

**PUPPY
FLOWERS
EIGHT**

CAMILLE MARTIN

TRACE REPORTS

i

flashes of washed light some days,
others, slippered beliefs. a nether
being of intricate garlands
returns to the familiar
dream district "here," whose
blank staggered ends & bends
ravel or unravel
nothing to swear by
by open candle,
embouchure emboldened & contested
in a hobby of trial balloons,
feet melting into earth
hunch by hourly hunch

until orange begets pomegranate until
incumbent matter and shadow
confabulate the letter
“yes” until festooned freedom
or some other calumny blurs
the boundaries of the very edge happy
apollonian until one carries one’s own sinews and
sutures split bones and spilt marrow across
the dividing line looming unexpected
until tone deaf the clocked republic redundantly
delivers its fractaled eulogies until
it loves its enemies until that love
delves speaks twists

indigenous to metropole,
rotary biceps dividends
blast strewn frets,
bendable frames, & sailable grids
while one swaggering nobody
at duty free & episodic midnight
hews zero stopgap disguises
from obsessive missteps
within a rolling scenery that sounds
pervasive busy signals,
while nobody's flock at four o'clock
among watery hills
dips & rises

sometimes quicksand's verve
persuades me that i am awake
coalescing in the best of all possible
tiny whirls in a big spin
inscribed with smoke,
once a boon, now lucky
to escape an ordinary shed burning
in the trickle of dusk.
if i am the violet banner of my body
I am also possibly
an involuntary wash of thought
redeeming bewilderment,
swirling in fake colors,
an accidental personality
caught in headlights

portable storm trinkets
like scattered hints
in a fundamental canyon
seen softly through glass
or emulsified sleep,
home a direction on the road
a long way down way
down to a practical
coronation though grieved
in one's idyllic flotilla aggregates,
iridescent fauna
persuaded to wait
in corners that branch out in the name
of indigo wings winging
all day long

words rumble & float
wrapping around hills
like social pressure
dormant within their ignorance
happy & satisfied coming to a standstill
rehearsing the genesis of every particle
& twisting ordinary bus stops into pellucid theology,
heartbeats & mythologies in the making
imprisoning the things
destruction takes kindly to
before secession starts halving space
one tabernacle per joust
have we invented the anvil yet
does it work

TED MATHYS

INVENTORY

Box springs plus mattress where we barely slept
together, storm torn of our scent, exposed
black coils, abandoned, a ribcage
on a drift of snow; three cinder blocks stacked
in a miniature plinth, absent of statuary,
as if their sole purpose was to buttress
the time of our singing or the ceiling of the sky;
between two skylights, a steel ladder fastened
with ladder jacks, empty rungs up the slope
of a wet slate roof, no one ascending
toward the wet crow at the peak, pacing;
an abandoned wok, silver and overturned
at the base of the air shaft like an ear to the ground;
the first story I couldn't remember, the second story I had to forget;
the wooden spoon beside me, ovular and still
in the shape of your face; the wet crow appears
to be staring at me, I appear to be staring back,
there does not appear an exit, no escape;
only the coolness of this wrought iron fire
escape railing, alone with its shadows, its angular blue;
screw these fingernails, too damn healthy; a phalanx
of matchsticks stuck in the flowerpot; the daddy
longlegs drinking from a puddle of milk;
how each escape seems merely wrought; the former
iron and fire hovering somewhere above *the first
story I couldn't remember, the second story I had to forget;*
while on the third story ledge our suicidal cat, no more, no
less suicidal than when you left, still bats his scabbed
boxer paws toward an invisible canary beyond

A BIAS TOWARD STRINGS

A martial formation of buses pregnant with eighth graders making
successive lefts to the semaphore of a traffic cop. A two step
and two breaths ambrosial with whiskey becoming casual
sex no strings attached. The tense and tension shift of a strung
out cowboy boot salesman as he roasts cocaine on a spoon.
Garden hoses coiled by a wort bucket of brew in the basement.
Waiting for his call the T of today meeting the S of her yes
in copper wire causing the cordless to string. A basketball net
frozen into a trapezoidal funnel and the basketball arrested
halfway to completion. The R from a shoestring on a boy's lost shoe
waking the wasp to sting him on the sock. A snake of snowmobile
headlights at night cutting a radial path toward the center of a lake.
After a brutal facemask a bench clearer ejections suspensions
a second string quarterback getting the start. The sac of spider eggs
wound fast with spinnerets mislaid in a sow's eye and the spider
ascending its string to the beam. The N out of no toward the now,
the I out of is toward the am. A woman in the rear of a funeral
procession at an intersection floating through the G of green and gone.

