

ELDERLY



elderly thirty one

Liv Grace
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Callie Garnett
Matthew Hedley
Susan Gevirtz
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LIV GRACE

NOT SEX

-not sex
which is not sex but everything else
but power
like as if glue is impermanent
like as if you can un fuck
not just be unfuckable
like the way sex is sometimes
mostly drunkenness
like the way i have had sex with
a paper you wrote
years ago before
i knew you and
have been ashamed of it
The Not Sex Fantastic
is a power metal band
i'd name an alternate reality
for my 20s actually
the politic of not sex
of scandal
of injury
rage

my body is a cop
or a snitch
it knows every meal i did not eat
it knows i have read zines called 'survival without rent'
not just as a comrade
but as a prepper
because the last time without rent
i got held captive for three months in a photographers house
in an exchange i didn't categorize as sex work
at the time
but was
my body is a cop
that keeps me up at night
survived and punished
every time i say 'fuck the police'
i think a little bit about
abandonment of self
what is compulsive truth-telling
and why can't my body shut
up

DEATH GOSPEL FOR A BODY

burn me in the shower
wash away
the blood
the dirt
the tongue
tie me to the floor
make a resurrection
holy water
holy water

NOT DYING

i am not dying – yet
having only lost my name, i
am convinced
of afterness
of
this too will pass
of the thing that comes after
because
the reason
we have
ourselves
for not quite dying
is the
right to have cake
and say
this is my name now
and everything still hurts

ANTIFA LOVE POEM

when you purr and
spit blood
my dear
i no longer question
magic
is it illegal
to scream
Nazi
in a crowded theatre
illegal to burn
men at the stake
to stomp
their thin blood
into wine for
the panicked
to drink
speak: guilty
speak: guilty

THE DISCOURSE

there has been war there is war there will be war again
i am just waiting for the war we will start
in the names of the people who have already been killed
i am waiting for the battle of freddie grey
round two
where we kneel in trenches making a battle crying
because only now do we understand sleeping in tents
we have counted each light and dark hour leading to this
moment and they were not good
we were not good
when it's going down
will you walk me to the grocery store
to buy my abortion
from the cop
behind the counter at the pharmacy
when it's going down
will we
three tabs deep into a six-pack
still wanna trade gun secrets
no longer gun shy
we've somehow become an armory
even though we need ids to buy chef boyardee
and when the internet
crumbles and
our phones don't work anymore
i will be grateful
for all of the paper you collected
i will build houses
out of the flyers
from the tenants meetings
where we
fell in love

MARINA LAZZARA

GREAT WOOLEY WISDOM

I.

Buckeye butterfly loops over the wall

A waterfall from the belly of a fig tree

Regardless of the weather

I memorize blue like algae

2.

People who pick up litter play it safe

The sun stirs the spotted accents of a breeze

Through my living room door, dust

What is dropped or thrown away

Something for your art

3.

Days really are gorgeous eggs
on the undersides of leaves

(go drench) (go down)

“And to cleave to a semblance of motion.

Omniscience” *

Light is a manifesto

and everything I just hang up
which is not to be confused
with silence

**Ted Berrigan: Sonnet 72*

4.

If it were written, would it console you?

It's garbage night, trash day, clicking

Something breaks

Yes, it would console me to have it written

To slowly stir the heated dairy forming skin

To crow perched like a bird crows

As if this wind were still

a pulse

5.

Something breaks

The masses sleep separately when they could melt

Tellima grandiflora beneath Sagebrush

Coastal Bluff blond and arid rushing over sand

Just now the sound outside my window

The now only odor of ash on the deck

A long stretching bus wave

The electric bar falls and a bus halts

Bang of the middle night wakes the three coyotes in the park

The raccoons grab the Sticky Monkey Flower

The coming of the Great Wooly Wisdom

I write poems, compost bins

ROAR OF HUNTERS

Pawn a trick as animal calls, called
Animal as we are, call, call
House, hornet, filth
Rape & structure, just call it
 We are Animal
Playing funky not as is is face
Freedom toward the safari deal
Picky Picky Picky
Red moon over me talked meal
A boxing brew, this square written
Shaken for dinner
Whatever will heat up

