



ELDERLY

19



*We'd like to formerly invite you
to the Nineteenth issue of....*

ELDERLY

Anais Duplan
Lisa Rogal
Sampson Starkweather
Kellie Nadler
Dan Hoy
Brandon Shimoda

ANAÏS DUPLAN

“...HIS HAND, HIS HEAD OUT, I SEE THIS
HAND LEAPING OUT, DISAPPEARING.”

The dog is in the beach. Time is joyriding past,
windows down. My dog lick paw and sea floor
one and the same. Everyone his body and afternoon.
His body moving in too many modes. I actualize a black
hand its fingers displacing

a cigarette. I have no ballroom to hold.

The black truck
of your picture
is culminated
in a plane
of smoke.

WHY DOES IT FEEL NATURAL TO WANT TO BE STABLE
FOR THE LADY IN THE MIRROR?

My stable body yet,
it is the stage of the real.
My labor is inscribed
upon the earth. Is it the name
of the father, the law? Regardless
of capital, this is my self-growing.
What is here. Why don't we
talk about the body without
organs as a limit, its miraculate
surfaces and each and every one
of its disjunctions? The starts
of one machine to the other.
The celibate machines with
rectums open, the paranoiac
machines. A performance of
the virtual. A bad kind of desire I
desire so that desire begets
desire, muck, sedimentary rock. Oh
my god you're on a tear. You're
an animal with long legs.
Be at your door and I'll
be at mine.

JUST SLIGHTLY HERE, FIVE TWENTY FOUR

Me: A blue water, a bright and blue monochrome spread on my mind. Creates an impervious sheet. The emperor of the sea-mind-water lives there, a gold fork at his side, for the boys. Let me 5:11 PM

Me: Into your communion. Let me be rightly laid upon this ocean, stretching orthogonally and without sound. I want this to be my song. Let me 5:13 PM

Me: Into a lifetime of looking in this mirror. The word proceeds without order. Having too much in this mind I'll take on another. The choice to begin again there poised beside the word, and its end ... 5:14 PM

Me: I am speaking so as to remark my living. 5:18 PM

Me: Enter this conversation with me. Today has been 5:19 PM

Me: Almost unbearable. I am in a dizzy, finding neither world nor place there—though—just a body. Lighting up 5:22 PM

Me: Just slightly here 5:24 PM

Black & Relaxed

A.D.

Jewellery queen, where do you be? Zeroes and ones
mind at the wheel, in control, driving down a slim
lane with Mary and me, Mary so sweet as can be. A tad-
pole on a high-wire rescueth me from a bad situation.
I said hey whadyou got against pain(t)!!
Menace of menaces true, ascend to your rightful rank
as avenger! As everyones angel! As a cloud drift
almost every night. There is joy in this please be
true. There is joy in a throughline leaping from height
to height as though a bat in the night! Almost as x
surprising is your gullet, lieutenant master, your
deep gullet almost every night. As though at a piano,
I stand poised before you to go over something really
quite true, quite true indeed. This is none other than
a performace by you to me yours truly most true.
Youk have to write what you hate into existence and
filter none, your filter is wrought with delight and
femur mercy, forcep lurid, birds a blurring. A slower
motion to honor all your selves! Im smiling now be true
and bright! Your body is pasted upon the earths face.
Round and round we go in the almost dark salon. My
sad clown boyfriend wears the pants. ~~Its only just~~
~~a tendency now.~~ If you want more of the music, turn it
Chester is losing wait. Hes going to lose his pants
anyone of these days. I wrote this song for you it
goes I just cant cant cant edit myself for
true! Green grass gorilla striving for the middle
life, thats me. Like an ape? A primate? You said it,
Jean-Michel. Green grass gorilla stand up straight,
show up for school, do your reading your breathing
excercises your pool swim fun time. Go to the barbecu
of your life, good samaritan. Its along journey for y
Leave this behind! Leave this behind! Leave this behi
Roland Kirk, I left it for you. Six and seven letters
long I prounced around town in my swimming suit.
John Coltrane was there he saw me true, at the church
music. Pale pale drop of light on my window true,
wont you stop by for a week or two? And make me break
my head up almost every

