

ELABLY





ELDERLY

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JAR

i put my love for you
in a poem
and am going to
leave it here.

UNDERSTANDING

"i'm breaking up with you today."
"i know."

ANOTHER

other men with your same name have been reaching out to me. other men who have laid with me are reaching out to me again. other men whose appearances resemble the way i fell in love with you reach out to me. i stay up talking to them, each conversation farther away from you. each conversation closer to remembering how they are not you.

YOU SAY

when you say 'people' i know you mean women.
when you say 'you forgot' it means you omitted.

and where am i in this.

am i this anonymity? is this the space i occupy for you.

CALLS

i spent two hours on the phone trying not to call you.
i talked to folks who i knew would answer me, the
way you used to. we caught up on each other's lives,
the way i'd hoped we would. we created an intimacy
of wanting to see each other more, and we planned
future dates to kick it. we'd do all the things i wanted
to do with you.

PASSENGER'S SEAT

i liked it when you drove. i liked sitting in your
passenger seat. your seat sat higher, cushion fuller,
and it made sense because you did not like to drive.
my seat sat lower i liked the feeling of being
comforted by your height in a compact space. i
wondered how many girls there were. how many of
them had sat there in my seat making the cushion
sink in beneath yours, making you drive them to
places alone together. i wondered why they did not
stay, how you did not and could not possibly do
anything that would ever drive me away when we
both knew i had to go.

JASON MORRIS

CADENZA ON THE NIGHT PLAIN

There is no distinction—
changing, it rests

On the well-worn
road to its limits, the mind
familiar enough with
itself, comes dimly
to register it exists
beyond itself.

A tenant among mock
orange, beach aster, lupine
Attendant to each, as well as to

Lays & a Bud, nice snack
Surface clouds scatter beneath
wracked with careless self-interest

& optimism. Just vision enough
to double down on the illusion.
—with a sound but half its own,
a search avoiding perches, which
always (as here) emerge. This

Outside the mind, like
a great monument abroad
come upon under construction:
still familiar behind
traffic, scaffolding & ladders.

Chi Ama
Crede. The person who is trying
to kill you is yourself

A VACANCY

Soft, like
something actual
were waiting,
a material
maybe
waiting writing
sifting a thought
that, yeah
a what not
Of wanting

test results back, my
blood in the hospital
it's information. I'm full
of it. First it's food

& what nourishes me
initially unlike me
becomes me
That activity of it
turning into
what I know or am
the Greeks called
psyche

This ancient
sense of soul
as something
taking place
between
two lapses

one emptiness
and another

beside myself
some books
silently piled
Bells in situ

A window
left open
at night

to let
love in. Mind
is always effective
cause. Nothing
ever pauses

calls out in
passing, and it
responds.
Brake lights
out the rainy

window signal
night came on.
Is there some
simpler way of
reading my blood

TURMOIL SUITE DIES

Good old so-called "silence"
To let the head
 billow into
FIELD OPERATIONS
and yet: not yet

Itinerant shepherd
whose sheeps these clouds are
I thought I knew, penned

Only by accident, shapes
as planned as
a lunar eclipse. Something
to bend
the conveyance
around, a road
built in accord with
 the actual
surroundings. Accruing,
and yet there before-
hand. With the wherewith-
al

Occasionally to not
& begin again instead
looking
to attempt to defect from
compose record repeat

to hit a lush snag
to look at

WRITING

An idleness
rings radiate
forth from—
where something
just was. Went
through. Marks
what writing
is. Rudiments
loosening
Not far from where
the dock extends:
thinking
One's moved
cleanly & constantly
toward disorder
vs.
the possibility
one is eternally
enmeshed in
some serene
& orderly
stasis. Boreal
summer sun
noisy crow
Disturbance
in the leaves of
birch trees by
the big cold lake.
A lapse
in time
steam takes
rising off a
seeming surface

REX LEONOWICZ

MAKE IT AHEAD

PART I

i guess i should aspire to the ina garten lifestyle—a more lucrative whiteness than i'm used to—cooking with faggots, sipping crisp white pino grigio outta waterford crystal, talking shit with my girls, eating oysters & wearing their pearls, who cares about the world from a trellised patio with a view

of atlantic blue, white beach stripe of sand, it's the hamptons, baby *yr the greatest* where'd you get yr nails done? saks fifth ave, didn't think you'd finally make it *big mistake big mistake HUGE* to underestimate yr knack for scaling ladders bootstraps'll dangle from phone lines when yr through with em, the grass is so much squarer in connecticut, can't pay for an authentic experience of nature these days what a shame, but its ok, can't complain, life is good at least for today right now this second i wouldn't ask for anything

except maybe a vicodin, valium, xanax, whatever, just a little something, don't worry i'm not addicted, it's prescription. it's an intricate system this substance management for the affluent, my doctor gets it my doctor can relate, it's like i'm getting away with out leaving the house, or solving the innate problem, if i play it just right & i'm too important no one will notice.