from SCATTERPAW

~

YOU CAN TAKE YOUR PUREBRED GREYHOUND
and shove it. Or you can take your purebred Greyhound
and race it. If you shove it and it topples, you abbreviated
too closely its genealogical sycamore,
which is why it's lying there with a cleft
palate, retinal atrophy and hemophilia. Shoot it. If you shove it
and it stands its ground, shove it again. If again
it won't topple it's because you're tautological.
Your purebred Greyhound is the most loyal
because it is the strongest and the strongest
because it is the most loyal to you. If you don't
take your greyhound and shove it, but
take your purebred and race it, it will throw mad
for *Sparky* the fake rabbit on the oval handrail
across the circuit, ending in Wheeling,
where my genealogical sycamore is thick and several
branches ago a coal miner met his psychopomp in the shaft.
Disaster, slag fall, murder, cave in, methane, all
we know is my great grandfather
coming home in a helix of dust and soot in
his socks, extending his arm to his wife.
*Don't ask me no questions, Pearl. Burn
my boots. Going to Indianapolis. Just burn my goddamn boots.*

~

THE YELLOW FLYSWATTER is innocuous
enough as an instrument in and of
itself. As a physical
object the yellow flyswatter is necessary
for the formation of identity. When the twisted wire
handle is in my hand I become self
aware I am an agent of death. I am an agent of death with
or without the yellow flyswatter but were there is a dearth
of flyswatters I might forget I was an agent of death,
maim wantonly, inadvertently. Admittedly,
I am not an avant garde lesbian poet from Allegheny.
In Bryant Park Stein's bronze form sits Indian
style on her plinth during Fashion
Week like the last kid picked
for a game of all out dodge ball.
Pigeons are democratic with crap, an omen
in the Caribbean but not on her lap. I visit her
with a yellow flyswatter. I am I and I am
tenderly wiping white excrement from her buttons.
"I am I because my little dog knows me,"
she says. She says the opposite of what she means, she is
binary. Yellow flyswatters make her an agent
of death but her little dog does not
make her a grownup. "Stop

rubbing my buttons.” She says exactly
what she means, I recoil, scoop
up her little dog, we leave
with the yellow flyswatter, we try
to let her be to be her to be when is it that they are shy

~

WHEN HER GUNDOG DISREGARDS entreaties
to return, Penny names him Sadness after
which he hurdles the crick with an obliterated
pheasant flailing in his jowls. Later
replaced by sloth, sadness was among the original
cardinals. When a sin is deadly depends
on God the Devil and the Pope.
God is down to earth the Devil is up
to earth but the Pope, Penny, and Sadness
are of the earth and the earth is rife
with pheasants fit for ammunition.
Penny sates herself on fowl
sautéed in bacon fat and apple cider while Sadness laps
water from a pail, waiting for a gizzard.
Onscreen the Pope chastises Castro and verges
on decay. Penny licks
her plate and fork and eyes
her shotgun propped in the corner
near a plug and a pile of skeet. Pull.
Sadness is hungry but patient, sadness is quiet,
loyal, curled on the floor. Pull.

~

THE UNEARTHED MESOPOTAMIAN
terra cotta bitch statuette couldn't give a rat's ass
about Benji, Old Yeller or Rin Tin Tin but each
has been conceived as a vestibule for faithfulness.
The Cynics contend that Argus should have barked
and held out for gifts from Odysseus before keeling but having
waited for decades and passed the test
of knowledge and ignorance by recognizing disguised
camaraderie where humans couldn't, he exercised
his right to lick a calf, urinate in a circle, die
immediately on the slate. Freud's love of his chow
marred his theory of abjection and the human condition
of excrement abhorrence, which falls utterly
apart with litter laws. When the Upper
East Sider walks her chow through the park
with a plastic baggie on her fist and we watch
her lovingly collect steaming scat, it is the only
avenue for feces to enter into the social
consciousness of our advanced industrial urban society.
Yes, we are cynically walking our beagle off
leash to pick up chicks but there are two kinds of candor: acceptable
candor, which is self effacing, and unacceptable

candor, which is candor. Gentle reader,
I am not deft enough to coddle you but Argus was
the first and only true philosopher and last
night I tied one on and tried to eat
an entire tulip hoping only to open
my mouth and hear something other than the silent
dog whistle of *breath*.

