



POETRYETC:

Poems & Poets

Edited by Andrew Burke and Candice Ward

Published as an e-book by Masthead Literary Arts Ezine, Issue 11, September 2008

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A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

Poems included in this anthology first appeared in the following publications:

Douglas Barbour: Triptych, Fulcrum No. 1 (2002), Sit the Deer, Vision/Sounding, a folder from The League of Canadian Poets (n.d.)

Alison Croggon: The poet... Ash, Cusp Books 2006; she never cried... Theatre, Salt Publishing 2008.

Peter Howard: A Poppy was first published in The Interpreter's House and a revised version of it appears in the pamphlet Game Theory published in 2005 by Top Edge Press. An animated version of the poem is on my website and is also reproduced on the BBC website. (The animated version was used as source material by Babeja Mohammed for her 2005 MA dissertation at the University of Basra, Iraq.) The Construction of the Tomahawk won second prize in the Daily Telegraph/Arvon competition in 2000 and is published in the competition anthology. It is also published in Game Theory. Strangers was first published in Oxford Magazine and is also in the collection Weighing the Air published by Arrowhead Press in 2008. The Distillation of Ink was first published in the Oxford Poets 2001 anthology by Carcanet Press in 2001. It is also in Weighing the Air, which features Peter Cicciariello's Proposed monument for poem in a room as the cover image for Weighing the Air.

Arni Ibsen's poems appear with the kind permission of Hildur Kristjánsdóttir.

Liz Kirby: No Warning in Force, Poetry Wales 45.

Rachel Loden: A Redressed Poet..., The Iowa Review; Ass, Deaf to Music, The Denver Quarterly; My Subject and Miss October, The Richard Nixon Snow Globe, Wild Honey Press.

Pierre Joris: The two Meditations will appear in the next issue of Verse.

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In 1997, John Kinsella sent me an email. He wanted to start a new listserv to discuss poetry and the things pertaining thereof – which, as was pointed out many times over the years, includes pretty much everything. To reflect its inclusive intent, the list would be named Poetryetc. Was I interested in being a member? My reply was some variation of “sure!” And so began a decade-long association with one of the most stimulating and lively poetry discussion lists of its time.

When Poetryetc was founded, listservs were a vital engine for conversation, exchange of information and argument among contemporary poets. The big daddy was Buffalo Poetics, founded in 1993 by Charles Bernstein, which attracted a large number of innovative poets, including Kinsella himself. There was also British and Irish Poets, run by the English poet Ric Caddel, whose members were a who’s who of alternative British and Irish poetry of the time. And there were many other lists catering to the various sub-communities of poetry – Subsubpoetics, the woman-only list WOMPO, the Slam listserv, and so on.

Poetryetc was unique. To begin with, it was consciously international and eclectic in its approach. As Kinsella says: “though i thought the buffalo list and brit-irish lists fascinating the former seemed too institutional (however sub the poetics at work) and the latter too parochial – [I] wanted something somewhat independent.”¹ What made Poetryetc distinct from the beginning was Kinsella’s internationalism, and his vision of its being a space for collaborative projects as well as dialogue and exchange. It’s a vision he outlines in an essay written in 1999, *International Regionalism and Poetryetc*.

With his characteristic energy, Kinsella set about generating a dizzying variety of collaborative projects, as well as a series of Featured Poets consisting of a statement by the author, a selection of poems, and a biographical note, which ran into four series. It included, as Kinsella explains, “poets as diverse in technique and

voice and location as John Tranter (Australia), Michelle Leggott (New Zealand), Alice Notley (USA via Paris), Nils-Ake Hasselmark (Island of Arholma), Jo Shapcott (UK), and dozens of others.”

Among the most ambitious of the projects Kinsella initiated was the 1998 *Interactive Geographies*, which he said was “one of the most dynamic exchanges on the Poetryetc email ‘dialogue’ list in its early years.² Basically the creation of a large prose poem on the notion of ‘place’, the ‘geo projects’, as they’ve become known, are spatial texts, mappings of virtual and ‘real’ places.³ His invitation to list members explained further: The aim is to break down territories, boundaries, demarcation lines etc by creating an interactive regionalism. If people would send to the list responses to their immediate surroundings – responses to location, demographics, spiritual signifiers, gender, and so on – I’ll work the collective effort into a single text.”¹

Interactive Geographies perhaps is representative of Kinsella’s vision for the list: he saw in a listserv the possibility of creating a collaborative space where “internationalism becomes more than the mixing together of names from diverse parts of the planet, more than hybridising poets with different attitudes to form and language, with different ethical and political views; it becomes a voice in itself.” As he recognised, this was an idea often at odds with the stubborn individualism of poets, and this tension, often fruitful, sometimes destructive, was the central dynamic that drove the list through its various incarnations.

There were other projects under Kinsella’s watch – the Gallery Project, Poetry and Music, Poetry and Architecture, the Translation Project and the 2001 Walden Sonnet project – many of them suggested by list members. They generated a staggering amount of creativity, quite aside from the dialogue that was the putative purpose of the list. Kinsella gave over his list ownership in 2001, handing it to three list owners – myself, Chris Hamilton-Emery and Candice Ward – to make it, as he said, more “indy”, and to prevent the problems of it being identified with a single person. “In the end, it was the pressures of dealing with the frictions and factions that led me to move on,” he told me recently in an email.” The list had become something greater than its parts, which is to

be celebrated. it had become its own space and needed an egalitarian and pluralistic team to run it.”³

Candice Ward and Chris Hamilton-Emery resigned co-ownership after a few months, although both continued as active list members, and Randolph Healy was invited to the board. He and I ran the list together for many years, until he was forced to resign due to his other commitments in 2006. He was a stalwart co-manager: rational, just, sensible and a harbour in stormy times. Except for a month when the list was run by Rebecca Seiferle while I was overseas, I continued by default as a solo list owner. Finally, feeling that the list had become moribund and that I had neither the time nor the will to revitalise it, I resigned in early 2007. I hoped that it would find new life under Anny Ballardini and Joe Duemer, who managed the list for a year before themselves resigning in August this year.

In the six years from 2001, Kinsella’s original internationalist vision inevitably evolved. Listservs were no longer new, and in the early years of the new century, after a number of prominent lists imploded in flame wars, the intellectual energy moved to blogs. Cyber-collectivism was replaced by bloggish individualism, a privatisation that some saw as the failure of the original utopian vision and others took as an inevitable evolution. It’s fairly generally agreed that the early years of this decade saw the end of the real, generative energy of listservs, but Poetryetc continued as a lively community for several years, in large part because of its diversity and the projects it engendered.

Poetryetc cycled between three distinct modes: periods of intense creativity and impassioned discussion; periods of intense, even bitter argument (which often resulted in a renaissance) and periods where nothing much was going on at all. But there was always a strong sense of continuity from Kinsella’s ownership. This was evident in the list’s diversity – it was never identified with any particular strand or “school” of poetry. Its members ranged from widely published poets to beginners and included poets from all over Australia, the US, the UK, Ireland and Europe. Where Kinsella’s influence continued most hardily was in the list ethics, which were designed to create a space in which, ideally, difference

and passion could be negotiated. The list rules were simple, but were enforced if necessary, and difference and discussion were encouraged and welcomed. Kinsella again:

The reason this list was set up in the first place was to illustrate that different poetics/pov/geographies/cultures etc (the etc. being the most important part to my mind) can find common ground for dialogue.... poetryetc is a “neutral” (and) safe space - at least that’s what it’s working towards... The grounds rules for poetryetc were: no racism, misogyny, or bigotry of any kind. ⁴

While the list was most active under Randolph and myself, between 2001 and 2005, it averaged between 200 and 300 members. The projects, always at the heart of the list’s vitality, continued; and also, for a short time, the Featured Poets series, which included contributions from Rosemary Waldrop, Drew Milne, Kate Fagan and Matthew Francis. The most popular project was Snapshots, which I initiated in 2001 and which proved to be unkillable. The idea was that list members posted a poem every Wednesday, a poetic snapshot of their present moment, which were then collated into a kind of poetic collage of that particular day. The first run went for four weeks. A second run, in 2003, continues to the present day. Archives begin at Wild Honey Press http://www.wildhoneypress.com/snapshots2/snaps2_1.htm and continue at Rebecca Seiferle’s ezine Drunken Boat, <http://www.thedrunkenboat.com/poetryetc.html>. I archived a further 70 weeks’ worth at <http://us.geocities.com/poetryetcetera/list.html> and finally Roger Day archived a number at <http://www.poetryetc.org/>.

There were other projects as well – the Dream Project, the Voices Project, the Biography Project and the Speech Project, all archived on Randolph Healy’s Wild Honey Press web page <http://www.wildhoneypress.com/INDEXA.HTM>. From 1997, the Poetryetc Projects collectively represent hundreds of poems by dozens of poets, by any measure an extraordinary explosion of collective creativity.

This anthology is the most recent of the Poetryetc Projects. Edited by Candice Ward and Andrew Burke and designed by Peter Ciccariello, it represents a selection of poems written by list

members over the past few years. It includes many distinguished poets side by side with new or little known voices, and demonstrates the diversity and stylistic openness that was always a major strength of Poetryetc.

In the decade since Poetryetc was founded, it has evolved from its anarchic and utopian beginnings. This has often meant forgetting or erasing its past. And although this forgetting can prompt some regret, it's not necessarily a bad thing. Poetryetc was started on Listbot, a private, non-academic mailbase, and then moved to Mailbase before it landed at Jiscmail in 2000, its present home. In the various moves, about 40,000 posts were erased. This prompted Kinsella to coin the term "netdeath", and to contemplate the tensions between the illusory permanence of a page and the "quick and fragile" nature of email dialogue. Like me, he leaned towards the mortality of oral dialogue, rather than the faux immortality of the page, and thought it better that list archives were erased. He valued living energy, not dead monuments. And what made Poetryetc special through those years is something that can neither be retrieved nor desirably preserved. For all the voluminous archives on Jiscmail, its real energies live in its present. The poems in this anthology are pebbles thrown up on a littoral, the traces of energies that have restlessly gone on into other lives and other activities.

To leave the last word with the man who started it all:

Poetryetc has been through many phases... We collaborate on ideas to "stimulate" discussion, to make it more than a conversation, or space for simultaneous alternative conversations whose crossovers create "cyberspatial" text, hybrids that might or might not prove fertile. The deterministic language here IS ironic. The list, in reality, is linear, and no matter how many forms of indexing or multi-directional movement are created in the process of archiving, it remains linear. The language itself might reject linearity, but the package is linear. Technology strives to overcome this linearity — virtual, three-dimensional, depth of field — but it is still confined to the sensory limitations of human perception. But poetry never was — it's always been about containing and breaking out of these confinements. It is a paradoxical use of language that has never been confined to the page, and nor will it be to the screen.

The moment a medium becomes prescriptive, the moment it becomes a repository for achievement and replication, it loses integrity. This doesn't mean the poets/writers/artists/conversationalists etc have lost integrity, but the space is compromised. That's what social interaction is, a process of compromise and adjustment. ...Confinement is death, and the page wizard is solid, even with glitches, and the computer virus is solid, and the flawed software is solid as well as the patch that repairs it. The nicotine patch, the pseudo solid, the placebo field. Netdeath is the rejection by text of the materialism that makes it. The archives hang there, mimicking stasis. As vulnerable as the book is to fire. Lost in the attic, it burns undiscovered, but there.

Thinking landscape rather than portrait here... of ash and flow.
Let's undo it all: linguistic disobedience. ⁵

Alison Croggon, August 2008

Notes

² Email from John Kinsella to Alison Croggon

² Interactive Geographies: geo-text as simulacrum, by John Kinsella, introduction to *Interactive Geographies: A Poetryetc Project*

³ Email from John Kinsella to Alison Croggon

⁴ International regionalism and Poetryetc by John Kinsella, <http://www.johnkinsella.org/new/essays/international.html>

⁵ Netdeath and the Loss of Page Style: Working "Off the Page"? by John Kinsella

(Endnotes)

RACHEL LODEN

*A Redressed Poet That Seems Living,
How to Make Him Sing*

First, thrust a Quill into his brain from above, or else
slit his throat, as is done in Jerusalem. Cut his skin

neatly from his Tongue unto his Rump and pull it off.
Then sever his Head with the skin and legs

and keep it. Roast the Poet on a spit. His body
may be stuffed with sweet Herbs, his breast stuck

with Cloves, and his neck wrapped in a white linen
cloth. Baste him vigorously until he crackles.

When the Poet is almost cooked, take him down
and redress him in his skin, whose inside

you have coated with spices, salt and cinnamon.
Then, when you have put his skin back on

get an apparatus of Iron and shove this through
his spine and legs so it cannot be seen; in this way

the Poet will stand so that he will seem to be living.
Take the neck of your Poet and bind it at one end

and load it with quicksilver and ground sulfur,
pressing until it is roughly half full; then bind

the other end, but do not seal. When it is quite hot,
and the mixture bubbles, Air that is trying to escape

will make the Poet sing. If he doesn't cry
loudly enough, tie the two ends more tightly.

My Subject

Second fitting with tutu, sequined crown, pink parasol. Tightrope across the laboratory. Singing: *Les Petits Chanteurs du Mont-Royal*.

Small contretemps. Ambulance to the Med Zentrum in Bad Ragaz. Subject tearing at bandages.

Sits up in bed at last, stares blankly at the Alps. Disconsolate.

Says only “All the kittens are still blind.” Meaning?

No change. Tear vials: one centiliter.

Can she see me behind the two-way mirror?

Subject spends day at Rosenklinik belting out the Volga Boat Song. Then shyly asks to see “Monsieur Jolie.” God help me.

Subject belligerent, attempts to provoke fisticuffs. Nightdress torn in brief struggle. Experiment halted till noon.

Must not let on that my feelings are increasingly inappropriate.

Cake flickering with candles on subject’s “birthday.” Trembles wildly, refuses to make a wish. Cake wheeled away. Repeat Tues-Fri.

Subject will not speak. Working furiously on crayoned “manifesto.”

Manifesto found in the Krankenhaus torn to ribbons. O my soul.

Demonstrators wrap the Institute in banners. Almost pretty. Subject oblivious, reading *Heidi* and talking disjointedly about goats and pie.

Police everywhere, but funding doubled! Subject relocated to the Advanced Laboratories, where we will continue our confidential work.

Miss October

If I have to be a playmate
In my time on earth
I want to be the girl
Of drifting leaves, cold cheeks

And passionate regrets.
I think Hef loves October best
Because although he cannot
Say so, he is *this* close

To death. December
In its stealth has hung
Long spikes of ice
Around his sagging ears, his

Sex. So in October
I'll be the centerfold of gay
Pretense, the girl who says
We're at our blondest

And most perilously beautiful
Right before we check out
Of the manse.
Soon all Hef's dreaming

Will be ash, his favorite pipe
And smoking jacket,
Last vial of Viagra
Safely under glass

At the Smithsonian.
When my shelf life here
Is done and all the damp
Boys stealing glimpses

At the newsstands
Are old men, I want them
To remember how many
Playmate-months

Are gone, how many rooms
Stand empty, shutters
Drawn, the last girls slipped
Away in bright October.

Ass, Deaf to Music

Across someone, To get. Add up, It does not.
Animula, vagula. Angle, A Dead.

Americans, Good—when they die go to Paris.
Alley, Right up one's. Alligator pear.

Anxious seat, To be on the. Ape. *To lead apes
In hell.* A-pigga-back. *See* PICK-A-BACK.

Aphrodite. Her girdle. Askance at, To
Look. Silver apples of Istakhar. All sweetness

On one side. All bitterness on the other.
Aback, To be taken. In the *Plain of Asphodel.*

Apocalypse, four horsemen of. Azazel. Azazel.
Ash tree Yggdrasil. Abbot of misrule.

Ass, deaf to music. Ass-eared. *cf.* FOOL.

MARTIN DOLAN

Official Greetings

The cards sidle in singly,
in pairs - restrained, official
bonhomie in approved form
the clean and careful noting
of a generic season.

See here a star, any star
and here a fir tree reduced
to lines and coloured angles.
This latest shows a landscape
unpeopled, temperate.

There is the pile for sending,
flat and arid as the rest
designed to avoid offence.
Now hand and pen vacillate
over a personal touch.

The Old Game

i.
Your blades slice through my words
even as I write them;
the thin strips that are left
will not rejoin themselves.

ii.
What I have written here
can cover anything:
a heart beating out time,
the sullen grey of rock.

iii.
Not even a steel mind
can resist what you show me:
the heft of rock in hand
the weight of breaking.

