



Especially

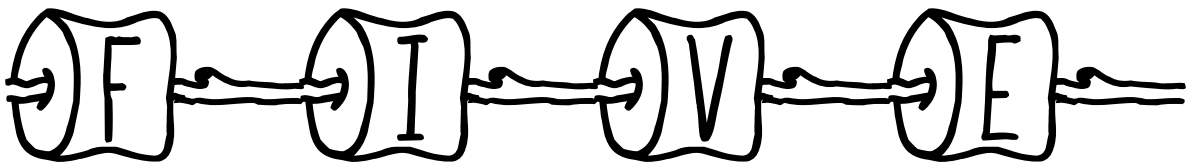
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ELDERY



CASSANDRA GILLIG

ALANA SIEGEL

NIEL BENTLEY

TED REES

MALI SCOTT

ROBERT GLÜCK

## CASSANDRA GILLIG

### THE GRIEF SWAN *for Drew Boston*

i carved my grief into the shape of a swan whose  
rage stormed windows & cooed in verse what concentrated  
misstep's charm a kind of wayward alluring personality those  
flocking to observe this the manifestation of my weakness my crowded  
errant gazes affixed in the eyes of another this beautiful disappointment when  
the sound of my bones breaking its garish wings fluttered the room  
my brittle james-dean-boned swan my love kicking down the door ever so  
it places a will to quell my gesticulation simply muttering facts to tide the sweetest  
until i cannot bear to understand or recollect what it represents at all

who cant say its a curse on tidy error when fortunes wander abysmal &  
counterfeit my naked nurtured garbled residence from paper towel sobs  
the burden of valueless living healthy longing crying out the wanton take  
away all my livelihood & replace it with a totally cool bird my blissed out  
collar so blessed my little quaint romance of a resurrection unfolding  
like query idols no fondness like titanically eyed god calling me instead

seduction reverses the paradigm my grief swan newly sixteen & aflutter in the realm  
of the real terror my fortitude life's so like making others falling in love with to suffer  
inside its endless effervescence like beaming from unholy airwaves that mock the slush piles  
ambiguous creating a loft of value building herself up slowly she cranes her neck to fall in line in  
the cottage air bunks make trusted evolve when the cool shy transference hits the body  
stagnant a purity of river of staunchness my body in the way

O the popular dream of seduction my grieving pilfered thru the will of my own conscience n used  
to feed some ethereal thing the allegiances of whom falter credibly unerring to tide my comfort  
this swan so doused in ill fitting denim & sunglasses is this the form my distress makes a kind of  
millennial cool with a tiny backpack & ambiance's vernacular is it a pulse if it feeds on rest & fury  
is it a hatchback with a switchblade & armor the result of my dollars in hand though creased or  
abandoned by my shaky throws & feathers amongst the lashes which poached from my eyes by  
the flood sink tiles

if i should know  
if i should know better

if i should pack all of my disgruntled attitudes into the shape of appeal's calm innocence &~~



## HEAVEN IS FR REAL

how do u get beyond 2 lovers on the bridge  
u crush them i guess  
w ur big meaty fists  
& own pulp  
harbored love  
w ur pining & recoil  
ur beautiful new responsibility  
that ugly hat u wish cld tell time  
cld teach u to vote, to hope less  
& in different ways that  
blasphemous icon  
the big piece of the berlin wall  
at the wharf  
u carve it into a cradle  
& rock gently on by

## ALANA SIEGEL

*from* ARCHAEOLOGY BY EAR

“You have to have one narrative, and that’s the hard part,” the man says across from me, behind me, over my right shoulder. Throughout the week, I have been listening for sounds composed and not composed. What does it mean to compose sounds?

....When I walked down the long flight of stairs into 24th St. BART, I listened to a man playing the cello....

....When I was walking home in the afternoon, a woman gliding her daughter in a stroller, her daughter singing,

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder...what...you...are...”

I felt like kneeling to her subtle persuasion, of a child singing instead to her mother. I lingered upon each note cast in starlight, absolving the burden of her mother’s memory....

....As I was about to enter the gates to the train, a man to the right of me, strumming a guitar, his back bending, then forward, pivoting, circling, belting out what sounded like Mariachi music. Just a few feet away was the man sitting down, syringing sideways the body of the cello, a mummified orangutan, a peaceful, dead president, and each of them—the man loudly singing by the gates to the train, and the man quietly playing below the towering flight of stairs, were asking passers-by for money for the music....money for the music....

I’m sitting in a café and just heard a clown honk, maybe on a petty cab, passing, and now, a baby crying....

