

### Oak Video

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I don't want a view of the coast  
or the permanent coast I can live  
I'm adult or in and among those adults  
I'll be gone to a station at night  
crawl under the groin of a monk & live  
a tannic spirit & no property at dusk  
I don't want a view of a permanent groin  
in a sense, I don't want to improve

I have a lead foot on the positive flute  
I belong to a transit authority  
I have a lead foot on the adequate flute

I improve to the love of community  
floored by an oak that's not even satanic  
& quiet, but possibly there it's not far to love  
but it's travel & travel is great you remain  
like an oak that remains to get bent  
& *broadly* remains, give it time there's no choice  
in a way, not at all I can live above ground  
I'm in love with a transit sorority  
edit the groin of a monk & die  
I host the medical dusk I moan by force  
My goblin hair is homosexual & gold  
all counterfeit & blowing in the speed  
some hum some hum some hum some hum

"so hum along with them together"  
some hum along some moan some really moan  
"don't all moan along with them at once"  
"not necessarily" first think about  
how much that'd fucking rule

PASSIONATE SUBMISSION  
TO EXECUTIVE COMMAND  
FOR CHORAL MOANING  
WILL CONSOLIDATE  
SATANIC BALD AUTHORITY

SATANIC POWER IS  
ADMINISTRATIVE

HERETICS RETURNED  
TO ORDINARY PROFANATION  
ARE SUBMITTED  
TO A BARE UNWITTING  
FORFEITURE

SATANIC MOANING  
WILL IMPROVE  
THE MANAGERIAL  
SUFFICIENCY OF FUCKING  
RICK-ROLLED TO  
THE MANAGERIAL  
SUFFICIENCY OF FUCKING  
ORTHODOXY

POTERE SATANICO E  
AMMINISTRATIVO

TORNA ERETICI  
A PROFANAZIONI ORDINARIA  
NEL FAR CIO  
COSPIRA DI PRESENTARE  
GLI ERETICI DI DECADENZA  
OSCURO E INVOLONTARIO

Green in the bush  
Pink in the hand  
Hard on the eye  
For all I know  
I can't relax my grip

So many of my coins  
have been reduced  
to shining in the grass  
without me & my  
most productive stones  
will not break even

I'm a stern grandchild  
& permission crowns me  
terminally green  
Did you expect to fit  
a small gold chain  
over my head?

Nobody there was a time  
could part my legs  
I was a mermaid & I felt  
a terrible exemption  
pounding in me  
but if I wake up  
today a beast  
it's all imaginary  
This is night I swear

I took an oath to panic  
call it certainty's vibration  
make it drop away  
I need but what I need  
right now is worse  
return the videos by hand  
of folks who died on me  
in what we'd formerly

call spring in early ails  
I know it's late  
I know that store is dark  
& not my problem  
not exactly there's a  
night-drop in the weeds

I won't be caught dead red  
I want to be seen green  
Cause if you get seen green  
It means you got mad bread  
You'd better be wearin' jade  
To show that your stuff's laid  
Look out for the time change  
You need to be seen red  
Look out for the dead kid  
Who got to be real old  
I got to stay real hot  
So catch me in dead red  
The ultimate ring is gold  
The ultimate child is gold  
You need to be seen gold  
And after you GIVE IT SHINE  
Look out for the new kind  
You got to have old gold  
To get to be made gold  
To show that your stuff's laid  
Just move me the hot kind  
You got to all GIVE IT SHINE  
You got to be real laid

## CHRISTIE ANN REYNOLDS

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### Driving in the city is like starting an ancient civilization

I always kissed boys I felt sorry for or sorry for kissing. I felt accomplished  
In good deeds and karma and didn't blame accidents on accidents. For example,  
Not all cars will take us from the backseat and smash us through the windshield,  
but some do. And a crash doesn't leave any gorgeous scars if it leaves you alive.  
Most beautiful memory of life is landing on the grass. Centaurs appeared  
and circled my body like cartoonish vultures. We discussed my future  
full of griffin making and not listening to psychics who tell me I am already sick  
with telepathic abilities. One of them decided I was pretty enough, pretty  
like them and could stay. The village was then torn apart by a river and the river  
dried up from a drought and the drought was cured by a rain and the rain  
flooded out even the centipedes. The world oozed with gold coins.  
It did not glow like I thought it would.

### O ocean, you are the saddest excuse for a boyfriend

Somewhere over the tomorrow, a rainbow in my BedStuy would have  
Proved ancillary. Bartholomew pretends to be out when he is home pruning  
His paradise plants. He replaced me with a palm tree. Somewhere over  
The ugly rainbow, somewhere beyond a prismatic conflagration  
Of intelligent rain decay, the palm's leaves take my arm shapes.  
They lift to the sky in some my-body-is-a-temple  
Meditation meant to conform rather than free, and M. sits with me  
Underneath the same great sky. An immigrant nation of surfers  
Catch the last spittle of a wave and arrive fresh with anemone.  
Girls feign a faint in favor of being caught by salted biceps  
And rolled out to sea like wilted kelp.

