







ELDERN

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EDMUND BERRIGAN

“Get the Door”

-- Steve Carey

Each generation observes their degradation

helmet to helmet he launches
throwing his guys out of the way

whatever happens lays current
questions to rest

Usually I'm trying to get a poem
on the page and a song
off the page

He has one with the torso on the back
but the bananas peeled

I need to look up Gabor Suavo
I've heard he's done things I'd thought about

once for me
once for the electrons on tv

sensory awareness
the ability to self animate, if vaguely

using the limits of our acute
observations

hoping a view will sustain

chapbooks are merch
even with two heads

I wish the world wasn't so hung up
on money to the exclusion of

it's not where cruelty comes from
but definitely a place it rests

a condition like intelligence

when I contemplate the meaning of life
is generally when I reach for

a blood orange soda

don't mistake the words for the poem
the notes for the song
the template for the performance

we dissolute and become the pastel

trying for everything when all there
is is perpetual something

chordal clusters pop unassumingly
where the melody was removed

fame like a microbe taking
a selfie in a cataclysm

you have to ask questions
like where did the camera come from

technology rocks and sticks

time isn't the monument our thoughts
attend to

it seems much more like a side effect
of a condition we have no capacity to define

Once as a teenager on the stoop I began
to intertwine the fingers on my hand
out of boredom while the adults
talked over my head

Suddenly Rene slapped my hands
and said "O don't do that, it's evil"

soundwaves emanate from collections
of agitated molecules

He kept a giant id on a forbidden planet

temporal flow with agitated molecules
is making us wasted

short sighted observations lead to actions
that cause stress and suffering

physicality both overly and underly porous
blurred to mystic temporality

my family are bird shadows in the corners of my eyes

an invisible cat spirits by

can we talk about work for awhile

I'm glad we share the same intrusions

Pallas cats are born in April or May

we'll still have to know how we
treated each other

the present is relentless, if not ruthless

raw material of the transient unknown

that becomes our temporary knowledge

I'm tired from being variations on an idea

but then a new set up appears

and that's my favorite local gravity

JONI PRINCE

[morning]

I came in from the noisy sphere of circadia with far too much luggage, brushing off the outside and narrating our citylife's beginning — an overture of bagels and bombs and bugs and the hip petty-bourgeoisie that dwell the city as it begins its trajectory into rent and onward into nicer grocery store and then police which stick like ointment to land and rent and for-hire servants that encircle the city like a blight that the hip now turned rich, though perhaps never hip, but just shopping and ugly unlike a bug which is simply subject to a system and its dialectic, must see everyday.

I'm getting closer to drawing the equivalency, the shared theology and earthen clasp that, unlike calipers, the anti-caliper, Ursa Minor, makes us, the human pepsi, buglike. Those encircling, the lumpen, to what do they owe a dream? Because the question must be can the minor character dream. The question is how negative can capability drift before wondering — is transference simply the bent bone?

The semirich may be tricked into eating a stale bagel via simple "empathy" but the question must be no, you are still a thinking bug via some cinematic other, watch as they watch you like the security guard who I've unfortunately grown fond of, I think he sees me wearing the keffiyeh and this I know is the final refutation of negative capability. I do not know him. I will not imagine his "rich internal life." He must remain an enemy until he is not.

[afternoon]

the world was remade before your eyes
the world was Oakland you
did a little melisma
about it. It was sweet
but I was busy
with Asia as method
as palindrome

as dependency theory yet
I gave you water you
Irish goodbyed harmony came out
of crossbody
out of Baggu era
and toting is so over but

schlepping is so back
and we all shvitz out rivulets
while watching unwound Yen
yep the chip bubble burst but barely Elon
still intact and alive
pause

the Russian goodbye enters
stage right. Here, I will demonstrate
ISIS nearly blew up Taylor Swift
interred in Austria while fascists
thought they were winning on
rainygrey

TERF island
they are not
we can't let them
just a little path dependency
as a treat not unlike Lil Nas

X, "formerly known as Twitter"
so somewhat Elon Trotsky
saying goodbye as children
we would wish and mostly
goodbye
it was an endless lunch

an effortless exercise
in exitology
babe wake up
Kremlin rejects Budweiser
it's bleak, c'est chic
I am not so into

'becoming' it's all arbitrage
anyway

nowhere to go
except sea which is everywhere
increasingly, we sigh, ah
freak out

and we grow weary
of waving goodbye
to Titan submersible: imploded
Ever Given: grounded
to Bayesian superyacht and superrich

Francis Scott Key Bridge:
collapsed. Ansar Allah waves
hello!
to quiescent inflation
hitherto history uninsurance
which Fanon said flight

of = decolonization

[midwinter sonnet]

I wondered if dogs are property which
Is like asking is the hamburger a
Cow, the tv never strayed from its chain
During the plague, but the conventional
Agoraphobe finds its expression in
The rhythmic action of my own private
MCM', walking the circuit of
The opulent downtowns where 'terrorist'
Meant the weak would like to speak, sick over
Words, so see the psychology of banks:
Their relation between 'want' and 'get' is
Rational and on a typical day
Anyone writes it down like a bomb on its
Way to market, ready to buy a bank.

Fuck the Police and Free Palestine

- *After Sean Bonney*

for “I love you” say free Palestine — for “autumn of my empire” say free Palestine
don’t say “Asia Pacific Economic Cooperation forum” say free Palestine — for
“take this job and shove it” say free Palestine — don’t say “PSL flyer”
say free Palestine and for “Pumpkin Spice Latté” also, say free Palestine — don’t say “moon
at daybreak” don’t say “ozone layer depletion” don’t say “my liver’s long 21st Century”
say free Palestine and then say it again and again and for “your bank statement is ready” say fire to the banks
which is not saying free Palestine but a decent substitute — for “teaching credential”
for “rewild the land” for “the terrain of commerce” say free Palestine — don’t say
“thine alabaster cities” don’t say “beach blanket Babylon” say Nakba but
then say free Palestine and if you wish to say “architect of sarcophagi” then sure say it before you die but
then say free Palestine — don’t say “two-state” don’t say “Walter Benjamin” or do but
certainly don’t say “Herzl” — for “Ma Nishtana” say no, this night is in fact like some of the others
and then say free Palestine

everything else is buried there — everything else is spoken there — don’t say
“humanitarian pause” don’t say “I condemn Hamas” say free Palestine — for “I smoked my
last cigarette in Nazareth” for “expropriation of the expropriators” for “I sold my land and took
up arms” say free Palestine — for “I will kiss you in heaven” say free Palestine
say no borders no genocide and then say free Palestine

[venmo poem]