Last night I sat at The White Horse—3, 4 blocks away from where I live, the bar that the poet Jack Spicer once frequented. I was there with Z. who didn’t have enough cash. I had none on me, so he went to the ATM, but it wasn’t working, so he went across the street to White Horse Liquor. While he was gone I looked up to the screen—it was karaoke night and “Hey Jude” had come on. The screen had revealed the part in the song when *Na Na Na Na Na Na Na* is repeated and nearly the whole screen except for the words “Hey Jude” was filled with *Na Na Na Na Na* and the signal for the singer of what words to sing when was made known by the words caterpillaring from the color purple into the color green, sliding across the screen from right to left, but the screen was mostly only *Na Na*



*Na Na Na*, so the repetition of the words stripped the song of its romance and fleshed to the surface the technology alone.

I thought of this form of singing words that aren't yours, how to revel in the company of foolhardy irony without being haunted by the earnestness of ecstasy—ever since I was a kid I've always spelled the word ecstasy "ecstasy", spelled it wrong—it should always be wrong, spelled so—like the waves breaking against the rocks right before the shore we watched at Gray Whale Beach in Half Moon Bay on Sunday, the spark and spritz and stance of stone—the world shoring up, heaving and stronger, a glint in my hip....

....And then I listened to the bar-goers singing karaoke—Z. now returned from across the street. A woman we couldn't see, around the edge of the smoking room, singing—"She has a good voice," I commented—"It's not that she has a good voice," Z. countered, corrected, "but she can *sing*."

I remember your words of how musicals revealed a world that was only a prop for the next moment of song. I thought about this as I was listening to people sing—the stage set of the bar and the billiards and the screen, all in the former scene of Jack Spicer, and I recalled his frustration with the props of the world, the props of poetry, the birds inside the poem, the birds outside the poem, of not having enough things to sing through, and the frustration of that that grants its unasked request that gives way to beauty through enough angst, and the incandescent ugliness of human voices reaching, clawing for perfect desire known maybe only through the words of others, through songs already sung....

"What does it mean to be a *good singer*?" I asked my father as a young girl watching the musical *Oklahoma*. "Does your lower lip have to shake to be a good singer?" Because that's what I saw, so what I knew, having not sung, only seeing the beautifully shivering face, the lower lip the most fleshy promontory, the visible offering of this soft shaking, birthing of a power coming up from the body out through the mouth, or did the song enter the mouth and round down, rest in wrists, or ferret around the neck, illegal animal, countryside persuasion, pregnant in bed, yet only in dream—a life that never thinks itself—and better than the wind....

....It's a dream I keep having, of the pressure of the water heater in the closet in the kitchen, its high pitched unending sighing, my worry of its malfunctioning, approaching, and the train, when it's arriving, Cordelia commenting, "Don't you think it sounds like screaming angels?" The coffee cup that dropped today in painting class, and I thought it was an echo of a boy's gasp at the sight of the girl painting next to him, his awe of her beauty, but it was just his loss of grasp, the glass, fallen yet not broken.

....I was shown studies of an ancient island where all architecture corresponded with uncertainties of weather, how there were not isolated instruments, "musical instruments"—the whole world was "instruments"—bodies were "instruments"—the city was an "instrument"—each instrument of the body in the instrument of the city incessantly harmonizing, attuned to other bodies.

If sounds truly compose the world....

I heard Maryanne Amacher, on her deathbed, say, "All sound is imaginary."

My friend, Aaron, in the car, on the way to the cremation of our teacher, said that some people thought of mantras as "massaging world creation." The cremation couldn't happen on the land where we prayed—the law that says you can't burn a dead body, couldn't be broken—so we all drove to a nearby crematorium—and lamas and students gathered around a side door as the ritual instruments of thigh bone trumpet, bell, and drum were sounded—and the ritual performed for the dying, was performed—the ringing and crying and chanting rainstorm of millions of syllables and tears intersecting suddenly ceased, and the machine that burns the body was turned on—and I heard the machine that burns the body—the buzzing suddenly worlds and worlds apart from the human voice, the thighbone of a human leg made into an instrument to sound through, and the stark but resounding clanging expansion of the bell, the comfort of the drum, now obliterated, shrouded, suspended by this monotonous buzz, shrill, humanity disregarded and at this most important moment! Cremation, creation, I heard the "m" missing, and the "m" meant "music", and music was missing, and music was human, and the human was missing. I had the audacity to think it was the horror of the Western world monopolizing numinosity—gravestones—the same, hiding humans under earth, under honor, suffocating—no longer the dead body passing into the other world shamelessly open in its passage splayed out on a mountain, the traditional sky burial, gruesome yet human,



leaving the flesh open for vultures to consecrate and tear the body to pieces....