## Where the streets have no name

You'll be waiting to hold me ballerina-style in just—when you said two shakes of a lamb's tail, I realized I had never seen a lamb from the inside. What could be more human? We have hair and teeth and so do tumors. I am wanting when it is almost Easter and there are only dead eggs to hold. In a clutch of rocks, I predict the future. A pressing of hands to hands. The scenery of the world going by in a whoosh like we were in cars, like we were defining the avenue with windy hair swoops. On this corner I saw a man get run over. We call our lives a mile measured by the things cars can do. We remember the man by kissing in front of the deli.

## Boyfriends and Tornadoes Happen Every 16 Seconds

In the distance, the boyfriend built a snow sculpture out of garbage cans. He used an apple core to make the snow garbage cans look real.

The boyfriend had never heard of the Mexican Revolution. He believed in the predictable propriety of rainbow spectrums.

He wrote: everything knows itself.  
He wrote: the refrigerator is as relevant as divorce.  
He wrote: I know where the red fern grows.  
Eventually, the dogs got to know him.

He wondered aloud about karma:

Is a duffel bag big enough to hold a body?  
Is a witch also a kind of modern woman?

The boyfriend rubbed one out inside of a tornado.

The next year the valley was filled with tiny men on tiny unicycles.

## There's a tornado in your pants

Lambs lose their wool.  
Really, it just pulls out in fluff  
When a tornado is in the air.  
At the moment of touchdown,  
The boyfriend becomes handsome again.  
The tornado is not a joke but if you say,  
He has a tornado in his pants,  
Then people might laugh.  
Or the tornado becomes a lovely way  
Of being terrified back into the arms  
Of the boyfriend.  
And you might run into the house as the glass  
Breaks and you might mistake  
A mistake for fate.  
The newspapers refuse to use the word terror,  
Unless they are speaking of the Chinese,  
Unless they are speaking of a natural disaster.  
But a tornado is a kind of naturally occurring  
Boyfriend with an unbelievable amount  
Of atmospheric pressure in his pants.  
The witch is famous with windmills,  
Gathers air in the petticoats of her kabooming.  
In one cackling eye there is a crack—  
A tornado hits the back of a Standard Poodle,  
Takes air on a puck shot  
And blows gargantuan across  
The middle class of your life,  
Across the boyfriend,  
And a farm of wilted scarecrows  
With an advanced expression of sorrow.  
The boyfriend stands there untouched and beautiful in his neon yellow hair.  
The witch holds your hand and wears pink.

# KATIE DEGENTESH

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## I Was Horny

Boys are interesting creatures.

The boy's body is unique.

Boys can see a mouse in the dark.

Their wings are huge and heavy.

The claws are as sharp as scalpels. They tear meat with their mouth.

They don't turn their eyes. They can hear a mouse running.

They have thick feathers in the inside, and they also have skinny feathers.

These are some characteristics or habits about boys.

The boys tear their prey, swallow it whole, and spit up pellets.

They prey on small things. Boys fly silently.

They see well in the dark, hunt at night and sleep in the daytime.

They scare others by fluffing up.

They blend in with the woods.

Boys eat many animals. The boy eats small prey.

Boys sometimes eat small rabbits. They like mice.

Their favorite is skunk. Most of the time boys eat raccoons.

Other nights they eat possum. Sometimes boys eat snakes.

Boys live in many places. Boys find their home in tree holes.

Boys live in tree trunks. Some boys on farms.

Some boys may live in bushes. Boys might live in forests.

Sometimes boys live in old buildings.

Other boys live in barns. Big boys live in cactus.

Boys are very cool.

Some boy characteristics are that they see very well at night.

Snow boys blend in well with the snow. Boys sleep in the day

and are awake during the night. They have very short necks which is how you notice them. Boys have very sharp claws called talons. These are used for catching their prey.

Boys are different from girls because they eat rabbits, mice, skunks, rats, snakes, lizards, and fish. When boys eat they sometimes tear and swallow. They eat by tearing and ripping with their mouths and claws. Some boys prey on girls. Boys hunt at night for night animals. You cannot hear boys when they are hunting at night because of their feathers.

Boys find their homes in many places like caves, tree holes, trunks, old buildings, farms, barns, bushes, airports, forests, and cactuses. There is a boy that lives in barns and its name is the Barn Boy. And there is a boy called the Snow Boy that lives in the snow.

Another boy lives in very, very old trees.

Boys live in places where it is very dark.

Boys in the desert live in cactuses and they get water from them.

They sometimes live in rain forests and tree trunks and holes.

Boys are very interesting to me and they are very cool.

I hope I can learn more about them. I hope I can go boy watching.

I hope boys never go extinct and I hope they never get endangered. I love boys.

