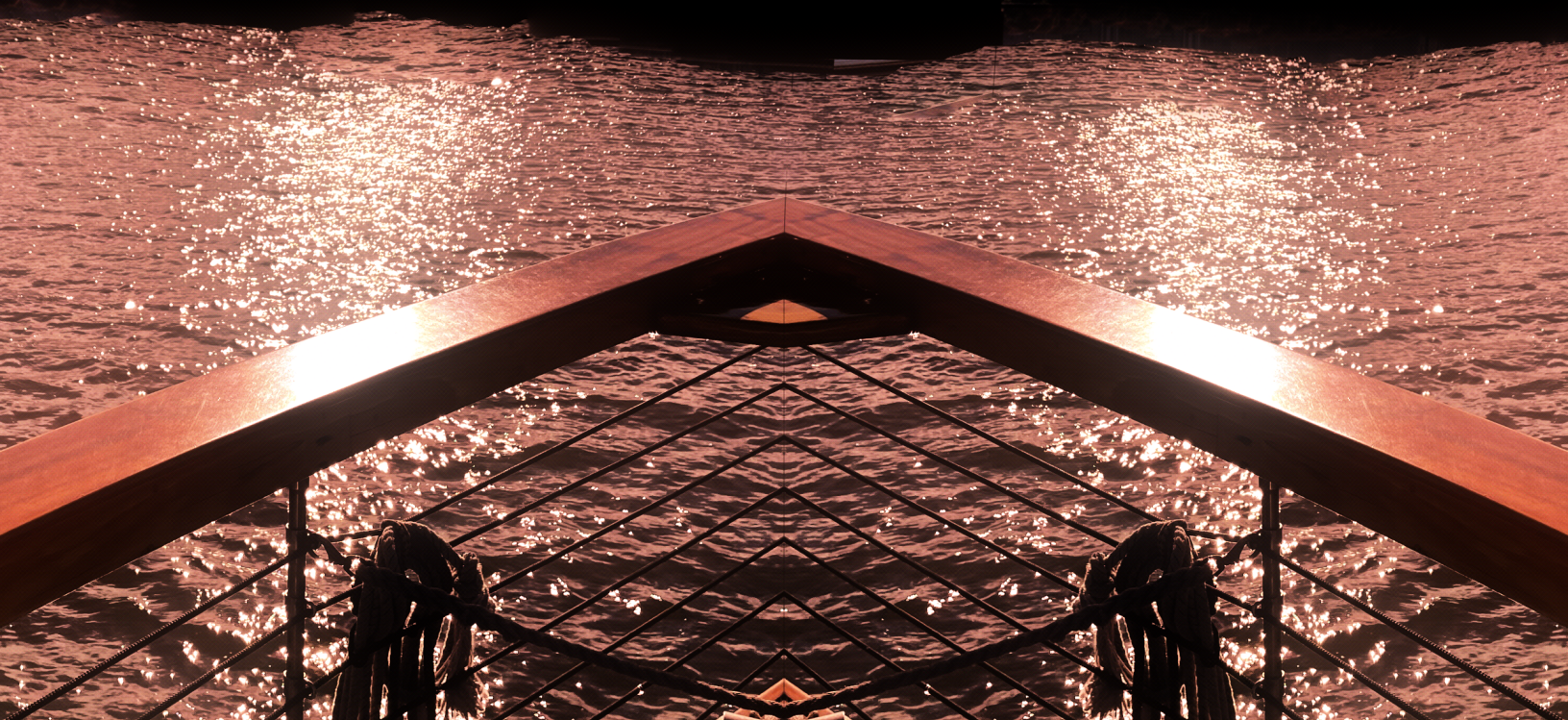



elderly







Hannah Kezema
stevie redwood
Daniel Talamantes
Marwa Helal
S*an D. Henry Smith
Anthony Cody
Joey de Jesus
Jsl Jm3

