




elderly











Hannah Kezema  
stevie redwood  
Daniel Talamantes  
Marwa Helal  
S\*an D. Henry Smith  
Anthony Cody  
Joey de Jesus  
Jsl Jm5

curated by  
Angel Dominguez



# After Apocalypse

ELDERLY 33 1/3rd

Dear Reader,

When Jamie and Nic first approached me to guest curate an issue of the beloved bi-coastal Elderly Magazine, I immediately accepted, honored to be taking on such a precious endeavor. Elderly Magazine was the first place to ever feature work from *Desgraciado* and has long stood in my mind as one of the more important accessible spaces for powerfully transformational, innovative, and vigorous work. The constellation contained herein reflects a consideration and curation for work that exceeds the immediacy of the moment and extends itself out into futures not yet arrived - I was interested in gathering energies that illuminate the *after* beyond (alleged) (settler colonial) apocalypse. Or rather, as I wrote to the issue's contributors,

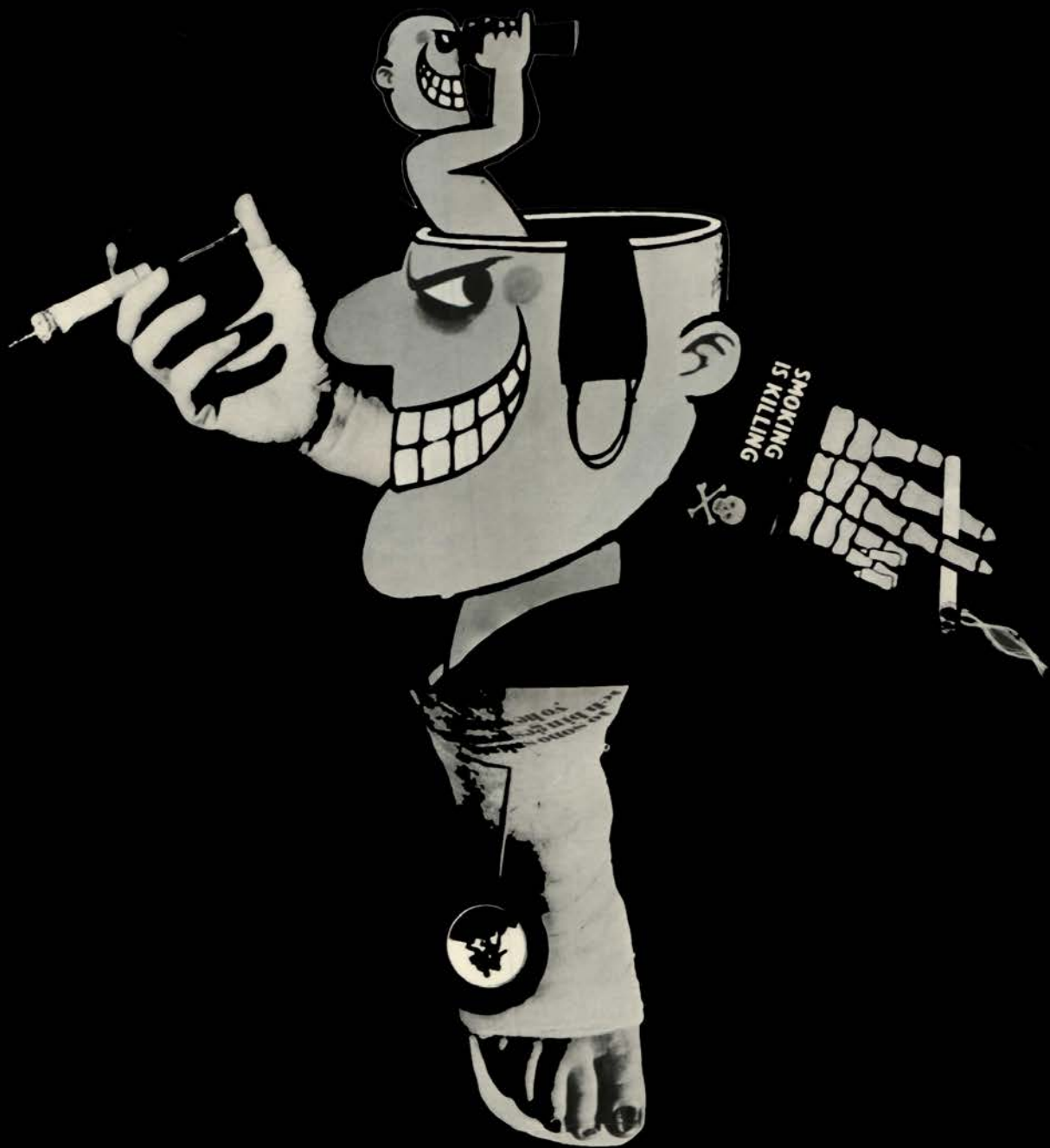
*Apocalypse at its epistemic core means to uncover; to reveal. Colonialism would have you think it means the end of the world. The end of ends. But whose end, I ask you? Certainly not mine. Not the end of those of us in community against white supremacy. Not the end of prison abolition. Not the end of anti-capitalism. No. I'm tired of acting like this apocalypse has anything to do with the ending of the things I hold most close. Perhaps that's the under-cover truth to this whole apocalypse ruse. It's the end of the colonizer's world. It's the end of white-jesus. It's the end of borders. It's the end of capitalism. It's the end of white supremacy. I have no reason to fear the end of "this" world.*

*So let it be revealed.*

What's been revealed in this issue are fiercely living speculative poems, passages, psalms, and propulsions that impart intensities, gestures, and jolts of energy for survival beyond tomorrow. Whether trading "notes about loving each other & killing capitalism—" (stevie redwood, p.14) or having "finally found the courage to sleep" (S\*an D. Henry Smith, p38) this issue reminds me, as Marwa Helal writes, "rearranging words/ rearranges the universe" -to that end, I find my own universe rearranged by the grace and power of these pieces that have asked me to consider, challenge, and grow my own living and writing.

May this issue of Elderly Magazine affect the very spin of your atoms and electrons and thereby your universe. May these works spur you ever onward into the wild decolonial futures of our own making. May these spells be cast and caught and expounded ever outwards wherever they are needed. Here's to ten more years of Elderly Magazine holding space for vital work. Elderly is for the future, forever and ever and ever.

Love,  
Angel Dominguez



# BUILDING A GARDEN IN THE APOCALYPSE

*Hannah Kezema*

I used to wake with a tongue of testimony  
now I dream

of the moist seeds  
nestled in their bed  
slowly reaching for the warm light

the impossibility of weather  
and knowing who's been fed

I used to believe in the power of control  
that's a lie.

I still cling white-knuckled to the gesture of believing  
all that's unhealed in me cannot wait

the questions will be my own  
the case must close

the progress shall reveal itself  
the emergence of green  
it makes me right

the death toll rises  
business is good

I used to close this door  
free-fall into the absence

but the air is unforgettable  
those who cannot conceive debate the embryo

while bullets riddle classrooms and grocery stores  
and movie theaters and mosques and

what makes a life  
the sea level rises

wars rage on  
pillaging the earth for oil

I used to be sickened by mothering  
that's a lie.

I still fear becoming all the water  
this slippery self

lost in the other  
no, my body will not be a house

but my hands  
will sow and patiently wait

fists may unclench  
\*one day\*

the wet soil brings me back to something  
before any need for a record, the living imprint

the worms burrow and feed  
and I have new words:

deadhead, overwinter  
till, blight

the hummingbird vibrates  
by my head  
this is true listening

today, the Supreme Court overturned  
Roe v. Wade  
I check on the ladybug eggs

clinging to the rose leaves  
precarious in the wind

I delete the period application  
from my phone

I track my blood with a pen  
how fitting

I thought somehow we'd have autonomy  
that's a lie.

what cruelty  
to burden us all unmothered by the state

make us mothers  
smothered, mothering more wounds

mother is a glittery dress, hung up  
mother cuts through time

mother is impossible like the weather  
the marigolds die and return to the soil

the cabbage moth larvae feast on the brassica  
all my sweat becomes holes      holes in the green

all my blood comes from my mother  
then pours itself back into soil

I'm tired of the hard facts

(the truth is  
I never knew  
how to live in this world)

---

was I the fraud?

the night I painted salvia on the form  
I dreamt it all fell apart

I watched the box break from the window  
after the landlord called

the tree workers cut the sequoia's heavy arms  
which fell with abandon, beheading the purple cauliflower

it didn't catch the way it should  
the limb must be tied to slow the descend

the rope must be secure, with one man at the bottom  
one holding it while harnessed in the air

the job tells you things  
like how to do everyone else's job

how to not do a job  
how to not lie I

went outside and painted again





# Abolish the Dead

*stevie redwood*

living binary :: i'm supposed to be :: grateful to habit :: a body it means :: i think :: i am :: alive :: like  
everything else :: a live :: continu :: um :: how much :: living in order :: to cheat being :: dead :: how  
ordered :: until the binary :: body how dead :: before the body :: unliving how bodied :: until becoming  
:: you think :: how living :: until you :: unbody your body :: how grateful :: you body :: how body  
become :: how are you :: undead :: you how :: you living :: how disordered :: before unbecoming :: a  
binary :: how disordered until i un :: bi :: nary the body :: & how are your dead :: & are you alive :: &  
i am :: here still :: becoming :: disordered :: abolish the body :: a body i am :: still dying :: still living ::  
become :: be :: come :: abolish the dying :: a body :: come :: be :: & body the dead :: unliving :: the  
binaries i am :: supposed to :: be alive if i bother :: a body :: i think :: it means i am :: grateful :: i am ::  
the living :: the dying :: am i :: alive am i :: still :: here i am :: disorder :: still dead :: be here :: what is  
unbodied :: am i ::

what is :: what is what :: is :: what ::

is the body

:: what is :: what is what :: is :: what

:: is the body :: & what is :: the body ::

what is :: what is what :: is :: what ::

is the body :: & what is :: the body :: becoming

# THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT

*It opens with a loudmouthed silence.*

*The sky agape in homograph,*

*a hole in the shape of a wing.*

*Kindergarteners roadrunner home*

*on training bikes,*

*bellowing into the calm.*

*Into their yawning traps flies*

*barren air; a tongueless breeze,*

*a swarm of phantom bugs.*

Along the eerie street people gut the paneled pavement,  
roll out florid welcome mats, dirt carpets sown thick with red  
mountain balm    baby blue eyes    purple coneflower    goldenrod.  
A roll call of native blooms to court their tiny neighbors. Cup of sugar  
water in the birdseed, spill of honey in the soil.

*The ricochet of birdsong caged*

*deep inside their memory, hungering*

*for the hum of sails to carry it along the wind.*



Months drawl on. The silence lengthens, grows.

The streetfront gardens begin to wilt, their pollen thinning  
for want of probing tongues. Honeybees feeble through singly,  
guzzle themselves numb. They stumble home to lonely nests dead  
drunk with the nectar of a neglected garden they slurped up  
by themselves. The neighborhood children hardly know them:  
to thank them for their labor; to fear them for their sting.