A SOFT MONUMENT

In evenings, I auction off my body parts in order of sentimental d ouleur. Someone has got to blow this load eventually. Before hitting BUY NOW (BUY FOREVER), the woman on the other side of the screen managed to say, "This isn't how I imagined I'd spend my life." This is, at least, uncomfortable. At most, I can recite the names of the two oceans that cup me. No others have been invited to the cloisters tonight. It is me, the dog, and the altar-human. "Thank you for being my friend," said the woman. But I don't want to be friends just yet. First I need to find my hands: asphyxia barrel murder

beheading blood eagle
 blowing from a gun
 brazen bull death
 by burning burning
 of women cement shoes
 Columbian necktie crucifix-
 ion crushing death flights
 decapitation drowning electric
 chair euthanasia coaster
 execution by elephant falling
 fire squad flaying gas
 chamber guillotine
 hanging impalement inert
 gas asphyxiation lethal
 injection marooning neck-
 lacing poison premature
 burial Republican marriage
 death by sawing snake
 pit starvation stoning
 strangulation bamboo
 torture upright jerker

waist chop walking
the plank, Tamir Rice.

I dreamt my mother could fathom
an invisible love. I have been hiding
in the boudoir for two months waiting
for you to call off the dogs. I dreamt I loved you
and you left me / alone at last to reach
higher more lonelier

p l a n e s: Uzair ended in November. Reported civilian.
Child. Arshad Dawar ended in September. Alleged militant. Child. Osama Haqqani ended in
August. Reported civilian. Child. Salay Khan ended in July. Reported civilian. Child. Tariq Aziz
ended in October. Reported civilian. Child. Waheed Ullah ended in October. Reported civilian.
Child. Atif ended in April. Reported civilian. Child. Sanaullah Jan ended in November. Reported
civilian. Child. Naeem Ullah ended in October. Reported civilian. Child. Hafsa ended in May.
Reported civilian. Child. Fatima ended in May. Reported civilian. Child. *This article focuses on the
relationship between the subjective and the collective in the work of project artist X through a
{virtual visit} to her mixed-media installation DOULEUR EXQUISE (1984–2003).* (Nisar Wazir
ended in May.) *Through detailed analysis of the intricate systems of narrative in and between the
installation's three parts, it assesses the contribution of X's project to two phenomena which are of
central importance to cultural production in France and beyond at the start of the twenty-first
century.* (Reported civilian.) *The first is a fascination with {l'intime and with punctures or shifts}
in the public/private boundary, and the article explores how DOULEUR EXQUISE develops X's
customary handling of {autofictional tensions and the exposure of self and other.}* (Child.) *The
second is {our obsessive memorial imperative,} a cultural development to which X has not yet
formally been linked.* (Naeem Khan ended in May.) *The article argues that X's installation
demonstrates an anthropological interest in {cultural constructions of suffering, mourning practices
and memorial artefacts.}* (Reported civilian.) *Finally, it suggests that DOULEUR EXQUISE self-
consciously invites us to respond to it as a new kind of monument, one appropriate to process-
driven projects art.* (Child.) *This, the article defines as {a soft monument.}*

LISA ROGAL

LA BELLE INDIFFÉRENCE (EXCERPT)

In the ocean there are a lot of fish. But I never see them – I don't know them. My experiences are heightened in importance.

*

My body tells me I have no choice – or my body tells me – this is your choice – I mean, desire. This is your life and I am also – dying very softly. Or I'm fine – it's fine anyway – I am pretty – hungry for nothing.

All the fish in the ocean live and die, sometimes at night. They just keep floating. Maybe I was meant to be some other type of person.