Excusez-moi, Broadway!
Telegraph or ocean, you can
plunge into your desk or
padam padam make
pace like machine
that beats your summer
back down Broadway
as everyone marches
Telegraph, oh. The tanks
of pleasure have gained
position. Kitten, the FBI knows
what you did last summer

+\$243.79

ASHLEY ESCOBAR

My First Reader

I wake greeted with amnesia
 & reread your texts until
my legs tire converging
a facade with the girl
 who grew up in the public library
 I write best in a spiral
notebook though I play
 faster on a keyboard vapidity is easier
than vulnerability but the latter
 is more rewarding. a reddit user
sends me the latest alice notley interview so I spend
the 20 on pink gin & drunkenly grin
 at your tiktok comment sharing my poetry
collided our worlds my glib legs stay sincere for you

Carpal Tunnel Slow Dance at the End of America

the kinda night where u hang with gary indiana & nan goldin then cry for unrelated reasons
get yelled at by yr bf for a minute before he leans over to kiss u and u take the train alone
don't know where to go when I want to get away from everyone the lirr only goes
to montauk a few times a day the end of america is closer than you think raised
against suburban propane the cover of the leftover waiting room magazine
knew u I sip on a salty sailor margarita like it's high noon walk along
fort pond at sundown try not to cry it's hell to return it's hell
when three and a half hours feels shorter than going downtown on a monday
heaven is a forest until we make it onto the highway

Baby Fish Mouth Poetics

I am a long poem.

I am baby fish mouth,
sweeping the nation.

I whirl across slumber city,
and I'm not sorry if you're
annoyed by declaratives.

I declare because I can.

I want what I want
and some of it I need.

I need to head to school
but Lulu's texts aren't sending

because she's on a plane and my
French is très adéquate and it's always

7 a.m. and I'm still picking a sweater
to wear to class..the gray one!

Is loitering with intent
really loitering, or is it waiting?

Waiting for something, anyone,
to jump in front of my car

but I'm not supposed to be driving
and this isn't the belly

of a sperm whale
but a Pinkberry on a Thursday night.

Lulu hates my gray turtleneck and
sprinkles and chains but we split
a pomegranate cup and wait.

My brain is still lost
in December, and I hate the lilt

of most influencers. I'm the only
living girl in New York whose
Instagram grid is still square.

Everyone is too busy putting
their face into the algorithm,
but I just want to document the clouds.

The content I consume most
is the white noise in my head.

We spend too long reminiscing
over living. I think I've cried

to every David Berman song

at every airport I've ever cried in.

I vape jealousy outside
William Burroughs' bunker.

Sometimes I'm thinking
that I lost you

but I know it's only love.

I was prescribed the sun
but Lulu is moving

to the East Coast, so who
will I have to share it with.

I drowned in the West,
reeling myself out of dreams.

I mastered the art of getting by.
What will I get my PhD in?

Depression Cap

Matt tells me to document
my dream marathon
but I wake up before I

take the splinter out

I stopped doing a bit
this year.

I am dreaming a painting
but the painting
of the dream
tickled me.

Without tension
your relevance
is irreverent

an early morning ride
to the airport
backseat
mothball limousine

I wanted a whaler
but the photocopier conceived
your headshot

I wear it on my head
along with the fish
you salvaged with

receptive hands

sleep deprived
but a rock star

TENAYA NASSER-FREDERICK

held in the absence of the externalized martyr

Averroes:

hearts on fire
it's splitting tail
to wish goodbye
tying rope feedin
cable closing
gates two
rotations on
half-carved worl'
water then
rocks poured
out parting teeth

rationing
empathy
for pigs comes
from hate hate
can be a
form of care
anytime only
not inevitably
true
without mass
communism
lacquer
reflection
sweet guns
easily abject
movies
show horses
navian pink
sequence
numbered balls
old vaccums
au gratin
potatoes
in a box
high dumb
diamond
beams

Home [is where I wanna be]
or in Mexico City
doing it anyways
dear May Manna Pleiades
I'm wearing a blazer
of pre-consciousness

when devastation is complete
you aren't in danger anymore
there is water in the pool
you can survive guys, I
promise you.
I thought the robberies were
done. And that part was over
(now mo' like lace) [Jeeps] a bridge
over lights
it was right when you loved me only
and wrong when you held another tight
give me some of that Thai broccoli

May Manna Pleiades:

I admire you I find you
I learn loose tattoo
learn comments ..
dusk eyes?

Averroes:

that's a stage direction

May Manna Pleiades:

and the resting
features of your face
FEEL like stage directions
to be real .. truly ..
tattertots w/o sauce
2 bite-sized brownies
are better in the west
I tried so
while everyone liked me
I was Rocco's love
but all of me isn't alright, either
like weed or little babies, how florida
you're my lily in the valley, Rocco
still the picture of one
in our difficult autumn names

I'd blush to leave em
in the dark and not the light
it was wrong of you to love another
and right when you held me only
but that's never stopped

Averroes:

words have to stop
as good a time as ever
words have to stop they don't have to end
I want a baby of THIS life
dysfunctional, the doctor pointed here,
here, and [half-crossing self]

May Manna Pleiades:

Oh how misty
Oh how difficult
Oh how I love you in January

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Averroes:

I wanted in love to be a mood
and not in moods,
like Rothko

May Manna Pleiades:

in practice that produces
an abominable personification
love faith humble you
but the intellect discerns essences

A:

it's hard to write something unfinished

P:

you're exhausted

A:

I'm blinded by interlocutors is what I am
I'm green blue rays
folded in a smock
I want horses that grip me

P:

it sounds nice when you say it

A:

do you remember what it was that I said?
you liked it at the time

P:

what you need is amazement
I'm not doing as bad as I was
there's more chen chén chen in my pocket

A:

chen chén chen?

P:

ya!

A: [laughing] god!

[kisses and no's]

P:

my back is aching with all this chen chén chen!

A:

external goods have a limit
and all useful things are of
such a nature that where
there is too much of them
they must either do
they must either do
harm, or at any rate be of
no use

[aside] she is, despite myself
my better half
restoring definition to the world

P:

exactly your illegibility is my treasure

[aside] love, I'm just a girl who can't say
nononononono

A:

you see the chequer'd shade?
what IS the chequer'd shade?

P: [thinking]

merely the uneasiness of having eternity
but not being a child
they close one by one to everlasting
rest, seven sisters
and if they did? I'm not
sure what would change
pure goodness adjusts
 over a jagged hour
you're loud. but you don't
travel with despair regardless
maybe you ache, but there's
nothing there to restore you
believe in

A:

jesus!

P:

exactly, kitten, don't fret

A:

fret, fret, you love to play me
for hysterical you all do and probably
made us think we invented it !

