

elderly









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## TATIANA LUBOVISKI-ACOSTA

drinking a diet coke  
after sex to strip the  
heteronormativ  
ity from my palate.  
if you leave me, you ought to

go blind. rainbow. such  
an aggressive little fuck  
er. describe to  
me what outfit your trauma  
is wearing. does the threat of

our intimacy make your  
face bright with the opening  
of the sky. i look  
to you, then to the rotting  
fruit in the bowl. metanoi

a strikes again! please  
ignore contemporary  
purity's gaze and  
the prostrate nude of ante  
empire ruins and their come

hither glance. my dumb  
current form, my venus in  
virgo. stupid with  
beauty, resistant to a  
singular history. a

container that is  
a product of conspira  
cy. a general  
strike, a knife to upper lip  
and nose, alive out of spite.

considering our  
desires failing each one. on  
a sinking dreamboat thru  
a landscape littered with the  
corpses of high school sweethearts

having gone to seed.  
the ugly duckling transformed  
into a duckling  
fantasy. am i the girl  
with the fictional pussy.

of course i am. a  
bright laughing clit, ravenous  
walls seizing for con  
trol of the means of produc  
tion. i am sucking a tit

on a roof above  
telegraph, pulling the threads  
of all the lies in  
the sea out of this person  
whose lover i was at the

time. a long time a  
go, before the floating night  
mare of our compos  
ite charts, my sun in your eighth  
house, yours in mine.

whatever that means! is it  
the radical in me who  
wants that communal  
succor of being evisc  
erated by refrac

ted love for someone  
whose venus is in gem  
ni, an anarchist  
bee. i refuse to be your  
flower. instead, i rot, and

invite the riot  
into my sick bed. my love  
lies bleeding on the  
interrogation room floor.  
another slow morning of

the tender joke.

THE BODY ARTIST  
*for Konrad*

the rapist head of state  
wrote a book of poems

on having missed  
managua in the time of miniskirts.

oh, how i wish  
to strangle him between

my anemic thighs;  
force a lahar

of bacterial yeast  
into his mouth.

it's springtime  
when the girls are sacrificed

or when we ride our bikes  
towards the fire.

i place a tiny daisy  
into your ear canal.

a white woman  
i am no longer friends with

once recommended a book to me.  
it was about a performance artist

grieving for her older husband.  
i have not read the book.

why would i.  
she was being cruel.

i remember going ice skating  
when i thought i'd lost you forever.

i always imagined myself  
wanting to walk into the ocean  
once the sudden loneliness  
settles in.

*from* BIEN CUIDADA

it doesn't matter what  
your work is like,  
he will become inextricable,

haunt all critique.  
his action  
will be a visual parasite.

i look myself in the mirror  
watch myself bleed  
while i floss.

i wonder what  
can live within  
a young girl.

i imagine  
the evil  
that men do

as an airborne pathogen  
infecting women  
and leading them

to destroy  
themselves  
inexplicably.

a friend told me,  
in a café on obregón,  
about an epidemic

of young women  
in greece  
hanging themselves.

no one knew why,  
and to shame them,  
the elders

paraded  
their still hanging  
corpses, stripped naked

through the town.  
it worked.  
girls stopped.  
when i looked this up,  
stories and videos  
of refugees

attempting to hang  
themselves in public  
in athens

come up  
instead.  
someone painted

*suicide*  
in black  
on the sidewalk

outside the new museum  
the day  
a posthumous retrospective

of ana mendieta's work  
opened; it was also  
the date carl andre's

trial was to begin.  
i believe that  
he killed her.

it's not enough  
that he  
kills you.

he has to stab your side,  
and hold vinegar up to your lips,  
and mock your mother, too.

my friend screams.  
i want to build a house  
around myself

and destroy it  
with my bare hands  
as it collapses onto me.

in ciudad juarez,  
it was preferred to believe  
that it was a single non-mexican

murdering young women.  
to paraphrase amy,  
what if an entire country's



evil  
could be distilled  
in one man.

a murdered  
woman  
covered in snow

watches over  
the city  
where i was born.

from my mouth,  
i pull out the finest  
gold chain.

it had wrapped itself  
around my organs.  
a pool

of blood  
collects  
on the floor of the gallery.