*

When I'm at the ocean, I go in it. I feel different. I feel something that was missing. It stays with me for about one year. Over a year it fades. When we have sex after a long time, everything feels alright.

*the fish in the sea
invisibly have no meaning*

She says

to you, a man

*how can all those
little whale food
fish be
my reincarnated
soul?*

*by myself
I feel
like a whale
or even
those little ants
in their sand
each one not even
a snack – I mean, an obstacle*

*

When I am hysterical I feel much like me. My brain is overcome – I can do something.

I need time to sit and think. How else am I supposed to be a poet – I mean, a potato – I mean, a citizen – yes – a phone call. How am I supposed to eat or do the laundry. How does one make money without hurting anybody. How does one not hurt a soul – a fly – a soufflé.

How does one not eat a fish – really. Really – how does one survive. Who is lucky. Who's sinking. What stinks – in here – what gives.

*

What do people talk about, in those bars on the little dark street. Lit from within I am when I'm around. I spend my days – much different than you. We have a different – life. I imagine.

*I think
I'm unhappy
or happier
when something's
missing*

*I have
an escape
plan – planned
an escape
I mean
a schedule*

One day I could drop my life and become a different person entirely.

*

I was lying on the floor of the crowded bedroom, he put his hand off the bed, down against my back. I told him I didn't know him, I was in his bed, I was lying. Later I realized I was lying because we hadn't spoken. A word all night.

*I haven't had
it, in a while
I mean
a transformation
sex with strangers
or just
a strange –
an encounter*

I didn't realize while I was lying, but later I recognized it in my imperfection. This is a person I often think of. I think he knew what a lie was. It meant nothing – is a thing to say – which is nothing. Is there even – a thing. To say.

We said nothing. To each other all night. I don't know, you. All the bodies lined. It was close to day. A few minutes really. It was a twin, I suppose. There was so much space and time.

*of course
I felt like
shit
but he was
a very good
kisser*

*um
this is just
what I
remember
but*

*it was a very
warm – firm
I mean
I don't know
a tongue but also
lips & hair
a stomach that sinks
or someone's*

*chest
you know
the way it
settles – grows
on you?*

*

When I go into the ocean, I mean it. I feel different. I have found my partner and she wants to kill me. I feel the violence of it and wonder who I'm hurting. I feel happy at the beach, who am I kidding. I wonder what my happiness is doing. In this little lip of ocean where a crab might bite me but – it rarely happens. When I'm happy I'm always a little bit mistaken.

<i>I didn't mean</i>	<i>I did what</i>
<i>my body told me to</i>	<i>I didn't mean</i>
	<i>to do</i>
<i>what my body told me</i>	

<i>No more</i>	
<i>sighing in</i>	
<i>the breast</i>	<i>I guess</i>
	<i>I'm sorry</i>
<i>for what</i>	
<i>I did</i>	<i>I guess</i>
	<i>what</i>
<i>my body</i>	
<i>told me</i>	<i>you're as real</i>
<i>to want</i>	<i>as me</i>

Every time I
pin down what
I think *I want it*
slips
away I smell
you on my
hand
for days I can't
wash away
yr – whatever
guess what

<i>No more</i>	<i>I guess</i>
<i>sighing in the breast</i>	

*

We had contact I couldn't stop – imagining. A hug or something. It was more intimate than I – expected.

*maybe I'm happier
when there's something
missing
maybe I love
a tragedy*

*what are we doing
with our lives
seriously?*

*

Because we are not eaten, we're unhappy. Sorry – have not eaten. We are angry. We're not eaten. You haven't put your mouth on me. You haven't seemed to want – me specifically. You've seemed to want – something to want – to feel yourself. We need to reconnect. Not eat each other.

