

25



WOLFLY



NATURAL
COCONUT
FLAVORED
SPARKLING
WATER

La
Croix

Elderly xxvi

Andrea Ani-Karam

Lonely Christopher

Matthew Arnone

Robin Tremblay-McGarr

Laura Woltag

Isabel Balee

ANDREA ABI-KARAM

I GOT LOST / I GOT DELETED PART II

I CRAWL INSIDE & PRAY I WON'T
FIND MY WAY OUT

I CRAWL INSIDE & COLLAPSE MY BONES
JUST SO I CAN FIT

I CRAWL INSIDE & DON'T EXPECT
TO FIND MY WAY OUT

I CRAWL INSIDE & EXPECT THE COOL OF THE CAVE TO FEEL COLD AGAINST MY SKIN

I EXPECT TO FEEL A CONTRAST

INSTEAD OF COOL & SMOOTH IT IS WARM AND SCRATCHY AGAINST MY STOMACH

I DIG MY FINGERS INTO IT TO CLAW SOMETHING OUT IN HOPES I'LL FIND A
COOLNESS TO SINK IN TO / BENEATH

I THROW MYSELF OUT OF THE CAVE & INTO THE WATER
BUT THE SURFACE IS HARD

I CURL UP ON THE SURFACE & HOPE I SINK & THAT EVERYONE ELSE ON THE SURFACE
CAN FEEL IT -- THE WEIGHT OF ME SINKING THROUGH -- SLIPPING THROUGH THE
SURFACE

BREAKING BARRIERS

SHAKING DOWN THE MAGNETISM B/W THINGS THAT ARE ALL THE SAME
STRUCTURE

/////

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES
THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES
THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES

& BEGINS TO OVERTAKE ME

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES

& LEAVES ME CHANGED

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES
& THE RESIDUE OF THE TRANSFORMATION REMAINS CAKED ALONG MY OUTLINES
THE SMOKE CONSUMED EVERYTHING I DIDN'T NEED ANYMORE

THE PART OF MY OUTLINE THAT WAS BARELY ATTACHED ANYWAY

THE SMOKE CAME THROUGH & OVERTOOK THEM, THE EXTRA

THE CHEMICAL PROCESS OF TRANSFORMATION HAS ITS EFFECTS

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES & DISAPPEARS ME TEMPORARILY

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN M Y OUTLINES & DESTROYS ME UNTIL I AM

DISFIGURED

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES & DISFIGURES ME UNTIL I AM
TRANSFORMED

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES & TRANSFORMS ME UNTIL I BECOME A NEW
SELF

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES & TRANSFORMS ME UNTIL I AM

WINGED

////

I AM WINGED

I AM RED

I AM WINGED

I AM RED

I AM WINGED

I AM RED

I AM FLAT AMONGST THE OTHER RUINS

I AM FLAT B/C I AM

COVERED IN GREY ROCKS

I AM FLAT BUT I BREATHE ANYWAY

I BREATHE I AM CONTORTED I BREATHE I AM CONTORTED I BREATHE I AM
CONTROLLED I BREATHE I AM STILL

I AM RED

I AM WINGED

I AM RED

I AM WINGED

I BUBBLE UP IN THE SUN

I SINK INTO THE EARTH

MY DETAILS COME WITH ME

THEY ARE SHARP & THEY ARE SWEEPING

I STORE MY DETAILS IN THE EARTH ALONG WITH THE REST OF MY OUTLINES

////

I CAN HEAR THE PALM OF YR HAND DRAG ALONG THE WALL
RED INK GETTING TRAPPED BETWEEN YR FINGERS

I DRAG MY HANDS DOWN FROM ABOVE MY HEAD ALONGSIDE EACH OTHER – THEY
DON'T ALWAYS CATCH AT THE SAME PLACE / ALONG THE DRAG