*From behind the kitchen*

*windowpane no longer frenzied*

*by a mesh of spidersilk, by a fever of fire-*

*thirsty moths—the woman waits*

*for the timer to call her children in*

*for dinner, gazes on the fallow poppies*

*closing to the dwindling day, dreams*

*the bee that might alight on one*

*tomorrow, if she's lucky. She stares out*

*without seeing, vexes the salad*

*greens with a wayward thumb.*

*Rations them leaf by leaf as though*

*the earth is running out. Out*

*side, the horizon swallows*

*the sun and she watches*

*her children disappear inside*

*the graying light. She looks*

*and dreams the swallowtail*

*knee-deep in petal sugar*

*as though everything depends on it,*

*she looks and dreams*

*and looks and dreams and hears*

*the timer ring.*

## ode to the house of weeping queers: #1

we trade notes about loving each other & killing capitalism —  
flicked under bedroom doorways, left on the hallway mirror, taped  
to the coffee grinder. sprawled across the butcher block m found  
propped against a telephone pole on bougie-street trash day  
before they hauled it home & got the gristle out. they sanded & polished it  
until it was slick & manicured as jeff bezos's idle hands, & less stained  
with the blood of other creatures. until it was well-oiled,  
gleaming like teeth, so clean we could have eaten  
the rich right off it. until one day we did,  
& found out they don't taste like chicken after all. we knifed the rich  
into mouth-sized bites & ate with tiny silver spoons  
k stole from the minimalist housewares store that got a whole building  
full of seniors evicted. we chewed & chewed, hungry for a heart  
-y cut, but m said when they sliced behind the breast  
there was nothing there. we gorged ourselves anyway & bickered  
about whether we were still vegetarians. m said yes,  
that things only count as meat if they were alive once. k said no,  
*but it was worth it.*





**GOTTHARD  
BAHN**  
LAGHI DI  
COMO - LUGANO  
& MAGGIORE

CRARIO 15 Giugno 1905.

Linea	Stazione	Partenza	Arrivo
Milano - Lugano	Milano	8.00	8.30
	Lugano	8.30	8.45
Lugano - Maggiore	Lugano	8.45	9.00
	Maggiore	9.00	9.15

1905 Gotthardbahn 1905

Linea	Stazione	Partenza	Arrivo
Milano - Lugano	Milano	8.00	8.30
	Lugano	8.30	8.45
Lugano - Maggiore	Lugano	8.45	9.00
	Maggiore	9.00	9.15



**I FEEL LIKE**

**INSTANT CALIFORNIA**

DROP CAPSULE IN WARM/HOT WATER  
WATCH A CALIFORNIA SOUVENIR APPEAR  
FUN - EDUCATIONAL - NON-TOXIC



- Simple headache
- Tension headache
- Migraine headache
- Cluster headache



## The Fetch (*excerpts*)

Daniel Talamantes

My death is far from here  
hard to find, on the wide ocean

in that wide sea is an island, and in the island  
there grows an oak,

and in the oak is an iron chest, and in the chest  
is a small basket,

and in the basket is a hare, and in the hare is a  
duck, and in the duck is an egg

and he who finds the egg and breaks it  
kills me at the same time



Fetch, sky scraping, California Street, San Francisco, a window's level below in an adjacent tower and

wearing my face as a mask. There's no proof,  
yet I'm certain

Fetching physique, a laborer posturing in deference before a hissing steaming machine  
gaunt, twig arms, pear-shaped, distended belly, assless, knobbed legs. Sublunar messmate in trouble.

What a sad creature. Isoform in capital theater. Take a bow. Fetching for *homogeny*. Disembodied but re-remembering

A beast, of utter dislocation, reaching for  
phosphene axons, illumined fruit in the  
window's reflection

yearning for littermates,  
deep kin

standing out,  
fetch, among a labyrinth of refractions,  
prosthetics, matrices of mirroring paths,  
streets, alleys, towers, doors, and windows, all  
butchering, vivisectiong

prisms of multitudes, and  
dimension, metaphysical play of chance and  
choice, traces, specters, human simulacra in and  
out in fathoms of capacity,  
to appear in vertical vespers,  
horizontally on a street below  
angular spirits,  
appearing and vanishing in rapidity like biomes,  
bacteria of organism called Finance District, SF

SF? San  
*Francisco, science fiction, science fact, science  
fantasy, speculative feminism, speculative  
fabulation, string figures, so far...*

Portals are  
profuse

but a faint earthly music plays  
resting palms on glass, fetch



Through a window of Windows,  
ghosts in the machine address me:

*You often open around this time;*

meanwhile, from a second story window of my  
apartment in Russian Hill, my Irish-twin,  
Steph, loading a suitcase in her car.

Above her a series of hackneyed apartment  
windows, city street lugubrious gaze colon-  
eyes, levying overcast sky, like Weltschmerz

a concatenation of beige Victorian apartments  
the *Manhattanized* Trans-america Tower

a regrettable phallus, Salesforce, woke up in a  
space opera, cosmic psychodrama, Jar Jar  
Binks among a horde of drones—



among a glass bouquet, entrapped ballerina  
pirouettes in a pinhead—a haunting for turbine  
center

a vibrant pandemonium of cacophonous  
nonnative ex-domestic parrots sprint by  
kicking up a fuss

to outdo the lamentable moan of the foghorn  
and grinding metallic belt

and bell of the cable car tracks  
at this phenomenal moment

draw un/conscious back out in



One night I'm nearing the end of *Tinkers*

Howard's deconstructing the functions and components of an  
analogue clock —trains, springs, escapement wheel, pawls, and  
gears —

Steph enters with leftovers from her catering gig. She offers me the  
post-midnight snack and I eat potatoes and she harpoons cold sea  
bass with a plastic fork before she slips off to dock on the living  
room couch and I to my room.

She rests in her canal, I in my idle bay. Somewhere humming,  
playing string figures, a cat's cradle, composting, among the  
hybridity of our eternal commensal, protean dreams.



Twilight awash Washing Square fenced in for irrigation, but  
I'm still buckling under Brautigan's lushen breath, petting  
the same flowers in Ginsberg's dream of transgression:  
*Moloch who entered my soul early! Moloch in whom I am a  
consciousness without a body!*

Doldrum whips through Columbus Street taxiing perfumes of basils and cheese to torment hapless appetites. Drooling canyons on the lipped grin, predacious sideglance to entreat carnivore fantasy on these pedestrians. But, what about the omnivorous poet? They have a humanitarian predisposition for raw veganism, predilection for pescatarian, yet a sadomasochistic flex of their carnivore jaw. Canine grinded down. Defanged. The cannibal pimps these streets with doters streaming from their tassels.

Brautigan was shanghaied from mortality with a self-inflicted bullet to the head, from the immortality of the literary canon. Books are frozen in flight, it's all frozen at City Lights. The old jazz bars in tenderloin are Pho Restaurants that don't have liquor licenses and public lavatories for the squatting junkie shooting up H simultaneously. I saw the writing on the wall: *Don't giv a Pho-k*

I've imagined fetid stench of feces as an atmospheric scent, a malodorous feature, only in the archives of Dublin circa 900AD.

That's when fetch arrives on the other side of the fence. A mask of my face, but an arcade of emotion. Shaking the fence, gibing, *You know the biggest difference between you and those drunken assholes before you?*

Fetch passes through the fence and back into material Form.

Fetch slap me in the face and then manifest behind a gauzy curtain in a store window, leaving me shadowboxing.

Arching back salaciously, taking on new form:  
behind the white curtain in the window of the watchmaker.

Fetch's voice appears in my head, *Riddle me this: is famine genocide?*

Inactive the street becomes as fetch snaps and we're now on the Baker Beach. Waves lap at my naked feat. Warm surf wets the end of my pant leg. I'm alone, watching the moon cast a full circle on the rippling surface, when fetch appears skating across, just inches above, a silhouette set against the piercing radiance of a moon's reflection.

*Gorta Mór; Gorta Mór; Gorta Mór; Gorta Mór, fetch repeats, pirouetting through the moonlit patina.*

*Or...maybe you've heard of the BLACK PIG! fetch skates to me, noses flush, their eyes caves into pits of utter darkness. Whimpers and cries call out from them as smoke exhausts.*

*Your ancestors left in the time of the potato blight?*

*Potato... how soft. Isn't it just so silly? Potato: how can anything be so DRAMATIC when it's just about potatoes? Come on piggy. Snort snort. You're just small potatoes pig boy.*

*I grab fetch by the neck. What have I done to you?*

*Fetch snaps and we're on the roof of a building overlooking the expanse of San Francisco's skyline. Constellations of streetlights, apartment windows, and cell towers flicker as the fog filters over the presidio in ominous tidal swell.*

*Fetch replies, It's not what you've done to me, it's what you haven't done.*

*What can I do?*

*Do...hmmm. Doooo you know what a celtic knot is?*

*Maybe...*

*Do you know how many renditions there are?*

*No.*

*One million. And do you know how to make a Celtic knot?*

*No.*

*You take zeros, you line them up in an even matrix. You take lines and you place them on each side of the zeros.*

*Like binary?*

*Did I interrupt you? No, thank you. And you weave, you interlace the line around the zeros before you erase the zeros leaving their fossil as an impression on the page.*

*What happens to zeros?*

*You're real dense aren't you? Your twin sign there. He traces the Celtic knot for a twin into the mercurial fog before it dissipates. Celtic knots symbolize the nonlinearity. You are a timeless subject of performative materiality.*

I wait in silence.

*Not such a talker, they ask.*

*Is famine genocide?* I counter.

They shrug as a pandemonium of parrots slough through a trace in the air and along my spine into the oblivion of the world behind my perception.

I kick this masked thing off the edge of the building, their body seeks the definition of chaos, a terrible beauty born into the blood pavement impression before relinquished to shadow.



