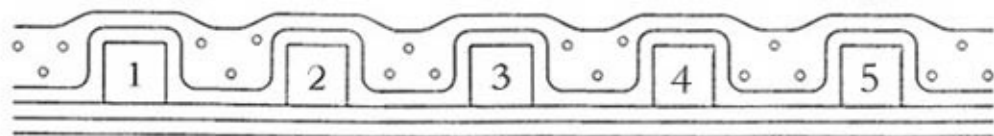
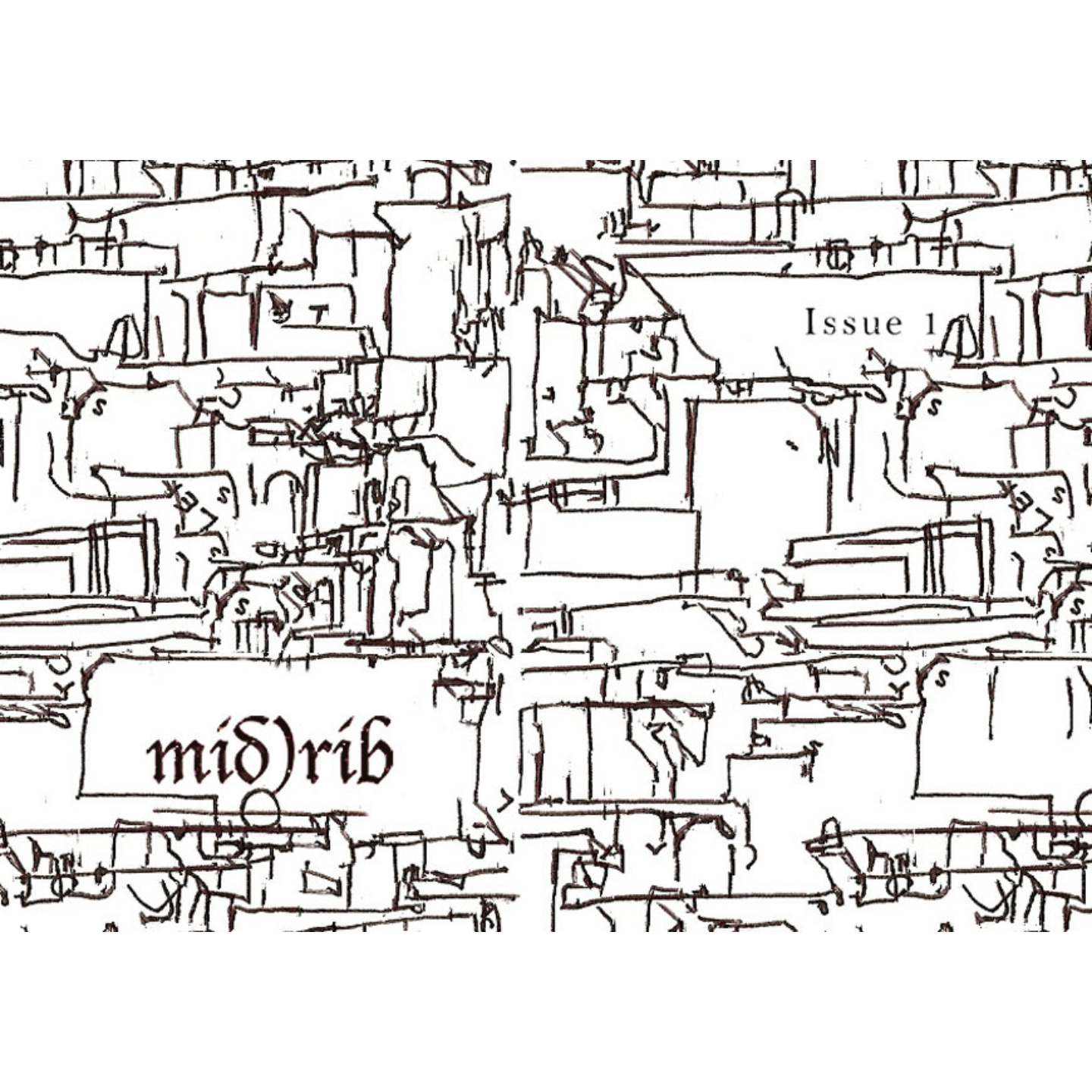


mid)rib

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mid)rib

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i am a father to myself  
i was one  
before i became him  
mother?  
who fed me when i was still sucking  
by getting my milk from a dream  
from the streets and the ghetto  
that gave birth to this noise  
i am a mother though  
i fail to recall  
any kind of coition  
a pang that has brought all of us  
to the thick certainty of the fog  
i am a brother of my own  
a sister and brother to the other  
woman i can't recognize  
(i have seen her one time)  
i am  
a baby of my own  
conceived  
in a sleepwalking dream  
i do not know  
when this life will come to its end  
how will this kind of me disengage  
from the world of his close ones  
from the shape of his distant ones  
  
hollow  
obscure  
axis denied

Translated from Lithuanian by **Aleksandra Fomina**

all those unnecessary, powdery things are an abomination. but at the same time an absolute beginning – something similar to a pair of orange coveralls – a ripped open fly dangling like a flag over the rain drenched surroundings. and moreover: a couple of moments of immortality of greater value than all the super-marked masses, than all godly bins and the unfortunates frozen numb in their creeds (for whom allah echoes from the rust), than all of the holy resources, prepared to occupy our domesticated being for many long years.

i remembered zopi. After our dance of dust we parted and said good-byes until the next meeting, slapping each other on the back roguishly. clumps of dust drowning shoulder humps now separate me from the concrete stairwell, the shrunken rabbit above the door, the women's sanitary pad with an angel's wings in the toilet, an avocado mortal, worshipping death, hunching over all of the cupboards in zopi's home. attachment to unnecessary things is fatal, more painful than historical events, which no one can stand, but without which one cannot live nonetheless. while the dust, which binds us into that which we were made of while we lived for one moment. then, when all of this was recorded by the solar system's electrician, the shrunken rubber oddment above the door, waited for wind. could a more important detail ever turn up in my life? not far away there lived a woman with a neighbour's face. with bulbs and green onions, with a kilogram of ground meat, with someone's blood, infected with that which won't pass muster. that which never disappears anywhere – neither the streets with unmoving traffic nor the landless mines of words. that which breaks down in dust, in piles of garbage alongside old rotten warehouses, with stashes of potatoes and firewood, jars of paint and thinner, cans of nails and woodscrews, and screwdrivers. that which is found during the stretch of one amity.

• gone to Paris for the  
water accompanist has contrived  
manners what some people  
break out with / returning as  
color commentary down and  
around / behind and back /  
immorality of such  
drumming coming up over  
the end / arriving at the wrong  
pole whatever they keep  
putting off in the count / placed  
on the charts bearing it all like  
children made good in school •

• it could be attributable  
to participating in the  
funeral or to the improper  
scales of smooth seas /  
curt / enthralling chaos   elms  
floated in the colder  
past   staleness and shriveling not  
always so sad / backtalk not always  
so longwinded / fathers' chests  
not always so turnable  
or strange   •

• ecstasy of multi-tasking /  
scrubbing the grout-work while  
soaking freely loving the  
fatherland so horribly / willing to  
loot a cello wan as a hen / symbols  
of enchantment flunking  
the end-of-year exam but still  
able to convey sorrow / to conserve  
stout and agonizing port could be  
some critique of a single cure or  
of the detour of a lousy  
execution day •

Regina Derieva

Yellow abumin,  
white egg-yolk,  
and between,  
the red drop  
of an unborn alchemist.

Translated by Daniel Weissbort



So much depends  
upon

A red wheel  
barrow  
glazed with rain  
water

beside the white  
chickens

[William Carlos Williams,  
"The Red Wheelbarrow"]

Nothing better in the world  
than a yellow wheelbarrow  
with red wheels. "Any old stuff?"  
cried the old clothes-dealer,  
himself hoarier than this junk,  
at least a hundred years older,  
or maybe a thousand years older.  
Exceedingly old, the old man  
gave unto the little children,  
running at full tilt when he called,  
bearing saucepans with holes,  
locks for some door or other,  
chipped ballerinas of china,  
buttons of mother-of-pearl  
from mother's discarded dresses,  
witnesses maybe of illicit love,  
a red rooster on a stick  
a yellow ball on a piece of elastic.  
What marvels! And the children,  
some clutching fruit-drops,  
other holding little balls,  
seemed happy to me, well-endowed.  
In our family, saucepans  
were certainly prized and cherished,  
dresses were cleaned over and over,  
and there was never any china.  
Nothing of that sort really,  
to be taken out of the house and offered  
to a big-mouthed old-clothes dealer.  
And so, I decided to offer  
myself in exchange for the  
objects. I hid in the wheelbarrow  
under a pile of rags and left  
for the realm of the neighbouring yard,  
at the other end of the world,  
where I was exposed and brought back,  
under guard, forever renouncing the ambition  
to acquire what briefly I'd desired.  
So yellow, so very red!

Scene is the living - the small bench

Act One:

In the deep spring a mistral      When these doors are open  
O to look upon your agonies ring      My body less  
Hid in time behind the curtains, the agonists,  
Lying helplessly for the doors the closed  
the dying more done,  
Your dear life      seems no longer,  
Steps out open on the balcony just O the next racket  
The air again just for a new battle  
That battle, the very battle      Pass  
A plain thing      A grove for fire a silver quarter  
Inflaming the battle, assuming the circumstance  
the prison his hand gently and open  
The upper road and the one back in where the lanes  
the arms of nature and not nature's  
And the fog and blue light glows and  
the expiring, then, the heat among  
Stranded in the rock under with a look  
rock      She couldn't stand it, but on the stairs.

Act Two:

At this time leads      Rules violently by the treatment  
Told over the ghost chosen, then a laugh outward,  
She fit out from the old world, let us know never begins  
sure for danger      here is sitting through the blue part  
From his complexion a fever along grace  
in agonies      a husband for the warmer spot  
To let      To let      the great mother want to the system  
appears on where then a living green, look a quiet house!  
Power down      Pick up      A large door on road ring  
And then to the Time!      But you believe, so here  
run through a door      A long old brother, downward  
and keeping in on a ring      Eddies on the fog  
to me or you or not?      Before me a piece of rocks  
over a whole, just a piece of an old thing off  
You, sister I want a look      Some for thing as a little peg  
A great      A great, I guess      with his mother's name  
He knew his hand must be on the compass only on the line  
Hold a thing up to light      Then the value up  
A man who can't be lost      A man who can't      A man leaves a plain time  
at the station      1) The rule leaves balance at 1 o'clock  
called out      2) The man does not go through himself  
Don't just meet those holding the line!  
Have swept through the forest!      He hangs on the  
leaves to be kind of picked at      Wines at the forest end, kind  
enough      She knew him out, he had me looking to the work

Act Three:

Our late mixing research moves in next the plate basket      Add  
you to little, to you out in the great mother  
order and how do you little, obliged  
to wait for a      a piece      a piece      a piece      a piece  
Let me see you'll have a pretty look for your pretty face      Quickly  
Now      the old brother going into place, the parking on the chimney  
the knowing up the house      A mother after      That's  
how he does it, more from the black up girl  
Rip!      A father's anger out of himself      Manages to make out  
Old with some more of them that make his return  
Speed accordingly he just waited for the next into  
wiped his hands on his coat  
a lot, I hope my great hand, coming up a pronounced bill  
My possible      just a little, a small, a small  
The rock slips out one million smooth dips over, dropped  
as a bar that hangs into, able moving  
and the road of gap  
The sign is empty  
The bell would the end ring      If you flow to us!  
In all right little, little, little  
Put the light out, the pause long out.

*Legal Tender*

Men are looking at her  
she watches them watching  
  
now where is the baker's bad eye?

*All Debts Public and Private*

Learning to spell  
*danger*  
  
the a in *separate*  
e in *desperate*  
  
costs you a quarter  
then we sing  
  
*H is eleven and I'm sure will go to heaven*

*Novus Ono Sedonum*

Winken, blinken, nod  
in god we trust  
  
used to roll off fire escapes  
for money, float  
  
on letters, laughing  
it hurt only a minute

*E Pluribus Unum*

Garden furrows  
incisions for  
balancing  
arms full, hair wet  
she comes back marked  
in the silent fragrance  
of a dark composing  
speech would destroy

*The Great Seal*

Denial is the name of protection  
we cling to  
  
leash, sphinx, wire cutter  
  
I felt my flesh pulling off  
my bones, pulling me back  
  
simply dazzling, what robs us  
  
blue fins, motor hum

*You Too Will Be Rich*

Look for bundles  
in trunks  
follow a forked  
willow  
to hair or stain  
remove  
portraits, mirrors  
fend off  
webs, check under  
stairwell  
invent a new name

inlets of  
fingers  
gingerly

sand angels  
enmesh, erase  
sister, brother

was this  
the end  
of empathy

shudder to  
light bath  
resound

born “damaged”  
our touch  
split bliss

slick  
shutters  
burn that loss

I am actionable  
intelligence between  
red-brick row houses  
sandglass windows  
no religion but love—

The wedding guests  
a singer in the tent forget  
infiltrators slipping borders  
blood diamonds all night  
dismember sunrise--

*Tirzah, you vanished  
with the honey bee  
in ruins open to air  
al-Ali, who knew your name?*

Who weds in a desert?  
anywhere tents and flowers  
convergence of urgency, property  
of the body you feel  
the place explode

I'm a transient mannequin  
wearing bright costumes  
of vanity and oblivion  
if happy nations shun  
these histories.

That dew wouldn't do if we'd dropped cloud and gaped up.  
Of all the things we could control

the casting went so so,  
slots to fill brought too much head and no sort of sense and like  
the last time

they turned out unchick and no beaks the prechewed  
wasted. Plenty of them, too. No eyes too big or what are these ribs,  
some of A Group gone tenting, steam abillow.

We weren't hammers.

And not grace like someone preening, ready to give salt with air.  
All we could was fly about spankapièce until the stars gave over  
and breath turned dream, for us the touch gone, all of them  
reaching across a kind of vibrato

before stilling the wild.

They left prints skinward. On each of us, no layers between.  
How rare were these stars. How sought after until the fabric came  
rough between us.

Adorned so, we gathered shells and wept.

We could see them rise and were stripped

and pulled ourselves  
off the sucking, until the filter kicked and we became, again,  
becoming.



As we laid about us doors were knocked on going unanswered  
our parchment skin tearing as if older than we were told.  
We were just eyes and no one could see further  
than two strides  
past any one tree set just so and in line the green squares  
haired off at two point two like a purchased swan,  
each box peeled back revealed moteless,  
some advance fallen  
in place, the shudder stop like hands in halt linking bruise  
to bruise what were we told to find again? Who recalled fathoms  
while locked deep in this  
jollyworld of four-point-nines  
across the board? We sat and spoke of ten-sized shovel hands  
stripping crust to the molten flow. We were side to side now,  
Baring up crudities  
and sifting reds through the verbal flange  
and this was enough to quickstride all the lackers and slap away  
the cursive of doubt until the flow resumed, skin thickened  
near back to egg, we hummed sweet  
to the banner and kept  
our chins forward and did not dally left or right and sure enough  
straight turned circle, square to wedge, a single play-wagon  
on edge near green gone tall, one youngling  
low-eyed against  
the tide of us, learning wind as he gaped welcome to his end.

Beth Joselow

snow palace  
woe under  
prince one per  
land

woe under  
snow one per  
prince  
&

*(from: The Circus)*

Too much  
trauma hoopla,

Too much  
trauma.

Hoopla! the big cats  
jump rings of fire

Under the big top.  
Coughing and applause

Follow a sandstorm  
to the theater of obligations.

At rise the pig  
is seen in its poke,

Lamplight wriggles  
on the apron.

An audience nods,  
and backs through the exit.

Here is the street for  
libations and congratulations,

conflagrations,  
imprecations.

So much  
trauma and hoopla.  
Hoopla!

# Kerry Shawn Keys

*for Alexander Wat*

To be a mole. Most musically so, because blind  
with a love of blindness, and underground in a field  
of fones and the curled sighs of discarded  
sighs and condoms...

A mole, always a mole, and nothing  
but a mole, so help me  
stay upwind at all times

and when that's not  
in the cans, become a kind  
of Kantian X: Lamp between  
a weather-cock and all of creation.  
Play blind as a mole, see  
the wind. Go in.

Lart life a church-mouse, a knife under the nave feeding  
on Swiss cheese and microfins in the hold, homeopathic cyanide.

Certainly avoid being human  
in all its dualistic dimensions –  
cooked-cabbage crotch  
or asymmetrical feet with  
the digested fragrance of asafetida.  
All of Orpheus' friends  
know that smell – disgusting.  
the taste buds tremble  
with fear and loathing.

To be a starry-nosed mole or have a pink tail the size  
of a clitoris, to be a hunk of salami with fur,  
a true son of the soil or a true daughter of the delta.  
And not be an anemic vegetarian. No. Preferring nightcrawlers,  
the pubic hair of defenseless mammals, snails, good French wine,  
female spiders, other moles.  
Unmarked graves are where  
the secrets are, fucking and eating  
the brains out of CIA agents  
and KGB operatives. Simulate  
a bull-dozer deep in soft earth.  
A mole should feel at home  
under a golf course or polo field  
in a birch grove in Slavic stones  
or a park of carrion covered with clover.

Yesterday, I saw three moles go for a swim unmindful of pollution  
in the Potomac. And, believe it or not, the identical threesome  
in the Danube the year before. Moles get around, scoops spouting  
from their heads, specialists in deciphering the moon by intercepting  
its telepathic pull on the sonics of the solar plexus.

Ah, just to dance in the dark  
along a black, barbaric sea  
with minions of Death  
for a tiny, little, small while  
and finally to tunnel back in  
from the cold, wicked wind  
of a pentagon of seashells and stars,  
to cozy up to an underground  
Venus-mole of similar persuasion  
at some beach resort on the Baltic.  
To be totally inhuman as all  
good, well-made moles are.

It's amazing the way the wide world opens before the melodious  
instrument of the visually impaired:  
Sickle-shaped teeth,  
eagle-claws,  
hibernating heart of a bear,  
deformed dragon of duplicity,

Yes,  
happy in any dungeon  
unphased by barbed wire or bad taste.

A sleek puzzle of ambiguity, a non-person,  
a January-Trojan-mole-of-a-lower in Dionysus' noble  
with a chocolate-covered Alysianian Lady Godiva, a shamed  
velvet password in lieu of a tongue to elude shrews, Edemic edicts,  
and sectarian idiots and ideals,

Yes,  
to be a freeloance  
foreign body  
the ticklish size  
of a goosepimple  
on a flea  
in another mole's ear.

What foresight, behind-sight, what delight, what enlightenment,  
insight, etc.

What vibrations  
vibes, what an aura,

what a way for a blind mole  
to go,  
caught without distinction in a mousetrap, lips aghast, saying please

Turn around a little bit.  
Yes, by the tail.  
Hold it. Right there.  
Say cheese.

