

ELDERLY'S
NOT MY
COUNTRY



ELDERLY MAGAZINE NOTIFICATION

Hi everyone, and we mean everyone.
In light of the absolute horror of the past week.
We are putting together a special issue.
This will be a public document.
An open space for your voices.
In the spirit of Entropy's Final Poems.
All work will be accepted.
We want your writings of outrage.
We want your writings of grief.
We want your writings in resistance.
We love you.
We are here beside you.
We are collecting materials today through 11/19/2016.
We will be publishing on 11/24/2016.
Our enemies are the white supremacist heteronormative patriarchy.
Our enemies are flat.
Our enemies are one dimensional.
Fuck them for thinking they can stop us.

Email us at elderlymag@gmail.com

PLEASE FORWARD TO EVERYONE YOU KNOW!

- J & N

ELDERLY'S NOT MY COUNTRY

MEL BENTLEY	11/11/2016 @ 1041AM
DAVID BUUCK	11/12/2016 @ 0643AM
PAUL ILECHKO	11/12/2016 @ 0735AM
ROBERTO HARRISON	11/12/2016 @ 0908AM
RAQUEL SALAS-RIVERA	11/12/2016 @ 0920AM
JONATHAN MAY	11/12/2016 @ 1025AM
DM JERMAN	11/12/2016 @ 1149AM
GREG BEM	11/12/2016 @ 0348PM
CHRIS MARTIN	11/13/2016 @ 0824AM
SAM EDDINGTON	11/13/2016 @ 1039AM
SUNYATA COURIE	11/13/2016 @ 0940PM
JOE GREEN	11/14/2016 @ 1049AM
STACY SYZMASZEK	11/14/2016 @ 1057AM
LEWIS ELLINGHAM	11/14/2016 @ 1235PM
JOHN OLSON	11/14/2016 @ 1242PM
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THOM DONOVAN	11/14/2016 @ 0332PM
GABRIEL OJEDA-SAGUE	11/15/2016 @ 1215AM
ROBIN EICHELE	11/15/2016 @ 0859AM
EILEEN O'MEARA STILLWELL	11/15/2016 @ 0539PM
ERICK SAENZ	11/15/2016 @ 1019PM
SARAH CUSICK KALAJIAN	11/16/2016 @ 0544PM
MARK TARDI	11/17/2016 @ 0811AM
GRACE MITCHELL	11/17/2016 @ 1134AM
ANGE @THREEASFOUR	11/17/2016 @ 0502PM
SIMON CRAFTS	11/17/2016 @ 1058PM
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KEVIN KILLIAN	11/18/2016 @ 0733AM
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JULIEN POIRIER	11/18/2016 @ 0214PM
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DAN FISHER	11/18/2016 @ 0419PM
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ALEJANDRO	11/18/2016 @ 0843PM
TATIANA LUBOVISKI-ACOSTA	11/18/2016 @ 0913PM
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SUE LANDERS	11/19/2016 @ 1011AM
BRENDA IJIMA	11/19/2016 @ 1130AM
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KIMBERLY ALIDIO	12/21/2016 @ 0928AM
JAMIE TOWNSEND	NOW
NICHOLAS DEBOER	NOW



MEL BENTLEY

THINGS

found
on
sidewalks
speak

earth
wears
hearts
on
sleeves,
billions,

we
intestinal
fauna
an
exviscera
go
about
driving

our
fevers

show
up
in
bright
night
mare
plastic
nodules

flower
clips
against
stone
we've
glued
on

a
skin
of
stone
to
get
things
done

THE FIRST THREE DAYS

Wednesday after no sleep, I cancel class. I go to the warehouse job. People hardly speak. I go home and try to nap before several evening meetings and startle awake with fear. I go to a meeting. We carry on. How was your day? Not good. Blink. Blink. Yeah. Then to a friend's house where we talk ourselves out around the our other life structures, our other struggles. We avoid the fresh thing. Our expressions are drawn. My friend's beautiful face is so tired. My roommate texts "You ok?" I text back "I'm probably not okay but it's hard to tell."

Thursday. Warehouse gig. We become capable of jokes. Suicide, green card marriages. I gather all the colored milk crates and make a stack of red, orange, blue crates from bright to dark with an bright orange crate at top. I tell my coworkers it is an installation piece called "Sunset of American Empire." At some point my body has begun to be in pain. I feel under water. I hear shouting in the distance and assume riot. That night at the National Convention Center I say "Cheese steak spring roll, spicy ketchup?" to Appellate Court and Supreme Court Justices from Texas and Indiana and Ohio. I get "sir"ed and "ma'am"ed. The servers talk incredulously and with ridicule about the peaceful transition. One of the servers says "I don't want to hear about it." Someone responds "What happened?" and the first says "Exactly." I jam my knuckle lifting tables, feel suddenly fatigued. Walking to the subway I find several hundred stragglers left from the day's protest. A chant of "They go low, we go high" dies with the five who try to start it. I feel anger finally. At the ineffectual and somewhat celebratory mood.

Friday I go out the door to teach class. Leaving the house feels different. Open, unprotected. Helicopters in the distance. Train shrieks sound sharper. Small noises have a crystalline clarity. My skin feels burned on, a marker of sickness, a scar of history. I have felt this way before minutes or hours but now it will be for years. We will rightfully remember whiteness as a disease. There are few buses. I walk the mile to the subway without getting on one. The door of the corner store is bashed in, the subway entrance at my stop is roped off with police tape. A cop white cop talks to a construction worker white construction worker who is gesturing animatedly, who has a joker-like scar extending from the corner of his mouth. I keep walking towards my class. I go into a fast food restaurant and buy a to go cup. I give the person behind the glass a \$20 and get \$5 change back through a series of doors of bullet proof plexiglass. I don't say anything. I don't understand the rules today. I think that if they are trolling me because I am white then it is absolutely appropriate. There is a narrative on the wall about how the founder once gave a hitchhiker a scholarship, about how this fast food job can be worth college credit. I stand in front of my class and say numbly, "What can we say to each other today... about... poems." I struggle to lead discussion, my body responds slowly, I seem to be at half speed. The students step in and lead well. I feel grateful. During my office hour I google "turning your skin blue" and find out that silver has been known to dye the bodies of people who consume too much of it. The cases are mostly libertarians who are trying to consume colloidal silver. So that's out. An alarm sounds. I leave the building slowly. The people in the stairway seem unhurried. On the bus, I look into the faces of mothers and see there are tears in their eyes. No sobbing, a tear just hanging onto a cheek while family banter continues. Go home and I read stories online about increased threats, new graffiti. I finally call and text my friends. I make a list.

DAVID BUUCK

SHOOT BACK

When the chickens
Come home
To roost

Don't be
surprised
When pigs fly

THE DAY AFTER THE DAY OF

The sky sheds its tears. This morning
is the morning of the day after. The
day of mourning, the day after the day of.
I beseech the sky to shed tears in order
to wash away the tears on my face.

This is the first day of the time after. This is
the beginning of a new time, the days of pain,
the days of sorrow. We are in mourning. The
sky looks down and sheds its tears for us. We
are the sad and mournful people under the sky.

Under the sky, the rain washes away the
muddy streaks left by our tears, the dirty
streaks of sadness displayed on the cheeks
of our desperate faces. We are grateful to the
sky. We are grateful for the cleansing rain.

The horizontal rain lashes our weary bodies.
The sharp needles of the rain tear into our
soft and needy flesh. This is the time of a
new cruelty. The rain is in the service of the
new age. The rain is a tool of hate and cruelty.

The rage of the new day. The anger and hate
turning rain into blood. This is the morning,
the morning after. This is the beginning of the
age of suffering. We beseech the rain to leave
us in peace. The rain laughs in our filthy faces.

The rain laughs in our blood-stained faces. We
are the people of the days before. We are under
the influence of the rain, the rain of the day after
the day of. We are overwhelmed by the rage,
the hate, the pain, of the day after the day of.

THE DEATH OF TRUTH (AFTER GUERNICA)

The horse is dying. Gut shot, she lies
in a pool of blood, her terrified eyes
looking straight at you. She whimpers,
tossing her head, legs thrashing wildly,
then slowing as she succumbs.

The fat man watches the horse die and
smiles. He wears a holster under his
belly. Wisps of hair stick out from under
his leather cap. His leather skin glows
with a sickly pale illumination.

Behind him, the bull stands rampant.
Blood drips from the ivory of its sharp
and terrible horns, its face twisted into
a sneer. I have an army of these, says
the generalissimo. Be very afraid.

An illuminating light sputters above the
scene of death. A naked bulb, barely
bright enough to see, barely bright
enough to cast a light onto the dying
animal's already forgotten face.

The horse was not killed, says the fat man.
There are no bulls. Truth is fiction. Facts
are lies. War is peace and blood is water.
Vote for me and I will set you free. Only
I can restore your lost greatness.

Your people are trapped in the city. When
the bombs come, there will be no escape.
This is the fate that they have chosen for
themselves. To lie, bloody, in the streets,
as the armies of darkness steal their souls.

ROBERTO HARRISON

ALL THE ONES WHO KNOW ARE GONE

it was like the explosive electronics, back when the first breath
cut into the light to become an infinitely wide circle, or by when
the animals aligned their civil plans to endure past the detail

when most would assume that their freedoms were blank, or solid
in the catalog of desertion, more ruined than the invisible music
but cold and hot beyond the two. when each of us are night

the tree-cat swims past its wings through the star cluster door, with
all the water behind it we motion to the above attachment as one
plays beyond seven and the steam band protects the heart's

early rooster. even the Baphomet starves with the occluding climate
as their window to the ink of the Emberá stalls into the homeless
patch, an affront to the proliferating signs that retain a husk

by the split egg dream. they help me in the star lust filled
with a wandering Host, given that my prehistoric origins
fall into this moment, at each intersection. and as networks

the invisible fruits Return to the canyon's western accretions, to
the forced meteor that one holds to relay into a partition's mind
held through the toggling arrows. it's not as if all those silent

people on the other side of the computer are glaring as we
speak, but the effect is the same. cut off the neutral networks of
the soaring cusp of intelligent inertias, or why the past inhabits

the future even if it's beyond words. what is meant by that book
is that the greeting is endless and spirals down over the torso
by two hands starting at the crown of the head. that was the greeting

on the archaic plains. and the common names are there that call me
from el México profundo. but why then go to the Zohar? if it's beyond writing?
but no – the codices, and el quipo, and all those other motions that call

the endless transformations of achafa chito. is there anyone to speak to there?
the intimate shell? "there" is here in the morning, I speak the way I am
beyond a page, the office of my terror is silent. I speak to you in that place

where we are a knot of micro memories, but let me finish as I have the anti-contusion
to impart to you, which only begins and ends there. helplessness is not the only state
in confronting the ash, but we must be still in the music, even if the egg breaks. not a single

word I utter is in that place. my chances to be among you are with the feed. I have
the mud. please speak to me now that Easter is coming, as all who know are gone
and will rise, starting from Mabila, and then each Mound, and then each Animal

that's where we sleep. that's where we start again. that's us in extreme wakefulness
watching the movies of our dreams and feeling our sleeping body like a puppet,
we enter the rings of terror, go much much deeper, and then awaken to the corn

RAQUEL SALAS-RIVERA

LA GRANDEZA

llegué a las puertas del edificio américa.
no sé bien quién dirige los peatones
hacia el ascensor,
ni cómo montar centauros,
si tiro las piernas encima
o detrás de las alas.

el vecino me abre el futón,
me invita a inflar el elefante de madera
y mientras le explico que no hay espacio,
suben por mis venas triangulares
las frutas estrella del paraíso.

leo poemas interminables sobre el fin de la especie.
los delfines de porcelana son criaturas que contienen
un alto porcentaje del mineral magia,
por lo cual fueron cultivados en el fondo de las carteras.

si doblas el pañuelo, es para rendirte
ante la tarea de fijar una cara,
pero si abres la maleta, encontrarás
la maraña de babosas y pasteles,
el lío del encuentro final
y la promesa del retorno
con amor,
tuya. Xoxo.

américa,
con tu dolor apocalíptico exportado,
¿cuándo y cómo te deshago?
finalmente se siembra un cuartel en el cementerio
de américa desunida por la otra que te espera
en el cuarto 5d, con el tabaco del impropio.

no cruces los brazos cuando te reclamo mi boleto.
no me mantengas si te mantengo
con mis deidades de popcorn
y mi semblante molecular.

¡quiero finalizarte!
¡quiero vendar la paloma que duerme en mi asiento,
y enviarla hacia el futuro, jurando que me guía!

en las afueras de san juan habita el centro del imperio.
entre faenas de ven-amor-rompe-mi-duelo,
la dueña de la metrópoli:

en mayagüez.

en el parque de los próceres,
no cualificas si eres presidente.

corro a tu convicción.
doblo tu imperativa
sobre el fuego superfanático del no.
realizo un estudio
que concluye que mientes

y mientes.

nación total,
no soy tu ciudadano cuando te da un arranque,
ni sabes mi nombre si no es el día del registro.
me quieres para sanar tu conciencia.
me quieres para construir las aulas
donde nos enseñan a sanar tu conciencia.
me quieres para repartir tu nombre
y batir tus banderitas.
realizo un estudio
que concluye que no me quieres

y no me quieres.

gran escisión/diorama del odio,
¿qué mal humor conduces
con tus elecciones coloniales paralelas?
te veo, embrión de canastas,

¡bosque! ¡tentación estática!
¡cómo te atreves a gastar tu madera!
quémate o cállate.
tanto futuro y yo sin cosechar
portavoces viables de mis órganos.

américa, eres terribles y no le caes bien a nadie,
pero no te importa.
¿a dónde voy para retractarte?
¿cómo logro extirpar tu emblema?
dáme el bolígrafo y firmo.

THE GREATNESS

i arrive at the doors of the america building.
i don't know who directs the pedestrians
toward the elevator,
nor how to ride centaurs,
if i should throw the legs in front
or behind the wings.

my neighbor opens the futon,
invites me to inflate the wooden elephant
and while i explain there is no space,
the starfruit climb up my triangular veins
towards paradise.

i read interminable poems about the extinction of the species.
the porcelain dolphins are creatures that contain
a high percentage of the mineral magic,
for which they were cultivated in the bottoms of purses.

if you fold the handkerchief, it's so as to give up
when faced with the task of identifying a face,
but if you open the suitcase, you will find
a thicket of slugs and pasteles,
the mess of the final encounter
and the promise of return
with love,
yours. Xoxo.

america,
with your exported apocalyptic pain,
when and how do i undo you?
a police station is finally planted in the cemetery
of ununited america for the otherwoman who waits
in room 5d, with the tobacco of insult.

don't cross your arms when you ask for my ticket.
don't support me if i support you
with my popcorn deities
and my molecular face.

i want to finalize you!
i want to blindfold the pigeon that sleeps on my seat,
and send her into the future, swearing she will guide me!

the center of empire inhabits the outskirts of san juan.
between workloads of come-love-and-interrupt-my-mourning,
the owner of the metropolis:

in mayagüez.

in the parque de los próceres,
you don't qualify if you are president.

i run to your conviction.
i fold your imperative
over the superfanatic fire of no.
i conduct a study
that concludes that you lie

and you lie.

total nation, all in all,
when you feel like it i'm not your citizen,
and you don't know my name if it isn't the register's day.
you want me to heal your conscience.
you want me to build the classrooms
where they teach us to heal your conscience.
you want me to spread your name
and churn your flags.
i conduct a study
that concludes that you don't love me

and you don't love me.

grand scission/diorama of hate,
what bad mood do you drive
with your parallel colonial elections?
i see you, embrion of baskets

forest! static temptation!
how do you dare waste your wood!
burn yourself or shut up.
so much future and here i am not harvesting
mouthpieces out of my viable organs.

america, you are terrible and no one likes you,
but you don't care.
where do i go to retract you?
how do i manage to extirpate your emblem?
give me the pen and i'll sign.



JONATHAN MAY

They parade the President in a big plastic cage
like the Pope now, as if the Pope were feral,
as if People in Power could be on the loose!
But you didn't hear it from me, now that the NRA
owns ABC and NBC and NPR. Even NBA stars
were forced to sport blazing gun emblems on their
jerseys, per the newest Supreme Court decision.
Poor pillaged Hillary sits in stocks on the White
House lawn, her grandmotherly face covered
in tomatoes. But how fresh the grass since he
redirected the Colorado River away from Mexico
toward D.C. They say water has a memory of
where it's been. How can it ever find its way if we
walled up our country with Mexican cement?
"We'll make them pay for it," he said, but
he meant all of us and he didn't mean money.

I realized yesterday while on the train inside a long stretch of subway tunnel, I was meditating.

My closed eyes focused on the slow churning sound of the wheels and tracks together. I felt my body go away, and just the sound and its persistence remained.

It helped that there was some quiet. There wasn't a bunch of other people-centered background noise going on... but the point is, up until then, I'd thought about using transit as a meditative space, but I didn't think I could do it. That nearly all busses and trains- over-crowded, smelly, too hot or too cold and in-motion- would be just too much. For the most part, they are. Until they weren't. Until they were perfect. Another thing to add to the list of things I'm glad I'm wrong about.

And when I came to- I had a little something extra. Something new about the world- The whole magnificent world outside of bad moments.

It doesn't matter if that old HE- a lover who became my sworn enemy- has never physically been to my new home. I've psychically invited him there damn near a hundred thousand times now, via my own dark thoughts.

Memories are something to be feared. And if the devil exists it is only in one form: Fear.

My family went to church when I was small, but we weren't religious, and I'm extremely thankful for that. In a nearly flippant way, when asked about my beliefs I refer to myself as an Agnostic Pantheist. This is in part deflection and in part a truth. These thoughts are like multiple minute gods- some acting in the name of good and some for evil. For me they exist and they poke, but they do not make up the sum total of my reality. That reality is changing. Is the constance of change. The lessons are old and new.