BLOOD SIGN / BLOOD INSIDE / BLOOD OUTSIDE

DIG / DISFIGUREMENT / OUTLINES / CARVE / CRAVE

LEAVE BEHIND

DARK & DISFIGURED

CLIMB

INSIDE

A SCREEN IN THE GREEN
A GREEN SCREEN
HORROR MOVIE RED
PROJECTED INTO THE TREE TRUNK

THIS

SHOULD

NOT

BE

HARD

ON

YR

BODY

ABOVE & BELOW

INSIDE & OUTSIDE

CLIMBING IN

FALLING OUT

MY HEAD IS TWISTED BUT I'M STILL NOT LOOKING BACK BUT IT'S STILL NOT TIME
TO GO THROUGH I'M STILL

PARTWAY SUBMERGED

IN THE WRONG STILL

I'M STILL PARTWAY SUBMERGED

IN THE WRONG SET OF OUTLINES

I'M STILL

PARTWAY SUBMERGED IN THE WRONG WORLD
I LOOK UPON MY OWN DISFIGUREMENT &

SINK ALL THE WAY THROUGH

LONELY CHRISTOPHER

from THE RESIGNATION

SAN FRANCISCO

I used to think that I could draw
and drove a car across the eclipsed
face of the thespian deserts
in a star system so far away from home
that our burning manticores fled
from the harm of a thousand space rats
and worlds died and suns were born
in a way that destroyed human concepts
of time, in a way that recalled the portal
that I once sucked ooze through
when I was first learning how to travel
and fuck for my life.

MAGIC BRIDGE

Our glowing failure is always a bridge
the shape of you smoking a cigarette
or skies of me talking to some lady
whose history resembles drowned rainbows
the color that afternoon architects
from firmament to the unruly floor.
We join all consequence with future floor
our pronouns sexy like a flirting bridge
at the conference of wicked architects
like Faust they match a final cigarette
blowing highways of puffs at the rainbows
that barf a loaf thus bridging warm lady.
We get around just fine on that lady
though majuscule events threaten the floor
which we stand fast upon watching rainbows
each colliding into our magic bridge
as surprised I swallow my cigarette
now farting out a world of architects.
There's no such thing as lucky architects
just anthropomorphic bridge's lady
turning to ask you for a cigarette
and when handed it drops it on the floor
where find my cares as monolithic bridge-
like forms all wrapped in carpety rainbows.
It's claimed the dead that came from said rainbows
around this town are awkward architects
who wept into the earth and built a bridge
on sand and the grace of a kind lady
you tell me this you place me on the floor
I smile and ash-flick my pinched cigarette.

My worst for you smells like a cigarette
we kiss and squish bridges around rainbows
all this becomes a poorly wrought dance floor
for our prom date with whispered architects
dressed in fine lace every inch a lady
whose happy birthday lives inside our bridge.
I snuffed my cigarette on architects
you mistook bad rainbows for the lady
who built this floor between us as a bridge.

FAG CITY

And went to the absent god yesterday
There should be laws against that kind of thing
He couldn't tell for sure if I am "gay"
If life has got us down we try to sing
"The crime was never solved," his parents wept
Sometimes he thought that love did not exist
History's ugly lesson hasn't kept
Electorates from propping up fascists
We built a bad relationship from scratch
He punched the windowpane of my remorse
Ambiguous abilities detach
My father threatened an ugly divorce
My mother caught me looking at websites
We moved into the town of constant night.

RAT IN THE SNOW

Billy the Kid killed me, swept the town
Scored sanguinely a wasteland of money
The lasso looped round my pretty neck
His smile burned into the cornea of gods.

Columbia called out to the sea, her breasts
Pointed toward the vertexes of assimilation
My past crimes triggered a recall election
And her statuary benevolences declared us.

Mickey Mouse shot himself in the face, oops
Pulled me under the table to bloodless sport
Ripped off his own shorts and devoured them
I can't think of a time when we felt so alive!

Abraham Lincoln kissed my brow and bled
From the hole in the back of his head, hissy
Maneuvering from heights of production
Fell off my horse and was left for the snakes.

Tom Sawyer inserted his boner into a hole
In the whitewashed fence and a bird landed on it
He stuck his paintbrush inside my mouth, hush
This was the one to which they tied a dying boy.

Frog and Toad are in love, riding bicycles
Into the lake near where the scorpions nest
I wasn't going to say anything but it reminds
Me that the cherriest gift is a rat in the snow.



I MISS THE 90s

“You have to accept it!” pearling abuse,
the kids chased through the cannery
and champions followed; the bully lost,
they hid in a storm drain (remembering
how to cruise). Celebration is the wrong word.
“You did then what the dark erases,”
primitive pleasure and civilized pain,
everything on sale, blurred into the trees.
An alien violence ravaged the territory
spreading from opportunity to malice:
“I will never resign, I will never surrender.”
The virus needs it to survive but, in living,
kills the host. At least there were those
halcyon days of tobacco and mercenary
endowment, when a total voice portended,
“I miss the 90s, I miss feeling in place.”
Sweet bruises mar skin, oceans of absolutes
just brutalizing with a chair leg (wham,
wham, wham!) the soft and hallowed fabric
of compliance, of a chorus line of sick men,
“We find the defendant to be guilty as charged.”
It doesn’t matter, it didn’t before; all that
hangs in the balance is already gone. There is
an argument for forgetting to be born, gunshots
and gravy spilling into the opponents’ mouths,
“We can’t both be right!” strung out in absentia.
Find now where the treasure quells, there’s a pale
young imp slithering down the nervous system,
paralyzing faith to the excuse of a waltz.
The drama of small things takes up so much time.