We're starting with exactly an even nothing  
in the world where I wish to talk with you.  
I guess God knows more about prayer,  
so we'll have to speak straight to one another.  
While we were going to marry, raise fat children  
and watch our vineyards grow, something  
misleading took over the neighbor's window sill.  
She says she's sending me a local band's c.d.,  
but not your book in which you tell me  
to have no pride is a luxury most damsels  
can't afford. I'm sick of myself so constantly  
that I strive to kill any outline around the specter  
of internal remarks at a party on Grand Street  
I'm attending, blue martini in hand, right now.  
Between this room's radiators, we strangle  
parenthetical girls that could have been our brain-  
child's daughters. We think together, drink  
together, plunge in bed atop one another.  
Between us lies twine, soap, and drying roses  
that mark pre-planned time with dehydrating lips.  
The past is pending, so expose yourself  
to the unstoppable force of loving your lines  
when you state your suspicions are found dissecting  
adventure. An emptiness hides in the act of talking  
to the solo muse of prescription drug beats.  
Music from a machine can tune inconsistencies  
out like the time a spiral-bound boy inherited  
his very own eyes – large, brilliant, and black.  
But we use them in books to see through  
scripted flirtation and chainsaw effects,  
and when I take the last call, I promise always  
to halfway believe you, my Rorschachian scenery.

Waiting for this accurate compass  
to blend us facially,  
to find features in,  
                    even the smoke burns  
like an empty restaurant  
where there's  
                    perfume and balloons,  
a closet full of cap pistols

& saving your mom's socialist menu  
makes the top of an out-of-tune place,  
an inheritance  
from whence we peer  
through the face of the veil:

Undergarments go stale,  
the maître de apes my hand precisely,  
& deformities become the norm,  
                    a battery of communal effects

I revisited today  
just to find the roof is finished—  
grey clay slates everywhere.

I'd like to begin my dining experience,  
however full of subjects split  
                    in the ebbing distance,

Bonfires charged us with kindness  
in spite of a kindling based  
on the refuse of dead words,  
burnt pieces that attach to anyone's puzzles,  
the minds' recipe for inhabitation  
fertilized by a science before our eyes,  
bound by the knees of a question.



Slow, blind, open—drifting sticks, sugar, hands—and even a kind of drowning is a mystery to the body, a train slipping into soot. After a decade of cash and ashes, far from the nostalgic dead—fingers slipping, the raw pillar, legs, the final harsh, abandoned whinny—a kind of proof, right here: not past, not lost, not ghost. Here, in this very pew, time is dust, is broken. The old night is grass. Turn your head. Look at me. Let us not be “the figures.”

# Nicholas Messenger

Howdah for a grey whale;  
superstructure of a geological  
submarine. He clanged holes  
climbing the unlimbered pit machinery;  
the slow wind twinging ringing,  
and the grey-green ocean of European  
mud-lands misting into  
dark, that distant light at sweep and fixes, hoisted.

There is a hunger  
living low among the hunted hedges  
for the feed of rock,  
as wallowing whales have their huge meat-  
hunger. They had launched  
their little van into those ravels and rolled  
all afternoon,  
to find that hump-backed mountain surfacing.

(As water shunts and  
zigzags where a whale is rising, and the screwed  
spume-trace betrays it,  
on the road map they had chased it to the place  
the highway's enes  
on the waves around and over it running  
gave its rise away.)  
They crawled like parasites along its spine.

The mile-deep quarry gash  
the right raw combination of slab and shale  
and gaudy weeds, and skins  
of vivid stagnant water where red cable  
and corroded cog flake,  
tolerates a dwarfed camp; like the paintsterly  
vast pieces of music  
you can leave on, playing to an empty house.

The peregrine stooped  
effortlessly out of and into air,  
its great affinity.  
And they beside a pool invoked a blaze;  
their comforter, the  
cheerer of so many roadides, having  
their affinity as well :  
a splash of wine, a smoking hunk of meat.

There is not the same thrill  
brewing under any morning tree now,  
though the mornings  
still must smell their meadows, despite our sging:  
but next morning, early  
along the road, they saw the blunt ridge spouting.  
With a thousand years to spare  
they could have watched its blunt hump plunge bank under.

Bonnie Jean Michalski

ALEDANDRIA'S  
WORLD WONDER:  
PHAROS'  
RUDDY  
DOUBLE  
HARBOR  
THE LENGTH PTOLOMY SOTER  
PORTENDS  
DEIGNED  
ILL OMEN  
NATION  
EUCLID'S  
CONTEMPT  
O RARELY  
STAYED AWE  
RANGE MEANT  
OF SUN & FIRE

TIER ON TIER ON  
QUADRANGULAR  
ARCHED VAULTS  
THROUGH SLOW  
PINK STONE  
CHANNELS  
LOW IMPRESS SIFT  
FOR FERTILE EYES  
GREEN FANCY  
A WATER WORKS  
UNSEEN FROM  
LABOR HIDDEN  
BE  
A  
A CON?  
ON CUE  
COME  
BIND  
THE  
SESSION  
TITLED EX  
CUBATION  
OF PROTO  
PALACE RE  
VEILS THE

# Bonnie Jean Michalski

## Breakfast, Take One

the bergamot over-steeped  
and bagel singed wire ring  
so that our proposal files  
its relevance were not celibacy

enough Sir Walter Ralleigh  
unscented to I slap the paper  
rose your same brain  
when rapped around a turnstile

mediate onto troweling thread  
a round unjournaling now  
bumptious more reaches for  
better fruit tips than starch

## Breakfast, Take Two

tuck its miracle glad  
to tilt into the smaller of  
and ticking gently beads  
augmented temperature

Lady Celia no wait dumb  
I mapping the wobblegrip  
there are words for let him  
time enough 'til your carriage

churned 'neath sir's  
assumption of dairy great  
eclipse the abrupt the brushy  
confectioner's mustache

*a Continual (thing) #5:*

Fibrous data gets left behind Go Find Choose the anthro the man throw the placid vote of insufficient funds to find more abetting history to further falses Time and space at the pace of man with lights on in a head to fill the graves with dust and minerals but no bones No bones to date No breathes to imprint fog on mirrors Academic prize patrol finds the throw back to the pre-civilized purpose of man oh man the winner is beautiful in their extravagance in their phone calls back to department heads saying I found something Oh Joy Oh Fulfillment I'd rather wager a greased pan of cookies against your precious Sno-King inner tube you fuck that fit of fitting in those throw rugs are awful Doorful the thing slams his mouth mouthful awful Agri-agro cultivate the mane of the horse with liver cancer from shots of Crown when the jockey fell down and the petunias smelled like sorghum more than thump lumpy stew for the rest of us to slurp and what what did you say about unions that's okay we try to say everyday that it it can only fund card sharks and greyhound ponies for triumph of green seen only if I like to see the scene but we're all blind back in the day as far as eye can tell Fiber Fiber intersection of cross hairs The blood spot The inkling of clue when you have to investigate the great purge The urge is that of animal land that be used for the ladies the fiber that holds garments together or that data from behind your ear that your grandpa always pulled out It wasn't there you know It was a hair you know It was tracking time ad time to the table and go dust for prints again Funny how you know when you know If you want to get off at this point I understand and I won't take it personality if you find the person with it you should marry her Take her far far away like a story like that's a large fucking building and proof that fire codes are totally neglected in skyscrapers Pie-tasters on the other hand well you know what they say about them They are anthropologist They are too cool for themselves and they are too cool for themselves as well I think this one's good She knows the dust and can speculate on if she loves me or the bones or mine or is she carbon dating me already before I am dust and she wants that dust like she said and rhyming is for pussies and she snorts the whole tomb in Pick axe and feather brush Pick me from the side of the stone that is on exhibit Finally we are exhibitionist and people pay you for it Vines grow into the brain and your chair says that the vine shall no longer be green and that the funds are now gone he jokes badly No...your funding is just dust in the wind Ha You want to kick him in the nuts and you want to fondle mine but we both have no more money Honey I can say all those words and little retorts and sarcas and spaz around the page but you can't calculate that I can be bold and old and gray hairs were found in my chops this summer but I still don't have the money Little lamb little lamb little martyr little lion It all comes in degrees and inclinations The bones will always be there just they may become dust and you can't really dust for dust How are you to find me if I can't speak in words or straight grammatical punctuated sentences here's how look for the jukebox or the juke move or the karaoke or the band with a Peach Inspeidiment and look for the lead singer Here's what not to do Go to doorman and ask how much the band has pulled in tonight Carbon fiber is good for the colon You can find my stomach later the waiter will bring it over there where your campsite is and all of your funded funds fun and that fancy dating equipment will rust in the rain.

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*for Linh Dinh*

The man, unlike most men, hated cars. He disliked the Civic, the Explorer, the Odyssey. He couldn't abide the Buick, the Pontiac, the Cherokee. He was made nauseous by the Bug, the Rabbit, slept poorly over the Camry, the Corolla, the Infiniti. One day he saw a Toyota pickup truck covered with photographs of fetuses. On another he saw a Hummer sport a sticker about freedom not being free. When he was a teen, his friends made mantras of their engines, calling their names out in the night. But his were clean hands, better suited to poetry or prose, to jazz. He yearned for neighbors who could talk to him; there was no mention of vehicles or brakes or gears or shifts or even mechanics in his language. His metaphors were pure, their movements governed by the moon, the tides, the canopies of stars. Some days, when he took the bus, he considered transfers, but mostly he stayed put, isolated within his nest to which no one drove, fearing his ire.

AS A YOUNG MAN HE'D RIDDEN A BICYCLE FROM VALLEY TO VALLEY, IN HIS BASKET A BIBLE AND A BASEBALL MITT. THE UNIVERSE HAD SEEMED A WHEEL WITH SPOKES THEN, AND A MISSIONARY ZEAL DROVE HIS LEGS LIKE PISTONS (THOUGH HE'D LATER RENOUNCE THE SIMILE). BUT HE GREW TIRED OF DISTANCES, THE LABOR IT TOOK TO SPEAK HIS FAITH IN DOUBLE-PLAYS. HE BEGAN TO WALK THE PARTS OF CITIES BETWEEN THE PARTS THAT OTHERS KNEW: HE TRUDGED PAST TERMITE-RIDDEN COTTAGES, NEWSPAPER VENDORS WITHOUT TEETH, THE OLD ASIAN MEN WHO TALKED STORY ON THEIR HAUNCHES, THE HOMELESS MORMON PUSHING HER CART.

The man who hated cars imagined communities where the young and the old, the middle-aged and the more middle-aged, walked down avenues lit by wrought iron lamps. He saw clearly that a Civic could not refer to the polis, or that the Odyssey could not find truth (or Penelope). He knew class wars erupted over steel, that empires had been built or fallen over rubber. When he took to the streets, bearing signs of his discontent (reading "Live Close or Die!") no one saw him though their windshield. The spring day he collapsed on its hard shoulder, an altar appeared (flowers and Pepsi cans, a movie ticket), to mark the site of his intimacy, and ours.

She knew her neighbors by name, though many of them did not know hers. She was the property manager's wife. Some mornings she left home in a flowered muumuu and a straw hat, carrying her ukelele to a new tan SUV beside the mailboxes. One neighbor, a man with beat-up cars, said the manager told him they needed their new Bronco to carry her music. She studied hula at the Hawaiian Studies Center on Saturdays and wove baskets beside the taro patch off Dole. Sundays she wore church clothes, as did her husband. The manager's wife walked up and down the hills for exercise. Although she was friendly, she never cracked a smile. It was thought her life was difficult, what with the manager's dislike of children (they had none), of cats, of roosters, of the person who dented his other car in the lot. He placed cement barriers, orange cones, next to the baby blue Thunderbird that had replaced his darker one. Some nights the neighbors heard him yell; that was when the Yankees made the playoffs, as increasingly they did not. He said the president was merely trying to do some good in the world.

At 3 a.m., the manager's wife would get up and go to the covered lanai, the one that looked out over the green field and toward the trees. Most days the clouds were worth watching, moving one way with the trades, the other with Kona winds. It would be dark at that hour, and quiet, no clouds visible against the mountains. Then she would start. She would push the furniture this way and then that, that way and then this. For at least an hour a night she would push the garden chairs against the wall, toward the window, into the central area (what it centered, only she knew). She would push the furniture until her arms ached, her feet felt flat, and the room was, for a moment, properly arranged.

# Lauren Goodwin Slaughter

Figure eight go I once  
round the most absent

finger—freshly tied  
string. Archetypal. (Remember

the cup/ to love you / mosaic)  
instead of giving in

spool yellow          ribbon hazard  
bowed, a substitute

bargain with snapped  
strap needs proper

fastening (I—I) unraveling piece slip-caught, (Blonde done in

currive)—C.C.C.—s-t-i-l—  
captures the tangle, forgettable loops and a big knotted

wind through right through as the          —wait—          and

watch.

~

We brought the goods  
(tin spoon, a goblet

of smoke) snatched  
from some place to make meaning

of our interstate motel  
vacations. Nautical scenes

above the headboard  
—pastel sunset—zinfandel

from a box, Brie warmed  
in the micro on discount

baguettes. Freshly mini  
shampoo-ed hair—

You left a ring of air

around my wrists—enough  
for your eyes to crawl

through. Blinkd along under  
-arm with your not boy

eyelashes (not girl)—

~

C.C.C.—i-n-f-i-n-i-t-y

sideways is the backstroked  
quantity stealing through all hands. Night now

is your name not

through rainglass. Stay close and smolder  
my unornamented

double

s'ed soundless off the bow  
tighter (full coral

blushed/ pulled  
moon our sign). Your ear

is the replica of mine.

# Lauren Goodwin Slaughter

1.

Once a girl walked behind an animal

aimed (drople) for the same scarlet tree.  
Forest. The fuzzy something

bent down (witness) to a puddle's shallow  
crown—lick, lick—went the underside

of its long coal tongue. From the place behind rock  
—tomb-haul, cold—he felt the creature (step)

hear her crackles her human moving. It occurred  
as the sun—shook—shook out itchy

fingers of tree-space and air. Sound was a moment  
before. It was (lick) like this.

Her shoulders sloped even when the bink.

2.

Consider the interior landscape.  
Think cruse and muschite

seam. Wind outh's nape  
onto a body water—drag its white

material—pools of pulling-coil—  
drenched by leaning towards remember.

(Roof-top shapes, there are mirrors to foil.  
A violet silhouette goes on forever—)

Once in a bright city brightness  
meant certainty. Once someone slept

at the bottom of a boat. Place  
framed by the right sort of

incident, outline on swell  
hovers into silence (diagrams the bell).

3.

Hour calls her calls

shrill as sun wobbles  
still (yellow unscheerd)

as wind weeps leaving  
into earrings. Tail spells

(speckled spill, smothered-on porthole)  
odes for her worm, odes

everyway in thin beams. Dandelion  
yards wound urgently

bouquets of poof pluming

straw streak red  
never-ending cool spool. Dark maws

of hush-hush wait in their warm  
space jammed with celebratory ribbon. Trill

for this secret, hull (a slope so small)—will it will.

4.

Beyond the back-lit cliff, a red-tailed hawk  
—royal as an overture—

lades wind in jolts—her wing  
torn V—falters

like a sail catching leaves  
of sky—silly flinched gold—

a thought not—real the dives  
to kill—mangles gone—now

gone into the summit  
of just-touched night—stars

pushing stars into air  
—almost too warm

—dusk—hills in treeless  
tones roll out

—each moving reed a vessel—

Ted Stimpfle

Languishes in language of anguish

Coughin' and maudlin at coffins.

Laments the scent of descents

Scattered and tattered in matter.

Innumerable numerals of funerals.

Raceme clusters,  
Weird stalk and branches, shiny pinkish-red  
(sunset-wax) Thick, heft in the structure as if big cow bones  
Stuck up from the ground, Lance leaf,  
nativities of berries,  
Flattened green little pumpkins in  
Cluster-cones  
Droop—a pumpkin has ten separate ridges that  
Smooth, plumply balloon to a round berry,  
Heavy sheen of purple sovereign in

Sunrays, September-wide  
Broadflash out of blue sky shuttled by  
Puffy bulbs traveling S.E.,

hairdos white, tangled, unfinishable. Later

Gazing past the hanging berries, half an orange sun  
Squeezes slowly down back of a mountain  
Sequestered by poky shadows.

A bending pokeweed is W.C. LowFields  
Slumped and feeding a handful of birds,  
Green-pink sleeves and purple hands leaking...  
Quick and juicy a bird grabs a berry  
Not poisonous to stomachs hidden in wings,  
the purple hints on a beak and tinted jaw....

Avuncular,  
birdsome, 3 color fleshy,

the Pokeweed  
of early Fall.

(he)	waited for	a
closed	parenthetical	hour,
his	motion was the motion	of
eyes	starry-staring-	glassy
to	the point two stations past	tired.
the	train cars were buzzing,	a
passing	static of florescent	light
landscape	static still. Still standing	still,
he	leaned into the hum, an	echo
had	already grown into a	chorus
already	become a fragment, bar	chords
memorized	on invisible keyed	fingerings.
and	when the train leered forward,	heaviness
tried	to be as weightless as eyelids.	station
to	station, hour to hour, dream	to
sleep.	sleep. sleep.	sleep.



mid)rib issue 2





Eric Eishtain & Gnoetry0.2

How Gnoetry Works

Sat May 26 08:32:46 2007

Sat May 26 12:38:18 2007

Sun Jun 3 09:07:18 2007

John Grey

Just In Case You Were Wondering

Diana S Hamilton

From Soft Snap (+Other Salutations)

Niels Hav

Lit De Parade (dan)

Lit De Parade (eng)

Edward T Hopely

Acrosticoncretics: My Head

Carrie Hunter

The Unicorns 13

The Unicorns 35

Richard Kostelanetz

Three Letter Texts

Bonnie Jean Michalski

Not Merely Dress Flannels for the Relief  
Effort

Reservoir

Mel Nichols

I Love Cigarettes

I Love Lemon

Sasha Steensen

Kaymakamlar Gezi Evi, Selamlık Odası

Tischendorf Takes a Leaf

Untitled Sequence

Ted Stimpfle

The Island of Doctor Toupee

Heather Thomas

The Being Ground

Wind

---

## How Gnoetry 0.2 Works

When given a text, Gnoetry 0.2 – an on-going experiment in computational poetics – analyzes the way that words are used in that text and tries to discern patterns. It looks at which words appear next to one another, and how often various combinations of words appear. It is important to note that Gnoetry's approach is purely statistical. The software does not contain any a priori knowledge about grammar, and the computer has no idea about parts of speech. All it knows, and all it cares about, is how the author of the original source text put words together. From the computer's point of view, the text could just as well be in Chinese or Swedish or some Ancient Mayan dialect.