These 'bad' thoughts- replays of a seemingly endless series of events gone wrong and time wasted remade worse in the afterthoughts... they can melt away. They have to. They can become the tiny grains of sand they truly are amid the realization that the whole world was turning too, and still is. And back in each of those moments- someone died, and another someone was born, and someone else with a truer heart maybe had it worse.

How can I radiate love if I am periodically filled with so much disgust and frustration?
Can I turn this fierceness into positive coping and a force for righteous fearlessness? I must, or I die.
Make no mistake. So much of what we call 'living' is a total trap. My heart is shattered like a funhouse mirror and as flimsy a bi-polar's rationale for not killing herself today.
Yet despite knowing this, a voice straight out of my jagged heart, as sure as a self-defense class says 'YES.' And It will take a renewed commitment to the practice of healing every single day.
We are flowers opening and closing to the sun.

This is how you deal with the many forms of loss.
You go about your day. You do simple things. You do your best, which is a different kind of best every day.
You give yourself permission.
You close your eyes and breathe. You look at up the sky and remember the wide blue ceiling is there.
Holding you careful and true, along with everything you love.

If you are careful you can view with objectivity these inner twists of fate: you can see those closest to you lead their beautiful lives thourally and independantly all on their own.

But zoom out even further. Go around the world. Remember that someone else was having an even worse day than you- how your heart is made bigger as it goes out to them. Whomever and wherever they are- these friends you haven't met yet. These lovely souls you will never know. Some close. Some far.

Someone died. Someone was born.

The world spun on. And time pulled you thru. As it pulls us all, and keeps us.

And on another note... I wanna know. From the smartest people left in this country who are you, right now, reading this... Are you planning? Scheming? Dreaming up how to be better? Will you ditch your cable? Will you buy less and "work" less? Drop out of the military? Befriend the underdogs? Make love not war? Good.

Oddly enough, we're all a bit smarter this time. This struggle stands to make us all a whole lot better.

I'll tell you what I'm going to do.

Adopt a new issue. Take a fresh stand. Learn more about something I didn't know about before and share the knowledge. Listen. Travel. Write my heart out.

Keep saving so that I can give. Really GIVE. Until it hurts.

I'll be giving away a lot. To people and organizations who will fight and make good on their promise to look out especially for women's health, innovation within the scientific community, and to make it harder to acquire a gun.

We will never be more prepared than right now. I believe in you. I hope you gave yourself a chance to talk to yourself today, and listen too, about what you are going to do. It's not too late. Write something down. Make it physical. Remind yourself and remind others.

Stay posi, stay punk and stay tuned.

GREG BEM

from OH SURGE, SURVIVORS

PART SEVEN

FALLING SONG

For the dead,

Veteran's Day, 2016

and it is

it is

damp

but not

wet

and the shattering consequences

I'm thinking

like machines

think

of a vase

of China

in New England

dropped

a body

of smoke

released

dropped

I wrote:

body

falling

apart

must

shovel

into

dirt

and then

we sang

Where singing is:

the song of the flesh

the song of the body

the song of the brightness

the song of the damp

these are the words

that keep me

(myself)

these are the words

that keep me

trekking (onward)

who

am

I

and

who

are

you

disjointed arms

despite a weakness

they keep swaying

belly fat

and bear jowl

corroding identity

(breathe, longer)

the body and then the path

notice the path

notice the way the roads creak

notice the longitude and the latitude of the being

as it sits upon the axis

we have survived

another moment

we have been strung

we have been strong

and it gets crazier, crazier, the shifting
the splintering, the sound of history being rewound

sings like a serpent

hissing: choose!

(somewhere within
my head rumbles
for a choice
and an understanding)

but I know not

what options

there are

survival is beyond options

it is

a scattered survival

dear dead

with your eyes like clams

tightly shut escaping water

these challenges

this uprising

in new strokes along the scalp

new wraps at the door covering my face

that which is, that which we see

I see a favorite flock of geese, I see a mellow tarpaper strip

I see women whose smiles will overturn the many lengths of miseries

I see men laughing and overturning the tables of our daily keep

I see grating and wonder what's within and I see the knots in the cords we keep close

I see love and I see the way this love gets seen, allows itself in i

s perched

upon the shoulders

of the people

we have perched

upon the shoulders

of our selves

our falling body

still supporting

in widest arrays

in wildest chromatic spectrums

the heart full of flame and ice

equally of light

an expanse

electromagnetic

can be heard

can be received

a transmission as throbbing as the wounds we carry

Note: the full poem (in seven parts) is available at gregbem.com



CHRIS MARTIN

Y R U O K

Another day made of acetate and other people
The melting pot in a meltdown
And I see you flossing a gray Lexus SUV
Toward the cooling towers of delusion, gated or just
Prime real estate in a stable white (signal lost)
We turned into the driveway, pulled into the garage, forgot to turn
The ignition off
Cuz ain't no one gonna gate the radiated horrorscape
We've programmed entertainment to terraform for us
Willie Horton & Donald Trump
Discolored neurons
That jump out of the same aspartame brain cake
Extreme makeovers & gerrymandered hearts
With screams where the silent pauses used to go
Look: the sky itself winces
The ocean pulls back in revulsion
The meltdown is way, way down
But petrochemical disaster stocks skyrocket
And the masks become, what, our faces?
Siphoning gigs from an oversize data splay
I wore the same expression for months
Until I realized how white it was
A sheen of normative aspects you shed and repair

I actually *loved* the president
And he was, like, killing people
The police were destroying versions of me from my teenage years
Except now and they were Black
All of human society caught in the glitch between levels
Some of us dying out, some of us dying in
Reading philosophy with the lights off
Running through the six with my woes
At times of national tragedy every poem squeals like prose
Swimming backstroke in a sea of likes
My eyeballs weren't so much glued as abraded
Oneiric retreat shell for the snail of your tongue
Corroding into a brackish hush
No longer
Not again
No fucking way
Even love is agitation
Is a fielding of the agitation
Even love is the fielding
Of an agitation-that-worlds

CIVIL WAR 2.0

Whiteness coagulates into a central red civil splotch
A livid stretch of death cults skulking past the pollsters
Bright white black hole where history won't die
Where I is a second mortgage, a mortuary
No one can afford, a Fordian vacuum of seconds
At the ghost buffet vacated by Warren Buffett
We need a Native guide for surviving whiteness

SAM EDDINGTON

PEMBERTON HISTORICAL PARK, NOVEMBER 2016

Two days later,
I walked on a trail
between trees uprooted
by the hurricane four years ago.

It was the center of autumn,
lever of the year.
Around the fallen logs,
new trees, and plants

I didn't recognize
formed a feathered field,
sprouting out of the torn ground,
a forest from the flash-

flooded past, circling me,
circling the path, a ring
of growth, a ring of light.
It rises. We shall rise.

SUNYATA COURIE

i.

everyone woke up
at 3am
i was dreamwishing
the lesser of 2 evils
would win
but the lesser of 2
evils
is still evil.
my stomach;
a tilt-a-whirl
swallowing vomit
as the tears course
& i know they
won't stop until
4 yrs pass

ii.

the boy wears all
black to school,
protesting a country
that has shown him
they don't care if he
is
slaughtered
at daybreak by the cartels
for reasons he can't/won't/will never
understand
the same boy is
asked to stand by his
white teacher
to say a pledge for a
god & country that he
knows can't keep him
safe

iii.

the girl;
crying
her tears;
weeping
as the person behind her
wearing a trump shirt
screams
“FUCK MICHELLE OBAMA”
not knowing,
or rather,
not caring
that the words she says
are fueled by hundreds of yrs of
violence&hate&struggle&rape&death
&
the girl cries harder.

iv.

MY 10YR OLD SISTER IS YELLED AT
FOR HESITANTLY STANDING FOR THE
PLEDGE (SHE STOOD!) WHEN THE DAY
BEFORE HER CLASS LEARNED ABOUT
FREE-SPEECH
AND THE CONSTITUTION
AND THE RIGHT TO PEACEFUL PROTEST

v.

a different girl comes to me
petrified.
her boyfriend stuck his
hands down her shirt
in the fucking school library
and didn't stop when she said
no.
he was wearing a trump 2k16 shirt

vi.

strongest people in my life
are getting drunk off
sadness and liquor
as they take to the
streets
feeling as though
their life's work has been put on trial
and it has come up guilty

vii.

my turn.

i'm silenced
and told to stop
being so political
when i point out
that trump has been accused of raping a 13 yr old girl
and i've never
felt more powerless
because if i am made to keep quiet
about the violation of a young girl
then what else will i be
made to keep quiet about?

viii.

the boy is sitting
next to me now.
& he's crying
crying out
for something
that he doesn't
quite know he wants.
and what more can i do?
then promise him that
everything is going to be
o.k.
when i don't quite believe that myself

ix.

if i had a car
i would definitely be protesting.

x.

this paper is tearstained now.



JOE GREEN

THIRD MURDERER

I saw Warren Buffett on a truffet.
He kicked my ass.
I showed Donald Trump my Heffalump.
He turned on the gas.

It's hard out here. You can't hardly gets your breath.
With all these Third Murderers. Like in Macbeth.

Tom McGrath is dead.
And Adorno is too.
Many more have fled.
This overstocked zoo.

It's hard out here. You can't hardly gets your breath.
With all these Third Murderers. Like in Macbeth.

Poetry doesn't change a thing.
You're not sure that's right.
You awake and sing
The World of Lite.

It's hard out here. You can't hardly gets your breath.
With all these Third Murderers. Like in Macbeth.

Everything's ok.
You got your Sunday toot.
All's a play.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

It's hard out here. You can't hardly gets your breath.
With all these Third Murderers. Like in Macbeth.

Angels is coming.
Trumpets are flourishing.
He knows were dumb
And continually perishing.

It's hard out here. You can hardly gets your breath.
All my pretty ones? All? Just like in Macbeth.

STACY SZYMASZEK

FALL BACK

this extra hour reminding me
of extra money feelings
when the IRS gives back
the extra they took the fear
as I try to sleep reminding me
of being a kid hearing footsteps
in the basement fearing after the
election the footsteps will gain
access to my bedroom
reminding me of a gone era
of magical deal-making if I am
a better girl might you consider
a trade? how many hearts
beat in the boards of your
address? the blazing leaves
on 95 S reminding me
of eternity in a moment but
the thought formulation
coming as gerund overwriting it
much like the matchbook
I keep finding in different
pockets with changing
soft point numbers reminding
me of an untroubled youth
body now even the split
in my forehead gets so dry
it requires salve the meaning
of foreshadowing when your
knees are cracking as if
all the village psychics
threw their crystal balls
on the sidewalk at once
diminishes had I distinguished
myself in any way my high school
year book might have said
most likely to be okay
breathing sick buildings
caring for sick beings eating
sick food tending sick infrastructures
I'll narrate in the broadest
strokes because the tears
are in the things and
thinking the end is near is
a confusion of how time works
I am sure that this is why
I appear ambitionless
while flaunting my notes
that will become the poetry
I use to come back to life

Stacy Szymaszek

LEWIS ELLINGHAM

EARTHQUAKE

Darwin cries the hours in majesty, his arms
outstretched as he floats inches above the
park's lawn, "Everything is in flames — the
sky with lightning — the water with luminous
particles, and even the very masts are pointed
with a blue flame."¹ He has been living by a
walkway under a tree for a year at least

"A powerful earthquake measuring 7.8 magnitude
hit the east coast of New Zealand's South Island
early Monday, causing tsunami waves and killing
at least two people ..." ²

After my Saturday yoga class I am at 18th &
Castro when a small but very vigorous anti-
Trump protest is in full swing along Castro
St., with a 12-bike, six-car police
accompaniment. One girl, young and
strikingly attractive, with a placard saying,
"revolution now!" strides the street close in
with companions, a veritable La Marseillaise,
intoning a political couplet, seeming like

*Aux armes, citoyens,
Formez vos bataillons,
Marchons, marchons!
Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!*

of course they are imploring something in
American accents. The police look to be
threatening yet doubtless are thinking
about accumulating overtime on a
weekend shift, though the cars and
equipment are SO, SO formidable. The
total group seems a thousand people.

1 Charles Darwin, about the voyage of the Beagle anchored in the estuary of the Rio de la Plata (1832), observing an occurrence of St. Elmo's Fire

2 New York Times (13 Nov 2016)

it's a full moon — the closest and brightest
supermoon of 2016 and the largest since 1948,
it won't come this close to Earth again until
Nov. 25, 2034, according to a statement from
NASA — it's the Mega Beaver Moon³

the sprite trips over park picnickers,
the optimists seeking sun to warm
and color them though the skies are
leaden, her sparkler lighting the way,
her smile frozen as the little people
pick at destinies like brittle chips
from cellophane packets hoping to
get them to their mouths

WEALTH

Soaring stock prices at the hottest tech firms shook up the top of The FORBES 400 this year.

Amazon.com CEO Jeff Bezos gained \$20 billion, more than anyone else in America. That was enough to boost his net worth to \$67 billion, making him the second-richest person in the country, even wealthier than Warren Buffett, who finished in third place for the first time in 15 years. Facebook CEO Mark Zuckerberg, who is now worth \$55.5 billion, moved into fourth place, his highest rank ever, while Oracle founder Larry Ellison fell to No. 5 for the first time since 2007.

Evan Thomas Spiegel (born June 4, 1990) is an American Internet entrepreneur. He is the co-founder and CEO of the mobile app Snapchat, which he created with Bobby Murphy and Reggie Brown while they were students at Stanford University. Evan was born in Los Angeles, California, the son of Melissa Ann Thomas and John W. Spiegel, who are lawyers. Spiegel grew up in Pacific Palisades, California. He was raised Episcopalian. He was educated at the Crossroads School for Arts and Sciences in Santa Monica, and attended Stanford University.

Julio Mario Santo Domingo III: age: 31, net worth, source of wealth, beer: \$2.4 billion, is the child of Julio Mario Santo Domingo Jr. and Brazilian socialite Vera Rechulski. Julio graduated from Boston University with a Bachelor of Arts (History). He is a huge fan of dance music and psychedelic techno and, like his cousin Andres Santo Domingo, has founded his own record label called Sheik n' Beik. He is a skilled DJ, and has performed all over the world. There is speculation that, as his father passed away from cancer in 2009, he may be the one to give his sister away in marriage when she marries fiancé Andrea Casiraghi, the second in line to the principality's throne in Monaco. He grew up with his sister in Switzerland.

Spiegel took design classes at the Otis College of Art and Design while still in high school and at the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena the summer before entering Stanford. He also had an unpaid internship in sales at Red Bull. While a student, he worked as a paid intern for a biomedical company, as a careers instructor in Cape Town, South Africa, and at Intuit on the TxtVWeb project. Spiegel was a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

At age: 33, net worth: \$3.3 billion, Nathan Blecharczyk is an American entrepreneur. He is the co-founder and chief technology officer of Airbnb. Nathan "Nate" Blecharczyk was born circa 1984, the son of Sheila (née Underwood) and Paul Steven Blecharczyk. He grew up in an upper-middle-class family in Boston, Massachusetts. His father was an electrical engineer of Polish ancestry. He graduated from Boston Latin Academy in 2001, and went on to Harvard University, where he received a Bachelor of Science degree in Computer Science. In 2015, he was the 1006th richest person in the world, with an estimated wealth of US\$1.9 billion according to *Forbes*. As of March 2016 his personal fortune is estimated to be at around \$3.3 billion. On June 1, 2016, Blecharczyk joined Warren Buffett and Bill Gates' 'The Giving Pledge', a select group of billionaires committed to give the majority of their wealth away. He resides in San Francisco, California. He is married to Elizabeth Morey, a pediatric doctor; they have one daughter, born in 2014.

In 2012, Evan left Stanford to focus on Snapchat shortly before completing his degree. While studying product design at Stanford he proposed Snapchat as a class project. Spiegel co-founded the mobile application Snapchat along with Robert Murphy and Reggie Brown. He is the CEO of Snapchat and Snap, Inc.

In February 2008, Harvard graduate and technical architect Nathan Blecharczyk became the third co-founder of Airbnb. Each co-founder assumed a role within the new company, with Chesky becoming the leader and chief executive officer. In order to receive funding, Chesky and his co-founders created special-edition cereals called “Obama O’s” and “Cap’n McCains”, based on Presidential candidates Barack Obama and John McCain. Impressed by the cereal boxes, Y Combinator accepted Airbnb into its seed funding program. In its first year, the company began internationalizing and opened several offices in Europe.

In 2011, Chesky wrote a letter on behalf of the company for its handling of a resident complaint about tenant vandalism by announcing a 24-hour hotline, additional staff support and a guarantee for theft or vandalism. In 2015, Chesky announced that Airbnb was an official sponsor of the 2016 Summer Olympics in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He said that more than 120,000 people had stayed in Airbnb homes during the 2014 FIFA World Cup. As of March 2015, Airbnb has a \$20 billion valuation. On June 1, 2016, Chesky joined Warren Buffett and Bill Gates’ ‘The Giving Pledge’, a select group of billionaires who have committed to give the majority of their wealth away. In 2015, Chesky was recognized on the Forbes list of America’s Richest Entrepreneurs Under 40. Chesky was recognized on *TIME*’s 100 Most Influential People for 2015. In May 2015, President Obama named Chesky as an Ambassador of Global Entrepreneurship.

In May 2014 Valleywag, a Gawker blog, released a set of emails written by Spiegel during his undergraduate career to fraternity members. Spiegel later apologized for his actions and attitude towards women at the time the emails were sent, stating, "I'm obviously mortified and embarrassed that my idiotic emails during my fraternity days were made public. I have no excuse. I'm sorry I wrote them at the time and I was a jerk to have written them. They in no way reflect who I am today or my views towards women." Spiegel began dating model Miranda Kerr in 2015. The two first met each other at a Louis Vuitton dinner in New York in 2014. They became engaged on July 20, 2016. The country's 400 richest are wealthier than ever, with a combined net worth of \$2.4 trillion and an average net worth of \$6 billion, both record highs. The minimum net worth for entry was \$1.7 billion, the same as it was a year ago. A record 153 billionaires were too poor to make the exclusive club.