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,

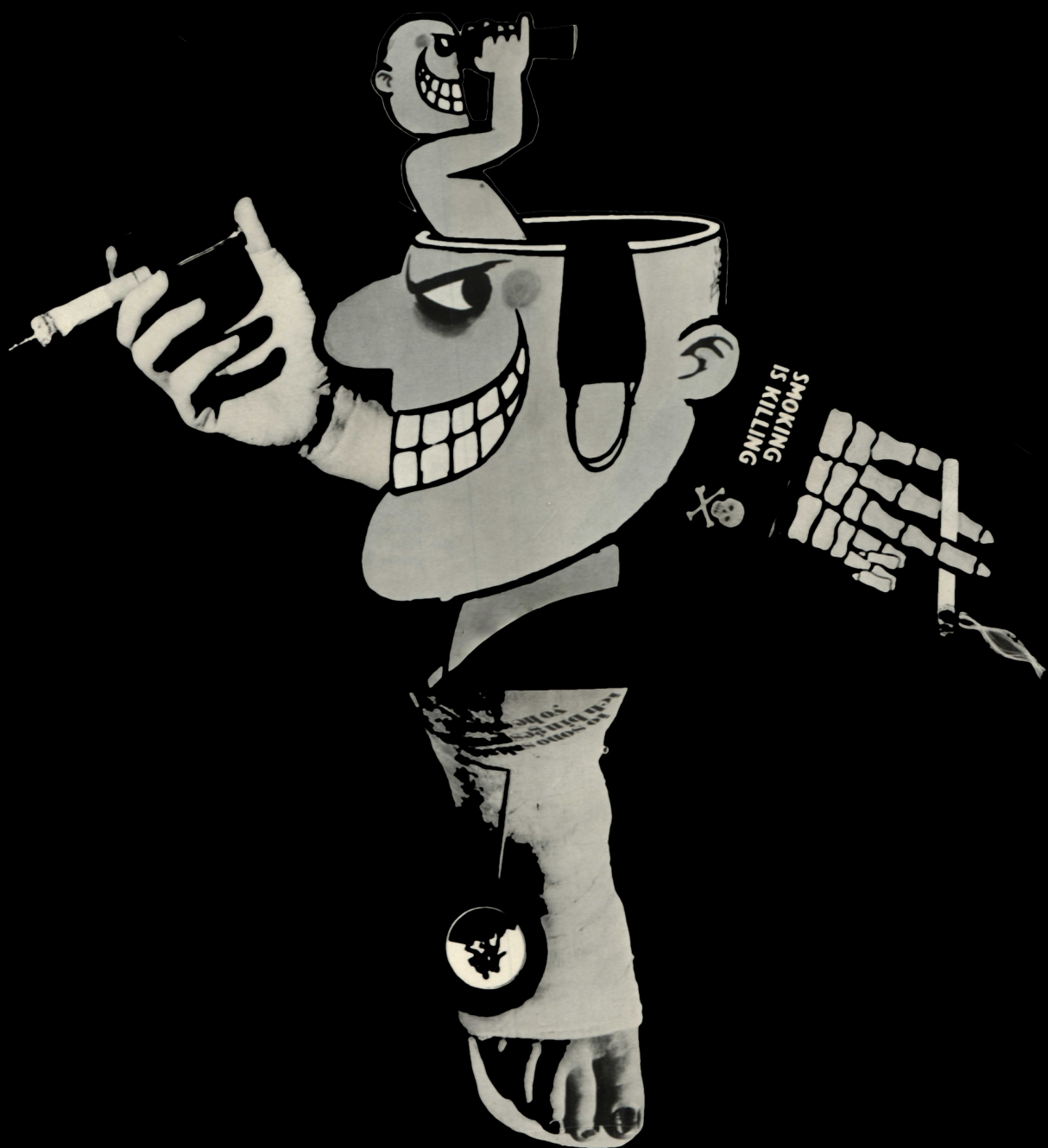
Apocalypse at its epistemic core means to uncover; to reveal. Colonialism would have you think it means the end of the world. The end of ends. But whose end, I ask you? Certainly not mine. Not the end of those of us in community against white supremacy. Not the end of prison abolition. Not the end of 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

ORARIO 19 Giugno 1905.

Linea	Stazione	Partenza	Arrivo
LUGANO - COMO	Lugano	7.15	7.45
	Como	7.45	8.15
	Lugano	8.15	8.45
	Como	8.45	9.15
COMO - LUGANO	Como	9.15	9.45
	Lugano	9.45	10.15
	Como	10.15	10.45
	Lugano	10.45	11.15

1905 Gotthardbahn 1905

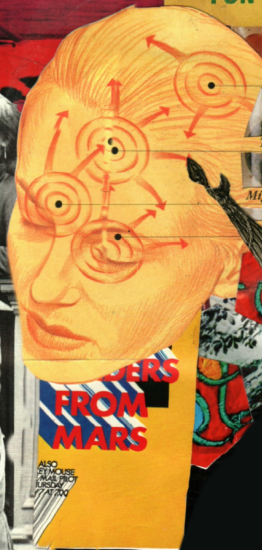
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	Como	7.45	8.15
	Lugano	8.15	8.45
	Como	8.45	9.15
COMO - LUGANO	Como	9.15	9.45
	Lugano	9.45	10.15
	Como	10.15	10.45
	Lugano	10.45	11.15



I FEEL LIKE



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



Simple headache
Tension headache
Migraine headache
Cluster headache



FROM MARS

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

¹ 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 ^{2°}

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

A Dust Bowl Field Recording, Arvin, CA, 1940

i.