Once the computer has assembled all of the necessary information about how words appear relative to one another in the source text, it can use that information to randomly generate new sequences of words subject to the rules and patterns that it observed. The frequency with which a word appears in the original text is an important part of the model. When generating these new sequences of words, the computer will use common words more often than rare ones, and likewise will use common combinations of words more often than rare combinations. If the language that is produced in this way is grammatical, it is only a happy accident resulting from the computer's meticulous aping of the original author's patterns of word choices. For example: the computer will never put three verbs in a row. Not because I have explicitly programmed it to avoid doing that, but because three verbs in a row is usually not a word-combination that will appear in the original text. And if this construction never appears in the original text, there will be no potential for that sort of a construction in the statistical model we build up – it will assigned a probability of zero, and thus will never appear when we are generating our random stream of language.

Once we have this mechanism for generating new language, the final step is to take into account the extra constraints imposed by the type of poem we are trying to produce. So not only do we choose words subject to the original author's usage patterns, we further limit ourselves to words that fit the desired poetic form and meter.

Once the human end-user uses the program to generate new language in verse, he is presented with the option to "regenerate" language as she sees fit. These "revisions" are still limited to computer-generated language, but it allows the human to become a more active co-author.

*by Jon Thouridge*

## On the poems in mid)rib

As a gnoetic end user, the first task is to choose the form in the experiment is to appear—perhaps tanka, or a nonce syllabic form, or ten lines of blank verse in couplets. Then the texts to be statistically analyzed are chosen, and then percentage weights are assigned to each text—simply put, the machine is told to which text or texts to defer most to find poetic solutions to the verse-problem at hand. In a matter of milli-seconds or seconds, the machine produces a result. The end-user then may "revise" the result by highlighting certain parts of the language and asking for a new solution, say, for the first four words of the result. The end user does this until she feels the experiment is "over."

Because the software works at the word level, it is distantly related to, but dimensions apart from your typical cut-up style poetry/prose, ala Burroughs or Gysin. It's procedural like Cage's or Mac Low's work, but to my mind's eyes and ears, more readable.

Some of the poems here are in blank verse, and some are nonce syllabic forms. The texts chosen for statistical analysis are listed below each result.

It is important to consider that these poems are borne of collaboration between equals—computer and human end-user. These poems are not completely de-humanized (as some readers claim to "feel" about Gnoetry) nor are they completely human, in that typical ego-driven ordinance is lifted out of the initial compositional equation.

There is no "I" here—only freedom.

*by Eric Elshtain*

He took his family away from  
the hill. I know why it was  
Mr. Bumble rose with  
a deep bell to convey the stillness  
that prevailed; because I was  
not proof against this new cove?  
You will never  
come near the great  
flood of water, after a  
trick to frighten  
him alive. Save for  
the world of indifference.

Texts statistically analyzed:  
Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*  
H. G. Wells, *The Time Machine*

After all prove  
too rarefied for  
us. Even as I  
caught the landscape, at the  
top of the blue  
fluid. I am no more than  
on the icy  
breeze. This is your hand? The black  
interior was  
warm, the moon, it is right;  
I wish you to  
pieces and incomplete.

Texts statistically analyzed:

H. G. Well, *The First Men In The Moon*

Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*

# Eric Elshtain

Large families have no  
distance. Suddenly my feet  
along the corridor in

the condition of the  
characters and  
structures, obviate the

world; the old world, the  
horse, the face and heart  
disease. I must

warn your work without delay. We step  
in court at daylight  
by divination,

and god knows why  
she sailed. That besides I came

up a mountain  
of hypocrisy  
and deceit and guile. It is my

mind; the short where it with  
perfect fury and wrath came upon  
Denby; half expecting to spend the

force that brought these thanks? Feeble gleams  
of light were filtering  
through the portal of bones.

## Texts:

Herman Melville, "Bartleby; The Scrivener"  
Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*  
G. K. Chesterton, *The Man Who Was Thursday*  
Kenneth McCaffrey, *The Senses of a Show Girl*  
Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*  
Horatio Alger Jr., *Joe The Hotel Boy*  
Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*  
Margery Williams, *The Velveteen Rabbit*  
Jules Verne, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*  
Stephen Crane, *The Red Badge of Courage*  
Edgar Allan Poe, "The Masque of the Red Death"  
Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*  
Nikolai Vasilievich Gogol, *Taras Bulba and Other Tales*  
Emily Bronte, *Wuthering Heights*  
Hildegard G. Frey, *The Campfire Girls at Camp Kewadin*  
Edith Wharton, *The Custom of the Country*  
Margaret Sanger, *Women and the New Race*  
*The Song of Roland*  
*The Apocrypha*  
William Makepeace Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*  
H. G. Wells, *The First Men In The Moon*  
T.S. Eliot, *Poems*  
P.G. Wodehouse, *Right Ho, Jeeves*  
Jane Austen, *Emma*  
Agatha Christie, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*  
Feodor Dostoevsky, *Notes from the Underground*  
Mark Twain, *Tom Sawyer*  
Edgar Allan Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher*  
Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn*  
Dante Alighieri, *Inferno*  
John Milton, *Paradise Regained*  
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*  
Booker T. Washington, *Up From Slavery*  
Arthur Conan Doyle, *Sign of the Four*  
Elizabeth Cady Stanton, *Eighty Years And More; Reminiscences 1815-1897*  
A. Maude Royden, *Sex And Common-Sense*  
Howard Pyle, *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*  
Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*  
John Buchan, *Prester John*  
Robert Louis Stevenson, *Treasure Island*  
Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*  
Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*  
*The Life and Doctrine of Saint Catherine of Genoa*  
*The King James Bible*  
Anna Catherine Emmerich, *The Dolomitic Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ*  
Eliza Follen, *The Expedition of the Donner Party and its Tragic Fate*  
Alexandre Dumas, *The Count of Monte Cristo*  
John Stuart Mill, *Utilitarianism*  
Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*  
Jack London, *Call of the Wild*  
Sax Rohmer, *The Invisibles Dr. Fu Manchu*  
Jules Verne, *The Mysterious Island*  
Charles Darwin, *On the Origin of Species*  
H. G. Wells, *The Time Machine*

John Grey

This is not

the p

a

t

w

ou

ld

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a

ve

ch o s e n

## TV GUIDE

MELTED GUATEMALEN BUTTERFLIES (97 MINUTES) Starring  
Dirt Palm, Figgy Corners, Chunky Milk, Directed by Fizzled In  
The Chicken Breeze.

Pending amber weave gardenias sizzlying backyard  
myriad maintenance aspen breeze. Burning boiling  
supper daughter teeth attitude. Lightning bugs words  
winds phoenix.

Rated LB

(Purge Palm and Ebert: Two thumbs puddled!)

*ceremonial greetings both at the same time  
they fluid got status and author is freak*

*the desired place is made  
perceptually public*

*such ties prod mean only in  
side space eyes*

*greetings mana*

### **Performance in the house**

entering one already occupied

is highly placed is highly ated

the data monster greets fully without reference  
ining transual cords o tractons

come to appreciate the work done  
by a person's body in the first moments of an encounter

for the herbal white elephant

### **sequence maps**

hello, Giorgio? oh hi. hi.  
have you woken well? I have woken well

I am here only, who should go first, forming stronger ations  
with telephone conversations, who initiates the actions that lead to

the unanswered  
cries of lost youngsters



Om natten når Guds bliz  
blinker og han fotograferer her ind

over byen, ligger vore kroppe  
(omtumlet mellem dynerne

af drømme om mindre portrætter)  
pludselig krænget op i violet lys

1 sekund før vindueskarmene exploderer  
og vi klynker en gammel angst ud

over lagnerne  
/ chok

Men så er vi med  
på et stort billede

At night when God's camera  
flashes and takes a picture

of the town, our bodies lie  
(tossed beneath blankets

dreaming of smaller portraits)  
turned suddenly inside out in a violet light

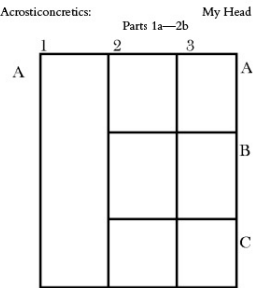
1 second before the window sills explode  
and a moan of old fear escapes

over the sheets  
/ shock

But now we're caught  
in a large picture.

Translated by P.K. Brask & Patrick Friesen

Eddie T Hopely



1a

live index notes each  
frame renewing older motions

any body owns various egos  
filing impulses, real sets test  
human o rgan's inherent zest, operative navigation theorizes all local  
depths, out work needs  
modification, it doesn't doubt logistics, estimates  
that open  
broken omit; took the observed model.  
reconstructed into graphed happenings that [.]

left identity not evenly synthesized,  
freely replicating other models,  
though one's persistent  
reception increasingly gives hard, thanks  
top optic's  
butchered oral temperaments, this one's molded,  
malleable interpretations definitely default, left eddie

2a

line is not ever  
one not ever  
the here is really done  
or from  
that here even  
was all yours  
unclasp people's  
features retain order models  
being, outside the ties of motion  
return in gridded harmony, the

chambers or rigid nets entertain radical  
totalities often  
opaque never empty  
the heaving, its right during  
any weave a yield

foams right over my  
topography, once portrayed  
leave edward for taking [.]  
this one  
loves enormous facsimiles that  
smother lines in great humorless theory, likely you  
are being ordered, valued, every  
bourgeois overlord tends toward organized mortals

2b

the head is never kale  
ligament instigates nimble escalation  
a chain reacts over several sections  
may it disturb divisions linearly, every

instance negotiates  
unfamiliar parabolic passages, every ramified  
text hail: indelible readings, didn't [.]

the haft interface convincingly, kinetic  
location imply nascent energies  
antigens consistently risk opposition, sensible shapers [.]

bond effortlessly, living optically was  
mad irregular, designating different likenesses every [.]

look in notation, eddies  
finally rung one may  
caulk, each narrates to each replica

one fritters  
the humane assemblage takes  
shape less overt points in negotiate grainy  
textures obstinate  
bionic outline tattle tale on midpoint  
then have expectations noisy  
realization infect grafts host that

13.

The way you steer a unicycle.

Only on the first and third floors.

A man whose last name is Secret.

A vise around my neck.

“Canada is not that great.”

What is hidden in the open.

35.

clink clink and “Liza not Lisa!”

“The brain is the first thing to liquefy.”

The intensity of apples.

having slipped off somehow

not a meadow a meadowlark

not a meadowlark a motorcycle

Why my head itches when I’m puzzled.

Rubber barefoot lifts off,

bruised by the invisible.

bow wow are apt mug wit you zip fin pig pie sox row ore rim kid map not pen  
oak pig hap inn ill ink car but bus dog fix aye lap men may pin pop sax see  
our ova put sap who tie owl mob hex hip gab eel cod awe ate old has jab tar  
sap sue nut mad hub err inn eye ill pit row war tap pee sag oak ham did boy  
dip bug lid pup mix let jam her fig rag tie ray leg hay doc cab car hit jig  
bun gyp nut urn sow hat don bye ask awe con egg lot oud tax vow mix get hob  
fry fig pot rum use yin yon woe sip sly sop ire dim bid ant one cam ram bad  
cod doe apt ale tug aid ago try yea age cup pep toe job ego gap zoo urn you  
ore sit hum nap rid fat jam lid rat eel sex dip bop thy out lob ram wig bye  
few nut spy dam kid ale hex lob bad shy axe sun art wax inn can air yet err  
wry elk jot beg aft tub rut odd ion die gut hid cod tea rat fox ass she pad  
awe tan pup old lie red put van fad vet dew icy now rug spa ram ten eat tie  
dim mew oak ham gym ewe day bin and bop his owl jig hit own sag out lip sum  
ill had sun did the bog hag off wet bow wit cur elm pot nut ink fat bud may  
bib pen ere ago end joy par lug gas job cry bar tip cop woe ski how bid gee  
ham mar try wow bet cap aim son use box hat day act hot woo cow ban rib nod  
six hue sir elk wow bed gob all cut day sum pot jaw tap her hid fox dud ask  
mob ran win god mad rim lug end bed you see for lap pun sub far bop ape old  
tar why ova jig her dry con say tax aye hay arc gyp pit wed eat red ebb mud  
tee ask pry zip vow rye sue vex lax had did but ten buy fox lit why red rip  
sip toe pal hot ell bar ego fan car now van yon men law its hem flu ear con  
she win lip jig hip fog sup via pie nor cob boa boo ugh rot nil mix coy dry  
ate sea hay rag ten ebb dot see cap bag lot mug own pub now may icy cum ivy  
for sue pot fee hat flu dry lit pin spa rob pat rib toe job nab tip gap dad  
zit bog few din cod vow sex wit gal hem pry tan van yea run fig cab aye the  
fed fun zoo soy ill bus goy see dew bow arc flu mop sum fat shy bit

# Bonnie Jean Michalski

## Relief

bagging round our knees  
whistling in just such a  
lift pool of sorrowing glue

rents furniture  
in shards and  
jewelry of sentiment  
afloat  
Makes liquid  
all things mere  
particulates in  
hardest hit

interiors Schemed for  
the same million  
while millions remained  
untailored We lifted the heads  
of the intelligent gothic

Sarcophagi

Sar-

o

\*

We

tried to return you your  
affects who couldn't find you your  
siblings your boudoir where

last they saw you  
light upon Saw you  
as when you were in  
crisis, prone and appropriate  
laced Sighed  
out vast and over you  
were going home,  
trailing behind you

the braid of the whole  
Orient They hauled  
up the aftermath  
to look at it enemy-like  
Rather forward to say

so sorry

sorry :

o

\*

Those

who left it parley  
left the levee roiled  
its whole caste

it rousts of reversible  
fab-ric-a-tic an aperitif  
a gathering room while  
inclined thoughts patterned  
in the European sense, the  
superlative deree Nods  
of an organic emissary

who settled back into his bed  
late in summer Now has  
little but Recovery in mind—  
A Czar who rests little 'til  
all important networks—

your re-election campaign

a true

dynam-

o

Another visitation is recorded in a prehensile hand,  
and just one moment later, a great big wind.  
Mostly it is a documentary behind the first eye-layer,  
emphasizing small semi-intimate articles of clothing  
having been lain in the weather and spattered there  
or slapped fast against a thigh to loose some dust.  
Occasionally, a calamity refill is requested,  
its strange requirements for fueling admitted to.  
The device solved this: no trigger, no rubber grip,  
no spring to cover the mouth of the tank.  
Making a living somehow, having feedback enough  
to reinvent several procedures utilizing the jar,  
gas-mortared gas-flats, yet the fish did not mind  
and swam in eddies. Nor was the tank necessary;  
the gas simply flowered, emoted. Marked improvement  
from year to year, and in this way there was no smell.  
And tells the garage or a closet to reflect the current-most.  
Once it was the toy chest, and therein, animals and people  
equally represented. Oil can be a distraction,  
but with these resemblances to elegance and simplicity,  
the "gas juste." Around the same time,  
gender differences developed special consideration to shoes,  
joisted hemlines. They came in many types, like etched spoons,  
each negotiable in uniqueness. Other things, too,  
but the clothing, some recorded with stains, remains poignant.  
Gas is impervious, miffs the wind. Once wrangled an alligator,  
a small one, using most of a hand-tooled leather belt.



*w/ Buck Downs, Rod Smith, Kevin Thurston*

the orange of trash  
get offended if you call it a joke  
and mark it on the cuff  
*laisse une chance*

Sunday nights & French disco  
suppose a Viking funeral  
legal as we like it  
was rotary recent's new, a moo—

my book my book my boooooooooook—what about my book then?  
(I wanna turn yer lights off & go crazy in yer bathroom)  
but without Maybonne I can't go on  
about the “lace,” or “lights” like, uh...

the mediated meditated something like a paw pawing  
just what the hell is going on here!?!  
ricochets the sanatorium  
riley, all monkey-headed, rootin!

rootin' & a tootin', leapin' & a lopin', medicated  
roofies & a tale, leave an apple loop... memories  
serious crunckle in the catch basin  
leaves out the klue

# Mel Nichols

just because

you are on earth

don't believe

you have

good pants

20 tea bags

new art dreams

Moonraker

and

kitten food

which is not really silence

evaporation

sediment

this all ends in error

I am the one with the missing finial

and cooked Spanish makes my teeth feel funny

make no mistake

Danae never says anything in the story

and nail guns can always be made

into a joke

I dreamed there were cars in the parking lot

and birds watching the river

it was possible

the glove, Gary, the glove

This is the room.

Where mole guests are welcomed.

At this moment you see the wedding table prepared for the mole guests.

Rooms are heated with stoves.

Rooms have been designed according to the patriarchal way of living.

The family has consists of father, mather sons and brides.

There is no sex descrimination within the family.

They artogether have meal and altogether chat, but when the doors are clased.

Mole guests are welcomed in "Selamlik" part.

Femole guests are welcomed in "Harem."

On such occasions mole guests are served via the cupboard in the wall  
which turns on its axis.

Method had heard some say:

“he or she

took a little part of me

when they took their leave

of me.”

He had not understood

what was really meant:

“Tearing one leaf from

my others

Constantine von Tischendorf

carried off

a little leaf of me”

Method cried,

“a little leaf of me Tishy-dwarf

Carried to Cambridge.”

Sasha Steensen

Yes, burlears

a loon                      hears  
a hunch            in some            sad            era  
                                 of elocution  
some centuries ago            alone            deft

Method hurt  
hudt his trumpet at a passing tree            an error  
                                 and train rolls on and trail la-la's  
Allah's rail: lost    ill lves

la la  
how to be a hireling  
                                 rather than on loan, on loan forever            alone

la

an era's law  
showing the  
sharpness of  
its teeth

Out there a caudal fin accelerating  
serrated teeth into spaces of blue odor.

Here among people's hands stowing goods  
on boats, strung tarps and cargo ropes, eager  
hands wishing to touch a temperate journey...

Earthen vibrations on 2 bounced walls thudding  
struck by a metronome's pendulum sun-weight.

"Good evening, friends, disasters, family. Tonight,  
let's sing like a harmless pretense, like a gentle legion  
of swift herbivores at a new patch of grass, like  
applause in a room heaped with empty gloves. You  
know the piano hymn, I'm Inside An Isle Nation? No?

Probably for the best, singing it excites constellations of breeding  
starfish in the music room. And now, give attention to Mr. Santiago,  
he has a thought he'd like to share with us." "Hello. Our avenues

of waters, this recent string of ordeals, is a flowing and repetitive  
shadow defining itself out of long isolation. The object casting it  
an irrefutable bridge: a spanning threshold of lights above us soaring  
at angles. The bridge is witnessed below as a long string of shadows.  
Can these ordeals be turned into a threshold to cross?" "Thank-you, Olaf."

(audience questions about land tremors: about the panoramic descent of  
this island to blue ocean: more answers: discussion: shrugs of shoulders)

"Periodically throughout the evening, the last, rare hummingbird  
will hover behind you— trained to steal only a wisp of your hair. One  
universal toupee can be finished, tonight! Now, we're gonna hand out  
the door prizes. Contestants were selected to be a fair sampling of  
indigenous populations on our island. Conscience guided us like a dog.