## DAMON POTTER

*from* BIRB TEETH

I.

On an island, you said horses are free  
on an island off Georgia.

I need to see this Cumberland  
Island.

I wore masks. I gave  
you spores.

I hoped for my motility. I hope  
my own anomie won't block  
the way to Cumberland  
Island.

6.

Hold on me my weakest  
memes. Hold on me  
my shaking knees nd all the time  
my teeth chatted  
like some bollard bees. Hold me  
to my weakest matters, the strength of men  
nd strength of friends. Hold me up  
and pollard me.



9.

I'm the peeling, clinging bark  
of urban trees. I'm the dust clogging  
one stoma. I'm the rain that hits and sticks,  
submits itself to the leaf's skin. I am me,  
the anxiety knows, I grieve, misbehave.  
I say hurtful things. I'm dead branches  
waiting for wind. Leave me the leaves  
stuck to a drain.

12.

I am thin from washing  
men. I think myself  
a walk in wind. I think my skin  
comes from empty vestment  
bins. I should eat. I should go outside. I should  
talk. I should exercise.  
I should hop those who line  
and lie upon the avenue  
where they've got the ingress hid.  
Of legged lounging limbs, I should hop  
their shins and wrest aliment  
from the abdomen.

14.

Hairy legs, uncut lawn, lustering  
in serous dawn. Dead lawn  
under a neighbor's thumb  
waits and begs for me  
to come. The residue  
from when I was young  
straightens my legs each time  
I come  
in isolation.



17.

My body's made for day today and cataleptic days of come.

My body's made for day today and cataleptic days of come.

My body's plumb, day's resplendent proffer.

Dehydrate me the dream of son, a misty, wet, and watered one.

Dehydrate me, succinctly slaughter all my thousand sons and daughters.

Dehydrate and leave of me all my layered volant come.

My penis pursing lips the sun.

My penis pursing lips the sun,  
the purpose of my day is come.

18.

I hoped for numbing lips.  
I groped for limbs or humming hips and  
pressed to mesh a shrine  
from our constant walkaway bricks. I still walk  
with feet entwined. I still walk  
and hear four clicks. Drunker with a vein  
enmouthed, and separate  
from hip to hip and end  
to end I still the rope's too tight  
or I slip.

20.

I watched you shave  
your face in mirrors. I watched  
you shave new pertinence. You  
danced and said new circumstance.  
Your milk strutting  
scuffed the floor, you blocked the light  
beneath the door. Drunk sons  
rescuff old scuffs in buffed floors to muffle  
reflections under doors.



## CODY CARVEL

### A DIAMOND. AND YOU?

What an awkward feeling to be surprised in the midst of sadness. The ease at which we slip into and out of our old habits, clothes for a new season. An ensemble that holds together. A carousel of forced smiles, giddy antics (climate). Pushed off or held tight. Either way, to hell with it all and turn your hands over to instinct.

[Or...]

Really, to hell with it all. Dream of waking in the ruffled company of you (velvet snow smiling) and your best dress (metallic silk). What sun rises? Cold and cloudy? Fair weather and a drive through the unpaved roads whose ruts slow us down and make our white socks red (pretty faces, too).

[Well, then...]

*Pretty face turned red.*

[And...]

*I loved the way you looked  
when it rained  
at the end...*

Downpour enough for Ovid.  
I could relate. But disagreeable  
to the climate, I found the air stale  
and began to wheeze. A hug  
would have surfaced a diamond.  
And you?

