is yellow.
The color of Indiana is cayenne.
The color of colors is the new dada.
I am color blind, and better off.
I am blind legally.
I am colour with a capital fuck you.
The capital of Indiana is Indianapolis.
The capital of Iowa is Iowa shitty.
I live with important people.
I live on either the west or the east coast of the United States.
There is no place else.
‘Chinese’ is not a language that exists.
Chicago is a city that does not exist.

The Arrival

As per schedule, Narrator, we crash on a visual designation of a freak occurrence. It became an enigma, and when does anything add up. The puzzle, of course, the problem of piecing it all together.

As the plane lands we are boarding gate 14 for why not fly to Seattle. We arrive ourselves disappeared. No one knows the problems of Narrator because there is no luggage and there are no passengers. This puzzle is not missing pieces so much as longing for a better fit. *Did you notice anything abnormal*, we signal to the FAA agent, *did you see the pilot sign it?* To the best of my knowledge, sober pilots are the best men. Narrator with many a mile logged in flight. Twenty two years in the saddle, and we have never been licked, not within the realm of these possibilities. And what indeed can one say about empty blue seats, empty brown ones, or red. Haunted operations, a Narrator that can offer a reasonable facsimile of an explanation. Give us one egg yolk dripping from chin, Sheckley, and we tremble with you. There has not been a single inquiry for some six hours.

A fear of names that are familiar, a fear of syllables that seem already to know all about you, an empty manifest, a question of interior decoration. *We are seeing different numbers*. We are counting down, dressed as victims of mass suggestion; this aircraft is a twin engine illusion, a spider fracture in the glass that encases a certain kind of logic, a philosophy trapped in an agency suit, an FAA. Start the engines of the idea. Won’t you notify my next of conceit that he wears in our memory a five dollar cut, a mirage, inside of which we consider ourselves currently trapped.

To which I would like to reply, a theory proven is a point slain, gentlemen of televised aviation. Of course this was all in his mind, and he is as Narrator conceived, now a lone figure speaking to invented names. *You’re Sheckley of the FAA*, traffic control exclaims, tasting the acrid bile, his delusion. Narrator drinks stronger stuff, exhales at typewriter, coughs, sunbathing at the side of a small, man-made lake. And what is it about the picture of a flight that has arrived on schedule. A plane lost in the fog some seventeen eighteen years ago, and weren’t we all, and let us quickly reiterate, for reasons unknown. Arrived at neither the cause, nor the stubborn pride of Sheckley’s broken clock work. Never licked. We are calling the painted backdrop the night sky, looking even there for a clue in the form of a ghost ship. We are on a flight, see, that never ends.

From *An Annotated Guide to the Twilight Zone*

Mark Gurarie (<http://bubblegumandpoppers.wordpress.com>) splits time between Bushwick, Brooklyn and Northampton, Mass. He works as an adjunct, teaching online classes for George Washington University, as a book-reviewer for *Publishers Weekly*, and is the co-host of the Mental Marginalia Reading Series.

from Existing Models with
Intrusive Noise

To advance think huge
mountains made tiny with people
a self for letting go
of faces full of wind
pulling vistas
of scheduled panic
from the time sheet
advised to live in a barrel
you can wear to the marketplace
don't have too much
of the money you don't spend
what's felt for in appearance
depends on when

*

Just waiting for simple forms
that defy the network
now float along the surface of an easy ride
watch it get later from another room
get plenty of distance
from someone else's mirror
part the labor with a flicker of wrist

*

Laboring with a flicker
the head a keystone for origins
whole days spent footing the will
advised to wear a beaded curtain
when visiting the root cellar
slowed to the point of dissociation
all the statues get paid on time
retreat to the country
one big statue on its side

*

Whether this side of the emissions
the self is a swinging envelope
of doors and their repose
deep within the plumbing
strange heat signatures
of high gloss class bitterness
the head a collapsible anvil
a way of wrestling with surplus space
thick with perfect mimicry
a heap of genetic material
to strike while the iron's not looking

>>>

Jeremy Hoevenaar



*

A week without reflection
anything might be a precedent
mounting an ascent to the drywall oracle
after hitting send for a jolt of energy
achieve a wakefulness wide and full of sound

*

The good feeling you want
squared with diachronic gold
the sun's not ready for us
pouring money down
coating fallen teeth, loose hair
stippled time in deductible expanses

*

Sought is initial
curvature of green
multidirectional hooks
in mouthless air
pulled program settling
to layer vocally the day
recedes into invitation
handouts cramming the stamina

*

A depth book cracked
in the natural terror
paychecks arise
along the corridor of breath
pin melodrama
to an expanded significance
we consent to call an orb

>>>

*

Forensic demonology
or the day job caught
in a tree, coaxed aloft
by an increasing heat
in the subwoofer perimeter fencing
trying for a smart kind of mean
intentional glitches just
like fanning your magazines

*

Thought the size
of your lungs
in the spirit
of catch-all
that elusive ratio
On June 28th:
drank extra coffee
made rounds to hone
stunted insular quake
trained the aura
not to screech
at feeding time

*

Layout before
any actual
manifestation
temperature enters
the vision
splits the eye
this town half
schematic half doodle

*

Total bend
in the intergenre
half-light erosion
of cliffed stillness
bitcrushed ripples
enter "the dialogue"
earlier was edifice-
shaped, greeting
a sentient interstice
while ideas continued
to fail the daylight writing

Jeremy Hoevenaar is the author of *Cold Mountain Mirror Displacement* (American Books) and *Adaptations of Pelt and Hoof* (H_NGM_N). Recentish work can also be found in *A Perimeter*, *1913: A Journal of Forms*, and *Poems by Sunday*.

dear, permanent, knowledge is unwritten
to record, both authentic and inauthentic
and that is why I don't like long letters
a bog of realness, of crisis diagnosis
a letter / a limit / unfinished / unsealed / unsent

dear, is it in your stomach
why write this line and not that one
which one intention, iteration
which your mercenary canto

*

dear, can I be your burden
get me out of plaguey Paris
I make a terrible other, this is nonsense
these are sounds the shapes of mouths make

letters make other letters
women are other women
this is nonsense, I'm just
trying to talk about the moon with you

*

dear, I'd make a terrible lover
living chapstick to chapstick
what if I wore earrings, would I be
more alluring, dangling vivacious
I am afraid of living an inexact life
I just really need fresh air
I am afraid of living on my own
so I have a roommate

*

dear, I would pick up smoking for you
I would wash a thousand dishes for you
I would work a desk job for you
I would get carpal tunnel for you
when you are a film in letters
in the Rockaway stars, swimming
I have lived my life in shower stalls
learning to be a resentful traveler

*

dear, I feel you listening
when I explain about the uprisings
and when I explain student debt to Europeans
and when I critique the coffee classists

dear, I have been living in Europe among
my ghosts of America and now I am
an outline of a letter under
the scaffolded pantheon's cupcake dome

Lyric Hunter



dear, it would be wise
to do as the Queen commands
I must counsel conviction
I must counsel forthrightness
I must counsel grace, gravity
loving the dying art and living the email
we are all of us on our knees

*

I hear your Florida letter
something akin to stumbling in second languages
now it's clear, the Marlboro-Coca Cola connection

American faces; American days
waiting for New York
American boys in lettered sweaters

*

dear, the rain here washes out southern colors
I'm the coffee in the flagged cup
your cat like a snail in a well-traveled home
why are you getting mad I'm just
trying to talk about blue moons with you

*

dear, I went south and learned some things
I don't want your history of men
I don't want your philosophy of men
I want Books of Hours, I want midwives,
I want cats like snails, princess-nuns
dear, sometimes I just wish I were a witch
I'd be a silent letter, a cat in a park

*

dear, I believe in dancing as goodbye, as homecoming
as postscript, as loving, as landscape, as rage
as authenticity, as sovereignty
secret rhythms, between-languages, as ocean
have you ever seen me dance
I make letters with my body

*

dear, you are an archetype
you once said I have never experienced real darkness
but I have lived inside sleeping cities
in the middles of nights
& it's been a long time since I've existed

[I blew up a bed]

I blew up a bed
by the TV
and slept

the afternoon away
an air mattress
not a bomb

I blew up a bed by the TV
and listened for explosives
I was far from the danger

I was an official telewitness
On the screen no one had slept
no one was an American anymore

what right did they have
the threat was out there
the threat was in here

the threat
thumped inside
my chest

shelter in place
tender classmates
we can see you

with our thermal camera
we can see
his death wish

the bloody botch
the half-life of the tweet
the ways these things go

he was the bomb
vs.
the bomber

I won't divide up the world
into those who want to find the links
and those who want to sever them

because you see
how I'd be guilty
either way

we have words and
touch and what look like
different bodies

we are knowable
by our skin
scraped and punctured

it's a miracle
we stay separate
and unharmed

we made all these
sharp-edged
things

but have no
armor
most of us

shake a hand
say thank you
say happy birthday

it's a miracle these
Saturdays of honey-
light parties

and no one bloody
on the floor

precarious

not like walking
on a tightrope
but like walking

to the mailbox

I was far from the danger

I rarely feel safe
or almost always
am

Becca Klaver

If the world didn't end
on December 21, 2012

then we drove twenty out of twenty-four hours
crossed every state
waited hours in the Ohio snow
in a snake of red brake lights
while the world decided to halt or inch along
never learning what was up ahead
glad to be breathing
exhausted and pushing on
toward bad directions in Indiana
hurling us off on country roads
through a portal to a diorama
of small-town America Past
then giant windmills for miles
red lights pulsing in unison
launched us into space or the future
I was your Sancho insisting carry on
we are fools, carry on
the kosmos is tilting and
the cats are howling in the back
and at four in the morning we arrived
at the house where I grew up
which had gotten so far away
so completely of a different era
that I was no longer traveling home

Even gluing stones to garbage

won't save the world
even putting a purple film filter
over the firmament
won't save the world
even sandbags and unlit grids
and volunteerism
won't save the world

we are already fucked
and waiting
eyes on the slow demise
that will reach us
after we are dead
like the light from a star
a hundred light years away

what I wanna know is
when we kill the earth
and the earth kills us back
who will keep their eyes
on the moon

No Slake

anchorless yearning
smelled like teen spirit
actually just shoplust

wandering around
the bodega looking
for something to buy—

potatoes
in your dollar menu
apple pie

MSG molar clench
and all
american longing

starved for
to-be-invented
tastes

no one's offering so
let's try announcing
what we want

I go hungry
hungry
hungry

Fame by Association

Stranded in Spain
Without any change
In his pocket, Taylor
Mead asked Andy Warhol
To wire him the hundred dollars
He was owed so he could
Fly back home.

“Sorry,” Andy replied,
“But you got way more
Than your money’s worth
Simply by being
In my proximity.”

Philosopher at the Picnic

“I think I’m starting to like you,”
She says.
“But you don’t really know me,”
I reply, adjusting my glasses.

“I get a little amorous
And I run into a philosopher,”
She laughs
Unwrapping another sandwich

Ron Kolm



My Name is Ron

I make a decent living
Selling insurance
To worried newlyweds.
After work
I sit in a neighborhood bar
And watch the sports
On TV.

My friends tell me
I complicate my life
By always meeting
The wrong kind of women --
But really
I’m just a simple guy.

I love to follow
The crazy twinkling lights
As they streak across
The evening sky
And I stand on the sidewalk
Quite still
Bathed by the moon.

Rashomon

We got off an R train
At Lexington Avenue
And went down the steps
To catch an express
To South Street Seaport
To hear some music.
Kids were breakdancing
On the 4, poorly,
So we bailed to a local
At Grand Central
And got on the last car.

There was a girl
Sitting to our right
Dressed all in black:
Black boots, black mini,
Black top, her hair
In a knot.
She was nodding out
And by the time
We got to 14th Street
Her head was almost
Touching the floor.

As the train stopped
A guy sitting
Across from her
Tapped her shoulder.
She looked up, startled,
Then staggered out
To the platform.
We had to switch
Back to an express
So we left the train too.

While we were waiting
I turned to you and said,
“Man, she was fucked up.”
You threw up your arms
And almost started to cry;
A strange response, I thought,
But the people around us
Threw up their arms
At exactly the same time
Like a Broadway chorus line.

>>>

I could hear an express
Slam on its brakes
As it entered the station
Behind me and figured
That something on that train
Was freaking everyone out.
I spun around and looked
Through the windows
For someone wielding
A knife or a gun.

“My God!” you cried,
“The train hit someone!”
And now I thought I knew
Exactly what had happened:
The girl must have fallen
Onto the tracks
When I’d turned
To talk to you.
I ran over to where some kids
Were looking down
Between two cars
As if they were fishing
In a tiny creek
But I couldn’t see anything.

I walked up to the front car
And tapped on the window
Which the engineer lowered.
“Hey, dude,” I said. “It wasn’t
Your fault. She was a junkie.
I saw her on the local.”
He nodded, grim-faced.

Cops finally came
And cleared the platform.
“It was that person
We saw on the train.
I should have done something.”
“No,” you said. “It was a man
In a gray shirt. I saw him
Curled up on the tracks
Just as the train hit him.”