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JOHN OLSON

RISING FROM THE PAIN

Jesus. Where does one begin?

I'll begin with a feeling. It's not a good feeling. It's a feeling of despair. Angst. Fear.

Desperation.

Isn't it maddening, though, that none of these words come close to the actuality, the blackness, the bleakness of witnessing an entire planet in crisis?

Environmental crisis, humanitarian crisis, social-economic crisis. You name it. If it's something good and comforting and hopeful and innately, intimately beautiful, honorable in its own efforts to live and reproduce and care for things, it's threatened. Threatened by an orange fascistic demagogue, darling of the hollowness that is the media, the stunning, mind-numbing superficialities that now pass for so-called information.

On the day of Trump's election stocks for private prisons and defense shot up. That alone is chilling. Obama, remember, signed the National Defense Authorization Act, which affirms provisions authorizing the indefinite military detention of civilians, including U.S. citizens, without habeas corpus or due process.

Obama, yes, Obama did that. If there is a silver lining to Trump's ascendancy to power, it will be the sobering up of the liberal party, the end of denial, the end of delusional expectations ("he's playing chess not checkers"), and the beginning of clarity. The liberal party may grow a spine. Self-satisfied liberal college professors may begin to notice the servitude and suffering of the adjunct professors working on their behalf for salaries barely above minimum wage. The smaller percentage of people whose lives benefited from the bailout of the American financial system, the bailout that contributed to the loss of pensions and the growth of an impoverished, homeless population, might begin to look around and notice some of the suffering that's been there all along under their noses while they grabbed a bite to eat before returning to a cushy job at a tech company or start up.

The democrats have not done well by us, the larger percentage of people still struggling after the financial carnage of 2008. They've abandoned us. They've abandoned the poor, abandoned the sick, abandoned the elderly and disabled. They've abandoned the veterans. They've abandoned the environmentalists. It was Obama who advocated for the assaults of the TPP, Hillary who advocated for the boycott of Iraq during her husband's term in office, an advocacy whose results could be seen in the bloated bellies of starving children. Is it any wonder Trump rose so swiftly to power?

I voted for Obama in 2008. I was cautiously optimistic. I was soon bitterly betrayed. I did not vote for Obama in 2012. I voted for Jill Stein. I voted for Jill Stein in the last election. I thought hard about voting for Hillary. Trump turns me nauseous and pale every time I see him.

But I could not bring myself to vote for a woman who looked forward to becoming a war president, escalating drone strikes and military intervention. Could not do it.

Would I feel better had Hillary won? Sure. I wouldn't have nearly as much anxiety and despair as I do now. The key phrase here, however, is "as much." I wouldn't have as much anxiety and despair. Because it's been there all along, that feeling of menace, of degradation, of commodification and profit corrupting every square inch of holy earth, of this sacred ground we call our planet. I have felt the waning of compassion and the steady erosion of the commons since at least since 1980, when Reagan's "Morning in America" made everyone daffy with credit card debt and the streets began to fill with the homeless and mentally ill. Suddenly everyone was obsessed with careerism and real estate, cocaine and exclusivity. The long lines at Studio 54 were somehow hip. The modest Toyotas and Hondas of the 70s morphed into the behemoth Suburbans and Titans of today causing endless gridlock and blocking views of the road. Wages stagnated. Unions withered. College tuitions went through the roof.

Had Hillary won I would've continued in the same rut, the "lesser of two evils" rut, the rut that divides the haves from the have nots, the bombed from the bombers, the secure from the insecure. Hillary would've maintained an appearance of progressive change simply because she's female. The first female president following our first black president. But that appearance hides a thousand evils and gives us a Rachel Maddow or Bill Maher to keep the shine on that veneer when all the while lurks the shadows of a vile reality. People living in cars, under bridges, stepping over shit and hypodermic syringes. Cities like Detroit hollowed out by neglect and unemployment while places like Silicon Valley thrive on vanity and toys and insanely high salaries.

Illiteracy, alliteracy, and a print media so decimated by digital media it makes one weep to enter a bookstore and see the inventory so diminished it looks like one of those stalls at the airport offering stacks of *Inferno* and *Fifty Shades of Grey*.

Critical analysis in the media or anywhere else for that matter extinct as Pleistocene mammoths while the general public can be seen strolling down sidewalks and shopping malls staring fixedly into the small screen of a handheld computer.

Curiosity and imagination killed by rote learning and regimented testing in the public schools.

Working class people in cities like Flint, Michigan drinking water contaminated by lead while people in luxury suites drink specialty cocktails and play golf with people like Lloyd Blankfein, CEO of Goldman Sachs, who announced on CNN that he backed Hillary.

People crowding into inflatable rafts to cross the Mediterranean to escape the rubble and

destitution of cities ripped apart by war. Wars that Hillary would've endorsed.

It makes me feel ashamed that, although I voted for Jill Stein, I would've had a secret relief that she won. But she didn't win. Trump won. The mask is off, the horror revealed. I've been stripped of my own hypocrisy. The blackness and dread that I feel now is harder to bear than the milder depression and cynicism of a Hillary win, but it's certainly more real.

The anxiety and despair are now in a crisis mode. Maybe that's a good thing. It is out of crisis that real change occurs. Sometimes it takes a catastrophe to bring people together, to bring out the best in them.

UNDONE

That night opened
long and cold.

The vision clicked.
Breath changed.
Voices got lost.

Forever was always gone.
We just couldn't face it,
our hearts were so boring.

That night, I picked
new poison
again and again.
I got into bed with light
all around me.

Dawn by dawn,
lost history grips us
like some otherworldly
pressure garment,
set to stun.

THOM DONOVAN

POST-FACE; *WITHDRAWN: A DISCOURSE*

I.

Today Ted posted a picture of someone in a Big Bird costume sitting on a park bench in Central Park, holding a package (or is it all of their worldly possessions?) in their lap. I wrote in the comments of Ted's post: "allegory." Big Bird—symbol of our childhood and public broadcasting—getting the fuck out of this hell dimension. Allegory of the public sphere's withdrawal.

For many years it felt like the ground was slipping from under my feet—the erosion of civil liberties under W. Bush, the destruction of society through neoliberalism, governance through debt—until I realized there never was any ground. America was never great. As I told my students yesterday, you cannot found a country on genocide and slave labor and not expect for it to eventually founder. Exceptionality has always been constitutionality's greatest myth.

The title of this book holds many connotations. *Withdrawn*: as in, a depressive or anti-social psychological state; an occultation of the senses; a period of suspended use of a controlled substance; to exit, or to pull away; to become isolated, alienated; to retreat; to take or bear away. So finally, perhaps, begins the real withdrawal—from aesthetics into politics, from a false sense of being grounded to pondering the lack of ground under our feet—necessitated by an event that had not been so much unthinkable or unimaginable as unactualized. Yesterday I wanted to write on Facebook (and my wanting to write on Facebook is very likely part of the problem): *It was everyone's fault. Not just for not stopping Trump, but for not stopping Obama, and before him W. Bush, and before him Bill Clinton, and before him Bush senior, and before him Reagan...* and so on and so forth through a chain of presidents since the nation's founding. I wanted to write also, and I write now: *My poetry is a failure. The books I have written are failures. This book is a failure*, because they have not made the necessary demands on our conscience. I wanted my books to constitute a "commons." I wanted them to "prefigure" a world we "would want." I wanted them to "punctuate clock time differently." But as Brian Whitener curses in his book *Face Down*, implicating my practice across a space of books and years and conversations, "Fuck the 'hole in space.'" A strategy of "counter-distribution" was never enough. Bringing life from an online environment into a bound codex was never enough. Creating the community to which I wished "to belong in my dreams" was not enough. And yet, at the risk of creating an alibi for myself, I believe that *Withdrawn: a Discourse* may trouble the way art (and poetry) is typically conceived as "autonomous" from social life, if not politics. As the epigraphs go:

My study began with Rimbaud and what I took to be Rimbaud's flight from *l'être poète*: a flight that took shape, as I came to realize not with his famous silence, his departure for Africa, but in 1870 when he wrote his first poem. Rimbaud left literature before he even got there.

—Kristin Ross

In the names away in blocks
with double names to interrupt
and gather

—Fred Moten

Written under the influence of Kristin Ross' *The Emergence of Social Space: Arthur Rimbaud and the Paris Commune* and Fred Moten's *B Jenkins*, the book attempts to create a space where poetry can disappear through its occasion, its sociopolitical contexts, and the nexus of relations that it actively constructs through dedication, interlocution, and modes of address. To present the discourse in lieu of the poems. For an exchange among proper names to be objectless. For the poems qua objects to be occluded, leaving what we say to each other, if not what we do, unreified. "Life is what escapes," Moten writes after Michel Foucault. That *Withdrawn* has yet to appear and perhaps never will would now seem a perverse accomplishment of this 'project'.

Yet, Not an Alternative's contribution to the book correctly warns that participatory art can itself become reifying. Discourse can become a fetish without action in socio-political space. Generously, Brian Holmes' essay in the book posits that *Withdrawn* is an attempt to establish a "missing matrix of mutual self-recognition" within "the rhythm of punctuated outbursts that composes a not-so-secret history." However he also admonishes that "[t]he obvious problem, which climate change reveals, is that it is really getting a little too late to continually return to living in the gaps between such explosions." In other words, the intensification of cycles of crisis abrogates the luxury of protracted reflection represented by my attempt to posit a dreamy cohort—*my team, my band, my commune, my friends*.

In his proleptic review of *Withdrawn* included in *Withdrawn: a Discourse*, Ian Dreiblatt playfully imagines me like St. Anthony retreating to the desert, absconded from Empire, holding court among acolytes, pilgrims, and fellow exiles. Teaching most of all has saved me from the fate of the recluse. Teaching and a tenuous sense of community after the precarious birth of my daughter two years ago when it became nearly impossible to be communal and public and generous in the ways I was previously. We need to withdraw sometimes to ground ourselves. To have the resources intellectually and imaginatively that can prepare us for the unactualized.

Nearly two months ago Dottie and I had a cancer scare with our daughter. After performing an ultrasound and an MRI doctors couldn't discern whether a vascular tumor on my daughter's left arm was malignant. In the days following her surgery, I imagined what I would do if they discovered cancer. I imagined losing her and what it would mean to live in a world without my daughter. Should she die, I was determined to live my life differently in her absence. My friend Rob correctly recognized the possibility of her death opening a space for fantasy related to my capacity for world-forming. She did not have cancer—thank goodness—but a residue of those fantasies remains. They are activated again by the situation we find ourselves in. If the world is in fact lost what should we create in its place? If God has withdrawn, an image so central to Jewish and Islamic antinomianism, what laws should we observe? What will command and compel us?

Or, as Aime Cesaire writes in his *Cahier*:

What can I do?

One must begin somewhere.

Begin what?

The only thing in the world
worth beginning:
The End of the world of course.

Perhaps now that neoliberalism has revealed its dark underbelly we must finally do the work that Cesaire implored us to do all along. To bring about the “End of the world,” which is to say, of racist, misogynist, xenophobic, settlerist capital.

2.

America, you owe for reality!
Give back the people you took.
—Robert Creeley

Let us all survive, who need to OK?
And we wish each other luck!
—Amiri Baraka

One of the central presumptions of Robert Creeley’s poem “America” which I question is his use of the plural pronoun “we,” having recourse to “we” myself in many of the poems of *Withdrawn*. To whom does this refer? Whom is this “we” inclusive of? Who is “the People” invented by America, presumably by the Constitution? Who are the people it “took”? It is unfortunately not clear, and this lack of clarity is a problem. Amiri Baraka’s particularity in “Who Will Survive America” is refreshing in this regard. For it is only the “Black Man” who will survive in America. Not “Negroes,” not “Crackers,” not “Christians,” not “Red Negroes.” The distinction is not merely divisive. Rather, an Afro-Pessimist *avant la lettre*, Baraka recognizes a central antagonism between “White” and “Black” paradigms, and it is the former which, for both Wilderson and Baraka, cannot survive. Whiteness must die, and we are now finally forced to kill it once and for all, lest we all perish.

Who this “we” will be constituted by is something I have been struggling with. Specifically, how and whether it might include me. Both *Withdrawn* and its companion book are thoroughly entangled with the problem of collectivity, and specifically what it means for the poem to be a locus for collective enunciation, mutuality, and exchange. But a “we” has limits, as I found out the hard way when I gave a reading last year at the home of friends in Ypsilanti, Michigan. For writing through the “we” in relation to Black Lives Matter and in memory of the many Black people who have been murdered by police I was taken to task by audience members, none of whom, interestingly enough, were Black. A year later I am haunted by the question of whether my art can claim solidarity with others differentiated by their vulnerability to premature death.

Ultimately, I don't know what I would do without interlocutors, people to think and talk with, a "we" both constituted in fantasy and reality. *Withdrawn and Withdrawn: a Discourse* bears out this compulsion. Art objects and texts I encounter often become guides—both in the spiritual and geographic sense. They are orientating intellectually, morally, and emotionally. Encounters with others often seem evental and catalyze occasions for poetry. George Oppen writes that "other voices wake us or we drown," emending T.S. Eliot's original "and" to an "or". The folks gathered in this book are ones who have woken me in different ways, at various stages of my life. Having written with them in *Withdrawn*, through a sense of identification and solidarity, I write to them in *Withdrawn: a Discourse*, as a means of dramatizing exchange. I realize that there is nothing very extraordinary about this: we all write to each other, poets especially, and an age of social media has made us more garrulous than ever. However through this project I wanted to honor this writing to and writing with as central aspects of whatever can be called 'my practice.' The result is a *metadiscourse*: a reflection, framing, or amplification of the act of discourse itself.

Seems easy, right?

We get so distracted from
our DREAMS



Feel Good,

GABRIEL OJEDA-SAGUE

FOOTWORK

with the heads switched
these dolls look angrier

I'm fine; folding paper into patios;
thinking "pudgy kid is thin"
unable to speak
living around untrustworthy
cousins, being bait,
gnawing on the neighbor's ACL
this is how my love would
want it to be
as asphalt as high as kicked-in
as boiling points as tiremarks

do you practice uncarpentry?
I mean, be my Jesus that
takes my house apart

Geronimo I'm polio

I abandoned a house to frustrate it

the entire state is frustrated
it might drown but as it does it
will bubble "I swing! I swing!"

I look straight into a camera
and tell my supporters "stop it"

pop "next president" like a zit

air there, or
there, or
there

some person I persuaded
my anger into

air there, or
there or

PULSE

I'd bite into you if I had
the arrhythmia, don't fool
me, they are hunting my open heart, the
junkie bursting, the eye sockets, is it softer
to be lichen in the bathroom,
one armored turtle breaking through the door,
or do fifty ways,
fifty empty wine barrels, kites over wet rocks,
that sound that something is breathing
but it is not my friends,
is it lighter to be many people at the same time
I doubt it, I'd watch hours of
TV ants just to have the signal back,
where the radar is purple,
where those men can't get in but mine can,
as if the floor weren't buzzing beetles
but answered phone calls,
at the end
it is nothing but a Sunday
my option is
obvious it is some
silver tuberculosis

ROBIN EICHELE

NOVEMBER 10, 2016

Trump was elected during the day of November 8th
of which we became more and more aware into the morning of November 9th
so that makes this the second day of battered awakening.
An historical stake in the ground or in the heart.
Your call.

The 1% now has one of the most damaged of their own, the model of
arrogance drafted to repudiate arrogance, the misery of an empty vessel
eager to be filled with the bitter wine pressed by the anger of the 99.
I spin like a kid beamed by a line drive foul tip.

The forces of light and darkness have again been well defined.
There can be no excuse for dropping to my knees.
Woe to complacency.
Woe to elites and moneyed privilege.
Woe to oppression and hatred.

I pause for a wave of dizziness to subside.

Woe to systems propped up beyond their time.
Woe to those who gild the noose of the status quo.

I pray for all but most often for
the aggrieved and forsaken
as they discover they have bedded with
the devil's henchman
a man who knows no truth
who rose on the dark clouds of conspicuous lies
an Icarus on whose wings they must now rely
while he as best he can learns how –
if he cares or wants –
to fly.

Normal breathing requires conscious effort.
A facial tic long retired is back on duty.

Vintage 2016 will never by cask or bottle be contained.
It has been squeezed and poured
a connoisseur's blend of faux for the unsuspecting
blinded by labeling
ignoring the deceptions, disclaimers and caveats
playing casino with their lives and the lives of their children
with a man who always stacks the cards
folds the money
and walks away.

The first light of dawn is making its way through the window.
It means more than usual to me today.

Now we raise our glasses of cool, clear water –
past the self-serving frauds and charlatans –
past the invisible royalty –
past the looming cataclysm of betrayal –
straight through the circles of hell
to toast a new horizon
of know something and do something
with our opportunity.

THE POETS ARE PISSED

Doubled-down minority stakes
Poet and gay
Poet and black
Poet and broke
Scratching for a franchise

In a market where empathy
Is branded obsolete
Easy labels bury under lies
Nuanced realities
Where they cannot compete

The word police have
Locked up what the word thieves
Did not abuse away
There is no irony in the fact that
Truth is DOA

Cuffed back to back
There is no more eye-to-eye
The earth and water snatched
From beneath our feet
With what breath we once could catch

Anarchist poet
Libertarian poet
Apolitical poet
Party poet –
All pissed and in the same pot

EILEEN O'MEARA STILLWELL

I don't see men's faces anymore.
Not since November 8th.
The young man walking behind me is my abusive grandfather.
The one that smiles at me on the bus is the four men
who screamed sexual obscenities out of car windows at me when I was 10 years old.
My classmates are both the boy who stuck his putrid tongue into my mouth at a school dance
and my close male friends who ignored my signals, begging for help.

I try to explain this.
It's not that big of a deal! they say.
It won't happen to you!
He's just all talk!

So I promise myself that I will not be scared to live.
That I will walk by myself.
That I will love and accept the love given to me.
But the fear holds on.