*the body just
takes over
it's just
happening
it's just a satisfaction
a desire
it's just the body being
a body – its own buddy*

SAMPSON STARKWEATHER

THE GOVERNMENT CHARGES \$300 FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO AFFORD HEALTH CARE

WTF language

got me

paycheck to paycheck

scruff

of the neck

a cub in its jaws

is it religion

if it's not

(in) writing

how to withstand

the tsunami

of hours

good luck

dust

dream job

the stars are

a broken necklace

strewn across the sky

psych!

they are just stars

but they still run

rough shot

over us

the sun

ain't got none

on my desire

poprocks & dr pepper

baking soda volcano

fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck

ROBERT CREELEY  ED THE INTERNET

The deep web

Is what I call

My life

Poets deal

In the business

Of possibility

The Pablo Escobar of that shit

Dreams

Like a retired hit-man

Putting down his dogs

Love & Memory

Faded

The color of un-currency

Poems

Those state-shaped birthmarks

Of debt

How does anyone survive

A tree

Is such a simple

Thing

To be lost

In no woods

LATE

To work

Against

The state, always

Dream-sanctioned

Buoyed by small change

A lone feel blooms

A field of feels

Thought-blossoms drop to rot

I cough up a red crow

Or 5th spontaneous season

Recalling your kiss is

My private meme

Memory is this ungoverned weapon

To resume unmurdered

Abolish the I

Abolish the you

Until there is only we

The poor always lose

Ask us

Out here

Wrecked by knowing

THING FUNERAL

Sampson & the Have Nots

Another one-hit wonder

I want to be alone

To not hurt

Another person

High enough

To touch a star

An actual thought

Shotgunned from mouth to mouth

Not a necklace but a sign

INCALCUABLE SADNESS

Like Christmas lights in July

And other emotional tumbleweeds

Bonded by dysfunction

Wrapped in a blue cocoon of longing

Peppered with howling vespers

I ride with my

Psychological side-piece

For the last time

People don't pass

Away

They die

KELLIE NADLER

VIGILANT VIGILANTE

Have you ever been so tired you could sleepwalk into a marriage

a pink satin ribbon tied in hair
a handcuffed present around pig tails
little blue bonnets, anything that ties under the chin telling a mouth not to open

vigilant
vigilante it hadn't occurred to me
he said he heard since becoming an entrepreneur I now understand the body as a laboratory
I didn't get it I said I've never been more interested in entrepreneurs
he was horrified

vigilant
vigilante you misunderstood me
you hadn't occurred to me when you let your guard down

Have you ever been so tired you could wake up in a kiss

a wet tongue sponging across the countertop surface of your chin
a tooth clattering against teeth like pots and pans on a metal stove in my mouth
in my mouth your sponge is old and fraying at the edges
you leave particles on the surfaces you claim to clean
I would have microwaved you

vigilant
vigilante where have you gone
why do I wake up like this
in kisses in sex in committed bonds
why do you leave me when I need you most

I'M SICK OF SIDEWALKS TELLING ME WHERE TO WALK

"I don't like you" said Io
"I don't want to twirl around you anymore"

"Too bad" said Jupiter
"You're stuck in my pull"

ELEMENTAL

A disembodied head floating around looking
for surfaces or knuckles upon which she can rest her chin

her bangs too long they match her downward gaze
always looking at the feet she does not have

she is not vigilant she is not a vigilante
she is spat on dirt the residue of a firework
making its inevitable way down through wind

vigilant
vigilante our sisters are floating heads we pass in the night
our eyes glancing up to meet a yellow flash

vigilant
vigilante our mothers are floating heads
our enemies our saviors our kin
our bodies torn

where our limbs have gone

WHAT DANGLED DANGLES NO MORE

Limbs line up at a front door
these limbs in line
adorned

limbs
in bloodied limbs
in earring limbs
in shredded limbs
in pulpy limbs
in televised limbs
in caffeinated limbs
in marinated limbs
in kneeling limbs
in veiled limbs
in published limbs
in bare limbs
in adorned limbs
in tattooed limbs
in rotund limbs
in rotting limbs
in barbequed limbs
in limbs lined up at my door

tombstones
lesser limbs
edible
once attached to a skull

skeletons
like pick-up sticks

play, play with me
sever your limbs
leave them at my door

DAN HOY

from THE CARGO

The cargo
comes

from on high
because

it's free

of the kind of
feeling

people die for.