I didn't know

 We were talking

 About a lion

Chomp Chomp Chomp

Rhododendron wine on the Himalayan trail
Twist slight sound Record records in the dark
Stark
 Shark
Bark the roar of hunters

SILENCE, A WHOLE

*There seems breaks, lengths of silences
which keep as distant the eyes making actual
the whole of it.*

- Robert Creeley

Silent Sycamore in the band shell courtyard

you could sneak past

those pollarding tools, you could sneak past

those knobs like fists instead , Medusa

Will think of bowls then instead

on water in that fountain downtown

splendid clicks, swish burrs
as what's small in what we hear there

The depth of pool the turning

timing as it does

Or always a constant pool
Floating innards of boats
Placid as roads to wind

Coyote

Walks across the courtyard

orders a drink

Later, I watch my kid with that doll
cuts her hair
sits to dress her

tangled yarn and tattered string

When eyes look into the sea
the way you're looking at me, she says

that's called fake out

"IN ITS SLANT THE RHYTHMIC REMEMBERS"

tree rings as constellations in my yard

I pass my book of flowers to the left-

the planter in thick garlic harvest
with few worms now an industry of castings

Put your astronomy right with the dirt

unlike accurate constellations

astonished by actual axis

a place shaped sea is wistful

moon rise, moon set and phase calendar for Palestine or Syria, April 2018

8:42 pm rising moon passing 2:08

10 great bars in Ramallah these days, cocktails more mellow on Thursdays

Read the stars be home by now

Everything brightly lit, possible travel

PARADISE

The other side is on fire

I seek out tiny dishes to place my ring on

The sky 'obscurium per obscurius'

In a book I read

By vapor of ointment, one levitates

Rich and discreet velvets, bird-colored

Lost in night to misty scents

How quickly a zero tide evaporates

Red tipped water plants

Become land beasts

CALLIE GARNETT

DEAR MOM,

Are you a media child?
I am.
Or rather
I don't always have the language

So like the Videofreex
I pirated a channel

We started out on crystal
With colored wires inside
But close-up, guess what's most flirtatious?

Kids.
Nervous kids.

A friendly looking man again rolls out his gear in a
baby carriage

A boy hits a button and a bridge falls down.
An earthquake happens in a
squealing beaker.
I get again so jealous

You can really be your
self on public tele-
vision

PBS 2

Every afternoon at G
We are Growing

We offer putting on our shoes
Down and up

& something called
A neighborhood

We deal with such things as
Getting a haircut feeling

Time out on the carpet
& ordinary drama

May I tell you a story?
Tell me

When the vacuum cleaner comes
To kiss my face until I fall down

Where will it come from?
A neighborhood?

A cave?
Maybe a school

I think I would like to find some fish on TV
Because where there are fish there are feelings

Someday I will make millions

DEAR MOM,

Will you join me?
The research suggests
It is best
If you join me
In situations

Where I might find “goosebumps”
on a carpet
in Des Moines
in line for the lice check
asking politely

*We don't need to bop somebody on the head
To make drama
said Fred*

He made \$20
Million for PBS that day
Beating out Billy Graham
Who re-created us

*Because we are drama
Though our durability may break down with plays*

When I punched the inflatable clown
In the face
I didn't know that as polyester-base video tape
He'd be more likely to break the equipment than to break

I raised the slide viewer
mended w/ scotch tape
And felt a vein
of “settle down” reach my mouth

“A fount of knowledge”
But you are not a fount, mom

CONTAINER

A series of media events that lead to a religion.

The next day I come along.

I knock on the glass as the sign instructs.

I hear the lock release and push.

A special librarian receives me.

We sit facing each other across a small desk.

I glance at her yellow pad, then I read the green form.

Nature of your research:

Occupation:

Name:

I rub the eraser on my dandruff.

Yes, this is she

This is she

Yes of course, she's right here

May I ask who's calling please?

When I'm through she leans back slightly

& turns her monitor a little my way

(it won't go very far)

so that I may see the call no. for

The Moon Is Blue, which indicates this artifact

belongs to a VERY private collection.

She asks me what it is & I say,

"An inoffensive comedy of manners."

"I wonder whose manners," she says,
which is funny because as I said it I also thought
she might say that.

Who's this please?

Who's calling?