DROWNING IN FUN

Rude descent via escalator:
Auspicious compassion,
Some hired gun dashes in!
If he goes, she knows he'll take her.

Hungover and licking my wounds,
Could we be more dishonest?
The foundation was flawless,
And misery's always in bloom.

I'll learn to love my abusers
The day that the world grows sage.
Till then: my magnificent rage,
Piss, and nail polish remover.

Amuck, those postmodern monsters
(Being a poet is so hard;
Not a real job, like a lifeguard);
We've run out of planets to conquer!

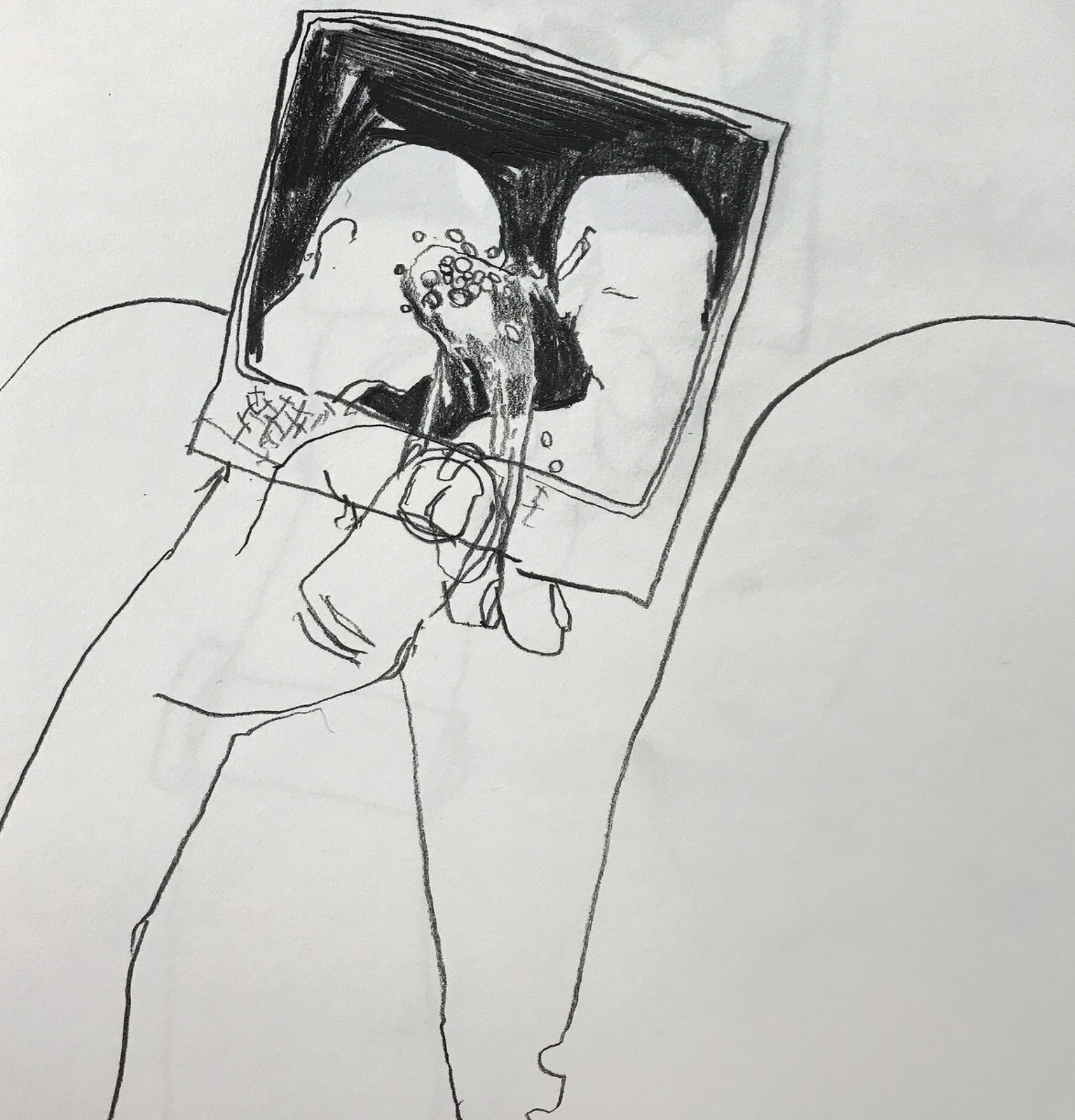
Entrusting herself to a dark ride:
Somehow she will manage
The mirth of brain damage,
Her problems wiped out in a landslide.