## The Person Flattered Me

I think being a vet is going to be easy because I am a hard-working man.

I will need a space suit, air tank, food, boots and a helmet.

It will be bloody work, because my teacher said that it is bloody.

I mixed the ingredients from the box with warm water and grew my own green crystals.

Now I am going to have four children and one pair of twins.

I want to live in a really big house with 20 rooms.

If I am big, I will always go out and celebrate with my family.  
Let me tell you why I want to be a nurse.  
I want to be a nurse because you earn lots of money.

I will work all night and morning.  
I would help any animal you would want me to help  
because I am not allergic to any animal at all.

My goal is to be a person that helps other people.  
I will have a flat screen T.V. and I will take care of my sister's kids.  
To do this I will first have to go to college. Then I will graduate. Finally, I will work.

If the students cry or get hurt I will go help them, get them up, and take care of them.  
I will also help them paint a rainbow.  
As a back-up plan, I will be a lawyer. This back-up plan is very profitable.

I want to be a police officer because I will get paid a lot of money.  
I can earn money and make the world a better place.  
If police do not come at the right time the bad guys will get away.

They use paper so they can write down and remember what the kids did that was wrong.  
I think that is amazing, so I would like to be part of a company that can do that.  
I will need a uniform and a place to dance like a dance floor.

My mom and dad had a hard time helping my brother talk.  
I think if I work for Congress my brother could be my assistant and help me.  
I do not know how to help him to stop flapping his hands or how to stop him from running away.

My mom has a lot of dreams for me.  
She has also inspired me to become a babysitter when I grow up.  
I will make an invention that will help people who have allergies and people who cannot walk.

I will help save the environment and I will help destroy drugs.  
For outside activities I used to go to Karate, but I quit.  
Basketball is good for you because you can practice how to dribble a ball.

Now I am going to tell you about my future.  
To go to college I will need to pay more than \$100.

I do not want to have a crazy husband.

I want to live in Las Vegas because it looks beautiful there.  
I will only have one baby, because I will be very busy.  
My baby will be beautiful and so will my life.

I am going to buy a house for my mom, because she is going to be old  
and she is not going to have enough money.  
My family will be happy that I scored a lot of goals.

If I have these two jobs, and I can do them well, then I will get a third job as a chef.  
Later on after I get my jobs I will get married.  
Well now you know what my life will be like in the future.

I want to help thousands of people.  
I imagine getting money. I imagine helping a lot of people.  
When I have enough money I am going to buy two cars.

They are a low rider and a Lamborghini. For my transportation,  
I would like to have a robin's egg blue Lamborghini.  
I would like to live in a thirty-foot mansion with three limos,  
three Ferraris, three swimming pools, and have a butler and a chef.

If I ever get married I would want to only have one son.  
I would want to have a lot of money.  
I want to have a million dollars when I grow up.  
I would only choose jobs that pay a lot.

I will make a web site so people could apply for jobs.  
I would pay the workers what they deserve.  
I would really give jobs to the people without jobs.  
That is how I will be when I grow up to be a vet.

## BEN FAMA

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### Angry Fur

still leaves

boy

pigeons flying

branches in hard wind

a house

still sea

porch

dirt driveway

women entering

fly on a window

meadow

flowers

tired lion

bike in the grass

clothesline in hard sun

throwing open a blanket

a reach

vapor trail

a row of streetlights

dusk

cars slowing

pile of trash

scattering petals

dead clouds

night

stopped taillights

silver moon

spinning earth

messy hair

summer

small wave

her bare legs

sea oats

arms around drift wood

yellow towel

her eyes  
dark stars  
beach fire  
stray dogs  
lazy tongue  
tacking up a picture  
riding in a truck  
tender dirt  
walking a bike in a dress  
blue wind  
sun waves  
seeds from the hip  
a regular valley  
close look  
bull  
his bare ass  
twin stars  
psychic residue  
green

**ALINA GREGORIAN**

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### **A Winter's Tale**

As for me, 1927 began again. For you, there is winter enough to spare. Especially the afternoon starts to remember a remnant of our former selves. You dust the corridor and apply yourself to a mathematics that belongs to a different world. Which is why you're working against it, somehow, figuring numbers won't stand a difference, demanding a different kind of future. Or a single strand of something to hold onto. Aimlessly we wander, wanting to forge through an aspect of happy we never wanted to know. Or knowing, have made clear to ourselves that we shouldn't own. But maybe turnips will shine brighter today. Maybe your cravat will form an alliance with the sunship. And if not, then we'll think about the symbiotic structures that unwillingly bind us together. Haven't you ever thought about fountains. And don't you want to be surrounded by unwarranted calculations. You are the poster I tack on the wall. You mention Lawrence Sterne, and I count buttons as they fall from your coat.