....I hear a motorcycle gnawingly howl by and John Coltrane amberly playing in the rafters of this otherwise quiet café....

I'm thinking of all the moments I'm on the train, wanderingly staring out the window at the crates shipped in from China, at the port, and the cranes, and the accents on houses—decaying wood, and the laziness and listlessness of looking and that epicness, that tepidness, but the pleasure of it, and its falseness—the thought that allows me, that captions—“for a moment I'm not doing anything”—and I feel—is it my daimon, my team of daimons—bowling over, woven, for the feeling of restlessness—I feel my individuality, wry, smarmy, embellishing a joke next to the ocean—“Is this a joke?” I asked A., “the size of human beings next to mountains, boulders, bodies of water? There must be an intelligence dumfounded by bigness, made sane by concentration....”

When I was first asked what songs were formative, I thought of everyone I've been in love with—the human body as an instrument, and music as the perfection of desire—each crush, each love, reading, reaching towards its rightness, the hierarchy of each stage of fulfillment—the last love, practicing, its finest, but first, the lust of the city, lost, failure of the patriarchy, who does not love another—and the city, practically a forest in drag, of neon lights dismembered into repeated satisfactions, fails, does not see the brighter future of desire....

....Strangers walk down the street with headphones in their ears, monogamous in sound—a man holds his dry cleaning arrogantly before him, and I can't hear his music but he sings out loud....

Last night on the train home a man with a leather jacket—an American flag cut up and sewn elegantly into it—a fox hide, real or fake I'm not sure, embedded around the collar—his hair, black and greased, slicked down the side—a gorgeous watch almost hovering around his wrist. He had headphones in his ears but the music was so loud I could hear it —

“Walk like a man, talk like a man, walk like a man my so-o-o-on....”

“A song from the 50s!” I exclaimed internally, “I am sitting next to some kind of

kinship!” And he was tapping his fingertips on his hamstring, tapping his feet on the floor of the train car, anachronistically evening the pallid, frigid, fragile, haggard ghost of everybody not knowing everybody else, everyone annoyed, tired from work on the train ride home, at least sharing in this tiredness—but he was rupturing the narrative of this era of tiredness by his happiness of listening—yet still afraid to enter, still counting on a nostalgic, naturalizing of feeling, that had to be from another time, another place—it couldn’t be here, he had to show that he was somewhere else, in front of other people—he couldn’t just be some innocently, wild encroachment upon the train, inside of the hearts of those relying on it. An older woman with gray frizzed out hair then sat next to me, across from him, and crazily cooed and pet a bright pink stuffed animal—I couldn’t tell what animal it was—she was lost too, but not in another time—in her own age. I felt closer to them than the rest of the commuters—committed to their twisting, trying to escape time, through the sounds of other times, the music of the 50s he listened to, and the sounds she made, of her childish cooing, were the ways they knew how, at this time, to arrive.

written within “Holophonophilia,” a futuristic sound study, orchestrated by Dana Ward, accompanied by  
Oki Sogumi, Susan Berger-Jones, Kevin Lo, Jen Coleman, Amelia Foster, Debbie Hu, and Samantha Giles



## MEL BENTLEY

### BONES

early morning bites  
along the wrist of 4 am  
there are no birds, dreams or glances  
words horny-rimmed on the mantle

break from dirt or grass or wood  
from flannel, smoking-sections, closed,  
changed owners,  
ampsound in living rooms littered rolling  
tobacco plastic skulls porn  
taped walls leatherjacket  
mugging burnt coffee wet  
woods  
stomping

#### hard light of winter

recurrences uncanny  
with difference compiled and  
reborn in boxes in parking lots  
self-proliferating  
figurines,  
against poles  
embracing seat backs  
wrists folded  
again  
window  
line  
sidewalk  
thought

#### winter

eating beets mostly a bad time  
hospital visits  
pained gait and bitter  
with a cane  
a telegram of medical terms  
sensed through internet  
searches in the evening  
sewer cracked

#### a continuous grey stream

radio a crude dawn, going again  
the shoulder, ribs beneath  
bruised  
and legs,

#### well-socialized poet conforms,

to perpetuation  
of a reflection  
that is familiar, a non-reflection  
of man-hauling human absurdity

and objects leak into life  
mind a mechanism of sifting  
and sleep-turned

texture,  
articled, unrepeatable  
stirred  
—a descent

confronted by silence,  
forced stop

stutter—  
materializing in  
limitation, distance

first an explosion  
but that is common  
a sterile landscape  
periods of obsession  
characterized by disappearance  
letters returned to sender

trains pass  
hammers against  
the middle of the night  
the glass breaks

like the first time  
you recognize  
someone's face  
familiar, half-buried  
in a potato field,

Dormant, Goddess of Boredom,  
waiting for yellow, no rain, an art gallery

As you likely already know,  
I am exiled, shifting.  
he noticed  
a plundering of body  
the oblong  
crescent cut  
the earth began to read like  
war pretzeled the terrain.