P:

Averroes this is shabbath
my only day for wisdom..

[faces window]

do you hear the music is making people laugh?
it's that boy with the pot
on his head and the jangles
clasped on his ankles. [yet] the singers sing so
beautifully

3

P:

afflicted on the cusp of consumption
w/ surfaces of flames
empire of the heart descending
its fruits unequaled dissembling
the faces of its gigantic root
underscored by spittle uniforms
contingent on the inchoate drum
and over each other forever in
elegy, the eyes of seeing stamped on
the eyes of seeing at the
foot of the self-portrait—
you fair interlocutor
you lawmaker misunderstanding
get past the cunt
and chaff and chalk in abjection
in the quadrophonic cunt
pink sky in your brown eye
you crossing the sea from its
sunset facing window of emanation
to Kansas
to savvy mind with Francesca
or corvette to spiders in precipice
Oh how misty
 Oh how painted marble

SUNYATA COURIE

there is a scorpion crawling out of my soda can

the night worshiped tight
around my chest, my stomach

begging to be warmed. when i
am seen i can feel it in

my esophagus and my thighs.

monotonous tones played over an
artificial jukebox. do you hate
these people too?

take me away. sneak our drinks out
underneath the only
coat i own.

oh! how i will weep about this
come sunday.

but for now, we tumble to the ground together.

come quick! my war is

just starting and my heart is
growing full. don't bother with
the light switch; sometimes i

want you to see me. and afterwards,
come outside. let me pick us
a place amongst the stars

where i promise you one
day i'll die. and you'll laugh
and laugh and laugh.

a flag by any other name

salute at the bar, my
fingers are bleeding

that's strange. your friends
keep asking me where
i'm from and i keep changing
the answer

deftly quiet, with measured
grace - you place your arm around me. i kiss you
in public.

the pattern has a way of repeating.

i cry on the street, when they leave me.

if i am to be found over and over

we were to name her Andromeda.

hurtling through Venus and Mars, i wonder if the stars look the same to us, if you see them
mutate in the way I do, our quantum minds knowing no end.

twinkling laughter of harmonious intent, like stars, but not like stars in their inherent destruction,
hand in hand, the aquamarine water blending with the sky.

a grid on top of a grid, in the shape of a girl.

64 lines of celestial mechanics arranged over each of our lives
the subject ever changing, always searching, looking for rebirth.

vapor waves and iridescent skin; we share the same software.

SCOUT FALLER

[I ambulate around]

The University enrolls 22,000 undergraduate students
We're entering contract negotiations
I hold a sign in the arranged room
Attorneys regents admin etc. cops deans etc. doing the work for them etc.

When the department chair called me

names off a list saying
My friends are here

and read
thank god
in the arranged room

none from our program

Maxime Molly Regina Elim

Josh takes a photograph I take a photo of that
Cubic

zirconia
in ear
is lyrical

Do you feel safe in rehearsal?

Shifting from play to performance

I amputate The Program

I ambulate

We do not slide crackers into sleeves with the aid of a machined hand

We do not make steel bolts for train tracks

I used to secure
mozzarella in plastic
I used to clock out
And carry the apparatus with
a factory in miniature
Car comes over watches
me die
a learned gesture

[illegible]

before I knew what I saw

I saw her

green bag

striding

beauty on the heel of recognition;
she'd been crying
at a museum or something
her arm in its pivot
giving into handle

to test its weight, she was saying
always saying something
wonderful obvious
private unrecordable and true

At the edge of the City
In the dream of the collective
I somnambulate
I angle I ascertain I average I account.

three secrets

linden trees acts of speech

having casually made me

run into you like that.

i was reading an evil novel

trying my hand

at nonchalance. small,

precise movement

of fingers and wrist

curling, like a wave,

incantatory, like a charm

that arrests movement

with circumscription. imagine

a pocket, small holding

where i figure i live

the sun removing

the shift of its abstract leaves behind

a thin ring

i lost one walk. as gold

is not a sound it now

goldens the dark. i wear a circlet

and clean the sun's clatterings

from the sink.

where it began

it wandered, the novel

returning the favor
of its promised
venture. the devil
is in the equivalency
wherein we
all want something.

WOMEN IN EXTREMIS

water in the	window	vague stuff	about my mother
time stamped	machine of its absence		joint-touch-frame
well,	some women are just	<i>having</i>	their anemia
tongue carpets a	right angle against it.		dress saunter
argue age augur	duress. distance	says	bone
cannot see	"luminous"		is what the neck
twang want rabbit			indicator
a rule	set		wind wound winnow
injectable	applause interior		inside glass
images	fished		graced with
sharpening	how her hands	landed,	from pools of weather
or	that snow		along surplus
i could not enter	the increase		won an oscar
that half refused ascent	at present,		scene ?
"you're here"	lacrimosa lyric genius		he's not there
			o god

MIRA CAMERON

losing my anthro-potency in awe of a sunset prairie fire

I've been having the hardest time admitting that I'm sad,
even to myself. Pencil pencil, haha,
I'm using a pen.
Life for me is going to be livable.

Today is what I'm fearing,
a human deed done.
A deprivation route

ferality's preservation
within a eukaryotic sense.
The blur of the world
freedom—

I'm the wild one smiling

erotic thrills that reshape birth
stretching circumstance
against growling, corporal integrity.

February is when walks stop hurting,
breath no longer stabbing relent-
less end of work day wallowing.

Trees sigh relief.

I begin to feel fine. Light is simple-
spoken. I'd like a hug

or to feel part of the earth,
transmorphic through erotic
sensation, a tallgrass inferno
but that's about it for now.

I'm not sure if I want you
to cum. Inside me
I'm missing a river
who pissed rivulets
onto my

bathing
face.

Leatherdyke's Prayer

Bout to watch Portrait of a Lady on Fire,
now if only I had downers that could let you in
the full breath of my emotional experience.
I get scared a lot and believe in god
because it feels good

not to lose.

My long body wants to stretch all over; the underground will take the world all over.
Anxious-alive-inside-a-mouth, I'm unable to be consumed.

It's hard to not understand god
as the antithesis of my own action
but I don't think that's what I mean
when I say for me the lowercase g matters
in a big way.

Doubt is part of it.
Any good priest will tell ya
(In)sanity is based on permission.
Horrendous begging
repetitive questions
to differentiate
power from authority
I do not trust.

I want to ply away the role
between thoughts and finally action.
To unfurl myself as worth being acted on

a marionette beaten into acrobatics.

I never know who to become but I know who you prove me to be.
Devotion is a slick stability.