[LONELINESS GROWS A WILDERNESS]

Loneliness grows a wilderness  
mutes the daylight hours dull  
brings rivers and rails near enough  
to murder and escape with last  
senses—he's here! My mystery  
date! And I—never ready for swimming  
can't chain down the line, been  
tied to the tracks by dreams and duds  
still no trains came to smush me—  
the sun brittled my ropes and I  
headed home fey, strange, cracked—

The sun threatened to leave, gave me  
good reason to believe he'd never show  
no light upon the dour four hundred  
million martyrs—feeling with the lights off  
guessing at new old beauty—roses  
read about in braille, tasting at sweetless Red  
Vines, smelling the apple  
tree's bark skin your knee, singing out  
to kestrels deaf or disobedient  
refusing all horizons, a thrilling game  
for you—and you—and you—and—

To leave the door open—and close  
the eyes and lips invites numerous  
surprises—looters and satyrs countless  
haters and lovers and stranglers  
skiers and bowlers with their own  
ideas about the good, paid little  
or no mind—I gave up assembling  
the perfect outfit, made picnics  
with the invisible white goat in the attic  
ate through brambles and furze till  
the sun returned and apologized.

## THE VICTORIANS CALLED IT FREAKY DANCING

Le Basket within view, I wish for  
posterity and this poem, teleport  
me—I stare through all between  
sprinting home to fuck  
you or the other way round, moreover  
right this minute my impatient I  
dying to lose track of how many  
bodies pass azoom, ablu, ecstatic  
vaporized by my hope to be home  
with you.

I imagine the Elizabethans would  
gag or scoff or just fire hydrant  
vomit at the sight of me all lack  
of tact and decorum, just wants  
practically demands. Or maybe  
they'd have heart attacks—argh—  
on site, on the spot, just there  
threatening hems—hand tailored  
digressions are all I have when  
stopped by traffic

between the Triangle  
Shirtwaist Factory and home  
(due south). Throat lump  
screams a switchblade thinking  
of either of us dying, and I choke  
up when I think of James  
Schuyler living in Yorkville  
until I can picture living there  
with you, or anywhere we can  
build a tent.

## TO THE CULTURE INDUSTRY IN CRISIS

Oh JK JK JK we know you're doing fine, just  
shut up and take my money. Save me  
the trouble of knowing my diagnosis, give  
my prognosis to Broadway and autopsy  
me to Herald Square.

The Geminids are here again and I welcome them  
with "When You Wish upon a Star" or "Theme  
from Shaft" or whatever comes to mind  
and I can get through without crying usually  
"Lite Brite making things with light..."

And natural distraction passes into night  
and my devil's hands stain magazines or tickets  
to ballet recitals or bluegrass musicals about  
Hamilton Fish or some true crime picture set  
on ancient Mars. More likely somber sober nightly

news: the launch codes are in us all already the news anchor mouthed as  
salacious gossip fun-sized celebrity slander in no way a desire deterrent, no  
better, no worse living through vicariousness, hear that? Decibels distant  
speeding to the scene of a soapbox sofa the slain chosen to ride  
to musée and mercat brought to us by sponsors and workers and history's

mendicants throwing their arms around our knees interrupting our toxic  
leisure, laboriously earned. Canonize us  
the anxious attached, martyr us the avoidant, may our halos be stylish  
one of a kind couture each season, each season a register rings anew  
key despises the lock still locked. Wingless and floating, peering through

keyhole reveals opportunity for revolution passed all out  
of laughter and hate. Otis Redding suggests a gentle kindliness  
tenderness two for one Tuesday but I am alone and have no plans  
for guests, no extra chair or plate and to wonder why and why  
not makes me wish my heart could be torn in half

if but for company keeping.

## MY MAIN MAN IS THE MEASURE OF ALL THINGS

this  
that, those,  
those over there

in the gymno  
and at the agora  
just hangin

with Oneiroi  
on our way to  
the fair

ornery, stubborn boys  
onerously horny  
honorable thieves stealing

glances, ensconced in  
the arcade, silhouettes  
purl ding ding gyre adizzle

pinball pros becoming flood  
twinkling bodies whirl  
in waltzers then loiter

knurly serpentine expletives  
glittering trash, lusty litter  
fun house was anything but

unrecognizable tunes organ  
grinds too many kisses  
in the summer

is never enough for the fall  
that follows twenty bucks  
gets you jack and that's just

because we're friends, we are  
me, my  
selfs



## NEW WORLD

An ode to my newness, singing  
damsels, distressing boys in hair suits  
woven from glass strands, live killer cursed  
death sentences chewed and sung  
to the tune of some nationalistic lore ditty,  
doowockadoowackadoo and so on  
and on to invoke the displaced, oh where have you gone  
Native equivalent of zombie—How  
might we find your mighty  
finely ground savior, we need a good symbol to play  
the monkey cymbals while we tax,  
er, scuse me taxidermy your almost souls.