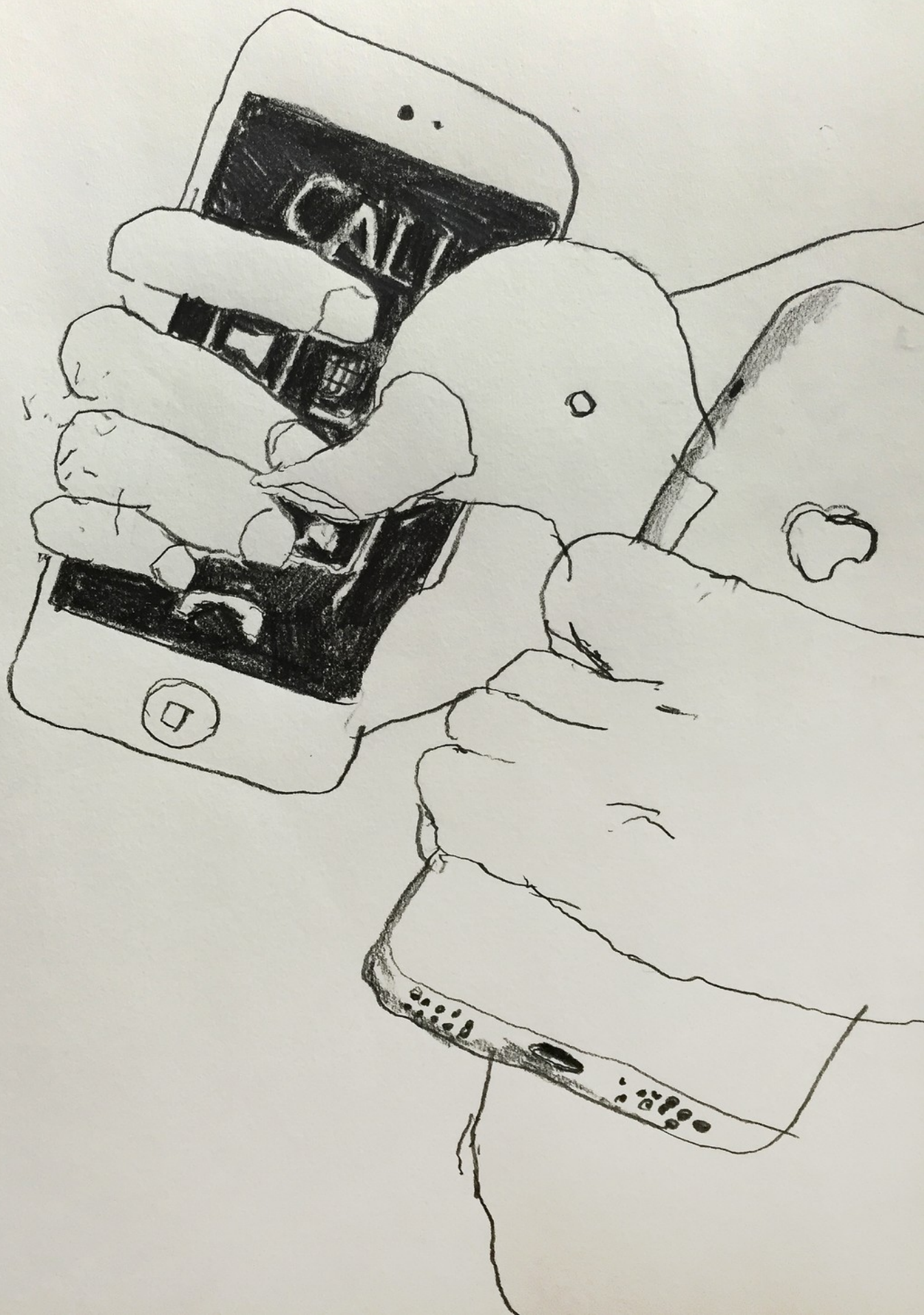
No way to know the evil done,
An ecology of wreck
Drooling down a burdened neck.
We're already drowning in fun.