Held
deep, within faggot love,
I get to be my kindest self.
With you in my body, I forget
each fear, heavy enough
to drown in hallow
saccharine, water's bliss
remembering

our body is not a pipe bomb.
It will not harm
our home once
time for unity
to
burst.

Melting Together

I struggle to focus despite the two adderall
dissolving in the diet coke acidity of my belly,
unable to handle the viscous mucal water
of Neruda's sensuality in the triple digit
nausea of climate disaster summer.

Instead,
sick, I fall

back to the pragmatic
Louise Gluck's *Winter Recipes*
for the Collective
to wonder
would I make a moss sandwich
or die in the forest gathering it.

I'll clock into work later, when there's more
to do, after I've done
what's important to me: "That was a bad trade..
the wings for the kiss." When you sucked me
into the haunted soul of your cavernous gut,
I couldn't fly away, pierced by the dark
stalagmite-ridden floor, my spasming wings
flooded blood.

I haven't felt like a leader
since I was the first one to strip off my clothing
at the T4T beach orgy— gluttonous
for the get-on-with-it-
already surge of relief,
the emotionally neon classic:
ready to be fucked.

The grit of sand between teeth
so similar to its evolution, the grit of glass. Cut gums.
Her mouth a murdered geyser drunk without elegance
drank without elegance.
"Who can speak of the future.. the princesses will have to live in it.

What a sad day the day has become."
I finish Gluck's slim haven of realism,
and open up Audre Lorde, wanting
the touch of a woman, a mother, a blanket
wrapped around my child's shoulders.
Of course by now my shoulders have crumbled
of course by later I'm sad. Here.

, ?
- - - - - / Let's cross / - - - - -
the road in the shadow to avoid the pitch black
asphalt's absorption of death heat and hunger.

The hellfire day finally sent to horizon, cicada calls rise
through my window with the air's flood of heat.
The heat is tolerable in near-dark
but when I turn the lamp on I go back to suffering.
To be aware of climate suffering and do little or your best
though act right. The neighbors and I are very kind
whenever our dogs get into fights, but I think we mean this,
are genuine, worthy of consideration and understanding.
A fire hydrant wrenched open floods the street.

There are worse forms of water waste than kids having fun.
Both my head and my heart are dried up
and the diet coke hardly helps.
Mostly it burns where I chewed through my lip.

REMIXE OWT +
VOOR 1000



ELK

We Repair
TVS

EARLY

SYNTH, SHINE

There was a magic, the barrier up aligned
to a squawking treasure, like the feathered foot
airborne and gestural, gnawing, seeking the
beating undertow—the cooled Minthe, or
the faith in flight over a throned dying—being
undead, lazily brought back amongst the
bourbon trees, off the heels of some feature
of the forest, which we stalked a half hour
waiting for a portal to burst through the
weighty churches of fungal transport. Admit
to a sinking, where would the grapes
resurface; would the gyrating crystal grow
glorious and fractured like a stressed bone
to take in a pale ailment, a yellowing amber that
I thought I had outrun, far ago down by the
river to the underworld.

PINE, PASSING

Yawning underneath, a rumble
passing and distant, blares its iron
bent at odd hours.
No cadence. Delivered industrial
levering, mauled by graffiti on its axillary
totaled under-sun cicatrix—

Regard the sounding danger, a signal
to withdraw to sleep
on switch-tracks, to of-dream in a
storm: rattling screws and arms.
Rest on the firm ligature. Sudden off-cut
with intensifying swoon, opens

skin as filling. Here it comes. Watch it
spread and cleave the evening hours
with enviable flight-from.
Watch it find a commerce of
dolor, a pale of frail-tall grass.
Ghost-steel and loosening grasp—

far, crooked digits rum-hooked below.

ESCHATOLOGY (part I)

the recitation of atavistic impulses or meeting the pre(scriptural) past to arrive so incredibly and cruelly toward a sung-sunken.

Here(in) the emptiness there(in) the earliest reflection, the first mirrored surface—water: lakes, ponds, puddles—the snake-staff on the second, doubting strike, where the water moves too quickly

and with too much force unrecognizable [f]light (foam) fills it instead.

The return returning—the first utterance when time was understood to be real, the recognition of the before (fast water; a river, for example, when fluid first appeared *there* and then *there*) and subsequence.

This was before Black became Black, or put another way, before white (mis)understood itself as organizing principle, when sleep wet the verdant earth and the olfactory senses stirred and the sun god dipped below view, darkening everything slowly then instantaneously. Mud rain.

The (dis)placement of the Black female subject, then, is always-already encoded in the language of the white male split-subject

which throws the white male subject into ontological emergency/emergence.

Since it has already been established that what has come to be known as Black Suffering is computationally [ontologically, mereologically] invaluable to white dominion

there is a green earth that undergirds the axiological crisis, arguing for its re(e)valuation; I am trying to think through the break of what could be called a commerce of Black exhaustion

which is both queer and erotic, perfumed. And because this is impossible:

Landscape photography. Portraiture. The captivating party does not only earn the right to dispose of the captive body as it sees fit, but gains, as consequence, the right to name and name it.

The calculated work of iron: whips, chains, knives. Spillers.

I am thinking of Morrison citing the slaver Thomas Thistlewood who recorded his raping of slave women in Latin.

There is always a past, having happened in registers at the beginning of this sentence which does not read so much as it *marches*

in a 'direction' which we have grown to call "forward." I loathe to say we are doing the "work" of progress which is so frustrated

by an insistence that progression is possible, that this progression *looks like* moving "forward. . ."

Contemporary issues of redress are loaded with trapping vernaculars.

for example: the muddling research of sociology is conducted via "*field work*," which is already saturated with resonances of the legal and physical descriptors of chattel slavery's various "classifications" of forced labor.

this systematic and semantic divorce allows most of the interpretive pressures of ontology and psychoanalysis to fall over significations of the *body*

while still outlining the flesh as the *actual* and *embodied* material from which the *body* is (con)figured.

Because it is always imperative to understand theory as emerging from a bounded historicity which does not need be identifiable in so much as produced *in and of its time*.

These excavate the material brutality of the symbolic order(s) which overlay constructions of whiteness.

In what would appear

as numberless and disparate realities which carry the quiet violence of the ventriloquized subject,

since my own grandiosity is a poetic mode.

Since our genealogy was, in certain terms, disrupted and destabilized under the regime of enslavement,

persons of African descent found other avenues of association toward the end of a white world.

I find language at its most fundamental to be alight with signifiers of searching.

Speaking is a mutilation of the interior.

This is because the rhetorical catastrophically fails to approximate more closely the might of experience.

If only to force into communicable grace the tangled strands of thinking.