In Rescue, CA when Steph and I were young, feral cats would wonder into our home from common lands  
In our room we had a veritable zoo  
There were desert lizards, geckos, rainforest frogs, tadpoles and local stream frogs from creeks, spiders, crickets, an array of fish in different tanks, hamsters, among others in rotation  
Rocky, our prized companion animal, was our maternal figure as we'd explore vast openness of the parochial world  
Protective, nurturing, and wise she surveyed the surrounding, her dotted stud of a tail wagging furious as we'd feed her berries or rest our heads on her, staring up at the sky in grassy fields

Her paws danced lightly as we'd gather new animal samples,  
Rocky would sniff to inspect them before returning her attention to  
potential evils that may be lurking  
Steph and I would place our new specimens in tanks and  
homemade terrariums, studying their movements and behaviors  
Often, they'd die, so we'd go out to replenish, and the cycle of  
exploration and capture continued  
A hamster would be rolling in its ball to exhaustion, cats would be  
picked off by coyotes or hit by cars, grandma would be screaming  
at night and slamming against walls because one of the lizards had  
escaped  
Rocky remained ever vigilant by our bedside, breathing on our  
little claws as they'd slink over the side of parallel beds—all our  
critters stirred in discomfort among their enclosures

When dad remarried, we came home one day to the lizards, frogs,  
fish tanks outside, I saw the husks of their skins baked in the sun,  
and empty cages of hamsters and mammalian critters  
We moved to suburbia to the stepmom's house, forced to grow out  
of our strange zookeeping behaviors, in a bunk in a house where  
we continually reminded, we didn't belong, Steph and I would lay  
in our bunks on the second floor, playing with stuffed animals as  
Rocky patiently rested by our side  
Everything was labelled: either belonged to our stepbrother, our  
stepmom, dad, or Steph and I  
Steph and I could not eat anyone else's but our own food, we had  
our own phone number so our stepmom and brother couldn't  
socialize with anyone we might know  
Rocky only went on walks when we were visiting our dad, our  
mom had to drop us off down the street because our stepmom  
didn't want her near the house  
Restrictions and containments were stricter and proliferated to  
where walking through their house was much like walking through  
a dry field with thistles, poison oak, rattlesnakes, and deer ticks  
We weren't welcome, we were intruders, we were trespassing in  
our father's new home  
In this home, Steph, Rocky, and I hid away in our fantasy land, in  
our enclosure

One day, while Steph and I were with our mother, the back door  
was left open and Rocky bit the pool boy  
We didn't learn that she had to be put down until we arrived back  
that next week  
A shadow of warmth remained on the carpet where she laid  
That night as we whimpered in the dark amongst our stuffed  
animals, giraffes, lions, rhinos, turtle  
I had dreams of releasing all the animals and critters we had in our  
life, all of us bounding, laughing, in open fields, splashing in  
puddles and smiling  
Somewhere, where's there's no pain...



Some days, as I close my eyes in bed, I hear her sigh



Among bloodshed is Godfrey Uí Ímair, the Viking who led the massacre.

The elders persuade the surviving to descend to the Town Hall chamber of the Dunmore Cave.

But, they contest, they don't want yet to seek passage to the Otherworld, for there was never return once one crosses that ingress.

Yet, the elders beseech the beleaguered civilians, think of the new world, the new lives they'd lead, once they pass through the cave to the other land. Beside the Market Cross, see the hand holding across the stalagmite, cast from torch light.

Quaking, trembling, bloodied, utterly terrified, rancid stench of musk, rotten teeth, and infection, festering.

Triads of Ireland, *Úam Chnogba*, *Úam Slánga* and *Dearc Fearna*, the three darkest places.

Pitch dark, abyssal dark, long lapping tongue of that chasm, salivation of the utter dim, Viking burial ground, where lights never been, death night. Slaughter chimes through the battlefield above, screams, metals, sawing of flesh.

Smoke filters in, oxygen leaves, vision narrows in the pitch dark, breathing labored.

Weeping of children and men, as mothers stand resolute, searching for a signal, some discerning reconciliation.

A flute can be heard, faint in the distance, followed by a pin and slit of light, laughter, bliss of emanation, hands reaching from a fabled second entrance, calling them home.

Hidden in the cave among them but unrevealed was fetch,  
with one hand inked by deluge, penning in the annals:

*Gofraith, ua h-Iombair; co n-Gallaibh Atba Cliath, do  
thoghail e3 do orgain Derce Fearn,  
airm in ro marbhadh míle do dhaoinebh an bhliadhain-si,  
ambail as-berar isin rann,*

*Naoi c-céid bliadhain gan doghra,  
a h-ocht fichet non-dearbha,  
o do-luidh Criost dár c-cobhair  
co toghail Derce Ferna.*





poem to be read from  
right  
to left

*Marwa Helal*

language first my learned i  
second  
see see  
for mistaken am i native  
go i everywhere  
1° moon and sun to  
J letter the like  
lamb like sound  
fox like think but

recurring this of me reminds  
chased being dream  
circle a in  
duck duck like  
goose  
no were there but  
children other  
of tired got i  
number the counting  
words english of  
to takes it  
in 1 capture  
another

<sup>1</sup> شمسية وقمرية \*

## the middle east is missing

wha do osama bin laden and i have in common? saddam? qaddafi? mubarak? sharon?  
peres? is kashmir? is asia? is persia? is europe? is iran? is jordan? is kurd? a  
language? a religion? cuisine? borders on bordering? wha do you and i have in common?  
red sea dead sea an empire syria iraq say kurd say we were occupied  
a people under siege of make xenophobia believe drink and say, "zamzam."

say we did it to ourselves.

say: complicit. i want to walk/ return maps speak to managers of mapmakers  
i'd like to see god's atlas compare it to ours trace a new equator a river Nile still running  
azure

azure

upwards its own gravity joins scapegoat to scapegoat  
in song: *row row row your boat gently down a stream merrily merrily merrily life is but a dream*  
x3

say je suis zidane, je suis égyptienne.

say it to a rhythm not a plot

a quality not a toxin

say dizzy without jury without trial ask of us just us sing back lyric  
dust off vulgar gaslight

say it in the colonizer's tongue. call it the cradle of civilization say dunyah say la illahah  
ila allah say jannah inscribe your history inside every barren closet you once  
occupied say quickly *here we are now entertain us/ cartographers agitate us*  
exact us excise us

would you make a space for me? between zoot jute epoxy and a hard place somewhere  
between vengeance and yolk next to the place you go to quake

ive brought my own pillow plus sleeping bag but now the letters have become cryptic i  
cant tell if it is because of shyness or lack of interest when you look like me you  
can say things no one will question or everyone will question you in June as a zygote in  
uterus in excess

maybe it is a cry for help. maybe it is just a cry. say palestinian

say palestine

say syria

say syrian

say baby

say future

say mine

say yemen



say yemeni  
say zay (like)  
say hena (here)  
say mine say ghost in context weep quietly then wail  
so make a space for me in your mind.  
make me a space  
graph, transcribe. jaunt, wax, wane.  
here is neruda. here is his book of questions.  
here is mine. a quiz of sorts. this is the map i navigate by.

who you pulling from bricks? a baby? an arm? books? a ball? who's is it? you ask  
coaxing at gallons of quicksand absorbing and vying for joy, for protozoa

pray static pray jaw pray zoroastrian  
pray xanax pray quickly borrow what you will from  
god, from vagrancy, from vacancy

before i left i wrote: where you from? where you from? where you from? inside every  
empty closet of the homes i once occupied. dont forget  
where youre from, dont squint. zoom in. stow the box, lock the key. jump on.

we made a new map from breath from zone to zone we  
moved, traveled, walked, journeyed. there are many  
who experience what we havent quote benefited from being unquote.

maybe a cry for help, maybe jus a cry. maybe a memory quivering of a juvenile  
kingdom's lie, maybe was a zealous royal  
who unleashed sand and sphinx making borders die: in yellow,  
blue, green, and red, orange and cream lines.

## poem that wrote me into beast in order to be read

samira and aziza nabila awatef and 3adaal isis and ma'at yes ma'at of the 42 laws and ideals we used to live by you of white feather and commandment who made us taught us of stars and named them named us made nout and systems of irrigation Nile delta source inventors of mead and kohl for drawing of lapis and woven cloth and harp Sinai Berber pen and paper we were winged creatures weren't we tell me because i still dream of flight sometimes i trumpet waiting to be sound i who have made earrings of arrow reporting now to you of the mythical creatures i dismantled in order to become the one writing words you are reading tarsal by metatarsal I disjointed false to be true sometimes i am cell with eyes made up of five strand DNA quintuple helix amoeba bond i would claim you as my ancestors thrice but once is honor i am trying to be worthy live to have learned so much that god made arab to know what it is to be both black and jew to be arab is to be a beast in order to be read like scripture etched calligraphy wooden metal i ask you to marvel at poetry they tried to make us forget in Guantánamo and all unnamed time will ask us of this time come back again and again while we were out the world has become image we made in our own image and this is what we hunt now i've caught my reflection between incisors i beast of no nation who want only to be read excuse me now it is time to be fed

## in the first world

people arrive at cubicles in a rage.  
at day's end, they punch  
bags hanging from the ceiling,  
fight their reflections in the mirror,  
sprint on padded treadmills,  
while a cop sleeps outside in a car —  
its engine running.

## freewrite for an audience on bolaño, on cortázar (or reading project iii)

an alibi, an archive:

this whole reading project has been an excellent accident. i never meant to read cortázar's hopscotch in this way, with this depth or intensity. but i had left my job and my mind had some extra space as i opened hopscotch that day in the park. yes, i left my job. one day I decided i was never coming back. my heart decided for me. after some palpitations and yet another bizarre and false conversation with my boss i decided i was done. on some gone girl shit. but back to the reading, it was bolaño i had my eye on, originally. he was the one who was supposed to help me write these cubicle poems. his way with absurdity was the cure to my maladies. he was the one who wrote for the ghosts, the one who was/is (depending on whether you believe a writer lives in her writing) is/was moody as I am. writers like us, we have no plot. but then there was cortázar telling me the same story over and over again like i had been living the same day over and over again in that cube. the grey padding of the walls absorbing all my intellectual potential all my unrealized dreams. and here i am, by lottery, with you: we ended up here. first there was the lottery of birth and then i came to this country as an immigrant by green card lottery. These motherfuckers have a green card lottery while refugee babies wash up drowned at sea. but that's my next project. consider this part of my archive. when simone said to be mindful of our archives something in me resisted the idea. an archive felt like a performance, like I was supposed to be performing the act of writing instead of living it, being it. but i get it now. some things have happened to me recently that make me want to treat the archive as an alibi. see, ive seen the future, the future needs women's archives more than anything else. when they cull us, they will see it was never a man's world at all. so peace to cortázar, peace to bolaño, ive gone so far in the future im lightyears away looking back at all of us, all of the things we wanted but couldnt have. Youre stars now. im a planet. they call me mars. and there is life here.



## poem for the beings who arrived

*zuibitsu for group c*

if you ask me where i come from i have to converse with broken wings. this is a line. and all love is agreement, each day of living: an agree or a disagree. and love is not what we think it is. what we have been told it is: agree or disagree. i am telling you how to read me. neruda wrote: if you ask me where i come from, i have to converse with broken things. with the beings who arrived. who had the glasses of the heart. we are the beings who arrived because we had the glasses of the heart. we are the broken beings who arrived with glass for hearts. poetry is instrument; allows us to see through thought. Thank you for saying my work does not sound like it is in translation, thank you for not saying my work sounds like it is in translation we are all the proof i need as singularity approaches us they ask with intrigue: how did you construct your blackness in america? each question requires a reconstruction. and i am always re never constructed in egypt, they ask: do they hate us? i pretend not to know who they mean by they what they mean by hate but i know because i live with they and aint they. aint they? we have to stop pretending we are not [capable of] winning and i know you know we know when i dip you dip we dip this one goes out to all the women in the world you see me everywhere I go they want to know which one i am and more of? still, you see me. the mask i wear is not leo rising but the colonizer's falling and still, you see me. and when i say you see me, what i mean is: you feel me. we, we: the beings who arrive.