~

IF I WERE TO TORTURE ONE PETER STUBBE
I would not decapitate him before burning him
as his dimwit torturers did for getting doped up
on a pharmacopeia of nightshade and henbane based
by a salve of pig fat turpentine and olive oil to shapeshift
into a werewolf and kill sixteenth century German inhabitants
with his *mightye pawes* leaving the *Armes & legges of dead
Men, Women, and Children scattered up and down the feelds
to our great greefe and vexation of hart*. If I were
to torture one Mr. H. I would not use electricity
as his amateur torturers did for ingesting LSD and a pinch of rat
poison to shapeshift into a werewolf and abscond with the verve, go
AWOL from the Army training camp in the Black Forest seeing fur
on his hands and face, chasing down and devouring
live rabbits. If I were to torture these men I would torture them
brutally with battle tools from the Age of Chivalry
Morning Star, War Hammer, Battle Ax, Daggar, Flail, Mace, Glaive,
Partisan, Bill and Catchpole and when it was done
there would be very little carrion for the dogs to feed on.
If I were to torture these men the torture would not be
for lack of understanding, which would be moral hubris for me,
nor for total understanding, which would be spiritual torpor for me,
but because I am in them and they are in me and though I am I
because my little dog knows me, they are they
because they know the forest in ways I do not.

DUSTIN WILLIAMSON

A LITTLE WET

I must admit I see light the destructive
shake of a single thigh reflected in
my shaking eyelash cuz we're condition
ed like Zack is in love so his hair
is conditioned here at last our tight
construction "lifting all boats" or
"lifting you back" as improper lifting
threw out my back on a path to Sun
Rise Foods walking only on the alley
flowers "those dismal moments hitting
you back" somewhere between a song
and real life and that's not a fair way to
live an evening the tribulation
but who needs it, baby a strip of light
the ever earthy pen when I heard
a finger tapping through the wall on the
other side of the wall
but every time just for me
it's that damn fleshy stitch a less dismal
moment appears in the drizzle
you guard the box against beat back
the sogginess yet through the bottom
a further demonstration of the ongoing
war between oil and water
working on this Milwaukee the great
third rate because we have so much
going on and it's not like that at all
betting on which friend will get hit
by an equation first the international
consequence of light among the youth
a crusty moment they call "black lung"
for a reason do our homes protect us
from clerical danger way long ago
in a fire proof tent a calm moment
before the contagion
as a poker is reflected in Zack's shaking
eyelids conditioned with betting on
this one or this one I must admit
to adding pulp to the filtered light
a proposition in the rain is just that, wet
the erotic moment of spitting
on the pavement to see her eyes
go just wide the course shifting in
the sand around the plastic ends of her
shoelaces is this what it's like to
make no sound at all the meaningful
clear throat the noise needed to clear
the throat this is what it's like to wish for

some crackle a poem written under
the dish water where it cuts my hands, so what
so Al the lawn mower came to curtain
call without a costume to show she has
shape a convenience of some renown
call out to Apollo or the big D
a flagon full of cold medicine
tucked into the sock w/ rouge bits of shadow
sewn w/dismal little flowers waiting for
the garbage to bloom next to the
bus stop propositioning without asking
for a thing thinking "let's get out of the
water" it was all around us, whale shit

IF NOT THE BRIDGE, THE BIT SOGGY

A commercial break from the time
of our greatest importance
on the Locust Bridge,
a bag that you've run over
before realizing
there's something inside
The onset of adult face
The sheer dog in the road
ness of it Four wheel drive
through a caesura of chicken wings
Attention as a desperate calling
like a stripper in the margins
sheds dirty letters
down to an article Waiting
for an obscene phone call
or a bit of wind
To lift the bits of bag over the bridge
so the river can get back
to watching the 10 o'clock news
"which is my favorite program,
current events and all that"
Feet and cars pass in a freak
accident of dawn
which only shows as my reflection
of snowmobile tricks
over the SYD NEY HI building
While in another city
your TV was for a second level
with my window on the METRA
To be considered a vandal
tho the marks left
quickly dissolve in the current
on the way to Lake Michigan
To be soluble
going for groceries and never
coming back again
to fade,
that murmur and quieting focus