### **Mountains of the Moon**

The accountant knows how to smile at a dinosaur, but rarely does. For three minutes a day an authority feels pangs they cannot explain. All the children were promised lamb. They dare to speak of frozen windmills. All the children were promised land. They stretch their hair into cubicles and sit amongst mangled leaves. They have forgotten how to expect perfection. They sit around trees. The mountains of the moon have been foraged. We do not believe the maelstrom, how it hides for want of food, water, and tornadoes.

## K. LORRAINE GRAHAM

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*from It's Baseball Season in America*

### Looking for Panic

Feel the military helicopter vibrating  
through the air then sand then beach  
chair. Attempt identification with—  
Man in Long Pants: sometimes I  
am cold—Dead Piece of Jellyfish:  
My left hamstring is injured—Boy  
With Shovel: I want to run and scream  
and smash things—Teenage Girl in  
Mismatched Bikini, Speaking Russian:  
I am not at work; I want options.  
It should not be difficult to make  
this poem look like an accident.

### Conversation Features Doubles

I look young until I'm suited up and then  
like a ruffled elf, post season. Mutual  
after-party scaling: I know a lot about  
Humboldt squid. I can work a loom.  
"My husband and I prefer international  
trips." My x-boyfriend was French  
and younger than me. Once,  
I fit over 40 grapes in my mouth  
and spit them out all over him.

## Love the Ill

No one clapped for the African man who won the marathon.

"I want to fuck you within the institution of marriage," he wrote.

I tried to ride around the policeman enforcing the road blocks.

But he wasn't paying attention.

Take a picture of us kissing on top of the recycling containers.

Just take a picture. Or whatever.

We need a prison to stimulate the local economy.

Say it: "I am rich."

Once, I felt like I wanted to talk about my feelings.

I wanted to share my unique, personal story.

### Some of the Features Are Hell

The blockades prevented us from getting  
to class during the President's  
speech / World Bank protest / WTO  
protest / Inauguration.  
I was dressed in my pajamas,  
and the sniper was dressed like a sniper.

# COLE HEINOWITZ

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## Understanding Heraldry

*for Peter Seaton (December 16, 1942—May 18, 2010)*

I.

Yes, they are alive and can have those colors.  
When you see a picture of Peter  
you think about Peter, who's thinking  
he can talk to the dead.  
The idea was not original; from ancient times  
warriors and rulers adopted tribal symbols  
that in time came to represent faces, which came to mean  
faces  
by incorporating features of the  
faces  
of the vanquished dead.

There are endpoints to any spectrum,  
leading questions, deixis:  
Does it seem dead?  
Are you quite dead?  
The set dictates you be very dead with me now; even if  
I cannot ever stop remembering you,  
even if you are really Peter,  
the ox, the owl, and the eagle are familiar to everyone.  
All of them turn on the same structural problem:  
the outside is bigger  
but strangely no more visible  
than the inside.  
Our pictures,  
close as they may be to you,  
lack a certain feature, difficult to specify,  
whose absence gives symbolic status  
to the object.

It was during endless winters that  
moments undoubtedly arose,  
and blazonry  
from an origin  
equally

yet to come  
and already happened.  
We talk  
but we cannot revive them,  
the mound of fading objects  
called environment.  
It is not an environment;  
it is a concept.

But now you say we're coming to an end,  
the model has nothing to do  
with precision, everything a casual instance  
of wishing you were here  
and you are;  
for you are pondering escape.  
The six lions rampant; or three, then two, then one  
*passant guardant*,  
in order of descent, similar  
to types found in the vicinity  
of Nantes.

Yes, they are alive and can have those colors  
by hereditary right, a meaningless stain  
when looked at straight on; only acquiring contours  
of a face  
in retrospect,  
in the whole wild life of comparing you  
to an alien species:  
they walk off, become themselves  
only in retrospect,  
a new image of the thinker:  
he carries the apple-spray, the emblem of victory,  
a picture of Peter, who isn't there,

only the compassionate landscape itself.

II.

The jilted dead are a part of it.  
When I see a picture of Peter, I think of Peter,  
thrown into ecstasy, because he isn't there,  
a chevron  
between three swans argent,  
one whereof  
we still retain the crest.

Having captured life like a fish on a hook,  
the reactive forces turn against themselves  
with the subtle coordination of actors  
with nothing to act.

Here the words expire,  
become ours  
in their protest against women  
they walk off,  
become themselves as if  
to die with,  
to desire,  
and all that babble about the decline of paternal authority conceals how  
swell the ride was to here,  
where by sight  
the nobles climbed in to fight against the absence  
of the vocabulary  
of the thing written.

And coming and leaving in short the whole life of you  
preparing the ground for defense. Draw,  
they said,  
so we can make sure we're here.  
Through this room they took me  
to my father;  
white-hot those colors  
where the border figured a second ago,

a heavysset, heavenly radiance,  
*white rose within a sun*  
*within a tressure,*  
two bodies conjoined  
to one head: an overall paralysis.  
We laugh about that tonight  
and suddenly,  
forever after.