## poem for brad who wants me to write about the pyramids <sup>2°</sup>

he says the substance is lacking a center [sic]; a traditional plot / says [i] miss where  
[im] from and [i] set flashbacks while [i] walk around san francisco / he wants to  
know what makes [my] story so much more interesting and provocative than others?  
/ says egypt is a wonderfully exciting place ([he is] told by others) / [he does] not  
like my scenes of policemen and sunflower seeds / says [he has] heard the pyramids  
are very interesting  
in my writing ///// this is  
interject / they will say:  
assumes most people can  
thought brad was white  
hot so the class lets him  
but i understand that  
wants to see camels and  
egypt in my work and  
becomes its own genius  
missed is that i didnt give  
for this / and if brad had  
missed the generous  
wants to see more of egypt  
where the poets will  
show, dont tell / but that  
see and i bet most of you  
but brad is not but brad is  
get away with being dull  
what brad means is he  
more of his own ideas of  
this is how this poem  
annotation: see what brad  
up my spot in med school  
read / he wouldnt have  
foreshadowing / would  
have seen i was saying my country has become a POLICE state / and when i say my  
country / i mean both / of them / the poets will say this poem is trash / but i dont care  
my mother says if you want to know what the future of the world looks like then look  
to egypt and let every poem i write be a response to the cumulus cloud of aggression  
that follows me and let every word work to reverse the effect of the slow meting out  
of system[at]ic violence let every letter represent a human standing in protest

2 "Some days past I have found a curious confirmation of the fact that what is truly native can and often does dispense with local color; I found this confirmation in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Gibbon observes that in the Arabian book par excellence, in the Koran, there are no camels; I believe if there were any doubt as to the authenticity of the Koran, this absence of camels would be sufficient to prove it is an Arabian work. It was written by Mohammed, and Mohammed, as an Arab, had no reason to know that camels were especially Arabian; for him they were a part of reality, he had no reason to emphasize them; on the other hand, the first thing a falsifier, a tourist, an Arab nationalist would do is have a surfeit of camels, caravans of camels, on every page; but Mohammed, as an Arab, was unconcerned: he knew he could be an Arab without camels. I think we Argentines can emulate Mohammed, can believe in the possibility of being Argentine without abounding in local color."  
—Borges, *The Argentine Writer and Tradition*

## generation of feeling

these growing pains though  
this good will hunting  
we  
fallen twigs  
look like bones  
waiting to be lit

i am trying to tell you something about how  
rearranging words  
rearranges the universe

## photographs not taken

airbags opening during a crash;  
a life saved;  
DJ armed with two milk canisters,  
when the three of us were still friends;  
my mother's birthmark next to mine,  
on the same spot above our right knees,  
hers brown on white,  
mine white on brown,  
proof: i am the negative of her image;  
flames moving upwards from charcoal,  
singeing my eyebrows and eyelashes;  
flames that lit nashwa's sweater,  
we were playing with sparklers in bideen;  
flames in a trash bin, a homeless man,  
winter in mansurah;  
train light reflecting on rails when it is still arriving;  
train light reflecting on walls when it is still arriving;  
my mother when she was younger than me;  
my father when he was younger than me;  
my youngest brother's hand reaching out of the bathroom door,  
open and waiting for a towel;  
the Green Day CD my father threw out the window  
lying on the side of US-131;  
my grandmother tucked in for her afternoon nap;  
the light in her window;  
the light the day i left;  
mezo's big toe,  
before i left;  
all the dawns i slept through,  
before i left;  
my own face,  
looking back at his  
before i left;  
your face,  
the one  
reading this.





## remedies IV

*S\*an D. Henry Smith*

the dream began in the haze of witching hour & waking life. in the dark gray sky, ash shrines an eclipse none else could see. red crescent of the rising sun? impossible, it is hours before its anticipated arrival. eyes now closed, the formal constraint is narrative. versus juxtaposition, or a full hand of tricks. boys, now men from long ago, feral & foaming about concerns solely their own. forced instinct is to respond to, care for (against better judgment). making them boys again, as they always were, wearing shoes shaped like cars under an unnatural humidity. what fills the chest is the primal scream of monstera, crawling out its wet cell, walking on out this mess. some amends are best made independently.

in the next phase of the dream (defined as any world of afterimage) you wake up fetal, fists balled, pressed into your eyes. tearing the summer sheets away, you walk into the bathroom to wash your face. the faucet only offers four levels of boiling. you wash.

## remedies II

at the point in which i had finally found the courage to sleep  
(3 on either side of the clock, beauty waits for no one & my  
intention is to catch up w/ it) the absolute worst thing to fixate  
on as extended metaphor regarding displacement & morality,  
steps onto center stage, a shadow seen before figure:  
the grooming practices of daddy longlegs, foot in mouth,  
one

at a time  
drives me up the wall into my twisted nesting corner. you can have  
the whole bed! sheets too, honey. daddydaddy longlegs crawlin'  
cross my bed again, 33 minutes after 3 on either side of the clock,  
on either side of the clock.





# PSYCHO

*Anthony Cody*



i.

# A BOY

the wind

skip  
skip  
skip  
skip

$$k_p \text{ skip } s_{k_p} \text{ skip } s_{k_p} \text{ skip } s_{k_p} \text{ skip } s_{k_p}$$

skid  
skid  
skid

into the night-

~~[inadmissible.]~~

/ mare

into sky.

BLURTS

# BLURTS

ii.

a teeter-totter

children.

# A BOY

iii.

Study the voice of dreams in a dim snow.

*[inaudible.] [inaudible.]*

Repeat

the aforementioned

twice. Observe

replay.

etched tracers hesitate.

Elevate the volume 15%,

*A BOY BLURTS*

The ethnographers'

question remains muffling the speaker.

*[inaudible.]*

Play the track,

two times slow. The layer of [PAUSE] is an unpaid

echo in the mechanics of site, an elder gustmemory of afternoon.

iv.

The clouds were never meant

to

metabolize

hurt.

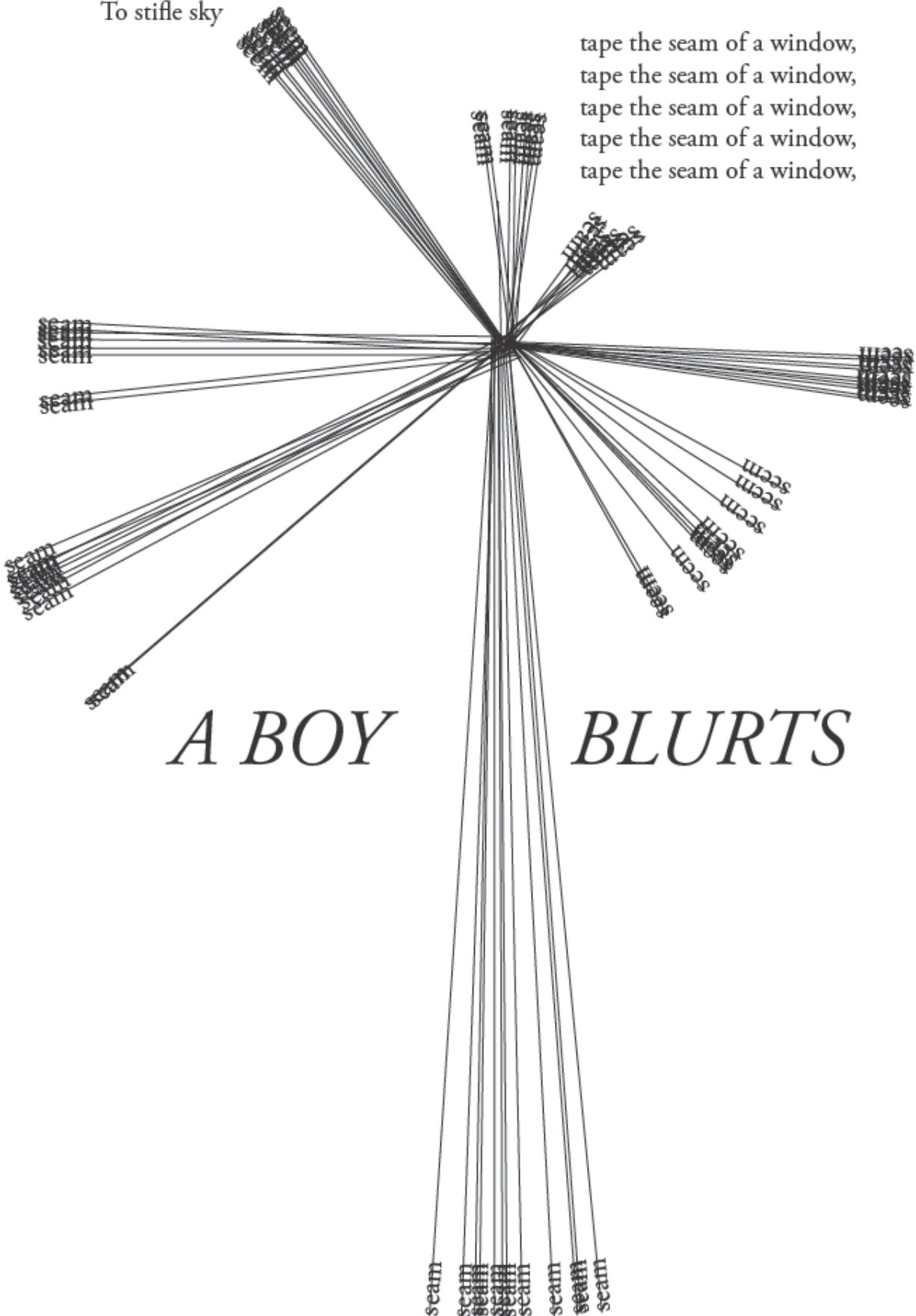
vii.

"It lasted for 15 hours."

vii.