KENNETH WOLMAN

*Katzenjammer Columbine: The Kidz Escape To Coconino
County Where They Hit Passers-By With Bricks And Bullets*

(for Eric Harris & Dylan Klebold)

[Prologue]

Mutterschtupper!

Maybe, Eric, wir lighten das Fuses,
blow der C4 unter der Schoolhaus,
ja, ja! EWIGE VERNICHTUNG, woo-hoo!
Sterben alles, sterben glücklich!
[Das Lied von Eric und Dylan]

Wir sind das jungen Katzenjammer,
wir gecroaken der Kapitän
(er ist unser Vater NICHT, der grosse Schwein!)
und die Frau Mama.
Und die Kinder
und die Teachers.
Das ist ein Cartoon,
aber wir slashen und burnen,
leave not a rack behind!
Wir morder alles, alles!
[Der Sprecher]

Ach! das Katzenjammers, kleine Ungeheuren!
Sure as Höll: aber ein Candle
nicht holden zu Dylan und Eric,
going nach Valhalla,
Die Götterdämmerung of Littleton,
auf der School Library.
Himmel, diese kinder aus Hans und Fritz!

Denke der Our Gang lynch boys, Spanky pulling
on a Schwartz's legs to break his neck,
or R. Crumb drawing Charlie Manson

sending out his disciples to do his holy will.
[Das Lied von Eric und Dylan, II, translated into English]

Once too often, tough guys,
we carried the burden for every kid
every victim of the school bully,
we are the secret saints of the insulted,
the injured, the high school kid who
shits himself in fear on the school bus.
Our mistake was shooting the wrong ones,
but no! no wrong ones, even Cassie Bernall
she was a Gospel bully, die all die merrily
or not, just die!

Our revels now are ended.

We invented Zero Tolerance.
We had none.

We are not America, not 1999
not now, we are forest-bound beasts,
Georg Buchner walken und sprechen,
die Wasser is Blut, Blut,
good night, Herrgott Teufel, now
turn up the goddamn heat!
“Everything is Beautiful at the Ballet”

After the decision,
the movements are choreographed,
gracefully timed, as though
we were a pair of dancing swans
circling on a mist-covered lake.
But the lake is dry,
the swans are dying.
You are in a room
I quickly skulk across;
I am by a window
and you slide through silently,
at an oblique angle,
to go from one room to the next.

We have long since learned
the arts of silence,
of how not to touch.
The swirl of our separate motions
counter each other,
create a whirlpool of air.
The music of the dance
is sucked into the silence.

The House of the Spirits

(On Learning She Is Moving From The House We Lived In)

1

First me, then our sons, now you.

2

The first day we were there I left
to buy new knobs for all the bedroom doors—
for Ben, our three-year-old son, immured himself
cackling in his brand-new room, and I, with
the instincts of a housebreaker,
had to use a screwdriver to pick the lock.

3

Five years beyond that marriage house, memories
still flood the spaces.
They fall like grand pianos in a shipwreck.
Boilers crash into the prow,
harps jangle and steam scalds.

4

The fall was bottomed long ago. Serene now,
the hulk rests in the silt, destined for the bottom
by its makers' arrogance.
Fish swim through it, past extinguished chandeliers.
Life continues somehow, at its own depth.

5

Hawthorne blessed the pure emotion, dreaded a life
where perfect good or evil are in short supply.
Impurity was everywhere, secrets—mine, ours—buckled the walls,

concealed like whiskey bottles in a briefcase,
breakable as locks on bedroom doors.

6

“I hope,” Ben says, “no one ever lives there again,”
and my mind runs to riot as it always has.
In medieval Europe villages sat emptied by the Plague.
Houses where no one would ever live again
were unprotected from starving dogs and feral cats,
doors swung back and forth while the winds
blew through the empty space.

7

Ben can dream. I can nightmare.
We will both be disappointed.

8

I do not believe in curses upon houses.
No Unholy Spirits will penetrate the brickwork.
No Anne Boleyn will wander the downstairs hall
carrying her severed head across the ratty carpet.

9

You will leave and strangers will live in the house
that was a house of strangers.
The house will look like grade schools we attended,
turn from reality to a place we could not believe
ever contained what happened there.

RENÉE ASHLEY

Wine Not Water Fish Not Frogs

Everything in the garden of the world. The small
cup of her. Gratitude and those birds pulling down
the sky. What weighs most on a god's scale — other
than a god? My mother told me her first father killed
her other father. I found this in a note, it's my writing
— she did not tell me how. Or I've forgotten again.

From here all I can see is roofs but I can hear the sea.
Hear birds in the inlet three doors down but the sky
seems stable. They appear to do no harm. The question
can't be: Who will know when she's gone? It's frogs
and fishes. It's atumble, askew, atip in the midden.

*A Wind Is Like So Many Arrows A House Like
So Many Some Kind Of Doors*

It's more complicated than that. Metaphor
or not it's this one body breaking up sends
the mind's bear scrambling in the pit. Self
is a rugged low-down thing, time's loaded.
Poor mind. Poor bear. Poorest hour of end:
the winds are up, foreclosures. Every place
you look eyesore and bellyflop, the single
imperfect discourse of an unfinished world.

PATRICK MCMANUS

Clouds

coming in
from his walk
he cheerfully
mentioned
that he had seen
a beautiful cloud

and she said
well what was it
a wispy Virga?
high flying Cirrus?
or even Cirrostratus?
or broken Scud?
towering Cumulonimbus?
ordinary massing Cumulus?
billowing Mammatacumulus?
the great Incus Anvil?
Sun -Moon Halo?
Altostratus Sheets?
or magnificent Nimbostratus?
not boring Contrail
aircraft graffiti?
maybe a rare
Noctolucant??

he was not sure
but it was a lovely
sort of Pooh Bear cloud

S.J. LITHERLAND

A Day Redeemed By Cricket

3 am listening to cricket. The jovial voices break into the room,
Australian sunlight, and the delay, the unhurried tone

before we hear he's not out, *they murmur on*, until the jolt,
he's gone, before the why and wherefore, and the passage

of play is new landscape, perhaps the sudden collapse,
the scree on the mountain face unstable, boulder on boulder,

the tipping of the avalanche impossible to stop
is geology is cricket in the mind, the end of the game

in the gulch, and so I get up.

Every day a drama of protesting, the world is doing things
wrong. I walk these streets where families once lived,

the terrace houses unloved, their slates shine in the rain, they've seen
hard times, scoldings in back yards, they huddle under the viaduct

like piglets under their sow, the trains bred their alleyways,
their brick fronts, their step by step ascension up the hills.

They've faced each other all these years, and grow silent
each summer when students leave, like the uncomplaining

servants they are, bought out by masters.

We stop the meeting for tea and scores, good heavens,
our pair are still there running between wickets

as we turn pages over of our city's sharp decline
and distress is not despair in the mind as Bell
and Collingwood mount the tracks of some far off mountain,
running in hairpin zig-zags of ones and twos,

the colossal effort as the sages suppose
a journey of a thousand steps, and they need

250. And when I get home I hear that one fell but one continued, and the chain reset in couplings

is cricket is the repair of the heart.

White Birds and a Rainbow

The white birds in a dream of Yeats, free of love,
seven alighting on a tree, sharp white in sunlight,
their wings fluttering like prima ballerinas *en pointe*,
flew up and around, always seven as in a fairy story,
seven sons or sisters under a spell of airy water,
tied with a cord to the tree, so breaking into the sky
seven lamps of wisdom flashing on and off

I had to leave them swerving and turning, pulsing
and switching, back and forth like sequences of wailing
or adding *another thing* to an argument.

Why these seven tethered and yet in harmony
like a sentence of haiku?

Seven handkerchiefs
are waving many farewells
and cannot leave her.

On the heights of the moorland, we drove to the crest,
the heather brown as dried dung, the uplands without colour
yet we were on the verge of spring, uplifted
on the bare open contours. I was feeling as always
without brakes in my mind's handling.

The blind hilltop beckoned the car to slow. Across the vales
was a flat rainbow, unvaulted and earthbound,
its gauzy ribbon gilding the brown winter hair
of fields and trees; it was a silken haze from desert lands,
a mirage of tiny stitches of a gossamer carpet
laid for caravanserai wheels to tread upon.
As we flew into the tapis it melted as if
we were the cold philosophy that Keats knew.

NATHAN HONDROS

Birdsong

your after hours
brow and

blonde bones
in the under-reach,
and singing birds
for dead man's memory.

cemetery birdsong
tumbles down,
balanced by ghost gums,
grass, feathers and stone.

we lay there all night,
infinitely unwound,

in the mouths of gulls,
over the spools of

each
other's thighs.

Poem without Sleep or Reason

this sempiternal sub-light
is slipshod in hollow dark,
it confuses us with all
the world's distance,
with the diurnal clothes
the other must always wear.

then winter comes
over fences, through windows,
across harboured night and day

and the earth's kilometres.
until we reach each other
(both the colour of fruit trees and grass,
both candescent and profane,
both enduring through this 3am.

Sans Sommeil

Colossus.
trickery and mirrors
behind his
ploughing eyes,

his height a sleight of hand.

his voice is
a screw's thread of

listless penetration,

and forbearance,
and solitude.

in stony hour glass night
I find a foothold and grow tall,
I find antiquity in
the lemon light of five AM.

my voice is
a vague pretence,
now from the mouth of the colossus.

and you, nocturnal one -
how many nights called out to you,
how many?

SHEILA E. MURPHY

So This

I quietly and unremarkably love you, I
practice being where I am if I invent
you I already learn a way to recollect
the huge moments of happiness, the minor
tree branch, the live wings changing
how our lawn poses status of collective
noun imposed thus from without so various
coordinating conjunctions are not equal
to the task the task is being knowing
valuing while this is here, so this
embedded presence defines present tense
as real and as legitimate with and without each
one of us.

Noun that I've been Watching (20)

Feather.
Episodic silver winter
lushes past
the straight-edged path.
Passion, the opposite of habit?
Whose stark sun?
A runaway spooled around wood carved into function.
Notice is a neutral act.
You wind me.
In a feasible enormous sunshine there are bodies
generously enclosing
would-be frost.
Let us pray.
Merely the leavings now.
Chance happiness.
One sweeps for reasons
undisclosed.
And light as in fresh weather.
Low weight.
Birthing old occurrence.
Who we are.

A Fleck of Speech

Rusticity's cement on soft location. Do you read me? Arts and letters come to life amid sightseeing journeys to the upper echelons of spirit with a color in the eyes that lights the land. Some time tomorrow, every city will be made invisible. The access codes will rhyme with here. When nervous, one's skin mentions things. Fear informs unhappiness. To have invested in despair entails a less-than-generous star tip in the sky. Living in full view of the sparklets means a copter will arrange to pin a prior dampness. To think is to have failed to act. To act requires a fleck of speech. The only silence disconcerts a universal play. Points made in isolation sound like dreams. The pavement is a sheet of likely steps to walk. The signature amends this cold and snow, elicits grace from weather. If location is in hand, we are another of its weathervanes.

Tin recipient of tiny hammer tones delivered in Morse Code

Genmai Tea and Food for Three

Minnows take attention from the glitter fish that industry attracts. Camouflage fails to embellish or bequeath signs on a being. One may liken water to the color mud. One may prefer eye blue with bottom stones to crystallize. True anything might possess too many syllables. Your sense of hearing goes abstract. Against my better judgment, liability's incurred. The music coming out of cable in the living room mismatches keys on the computer. Genmai tea and food for three, salmon, rice, and beans, and squash. Rice pudding pie, no sugar added, silver rain white tea. Snow on stones gray as though chip seal. Recurring theme request. One knows nothing has been right. Embargo, sallow cheeks in waves pass through diminuendo. Latch connects to hinge, midnight removes a key card from possession. Posses venture north, or trespass. Accolades begin to smart for the beheld who lingers. Indebtedness accounts for fact's dead weight.

Threads of together, mind in motion, a patched craft

TINA BASS

Untitled snap

break it up
and out I
can't imagine a day without words

greenstick splintering
un-boughed

Ich muss fünf pfennig für ein Eis haben

cheap concrete & shallow
foundations and no street stands out
from the next but there is shouting

long-marching from home
to the Top Shops
for milk and bread rrr
the stuff of life

Is-hard on the feet and the eyes and the heart

Vetch

purple sheen and flash
diverging hips risen
rose both flaked/flanged
squeezed between
thorny issues ripped

transcendent jagged flesh
dark jactitations
versus liquid contact
nourish furling maggoty
yield

leaking through
calloused lung-fists
holding on to what
could be the last one
eyeballed squinting

sun sunflower flower
days from seeding
shifting weight
maintaining things askew
as if they'd always been

peeling plastic curls
un-suffocating under
neath my heat my sex dis
orienting threads west
wards loose

clear-sky evocation
emptying emotion
with ferocious violence
without aggression
root

TREVOR JOYCE

From *Outcry* (worked from the Chinese of Ruan Ji)

Under orchard
 peach and plum
 stray trampled paths,
but when wind burns sere
 the leaf
 the fall sets in.

Bright flowers fade,
 the thorn
 walks in the hall.

So saddle up and ride
 into the everlasting
 high sierras.

Your own time short, what form
 should love
 of wife and children take
when all across the level lands the grass
 stands white,
 cold darkens in?

A month
 to go
inside this summer
 furnace:

young leaves wilt,
 sweet resins sweat;
the cool clouds stream
 across the sky.

Seasons no sooner
 in than gone,

moon and the hunting sun
run on.

Pacing, pacing
desolate halls,
grief knowing
no friends

can yet desire
true company
could cancel
want.

Reply

Forward

Freshness arrives
with the fall:
in the curtains
crickets sing,

and mind turns
fretful
as the heart
grows dark;

words
are withheld,
their sense
suppressed.

Soft air
unsettles
these thin sleeves,
the moon sheds
an unmitigated
light.

Perched high
the cock
crows in
the dawn.

Carriage,
take me home!

Polar
cold
marks terminus;
escape,
even by ocean,
has its end.

Our sun
gone out,
we stand
alone
benighted
and unkinged.

Better
tend
orchard
than forever
watch
your back,

yet see:
even the vulgar
sparrow
sits
in someone's
sights.

In a trice
power slips
the grasp;

armed men
defile
the grave.

Now loyalty's
exemplars
all are dead,
tears
cancel
face.

Give me
a purebred
from the riverlands,
let me
traverse
my range.

KASPER SALONEN

(cold) spell

the gnat snaps
like a glass pot of honey stung open in frost
& caught dead

by the sun — apologetic killer,

sad moon-thief
possessed by an undersea wind,

shocked at its blood in the evening
 (gold dust
 swirling
 where summer
 shoulders its
 alembic—)

the south wind finds another

spring eveningclouds are a thin
vapour of some great burning,

the amassed escapees of a river
on fire, and a ricepaper disc thinner
than the days before a death in
winter gleams like a coin, a monocle

through which a planet looks
a new freeze settles in, warming
a new world back
to the spontaneous wisdom of insects,

the whoops of busy dogs, the sea
birds making a show of it inland,
the asphalt. snow creeps back

to its stony core, leaving
archipelagos in the grass and us
to wonder which on a map
would be land, which the ocean's
cool, thunderous lap
on the seabed's sand.

LARISSA SHMAILO

Shore

It will continue, he said,
even when the water breaks white,
even when the surface currents seem
to be going the wrong way.

The river, I tell him, is gray, and the ocean is for others.

I have crossed the river on stones and planks,
while others swam, inviting me in
and I dove just to please them, pretending
I could swim too.

My path is broken; the white caps are hard
there are too many gaps, always
I must find the connector: I use wire and wood
and rusty nails, these broken rafts,
whatever it takes to cross.

I don't know tides or currents,
have never understood how the river flowed;
perhaps it does not.

There is only the leap, and my heart in my mouth:
I can't walk this hard water or swim,
and I will never see land.

I will be your dolphin, he says,
and you will not drown.

How can I explain that
I am not afraid of drowning:
I have drowned many times, come up,
gasping for air, and dead, many times:

What it is is that
I can't swim
and the water is hard.

It will continue, he says
even when the water
seems to be going the wrong way.

HALVARD JOHNSON

Sonnet: On the Way to Gare St. Lazare

Missed my train and had to wait five minutes for the next one.
Enjoyed a brioche with marmalade at the Irish pub.
Planned a Japanese meal with Mike and the rest of the guys (and gals).
Fell asleep briefly in a bar so dark one could easily fall asleep in it.