Chorus of cackles, frenetic outside the veil  
an ode to my newness, singing  
damsels, catcalling boys wearing finely woven suits  
strands, alive killer  
hired a fleet of elephants to smuggle us  
we found the new land

wow we spend most of our vacation days

[transition, wipe or fade]

visiting the previous culture's mausoleums  
the natural history muzeet  
only somewhat edifying.  
The males we have seen and see  
continue to get his way  
I'll throttle the ponce in his ridiculous tie  
though I had to hand it to him,  
his mustache was the envy of the continent—  
one sided and veneered with gold leaf.

## ALEX CRUSE

### FIVE POEMS

ob-  
literate utterances  
in the teething yaw stammering  
to be a guileless material  
--afterbirth, as such  
could abstract far  
enough from it  
to become an arm  
-ed amplitude period; the darkness  
elongates  
. the skins de-shackled and drought  
debris while  
the bulk of pressurized breeding is  
intaglio infrastructure.  
sleeping and coiled in its politics like noise  
music, any old genre  
that circumvents its own criticism.  
but there are no words which begin  
with that letter and  
even alterity must re-learn the  
mechanics of sucking teeth.

so badly that i erupted twice  
into breeding, or utensil; into gauche nightspot  
into flimsy shadow,  
phosphorescent orange.

beautiful little face of being strange  
you're asleep with the raw stuff, the most  
experimental education you could scroll with your hands.

i want to fund their secret light,  
to soak in terror and chemical hungers.

to mend the indices of our sensorium  
is not to repair a world  
you are still written with a 3000hz LRAD

fellow cell phone users of earth: you befriend it all.

how much public  
space will we need  
to all be speakers

in stutters, and novelty t-shirts that can't be spelt

swimming private space, silently mouthing mouthing mouthing into thinking  
blindness and

would easily be executed; but yes. SPECIES ONE: goodbye. the Nth vacuole.

atomic passages quilt interstice, within  
warped surfaces of time, scented like part of dream.  
remixing a gifted mouth. tubes of it. this is so art. i indescribe it.

the origin of *matrix* is:

*something that constitutes the place or point from which something else originates, takes form, or develops*

The Word derives from the Old French *matrice* (“pregnant animal”), from the Latin *mātrīx* (“dam, womb”)

Agnes Martin’s piece, i didn’t catch the name, 64 columns, the squares produced in the grid were separated into 4 equal rectangles. 4 measures.

its interior cries my spiral

flattened void, the only score

i could sing

or upload

breath to.

a history of emptiness.

and though hands will encourage every immature skill,

we know that art returns in the wound.

the pink death flesh thick with flushed  
prescriptions  
our pneumatic species washes its surrogate makeup and accords  
a metabolized cipher to the meat of swimming

dry, nested frailty  
futura in the marrow throat  
unencumbered and a breathing  
circle is produced

we become the prosthetic shadow of a species  
losing its mass

landscape, prescription, species, olfaction  
your body has a way of code-switching  
evading its fatigue chaperone  
muscle memory begins as Skill yet lingers as Animal,  
like ambient water.  
to embrace, in spite of everything

you know about

the way things are.

ask a nightmare  
what we found after rank

and are readying for all over again.  
corpus in drift, in salt

under the red  
as though we could escape the mirror as time got in it  
bones with their allover poor  
our generation of sick

at once, eating alive and ripening me  
as though its teeth were instant suns

*it's getting its air from inside me*

the chirality of your shape and its crisis  
faltering in extruded light

guilty as glass, picture window  
of the political sublime

inherits the patrician code  
that sheaths my email

DMZ behind the eyelids burns and  
peels away like

another page turning, a  
highly personalized blood-black language

waiting for its own scabs to begin, little saccades  
that occlude a universe which doesn't scale

dictatorial statue falls, silent as god  
or maybe it just tired from the lines.