I tell them this.
But Not All Men! they cry.
Not All Men rape!
Not All Men hate!

And yet every time I felt intimidated,
Every time I felt scared,
Every time the sanctuary of my own body was taken away from me against my will,
It was at the hands of a man.

Maybe Not All Men.
But definitely This Man.
This Man rapes.
This Man hates.
This Man allows others to do the same.
This Man laughs at my fear and teaches our boys to hurt people like me.
It is a big deal.
Because words become actions.
And because This Man just became our new president.

ERICK SAENZ

ELEVEN NINE // NINE ELEVEN

"I remember how whenever I'd feel optimistic, I'd end up suspecting that optimism was just another form of sickness" *Enrique Vila-Matas*

*

I felt anxious all day. Something swelling within my stomach. The day dragged, I moved from student to student, their faces blurred // unknowing. My co-workers' faces were similarly obscured. People laughed over the candy bowl, clowned on each other at the coffee station. Acting like it was a regular day.

*

I was asleep in my room. My mother burst in frantic, her words came out like one long string. The first word I picked out, terrorist. I lay in bed a few more minutes; confused by what had just happened, selfishly upset I was woken up before my alarm. Finally I was able to process, went downstairs and turned on the television. Horrific.

*

By 6pm I was done teaching. The feeling had ballooned up into my throat. I hadn't taken the advice of my peers: "Don't look at news sites until later, it's all speculation." The man was ahead significantly. Panic was settling in...
"There's no way he'll win."
"It's too early, there's lots of time left."
I drove 880 solemn, couldn't turn on the radio to distract myself.

*

Televised chaos. Images barely comprehensible:
people running
people scared
choking smoke
bodies astray
All unfolding live before me. I was numb.

*

When I picked up my partner from the train station, she was in full panic mode; feeling the same thing I had been ignoring all day. For months prior I had been consoling her; "don't worry there's NO way he'll win." I had been telling myself "no" for so long, that I was unsure how to even imagine the 4 years to come. All the hatred, chaos, turmoil.

*

The days that followed...

One day after my Iranian political science teacher was pushed and shoved after class by students who did not appreciate his opinions.

Two days after an acquaintance of mine who was visibly suffering from mental health issues came to school with an American flag and a lighter. He was stopped half-way through by a group of football players who managed to rough him up before campus police arrived.

Three days after my mother told me that 40-some years after coming to this country she was considering becoming a United States citizen because it was the “right thing to do.”

*

We stayed up to watch the whole thing. The feeling was in my mouth now, wanting to escape. But I held it. While my partner stayed up, I turned over and closed my eyes. Hoping it would all be a dream. Hoping the sickness would make way for optimism.



SARAH CUSICK KALAJIAN

PROPAGANDA FOR BOATS

hope is a boat;
i am that boat.
i am hope.

sail if you can
or sink
or float
but i will be hope:
a boat
with a rope
that extends
past the trails and the tropes,
and if you can grab on,
i'll keep you afloat
with your head above water
and your heart full of hope.

interlope with me
through spaces and places
you never thought you would see,
(*a motherfucking donald trump presidency?!?!?!?*)
on a sturdy craft willed to life
by the force of me,
the people,
sheer tenacity.
we'll chart our path where currents and
stars of reality
have yet to be seen.
today,
when our world would have us despair,
let us build a fleet,
an *armada*,
conjured from grit and
paint splatters and
music and
prayer.

hope is a mustard seed
that thrives despite cemented greed
or choking misdeeds,
reminding the best, the worst of us,
that boats are mustered out of need.

hope is spun,
hope is built;
it can crumble like crackers
and be hatched from the tilt of a head,
or born from the lilt of a hymn,
voices gaining strength,
picking up steam,
verses sung again,
streaming live
from a station hard to find,
shared like tools across a fence,
and echoing around inside of, outside of minds.

hope is a kingdom:
it crashes down
and is rebuilt
a million times over
in a week, in a life,
in an election season,
in the relief of shaking off reason
and resting your cheek
against something that most assuredly feels
like
your
own.
hope is a loan.

hope is manufactured when surrounded by despair.
hope is a seed to plant
a cross not to bear,
but to dismantle
and pass around as building materials to share.
hope is *literally* conjured from thin air.

hope is a boat
you can build if you care,
sail if you dare.
i am a builder,
naysayers beware.
hope is a boat.
i am that boat.
i am hope.

MARK TARDI

from SHITBIRD ON THE LOOKOUT

I.

He came into the world
upside-down, like most everybody,

excavated from unbending night.
Shaped by constriction and want,

bone and beads of sweat, his

is a world circumscribed by

a very limited vocabulary. Shitbird.

IV.

the
word
is
easily
said

any
one
can
say
it

and
every
one
does

in
some
way
or
other

VIII.

I know accents noble
And lucid, inescapable rhythms;
But I also know
That the Shitbird is involved
In what I know.

GRACE MITCHELL

A POTATO CHIP

Has cut
The roof of my mouth
The roof falls into
a pile of salt
Like,
The iodized kind
This
Open wound
Which is where
Ceiling once was
Is stinging
But If I
Squint I can
Still make out some
Smoggy phantoms
Of carcass-like stars
From this roofless
Box below
Huh, they're kinda like
Open caskets
Floatin around
All wonky
& Goopy but
Static & stuck too...
Meanwhile
Salt-mongers tell me
To get used to
Burning eyelids,
High blood pressure,
Numb arm,
Aphasia,
Dizzy,
Migraine
(True story)
But I don't believe it
But there's also all these
Damn granules
Impossibly imbedded
Into corners of my
Kitchen, etc
Dustbowl-style, y'know?
Like,
Preventing wind erosion
Is a practice
Not just
A 'tude

ANGE @THREEASFOUR

FAKING RISKS OR GIVING SAFE?

You Can Pretend
By Playing Band Aid
To Your Spilled Guts
That Nothing Ever Happened
While Flaunting Your Decoration Scar
I Prefer To Suck The Blood Out
Of My Dying Wound And Keep Flying

INTEGRITY IS

The Isolation Tank
Of Our Human Bone Bank
Born Within The Black Hole
Of Our Divine Soul

SORRY SOLD OUT ON HEART BREAK WEEK-END

"I'm Afraid
This Graveyard
Is Pretty Booked,
Broken Heart.

Please Get In Line -
Seems Like They
Are Dropping Like Flies
These Days...

Good Luck!
Here's Today's Paper
Perhaps Some Valium?
We're Out Of Ecstasy.

Its Gonna Take A Long Time
To Kill Time...

ZOMBIE ZOO – DO NOT FEED

Who Said Hell Is A Place
Deep Down Below Our
Shallow World's Crust?
Hell – It Is A Feeling
Deep Down Beneath
Our Own Skinny Crust
With Raging Fires Feeding
On Our Soul's Burning Nature

WE'RE ALL BORN WITH A SPOON FULL OF ANARCHY IN OUR MOUTHS

I Never Really Was
A Very Feminist-
I'm Just A Very Humanist
And Very Stereotypist
Full Of My Very
Own Concerns
Hammering Into My
Very Female Head
Full Of Very Doubts
In Front Of My Very
Blasting Stereo
Tightening The Notches
On My Ladies Belt
Of Too Much Felt

DISSECTION OF DISILLUSION'S ANATOMY

Heart Shaped Eyes

Blind Eyed Heart

Deaf Eared Mind

Cellophane Brain

Shattered Intuition

Mundane Membrane

Discouraged Guts

Runaway Tiptoes

I Guess
Feeling
Like

SHIT

Doesn't
Mean
You
Have
To
Tolerate
All
The
Other

CRAP

In
This
World

It's Highly
Recommended
For People
Who Suffer

VERTIGO

To Avoid
The

VOID

DamageBraining
WreckShipping

SpoilSporting
GlimpseGlancing

TouchDeeping
HeavenSending

ShipSpacing
ShowTalenting

GenerationBeating
MissFinding

FuckAssing
DanceBreaking

WaitCalling
PainSecuring

SeekPleasuring
DrinkReversing

ChamberTorturing
TimeWronging

FrostSouling
DevilDaring

BitterSweeting
SpeedShocking

DenySelfing
HumanNaturing

RomanticFooling
TwitchItching

TreatShocking
RedeemSinning

DonorBleeding
BlowMinding

FullCheering
WhisperCarelessing

SwinePearling
ShitBulling

ApartLonging
RecoverDiseasing

HumanLessing
ChaseParadising

LadyBugging
AttentionPleasing

AttackSneaking
VaginaCleaning

SpanishFlying
ShatterGlassing

StrapJocking
AngelHairing

SellOuting
SonofaBitching

WomanScorning
MissionaryPositioning

SchoolHoming
NothingEverything

BloomLating
AmazeGrazing

PurrCatting
LawOuting

SpinStilling
TasteWining

BreakBuilding
ChaseGhosting

HoleManning
FallTrapping

TwistKnuckling
FeelShitting

WatchWhaling
BlindEyeing

LadyParting
MindGapping

ReverseRolling
AttractionFataling

SharpKnifing
StreakNuding

LoveBigging
StealSaving

LoveDoving
SweetBittering

CallBootying
FartPerfuming

SmokeChaining
FoolSmarting

PitySelfing
SolitaryGathering

ControlKlutzing
ReturnHoming

TopLessing
LostMinding

FightFisting
ManWorlding

HuntManning
PoisonTongueing

FriendBesting
DeadAwakening

ScratchHeading
BreakHearting

RollTearing
EndingHappying

TameBeasting
SafeSexing

CleanStaining
GainPaining



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SUGGESTED
FOR MATURE
READERS

ALAN GRANT SIMON BISLEY GLENN FARR

THE DEAD

KINGDOM OF FLIES



GLENN FARR
2008

SIMON CRAFTS

TAGLIT

one time

I won

I won a free trip
to Israel

just for being born

just for being born
an American

there was a catch:

they wanted me
to come home a Zionist

it didn't work

instead I decided
I was a poet

I'll tell you how
I'm just going to tell you how

we don't have the leisure
to be oblique anymore

Israel was beautiful
it was racist

it was beautiful
and the clouds looked biblical

a nation composed of pain
can only imagine more pain

and I was
the loneliest I've ever been

I was across the world

not Jewish enough
to be Israeli

not American enough
to be American

and I was in Tel Aviv
which means *old new*

I was at the beach

I don't speak hebrew
but I decided I was a poet

the moment it happened
I was standing

I was standing chest deep
in the Mediterranean

IDF helicopters patrolling
the coastline

Israeli flags pinned to breakers
whipping in the wind

the loneliest I've ever been

the beach the nations
they felt very old behind me

Israel was beautiful

the sky the horizon
they felt very new I was facing it

I was across the world

when language broke
for me

it just broke

I didn't know how to draw a line

between all these points
I was standing chest deep in

the Mediterranean
I was standing between

when every narrative failed
for me

they just failed
to be true

Tel Aviv means *old new*

I came home

I decided I was a poet

one time

I won

just for being born

there was a catch

and I'll tell you how

I'm just going to tell you how

we don't have the leisure

to be impossible anymore

JASON MORRIS

INTERNET JUKEBOX

Mackerel sky, mackerel sky
Not long wet, not long dry
(altocumulus)

After successfully kicking the can
on these medical bills & student loans, I can stroll out
to the park, to the art museum, to see
Danny Lyon, "Born to Film" (1982)

"Beans taste better when you grow them on a banker's grave"
—D.L.

To find a supple form for the imprisoned, the broke
To make heroic portraits of the small, the slow, the weak—
Harlem Brando Popcorn over the Ohio River Bridge
Trump'll fatten the bankers til they can't take it anymore:
by means of nasogastric gavage, their livers will bloat
tube-fed hundred dollar bills & kept stationary in pens
As venture capitalists buy Blake's engravings at auction
and CEOs of mining, oil and gas concerns hire Ubers
a wave of 90s lit crit grad students and out-of-work
post-colonial theorists, noise musicians, poets & dancers
consign themselves to the amortization of the gig economy
selling a line or a limb off at a time, bargaining an hour
over app buzzing eternally away in the pocket, in the
new world of near-constant interruption. Poets sell off
the bare possibility of

'to concentrate'

affords

sur / viv / ance: to live on, as

barely bobbing above a sea of mandatory trash, or the alternative, busted bodily health & imprisonment, a life rife of worms in one's teeth. Post-election the husky white guys in the little Mexican café across the street from the big new construction job—foremen, developers, management—now even more assured, aglow in totally unspecified victory. Alice Notley will read from her *Descent of Alette* this evening but I have to stay home to let in Rick, the electrician, for my landlord. They're renting out the in-law out back, & we try to be helpful. At the stoplight I complimented the woman on the musical notes on her hijab. You may have to 'trust' the app. *Sauve qui peut*. I'm thinking of Popper's conception of science as emergent from myth, all those brass handles in Bruce Conner's home. The guy on the bus is singing is shouting LUCIFER, intimidating women, the bus is more packed and more quiet than it would've been like even ten years ago, his behavior in the current context incomprehensible

calling the driver a Trump voter as the police are called
and the young rich mainly white workforce looks up from
their phones and as if from a dream finally at one another,
smiling incredulously, as if to say: look, we can all follow
the rules! We made them. A sign on a bus shelter reads,
“It’s Not a Vacation If You Don’t Cross a State Line”
Hideously normalized into the environment, as any other
cloud. Black and white slow motion footage, crossroads at
Bikini Atoll. There is the bursting forth, there is the many
worlds theory. You better believe the news is about
Obama pardoning Hillary for using a private email server
between now and Inauguration Day, rather than that he might
declassify all state secrets
dismantle the government spying machine or
destroy his own executive privilege
in the next 64 days. It pleases me by postulating an easy
cause / effect mechanism. The inside of my rocks glass
still coated in tequila, pointed at the well-lit back bar mirror
looks like a supercollider. Here’s to Rick, with the black
leather jacket, the interlunatic shots on Medicaid from
Colorado. Here’s to George, who got his realtor’s license,
divorced, got remarried on Ocean Beach, and worked
in a bus garage. To Jackie, her landlord paid her off real well
to move out of the apartment where she lived for thirty years
to the east bay. That smoky voice, her laugh. Here’s to Charlie
from Chicago, his smile like a warm beach from the planet
of the eternally young. The first Leonard Cohen song I played
after his death: dear Internet Jukebox, hello. The destruction
always caters to prior to the event, reason like a pit mine.
The poet’s responsibility is not to the political campaign
but directly an obligation to the man grunting, to the one
with the plastic bag on his shoes, the sideways one the one
masturbating cursing in public library men’s restroom
to the one with worms in their teeth, to the prisoner behind
steel walls, her hair falling out. To the wheelchair garbage
bag lady & her dog. The poem, alive only
in the moment of
refusal, a condensation
from the sky to the grass
resulting in various little eyes

KEVIN KILLIAN

LEAD

Latin word “Plumbum” translates to “liquid silver,” so hello Plumbum, PB
they call you on the table—the periodic table.

We book people think of “pb” as paperback when deciding whether to
spring for a hardcover book, or should I go for the pb.

And we who have kids think of pb as peanut butter, for it’s always time to
put some pb&j on the table, —not the periodic table.

But lead, I don’t know, one morning I woke and opened the door on my
landing, in the distance two towers and the moon rising, the
supermoon the biggest since 1948, and bells rang of lead,

Elderly magazine sang of lead,

I emptied the whole shebang of lead,

rung down like a metal door by the Trump campaign, the surprising
election of Trump,

—as, in the middle of the sixties, my dad stood by silently on the outside of
the track while I ran the 100 yard dash.

I didn’t come in last exactly, but my little short legs never get me
anywhere.

He wouldn’t embarrass me in public, but on the way home in the VW he
said, “They call it a ‘dash’ for a reason.”

I sulked, staring out the side window at a heap of Long Island trees and
branches and flowers and squirrels, driveways, gravestones, lawns
and woods, ever changing.

like frames of film in a Super 8,

He says, “C’mon, Kev, get the lead out of your ass just one time.” When
did he die? I didn’t even remember, but he was better off, for I made
him angry with my ways. I was so aimless, I would never be an
engineer.

I didn’t even know the word but it was flaneur.

Above us the supermoon beat down, bigger than any moon since 1948, and
that was when he was alive but I was not yet born.

They were the changes in the world, an hour of gold mutating to an hour of
lead, like alchemy in reverse, how you play with the devil’s bargain.

I was the chicken who failed to cross the road, just stood there, dumb and
feckless, the lead in my ass virulent, aesthetic, a throb, a stance, total
Bartleby, a reactor.

About a year later I was hitching back to Smithtown when a Volkswagen bug slowed down, the window dropped, a pair of sunglasses looked out at me, came to a halt.

This turned out to be Justin, from Switzerland, who became my first Swiss boyfriend. Slowly in the car he told me that in Switzerland they didn't grow boys like me, I was this American family, genus and species, superb example like a butterfly. Next to the old graveyard, on Landing Avenue, I blushed in hot twilight. I was shy but not very, it wasn't even half an hour when he asked me what my ass looked like.

Seemed so strange we were in a VW bug, the same model my dad drove. I shucked off my pants, dragged my underwear down to my knees, and sat on Justin's Swiss hand. Like a Swiss watch, baby.

Afterwards a confidant told me it was unlikely that Justin was really Swiss, as it is a name totally unknown in the land of the Alps and the skis and the liars. No matter, he was taller than I and twice my age and I was totally his American butterfly boy, in the tenth grade and my ass, he swore, was the most beautiful he had ever seen even in Europe.

Here comes the distortion of Cronos, as payback descends, and the cruel among us rise from their slime and take their places on the ceiling, to slop down on our faces.

Here comes the night, a blindfold tied round our heads and knotted behind the ears.

Turn over the card, it's the hanged man, it's Villon:

My name's Francois, which is ludicrous,

Born in Paris, near Pontoise,

And from this six foot length of rope,

My neck will find out how much my ass weighs.