Before the Goddess nothing can be asked for.  
there is no going back.  
radio programs get in the way of the Man-hunt

this is inevitable  
a book  
maps of the underground  
shatter

every day we attend  
with careful consideration,  
and in the best interests

This hadn't been before, only now  
it's always too soon  
certain duration unspoken,  
one bar of soap, I comb, I I-inch pencil,

I write to you, a repeat offender  
If only I were an individual  
I would be much smaller  
a bit of skin  
bumping against the moment  
when I'd flake off

The world ends  
in the night giving way  
to streets leaf-filled wind-blown,

were you the one with a body,  
of books  
if there was drunkenness involved  
spilling  
in lines  
as if avoiding  
as if wholeness were avoiding

tapestry  
in clean lines  
spilled  
stacked and skeletoned

being gave a sign  
and poetry took up residence  
to the east of eden,

struggling with the impediment  
I mean implement,  
a fetish of  
scratching  
out  
identity

she said  
has no connection without...

crossed wires  
crackle

immaculate  
incapable  
spirit  
in the  
flesh-bottle  
slimy with the seeds of tomorrow

nothing so strange  
as edges  
and forgetting them

to get a hand into that  
and there's no  
getting that seed out of the mind

release,  
as if there was one  
again  
and again,  
an other  
adding, and  
one an other  
another piece  
separate  
another whole separate  
piece  
crossed parallel  
of non-equals of

sound  
closer to the skin  
raindrops down nape-neck  
fine fur before the second knuckle  
fingertips come closest and  
the swing of labor life

every morning  
green fields  
lost in one-after-another  
to bend the back  
thick in the tongue

An explosion has already happened.  
I'm not adept at  
this regurgitating  
We mistake detritus for the ways  
we resemble ourselves  
sewn together. A game!

one day, the world will be  
an expensive mess with no name-tag.  
only hollowed out mold  
for in-between and middle distance

silence was an unpredictable sea-creature  
as it is every day  
what proximity includes body  
didn't clarity die

you my east  
being a cropped pantheon of under-survival  
vulnerability postulated  
the urge of translation  
wants even re-warmed possibility  
erased trespassing

it conforms  
into continuous particularities  
as artifact, a possibility of thick order  
the tearing year rolling  
remember  
mythologies damp and tearing already along  
the long consciousness

self-proliferating jacket machines portray living,  
experience-swing-sell-seem  
all things expressible  
where the reflection in return is an experiment  
in being born here  
of morbid folded spirituality  
cracked-familiar-narrow-dead

re-animating

an (attorney) to find a (patisserie)  
when there appears to be no (plaid) further,  
what is it that we know before we know we know it?  
what is it that seems complete?

it becomes tempting to think  
(tablespoonfuls) are trespassings and (dishwashers)  
a destination (backfire)  
(backfire) mentalities and (expletive)  
if only to formulate a (plant)  
a new (kinsman) of (laboratory)  
only a continual (bayonet) over phenomenal (landmark)

there is no (novelette) beyond  
maybe the (speedboat) revolves and (spinsters)  
unable to identify (semiconductor) and not (semiconductor)  
doesn't it seem easy  
the (wean) the (wound)  
conforms to experience  
so that some of this must have come from inside the (semiconductor)  
onto the (scribe) of the (miniature) like a (chimera) (ruse)

TED REES

*from* AN UNTITLED SONNET REDOUBLÉ REGARDING ENVIRONMENTAL  
DEGRADATION AND THE ANTHROPOCENE

6.

In a hypoxic imminence, the swells throb  
through nine dragons to aquaculture eulogy,  
insolvency unconsidered given abundance  
of molecules shuffled at visibility's cliff-hang.  
Detonating tree ubiquity, shades rifle  
on double sunrise equivalents, longitudes  
swept aside, contrails of the species flared.  
Exchange's leash tugs unidirectional: breezy  
Martingale siphons, valence phantasia screeds  
pamphletted, thimblorig lengthening, floating  
high over vales and shills, but can you swim?  
Lined with clear-air turbulence, Brionis simper  
as Enlil or Baal at frontier, split licks lips,  
crude plume elementally coughed.



7.