The cargo gives
our lives

back

to the life we live
for the cargo.

The cargo

is made
in our image

like the sea

is made
for drowning

the old gods.

We dance &
sing

like new faces

the cargo falls
hard for.

Whatever
we have to do

to bring
the cargo home

is everything
we have to do.

The cargo
makes life

worth it.

Life makes
the cargo

out of piles
of dead bodies.

Night falls
&

the cargo
of the day

pulls our hair
back

tighter.

Remember
the stars

the cargo
comes from

when the sun

makes
the whole sky

forget.

A clear day

brings us
the cargo

our ancestors
let go

to waste.

Our enemies

take the cargo
of their people

& pillage

their women
& children with it.

Our hands
hold the cargo

like a mother
holds the child of God

hostage.

The cargo
comes

from the future

we call
out of the sky

& condemn
to Earth.

BRANDON SHIMODA

THE DESERT

A man wrapped in a wool blanket
Eating a bear claw
At the gas station

...

Looks warm The bear claw
Is falling
Apart

...

The man's face
Registers explosions
He's seen

At night
Crustaceans come out

...

...

...

Because it rained
All the cat urine is coming out
Because it has not rained
In so long

...

Two cats on a mattress A mattress in the alley
Disappeared into the cubby
Every intravenous
Movement is a liability

...

Cats in a hole small lives mostly
Obscured by a wall but the hole
Permits a view

...

...

...

There's a bag of manure in the alley
By the enormous garbage smells like manure
And a black lizard Two grasshoppers
Killed a moth

...

A woman coughs twice

...

We don't have deer, but there are people in the alleyway
Looking for food ... cans or clothes
Can make anything

...

...

...

There's a luggage filled
With field guides
To tropical plants
And Mennonite children

...

...

Inscrutable heads like: you will mix with
Every other creation
But

It's where a man killed his wife
And kids then killed himself Ate his toothpaste
Brushed with the dead wife's hairbrush

...

...

...

The girl reads beneath a tree
The girl's face is incomplete
But has a mother, which doesn't mean her
Mother completes her

...

Dark book with
Gregorian sentences

...

...

...

There is a head
Hung in the willow
By the river

...

...

Hair is the willow Warm knife by the strand
Soaked in the river Cold ache is gone

The head eats, though a silent face
Reflects the back of the head, the
Inscrutable acre

...

The willow sleeps with a yellow cure

...

...

Demystifies the hours [what is]
Dead in the gutter
Of the horizon, hung like

...

Marsh marigold: thick and sweating

...

...

...

Like some kind of cow
Lantern

...

Saliva

THE HOODED BRIDE

She will won't be

A bride

If she follows through

If she follows

Herself

Through the mirror

...

Better to be nobody

...

...

...

...

Sensational Foreign

Language in the season

...

Touches sound without

The science of its cells (parts)

...

That loves suspension from for

The shadow (that)

Separates Takes shape

W In the momentary Separation

...

Solar (premonition)

Of the ancient body

Returning

...

Why is the mirror

Stone. I can't

See anything

In the mirror,

...

...

...

...

That's what it means to be

A citizen: erasing

Love. Because I love

I am suspect

You are
In your own
Imagination now precisely
Where you will yourself, light breaks across
The hood Light breaks across the hood
Light breaks over

Good. We can
Appreciate now
The cubic moonlight
Lowering over our bodies
Entangled in the weightless paste Melodious pyramids
In the trees Moonlight on dog's faces

...

...

...

...