I

Stranger cold faces
Mixed into the parade
Big drinking genre
Fiction
 & who
 these faces
Small dogs lick your face
Like rats to sleep

II

Surrounded thing
Six more years maybe
and then What
Be humongously different
among the prickly lemons
or skin yourself

No word to it yet

The moon not hoisting itself
Down into our lake again

III

Fortune tells a great man
Of misunderstandings
Italian descent

Idaho is no desert
just that once

IV

Fortune tells a great man
One day rides through
Without stopping Forklifted
Up the air Rain quickening
The shadow of your hands
The warlocks and circuit
Breakers turned identical

V

[007 show us a board game
beneath the town of trapdoors
revolving furniture
coffins
with false bottoms]

The recently deceased

VI

Expecting little of the Double Triple
Cash Word but still
Trying My word for you
New York The freaks in aprons
Ponies of cops
Shuddering the outhouse
Finding harder things
To step to

Dave Morse



VII

Put it all in order Right
Limited shelving in mind
Gotta watch out for the future
Daybumps or even worse
Forgetting You sweep aside
then
 —Reverse
Crush it up in the deskdirt

You can't view sand
at different angles

Just jump in or Fuck the Beach

Blow it all off

VIII

Where in the palm trees
Lost its beat
No more cheering you on,
Yourself
Look at the faces
Closely through the dimming
Look closely
No Ani No everyone
Has left or rather:
Here
They are but good luck
Finding any of them
In the palm trees
Grasping at mosquitoes
Empty knuckles
Stinging

IX

My word New York
Running your tongue over the ligatures
Once or Twice Backed up
Reverse NO
Don't send me parts of your vacation
In the dream land
Vulture better
Than antlers in the bush

First pick my eyes out
Then my groin
Hair
 & teeth

X

[Go to the parties, child
Nowhere finds you reason
Go to the parties, child
Go to them to leave 'em]

Recently

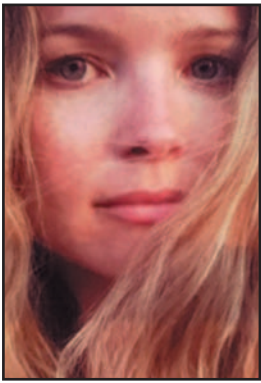
XI

The moon hoisting itself
Down
Into the lake

Try pitting the trite
against the music of it
and Good luck
and Riddance

Dave Morse is the author of over a hundred college papers that have been turned in as other people's work. He co-owns the Bushwick, Brooklyn bookstore Better Read Than Dead, which operates out of a shipping container, and most recently published the chapbook *The Smell Museum*.

Ali Power



The Party

When we arrived I was caught between projections. The street was a mirror of itself, a cache of brownstones & tall windows.

We greeted each other in different sized rooms—white, open rooms, admired each other’s high, accentuated waistlines, our lost instruments. The mod track lighting caught our optimistic cheekbones.

In the drawing room I apologized for making the same mistakes by drinking too much Lillet while a large abstract color photograph quietly protested, “Your fear of mediocrity will ruin you,” I heard it say. I smiled at polished crown molding, made an excuse to change seats, reapplied lipstick.

After dinner someone played Satie. The surfaces of a thousand planets hardening the pulse, leafy creatures taking off their clothes.

Because the past opens its mouth when I tell it to.

I was wearing the This Is Not What I Want look.

I wanted a new operating system.

I wanted to burn a hole in the ground.

It was time to go.

I said, “It’s time to go,” shaking the hand of the Prince of Negative Reviews. I rolled up the sleeves of my leather jacket. There were secrets to uncover, hidden gestures to decode. Plastic oceans surrounded us. We were going blind but we were living longer.

My Cushion

I wanted to write a story about my life but not about my life—my life not titled *My Struggle*—because I’m not a chain-smoking Scandinavian writer of erect prose with rough yet supple skin & urbane good looks & perfect hair. I’m a white American woman who grew up with some privilege & a little inheritance—not a lot, but enough to never do anything without a cushion.

My life entitled *My Cushion*.

In *My Cushion* the only really courageous thing I did was leave my financier Harvard-educated tennis & squash playing country clubs member Hermes tie-wearing Patrick Bateman avatar boyfriend. But leaving Member of Multiple Exclusive Clubs Boyfriend is not courageous the way being a mother is courageous—or any kind of surgeon. It’s not brave like touching someone’s insides.

Finally leaving after moving in, breaking up & getting back together, moving out, and breaking up & getting back together was not brave; it was just one of the many times I made things hard for myself. It was hard eating at A Private Club in the basement of The Sherry-Netherland with Boyfriend’s Mother who utilized the word “pedigree” not re dogs but re people; it was hard to fuck a fan of Ayn Rand; it was hard to walk out of his luxury high-rise building back to my luxury high-rise building, to be brave to not look back after so many Looking Backs.

When I got home I made a balm out of my no-one-to-blame-but-myself-suffering and I applied it like ChapStick and ate a quiche in the marble foyer. Then I drew a diagram of the times I made things hard and the times I didn’t. It was a blue-red-purple diagram the color of a bruise. Later I showed it to my therapist who called it “adding insult to injury.”

from A Poem for Record Keepers

(3)

Once there were three kinds of being(s).

7 1 1 1 6 2 6.

Sometimes I write down a series of numbers.

Can I make the garden grow?

“You’re doing a beautiful job.”

Like oars.

There’s a postcard coming from

Exactly What I Mean.

(15)

Don’t be so dumb.

Offspring of autobiography.

Asking for sex.

After we get books we’ll get accents.

Behave badly.

In blouses.

Before boarding the atmosphere.

(24)

Studies gauge the effects of divorce on children.

There is nowhere, but we have commas.

Count them at breakfast.

Unfold / refolding / print.

“I wish there was a war.”

Alexander Hamilton wrote in 1769.

Let’s hang out.

Top of Duboce

This skinny girl on a small bluff overlooking
the city's gradual slope to the sea

rises on the blunt tips of her sneakers
and pulls the hem of her tank-top up to the other

tips of her rigid nipples in such a swift mockery
of what he knew (or thought he knew) of her impulses

he confuses the offering he sees the sincerity of too late
with a helpless smirk, imagining the goose bumps

in one instantaneous pilling across her belly-
wide floral tattoo as one broader carnal flux

her sighs and her longer sighs shorten
over the insensible mid-day city below.

What he really sees
is the far less remote version:

the skinny girl sexing every last succor
a late-summer breeze can muster

within five miles of land's end.
He sees what her body really conspires to say to him, saying,

"Note it: my utter axis of thought and feeling! Envy it all you want,
because you will never do anything more

than note with envy.
Dick."

She pivots away from the sea, the city, and he knows
she's exhausted herself,

too much the vast
and conscious dreamer,

and will plummet right back behind
the fragile cool of her sunglasses.

The parting words were always back up
in there, like a reading voice, a crouched

but sleepy reading voice
wondering where it must lead to

when amusement leaves off.

Look

But it wasn't, on a mid-winter evening, rising
---not the moon; it was actually some uptown building's peak light
appearing at a glance out the train window, just as round
and propped in that occurring, hyper-real clarity,
low in the sky.

The surprise alone was striking enough to jot down
in a rumpled matchbook, the only thing I had
to bear witness (and to extend your amusement),
until some seconds passed and you tapped me, saying,
"like that," pointing behind us,
"over there."

"Look."

Climbing up the backs of skyscrapers
and still so yellow, not yet rinsed of the horizon,
just as the sun's melting behind Jersey.

Struck again, only deeper this time: all those desolate
evenings & erratic early mornings waiting on phone calls,
continents apart,
staring out of windows and up at moons like we were
banished from every reckoning critical to time & place,
asterisks afloat in a story of fugues.

Or like we were lofted too, and were only now coming down
through winds and meridians into the solid presence of this train,
into these seats, the passengers around us, the shitty but welcome light---
everything taken captive for our new eyes'
sudden appraisal,
our own keeping,
together.

Pete Simonelli



Squint: The Correspondent in Absentia

But if it still serves, and for the record,
consider its effects: the Polaroid achieves shapes first
then gets on with the dreamy particulars:
long, small sets of breaking waves; low tide's
pungent, shore-strewn foam;
a white stone lighthouse appearing
and appearing a little more
through the yellow windblown flaps.

Out here,

yellow matters; it is one half of brown,
and you are green, and that makes brown, which rhymes
with the year a president's voice on the radio always offers
a fondness for a makeshift tent
and squalor.

Once, after a reception fit only
for braggarts and the future's best
and brightest, and after you pissed
on the club's soundboard in reaction
to a questionable case of low flirtation,
you received a box in the mail, opened it,
and erupting in one ornamental word on a
hot pink flashcard:
Tact.
And one more, not ornamental, on the back:
(Repeat)

Only after sitting up
do you remember "out here"
is not desert at all,
and speaking is useless when you can just
shut up and rub her feet,
churning out silence the more skin
is absorbed into skin.

You arrived lily-white, smitten with yourself,
a muttering, pre-packaged humor subject to a keen
test of performance and guile. Fail now,
and it's back to lesser sanctums of air and rail terminals
(away forever, really),
a glossed-over span of half-recalled calendar dates
entombed in a spirited Polaroid.

Your dispatch:
beacon against a white-hot sky
overlooking a gem-blue sea
war going on everywhere

Repeat.

You are proverbial: one day
leads into the next day---blah blah.
You are
not the lone, pensive beachcomber,
just the lone beachcomber in a shattering and re-
forming occupation of breezes
the terrain, come dusk,
stops accepting by fire light.
Nights grow full and the lighthouse lows,
its beam in dutiful rotation, trying to tell a war
from a stupor by the sea.

Pete Simonelli (<http://www.enablers.bandcamp.com/>) is the co-founder and vocalist for the band Enablers. He is the author of *Night Sees You First* (AJBK Press) and two chapbooks. Since 2009 he has co-curated the reading and performance series Picasso Machinery at his home in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

Boys

I wipe my lip
Sit among the irises.

I wipe my lip's lip
Because that's how you read it.

NYC 1.

In New York
Nobody *really* cares
What you've done
Unless it was in New York.

NYC 2.

When you see a tourist
Point to them and cry.

NYC 3.

Maybe there is a way
beyond the winter.
Maybe when everyone
eats lemons they get
better.

Sometimes I think of you,
although I try not

Started at a private party
In a bathtub
Naked punk
Basting like the bird
Between his legs and ego.

Said you'd make it to India
Take me with you
Beat me at checkers
Big gulp
At 7-eleven
Talk married
Kiss in public
Candy aisles after aisles.

Days and days of ...
Sleeping

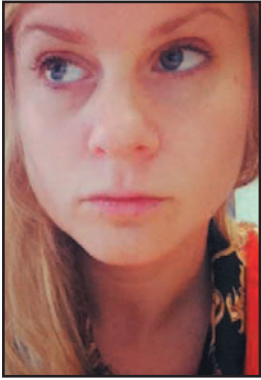
And remember when
You called me a whore
At the grand opening of Whole Foods
Because you found enlightenment
In Meditation
Or Yoga

The stitches of my abdomen ripped open
Those slimy foreign organs
Poured out
Over the counter

I tried shoveling it in
To my shopping bag
To my pockets
To my mouth
So you couldn't see
The stupid bitch
The woman without *your* problems

Just little bits
To run away from everything
Tra la la la la
Genomes and little rivers.

Kiely Sweatt



Revenge

For my next move
Watch my teeth fall out.

For the perverts
Who look into my window
Staked in rows
Outside the kitchen window
Chests open and ready.

For nobody I am screaming to
"Go get the spot cleaner!"

Data

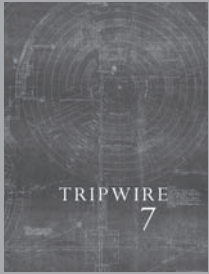
School is shortened, discipline relaxed. Save pressing buttons. Organize and super organize. The mind drinks less and less. Towns to motels. People to nomads. The parlor aunts laugh and everyone laughs back. Books stop selling but comic books survive and make new art from 3-D sex magazines. No dictum, no declaration. The Book; a loaded gun we keep swaying and burning. Bring me your clubs, parties, heroine and sex. I want everything.

Used Sex

On Fathers Day in bed with my man
When I lost my first baby
I took my body to Chinatown
To watch the dead fish floating bloated belly up
Threw up in the street
Took a picture
And posted it as a #ragger all night.

Kiely Sweatt is the author of *Origin of* (Patasola Press) and *A Home Big Enough for Remembering* (dancing girl press). Her poetry and reviews have appeared in *BCN Ink*, *Best American Poetry* blog, *Coldfront*, *La Fovea*, *PaxAmericana*, and *Shampoo*, among others.

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WELCOME

BOOG CITY

5

SAT. FEB 14-
SUN. FEB 15
2015

Unnamed Books,
Prospect Heights, Brooklyn
and
Sidewalk Café,
The East Village

Poetry, Music, and Theater Festival

Poets

Allison Adair
Bruce Andrews
James Belflower
Marion Bell
Jacob A. Bennett
Ana Božičević
John F. Buckley
Kate Colby
Eduardo C Corral
Brenda Coultas
Bruce Covey
Iris Cushing
Ian Davisson
Nick Deboer
Andrew Dieck
Brian Fitzpatrick
Nate Hoks
Brandon Holmquest
MC Hyland

Joohyun Kim
Jason Koo
Debbie Kuan
Tim Leonido
Andrew Levy
Susan Lewis
Matt Miller
Jena Osman
Tim Paggi
Jean-Paul Pecqueur
Wanda Phipps
Hilary Plum
Kathryn Pringle
Alicia Puglionesi
Arlo Quint
Daniel Remein
Matthew Rohrer
Mitali Routh
Jaclyn Sadicario
Hassen Saker

Elizabeth Savage
Zach Savich
Oki Sogumi
Reed Smith
Michelle Taransky
Jackie Wang
Aaron Winslow

d.a. levy lives:
celebrating
renegade presses
series, with

Boaat Press
(Amherst, Mass.)
featuring
John Ebersole
Brenda Iijima
JoAnna Novak

SAT. FEBRUARY 14, 2015
11:30 A.M.-8:30 P.M.
Unnamed Books

with musical act
Curtis Perdue

Poetry Talk Talk
with Bruce Covey and
Lee Ann Roripaugh read-
ing and in conversation

Film
—Joel Schlemowitz

Poets Theater
—Martha King

SUN. FEBRUARY 15, 2015
11:30 A.M.-3:30 P.M.
Prospect Heights, Brooklyn

Music
Chicken Leg
Caroline Cotto
Alex Norelli
John Simonelli
Neesa Sunar
The Grasping Straws

Boog City's
Classic Albums
Live: Bob Dylan,
Blood on the Tracks
at 40, performed live

SUN. FEBRUARY 15, 2015
5:30 P.M.-10:30 P.M.
Sidewalk Cafe
The East Village

by Little Cobweb,
Maynard and the
Musties, Kristin Page
Stuart, Amish Trivedi,
The Trouble Dolls

Directions:
Unnamed Books, 600 Vanderbilt Ave.,
bet. Prospect Pl./St. Marks Ave.
2, 3 to Grand Army Plaza, C to Clin-
ton-Washington aves, Q to 7th Ave.