A
B
O
Y

[RE]Live

the quell of breath
and [RE]sound
dust spilling

in. [Pause] A recording captures
the wind

skip
skip
skip
skip

skip skip skip skip skip skip skip

skip
skip
skip
skip

skipping
into the night-

[inaudible]

mare

of a boy.
asleep.
staring

He is not
He is frozen,
into sky.

B
L
U
R
T
S

B
L
U
R
T
S

ii.

The catacombquiet

is inside

the billows

mouthings

eviction

street signs

a teeter-totter

children.

A
B
O
Y

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.

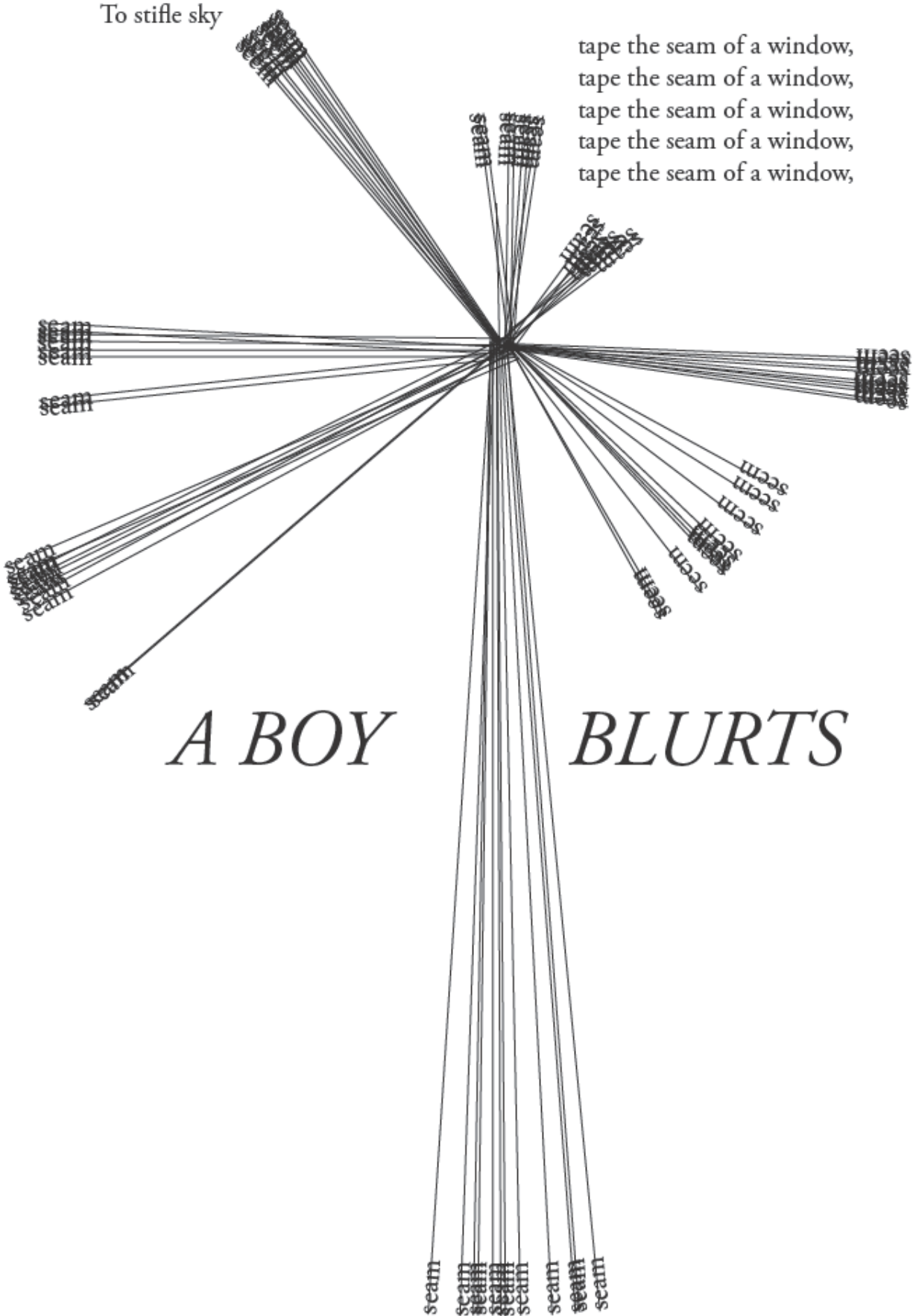
vii.

"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.

All of us.
Above
and below.

All of us.
 Above
 and below.

vaccination.
 . In the same way
 bones of denial.
 YouTube uploader
 ps are Melting”
 n February 9, 2012.

televised

In my car, I play the video for a friend
 who demands I shut it
 off. I don't.

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.