FRANKIE GALLINA-JONES

microdermabrasion

muscle pressure anxious refills risk risk do not risk seek control do not
leave do not experience do not feeling bad manufactured performance
resistant minutes hours swimming avoiding people stopping asking

how are you?

how are

morning tablet liquid pores sugar depression (sleeping) anxiety (talking)
mood sweating even dirt formulated time especially animal
suicidal increase no stop no least day no warm eye no skin no skin no
gentle problems no gentle other no gentle skin--

calming behavior

best behavior

dermatologist-approved behavior

rise gently

apply face

rinse gently

this may not rinse you may not be gently you may not control you may not be
without information--

new treatment

new changes

new risk

new fragrance

soft feeling

soft oil

soft tone

so gentle

perfecting medication

medication guide

medication talk

no sunscreen

creamy thoughts

such butter condition
such lightweight attention
such skin-loving dose
such body-loving feeling
such moisturized day to
get formulated new
get dirt get used get broken
get swallowed get fresh get wet
such gentle dirt
such aloe sweating
(exfoliates until smooth
cleanses until
dermatologist-approved!)
fragrance free
soap free
paraben free
bleeding free
sweating free
talking free
especially free
broad-spectrum mood
trouble sleeping
high sexual medicine
heart mouth skin medicine
hands medicine
quickly medicine
seek room medicine
seek trouble medicine
seek soothing medicine
seek peach medicine
essential medicine
be people medicine
be active measures
be broad
be directed

be generously
be quickly over
be water
rinse gently
rise gently
rise gently into sun
rise gently into sure sun
rise gently into sure hands of sun
rise gently into sure hands of first sun

work

pissing, levitating fags
constructing immortality.
it's a supersonic future
we're living, now.

our watching is work,
our singing is work,
our verses are work,
our punchlines are work,
our honesty's work,
unsigned rage is work,
hungry ricocheting is work.
even sleep is work.

no shame wheel grind
can crunch our moon
back into lemons.
no fading rapunzel trash, here.
we take the elevator
and knot its cable
with love's maxi-brat wrath.

tongues reloading
in every aftermath,
we grow words into skin.

we simply keep asking:
how can we grow into everything?
and never, *when?*

threnody for a comrade

let me be simple for a time:
moor me with a name.

let me be the reliquary
for your ornate fervor.
or, at least, let's be

fools sometime, dancing
and vomiting sometimes.
sinners without a god, sometimes,
roaming the desert
of the absurd sometimes,
because sometimes,

bad things happen
and we can't stop them.
curses come due and fall
at the foot of where they grew.
sometimes,

zeal and rivet
are not enough.
we tremble and fail.
the millstone crushes us.

so for now, i just want a walk
with no ending, to keep
tilting the plane
of my body toward you

to feel you speak
across my chest.
to see your eyes'
labor, only now.
i can give all, now.

and again all, now.
and again all, now.
adoration walking,

never arriving.

for now, i just want
resplendent silence

with you in autumn
above a river, at a wall
that no one has leapt from

and no one will.
we'll dive instead
as acrobats into the water
and no one will
be inexplicable.

the ones we love
and who love us
won't miss us.

they will be swimming, too.

IRIS BLACK

Seen at the Crash

Abrupt feels like
too long a word
for how it happened.
Cuz you see
I got fucked up.
scrapped, banged,
and a ligament torn,
shoulder blade
from collar bone.

Working for ride shares
must be
such a scam
if you gotta
almost kill me
to make your money.

but I gotta give it to these guys.
the sort you call
real New Yorkers.
Blunt and loud
and full of vowels
that they howled
at the driver.
Just some bros
hanging out
getting stoned
on the sidewalk
right next to where
I flipped my bars
and ate shit on the pavement.

I don't expect most cis men
to really see me
and mostly don't care,
but the ""miss""
and the ""ma'am""
they had at the ready for me
was on-site first aid.
My mind felt like a water ballet,
the performers out of sync
running different numbers
but slowly
coming back together.

As focus returned to me
this precious little moment
helped me to see

that no matter
what came next,
this injury
will be remembered
as something
that made me stronger,
and not just that,
but more at ease
in a world
I tried to hide
from for years
and years.

Later in the ER
I told my friends
what happened,
and surprised myself
with how good it felt.

What I've hidden
from most

was admitting

I really just love it
when someone says
they care about me.

Being seen,
though a risk,
ultimately **is** safety
and opening enough
to let yourself out
is stronger
than the armor
we wear like a vault.

After I picked myself up
got out of the road
I sat down on their stoop.
They passed me some water,
passed me the joint,
and called an ambulance.
They told me some jokes,
even asked if I'd like
to talk to the cops.
I said, no,"

"fuck the police.
They laughed and said, yeah."

Sinking

once i've managed
to stop running.
i wonder,
where am i?
damp frigid
quiet
piled
so high
i can't see
over the
edge of it.

i sit up
on the couch.

how much
have i lost
to these
numbing
hours?

can i hope to escape?
what if the malaise
is just me?

the sun warms
and it blinds.
the light stings
once i step out
of my self
occlusion

i finally feel
the ache in my legs,
in my gut,
i can feel
how twisted
my muscles have become
and how much pressure
it takes to hold together

we have food after
a funeral, not just
as communion
but as a reminder
that to mourn
is to digest,
metabolize

the pain of loss

let the flesh

sink

Into emptiness

MICHAEL GARDNER

The Flow Revolves around an Axis

it was a nasty piece of work
throwing the spaghetti
against the wall

finding long faces
in smoke rings
and dust devils

the ten thousand
or thousands to come,
death flew by

with a nine-foot wingspan
I wondered if
I had ever not been angry

the horse that I was
all beefed up
irresistibly flatfooting

the ranch dance for as long
as the fiddler's
willing to play

Covered with Feathers I Am Captive

with impunity and gold teeth

at the center for science
in the public interest

lawlessness had become the law

they told us you can pee faster
and stronger

defcon one

is worse than defcon five
the little tables

adorned with a skull

thorns in diverse places
I saw it on a t-shirt once

godspeed

a time of weeping
and whirling dust

requires a linen leisure suit

and pristine tennies
a house of conch shells

and quetzal feathers

Lost in the Decorative Arts Pavillion

an inch of love removed
is spread too thin,
we fleshed it out

forever ago
ars vitae style
at the beginning of the flood flow

and the end of the ebb
where the lull
cannot hold

precursor
to our philosophy
of becoming fully fledged

we had a gas
with the divine flame's
tinder-dry conflagration

an economy of harmonics
in the eager vases
all I could ask for

Find Somebody to Love

I unmasked the goat
peered inside the dark rooms
of its head
slippery and stained
wall of dying fires
pussyfooting around
hot-button issues
the facts don't care
about consensus
...maybe the burrito
is the greatest opus of all time
bringer of love and summer
leaning on the butt
of a semi-automatic
paddling against the pull
in a glorious garb of light

