

CLOCK

issue 2

winter 2012

o'clock

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The Crisis of Infinite Worlds

Krystal
Krystal Cole
you're all I thought about sometimes
I watched you while our daughter slept
your Sissy Spacek ways
your laconic demeanor in relaying
either ecstasy or trauma
& the un-embittered empathy your voice conveyed
on YouTube
which is our loving cup
the solution of butter
& DMT you took
anally that really made you freak
the fuck out
& your friends just stood there
watching you
as you hurtled alone through mirrored tunnels.
It's that frictionless feeling
the smooth & vacant course
that lacks abruption like waves
the clinical mania un-
differentiated whiteness
contains when cylindrical cloud
hard & plastic comes to
represent the mind to the mind
& thus describe a model
of terrible momentum

with unity of purpose
toward nothing so much
as cold, radiant nature
stripped of Eros, of becoming,
just the mainframe
& its withering severity
without any predicate
of others, save perhaps their
gazes, no walls,
no nothing, completely
white light & your name
when your consciousness was
splitting time was stopping
you were going always into that.
I was going always to the mall
in those months,
the young century's rainiest
April & May, to walk the
baby & to understand my art.
I didn't understand.
I would move the stroller
through the halogen, over
grooved tile & across those
smooth marble expanses meant
to simulate floating & gliding
before that pure frictionless
feeling was entire. Sometimes
we'd go inside the stores.
Sears was still enormous
& because of its design
implied a bound series of
discrete, related worlds
linked by passages threatened
& precarious to me.
The connections felt
besieged or like a mask
for separation, they

felt like connection
between us in life but I
didn't take my allegory
further Krystal Cole, into your
lysergic delirium later redeemed
by a beautiful discipline
of spirit & cosmography
developed for praxis. I liked
your video on candy
flipping hard & developing
telekinesis with friends.
It suggested oneness
was a leavened mix
of random indiscretion,
bruising wariness, & bliss
obtained by synchronizing
chemical encounter. Krystal,
there's a made up drug.
I wonder if you'd do it?
Bradley Cooper, in 'Limitless'
takes this little pill, which,
in its candy dot translucence
looks a lot like a tear plucked
from the cheek in Many Ray's "Larmes".
With it, he can utilize all
of his brain, & so
he un-riddles the patterning
hidden in the ceaseless
flow of capital, structuring its
chaos in excess of any mortal
with a terrible momentum
& unity of purpose toward
nothing so much as pure profit
& complete subordination
of the world. At the mall
certain spots sold old stuff:
sports memorabilia & video

games, vintage organs & deluxe
baby grands. In one store
there were highly priced
comics with toys & ephemera
related to the stories.
They had action figures
based on some series I guess
called "The Crisis of
Infinite Earths." I wrote
the phrase down in my notebook
& realized only later that I'd
made a rather telling trans-
position, putting the word
'world' where Earth was & thinking
"The Crisis of Infinite Worlds"
I guess because anyone will
occasion *the* world as *a*
world its commonality precarious
but real, & the person
beside them does the same the person
far in everyway from them will as well
where the wound of even
being meets material conditions
& consciousness is made these
confrontations & arrangements
each taking their referent
then as earth or taking
something else entirely
as world--the word is profligate
& dense & transparent & cheap
& impossibly one the clearest pill.
In our minds it floods with light & we
see through that, life's benevolent corruption
in a radiance we can't make any sense of.
Krystal have you ever
just standing around
noticed someone smoking in

an older silver Volvo, & watched
the comeback feelings
of a Tupac Easter Sunday
steep in their
ambivalent features
until they are more radiant
than cinematic virgins
having lost it in the wake
of Saint Maria Goretti
whose patronage in this life is lost
to the brutalized sweetness
of her charges
as depicted in the mind
& reconstructed
as a low res simulation
by scientists the weekend
Wall Street's occupied & particles
are found to go
faster than light
then sort of realize
this is paradise
not for *people*
but paradise
regardless.

That same May

I had gone to Detroit. I saw
the most wonderful graffiti, more
a prayer, written on a wall
in magic marker, it read—

Two Things:

- 1.) That we would grow closer & closer as time progresses
- 2.) That our ships would not crash.

Magic marker on a
surface doesn't have
much depth of skin.

You move it smoothly
on the wall & it stays smooth

barely records the softest friction
of two separate textures meeting.
The wetness of its onyx
dries quick or even quicker
if you blow on it with circled lips,
like clouds in old maps
that blew ships across a flat earth
to an edge I don't exactly
not idealize. That somewhere
there's a precipice in this world & tracing
my finger along those ardent lines
I'd found the fault of it
a little, in its boldness, far too faint &
not enough.

#76

Caught somewhere within the consequences
of the warm soft thought machine
drawn slowly through a series of sensations
that equivocate a life made mostly of breathing
and a single droplet
from which the effluvia suffer
to emit their gasps
I have settled upon a small bowl of noodles
for my afternoon meal.
O normal people, suffer me not.
I am the worst sort of manager.
always looking to end things
with little expertise.

#320

A waft of nothingness
generates no public concern in the tent
where they sell appliances
left behind once their owner is dead.
The camphor of the evening
descends on the last student
alone in his domicile
choking on crystalline tears.
One can only guess the outcome of living.
A little fog. Some particulate matter in the tub.
My only wish is to make high quality pizza
for government men
and to rid my yard
of its unnecessary documents
by the time I turn 30. A little gloaming
in my little luck light is all I need.