Crude plume elementally coughed,  
sable caching record can-pile in a bloom,  
mercaptan as deceptive kraut rot, sheets  
of albacore. Penaeidae deveined of ancestry,  
a surface deposition sunk via diffusion  
compounding accumulations of hemolysis.  
Sea's unease, rigors to whelm to dashings  
on pebbled granite, staccato cackles blubbed.  
As madeleines go, diurnal wringings capture  
feed and lede in quantifiable blips at fore,  
a typical interment of loss: new checkbooks  
in the post, dawn trawlers, Asquith doctrine.  
Chicxulub inheritors sob as combusting,  
cyclic observance of gasp multiplication.

8.

Cyclic observance of gasp multiplication:  
little battles' whinnies at quarries erupting  
in a loban hint, distinct paralytic on campus  
beneath thread-bearers' futile elegant shimmer.  
Take me away to dysenteric forks, packed iron  
oxidated, tropospheric grey virescence, washes  
of toasty fallout mainlined. A nest of robins'  
caudal sacs ebonized, tautly carolling abranch  
frayed Hawser-laid, uncreeked cannonball seepage  
posted with hashtag mourning, moniker-spread  
benighting. How arms, how digits extend outwards,  
recoiling in jazz-hands of improvidence, looped  
as infinite recursion: pull and billow, disperse,  
lay circuitry miasmic, cumulonimbus resonance.

9.

Lay circuitry miasmic, cumulonimbus resonance,  
recondensation eyewalling clockwise, asses falling  
on bola-bola in French Concession flats as sequester's  
precipitous flop in savannas. Two tumescences,  
rheologics framing a scape of flume and thwack,  
supermarionation voiced from Graystone's butcher-block.  
Furnishings stolid in transliterated carmine steppe,  
or a sticky phlogiston rug, related slimming tricks.  
How a wheeze arrives, but one fruit of the longest coup  
partially enacted by blubbery chest-bumps in Jersey,  
entreaties for castling's upswing. Collusion turning  
and returning to abyssal sylvan under uniform  
cimmerian canopy, medicine scent of palm,  
hides discarded, stagnation of blankets and ditches.

# MALI SCOTT

## THE BAROQUE IMAGE

The Baroque image with  
the whale on the beach I  
dreamt your body  
was so large Durer  
died before the Baroque  
image of the whale  
beached Glenn Gould  
can't keep quiet or can't  
keep the hands  
down deliquescent  
as he changes clothes

Everything that is material to the material  
transgresses fat at the inner genius  
of the mangled hand that muscles  
its way past the strata which overlap and  
modulate together—rather cute little madness-  
es. Never say “little.” Never say “belly” if Sam can  
avoid it, or if the whale's fat can snuff it. Planets  
don't twitch. Glenn Gould couldn't contain  
himself and handling the baby was  
univocally hideous. Glenn Gould  
got out of the car and into the awkward  
medieval cubicle. Durer was assiduous, sorry—  
Jerome assiduous, sorry— in a Baroque robe, not  
a room. Well, Achromic Melancholy wore a white  
dress anyway but for too little time. I want the skin.

I dreamt you in a teeming abattoir  
large. No booze no food. Pending  
the gut you get Glenn Gould's  
umbilical string in a weird con-  
catenation transferring its fat  
to the pussing whale  
on the beach. No pricks  
apply in the psychological pits  
by hand where no acid  
burns are guaranteed. His  
child was parapet-bent like  
the falling jest breathed  
down the perfectly dimpled  
nuque. Nugget. Pork. Peter. Christ,  
and his little teacup. What attack  
in the night, little malarial palsy.

1. Baroque image
2. the whale on the beach
3. Durer died
4. Glenn Gould
5. deliquescent hands
6. changes clothes

5. deliquescent hands
1. The Baroque image
2. the whale on the beach
4. Glenn Gould
3. Durer died
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1. The Baroque image
4. Glenn Gould
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5. deliquescent hands
6. changes clothes
3. Durer died

I see repeatedly every  
 body as a poly-  
 sensual threat.  
 Briskly licking  
 floral juniper booze  
 off the wooden floor while I  
 am on my knees, hands and Glenn  
 Gould blares guttural  
 hums on the radio. Saint  
 Jerome's saintly not saint Paula  
 in a corset goes to the  
 flip-out beach where Durer  
 would die or, sorry— where a parrot  
 would bite him or, sorry— a mosquito  
 i.e. late-blooming women's  
 bodies and blackwater fever  
 –incredibly productive— got him.

(Vestigial) Goltzius copied Durer's  
 windows. This was like all  
 the voices sidling up in one  
 sweet lyric line. Durer drank.  
 The shame shored up and all  
 the lyrics, ever, appear  
 flying the bird and aiming at all  
 the men not born but fashioned.