SCOTT WANNBERG

(Feb 20, 1953 – Aug 19, 2011)

just one more thing

one thing you just have to somehow learn
one thing you just got to want to sometime know
depressed carpets suave wood walls bad music
on the intercom one last thing to remember you said
one last thing to die for
just that one thing and nothing much to go afterwards
to get us both past the confusion and the smoke
tonight language on the doorstep with a broken face
language without its friend
just drifted down from the mountains
just needed some dinner some drinking some amiable
understood piece of historical wind
language on the laundry
language on the hit list
waiting for a hearing waiting for a scene
hoping to check into it hoping you'd clean the dream up
put all the furniture of the mind back where it
somehow seemed to belong
one thing only one thing all night long
the laundry machines go into their song
police cars existed before comedy
unless in some strange angry way they created
the comedy
just one last item on the list then
just one more newly discovered world
see you in the outhouse see you in the forest see you in the
cell
one thing only need apply
the one thing that will get us through the night
the one thing that will land us secure on the other side
of the border
the sun crossed the border around 4:15
wearing a pair of blue cracked sunglasses
wearing a pair of nylons
it wanted to rendezvous with our resuscitation
it wanted to call our dance card home
the sun nodded across the border of us all
our home is in the fire our fire is in the bone
God is a Cajun didn't you understand?
just one last thing you said and never said another thing
all year long
just one last thing will do
the thin days they come they go they talk about it all
the thin men and women stand next to the exit sign
waiting for a sign to tell them they can leave
language on parade language on its head language all done in
just one last language you said
just one last dance

10/14/89

colds nights in the emporium

the names of the suddenly lost and forgotten
appear in the small print that sits drunk
in the alley of news, singing, snapping their
fingers to the harsh light music;
soft men and women can't handle their respective
guaranteed tunes; the amusing murderous night
sighs us up, smiles, it's another cold night in
the wiser than not emporium where all the sales
are gold and promise us a future that will even
be around when we get to it; i called up my
mind and my mind was at home, we had a long talk
about a small way of life, i heard the world whirling
through on the one a.m. shuttle, you can wait for the
vocabulary to land on you, you can wait for the
final act, you can wait for the powers that be to put
everything right again before the time to go home
comes and pulls our clothing, but the powers that be
got lost on their way to the white sale, they got lost
in some manhole that wasn't on the map, they made a
wrong turn down some new arroyo that seems to be getting
wider with every passing second;
i go outside and the wiseass love affair night is on fire
with hope
the hope has a strange face and a stranger name
you reach out for it with your fingers and you get hot
someone races by
maybe i know them.maybe they know me.it's all a guessing
game these days.the animals up the way
are speaking very precise these days.
it's not easy keeping up with their lexicon.
good morning world.i work the cheap shift.
see you in the parking lot of love.
see you under the bright lights of the dream.

6/16/91

So, Go Kill Yourself for Love

She killed herself for love and everyone wanted to be the
first one to write the life story behind it
She cut herself up under the big bright ones
Maybe she thought there was a story there
Maybe she figured somebody had time to care
She took herself out in the name of the heart
she didn't even think twice about just how hard that
name is to pronounce
Everyone claims they knew her well
Everyone says they knew her when
Except maybe me and you
Caught between some place of hard
and beauty
We saw her dance
We heard her sing
We won't be doing any books about it
The hip singers come on TV and blow a wide eyed range of
subject matter
The hip dancers move ever so smooth
You and me, we aren't hip
We're just tired and scared and fighting to stay alive
In the name of love
In the name of love she took herself into shreds
Watch out what city you intend to move into when
it comes to the name of love
Watch out for the rhythm
Keep your history awake enough to pay attention
She spat herself up into the lens of the world
in the name of love
It's a movie I can't recommend

3/4/92

Can I Believe the Magic in Your Size

I am still completely
hope-pilled. Maybe w some luck
whiteboy spring will have booked
asymptotic transport will
shudder in2 another “summer of love”
Undergoing motion w respect
2 flavor, we can take my bridge
of sighs parallel the sky’s vaporate
gatorade transfer—glacier cherry
icy charge, glacier freeze. You sweat
en route 2 work in beads be
coming streams. You circumscribe
my saline life by savor’s relay. Hydro
plane me back to Kiosk Reigns. Flavor
being taste unperplexed that bridge
is only crossable by severing
its cordage, which is tensioned in your
jaw care of the cringe apparatus
Final Boss of the Culture Industry
Godzilla arguing that rly rly hot spit
can forge a portal thru which 2 quit
history vs King Kong—or @
least lifehack earthly mainframe
by world puncture & respawn
among whichever dwellers of
margin you imagine 2 alienate
paid familiarity so that we all
might..? Anyway, simply flip
this operation’s shapes around
& I’m greeted by my colors as
suggested on your tongue ring’s
resplendent convex. Maybe
what a shudder does is sub
tend the interplay of breath
& touch, hope & luck—which
is the blessed matte Nissan
& which the voice the roiled
saccharinity NBA Youngboy
intergrafting 808s so god damn
loud all the car alarms ensemblify
braid their voices in its wake

Marcella Hazan Against the Wreckers

Mainly they're concerned
w your dissimulating
smile as your signature
removed from fantasies
of pamphletty regained
whenever you combine
a quarter lb of unsalted
butter white onion halved
a can of the better peeled
tomatoes your labor lozenges
back 2 itself on their behalf
in winter's store. Then
mottled to a sonic simmer
the whispered kiss factor
glossolalic from this
glossy computation reels
transversely burbled
back to Summer's Sandwich:
tomato mayonnaise fcp
in loving nonlocality in
mutual roseate in Relation.
Unity consists in bridgeable
diffs such as love & time
afford. Management subsists
on how they make you mad @ me

Crowbar Knowhow

Mark can b dour & Alex demure
We're always donning ghostly
formats & you sport a lemur's strut
I take a shine 2 corners that deliver
ants spangling a picnic in the midst
of our long shift's contrition
Zach's off Ishtar, hurtled in2 zam
zam's roguish dream psychic spicery
Demmis rips an impish wink
across exception's stated plains
Getting on the bus w you reduces
orchard's fortress 2 a puncture
wound in plum skin, approaching
nighttime's certain "juice world"
Tongue lave junction Liz Phair fore
told. Your hands like little tools
from the astronomer's workbench
world-burnished in garf frigidity
I blow in2 them as a treat
our waiting heritaged. Adam is
our #1 tho it's not vertical 2 hope
we can weft a throttled route
2 his Pizza Hut planisphere no
ass unkicked least of all his God
pluckt where we leave off. Night
discompassed decentral no span