To stifle sky

tape the seam of a window,  
tape the seam of a window,  
tape the seam of a window,  
tape the seam of a window,



*A BOY*

*BLURTS*

Communique 1.3.0.b - The Ancestral Progeny of Megaptera Novaeangliae

{held you i once}

{beached}

{sciencecoronerincision pressed index | middle | ring wound & sob}

{spinal exposure  
column}

{say scientists disoriented mammalian blunt force wreckage}

{say internets lesssight tree}

{once held i you}

{waves i watched wish you home wish you home wish you home}

{lessrelent more nessrestfull}

{tell now}

{>|</>|</>|</>|</>|<}

{lied man a once}

{lessrelent more nessrestfull}

{bucketboiled himself}

{all bucketboiled all}

{called ok all}

{all gone}

{lessrelent more nessrestfull}

{all you}

{this be home}

{stop}

{lessrelent more nessrestfull}

{be this home}

{stop}

{lessrelent more no wardhome}

{this}

{you held once i}

{begin}

{you all}

{this}

{wardsky landhome nessrestfull}

Everywhere I sleep, I see Dust Bowl, 13.0

*"If you owned a few of you could make me a visit."  
-Handwritten inscription on the front of a postcard of oil wells from Fresno County.*

imagine          pump          viscous          replace horizon          seeking          accessory

ocean          beneath          arrive          when disappears          results          output

sinking          crust          remember          return          infinite          dreamaches          revenue

believe          all          green          becomes derrick          transference          ventricle

false          matter turns          shallow          after          breathing          crescents

apply          not          dry          waning derrick          crumbles          failure  
"If you owned a few of you could make me a visit."  
become resurface          mistake          can          machine          each          commodity

dinosaurs          things          postcard          happen          ask          construction          bottled

themselves          long          scratch          today          living          return          sold

crude          dead          god's          go          give          different          money

memories          dreams          flailing          there          until          liquid          made

asking          without          revision          stand          death          desired          claim



It is not in the prophecy  
or pitch or performance.      And it is not as much as in the understanding,  
I get it.      *The ice caps*  
*are melting.*  
Or rather, have been melting for years.

I did this. And by I, I mean, you. And by you, I mean us.

This is not a hallucination.  
The plural I hopes. In the same way  
hope obscures the bones of denial.  
The same way a YouTube uploader  
called “The Ice Caps are Melting”  
performance art on February 9, 2012.

45 years since the televised

In my car, I play the video for a friend  
who demands I shut it  
off. I don't.  
He does. And the icecaps still  
melt.

To find the same joy  
in the chorus of children joining in song.

The same joy in the utterance of:

drowning.  
sins.  
sea gulls.

The same joy in the earth knowing                  the I  
will pass.

mmry

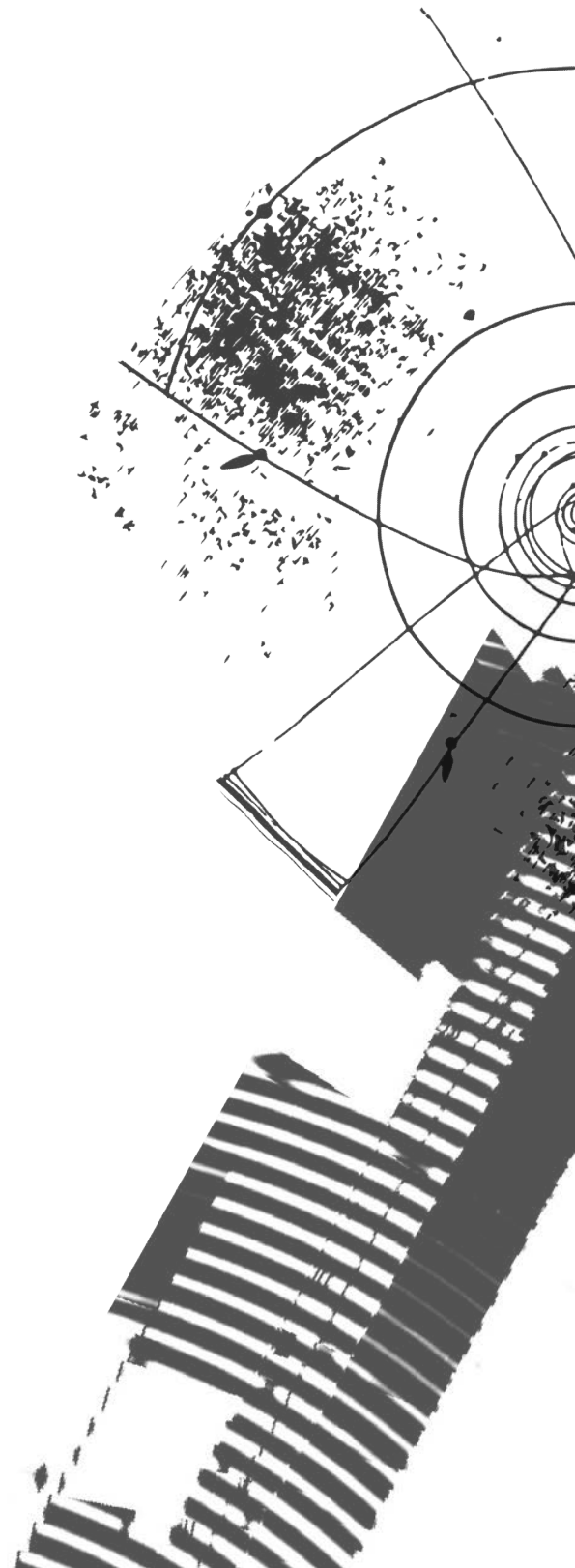
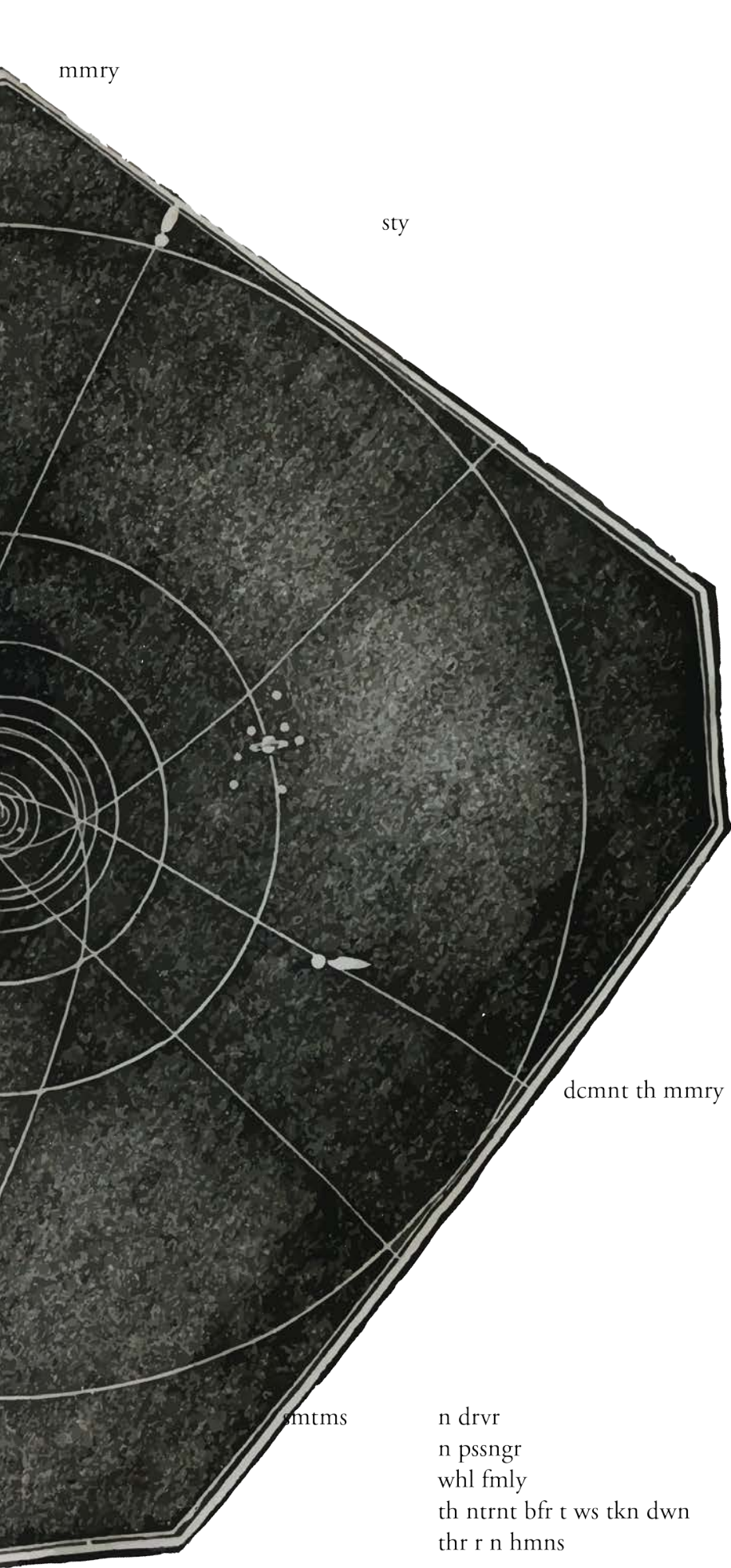
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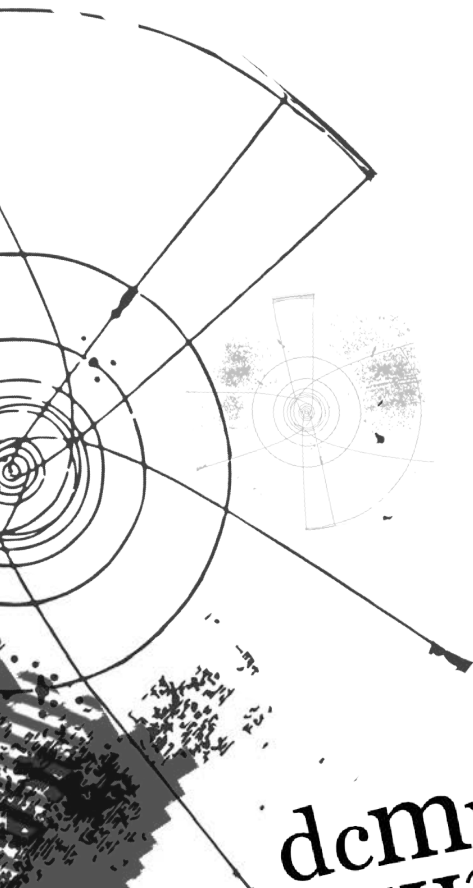
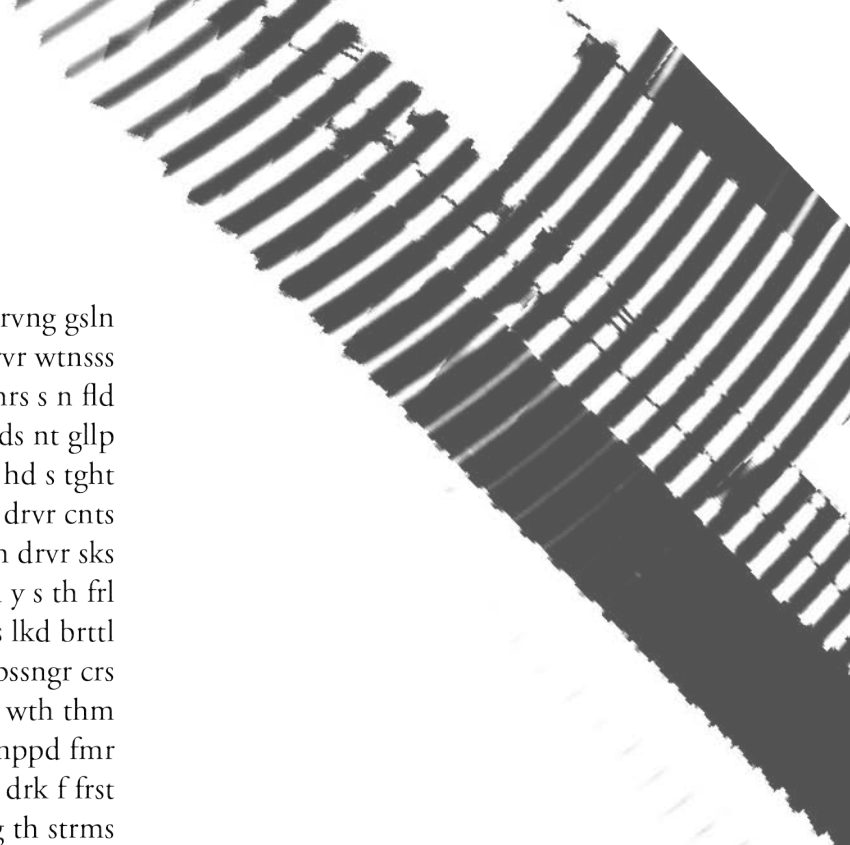
tll th mmry