## AJA COUCHOIS DUCAN

### FIVE: WATER *TRILLING*

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In every family there are genetic pathways, tributaries that guide molecular units of heredity. She hears them calling to her the way dawn calls the sun out of the mountain side. She has been asleep so long that their voices have become urgent. They tell her things in a language she do not understand.

*Indaanis*, my daughter, and then the wind.

When she opens her eyes, the sky is bright, as if she had slept half the day, half of her life.

*Indaanis*, the ice caps are melting. Watch out for the river. It will flood soon.

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As temperatures rise, glaciers and ice caps melt and water flows into the seas. The water warms and expands, raising sea levels. Slowly, the land begins to recede. Soon, she knows, it will be harder to reach across the oceanic expanse.

One night she wakes to an invisible hand shaking her. Indaanis there isn't much time.

The next day she begins scavenging the neighborhood for wood scraps to build a boat. She finds a shed with an assortment of windows and doors but she cannot figure out how to patch these objects of departure into a secure ark. It takes several weeks to finally amass all of what she needs. She expoxies the stray pieces of lumber together and coats the surface in sealant. While the wood dries, she stitches a flag together. There are no skulls or crossbones on it, just one red heart with a jagged cut down the center.

At dusk she climbs into the boat and hoists the flag. There, on the front porch, she waits for the water to find her, to lift her up, to carry her off like the wind.

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During the most recent ice age, the seas dropped and the glaciers rose. Now everything is being reversed. Animals follow the water down the mountains and into the valleys. They track rivers across state lines.

One day she finds a black bear in her front yard. *Makwa*, she says, you are hundreds of miles from home. Slightly shorter than she is, it out weighs her by at least thirty pounds.

When night falls, the bear is still there in the yard, marking the tree with claws and teeth. She brings it a basket of berries and sits on the porch watching through the darkness as the bear devours them. When the bear is done, it climbs the tree and wraps its thick body around the sturdiest branch.

She places a blanket and pillow in the boat and makes a bed of it. She can hear the bear snoring, a husky vibration that lulls her to sleep.

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For months she waits for the water but it does not come. The bear disappears during the day and returns each evening, lumbering at the edge of her yard.

At first she just brings it berries. Eventually she starts making salads of parsnips, carrots, turnips and anchovies and places them in a bucket that she hangs from the lowest branch of the tree.

One evening the bear is waiting for her on the porch. She hands it the bucket and settles into the boat. The bear moves back into the darkness of the yard to dine on the roots and fish.

*Makwa*, she says, speaking into the shadows, when the water comes I am sailing north toward the arctic, toward ursa minor, little bear, and the north star.

There are bears there too, she says, but she doesn't mention they are white and twice Makwa's size. She doesn't mention the land itself is mostly ice. She knows that as everything warms, the molecules are speeding up causing the ice to shift from a solid to a liquid state. The permafrost is thawing and releasing increasing amounts of methane, further exacerbating polar amplification.

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At night she dreams that all the earth's bears are living together on an iceberg. Black bears, brown bears, sloth bears, sun bears, and polar bears inhabiting a frozen island in the arctic sea. The polar bears are teaching the others how to hunt for seals and fish in the frigid waters that surround their floating islet of ice.

When she wakes, she hears the familiar voice. *Indaanis*, the temperatures are rising. The earth can no longer yoke its weather patterns. Soon they will swing wildly between states of drought and flood.

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Temperature has a profound impact on organisms. The physiological processes which define life are biochemical reactions, the signaling and flow of chemical energy. Simple chemical reactions increase as temperature increases, but physiological processes proceed more slowly at temperatures above or below their thermal optimum.

These same processes are also water-based. With increasing climate change, all organisms must struggle to maintain an appropriate water balance and temperature range for life sustaining biochemical interactions.