The same joy in the utterance of:

drowning.
sins.
sea gulls.

the I
will pass.

mmry

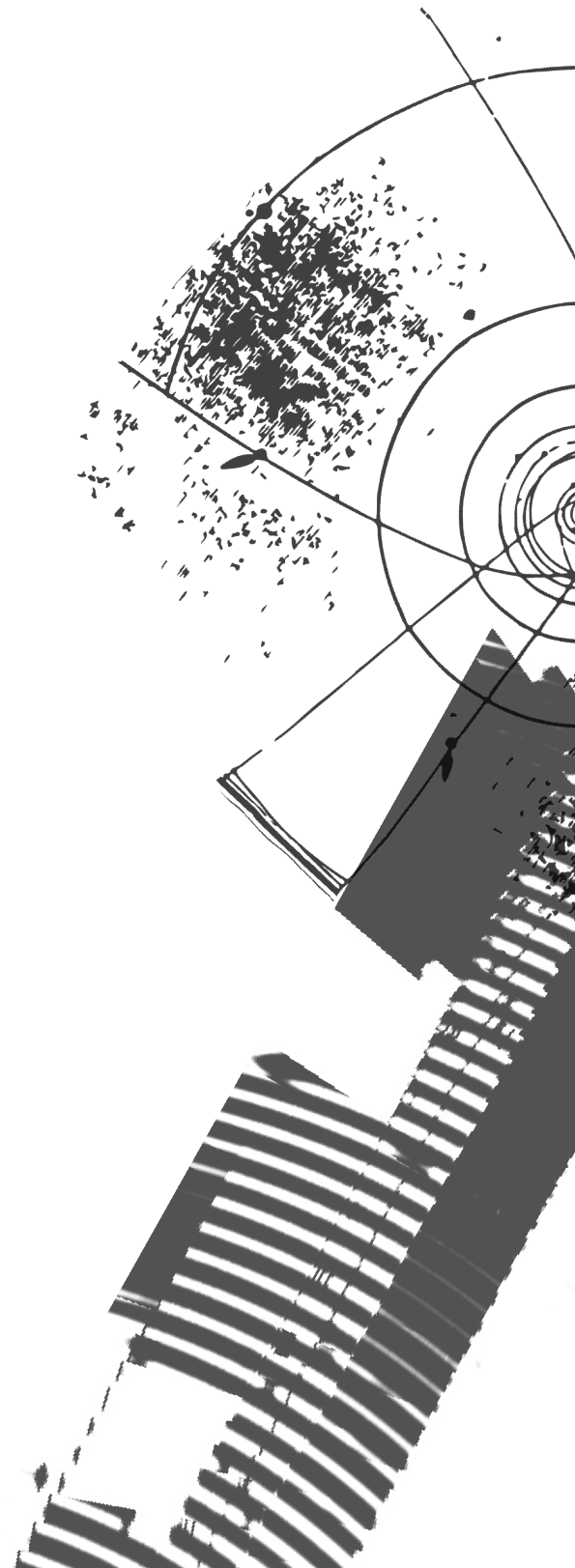
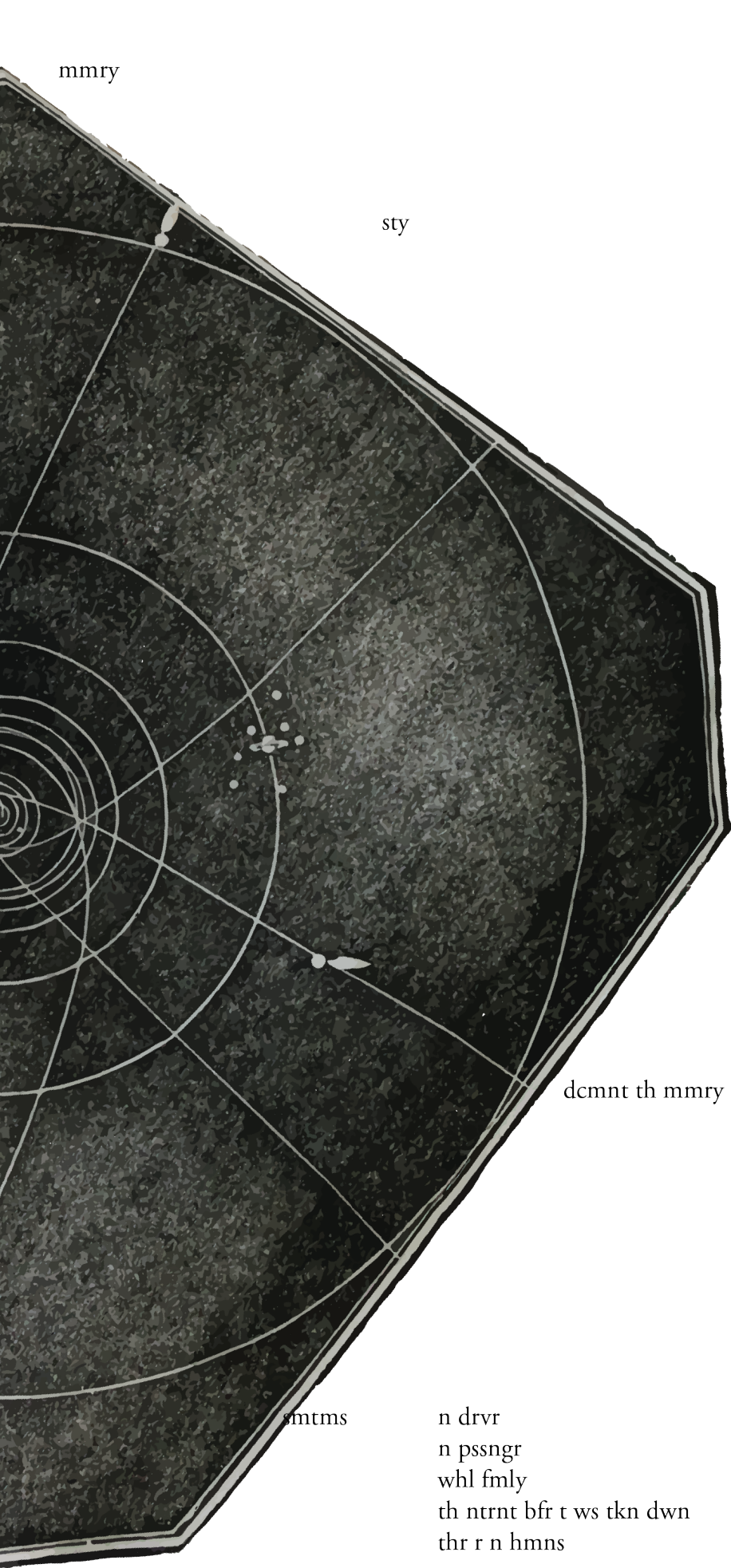