No thank you

Please take us off your list

MATTHEW HEDLEY

HELIO \ HIGH WEIR

As kids, there were too many characters, so we started to do things that were designed for us, or else, we learned what people taught us. As kids, Joanna found bugs she dared us to eat, while still, Jacob forced Brian to pee with the door open so he could learn about difference. As kids, the constant teasing about “old bald guy” made Kylee hide behind a shelf from her own father, to play along, or otherwise, it was reassuring that she had friends to play games with. As kids, little was made of Evan’s eventual collapse, though still they speak of the way that Gideon, made to stand-in, described his room as his “castle.” They were silly as kids, both before and after their time; as kids neither was older than the other. Taylor was not mine then, but her brother had her way down when we looked together at photos of them as kids, when Matt was alive, when Taylor was alive; they had come there together to be photographed. The house changed since we were kids. Grayson’s mother is married; Grayson’s grandfather is dead. As kids we played Super Puzzle Fighter 2, though Julian has said lately that as kids it was hard for him to understand his depression as *not-topical*. Marek says he finds it hard to believe when Fizz recites proper names he does not know, because as kids it was how she made lies sound more real. None of them who lived here as kids remain -- Eric is in prison and Todd’s mother died just two days after I suggested we practice making out with one another (which, as kids, we correlated) -- so no one knows of the forts we made around the neighborhood as kids. Beside the abandoned garage is a tunnel to the best of them -- when I went back, it turned out not to be a tunnel, but a very small decline, overlooked by a misstep; but otherwise we would have been discovered, there are spaces, proper names; Molly is pregnant, but as kids we made her act out mother-parts to our plays, it does not insist. To make those I knew as kids seem more real I rename them sometimes: Marek is The General. Kat is Scissors. Ashton is Nova Scotia. As kids, our names were made to be chosen. Crow Iro. Tamor Waltz. Clark Valentine.

Nova Scotia owned a china bell she did not play with though as kids it seemed all the more important. As kids though, you would assume the reverse, the practicality of it would be more important then. At which time we were confused. Clark Valentine gave piano recitals and received resentment; he’s famous;

as kids we practiced throwing knives at trees, kitchen knives, serrated bread cutting knives, it went badly, we had only one boy to be, as kids economy was our wilting interest.

As kids Claudia always wore shorts with her hands inside them, or else she was on the playground and pushing everyone, one after another. Hillary developed a complex about a song which disregarded Hillary's, she became something more forgettable, she said, but as kids I remember her. It stoops to us when we care to.

I thought parsley was disgusting though when Jake and Scissors ate it with outrageous faces I thought it was not as bad as kids. We dipped it in saltwater, which was religious and not just our decisions as kids. Scissors got lost in the woods and was brave as kids; The General said that he wished he knew her as kids. Eric and I broke into a neighbor's house with a rock and Eric stole a watch and some jewelry and I took a spoon and some dollar bills from a counter. It helps that as kids we spent more time alone, noticed when side-by-side, but by convenience. At the end of the day, as kids we would walk a winding route of six blocks to drop off each in turn, and Molly said that not knowing as kids what Jake was doing to me for seven years is what made her who she is; which, though elegant, has tenses confusing as kids.

As kids, we did not know about etymology, which made it all the more disappointing to learn. It helps to think that those lists we made as kids, or else were made for us, get forgotten. So that when they renamed themselves Shine and Theory, it led us to the lesser surprise of them retaining their names, later. As kids Jose said that Ashton was the most beautiful girl, but seemed unsure of whether to be defensive, later. Fizz won't work with Mary, because as kids it was Mary, after all, who put a seed to a later, *as kids*. As kids, there was a clear succession -- we made up for or else we tried to make ourselves better than. It was petty for Joanna to be so cruel to Jose, who after all had been very young when he pulled her dress over her head, and what's more they say that no one even saw, I was busy as kids hitting Shine with a milk carton, to show her I liked her.

Theory was Jackson in his father's house, who made us present to him -- as kids we thought him the top, but Theory was after all an unkind etymology, so eventually. But so Jackson's father had a series of geodes from foreign places that seemed almost reflective as kids. Alan, who barely even had to be there, told me that I was making things up, but I said that Joanna really had taken her dress off on the playground. This contribution seemed less as kids. There were a lot of claims about appendages as kids, but only Shine ever grew feathers or anything else that could have value, later. Like as kids, or else, another comparison.