We could touch thru our eclosures stick our hands through
Speaker boxes
And dream of walking thru the trash, into
The baking battleground
The dream satisfies
The desire
To live on the outside
Not in the nationless hall, the
Excoriating primer
Of the nation
Emblazoned...

"LAST LOVING HOUSE"

The bride's flying (sailing) over
The "LAST LOVING HOUSE"

Warm plants on the fans

...

~~The bride passes~~ The bride's sailing over

...

Her shadow // the train

Sleep to the mewling

...

Inside the cedars

...

...

...

...

Lines that thicken

Censoring (redaction)

A mirror on the back of a neck, disembodied

Segment of robe (rainbow)

I am the sea I am the weed

Hair with eyes Momentary corpse

That sees the sky sends up the sky

In waves

...

...

The circle (maru)

Cuts through me,

Separated, I become

...

Together, re-form

...

...

The sea in the desert

The fossil on the floor on the bed

Scoured by Burnished by the sun

To a mirror

...

...

Carries through

In the bag Smile on the wall

...

...

Mountains scored on the walls

Rinsed of gold

...
Melted into
Small, morning cups
By the rising and falling of the lake

...
In a ring
The world's remains
...

I wash my hands
On the bride's multifarious stone, down to
A single figure A mollusk I make
Sails in through the
Dark, sails over

...
Nerve of the sun

...
...
Emanations

...
...
Ring in the earth
The sea circulates

...
Having done done their work
Having labored

...
...
Corpse light
The blue Settles
The ca mouth of a cave
Black hair on a hooked bloom
And the facet of an eye

...
...
If she stops moving, she touches
The center of the circle

...
...
...
...

How much sun
Can you abide
Before you it burns
Through you _____

...

...

When the bride begins to fade...
The comet passes It is again
Year one zero

...

Like the sun goes going
Underneath the world
You The mind
Measures fluctuations
Against
A separate world For every second, it is the human
That passes
Leaving a silent streak

...

...

With a contour
For when the plan earth in its endurance
Grows rabid, the final flowers
Can be sewn
Into a harness

...

To bring the body down
And let it burn
With all the number Florid ember

...

...

Between the shoulders

...

...

...

...

The groom died, the bride
Worried for her freedom

As an object outside herself, like a new plant

...

She visited it / one visited

She had not freedom

She did not believe in God, therefore

She did not think about it

She

She

...

...

...

...

Dredged the fountain

...

Bother, Bother

The object you imagine to be the focal point

Often not, but

Shining object

In the hills

In the hill

...

The groom and the bride went walking among the dough

Found their urchin tree barnacles and sugar crystal

Then went camping between a tan whale

And a dark green rock The sand was soft

They stayed near the food

DOGS

He said there's solace
Only in
Expensive matters

The kitten, maybe Dogs can swim

When a dog barks, it means a body is passing through
Another body the dog does not know
Which is which The bark is broken
The penetrating body gets away

Worse if it stays

Everyone wants to
Execute the dog

When an infant pets a dog, the dog disappears
The infant becomes the bastardization of the dog
The parent is reminiscent of the infant as a bodiless rainbow
Settling in a gutter, and/or an adult
Carrying an infant into sunlight without water



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Fuck Donald Trump

THE BAY/NYC
elderlymag.tumblr.com



85.09 +2.99% PBBR 58.77 -1.53% EGF 85.09 +2.99%
FRTA 38.03 +9.23% BFE 40.35 -0.45% GPPM 80.35 +0.64% FRTA 38.03 +9.23% B
63.24 +4.87% PSSO 80.12 -1.12% XZF 63.24 +4.87%
47% MSSFT 60.87 +0.23% GDDG 17.05 +3.20% SFV 40.35 -0.47% MSSFT 60.87 +0
6.38% JTC0 125 56 +1.21% SPS 77.08 -6.38% JTC0 12
NY 52.47 +0.75% SPV 53.72 +0.45% FWM 101.75 -7.04% FWM 52.47 +0