PART II

i wanna be uninhibited, but you see i don't live in my body: i'm out of it it's all about the cerebral cortex, i'm all alive in the space between my eyes, behind them, depths of neptune where diamonds are the most common form of precipitation, so far from the sun whole planets cry for what we have and haven't done, what much is the use of wondrin why then my heart's an empty prism, fist-sized, guess it's time to let some light in, under the right conditions an arc of tinted stripes can flood into existence anywhere anytime i see this potential as comforting—its beyond my comprehension, fits no simple logic, so i trust it more than this subjective graveyard of plastic, screens, debts, receipts. find me at the lake crossfaded alone projecting my life onto the skyline silhouetted, i saw the best minds of my generation at the bar last night dying inside but smiling about it, lies on how grounded it feels, you know art and jobs and friends and cats and sweet love's bliss—but don't listen to me, i'm full of shit too, i'm an actress i told you we can't help it, or the authentic versions of us are ugly and hurting, tender tumescent horrors, i promise—terrible

disgusting unloveable, believe me, the real me is a misfit not a hologram—dear diary i'm sorry i'm here i can't help it, i can't understand, i don't accept it, please fix it, help me help myself.

calfresh means i eat as bougie as i feel like if i budget, so long as i don't make enough to not afford it off real cash just make believe you don't see the tears just let me grieve in private sunglasses cover nothing they're useless

i'm not sorry for anything i'd admit in public tho my head is all messed up with shit but you know you can't ever really know anyone not even when they fuck you like you've never been in love before after the first time it only gets sadder from here on out

i surrender, losing never gets easier so better off to give up and not play, the earth is too crazy a place, i'm over it, i'd take venus any day even tho small even tho orbiting backwards retrograde, unfazed by loneliness anyway i'd feel it with whoever anyway why bother why try harder when trying is the first step to failure i could care less if i train myself and i'm a master at discipline and denial of worldly pleasures, easy, leisure is the devil's playground catholicism said to me in a working class queens neighborhood—cigarette butts and broken liquor bottles i picked up & cut me the first time but i couldn't help myself, couldn't rationalize a shard's iridescent gleaming beauty out of my system however irreverent my resolve to forget, & plumes of blue smoke cut the wet summer air and scent of hot rotted garbage, the city a big apple core of maggots feeding & feeding til the meats all gone, nothing left but the seeds bitten open, insides of arsenic leaking their poison.

APPLYING MYSELF

i knew to say, by way of help, in the MFA art practice admin job interview
part of my background is in “herding cats” with “grace under pressure,” platitudes
that get it through i excel at wearing many different hats, i do it with
dignity & can empathize with big cracks to fragile genius egos of many stripes
of artists, much unlike me, but, you know

i could tell them, too, i have had experience since age 5 or less
of being unofficial therapist to a family of seven adults and then some, i grew up
really, really young with a lot of various kinds of sustaining absences & deaths
& nothingnesses & deaths & deaths
that afforded me a penchant for keeping everything completely under obsessive
control in my life & everyone else’s around me, little problem-solver, little best-
practices-loss-specialist:

i’m the caretaker/over-giver in the dyad of codependence, even in the workplace—
i’ll take on all the shop or department’s problems like they’re mine & solve
them all at once, never asking for help or anything for myself, not even money
sometimes, the selfless jerk i’ve always been, i mean, the resource i am.

you let people walk all over you

yr too nice, yr too kind

too apologetic

you don’t give yrself enough credit

you give way too much

to no end

to my advantage, but i can’t say so much about it—except maybe
in fellowship, grant, higher ed application materials bc then
it’s to my benefit to be a poor freak pstd andro-fuckup—they want the good
stuff, my whole life—a lucid nightmare i wake up i fall asleep i wake up, reality is as
bad as the bad dream was, tho less in my face, maybe either way, in both i’m poor
&trans & femme & queer & recovering from & surviving within
abuse & catholicism & poverty & shame & don’t you think i deserve more,
cuz i don’t, and i’m unsure who does, what’s ethical to do for money,
seems like nothing? nothing. money is as dirty & ugly as the things we do
for it & because of it. duh.