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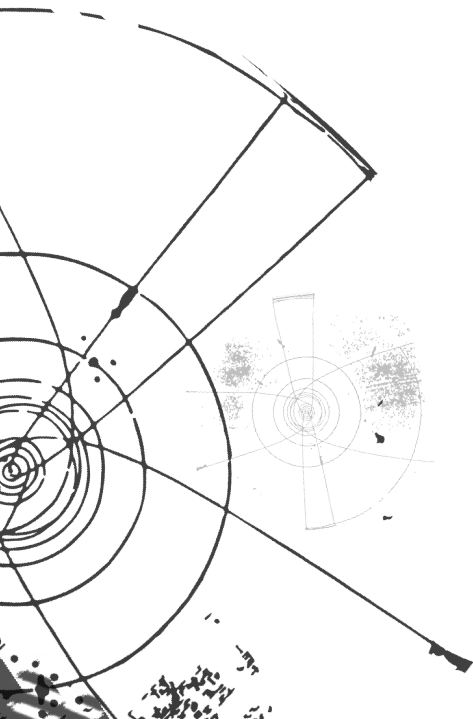
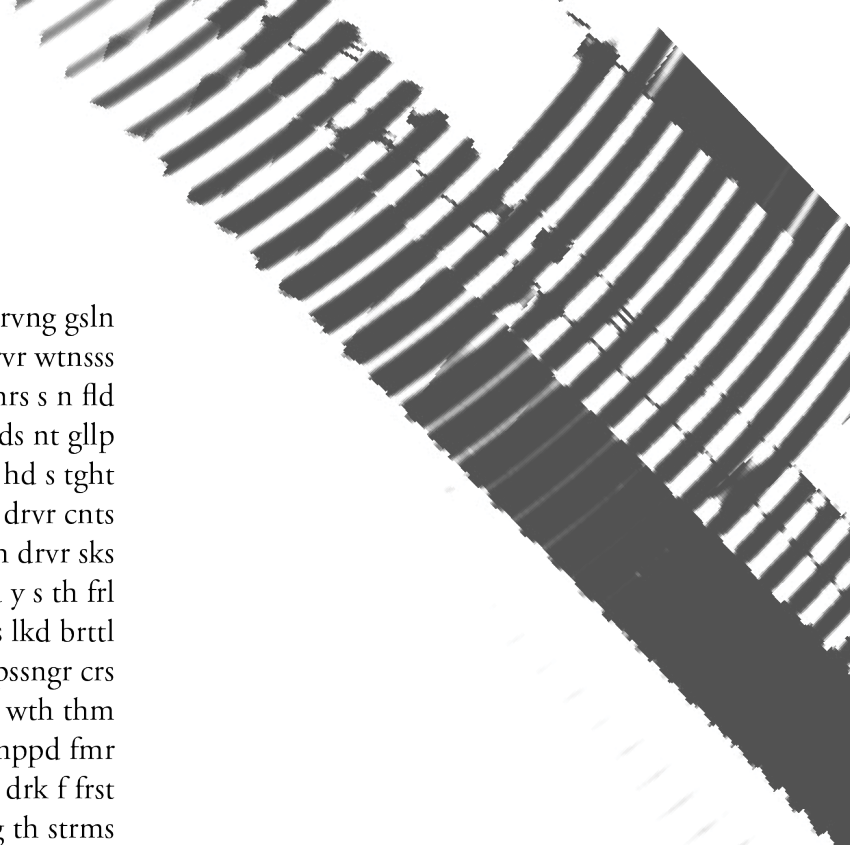
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