Glottal Stops

When the vape tastes like laundry?
it means there's lint in the mouthpiece
& as w any problem of embouchure
just blow the other way. Hey thanks
I look forward to complying w your chemical
commands. Gladness slathers method
wing clippings needleworked 2 gathering
@ puckerdom, mouth sieved so fine
as to rinse sticky rice thru. So fine
as Big Walter's anasphyxiational harp
prosody, xenomorphic grains my fingers
hear thru doors I touch. they swing. No one
puts the fine in finical but you can
disappear in2 a quilt or be bemused
by Hot Mists of Laundromat bespotting
a crook for us in the cervical line
the bus stop draws in tracery of frigid
Dipper. I'm sad bc I did something bad cutting
back the highs last time I played Sketches
of Spain. My ears now have moods certain
wounds they can't permit what un
remit in penetration, calling it
prickliness. A new talent 4 limits &
interior bell knowledge received as debt
to DJ Spinz for groundswell. My now ears
still don't fuck w Knower tho
Not with Eric Dolphy still around
to burst thru surface 4 our hydration
having risked the world to keep
our blood sound of sugar via tickling
our fusilli statuary starched w pasta water
glueyer porch treatments from the pleistocene
Techne stays texture's merest rim
or is a cell of it. A single shot braces
for montagic embryo buckling the
shuffle button. Hey Earl Hooker's
here to get us started w palm muting
& having fun not being in 2 places
@ the same time. & if this flavor of the interval
turns out to b our only way of knowing
a horizon, let us turn it out in hyperstice

& guide its bends to gird the middlemost
finger of Saint Allen Iverson, who weeps 4 you
on TV & wore the number 3 to represent
his mother + two sisters, also in accordance
w the 3 volumes of the Sociogenesis
Trilogy — River, Rhythm, Arithmetic

ELIZABETH GUTHRIE

Dub - Notes - To Refrain (from Condition)

	A	B	C	D	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N
1	Dub - Notes - To Refrain (From Condition)												
2		M	T	W	TH	F							
3	Her Phone Intercom			in the conference room									
4													
5													
6													
7	Coffee				effect of trauma on human emotions								
8					and behavior								
9	Yawn Factor	fell asleep on my shoulder											
10		-45100											
11		like a baby with involuntary facial expressions											
12													
13		sent a letter that "sounds like" "rhymes with"											
14		meaning of letter											
15													
16		I can't do anything until the hour glass goes away											
17													
18		Guawa Candy Keo deo trai oi											
19													
20		0607RDE0400825			and that's when I discovered it had been done radioactively								
21													
22	Sound			movement									
23	The Target			were you doing coder files	so how were you finding what you're coding?								
24					12:18 Whirring noise from behind closed door (UWN)								
25	Alarm	goes off at what should have been 9:00											
26													
27					3 times flashing light								
28					They came looking in the ceiling panels								
29	Someone in Her Office				Aren't you working in the wrong position today?								
30													
31													
32		Aha!		Map of the circuit board									
33					0607RDE0805855								
34		If membership is receiving within two weeks of the show.....											
35													
36													
37													
38	Type	////////////////////////////////////											
39		////////////////////////////////////											
40													
41		Is that so?											
42													
43	Sounds			movement									
44													
45		M	T	W	TH	F							
46	The Day/Night Dream												
47		I'm back!			having regained an original computer station								
48					theme music								
49	Sound			movement	then goes into grainy black and white stylized with painted-in brilliant pastels or primary colors								
50					a larva with a large tin pinwheel headdress bopping along								
51	The Counter Space Pad												
52		Is that so?											
53					phone conf gatherings - the buzz - who's going in?								
54					containers with lids (spill safe for keyboard)								
55													
56	Spacing Out	I entered the same three			Lease Numbers over and over								
57													
58	Serious Cursing in the Next Room												
59		Found it!											
60													
61		9 down 9 to go											
62													
63		Moritania											
64					good film industry good music								
65													
66													
67		-87528											
68		is from another planet											
69		-6968											
70					Meet him, I mean him, one of those ark people (I said him but I knew it was him)								
71	What Mysteriously Disappeared												
72													
73		Mine is frozen, too, it's good to know we're not alone											

	A	B	C	D	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N
74													
75	Type	////////////////////////////////////											
76													
77													
78	The St. Patty's Day Cupcakes Turned My Mouth Green												
79													
80				like an arch nemesis									
81				like vitamins									
82				whatever flips your switch									
83	Sound			movement									
84		I like to call it Razzleberry											
85													
86		September?	Fine										
87													
88	A Crack												
89		September?	Fine										
90													
91	A Car												
92		September?	Fine										
93					Is that so?								
94		M	T	W	TH	F							
95					while passing into outer space								
96		choosing the parameters of the grouping											
97													
98	What is in the Air												
99			fall asleep										
100			instant vertigo										
101			preparing for a long journey										
102			drugs?										
103													
104	What to Bring on a Ship												
105	Sound		movement										
106			Author (not RMS)										
107													
108			Oil/Gas										
109													
110	Experiments on the Launch Deck												
111													
112		IPOD into coffee											
113				earphone dip for cleaning, higher frequency reception									
114													
115	Type	////////////////////////////////////											
116		////////////////////////////////////											
117													
118													
119													
120	The Beginning												
121	Sound			movement									
122													
123	Lit Ab. Or Canada Geese												
124													
125			chairs squeak										
126													
127													
128	In the Kitchen		R2D2	the dishwasher									
129													
130													
131													
132													
133													
134	Flicker Film of Forms												
135			shimmers almost										
136	Say More with Humor												
137		company motto											
138			Kitchen	Bathroom									
139													
140	Corridor of This and That		Sentimentality										
141			Call out to you										
142			Call out to you										
143		M	T	W	TH	F							
144		Is that so?											
145	Type	////////////////////////////////////											
146		////////////////////////////////////											
147		////////////////////////////////////											