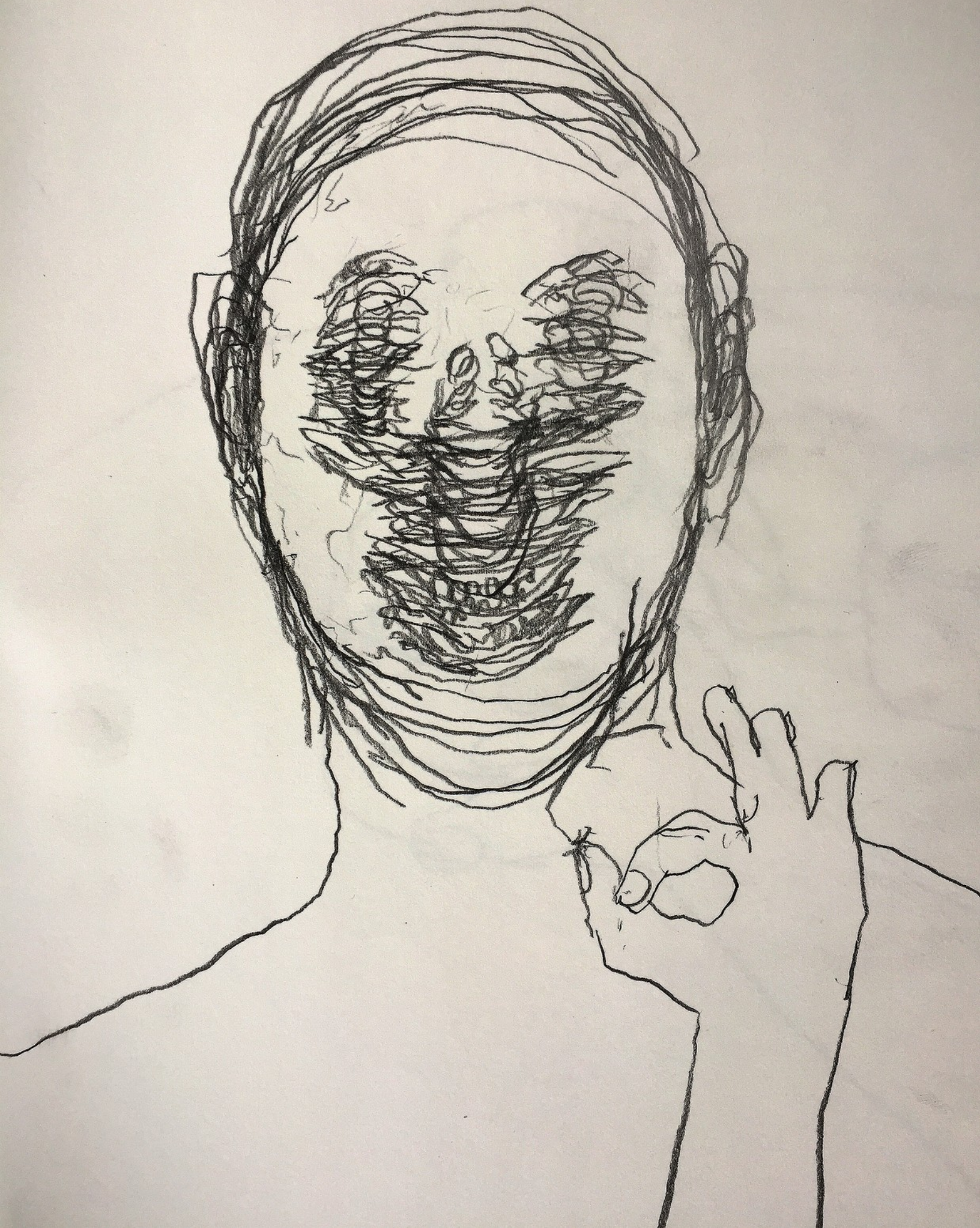
MATTHEW ARNONE

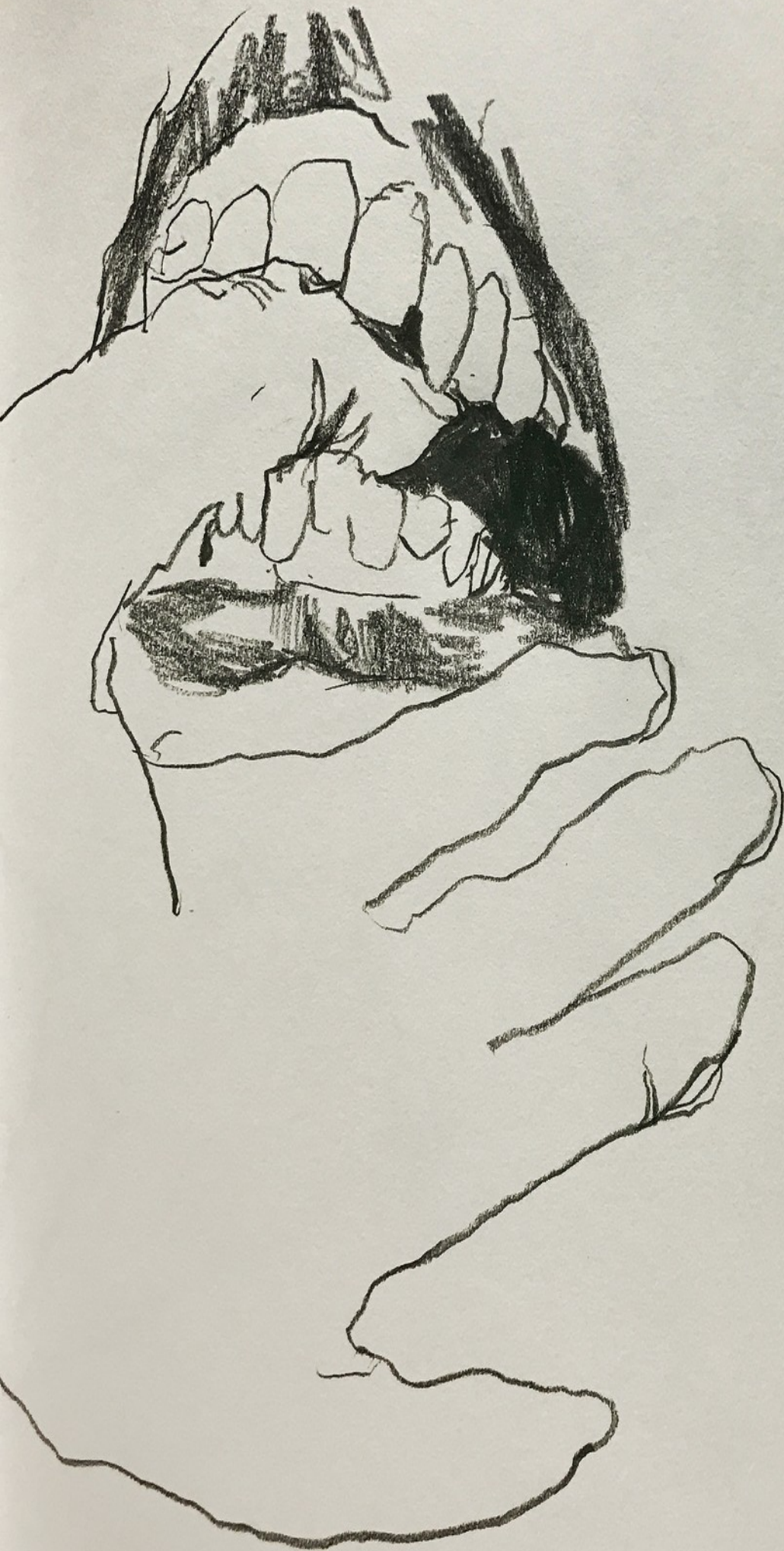














ROBIN TREMBLAY-McGAW

from STATES OF

winter wrath in the case of
anger. i am. to do with it. sun spilt day you begin with the polis,
find the domus turns too
emergency broadcast systems
white heat feeling hard/ under tweets / I am
this condition of dirtiness,
emotional undress. Disrepair these people / I am
a phase of the moon/ we / forebearing/ us
in a pronomial state
taxed with poverty/
taxed with idle curiosity/
taxed for others of means/
taxed without loopholes/
taxed for graduate education/
for owing & borrowing/
taxed for states without planning or plowing /
taxed to
suffer these taxes we / in states of /
deduction/ a nameless / shame
a form in which matter can exist

just look at what a _____

we are—

in state and movie houses,
in news and classrooms,
in senate and judicial chambers,
on couches and bent back over chairs,
in cars and tossed out of them,
in offices and on radio shows,
on sitcoms and family dramas,
in photoshoots and on debate stages,
in malls and at cosmetic counters,
in the name of profit and social justice causes,
during interviews and documentaries,
in half moon and evening,
in museums and restaurants,
at off-hours and in elevators,
on busses and planes,