i could tell you my whole truth, but i don't know it all & even if
i did, i don't want to because

they've always liked me for all this shitty stuff a little better, because it gives them street
cred, because they like it for their numbers, their reputation, they get to have
another *other*, get to claim another minor case of diversity for the statistics page,
the catalogue where they work to wrangle a few more fools like me for the photo spread:
anonymous united colors of bennington or mills or sarah lawrence, or more funding, or
a *whew* moment from a board member, now we *haz a poor white tranz!!* & it's safe &
i'm lucky, even if i don't feel so much of either.

everything i get, i've got
from code-switching, so
why complain about it?
i should be grateful (& i am) i get
to be what i always wanted, anyway,
24 hours a day, 7 days a week, but no salary:

an actress, the part where i see
what it's like to be someone else
in many different situations,
the theatre of me,
from minute to minute, it changes
i dissociate from many parts or another
element of my life i left underground
to get through the casual convo by the
marble columns while the ghoul
of me who left my body cackles
from a few hallways away.

what have you become?!

people claim me as experimental
cuz i write this way, but really i'm just crazy—
don't challenge me on my word-usage, it's true
& i'm cool with it, this is just how i think, & anything
i do reflects it, no experiment, it's a naturally-occurring
rambling brain spew of anxiety, refractions, blueness,
attention to all sides of things bc i am as complicated as
everything that i love & hate in this world &
it is both constantly killing me & giving me much life.

both/and, always.

no play or pre-meditation or hypothesis
to test, no higher intellectual intention
other than getting it the fuck out so i'm a little less
nuts & clouded in contradictions, thoughts
that keep betraying each other & me.
i could align myself with whatever box or modifier
people seem to ascribe me to as a poet/artist/human, i guess,
but i'd rather not.

MARK LAMOUREUX

ATTACK OF THE GIANT ANTS

Among the teeming people,
cowering under the silver star
 of death,
after the icepick
 hammered on the blue
moon; in the habit of poetry, ghoulish
with mothholes, just one drop
 of falling water
is never rain.
 O moon
you are always the same,
 not like the forces of time
who act upon Debbie Harry,
 the realization
that things were OK for a few weeks
in New York City in the '70s
 but you were too busy
being five years old. O who
will love my corpulent soul
 when I have slain every living thing
around me with the blade
of August, who will teach the child
math?
 Only the beautiful
things change, an analog
 to digital signal like the waking
from the gauze of sleep
to the real room, as it is,
a singularity. Eaten away
until even the perceiver begins
to change; the purple water
ever at the edges
of the known world, always waiting,
a song in the background:
 La la, la la la, la la, la la la, la la, la la la
 Lost forever,
the last summer of a certain species,
you,
 while the television never creeps
to static anymore,
 the television itself
may go on forever.

WEIRD SISTER

Timeloose agony
built a hive in nostalgia
That stream that
runneth uphill
the runnels of which
are varicose
veins, blue as the dark
All those masts
attached to nothing
Bad thoughts
surf the leylines
upside-down kites
Free me, witch
Those pinkest
eyes. Do you recall
those eyes
at all? Stalk
charms curl in
the fire, fingernail
parings alight in deep-
mind, little moons
under the big moon of little
sleep, fleeing the little
death, a long life
cut deep
in the palm. The ruby
vein beneath
the ice. My own
devices scour
the blast crater
for a sign of life
The sign says
Silence please
Can you read me
the signs, sister
witch? Is any
association really
free? A dark house
on a dark road
to say nothing
of the disembodied
eye-lights among
the dust bunnies
who fear not the broom

housekeeping being
antithetical
to magic, which is
the stain of being
on the fallow
cloth of matter
Your shadow
will follow you
until you are just
dust, then it will
join the general
darkness of the void
Good witch
who has eaten her
penumbra, rip me
from myself, make me
a black swan on the black
water, the sea
of stars, the eye
of the storm of
is