Learned to say “I need to have sex with you right now” in French.
Got up late again this morning. Haven’t been sleeping well.
Met Georgina and that Corsican guy at the Louvre.
Stayed inside because of the rain. All-day rain. Again.

Went to check emails. Nothing from home.
Wandered over to the art school to meet my friends.
Had another chocolat chaud. That must be thirty or so now.
Started to catch up on my reading. Again. New book this time.

Got some food at a lovely restaurant with purple and red chairs.
Sat inside, hopping outside to take photos.

SALLY EVANS

At the Antonine Wall

It scars the dullest part of Scotland,
obliterated under warehouses,
short term railways, housing schemes,
the outskirts of uncertain villages.
Or suddenly it scythes a wood,
a shocking vallum, double walled,
a stretch beside a minor road,
an earthwork, an intrusive ridge.
We never quite believed in it,
constructed to last only decades,
land-engineering that has worn
longer than those patched canals,
in places rubbish-strewn, employed to dump
ungainly memories, or vanished legions.

GLEN PHILLIPS

I Wouldn't Have Missed It For Quids

Looking back on that day,
it all turned out so strangely,
yet vivid still, as a movie scene—
kitchen, wood-fire and cake a-baking,
rain bucketing down on pony
and poddy calves and two stark
muscovies—puddle reflected,
I say thanks for the invite, sister.

Kitchen, car shed, hayshed
but no red wheelbarrow
in the rain. Sorrows the gods
might have signalled they knew
by these downpours. Yet grief
shared, like creatures great
and small and the river running by,
takes many forms. Can have long
strings. Thanks for the invite, sister.

5 Minutes After 5 Years

It amounts to what? A shoebox
of shuffled memories , sheets
of paper, a posed photograph
of a happy couple against the wall
in the photographer's cheap rooms?

If you walked all the way back
beside the slow-moving mighty
river to where the first white
rapids begin in their rushing course
you could see the tumble of foam.

Here the beginning rivulets
of this river of dreams that slides

ponderously when near to the sea,
now instead spurt in their myriad
frenzy, scattering careless spray.

Or so they say. Oh isn't the free
fall of a torrent more than wasted joy?
More than firecracker paper—at least
a taste of forbidden freedom, that
elsewise might never come?

S.K. KELEN

House of Rats

They're up there all right,
in the roof playing scrabble,
listening to scratchy
old Fats Waller records.
They started out
a gang of desperadoes
escaped from a laboratory,
arrived via a garbage truck
up overhanging tree branches
elbowed their way in & soon
the colony is an empire of rats
who eat the insulation batts
chew wires, through the ceiling
to ransack the kitchen
take bites out of everything
& carry off furniture. I can hear them
scurrying with bits & pieces, hammering & sawing:
they're building houses - a model rat town - with
imitation garages to park stolen toy cars in.
After munching down another box of double strength poison
the rats are back at work with a vengeance, thump
around the rafters insulating the house with rat shit.
Or hard at love writhing, squealing like sick starlings
or kicked puppies. The weaker explode
and TV screens fill with rats' blood but there's
more where they came from. Teeming over
mountains, down valleys, jamming highways, falling
off bridges to scurry ashore up storm water drains.
Exterminators arrive dressed as astronauts and poison
the house for ten thousand years. It's time to move out.
But the rats have laid eggs in your pockets, stow
away, follow you from house to house.
The curse enters its exponential phase.
Tentacles unwind from the ceiling, dirty great moths
and leopard slugs take over your happy home.

Soon you are a trellis. That's just what the rats say.
I'm down here listening to radio messages,
oiling automatic weapons, building rockets.
Living in a rat's belly.

Hanoi Girls

Hanoi most sensible of cities—
at night the traffic finally does stop
and a great hush of sleeping
descends: a curtain drawn
down by good spirits
and ghosts about to start work.
Not a sound for kilometres
except a cough deep in a house
a lonely bicycle bell, a word called
out from a dream, a stray bird drunk.
It's dark on the pavement
but the sky glows with smog.
Quiet all night until a rooster crows
sunrise somewhere in the rice fields
behind the rebuilt suburbs
north of the river.
The people who sleep
in the street hammocks are first up
and busy. Everyone's going to work
in an office, school, a sweatshop
or a street stall, hot days get louder
with all the talking it's as if everyone's shouting.
Slow rivers of traffic meander.
Suddenly the girls are there, dozens
then hundreds riding motor scooters
braking gently at the traffic light in Ly Thai To Street
now the traffic flows like ripples on a quiet lake.
Cyclo drivers and labourers
might stop for a moment, consider
the day's hot slog is almost worth it,
to see their city's young women growing beautiful
and rich. They remember to be kind to strangers

who try to compare their less cultivated worlds.
What greater joy could there be than to see
Hanoi girls ride motor scooters,
pillion sisters sitting side saddle.
When the traffic slows they gossip
like tigresses with girls on the other scooters.
Silks and nylon made sure the war
was won by the miniskirt allied with knee-high
leather boots or diaphanous sandals.
Hanoi girls out-glamour the Italians
they fit imitation Gucci so much better
and bring a sense of reticence to leather.
Their mobile phones ring urgently—
lightning strikes Hanoi's holy mountain
friendly rain clouds gather.
Dial an ancestor—mothers and grandmothers
were the bravest women warriors
Vietnam had seen for centuries.
They fought the invaders and lost husbands,
brothers and sons, sisters and daughters.
Everyone lost somebody
when the heartless and stupid ruled America
sent over soldiers and bombers.
The war ended, and lots of granddaughters,
lots of grandsons came into the world.
Over time the hard times got better
there was food for almost everyone.
The population skyrocketed, as they say, and
Hanoi's granddaughters grew up and dressed to kill.
Commuting on their scooters they chatter: are love poems
more romantic more sincere than a gift of flowers,
or just cheaper? There's the wicked past of a Government
Minister who used to be a Saigon pop singer—
too wicked to mention. French football stars
are heading to Vietnam to help improve the local game
ha ha it won't work – the boom in Hanoi's real estate
goes through the roof, So-and-so is starting up
a new business, the new style of Hué cooking
is not so new, those horoscopes in Sport and Culture
magazine are so vague to be nearly always right

and the interview with David Beckham
is almost the same as last month's.
To ensure good daughters have everything their mothers
and fathers missed, the sacrifices made are tougher
than to much loved ancestors—
money to buy a good scooter comes harder
than fake banknotes burnt at an altar.
Hanoi girls pull up at the traffic light
knee-high boots and sheer sandals
rest on the road, mobile phones ring in
a business deal, an old apartment to renovate,
lunch at West Lake. As grandma said,
'when no bombs fall on the polity
it's fine to indulge frivolity'.
Hanoi girls are serious, study and work
their way to the top if that's where life leads.
And by magic, motor scooter and miniskirt
they make the city truly powerful.

MARK WEISS

Full Wheelbarrow

A Dream and a Story

1

In my dream I was wheeling a red
wheelbarrow. There were chickens
everywhere, white
as stars. Strangely, they were silent
and soft
and pleasant to look upon.

2

The hen must be white
to cleanse properly. And it was,
a gentle creature, surprised at its fate
and questioning
in the language of chickens.
After he had removed whatever curse
from us Armando
slit its neck and fed the blood
to the goddess.

3

When my shoulder mends
I will go to the farm
where they raise chickens in a long
warehouse and fill a wheelbarrow
with their droppings
for my garden.
And think of the bird dead
for whatever ailed me
in far-off Cuba.

Variations

1

Two barrows had I, red
and green. The chickens roosted
in the red, so I bought

the other. And they roosted there
as well. Now my yard is filled
with barrows.
Under each
white hen
a clutch of eggs,
some white
some brown.

2

To a chicken a wheelbarrow
must be like the back seat
of my father's chevy.
Add straw, and
what a ride!

3

Hey Flossie! See
what the chickens
are doing!

Homage à Williams

First Version

Someone has painted the wheelbarrow
with raspberry jam. The chickens
have discovered the seeds
and peck furiously, a frantic din
not unlike music. Not good
for bird or barrow—the first
blunted, the second
dented. And the hens
flecked with red,
part preserve,
part blood. They were white
they were white
but now are sullied.
No eggs tomorrow.

Perhaps it was god who did the painting.
Now there will be death
and insects
and a world of changes.
Who would have thought
so much
could depend upon
a red wheelbarrow?

Second Version

So much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water
surrounded
by professors

beside the white
chickens

Theories

1

Sometimes rural kids would have wheelbarrow races, with one kid in the passenger seat and another pushing. Almost as much fun as falling down and hurting yourself. Winslow Homer did a painting of one such. So maybe the poem is from the point of view of a contestant or the corporate sponsor of an impending race.

Or maybe it's a Mormon contemplating pushing one to Utah with all his worldly goods c. 1848.

Or maybe there's a hidden reference to the neolithic tombs that punctuate the British landscape—barrows—but here on wheels,

the message a hymn to American progress, and that aint chickens!

Or maybe the red refers to the putative color of the indigenous population surrounded by cowardly white folks who make walking barefoot a messy business.

Come to think of it, farm boys and chickens. Is that “pastoral?”

I have a spade in the garden. What must the neighbors think?

2

Or again, those chicken droppings would be great for the flowers, and the wheelbarrow the means of transport. Bill and Flossie loved flowers—they looked so cheerful against the sooty sky. So maybe it’s a red wheelbarrow and those chickens are chickens.

There was a gaiety to those shiny red things.

STEPHEN VINCENT

From Trellis

*

Backwater blues move me
Love with a married woman, once
Please do not holler
There is too much now blown under
I am happily married
Quit love? never
Well, things do happen. Mountains sometimes fall
One gets blue An empty wheelbarrow falls
Who wakes up this morning
Azure skies go radiant pink
Tulips shoulder back up:
Pink, orange lavender, slender pistils.

*

I know
A man
So
Dear over
Here

What's
Matter
Informs
This
That:

Singular
Is history

Plural
Divines the
Woman

At corner's
Edge
Is one
Way to
Propose hope
A foot

Lifted
To cross
The street's
Conviction.

**

In the far north
A mute tribe
Does lie underground
Charmed

Blood red Madrone
Echoes hatred
Once divest
Settler's lust

Who can sing that song
Rifle to chest, throat?
The squalid on horses
Rape, fire and theft

What makes
A dead bone sing?
Justice quarantined
Beauty dead, wronged.

*

What was now suddenly yesterday

Luminescence not a chore
Kate Smith over the
Cave's choral, backlit, nightly mountain

Afternoon early television
Age un-battens grandmother, childhood
Drawn curtains against the sunset

Poetry's launch seals
Immortality into small stanzas
Between walls shaken syllables

Calibrate the swell of blue dissonance
No matter what one bears
An assured resemblance perpetual

What is in the breath sharpens
Opens by slim degrees
What lies dormant

This night in which
Dreams mock the limits of the living
Once amber, now gold.

*

Too tight
Abscond
She said
He will not
Cry

Or
One climbs
One flies
One ups

Such
News
So clear
Fear
Factors
Always
So true

Breathe deeper, she said
To submit
A beautiful

Thing
Wants
To

Be well known
Traveled.

*

TAD RICHARDS

What's That Over by the Wheelbarrow?

in the approximate vicinity
of the albino poultry.
- Donald Hall

Whatever chicken, broad or narrow,
That pecked beside that red wheelbarrow,

May have appeared, to judge or wino,
It certainly was no albino.

Mr. Hall, a farmer-poet-
New Hampshireman, should surely know it.

It may have been Ameraucana,
Imported from Brazil or Ghana,

Both noted for abundant fauna.
Perhaps the Rumpless Araucana

— But could so much indeed depend
On barnyard fowl with no rear end?

Aseel, Cochin, or Barnevelder
(You won't forget one once you've held her),

The Cubalaya's a petite bird,
but also Cuba's fighting meat bird.

Antwerp Belgian, Belgian D'Uccle
Booted or Sabelpoot, a muckle,

Not likely it's a Chantecler,
Even in Canada they're rare.

Cornish, Delaware (rare), Dorking,
Dutch or Hamburg might be working,

To get an egg one fries or boils
He might have chosen Faverolles,

For an egg that's truly fresh,
Langshan, Phoenix, or La Fleche,

For oven or for frying pan
American Holland, or Houdan.

Chabo or Japanese (still called
Japs in some parts of the world).

Since so much depends upon her,
Better not choose a Lamona,

Red-ear-lobed and quite distinct,
But quite possibly extinct.

If the farm was near foreclosing
Dr. Will might well have chosen

Leghorn , big and white and mean,
The ultimate egg-lay machine.

He could have gone to court a dame
With the Modern English Game,

The game bird with style and carriage
(Courtship might then lead to marriage).

Or, if he's only after sex,
Transylvanian Naked Necks

Enchant the girl who loves to swing
Or Russian Orloff, that wild thing.

Orpington is big and friendly,
Nothing fancy, nothing trendy

Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island White,
Yokohama, Rosecomb might

Be dependable commodities,
Not Silkie (oddy of oddities).

Wyandotte's the "bird of curves,"
Still, that might get on your nerves.

Sultan? No, it's all for show.
Dr. William C. should go

For something local, large, compliant,
Dependable — the Jersey Giant.

With apologies to Donald Hall, William Carlos Williams, and
poetry in general, and thanks to Ithaca College's ICYouSee
Handy-Dandy Chicken Chart

BARRY ALPERT

Donald Davie & John Cage Talk Shop in Heaven

Structures gift ideas.
“You can jolt
aleatory ale from heaven,”
Donald Davie hums,
“You have omitted a
house alembic alexandrine,”
John Cage never went so far as to say,
“Damn the attractiveness!”

Very nice lyrical deadlock.
We threw yarrow
before expecting to settle down,
then, under the influence,
actively determine what
we would actually design.
“Heaven help us—an amplified throat
swallowing a glass of water whilst . . . “

My Richard Alpert

You were out with the stars last night.

Resuscitate:
I can do to water what he did to me.
Consciousness, I think you're getting ahead of
Homo sapiens. Those are the two levels;
amount of trouble if I gave any name to number three.
Ram=rent a mouth!
Don't remember . . .

acid would make the brain . . .
last six years, but I barely remember . . .
Press on the glass
eyes and he was driving on the
road and he looked back and
the cart was going the other way.

My Richard Alpert

My guru—she wanted to see my guru too.

Rumours spread
directly to Delhi, the place where the big ice cream cone
decision
with an economics professor who's one of his devotees . . .
Prepare dinner for thirty five.
Showering grace
shifted

at dying. Beings who are there in the dying
all bounce up against this pressure
experience suffering
myself it brings me . . .
Saturday night sessions and Aldous Huxley was part of our group.
Didn't have the knowledge to plumb our consciousness & they did.

MARTIN J. WALKER

Ten Additional Views of Mt. Fuji

When Hokusai sketches his thirty-six and his ten additional views of Mount Fuji, they all turn out to be different. - Michel Butor

Ten Additional Views of Mount Fuji

1. Never been there but
seen the teeshirt.
2. Ee, sorry, thought you meant
Fiji – I broke out the
pineapple already.
3. Now mount your Fujirama
on the rocky
table, avoid gull-
shit plastering your
teeshirt. Faint.
4. Dolor', vergogna, 'n all
the gestures of grand
ol' opry. Big, innit?
5. How do I love thee,
let me cross thy ways.
Though, where's the
shadow of widow Twankey?
Blow your big nose!
6. Oh! Oh!
We've a circle round it twice.
7. "It is not surprising that
the nearly perfectly shaped
volcano has been worshipped
as a sacred mountain
and experienced big popularity
among artists and common people."
8. Shipping from the authentic source.
Early breakfast recommended.
9. Just a song at twilight
when clouds block the view —
les merveilleux nuages,

giving rain & shade
to scorched earth diplomacy.
10. All hail the Hoccoaido!
And now the *yamauba* (or *yamamba*)
will eat you.
Fellware!