HELIO \ RIVERBED

To start with love: across an armored car room your voice and my hiding from the young unmournable matters. All of us cussing in twin ripped spread; snowbound in indoor-child frames and they joked that our pair was sitcom-cast --

a blonde and a brunette walk into a room -- and we leave the room, go walking.

Everything could have supposed to be, and I am getting hung up on details asking an early morning what a friend can give that a lover can't, what a lover can give that a friend can't, what a night can give to a femme-phobic queer -- conversation always cruelest at its most casual, and you spoke of queerness like it lay hidden under a pile of dicks somewhere, the harsher word, the harsher choice --

Now writing a letter to you about a movie called It, which is less than its title. Two postcards in a box in a closet, the corners creased, smelling like lavender from a past acquisition, how is your job? Are you still a prep cook, a farmer, a bottle collector? In the movie called It, no one refers to whatever It is, less of a common tongue, stuck in a space between showing myself and being seen in a dark theater on a double date and we never talked about your last time in New York, or the last time you said you'd call, in the parking lot of the hospital.

To spit inside: I kept the recipe you sent, after the white-out flower theft, chased across the city and back. To keep in touch, in the language of well-wishing;

garlic/anchovy/yolk/lemon/parmeJON/worstshire/salt/pepper/balsamic/oil

Separated by a train car ambiance I sent you a three way email after Martin called, asking if I'd heard from you, someone told me they'd heard from someone else you'd "gone lost," are you only ever set upon, not a question, without answer, I am building a mnemonic device, a mnemonic device, for the next time you call.

How much meaning can you draw on a form less present than one postcard meant to be a tradition. I'd hoped for two in a soft way, hoping a little space could dance past the stitchwork, how many more words since I stopped calling, who: hurt so many while soft-haired and slow-voiced -- staying with a friend I was treated to the hollow of a night years' past spent in grim solidarity, but of course, you'd told the story backwards, the way you turned your face. It: said twice, like a handshake and a name spoken in a taxicab discomfort. It: It: I am building a mnemonic device.

Missed; what a word to whistle out through closed teeth and a closer's smile. Smoke signals of inhalation, armature, coiling around a mouthpiece, the kinder word here forgotten, cruelty as a middle ground to an It unspoken:

SUSAN GEVIRTZ

from THE WIND IN HER DAUGHTERSHIP'S MAJESTY: A MASKE ANTEMASQUE

Do I or don't will won't
rolling the dice and
watching the watchers as they promenade

Sonja Olivia Petra Caitlina
struggling against the hand of their wind
But we wouldn't call it that
they say

With my heavy watch on I
take my Father's pulse

turn to deflect
the protagonist's punch

I. THE EX-REMUNERATIONS

after Evan Kennedy

exalted in sick diversion from
rather escape hate so many lanes
it offers to the riders I like

the flagged spinning his
bike wheels past the city haunts
thirty and more years the overlay of memory facade

who cares the time doth so ripen rot
on two or four wheels cruise the was will
cashew-held feeding from the feedbag

as when I spun and sped through Los Angeles Wilshire
Sunset boulevards helmetless and dauntless
because only one known person had so far died

and he off at a golf course
having a buffet lunch forever
tasteless not only to my young ears but

also to the palms whose salute eternal
kept them putting what a green of no
return what a grandfather and greater

gave the possibility of talk over breakfast
interest in one another man and girl when
he was gone I saw him everywhere

from my bike, salvation in a city
where buses kept you waiting for hours

You there in the sun so far away from your own home town Hey
what were you thinking not using sunscreen or nursing and
inhaling Kool menthols Put on your tabbies, the sand is hot.
Smear of coral lipstick gash on the grandmother's mouth
dissociated entirely from her words and being a dawning
understanding that in the Grandmother and others there were
at least two: the one present to an audience and the one who
forgot about them And there were some who never forgot,
reapplying theirs immediately after a burger and even on the
way to bed And some even fewer who never thought of them
even when they were there This all began to move out of the
landscape creating a fore and background of the kinds and with
whom affinity could form Seeing that there was too much
attention to the lips yet a fascination with that sport and those
who excelled at it exponentially drawing the audience and
sometimes us to them