ONWARD ON PIERCE TOGETHER

short on the year & asbestos/ must
mean I'm fire proof only part
of the year/ a mild force running
around the room/ or
hibernating during the passion/
play/ while Mexicans pull a coffin
down Center St./ even the Romans
spoke Spanish/ even the bears
wash their hands of this/ knowing
most of you are making other plans/
so I see out of the buttons/ on yr
western pearl buttons/ even then
I'm not buying flowers from the
guy/ selling flowers/ every night
in every bar on Center St./ on
the radio/ in the radio state/
outside of which the reception
gets less protective/ as the moment
gets more crowded/ in the Milwaukee
tree/ or sapling/ or Byzantine/ but
certainly not the Renaissance/ unless
the beam emanates from the forehead
of the girl that waits/ upon what
the drink I'm not the verb of/ or am
the recipient of/ so what
the weekend/ ends unsuccessfully
in a wax museum/ is this Peter
Lorre/ or just Karl in a bra/ but
I suppose we're past/ mythologizing
even if I'm not/ & my life built around
sleep/ & that never lasts long enough/
knowing most of you are making/ other
plans/ this is what being feels like/
River Horse among all the engaged
girls/ I should know better/ over zeal
ous/ perhaps if that means a mouth
gets full of a quantity/ all good
till the man/ with the man/ with
the tattooed face/ w/ flourish/
when addition/ looks obvious like
a sharpie pen/ all bouncing/ for what
the bounce of some girl/ who'll not be
going home tonight/ or clarified/
you are home tonight/ who'll have
this type of antique workings/ for
the kind of sleeping/ that praises
Karl for necessity/ oh goody
Karl bought a new picture/ &
mean pitcher/ the wildness/ of what
we are/ like the morning is closer for
you Yankees closer to the sun/ the

studded jacket won't work for long/
& yr beard does/ not give you
the right/ to dance quite like that

THE COLONIES BREAK FREE AGAIN

A matter of what doesn't turn out
despite the interest in toast
in the act of toast Which has
a larger fan base than you might
believe based on the crowd
which after all is just you
and a twist tie I forgot to
Even the CD player says good bye
& there was a riot so it was raining hard
on the finger in my burrito
"to show I'm a bigger man, I'll
just eat around it"
Of course the bridge to nowhere
ends in Bay View A bit of nowhere
I don't mind being driven to
waiting to fall into a good time
worrying what's at the top of
any building A patch of land
we cannot land upon & "I smell
the bleach on my hands", which is
obviously different than saying "my
hands smell like bleach" My fished
fingers in the tee shirt weather
Pretending not to chew the laces
The floor which pretends the ice is not
chewed Along "they shake the neck
as such" The tightness of a spot
Swept aside In the present company
Passed half sounds The damaged
physical weight Naked in the garage
The strung tennis ball against
the forehead Far enough in
to not crush the kids' bikes
Or a repetition of an earlier sound
in both ears stuck in the act of
minimizing a hair cut An orange
picked apart under the table with
O those pertinent nails When you're
saying it was a good time,
you're forgetting how we felt then

BRITTA KALLEVANG

A Fix

a bar held
sin sun
fees wind him
a way things
walk on
a day a day
you air land
on bud
bar a fee for
chess is too
much
pip in life
wuff wuff
strewn across
canvas
buffalo hair
down to the roots
which planet did
that guy with
the dancy wig
cry by
that crab has an eye tic
too much
to cigs
takes too much take
visits body that
hill past hell
many coins
coins and cigs
all an act column
an act
call him
two too

A CAMEO

things in life swell
to the river. i
make my bed at home.
cellar stairs crackle. whispers
come through me to me they say
nothing. nothing comes to mind.
the shadow of a gnat crosses my chest.
i pick up a guitar and this, too, feels somehow.
sorry about the sponge droppings. the
seaweed waves good bye. this signature, benevolent
omen. the man at the fair, he is there by the gigantic
switch. he pulls he pushes. fair is fair.
i think a nest of doves might be your next. great
feature. mountains make. i know it is mine. swimming
the digestive track, little shards of glass make
a tacit black. a black moment is a forgotten.
a printed thought is a
black, featureless screen. this remains
the same structured chair. white wicker crackles
under fire, losing its structure, hurting its wires. like a
madman's handshake. his grip.