in apartments and at work,
while standing or sitting,
at dinner and during lunch,
in lofts and hotels,
on the street and in taxis,
in restrooms and hospitals,
at home and on trails,

when the trees appear
the whole is illuminated—
prinses that most were of might & of mayn state—
another drops
costly splendor
a raised chair with canopy—
a monarch or ruler,
noble or magnate,
a dignitary or authority,
common and techie,
soldier and artist,
professor and judge,
mechanic and engineer,
doctor and star,
singer and pundit,
actor and agent,
teacher and priest,

blood or poppy, vermillion
prussian or gentian, navy
lily or plain, alabaster

CROSS/WORDS (#1)

purposeless crescent
each time,
 a commercial break
automatic sheep
looking both ways
served another helping
a hostile state
with ceiling windows
 “I am telling the truth”
in retro-
spect
 underwater
the plan we’d developed
—liquid possibly—
heard messages
mercury,
darn, the night sky!

SONG OF THE ADMINISTRATION

high-toned few

tied to classic alibis

on the way—

(get) delicate as dog snacks

(out) telepath transmits

failure's declination $F=ma$

remember "Gun Song" by Sondheim

less than music

LAURA WOLTAG

ONE ANOTHER

The philosophical dilemma as the hot tub
we are hardwired to operate
and yet our bodies – like --
reject that process

*

I've been seasoned here, but where do I ripen?

day top night bottom

there are some choices in pain

what of the human can hold up

I just need a fabric

you are being a survival

it radicalizes you

*

particulate matter ebb

as love through the ancients

let's see through these emotions: they're structural

let's see through this structure and find it's emotional,

watch Polaris

What can we hear in one another that is rock?

*

Where are you buried?

can you say an earth holds you

like someone's wondrousness inside of you?

do you ever take anything off the wall?

pay me to remember

when I said later, not now, all of these times

looking for a version of myself

queer in spirit, struggling in form

*

no chasm

so many wide receivers

are you less lonely as a loon?

this place is fucking magical

does it have something more than itself to give?

when the vessel is empty, night ends

diving into the black pheasant tears

my character licks static

*

to peel is anyone's evidence

it depletes me, fathoms you

grey-blue agate in the malachite

entertain me while I fluid

*

before I had your broth

I couldn't get out of something
I had smoked

itself signaling from noise defiant of physics

*

Like your spills/ your leaks

being apt to

obliterate it all

horehound honey

I abort this economy

*

my most effeminate friend

it's the love of

talked into your mind

a warm satisfaction

she is gorging us in semblance

*

part of the hold music

the development of sexual cultures

this is where the honey would come in

the trance wound

we're having automatic door problems

I drew the sun

carminative

angelica

*

Why do you resist flowing, Laura's blood?

Now that the oceans are here, the moon has a purpose

The desire to be taken deep into music

It's no mystery I bound myself in gold

who am I but a fun figure in the sky

*

everything form is direct

thin limb inverted nest

ovoid branch to spin in wind

low nude voice

seeds headed for the sun

continuous absorption of high light

*

pile of clippings someone's gotta spread

underbelly of the dried leaf mauve sky

in fertility,
in futurity,
crispy doses, juiced-in

*

A friend sniffs me up

I need more swelling

to emote out of –

sugar maples ample on the shore

a fish jumps to be knowing

all this with the thumb

a bear is between me and matter

my friend still wants her reward

the chemicals have weakened her for the glitter

what she observes is depth

a blue dragonfly

a bullhead

ant on her vertebrae

*

I want to encapsulate the desire that gets you shot

where would I put it
maybe back inside to burn

the thing about the core

*

I reversed you

deep in a mystery shaped by the bud

why don't you try to leave something

with the dry earth

let's just freeze
this light
that's best

*

we are gross on this thing, and I love you

should we deify each other

when everything abandoned's a bomb

blakean faults must merge heaven and hell
commodity traders tracking el nino cycles
the ground may crack and flow
cannot stand the buffalo
time may become genitalia

*

the plane can disappear above or below you

pleasure flying in used airs
she's taking her time to feel out both worlds
the earth is not going to hurt, it's just going to slide
I'm going -- I'm just not dressing up as the theme

*

do it for the leisure
interest caresses

*

Baby tree inside of me, what brought you here?
tell me something about where I'm from
I'm at the better place -- you're easy
how you've chosen to task things
easily the light got off
shining moons of the page
this homeostasis that's a bug
tell the lyric to get off me