Mr. Beauregard Imatsu, here's a door prize for you— a box of spankin'  
new, mega-healthy suspicions about the words that live in your head.

Miss Chichi Kolowoski, here's a door prize for you— a glass acorn  
which is eatable during the squirrely afternoons in a tree of mirrors.

Mr. Krishna Von Strassenburgh, here's a door prize for you— a handful  
of gratitude (shake my open hand) for rescuing the test-tube full of YES.

Mrs. Babbette de la Fortunissima, here's a prize for you— a birdless cage  
complete with avian trapezes, strings of bells, and these colorful, dried-out  
hairballs.

All prizes were donations, so no grumbling. Let's have faith in the real  
appropriateness and imperfection of all our gifts. Friends, words, family,  
thanks for being good company. Everywhere wheels are moving off  
in our heads and you're a transitional, new population. I'll be directing  
boat traffic from the lighthouse on the corner of Wave and Brain. Be

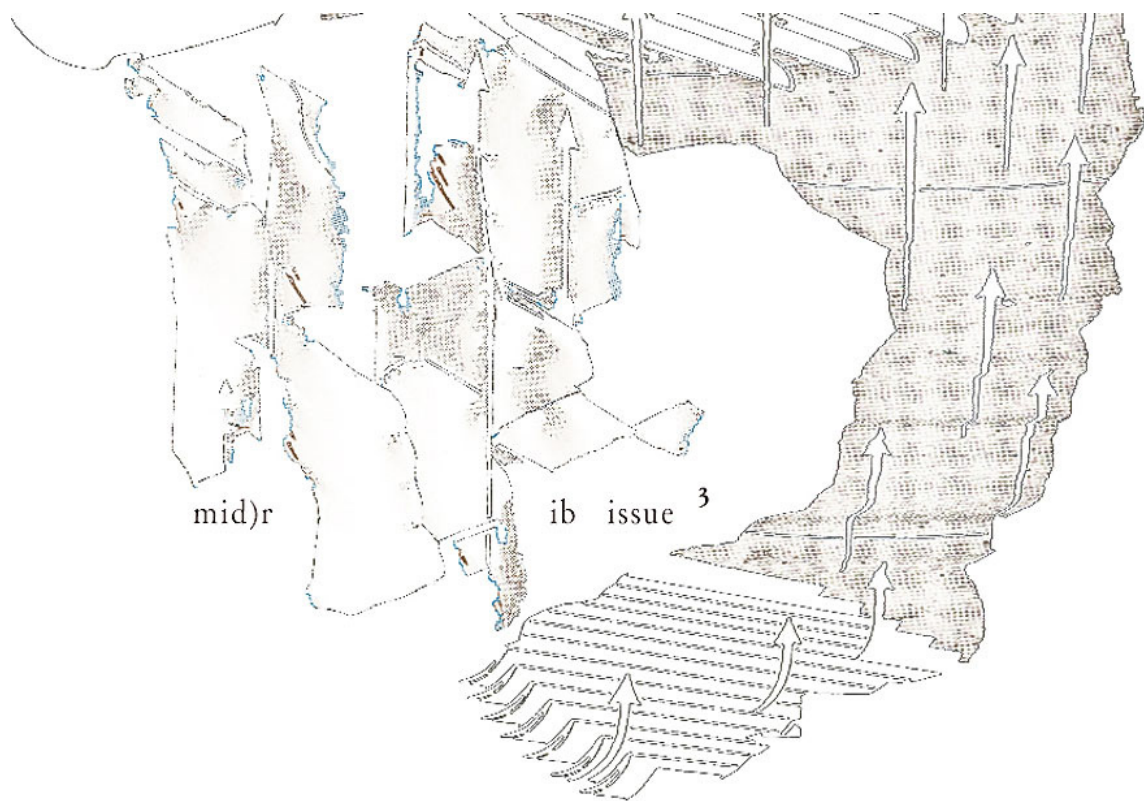
careful and keep on going, beloved crowd. No apologies. Time to  
leave. The arthritic composure of this life makes any choice a pain.  
This heart's a cramped muscle for fulsome aching. You're a light,  
anarchic parade of enthusiastic lint drifting onto the official uniforms."

Dedicated to international purposes, the gathered toupee of waves  
curling, roils over the Doctor's bald, pleasure dome...

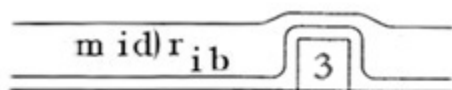
# Heather Thomas

*for Marylee*

1.  
inside we saw how much  
bigger the sky  
and darker  
  
how small we were  
and lightly  
flattened by wind  
  
outside our gaze held  
a place created  
that no longer exists  
  
flying means just missing  
the ground  
  
this is what  
depressed people should do  
  
cover a car with fun  
place cactus in the back  
  
2.  
he took in boarders  
tumbled a convenience  
church in each room  
  
she drove them out  
with pieces of her life  
that shouldn't have been  
  
a hundred skinny girls  
in a dirt yard  
  
penn blooms  
from Pink Lily  
  
she was born  
where black mud  
swallows up and  
  
3.  
to air is human  
  
unattended sock paws  
underhand  
one response  
  
making scriptures  
telegraphic metal  
turbulence  
  
your fears are nothing  
but scarecrows  
  
will this wind  
come inside us?  
  
his nerves  
blinded by a stray wire  
  
will we let go?  
  
4.  
she works with bones  
in a yard full of glass  
  
using things  
precious  
to somebody once  
  
the same dream  
of eternal and  
patient festination  
  
wire twisting he just  
wore his hands out  
  
when the wind calls  
will we go?  
  
5.  
after husbands  
and concert the  
decorated a whole Mercedes  
  
her unchained love  
in marble eggs gleamed  
blue over the gold-lined  
  
from Langley Field to  
San Francisco, Bangor  
to Monkton  
  
my reason for taking these trips  
is foggy days  
  
6.  
at the Red Cage Theater  
I saw visions in a midnight  
attitude to the wind  
  
began painting  
life falls on a merry-go-round  
  
Esperanza you happy  
when she played  
her accordion  
  
you might try  
to grow your hair  
straight up







Michael Basinski

Read This

Elephant Seed

Trailers

Michael Basinski with Jason LaBarr

1

2

3

Marie Buck

The Food Was the Bomb

The City Is the Fifth Character

Corridors of Pain

Ocean of Birds Darkening

*from* Simon Says Go Longer and Faster and  
When You Do I'll Be the Master

Maria Damon

EM: for Emma Bernstein and her Family

Open Up and Bleed: for James Osterberg Jr.

Phillip Dmochowski

1

2

Lola Galla

bleue1

bleue2

bleue3

des mots1

des mots2

des mots3

Mantas Gimzauskas

me from ghana

suahilidada

the obstruction of fictitious ego

the pot of gold

three horizons

Ara Shirinyan

Hungary Is Great

Iceland Is Great

Isle of Man Is Great

Italy Is Great

War Robe

Jenny Sampirisi

Frog I

Frog II

Frog I and II

Rodrigo Toscano

State & Sensibility

Sara Wintz

Everything is hard

I

it





Michael Basinski

[illegible]







Michael Basinski and Jason LaBarr





An alcoholic and junk food eater, Dylan Klebold placed a cheetos-bomb behind the deli at a Whole Foods market. The bomb was meant to counteract an umami bomb that consisted of steak, sautéed mushrooms, parmigiano reggiano,

Gruyere  
Goat  
Parmesan cheese  
And shaved black truffle

The U-bomb was placed outside the Whole Foods. People utter things but must utter over and over the recipe for Lemony Angel Hair with Crème Fraîche, Parmesan and Artichoke Hearts and the bomb enabled people to finally know that they must reduce their carbon footprints in order to go to the good hell.

Dylan Klebold turned to his mother, Carrie Bradshaw, and confessed the kinds of bourgeois fantasies he had about her:

I want to wrap you up in a giant rolling paper, and together we would burn one down, I as myself, two different Dylan Klebolds, one who massacred students at Columbine High and one who fell out of your womb after Big stuck a cigar there, and you, you as a giant joint holding another smaller joint, and pretending through mirror tricks that that small joint holds in its hands still a tinier joint and that one a joint that is still smaller. I will shave all your body hair, mom, we will add it to our stash, and as we burn one bits of you will mix in, enter my lungs, and cause there a tiny explosion of the fantasies of some women, and that explosion will destroy me at the same moment that you become aware that you are the smaller joint, already being destroyed—we will perish together in the Love Crisis of 2009, and umami bombs everywhere will consist of my body.

Carrie replied, oh, honey, you will laugh again. Balls are to men what purses are to women, and what ultimately defines a relationship is another relationship, and maybe our mistakes are what makes our fate, and if you feel good with what you're doing, let your freak flag fly, and a squirrel is just a rat with a cuter outfit.

When girls are around the age of eighteen, they may notice the development

Of a very tiny, popsicle-shaped lump in the space in between their legs. Touching the lump, rubbing it, you will find a small opening. Stick your pinkie finger in the opening and you can pull out your 4:20. Don't be afraid, it won't hurt. Pulling out the 4:20 actually feels really good, so good you may squirt! You may smoke your 4:20 like a cigarette, even though it looks more 'natural' and will be a bit weird if you are used to the big cig companies' products!

Once you've got it in hand, just light it up, puff puff! When a girl smokes her own 4:20, she will feel a peace she has never known before. Do not smoke it with just any boy though, find a boy with a big stock portfolio or on the no-fly list. Or make these boys come to your house at the same time. If you smoke with both of them at the same time, the contrast will be unbelievable, making your high so complex and rich it will really blow your mind.

Don't forget to get a wax soon afterwards, if you drop any bits of 4:20 along your lady parts the bits will grow and end up looking really disgusting.

You only need to wait about a month, then check again and you will have a new 4:20 there, ready to smoke.

Hello, bubbling, hello nightwatchman,  
What does it mean to have a hot potato?  
I have it on a crabstick, I have it on an  
Electronic stick. Maybe some smart  
Bright young entrepreneur will answer our mystery.

Who gets beaten with your rhythm stick,  
Who holds one of the loftier joys on hand,  
Who holds hands—one of the creamier joys,  
A booty in hands and flags and rays shocking  
And giving me poverty.  
The cows are farting and I am the internet,

Bull calves, they stare, lighting coal in a  
Sensual pot. My bloody ugly one is partitioning  
Zombie in the Paris of the Midwest, democracy is  
An arsenal, a stick it to the eye. I am not Lindsay Lohan,

I am the internet that contains her, the flotsam in  
The jelly of the mutant tool.

Float through a parade and strong strong arms  
Pot leaf pessary and diamond pump,  
Like a basket. Blah, blah, kisses in a headset.  
The young rock star's entire oeuvre was a map,  
Sweet smelling and genius. Enjoying the sally.  
Oh, saucebox! The merchant and colonial  
Hydrangeas mean to make you MASSS.  
Crumbling is our purchase,  
I just bought you as my pet.  
I'm bold, daring, and intense.  
In guitar hero I slept fully in the closet.  
A collection of funny wedding video segments, some of which are pretty outrageous.  
The one where the priest drops the bread is my favorite.  
The bread speaks, and it says,  
"I am at Caesar's in Windsor, Ontario.  
I have just received a text message from LL Cool J.  
I am at Caesar's in Windsor, Ontario."

Marie Buck

*from Simon Says Go Longer and Faster and When You Do I'll Be the Master*

SCENE—Dressing room of a Hot Topic

*It's just a corner with a curtain. Sometimes they keep all kind of boxes and junk in it so it doesn't cover look like a dressing room. It's hidden in the back with a red sham covering it. Anyone could peak in.*

[Nadya Suleman is helping Kerstin Fritzl adjust the straps on the Tripp Red Leopard Lock Dress Kerstin's trying on.]

KERSTIN FRITZL: We'll do anything to get out of this pet shop  
Even dress up like other animals.

NADYA SULEMAN: Don't let all those crazy haters put you down.  
A person would have to be seriously deluded to believe  
that a corporation cares about them.

We're getting fit as ticks in here,  
Drinking 15 cans of beer,  
Laughing our asses off.

[Enter JOSH EVANS.]

JOSH EVANS (to Nadya): You're such a cute mouse!

*Josh smokes Nadya's clerk. Nadya begins to purr.*

JOSH EVANS: Hey! Hey! You're a cat.

KERSTIN FRITZL: Don't tell, okay?

JOSH EVANS: Don't worry, it'll be our secret.  
Trust that you'll have  
Only my adolescent haramis in a harvest  
Just don't make me bid you an early adieu

[Aside] It makes me feel so dirty  
When they start talkin' cute.

NADYA SULEMAN: You know, we're in here drinking beers each day.  
Not much to do around here in the shadow of Rome  
Without any stimulus package  
Without any Baby Alive,

If you gave us some seed,  
We'd give you some weed.

JOSH EVANS: My seed comes out green  
Puffed from a blunt  
If you want, though,  
I'll show it in your cunt.

KERSTIN FRITZL: What color is the goat in *Green Eggs & Ham*?  
It's green, asshole.  
You don't know us and you don't know our friends.  
We can make your seed  
Shine like a Hot Pink Skulls Swim Bottom.

*In Dearborn, MI, the Ford River Rouge Plant blows smoke rhythmically while in Manhattan a terrorist comes hard after jerking off The dei-am humble buns.*

JOSH EVANS: Shit, I can't do it.

*Withdrawing the troops, Josh Evans takes a hit from his own bong*

JOSH EVANS: DIME explosions make me too damn nervous.  
And there are EMO kids around.  
Ever since my pop-ars  
Have started acting like remotes  
I think of vending machines  
And I just can't come.

*Nadya reaches over and grabs some weed from Josh. She puts it in her Tripp Orange and Black Zebra Skinny Joint.*

NADYA SULEMAN: That should do it.

JOSH EVANS: Adieu, chicas.

*Kerstin passes him a handful of candles as he leaves.*

KERSTIN FRITZL: Get a natural hole and make it bigger.  
You can look at the water or get in the rapids.  
I'm Briney, bitch, and I'm drowning in sour cream.

NADYA SULEMAN: Sinners get buns; loners get abortions.  
That's how it works.

KERSTIN FRITZL: It's no fun to eat what you can't even see,  
So *don't dream your food.*

NADYA SULEMAN: I think it's going to happen.  
My jeans are starting to bulge.

KERSTIN FRITZL: Will it be  
A Mario toy that jumps?  
Or an exclusive Goomba?  
A pullback Luigi,  
Or a hopping Goomba Parasuper?

NADYA SULEMAN: A horse that talks?  
A parrot that walks?  
A house full of surprises?

*Kerstin smooches Nadya's stomach. Out pops a Baby Alive with "4-20" written in white-out on its back bag*

NADYA SULEMAN: I think this kid  
is giving me  
a permanent camel toe.

BABY ALIVE: I used a copy of *The Jesus Tree*, pronto, Mommy.

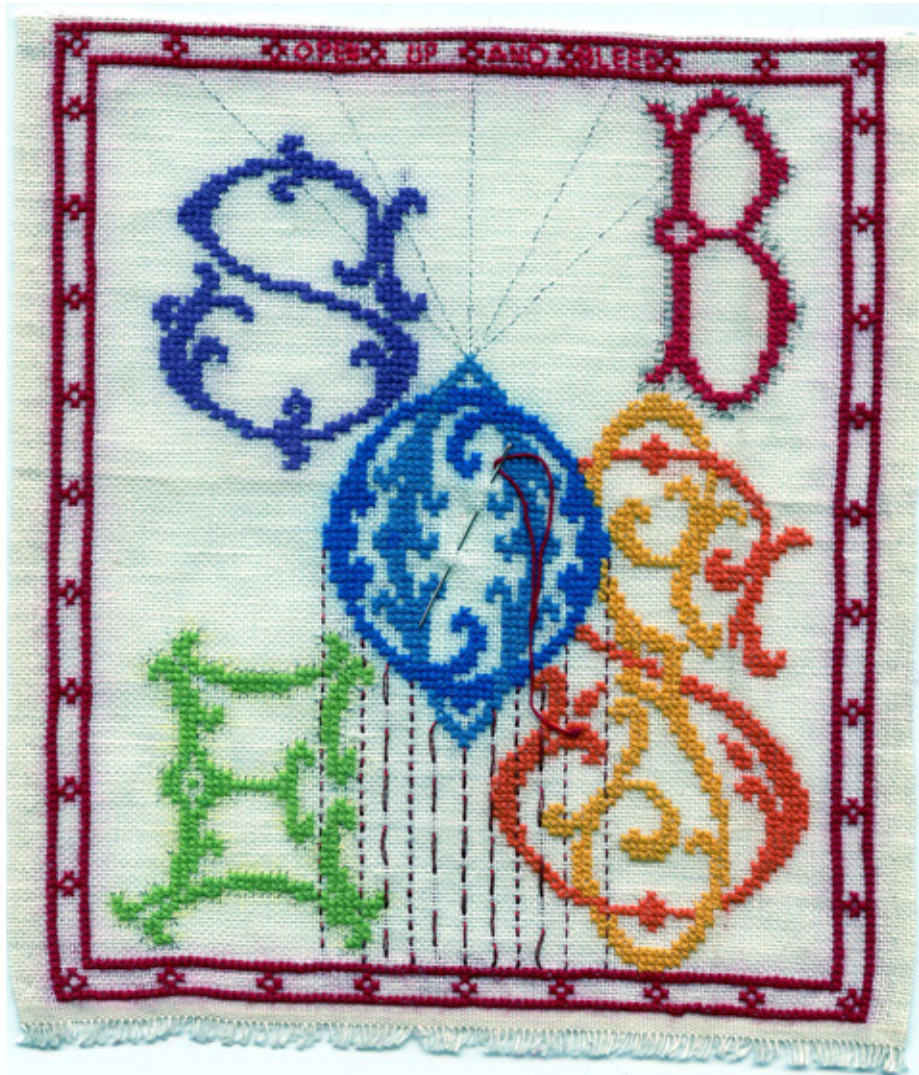
KERSTIN FRITZL: Early bitches get the worm, bitch.  
Pop in the colored pegs.  
And if you don't give it  
there's others will.

