







# 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 peps, 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

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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                      and read  
My friends are here                      thank god                      none from our program

in the arranged room

Molly

Maxime

Elim

Regina

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

Walls, and the courtyards beyond

sky

tracks the movement of water

like an eye

Sophie asks

have you been writing

couplets?

no tercets

a couplet

is a tercet she

laughs

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.

REMIKOWSKI  
VOOR  
1000





We Repair  
TVS

FIRELY

**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 confe 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 knot/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													
313								Ignorance					
314	0607RDE0476839							Conflict					
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 #			.....4546		.....4564							
339						((((((((((((((((.....4576		.....4731	Pretty Bird	Word		The WOMan bIRD	
340										He Can Only		Hold Her	
341										You Got Me			
342										Rumble - Link Wray))))))))))			
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 Offic 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										
357	.....94291												
358	.....94372	split into two groups	.....94291										
359			.....94295										
360			.....94296	.....94310									
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			.....2918	.....35				the same kind of employee courtesy					
369													

[illegible]





# 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](http://Joshrigney.com)

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END CAPITALISM NOW

THE BAY/NYC  
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