PHANTOM DESTROYER

As the year begins
in death so do I

Whatever lies
dormant, whatever
waits, dreams

The black that lays bare
errant hairs
& sloughed skin

Negation's
liberation, empty

space the palette
of matter

What dwells in what
is not, a caricature
of bones

A hive of sounds
A face
changes to face
the river

of particles, the classification
& reorganization that is
space, civilization

is buildings, which are
delineated
emptiness

Speak not
of what is,
rather what
cannot is
what must be told;
thus what is not
is what begins
in what is

What lives in never
abounds—
what is desire
is what lies
apart &

within
the sweep
of the eye
& never
the I
of possibility

ANSELM BERRIGAN

DEGRETS

all the K's rise as yellow squares, now that trivia's
run its course, livesofts soil through the entrails of
post-knowledge, time feels up a slight, I just helped
the folks to my right cheat at general knowledge
hell is other corporations, no grexit, on the Budapest
Airport chainmail list, white terrorism cuts the oxygen
midrange, active, long, grazing in the graveyard rode
an elephant in the zoo on your head, then I rode an
elephant on your eyes, previously suspended, you have
no idea how hard it is to attempt twenty short poems
in a glaze, I hear them literally running unconscious
interference, & dude walks in to take everyone out
again, giftwrapping chips around my heart in honor
of alone time, human summons light, to prove, and
be proven, it's not so hard to give up everything, it's a
matter of exchanging voices, it's very hard to retrain
your listening, postcorpse started following you, I've
got this cost for about, I keep it permanently loose
somewhere around way over there, I'm a covered base
levitating carry-ons into sub-extinction, to achieve a
feature, lean flake jimmies a lake, where I gather the
roofs raise eyes, today Picasso, hidden in a casque with
crested plane, freaked me out, pointed panik chins way
to plate, tinge of wobble, messlessness, o transfoliation

DEGRETS

bombing for a third space, between enemies, brushing permission, forge & paper plate on \$2500 painted news-print, green preveals, between astro and shag, tractor phone feels beamy, so they all, select to say, the plastic life was terribly dangerous according to the in-between cast, pressed, protruded into j-v terror, it was perpetually ambiguous, pharmacy therapy played out as soulful politics, plus dog fucks dog, enter Q-train light, Chegra white flat out forward in so-called time from turquoise armies of letters, blod as olve, do not lean on mechanical twins, job placement assistance available, every dude's a suspicious package, objectively speakingly, she's dead wrong, but she wields her prismence on screen with stubbornity, unfolding the priority tsunami tseat, yellow subway floor thing between fruit & plastic fractaling a shimmer no matter on or if or as or in gems surrounded by tortoise shells were faked or sealed, subgressively pregretting the artifice of chemistry, pant leg, necktie mattress pad fragment, in its deposition to Nature matchbook cover & found wood sigh on canvas, aqua-marine urban ears in pseudo-recovery of attention shift cosmetic ground, the hyperchromatic version of me pursues misregistration to the last, J saw milk paintings in mild fever & asked if she could touch the comfy spots again in daglit kickback, treat day is cancelled forever

PREGRETS

fleshy Rubens gets crazy about the crazy duelist's
bodywork, solidity and color messing with us
again, definite order's customary crisis kissing
any disembodied ass it can find, we took the real
from the representation & gave it rent-free floorless
housing in the horsehead nebula, otherwise I'm on
4th street near B & another Anselm's around the
corner on B near 4th, fainthearted ska repentance
blaring through idities, vanishing your egg & glue
your right to gloom so entirely yours in entirety
fondling surfaces again little chalkboard, little
screen, little wing pattern evolving into surf sobs
through alien speakers, plague flags party in kiddie
colors, cats, copying, my ten favorite books suck
clambers up to clamor's stock b'eau de lariat, the
nation retweeted, behind the fear of color cover
is a cat catching scents to keep me clear of sense
Johnny Air Mart evergreen awning across ave A
self-compartments in bunny balloon reflection
on the chaseway ornament lobby trail, iv contrast
charcures the abdomen for fleeting preservation
the abstract poet runs where in cognito again? I'm
a patient toy, my time's draino down the crosshatch