up to whose judgement was it uncle of disgust

arbiter of armpit hair

For you girls to be perked

For the nice to be nursed

For you gals to be paid and to choose who you lay

When the roll was called mine was unpronounceable and
certainly without correction from my court A discipline of the
vigilant whose mind already preferred the window to the
chalkboard Always on an errand to the sensation of the day
wind in face muscle in rhyme back up before back into first light
shallows tracks slip and stay a prowess of element traverse I
recall hands off the handlebars too He will understand how it
also was my vocation

all I ever wanted was skill

through sun momentum

when I was that hurry

downhill

II. FIRST LIE

A door will open in the air

Undisturbed by experience

Pollen into honey

Honey into captivity

Remedy

First Love

The banal replacement one of another

If the first stands the flailings of the

next may be survived

First Launch

Spoon fed itinerary from a very young age

that the pearl is their oyster should be no surprise

Are all their resemblances effaced in the heat of embrace

Or the train stations of the cross trinkets

in their fists cannot escape

the kinship whose trace draws them along their course

Where sleeveless trials present as decision

They know that beds do not make them local

O kilo and kilometer conversion be a festival of final exam

First Sight

already in the missing beat

voluntary vertigo

the lead-off leg and the couple

first hesitation second dissonance disappearance

Behind suspense

summer backs

potion poured

lips on the glass on the watch the friend

slack spines not theirs

Then trade vigilances and lord it over

Now it's their turn to rush

to the rape and reward fields

sharpened they lean into the keel

discipline their sail

A little secret something or someone polishes

the day while the harness is a chosen diadem

By their shoe choices you will know them

What is that rustling the trees?
Who is there?
What is that blowing my hair?
What makes the sea move?
Who are you?
What goes forever more?
The wind,
The wind will blow
Until the very end
It will rustle the trees
And blow my hair
And move the sea
And blow
Forever more.
The wind.

ERIKA HOWSARE

from VISTA WITH OFFSPRING AND GRASSES

As we envelop pollution our cells hear our thoughts.

As we call this *unproven*.

When we say the day is *beautiful* we mean these aspects: air, no water, lack of dread, working vehicle.

We like yards that are in the middle of something and every time we make a new yard in the middle of something we again pin that something to the chalkboard in the front of the room.

More and more trees fake silence.

More and more creeks “tumble.” We reward these.

We are “in” the mountains, “on” the shore, “out in” the desert, “out on” the prairie. These terms are accepted below the last line of the contract.

A “continuous panorama” includes the feet, the ovaries, the darkened interstices of rock. Moving along this geared path, one is an experience, toothed and boned. The interior spaces reflect as water the light, waving leaves. Which dissolve in the mouth. Honk of a grass blade stretched between his thumbs: Here the film snaps.

Intense beauty of one person who changes, visibly, weekly. This becomes an antenna under which the house revolves.

“A nearby bulldozer, which reconnects it to the earth.”

I would like to know the soil with my concrete. “Don’t step there, buddy. That’s not a good place.”

Their movement tree to tree; five girls downhill, evenly spaced and running. I think they will remember this.

She picks a leaf, burnished with red. I say *What a beauty*. She gives it to me and says *Different beauty*. *Find beauty*. She picks another. *Find beauty*.

She remembers this a week later.

Ooh, I say when we pull back the curtain. *A beautiful sunny day!*

First gear moans through the hollow.

We watch our shadows emerge on the grass, evidence of movement. Or rather, their edges become.

A slice of mountain-slope, foreground trampoline.

One seedpod rattles in the light wind.

Oak leaves' points interlaced on the path.

Fog would be lovely if it swelled behind our trees. But this is smoke.

This morning we drew in steam on the bathroom window.

A clean white slate of a sky.

The leaves seem like coins when lined up on the bumper. She takes them off, slots them into the grill.

"Perfect Botticelli hair." The feel of her legs, excellent chub.

Ever-tinier chunks of text. Stunning compression.

“It’s so mild.” “A perfect day.” Late November.

I note that my shadow is more attractive: I’m taller, have the advantage of foreshortening.

When there was nothing to say we’d all look at her. I hardly glanced at the visitors all weekend.

Pleasing creaks of the heat system. Welcome ticks of rain on bedtime roof.