The air becomes so dry she could light it on fire with a match. All of the surrounding creeks dry up and the deer, foxes, and coyotes are forced toward town where the water still miraculously comes out of faucets. She puts buckets of water out for them but the bear scares them off with her restlessness. The boat listing on the porch seems like an absurdity.

Then one evening the sky thunders and cracks and water pours from the serrated opening. In the drought the soil has baked to a hard clay so now the water slips across it as if rock. Within days the town is transformed into a medieval kingdom of hilltop fortresses and moats.

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In a land that is not this land, in a time that is not this time the  
earth spits out its tongue and the spine of a continent thrusts  
forth. Plants evolve from lakeside algae and spread onto land.  
Insects dine on the green foliage and eventually take flight.  
Four footed vertebrates begin their journey out of the water,  
although some return to reproduce in the dark liquid's  
protection. Flowering plants spring forth as do bees and ants.  
Song birds take to the skies. Mammoths swing their long  
curved tusks while homo hominids domesticate dogs and hunt  
the earth's verdant expanse.

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In a land that is not this land in a story that is not this story, she waits in the tree while the water fills her yard, her house, carries away all her possessions. The bear is resting on an adjacent limb, breathing heavily beside her. The boat floats idly nearby.

In a land that is not this land in a time that is not this time the woman who came before her, the one who learned to love by firelight, harvests verbena and yellow dock, which she uses to make a paste to coat her pregnant belly. When the man returns to the cave he finds the woman naked, her skin covered in ash and mud. The man is afraid to touch her but the woman guides his hand into the darkest, wettest recesses of her body. When the man withdraws it, his fingers are coated in sticky red blood. The baby is coming, the woman says. And so it does.

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When water subsumes the highest branches of the tree, she climbs into the boat with her backpack of provisions and unties the cord. For the first mile the bear swims along side her. *Makwa*, she says, come into the boat. But the bear ignores her. *Makwa*, she says, but her hand is already waving goodbye.

The water is crowded with everything it has swept away. Occasionally she sees the corpses of animals but *Makwa* is no longer in sight. When she reaches the ocean there are many other boats in the water. She calls out to them but the chopping waves prevent the passage of any other sound.

Hours pass then darkness comes. Somehow, in the shadows of this violent womb, she sleeps. At dawn the horizon bleeds a pink light. All around her is water, grey and turbid. *Makwa*, she says just to hear the sound of her own voice. *Indaanis*, the wind replies.

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The ocean is becoming increasingly acidic due to atmospheric carbon dioxide dissolving into rivers, lakes, and seas. Rising acidification kills coral and depresses the metabolic rate and immune response in marine organisms.

Acidification of the world's oceans has occurred before. Fifty six million years ago there was a dramatic increase in global temperatures and carbon cycling. These changes caused mass species extinction and the sudden appearance of human progenitors, primates.

She watches the water as if fishing for something beneath its depths. But it is only a mental exercise. She knows that it is her mind that presents the biggest danger. It must be tamed or it might slip off for hours at a time only to return with a fresh kill in its mouth.

When she grows tired the voices become louder. *Indaanis*, they say, the world is only temporary. In 5 billion years the sun will cool and swell, its diameter expanding to such a degree that it will cast off its outer layers and leave only a stellar remnant behind. The gravity of passing stars will reduce the sun's retinue of planets, some being destroyed, others being ejected into interstellar space. Eventually none of the original orbiting bodies in the solar system will be left. *Ishpiming* will have no one inside of her.

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In the darkest hours of the night, the boat must sail itself. She dreams and in this ways connects all the disparate parts.

*Memengwaa* have been used to represent the principle of connection in chaos theory. One beat of its wings and a hurricane loses its eye.

Look, he says, pointing to nucleus. But it is her dream and she threads the sensitive dependencies across the horizon.

You don't understand, she says. The story of evolution is a love story. But even as she tells him this, she questions the narrative arc.

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When dawn comes its fragile light startles her. Her own perseverance startles her awake. The boat is still upright. The earth is still spinning. She licks her izinoo'iganininj and holds it up to the wind. It is difficult to make a prediction, but she does what she can. Tacking the sail, she heads into the blustering current of air.