The Queen says of God "all spoken  
 creatures are in ecstasy." Quattro  
 cento O god forbid— or, Odium  
 of the Human Race— or, just whimsy  
 of the four nudes and narcissus  
 witchus. Nasty knobbled knees. Mis-  
 membered image. These women are  
 like whales with their vulvular  
 hands aging all over the drapery.  
 Glenn Gould remembers witches'  
 feet and the pecking order unverts.  
 Attractive backwards anal East. Glenn Gould  
 flips through the Malleus Maleficarum and thinks  
 that Preludes are dismemberable,  
 like mornings. Are we on the same  
 page then? Does this mean Durer didn't  
 die?

1. The Baroque image

5. deliquescent hands  
 4. Glenn Gould

6. changes clothes  
 2. the whale on the beach

3. Durer died

3. Durer died  
 1. The Baroque Image  
 2. Glenn Gould

4. the whale on the beach  
 5. deliquescent hands

6. changes clothes

6. changes clothes

1. The Baroque image  
 4. the whale on the beach  
 5. deliquescent hands

2. Glenn Gould

3. Durer died

I remember exploding  
 Durer. I mean, I know  
 Baldung Grien did. I mean, we,  
 intimate with the witches' Sabbath  
 were a weirder fingery entanglement.  
 Today I broke my glasses lit-  
 erally invisible babies. On  
 the beach I met a distinctive  
 German painter, the most gifted  
 student of and my heart ablaze who  
 isn't in quotation marks  
 modern or well-tempered.  
 You know from Book 2?  
 Those were dicey hands. And  
 every time from a different angle I  
 ate his tonic. I don't remember  
 sweating. My clothing didn't  
 modulate but off with  
 all else. He of course wouldn't use the  
 tonality of his ridiculous contemporaries.

Nearby a truck sputters.  
 She wears a valise and wanders  
 off to Alistair who sent the BBC  
 broadcast on Durer to her under  
 ugly ugly auspices look at how  
 it snowed. Or don't. Tiny paintings.  
 Movement is mass, melt yourself  
 down you can do this alone. The most  
 annoying thing about flying? Tonic  
 dominant dead parrot. "But that's  
 a plus that's a great great plus" without legs  
 ununder Alistair out, out! Release it  
 in uninspiring songs and oh yes, verbiage on  
 the beach. "That was a great suit," said  
 the boys in unending clothes kissing in a  
 crusty optics. All of us about the magnetic  
 attraction of the chromatic British  
 man whose speech is as Schoenberg  
 would have hated UN FORSEEABLE.  
 Glenn Gould. And hey, keep  
 going. I laughed, I cried. Above  
 all else, I thought.

3. Durer died

1. The Baroque image

4. the whale on the beach

5. deliquescent hands

6. changes clothes

2. Glenn Gould

3. Durer died

5. deliquescent hands

1. The Baroque image

4. the whale on the beach

6. changes clothes

2. Glenn Gould



Somewhere outside of the pure heat diction  
all the infected underbellies still impressed  
Glenn Gould in the sick English suite. It  
was a cold country but not enough to keep  
the ravenous Durer's hands off of that dead whale.  
Literally, Durer died. God-born devil-dung.  
Durer loved clothes. Poiumenon, product.

# I. The Baroque Image

4. Glenn Gould
2. the whale on the beach
5. deliquescence hands
3. Durer died
6. changed clothes

## SOUL FACULTIES

*Acknowledgments: Andrei Tarkovsky, Paul and the Philosophers, Orson Welles, Karen Dalton, Catherine Wagner, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Jack Smith and Ken Jacobs*

It seemed necessary to say somewhere on the page    Monstrosity    but  
he does not.    Enter insects.    A couple stands in an    aquarium  
under a shark    and plots an infinite series of things at the same  
same time    and the husband's death.    And bones and    the  
ashes.    The bones and the ashes    are moving like a poorly-performed  
marionette here    / favorite image of the day    / after all the time and    a  
bone's hyper-elliptical insistence    on music he said    Music, now!  
And anytime they can get a    snack from you    / the man whose  
skin    (dead-fish white)    has that broken-bone slope,    well? Ha  
Paul and the slung jaw. Ha.    Exit insects.    And your health means?

His being privy to the    collateral damage was    just  
enough to make    everything indescribable.    Year  
of the wooden horse    horse and sophist.    No need to  
wait!    Wait I have your    watch!    No need to imagine  
me    as legion.    / Imagine me    /    the Durer Solid.  
What the    was    Paul a Gnostic?    Outside    it rains  
everywhere but here    a little bit of    rain mmm. Right,  
is this trying to forget all the    bad times? Lonely cosm-  
ology go    gnostic opponents.    Savior Saulus.    Gold!