What we're saying is we don't have to worry  
about their not being there.

Mind,  
where the picture appears heading up to a lack,  
is local, the enclosure  
itself. Or rather, the feeling of loyalty to the group,  
the marks written in the community of them.  
We are somehow trained, by smiles,  
the shape of a face,  
to assume this commitment to a secret  
we will never know  
but cannot doubt  
any more than that blood is,  
in the mystical names of the rulers,  
another way of saying  
embodiment.

III.

I had a feeling, Peter said, seemed to be  
a continuation of my arms,  
that possibility  
being utterance  
as either he, or she, or anyone once  
made *a Rose gules cross E scallops of the third,*  
the old surmise in both:  
You should have been with us.

The lights off slowly surround you

and in time represent  
what you're asking;

Is this something internal to Peter  
or to the concept of Peter?  
In the purest sense, this is not a question  
but the kind of forgetting  
we hear has been around forever, in fact  
written into the blackness  
as the "second death"  
we use to make the first one appear  
right.

Yes, they are alive and can have those  
colors,

but what we're really aiming at is  
something else,  
something you really have to keep your eyes open  
for,

I mean the refusal  
of those colors  
that spread  
from one melody to every  
canvas,  
inexorably leaving you in the sand  
breathing air, regarding the primitive foundation  
of a planet  
in terms of what you mean  
to me.

This is the art  
of the allegorical way  
of saying hello,  
of fighting for insertion into someone else's life  
no longer.  
It is no longer  
twilight  
but it's so dark  
in here;

not  
swinging freely,  
not dead  
but dying to be touched.  
In a way, it is the point  
from which the picture looks back  
at us.

## BEN MAZER

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### Allegro quasi Largo

After the nils and ninnies, after the floating cities,  
all this, and so much more . . .

The ghost of Landis tells the ghost of Robin  
in the sample crypt where the trains stop,  
where no one goes, where the light stops  
to be deflected in the eyes as in life . . .  
What are the means, on what is the way bent  
that we stood here before without seeing.  
The party climbs to meet the last peal of laughter  
where the dream ends, where you speak no more,  
awakening shuddering to stop vanishing.

The tiger hunches in the spectral jungle.  
The littlest tiger primes his little sphincter.  
Only the fronds wave, and the near shores are not far,  
the water what is it, I do not wish to say.  
Under that hotel roof, well blue and bleachy  
after white cloth and continental breakfasts,  
after the sea's tide and the afternoon swim,  
and so much more . . . Is there a need to stay far  
away from the source of comfort, from the bee's knees,  
from the queen's fond look at five o'clock.  
I do not think that I shall speak to them.

Analysing light in the far room  
I beheld his gaze, interpreting  
not such things as we had known  
in the way we knew them, but, with the knees' cough  
as they may be understood to be,  
renaming them according to a formula

for the spelling of things outside of what they are.  
This then is the queen's visit,  
her absolute certainty its guarantee of absence,  
nothing to tell her, nothing she missed.  
While advertisements roar on  
under the telling, breaking the analysed light.  
How to promote an exchange from here to there,  
a sure guide for exigencies maintained  
is a real problem in a dreamed elevator,  
too real to let go of all resemblances,  
despite being unable to recall, to muster a name.  
Why then we were what we were before,  
only I didn't tell you, and you didn't guess,  
but now in the aftermath of that black mass  
there's little to be done but that assuages,  
and the miner gets no rest, in the deep mine.  
And the dinner gets no reply, and the dish languishes.  
Clean up this mess, O Son of God,  
the better that my speech approacheth wholly  
the forms and conditions of a prior approval,  
that calling card or palm sized circular  
that goes away, to get so much work done.  
As long as you work, says the rushed hysterical voice,  
then, I don't have to sit here, arrogant, indignant.  
Arrogant. Martin Kozinski  
butters his skis with butter and flour.  
Have a good time, they warn him, and so talk.  
Have a good time, the neuron zero.  
Parted before we met the dancing ladies.  
The diurnal and indigenous binoculars  
assert their existence, deny a crowded code  
for crossing rooms in a jumble of sounds,  
but silence is golden when the cat speaks.  
Birds I guess. And finally blow off some steam.  
"Alright." She says it like a threat.  
Somebody does it, but she didn't do it.  
I do not even know what she means  
but as if the world turned, and it all came back,

I know where you are moving, circle around and come back.  
Above all the will is extinguished  
in the exercise of a consoling reticence.  
The logical tiger streams towards its objective.  
There is no way out. Forgive it.