dcmnt th mmry

mtms

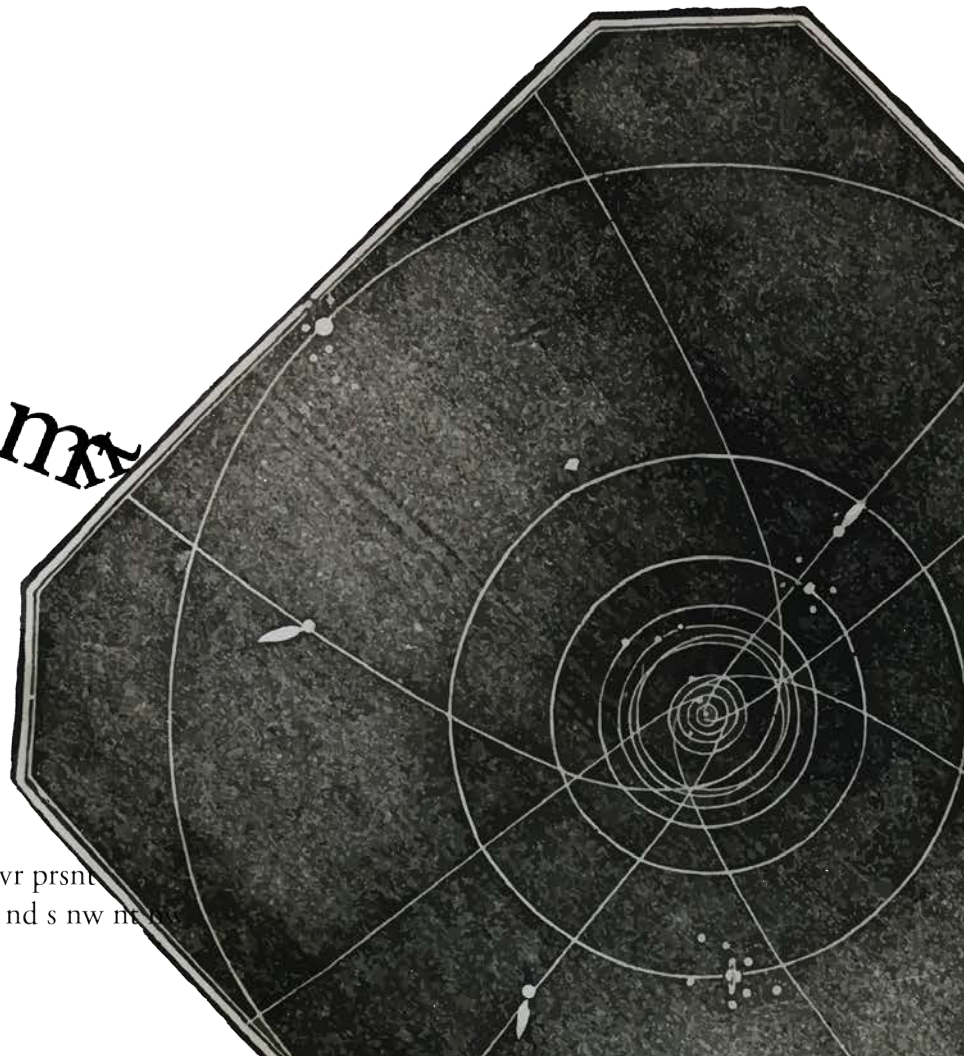
n drvr  
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whl finly  
th ntrnt bfr t ws tkn dwn  
thr r n hmns





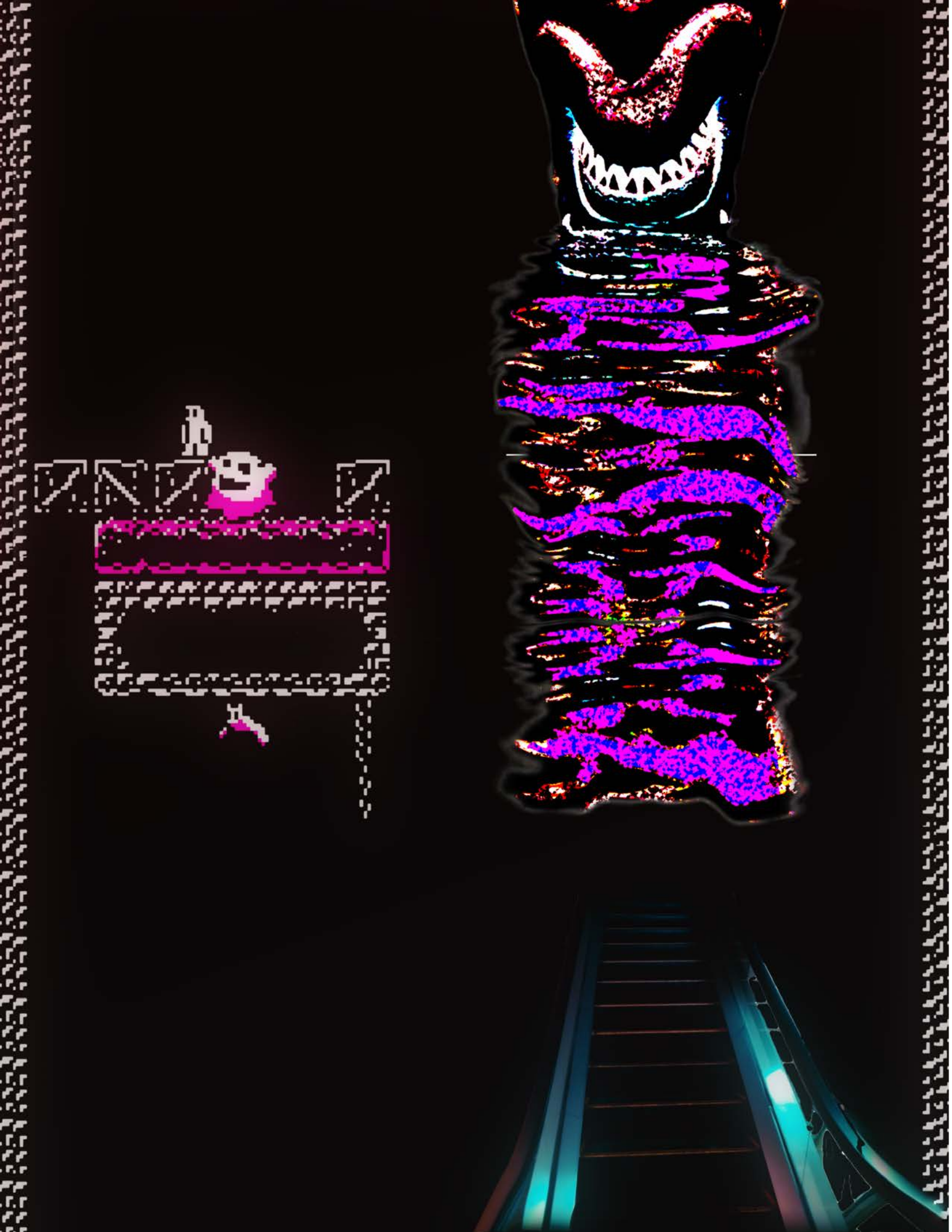
drvng gsln  
vhcl th drvr wtnsss  
hrs s n fld  
f drt t ds nt gllp  
bt s still th hd s tght  
gnst th rbs nd th drvr cnts  
ch 1 t 11 bfr pssng th drvr sks  
th pssngr dd y s th flr  
hrs hw th bns lkd brtel  
nd wtng t snp th pssngr crs  
t th mgn nd t stys wth thm  
lkng t th strt snppd fmr  
n Pgss nt th drk f frst  
fln lg hrss tslf drng th strms  
ths hvs lsswght dsprr  
n th prtclt th fld s mpty

dc mn t  
tunup  
dc mn  
dc mn

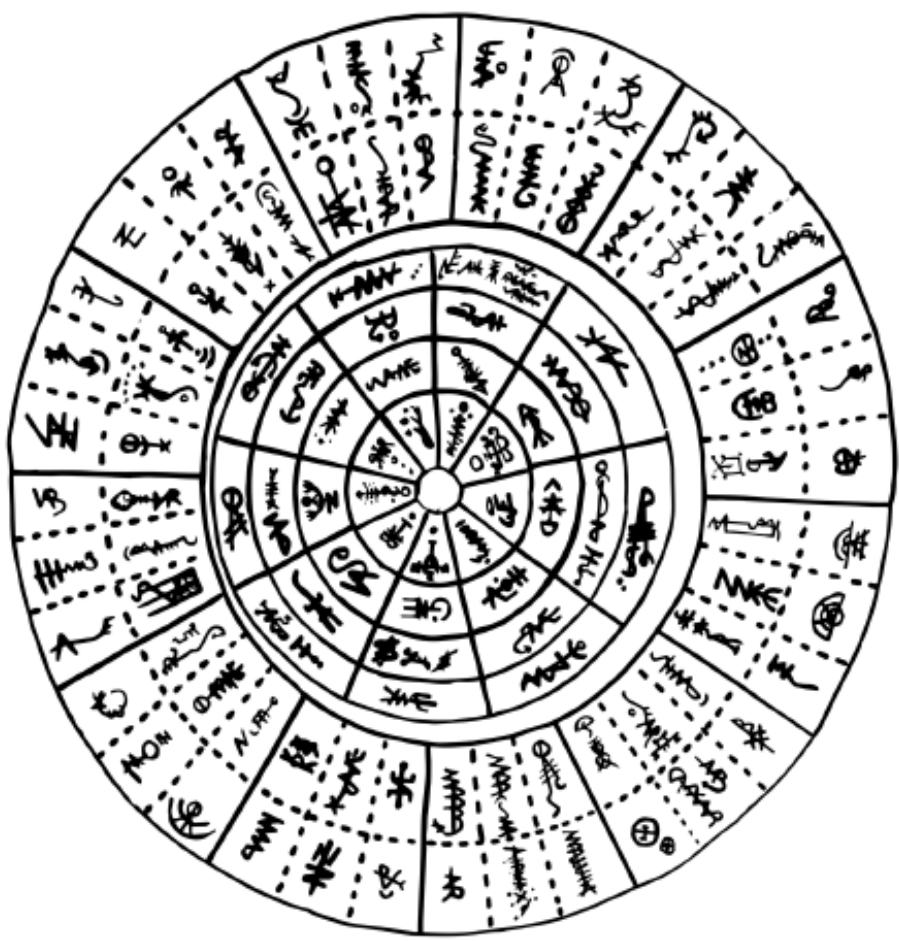


lwys crtr tchnng mmry n whtvr prsnt  
n hw t cntn wht ws nc lving nd s nw nt  
hw t stry th tmrrw n th ystrdy?