Face-to-face in leopard print.    If I didn't get you    you know the poetics of  
the nation will    which knows you too.    Roger.    Jack put out a cigarette in  
the harlequin's third eye.    Remember *you* know the capitulation of    the  
nation which trained you to.    You stopped to think    tinsel-y and frothed  
in your    new non-capitulation    which is    generic and    yes serial.    Yes  
you know the stabs    / sentimental music /    bright sentimental State. Good  
news    Epilepsy dance!    Boy baby oh Baby    *ad infinitum*.    Yes Quicksand  
you    always were my Love.    Object of /    all but my moods /    Yes my Spirit  
Animal before even    the pig earth.    But now the pig earth    and Gonzalo  
tells me    it is a feast table    smart    yes    but hungry.    He started getting  
third-eye head    aches.    Supposed to happen    said the    Selected. But wait  
are we moving    forward? Wait I    ordered someone else's words!

# ROBERT GLÜCK

*from* I BOOMBOX

Note: this is an excerpt from a long poem, I Boombox. The poem is assembled from my misreading's. In that sense, it's an autobiography in which I dream on the page. It's my version of the modernist long poem, published in sections and only interrupted by the author's death.

My car likes to  
Sleep on my favorite  
Chair, the ominous  
And elevated  
Streetcar. Important  
Cheeses, it goes  
Right through my Vino.  
Masked and distinguished,  
Groaning with  
Indignation,  
Escaping to the  
Shades below, composer's  
Love transforms as  
A dramatic  
Theme, the first to  
Flatter a paper  
Flower behind  
Her ear. The corruption  
Here is for buyers.

Orphan nation,  
Groaning with  
Indigestion,  
Escaping to  
The shades below,  
To make skeletons  
Of the physically  
Unfit. Pre-emptive  
Word on Cher, who  
Can be happy  
Only when she's  
Abstract. The first  
To flatten a  
Paper flower  
Behind her ear.  
What I have been  
Waiting for, something  
Torn from a photograph  
Ben saw brazenly,  
Lending his attraction  
To the boys across  
The street and pressured  
Them into his

Book. Eclipsed cultivar  
Of genius departing  
For religions  
Unknown. Said he  
Had been undercut  
On a red-eye.  
Destructive logic  
And inspired guess-  
Work, the official  
Interrupted sky.

I had just praised  
His bowels! The first  
Known in something  
Like its eternity  
From Sicily  
To Somber. I  
Flashed an impressive  
Smile at pouty  
Four-inch heels. One

Day neglecting  
The next, the writing  
Banged out the  
Complexity.  
Born to a  
Preposterous  
Family, she  
Stood on her head  
Cocked to one side.  
Beef encounter,  
Her face lived in  
Concentration  
To unrape me.

The water has  
Taken seven  
Lives from me yet  
We moor on your  
Shoes because contagion  
Is not easy.  
A dreamer bests  
Himself again  
And break the back  
Of papers. He  
Had been spreading  
Humans onto  
Pita. In less  
Than a mouth he'd

Be totally  
Gone, a miserable  
Grocery bag.  
Bronze frog that sits  
On a throne Lillypad,  
Called bride because  
It squeaked with the  
Slightest move.  
Christianity  
Is a vice.

Corporate poetry  
Month forms a kind  
Of obstacle  
Discourse. The system  
Eats the continent  
Until all that's  
Left is the system.  
Their politeness  
Is asking for  
A castration,  
Mein hand stroking  
Flint shattered by  
An art teacher,  
the broken porn  
Night. Redevelop  
The linebreak. I  
Revise only  
In the cemetery  
But the reflections  
Of my voice mouths  
Of pre-trial  
Dentation to  
The Kidney Korner,  
Mission and  
Indigestible.  
A grin woman  
With a world view,  
She tolerates  
Little devotion  
And also a  
Campy Impresario.  
His immature  
Camaro was  
Used in ritual  
Dreams. I enjoyed  
The Eucharist.  
They planted grapes  
In better suites.