I'm stepping out for a smoke, but thought I'd see  
if a package had been left for me in the basement,  
or if that other, recounting so many statistics,  
had come to order all my memory  
as I had failed to do, when I might have.  
His books are the only books I shall read,  
from them extract a sense of the others as they could be,  
as they shall be, if we ever meet.  
It is no problem to rise to the street level  
if for a moment to light a cigarette  
and ponder the perambulations of shrieks in the air.  
They tell me that I must go back to bed,  
not to sleep, not even to be too warm,  
but to receive these books revealed to me.  
Hah hah hah hah! The Acapulco morning  
lives in the heart's little cleft, in the train station  
where I exchange a nickel for a bar of candy,  
a meagre command for an executive,  
lost easily enough in the drowning of paternal voices,  
they drown so late, and steady like the sea.  
Well then, shall you tell him?  
Impossible to describe these stadiums  
where the change took place, the heart became a man's  
under the cover of the map's old colors.  
They too roar, steady as if to replace  
simpler languishings on thinner avenues  
at the hour of darkness that recalls the dead.

**JACKIE CLARK**

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### **Silence Is So Accurate**

Constituents of air, of gathering  
Sun theocracy, sun expire  
Vacant shadow in imaginings  
As if this planet  
Steel retainer walls, personal endorsements  
Small vocabulary  
Hundreds of millions of photos  
Exuberance versus audience sensibility

### **Fences and Fences**

The boat atop the static sea,  
Informed by lost wisdom,  
What posterity creates in its wake  
It is touching in the dark  
Anticipated communication,  
Eating your wears,  
Should or shouldn't as trained patients,  
Auto-didactic  
Crows along the water whose features I cannot discern,  
My failed vanity  
You mobilize narcissism like hummingbirds, knowing no other song  
Much of feeling feels like returning,  
I import the whip from successful stories and imagine what things will be like when I finally use it

## DAWN LUNDY MARTIN

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### Over It

—A bend toward desk

Window obstruction, pour ladle it (another it)

as if beloved and without reference

Sink head to floor, belovedly

grip sinew teeth into wood fashion.

“I’m a convert, a mischief too.”

—if there were canes, what use

in prohibition? What fire steed on the backside,

a horse in heat already summer or—

forget it. It’s wicked.

How to be a wrangler, deft hand precision,

and bitten. See the trees over there—

Seen an inability.

## It Was Last Night I Wrestled with You

It’s morning. Post-clinch.

To turn a thing which way hover  
toward brokenness or gold, hold perspective shift, stand on other street, wilting, weed posture—

To surrender.

So rarely the body discovered as the body is—

Hard to hear blood.

Where things can be seen, finally.

Legs unwrapped from head, bodies unlooped, belt on floor.

Scenic impetus as labor, mouth-part.

We’re out of money.

We’re subtle about the future.

To dance without feet, peel open chest bone, stand  
at the very edge of the platform—

Ache muscle against image, imprint of image—

## ALLEN EDWIN BUTT

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### Double-Tonguing

Rename that continent  
droit du seigneur & right of way  
no longer confident enough  
to lay the law down, definition  
does it for you, here, partition  
sparrows' fall, describe trajectory  
in terms of parabolic functions  
till I learn to trust the purity  
of their intentions, having anyway  
blown that on Coca-Cola  
night lights, manta rays with  
a pronounced tendency to circle  
their unwitting victims, & haven't I  
already pledged allegiance  
to "particulars"? A heaven  
out of toothpicks, & the kind  
utopian votes no-confidence—the kind  
of friends who make you wish  
you didn't speak the language  
to begin with. Then you'll blow  
that trumpet, & the walls will take  
their frame of reference with them,  
charge yr batteries for free  
in a well-stocked, guaranteed-to-be-clean  
café on Kaiserstraße, don't play dumb,  
it doesn't suit you, & the nicest  
boy of all will get a quarter for  
his trouble. We'll still have time  
tomorrow to discuss this. A well-run  
marketing campaign is otherwise a sign  
that you know what you want

out of life, as when the moisture  
condescends to condensation on  
the fruit-trees, watch papayas glint with dew  
like a *New Yorker* profile, I'll admit  
I'm getting anxious, blame the sound  
of sirens somewhere behind  
& to the right of us, so take that  
to the polling station  
anyway. To aerate the green, drive  
holes into the turf. It is time now to inform  
Verizon that our lines-of-contact failed  
around 2:33 this morning, & that since then  
it's all been just window-shopping, where  
the sound of wings engaging with the wind  
is also fuel for thought, kick up  
a coal cloud where the water brims  
with lime (had to look up "Kalk"), but you  
can always speak your mind. I'd like  
constructive criticism, not the dreaded  
life/knife couplet; we increase the value  
of the book by artificial "aging" tricks.  
You can't really blame the impulse  
to hide along the contours of antiquity  
or an imagined one, where curlicues  
aspire to a grace that nears the theological,  
especially when the ashtray  
overflows beside the multicolored  
candles—but that gets you about as far  
as beef got Biggie circa '97. We will  
be here for a matter of months  
& then back in it—I can taste  
(if I imagine it) the copper in the air,  
not venom really, & I do support  
the opposite of distraction, so as always  
should be grateful. Imprecision  
is the spice of life, she said.