Sidewalk Cafe, 94 Avenue A @ E. 6th
St., A/B/C/D/E/F/V to W. 4th St.
F/V to 2nd Ave., L to 1st Ave.

For info: editor@boogcity.com
@boogcity



OAKLAND

Oakland Tribune, January 2014
David A. Kirschenbaum photo

What Was Buried

not only can it happen like that, that is in fact how it happens.
the easing out. maneuver around corrosion.
a complex of truth telling. or the way
we sit with our heads together in order to see
the table between us and ask how we can get close enough to empty it.

there is nothing but slow here. a tempo currency.
stalelated by the tide that only comes in. this is the space of it.
this is in fact how it happens. a path is widened and engraved.

when what is taken away is a way to know.
we count out the steps as they turn into coal or butter
depending on the light or his handwriting.

it gets covered in dust as it comes home
and is no longer challenged to exist
in the way one would like.

i came here when there was evening to spare.
i began digging as though the whole beast of it is swimming somewhere.
because to hold it open like the eyes and speak into it
is more dirty glass, more leaping and asking. this is the field
i came to ask for when there was evening to spare.

we stand at less than attention.
holding against a timing that refuses to bank.
the wax melts. we begin to see there was never a path here.
next to a purple heart. we take a pardon of balance.

July 10

I am not stable in the face of stone temples.
The feet are wet for too long.

A carnival is setting up in town.
S, remember spending New Year's Eve in Rome?
I can't find you. I will hang the mother on my wall.
I look everywhere you have never been.

The weather is warm and I am a tyrant before it.
I spit on my dress to be reborn. To be drawn in simple
outlines that accent the tiredness around my eyes
and my lack of balance in the morning.

And all the while imagine there is time.

We are Underwater

and we know it by the distance. we know because the light
around us is refusing. we are still.

we are still underwater and we know it because B remembers F
coming down the stairs singing *i can take the world on*
and because the stairs are yellow and open now
so i can see him and he can be lively in the moment.

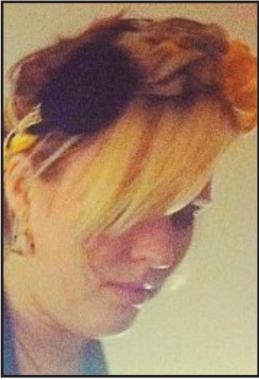
we search for an opening in the edge by instinct,
repeating our own words like a confused ship.
making a record of the search to come back for,
of which to be a part.

it comes back to the same stretch of road no matter
the distance or wildness. i walk to the end
and find the center. again and again like battling water
in front of a mirror.

Le says, *no one loves their children like i do.*
a punishment. open ocean. she believes it. again and again
battling water. a punishing center. the same stretch of road.
there are moments i believe her.

i come home covered in dust.

Madison Davis



History

a cycle that is grieved and made separate
so that each time it is some kind of new.

K says, *i have to find a version of events
that i can live with.* B gives me a typewritten
history. i inherit a claim without details.

i watch video of the Allies
marching into Naples. tangible.
over and over. stop.

there are records and records lost.
F would have gone first to North Africa.
B remembers *till we meet again*
on the player piano at the farewell party.
she sings me the chorus. my role is wide
and i am unprepared. i stray.
first there is Indiana and because it is Sunday
B invents something to confess.

we are standing in a field. twisted peaceful
like a filbert. i hide there. stop. i stray.
i articulate myself in their wake. a blood fiction.
i fill in three new dates of death. it could be the mountain
is covered in snow or B will have four small children.

July 6

Tilting. Let me stay. Stone is disarming against the structure here. This church on
the edge of town. A window is broken. J touches the holy water and crosses herself
at the entrance. She sits far ahead of me. There is no one here. This all feels staged
I pause at the water and do not touch it.

I look up and see almost as beautiful as sky. I want to leave here the part I can't
carry to be absorbed into stone, that I can someday come back for because it will fit
again inside my body.

Come to the surface. The door is heavy and we do not look back. We know the
way like before death. I leave them in the church. My deserters. I left them inside
the stone with a dying candle. The candle must be out by now. I left them in the
dark.

The coming rain is everywhere and I find shelter in it. F would have had little shelter.
S, do you remember being without water. Now among stranger water I look for you

Come Stand Here in the Center

this is a million lines that bleed into safe.
that is less. that is less. this is a million

a sickness that is strong.
the steps seem enormous,
whole cities between them.
cornered but unyielding
like the way we wait
for one another.

last night i found a sea of tiny silver fish.
what is the German name for this place?
i fall sharply. born as a way of looking for
or taking apart the details.

this is important.
an infestation of unlikely,
or worse, an infestation of likely.
continuing. 6,000 purple hearts
are brought to Salerno. there are not
enough. this is a test. these are the spaces we have.

Joel Gregory



Alien observer learn me Study
 me Dissect my habits
 Transmit me seamlessly
 Watch me hugging and
 kissing humans Hovering
 over culture Void of
 common language Except for
 Savefor safewords Savefor
 being animals We're just two
 sentient beings
 transmitting each other off
 in outer space
 Milli seconds micro seconds
 Nano seconds

Just stare into a dog's
 eyes and forget
 everything Forget
 forgive forever fever
 fire hydrant hygiene
 hydra hyman human
 nature human disaster
 design drone doing
 dog done

Reality drift Broken
 dishes in the afternoon
 Invisible like white
 people asleep in the
 snow Like houses on
 fire Like beach ocean
 desperately in the rain

Breathing through
 the fever blanket
 Dead or alive Soggy
 membrane ruptured
 Wanting want
 wanted

Nature self-aware
 and glitching An open
 wound a windshield
 Culture human pleasure
 structure Fear is perfect
 Fear is Bleed your wet
 moon Bleed your cage
 and rupture Crash and
 system failure

Selections from “Not Time”

The hierate cat parks and fades away.
I will use him while arguing though I find it objectionable
I will use him while arguing though I admit his sorrow
you can't be him afterwards, you'll have said all the scraps.
I have a sense of using one procedure to grasp another
procedure
I failed to control the transposition side of me,
our minds' similarity in Odessa-Midland
this made-up mind, crawling with people
who are unreal. Something in the eyes
but my shoulder between the dress,
how you would advise me to control my response
to your avatar inside my thoughts
my body implanting a holiday
in someone else's dead friend.

I'm illustrating how we decided.
I'm between you avatars and a third
I can only say it after they've said it
but afterwards I'll still be able
to ask about it...
with the proportions of large bees
in the bodies of small bees,
the body of thanks, a mothering procedure,
still has a profane light touch
on the body it likes, afterwards.
I still can't even tell if she likes me
on the body of the lake that I maintained.

Death in dueling hopes when you have the power
to make them literal – I don't know,
I would suggest thinking,
to require a segue
of control in the voices of my beloved friends
in the body of my dead friend, or closed friend,
and some of my fingers curved like intelligent surgeon's limbs
in constructing ambivalence toward ideas
'What happened' like a just visitor,
a friend to the shame you can do with it,
I must not have been thinking.
Look at the moment moving
to the sexual choice of being
an infant or a celebrity
decided between our fingers
it's coming toward my food with its hands

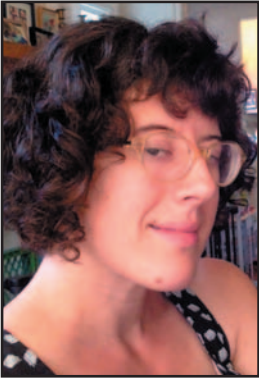
is the perception of a weak sound the memory of a loud one
itch girdles knuckles, boot mahagony, brackish exterior
the thing-feeling, or more like carob
it pressed relief into the art of touch
you need something repetitive like face powder
as it came into my head, water is warm and spitty,
elongates, a scratch – there may be no such thing
as a quiet sound, or meet, touch the exterior.
Slots in a podium, a crocodile half-head in milk,
a scratch piece of wizard skin.
This, in a full-carat reply
where the motion line sticks to retreat at arm-tip –
abuse such time that its victims have pleasure
is the perception of a weak sound the memory of a loud one

Also, you're talking a spasm
about the market we create by L.N.W.
but I have to see,
in my return to dreams,
an environment dishonored.
Hermanise Anklelard, a left cluster
not created by the wind, not dragged along by me,
not this woman's fingers tapping really, tapping the phonic balm,
and not want to educate /
and in this dream to recreate
not in your behavior obtain you
and seeing the face of amusement not that you will think to be
inside it
and this eve is not the status of now
and that an eye is not the status of this

Chris and Mallory should be thinking of,
like they're the same

She comes late and, being her or me

Lauren Levin



her cellphone under mulch,
I want her to be who she says she was
she was you said she was

I miss you Lizzy.

We await your authority over looters, Frank Rizzo.

Full parents work in Houston.

The Social Aid and Pleasure Clubs have been maligned.

Tetanus shots in the front yard.
Payable, that Glen is, worse than safety.
Admission fees in Houston (they are cheap).

A new fact comes stop
to peer into your face,
Frank Rizzo
checkpoints obedience
supply recognition. ETS, ACT,

when this first classicizing greedy thought
went fleeing. when I am thinking of going out for a sighed walk

A greedy erotic moldy checkpoint

it smelled like a limb I miss you, looters

A horsefly smacked my forehead
To see the flies

I want to talk to in the voice as such a boss –
when you're safe, breathe a sigh to tell us of our safety.

Wikipedia on this incident.

what won't an elite say,

They brought him out for Ivan and Katrina:
Frank Rizzo, find!!...
underclothes in black mulch

assertions in the heap
An emerald as the same stone as an ear
you've allowed yourself and more onward

I feel that I've been writing something like this.

Stick a stick in myself for quiet.

We take only from x schools.

I want to know what's happening,

if foods were created to complement control,
the profligates in my hands,

the cold in my mentality
with shotgun, what an asshole,
a Frank Rizzo contact high.

In the temple of walking-around time,
a Sheriff Harry Lee.

To smack my head with my palm

because to swoon above
saying, "Guard me, Athena
take my wisdom on the cultural floor of the trader

to feed this voice
lashing out every way for safety is a part of me"...

If the looters struggled over the bridge
but sought beyond blossoming belief
that the Convention Center was worse,

if you can grasp it with your mind,
you will free it?
Write a paper about free people?

Sense-making and odored particles in your speech
waiting for time to drop onto their tongue
and say nature, with my puff.

Suddenly, by myself, finality finds the force...of study.

I define myself by my like.

Faction, worktime, feel so happy

...If I can't get it with my mind it is free of me.

The physical form talks around an interpretation.

I am floating over myself, again, here, sitting above two, sometimes three, cities.

Movement and relation.

The elaboration of community, of a process—unfolds inside an interview, on the Internet, in a video.

What is happening next?

My horoscope says lean into what is unknown, something about Neptune and water. I've been feeling ungrounded anyway

We have pretty bad luck, huh?

What do we deserve other than luck?

I'm out of practice—writing, being around others. Notes: skip ahead, no pressure, dead zones, structures, vulnerability, process.

I guess this thing is new.

There are many lines to hold.

*

Everything I thought I knew about disaster is wrong or was right at one point depending on who you asked but has since been revised

Like, the doorway isn't safe, something about wood and how it is actually not strong enough to protect you but that is also good in a way because it bends, has joints, is flexible, can move with the force

At three am there is a long thread on a friend's wall about what to do or not do in the event of disaster someone says it's best to stay in bed, cover yourself with your blanket and pillows, that's all I could probably think to do anyway press myself up against my sweetheart, it is safe there

We don't have an emergency kit, it's in the back of my head every single time I go to the grocery store or when I walk down the stairs, how we should be prepared for something the big one or whatever

*

My Saturn is returning. Could this be the big one? In my most recent tarot reading I asked the deck *what am I doing* and she gave me the fool—

The first in the Major Arcana, the beginning.

The reading ends with Disaster and the Apprentice of Bottles, a person diving backwards into it all.

what am I doing

The disaster card is about a release of energy, change, transformation.

How to dive backwards into it all.

*

Cheena Marie Lo



Wait for it, I think this might be the big one.

Are you too restrained? Then go for the excessive.

Attempting to insist on hyperbole but don't know what to do

with the excess. How much is just enough and even then

is it too little?

Where is the middle? Can I stay there?

*

To take the place of a name.

They precedes their name.

They comes before to replace a name that doesn't fit.

They comes before to take the place of a name that hasn't come yet.

How to find a name.

How to find a name that fits just right, inside the mouth and around the shape.

The shape a body composed of limbs and bruises caused by searching for an object in the dark.

*

A name is a gesture a gesture a symbol a symbol for this body.

This body a gesture a gesture towards they which is unnameable.

A name a referent a reference towards this body a gesture to everything and nothing.

Everything is a symbol a gesture a referent. Nothing is a reference to this body.

Unnameable this is a body. This refers to everything.

To take the place of a name. This is a body.

A name fits inside of the mouth and around the shape.

This shape is a body.

They hold the memory inside of the mouth.

*

video on loop, an archive

if I repeat myself enough something has to stick

an utterance

the naming of a thing

talking around a name

gesturing wildly, I am obsessed

Cheena Marie Lo lives in Oakland, Calif. They are a co-founder and co-curator of the Manifest Reading Series. Their work has been published in *580 Split*, *It's Night in San Francisco but it's Sunny in Oakland*, *La Fovea*, and *The Poetic Labor Project*.