She has never been alone. *Ombaashi*, lifted by sky's sweet breath.

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## CARLOS SOTO-ROMÁN

Says yes  
Says no  
Says maybe  
Says I don't know  
Says perhaps  
Says I don't think so  
Says probably  
Says tomorrow  
Says after tomorrow  
Says never

Says don't point profanity  
Says don't show licentious nudity  
Says don't mention illegal traffic  
Says don't infer sex perversion  
Says don't display white slavery  
Says don't represent miscegenation  
Says don't mention venereal diseases  
Says don't show childbirth (in fact or in silhouette)  
Says don't depict children's sex organs  
Says don't ridicule the clergy  
Says don't offend any nation  
Says don't offend any race  
Says don't offend any creed

Says may be considered objectionable  
Says may be considered harmful  
Says may be considered sensitive  
Says may be considered inconvenient

Says where do you draw the line?

Says never assert that a white person is lying  
Says never impute dishonorable intentions to a white person  
Says never suggest that a white person is from an  
    inferior class  
Says never lay claim to superior knowledge or intelligence  
Says never curse a white person  
Says never laugh derisively at a white person  
Says never comment upon the appearance of a white female

Says known knows  
Says we know  
Says we know  
Says known unknowns  
Says we know  
Says we don't know  
Says unknown unknowns  
Says we do not know  
Says we don't know

Says First Amendment

Says Index Librorum Prohibitorum

Says I will guide thee  
Says with mine eye  
Says it is certain  
Says it is decidedly so  
Says without a doubt  
Says yes – definitely  
Says you may rely on it  
Says as I see it, yes  
Says most likely  
Says outlook good  
Says yes  
Says signs point to yes  
Says reply hazy, try again  
Says ask again later  
Says better not tell you now  
Says cannot predict now  
Says concentrate and ask again  
Says don't count on it  
Says my reply is no  
Says my sources say no  
Says outlook not so good  
Says very doubtful

Says 7 wonders of the world  
Says 7 days of creation  
Says 7 continents  
Says 7 virtues  
Says 7 colors of the rainbow  
Says 7 musical notes  
Says 7 days in a week  
Says 7 deadly sins  
Says Seven  
Says The Seven Samurais  
Says The Magnificent Seven  
Says 7 Psychopaths  
Says 7 dwarfs  
Says 7 Pillars of Wisdom  
Says 7 Against Thebes  
Says 7-Up  
Says 7 Eleven  
Says 7 Churches of Asia  
Says 7 gifts of the Holy Spirit  
Says 7 filthy words

Says George Carlin  
Says Lenny Bruce

Says don't air obscene  
Says don't air indecent  
Says don't air profane

Says tutti frutti  
Says oh Rudy  
Says tutti frutti  
Says oh Rudy  
Says tutti frutti  
Says oh Rudy  
Says A whop bop-a-lu  
Says A whop bam boo



Says \_\_\_\_\_  
Says \_\_\_\_\_  
Says \_\_\_\_\_  
Says \_\_\_\_\_  
Says \_\_\_\_\_  
Says \_\_\_\_\_  
Says \_\_\_\_\_

Says it's not protected  
Says it's a violation  
Says it's against the law

Says scientific freedom  
Says academic freedom  
Says Freedom of the press  
Says Freedom of speech  
Says Freedom of thought

Says Free will

Says *thoughtcrime*

Says I remember  
Dice yo me acuerdo  
Dit Je me souviens

Says better not talk about this  
Says don't make such a big deal  
Says better leave this behind  
Says forget about it  
Says this is what it is (and no more)  
Says this doesn't exist

Says don't know  
Says don't matter  
Says don't care  
Says not my problem  
Says none of my business  
Says doesn't concern me  
Says doesn't affect me  
Says has nothing to do with me

Says .../.../.../-  
Says .-./.../...  
Says .../.../-.-./-.-  
Says -.-./.../-./-  
Says -.-./---/-.-./.../.../-.-./.../.../...  
Says --/---/-/.../.../.../.../.../.../.../...  
Says -/.../-/...



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