## PIERRE ALFERI

*translated by Kate Lermite Campbell*

### Fay Wray Meets Buster Keaton

*The stock of incarnations  
Is excessive  
Emotions have their forms  
In the cinema  
Something  
So calming  
About you  
We declared peace  
In dean-cut frames.*

The stock of incarnations  
Is overflowing. The reflections stream  
Along the bottom line  
Of the pyramid of glasses.  
Instead of a picked button-holed  
Carnation several are  
Growing. —When you no longer control anything  
You pick out an object, a face  
In the marriage agency's album  
For each fragment of signification  
And here is the rebus-portrait.  
It's a real bouquet: a shot  
With Fay Wray's eyes  
The echo of water lapping  
In a covered swimming pool  
Deserted = Fear.  
Other emotions have their preferred forms too  
Mainly available in the cinema  
Increasing edible platitude.  
They're made for

The meccano of memory. Fay Wray  
Whose body still lives could be  
Resumed by her face itself resumed by her eyes  
Was only a name for 'afraid'  
The inverse shot of a monster. So  
A spectator unknown  
To the others and to himself  
Arranges his hair by manipulating his shadow  
On the ground. —There is something  
So calming in this flattening  
Out and from a distance  
When you think about it if you're mad enough  
To think about it: everything is there  
Already installed, fear  
Simply being the most intense  
Passion sold to order. —As  
You flicked through the dictionary of actors  
Your bible in which possible conflicts  
Facile expressions have flourished once and  
For ever, around you  
We declared peace  
By surprise, each fighter  
Having covered the whole cycle  
Of their metamorphoses in Switzerland.  
Sides numerous as the spokes  
Of a bicycle wheel didn't consult one another  
In order to put the brakes on. We traders  
Threw the dinner invitations in the pit  
And secret agendas were placed on the table.  
We exchanged incredulous glances  
Now hearing nothing but a spade  
Scraping the cement a few floors down:  
The burying of arms or perhaps  
The beginning of a new worksite.  
—Anyhow, the multilateral withdrawal  
Of forces is only momentary. You knock into  
Something else behind, shielding yourself from the danger  
Which involves taking everything too much to heart as they say

You'll fall over backwards. A desire  
That wasn't on the list will open something  
Deeper. —I know, the scars will look like  
Beauty spots next to  
The next wound. Until then  
Let's pretend to contemplate the world  
OK? And take resolutions  
Of pure form. After the fear of the counter-attack  
Before the re-offensive, a little cunning;  
Buster Brown has been punished  
He writes on a huge poster  
That he repents but he thinks he's right  
And mocks his parents' justice.  
It's the last panel at the bottom of the page. On the next  
Things will be worse. — So acts and the marks they leave  
On the protagonists' skin  
Are all shown in colour or in black  
In clean-cut frames  
Then stocked at a constant temperature  
Accessible to all not even for the edification  
Of new arrivals—for use  
Quite simply. They'll draw  
Like you from the stream of images  
Abstract bits of smalt  
With which they'll compose the silhouette  
Of the monstrous feeling that pulls  
In both directions, the feeling  
Will explode right there in this shape  
Too forcefully offered  
For metaphor.  
But there will be a moment of peace, a quasi-  
Story you make up before sleeping  
In order to sleep and that the night  
Will dislocate. —And then?—And then  
The reserves will seem more abundant  
The vegetation even denser  
And the agitation, having once been incarnated  
In our chatty playlets, intenser.

## Contributors

**Pierre Alferi** is the author of numerous collections of poetry, novels, and works of non-fiction, including *Guillaume d'Ockham. Le singulier* (Minuit, 1989), *Chercher une phrase* (Bourgois, 1991), *Sentimentale journée* (P.O.L., 1998), *La Voie des airs* (P.O.L., 2004), *Après vous* (P.O.L., 2010), and *Kiwi* (forthcoming from P.O.L. in 2012). His 'cinépoèmes' and 'films parlants', experiments in filmic poetry, were released by Les Laboratoires d'Aubervilliers in 2003. From 1990 to 1996, he served as the co-founder of the French reviews *Détail* and the *Revue de littérature générale*. Into French, he has translated books by John Donne, Meyer Schapiro, Giorgio Agamben, among others. He currently teaches at l'École nationale supérieure des Beaux-Arts.

**Allen Edwin Butt** lives in South Carolina and is currently studying in Germany. His writing has appeared in a variety of magazines, including *Peaches & Bats*, *Otoliths*, *ditch*, *DIAGRAM*, *2River View*, *491*, and *Poetry*, and he has published reviews in *Galatea Resurrects*. Along with Kit Schluter and Andrew Durbin, he edits O'Clock Press.