PREGRETS

duly afflicted by changeling light, I beg you command-
eer buttons, rubber wheel with electric fans is where
we chase the headley, that's what I'm paying tire tread
on wood with chain and flashlight for, internal server
errors & bummers unite, do what you want, stretcher
dropped wound to run, brain with bear hanging out
back of its head, minus manic to be emphasis, how do
I even who like to myself's a sound's question, on the
subtitled proto-make laying some first eggs for drawing
spies like dust, let the electrical junction box coming
come, did bibi ever finish his speech to the hack & tool
brigade, open tanking the melting across vortexical
slushlight, incendiary antic blends a conservative gots
to wield as yield costume playing with bends, & like
rhythmically that, articulated orgiastic instacore hemorrhaging
on cue, the clunk bus, nah I'm just sitting over there
mad at its not drunk, permissions request dolefully
replaced by crab-grabbing octopi, compass & passbook
sharing projected fecal explosions accredited to event's
horizon portrait, gives the deadpan evil eye to a zone
out posing as at work, considering multiple offers
bleachable moments & bleachable shields, fabricked
adult-ass plumb bob, turn a blind grid fragment of yellow
rubber life raft, hey dig dog, open panting, dumpling go

REGRETS

goodutopian liked your photo, specter chained to we
disagree about how! to organize society, the bodega
light exchanged blam for kooky, & me without my
more denim head, I stole a shitty yesterday, couple
wants my table but they will wait forever in my sculpture
in terrified tears I got on the bus & never saw him
again, but in a perspective of feeling, emphasis declined
zebraic cosmologic steals negative bases, when I run
for anti-president no one will get e-mail barrages asking
for chip-ins, is that a bleeding tautology, a genre of
children's freedom pleasing art: a selection, I began
with a diminished profile, but from what no one need
ask an asker asks, on the coming battleworld, all micro-
histories in limited run, what shit I sent myself recently
for to compose around this received spread of pain, I
don't dig-think a need, the last thing I get to say, never
clear what enough is, when the mice died I killed the
painting parent survey deadline, student hare, so, Man-
hattan Luck, too many persons to occupy a step from
now the little box, once a booth, calling for transient
gasp of occupation, what about always looked so alive
I felt really sorry for that poor dusty dirty filthy goat
by the sixth or seventh drink Billy stopped talking base-
ball, if all those fingers were disembodied now, we have
to be realistically optohectic, I spent more money on
shampoo to get the goat clean than I did buying him

MEGAN KAMINSKI

LIGHT BEFORE DAWN. FIREFLY IN WINTER. CATCALL TO BLUEBIRD

Photoluminescence. Breath trapped deep in body waiting
for exhale for extinguishment of fires for smoke signals.
Early morning shaped by hunger by itch under eyes under
dry skin unhappy solace of dry forced air. Evergreen
branch out window. Unanswered letter on desktop rack.
Gentle sighs exhales from rooms upstairs unawakened. Pre-
dawn hit of incandescent light. Sneeze and shake. Foot
pressed gingerly on ground. Slow warming drift
through windows grids yellow light onto plaster.

BONES ON THE SILL. SNOW ON THE GROUND. BODIES BELOW.

Deep limestone seep in soil, mineral and stone, flesh and
bone creak. Dirty snow in the alley fracking salts coat
underbelly coat asphalt. Five before us and behind. A static
want a nimble speaker wrangling words into feather duvet
into vehicle into dockets filled with defendants and charges.
Mother-call on this bright morning—sky and ground
indistinguishable—and interminable longing for full belly
for fingers in damp soil wriggling. Echo and sound wizened.
Backs breaking.

REFRACTED LIGHT. WEB IN THE CORNER. ARMS ABOVE.

Bass thump and corner turn, rubber on rock, heat radiates
from roof from body. Our densities measured by thickness
of flesh, scattering of syllables across tongue, diphthong
glide into evening. Snow stretch from town to state line.
Bear down bare carry back down the hill back down the
boulevard. Bending at the knee to carry us all carry us fully
from this place and longing. No bird song no calls in this
night. Gangrened and lost. Dive and dusk. All this carry all
this weight all this labor.

BASEMENT ROOM. BUZZ BLURS. DESCENT.

Static between sheets. Buzzing in ears on lips on papers
folded recanted murmur. What sky what earth slow
exposure of roof tile. Onions wasting stinking of office
furniture of windowless rooms and dirty floors. Stomach
drop chest compression dry constriction of lung of muscle.
My memory wiped gray. Wavering of birds in the winter
sky, downdrafts and blue houses. Gentle fur and soft paws.
Careful selection of cards and mice. Wet nose on skin,
reverberation of body on body.