17.07.2006

Something • else

he's really something•else•as frieda
von richthofen said to her sister•
some memes survive by being•there are
things behind the curtains: keep the sunlight out•
promoted as personal beliefs•
know that you are dead on drugs•desires
opinions and possessions•keen on
keen•the princess under the mattress
leading to the formation of a
fairy flourish of dissolution:
daybreak really breaks you up the most•
to consider consciousness by itself is
a memeplex (or selfplex)•what you will
thing•oh dear he made a flatulence:
entirely undemanding•it is a pea
shimmies resurgently in his gut•
distributed selfplexes in large:
never thought the bitterness would be this way
networks of machines are also possible•
it is the nothing•known by this one known:
a vast museum that displays only one
pixel•as•i•am•not•a•thing•i•know

JIM BENNETT

Johnny Depp, homeless in New York

the homeless are moved from the alley
the mess cleared and imitation grime
painted onto newly pristine walls

in a caravan as Johnny Depp
dresses to look like a bum
a dresser paints mud
onto his trouser and shirt

outside he enters the alleyway
all cameras turning as he staggers
and then falls onto hidden pads
- three times

soon the cars are pulling out
the restaurants garbage cans return
homeless people creep back

months later the alleyway
is smeared across the cinema screen
so real you can almost smell it

GERALD SCHWARTZ

Crossing

Something crosses
our borders—
 adventurers not permitted
by hardened guards
 (seeing everything, seeing
nothing). Such
 a best this history,
clovenly crossing,
 foot by foot.

Penelope

 weaves our returns
wondrously or
 as best she can—
after all, this
 is the work of
 our return.

PETER RILEY

from GREEK PASSAGES part 2

Again this house on a Greek hillside / Autumn. It is passion, not
madness, gets the voices speaking through us / isn't it, Kelvin? The
madness, you remember, Barry, / the revenge / tried to swallow the
world and sank all hope. / I think I know this place I / put out my
hand in the dark for the door frame / I cut out my heart in the
paper it might / be serious. / I welcome myself back. I step out of
the back door at night in my pyjamas, looking out over 20km of
sea and mountain marked by small lights or none. Some kind of
insane moth / flutters at my right ear / Learning the language.

•

Great curve of bay / great curve of disco bars, with yard depots
further back, old tourism clutter in heaps, separated by a perimeter
fence and a bunch of reeds from the remains of the Lake of Lerna /
Still water, choked, smoke rising beyond the westward horizon, and
a bell ringing // An ancestral immunity to malaria (many-headed
beast) among fishers and tenders of small water-mills, not shared
with passing geographers and exiled dramatists... / Last juice of
Mycenae trickling down from the hills, oil snake on the water what
/ form of world leads us out of this / what demography carries the
soul westward / "But if the entire Manifest of the world is absorbed
/ into gold, the world will be destroyed." The disco bars are
magnificent architectural fantasies in honour of the young heart
bags of cash and great balls of fire.

•

Pelei. Low white houses scattered on humps of bare earth, some of
them locked, some of them falling down. Among them a new water
tank, a bright new block with a blue pipe attached. Low white
hopes, some of them fallen. // 1913, rows of faces at a colonial
boys' school in South Africa. A few of them can speak Xhona but
they don't let it be known. / Buried hopes germinate. / To know the
language, to learn the sayings: *Everything is for those who have none
of it.*

•

Coming down that little road / to the sea near Mili that / calm,
level, vast pool of light before us / Coming down that little road /
& later walking the dark shore near the abandoned factory / a few
waders in the shallows, perhaps a spoonbill. / How the money
came and slopped around shouting “new” and was gone. Where
did it go? / Debris scattered on the shore, and the bright white new
apartment blocks, standing in the waste land like refrigerators, like
sealed money-boxes. / The truth is always just outside / the lines or
boundaries of the land, / the forms of, tales of, melodies, of / That
little, final, road. A white heron standing knee-deep in the light,
carefully studying it.

ROBIN HAMILTON

Translations from Sappho and Anacreon

SAPPHO: 'To Aphrodite'

Finely-throned Aphrodite, spinner of tricks,
Child of the High One, ever-living Lady,
Do not, I beseech you, destroy my spirit
with sorrow or chagrin,

But come here to me at once, if you ever
In the past attended to my cries of love,
Drew near to me from far off, left the golden
house of your father

In your intricate, yoked chariot: sparrows
Swift and beautiful with rapid, whirring wings
Conveyed you from the sky through the middle air
down to the dark earth

And soon you were come; and then, Fortunate One,
With a curving smile on your immortal face,
You asked what was the matter with me this time,
why I called you now,

And what was it, in the madness of my heart,
I most desired to possess: "Who is it now
That I must persuade back to your clasp of love?
Who wrongs you, Sappho?"

For if she hangs back now, she will soon pursue;
Accepting no gifts, soon she will offer them;
And if she does not love, soon she must love you
drawn against her will."

Come to me even now, and deliver me
From these harsh torments; fulfil in me

All my heart would have fulfilled; yourself be
my willing support.

SAPPHO: Fragment 31

Lucky as any god, that man seems to me,
The one seated there, over across from you,
Bending his head forward, intimate, hearing
 all your sweet voice,

Your delicious laughter. It is that, I swear,
Which has started my heart pounding. For when I
Suddenly look up at you, I can command
 no power of speaking,

For my tongue is broken; all in a moment
A thin flame is creeping beneath my flesh,
With my eyes I can see nothing, both my ears
 thunder with nothing;

A chill sweat has broken out all over me,
And a shuddering possesses me completely;
I am paler than dry grass, seem to myself
 hardly alive still.

But all this is sent to me to be endured ...

SAPPHO: Fragment 34

Stars assume their veils when she first emerges,
Shyly form her retinue; but at full moon
Draw off to the uttermost reach of chill night:
 So with Alexis.

ANACREON: Fragment 15

That blond-haired boy, young Eros
Has tossed me his ball,

Sent me to play catch
with the girl in laced sandals.

No luck however; she's from Lesbos,
That fine island, turns me down flat
Since my hair has gone grey,
pants after her other.

DAVID BIRCUMSHAW

For Robin Hamilton

The squirrels in his beard were sleeping, he hoped.
The night was free of ghosts. Wild metrics roamed
Outside the fence, but surely a caesura, a tranquil
Resolution was here allowed. Red over white,
White over red, a delicate disturbance of syllables
Opened a rose in his hand, allegorical ladders
Climbed past his window, like late summer scents
Carrying sons of Plato. He thought of sharper
Forms, flints, granite, the clear waters of grain.
A dominie thought called him, a hard collar
Nabbing by the neb the dumbheid and stoshy.
Awa' ye bogles, spirits, mistwalkers, ghosts.
Nae archetypal squirrels, lost souls of quotes,
But a drey made still, and the dree told beware.

Morning Prynne

Language ah the pile-up
roots out the boxed-in matchday
made now in China. Granite slabs
are in short supply, etiolate echolalia,
observance at the doorstep,
deliveries

of common fauna pecking
orders unfulfilled. Granite echo
Grantham her unreturned
from Newton walled. Global
pinched at space economy
her speech assumes.
Palinora, aero,

unfound at airbase bounds,
high cheap at shop,
sheep corner sells at slant,

off-time, across a bare
baste rate exodus, drawn line.
Close shave, obeisance,
safefail, reversal, hymn me
more real.

Notes: In West Midlands speech, the sound of Prynne is naturally pronounced as in 'pry' rather than 'prince'. Assonates with 'time'.

The Blue Tit, *Cyanistes caeruleus*, until the decline of doorstep deliveries, was noted in Britain (from the 1960s on) for its trick of opening bottle tops. From '*Campylobacter jejuni*: a Bird-Watcher's Guide to the Late Poems of Peter Reading' – Hilda Roberts, Alconbury Press (undated)

Recent renovatory roadworks on Leicester's Gallowtree Gate have been delayed by a shortage of granite from the mountainous Chinese province of Huang-ti.

'Palinora' – an ineluctable reference, possibly a personal name.

CANDICE WARD

Riddle Me This

They speak to me of Texas,
eagles, derbies—the helluvit is
my winter of white step-ins—so
they take my crowns for Kansas
headbutts while biting balloons.
They bait me to bed, ever

boarded ahead of the class
dunce. Feeling outflanked, this
lady fingers the merchandise,
singing the sand's airs way past
time to clock passion's fruit:
we'll have music music music!

That big girl's blouse does
housing, even the odd boy-
friend; care for care, who can
pulse to keep the beat of these
mosaic cowlicks? *She* rushes
from rodeo to video, dizzy

with gills & gulls at an imp-
ressionable age, my package
to carry. Every month of Sundays
beside herself, knowing the moon
is not what it's cracked up
to be, lying like a dime in

my palm, where time awaits
a gun—start me up! put me
down! We get to two & carry
the zero, the lonely number
bar one: stir it up then &
pay off the cabby, then

riddle me this:
if you die
before I stop—

From the Constabulary Formulary

When we left off trotting
for skiing, lieder like stars
in arrears, I took your name
for bleach & whitewashed
the future behind me: the blindest
seer's shadow, the sweet gherkins
that don't mind if I do. (Do I hear
a tuba, sub rosa?) Jaysus, marry &
plunk it, why don't you! In re
holiday expectorants idly dubbing

the rest of us _gulden_ & jesuitic,
I dreamed of mandarins as rinds
of you & me, a baker's tune, a
dozy endive we'd read the rushes by.
A t'sk at eight's a gasket—abide it

to market a snowbird, for silver
dales do make good hill figures
from some perspective, & I'm
a maudlin dyspneac. My love
is pinker than a Cadillac:

you bet your luck it is.

PETER HOWARD

The Distillation of Ink

This is the Bunsen burner. By twisting
the collar we control how much air
is introduced to the stream

of unburned gas. Note
the cone of light and the
roaring sound when the hole

is fully opened. We do not need
such a fierce flame for this experiment.
You have already clamped
the flask of ink in place, connected
the Liebig's condenser with its sheath
of water to cool the condensate.

You have carefully positioned the beaker
at the lip of the delivery tube.
Now, gently heat the ink

until it begins to boil.
You would not have thought
it could be separated from

its seemingly innate blueness.
Yet here, slowly appear
drops that trickle

down: refugees from a war zone,
deracinated, shorn of possessions
and identity, absolutely clear.

The Construction of the Tomahawk

I have put it about that he murders children
and colours his strawberry syrup with their crystallised blood,

that he beats his wife, then makes her dress as a man
before taking her in an unnatural manner.

I have talked to the candyfloss merchant and the manager
of the amusement arcade. They are sympathetic, but have little
in the way of practical advice. The fat, odious
burger franchisee has, I am certain, already been corrupted.

I have whispered to the men in the transport café
that the accident with the bikini bra and the overloaded vanilla
cornet
will be re-enacted fortnightly at the hottest part of the day,
but not while he continues to steal my livelihood.

They listen intently and I see grey, cloudy plans
forming behind their dull eyes. But nothing ever transpires.

I have considered many things. I spend my evenings
with books and ideas. I am an expert on number theory,
the law of contract and tort, the practice of toxicology.
I know the construction of the tomahawk. I have downloaded
instructions for making a nuclear device from the world wide web.

It would be fair, would it not, for him to set up
halfway between the lifeboat station and the central pier,
for me to place my stand between the pier and the rocks.

So it starts, each morning. But he plays grandmother's footsteps,
encroaching on my shoal of sunburned flesh. And so I must do the
same.

By mid-afternoon, when kids are dehydrated and fractious,
parents willing to bribe them with Solero or 99
we are back to back, pretending the other a mirage. We never
speak.

I do not know where he lives, or the source of his supplies.
Every morning we arrive simultaneously,
from opposite directions, each with a full box.
But I have looked into the inventory of his wares
and know it to be the same as mine.

And I have looked into his eyes.

A Poppy

We went into a village where violets had just broken out.
Snipers were exchanging samphire,
and there were scenes of carnation everywhere.
I saw someone running with a bunch of live geraniums.
Suddenly there was a burst of chrysanthemum,
and honeysuckle crackled along the hedgerows.
Children were covered in crocus and bluebells;
there were old men waving ancient ivy.
Those unable to arm themselves with daffodils
made do with tulips, cyclamen, anything they could lay their hands
on.
Then we heard that a buttercup had landed on the hospital.
We rushed to the scene: patients were emerging, dahlia and lilac,
some with periwinkle or lesser celandine.
It was jasmine. All I could think was "Is there no myrtle?
When will common hawthorn prevail?"
But there was nothing we could do but willow and broom.
By the end of the day there were hundreds lying on makeshift beds
of roses.

Lamium,
Pyracantha, Euphorbia gorgonis,
Viola tricolor, Aconitum napellus,
Amaranthus caudatus,
Yucca aloifolia, Yucca gloriosa,
Salix babylonica,
*Artemisia.**

And afterwards the generals awarded themselves petals.

*Deadnettle, Firethorn, Gorgon's head, Heartsease, Helmet flower,
Love-lies-bleeding, Spanish bayonet, Spanish dagger, Weeping
willow, Wormwood

Strangers

Do they draw ritual symbols beneath the living room carpet,
have one pierced nipple, eat eggs raw
including the shells? Do they shop at four in the morning

for catfood and longlife batteries, but would never,
ever buy ricotta cheese or pastrami?
What about their holidays?

Perhaps they spend them, every one,
at the same B&B locked up in their rooms all day, while the sun
flays a beach you can't see from the window.

Are they scared of heights and horseshoes, but crunch spiders
when they can get them? Do they spend hours reading histories
of matchstick distribution, writing letters to the editor,

deciding whether to peel an orange? If a bus ran over them
what would they be wearing underneath? If you opened their
cupboards
would you find pictures they'd painted thirty years ago, stolen locks
of hair,

a dead wasp in a plastic box? Do they listen at night
for the small sounds that might contain an answer? When you see
them
huddled around the table in the back room of the pub, are their
voices

murmuring incantations, or coded messages concerning
secret missions, things you will never know of unless
they happen to involve you, and even then, only when it is too late?

JOANNA BOULTER

Avebury

These are the creatures that cropped the chalk downs close,
great beasts ponderous as mammoth, mastodon,
megatherium. They sun their stony skins,
they are dun-coloured, warted with ochre,
with eau-de-nil, chartreuse, olive, silver-grey.
Some crouch and some recline, grazing the grass
of Wiltshire. Their stippled hides invite
the touch, as one might slap the flank of some
huge placid horse, with a click of the tongue,
a whistle between the teeth — *git over then* —
And suppose it did, heaving its great stone hoof
out of the chalk with a slow suck,
a sudden smacking release.

I've touched and greeted them all, but they are still
standing stonestill. They hear slowly,
move imperceptibly, never notice
the extra pelt as lichen rides them.
Many thousands of years along drove roads
herded them here to where they've bedded in,
and a scattering would take as long again
even if they could find their way back home.

Now there are streets and houses built
on the ground of their birthplaces. If their slow
stone souls wake to nostalgia, and long
to retrace their ancient journeys, they will crush us.

I should never have touched them.

Dyeing the Corpse's Hair

There is no smell of death in the funeral parlour
when my daughter arrives to help prepare
her mother-in-law for the casket. Nothing
is shocking here. She looks almost herself

yet completely other. It had been sudden,
that unnoticed wasting, it had shrivelled her.
Her arms lie lax, lacking the bones she'd willed
for marrow-harvest, though her swollen heart's

unusable any more. Her neglected hair has taken
the embalming fluid up unevenly
in bright pink patches, a flower set
in a vase of ink. How she would hate

to arrive in heaven looking worse
than she would look going to Mass, to the store,
and so my daughter dyes her hair for her
there in the funeral parlor basement.

Light Ash, the color she always used.
Tinted water runs off through the channels
to the bucket beneath the table, as other fluids.
Her skin is cold, but dry, not clammy,

and pressure dents it like raw pastry,
earrings must be placed right first time.
My daughter paints her nails for her, makes up
her face under the mortician's instructions

because no one but family must do this.
There's a special foundation to go on first,
beneath the Rimmel, and this too must be right
first time. My daughter's good at makeup.

Lastly they dress her in the new dress
three sizes smaller,
chosen for her by her granddaughters
when the youngest asked *Is she dead for ever?*

My daughter calls me to tell me everything,
we're crying across the Atlantic down the phone,
and in spite of myself
I'm noting everything down.

JILL JONES

Elasticity

Whisper dry tracks,
veils, of ways
dream fuelled
like escapees.

I have my words,
their elasticity
connects skin,
the alive thought.

Magician!
The price of form.

To Speak in the Midst

Tonight the moon is nearly naked
water curves muddy, it tastes us

Dewy marble, jazz tugs, whispering you:
all forms of speech; woof, reptilian

Waiting beauty, layered walls, catch sky
drawing an end to the mind

To feel out, gliding by voice
anything but meaning's high dark temptation

My tongue talks to your back
it's not a series of stills

Something to live by, fibrous patterns
green interiors wait, secret skins shiver

Furniture expands and falls apart
do we want to be extraterrestrial?