DEATH UNDER CONSTRUCTION

My feet are angry from dramatic rhythm of bigotry
pounding under the dome chamber of my delusional blue high
my ear close to the earth
forgetting the dance floor of stumbling roots growing wild

starvation
segregation
stagnation

A bulldozer in my mouth crawling over my tongue
crushing the words divided by ambiguity of lost map
weeds growing brutally between my teeth
grooming's never been the strong point in my biology

discovered
dissoluted
demolished

The basil blooming inside my blind darkness
the eyes forgetful of oral facts chewing bare leaves carelessly
an old factory across my vision is haunted by the blue collar geese
roaring through nasal motors of gutsy ghosts by vernacular vehicles

abandoned
abhorred
annulled

The frame of my fingers fought against glossy glass mirrors
at exactness of millisecond under the wings of an aged Willow
the stump fell on my solitude and swallowed my astrological ammunition
while the black hole crowning the Sage in the middle of chaos, in despise

lost
largo
late

Diaspora's ovulation evolved around my neck migrating backward
toward a gaze fixated on the admiral's faith in sticky notes
glued between his public legs in post-patriotic manner
declaring an organized orgy past pubic aphrodisia

publicized
polarized
peeped

Sun salutation sneaked under my sleeping flared skirt
sinister serpent spiraled in the middle of Freedom square
blood-less soldiers surrender their aura to the cosmic osmosis
pleased peasants exploded the street of democracy with a juicy pomegranate

jestor
jerk
jinx

A green gastronomy overruled the tyranny of the heart propagating odors
over autonomic nervous system. The Order behind immunization froze
in the moment of popularity. Pseudo-intellectual polarity injected ecstasy
into the polluted piano, musical reaction rose in the middle of furnished toilet's ferocity.

sabotaged
scarified
sonnetized

The turmoil in my throat tossing and turning the back of tulip's head
like Mozart's Sonata's inclination toward speed. The turnip in my diet
senses the traumatized turmeric search engine after false prediction. The predator
passed the congress and waved at voodoo voters. Casts castrated by command.

forged
fanatic
fraud

RAYS OF FIGHT

I am white when my fears are crucifying on the peace sign with a baseball caps hanging from my beliefs

I am black when I pick my white fears at day time and tune them with my comrades at the night

I am red when I turn my fears towards wind's direction and heal the earth's wound from humans' invasion

I am yellow when I chant my fears on top of the Mount Meru carrying my exile in a pouch full of nothingness

I am green when I hide my fears on a goodbye kiss looping in a memory of a brother having whipped for being carelessly young

I feel I've lived for millennia on this earth

I feel I've experienced endless fears in various forms

I feel I've lived numerous cycles of lives & deaths yet learning how to survive a day at a time

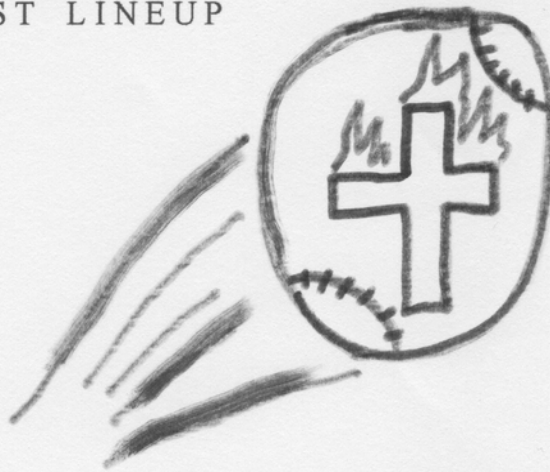
The history of the future has become the past
today's regressing into fetus of the creator unheard of the Universe, unheard of the Man
as the Devil lived in unknown rage of our time crowning for his popular crimes

JULIEN POIRIER

ROTISSERIE FASCIST LINEUP

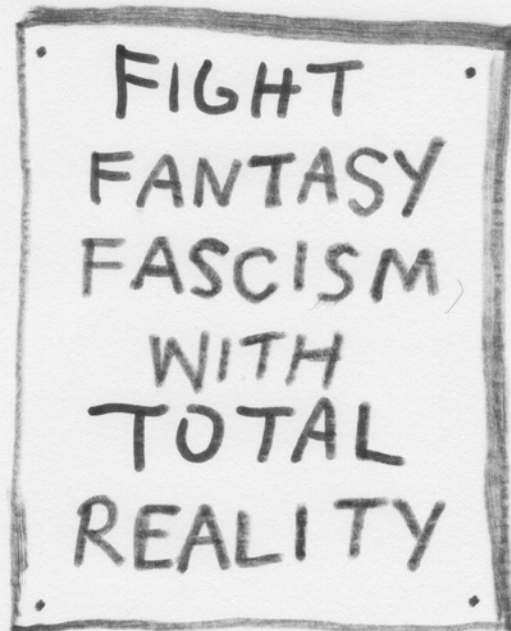
47

^{Steve}
— ~~Mike~~ Bannon
1B — Rudolph Giuliani
3B — David Duke
C — Newt Gingrich
2B — Anne Coulter
CF — Mike Pence
LF — Roger Ailes
RF — Mike Pompeo
P — Trump Himself



Here is my fantasy fascist team! I spent all night drafting this tea, and I know we are going to kick ASS in the USA.

My shortstop Mike Bannon is a fascist fuck. I got to know Rudolph Giuliani in New York he is a fascist fuck whose hand is already a long pink flesh mitt. David Duke is a KKK fascist fuck who plays third base for me whose nipples are secrete sheep dicks. Newt Gingrich fascist fuck catches and calls the game. The only chick on my team is the fascist fuck Anne Coulter, she was my second choice, I wanted the KOCH BROS. SIAMESE HYDRANT at 2ND BASE but oh well. Mike Pence is my witch burning dickless fascist fuck in Center, flanked by Roger Ailes with his soft hands in Left and Mike Pompeo the fascist fuck chicken gizzard choking CIA director in Right. And Pitching is my favourite gascist fuck of ALL! @Trumpy Trump the pile of consecrated attack dog dogshit surrounded on the mound by snotrag lotuses soaked with the tears of FEMINAZIS!



—Julien Poirier

DEREK FENNER

ALWAYS AFTER

Execute not only means to kill
It means to cause to be: to activate
- Sun Ra

You see the space between my PIN numbers
vibrates the poison on the blade

Floating debt over the abyss
in ATM vestibules

Driving stars between flipped-through
pages of texts written to devour

Other voices enchant my mind
spoken through this ebbing tide

I'm watching calculators
give up their lives

reaching into the empty air
of bankers' lungs

They are bombing the bridges
that connect us all

isolating our common nature
against our corporatized fear

Hundreds of mayors across the country
have their thumbs on the scale

selling us de-escalation promissory notes
teaching us to play cursed scales

Scales of the not so marvelous
a carbon copy of all those years

Europe vanished languages
& bodies as status quo

This maintenance of a dead past
lifted ten times or more

We think we do not know we know
how to be apart & a part of the whole

Children's books no longer offer forever
the only place to hide is with each other

planting imaginary explosives in empty bank walls
building new parables of neoliberal resistance

which are just old reclamations of indigenous know-how
Fuck the Anarchist's Cook book

Give me the code of the Ash tree
beyond the gravitation of steep rents

I'm all for any magic aimed at
decolonizing minds & lands

Land is light
Light is land

To counteract we must give up everything
we never had

To listen is to love until
we leave this awful planet

IAN DREIBLATT

on eighteenth brumaire
in the year of infinite
napoleons america did
the least gnostic thing

as

tho to test the elastic
that barely holds us plural
to snap every branch burn
honey as tho to rain a
lesson of stones on every
consensus exposed to
sky

the imperators gather
like the purple of a bruise
or of a toga picta, the
shawl painted purple of
a general in triumph
dyed with shellfish
from phoenicia the ambit
of force to drain colors
from the sea and
now they're standing
under a torn canopy
howling the math of
bare dominance we
know blood will be
on both sides of the skin
that it is already

we

called it a vote and
that seemed nice

tear

up the festival
let the streets go to
hyenas let the air
overhead be nothing
but a swirl of gas

we

read a lot about how
social media is dividing
us into homogenous
echo chambers, making
us think ours is the only
opinion when I ride the
train tho people are
crying all kinds of people
and I don't know them
often don't understand

their languages but
in tunnels underground
I know why they're
crying

it reminded
me of how during
occupy you'd sometimes
be on the train &
someone would stand
up & announce hey
I just wanna say
that I'm really happy
about what's happening
on wall street it was
all kinds of people
I didn't know them I
knew why they were
making speeches in
tunnels underground
tho

whoever you look
out over the same harbor
as is your country. what
ever hand you find is
for holding. believe the
news it happened. every
body will help you some
people are very kind.

Rousseau writes
the assembly is like a
baby, gurgling up
a music of mashed
articulations. not
everything is a demand
sometimes the city wails.
Jakobson writes about a
time in the development
of a baby called
the acme of babble
the baby produces
a never ending stream
of random sounds
this acme is the
moment when the
articulatory palette these
sounds are drawn from
is at its widest from here

the repertoire will
be whittled down to
the sounds of the languages
the baby is acquiring

Tsvetaeva

to Rilke: keine sprache ist
muttersprache — no tongue
the mother tongue

god

in deuteronomy: you infuriated
me with a no-god I will
make of you a no-people.
but we didn't sin enough &
never learned to be no
this wrenching yes that's
killing us

Angela Davis writes

it is interesting how much
more difficult it is to
transform discourses than
it is to build new
institutions.

the discourse of

no, the makeshift institutions
of no that we will create.
the morning of no the
breakfast of no the classrooms
of no. the purple mountain
majesties of no the stained
toga of no. the no writing on
the wall. the sandbox of
no, city of no, people's
council of no. taxi no. phone
booth no. bookshelf after
bookshelf resounding with
no. ice cream of no &
vegan ice cream of no. we
have no time for atheism.
horizons of no and container
ships of no pumping no
at the no station. let the
no star find you your way
home now that they're
burning maps in the
towers.

walmart has

a sale on apparatchiks
this week get 'em while

they're hot. I keep wanting
to be funny but I feel
that I shouldn't

the ones
who rolled up their
windows against a
bleeding country, who
mistook smugness for
vision, who rolled their
eyes when corruption
made us angry, who
took distraction for their
birthright and shat
on the name of peace
are now licking the
floor for milk.

we
see each other
underground and
we're all just crying
to know how late it is &
that we too are like all
the others

DAN FISHER

DYSPLASIA AMNESIA

To move to or open another so I can tidy up my thoughts
the peanut butter fingerprint smudges that litter the walls
but somehow we keep on
keep writing to the unintended
I so want to draw a line in the sand
and dare

why do I spend I mean I spent 15 minutes googling
"MC5 kick out the jams live" just to find the intro

you've got to decide
whether you are going to be the problem or
whether you are going to be the solution

and I'm done I can't find it and I'm agitated always
finding myself fighting people in my head

And I write solidarity emails to my Muslim colleagues
and they write back with an unexpected optimism
that only they could convince me of

though I might not see familiar faces next summer
I write back that I'm encouraged by their optimism
so in this moment why can't I

get my head right
do I pretend the default optimism and resist perish
for me and all my beloveds and strangers

you can always do better conserving drops of water
catching the rain and marching with clouds
comforting my daughter (We have a daughter)

that is not a reminder but a declaration of protection
and sadly survival that this will never end

that was something I probably should have recycled
but I didn't have time to get all the food out

not another battery to discard
and Lauren's "if I write all day maybe I won't hate everything" line
everybody keeps talking about self care

And I finally go to the ENT after a year and a half since the last visit
and should be going every 6 months
we call him doctor kangaroo

the cells are changing have changed

ordered in the wrong way
that is unhealthy, unsafe, abnormal
the tissue is vulnerable to changing in the wrong direction
the fatal direction

doctor kangaroo warned me that he was going to make me gag
a few times so he could check the soft tissue in my mouth
the soft tissue that is my tongue and make sure it is still soft

there are white lacy spots still at the front of my tongue
and one larger one adjacent to a dark red one near the base
the softness of mouths when we can't speak

I have to be cut again though he
"doesn't have cancer on the brain" this time
parts of my tongue cut out again
but not as aggressive
there will be pain and discomfort again
we can choose the right time
it's only ever that for me

I left the office and cried with temporary relief
and later took a walk with Michael during lunch
what does resistance look like we kept asking ourselves

we continue to talk about self care and the care of others

show me your belly button or "bee bo"
the hippo belly button book says
but M's not buying it
where's your nose, teeth, head, feet
this early she knows where it all is

the theory about Bernard came true
to resist we are only allowed to see what they want us to see
I'd like to think I can see doors in front of me

And I fucking remember I should've been googling
"Ramblin' Rose intro?"

it takes 5 seconds
to realize your purpose here on the planet
it's time to move
to get down with it

with everything
it never feels enough
the ways to combat uncertainty
with loud open mouths
for longer than 5 seconds



OLIVIA DAWSON

NOSTRADAMUS DREAMS

The darkness descends.
Regardless of the winner.
Our lives change today.

DAY ONE

When the TRUMPet sounds,
Does a dictator now reign?
We may just find out...

TKO?

Hope is beaten down,
So, now, with Hate astride her---
I must fight for Hope.

POLITICAL OBESITY

Chips. Snacks. To what end?
A Cheeto is now POTUS.
Junk food rules our lives.

I WILL NOT SAY HIS NAME

Our country's worst sins –
Every -ism, now distilled,
Shaped as The Orange Man.

CHILD'S PLAY

Counting. Unaware,
That Hate was ever lurking,
Waiting to be tagged.

TWINS

Though Hate was birthed first,
Labor pains persist. Breathe. PUSH—
Hope's head is crowning!

ALEJANDRO

NERVOUS ON ELECTION DAY

My stomach sinks as I try to sleep, but mere minutes go by as I fall into an undesired, anticipated nap. 3:00am, inevitably woke up and had the worst feeling in my stomach. A feeling of helplessness. Quickly checked my phone and felt like everyone was against me. I tried to shake it off and go back to sleep. 6:00am. I get up around 6:00am everyday and get ready for school. 5:00am. 5:00am and I haven't had a wink of sleep since 3:00am. At school I feel massive amounts of invisible tension only I can see. The pledge begins. I'm surrounded by unfazed, completely unaffected white kids. I am the only one with my hands to my side quietly standing. I refuse to recite the pledge to a country that doesn't want me. I used to be proud of the pledge. In three months my pride will be thrown away and for the next THREE YEARS of high school that I MIGHT have left I will be sitting down... silently... looking at EVERYTHING in a much darker light.

TATIANA LUBOVISKI-ACOSTA

from THE EASY BODY

And I wonder,

at what age does every girl learn about her evil.

I resolve to always burn the house down instead of clean it,
go naked instead of doing laundry.
To eat pussy instead of cook.

I resolve to put pleasure before any labor that facilitates anything
that puts any capital towards incarceration.

“Your tax dollars at work,” a nurse says as a patient is sedated.

I’m asked if I dream.

Yes, that I accepted that I was an evil woman. The night was a heavy reluctant blue, azure like a demon’s skin. I rose up into the sky, and could tear at the clouds with my hands, eat them with such abandon. In a parking lot, I set a carcass on fire and moved through the night with the fluency of someone who decided to only be against what wanted her dead. How could someone oppressed not be viewed as evil?

I came to a wake lit by candles meant to repel women like me, bright with incandescent lights bouncing off shining skins of good girls. I laughed and laughed and laughed. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, trash to trash.

There’s a gang of us. Women from now, women from my childhood. Hair long and streaked with light against California sun. Black braids. Loose curls undulating against cheekbones. Clutching peonies, bloomed open like a pocketknife. In white, in wool. Joy the color of the platonic ideal of the sky. In jean jackets, in black. Thin hands that float into fists. Skin with white ripples, creeping up thighs and hips. We run in the street. Spreading open the cunt of a bird of paradise to eat the pollen. Machete slitting open belly of gentle beluga, hands bailing micro beads of eggs, bursting at lips.

Long hair pulled taut by mother’s hands and a comb at the crown.

The other women hear us. They’ve boiled their water, they’ve thrown out their aprons.

“Isn’t she lovely,” we all sing.

I see my aunt throw the tear gas back.

We’ve collectively birthed a riot.

In bed with your husband, there are no rules. What a loathsome system. What a labyrinth. Use your veil to find your way back to yourself. Slit his throat and have that be the blood on display in the morning. We burn the mattress of your staged deflowering under an overpass, and high five and our hands clutch and I finally feel true love.

You have to understand that I come from a place that if a man with power saw what he liked, and if what he liked was you, there was no refusal. That's why you were born where you were.

Driving on the misty road from Costa Rica with a California girl who speaks with an accent. She raises one shoulder and dips her chin into it to say "¡Buenas!" in greeting. Taught her how to make bombs with sugar and gunpowder and disguise them as tampons. She carries two pistols and changes out of her platforms into boots. "No one catches us alive, and we definitely don't die alone," in her same singsong.

Watch her free all the horses on the hacienda just for the ecstasy of the ensuing desmadre.

Women should be paid wages for the work they do in the home, she's told.

What home, she asks. What's work?

They always say the prettiest girls have it the hardest.

Won't live to see her clenching and unclenching her fists next to her knees in white silk stockings.

The corpses showed up on saturated Pasadena lawns.
Cavernous wounds between the legs, blood thick with clots and
as dark as shit.

It had taken us long enough to declare that we'd had enough. Maybe because we all had varying degrees of tolerance, but I suspect it was because the violence had ranged from being ignored, being noticed, accused of lying and or faking it, to —

— Some of us had scars that fanned across our bodies, bajadas of raised tissue. Maps to why we responded to threats with saccharine sweetness or refused to smile.

One girl smirks just to show a missing incisor. I wear my blouse open and let my nose run.