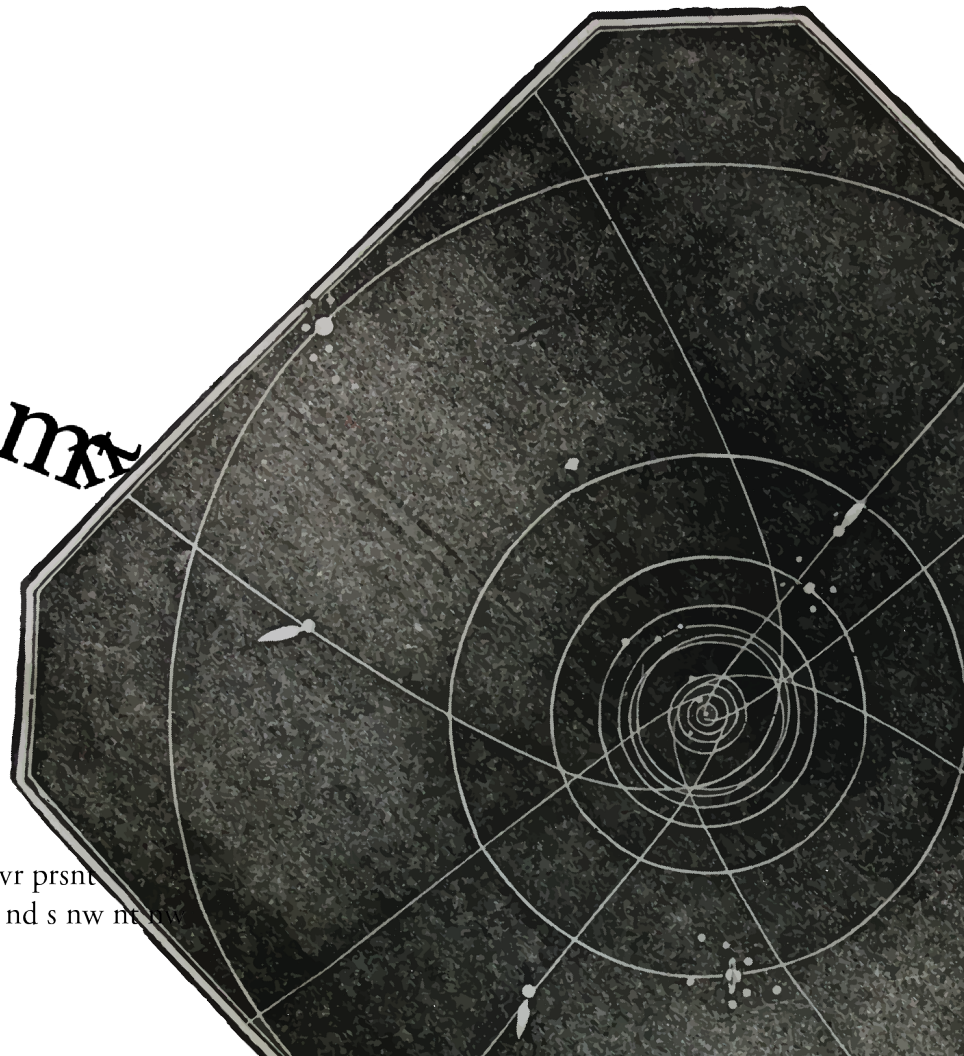
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n drvr
n pssngr
whl fmly
th ntrnt bfr t ws tkn dwn
thr r n hmns