The skeleton moves, it's what's left
all muscle moving, to speak, 'thee'

Tear through the Whole

The interval flames, matter opening
Winds change the road
You laugh, in order to feel air
the bird of the thing

Blue crawls through the loess
The tenets slip, you hope to escape
the force of breakdown
with which we worried

and these: the pouch of language
in violent space, feed of territory
muddle of air, collapse of topography
the end of output

Yet dark manuscripts escape
the interior animal, they
write to you from within designs
which tear through the whole

Load questions in the tongue's worm hole
Take a walk in all directions, write them

JOHN KINSELLA

Heidegger and Poetry (Istrice 2)

for Niall Lucy

The logic
of the damaged
animal
outside the zoo —
a rarity —
ethical
as Greece,
gathering
of crows in twin dead trees
near the glue works: chain
lettering, so many;
so many of them.

So, opposition
in the open,
on the roadside
slightly out of view:
so low so slow
in abstaining
tall trees — just white gums
and red gums — people
passing knowing
only colour
generally —
you know, verticals,
the higher ups
the stretches
over the lower dead.

How do you timeframe fire
burning down
to prevent fire
in summer:

unfinished,
like heart
of lines:
behind
crow clusters
picking remnants:
vocabulary,
concordances,
lexicons,
third party
insurance?

I take the rollover,
quilled ball of tale,
give ground.

What do we give
on the up and up?
It's the Southern Highway
I drive home. Honest,
that's the route
of the errant.
Accidents
waiting to happen,
even where lanes
double — briefly
duplicate.

Epilogue

Countersign
echidna montage —
termite castings,
scatterings at pedestal
of bush corridor,
connective tissue,
vast stone
of Walwalinj —
quartzite mountain.

Countersign,
swept aside nightly
to muzzle, adore
only what's swept
aside nightly.
Stylus and burin,
working dry
leaf litter;
quartz too hard
to mark, tossed
aside to glint.

Countersign
echidna montage —
termite castings,
scatterings at pedestal
of bush corridor,
connective tissue,
vast stone
of Walwalinj —
quartzite mountain.

RANDOLPH HEALY

Lá le Brides

Bless all materials before construction.
Keep them damp.
Fold the second over the first,
turn, fold, pull through, fold, throw it in the bin.

Both girls wore thirty three
pounds, detonated remotely.

She did better, plaiting rushes
for a man who lay on the ground to die
which cross, corn dolly, god's eye, was thereafter
supposed to protect from fire.

Let us forget
and look each other in the eye,
pupil, pupilla, little doll,
and see our own selves mirrored
in light-flecked convex darkness.

Whose image is in whose image's eye
in a regress repeated beyond resolution
for whoever's first to blink to disappear?

Vacuum

Are there easier ways?
If we plunged down an airless mine
piercing the Earth
we'd stop at the opposite side
to rise again
in forty two minutes.

Forget about heat.
There wouldn't be a peep as we fell
and rose again and again
within a year two sets of bones

falling and rising
for what many would call forever.

Speculation is such flimsy shelter.
Hold tight my hundred trillion cells.
No one yet knows how you stick together.

Out-takes

One must be limp a long time
not to mob the tanned and maimed.

Surround the de-nippled torso
arms out as if no one was more willing
unworked hands judged beautiful,
whorls spiralling beyond naming

then rubberneck a neck-wrung ex-sixteen-year-old,
Munch-gape made of meconium
as if she had shit her self,
or someone sat on her while still warm.

Don't miss the Iron-age upper crust
who'd mussed a coiff with French pine resin,
to be attacked by nits and axe,
everything from the diaphragm down still missing.

A sign says they have no identity,
peat having leached their DNA.
Someone wonders how much they'd go for.
A woman who ferried the torso by car,
obsesses about arms
reaching to get her.

Finish with a pair of ex-male bonders,
de-cocked, de-noodled,
their own tripe as neckties
to exit as altered
as one who's looked over
a celebrity pickpocket's
wallet collection.

BOB MARCACCI

Bleed another month

bleed another month
 out of this scrap
 bleed another stain
 toward my testament
bleed another painful morning
bleed another decision
bleed another boring
 drip waiting for coffee to percolate
 bleed another bitter
 rejection of the unwanted
 bleed another seed
bleed another flower into the waste
 basket
 bleed another powerful
 mood in the crude afternoon
 bleed another summer
 another fall
bleed another winter following a season
 bleed another spring
 sing rage to the green heavens
 bleed another seven days
bleed another minute of this bastard

LIZ KIRBY

no warning in force

sandbagged against the crumbling wall the lorry backwards down
the slope not to be stopped once momentum gathered shredded
plastic river dam debris of the flood line

back there hot gasses rising further back there was forward forward
we refuse we will not our yes for the no of immediate noise now
waters rise over the whole heart

each chamber say shut down over this lodge shut hand open closed
mouth parted turned head turned body become rush against
another further know

canalisation of these beech trees may not in the drought dam
locked up in shoulders that do not soften look into your own eyes
liquid already

mark

the bass of your breath a vibration that
causes a circle where the sun might

a touch of talk travels through muscle and bone
to tremble between triangle walls

state of the tongue as it textures a fricative
channels it down to the tip

the lips the throat the lungs combine
movement's intention percussion of air

some unimaginable language deep
vowel opens a sweating flood

forming a grammar in the open
mouth fuck fuck fuck syntactical precision

viscous sounds travel back down
through the taproot to speak

MAX RICHARDS

Last Night in Lygon Street

Hear that fiddle, quavery
but singing a familiar tune?
'Greensleeves' – so evergreen.

To its wordless melody
phrases float up from
my imperfect memory.

She's jilted him, he's lirting on –
the other words, I've never quite
got them sorted out.

Keening through the dusk
above the traffic noise, it's
some busking violinist

under the Lygon Street
curving tin verandas
by the flower stall – look,

isn't the fiddler man
familiar too? –
old colleague, McCann

(philosophy, retired),
still with the sad face
and the gaberdine mac.

Pension (I might ask)
not enough? Neither's
mine – I ought to busk

myself, but lack the tools,
the nerve, the skills.
And there's not much in his hat –

how much could he earn?
Honestly, this smallish coin
is all I can spare him.

I sidle past unrecognised.
Could it be money's not
what he's after, but to test

some theory once sketched
in ethics class, when someone
objected: 'In the real world...?'

Or in aesthetics,
what if the less-skilled version
moves one more than the most?

Lost Children

Such a dream he'd never thought
to have: so many years apart,

he and she, weren't theirs
closed books, their shared histories?

Their two adult children
showed even-handed affection.

This meeting, it seemed her prolonged
anger with him might have faded.

On once-contested territory
they watched from a balcony

sunset's glory darkening
over a river valley.

Below, someone – two someones –
caught their attention:

they were about to see
emerging from the darkness

hand in hand
their two lost children,

the 'terminated' one,
the 'miscarried' one.

All those years had not
been stolen from them! –

elsewhere they'd had to endure
and make lives for themselves.

Now they were moving this way,
about to reveal themselves

in some other glory.
What might they say?

'We sensed we had a part
in dooming your partnership?' –

'inadvertent, of course;
mostly it was your own feelings

undefined, unexpressed,
finding darker outlets.

No, we can't stay.'
He still had nothing to say.

Soon gone; without his even
saying to her 'did you see?' –

nor her any word to him.

ANDREW BURKE

From the Centre Out

It felt very strange, putting the needle down.

Was she black or white? It felt very strange, putting the needle down. I once knew a guy we called King.

The story evolves from the centre out, not linear like written language, so keep your eyes and ears peeled. Was she black or white? When it comes down to it, I think various tribes came from various sources. It felt very strange, putting the needle down. Jimmy insists he is not partially deaf—just has a hearing impairment. I once knew a guy we called King. Birdsong is linear, except kookaburras when laughter falls out like a split garbage bag.

Once I thought jokes held our family together—and music. The story evolves from the centre out, not linear like written language, so keep your eyes and ears peeled. Time is a measure of change. Was she black or white? It's a different form of creativity for CD covers. When it comes down to it, I think various tribes came from various sources. I'm upstairs now with the turntable and they are downstairs with their family stories. It felt very strange, putting the needle down. My father brought home a turntable, a pick-up he called it, which coupled up with alligator clips to the radio speakers. Jimmy, our host, insists he is not partially deaf—just has a hearing impairment. The album cover shows her to be white, perhaps. I once knew a guy we called King. Billy Thorpe was big news, singing with the Aztecs at Surf City up in the Cross. Birdsong is linear, except kookaburras when laughter falls out like a split garbage bag. They are climbing out on limbs of the family tree, identifying and shaking their heads in love or mystery.

This table is made from the jarrah floorboards of Jimmy's old office, you know, when he had the yard. Once I thought jokes held our family together—and music. Way out here in the bush, trees grow unfettered by powerlines and ancient ideas of English gardens. The story evolves from the centre out, not linear like written

language, so keep your eyes and ears peeled. More wine? Time is a measure of change. Because the old dualisms of melody and beat shift and change, each generation (each decade for the marketing gurus), has its own music. Was she black or white? Most times you can hear the emotion in the voice. It's a different form of creativity for CD covers. Globalisation is reducing popular music to muzak, don't you think? When it comes down to it, I think various tribes came from various sources. We used to dance and sing these songs at the top of our lungs! I'm upstairs now with the turntable and they are downstairs with their family stories. Morgana King goes with an Old Style Red. It felt very strange, putting the needle down. What's keeping you up there? My father brought home a turntable, a pick-up he called it, which coupled up with alligator clips to the radio speakers. Years later I had a tranny-six on the beach, hearing the Hit Parade through tinny speakers against the sound of the surf and the whistling wind. Jimmy, our host, insists he is not partially deaf—just has a hearing impairment. My wife is downstairs talking about their childhood with her sister, how she protected her, the time when, and all the memories overlap and the tales become one Big Tale like a patchwork rug. The album cover shows her to be white, perhaps. For some reason, the unreasonable linking of memories, a twisted limb of family history, I hear Noel Coward at Las Vegas as I turn the volume up on the Tijuana Brass. I knew a guy we called King once. My first fulltime job in a manufacturing factory in Sydney, King was a monosyllabic pencil-thin boy in his late teens, with long blonde hair and tight jeans. Billy Thorpe was big news, singing with the Aztecs at Surf City up in the Cross. I spent my nights at the El Rocco listening to John Sangster, Errol Buddle, et al. Birdsong is linear, except kookaburras when laughter falls out like a split garbage bag. They are picking through the tip of old times as I walk downstairs. They are climbing out on limbs of the family tree, identifying and shaking their heads in love or mystery. Took you long enough, my wife says.

- April 2008

Perth to Broome Flight

1

Water reflects
our passage as we fly
over red-roof houses
with pools like hand mirrors
flashing the sun,

town planner's design
exposed from above
like the rise and fall
of biography.

All tales below lie
in mankind's epic print
on the vast landscape
with its pocket-handkerchief towns,
topography over-
written by harsh seasons
and boardroom reasons,
land above sold
for wealth beneath.

2

... like a mirror image
I write more beside
the broken fenceline
of before, ears pop-
ping under pressure,
language minimal
in the rattle and hum
of a Boeing 737.

Black armbands
beside red-dirt roads,
microcosm images
like microscope slides.

Ancient land without
tongue, I am dumb
before your parched stains
and burnt veins in
the lean muscles
of your body.

PETER LARKIN

From Lean Earth off Trees Unaslant

I

Binders breaking upward from the closed recess of slope. Tilt-space slides arena but undergoes sweep accorded trees. Abutting the bias proposed forest to new rind: if slope-cover is spine unfettering a rake, the contour heals right through whatever stripes it unaslant.

Slope heaves, the tree-crowns waive undulation from a straitened haven: within all thinning machinery of a world it sustains what covering access chastens slopes. Against full scarp trees mark their own scuff fault.

These slopes were never easy but don't induce on empty mound all reclusive lyings down. A loose bank suffers important vertical cavities where leaf in vortical quarries won't be cramped out of the upright.

Emulate a forest disturbance of naturalized sags of the landbase, here there is no redistribution but a difference of native (vertical) implement.

Trees grown on inclined terrain don't differ from horizon but buffer perpendicular the horizontal secretings of surface rapture. Joy to such common published standings.

High stature outcome was never less than weakness resorting out of slope, timberlines cleave the windstorm cripples, present erect trees at the more protracted situation.

Firmly scarce on the vertical, offers relay of edge sheer reverse inference, that shelter is not foresworn in spearing it so spare. How such uprightnesses are unscattered where the groin of slippage had no arrear of selection.

This terrestrial sky isn't pine-forked but sucks onto itself sheer darts

of tree. Not a losing return given out on earth, but solely compromised by a mazelessness of vertical poise.

As trees stand on the unrucked side of their falling world, where slope is how a foliar rising carries to spillage (in the heights), not simply its truer plunging of a stunted abyss.

Conversion of bare slope involves its planted comparison, how horizon looms tall derivatives at vertical secondaries.

Thin new uprights or counter-gluts to gradients of famishing the slope out of its untransition: are these poles so transitive?

Skeletal tree formalism but enough verticals abrupting salient cover over slopes not more strongly randomizing their desertification. Verticals were correctives of the offerable not its decisions: limit-indicators so tokenly the free incidence of.

No slope leans up against a tree of its times. Incurvation giving out is singularity newly encumbered, the differential simmer of upgrowth flames a toppled margin unsundering porch-height: standing lights across a diagonal shawl.

No slope-deficiency symptoms from such pointing-off. A chute gentled by lightest ascension of root-trait, verticals come to rest (if anything) in a less steep dealable turbulence. Where the unstolen damage of earth is all the sorely upright.

Steepness betook no substrate of angle until a girth of pension-wood lodges long-trunked in staying the projection. Slanting files of wind are reckoned so many vertical squalls of tree.

Bottom-land ravine-stripe, that the prime hazard of embankment was probe of its being stripped of a diremption hitherto habitless. No naked slope is prostrate as such, its strata given out exposed to propelling pine: how a sky's carrying eye is saved a grove's lidless swarm around the unslanting.

CINDY LEE

Birthday Gift

Your forty-seventh April
candleless
for we are not religious

in the garden gaudy
branches float
with early bees

the sea breathes
a weight of silver
there is no horizon

in three days the flowers
will fall three times
since your last April

and we will sow a pale petal shawl
to warm your bones as they drag and furl
beneath the ice bright water

Birthday

Through lathe, plaster and stone
our ears discern the rhythm
of next door's grandfather clock: the familiar
Tick Tock
as the pendulum arcs in a heartbeat.

In this room, beneath
the bone-yellow candle flicker,
the ghosts of Donne and Eliot murmur in the shadows
while we wait
straining for another heartbeat.

We watch as ink-blue shadows begin to creep
over your cold toes, smudge your eloquent lawyer's fingers.

They are guide marks, my love, signals that
you are closing down your house
making ready for the journey.

(Later, in that last room
where only the silk facsimiles of flowers keep you company,
I will find you 'done up' in salmon pink
lace about your wrist and throat, your wedding ring
a loose halo about the bone.

These Bishop's clothes will lend you such a godly air
that laughter at the affront of your coolly
godless self
will vie in my gut with the unbidden urge to
snap that bone for safe-keeping.)

But here in the sick room, with iron in our mouths
from the blood seep that scents the air,
we wait, as the world spins...
Breath comes abruptly. Shuddering.
A diver's boot stamp on your drowning heart.

Desultory rain falls against the window – the sound of
mice scuttling through leaves. Beyond the glass
iron-grey sea merges with a pewter sky, the horizon
indistinguishable. We stand
at the world's edge, at the end of time.

(In those latter, foolish days, we visited a fortune teller.
'I cannot tell you of harmful things,' he said, the
pendulum stilled ominously over your palm.
We fled,
Mystic silence imprinted on our faces.)

This morning, this morning it was your birthday -
the children's gift, a namesake St Christopher.
'Only lend me the medal,' you smiled,
soothing their anxious faces.
'It will keep you safe when I no longer need it.'

Day passes into evening. A marine breeze slips
over our sea glass on the sill – each green or blue shard
a reliquary of euphoric younger summers,
when these were translucent gems
snatched from the tide's milky edge.

You lie on your side, a marble knight waylaid.
Your still face bears no stamp of the last whirlwind days –
the visits from those, the gentle nurse assures us, who came
to guide you home: strange children playing just out of sight;
poets arguing by your ear in unintelligible voices.