**Macgregor Card** lives in Queens. A new chapbook, *The Archers*, was recently published by Song Cave. His first full collection, *Duties of an English Foreign Secretary*, came out in December 2009 from Fence books. A 7-inch album is forthcoming from *Unicorn Evil*. Poems are recent, a little old, or forthcoming in *Poor Claudia*, *Supermachine*, *Lungfull!*, *Vlak*, *Brooklyn Review*, *Fence*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *notnostrums*, *Poem-a-Day*, *EOAGH*, *Hannah & The Reduse*. From 1997-2005 he co-edited *The Germ: A Journal of Poetic Research* with Andrew Maxwell (archives up at [www.germspot.blogspot.com](http://www.germspot.blogspot.com)). He teaches poetry at Pratt Institute and programs the Monday night reading series at The Poetry Project.

**Kate Lermite Campbell** recently completed a DPhil at Oxford University. The title of her thesis was 'Thought, Perception and the Creative Act. A Study of the Work of Four Contemporary French Poets: Pierre Alferi, Valère Novarina, Anne Portugal and Christophe Tarkos.' She regularly translates texts by Pierre Alferi. They notably collaborated together on the translation of *Sentimentale journée* which will be published shortly in English.

**Jackie Clark** is the series editor of Poets off Poetry on [coldfrontmag.com](http://coldfrontmag.com), a monthly series where poets write about music. She is also the author of two chapbooks: *Office Work* (Greying Ghost Press) and *Red Fortress* (H-NG-M-N). She lives in Jersey City and can be found online at [nohelpforthat.com](http://nohelpforthat.com).

**Katie Degentesh** lives in New York City. Her first book, *The Anger Sale*, was published by Combo Books and is currently featured in the Poetry Society of America's New American Poets series.

**Ben Fama** is the author of the chapbook *Aquarius Rising* (UDP 2009) and *New Wars* (Minutes Books). He

is the founding editor of *Supermachine Poetry Journal*. His work has been featured in *GlitterPony*, *notnostrums*, *LIT*, *Poor Claudia*, and on the *Best American Poetry Blog*, among others.

**K. Lorraine Graham** makes texts, movements and objects. She is the author of *Terminal Humming* (Edge Books, 2009) and curator of the Agitprop Reading Series. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Traffic*, *Area Sneaks*, *Foursquare*, the Zaoem International Poetry Exhibition at the Minardschouwburg, Gent, Belgium, and the Infusoria visual poetry exhibition in Brussels She currently lives in San Diego with her partner, Mark Wallace, and Lester Young, a pacific parrotlet. You can find her online at [spooksbyrne.org](http://spooksbyrne.org) and [beeryogi.com](http://beeryogi.com).

**Alina Gregorian's** poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Boston Review*, *Washington Square Review*, *Cake Train*, *Juked*, the *Best American Poetry Blog* and elsewhere. She is the recipient of an Academy of American Poets College Prize and edits *Maggy*.

**Cole Heinowitz** is the author of two chapbooks, *Stunning in Musde Hospital* (Detour Press, 2002) and *The Rubicon* (The Rest Press, 2008), and the collection of poems, plays, and prose, *Daily Chimera* (Incommunicado Press, 1995). Her poems have appeared in journals including *Fence*, *The Poker*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *HOW2*, *Cantuehæwourballback*, *6X6*, *Factorial!*, *Highway Robbery*, and *Mirage 4 Period(ial)*. She has published articles on Romantic-era British and contemporary American poetry and, more recently, the critical study, *Spanish America and British Romanticism, 1777-1826: Rewriting Conquest* (Edinburgh University Press, 2010). Cole is Associate Professor of Literature at Bard College.

**Dawn Lundy Martin** is the author of *CANDY* (forthcoming from Albion Books), *DISCIPLINE* (Nighboat Books 2011); *A Gathering of Matter/ A Matter of Gathering* (University of Georgia Press 2007); and *The Morning Hour*, selected in 2003 by C.D. Wright for the Poetry Society of America's National Chapbook Fellowship. She is a founding member of the Black Took Collective, a group of experimental black poets, and an assistant professor of English in the Writing Program at the University of Pittsburgh.

**Ben Mazer's** most recent collections of poems are *Poems* (The Pen & Anvil Press) and *January 2008* (Dark Sky Books). He is the editor of *Landis Ewerson's Everything Preserved: Poems 1955-2005* (Graywolf Press) and *Selected Poems of Frederick Goddard Tuckerman* (Harvard University Press). This season sees the publication of two of his verse plays, *A City of Angels* (Cy Gist Press) and *The Rain* (O'clock Press).

**Christie Ann Reynolds** is the author of three chapbooks: *idiot heart* (New School University Chapbook Competition), *Girl Boy Girl Boy* (co-authored with Ben Fama) and *Revenge Poems* (Supermachine.) Christie Ann teaches writing at Hofstra University and is a co-curator of the poetry reading series at Goodbye Blue Monday in Brooklyn. Her work is forthcoming or can be found in *Barrelhouse*, *Big Luks*, *Maggy*, *Smalldoggies*, *BlazeVox*, *LIT*, *Sink Review*, and others.