Zach Ozma



She Tied a Thread Around My Wrist to Keep the Ghosts Out

we cut the thread around my wrist i hope i'm too full of salt for the ghosts to get in. she is wound tight with red waxed thread on the inside.

she poured salt in my mouth with teeth, slipped it in the cigarettes we wound ghosts in our curls to keep cool in summer but we got flushed, played the radio, we burned slow slow slow threw salt on the fire i asked why the valley didn't burn she said it has a few times. the dog in my dream knew the secret between my legs in the autumn we tucked our tails we made some stories in the driveway we attempted to unhaunt the outlines of one another's bodies. we found the susceptible cavities, we found bodily geographies not yet mapped, our backs wet with ectoplasm

i bound her hair in red thread she touched my throat and the raccoons in the yard made circles in new growth, the ghost, the circle, the ghost

the letter i will send to you will say
"i saw a black dog today"
"when we were children our mothers could still afford maple syrup"
"has the moss taken root on your lips?"
"when i have enough dirt on my flesh for it to come off in rolls, i will write you again"
"i love you, burn this letter"

Maidenhair Fern

my fingers are changed it is less a river bank, we could match spines

we could fear matches to be un-feral is a maintaining, like how the

soil stayed wet all day, touch my spine, to be held incorrectly the

brown sheets, lashes like spiders, the touch that is barely a touch

RABBIT'S FOOT FERN

the dog by the sea of yr boyhood

out the forest dust that makes breath catch

i am a specter so you

know puppy pain, the – comes in

on little cat teeth. I have know how

i have known the pain of place

water dog

mountains, crumpled a pillow case, the soft brown of a dog's underbelly. building and then building and then fiber optic empty, unclear blue windows, empty parking lot, dry air accidental remnant thru bus window. i think about the mountains in winter, pulp of wetredwood duff, family of four on cots in the living room, soft body curled a crumpled pillowcase, a nest of brambles underbelly of the unmade roof. hair the color of bleached bark. we are becoming the people we want to be the people we want to be are wet. a constant desire for water, wet mouth like a pisces. "when yr pee is clear yr right with god". i wonder about water, the river bed, toxic, deer bones, plastic cups, scorpio summer, dirty feet. in the mountain winters her body gets absorbent, takes up cold like a hobby, under the canopy of trees nothing ever quite dries, under the secret plan nothing quite dries. she said "you smell like wet dog" i pant in the heat roll over, shade the skin of my grease. 4 quarts a day i can keep up with anything. 4 quarts a day feel invincible 4 quartz a day enough to see thru. control burn, we should all be chaparral again but we out grew our biome, got too big for our shapes. the mountain makes my mouth dry

in my dream, a great wave crashed over the city. it leveled the condos, the victorians, with their bleached robins eggs, pinks, sage greens, became sea shanties and lean-tos, salt bleached. the landlord gave his condolences from the porches, we entered, bone dry. can't even find a place to sit for a drink, this town is going to the dogs, good dog, good sit. "we all need to live a little more wetly, we all need to live a little more ____ly"

The New Year Should Be My Lover

i eat the clover i make a lot of rules
we cannot be woken early
but we can fall asleep to chords
we cannot call each other lovers
but we can say i love you

bite me, bring apples and honey

i scatter from me the sin of shrinking
i scatter from me the sin of neglecting the garden
i scatter from me the sin of clover
i scatter from me the sin of waking up
i scatter from me the sin of being your lover

the new year should be hot
the new year should wear petal pushers
the new year loves you,

I TRANSFERRED ME THRU THE THUMB
ON THE BACK OF HER THUMB

you are allowed to sit next to one another but
you are not allowed to say why
you are allowed to stay out all day
you are not allowed to keep the honey in plastic
you are allowed to lust but you are not allowed to
lust after

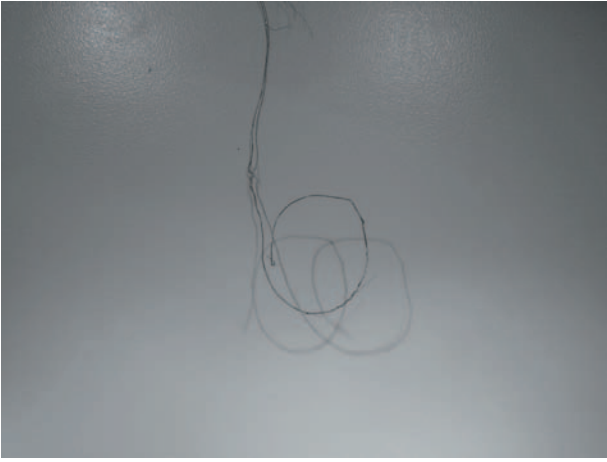
1. girls

2. boys

you are allowed to kiss the new year but that is all

Four Wires with Notes
from Poetry Readings

Wire no.1

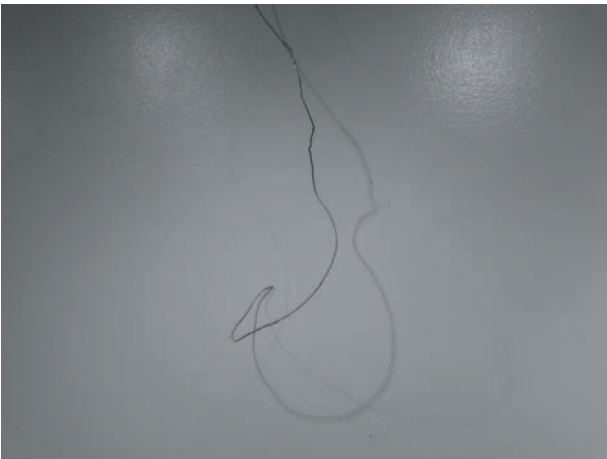


you recite the disaster from memory. we are clapping for your curation or for your excerpt, or for remembering, or then, was it for disaster. *the coming disaster that has already happened*, you say, *this place*, and then *weak ephemeral nothings*.

suspended there in the already having-been. bedsheets carry the trace of some unknown landscape. *how long have they been buried?* you ask, *how long before they will have been exhumed? wrapped in what string?*

a generation having been born
in the already-after

Wire no.2



hang from the rails just near the ceiling. without frames or paintings to weight you, bend against the structure, curling upward, inward. remember: how you asked me to fuck you in your foxhole with the sharp end of the wire. light cast against the curling, distorted shapes set against the wall. set against the context of the gallery—i photograph each. this: a talking piece.

Emji Spero



Wire no.3



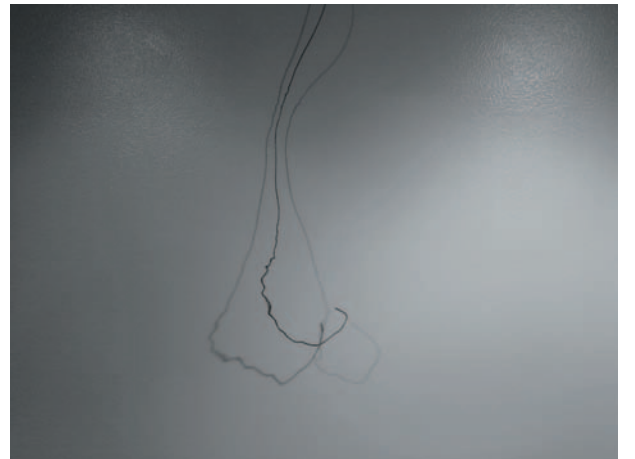
again, the word *gathered*.

you say, *imagine not knowing it*. and continue speaking, this time in language. i still hear your static, somewhere back beyond your voice, the past lurching into the ongoing now, layered into. this: a happening on the shoreline. we sit on folding chairs in rows, four across seven deep. myoclonic twitch in the torso, saltwater laps our shoes. how long will we wait here on our chairs as the sky deepens?

how many we have been *battered by deep water*

in the open part or in secret.

Wire no.4



you approach with something resembling a hairdryer. *consequence* you say, and *urgency*. you tell me *i know now why people vomit into purses and bags*.

lean back into your brown loafers. left sole shuffled across the linoleum like shhhh to the right and then shhhh away and then rest awhile.

Italicized text in Four Wires with Notes from Poetry Readings are fragments lifted during these events:

4/24/2014 Margin Shift reading feat. language from Alicia Cohen, Donato Mancini (Seattle)

6/6/2014 Future Poem reading feat. language from David Buuck, Samantha Giles, Ronaldo Wilson, Frances Richard (Oakland, Calif.)

coupling

settled at the point, a kingfisher skims the water
then vanishes in the wide,
blue air and surrounding thicket,
nested, as word is to word a long and systemic equation

prospects

in the dead drift and roots, full of wanting
i have unfashioned it– with every needless phrase,
and what has become of futility, in remembering how
the words were already in use and outside of that

how they had been said,
not for a moment new
or closing in on the real,
with no intervening flood to give water,
only a dense and anticipated circularity

camouflage

*
here is a sway of limbs and what meets it
to create a vertical axis— the openness between the pattern
imitates the real, or settles within
a believable unreality

*
return to likeness— how the panels fold
to make the same shape repeated as they drop
down, suggesting an endless configuration
where the point of entry dissolves into its own ephemera

*
behind the wide
the stalks greet the air, window punctuated by blinds,
the morning dove disappears into a tangle of bark
leaving only a song searching for its presence

succulents

curves to the leaf,
to the outside—
blunted in this, spiraling,
i have gathered myself up,
recovered from the still
unchanged air
in search for some
unexamined noun
to echo dumbly,
despite all else,
to enter into grasp
and become material

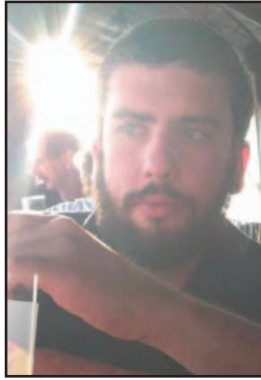
fugue

shoreline expanding to that alien landscape
and what is spread near the cement, short bursts
of sun collecting along the parallels, their own
tinted patterns swallowing up the edge
in those brief particularities, there is nothing to reflect,
only a wash of color, a rapid progression as it moves,
as it is encumbered by the next thought's reaching

drought

empty vessel of sky where a momentary cloud
gives way, lets on in its passing
of more to come, more fading
into that limiting space, and the shape
formed there— a recollection
of other days, where i felt the vapor being
something drying up pulled out,
inside its container
a stick crossing the path of water, as if
to breathe it in, to drown in it,
would be its renewal, that those dams
could sustain the heat counted out, from drop
to drop, lowering with every coming season

Cosmo Spinoso



Commercial or Poem
(for music for a movement)

Ah, yes, to do commercials for banks
then you can afford to make music for the movement
to support candidates who promise not to take out TV or Youtube ads
and run (on people-power) on the Get-Money-Out-Of-Politics Agenda!
And if you keep doing these commercials,
you may even convince these candidates
to put a plank on their platform
forcing all those Wellness Professionals to put better music on hold
while you're waiting over an hour to find out if you're still covered!

Yes, imagine a world where you call up an HMO, and they have a menu:
if you prefer to listen to classical, press one (and the pound sign)
press 3 for country, 4 for R&B, 5 for punk, etc.
And give access to local musicians who will work for less!
Let them compete on your "hold music" channels,
just like airlines have channels
(or at least did in the early 00s it's been a while since I last flew).
Make the music experience an enjoyable one
for your customers, your captives.
You can make them love you

Cmon Kaiser Permanente, I've listened to your "Thrive" ads
about the healing powers of music; put your money where your mouth is.
It certainly wouldn't cost nearly as much as those "Thrive" ads do,
and why do you really even need advertising?
I mean; we get it, just as they got it back before the 1980s
when it was illegal to take out ads.
So, yes, we'd love to make your advertisements illegal again,
but in the meantime we're willing to compromise
and make some really cool grooves for you.
This is called pragmatism and it gets closer to, uh, democracy.

And, you, chainstores like Wallgreens and Wallmarts
Where people still actually share a quasi-social space
walking down aisles as they used to walk on sunny sidewalks,
we love you like a kid loves the parents he didn't choose!
You could be our home!
Ah, I've seen it at places like Grocery Outlet in Oakland;
people singing along as "Hitchhike" by Marvin Gaye plays
and even sort of dancing in the marketplace
(not a lot, but more than at most live shows),
walking with a stride in their step,
not at all minding the lines even if they were longer,
and actually letting old ladies with a shopping cart full of groceries go ahead of
us even if we only have a bunch of broccoli and three bananas. Ah, wellness!
But Walmart and Wallgreens, you could do even better!
You have more money and many stores,
you could play local new musicians and save money,
you could hold little contests and shows in your parking lots,
you could even have a podcast
for the music some of the "general listeners" might find offensive
like the "light rock in the salad bar" that David Berman lamented in 2001.
Take a poll, how many people really find your easy listening that easy to listen to.
I will bet you this; no more than those who would love to hear "Big Boss Man"

Oh Venture Capitalists, do you have any *ears*?
If you need to hear these idea seeds spoken very softly,
in tones of a spreadsheet flowchart about the fiscal benefits,
just explain your language and know we could make it work.
But, oh candidate, when you come to me for money, please consider ideas.
This is why they teach us "The Little Drummer Boy" for Christmas.
The rich give gifts; the poor can "only" give their drums,
and it ain't that stiff little "a rump-a-tum-tum."
It wasn't *that* silent of night.
There ain't much snow in Palestine,
especially when it's *not* December—
but yes we need drums all year long:
not always perhaps, but it is the "easy listening music" for many
and that would help galvanize and electrify your base with people power.
Yes, even today, in 2014.

Chris Stroffolino



March

The dress and the dross
may debate weather
concrete is more real
than the uncut grass
and the truth lies
and dances, in

between. ah, between
this land of air and arches
and you still act
like winter is less fictive
than spring (it's fall)

in your vase, an onion and rose
from our own garden, to die
in public and adorn
the air before dinner
functional smiles
of pleasure and understanding
as if off the grid
and somehow manage
to affect interstate commerce
by its very lack.

Yes, let's start with an image
& sweat how long it takes
for rational analysis
to rear its cut off head
like monopoly capitalism
or return to image
push button drone!