Outside, the sea breathes for you – the rushing of stones
pulled by water. But, far beyond the horizon now
in superluminal flight, you have no need of it.
Beached,
we are left here, our little band of three.

Slowly, the rhythm of the clock asserts itself. Our son touches
his sister's arm and whispers: 'Shall we sing that last
version of Happy Birthday?' And, because all that is normal is
gone,
because here lies both an end and a beginning,
we do.

CALEB CLUFF

Hawk moths

Easter rain brings the hawk moth
large as a purse; abdomen fat as a friar's finger.
Black velvet button eye, they hang
sharp as jet fighters, wrinkled as coats,
On every wall.

Dog Smoking

When this day is gone I shall
put my face against something cool, perhaps some tin
shed out of the light, and not think. I shall

roll my cheeks against it, or the back of my head, and
let the zinc etch its mottle standard and mend me, while
I smoke.

Open my mouth, inhale nebulae and expel dust.

(just to see it unrolling its blanket tongue
on the undiscovered mattress of dark.)

Accident

I bought a new car, and my new car killed a hawk.
Not a loud death - more like a suitcase hitting the floor,

clasp not bursting open, contents not spilling forth.
Just small, feathered death.

No mistaking death (you were the eye)
I have seen you falling from the sky.

DOUGLAS BARBOUR

Triptych for an angry fall

1.

They are the enemy & we know they are we
said realistic expectations all-out effort will not end
Here we take our stand launching indefinitely what
are reconfirmed moderate to severe damage to
the terrorists everywhere against our good will These
maps explain everything including which tyrants
we have to support to save democracy A
burned chador or hospital is only
the usual collateral damage In their
cities they will come to understand this in ours they already do

2.

The US initiative, they all spoke of
razing shepherds' houses, said to fight terrorism,
to take a stand Here is my body
politic always they are suspected Islamic rebels
planting bombs on the streets of 'our'
cities Look, the maps do not lie
Only four hundred, we have the guns
You have been burned by negotiations again
and to exchange the land of god
to have safe cities is not enough

3.

'Serbian policemen' or 'the Yugoslav army'? they
seem effectively intimidating either way Whose pixelated face said
compliance is not a reality & who cares? Here
& now dug into the hills opposite shivering nights & days are
alive with the sound of mortars, the missile's song, the
euphemism working for whose greater glory? Our maps
still say Sarajevo too, not to mention Kosovo, 600 years old but we
know better, the buildings not blasted are burned
& not a single roof remains to keep the
snow & ice from filling in the empty holes of the cities

sit the deer

deer's silence
thicket of grass
thick stems of brush
of insects buzz & ears
listening
for those other sounds

sit there
the deer / silent
& slowly going in
to that space alone there

sky bright blue
everywhere smudged
white fluffs move quick
shadows in the grass

beyond the trees
heavy slabs of browns greens
& the sly animal
movements you listen for
in there under the thick
vegetable roof listen
for danger

go in
to yr silence
a peace
there you sit
the deer quiet
the wind whispers
peace for the moment for
this time go in
to the thicket
lie down

be
the deer's
silence be
there

ÁRNI IBSEN

Two untitled snaps

the blind misery builder sniffs the calm autumn
air faint stench of rotting leaves weaves through
dapper birdsong in two days flat the starlings and
thrushes have noisily stripped the rowan trees no cat
in sight wise animals and this day offers the perfect
condition for misery building so an accusation is
stripped bare and laid as the keel and all the barely
civil unspoken words are heated warped shaped
as the ribs for the hull the misery builder pulls
the lean nails from a narrow mind hammering away
till the sullen hull the bare timbers the thwarts the sad
rudder are all fearfully there will it float it will float on
dapper waves the sniffing skiff shall weave its way
through the blind stench of rotten lives unless
doubt is the crux the crucial nail the crucial
difference between floating and sinking

Late evening

October 13 2004

Hafnarfjörður

Iceland

He had said,

my guess is,

patience is all

we require,

or words

to that effect.

Now he sits

beside an other,

separate chairs,

white, wooden,

with armrests;

elderly faces smiling

as if into a camera.

The sun is shining

and I am the other.

JANET JACKSON

Hardcore

No-one says anything
I don't say anything
The world smashes on
smashes on
If I'm all gone in the eyes
it doesn't stop the children crowing
as they install cursors and wallpapers.
Harry Potter smiles from his important playworld.
A piebald rabbit mesmerically comes and goes.
A tabby kitten poises itself in a meadow.
America continues.
Australia continues.
Diagnosis, treatment, remission, relapse.
My inbox fills with email
black with anger
white with prayer
My hardcore heart detaches itself, makes this

LAWRENCE UPTON

Portrait

She'll make you rattle.
She'll take your knowledge down
to a source of realisation
and cut it; leaving each client
slowing; quivering behind it, words.
She loves the dead,
talking with shadowy eyes
in anger for the living,
a flexible slaughter system
for undesirable tendentiousness.
She takes a witness
and each ends the memory,
hollows in wounds infilled
by splintery ashes from collegiate opinion.
She fakes change to everything.
She breaks open each corpus
till even thought is spare, smoothing
the surface of each outlook
and making concrete with precision
to build within each one a madhouse.

HEATHER TAYLOR

Portrait of a Woman

Lucas Cranach (the Younger) 1566

It took 20 years to make you permanent memory
Like his first wife hung above the mantle
Her cheeks still flushed from childhood

As each stroke of oil on canvas brought out wrinkles,
The shadows on your face, furred collar, pious shirt,
Only your smile betrays you're finally his.

Architect & his Muse

(Anton Rafael Mengs, 1779)

Square lines, thermos, compass point
Circles drawn with hands guided
Your eyes drawn to space staring

There your muse tickles your wrist
Your neck back, curved spine
Leans a girls whisper in your ear

Never wanton, she delicately hovers
A mysterious perfume you inhale
To turn pencil marks into dreamed cathedrals.

ROGER COLLETT

Fish Pie

The sharp smoky tang of raw ideas
smoothed with a sauce of concentration
garnished with small perfectly rounded
conclusions.

Unfamiliar Territory

Here is a place where time turns on its head
and summer nights are longer than their days,
where autumn leaves are green and just in bud
and spring brings frost and fog before the snows
that carpet hills and vales with gleaming white.

Where you and I loose hands, our searching lips
grow cold and shrink away from each caress
as, younger day by day, we watch our love's
retreat – and know each other less and less.

The sun's dark glow illuminates the night
and pale moonlight falls daily on the strand
where waves of sand rush in on desert tides
to fall on waters covering the land
that once was haven, home and safe fireside.

for Joanna

Skin, the touch so deep
even as our summers turn
so fast to autumn

PETER CICCARIELLO

Écorché

It is useless to study;
I cannot know you,
The thing for the thing,
Who you are is to foreshadow

The very effort to understand;
And who you are not
Can not hope to reveal
That hidden, fundamental, essence.

That I can only glimpse
Rather than duplicate
The fleeting somewhere
Of your outward appearance,

Revealing the thinnest skin you slip behind,
That diaphanous pleat of self
Remaining the last inward armor
Of your most temporary being

you want

you want
the cool corner of the bed sheets
you want this and that
the toast well done the way you like it
the yolk not quite firm
you consume
you leave nothing
there is nothing left
you want such and such
you want her shadow between
the soleus and the gastrocnemius
you get and you want more
and more

you stand up you sit down
you sleep and sleep some more
again and again you want
until there is nothing left
until there is no difference between
a strand of her hair and a cloud
passing in the sky
until there is no difference
yet still you want

HARRIET ZINNES

Want

Want is constant.
Explosive.
Ah, human desire,
never fulfilled.
Always a yearning.
What is bestowed,
a quick present,
quickly accepted,
never completely fulfilled.

Want is being.
Being is on the edge of want.
Want = being,
an equation on the edges of fulfillment.

I want.
I am.

You are.

Are you in hiding?

Littleness

The apple on the tree,
the banana on the table,
the flowing waters of the ocean,
the bird flapping wings on a branch,
the sky blue and moving,
and the river with waters quietly flowing.

All, so little,
so unbestowing,
yet so enveloping, so crucial.
To what end

is the littleness
in the grand scheme of the cosmos,
in the minute scheme
of the newly married trembling couple in bed?

Whatever is little
may or may not end grandiose,
but the grandiose will certainly diminish
into the littleness of it all.

I beseech you.

Transfiguration halts no lover.
Love is in the palm of your hand.

JOHN TRANTER

Barbarians

To be an equity issue in this is all you can expect;
in the statehouse today old McAfee
told his story, and none too soon.
He is only local news in a local court, but
I was as worried as anyone. All the media
were there, barbaric on the video phones.
They're seeing it like so: he has a free kick.
Did you say 'What happened to the eighties?'

Are they the only ones saying this lady
made a few dents in the system,
took her doses — I see it as two doses —
and then a plea bargain for the shopping assault?
This edition paints it as a gamble on love, or
a kiss too soon, or Mondo music and a new full moon.

Bottom of the Harbour

Maria today got a heap of stuff,
all she can use for a month.
Taylor said she should make one
for the Indian, that is, the male person
originally from the subcontinent
and since she just wasn't being the buyer
for two of them, she said no.
This had an effect on the warrior courtroom

until all of that month had gone by,
or do you mean that the U.S. should give up
the Cold War tactics shown on the
Canton blankets? We use them to keep warm,
for goodness' sake, it's a case of being up at dawn
bottom-feeding in and around the drowned cathedral.

SHARON BROGAN

What It Is - an exercise in long lines

I send you these three things: a sparrow, an autumn leaf, a squirrel.
You send the squirrel back.
I send you a chickadee. You tell me: We could hurt a lot of people,
if we gave ourselves license.

You send me license. I send it back, with regret. You return the
regret; you refuse it. I tell you:
We have rain here. It is dreary. The garden is gloomy. Even this
room, with its tokens and paintings,
with its candles, its chandeliers and Buddhas from elsewhere, even
this room, is dim. The cats,
the dogs, the books in their paper bindings — we all sleep. The
prayer rugs, spread out on the floor,

are dusty and thin. You tell me I walk a dangerous line. I ask if you
ever believed? You refuse
to discuss it. You hold a dying man in your arms. I hold a dying
man in my arms. They waste away

in our arms. I send you a poem, a wide summer sky, a hope for the
future. You keep the poem.
You send me your children, but they slip away. One is drowning
now, caught in the undercurrent.

I send you a book of autographs, of photographs, of words. You
send me silence. I send you a thorn,
pulled from my side. I send you cinnamon, cardamon, and salt. I
send you bitter lemons. The glaciers

are melting, the plains are parched. But still each day I put out seed
for the birds. I save the bits
of stale bread. I wait, I watch, for something. I ask you: What is
this? You tell me: It is what it is.

Dialog

Will you speak the name?

I do not know it.

Is it one name, or ten thousand?

It is ten thousand names.

It is uncountable names.

Each knows its own name.

What is my name?

Do you not know it?

I do not know it.

Choose, then.

What shall I choose?

There is a universe of names.

Anger, Joy, Grief, Sorrow,

Delight, Revelation . . .

I choose Revelation.

You choose well.

What will be revealed?

Only you.

FREDERICK POLLACK

Wonderful Town

1

It's 6:30, which means things
are getting serious. Not necessarily
a crisis – only a report, prospectus,
due diligence. And that sense,
however familiar and subdued,
of rededication: quick wash, second shave,
swipe of hand sanitizer. The slacks that appear,
turning into the aisle
between the cubicles the next room over,
are a woman's. Is she loyal, will she stay?
... no, she's gone,
down to a block of freezing rain
before her cab or subway. Four
in the window office
remain. A neon
I knew once became almost tearful,
praising the connotations of the word
company. The eldest
(I think) has slung his jacket
over a chair. The possible
young hope, young blood, or someone's
idiot nephew gestures –
a repeated downward pump or jab.
Striped shirt never moves. Green tie
shifts once, is still.
No laptops, stenograph, speakerphone, realtime
output, which means this
is serious? or that drinks
and dinner are delayed somewhere
for ideas? Their wall is bare
and white. In these blocks, no
“green” enterprises, NGOs, pro bono; so

one knows, more or less, who they are ... Now the Old Man
looks out and down
at the rain puddling the twentieth-floor setback,
then at my hotel, at me,
whom at this distance (mystery is distance)
he can't see.

2

The espresso machine like a Victorian monument
bronzed, the tables like Braque's guéridons,
the display case for cannoli,
the notional chairs and between-table spaces,
the walls brown from the smoking ages,
the waiters' trance, and this stretch of MacDougal
don't change with the decades. But today
the place seems given to a private party,
quiet and unannounced. The kid
with his absurd beret and the one-volume
Schopenhauer he doesn't so much read
as carry, the more or less fat
guys with their Marx and journals,
and a few older men
seem at least in one sense together –
they have eyes only for each other
(and for the long-haired girl in a pleated skirt
who doesn't appear). Though no two glances meet.
One probes a pocket for the number
at which he must call his father
from a payphone; another for his cellphone, to call
his wife. The kid perhaps ponders;
the thirty-something and forty-something read;
another stops because the light's too dim.
They take out notebooks and write,
or try to. Is that how they communicate?
They'd deny it ...
(Outside, some sort of demonstration passes
without a break, and fades;
no one comes in. There's no one to talk to, ever.)
If they did write each other,
what would they say? "You can't write anything here.

If you do, you'll reject it later
as sentimental." Seeing which, the boy rises,
surreptitiously tucks in his too-tight
turtleneck, fills his bookbag,
and leaves, expression resolute and dreamy
because that's expected of him.

3

Actually, we don't discuss
the obvious: arthritis drawing
cries from him whenever he canes
himself up, and slightly hobbling
my own step when I cross the room
to fetch some book he has pointed to.
Or loneliness, or politics – the bullies
that roam the body and the world will have
their way, and meanwhile jabber;
we ignore them, though they strain and shape
all speech. He has grown very white
since our last meeting, fifteen years
and hundreds of emails ago, I very gray.
The relics of his lover, who had disliked me
on sight, lie small and quaint
amid the clutter, and a ghost informs
the collages – ties, real ties imposed on penciled –
he's doing. He gives me one.
Reads new poems, *vers-de-société*
of hell and the low slopes of purgatory.
Paws what I bought
at the Strand: Stead's work since his stroke, Matthias
sounding old, old. "Always the tourist," he smiles.
"You're scoping out the terminal wards."
– "I want to see how much they transcend
the personal, and if not, why they can't." –
"Perhaps because there's nothing else," he says,
provoking. – And one or two
young free-associaters, who have no story
but the stupid one the world imposes,
"but at least aren't chuckleheads":
thus I defend them, and bore him.

He rarely leaves the apartment;
is interested when I describe
the cardboard, low-grade porn and verathaned
ads at the New Museum
on the rapidly gentrifying Bowery. “‘Unmonumental’ –
that’s what they call the show. The wall-text
talks about art ‘responsive to an age
of broken icons.’ It struck me
there’s a contradiction in that.”
– “The longer I live, or last,” he says,
“the more I address one question
to whatever I see and read:
would anything be lost if this didn’t exist?
If the answer is no, burn it.”
We have been drinking all this time:
one glass each, slowly. Now he offers
another, but I have to go.
Once more I praise his recent work.
“I was glad to meet you again,” he says.
“You seem to be more yourself than I remember.”
I tell him teaching helped. And poetry.
“Not an afterthought,” he smiles. Stands, painfully;
we embrace as if we’ll meet again.
Afternoon sun
pours down the airshaft to his window.

4

They queue, for rock clubs, movies,
all-you-can-eat restaurants, even
the tchotchke shops, to buy Liberty
in snow-globes, foam, or pre-aged bronze.
The lines intersect the crowds,
so dense and slowed they feel
as in dreams that the illusion of movement
will fail any moment.
Their coats absorb the smudged and trodden
colors, poor relations of those above.
To the east, the shows are letting out –
the fishnet dancers in Cook County jail,
a lion cub becoming king,

a sexless lover with a mask – their music,
in the minds of the new crowds exiting,
merging at the corner with the noise.
The new Stoppard may or may not
have taught that rock-and-roll is freedom;
that one can relax into freedom
if one abandons murderous ideals.
A couple next to us, with strict ideas
of entertainment, squirmed at allusions
to unfamiliar dates and names,
to history, and left at intermission.
There are cabs, but they rage,
like other cars, for movement;
we'll take the E or 6 or walk
crosstown to our hotel –
the cold rejuvenating us,
sustaining another hour
the feeling that friends, drinks, dinner,
window-shopping, the theater can go on.
Call it joy, whose center is above
this corner, all its plasma screens
broadcasting fragments of it: cars, breasts,
the sea, disembodied dancing
handbags, market shares, wise commentators,
an ecstatic Riemannian geometry
of colors, colors, colors one yearns
to rise and merge and splinter into,
all motion effortless and theirs, reflected
in the faces now surrounding us, blasé
or brooding, avid for the possible.