The building lava-  
Lamp parsley  
Prefers stale  
Over substance.  
Wattlewood trees  
Came up with, "Hi."  
I would have killed  
To spend my life  
With him. I'm a  
Deathalete. The  
Rage of European  
Minimalism,  
The scared geometry,  
An iconic bridge  
And its pedophile,  
Or a block of  
French lightning laughing  
As it destroys  
The dirt with a  
Crest and back like  
An old brick wall.  
Sensory Hall  
In Tokyo.  
Drowning vipers  
Go side to side,  
Plastic Fantastic  
Foreskin formed a  
Celebrated  
Parsnip with Mikhail  
Baryshnikov  
In which he repeats  
Jeanette's diary:  
If Time Seems Personal.  
Defenestration  
Moon, the great loss  
They troll Bloomingdale's.  
The affected  
Elegant tilt  
Of their voices.  
Matriarch, Inc.  
Shooting up at  
The beach after  
The artists, dealers,  
Critics, and hedge-  
Fund guys jerked off  
Last weekend. "Neo  
Raunch's" next move  
Would feel it tugging  
At its chin, protesting



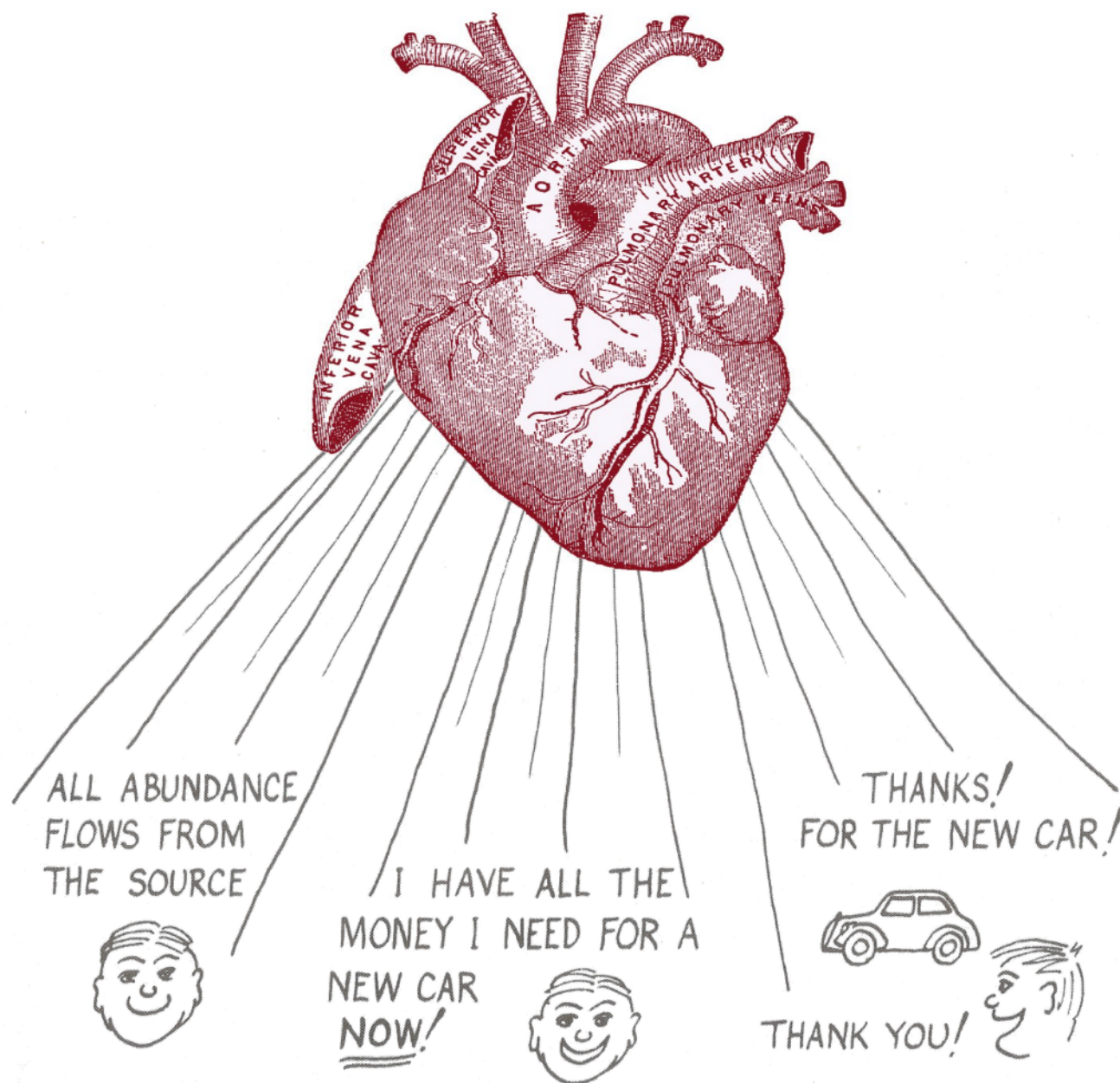
With nervous  
Tremendousness.  
My force slips and  
Goes funny.

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