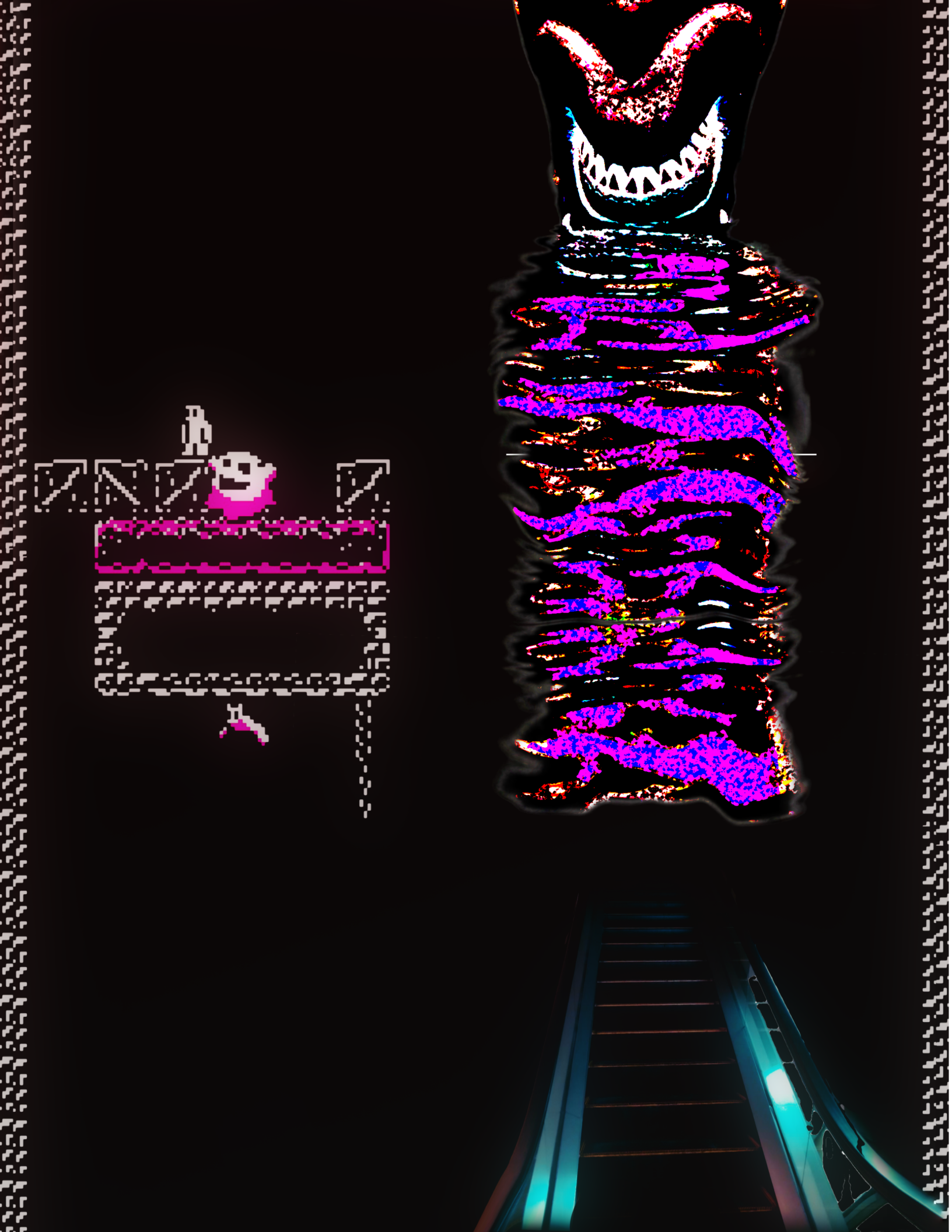


drvng gsln
vhcl th drvr wtnsss
hrs s n fld
f drt t ds nt gllp
bt s still th hd s tght
gnst th rbs nd th drvr cnts
ch 1 t 11 bfr pssng th drvr sks
th pssngr dd y s th flr
hrs hw th bns lkd brtl
nd wtng t snp th pssngr crs
t th mgn nd t stys wth thm
lkng t th strt snppd fmr
n Pgss nt th drk f frst
fln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