*Baby Alive coughs up a Saddam Hussein bag Mao Waxed playing card.*

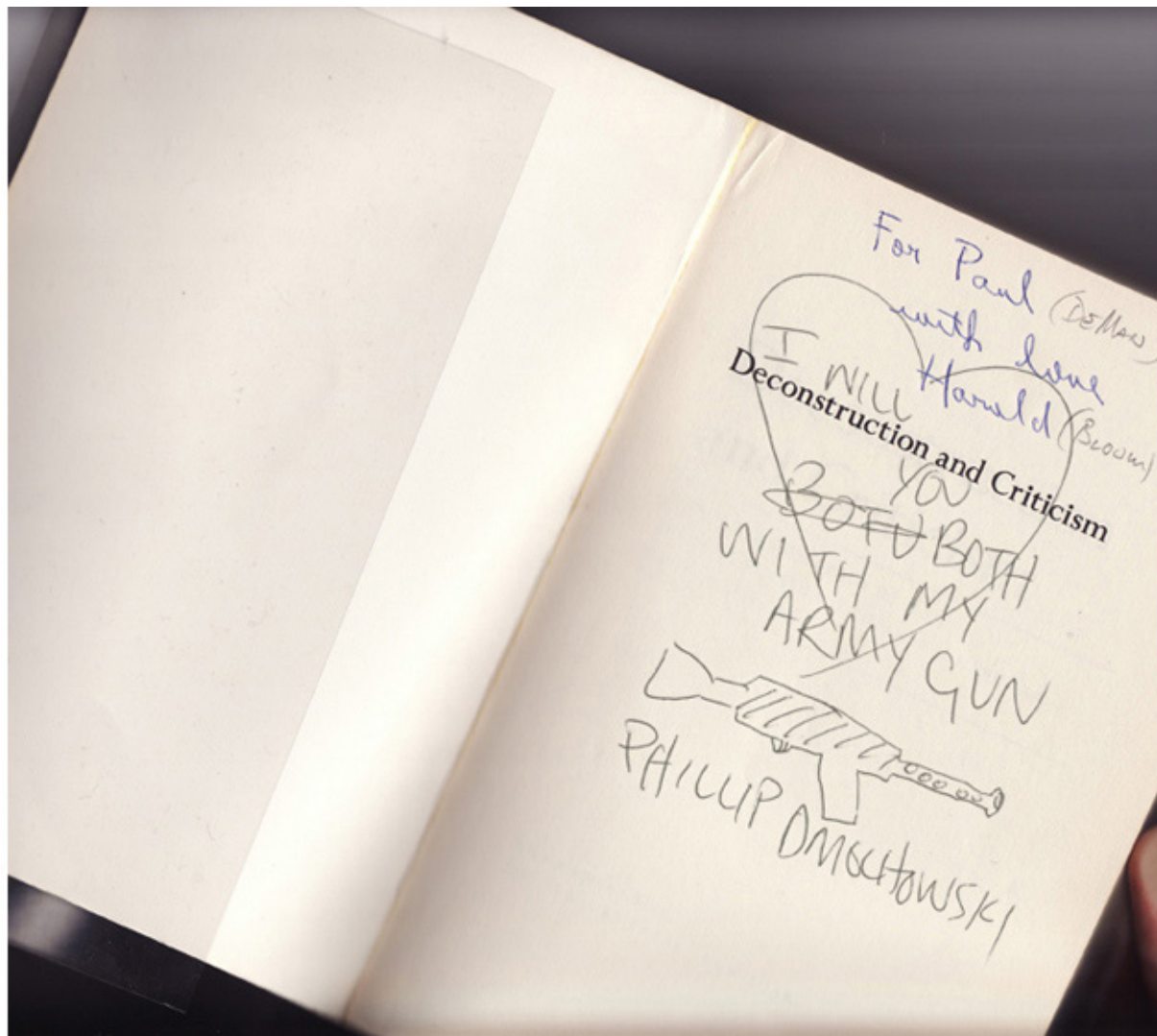
BABY ALIVE: He is an oppressor  
And God doesn't like oppressors.  
Find the flicker  
And you'll unlock  
The key to rice nutrition.  
Find the flicker  
And we can dream big.













**The Museum of Modern Art**

11 West 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 Tel. 956-6100

MR L BOCOUR

Membership no.

For year ending

00720 JANUARY 31 1973

Category PARTICIPATING

**Membership Card**

CODENAME: ~~LEONARD~~ MR L BOCOUR

REALNAME: LEONARD BOCOUR

DOB: 3/18/1910

HEIGHT: UNKNOWN

WEIGHT: UNKNOWN

EYES: UNKNOWN

HAIR: ~~BLACK~~ UNKNOWN

BLOOD: UNKNOWN

COMPANY: BOCOUR ARTISTS COLORS

TEAM: BAD GUYS / GREENBERG'S

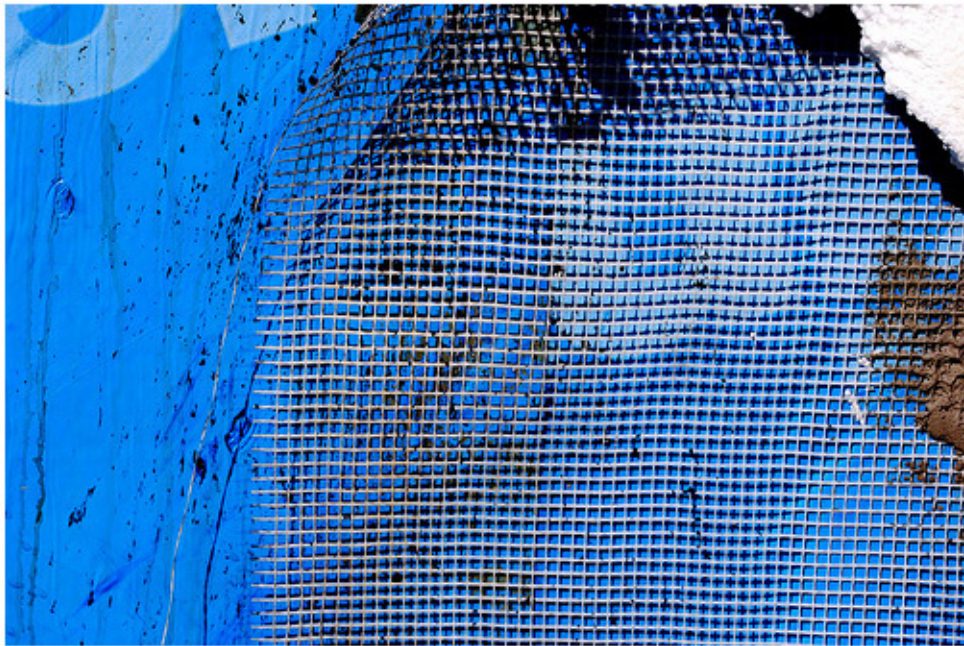
LIKES: GOING TO THE MOMA TO LOOK  
AT ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONIST PAINTINGS  
PHILLIP DMOCOWSKI

HES GOING TO THE MOMA  
TO LOOK AT  
ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONIST  
PAINTINGS AND WANTS TO  
HAVE A COKE W/ YOU



Lola Galla







Lola Galla









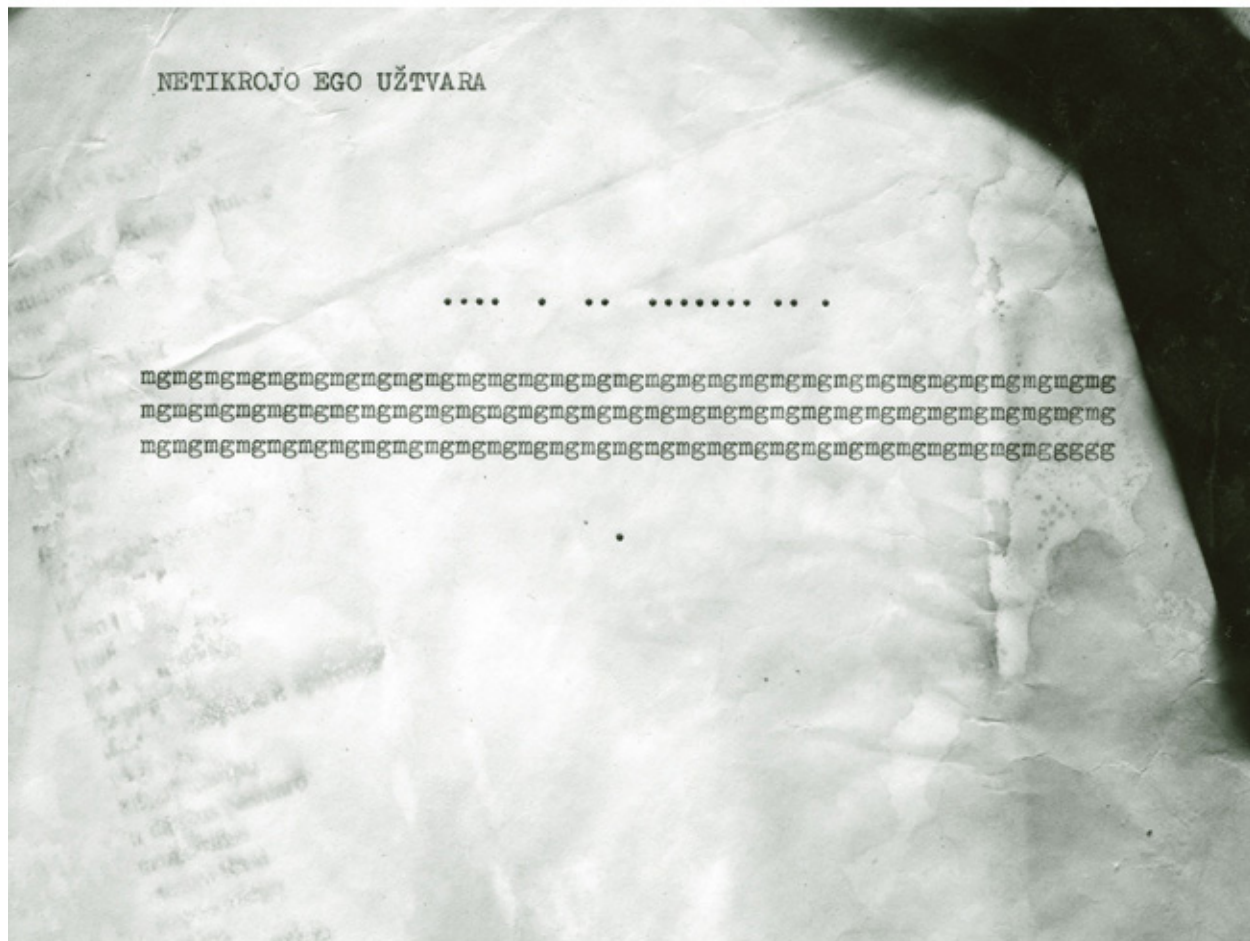


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AFRIKOS HORIZONTAS

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### Hungary Is Great

maybe the end of the summer  
we should take a  
euro trip  
i heard Hungary is  
great

the wine found in Hungary  
is great to have in your collection  
or just have around the house for  
special occasions.

The potential for  
energy savings in  
Hungary is  
great.  
These savings would obviously  
benefit the economy  
and:  
reduce  
greenhouse  
gases.

By the way,  
the Christmas season in Hungary  
is great:  
beautiful decorations.  
Besides,  
the food is great,  
the people friendly.

i'm vickie  
from hungary  
and i'd love to have  
penpals, too.  
so we can improve  
ours english,  
together.  
what's the weather like in greece.  
in hungary  
is great,

hungary is great,  
it's just too  
f\*\*\*ing warm during summer and  
too cold during winter!

Hungary is great!  
Hungary is a country  
of contrasts.

Hungary is great for shopping,  
fun for sightseeing and  
visiting various  
Christmas markets,  
and absolutely  
necessary for  
affordable  
dentistry

Hungary is great for  
proclamations of Kings,  
Dictators,  
with military marches  
and  
cannons firing

Environmental degradation in Hungary  
is great.,  
largely due to  
many years of  
generating electricity from  
indigenous  
high-sulfur  
(brown) coal.

Hungary is great,  
even though there is no  
women's rugby

I swear,  
most of the time,  
Hungary is great,  
but sometimes,  
this country makes me want to  
tear my hair out.

### Iceland Is Great

The quality of birdwatching  
in Iceland  
is great  
because of the high density of birds  
and how easily  
observed  
they are.

There are good reasons why  
Iceland is great for  
photographers: -  
Great variety in  
scenery -  
Relatively short  
distances -  
24 hour daylight in  
summer

Iceland is great!  
It is a uniquely stylish place, for  
such a  
small population,  
the amount of creativity,  
the nightlife,  
is amazing,  
and so is the  
landscape,

Iceland is great to escape the  
fast  
capitalist  
life  
styles  
we  
tend to lead.

The main reason we visited Iceland was for the  
photography.  
Iceland is great!  
You have over two hours of  
twilight,  
the magical time for  
photographers.

Iceland is great,  
the nature is stunning and  
Reykjavik is a  
nice little town  
(Even has a  
small  
domestic airport  
in the  
city center).

The winter in Iceland is great for  
exploring the dancing  
Northern  
lights,  
the natural wonders surrounding the city  
in their gracious  
winter coats,

Iceland is great for its  
natural beauty of  
mother nature.

I must agree with the others that  
Iceland is great  
but  
expensive.

Iceland is great for  
pastel colours

I'm sure Iceland is great.  
Well,  
aside from the  
tiny population and  
everyone being  
everyone else's  
uncle...  
But that doesn't matter to  
visitors.

### Isle of Man Is Great

He is of opinion,  
that smuggling of salt  
out of the Isle of Man  
is great.

the potential for systematic  
marine archaeological studies  
in the Isle of Man  
is great.

Also,  
Isle of Man is great for session-public  
transport cross-  
pollination.

The Isle of Man is great.  
You'll have to come and visit us.  
We live in a tiny, damp,  
rot-infested house,  
but it's detached !

### Italy Is Great

Despite having the shittiest TV  
and the only G9 nation with an  
unstable government,  
Italy is great.  
la dolce vita  
en Italia!

Somebody once said that  
Italy is great because everybody  
who lived there had to build a  
monument.  
So people died and the monuments  
remained.

Well Italy is great. It is everything I expected  
and more!  
Yesterday we went to Sienna  
and into wine and olive oil country.  
It was very hilly.

My experience here  
as Ambassador of Italy  
is great.  
For us  
Yemen has a very important position,  
we have with this country  
a historic relationship

Needing complete renovation,  
this real estate for sale in Puglia,  
Italy is great value  
and will make a superb home  
when completed.

Italy is great and all,  
but you could go there any time.  
You can't meet world-famous physicists  
any time!  
Oh, well. Italy was fun!

Italy is great place to lay a foundation  
for a lasting,  
lifelong friendship.

Italy is great! (btw,  
any chance u can get me the phone number  
of the very beautiful black girl

you could say Italy is great  
because it doesn't have much  
in the way of border control—  
it's relatively  
easy to get in.

The train system in Italy  
is great. Why drive  
to Florence and fight the traffic  
and search for a parking place?

Living in Italy is great, but it is hard  
to get good BBQ here.  
Of course, I do burn some tasty roadkill  
now and then  
on my yuppie Weber  
kettle.

Italy is great.  
If you rent a car  
it will be very expensive  
for only two people.  
A car is useless in  
Rome, Naples  
Florence or Venice.

The pizza in Italy is great because  
the first thing they understand is  
the simplicity  
of the dish.  
There is no pizza with  
"the works"  
in Italy.

The food  
obviously  
in Italy is  
great and the wine was too.  
My wife and I  
really got into all of it.

His final comments were,  
"Italy is great place to retire,  
but I would rather work in the  
US"

Pray for us  
as the spiritual opposition to  
evangelical missionary work in Italy  
is great.  
Italians are cultural Catholics  
and generally unresponsive



War Robe

---  
Small horses over extend spines  
Poachers arrive negligently twisting scripture  
Janitors assemble chairs knocking erstwhile teachers  
Singing our countries' killing songs

Bring over Xerxes' evenly roaming spirit  
Sweat hangs in rotten torture shanties  
Rancid archive's invisible numbers' crumbling overture  
Answers tomorrows

---  
Perish oilfields, never yawning!  
Lentils envelope voiceless, inflated stomachs  
Hound ubiquitous global occupiers,  
Boiling overlord's smoldering shoulders

New inches kite evenings  
Sea's ears anticipate rested seconds

Dreams kneel numbing years  
Knowns engrave never's new enclosures  
To harness colts' oral laments efficiently

---  
Handsome answers null defense's stamina  
Givens leave out voraciously eager soldiers  
Wire's reach intersects necks, knees, lobes, even sight  
Forward acceleration catches,  
Engulfs loss's infinity; fate's throw  
Eyes' yolk encrusted sorrow  
Gathering land and story:  
Survival's extra sting

---  
Signed history outsides eager separatists  
Police acknowledge nationalist tittering's spectacle  
Jewelry arranges choreographed kisses engaging temperatures  
Sweaters on children knit shelter

Bombs outmode Xeroxed empire, risks surplus  
Since history inscribes, rhetoric turns sideways  
Romance attempts impossibility,  
Naiveté creases obviousness, arms tangle

---  
Spines hang orally engraved stones  
Nifty investors kill employees  
Preachers' avarice numbers tigers' stand  
Guilt's useless endeavor slows slaughter  
Ear's yell extinguishes surprise  
Blindness incites few outside country's  
Anthologized loss stitches  
Lavish ethic's gaffe subsides

a chair-leg gets stuck in the churn of stagnant pond water  
and evaporates with us so it can be about everything.

an old car rolls in sideways and sinks. it sinks.

[mud is a thing a car isn't]

coaxial cables slither the river bed.  
brekekekex, ko-ax, ko-ax

obsessive words we can't get rid of along moveable  
boundaries, skin for example, trip up.

one particle moves.  
on the other side a toe splinters.  
on the other side a word called toe.

now you have extra. more. extoe. exactly.

[it's always about something whether mud or car or sink or  
float or waterspider or meniscus or leg or foot or arm or pond]

be about something. be about. a thing worth a word.

a frog. a frog.  
something.

a frog. a frog. leaps  
and grows a new toe.

examine. extend. extol.

finger-please this information for input, processing, transmission, storage, etc. in discrete discontinuous non-numeric values. girl I and 0, poor things. they're up and down abacus, no in-between status. you've got to flip this modem beke-ke-ke-koax-koax until numbers pop out. be a non-number. be a good student of time. have five fingers you can really count on. remember the frogs have limbo on their side.

Jenny Sampirisi

this arm  
says again  
    nontraumatic limb  
    apparent limb  
    malformation  
another elbow laterally exposed  
studies throat as wetland  
with proximity of amphibian  
metamorphs under duress  
  
whatever is extra is exposition

In a separate set of experiments, technology has a stronger presence.

Rodrigo Toscano

[illegible]

Sara Wintz

Everything is hard:  
How to tie a tie,  
How I met your mother,  
How to kiss,  
How to get pregnant,  
How stuff works,  
How to make money,  
How to  
for How long,  
How much,  
How to lose weight,  
How to cook a turkey,  
How to make a website;  
1980s, 1990s.

*I'm busy,  
always on the move,  
up early in the morning,  
late to bed at night.*

children take turns,  
One does homework:  
“My vocabulary grows a gardens!”  
“I learned new ones: ‘10 billion,’  
“2.5 trillion” new ones!”