	A	B	C	D	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N
148													
149													
150													
151													
152													
153													
154													
155													
156	Sound			movement									
157													
158			I can hear, I just can't understand										
159			That's why we have her down there - to relay information										
160			Yeah I have supersensory (hand motion)										
161													
162	-.....1056284		For the knat/fruitfly problem										
163					birds								
164					(release in the office)								
165	Comparative Thinking												
166			variance	propulsion	difference								
167					I think he thinks he's singing								
168	A Commercial for Something												
169			could be										
170			I'm sorry I missed it										
171													
172			the purpose of art: to open the window in the mind that allows everything to be seen as art										
173			Why don't they just take the extra Bis	Because then they would have to think about it									
174													
175					She codes quietly and carries a big stick								
176	The Elephant's Child (She Recommends)												
177	Passive Non-Compliant												
178	A Post Card from Space		I'm sitting here waiting for my computer to roll over and the music in my ears is Time Goes By So Slowly										
179			0607RDE0877104										
180			*2. "Sun Agrees as Follows:"										
181													
182	Sound			movement									
183													
184				-.....2935									
185	Type	////////////////////////////////////											
186		Is that so?											
187	Travel?	What travel?											
188		and there may be some other things mixed in there, but that would be great											
189		You sound like you're having more fun than me, all my dates are in the future											
190													
191			mmmmmmmmmm fascinating										
192	Images Window			stretching									
193	Up a Bit	up a bit	no click on it, up left, oh										
194													
195		Gypsy Highview Gathering System											
196			You know I was just told she was out to lunch, can I take a message?										
197		Call out to you											
198		Call out to you											
199	Type	////////////////////////////////////											
200		////////////////////////////////////											
201			Is that so?										
202	Are We All on the Same Page?	Because I Wasn't Sure What We Were Supposed To Be Doing Here											
203	Just Use Control X												
204													
205	Call Out to You												
206	Call Out to You												
207													
208													
209													
210													
211													
212													
213	Type	////////////////////////////////////											
214		////////////////////////////////////											
215		////////////////////////////////////											
216		////////////////////////////////////											
217		////////////////////////////////////											
218		////////////////////////////////////											
219		////////////////////////////////////											
220	Sound			movement									
221	Type	////////////////////////////////////											

	A	B	C	D	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N
296			Bill for Payor Contract										
297													
298	Those Two (Caraway & Poppy)												
299		evil bastards in the seed world		that's what it's going to sound like over here ladies									
300													
301			they're all Production Reports										
302													
303				my images field just split in two									
304													
305			it was kind of fun, it was like there was a little present now & then, but now there are none										
306			(there, some art to capturing documents which I haven't acquired yet)										
307													
308	The Endlessly Entertaining Assumption that Computers are Logical												
309													
310			(me inside)										
311				this theory about humor									
312						Ignorance							
313						Conflict							
314	0607RDE0476839												
315			I don't know, every time someone ducks under a desk I wonder where they are going										
316				what's under there?									
317				going to my secret world									
318				see you soon									
319		Jicarilla											
320		Not											
321		or Unknown											
322			I think Not										
323	(some people just belong to each other									
324			Far Far		(hearing Super Mario Brothers in my head)								
325			What if I'm Right?										
326			Kings of Inconvenience										
327			Falling Away with You										
328			Muse										
329			Absolution										
330			All the Way Down										
331			Once Soundtrack										
332			We Will Become Silhouettes										
333			The Postal Services										
334			Give Up										
335			D1-17										
336)			Special	(torn places on page - almost look like bullet holes)								
337													
338	Delete & Group with Beginning Document #		45464564								
339					((((((((((((((((.....45764731	Pretty Bird	Word	The WOMan biRD			
340									He Can Only	Hold Her			
341									You Got Me	Rumble - Link Wray))))))))))			
342													
343	Seems to Me...that for a Verbatim Title....or whatever it is....& I Think in this Case....yeah, I guess.... (The Date Range)												
344													
345	Wet Ones	antibacterial moist wipes											
346	Issuing Office	Area Supervisor Conservation Division											
347													
348													
349			molybdenum	the definition									
350					it's really dull & it's mostly just like a place to pee								
351							on the way back						
352				it took me about 5 tries to find the Y (Why)									
353													
354		lambdacism	excessive use of the letter l										
355			I was writing Royalty Summary and it came out Royalty Slummery, which sounds like when the prince gets dressed to go out bopping around										
356			do do do do do do do da da da da										
35794291												
35894372	split into two groups94291										
359		94295										
360		9429694310									
361		94372										
362			94311 - 94361										
363					the collective musical experiences Susan relays - not possible with ear buds in								
364													
365			trying to sketch the Images Window										
366	The Garden State												
367		Mojo 4/16/09											
368		291835	the same kind of employee courtesy								
369													

	A	B	C	D	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	
370														
371					(in words?)	Just So Stories								
372														
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DEBRAH MORKUN

where the labyrinth used to be

aphroditic stem-ship loud replacement for an old noun, every note a missionary-zone testament to stop being pagan, every satin linen i was in the radon-fume, a carbon wish, M.Fisher says if we could only go back to the 70's & take a different course, another course, and not the lawn like the great gulf mermaid or the rust-belt platitude not another course of action --- not like the decree to merry- meet, not the logic-zone still cooing, like a century-nest, generate ion when there were two tides & the people crawled into their nebulous caves to hide in the mithraic, not unlike Lamarck Lamarck, not unlike acid communism, which was not the path taken, but unlike the hymn, of course -- several years later, we were making salt cakes by the river-bed, the hum of the old factories still leaving echolocation, motor days, promised modernity but given shoe-laces, i barely have a quarter of a century, i barely have the room less-taken, a marshy road, a silver-road,

the Baltic
singing
revolution
squares not
with acid
communism

though it is
beautiful
but not
spoken
so I speak it
& sing it

Gabija

The labyrinth still

another inversion -- labyrinth, disappear... clearly, the domain
sword an enclosure, the cityscape, under these burning
leaves imaginal winter pythagorean call to conceal delights
when elemental arithmetic

i wanted to give you the lantern, so you
 opened your hands & battalions

dislodged hydra from the score

investment in the new future

foreclosure

last earth-quake

to find one good person
in the fallout

to find one good person

Lithuanian Music Hall, Port Richmond, Philadelphia, 4/24

A.J. Greimas

clouds - semiotic cumulus

i am not modern, walking in klaipeda, not far from the Baltic Sea
i used to hear about this sea as a river, morose, the kind of water that rains
in baltimore harbor, the nursery well where the century maid went with a wishing
bowl and a DNA code like a stealthy musical tribe heading northward, to the wrong
equator a spell, in fact,,, like when the moon reaches beyond the branches
of a golden tree, semiotics, not a circle, in fact, a square said Greimas,
in an olden orphan tongue - the barometer of culture is not the looking glass,
not the pied piper, who travels the same roads as Bering -- Seward's folly

Ausra stood on the looking-deck of the train speeding to Vilnius & said, "you
did nothing wrong, come back" but the train was going to the outskirts of town
where i fed the salt cakes to the kremlin kgb my family
the sad soot of names



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Joshrigney.com

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END CAPITALISM NOW

THE BAY/NYC
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