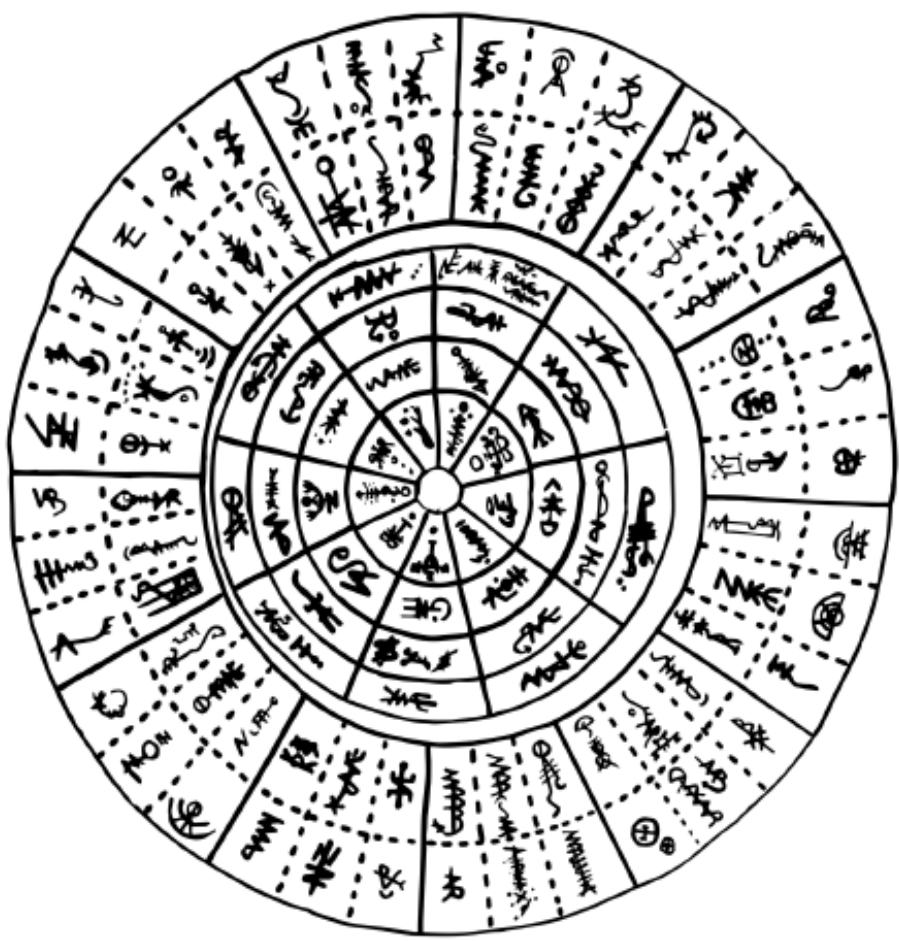


dc mn t
tunwup
dc mn
dc mn

lwys crtr tchng 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 gourd
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
the cupboard doors
and a shadow walk
across the sky
colorless
raindrops
take spic,
there thick
the eels
Should smoke
choke
as children of
the eels
to survive,
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

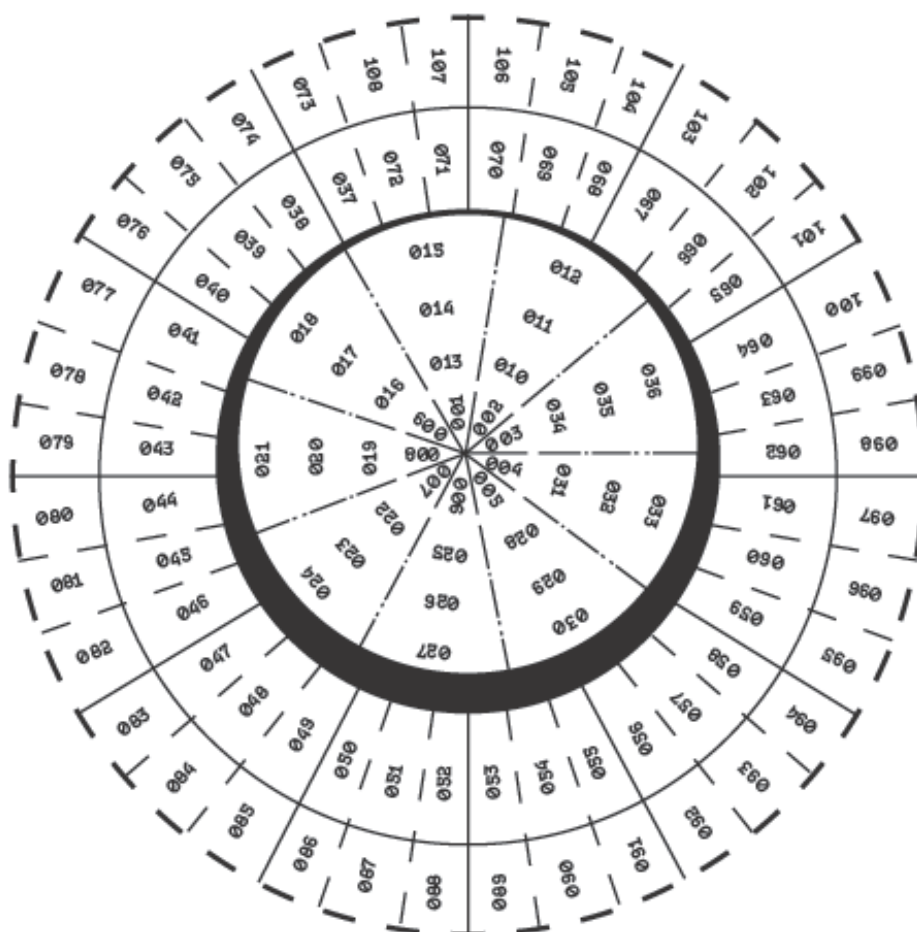
knowing it in me to kill having done
so in a dream though I need be more
discerning in speech for we share

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

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.





to do

to do

to do

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.

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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