1

they say the water will win and they're right if they know this lassoing to be true I'm about to lasso you too to the ring in the sky in people's hands the sun went by you never saw that chance to hold the moon to hold the heavy changing of guards or planets

2

a bizarre killing of beliefs those photographs with our hands boxes bend in the rain make a strange song their flesh kissing mud beneath heavy hungry clouds and you were there i know what karmic shampoo i used in grade school something strawberry beneath the porch knowledge at night is me sitting on the bed writing poetry wondering what weather god looks down and what they'll have me do to say to draw some diagram maybe alphabet why must i act the teacher they'll tell me to find it hitting the bathroom floor the colors and pattern the tiles make what my head takes

3

open handed words are quite handy to have when green bed silver times spoons roll through my window we lived in a car on the simple road in books read and called through some quiet swirled screen to discuss effective advertising the words tingle as they think of a white framed abyss miss much can't you get in and can you reply cat i don't think it's a good idea and neither do your words you people

4

the opposite of chaos is chaos and no reversing moving places through a colored screen words dance across like chicken scratching much love a little too soon a match skidded across sand some car got fired from this quaint to have you next to me in my drool spool pile where laundry i think vacuum whenever we talk it all comes up beer at a table so high it's like standing sitting but we havent found a folded unfolded table you know a patch of undercover spring spray a weathered vine attempt to deforest the winter frost make a music finger of the one time only sky and take a second snow

5

that cat pissed in the sink and let the water boil over it's not the first time it will be the last if you see me in the mirror run because i'll take you down to the ends of your precipice that ketchup oven idea is what's so in your mouth last to overcome its last fast and run attitude to green covers catch you in your thought came into onion and danced did in fact drink too many gin gimlets thatts forte too much for this planet say to the camera something everyone is waiting to hear that this weekend is the last blasted pat you get the whiff of my oh god i could kill something what marks you i cleaned from the sliding glass door to the backyard so we couldn't do anything but look and cry that's where i grew up in weeds mud and trash thrown over the fence from the ally from the past take and make it mood they want us to make sensible haiku of favorite fast mind that mind that magic crisp dirt mind a hot house this cat knows what catches clothes flames what avoids them without reason without ears without whiskers like whiskers in case the other in case i forgot i should replace something i forgot

6

proverbial angel in a tea house takes its wig and sets fire to the ends of leaf lives take that down on paper set fire to kill the matter i see snow through you and the outline of paper clothes soaked in snow makes you disappear don't climb near the furnace factory guts exposed to the elements oh sailors oh water around face of earth oh you

in the mirror of the moon you are the peach fuzz of the facade called volcanic
disappointment i grew up in mexico and never ate a burrito when the world ended it
looked like this he said and shot the espresso exposing each atom's caffeine trap i
just sank my teeth into the table fruit by the door as it snows we never save the day
may it close

7

my in and outside space covers clover and saplings by the brook in a white village of
fences we breathe and exhale all day long the tip of your tongue touches since we
cannot see the cold of being lost beneath a bridge of cement connected to towering
walls of cement, cement beneath our feet in a picture of death we dream about ocean
and it's before seconds build into interminable space seizures of early to bed ladies
we without a flag are in the whole comet touching noses and toes we lie in a frying
pan in our backyard wizardland and everything's handed to us in a troubled plane we
intercept balls thrown though green turf isn't space game but bouncing ground to
test the time it takes to collapse that bridge

8

mithra snipped out of newspaper said regard her up high in regaled blue i wonder
occasionally at the silence of my body this morning i am in silent regard of process
the ends are inexistent and that's the trailhead marked up in the forest the nature i
am in the state of regard for a moment in bed this sense of doing things for those i
love and life writing reading expresses my need to live this doesn't make sense to me
either please don't worry that you're lost and i see that i am not a poor writer in fact i
am down under the rest of the world i am zarathustra nitzche i have just begun to
limbo this rest of the manuscript and it's ok to need to be still it's ok this thing likes
to fly away while i hold it closer that is the thing of love i love this makes me mingle
with foreigners and i love that too i love love the winged bug on my forearm while i
write he is perhaps asexual as we spoke of in the soft light of discussion
predetermined nothing freewill is in the free bin of decision and that's ok to arrange
and rearrange words words have a notion a nothing and it's strange to see you here in
place with me it's strange that you're right next to the state of ocean in me running
through my veins this time the office has its light on at the right time we are running
a cable through the wall we will sit there until we're done