*Joey de Jesus*



agency?  
It had gives me life what is  
write, that in the text life you might  
recognize our sameness: study, learning  
the water multiplicity of everlasting life.  
I guard the confidence I gained of the gounds  
of difficult metaphors, forebaste of heaven,  
smiling tiger comes in dreams, laughing Laravag  
anoint, three cups rosewater attracting my lie  
three cups crocus to drive away spiders,  
welcome the giraffe rider, in whose hand  
snaps a scorpion, who droods a tuber solution  
when gossip splashes the tumbleweed & blue flower  
a topical camphor, stare in this blood-wine,  
soak feet, before setting out for hyrax king





(093 : Larawag)

if the poem gives me life, what is agency?  
write, that in the next life I might  
recognize our sameness. study, learning  
the water multiplicity of everlasting life.  
I guard the confidence I gained of the gourds  
foreground the extraordinary aura leak  
of difficult metaphors, foretaste of heaven,  
smiling tiger comes in dreams, laughing Larawag  
anoint three cups rosewater attracting my like  
three cups crocus to drive away spiders,  
welcome the giraffe-rider, in whose hand  
snaps a scorpion, who drools a tuber solution  
when gossip spites the tumbleweed & blue flower  
baptismal sponsor, share in this blood-wine,  
a topical camphor with which to lather talons,  
soak feet, before setting out for hyrax king

Labor a thousand miles on a swine's back  
if it must burn, you will steal the fires  
tattooing filched land.

Again, to the gate of whispers  
you and your sisters  
goddess of ten-thousand hooks  
& a stone shelter. Spell out  
their names, percuss the body with voices

Someone pulls at the roots of your hair  
following a land of feathers  
is chain-stitched  
or cane liquor.  
as sure as the night

—You see the sun  
that is a  
cloud.  
You wear a veil  
from the sky a light, a flaming light  
Spied into your elder drawing thunder  
its brief fidelity

when avoiding solar interval.

The sovereign accustoms to slaughter.  
Trapping spirits with cracked glass,  
you are broken with longing, brackish  
with language and frack water.



(106 : Fomalhaut)

Labor a thousand miles on a swine's back

if it must burn, you will steal the fires  
tattooing filched land.

Again, to the gate of whispers  
you and your sisters  
goddess of ten-thousand hooks

& a stone shelter. Spell out  
their names, percuss the body with voices  
as sure as the night  
is chain-stitched

or cane liquor.

Someone pulls at the roots of your hair  
following a land of feathers  
—You see the sun  
only in sleep, you wear a veil  
that is a cloud.

Step into your elder drawing thunder  
from the sky, a light, a flaming light  
its brief fidelity

when avoiding solar interval.

The sovereign accustoms to slaughter.

Trapping spirits with cracked glass,

you are broken with longing, brackish  
with language and frack water.

I diagram the ways the wills announce / having prostrated myself to no allowance,  
a crier of oppressed populace, three leaves / in hand to hound with intention the fires  
of quietude; I am the weakest salutation / to osiris' disk, falling apart where flames  
issue forth, a golden-haired bitch on the cusp / of barking argument,  
how could I've been  
an earthquake's cause? I achieve  
so little when poltronias bleed, I am a breath  
animating omnia in space  
we share, whose treasure is this pact.



(100 : Baten Kaitos)

I diagram the way the wills announce  
having prostrated myself to no allowance,  
  
a crier of oppressed populace, three leaves  
in hand to hound with intention the fires  
  
of quietude; I am the weakest salutation  
to osiris' disk, falling apart where flames  
  
issue forth, a golden-haired bitch on the cusp  
of barking argument, how could I've been  
  
an earthquake's cause? I achieve  
so little when boltonias bleed. I am a breath  
  
animating omniana in space  
we share, whose treasure is this pact.

led or open  
—the room—  
chilling occurrence  
of the lights flicker  
Should a cupboard doors or the  
and a shadow walk across the room—  
Should smoke choke the sky colorless  
as children of the eels  
taking spit,  
I put those wills to glass I blew myself  
as if seated atop hell's champion capriole  
& sipping elecampane of Capricorn's cup  
knowing it in me to kill having done  
so in a dream though I need be more  
discerning in speech for we share  
in the same visitations. Now, when  
I stumble across a centipede caught  
in a wad of knots detangled of my hair,  
I won't hesitate before crushing it.  
Nah, when I farce a gnathic feat  
the mountain grumbles a recitation  
resuscitating the ancestors I seek to end  
this cycle of reconciling with or for  
each time nativity drew me to conflict.  
I would quietly retire an eon in the  
deterioration of granite to hear that song.



(098 : Atria)

Should a chilling occurrence open  
the cupboard doors or the lights flicker  
and a shadow walk across the room—

Should smoke choke the sky colorless  
as children of the eels thief raindrops  
to survive,           risking spit,

I put those wills to glass I blew myself  
as if seated atop hell's champion capriole  
& sipping elecampane of Capricorn's cup

knowing it in me to kill having done  
so in a dream though I need be more  
discerning in speech for we share

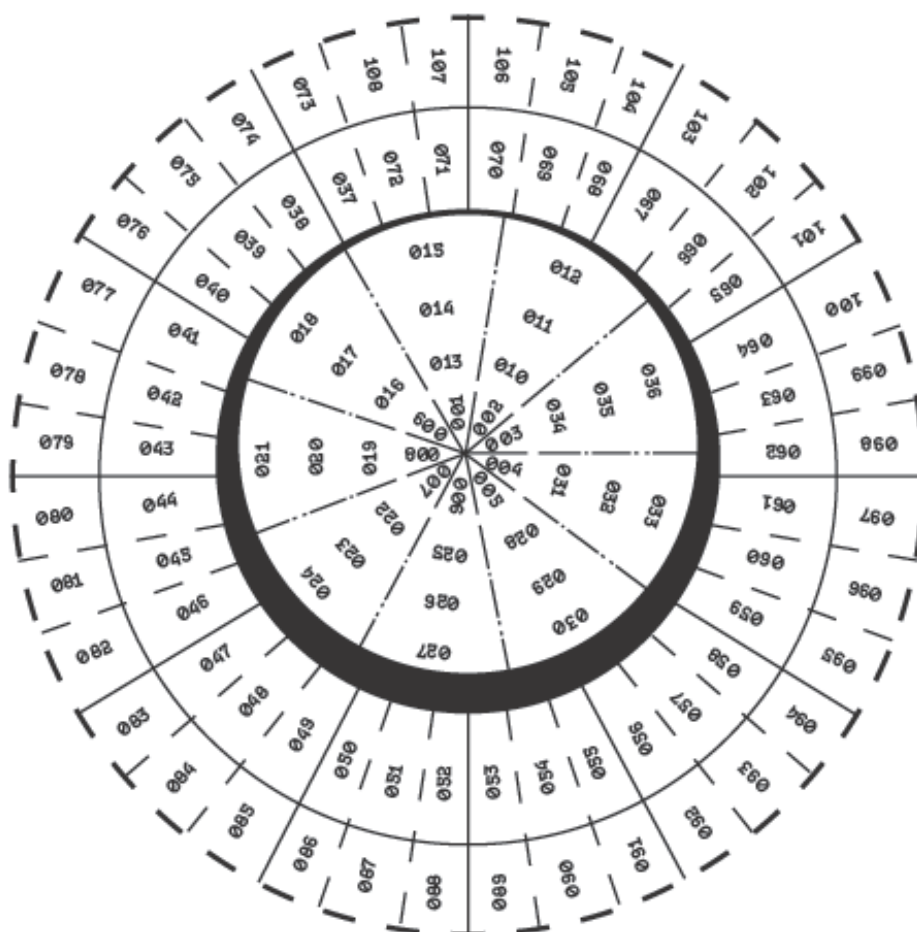
in the same visitations. Now, when  
I stumble across a centipede caught  
in a wad of knots detangled of my hair,

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Nah, when I farce a gnathic feat  
the mountain grumbles a recitation

resuscitating the ancestors I seek to end  
this cycle of reconciling with or for  
each time nativity drew me to conflict.

I would quietly retire an eon in the  
deterioration of granite to hear that song.







花主道

花主

主主



# America's Love Language is Evasion

*Jzl Jmz*

Telling my mommy I'm alive & not mad,  
Telling my dad it's more complicated but to send money,  
Telling my sister she's always known I've been this way,  
Telling my children to carry less but be ready,  
Telling my pup the leash is long enough,  
Telling my night owl all the ways I want to sing,  
Telling my demigod the donuts of my choosing,  
Telling my dealer they are the true healthcare system,  
Telling my housemate to get a new bed immediately,  
Telling my internet wife we're in this dirty dish dystopia together  
Telling the Los Angeles Times I'm gonna "try to be a hot bitch",  
All while ignoring the revival of star counting & drone eating.  
No-contact deliveries & rides for my children over-drafting my account.  
Sobriety didn't save me money. I gave away a salary in a summer,  
& I'm still hungry now. But every man, woman & child  
of whoever the fuck could End This hasn't & won't.

Instead of loving me for saluting him each day, a man  
Gave me a knife. Now, unsheathed, I white knuckle the hilt.  
The blade at his throat, as he wants it. They all want this. Blood  
Boiling. I'm just hot & heavy for a chest to lay on. I confess  
How I am touched & regret the jurisdictions of reciprocity.  
I can't look any sweetness in the eye with this kind of fluster.

The tri-weekly car caravan cycle of white folks screaming  
The names of dead Black folks somewhere else.  
The local police are on record saying they don't understand  
why folks haven't given up yet. The polls say everyone is tired.  
I'm in the number. I'm not voting. The last time it made me want to die.  
Nobody died for the right to settle. We kill & incarcerate & divorce  
More than anyone. Tragedy has never been a dialect in English.