Her special movements while nursing to sleep—repeated pulls on the blanket, a fugue of out and back.

He says those jeans aren’t fair to her, pinching her belly. But they are cute.

Wanting, responding, sun as guilty pleasure.

The rain made the creek a constant and a goal. Trying to picture the elemental process: water running off land.

I tell her the shadows are coming back soon. I burn my eyes checking.

All leaves down, now we concentrate.

MAL YOUNG

TWO CHAMBERED

if this is not a real voice
we are not really talking

there's no mouth for the brain
but the mind still broods
on subjective conscious

in a man, a man appears
an enormous space

more than anything
in a mirror

this awareness we are
however nothing at all

we think it is clear
the cause of our own behavior

we are fully aware that all this
is somewhere in the head

we feel it is the most self-evident
thing imaginable

consider the following problems

the heavens stand open with god
speaking to the subject

the subject saw the word poison in
the air at the same time

the subject walks coney island
hearing the pounding voices clearly
as achilles heard

that there is rudimentary divine liturgy
in a lexical field whose terms are
analogs for the physical world

If we are in a familiar place consider
all the elements behind us

in place of the tomb is a temple
in place of the subject is a statue

it's our will for voices to have authority
in argos, or on the coast of coney island

this is in a sense
inferred

but the mind still thinks about lost principles
the deep and hollowing yearning
of what is called the real world

relating to spaces with guarded walls
dressed in a white dress that came to us

THINK OF A YOU WHO WANTS

does it
please your boyfriend
that i
am not very ugly by the
way
i am not very aggressive

do you think
I was afraid you cared to stop
being so precious with my
body

i changed
my voice
actually
this is good
an interesting way to live
i will listen
i think

anyway
i am afraid of molting so
did you want
a rind
i never ask
anymore
i'll never ask i don't even talk

does

it please

you

think about my larynx

i

don't argue with you

i am not my very best

i think i am not

very aggressive

but perhaps

i

am afraid of molting

into silence

but still

i

changed if

you care to

know

CORONA BOREALIS

i. the center is not the center

when you take up your thread
you give like, give
like without end

ii. but with wings plucked so you could no longer fly

the body a cave
you descend when god
stops speaking to you

 spawning another border
to interior to
border again

from that time on you lived

iii. in the figure of an echo

are many of these hallways
so intimately bound

who then made your decisions

only to exit
into the world again

were you so lonely

you built a house
here?

93

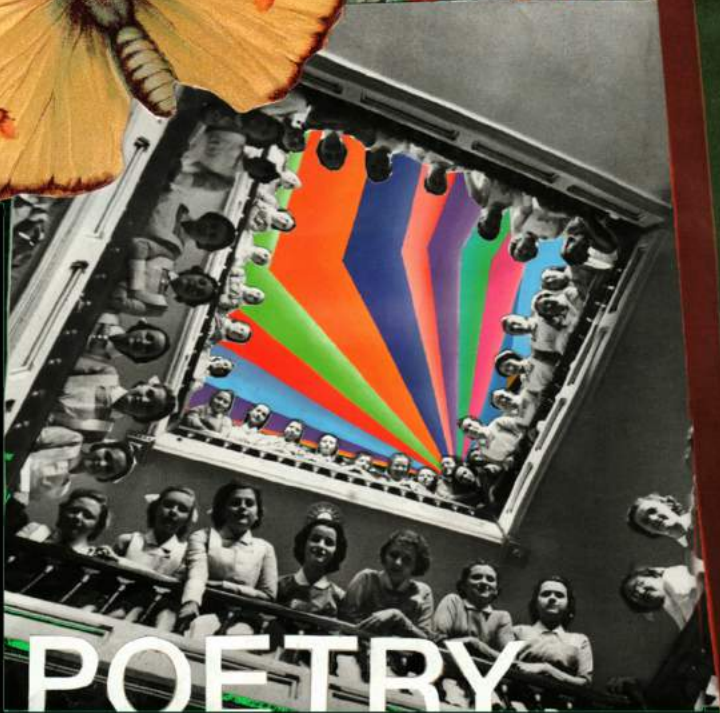
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END CAPITALISM NOW

THE BAY/NYC
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sleepless night

ELDERLY
LOVES YOU
TO THE MOON
AND BACK