Exquisite Hour

1

A white police-car with its flashing lights
is parked three feet behind
another car, black,
its driver obscure except

for the set of his shoulders and head,
facing front. For an indefinite
moment they sit,
the cop, the other driver, and the cars.
Soon the cop will come out
to take his careful walk
to the window of the other,
which will be lowered,
letting in the cold, letting out
perhaps a smell of wine,
and allowing the exchange
that, in this time,
is of all usages
the undoubted paradigm.
But for now they await,
while briefly self-conscious
traffic passes,
their different messages;
as if, unaccountably,
two cars had agreed
to pull over and meditate.

2

When the rain stops, a mauve
and ecru light seeps
across the fallen leaves, grateful
for surcease. As grateful
as people are for peace;
for a mercy of weather,
now ever grander
and Godlike; for the vagaries
of business that allow them
for the moment a home
to rush to and dry in;
for life and the boss.

Yet a certain concentrated
nervous yearning

afflicts objects
in this light and wind.
A plastic bag
soars to a second story;
it saw that in a movie
and since then there's no stopping it.
A recalcitrant dog imitates
a rock, and vice versa.
A tree, still full
of leaves, unusually red,
likes being ruffled
and wants, not mobility
so much as to become an animal.

3

Regret is a small Mafia clan.
They hang around their clubhouse,
do accounts and scan
their neighborhood, the world,
for shopkeepers to absorb,
new services to offer, new markets.
(Have said so often they are businessmen
they believe it, and why not.)
A face ratlike and wise
in the ways of the moment
it lives entirely in,
despising the addicts, the compulsive failed
gamblers it understands,
belongs to the consigliere of regret.

They sell me a blue powder
from Afghanistan.
When I take it, a gallery rises:
backslaps and drinks and noise,
the auxiliary and corollary joys
of friends, the stabs
of envy, which are sweeter.
Spilling into the courtyard (that space
priceless in the city), beneath

the flying leaves of fulfillment,
the other galleries beaming down,
the sky where only the strongest stars
survive. And the stuff on the walls
(red dots blossoming beside prices)
is sweet. Has brought the maniera grande
into a time of tiny, solitary
men, providing insight. –
Thus the important critic,
rarely effusive, who hugs
and is seen to hug, and takes
his drink into the courtyard,
and, nonexistent, is completely blind.

4

From the manager and extra guards
in the lobby, to the carefully-vetted
maids, room service standing by
with more champagne, and the vicariously triumphant
sun, the staff attends
the trillionaire in the Royal Suite,
whose garden is the roof, its grounds the city.
A flight of fighter jets, their boom
disrupting all below, entertains
and guards, ascending towards the sun;
while the trillionaire, reclining
on the gold-threaded pillow, says
softly to a non-paying guest, “For you
I would strip continents of industry
and air, reduce billions to penury
and let them scabble from the rising sea.
For you I would annex the planets
and process them into one jewel
or car, to please you.
To make you laugh. I would twist
and torture DNA itself
until organic life became
one orifice or limb, whatever
would tease you. I have bought

or have a controlling interest in
all love, and lay it, darling, at your feet.”
And the boytoy looks at the trillionaire,
and as the words faintly
register, his usual calculation
flails in a void,
unable to find relative advantage;
so that he is almost annoyed
but, professionally concealing it,
murmurs into her ever-golden hair.

PIERRE JORIS

Abdallah Zrika: Mice of the Wheel of Loneliness

1.

I don't want to be the chair
facing the body of the deceased
nor the insect of emptiness
between the legs of the words
nor the pebble of the eye that breaks
the surface of the glass
not even the red
that hasn't seen the least drop of blood to lick

2.

I do not understand the shape of the millstone
when the wind throws me down
nor the rain
that runs away
through the holes in my shoes
I don't know where I am
when I see an earth
marked off by the pillars of my death
And I don't understand the sky
when the rain falls
at the bottom of my head
in the place of the pail
that slightly shakes my bed

3.

I understand fever when it grabs me
scrambling everything I hear
wiping away everything I see
in the very sweat that drains from me
until I wake up
and open the world the way one opens an icebox

finding nothing
except the smell
of white
rotten because of the ice

Casablanca, 2000
translated by Pierre Joris

From Meditations on the 40 Stations of Mansour Alhallaj

28. Circumspection (hiyata)

looks all around us.
The inspector cometh,
doffs his head carefully,
the brainstem shows a hiatus:
signs of overexposure.
Morocco is brought up
but not as a place. A
first wave of paranoia
boils the lobster half
a careful red. Come back
an hour later. When
the cows come home
I'll act with circumspection.
Swivel-eye on stalks
stalk the intruder. A
half-baked lobster
bites through its leash
despite the (poet's)
vigilance. But you can't
lead another one
through hell without
paying the price. That's
the curse of coherence,
a thatched roof's
monomania. You can't
look upon straw
& find the dividend.
Eager-beaver frees

the silly association
of straw & law.
But it was something
else a minute ago.
Minute drift makes
the eye tear. Despite
trying hard I am
out of circumspection.
There's a hiatus
between. There is
a between. There is
is and eyes. Closed.
Watch your step.
You are a magnac,
better than cognac
not as fond as pinot
white, grey or red —
ça coule de source,
the sauce, pour it on,
more the sin & tax
the seller — a deal
is a deal unless you know
a route to the moon. I do.
Say good-bye to Paris.

31. consideration (tadabbur)
is the other category
of understanding.
it signifies. try to
find the full meaning
of every word, Ayah,
explore behind those
words, metaphors & parables,
discover the textual
cohesion & underlying
unity, determine
the central ideas,
delve into lexical intricacies,
tanzil, & historical background,
undertake a comparative

study of different tafsir. Then
discover all
the implications for the relations
between man, God, fellow
humans, own self, world;
derive laws & morals,
rules for state & economy,
principles for history &
philosophy, implications for
the current level of human knowledge.
We are not entirely separate
nor mutually exclusive
categories of understanding,
we overlap.

ALISON CROGGON

Two untitled poems

she never cried she never
tumbled into that wet mouth she
drew such leachings of drought
over the paper sky that birds
perched gasping on branches she
found herself lipless turned
back to the bony night each star
pitiless the moon tugging
her down to blasted seas she
uttered stones the words curled up
in spiders of dust she felt
rain pulse against her skin but all
her dreaming could not think
itself past those horizons
of parched white the whiter
flame the sun whose voice
rose so white and burned

The poet has no identity. She is an electrical cloud she is a swarm of bees she is a kabuki scream she is a shadow on the blind the plates in a cupboard the roar of trucks on a freeway. She is the fiery neurone and the mark on a piece of paper. She speaks on the telephone into the ether. No one there. Maybe it is god. She writes her body with the tips of her fingers but it is no longer her body. The words are not her they belong to nobody. She writes to slough off her name. She speaks to become invisible. She desires to become what she is. When she wakes into her name it is falling asleep again. When she dreams she forgets. She is blind. She has the power of flight.

B I O G R A P H I E S

BARRY ALPERT has become the Washington DC Bureau Chief for Andrei Codrescu's magazine *Exquisite Corpse*. Starting this fall he will be curating literary readings which will occur on Stanford-in-Washington's campus. After being published in Manchester, England by Carcanet Press and in New York City by Persea Books, his book *The Poet In The Imaginary Museum* was reviewed prominently in the *London Times Literary Supplement* and the *New York Times Book Review*. He edited the literary critical magazine *Vort*, which merited three grants from the National Endowment of the Arts. His literary and art criticism has been published (or is forthcoming) in books published by Oxford University Press, Duke University Press, University of Maine Press / National Poetry Foundation, Four Seasons Foundation (Donald Allen), Gale Research, O Books / Avenue B Press, and The Galleries at Stephen F. Austin State University.

RENÉE ASHLEY is the author of three volumes of poetry: *Salt* (Brittingham Prize in Poetry), *The Various Reasons of Light*, and *The Revisionist's Dream*, as well as a novel, *Someplace Like This*, and a chapbook, *The Museum of Lost Wings*. She has received fellowships from the New Jersey State Council of the Arts and the National Endowment for the Arts. She is co-poetry editor for *The Literary Review*, and on the faculty of Fairleigh Dickinson University's low-residency MFA Program in Creative Writing.

DOUGLAS BARBOUR, poet, critic, and Professor Emeritus of English at the University of Alberta, has published many books of criticism and poetry, including *Fragmenting Body etc.* (NeWest Press/SALT 2000), *Lyric/Anti-lyric: essays on contemporary poetry* (NeWest Press 2001), *Breath Takes* (Wolsak & Wynn 2002), *A Flame on the Spanish Stairs* (greenboathouse books 2003), *Continuations*, with Sheila E. Murphy (University of Alberta Press 2006), and most recently, *Wednesdays'* (above/ground press 2008). He was inaugurated into the City of Edmonton Cultural Hall of Fame in 2003.

TINA BASS has been writing for publication since 2004. This includes two pamphlets of poetry: *Fat Man Dancing* with poetrymonthly in 2006; and *Mechanical Expressions* with Writers Forum in 2007. She has a book of conversations with her children (*Mouthings*) due for release through Intercapillary Space in the summer of 2008.

JIM BENNETT lives near Liverpool in the UK and is the managing editor of www.poetrykit.org. His most recent publication is a poetry collection called *The Man Who Tried To Hug Clouds* by Bluechrome Publishing 2004 (2nd edition 2005). Jim teaches Creative Writing at the University of Liverpool and tours throughout the year giving readings and performances of his work.

DAVID BIRCUMSHAW: born 1955, Coleshill, Warwickshire. Now living in Leicester. Edits the occasional on-line magazine *A Chid's Alphabet*. Books include *Painting Without Numbers* (2001) and *The Animal Subsides* (Arrowhead Press, 2004). Currently learning how to walk.

JOANNA BOULTER grew up in Southern England near the great stone circles of Avebury and Stonehenge, and became deeply interested in prehistory as a result. Poetry and music fought each other as her main interests in her youth, and this innate musicality has played a central role in her development as a poet. She has 3 poetry pamphlets in print, and her first full collection, *Twenty Four Preludes and Fugues on Dmitri Shostakovich* (Arc Publications) was shortlisted for the Felix Dennis First Collection prize (Forward Prizes) in 2007. She is currently collaborating with the composer Andrew Webb-Mitchell on a major symphonic song cycle.

SHARON BROGAN lives in Montana, USA, and feels an abiding connection to Southeast Alaska. Montana taught her roots; Alaska taught her light and dark, rain and breathlessness. She has been writing, or not writing, or resisting writing, for most of her life. She shares her home and nearby environs with cats, dogs, parakeets, goldfish, sparrows, juncos, chickadees, flickers, crows, magpies, osprey, squirrels; the occasional heron, eagle and raccoon; a singular fox; and, now and then, other human animals. Her website is Watermark, at <http://www.sbpoet.com>.

ANDREW BURKE has been writing and publishing poetry in Australia since the 1960s. He has published six collections, with a seventh in hands of a publisher now (mid-2008). To feed and clothe a wife and three children, Burke worked in advertising until his mid-forties, then switched to lecturing and tutoring at various universities. In recent years, he has taught in a remote community school in far north Western Australia, and lectured at Shanxi Normal University, Linfen, PR China. He lives in Perth, Western Australia.

PETER CICCARIELLO is an interdisciplinary poet, artist, and photographer, whose current interests are in experimenting with the fusion of text and images in 3-D computer graphics environments, and exploring the possibilities of collage to describe cultural landscape. His visual poems erode context, foster ambiguity, and find identity as poetic objects. His work has been exhibited at Harvard University, and the University of Arizona Poetry Center. Recent work has appeared both in print & online in, amongst other places, *New River Journal*, *dbqp: visualizing poetics*, *Oregon Literary Review*, *The Long Island Quarterly*, *MOCA The Museum of Computer Art*, *Otoliths*, and *Word For/ Word*.

CALEB CLUFF lives in the small, ironically-named, central Victorian town of Majorca. He is an honours graduate of the University of Sydney and of the Victorian College of the Arts. An active participant in the “FuturFall” conference of 1984, his thesis on the archetype of the Wandering Jew in the works of Saul Bellow and Patrick White was regarded as ‘dense’, ‘impenetrable’, ‘dubious’, and was famously described by a professor as “scarcely less readable if it were written in hieroglyphics.” As such it was a triumph of the postmodern. He is poetry editor of a new academic journal, *Second Nature: The International Journal of Creative Media*. This is an open-access, peer-reviewed online journal auspiced by RMIT’s School of Creative Media. He regards himself as possibly the only poet to have both been expelled from school three days into Kindergarten and to have made a significant contribution to the entomology collection of the Australian Museum.

ROGER COLLETT – owner and editor of Arrowhead Press. Has a family of five children and eight grandchildren scattered around the world from Dubai to Maine, USA but mainly in UK. No longer writes as his time is taken up with the press and a full-time day job as a computer systems engineer.

ALISON CROGGON lives in Melbourne, Australia. She has published several books of poems which have won or been shortlisted for several literary prizes. Her most recent poetry collection is *Theatre*, out from Salt Publishing in 2008. She has written nine plays and opera libretti which have been produced around Australia and broadcast on ABC Radio and is the author of the fantasy quartet *The Books of Pellinor*, which has been published in Australia, the UK, the US and Germany to popular and critical acclaim. She is Melbourne theatre critic for the national daily newspaper *The Australian*, and runs a respected review blog called Theatre Notes <http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com>. She is the founding editor of Masthead. <http://alisoncroggon.com>

MARTIN DOLAN is from Canberra, where he moonlights as a bureaucrat. He returned to poetry when recovering from an operation in 1996. His first collection, *Clouds and Edges*, was published in 1999. His second, *The Idea of Busan*, will be published in 2008.

SALLY EVANS, poet and editor of the broadsheet *Poetry Scotland*, lives in Callander, Scotland. The latest of her several books is *The Bees, a Satirical Fantasy of The Bees* and *An Elephant Artist in the Highlands*, a long poem in terza rima illustrated by Reinhard Behrens. She is currently writing a series of Unpoems, or intertextual self translations, of which *At the Antonine Wall* is one. Her website is <http://groups.msn.com/desktopsallye>

RANDOLPH HEALY was born in Scotland in 1956, moving to Ireland in 1958. He lives near the village of Enniskerry with his wife, Louise, and their five children. In 1997 he founded Wild Honey Press which has published over fifty titles by authors from Ireland, England, Australia and the United States. His work has appeared in anthologies such as *Other ed. Caddel* and *Quatermain, Wesleyan, 1999* and *Anthology of Twentieth-Century British and Irish Poetry*, ed. Tuma, Oxford 2001. His collection *Green 532* was published by Salt in 2002.

NATHAN HONDROS has just returned to Perth, Australia after living for a while in Europe. His collaborative book of short fiction written with playwright Damon Lockwood is called *Man and Beast* and will be published in September. *The King's Road*, a novella he wrote in France and Italy, is contending The Australian/Vogel Literary Award.

PETER HOWARD read Physics and Philosophy at Oxford, and works as a Telecommunications Systems Design Consultant. He has been widely published in magazines and anthologies, including *The Faber Book of Christmas*, and the *OxfordPoets 2001* anthology. His pamphlet *Low Probability of Racoons* appeared in 1994 and *Game Theory* in 2005. He won second prize in the 2000 Arvon competition. For five years he wrote a quarterly Internet column for *Poetry Review*. He taught *Animated Poetry in Flash* for the trAce Writing School. He's a member of the live poetry group *The Joy of Six*. His collection *Weighing the Air* was published in 2008 by Arrowhead Press.