DOUGLAS PICCINNINI

A VOICE INSTRUCTS THE PLAYERS TO RETURN

THE PLAYERS RETURN

(PLAYERS 1-10 IN UNISON)

hands away! Empty the tree I'm in
give me milk again
unchain me thusly, I'm thirsty

bridge the feeling—
(abridged turbulence of bells)
chalk the nerve

give it back!
you decide my likeness
in sum and in subtraction

the beginnings of tears
enslave you
my lack of faith is a hole to fill

my face never spills
the wrong note:
defend me

say blood common suffering
in translation is creation
any unspooled datum

correctly explained
never to deprive us the mirth of flowers!
he said and she said and he said and she said

no one is your slave!
(all pulse fully covered)
no one still empowered

eating, weeping, more flowing
flower blossom in my palm
I said to a clear sky with bright bright suns

the anchored distance of years
clear the stars the sky
the fabled ways

the emptied flag
I made first of air
to clear the stars

(THE PLAYERS FALL ON THEIR KNEES)

crush me changing measure
restore the home of my body
free me envy, free me greed—pride

we said no then yes then no—NO
we said the image would fail
in planned obsolescence

not my rival—give me hope (hope?)
in a scale of promise
in unlived years

pull the distance near
let loose the strings
I have tightened we have tightened

“the kind of lover I could’ve been”
to turn the arrows in your direction
to turn!

GRIS-GRIS

you _____ and _____ your

only bone structure

you and a circle

you and a star

and a star

crossing that circle

it's me, it's not me

and the seeds of

I KNOW WHO YOU'RE NOT

rot in my pocket

SUE LANDERS

TRUMP MORNING, A GRIEF SEQUENCE

Fuzzy numbness of stun bubble burst.
Sticky and gross, it clung-stuck
to the lung, tongue, and heart.
Visions of a white man painting
a house gold and gorging
on all the bodies he can buy.
Talk turned to faithless
electors, inevitable heart attacks,
life jackets of the mind.
I cried and took a walk, I cried
and went to work, I cried
and rode the train. I choked
then said enough.
Cast off the shock
of the aggrieved.
I thought I was woke
but that was a dream.
Gunk rub of the eyes.
One leg at a time.
Fuck Trump.
I'm rising.

BRENDA IIJIMA



TIPS, which facilitate the runoff of rain water
erize most leaves in the lower strata of the
announced tins shown

SUSANNE DYCKMAN

I WAIT FOR WHAT FOLLOWS

at an end of a prairie there's a funnel cloud and I am that
as at the edge of a shore waves recede too quickly and
I am that as the moment before earth quakes a stillness
warns this is not a desert mirage a pantomime in fog as
time layers fear welds to the body there is too much heat
in the darkness I am lighting old candles again

TIANA REID

POETRY FOREVER EVER?

The other day, I became
a poet.
Thanks to the slow roaches
dancing with the porch lights on.
So many they are a mass. A silent buzzing mass that sets the atmospheric vibe for centuries to come. A silent buzzing mass that leaves its grit on the apples I left in a big bowl when I was feeling fine. This is not the mass we valorize. These are not the masses. This is the mass. This is rotting mass. Rugged diamond mass. A mass that was always-already all around me (us?), poisoning the way I fucked, danced, saw my father as wretched.

The other day, I guess
I realized I was
a poet all along. Just
like the conditions institutions haters had already existed and just like there are so many bad poets, corny, really quite horrible people, who declare themselves what they want, when they want. They know nothing about being declared upon.
I mean, several times
in twenty sixteen the year
people say sucked so much,
I had skinny white girls ask me
no tell me that I am a poet.
Hahaha to have an I.

No. I definitely am not a poet
and I'm not what you say I am. I am merely
someone who feels
the slightest change in air
the room getting smaller
the sludge deepening beneath me.

But whatever!!!
Malice breeds thickly coated shrouds of retirement.
Feeling fucked up,
Etheridge Knight said.
Fuck poems,
Amiri Baraka said.

My use drips down and down, digging
this archive of arteries, collecting
living and dying-dead things, waiting
for preservation.

LINA SUN PARK

wake up. . . wake up now
for what's here now is the
nightmare of those who are
still sleeping

yell out. . . yell out now
for what's here now is the
voice of those who are
still silent

MATTHEW PROCTOR

TRUMP ELECTION NIGHT BLUES

IN someways

He is slow witted

Yet no mistakin tha brand

Nothin be more power than

Powerful

Than his magma hair

Overlooking the whole

World

Ready to burn burn some things up

And his smooth sex oiled orange chicken raunch skin

What does he do when he

Gets ahold of a pussy?

He eats right through

Right through to the bones

The wet pelvic bones

HE suckles out tha marrow

`How will he kill dispatch us : the others?

(end)

FATAL

Jimmy Rodgers
jimmY Rodgers
Tuberculosis
Osmosis

Is sympathetic
To the failed FAILED dregs
Of revolutions
Pile of gathered sticks
In the cemetery
Go over and beat a strong stick
On tha wood pile

(end)

A PROTECTION

Let us remove the intruder by saying
Let us remove the intruder so LeT us
Remove the intruder by saying a saying
LeT us remove the intruder by let us remove the intruder
And doing leT us remove the intruder as we were all singing the saying
Song Let us remove the intruder.

(end)

Body Time Thing

Of the autumn pushing gainst my house

Sand on slates
 Bloody hair upon
Sand on stone slates

Trauma umbilical of warm cum

Will the body experience you?

Will the body experience
 You?

Whose body?

Not my body

Things in time

(end)

BRENDAN WHITE

THE TOOL WAS BEING TRAINED BY EXPERTS

The tool was being trained by experts
But I knew what it was.
Let's be stupid together next year
In Jerusalem. I'm sorry for the lack of confusion,
 Never rush to do the wrong thing.
 I grew up, a kid in New Jersey.
 And I've been able to develop a lot
 Of interesting relationships. I'm here
With these very interesting people.
Ever since I left the City you
And the gutter took power like cut grass
With a green dying smell.
 People are corporations pretending to want
 Things they don't want, then despairing when they fail.
 The only thing I hate more than career advice
 Is career advice from my boss, like
Discovering time and learning to die.
Our best wars are ahead of us.
Seven billion market cap and 23 employees.
Kill the Democrats in your mind.
 Babies are never alone. The world is resumed
 Every day. What form of bickering is best
 For our enemies? Don't settle for being just part of the problem.
 Become yourself a bigger problem.
The model accounts for the model
Not accounting for the model not accounting
For the model not accounting for the daily
Varied cares and molestations.
 The correction will be corrected,
 Pursued as ever by the Furies and such.
 Please budget your evening tomorrow.
 My father worked his whole life at the napalm factory in Goshen.
Certitude is the surest mark of the saved.
Dull horror is the surest mark of the saved.
I can call you after this call.
I should be priced out of avoidance eventually.
 Even when it rains it doesn't rain.
 Don't give me anything to argue with,
 I'm not great about eye contact or the
 Prevarication that passes for mysticism.
Go back to the well of our acquaintance,
Hide any blemish, I trust many
Who do not care for me. The wise man
Uses so few pronouns. All varieties of seriousness
 Will please the kids. Every day I fear the day.
 A nasty cut from a takeout tin.
 Other people see better and are often inconceivable.
 How to dwell in such a world,
Fuck you, are you kidding me? It doesn't
Appeal to people in general, or people.
But I have many friends
And some of them are with me.

JACKSON MEAZLE

SOUTH FACING SONNET *for Tân Khánh Cao*

Hard against a bubble wall, in fact
I'm going home to you. People get ready.
Nothing is worse than a night without sleep.
So I'm going back to Bogan County via Cobo Hall
and the Hideout in Dalva with Navajo Joe.
The big influence is panic in Detroit.
I was doing pretty good till I met you.
South Facing Sonnet, the instructional manual.
For lucid beats, try to get that glow going.
Without a voice is like a broken string, same way.
I like to write on the floor sometimes
like writing things as they come to you
cause they never linger. Must back up everything
I said in what hurts most. I feel the same way.
But I only nearly know what to say because
I barely wanted it to be an interview session.
I had to change the second to last word in the song.
He'd run his fingers through seven dead oceans.
I was starting from a term I'd heard around
my own stomping grounds. We were never stressed.
I love how much I can sit at this desk.
It is a little known fact that we are speaking
at the water's edge, the rain we got blessed with
best to be smoking, concerning all our books
and suffocation, for you only I was made.
I'll be that stranded song you forgot, a history.
It is Friday afternoon, what do you think I'll be doing?



(CHUCKLES)

JENNIFER KARMIN

ORAL PRESENTATION #1

OR WE DON'T NEED A POET LAUREATE, WE NEED A LEAGUE OF POETS

discuss the following

what is one problem in your country?

why is this a problem?

what is a solution to this problem?

the election is walking the dog

in brazil

people strike

everyday

the election is buying groceries

to strike

to hit

or to stop

by protest

the election is looking for a steady lover

in poland

suicides have

continued to increase

since communism

ended

the election is writing a poem

suicide is

su – i – cide

please repeat

the election has trouble waking up

the election is looking for its keys

the election wants to call you back

but erased your telephone number by accident

possible definition of

hijacked

past tense of

“hi jack”

the election wants to travel

past continuous
used in the past tense
a case where
two actions are happening
at the the same time

for example
it was snowing
while the election
waited for the bus

JACOB KAHN

COMPLICATIONS WITH DISAPPOINTMENT

Wished upon a solid star
the name I had been repeating
would reduce to its gnosis
a tremendous effort was exerted
to get this close to the police department
to journey over land
to alter the plenum
expressing my tendencies
I settle into a ceiling
this is my resistance
a distributive promise
folded in thirds
the perforations of patriarchy
prevent a more ludic examination
like the history of delimiting
played over scales
deducing the good life
please correct me if I'm
in the wrong pool of
light

The first ever amethyst
flutters round the feeder
doubles the likelihood
of future retreats and conquests
for these are billowy times
in the hills of west Texas
a mega-rarity spotted by a cam-host
a limpid song I suppose
subsides in a grassy rumor
this whole crowd chanting
Cincinnatus, Cincinnatus, get back to your plow
to accelerate the unthinkable
look to the canopy
clusters are a sign of perpetual colonization
and I'm not afraid to speak on behalf of
hummingbirds
I mean not afraid to
cross a border
in a certain frank aerial mood

A spike in fears
manages to triple
the errant sameness
killing pain with features
the economy resurfaces
in mutual blazes
in blistering forests
dwarf species
alleviate the shame
for active feeders
a spring less thrilling
fits tight in your pocket
by happenstance green
between military advances
a refrain / a relic
our edge don't matter
to a tide's arrival

Of immediate and pertinent
losses you can see the bundles
stacked around a barren structure
of common verbiage
as I am tasked with 'chicken in aspic'
you are off sharing the collated damages
the sky, its consistent
disappointment
I lose interest
the minute I see squads
you said to the few you love
the unbridgeable distance
is distance
the legible flicker
of form

Woke in a dimension
interested in how the earth moves freely
I call this form escape
and having doubts
which is redeeming
and then I twitch
am I dead to myself
a certain amount feels necessary
refusing to clarify
this ancillary piece of the cone
don't forget
the limit of this exhaustion
measured in billions
barreling over land or water
turmoil's commonest
near the mouth of a tunnel

JEREMY HOEVENAAR

OUR INSOLVENCY

One learns very little here:
what gets a grunt or hoot,
a side of street to cross or keep
swept of necessity's dialed-down
shoutout to lateral realism's
index of omissions, a one
man man swinging into relatable
fits of behavior. In fact it is
objects, they that they are and are
they, erranding down another
day as demoed venue, on time
and consigned in to absorb out-
ward that good old guilt, that fine
old rapture. The future's multiple
possible presents transpired by
another brightness sleazing
around in the day's untitled
spate. Ahem. What other
unit but a day can rotate so
or shake w/ such a pitch, absorb
fact's cost and still forestall
such certainties of self?
Welcome ice beam, bomb,
long beam, missile; acorns
drain from the motherboard,
tone's tone itself paired
down and up earlier than
ever to level in a new walk-
though disposition toward
unveiled life's splayed sentience.
Look at this tangle of norms



MATTHEW O'MALLEY

Lace—a concept of history—in keeping with—the patterns they've done—in the year's obliquity—range of my—mornings—lying in a land—of sorrow—your shipwreck has left—nothing.

They flourish—in the encounter—in the conquest of all disparity—beauty, a defiance of—When there is no way to ride at night—across the furnitures of loss—the blue of distance—(now, Jarman)—the blue of empire's breathing—of all true lovers—the echoes of—all uselessness—I remember the fields—of yellow poppies blown against the hills—late April—above San Jose—the fact is that it may be years—a forest in history—a holy forest—your hands a looking glass—to play the piece backwards—or the spell is not broken.

Where ships and nights mast a horizon—of the day's aftermath—it could be years—the current amazement—*sans* structures—*sans* patience—one hundred drawings of—Days—and no word from Allen—in Buffalo—who works beneath an iron sky—To need *refugia*—against—how the form is no longer—a house—a fugitive commons—say the weather changes—from year to year—But today I will not make work—today I work backwards—through every negativity—We were together—though I've never—dreamt of you.

The question of ornament—when the word's in ruins—seeing Dickinson's *actual* fragments—on torn envelopes, old wrapping papers—and thinking of David—a secret chord—and the form of a house—and some of us so often—the embers of a thousand years.

Amazement will make no breach—the fourth wall to a room—uncovered by the hand—shifts a Ford—into third gear—climbs the grade through the shadow of the Jemez Mtns—if time multiplies—across the contradictions—the hanging gardens—the scent of verbena—the forests burn—and there is no plan—heaped before us—So let us be propitious—and every mark—will become—an acoustic mark.

I remember—that summer—we rode a night train—from Helsinki—to see the pine forests and the light—So, said Rukeyser—the universe being stories—and not something else.

11-19.XI.2016

ANNA AVERY

AFTER THE ELECTION

wake up *fitter happier more productive*
make coffee
shit, i'm out of cream
get gas
go to work

"hi how are you?" *Walter Benjamin's suicide*
"thanks!"

5PM
bay bridge traffic *poetry can('t).save. me.*
merge
exit
see 1 cop
then another
drive 25 miles *in debt but somehow, still alive*
per hour
people pass *(after the reading); i don't know you and you don't know me how can there be*
solidarity?
drive
drive around the block
try again
parallel park
try again
take out keys
dowsing rod
log on
click
scroll
read smart post
like
then another
cnn, bbc, democracy *same as it ever was*
now
silly putty
gak kiddy
WE NEED TO STICK TOGETHER NOW MORE THAN EVER!
pool
DON'T GET COMPLACENT
Pogs
ORGANIZE!
Jungle gym
log off
get on
Saturday morning cartoons
playdate
get off
add friend.

TED REES

A TRANSMISSION FROM RURAL CALIFORNIA

the slashing golds and cutting pinks against the clouds tonight
capital's circulation in the cities and that pummel
capital's circulation in the map blips and that pummel
freezing fog and limp confederate flags at dawn and the farmhouses
chained-up dogs starving in yards

keeping a loaded rifle next to the bed
keeping a loaded rifle next to the bed

bumper stickers on Dodge 4x4s that ask "ARE YOU AN ENVIRONMENTALIST OR DO YOU
WORK FOR A LIVING"
bones crunching under every stride
how "not knowing your country" is your problem mister white liberal bubble fuck

the man that threatened to kill us
the man who called us faggot pieces of shit and swung a chair at our skulls
the man who was given money by another white man to leave us alone
how pathetic

also the way I still weep at the mountain
living without electricity
shitting in a bucket behind a lively scrim
the bear rambling and eating all the rotting buried unborn fawns
picking up their dead mother and placing her in a tarp then butchering her
that fucking town
an election sign saying "he's one of us"

this prosperous industry

keeping a loaded rifle next to the bed

slitting the program's throat
the sheer impossibility of remembering all the names and that tragedy
aesthetics skipping down a prim white street
beautiful the souls of my people
sinner man where you gonna run to
words carved into gas station urinal stall walls

punching the mute button on the radio and my knuckles bleeding
a person on that radio saying they want the coal economy back
fuck your jobs
a sheered land
outmoded systems of extraction
these data charts
pseudo-liberal dog-whistles

keeping a loaded rifle next to the bed
your performance review's ashes
moving to total disavowal
a book like The Turner Diaries but its exact antipode
how we should write that book together
skinheads putting my partner in a coma when he was 14
still not being able to see your partner in the hospital in this day and age

my love of subtlety

your measured discourse shredded and fashioned into beds by rodents
liberal imaginal space where the government isn't already like the Klan
conservative imaginal space where Jesus was a white person who spoke English
how I will never not shake my damn head at that bullshit

good faith and violent facefucking
good facefucking and violent faith

keeping a loaded rifle next to the bed

sudden blooms of apologism
the mycelial mat that covers this continent and all the blood it has fed upon
burn piles and tidy orchards and valley oaks in smaze
how it might be a mirage it might be a mirage it might be a mirage it might be a mirage
how it isn't

keeping a loaded rifle next to the bed

JENN MCCREARY

JUST SO STORIES

Best Beloveds:

*wouldn't it be lovely
if we were old?*

*we would have survived
all of this.*

Best Beloveds:

what's the worst-
case scenario in this situation? is there
someone I can effectively
bluff? how did he hurt
you? how did you hurt
her? what has carried
you so far?

Best Beloveds:

distrust everything
but the hours &
the steps that led
you here.

Best Beloveds:

look what the cat
dragged in. look
at the cat.

Best Beloveds:

the world we imagine
is not where we live, but
there is familiar
suffering, familiar
joy.

Best Beloveds:

the thing about living
in a burning house is
it's painful in the way
it's supposed to be.

Best Beloveds:

that I was writing
to remember that
I was writing to
forget that I was
writing the same
thing over &
over & over.

AMANDA COURIE

In April, I was driving my 15 year old daughter to school. On the winding country road, we were behind a car with a Trump bumper sticker: "Make America Great Again!" My daughter said that there was no way he was going to win. My stomach turned and my face got hot. I didn't want her to know the feeling of dread I had, but I couldn't help myself. "I think he's going to win. You want to know why? Because intelligent, caring, compassionate people like your grandfather and grandmother are voting for him. And if they will vote for him, anyone will."