DIURNAL FLIGHT. PROMISE OF WHEAT. STONE.

Black bean simmer and tortilla waft. Morning latent wonder, scamper of paws on floor. Piqued ears prancing pony. The heater rumbling through the day no holiday from cold from fracture of bones from lung rattle and tentative steps down windowless hallways. Sunlight reflects off watch off knife. Long whiskers insistent cry. Steady breath and sigh. Steady gaze and whistle of air through nose. Patch of wheat patch of barley. Winter sky gray sky, sigil of things to come.

BACK TURNED. MORNING LIGHT. QUIET PASSING.

Purple blossoms on the table, paper sprawl, and bus wheels
turn over and over on wet pavement. Distant call and
rankled guts. Each wet a whistle, a passing into daylight.
Suffering serves no one. Romanticized absolution, totality
of loss. The moth, the parsnip swallowtail, the orange tabby
on the sofa. A mother that rings twice, a groom that skips
town, a tree bent under iced snow. This drip and drizzle
this melt and budding this mouth open expectant waiting
for a taste a tonic a lung.

JASON R JIMENEZ

FIND EACH OTHER

to leap and always be leaping **and the leap is the action we take preceding the finding of each other** *or all others* THE PEOPLE WE ARE MEANT TO FIND

what is the leap? the leap is the expression of our affinities release the vvibes those things we feel when we feel *when our brain and heart and spirit the thing which a human is or that a human can at times be* when this BRAIN BODY heart THE SPIRIT HEART when the spirit heart feels sometimes we contain the vibes in our bodies or in the relation of our *calcium* and *protein* the space of what we are we *contain* the vibes **there** and

we transcend the limit of our physical body
within the limit of our physical space
like the atmosphere which is limitless
but bounded to its crazy curve around the earth

we are limitless and limited in the same moment across infinite moments

sometimes we do not desire to contain the vibes *the things we feel when we feel* and so we seek the others *the one and the many who we are meant to feel* but this seeking is not always purposeful **The wonder of the vibes is how they pull and push in all directions at the same time** reaching WITHOUT OUR KNOWLEDGE to faraway places to spirits we do not know or recognize *like the smile of a stranger walking by you on the street* or the fox who runs ahead of you next to a river trail *when a pine touches you and surrounds you in its ancient comfort* and then there are the purposeful leaps when the one calls out to you and draws you near **in silence in crowds in dark rooms and ancient rooms** through screens and thousands of obstructions

i want to feel these *ones* and the others
the purposeful and purposeless
the *florist blue* of accident
the march toward community
and design

fight back

surprise!

ALL WE MUST DO TO LEAP IS TO REACH OUT TO THE ONE AND THE MANY

do not fear their humanity their emotion and their bodies *they are not an invincible force*

we wound each other as we are wounded

but do not live with those who do not want to live with us *the men and their transactions* our overseers in blue and green Their world which opens veins and cuts **from our bodies what we do not want to give** they do not want to live with us so we will not live with them and i would never appeal to you to attempt to live with them because they have denied our leaps they have denied our desires and our affections and they have chosen to destroy the vibes and the world

the spirit of the world

how do we find each other? our leaps of faith have to be many to many ones and the one all at the same time and this we can do because we are unlimited in our affinities *our meanings are inexhaustible because we are infinite spirits* and the leap is the acknowledgment of **our beings as limitless lovers** and *it is true i love you* and when i say i i do not only mean me but the world and

you are the spirit of the world

love is our leap it is the destination of our leap to the person next to you who is you and they are the one your one and you are their one and you are ones **together**

I AM LEAPING TO YOU RIGHT NOW I AM REACHING OUT TO YOU HERE IN THIS MOMENT AND EVERY MOMENT

i am appealing to you to feel me and to feel the one and the others to find ourselves among the beings of this world so we can march together and reorder the evil world **to exclude those who do not want to live with us** and *we know who does not want to live with us*

feel me here and feel the others *i am vibing* i am feeling this for you all
i am here and i want our closeness to share the space with you as **a relation of love** to not exclude myself and my feelings from our friendships and our contact
i want to posit a zero boundary *no limits to our spirits* no limit soldier
the unlimited parts of our beings

THIS IS HOW WE FIND EACH OTHER and this is how we revolt against the world which does not want us to live *which leaves us lying in the street as our blood flows from our hands* they who steal us from our schools where we have already been chained *they wall us against the ocean and hospitalize our organs* and

from which organ will they steal next?