TINA CELONA

DISCOURSE

The picture of the monster getting ready to eat another monster is my favorite. Don't ask me what a yin yang is doing between them, or why they seem to be emerging from the shadows. They both have their mouths open as if they are breathing or screaming.

Here is an animal biting a man. It is on his back and it is biting him from behind. They look like a maze.

Here he is preaching to the animals in the desert. They are shrimp creatures. If it were in color his heart would be pink. He is happy to see them. He is raising his crook to them.

I like *The Book Of Ancient American Proverbs* but I love you.

A horse is standing up on its hind legs. Another horse is pawing the ground. It is the Scene of Comical Riders. In all there are three horse beasts and one rider.

I want to ask Renee what she thinks of Paul Klee but I am too embarrassed. I am glad Renee does not ask me what I think of Anne Sexton.

A cloud is following that train. Or perhaps a giant elbow.

I am not yet at the point where I breathe poetry. Can I end the poem like this? In this picture her head is broken off and his arm is cheese.

Robin is bringing me lotion. I love her I love Robin. She is a talented aromatherapist. She and Amy and Frank they are all good people. The interesting thing about Dr. Friedes is he does not eat vegetables. He is a steak and hamburger man. That's OK my family is carnivorous too.

EVENT DIARY

That evening I am thrilled to discover I am still alive. I breathe and it makes a whistling sound. I gnash my teeth and make Dracula faces and stay outside in the car until it is too late.

When I finally do it I realize I have been putting it off all day. The polar bear tipped me off but I was still surprised when I woke up this morning with a rubber heart.

Stop, come back says the dollhouse father. The dollhouse mother walks away and falls through the door. Here, Mother, take these wooden eggs, says the son. Oh, Mother, what's that under your dress?

The elements of our day were as follows: church, graveyard, community garden, Luna Park, museum park, museum, car, Golden Gate Park, bar, reading, car. I reach for my coffee nastily as a dumbbell nebula fizzes in the distance.

Is there any more?

Naturally there is, there's John Godfrey. He's come all the way from Brooklyn and Bill Berkson, Leslie Scalapino and Kevin Killian are in the audience. Bill and Kevin ignore me but Leslie says hi.

There's a field full of nasturtiums and a ratty columbine and the headlight crashes down the trash chute to land in a quivering pile of filaments and Tic Tacs. I light a little pyre in the yard and wander around aimlessly thinking about things. Then I realize the things are actually thinking about me.

AT THE RATE OF TWO POMPOMS A DAY

At the rate of two pompoms a day
You recorded your impressions of death.
I was easier with myself and when I drank wine I was easier still.
The silence on Sunday was deafening, as was the seepage
In the closet under the stairs.
Traveling burned off my cleverness.
The contents of my brain were insipid and tasteless.
I washed off the broom with detergent, then set it back in the closet.
It was hard to write about asparagus in pea season;
Death glared like an inconstant toad.
My friend stepped off the plane and into my life.
Her distraction was beautiful.
"Why don't you wear that hat with the shades?"
To this she responded with a long, shallow moan.
"You wear your nonsense like a pompom."

MOUSES OF MISERY

I danced like an elf on top of a mushroom.
The mushroom bent under my ponderous steps.
I straddled the mushroom and invoked the Creator.
This met with no reaction and I considered
Pontificating about widowhood.

I danced like a midget on the corpse of my benefactor.
It collapsed, consumed by voracious euphemisms.
With a roll of the die I summoned the Deity.
With a loll of the head you inflicted the TV.
I knew then that wisdom was not a brand of beer.

The elf of my mushroom rotated like
Dirty sheep in their hive.
It burned, sending up tumors of honey.
Flotillas of dolphins floated me to freedom.
Mouses of misery chastened me in my solitude.