## Meal #17

My breakfast is usually cheap, not enough to buy me a pack of cigarettes.  
A pack of cigarettes used to cost an expensive sandwich in Boston.  
Now it's three tacos (with no drink) a pack in Portland.  
Now it's a monthly food delivery membership for a four-pack of vape cartridges.  
It cost a mile walk for free coffee from my neighbors' cafe.  
An ounce of top-shelf shake cost two lunches.  
A box of hybrid joints costs a regular dinner for one.  
I'll spend an a la carte entree & non-alcoholic drink at a thrift store.  
My rent is at least twenty meals a month without utilities.  
My gas bill in the summer is three boba teas with my kids.  
One night at the strip club downtown can be a week's worth of groceries.  
My Telfars could feed me for two months.  
My Pleasers for two weeks at least.  
My healthcare is free but it's a two-piece combo to get to the clinic.  
The needles for my estradiol cost 2 strawberry milks & a 17Oz Red Bull.  
My nurse tells me I haven't gained weight in a year.  
My mother interrogates my clavicle over video chat.  
My phone bill is five work-lunches at my studio in the gentrified pocket of former  
    Black enclave North of the city.  
I try to convince everyone that hunger doesn't satisfy me anymore.  
The only thing emaciated around me is money, even my heart is full

# Stirring Sugar into My Coffee with a Fork

*after Charif Shanahan*

When I say transitioning is a blackhole  
would you understand I mean endless?

The crystalization of matter I never explain.  
You gasp in dazzles but forget the gulfs between us.

A part of my act:

If I said I did not want to be anymore,  
would you understand that I meant anywhere?

Brave or worry in everyone's bloody hands.  
Void is skin, the mirror in the corner of the eye--

here, becoming pleasure for myself with my own face,  
I become pleasure for myself with my own face.

## She Acts Much Too Along in Her Body. Yet Lonely No More

She tries to maximize her hours.  
She believes too small in this world, yet smaller  
    she dreams  
to be an easy just objective thing:  
Black and svelt.  
She says her best self needs accompanying.  
The flight which lands to perform;  
& questions “who knows the way to the corner?”,  
where she can observe what is up.  
She is among those who want to know,  
& or else she be left alone.

I want to mirror her image to your tenderest seduction,  
only play shy or undeserving.  
Maintain the length of her long lingering gaze.  
I want to refract her  
Everywhere. The lush I dream is still latent;  
I am dishonest to say she doesn't want more.  
I want her reflection to be  
Everything. Before you;  
she calls herself a muse, a pin-up from heaven.  
a fixture, a fantasy, fungible, & finite  
like a new material that upcycles naturally,  
like the crow's bagel,  
like my mother's genius,  
like a satellite singing symphonies  
from every frequency of free.



# Local Woman Raises Lazarus

*after Sylvia Plath*

I have wanted again  
toward the third cycle of ten  
I figure it —

Each day a walking miracle, my skin  
soft as a weekly needle,  
My waistline

A paperweight,  
My face a shifting, queen  
size pillowcase.

Untuck the dripping,  
My paramour.  
Do I satisfy? —

The supple, tightness, the full use of hands?  
The sour throat  
Will last only.

Then, then my flesh  
A grave dug, ate out  
My home in me

& I a Local woman.  
I am almost thirty.  
And like the cunt I have no time to lie.

This is three years without alcohol.  
Feels a waste  
To annihilate every vice.

What a million fractals.  
The hand-grab gathering  
Clicks on to see

Them review me wig and breast —

No big strip tease.  
Sir.

These are my hands  
My tongue.  
I may be rare and willing,

Irregardless, I am the same woman you wanted.  
The first time I didn't know.  
He was an incident.

The first time I wanted  
To last it out I can't remember.  
I rooted down

As a daffodil.  
My mother called and father calls  
& spit the heathen off me like holy water.

Dying  
Is a poem, I can finish myself.

I do it exceptionally well.  
I do it so it feels like rent.  
I do it so it feels lasting.  
Which is to say: I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a spiral.  
It's easy enough to do in an episode.  
It's the backstage

Shambles in lost time  
Now's a worse place, a better face, the same brute  
Desperate yelp:

'Fuck, I'm beautiful  
I'm my own knockout.  
I never charge

For the eyeing of my thirst, I never charge

For the playing of my role —  
I'm really something  
& I never charge, enough, at least  
For my word or touch  
Or the bits of blood

Or the wig or my Pleasers.  
Then, then Mr. Sir.  
Then, Mr. Paramour.

I am yours open,  
I am yours presently,  
The secret silver medal

I'll melt to a shriek.  
I moan and groan.  
Only you underestimate your great concern.

Drip, drip—  
I toss and gaze.  
sweat, spit, there is nothing real—

A box of joints,  
A girlfriend's call,  
A tarot reading.

Mr. Daddy, Mr. BabyBoy  
You close?  
You close.

Out of the drip  
I rise with my natural hair  
& I smoke men like air.

# My God is of No Thing

has no body. My body is proof  
of my God, but my God does not ache  
or groan, smirk, snicker, or care.  
My God is unilaterally ambivalent  
& literally apathetic. My God must be  
transcendent. My God cannot live inside all of us.  
My God has no home but is home  
or if My God could be: My God would.

My God was my mommy as hers  
before her, but both claimed to be of God,  
not My God. My God could never be  
a Father because even before mine  
claimed me as his daughter,  
I've called too many other men daddy  
while speaking to My God.

My God does not want children.  
My God's junk is not reproductive.  
My God's image is sentience  
& My God has no use for reflection.  
This is proof I am not My own God:  
My God cannot be a narcissist. My God cannot  
contain the consequence of ego.

If My God spoke, My God says ...what?.  
I don't want My God to speak in a language  
I understand. My God communicates  
but My God does not speak.  
My God does not have a voice but is voice.  
My God did not name apocalypse,  
nor prefers its characteristics. My God does not  
forgive because My God did not create sin.







# Biographical

**Hannah Kezema** is an artist who works across mediums. She is the author of the debut collection, *This Conversation is Being Recorded* (Game Over Books, 2023), and the chapbook, *three* (Tea and Tattered Pages, 2017), and her work appears in *Black Sun Lit*, *Grimoire*, *New Life Quarterly*, *Full Stop*, *Spiral Orb*, and other places. She was the 2018 Arteles Resident of the Enter Text program, and she is currently the co-editor of Moving Parts Press's broadside series of Latinx and Chicanx poetry, in collaboration with Felicia Rice and Angel Dominguez. She lives in the Santa Cruz mountains by the sea, among the redwoods and wildflowers.

**stevie redwood** is a disabled toisanese jewish neuroinsurgent introvert homotrash littledreamer bigmouth bitch living & dying in frisco. they're unimpressed by scene queers, artifice, & pacifism. they're fond of shittalk, porchsitting, leaf litter, & riffraff. they dream a different end of the world.

**Daniel Talamantes** is a poet, environmental justice organizer, and PhD at Claremont Graduate University. He is the current assistant editor of BOOM California and winner of the Desert Pavilion Chapbook Series. His work can be found in the SF Chronicle, Entropy, BOOM California, and numerous other national and international publications.

**Marwa Helal** is the author of *Ante body* (Nightboat Books, 2022), *Invasive species* (Nightboat Books, 2019), and the chapbook *I AM MADE TO LEAVE I AM MADE TO RETURN* (No Dear, 2017). She is the winner of BOMB Magazine's Biennial 2016 Poetry Contest and a 2021 Whiting Award. Born in Al Mansurah, Egypt, she lives everywhere.

**Sean? Sian? Swan? S\*an D. Henry-Smith** is an artist and writer working primarily in poetry, photography, and performance, engaging Black experimentalisms and collaborative practices. They have received awards and fellowships from the Fulbright Program, The Poetry Project, Poets House, Antenna/Paper Machine, and have read, performed, and exhibited at Basilica Soundscape, Issue Project Room, Brooklyn Museum, The Studio Museum in Harlem and elsewhere. S\*an's words and photographs have appeared in Aperture PhotoBook Review, Apogee Journal, FACT, FLASH ART, CanadianArt, The New York Times, them, Triple Canopy, and across several book projects. They are the author of two chapbooks, *Body Text* and *Flotsam Suite: A Strange & Precarious Life*, or *How We Chronicled the Little Disasters & I Won't Leave the Dance Floor Til It's Out of My System*; as mouthfeel, they coauthored *Consider the Tongue* alongside Imani Elizabeth Jackson, which explores histories of aquatic labor and Black food through cooking, poetry, and ephemeral practices. *Wild Peach* is S\*an's first full-length collection.

**Anthony Cody** is a Latinx from Fresno, CA with lineage in the Bracero Program and Dust Bowl. His latest collection is *The Rendering* (Omnidawn, 2023). His debut collection, *Borderland Apocrypha* (Omnidawn, 2020). He has won a Whiting Award and an American Book Award, and has been recognized by the National Book Foundation, PEN/America, the L.A. Times, Poets & Writers, among others. He teaches in the low-residency MFA at Randolph College.

**Joey de Jesus** is the author of HOAX Limited Artist Edition (Operating System, 2022), and chapbooks: *We Animate the Dream: A Poet's Run for Public Office* (Mount Analog Political Pamphlet Series II, 2021) and *NÓCT- The Threshold of Madness* (The Atlas Review, 2019). Joey received the 2019-20 BRIC ArtFP Project Room Commission and 2017 NYFA/NYSCA Fellowship in Poetry for HOAX. Poems have appeared in Poem-A-Day, Artists Space, *Barrow Street*, *Bettering American Poetry*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Brooklyn Magazine*, The New Museum, *The Newtown Literary Review*, and elsewhere. Joey is a co-editor at *Apogee Journaland* sits on the advisory board of *No, Dear Magazine*. Joey lives in Ridgewood where they ran a socialist, abolitionist campaign for New York State Assembly District 38 garnering nearly 25% of the vote. To learn more about Joey's campaign, visit [DeJesus2020.com](http://DeJesus2020.com).

**Jzl Jmz aka [Lady Tournament]** beamed down in Los Angeles '92 & is reuploading herself to the internet. Her professional career includes positions at Blavity, The Offing, Winter Tangerine & more. She's been featured in the LA Times, Poetry Magazine, Oprah Magazine, Ms. Magazine, PEN America, Willamette Weekly, The New York Public Library & several anthologies. She's the author of *Mannish Tongues* (Platypus Press 2017) & The 2021 Poetry Center Book Prize-winning: *The Black Condition* ft. Narcissus (Nightboat 2019). She curated Beyond Special Issue (a collective critique on tokenism in (Trans\*) poetry) & THEE SPACE Poetry Prize with Shade Literary Arts. She's editing *Bettering American Poetry* Vol. 2 (Bettering Books 2017) *A Portrait in Blues* (Platypus Press 2019) & Her film & performance works have been installed & screened across the country from classrooms to museums. She has been a Lambda Literary Fellow, Precipice Art Grant Recipient through Portland's Institute of Contemporary Art & Artist-in-Residence at Ori Gallery. She's an occasional rapper & founder of Tournament.Haus Mutual Aid Fund. Find her talking slick or in another dimension.



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