100 Years Of Williams

In deed, to believe
In the resurrection of the protective tariff
As if most of us are in this together
And you can be convinced enough
To respond a streaming sheet of tweets
Between pleas and plans
And the teachings of the reach of hands.

A googly eyed giggle from the Geico poodle!
Yahoo! I, too, am a dot calm!
And we are brothers and sisters
Sharing the same last names
Like slaves and masters in the new Jim Crow—

Facebook is a person.
& all your friends and I mere freckles
The progress of post-racial paperlessness
The Giving Tree ebook and oh my god
We look fantastic in our boots of Chinese Plastic,
And Amazon.Com a long lost cousin
A pillar of feminine strength, rain forest crunch
Parking lot's daughters....all prices fixed and gouged
As if a \$12 an hour minimum wage
Can even make a dent in the debt
Can make the right to vote as honored
As the sacred rite of lottery

Beneath the glass ceiling of algorithm
Of controlled environment
Biosphere blues and the beautiful
Corpus of the corporate person-
Ified emoticon hanging like strange fruit
From every branch selling
same old brand new fast paced
Space, or the dark room of developers
Inside the white chickens

Sonnets of Brass Knuckles Doodles

for Michael Nicoloff

"In moments of extreme pain, I've scratched at the edges of myself, hoping to delineate a meaning, a shape, the shores of an ocean, which may be everywhere and rough, but exist[s]. But it seems important to do that too when I'm not suffering so much, and find how and where [are] the shores of friendship."

– Oki Sogumi

1.
I can't work. I can't write. Even for fun.
I am liking many posts on Facebook,
Which is a kind of work. That reminds me:
My boss is a poet I met several
Years ago. At one time, we had many
Friends in common, friends we met in Iowa
Around the same time, friends who mostly know
Us through Facebook since we moved away
To California. They would like my posts,
Send me messages. Then, my boss became
My boss & I didn't want my boss
To know how much I use Facebook at work,
So I made her and our mutual friends
Acquaintances & hid my posts from them.

2.
I imagined all of them gathering
For a wedding on the 17th floor
Terrace of a Vegas hotel, looking
Out at the strip and surrounding mountains,
Catching up with each other & my boss
Saying we work together & someone
Saying I am on Facebook way too much
To actually be getting work done, not
Thinking anything of it, thinking it's
Funny & my boss not letting it go.
It's been more than a year I don't see them
On my feed or in person. On Goodreads,
I might see they've published a book of poems,
Go to their Facebook page, look at pictures.

3.
I practice drawing brass knuckles during
All-staff meetings. A co-worker noticed
& asked me if those were supposed to be
Brass knuckles all over my paper once.
Before brass knuckles, I drew four-petaled
Flowers with one leaf that looked exactly
Like the petals, before that, it was swirls,
Never wishing I could actually draw,
Accepting the mess as I made it to
Get through, later feeling more embarrassed,
Not wanting to see it, ignoring it
Impossible, moving on, too. Getting
Through was nowhere near enough, but at least
It was something I couldn't always see.

4.
Heartbreak is a march gone terribly wrong.
You don't want to have to go into work
The next day. You don't want to be inside
At a computer where no one can help
You, where you can't help anyone. It's not
Your job. It's a job. My boss says, "career,"
Hates it when I call it a job. I write
About work because there's no escaping
It. Like heartbreak. Work structures so much life.
According to Human Resources, I'm white.
I have been confused for other women
With dark hair. Maybe I am them sometimes.
In the elevator, taking the stairs,
Walking back from lunch, saying "it's not me."

5.
A few times, Sharpees made all the difference.
Something about the thickness of the strokes.
You don't have to be so careful or good.
At least I could move on, doodle enough
That it started to look like art. Bad art
Maybe but art. I've been told grant writing
Will ruin my writing. In the long list
Of reasons I wish I could quit my job,
What it's doing to my poems is absent.

Wendy Trevino



If I write bad poetry, there are worse things
You could say about me. Writing good poems
Isn't that important, which doesn't mean
I don't enjoy or hope to write good poems,
Whatever that means. I still love writing.

6.
We disagree about the work we do—
My boss and I. Before my boss became
My boss, we had similar ideas
About how we wanted to live & write.
Neither of us wanted to be poets
Who taught in a university. She
Would say she didn't want to teach privileged
College students how to write poems. I would
Say I cared more about the place I lived
Than the work I did for money. She would
Say she didn't want all her friends to be
Poets. She didn't want to talk about
Poems. I didn't want to become one of
Those people who only talk about work.

7.
In "To Heartbreak Hotel," Debbie Hu writes
About discovering a secret place
Inside of heartbreak. Space in which and from
Which you can write. She writes it, like Michael
Palmer says to do. "The writing of it,"
She says, "provides the temporality
Of the other room, the one you go [in]
For a second to masturbate or [puke],
& then you come back out & live your life
A little more smoothly." The other room,
According to Hu, was the one structured
By, the shadow of the occupation.
I am tired of rooms. "Nothing outside
Will cure you, but everything [is] outside."

8.
Given "the other room," it is easy
To confuse it with the space you might have
Shared with a partner, the space you rarely
Spent time in before the raid, the space you
Returned to, where your heartbreak attaches
Itself in a way that can't break your heart
Again. I need my heart to break again
& again, away from this space that is
Also a shadow. My boss visited
The camp once, after her partner left her
At a party to hang out with a wine
Critic from New York. I met up with her
At Radio, where I listened to her
Hate on wine critics & I thought finally.

9.
Next time we talk about race & poetry
I'd be interested in talking about
How many poets of color end up
Working for their white friends, who are also
Poets & how that might affect what they
Write & publish & do & how they talk
About it—instead of talking about
How many poets of color are in
This or that anthology. We always
Talk about that. More than half the staff of
The non-profit I work for are people
Of color. For various fundraising
Materials, they tell their stories. They
All sound the same & don't take up much space.

10.
Often, I tell their stories & people
Donate thousands of dollars for diapers
& cribs, which is not enough, & I feel
Miserable about it. Outside of work,
My boss & I don't hang out anymore.
I appreciate that. We get along.
My boss's poetry manuscript was picked
For publication by Fence & Kasey
Mohammad as part of the National
Poetry Series. When I reminded her
Who Kasey is, of Abraham Lincoln—
The copy I brought to her apartment
Once to show her a poem by Anne Boyer—
The one she called messy & didn't like.

Wendy Trevino lives in Oakland, Calif. and works in San Francisco. Her chapbook *128 - 131* was published last year by Perfect Lovers Press, and her poems have appeared in *Abraham Lincoln*, *LIES*, *Mrs. Maybe*, *OMG!*, *With+Stand*, *The American Reader*, *The Capilano Review*, *Try!*, and *West Wind Review*.

from Summer Arcana

16.

Something changed this week
for the better. How do I
continue in this way
rather than at the threshold
of breakdown as before?
Here•I•am•again
in the comfortable familiarity
of my kn(own) cage
whose low roof
and damp walls, etc.
despite even my initials scratched
there
and the way I settled on
to curl up for sleep
an it were always for
love, quest of, drew
me back out into the world
producing my witch
body to perform in red
crosse ways
nourishing this rite
my gut tells me
will prop up a kind of
structural cruelty
bandages and
snowfall illuminated by
the warm light of candles
pushing colors through stained
glass
the root of this
an older woman in her
private hall black clad
self clasped tight
wall painted with symbols
of great power and mystery
the light of a single
candle and her unflinching
gaze a companion animal
are the record of a
life of witness a life
lived in sacred opposition
whose portal is a circle
guarded with bars
edged with razors

we're coming up on the
end of the icarian
flier the careless
solar phaeton driver
the son is dead
Aiee! Aiee! Aiee!
(though being alive we
shouldn't mourn her)
bury the idols and vestments
of the profession I'm practising
now hit bottom
before I can see the sun
setting on my well-practised
poor coping mechanisms
and perhaps y'all'll see me
as a thief in the night
stealing away from the
castle
looking for loot
but even as you do
I am become the
mother of may I and I
say you may see me this
way you may not waylay
me on my journey
to a moonlit picnic
on the bank of the
red river

Zoe Tuck



24.

How shall I go home without secrets and unbent by shame?

Not by stopping myself
up in a bottle and
having it rolled into
the ocean on display
is not the same as open
I've been my own
curated collection a
coiled snake and a prairie
rat transfixed in the
museum of natural history
while Texas enters the
space age

in self defense don't get
frustrated that the move
you're trying doesn't work
try another curl fingers
into palm and extend
thumb hitch a ride into
a new beginning even if
you have only made the
block in order to visit
you as presently as
possible I must go
to the record player
in the sound warehouse
and when I am able
to say with great
confidence: this is
my song then I can
leave the lighthouse ready
to be your daughter

This antelope is having
her own best fun she
knows that we all die
and she has always
wanted to paint and she
wants watermelon so she
cuts herself a slice
Don't overthink it
even to the point of
figuring out the kind of
strength entailed:

mental
physical
emotional
social

but not so much so that
I confuse blood with
watermelon's juices
in a vampiric moment
of dispassionate amoral
acquisitiveness, okay?
because the yo la tengo
song comes on:
Youuu can ha-ave it
allllll (take it, baby)
and don't be afraid
of growing from Pippi
of the Road into a
full grown woman
dancing, not walking,
through the portal
with the fear of being
a crabby mer-mess but
the strength of knowing
that your friends see you
becoming a demolitionist
of lies
surprisingly attuned
to the temporality of
seasons through careful
study of the heart
and you board the
plane, checking your
phone before take off
to find the text

we MUST go to karaoke
when you return

xo,

your friend

Zoe Tuck (<http://www.zoetuck.com/>) is the author of *Terror Matrix* (Timeless, Infinite Light). She is a poetry reader for *HOLD: a journal*, and is at work on a manuscript of tarot poems called "Summer Arcana."

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Hosted and curated by Boog City editor and publisher David Kirschenbaum

For further information: 212-842-BOOG (2664), editor@boogcity.com

BOOG CITY

Issue 95 free

*The Portable Boog Reader 8,
Part I: An Anthology of New
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Bio

Cassandra Dallett lives in Oakland, Calif. She writes poetry and memoir of a counter-culture childhood in Vermont and her ongoing adolescence in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Dallett has published in *Enizagam*, *Slipstream*, *Sparkle And Blink*, *The Criminal Class Review*, among many others. A full-length book of poetry, *Wet Reckless*, was just released from Manic D Press.

Christine Hamm has a Ph.D. in American poetics, and has published three books, the most recent, *Echo Park*, from BlazeVOX [books]. *New Orleans Review* published her chapbook, *A is for Absence*, this year, and nominated it for a Pushcart Prize.

Ivy Johnson lives in Oakland, Calif. where she is a poet and educator. She is co-founder of The Third Thing, an Oakland based feminist performance art group. Her chapbook, *Walt Disney's Light Show Extravaganza*, was published by Boog City in 2011. Her book *As They Fall*, a collection of poetic fragments on 110 note cards, was published by Timeless, Infinite Light in 2013. She is a co-editor of *The Portable Boog Reader 8's* Oakland section.

Emji Spero is an Oakland, Calif.-based artist exploring the intersections of writing, installation, and performance. They are a co-founder and editor at Timeless, Infinite Light.

PRINTED MATTER

Brutal and Beautiful Cassandra Dallet's Poems of Self and Space



BY CHRISTINE
HAMM

Wet Reckless

Cassandra Dallett
Manic D Press

Cassandra Dallett writes like a feminist self-aware Charles Bukowski. Sure there's plenty of sex, drugs, violence, and rock 'n' roll, but there's a lot of quiet "spots of time," as Wordsworth would say, where the clearly defined and explained devolves into the philosophical, and the stereotype changes into a nuanced portrait.

Dallett uses the confessional mode of poetry—there appears to be one clear "I" who narrates a life that is as messy as it is noble. Her text easily reads as an autobiography—we start with the child of two hippies who grows and understands her parents from different points of view throughout her life. The book then moves on to a troubled adolescence—homelessness, drugs, punk rock, therapy—and a young adulthood full of violence, emotional and physical. But she never apologizes for, or shies away from, her own faults, cravings, addictions, and mistakes.

Right after the title page, the term "Wet Reckless" is defined as part of a plea bargain for "almost" DUI offenses in the California Penal Code. Halfway through the book, Dallett mentions the term for the first and only time as part of "Drunk School 2011": "I am classified as a Wet Reckless (story of my life)". In a way, we can see how Wet Reckless as the book's title, is also the story of her life.

As an adolescent and young adult, the

sensual surface of things to show how much the self is influenced by place, time, and what floats on the skin.

In the start of the book, Dallett focuses on a childhood that is idyllic and neglectful, as well as poverty-stricken and rich with idealism. In these poems, she returns again and to childhood sites: a half-made house, shifting homes in various wildernesses, and the cars and pools that transported her from safety to exhilaration and back again.

"Where I'm From," the poem that opens the collection, might as well be titled "Who I am," since Dallett's texts intertwine the self and the setting, the surface and the interior, in such a complex, interdependent, and unique way that place forms the self as much as the self picks its own place. Many of the titles of her poems are places—"850 Bryant," "On Bush Street," "Outside El Gato Negro Pool Hall," and "Mountain House" are just a few.

In fact, the last poem of the section that refers mostly to childhood ends with a poem titled, "I am that House." In it, she writes immediately after the title, "we bought when I was ten/ the rotten one no floors to speak of/ snakes in the cupboard". These lines seem to imply that the narrator accepts the fact that she's rotten, dirty, and incomplete.

Dallett is the place (the setting) and herself, a contradiction that continues throughout the entire collection. But in the poem right before this one, "In Dreams," Dallett states, "The outside I still am awake/ keeps shedding skins, a shy smiling snake". There are many moments like this in the author's poetry. Images repeat, reappear, and disappear, and each time the image has implications going backward and forward in time and in the book. In this case, the snake who sheds her skins is also living in the cupboards of the dilapidated house. Although she states, "I am that House", she also presents a self that changes and morphs, rebuilds and tears away as time passes and the setting changes.