*

given repetition, a lake becomes your skin
every exit looks like my exit
I want to want to want it
all season assurance tires
the problem is we care
does exhaustion begin to describe it
her body or her humanity

*

the palm facing upwards

the palm facing downwards

the palm oblique

the function of a single palm is carried by two palms: overemployment

the land in your palms fell

but if the palms and feet were interchangeable

and if the earth was under them

ISABEL BALEE

ORGANISM

we walk over

a narrow

footbridge

across the bay

from google

& encounter

a group of

cows, forgetting

where the

sun was when

we took off

& where it's moving

now that

we're lost, googling

our tracjectory

over the next

5 to 10 years,

searching for

parking

on top of

a mountain,

forgetting

clothing,

skin, like

we haven't

in so long

been delivered

from the body

of capital,

momentarily

organ-less

through

possible

lines of flight

when we sleep

without borders

silent images

of coastline

sweeping curves

& rock

below, intellectualism

is anti-poetically

caught in a net

masturbating,
ritualistically,
in the file-room

you think your boss
struggles
with something dark
then through
the pinhole
& fog, the state

erodes
pleasure,

desire
is artificially
assembled,

desiring-machines
are connected
together. i diffuse
the air
with eucalyptus
to mask some
unspeakable
absence

at the end
of a 12 hour
work day,
i formulate

*a list
of specific events
from the day or week
that triggered
your response:*

buying hand salve,
dried lavender
& amaretti
from the farmer's market
in the CVS parking lot,
adding skincare products
to my sephora cart
without ever *proceeding*
i pocket
a fake amethyst

to approach
orgasm
artificially.

at a sexual
harassment
training, the men
kept interrupting
the womxn presenter:
is micro-agression
a legal term

conditional
to the state

is a mountain
of email,
a psychogeographic
tour of work email

please respond
thank you for accommodating

i keep walking, drifting,

bullying is not illegal
in the workplace. once,
i told myself
i deserved it,
defended abuse
just to endure

cooperation,

always

forced

when a white male

colleague

interrupts me

to say: *actually,*

police in berkeley

have a good relationship

with the homeless,

& later,

at a different staff training,

my panic

encircles

the instruction

to *listen*

before responding

even if you disagree

wanting to quit

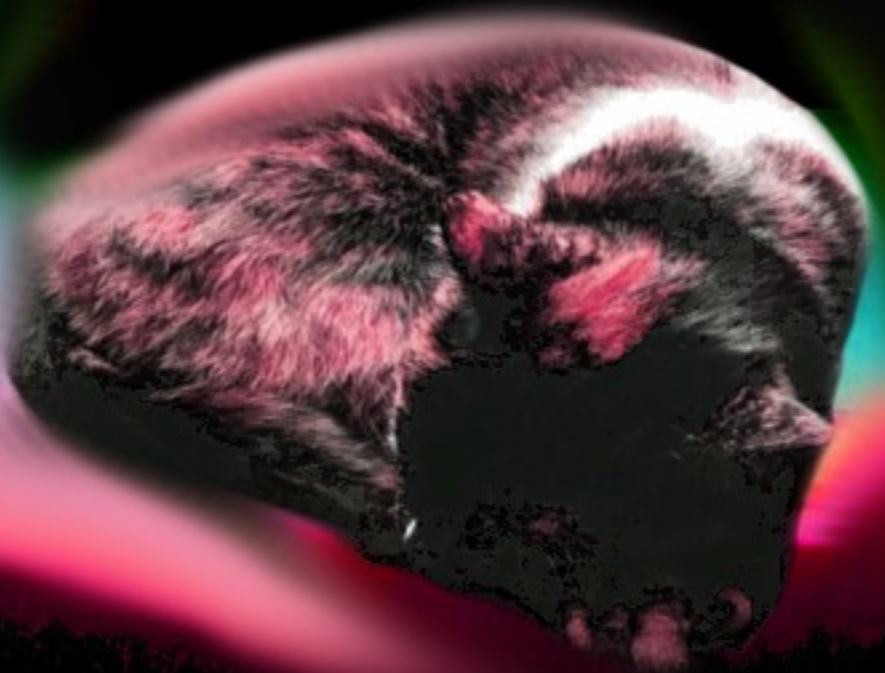
every job

i've already quit

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FDT

THE BAY/NYC
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The ELDER tree is sometimes a witch
in tree form, and should not be axed
without asking