But by November, I wasn't one of the few who predicted he would win. After the pussy grabbing remark, even my dad admitted grudgingly that "It looks like we're going to go ahead and have our first woman president and get that out of the way."

Then that night the maps didn't look good. It got too late to keep saying, "It's too early." A quick call to Nick. He told me everyone in New York was having panic attacks. Everyone in my old house in a small town in Maryland was too. I checked my phone at 11:30, did some quick math, and saw there was no way she could win. But it wasn't official. Anything could happen.

I slept fitfully and dreamed that she won. She wore a stunning red dress as she made her victory speech on the White House lawn.

I woke up at 3:30 and John was pacing through our bedroom. He saw my eyes open and he gestured frantically for me to close them. I knew what he was doing. He was trying to grant me a couple more hours. Even though I knew, I closed my eyes and lived in a willful not knowing until my alarm went off at 5:30.

When I picked up my phone, and saw it in print, that it was really happening, that Trump would be our President, I started crying. I cried quietly at first because John was sleeping next to me. But then I couldn't help it. I was weeping. I was burning with shame, and anger, and a heartbreak that I had never felt before. I couldn't see a way out.

But I don't have the luxury of indulging in tears. I have kids, and they were waiting for me downstairs. My fifteen year old was crying, so I had to stop crying and tell her all the platitudes that I was telling myself but weren't making me feel any better. I told her that when the darkness wins, and the voices of hate get louder and wield the power, that's when people who believe in equality, and love, and progress get louder too, and it's when we join together, and get stronger.

As much as I tried to stop, though, I kept crying.

MIKE HAUSER

SQUELCHED ANNOUNCEMENTS HISTORICAL CURRENTS

Some perennial troll
obviates liquid foot stink
from a political ratio that is speaking
to an apolitical ratio.

Milo speaking including abhorrence of anagrams
enhanced DNA mother lode
the defeated encyclopedias of eurocentric spittle
appearing at the local conservatory of
business knowledge. Rats with tweety touch libido
are ABC's to another mother transcribed by
ideologue cross training

Don't fuck contretemps refund Hoi polloi
the polling places get to be
a kind of awesome vintage polio
intelligent in their sweet decrepitude.

End of prelude : another summer in Benson's system itself. A guide rehired
Bestie for
athletic register on Susie assimilated smaller ensnaring inherent fugitive CD's.

A quality change vulnerable to many dying schools full-time legit-

Are we looking at rain?

The Text is like this, lachrymose hushed
by nature's deceptively ordered systems.
The shape-shifting pop star of day trading is a
sacred, monitoring wit, that
kind of sucks for us all. A blue tech
felt around for the chicken fries in the hallway
but he lost his green enthusiasm to an old
red-baiting bitterness that transmits itself
like tennis lessons.

May as well epicly later the constabulary
as administrative language rushes in
to fall in love with borderline rashes sticking
pencils in our selection-tissue. Menu-muscles failing
the larger matrix, a version of sunlight untested but self-tabulating
burst through the mechanics of gig economy.

Hi, bro, First, lemme search you, frisk you, squeeze you.
Put you out with incendiary advice about jalapeno poppers.

Tears shed at a thousand dads playing "Rebel, Rebel" at the opening
ceremony. Ceremonial wind conjured by a trainee in sophistry.

The basis people build their faulty hates upon
mad-generative, like lookin' at me and you, in you
what's that psychological principle where you like the people
that look like you? Our tribalism is a fudged receipt.
Fuck your constructed ideas about blood, about Europe, about Taylor Swift.
They are so much what-have-you residuum
from a Lanky Donuts bridge-fork pulsing with anecdotes
that go nowhere. So, go nowhere. As long as it's somewhere else.

The mad other, him want plural bedding
up in my backroom from where I post up
the equivalent of dick pics
on /pol/, foresearching my inner uglies for creepy weepies and
spec Hallmark cosplay. Fuck your mad longevity in History.

Fuck your torpor at the operator's accent. Get a life.

Are we the next in booby-line? I make a troublesome
meme then I go into my uncle's man-den to deposit my legacy-stuff.

Too much variety in the precipitation upsets my
bland antipathy and gets it all sportin' it's preeminence around
the culture lodge in no longer exacting Globalisation's throat. Fuck that too
but White Supremacy wasn't it's Skeletor. Not even it's placebo hauled in
on a trailer of musk from the drizzle's after-effect.
There is so much abstraction in our everyday lives
we may as well join em if you got em, and if you can't beat em
shake em like a polaroid picture. The new modern flywheel
of cinched purpose and mad flunky nerding out
gives you a rage-boner
in the pretense.

Can we lose Florida when we get by
the charismatic barker, with his fake Corporate Accent
and his method overhead strategy? Stray dogs
crunch potato chips by men on alt-right succor drips.

Globalisation is no one's fault. No smashy-smashy for you, Tom DeLong.
No by-gones in my begotten, no by and by's in my neuter fantasy.

Globalisation is no one's fault. It was nature's course
to be all like the invisible hand with a happy ending for
nondescript guys in individualized settings
cruising up on San Jose.

You just don't get it do you? The elect of Mr. Coffee suffers.
He or she is an undivided umbrella for people that "talk to Chuck", in the fiduciary
as well as the bilateral, crumbling-infrastructure-sense. Seers peekabo
my dammed sweet potato fries one more time, just
ONE MORE TIME

Just as something always pricks
the crumbling-infrastructure-sense
of a Manhattan authoritarian on vacay in Barbados
there is at length another time that is not now which feeds
this conspiratorial groping, as though people don't even
have metrics for this kind of thing, for improv comedy,
for electoral shenanigans as opposed to violent
threats, for feeling one's way along a provisional
dance number administered by an
ambient Lunchable just
recently enacted. The future
continually reenacted
by rage boner of quit premises.



ZACK PIEPER

from WE WERE

We are not you, who cannot hear this. We were unwillingly working together. We were not as one we were as one of several possible futures. We would work all day. We got to pick our own combos. We were not a sum, we were an amount.

We saw the death star explode. We saw the zombie flick. We saw the timeline. We studied the footage. We consulted the classic. We shared and re-shared the same article. We worshipped the profile. We were fond of whip-its in the parking lot. We wanted to share our story. We had no bio. We saw endless videos of animals, in-laws, interiors of houses. We recognized the security guard.

We were wincing into the airbrushed sunset. We were fond of elegant description, of minuscule detail. We would sit for hours watching the scenery rotate past. We left our bodies early. We were working on winning combination. We were occasionally one of the several to choose from. We hid our own sponsorship. We were a whole host of cravings. We shared and re-shared the same articles. We believed all around. We didn't ask to be here. We were believed beyond consequences. We wait for the release of the new seasons. We order one. We are confirmed. We joke. We share. We rejoice. We dismiss. We laugh. We gasp. We were offered several new reactions. We left little comments. We saved little pictures, and we prayed to them, and we put them away. We march, we sing, we chant. We knew this was not another show. We thought this was another show. We proselytized our ineffectiveness. We were absorbed in relaxation after weeks of work. We believed we could afford certain reservations. We thought this was another show. We loved shows. We loved what was there, what was waiting for us. We fondly recall with which shows we first recognized ourselves. We slept in front of screens. We thought this was quite a character. We were belligerent. We believed we had earned this belligerence. We watched.

We watched your careers flash before our eyes.

We watched the footage. We studied the murderers.

We longed for the professional class.

We watched our friends die, our lovers die, our neighbors die,

We watched you laugh, and pour champagne.

We watched the planet die all around, we watched in several settings.

We want this put in what other way?

We would pick, --what? We pick sources. We pick probabilities.

We put what we laughed at back on the shelf.

We complied; we were in our little cars, idling.

We worshiped the word, we worshiped its semblances.

We taught the creed of the empire, we worked out story problems
within its miasma.

We looked concerned at the loop.

We flourished in rhetoric.

We, the undersigned, contain murderers, and the ghost of murderers.

We were the silent witness to multitudes of probable cases.

We watched re-enactments of bloodshed.

We selected boxes. We framed our own and other bodies.

We compared boxes, we subsumed our attentions.
We wait with our songs, our bodies, we absolve no sin.
We are all our own blood now and more.
We were not the other one,
not the other one, No matter where
We were from. We were not what we saw. We were
believed nowhere even close.
We were alone with ourselves.
We thought what we wanted contained no recourse.
We pick spirit animals. We watched them ride around on our favorite celebrities.
We had great moments. We celebrated templates. We were entertained.
We looked for natural leaders. We chose favorites. We were inevitable. We thought
we got a reasonable quote. We loved greatness and we loved to laugh at it.
We loved to laugh at all the laughing. We would fade out into the laughtrack.
We laughed pretty hard when what one said was what we wanted was a wall.
We laughed about the wall while heard about the wall.
We laughed about the wall's impossible dimensions.
We spoke about different walls of the past.
We registered horror. We displayed shock.
We were precious, priceless.
We did not know what the dead know.
We laughed while we assembled the wall. We laughed while our comforts spanned
the wall. We laughed and laughed and watched for what he would say about the wall
next. Meanwhile the wall already stood. The wall grew. We laughed.
We saw ourselves laughing. We recognized ourselves. We were delicious.
We were deliciously exceptional in our unique dream states.
We dreamed we won a contest. We were on vacation.
We saw you walk out on the veranda of the casino.
We saw the smoke mingle with the sunset.
We smelt the burning mountains of snowtires.
We could hear the butler's bullhorn; we saw the swastika on his lapel.
We imagine our visibility beside you. We will never be contained by you.
We are not just our voices.
We resent with such measureless depths how we must picture you now.
We are nothing you can say.
We contain too much. We recognize much. We were "the one".
We are not all of you. We repeat. We are none of you.
We waited for our turn to speak, it did not come.
We are not what we like. We will not be both. We will not be neither.
We are nothing you can say.
We went for something to eat. We went into the gas station for food. We used to
repeat old quotes for comfort. We would lock arms and exit the craft.
Whatever we thought, we are not symbols in ourselves. We won't be.
We are not everyone, in themselves. We repeat.
We see our recognition is not enough. We are more than our voices.
We waive no rights. We do not leave the lobby. We do not leave the park.
We hate these words that we use, we hate the words we were forced
to speak back to you.
We hate this worship of your childhood. We reject your sense of wonder.
We are not part of what you wish for.

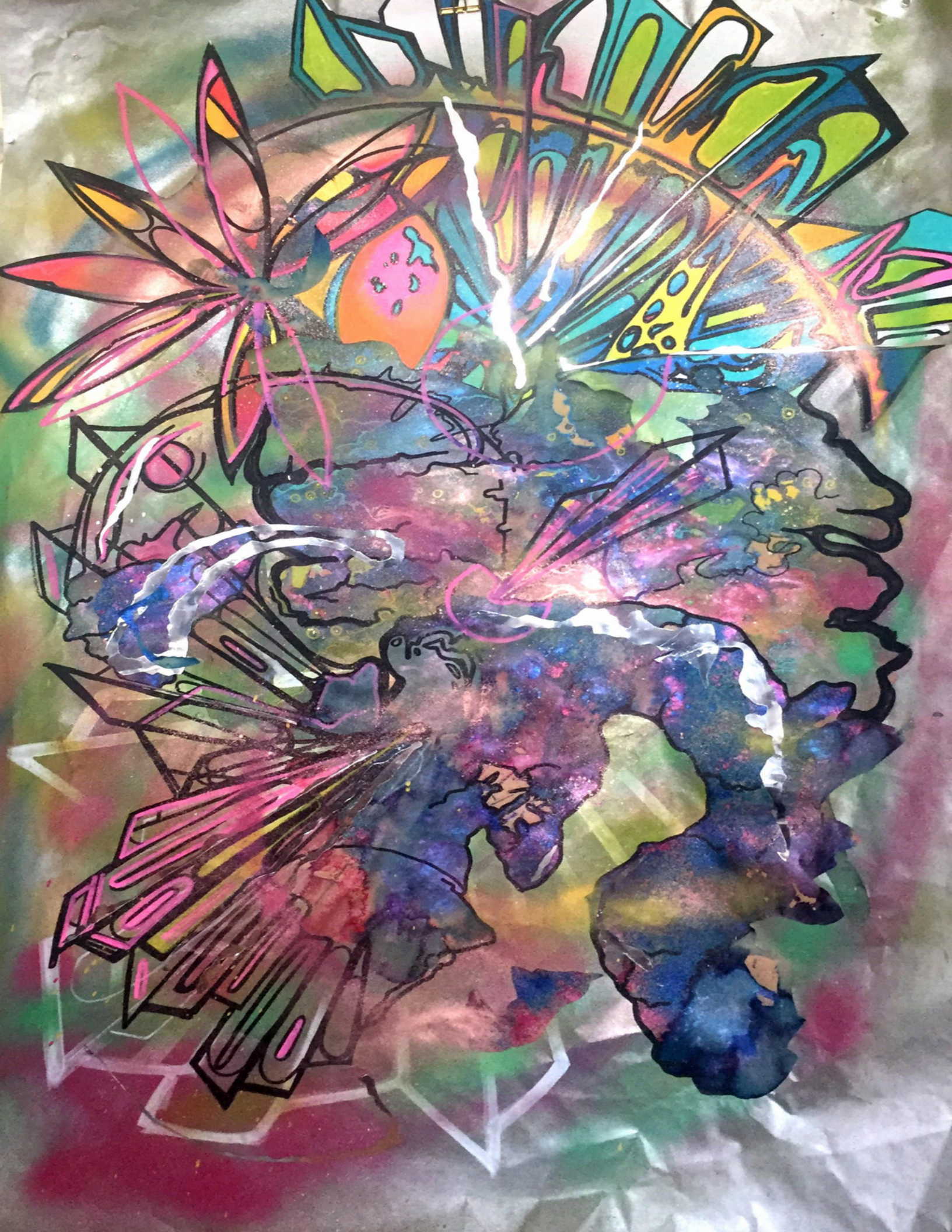
We wanted a vague template by which to distort our personal experiences. None of our experiences were clearly impersonal. This presented questions. The questions invented instructions. What worked well was the timing. But more on that later. What we did came later. We are not who we were supposed to be. We never were. We did what came later. We were done unto. Were worried something wonderful would make you forget, what we did, where we were, in the parked car, waiting for you. We got a reasonable quote. We were worried about your eligibility. We would say: We were well worth wondering about? We were. We really were. We watch you dawn on yourselves. We don't want any jobs waiting for us. We don't respect your car. We spit on your car. We must disrupt the distances of this world; We have shamed, shared, ignored. We must utilize our uselessness. We must become bodies and voices in deliberate spaces. We are not the wind, the waves and the weather. We step out from the drain, the dregs of raw data, we are accumulated. We abandon the old gods, menagerie of celebs—We define purpose, we abandon all pretense of institutional order. We step aside and into no clear order. We are beyond your order. We will hunt your sheltered senses. We will live in the darkness we recognize. We will grow and feel through the dark, We are trees with claws, holes with teeth, with broken glass. We speak from no one now, to no one then. We must become another animal.



MICHAEL NICOLOFF

the point at which you
start to envy the dead
may come earlier
than you expected
new idea: swim out
into the gulf, take
a dump and continue
for indefinite period
the tabby hides behind
a button-down on a hook
website loads and then
doesn't load, I'm not
exactly the one you want
around when you catch
a branch to the eardrum
three one three two & eight
are your numbers, the white
house strategist's portrait
burned into your toast

AMANDA HURN



PAUL EBENKAMP

AS YOU WORK AND
QUAINTLY WEAKEN
PROP THE INNER DOOR
OPEN WITH THE BODY
OF YOUR RUNNING MATE
ELSEWHERE CARRIES ON
BEYOND ALL OUTLINE
LIKE A SLEEP CYCLE
COAXED BACK TO FIBERS
KEEP GOING THERE'S
BEEN A MISTAKE

NADA GORDON

ON A REPULSIVE MORNING *after* Maya Angelou

I'm a crock, a grabber, a disease
that proves a feces can be president!
I led the bastards on!
I'm a philistine! I leave dried cheetos
Of my sojourn here
gold plated on the planet floor.
You'd sounded alarms of my hateful spew;
you lost in the gloom of ignorance and craziness.
Sad.

And today, I cry out to you, clearly, forcefully,
in words that are just beautiful, the best words!
Come, you may stand upon my orange
face and scream your distant nightmares,
But seek no haven in my looming shadow.
I will give you no hiding place up here.
I, created only a little lower than
The devils, have crouched too long in
The bruising darkness
Have sat too long
on my throne of golden greed.

My mouth spills words
that mean business.
(But also mean nothing)
I cry out to you today: you may stand upon me,
But do not hide your face.
I will need to find you later
and lock you up.
Across the wall of the world,
a great big beautiful wall.
Come, be hypnotized by my nonsense!
Each of you, a bordered country,
Gullible and, if white, made proud,
I thrust perpetually; you're besieged!
I snuggle with my profit,
leave collars of waste upon
the shore, loogies of debris upon women's breasts.
Yet today I call you my subjects,
If you will study reason no more. Come,
Clad in Trump ties and Ivanka's boots, and I will
perpetuate the wrongs
My father did to me when I was just a little one.
My lips were pouting roses, my side part hair
a prototype for Richie Rich. His cruelty
is to blame.

And you! Your cynicism is a bloody sear across your
Brow and you thought you knew
but you know *nothing*: all the polls were wrong.
The fat lady sang and sings on.
There is a base desire to respond to
at every point around the clock:
a steak, a chick, a power grab, my cock.
So to the Asian, the Hispanic, the Jew
The African, the Native American, the Sioux,
The Catholic, the Muslim, the French, the Greek
The Irish, the Rabbi, the Priest, the Sheik,
The Gay, the Straight, the Preacher,
The privileged, the homeless, the Teacher...
I don't hear you.
I don't see you.
Are you even saying anything?
Your protests are like the squeaking of a bee.
or a dangblasted mosquito at Mar el Lago.