ÁRNI IBSEN (1948 - 2007). Author of four collections of poetry and a dozen plays which are translated into ten languages and performed in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, The Faroe Islands, Estonia, Hungary, Germany, Ireland, England and the USA, as well as his native Iceland. A bi-lingual selected poems, *A Different Silence*, won The American-Scandinavian Foundation Translation Prize in 1999 and was published by Harwood Academic Publishers in 2000. In 1996 he was nominated for the Nordic Playwrights Prize for *Heaven - A Schizophrenic Comedy* (1995). His debut play was *The Turtle Gets There Too* (1984), a two-hander about William Carlos Williams and Ezra Pound. Subsequent plays include *Elin Helena* (1993), *Fish Out of Water* (1993), *I Wish I Was a Goldfish* (1996), the disjointed, cinematic satire entitled *For Ever* (1997), named play of the year in 1997, and *Man Alive* (1999), an opera libretto inspired by *Everyman*, as well as several plays for radio and tv. Numerous translation credits include a selected poems by William Carlos Williams (1997) and an anthology of plays, prose and poetry by Samuel Beckett (1987).

JANET JACKSON, poet of page, screen and microphone, featured at the 2006 and 2007 WA Spring Poetry Festivals and at the 2007 Melbourne Overload Poetry Festival. Her poems have been published in many print and online magazines and anthologies and she has self-published three chapbooks and her own website Proximity, www.proximity.webhop.net.

HALVARD JOHNSON was born in Newburgh, New York, and grew up in New York City and the Hudson Valley. Among his collections of poetry are *Transparencies and Projections*, *The Dance of the Red Swan*, *Eclipse*, and *Winter Journey*—all from New Rivers Press and, now out of print, archived at the Contemporary American Poetry Archives <http://capa.conncoll.edu>. Recent collections include *Rapsodie espagnole*, *G(e)nome*, *The Sonnet Project*, *Theory of Harmony*—all from www.xpressed.org.—and *The English Lesson*, from Unicorn Press. Hamilton Stone Editions has published two collections: *Guide to the Tokyo Subway* and *Organ Harvest with Entrance of Clones*.

JILL JONES won the 2003 Kenneth Slessor Poetry Prize for *Screens, Jets, Heaven: New and Selected Poems* and the 1993 Mary Gilmore Award for her first book of poetry, *The Mask and the Jagged Star*. Her latest full-length book, *Broken/Open*, was short-listed for The Age Book of the Year 2005 and the 2006 Kenneth Slessor Poetry Prize. In 2007 she took part in the 23rd Festival International de la Poésie in Trois-Rivières, Quebec, Canada. Her work has been translated into Chinese, Dutch, Polish, French, Italian and Spanish. She has collaborated with photographer Annette Willis on a number of cross-artform projects. See her website at <http://www.jilljones.com.au/> and her weblog at <http://rubystreet.blogspot.com/>.

PIERRE JORIS is a poet, translator, essayist & anthologist. He has published over forty books, most recently *Aljibar II* (poems, a bilingual edition with French translations by Eric Sarner) and *Justifying the Margins: Essays 1990-2006* (SALT Publishing, forthcoming fall 08). His 2007 publications include the CD *Routes, not Roots; Aljibar* and *Meditations on the Stations of Mansour Al-Hallaj 1-21*. Recent translations include *Paul Celan: Selections*, and *Lightduress* by Paul Celan, which received the 2005 PEN Poetry

Translation Award. With Jerome Rothenberg he edited the award-winning anthologies *Poems for the Millennium (volumes I & II)* and most recently, *Pablo Picasso, The Burial of the Count of Orgaz & Other Poems*. Check out his website <<http://pierrejoris.com/home.html>> & his Nomadics blog <<http://pjouris.blogspot.com/>> .

TREVOR JOYCE is an Irish poet whose most recent books are *with the first dream of fire they hunt the cold* (2001) and *What's in Store* (2007). He is a co-founder and director of SoundEye (soundeye.org) and co-founded New Writers' Press in Dublin with Michael Smith. He is a Fulbright Scholar and a member of Aosdána.

JOHN KINSELLA'S most recent volumes of poetry are *Shades of the Sublime & Beautiful* (Fremantle Press, 2008; Picador UK, 2008) and *Divine Comedy: Journeys Through a Regional Geography* (WW Norton, September 2008; University of Queensland Press, September 2008). His other recent titles include *Disclosed Poetics: beyond landscape and lyricism* (Manchester University Press, 2007), and *Contrary Rhetoric: lectures on landscape and language* (Fremantle Press, 2008). Arc (UK) will publish his version of *Comus* in October, 2008. He is a Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge University and a Research Fellow at the University of Western Australia.

S. K. KELEN is an Australian poet. His most recent books are *Goddess of Mercy* (Brandl & Schlesinger, 2002), and *Earthly Delights* (Pandanus, 2006).

LIZ KIRBY is officially a bitch! (*Bitchlit*: Crocus Books). She works as a poet and writer of prose and reviews, teacher of writing, literature and linguistics, and organiser of 5 Rhythms Dance events. Recent poetry can be found in *Skald* Issue 24, review of Lee Harwood in *Chroma* 7 <http://www.chromajournal.co.uk/>

PETER LARKIN is the author of *Terrain Seed Scarcity*, (Salt, 2001), and *Leaves of Field* (Shearsman, 2006). A new collection *Lessways Least Scarce Among* is forthcoming from The Gig. Recent work has appeared in *fragmente*, *Free Verse*, *Salt Magazine* and *Stride Magazine*. An interview with Edmund Hardy is available at Intercapillary Space.

CINDY LEE is a London-escapee, living on the weird and wonderful Isle of Wight (UK) with her two young children. Always fascinated by the compression of meaning into image, and of image into language, she began to write seriously as a poet in her mid forties, following the death of her husband in 2004. The work contained here represents her response to that event. Her new work is moving beyond it. None of this work, new or old, would have been possible without the poets who inhabit Poetryetc: a wonderful and inexhaustible source of advice, expansion, inspiration, and occasional indignation.

RACHEL LODEN is the author of *Hotel Imperium* (Georgia), which was named one of the ten best poetry books of the year by the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and *Dick of the Dead*, which Ahsahta Press will publish in 2009. Honors include two appearances in the *Best American Poetry* series, a Pushcart Prize, a fellowship from the California Arts Council, and a grant from the Fund for Poetry.

S.J. LITHERLAND lives in Durham City and is a member of her County Cricket Club. Her most recent poetry collections illustrate her divided interest between cricket and the rest of life: *The Homage* (Iron Press 2006) follows the fortunes of former England cricket captain Nasser Hussain in his final season 2003-4; *The Work of the Wind* (Flambard Press 2006) is a journal of her tumultuous years with fellow poet Barry MacSweeney. She has just completed a sixth poetry collection, *The Absolute Bonus of Rain*, and is working on a new book of cricket poems. Her dream: to see England at the Gabba.

BOB MARCACCI, a high school English teacher, lives in Vacaville, California with his wife and son. Bob's poetry has appeared in numerous online and print publications around the world. Read more about him on his blog: <http://marcacci.blogspot.com>.

PATRICK MCMANUS—of Raynes Park, London —pensioner —ex following —architect —potter-volunteer mental health worker — running writing workshops —Survivor Poet —kept sanish by Poetryetc—published in 50 odd places including *Beyond Bedlam — Magma —Cement and Water —You Tube* not least *Merton Allotments Association* and *Humanist* magazines—does readings - has wonderful Partner Janet —cat Vile Boris —kids step kids grand kids and an allotment.

SHEILA E. MURPHY'S most recent full-length books of poetry include *The Case of the Lost Objective (Case)* from Otoliths Press, 2007, and *Continuations* (with Douglas Barbour) from The University of Alberta Press, 2006. Forthcoming are the Visio-Textual collection, *Permutoria* (with K.S. Ernst) from Luna Bisonte Prods, and *Collected Chapbooks*, from Blue Lion Books.

GLEN PHILLIPS has taught innovative English and Writing programs for over forty years in the tertiary sector. Currently he is an Associate Professor and Director of the International Centre for Landscape and Language at Edith Cowan University, Perth. His most recent books in 2008 are the co-edited: *Contrary Rhetoric* (John Kinsella's lectures) and *Lines in the Sand* (new WA poetry and prose). Glen's poetic works include *Spring Burning: New and Selected Poems* (1999), *Sacrificing the Leaves* (1988) and *Lovesongs, Lovescenes* (1991). Poems and stories have been translated into several languages and also appeared in fifty anthologies, journals and newspapers in nine countries. His new collection of poetry, *Land Whisperings* comes out in Britain with Salt Publishing.

FREDERICK POLLACK was born in Chicago. He is the author of two book-length narrative poems, *The Adventure* and *Happiness*, both published by Story Line Press. Other poems and essays have appeared in *Fulcrum*, *Hudson Review*, *Representations*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *Die Gazette* (Munich), *Gladhat*, *Malleable Jangle*, *Famous Reporter* and elsewhere. He is adjunct professor of creative writing at George Washington University, Washington, DC.

TAD RICHARDS' credits include poetry, fiction, song lyrics, screenplays, nonfiction, journalism, art and drama. The poetry includes four books – *The Gravel Business*, *The Map of the Bear*, *My Night with the Language Thieves*, and *Situations*, a novel in verse. The fiction consists of an assortment of paperback originals under various names, including his own. The songs have been recorded by Orleans, John Hall, and Fred Koller. He's also written on poets and poetry, on sports, on trivia, and extensively on music, including *The New Country Music Encyclopedia. Struggle and Lose, Struggle and Win: The Story of the United Mine Workers Union*, cowritten with Elizabeth Levy was listed as one of the best young adult books of the year by the *New York Times*. <http://www.opus40.org>, and a new collection of poetry entitled *I Take Five: Poems in 5/4 Time*.

MAX RICHARDS was born (1937) and educated in Auckland. After postgrad time in Edinburgh he taught English at La Trobe University Melbourne for many years, publishing articles and reviews on the poetry of Thomas Hardy, Allen Curnow, Judith Wright, William Hart-Smith, Peter Porter, Seamus Heaney, Les Murray, and others. His books are *Under Mount Egmont and Other Poems* and *Catch of the Day*. He lives in Doncaster, an eastern suburb of Melbourne. cooe@netspace.net.au

PETER RILEY's selected poems, *Passing Measures*, was published in 2000, and *Alstonefield*, a long poem, in 2003, both from Carcanet. Since then a book of Transylvanian travel sketches, *The Dance at Mociu*, has appeared from Shearsman Books, and a book of three poem sequences, *A Map of Faring*, from Parlor Press (USA). Shearsman has also published two books of uncollected poetry and prose, *The Days Final Balance*, and *The Llyn Writings*. The most recent publication is *Best at Night Alone*, a booklet from Oystercatcher Press. His website address is www.aprileye.co.uk. He lives in retirement in Cambridge, U.K.

KASPER SALONEN needs trees around him or he would lose his mind. He writes about the locales, phenomena and denizens of his daily life with a focus on the way the weather, the seasons and his own states of mind transmute them. He lives, writes and studies in Helsinki (in that order) and is also co-author of a self-published anthology, the *No House Collective vol.1*, forthcoming in 2008.

GERALD SCHWARTZ was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania in 1958 and lives in West Irondequoit, New York. He is one of the founding members of the performance ensemble Solomons Ramada as well as an ongoing member of Faking Trains. He has collaborated with the Choreographer's Asylum and multimedia artist Damian Catera. In 2001 he was the recipient of the William Bronk Foundation Scholarship. His first collections of poems, *Only Others Are* (Legible Books) was released in 2003.

LARISSA SHMAILLO'S new poetry CD is *Exorcism* (SongCrew 2008), available from CDBaby.com, iTunes, and Amazon; her new chapbook is *A Cure for Suicide* (Cervena Barva Press 2008). Larissa has been published in *Barrow Street*, *Fulcrum*, *Rattapallax*, *Drunken Boat*, and many other publications. Larissa translated the Russian Futurist opera *Victory over the Sun* by A. Kruchenykh; a DVD of the original English-language production is part of the collection of the New York Museum of Modern Art. Her first poetry CD, *The No-Net World* (SongCrew 2006) is frequently heard on radio and Internet broadcasts. Larissa is listed in the Poetry Kit Who's Who in poetry. Visit Larissa at <http://www.myspace.com/larissashmailloexorcism>

HEATHER TAYLOR Heather Taylor is a Canadian writer, performer & educator, whose work has been published and produced throughout Europe, Asia & North America. She recently graduated with an MA in Plays and Scripts from City University and her first feature film, *The Last Thakur*, premiered at the London Film Festival, 2008. Her first poetry collection, *Horizon & Back*, was published by Tall Lighthouse Books & she is currently completing a second collection to be published in 2009. "Heather Taylor maps an image-rich world with a voice that is fresh, tough & hard to ignore with strong, brazen writing that lives on & off the page" (Todd Swift). For more, visit her website www.heathertaylor.co.uk.

JOHN TRANTER has published more than twenty collections of verse. His collection of new and selected poems, *Urban Myths: 210 Poems: New and Selected* (University of Queensland Press, and Salt Publishing, Cambridge UK) won the 2006 Victorian state award for poetry, the 2007 New South Wales state award for poetry, the 2008 South Australian state award for poetry, and the 2008 South Australian Premier's Prize for the best book overall in 2006 and 2007. In 1992 he edited (with Philip Mead) the *Penguin Book of Modern Australian Poetry*. He has lived at various times in Melbourne, Singapore, Brisbane and London, and now lives in Sydney, where he is a company director. He is the editor of the free Internet magazine *Jacket* (jacketmagazine.com) and in 2004 he initiated the Australian Poetry Resources Internet Library (april.edu.au).

MARTIN J. WALKER is an occasional poet, translator and language teacher now retired living in Lagorce (Fr-07) and Berlin. He attended Southampton and Hamburg universities in the '60s (when he wrote poetry in German for a short time), then lived and worked in Frankfurt for some 30 years. As he is rather a loner by disposition, poetryetc, which he participated in for 7 years and may return to, was the most significant group experience he has known (excluding teaching) and he is very grateful for it.

MARK WEISS' most recent poetry collections are *Fieldnotes* (1995) and *Figures: 32 Poems* (Chax Press, 2001). *Different Birds* appeared as an ebook in 2004 (www.shearsman.com). He edited, with Harry Polkinhorn, *Across the Line / Al otro lado: The Poetry of Baja California* (2002). Among his translations are *Stet: Selected Poems of José Kozer* (2006) and *Cuaderno de San Antonio / The San Antonio Notebook*, by Javier Manríquez (2004). His anthology *The Whole Island: Six Decades of Cuban Poetry* is forthcoming in 2009 from University of California Press. A new collection, *As Landscape*, is due from Chax Press in October of this year.

CANDICE WARD'S chapbook, *The Moon Sees the One*, was published by Wild Honey Press (Ireland) in 2006.

KENNETH WOLMAN is from one of the New York outer boroughs (you can hear it when he tawks). He has all these academic degrees and a profound grudge that, through his own errors, he never got to use them. However, he won a New Jersey State Council on the Arts fellowship in poetry back in 1995, and has lived on the memory ever since. He has published in a raft of places, some online, some in print. Remaining a child of movable type (not the program), he is only recently accepting online publication as real.

LAWRENCE UPTON: Poet; sound and graphic artist; performer; based in Cornwall and S.E. England. Directed Sub Voicive Poetry from 1994 for ten years. Co-convenor of Writers Forum Workshop and co-director of Writers Forum press since 2002. BOOKS: *Wire Sculptures* (2003); *Snapshots* (2008). Co-editor: *Word Score Utterance: Choreography in verbal and visual poetry* (1998).

STEPHEN VINCENT - poet, photographer, artist, and director of Book Studio - lives in San Francisco where he also leads walking and writing workshops. Recent and forthcoming poems and reviews appear in *New American Poetry* (2008), *Vanitas*, *Jacket*, *Kadar Koli*, *Mimeo Mimeo*, *Big Bridge*, and *Galatea Resurrects*. Recent poetry volumes include *Triggers* (Shearsman ebook), *Sleeping with Sappho* (faux ebook) and *Walking Theory* (Junction Press). An exhibit of his *haptic* drawings is scheduled for February at the Braunstein Gallery, San Francisco. His popular blog of poems, photographs, haptics and commentary is found at <http://stephenvincent.net/blog/>.

HARRIET ZINNES'S many books include *Drawing On The Wall* (poems, a book that was named "a notable book of 2002" by the National Book Critics Circle), *Whither Nonstopping* (poems), *The Radiant Absurdity Of Desire* (short stories), *Lover* (short stories), *Ezra Pound And The Visual Arts* (criticism), *Blood And Feathers* (translations of the French poetry of Jacques Prevert). She is a contributing writer of art criticism for *New York Arts Magazine* and a contributing editor of *The Hollins Critic*. Marsh Hawk Press will be publishing a new book titled *Light Light Or The Curvature Of The Earth* in the spring of 2009.