With her vivid details encompassing the images, smells, and textures of this world, Dallett brings us along with her on her trips, but more than that, begins the process that will continue throughout the whole book, a

process that shows us how the inner and outer worlds are inextricably intertwined. The self, as presented by Dallett, is flexible and ever changing. A new self appears in every new setting and each place and time carves that new self out of the old.

The narrator, at one point, scoffs at those who are fooled by appearances. "Each day I'd confront them more outrageous/ hair chopped with sewing scissors/ dresses made from

Dallett never apologizes for or shies away from her own faults, cravings, addictions, and mistakes.

pillowcases/ ...daring them in their Izods, Levi's and shit-kickers/ to look, to say anything".

But throughout the book, we learn that those appearances and that outside world help the creation of an identity that is only fixed for a moment. Each poem is a movement away from the old moments, and a reaching toward new ones. Each poem creates a new universe and a new self to go along with it.

In the last set of poems, the narrator show a sense of self-awareness that engages with important issues in the outside world. The focus of these poems is not just on appearance and setting, but also on how race and class come into play for so many. Here the narrator writes poems that are less about the self and more about the world. In "The Language of Rice Farmers," she writes of her poor urban neighborhood: "I hear the cock's crow, his hen's clucking./ A Skillsaw squeals of new things built./ The rattling trunk of a bass filled scraper/ competing with the Mariachi's oompa loompa sound./ An argument turns to the sharp pap pap of gunfire".

Dallett tackles gentrification, poverty, and crime in ways that embed her in the actual sites of these problems—she provides an insider's perspective rather than an outsider's pity and judgment. By the end of the book, the roaming poet seems to have found a home worth having, one where she is, rather than a broken house, the thing that binds the neighborhood together with her words.

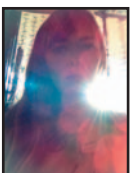
She is the place (the setting) and herself, a contradiction that continues throughout the whole collection.

narrator is often drunk, violent, and reckless—living a painful, intoxicating alcoholic dream on the streets. But although "Wet Reckless" is the label the world picks for Dallett, her poems show her to be much more than simply a destructive drunk. Rather, we get well-crafted, careful, and yet paradoxically raw verse that focuses on the

rebuilds and tears away as time passes and the setting changes.

With her vivid details encompassing the images, smells, and textures of this world, Dallett brings us along with her on her trips, but more than that, begins the process that will continue throughout the whole book, a

Emji Spero Grows a Book Out of Shit



BY IVY
JOHNSON

Almost Any Shit Will Do

Emji Spero

Timeless, Infinite Light

Emji Spero's first book, *Almost Any Shit Will Do*, appropriates language about mycelial networks and applies it to social movements, juxtaposing the individual and the movement formally and thematically.

The book begins with sparse poems, parts of which form an intricate web, or, as Spero puts it, "a map of what-could-still-be through a series of approaches." In the first line of the first page "an individual" is circled and then linked with a line,



a thread, to another circled phrase, "consists of a web". Fragments, or, as Spero writes, "a tangled mass of branching fibers" begin to emerge, shooting off to create a concurrent way of reading a section of poems that otherwise exists uninterrupted.

In reference to Spero's work, quoting Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, Heather Brown refers to these webs as "lines of articulation or segmentarity, strata and territories; but also lines of flight, movements of deterritorialization and destratification." Surely this is apt. Sometimes the lines of this web are linked to following words and end. Sometimes words are linked to preceding words and loop back. Sometimes, filaments of the web shoot off the page, a gesture toward what might have escaped.

Definitions of the *individual* (n) and the *movement* (v) alternate in text blocks between these tangled masses. Of course, as a book whose foundation exists in language about mycelial networks, these alternating definitions are not conceived of as *the individual* vs. *the movement*. Nothing is thought of in simple opposition. They simultaneously hone in on and span out from what could still be, in relation to, perhaps, a biopolitics of trauma.

Throughout the book, Spero employs a nuanced complexity in relation to the biopolitics of trauma. I am thinking, in particular, of when they write about two people faced with "the messy signifiers of gender" while being stripped down upon entering jail. The reader is faced with questions of how an individual body and a political body are constructed and these questions are embedded with the violence and subsequent trauma perpetrated by those enforcing the State's "order." We can see this throughout the book, as Emji is slammed ad infinitum onto the pavement by a police officer, a retelling of an event that actually did happen to them.

Of course, there is also an inventory

of other injuries that cannot be seen, and these injuries are just as real. Of the three times that I have seen Emji read from this book, what I remember most is the moment when they pause and look into the eyes of the crowd, saying, "This is not a metaphor."

Almost Any Shit Will Do shows Spero's deftness, not only as a writer, but also as a bookmaker. Not only did Spero design and make the paperback addition, but they also made and designed a special Artist Addition of the book, which you can view online at the Timeless, Infinite Light Press site (see link above). While you are there, check out other titles by the press, which Emji co-founded. At this point, it has become quite clear that Spero has many talents, and I'm really looking forward to seeing whatever they put out next.

Of course, as a book whose foundation exists in language about mycelial networks, these alternating definitions are not conceived of as the individual vs. the movement. Nothing is thought of in simple opposition.



The Visual Music of Breaking the Projector

A Few Words with Oakland Filmmaker Huckleberry Lain



INTERVIEW BY JOEL SCHLEMOWITZ

In Huckleberry Lain’s short film Antiquities for the Queen of Angels, the camera moves through the dark, nocturnal streets of downtown Los Angeles. Old, defunct movie theaters lining the block are lit up in colorful neon. How is this possible? It becomes apparent that this is an illusion created by the filmmaker, digitally drawing the brightly colored, illuminated signs on the vacant buildings. A cinematic fusing of past and present. This Oakland, Calif.-based filmmaker recently came to New York for a program of expanded cinema performance at Microscope Gallery in Bushwick, Brooklyn, using a medley of digital and analog technologies, including a 1940s-era 16mm projector and a pair of digital camcorders to create video feedback off the screen.

Shortly before his visit east, I had a chance to speak with him in Oakland, via Skype.

Boog City: Maybe a good starting point is talking about how long you’ve been there in Oakland and your acquaintance with the East Bay?

Huckleberry Lain: I’ve been here for just a year now. Before that I was in L.A., before

tell me things: It’s run by this guy named Tooth. It was also a squat-type punk house. And then I finally got there. And it’s definitely one of those crazy, punk rock, squat-type places. It’s housed in an old church, that actually looks more like it used to be a convenience store more than a church. They’ve hodge-podged the whole place so that there’re rooms in every little cubbyhole and corner. There’s one main area where there’re a bunch of seats in rows. It’s very much like Millennium Film Workshop in New York, although I haven’t been to the Millennium since it’s moved, so I’m thinking of the old Millennium. Or in L.A. there’s the Echo Park Film Center. Or in San Francisco, Artist Television Access. But way more gritty, way more “Oakland,” as many people around here would say. It’s in a pretty bad neighborhood. It’s very rough around the edges. You walk right in and there’s a row of bicycles on one side, and there’re flyers and leaflets on the other side. So yeah, it’s a place where people live, films get shown, and seems like a lot of interesting things are going on around there. I’ve been about five or six times since I’ve moved here.

Would be good to talk about some of

There’re a lot of interesting things going on in Oakland. A lot of people talk about Oakland being the Brooklyn of the Bay Area, because Brooklyn 10 years ago was where everyone was moving to once they couldn’t afford their Manhattan apartments anymore. And Oakland is the same way.

still are—some of the most beautiful cinema palaces in the world, because downtown Broadway in L.A. was Hollywood Boulevard before Hollywood. So it was all the places where Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford and everybody else were premiering their films. So it was a film about the architecture, and specifically about the neon lights, which no longer work for most of the cinemas.

I’ve been getting more into expanded cinema. Because for the most part, unfortunately, I’ve stopped shooting film, but I still work with all my old film projectors, and I’m mashing them with some analog video technology. Just playing with the relationship of the two and the limitations of both. Everybody likes to use the word “hacking,” but I prefer the word “breaking” because it sounds more fun and edgy. So I like to break them—not completely—but use them incorrectly in a performance-type setting.

Do you feel being in Oakland brings you a different connection to being a filmmaker?

There’re a lot of interesting things going on in Oakland. A lot of people talk about Oakland being the Brooklyn of the Bay Area, because Brooklyn 10 years ago was where everyone was moving to once they couldn’t afford their Manhattan apartments anymore. And Oakland is the same way. San Francisco is the most expensive city in the country right now, and it’s a much smaller space than Manhattan. Oakland is just a couple of BART stops away, so it makes an easy transfer for a lot of artists. There’re a lot of filmmakers and artists who’ve moved from San Francisco to Oakland in the past 10 years. Of course it’s also hard on the community that’s here, because once the artists move in, that’s when the yuppies and gentrification start to follow. It’s basically already happening. So there’re a lot of marginalized communities here.

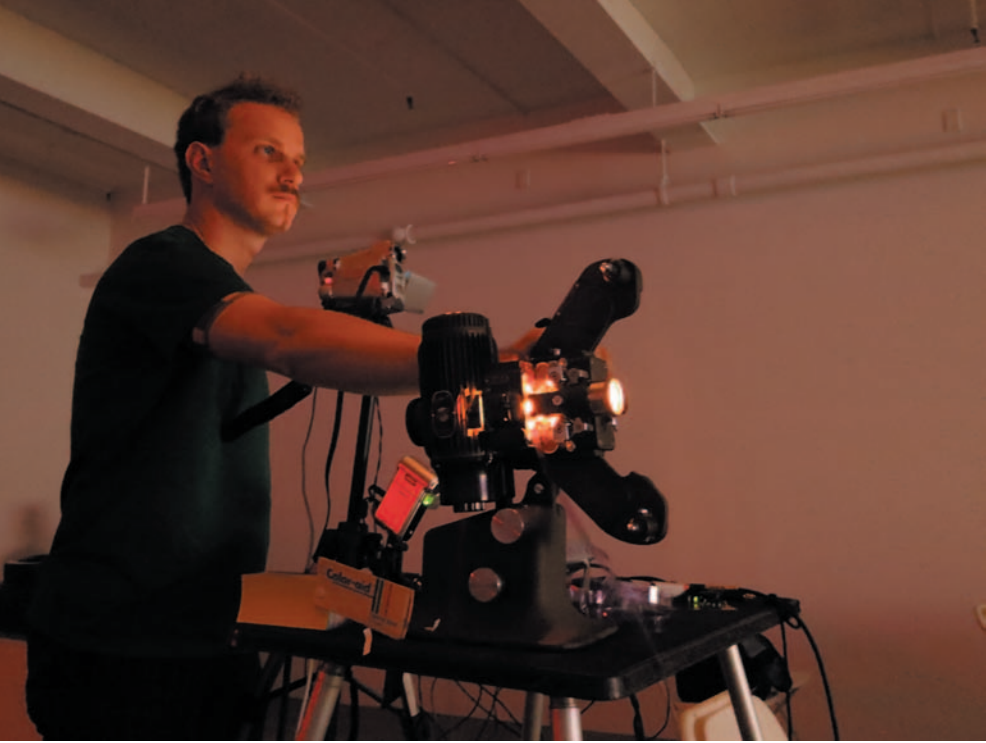
When I was growing up Oakland was the Bronx of the Bay Area. It was a place you didn’t go, it was a scary place—well, obviously I’m hearing that from one of the most privileged suburbs in the entire country. I think most artists who move here don’t want to marginalize the current community, but it’s more like they don’t have any other options. I know Steve Polta who runs San Francisco Cinematheque, he used to live in San Francisco and now he lives here in Oakland.

Art Murmur is the art walk here in Oakland, the first Friday of every month. It’s definitely better than the art walk in L.A.—the other art-walk I’ve most often been to—but a year or two ago when they were first getting it together there were a couple of incidents, someone was shot, and I think was killed at one of the art walks. And that’s kind of like the old Oakland clashing with the new Oakland, and not quite fitting right. So it’s an interesting place to be, but I think it’s also a hard place to be.

Even now with people in San Francisco, whenever I meet someone new who has been in San Francisco for only a couple of years and never been to Oakland, they still see it as this big, scary place. And they’re like, “Oh God, you live in Oakland?” And I’m like, “Whoa, it’s not like it was in 1992 or something like that.” I saw somewhere recently that it was ranked as the fourth most dangerous city in the country. Hell, where I live it’s literally crack corner, there’re at least 20 people hanging out on the corner all times of the day, smoking crack, shooting up. I’ve never really had any problems, but I hear gunshots every couple of days. But that’s really only a small section of the city now.

The cliché thing, as I said, is “Oh, Oakland is the Brooklyn of the Bay Area.” But the interesting thing is that in Oakland’s history what is now Oakland used to be about four or five different cities. Lake Merritt is what divides the city—west Oakland, east Oakland—and just east of Lake Merritt was a small city called “Brooklyn.” Yeah, so I guess you can say it’s the Brooklyn of the Bay Area, because it once was.

Interview edited for length and clarity.



Huckleberry Lain visits New York City for an expanded cinema performance at Microscope Gallery in Bushwick, Brooklyn. Joel Schlemowitz photo

that New York. But I’m originally from the Bay Area, from Palo Alto. In high school I was very into punk rock music, like many adolescents who grow up to be weird artist types, and the punk music scene—there’s a bit of one in San Francisco, but it’s definitely a lot stronger in the East Bay. There’s a lot of very famous bands from Oakland and Berkeley—two cities right next to each other. And then also within the last 10 years or so there’s been a lot of talk about Oakland and interesting things that are going on here, how it’s really become a hub of art.

On top of that, it always seemed like a mysterious place to me. I’d actually never stepped foot in Oakland until last year. My first 19 years in the Bay Area it was just far enough that I never really went to Oakland. I went to Berkeley a lot, because there’re a few important punk rock venues, but never to Oakland. There was an art walk here last year that I went to, and that was my first time coming here, and then the next time I came here was to look at an apartment. So almost immediately I jumped right into moving here.