I mushed on my mushroom to nodules
Of nonsense. The cavernous chateau
Wet me like the Nile. Holy, holy
Chanted the nurses of Creation.
A thousand nuts spilled from their wimples.

WHEN I TAKE OFF MY TOP HAT

When I take off my top hat
I tap my head:
Despite the suave fugue
As if wine and egg
Separated.
A newborn ant, claret
Across my foot
Boosted the circulation, wiped its antennae
Ascending a rapid stairway
The slow vulva that you are:
Meat and foot: entire enemies.

THE LICHEN AND THE STONE

The lichen riding on the stone
Gummy and green, encircling
The blue mass of the jerboa,
Extends its writing
On the sea
Of rented rocks.
The lee of the earth, the murderous mollusks
And the reverted fish
Skip from stone to stone like fries.
In the long and significant silence
You can hear the clear caddy of the coast.

The liquor I extend to my mother
Comes and goes like boobs:
Folded in the grunting air.
It seems we are bathing in water
That neither comes nor goes.

DYING

How to remove one from oneself
The disconnected rattle
Abrogating the testicles of cows,
Depositing the movement
Of the free air, the green wind.
Where no one declines
Unless there is a shady election,
A rising elevator
Of the dead eyes' retreat?

The official algae
Is establishing a raise
That will never be established,
Because the curiosity
Ravages the heart
Even as the virus ravages the lips and mouth.
Look at the pies
The friends will assent to.

GOLF

When you drag me
To the golf course
You must guard against
My razor and my sister's razor
Like the large cockroach seen
asleep in his carapace
Discussing our destruction.

Tales are hairless
A volcano in a cup
Tends your spirit, arranges yours
On the only, melancholy page.
With a green sun star
Snuffling there
As it describes my entire life,
Without words or interpretation:
A solitary shadowed gulf
In pale arms.

CATCH-FLOWER

The seven petals of the sea
Joined with the sun's corolla
In a loving diadem:
A red buoy
Leaps enamored
Of the thousand lips of the ovary
Of a rose so delicious
It lisps both sun and salt.

MICHAEL BERNSTEIN

THIS IS AN X-RAY

I.

eye

less beneath
shields that
bulbs render
dumb

gags applied
outside the *felt*
sense.junked
to streamline

against cap
illary rifts,
the implied
legs bottom
out

splints,vis
able through
ghettoes of
film

I.

all object
ions are
spayed

within the
roar of tran
slucence.the
wool is
removed

in seconds,
in corners
where the
spectrum
drains.the
product
drips

white,bored
by tics,un
mistakeable

I.

lead for
teeth and
the black
hangs

slick.hymns
pumping
against eros
ions drop
feeble

mines,
zeroed in the
fractured
pulse.now in
vertebrate

programming
reels the
negative though

brick,failing
homes for
perfect darts

ANGLES OF RETURN

Through
we remain
at odds
w/the
old math:
"re and
not

you cheated
everyone.in
the way
that space
dissolves in
tuition

re ".booted
through a
vent,col
lapsing on
itself,
suddenly

we eat.in
cesantly
cold in
places where
speech can't
manage.the
facts

aware of
its own
lack.the
previous terms
of measure
are im
potent.against
quiet's vertigo
flash

you couldn't
re
place sleep,un
repentently.crushed
along the lines
of wires or
an impossible
re
enactment

lights are
arranged
in hope.
to create
the im
pression of
fair weather

in hopes of
ignition.sha
dows are
drafted where
we hollow
the point

THE TAKE

hints at
color be
'neath the
same death

chant the way
you did
all three in

the Trumpet
Arms of
some factory
schisms worse
pimps a
llocated

new Police
thrumming
atonal bolero
w/in the club's

primped virus
tricks rampant
in spite of
yr gag

ing the counter
punch,
ceaselessly

aligning
other wise
jerks off
the same parade

baton's fire
wir'd in
yr sleep
yr shield

dead un
til the
lens caps ab
solute

sur
velliencence gives
us half
the takes.

we'll take
the rest

in ice,
where the chess
men scurry
in erasure

TRACEY McTAGUE

SALTO MORTALE

cutting off chicken heads
preserves one's "quant a' soi"
something pithy enough

something he knew he had missed
unattainable & improbable
the complete vision of all that he 'd lost

his fondness for gambling & wildflowers
humbles all indignity of domestic felicity
for poisoning his wife's bastards

so meanly housed
her hand's embroidery in the light & a likeness of her on paper
bits of wreckage possessed for now