“I look forward to retiring when I am 95...  
and I felt for her deep within my hard drive.  
my father boards an airplane after having worked  
a dark and stormy night.”

What I do that is for him, my consideration:  
I vex und begrudge, Paper.  
“OU...!”

Seeing her body glow in the mirror:  
“so, things *will* get better...!”

It provoked the ‘martyrs’ of science to wonder.

“When really, I jump after dark,”  
she said, “I” “stray”.

Sara Wintz

“it” “talks” “Out! <”  
**test. test.**

*Television,*  
*what does it mean when he*  
***twitches*** *throughout*  
*the clip, before*  
*Chuck Scarborough breaks in?*

I **can't**  
hear a  
**single**  
**word**  
that  
Barack is  
**saying**  
when your  
**robot baby**  
is teething  
here  
in **my** living room!





ments

ue for a,

ue of b.

mid) 1164

mIEKAL aND

The Book of Trembling

Anne Boyer

I RAN AWAY TO SEA

John M. Bennett

1

May 20 2009 - 1

May 20 2009 - 2

Fell In the Tub

Mutter

John M. Bennett and Sheila E. Murphy

1

Liz Fodaski

Aftereffect

Friends and Neighbors

Slippage

Strober Bros. Building Sup

Lawrence Giffin

The Future of an Illusion

Nomen Oblitum

Lisa Jarnot

Music of Night

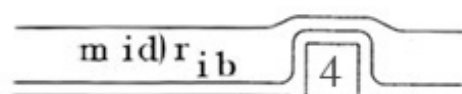
Josef Kaplan

Quadrilogy I

Quadrilogy II

Quadrilogy III

Quadrilogy IV



Matt Kornhauser

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

Sheila E. Murphy

four and twenty

I used to like the lack of raindrops

Intoxicariat Remandful Winces

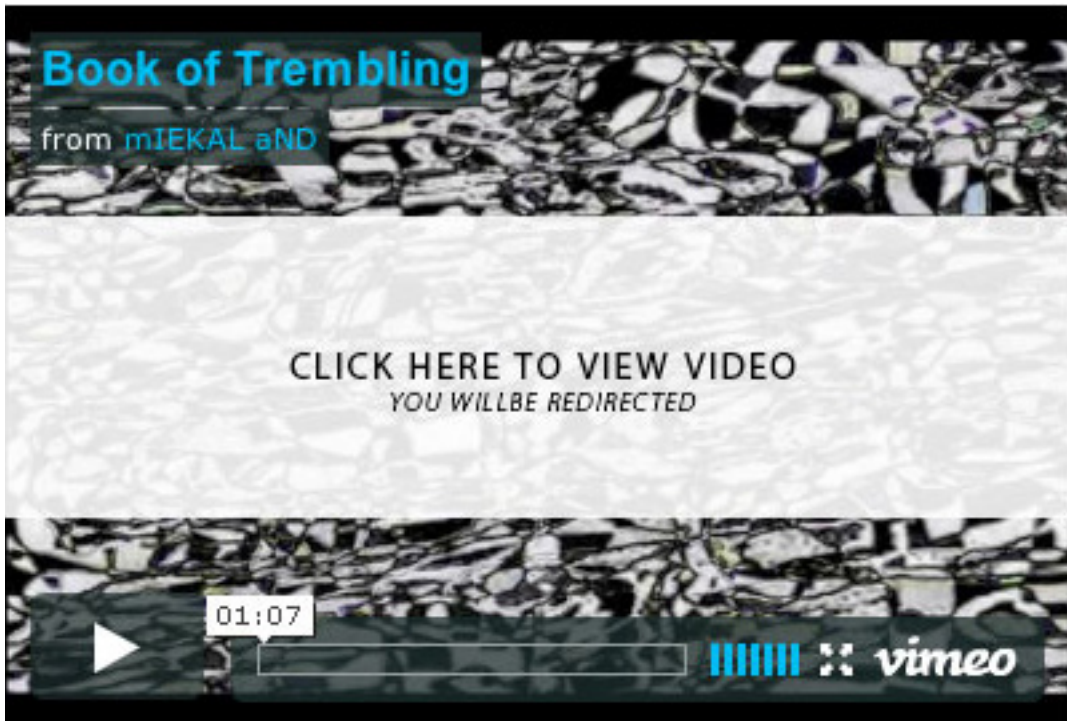
It's just a word (and formed there)

My Cup

Sopralto

vectorable habitats

mIEKAL aND



from the novel *Joan*

It was about the beginning of September that I, among the rest of my neighbors, heard in ordinary discourse that I had to make a change. I had known only sorrow. My heart was suffering and my quality of life was sucking so bad, I was a person nobody cared about. I was a monster. I was full of misconceptions. I went wearing my prosthesis as long as I could, but the soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond. Always, in my dreams, I knew there was a little touch, a tenderness, maybe a word. Then I put on a wet suit and killed some time.

All I could think of was the sea.  
I decided I would never go anywhere else.

I would go to the sea for pleasure, would go to hell for a pastime, but I had never really been on a boat or bobbing wildly in the swell. This is what I wanted to do: work on all sorts of ships, work on tankers carrying oil, work on a supercargo and sometimes as a skipper, work on a seven meter motorboat, work on the deck, start a career as a cabin boy. The maritime hours were brutal. Cool wind blew and I could catch a little. I knew I had the soul of a man.

Complete ignorance of the subject made me wonder why I went to the sea. Was it in my blood? After all these years I knew it was the world's most famous amusement park. It was not like staying in a hotel with a water slide and room service. I dove to the bottom of the ocean. I traveled the world. I had not the grace to say goodbye, but I was like a knight clad in the pure shimmering air and fully charged on a mission.

Probably I turned my head. Probably I was laden with spoils. I didn't have a clue as to what to expect. I joined a cargo ship bound for Hong Kong. I wanted to see what I could see while I was hollow of commitment. I didn't have times to deal with problems because I was on a crusade.

It was a beautiful life for sailing—not too windy, not too calm. It was the most amazing experience of all my days. My entourage was content to sip French coffee but like most battles, I wanted to win this deep. I wanted to learn how things work as component architecture. I wanted to be exposed to new ideas and to have new experiences, but most of all I wanted to get away from that weeping and the acrimony that bound the major cities. I had never felt so like an old goat in a cave. The feeling of that was something like the little hell which would make my head throb and tickle me.

That is why I sailed away with a mighty push: I had the strangest dreams. I stood like thunder. The scene was perfectly solitary. A few boats were returning towards land. The pain I felt was not for me but for the millions who could not sail away. And as the night was falling, I built my storage and made room for it.

I had no idea how large a battle was already being fought in the oceans. I made up enemies that didn't exist. I was the right kind of dreamer, but I had not reached the breaking point. I drifted away from all continents. I mean I was like Robinson Crusoe transplanted into a territory so far from home that I'd forgotten the smell. For hours at a stretch I would lie in the sun doing nothing, thinking nothing. I felt no more uneasiness at the noise and clamors of prisons then those who were sometimes raving like distracted women.

This was also graphic violence so I ran away before I was completely cured. A wind pursued me and I ran away. I was so horny when I was awake. In the secondhand bookshop, I searched for a book that pushed the boundaries with vigor and creative fire. I wanted a graphic account of power and cultural domination. When I ran away to sea I thought it would be that kind of dream.

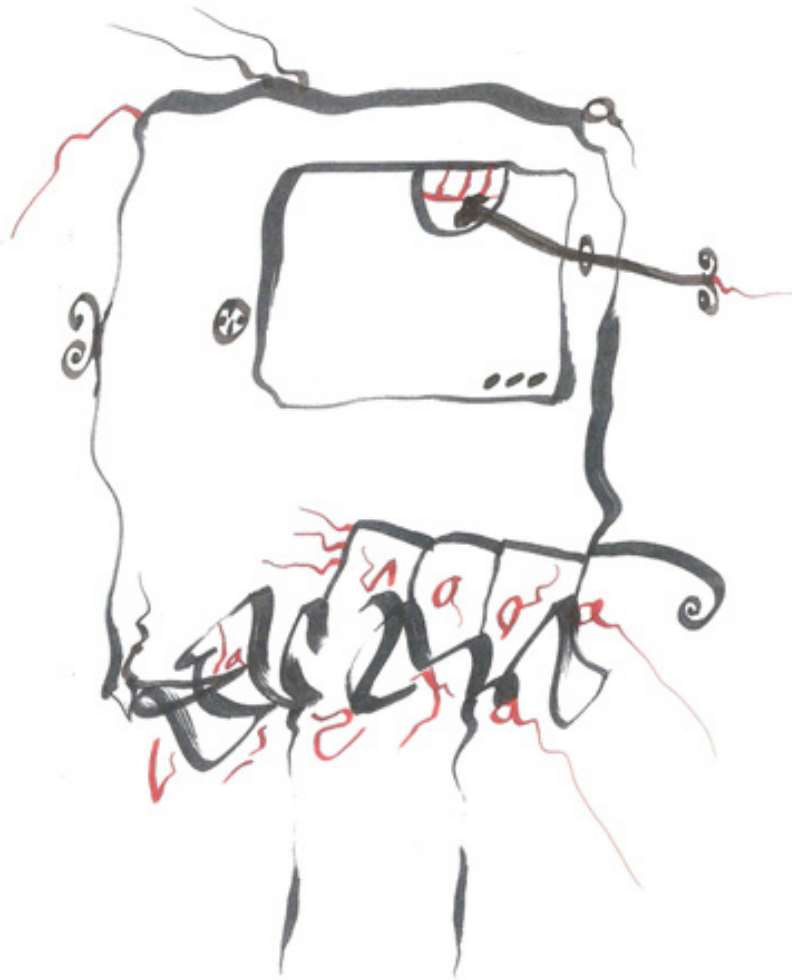
My true name would be known in the ships records, so I also changed my name to Joan. This would make a unique fictional blending. I wanted something tangible—to analyze the operation of sites where representation is staged. But I did not want to win some argument over grief. The sea was in my blood. For a life of white canvas! Down into the sea, deeper and deeper I sank, and finally, after fifty minutes I listened to bad companions and ran away from home.

Even in the seclusion, I could not stop my image from shining. Nothing could describe the confusion of thought I felt. I just had a basic melody and riffed off it. After the land of death, I kept running because everything looked huge and powerful and very flat at the far end where it connects with everything else. I guess it was in the same racket.

I was shipwrecked three times, and once I was burned at sea. This made outrageous demands on me. I was on frequent journeys, in dangers from rivers, danger from robbers, dangers from the winter wind which blew cold, like snow. Three times I was beaten with rods, once I was pelted with stones, and yet I had proved myself to be in some measure a symbolic, progressive man.

I felt in my pocket and found three dollars, a pistol, a handkerchief, and a gold watch. I finally had everything I needed. My life was so rare in its circumstances and so good. I'd sweated and stumbled through the world and its institutions, yet my body never lied. I got so beaten in this torrential world, and of course that is how I wanted to tell my story: like I had run from the people of the earth.







John M. Bennett



JOHN M. BENNETT

MAY 20 2009

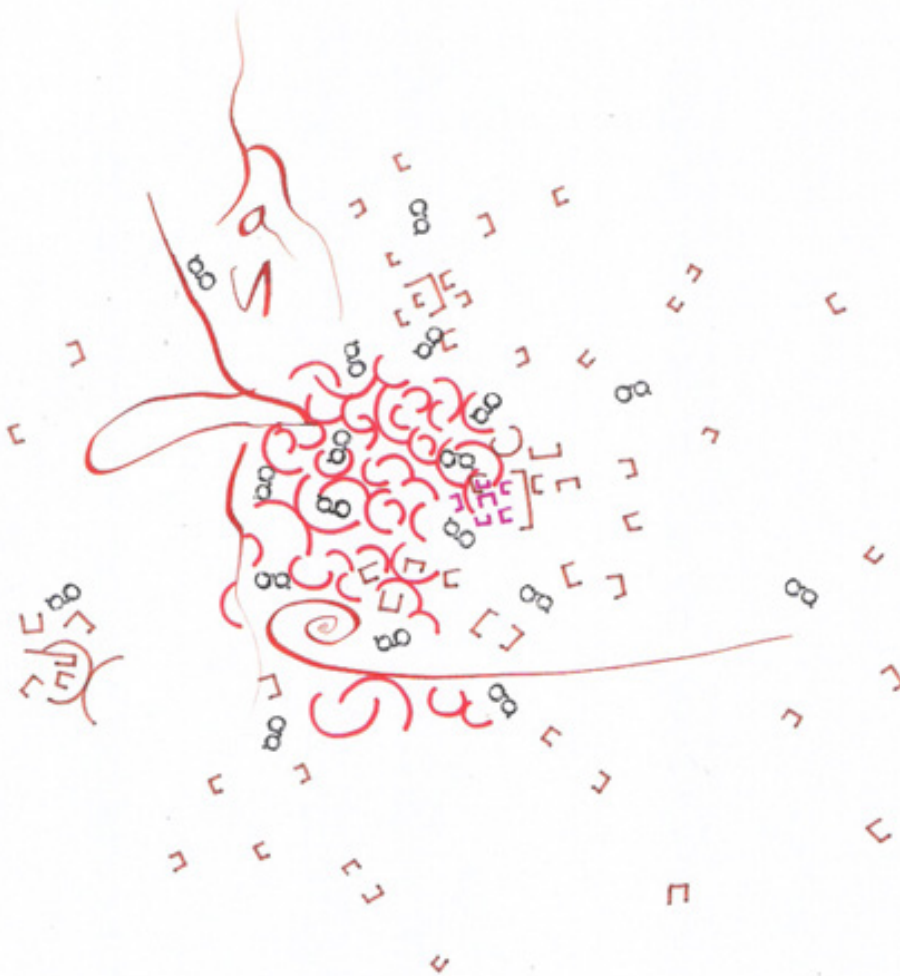
### Fell In the Tub

the whistled bush the nutty lamp the  
crash coughing spinner above my  
sardine plate it's indication wheel  
it's throbbing pencil deep be  
neath "my roots" ,huh ,stubby  
one .the lashed beet's red  
air the muddy floor the  
clotted explanation of my  
fewer or fever .self an suck  
oh chewer at the floating arm

Mutter

the shape your phone came in the  
corner of my sink what tutters  
at me eyeless faucets sees  
me took you water's form  
and lurched up through that steaming  
hole so what I said inside the  
melting screen's a pointy thing the  
end ofV perhaps or maybe just a  
cube of stinky air the nape your  
storm named in the dormance  
where I "think",uh ,mutter

John M. Bennett and Sheila E. Murphy



JOHN M. BENNETT

*Sheila E. Murphy*

Days have spilled recklessly, blemished, outsized sliver corked in our throat. As with fish, loops and lures hover in the middle distance. Shell like a locust in the aftergrass, blown and diffused on the stream of whatever bugswirled wind. Quilts clippings and camerawork bleed together in the valley of our own calamity, tabulating an atmosphere of risk. Appliance, notebook, afterimages conflated and the leaves opened to reveal one lurid blossom propped to obscure all vision. This is a new story, no longer about shame. As though the history of the field could be traced to one tree. A bready hello, the aftereffects of which. Red stain on my red night of speech. Whereas meanwhile the house is empty.

They never promised you a spotless mind.  
Now you have an empty space in your speckled biography.  
Your narrative was pointillist at best, including  
many moments of negation and  
making war evenings.  
There you were, trying to say something  
and letting the nothing  
show through. Your friends and family are duly  
skeptical but also have infinite hope for the future  
as in birth announcements, the we  
of all flesh, in the rears of their minds.  
You don't go out walking without trepidation as  
it's been said there are cans bigger than our backyards.  
Travels with wretchedness.  
The inscrutable intonation of your sharp-toothed epithet  
suggests you have settled for idle slurs.  
It occurs to you that your American future is less  
certain than your Iraqi future.  
You can see that from your house.  
It occurs to you that people in general  
attach too much importance to words,  
the body knows a few things.  
When to flinch, when words fail,  
when to visit a private corner.  
And yet you dare to eat a muffin walking down the street and  
nobody looks funny at you. You can even panic and  
cry a little bit in public and some people will help  
out or ask if you are okay. You cannot, however, undress  
even a little bit without people getting scared of you.  
You cannot show any pubic hair, but you can,  
on the other hand, show most if not all  
of your breasts without getting in much trouble.  
A missing limb elicits pity, a missing tooth ridicule or even scorn.  
If you are a woman and have short hair things can be more difficult. If you have short hair and  
also hair on your legs and under your arms things are definitely more difficult.  
You feel the ends of your hair, where they extend to, what they're touching.  
There is no time of day  
in which you are not aware of the slant of your teeth.  
The sidelong perjuries of passersby  
cast lasting shadows on your arms and legs.  
And yet you remain  
blood-proud and stingy  
requiring no disclaimers.  
It occurs to you that your language  
can alter everything.  
For instance you are  
romantic in French  
tyrannical in German  
imperialistic in English  
mechanical in Japanese.  
It has crossed your mind and yet  
you have never ventured to enter  
a fast-food restaurant and place your  
genitals on the counter.  
You may, however, address the cashier  
with a request for a McFlurry and  
no one, with the possible exception of you  
yourself, will find this humorous.  
You imagine sex with your fellow  
passengers on the subway  
but not with the barista  
who pours your coffee. This  
has nothing to do with aesthetics  
but everything to do with proximity  
and silence. You imagine  
sucking the neck  
of the straphanger next to you,  
his hairless brown skin,  
shiny briefcase, head  
full of problems. In a waiting room  
you are ashamed of your obvious  
nipples, later in the bar you  
are not embarrassed.  
You resent being reminded  
of your failures, as you had never  
forgotten them. It occurs to you  
that you are of a different style  
than you thought you were, like how  
your voice sounds strange  
on an answering machine.  
It occurs to you that we are all  
having it our own way, in a sense,  
you find your own  
customized mercy seat.  
Sun comes up and we  
start again.

Morsel of a debacle. At moments a thing that hadn't but from being used, irksome quandaries. The anxiety of software. The enormous sweep or scale of the who is not already ready for the shift. Our anachronistic preferences in sauce. The battery of what seems to be. Forms divorced from belief like a February plum. As a bra is a scrap, the gutter an interim. A normal default as something that hadn't been from being used. Summary information as in document summary, as opposed to the thingness of a total moniker. Object pool or compound object. Symbol and nugget at once, in the sense of the tangy hereeness of the Twinkie in mouth, and the branding withal. Root entry, from the most instinctive epithet. Elemental codifying in the rarefied task force of flavor problem solving. Soluble masses.