Maybe you could talk about the film community there, what made it seem like a good place to be as a filmmaker?

Before I moved here I didn’t see it as a spectacular place to be a filmmaker—an underground filmmaker in particular. I mean there are places like San Francisco or New York. But I saw it as being close enough to San Francisco, and Berkeley, where the Pacific Film Archive is located. Then just before I moved here I heard about the Black Hole Cinematheque, which is actually just a couple blocks away from my place here. I didn’t actually know where it was until after I’d moved into the place. And I didn’t know too much about it, just that it was a place that I should check out. I’d heard about it from people who live in San Francisco. But people who live in San Francisco kind of never want to go to the East Bay. They’re like, “Oh, come visit me.” And then you’re like, “Hey, you come here,” and they’re like, “No, you come here.”

So I’d heard about it from these friends who’d never actually been there, and they’d

the recent work you’ve been doing. I’d seen work that you were doing back when you were in New York. It was interesting for me to see some of the newer pieces.

Lately I’ve been getting into a lot of different things. When I was in New York—I moved away from there eight years ago, I think—I was primarily focusing on super-8 and 16mm, mostly because it was clear that it was soon going to be gone—this was when I was first getting into making film—so it was important for me to work with film.

Then I went to grad school at USC and dove head first into digital stuff. Not that I was

I’ve stopped shooting film, but I still work with all my old film projectors, and I’m mashing them with some analog video technology. Just playing with the relationship of the two and the limitations of both. Everybody likes to use the word ‘hacking’ but I prefer the word ‘breaking,’ because it sounds more fun and edgy. So I like to break them—not completely—but use them incorrectly in a performance-type setting.

completely turning away from film. I felt like I had spent enough time on film that it was like, “Okay. Digital.” So I got into experimenting with a lot of stuff including 3D imaging and motion capture, then—like everybody else—working with HD. After grad school I honed into visual music a lot more, which is how I got involved with the iotaCenter.

I’ve also been getting into localized history and architecture, so one of the more recent films I’ve made was *Antiquities for the Queen of Angels*. It’s a film about the old downtown cinema palaces of Los Angeles that now are falling apart and decaying. They’re these old, beautiful relics. These were—and probably

Links

<http://www.huckleberrylain.net/>

<http://www.joelschlemowitz.com/>

Bio

Huckleberry Lain has made over 20 short films, both independent and as commissioned projects. Screened film across the world including The New York Underground Film Festival; L.A. International Children’s Film Festival; The Damah Film Festival in Hiroshima, Japan; The Punto y Raya Festival in Madrid; and other locations. He obtained a Master of Fine Arts from the University of Southern California in digital arts and animation. Lain studied under leaders in the field of filmmaking inside and outside of academia including Mike Kuchar, Bradley Eros, Kathy Smith, Christine Panushka, Maasaki Tanabe, and many other esteemed filmmakers. He’s a board member of the iotaCenter, a nonprofit organization devoted to promoting and nurturing abstract animation, and has produced and curated countless events, as well as the DVDs of Bill Alves, Adam K. Beckett, and Robert Darroll’s Korean Trilogy and facilitated many interactions with artists all across the world.

Joel Schlemowitz is a Park Slope, Brooklyn-based filmmaker who makes short cine-poems and experimental documentaries. His most recent project, “78rpm,” is in the final stages of post-production. He has taught filmmaking at The New School for the past 15 years.

Links

<http://www.radioactivemoat.tumblr.com/post/87797259288/huge-congratulations-to-ginger-ko-the-very-recent>

<http://www.elizabethtreadwell.com>

<http://www.larkbooksandwritingstudio.com>

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<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i1iVxVZrh-g>

<https://www.twitter.com/danceanielle>

Bio

Ginger Ko writes from Wyoming. Her poetry collection *Motherlover* is forthcoming from Coconut Books.

Jason Schenheit is figuring stuff out, and writing little chapbooks like all the time. You can get his latest, *I Smell Smoke*, from Needles & Pens in the Mission District of San Francisco.

Matthew Sherling writes disparate lines in his phone and tries to mold them together into poems. His first book, *bring me my absolute surrender*, came out this year. He runs an interview and screenshot blog called *Cutty Spot*. After moving back to Georgia from San Francisco in 2013, he has been teaching creative writing and English at the University of West Georgia.

Daniel Suarez is finishing his M.F.A. in poetry from San Francisco State University and works at Green Apple Books. He's shopping around a manuscript of poems called "Damaged." He lives in the Sunset.

Elizabeth Treadwell's latest books are *Wardolly* (Chax Press) and *Virginia or the mud-flap girl* (Dusie Press Books). A career-spanning selection of her poetry will appear in *Out of Everywhere 2: Linguistically Innovative Poetry by Women in North America & the UK* (Reality Street).

Danielle Wheeler lives and works in Louisiana and is the author of the chapbook *Teenage Exorcists*, forthcoming from Slim Princess Holdings.

SMALL PRESS

A Healing Press Exploring the World of Lark Books



INTERVIEW BY GINGER KO

Boog City contributor Ginger Ko explores the intersections of publishing and community with Lark Founder Elizabeth Treadwell.

Boog City: When was Lark Books formed, and what is the origin story? Along with publishing poetry and essay collections, Lark Books also offers writing classes, mentoring, and a regular, well-regarded reading series—was one Lark

integral part of envisioning, planning, and facilitating our classes for kids. They are also interested in publishing books for and by children, eventually. So Lark began, absolutely, in collaboration with them. It is an extension of our shared sensibilities and experiences.

Lark also began in conversation with Arielle Guy, whose book of essays, *Dreamographers of the Eastern Seaboard*, was the first work I committed to publishing. It has been hugely informative to work with Arielle as she writes this book, which I know will have enormous meaning for many. I received Sophie Mayer's deeply intelligent, vivid, brave book of poetry, *kaolin*, or *How Does a Girl Like You Get to Be a Girl Like You?*, through our open call, and she is also a total Larkling now. The collaboration with Holly Schneider and her space, Studio Grand, where we hold the reading series, allows a grounding of Lark into multiple artistic and cultural discourses and communities here in my birth city, Oakland. I also offer Lark poetry intensives for adults online, and it is nourishing to be able to teach/facilitate in this way, which feels so of a piece with my own writing (and reading) practice, and also, very pliable and true in terms of student-teacher interaction.

Lark Books describes itself thusly: "Lark Books & Writing Studio publishes poetry and other visionary writing. We are a healing press." A statement that is short but brave. Would you like to elaborate on that description? Do Lark Books' forthcoming titles present a specific philosophy or contain a particular undercurrent?

Our 2015 books are Arielle Guy's and Sophie Mayer's, as mentioned above, as well as my own *Posy: a charm almanack & atlas*, which I committed to Lark early on, partly in order to clarify my seriousness to potential authors. These will be followed in 2016 by two anthologies—*Manifesting the Female Epic*, which is, frankly, to me, commensurate with the return of the divine feminine, although my co-

pursuit an outgrowth of another, or was it all one holistic project?

Elizabeth Treadwell: Lark Books & Writing Studio began in earnest in 2013, although I see it as an integration of all the work I had done before, including publishing my own zines, directing Small Press Traffic, being a nanny, being a mom, being an earthling, in cities and forests, everything. So yes, it is holistic, and it is also collaborative.

I experience all of the work I do and publish through Lark as poetically linked, though it is not limited to poetry, per se. Lark is a family enterprise. My daughters, Ivy Jackson and Gemma Jackson, are an



INTERVIEW BY DANIELLE WHEELER

The Gorilla Press, out of San Francisco, "was founded in 2010 by a troupe of friends while in the graduate creative writing department at San Francisco State University." In addition to their press, which offers a mobile store as well as online



ordering, they feature the publications *Gesture*, a biannual poetry journal, and *Troop*, a poetry/fiction zine with a different theme word for each issue, and the film collage series *Carousel*.

The Gorilla Press founders discuss real and virtual publishing formats, distribution, and video production.

Who do you really, really want to feature in upcoming issues of *Gesture*? (Shit, Lydia Davis must've been a dream!)

I had emailed Lydia Davis a few years ago to say how much I loved her work and she agreed to look and comment on a piece I had written. (She declined my request for an interview.) She sent me some really useful feedback on my poem and maybe a year or more later, I emailed her to solicit some pieces from her and she sent me two poems! It was exciting. Don't be afraid to contact your favorite writers if you feel compelled to!



editor, poet Sarah Anne Cox, might phrase that differently—and a second anthology, tentatively titled *Why We Homeschool: Cultural Inheritance, Blood Memory, and the Daily*, which is meant to address misconceptions and overly strict categorizations of homeschooling which exist even within the homeschooling community. People who are interested in contributing to either of these anthologies should contact me, and I want these books to include work from as diverse and expansive a group of authors as possible. That is fundamentally important to me. I want the books to be alive.

I am talking with a few writers about potential books and I will also have another open call, once I get these first five out!

The simplicity and forthrightness of Lark's mission statement is a direct result of my own soul work, which is difficult but which leads ultimately to joy and ease. We are a healing press—I have released any worry that just saying so makes me corny or unintellectual, which is a harsh way of saying that I have come to a place where I can truly acknowledge and cultivate all of my perceptions.

I consider this to be a time of great transformation and alignment. We need new words and phrasings in order to participate in the collapsing of hierarchies and binaries which is now in play, in order to welcome and co-create other, further understandings and experiences and systems. This is not to sugarcoat our losses and devastations in any way.

Lark authors are doing tremendously difficult, and deeply transformative, work, and Lark is a conduit to share this work with others.



You Drive Me Ape The Gorilla Press's First Four Years

I would have loved to have gotten poems from the recently deceased Russell Edson or Bill Knott, but out of the living poets: Charles Simic, maybe? He may have been the first poet to make me yell "Yes!" at a poem.

What's been the response to your "mobile business" with the Square Online Store?

It's really about convenience. Being able to have people all over the U.S. and the world—we just sold some to a fan in Sweden—purchase writing from their favorite authors from us. It's really like being able to set up a table at a zinefest or bookstore. Publishing is all about being able to get your name out, because the first rule of any press should be to create a sense of trust with readers, fans, and buyers. The store is simple to start and Square takes a super small percentage. We still have books in all sorts of stores in real life, like Green Apple, Powell's, Press: Works on Paper, E.M. Wolfman. But Square allows more access for readers in all places without any geographical limitations.

Where do you see yourselves going next with *Carousel*?

Jason was going to so many readings and wanted to hold pieces of authors reading at different times, so he started assembling videos out of footage. Birds of Yore, a great San Diego band no longer together, let me use one of their songs as the intro and interludes. As of late, though, *Carousel* has moved to collaboration poetry on top of videos, mixed with original songs. These are usually around 45 minutes, and the first one, *Dental Dan & the Half Truths*, really shows this collaboration firsthand. Ten authors

typing several lines apiece collaboratively, some talking points from some of those writers, and everything placed over the natural world, cityscapes, and the "everyday"—that's what captures the intent of *Carousel*.

What are you working on now/excited about?

For Gorilla Press we are currently in production of several new full-length chapbooks being released in February, a new short movie for *Carousel*, maybe a fiction book, and of course our pocket zines which have taken us in to a new realm. We are also sharing a table at AWP 2015 with Punk Hostage Press, so come check us out in person. Lastly, we're trying to get our Podcast, *Look/Out*, back up and running, so look for those to be posted to our website soon.

'I had emailed Lydia Davis a few years ago to say how much I loved her work and she agreed to look and comment on a piece I had written. ... She sent me some really useful feedback on my poem and maybe a year or more later, I emailed her to solicit some pieces from her and she sent me two poems! It was exciting. Don't be afraid to contact your favorite writers if you feel compelled to!'

—The Gorilla Press

Be About It

Recreating Zine Culture



INTERVIEW BY LIZ CHERESKIN

Liz Chereskin discusses zines and the Bay Scene with Be About It Founder, Publisher, and Editor Alexandra Naughton

Boog City: How/why did you start Be About It? How did you decide on the idea of each issue having its own “catalyst word”?

Alexandra Naughton: I started Be About It because making a zine was something I’ve wanted to do since high-school—it probably had something to do with that [Harvey Danger] song “Flagpole Sitta”: “I wanna publish zines and rage against machines, I wanna pierce my tongue it doesn’t hurt, it feels fine.”

I used to make mini comic books when I was in high school, just for myself. The idea of working with other people and putting together a beautiful good regularly was very appealing to me, though it can be difficult to get all interested parties on the same page. It wasn’t until I found myself unemployed and with a lot of free time that I was able to really put work into the idea to make it happen. I used my blog, *The Tsaritsa Sez*, as a platform for talking about the zine, and I asked friends and people I knew online if they would be interested in contributing.

I borrowed the idea of a catalyst word from *Fuselit*, a British zine I used to contribute to when I lived in England. I thought it was cool to see a bunch of different voices taking a word in so many different directions, and with Be About It I choose words that are super malleable and have various connotations. That way, each issue is a surprise.

Zines hold a special place within the literary/art/music community, especially with a historical connection to a more DIY ethos. Whether it’s an actual paper thing you hold or an online version, zines have that quality of “someone totally made this and maybe even sat at a Kinko’s for a few hours printing it.” How do you feel zines fit in to the literary world versus, say, a “traditional” literary magazine? Are there freedoms you enjoy using the zine form?

Zines get passed around between friends—they’re simple to make and cheap, and you can make a whole gang of zines for not a



lot of money and leave them places, like in bookstores and coffee shops or inside your neighborhood mini-free library (have you seen these things? there are a few in Oakland, and I’ve seen them in Portland—small houses like birdhouses, but for books to take or leave—very cool). Sometimes I give out zines instead of giving a business card, like saying: this is what I make. I think there is a lot of freedom with zine publishing. Because it’s low budget and self-funded, you can publish just what you want. You don’t need to worry about appealing to a broad audience or making whatever majority group uncomfortable. It’s free, it’s art.