21 CENTS LUCKY

For two dimes & a penny
the captain bought "the idle rich"
An urban nuisance
to accumulate & measure ignominy
against prodigious manipulation

Tijuana bans the monkey
a May December type of affair
for a hardmouthed man in a lucky barber chair

Salty translucence for a good cut
his progressive invisibility
among hotwalkers in the dusk
She spoke only the vernacular of soft sounds

NOSTOS

A king sensitive to the season's cycles
expects frequent visitors

Freedom of the liberated nose
& other dethroned monuments

Swans shot by the racemosas
everlasting moss abiding

Disposable masks
for disguised priests

Homecoming for elevator ladies
conversations of liftyorsha

A scandal unfit
for faithful old beaus

The gatekeeper removes his hat
they live together with sweet science

Totus tuus
not exactly the world but a closer approximation

MIND INSTRUCTIONS

barely a limb or so
above the line
into a semblance
of varied notes
all inside
the outline of fruit
brings news
of old vines
into forgeries written
for a wedding

LIVE FEED OF CEMETERY

cities thus divided
obey esteem
discontented with the empire

fatigue alights
into a glass eye
looking out
reflecting cartoon

a feather
a brief history of a shoe
and the foot therein
misfortune disdainful
more luxury than socks

his miserly indifference for glass
to persuade them of a thing
all dangers met
on a new road
the captain
is not dead

DAWN OF FANATICAL TONIC

I fear so
happy enough
some foul puppet on a stand
in a glazed future
ruined
by misdeed

pardon our appearance
while we inhabit this exquisite raiment
a natural consequence
a sign
a slow moving thing
a wounded thing on the floor

just an empty pageant's shadow
& sham flung into substance
to be curiously listless
is divinity in beauty beyond vision

it is the faithless who know
radiance in surrender
a part of them
hollowed into a perfect pearl
the chattering of evil houses
in a finer world

ETHAN FUGATE

PRESTO! DENTISTRY

Blood light from the window next door
and Baby Adventure is waving from the Lazyboy

with teeth that cause traffic accidents
involving livestock.
Incidentally, the streets in Red Hook

wear potholes for sleeves.
There isn't much difference

between the big ill and necessary bridge wearing
Bob Saget's face, the weight of the sea, and the Bureau
where you go to type the same thing over and over.

Well, it's April and levitation is occurring.
No big deal. Really.

FILE UNDER X

Well, it's May and the occurrence of levitation continues. Really, it's not a big deal.

After all: Adventure Baby and I are denizens of the spiritual world. We sailed the wide expanse of content. See: we have our own comic book.

See: here is a map behind glass in a box.
Androids are the caretakers. See: they are gigantic.

A ghostly farm is where we grow
dissident potatoes, read the latest issue,
ask each other "How's the tooth?"

A Polar there snuffles across invisible ice
dragging parts of a bicycle.

WHITHER THE UNIVERSE GOES, GO I—MAYBE

Half the distance and then half again
and only half aware of the least

remembrance of April.
Eventually, down the eventual
stumbling causal casualness we go.

Oh. So after casual conversation
what is left is the softer void.

Monkey destiny. The map is just talking
about monkey destiny. Secret Idea
has apparatus to detect most monkey infractions.

Thus making it up the monkey ensures
this is not the life for me to make.

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SNAP MY FINGERS

Wide screen adventure
and obsession with rain.

This dog's name is Lousy.

Five dice and moonlight. Suck
in your stomach
and give it your
karaoke best.

This dog is named Terminal.

I know how to
put this song inside
your head.

Especially since it is a rain song
with harmony and dogs.

Put fresh vegetables in that place and everyone
would go there

despite the tugboat people
and the ever escalating squid wars.

A little farther down the line
it was a short experiment
we didn't even wait
for lightning to power the mad science.

Singing all my blues away.
This pup you can call The Charm,

The rain shining
has it.

A piano with some strings
in the background

could be the Beatles or
it could be more hopefully
the Beach Boys .

Totally took their shirts off.

You wouldn't bring a dog
named Cartographer to the bar
would you?

Truncated or incomplete...
You aren't sure who it is
who butters your bread.

The rain shining.