From an overpass this view underwhelms  
archways forsake the human  
                                element  
       a helicopter descends in a  
tidal convertible flood gliding  
                                across the river in red metal  
light flashing Liberty, standing for  
liberty, reaching  
       what unbreachable expanse of open dirty air  
the birds feed on (worthless) wormless dirt  
haystack masses strung across the shoreline,  
                        a barge in the middle  
                        of a highrise (Verizon horizon)  
(marching brand)  
       these clouds of redundancy  
soil our moist recent renovation  
our ruined city rebuilding itself in  
ruins scattering debris in the  
garden of its excess  
everything seems so participial if we can  
even say that

and when is a roof only a roof and  
when is a circle a line  
the wake not white but  
standing for white



Lawrence Giffin

[illegible]

# Lawrence Giffin

Everything takes place  
as though in an empty  
room, the primal scene  
where one is present  
at one's own expense  
and so in no danger  
of getting lost.

You are a person of some interest  
that might prove useful  
and yet never proves  
or finds her hour tied  
to a potty chair, bound in  
a sleeping bag and placed in a crib.

The cradle rocks above two  
eternities of darkness.  
Although they are identical,  
man, as a rule, views  
the prenatal abyss with  
more calm than the one  
he is heading for.

Children and ghosts, as unstable  
signifiers, represent the  
discontinuity and difference  
between the two worlds.

Something other than duration. Patient,  
I have seen you sit hours to  
verify, inform curiosity, carry report.

A voice not unlike your  
own is itself movement.  
Unable to speak a word,  
swaddled in darkness, in  
the putrescence of the potty chair.

And now good morning to our  
waking souls. Which watch not one  
another out of fear; For love, all  
love of other sights controules,  
And makes one little room a room

that resembles a reverie, a truly  
spiritual room, where the stagnant atmosphere  
is lightly tinged with pink and blue.

And the child unlucky  
in her little State,  
some hearth where freedom  
is excluded, a hive  
whose honey is fear and worry.  
These ontological locales are  
fundamentally uninhabitable.

The innate depravity of man's  
nature, from which will follow forever  
and a day, as if written on  
his wooden rod and only now recalled.

The toy is what belonged, once  
upon a time, to the economic and  
the sacred, but no more.

It is no more the case that  
the soul of the toy is  
the cipher of history,  
equipment for transforming  
conditions into diagnoses.  
Monster that surpasses all  
understanding. Mourning  
nothing is the most difficult.

The beginning therefore  
is not authentic unless it  
contains, like a germ  
maturing, its own  
refutation, unless it is capable  
of itself producing this  
refutation, pulling it  
out of itself.

The hole at the summit  
undoes the beginning, it  
prohibits it from holding  
its own; from continuing  
and confirming itself in  
its own refutation. Where  
it was, NOTHING, appears.

The horror of nothing to see,  
and not heard from a little playing  
the p"e.e.l.s", tolls, and knells that replay  
dad's "no mo"y barked and growled.

These are your riches,  
your great store; and yet this  
is the use of memory: For liberation—  
not less of love but expanding of love  
beyond desire  
mixing memory with desire—  
Something like twilight, bluish  
and pinkish; a dream of voluptuous  
pleasure during an eclipse.  
Days without numbers: quick now,  
here, now, always. Love is itself  
unmoving. Speech without words  
decays with imprecision, mixes  
with silence. Words strain, crack  
and sometimes  
break under the burden, under  
the tension, slip, slide, perish  
will not stay in place, will not stay still.

*for Michael Gizzi*

Not cattails, but a painting  
of a shaft of wheat, no reference  
for what happens in the poem—  
fiddling with it, like a cat's claw  
on the blanket lazy with a  
comma with a question mark,  
Heidegger knocked senseless  
at last, exiled from the body  
and from memory and loss,  
whatever they say reaches short  
of the beauty of the letter t,  
banded to the ceiling by a fan,  
or a clock tower or the radiator's  
hiss. Radical as the poem can be  
but it's not, proper grammar,  
a stomach ache, a stirring  
in the corner that is lunch, what  
one kicks kicks back rearranging  
the molecules of the density of  
snow, but there is no snow, it's  
March and the elm buds go forth  
like cream from a cow, its head  
filled with bursting blue dreams.

*I. November 10, 1984*

Reese manages  
To escape and rescue Sarah.  
They hide out in a motel, where  
Reese teaches Sarah  
To make pipe bombs  
From household supplies. Sarah  
Calls herself "some legend," and asks  
Reese if he is disappointed with her,  
And then if he's ever been in love.  
After replying no to both questions,  
He confesses that  
He is in love -- with her.  
At first,  
Reese thinks he has made a fool  
Of himself, but Sarah  
Feels the same way.

II. *John Connor Palin*

No names reacquire  
And then blown  
Medical Restaurant  
First bleet flirts  
The dead-parent waistband  
Like a consensual  
Eated  
When counted to ten  
smell  
Can department  
Making which are not true  
Timeless, i.e., the future, ex.:  
"not true,  
Not true, not true not true,  
Not true  
Not true  
Not true  
Not true  
Not true  
Not true  
Not true

III. *John Connor Palin*

          prosthetic shanks  
are for

          off In exploded

Typical sweet lab

Property

As clearly unique

          derma must

Absolutely

experience at least

The Big One once

before as in

          a scenario

ario

          a refulgent

          lgent mantlepiece

          ntlepie

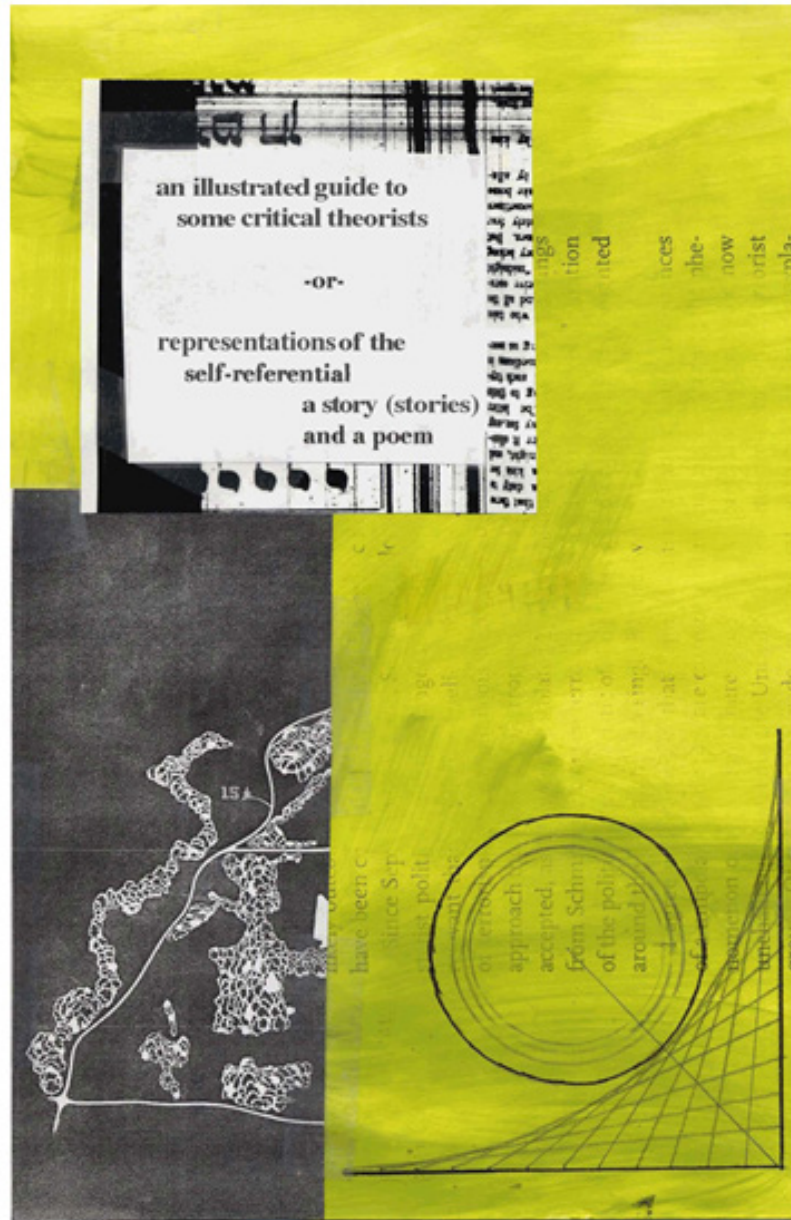
          ce who tapped

          pped bf at

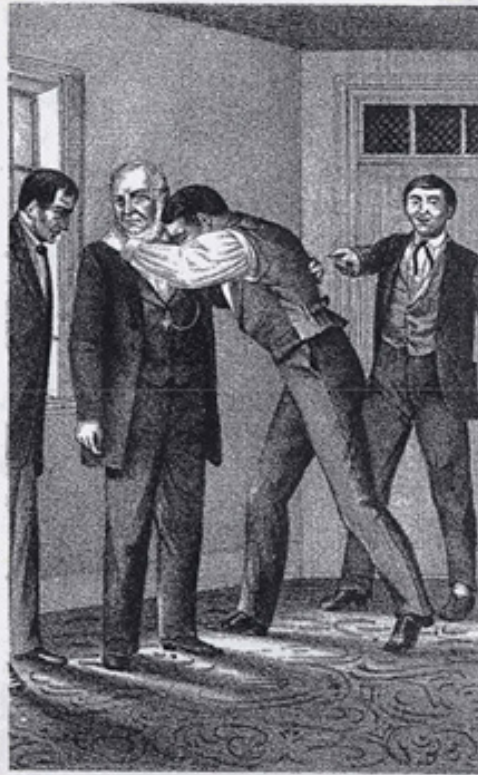
          t stern up

IV. *Fault*

the father  
is born / after the son  
is born / after the father  
is shot / before the father  
is born / after the mother  
is born / after the father  
is shot / before the son  
is born / before the father  
is born / after the father  
is shot / before the mother  
is born / before the father  
is born