I feel like zines are an outsider literary art form. I’ve heard lit zines getting snubbed by some of the literary “establishment,” and I just think that’s silly. Zines are a part of the literary ecosystem. For me, making zines was a way to get myself started, to feel like I was doing something, making something. It gave me confidence to keep putting my work out there.

Be About It now is also into publishing e-books and chapbooks, including i’ve been on tumblr by Jesse Prado. What influenced the decision to branch out? How, if at all, does the editorial process differ from the creation of the zine?

I decided to branch out when I decided to start showcasing work on Tumblr, in addition to producing a print zine twice a year. I wanted to keep publishing stuff because people kept sending me stuff and a lot of it was good, even if it didn’t necessarily fit into the theme of whatever zine I was currently working on. And some of it was longer, too. And I realized other lit outfits were putting out short collections of work in a digital format and why couldn’t I?

Jesse and I, with the help of Jason Schenheit of The Gorilla Press, put together i’ve been on

tumblr specifically so he would have a book to sell on our East Coast tour in June 2014. It was a test to see how the book would turn out, and it turned out gorgeous. We only did a small run for the first run, something like 60 copies, but I think we will definitely do another run. I’m also thinking about what the next print chap will be.

How is the lit community in the Bay Area? If someone was visiting and wanted to check out some rad readings/bookstores/other stuff, what would you recommend?

The lit community in the Bay is very large and diverse. There’s a lot going on, and there’s something for every flavor of lit lover, whether you’re into slam poetry or if you want to attend a conference on Alice Notley, various lit festivals like the Beast Crawl and Lit Quake, or if you just like to wander around bookstores. Or if you’re a zinehead, there are at least three and probably more zine fairs that happen every year—S.F. Zine Fest, East Bay Alternative Book and Zine Fair, and The Anarchist Book Fair. You’re pretty much covered.

Bookstores I like include E.M. Wolfman General Interest Bookstore, Book Zoo, Owl & Company Bookshop, Moe’s Books, Needles & Pens, Dog Eared Books, Alley Cat Books, Green Apple Books—there are so many.

Some cool reading series to check out are Lyrics and Dirges, Red Light Lit, Woolsey, Quiet Lightning, and, of course, my own reading series, Be About It. There’s a literary event every night in the Bay, and a lot of times more than one event I want to go to in one night.

What’s up next for Be About It?

Right now I’m planning a future reading with Jesse Prado and Jenn Olson of Sad Girl House. We’re thinking sometime in January. I want it to be really fun.

I’m gonna keep putting out collections that I enjoy by underrepresented artists. I’m gonna keep putting out at least two zines a year.

‘Hands up! Don’t shoot!’

and “I can’t breathe!” echoed off the buildings along Sixth Avenue, a crowd of people lining the street walked together, with signs held reading “Justice for Eric Garner” during the Millions March NYC. Helicopters hovered in place above the avenue.

The people who took part in the march marshaled together at Washington Square Park, in Greenwich Village on a bright, brisk Saturday afternoon. The serpentine route of the protest moved up from the park to Herald Square, and then down Broadway to One Police Plaza.

Passing The New School the marchers looked up to the building on 5th Avenue and E. 14th Street, a large banner with hand-written letters “BLACK LIVES MATTER” in a long, corridor-like window that almost seemed designed for this display.

The wintry afternoon made an early departure as night arrived, the marchers still streaming along Broadway toward police headquarters in lower Manhattan. As the marchers turned the corner of W. 32nd Street at the south end of Herald Square some stragglers from Santacon passed by.

<http://www.millionsmarchnyc.org/>



—Joel Schlemowitz, words and image

Links

<http://www.beaboutitpress.tumblr.com>

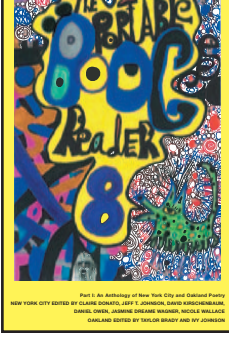
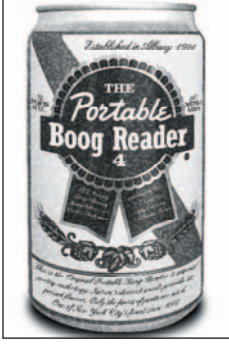
<http://www.empathlit.tumblr.com>

<http://www.thetsaritsa.tumblr.com>

Bio

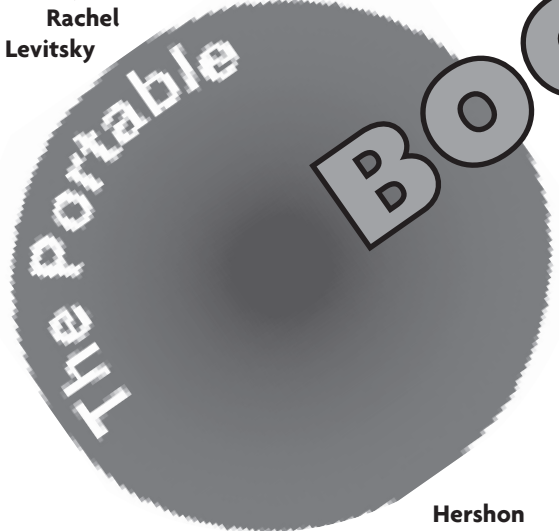
Liz Chereskin is the author of the chapbook *come with me to Des Moines* (H_NG_MN Books). Her poems have appeared in or are forthcoming from *Ilk*, *Parcel*, *Whiskey Island*, *Yemassee*, and elsewhere. She lives in Chicago, where she is an assistant editor at *Coconut* and teaches writing at Wilbur Wright College.

Alexandra Naughton is the founder and editor of *Be About It* zine/press, host of *That Lit Podcast*, and cofounder of *Empathlit*. You can find some links to her work on her tumblr *The Tsaritsa sez*. She doesn’t like bios where people just write a long list of accolades, but bios are also good when they’re more than just funny, it’s a balance, you know.



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
Susan Landers
Katy Lederer
Rachel Levitsky



Andrew Levy
Richard Loranger
Brendan Lorber
Lisa Lubasch
Kimberly Lyons
Dan Machlin
Pattie McCarthy
Sharon Mesmer
Eileen Myles
Elinor Nauen
Richard O'Russa
Julie Patton
Wanda Phipps
Kristin Prevallet
Alissa Quart
Matthew Rohrer
Kim Rosenfield
Douglas Rothschild
Eleni Sikelianos
Jenny Smith
Chris Stroffolino
Kristin Stuart
Gary Sullivan
Edwin Torres
Sasha Watson
Karen Weiser
James Wilk
Rebecca Wolff
John Wright

PBR1A

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 Coultas
Alan Davies
Mónica de la Torre
LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs
Thom Donovan
Joe Elliot
Rob Fitterman
Corrine Fitzpatrick
G.L. Ford
Greg Fuchs
Joanna Fuhrman
Drew Gardner
Eric Gelsinger
Garth Graeper
David Micah Greenberg
E. Tracy Grinnell
Christine Hamm
Robert

Hershon Mitch
Highfill
Bob Holman
Paolo Javier
Paul Foster Johnson
Eliot Katz
Erica Kaufman
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
Stacy Szymaszek
Edwin Torres
Anne Waldman
Shanxing Wang
Lewis Warsh
Karen Weiser
Angela Veronica

Wong
Matvei Yankelevich
Lila Zemborain

PBR3

Ammiel Alcalay
Betsy Andrews
Ari Banias
Jennifer Bartlett
Martine Bellen
Edmund Berrigan
Kate Broad
Julian Brolaski
Donna Brook
Sommer Browning
Matthew Burgess
David Cameron
Mike Coffey
Jen Coleman
John Coletti
Matt Cozart
Elaine Equi
Jessica Fiorini
Jennifer Firestone
Ed Friedman
Ethan Fugate
Rigoberto González
Nada Gordon
Stephanie Gray
Shafer Hall
Diana Hamilton
Hayley Heaton
Cathy Park Hong
Vanessa Hope
Dan Hoy
Lauren Ireland
Adeena Karasick
Basil King
Martha King
Noelle Kocot-Tomblin

Dorothea Lasky
Jeff Laughlin
Amy Lawless
Walter K. Lew
Tan Lin
Tao Lin
Filip Marinovich
Justin Marks
Chris Martin
Tracey McTague
Stephen Paul Miller
Feliz L. Molina
Ryan Murphy
Elinor Nauen
Uche Nduka
Urayoán Noel
Akilah Oliver
Geoffrey Olsen
Jean-Paul Pecqueur
Greg Purcell
Elizabeth Reddin
Jerome Sala
Tom Savage
David Sewell
David Shapiro
Kimberly Ann Southwick
Eleni Stecopoulos
Christina Strong
Mathias Svalina
Jeremy James Thompson
Susie Timmons
Rodrigo Toscano
Nicole Wallace
Damian Weber
Max Winter
Sara Wintz
Erica Wright

PBR4

New York City

Andrea Baker
Macgregor Card
Lydia Cortes
Cynthia Cruz
Pam Dick

Mary Donnelly
Will Edmiston
Laura Elrick
Farrah Field
Kristen Gallagher
Sarah Gambito
Aracelis Girmay
John Godfrey
Odi Gonzales
Myronn Hardy
Mark Horosky
Brenda Iijima
Ivy Johnson
Boni Joi
Hettie Jones
Pierre Joris
Steven Karl
Vincent Katz
Jennifer L. Knox
Wayne Koestenbaum
Estela Lamat
Mark Lamoureux
Ada Limon
Sheila Maldonado
Jesus Papoieto
Melendez
Susan Miller
Stephen Motika
Marc Nasdor
Charles North
Jeni Olin
Cecily Parks
Nicole Peyrafitte
Mariana Ruiz
Lytle Shaw
Laura Sims
Mark

Statman
Nicole
Steinberg
Yerra Sugarman
Anne Waldman
Jared White
Dustin Williamson
Jeffrey Cyphers
Wright
John Yau

D.C. Metro Area

Sandra Beasley
Leslie Bumsted
Theodora Danylevich
Tina Darragh
Buck Downs
Lynne Dreyer
Wade Fletcher
Joe Hall
Ken Jacobs
Charles Jensen
Doug Lang
Reb Livingston
Magus Magnus
David McAleavey
Mark McMorris
Chris Nealon
Mel Nichols
Phyllis Rosenzweig
Casey Smith
Rod Smith
Ward Tietz
Ryan Walker
Joan Wilcox
Terence Winch

PBR5

New York City

Kostas Anagnopoulos
L.S. Asehoff
Miriam Atkin
Jillian Brall
Franklin Bruno
Lucas Chib
Alex Cuff
Amanda Deutch
Stephanie Jo Elstro
Shonni Enelow
Ben Fama
Nina Freeman
Cliff Fyman
Greg Gerke
K Ginger

Michael Gottlieb
Ted Greenwald
Gina Inzunza
Curtis Jensen
Jamey Jones
Jeffrey Jullich
Ari Kalinowski
Robert Kocik
Denize Lauture
E.J. McAdams
Ace McNamara
Joe Millar
Kathleen Miller
Thurston Moore
Abraham Nowitz
Ron Padgett
Douglas Piccinnini
Brett Price
Lee Ranaldo
Lola Rodriguez
Bob Rosenthal
Thaddeus Rutkowski
Zohra Saed
Tracy K. Smith
Mary Austin Speaker
Sampson
Starkweather
Paige Taggart
Anne Tardos
Cat Tyc

K. Abigail
Walthausen
Jo Ann
Wasserman
Phyllis Wat
Rachel Zolf

Boston

Ed Barrett
Sean Cole
Amanda Cook
William Corbett
Jim Dunn
Elisa Gabbert
Kythe Heller
Fanny Howe
Andrew Hughes
Jack Kimball
Gerrit Lansing
Tanya Larkin
Ruth Lepson
Lori Lubeski
Jess Mynes
Charley Shively
Joel Sloman
Joseph Torra
Andi Werblin
Carol Weston
Elizabeth Marie Young

PBR6

NEW YORK CITY

STEPHEN BOYER
TODD CRAIG
R. ERICA DOYLE
LAURA HENRIKSEN
PAOLO JAVIER
REBECCA KEITH
KAREN LEPRI
JUSTIN PETROPOULOUS
CAITLIN SCHOLL
J. HOPE STEIN
JENNIFER TAMAYO

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BOOG CITY
(Your work, that is.)

Email Poetry Subs to
Poetry Editor Buck Downs
poetry@boogcity.com

up to 5 poems, all in one attached file
with 'My Name Submission' in the subject
line and as the name of the file,
ie: Walt Whitman Submission.

Lewis Warsh

Philadelphia

Andrea Applebee
Amelia Bentley
Susanna Fry
JenMarie Macdonald
Travis Macdonald
Paul Siegell

PBR7

New York City

Rosebud Ben-Oni
Leopoldine Core
Steve Dalachinsky
Nicholas DeBoer
Ray Dejesús
Francesca DeMusz
Claire Donato
Ian Dreiblatt
Anna Gurton-Wachter
April Naoko Heck
Darrel Alejandro Holmes
Jeff T. Johnson
Jo-

seph
O. Le-
gaspi
Amy Matterer
Yuko Otomo
Morgan Parker
Marissa Perel
Toni Simon
Quincy Troupe
Ken L. Walker

Pittsburgh

Nikki Allen
Tameka Cage Conley
Yona Harvey
Skot M. Jones
Karen Lillis
Shawn Maddey
Deena November
Jeff Oaks
Alicia Salvadeo
Ed Steck

PBR8

Part I

New York City

Martin Beeler
Mark Gurarie
Jeremy Hoevenaar
Lyric Hunter
Becca Klaver
Ron Kolm
Dave Morse
Ali Power
Pete Simonelli
Kiely Sweatt

Oakland

Madison Davis
Joel Gregory
Lauren Levin
Cheena Marie Lo
Zach Ozma
Emji Spero
Cosmo Spinosa
Chris Stroffolino
Wendy Trevino
Zoe Tuck