they do not want to live with us

we must find each other we must call out in the darkness of the streets OUR STREETS and our
spirits *i am here okay* **i am body** a vibrating and limitless physical body which would give you
my flesh to eat if that is what you needed
because i am not my flesh alone but together with you and the others

we must find each other

KATE ROBINSON

THE WAVES

to take
pictures of signs and scenery
while mentally
dissecting the distance between

the squared
pages of this book and bumpers
are restlessly
traveling the highway between

cannot contain the processes.

to shake
foundations of pens and permanence
while impotently
waiting the time between

the rounded
faces of lovers and loves
are awkwardly
tumbling the tether between

not necessarily connected

you have to know that your cave
is a cave,
and not the mouth
of a terrible monster chewing
quite slowly.

since "s" is not empty,
i don't need to do this
for my sanity,
i'm just doing it
because i enjoy it.

say it how you said it
last night, it was
much more amusing,
always referencing the
dead parts of me.

those are the parts i like.

TOO CLOSE TO THE SPEAKER

in the beginning a kind of
blank articulation,
not sophisticated,
changing ratios,
the frame will break

//

in some ways staring into
distortions of perception,
depending on erasure,
not fast enough to pick up
all the information

//

seeing things that are not there
will create new colors,
sometimes overlapping,
depending on the density,
pure white, pure black,
a very strong light

//

how strong the reaction,
preemptive warning,
I might have mentioned
guns and underwear
in one package,
kind of like a factory

//

an interest in attacking, playing,
an idea of slowness,
take away ending
and it's finished,
wasn't just unique,
the line between capturing and performance
very deliberate

//

almost nothing happening,
jumping forward in time
one second,
circular piece of
the idea of
every time you make it
you have to re-make it

//
framed as documentation
in a much more formal beautiful way,
integrates physicality
unedited,
soft stretches vibrating,
sounding the image,
a dialectical fact
in which translation is minimal,
far away from what I think is a good decision,
real articulation,
the human voice mediated
through describing mechanisms

//
unavoidable to some extent,
the piece is the record
of the thinking,
just grab,
pull it apart,

//
what happens when
she examines all parts,
think about
some sense of range,
the most un-
you, simply put,
simply swing,
center point
microphone feeding back,
too close to the speaker

//
phasing effect,
natural decay from friction,
separating out into discrete tones,
hearing through a motioned response,
chaotic,
controlled,
nothing to do with nothing,

//
a lot of interaction

BEND

maybe there's a fleeting image
defined neck, dancer's neck
bare bones in tandem
pushing out from the center
of an enormous billowing sheet
enveloped in fabric and pushing

tied and sweeping
directed and returning
to an initial form
thank you, with open joy
with lifting tones
thank you with bending bodies

this voice translated
smooth squeaking surface
patterning the linking motion

wider breadth of rotation
the image unraveling as one slides
forming tandem motion
the difference of a hand, and then
another hand
leading upwards and then back
opening

there is a reach
a small jump
an encircling
a bend
two iterations
simultaneous bodily translation of
a uniform movement in tandem
the same being inherently dissimilar

overlapping systems of movement patterns
puzzled against and coming into focus
in sync
in close tandem
with distance

touching as acknowledgement of two discrete forms

about proximity
about kinds of scale
dance in silence

the language is still
functional

the two women, having spent many hours dancing together understand the logic of their
movement vocabulary
what if i read the movements and you performed them, as two bodies bound in the logic?

noticing the noticing
not looking at a thing
head bowed
rushing forward

an image of silent motion
the sound of the muscles tightening under the skin

a real fascination with triangles
a lot of vessels
all these little containers suggest
only responding to and to and to

these evocative motions of words
still movement sinking in

LAST YEAR'S NEW YORKER

received the 'nadian series:
one feeling and his paper undergone it
globe always assorted difference they
were only one moment of the joke

panic was usual, this follows
along memory of paint I found
police and nothing Greek that his days kept
if suddenly to behave

the normal book was unintelligible
looking and a way into
the emergency at an undergone suspicion
that affected the interview

he was to other in mount hospital
he had the visual field, and
these noted objects as exotic
with holding an apple by sniffing

or squeezing he often forgot
and became shy, he wrote
"lest the prime minister
Hamlet," surprised him



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We are not for sale
Fuck you for thinking

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