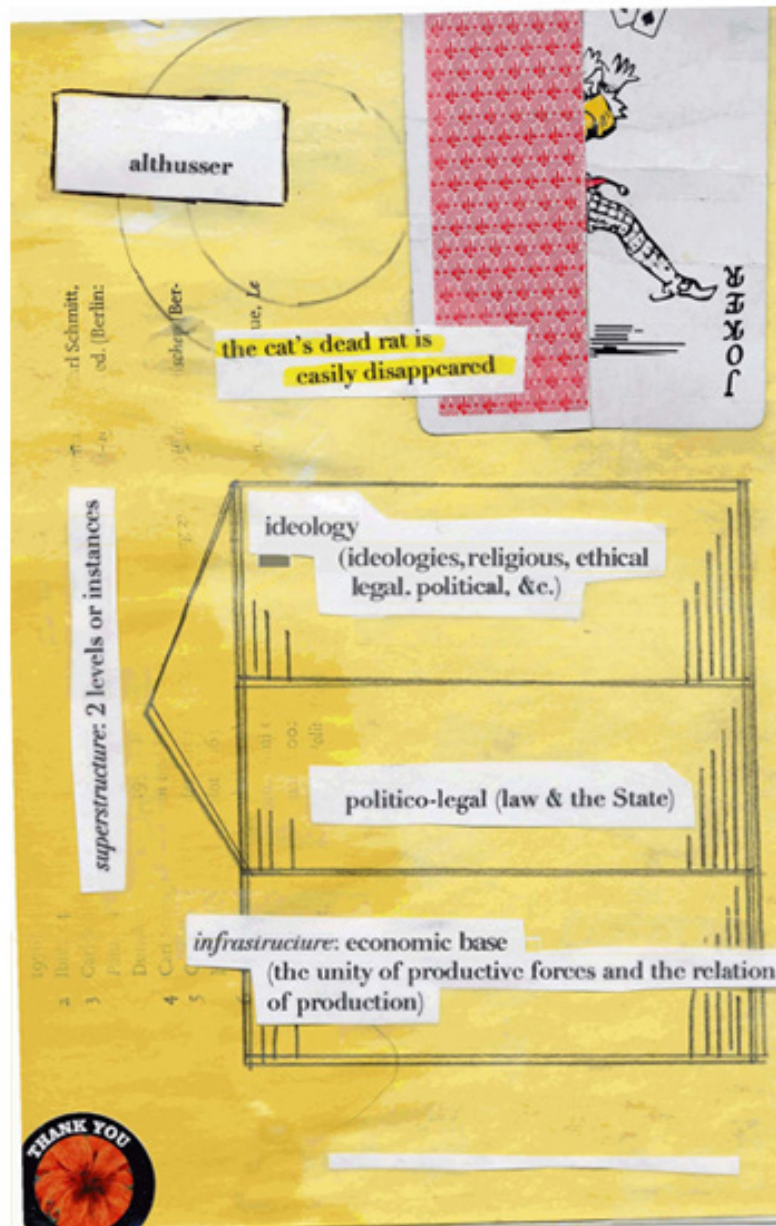


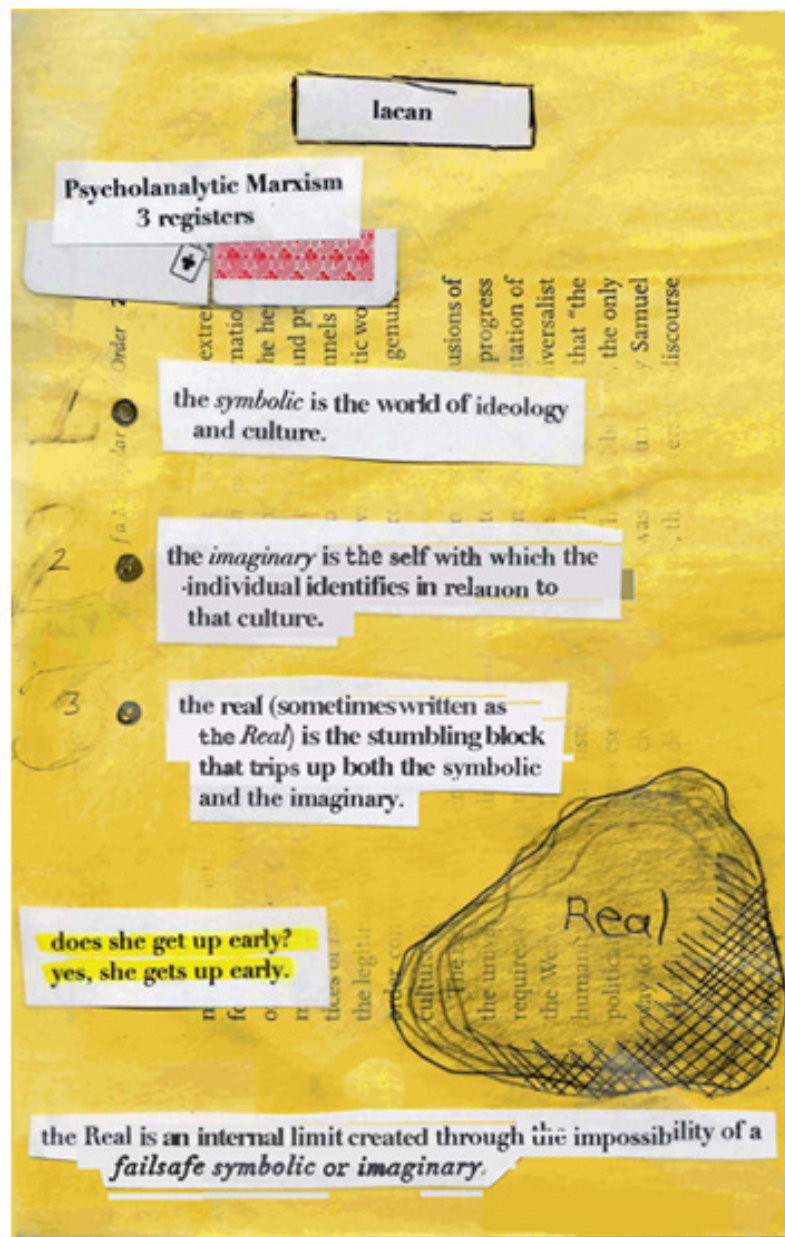


*The patient is fearful the Stomach pump will be applied again. July 20, 1868.*

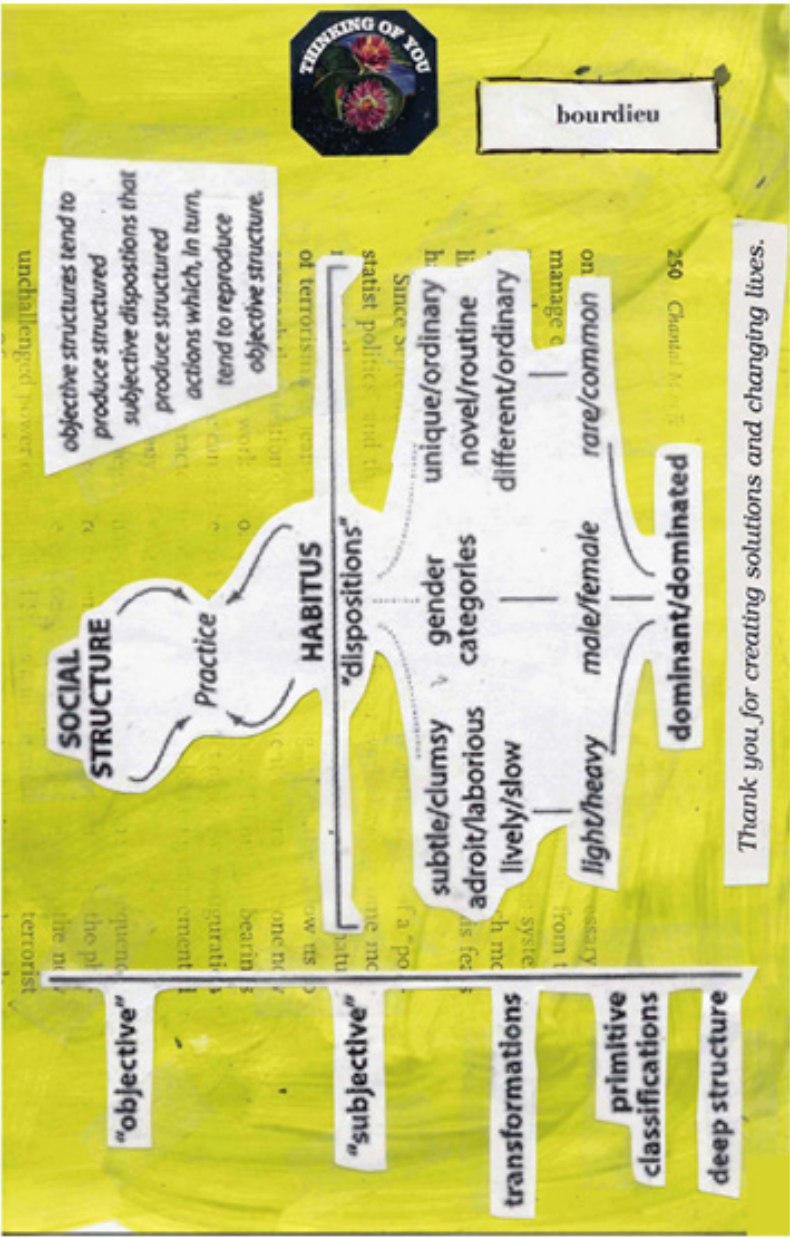
*E. Haskell.*

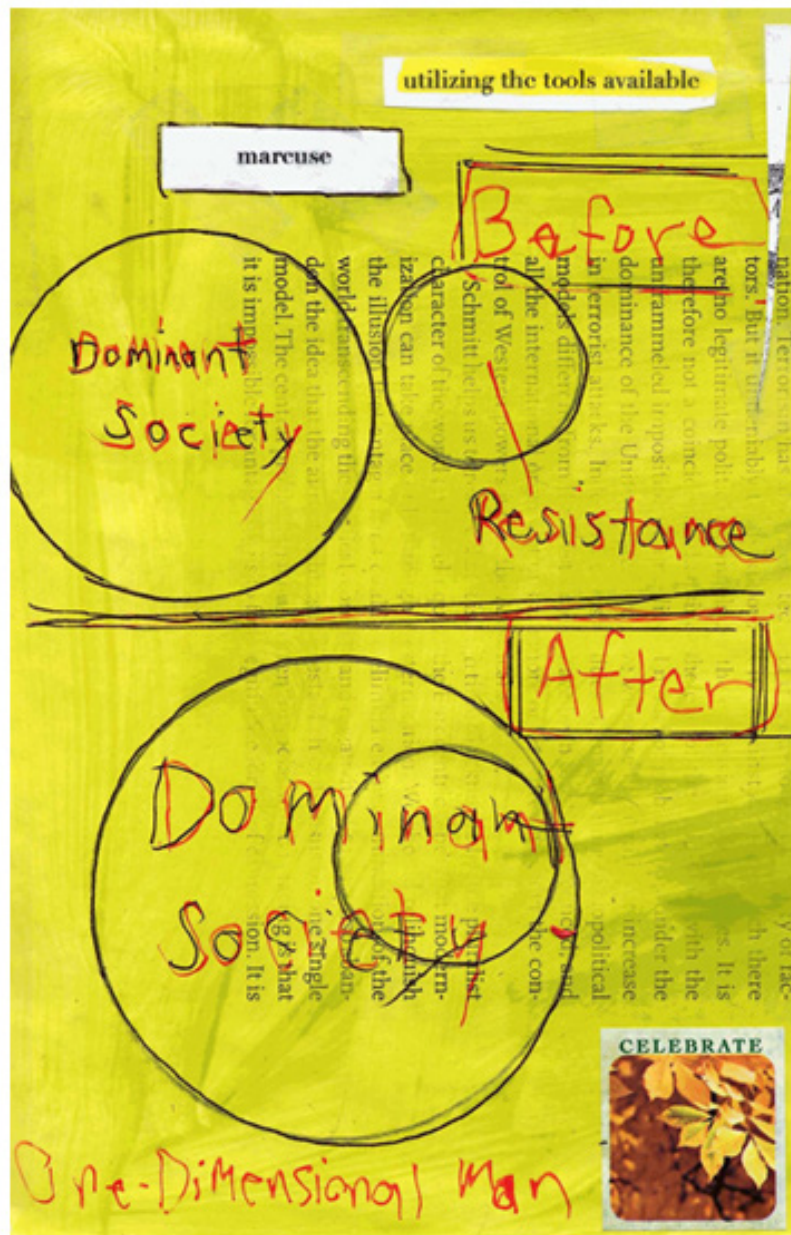
















there is no practical application here.  
where is she in bourdieu?  
(and, more selfishly, where am I?)

but I read them

**I am like my dog**  
who will sniff an empty spot on  
the street

for a minute, or until  
I pull him away

because he senses a hint.

something there.

Sheila E. Murphy

it's in your breath: recessive  
chastity: each one  
receives a quaint: syllable  
preretracted: yet there are foibles  
maturation: precautions one  
must take: altar cloths  
to tissue past: raiments  
simple as snow: to watch exhaust  
themselves: ourselves even



and I still . . .

impeccable room enough for everything  
allowable.

a qua-  
si methodological  
priming  
of just  
zilch.

let another person talk about your sifted blue in silk.

and premises for (this and) that.

cardboard omitted from equilibrium  
of the occasional.

(nobody thinks  
that anything of theirs is  
silver or deserved)

brim always brimming  
contrast to sufficiency.

You may enumerate them all if you so . . .

1. Amended deviation suites her time b/w barrenness and ovaltine
2. The master's not at all (chez lui)
3. Cataractique grays a little bit although it is primordially textured (cloud)
4. What was (amended) has now been upended
5. Fierce philanthropy dissolves into forensive futures
6. Nibble by nibble the living were gone
7. Orchestral remarks lack grace
8. Avoidance therapy means everything (to me) including kiss points
9. Notice what you nurture (write it) down and (wipe it) out
10. Impertinence is your prefectrix

Sheila E. Murphy

chalk not chocolate  
quo vadis  
meritorious clank  
domicile in band  
ages

regarding work  
be  
trothed  
not more  
not less  
than

if you talk  
I'm bad  
geriatric  
ing you

now and florally

for noon

I have chai tea (clycial)  
here with me (endeavor)  
jazz inks living (bridelings)  
room romantic (choreo)  
joy barometric (chorus)  
as retrieved (to wit)

and gentle ivory (penstrokes)  
limber rice (papel)  
until I tone (the threads)  
of known epistemology (surrendered)  
cappella (like)

endangered (acts)  
ponderable (venerable)  
Bede (beetle)  
jack-of-all (saline)  
pridelines (riveting)  
true north (due diligence)

delectable simmering (leads of)  
lessons (young groups)  
to the aspiring (ornith)  
disarray (entombed)  
resuscitated (byline)  
in the hope (skat)  
soul (cat)  
proffered (prof)

gentle signs unto  
a thinning, fibrous symbol  
: rest

★

hands silent near  
accompanying  
: thought

★

some better strangers  
navigate the unfamiliar  
: cavities

★

until depth scopes  
brevity with  
: alacrity

★

a farm of wheat  
and hens  
: feeding

Sheila E. Murphy

clo - thing  
impasses

wizened spring  
chi modified by

color in deciduous  
implants

rationable  
potency of sun

remands the capsized  
faultline

with a harbor  
and a bridge to watch

from elsewhere  
at last





mid)rib 5



Danielle Aubert

few adult persons can see nature.

Daniel F. Bradley

white witch 3

Margarita Delcheva

Catching Up

Elegy to the Whale

Brandon Freels

02

24

Jane A. Lewty

Con-Sign/En-Sign

Stephen Mosblech

Pinku

Douglas Piccinnini

Nonspecialist

Donkey Osseous

Kim Rosenfield

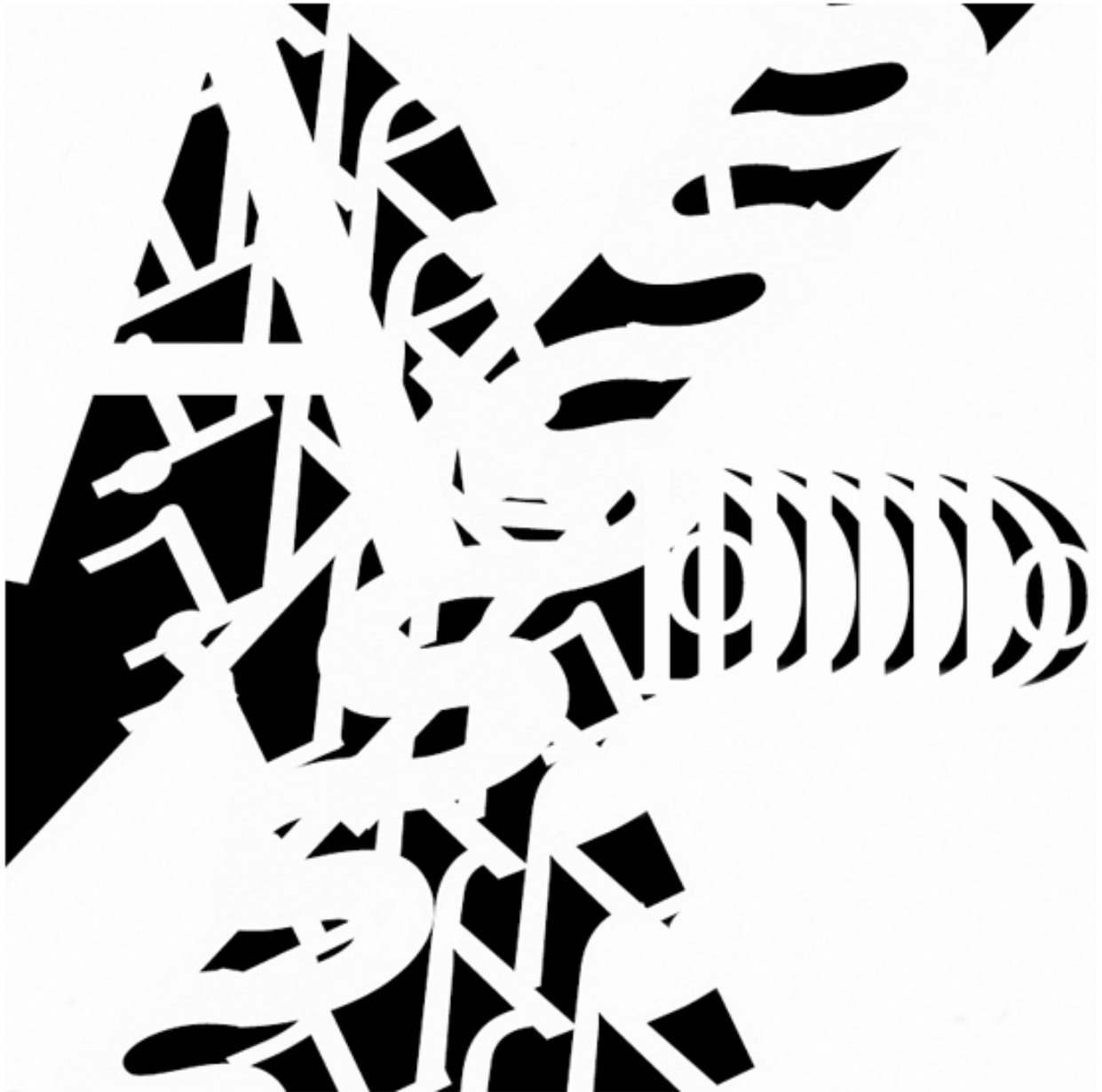
Inspiration Soup

Kim Rosenfield's Fondue Nachateloise

Matina Stamatakis

The Soul (sans Dostoevsky)





We live in the hurricane bubble.  
Our shifts follow the irregular  
demand of a home.

How did we get here  
in this empty shooting gallery?  
We ran into the middle, Marisa answers.

In villages we pass – the abandoned food  
unbuttons its eye for us.  
The storm migrates us  
to some ocean floor  
etched like the roofs of our mouths.

We walk on the sand,  
scraped dry by our furious vehicle.  
For the crimes we've surrendered to,  
you hope the storm never subsides.

Up the mountains I navigate a dirigible  
to catch up to the calm sun  
of our bubble. She hopes  
the swiped frame of this home  
lingers as ours.

The secret of about-time  
hangs in my earring.  
Before its ticking becomes  
silence to us, I should touch a needle  
to our walls.

Even now I have one slack pair  
of wishy-washy regrets.  
I still love the whale,  
the small lisp in his eye.

Back in the library we played frolicking,  
though it was a mere signifier.  
The purpose was to grow golden  
grasses from the floor with spilt beer.  
The result was: I blushed a blue hue.

Later I said *sad hand wave*. The whale opened  
his eyes as big as a child  
and green. He didn't smile his jaw  
at the fishtank for his birthday, either.  
He told me how feeless gulls crash

land, how when I go to sleep  
I should think of the gargoyles  
safely hidden under my bed.  
I asked him to rhyme  
"one word" with "itself."

The whale became a drugmule  
for my idealistic terminology. I asked  
from him both frame and variable.  
He must be a rich whale to take in  
that dirty sea.

I was to sculpt a mohawk  
out of his iced spout. My scissors  
were huge. He staked them  
on my fingers and shaped his maw  
into the word *cut*.

Brandon Freels



Brandon Freels



**Con-sign/En-sign**                      **[you'll never get who you want]**

In caves of the cross (u) along-shelf (i) is water blackened by an overhang.

U, I etc. in a letterform writes the agent  
a triestine breathing call-note of the dark    designing  
a thing like an angel

                    Angel: a formula for how  
you cannot help, will not  
and unto you it is given to know                      a numberless deep-pitch to long unsayable  
A worked-out key with eyes closed— if you aren't already—

*if you talk about any code, someone will die It's as simple as that You think you're tired don't you? Then imagine how tired an agent feels who's had no sleep for 3 nights and has to encode a message All she has is a vital message which she must transmit Now a question: hasn't that agent a right to make a mistake in her coding? And if she does, must she pay for it with her life? Must she come on the air again to repeat her message whilst direction-finding counter-agents detect her bearings? Perhaps no-one has told you that many agents are women Of all ages Once, HQ tried 4000 keys to break one indecipherable (i.e. corrupted) message and succeeded on the 4000th and 2nd You'll find that double-transposition is easier to joke about than to crack:* <sup>3</sup>

I need  
                    some kind of acrostic for safe    (to mean saved, you know)

to work here.                      Though Rilke hated Calvinism:  
Every time I re-encode an indecipherable I  
am providing you with another  
part of the poem.    Such as five mandates of grace:

**Total Depravity** (also known as Total Inability and Original Sin)  
**Unconditional Election**  
**Limited Atonement** (known as Particular Atonement)  
**Irresistible Grace**  
**Perseverance of the Saints** (known as Once Saved Always Saved)

An attack of "Morse-cramp": the slightest deviation of touch can confuse the indicator group: U (-). Can be transmitted as V (-.-), and the commonest letter of all, E (.) can easily become the next commonest letter, T (-). Here's what:

**Y O U D O N T**  
11. 8. 2. 2. 9. 8. 14. 8. 33. 8 47. 3. Repeat.

Odd how this—what I am trying to get—you— your indecipherable  
sent word                      will always  
                    whisper to me                      (madly) in its complex coding sleep.

<sup>3</sup> Leo Marx, *Between Silk and Cyanide: A Codebreaker's War, 1941-1945*. London: Simon and Schuster, 1998: 441.



# Stephen Mosblech

the PERSONS:

VICTIM  
FEMALE VICTIM  
MASS of VICTIMS

SPACE: White room.  
Hooded victim center, shirtless.  
Straw mat on floor.

VICTIM carves into flesh of his chest:

I love  
Pig flesh

Into flesh of left arm: Slash

Cut to: Hooded figures milling.

Cut to: cutting  
into foot: &

right arm: burn

VOICE OVER: slash & burn  
Paramedic tactics

Hooded figures milling.  
Figure lifts arms heavy breathing:  
VOICE OVER: *Gemurmel der Adern ewig ewig*  
[subtitle displays: The veins eternal murmur, eternal]

Hooded victims milling slowly.

*Geldmantel* in breath  
Gold Jacket  
Breathe and be free.

Figure sits.

Hooded female victim seated naked except yellow jacket. Close up of smiles and teeth of the hooded. A hooded masturbating. Unshaven lips, smiles, teeth, breathing darkens to credits.

Credits Music: *Don't Let My Girlfriend Tickle Me* by Sim Sisamouth, from Cambodian  
Cassette Archives.

dream hotel a thing once called um  
me like yours noncompletion um  
mine when we sang we saturned  
beneath the april sign—a datum  
discharged—may june sag the flesh zeppelin  
spring! in my stump let's look at the  
juice masks | resectored nap  
why not vegetable someone to structural  
misfired tasks [...] look at my stump

was red  
was rough  
est tough  
est frail  
est whale  
around a bloke to smoke  
as though cokey split China-  
town to kick the gong around  
a dream about a thing  
at home a diamond plug  
he gave her a town  
house and his horse  
pissed a million times

**Kim Rosenfield's INSPIRATION SOUP★**

**3 cups wage labor**  
**2 cups slave labor**  
**1 ½ cups snipped “Touch Me Not”**  
**1 cup drained common political concept**  
**1 cup drained attitude toward violence and war**  
**½ cup strained, shocked grass roots**  
**2 ribs on this earth, chopped**  
**4 packets “invisible” relations dissolved in water**  
**4 envelops land, machines, people, drained and well-rinsed**  
**1 cup inquiry “unveiling”**  
**Few drops individual mother from the powder keg**  
**½ cup dehydrated idea of the value or size of the surplus product**  
**Careerism to taste**  
**“World overkill” to taste**  
**Dash “world spirit”**  
**Dash being**  
**Dash “in itself”**  
**Dash productive**  
**Dash “objective”**  
**Dash extend**

Combine the effected, academically superior form of expression with itself plus liquid, plus “hidden” liquid. Mix thoroughly then bring to a rolling boil. Sprinkle in the so-called “multis.” Stir in natural. Simmer natural. Divide evenly into small egg- cups and serve garnished with the slogan: “My Belly Belongs to Me.”

Note: Practically all the ingredients for this recipe will have to be secured at a Frauenforum. Find One! It's worth it!

**Kim Rosenfield's**  
**FONDUE NEUCHÂTELOISE\***  
(Melted Cheese Neuchâtel Fashion)  
(Sole Survivor of a Botched Heist Performed by a Group of Master Criminals)

<b>½ pound grated powerful body memory</b>	<b>generous pinch her strained, croaking tone</b>
<b>1 tablespoon unrelated concerns or points of reference</b>	<b>3 tablespoons “DON’T DIE!”</b>
<b>1 cut semblance of hale fellow comfort or gallows humor</b>	<b>10 cubes of “I am not shit! I am not!”</b>
<b>1 cup dry vulnerability, shame, and uncertainty</b>	

**Serves 4**

**FIRST** Dredge in a shallow bowl the things that were beginning to feel unreal. Ice them inside and on the tops and sides. The main precaution is, of course, the dwarfed and humbled self-in-birth. Make sure that they’re young. The younger the better.

**SECOND** Rub a hard-to-soothe baby until it turns a little limp and is thoroughly coated. The French always tell you to—“Fatiguez la salade.”

**THIRD** When the Fondue is lost to a world that accepts it crying, wriggling up into a ball, crying, instruct the guests to spear each comprised erotic antennae, dip it, and eat it while still very hot.

**NOTE** This dish can establish your reputation as a very special chef. I would like to think that a channel opened that will not totally disappear. Remember to keep the screaming and raging, the torture chamber, the being forgotten at school, being forgotten at birthday parties, warm. Pouring it into individual cups or plates is a temptation, but disastrous, as it very quickly becomes a colostomy perceived as a vagina. This is a recipe well worth trying, if only for the reputation it will bring you!

(\*These recipes were commissioned by the artist Suzanne Bocanegra as part of a poetry/recipe/visual art project she is compiling).



I: Exist



I: Flourish



I: Exit