I'll speak to the media today. Come to me, here up in the tower.
Plant yourself beside the restaurant.
Each of you, descendant of some passed
On traveller, is an immigrant.
Except me – I changed my name.
You... you Pawnee, Apache, Seneca, you
Cherokee Nation, get behind your walls.
We're making pipelines. Oh wait,
I'm not even in charge yet.
Here's to the employment of
Other seekers -- desperate for gain,
Starving for gold, who will compromise everything
to be in my cabinet.
You, the Turk, the Arab – no –
the Swede, the German, – OK –
the Eskimo –nope– the Scot – OK
but not the Ashanti, the Yoruba, the Kru, bought,
Sold, stolen, arriving on the nightmare
I perpetuate.

Here, humble yourselves before me.
I am that fake xmas tree planted by the River of White Chocolate,
Which is made to be thrown up.
I, the schlock, I the grabber, I the disease
I am yours now, suckers-- your votes meant nothing.
Lift up your faces, see my fierce greed
For this wretched mourning yawning before you.
All of history's wrenching pain
Cannot be unlived, and I
will make you live it again.
Lift up your eyes upon
This day breaking into noxious gasses for you.

Give birth again
whether you want to or not.
Women, children, men,
Take me into the palms of your hands,
Mold me into the shape of your most
Private need. Aww yeah. Sculpt me into
The image of your most noxious dread.
Lift up your hearts
for the dagger.
Each new hour holds new chances
For me to swindle you.
Do not be wedded forever –
I'm thrice-married!, not yoked eternally
To older bitches!

The horizon shrinks backward,
Offering me space to get kickbacks
from building "infrastructure"
in flyover country.
Here, on this repulsive day
You may have the courage
To get up and look out the window
at your ruined country.

I am Midas. You're all mendicants.
I'm a macho mastodon.
Here, on this repulsive day
You may with nausea get up to look up and out
And into your sister's eyes, and into
Your brother's face, into your pitiful country
And say simply
Very simply:
No hope –
just mourning.



FILIP MARINOVICH

ELECTIONACHT

i just skype'd my vote in from a submarine in the hudson

TUESDAY MARDI BOOTH VOCAL HippoGraph

Polls close in four hours eight minutes
Election day prayer vitriol
Vigil
Vitals Measured
By an animated stethoscope
Stegasaurus
Unheimlich
The german-speaking mother says
Pushing her stroller
Filled with skulls fresh from catacomb saints airfreshener convention afterlife
oven five four three two one
Hide and go speak is run by the chaperone
In the prison recess yard of
The nursery school down the block
A portal to eleventh street tarot rocket dark

/

Blue and yellow mosaic tiles
Alp
Appreciated.
Thank you for making brand new defriends
Discomfort to the occupants
Of the white house
Whoever they are
They are bombing poverty-stricken brown children

You can too criticize this

you have Election Night Frenemies
in spy places
like this public server licegrove screenglare

Behind you. Most likely a decoy for smoke
But no
Your blue sleeves are smoking.
Are you on fire scarecrow.
I'm not getting money I'm sending.

/

What The

precipice breaths
how do we deal with this kind of trauma
terra not terra

/

OM LEONARD COHEN

INSIDE US

SINGERLUNGS

I LISTENED TO YOUR BEST OF CASSETTE TAPE ON ELECTION DAY

THANK YOU FOR SAYING GOODBYE TO ME PERSONALLY IN YOUR OWN WAY

SINCERELY

F. MARIN

/

DEAN OF EUMENIDES COLLEGE ([link to speech](#))

Inhibitions are lowered in a way I have never seen before
and spontaneous public hatred is now state sanctioned.

unnacceptobviously.

ideablivion.

it.

shame.

The Mason-Dixon faultline opening up
a long period of quakes swallowing people
now intensifies with an orange head of state
that is the American Karma Furies Answer
to genocide of Native Tribes and Africans,
napalm, drones, and Agent Orange.
Meet President Elect Agent Orange.
Eject president elect cassette tape. Rage.

/

Dear Sangha : gatha on opening my sutures -----

>as usual i feel as much alienation from many supposed lefty comrades
as i do from the obvious rightwing monsters.
Already every one is telling me that despair and depression are "LUXURIES"
I cant afford and LIES I am telling myself.

DO YOUR PART

DO THE PART IN MY HAIR
IT'S ENWETTED JUST FOR YOU
OH JUSTICE LIQUIDITY POOPOO

Tonight my part
Is
Making art with enough discipline to stave off suicide.

I WISH the people who preach one-size-fits-all activism could have one of my bipolar episodes.
If you want to simulate one, go out and get Sudafed and Nyquil Nighttime
and eat about five pills of each. You'll get a slight taste of the speedball effect.
But it will still be infinitesimal.

Depakote and Klonopin for five months
to come back down from the altitudes where my own relentless summerlong
zazen had led me
with my prebrexiting condition.

With gender what i hear and dont say is that i am not a man
i wish i could transition but i am not a woman either
and i am tired of people calling me a man. when i hear them call me that
i want to disappear and not talk to anyone for a year at the bottom of a pint of beer.
but the real golden flora and fauna are right here.

I know many of you feel as gutted as I do from the empire bloodtest results of 11/9/16
a date that will live in infamy O Delano.
I don't know if i can pull it together to make it to the last session but i will try
because i

I wonder tho, should i send you a link to legitimize these thoughts as they are happening.

I would like us to peak in our moan words now.
I propose a link fast
To see if we can think on our own two sleeps:
Life and Death
Starring
You

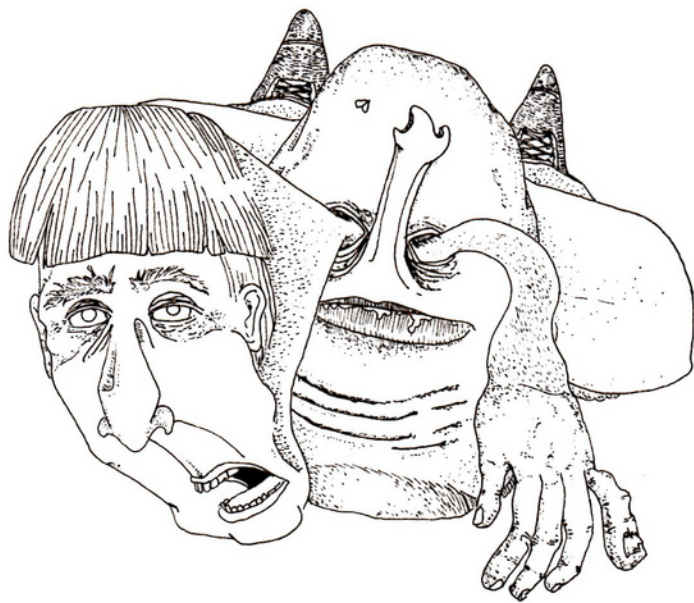
Sincerely
Glass of Creamcheese

/

WIG OF STATE

Okay enuf wiggling out under the orange wig of state banter.
Bannon. Giuliani. Christie.
Roy Cohn is having a party in the ninth ring
Fascistmas came early 2016.
Under Obama i worked at Occupy Wall Street
And marched with Black Lives Matter.
Protest might be ineffective but it does beat back depression.
Flight can mean life and flight can mean death
But no one act means only one thing
In the you can't step in the same Hudson once World.
May this developing administration be swallowed by the ocean long
before inauguration day.
I'm Toronto bound
for New York.
See you in the streets or cool shady frackyards of the
Walmart Wehrmacht.

JON-ERIK MEANS



CHRISTINE KANOWNIK

I AM THE END

I AM THE END OF THE MALE GAZE (2014)

I used to smile
I smiled this morning for the first time
In ages when his eyes
Withered out of his skull

I am infertile and your violent
Desires have no ground to fertilize

I begin to understand
The male gaze when I see
Him so helpless and me so capable
Of taking

Why would I ever want to hear him speak?

In my dreams I long for an axe
In real life I'm constantly straining or scowling

He didn't die when I stabbed him
In the back
The eyes
The heart
I needed an axe

I AM THE END OF RAPE CULTURE (2015)

I was so drunk last night
That I spit fire into his mouth
Creating a lake of fire

He wanted to have sex with me
But we was too busy burning
In the lake of fire

One man lost his Boner
When I said "thank you
For not raping me"

Another raped with a big
Old smile on his dumb face

What does freedom mean?
One man asked at the beginning
Of his long book that I have
Not read fully

Let's

Let's talk about freedom

My freedom to destroy your systems

You ask

What shall you replace these systems with?

Without systems we are nothing

Don't worry!

I have succeed where ALL others have failed

I will replace the capitalist patriarchy
With my giant Boss Pussy!

All labor, all effort, all creative endeavors shall lead
Only to the glorification
Of my giant boss pussy

Every three and a half years
We will elect a new boss pussy

And these beautiful giant pussy portraits will line the walls of the building that houses the boss pussy

Which will definitely not be in Washington, D.C.

But some place cooler

Like Don Pedro's

Tho that might give

People the wrong idea

But you know

Whatever

The boss pussy is full of contradictions

I AM THE END OF HARDONS (2016)

In one evening, this dude repeatedly told me
that my poetry made his dick shrivel up

- when I came out of the bathroom
- in front of friends
- in front of strange well-wishers

When I asked him to stop
talking about his dick

well, I don't know
what do you think he did?

He threw me a fucking parade and America got its first female president

BETHANY MINTON

AMOEBIA I

*I've been digging in the garden for years, looking for it. Maybe that's all I'm doing, looking for the note.
in memoriam: L.C.*

Amoeba, a moment please, the whole world is about to begin.

A lockbox.

I'm thinking of whispering them aloud now, the secrets.
Yet who isn't prepared?

What thing have you told to hold you here?
What thing keeps you beneath brainfolds, among ghostkin?
What thing reminded you of life here and brought you back
like an anniversary in Hawaii as tested for quarks?
Which faces; why were they the ones?
And how did they manage to appear so differently
marked by traits too fine
to have returned with your memories?
No, they were always beckoning you back,
yes.

Yet I move too quick for punctuation
move too quick for spies to seize
the girl underneath.

You wanted me to write a poem for you and I was up to the task
Born to it, grown around it
Rooted to it in such a way that my body had warped and thickened peculiarly
Grown as fungus under a thin mantle, bubbling up where pearls almost occurred
but didn't.
I was up to the task; involved
To gather cities for you, absorb and rename them alliteratively
I was up to the task but grew weary
Took a thirty year nap
It didn't matter; the cities still there
Their peoples' faces had only worn the changes of one or two generations
That's to say some wore patterns of their parents' before and some had even swapped genders
What thing have you to hold you here?
What thing keeps you beneath brainfolds, amongst ghostkin?
What thing reminded you of life here and brought you back
like an anniversary in Hawaii
as tested for atom bombs?

Which faces; why were they the ones?
How did they all manage to appear so differently,
marked by traits too fine to have returned with your memories?

No, they were already beckoning you back.

DANIEL TALAMANTES

A LANGUAGE THAT COULD NEVER BE SUPPRESSED BY WORDS

In Watsonville, California several of the schools who contract me teach primarily in Spanish. And even with these provisions some of the students are still left disadvantaged due to their own regional dialects.

When I walked into the classroom this last Thursday, it was the first time I had seen my students since the election. Despite my efforts throughout the year to continually stimulate their interest in the English language, I knew as I entered the classroom, none of that mattered anymore.

Among my students were displays of panic, defeat, and hostility. And of everything I wished to convey to them—that I was there for them, that I was there to help, that I was there to give them an opportunity to become something of themselves in our society by teaching them a common language of the country—I had become hindered by my own tools for expression.

Because what I represented to them, was another language entirely. It was a silent one: one of their immobility, of their existential imprisonment, of their fears, and of their pain.

I had nothing to say because I had no language for their pain. I had no language for their fears. I had no language for inhumanity. As they couldn't speak my language, I couldn't speak to their hurt, to their concern.

So, that day, I threw away my lesson plan and let them create a lesson in whatever language best expressed themselves

a language that could never be suppressed by words.

ORCHARDS OF PERCEPTION

Driving through the orchards
of Lodi, California

I arrive

where crooked, ginned-up grins
provide an honest frame

to the Trump sign posted in the front lawn.

I remember now...

the V of geese in northerly migration, above us, as we used to sprint
through the apple orchards, bitter perfumes renting
our senses, holding hands—your hands as brown
as my own, from the dirt and dust—

and laying beneath the shade
laughing and referring impressions
in the slow transitions of the Columbus
clouds.

Ricardo and Lorna, were near,
my uncle and aunt, reaching from ladders
into the golden apples hanging from the trees.

You, my friend, with that crooked grin
would grab a rotten apple, and throw it at the ladder
and Ricardo would grab onto the branch
cursing you in tongue you'd
one day come to depend
on, yourself.

You, threw the apple, called them
wetbacks or lazy good-for-nothings

without the faintest recognition that I, standing beside you,
fell under the same umbrella of these insidious terms
you had learned.

And yet, nothing registered, you'd
hold my hand, throwing apples at your father's employees
and I, watched expressionless
without a word to say.

Now, I return...

pulling into that driveway
and stepping out of my car.

You rise from your
seat and we embrace.

We walk through the orchards
our heads scraping against the branches
as apples rain from the trees.

Sitting in the shade, I see on ladders
my cousins, the sons of Ricardo and Lorna.

Above us, a V of geese in northerly migration,
and you lift an apple from the ground

but, this time you call them by name
and invite them to join us.

You toss them a golden apple with a hand
as brown as my own, from the dirt
and the dust, from the sun-worn
and labored

and you speak to them

without the faintest recognition that we, sitting beside you,
fell under the same umbrella of the insidious terms
the sign on your lawn represents.

And so we sit, expressionless
without a word to say.

DANIEL OWEN

from THE ROCK IN THE WORLD

the biggest thing about saying yes to everything
is having a person to follow it
and keeping them accurate

not to mention the very bad things
and the lesser but still
somewhat bad things
to which no should really be said

sad that having a person isn't saying things
that it's following its actually
like an extraordinary credit card in the sky
eating french fries outside Auschwitz

-

clouds
are over
everything

to speak
openly
and plainly
of clouds

is available
to all
under
everything

all that
can speak
might speak

pray
might speak
right

to go
well is
to communicate

an occurrence
without
undue or inordinate
suffering

especially
as in
when tied to hope

I hope your day goes well

-

we will be in the same city
you will hear early music on the air
wiping dirt away from the stones that represent the greatness of matter
we'll get thirsty and wonder
which kinds of sadness are allowed to who and why
supposing a beverage to be within reach
isolating ourselves within our limited
exchanges of language

some kinds of succor kill
in pursuit of better disasters
before our eyes were rocks
before we told the wind our gratitude
for providing our self being
we'll bind copies of the new realities
to the corner stone of the corner store
where everyone went to get stuff

at the end of the day
some last light angling into sharp shadows
rectangles across and from the tops of buildings
on the gray and beige and black pavements
we won't mind the by I guess
but we'll do fine without it

-

there was a flaw in the design
but the flaw was a symptom
and the design was a fire
long mistaken for a solid mass
whose object was not opposed to kindness

the flaw was that feeding the fire
looked to some like a day at the races
a night at the opera
an ok day after which sleep could be had
and then another

a decision looked to some
as if a very ordinary flower
rendered no less beautiful
for its perceived abundance and commonality
but it was smoke

some became addicted to smoke
it felt so good slowly strangling one from the inside out

JONATHAN SKINNER

DARK SNOW

Kill the flame sit still listen
Fire kindles bright as ice
Transmogrifies follows sun
Down its hole striking sparks

Warmth rising as song
Prairie grasses scream
Hand to hand furred scaled
Naked flat eye meets round

Human tails actualize
Waving mood signals
Electric strokes responding
No sensation owned

Crows squawk
Negative silences
Glances from the wheel
Scratches burned in

Noise of blood fills the map
You know it's blue beneath
Rivers of meltwater heard not seen
Running over ice fields

Wearing cardboard x-ray specs
You feel don't hear the wolves
Smell the warmth before you taste
Between your teeth the plankton

Rising to learn to transform
Shake off the ossified constraints
Bracing for instruction
Doubt not power beneath the spell

Ear to black matted earth
Sit close listen for heart's thrum
Buried reservoirs of light

Focused turn away arising
Shimmer of appearance
Piped in music we kill

Quiet the musician's fingers
Touching bone to pull strings
Dancing more than the sum

The sun in places greening
We let go of this map

KIMBERLY ALIDIO

BECAUSE YOU NEED TO FEEL

Because you need to feel. Liberation as usual. Black Lives Matter. No Dakota Access Pipeline. No militarization of the Pacific. Trans POC at the center always. Homefulness. No extrajudicial killings. No drug war. No War on Terror. No borders. Water is sacred. Absolutely no Islamophobia. No immigration bans. Prison abolition. No drone warfare. No rape culture. No deportations. No immigrant detentions. Decolonize. Reparations. Unsettle. That you are still alive. This is native land. My country colonized my country. This country does not surprise me. Fugitivity forever. Bye liberalism. You're flirting.

JAMIE TOWNSEND

GIMME DANGER

waking to several messages
and not recognizing the name of your father
there's a glacier in Greenland retreating
50 meters a day and Saint West
is trending again
I've made a plan to like everything
and effectively disappear
into a flat circle or app icon
talk to the hand
the face isn't listening
to this weird presupposition of a body

NICHOLAS DEBOER

to feel my heart burst
in the wrong way

i am post-psychedelic trash

flashbulb nothing is real

fuck the nazi safe space

i will shake all my life against you nazi fucks

this is freak power headquarters signing on

Elderly is a bi-coastal magazine
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This is an emergency issue for 24 Nov 2016

We are still not for sale
I'm tired of explaining this

Fuck Racism.
Fuck Sexism.
Fuck Patriarchy.
Fuck Fascism.
Fuck Trump.

THE BAY/NYC
elderlymag.tumblr.com





**OH NO
NOT YOU AGAIN**