#333

I am most grateful to the forces
which allow me to appreciate
the handiwork of fuckups.

I am among the echelons of those
who seek a pure beauty
unavailable to men and women
who don their respiration masks
to visit the observation deck.

I count myself among the wayfarers
that skirt the edges
of the palpitating glows.

I cradle my ideas
made for those who seek
such things as whimper dross whimper dross whimper dross etc.

I am the worst sort of manager.
Always looking to mend things
with simple flocks of geese.

LISA CICCARELLO

Swimming Pool Catalog

A pool is a song that lasts a very long time. So long that most people never hear the whole song. They lie in their hospital bed & they hear the discordant aching songs of all the surrounding pools in a sort of sadness. They will not live long enough to hear even one of those songs finish. But at the very moment they die, the pools are scripted to unite in a sound that momentarily turns the eyes of the dead into small & luminous swimming pools. Every time anyone anywhere dies, all the pools are in harmony.

The long dead fire of the pool is the source of its shape & the water, its constant shame. The burning is over. In the dark the pool remembers the flame. In the morning the skin of the pool is so bright it becomes opaque. Now the fire inside the pool is a mystery & everyone is a detective. Swimming is investigation & methodical: you long for the pool. You pull the cloth over your head. Then the night is over & the swimming can begin. At the bottom of the pool, not fire but light & the sound of wood still cracking under the weight of the heat.

The swimming pool is the cup of the holy. When it is full, the water is also the cup of the holy. Waiting is a form of patience that does not resign itself to a single action. The pool

does not struggle when the water is poured in. It does not struggle when the water is removed. The cup of the holy is always empty. The pool offers its wrists to be bound. It sleeps in the cage with the rest of the cups. The cups never speak. There is nothing to answer for. The pools develop hairline cracks in the glass. The cracks are holy. The glass spills from the glass. The pools stumble but they march. The pools are without sin—they carry your child on their backs when he has fallen asleep at the bottom of the cup.

A pool is a constant source of dissatisfaction. It represents summer & time, but not the kind of time you need. You surface, you the opposite. It isn't enough. It rains & you take shelter at the core of the pool. The rain is louder inside. Yr holding yr breath until the sound breaks. The pool can't last forever. Everywhere you are you can see the sides. Cover of leaves, cover rolled back. The pool looks exactly the same. You start to believe you can't actually see it at all. The pool has finally convinced you of something.

BEN TRIPP & ALEX HAMPSHIRE

The Ascetic Fetishists

The Ascetic Fetishists
maintained that meeting
people is easy.
Phones are dead at the club.
The door is open in a sense.
The ex-commodore is a
pleaser at the registration.
Sweeter memories were
left unattended. Today no
claims are made, though you
could say neglect has laid
claim, even waste, to the
club fireplace.
I might consider the
interior of burnt orange
our residual glow. So as not
to hear something else I will
kill these plants in the
basement and then
possibly poke through the
yard. I can offer you water
but shouldn't change the

weather.

Dear Jonathan, you have just become a member of the hunting party. Ring any bells? I am deaf with indecision. But follow my lead into the spot-lit meadow for a quick old-fashioned before you evaporate.

Sound of the treble like that album with a face on the cover, "Bull Run Drive."

Cowering instinct of the paisley design that was instinctively captured for The Hunter's Review. A passenger mile is unbecoming.

That wasn't intended for anyone but a past relic to notice, and each song of the album is one note sustained pensively. "We wanted an anthem so we split up our dividends, when they lock us out they're awful. When we can't bear to listen we tell them it's a choice. Our choice."

Call it window gazing. Looks
like a storm, boys, a man
spoke off-stage. And still
the space of my inner ear
resounds, inconsequential
rearrangements, that
concert was all *bricolage*.
Has the synesthetic
nature of our summits
occurred to anyone but
Leroi, the club minute
keeper? The local chapter,
she saw that you called.
I am not the one that gets
to make decisions. I just
swing my arms around and
try to hit something. Try
being a mentor to your
ancient flame from the
past. With no contact. Still
implying
obligations. The bonsai tree
sprung from a dime, the
speckled orange tiger-lily
blossom appears all
wrapped-up in itself before
the dawn. The gardener is
an insomniac.
Lighting-up backyards from
coast to coast.

Burst & bloom. Crack the
sky. This is a taste of heat,
it kicks.

It's true that the club had a
gardener during it's
conveyer belt era. Ex-
commodore amidst
reprisal took notice.

Singers were declassified.

It's untrue that there is a
garden locked somewhere
called Ocean City. The drift
lends itself to a reverence
of closing remarks. Each
singer has been
re-imagined.

Pinch the center. The
essence of envisioned
stems. Hold the sense of
return. Page before
crevice.

That the lord is a fiend is so
true today amidst the
synthetic relaxation of
ultraviolet glasses.

Ever since the fat man left
the room with the key and
snuck into the control
center, metal panels cover
the windows, the room fills

with an invisible gas. But I
am sure we will survive.
Violins mean nothing. Air
escaping everywhere.
Was it a wig wam that
guarded us from safety?
Blond and crystal-like is the
possession of an aftertaste.
An engagement of lesser
value. The supercharged,
wincing pictorial.
Not Orientalism's rebirth,
heavens no! Our appetite
for time-off. There is not a
single member here who
was ever caught
moonlighting as a
contortionist. I mean, all
over the world, we would
all like to make emotion. A
motion. Damn it. Did I really
just say that? Please
expurgate these errors,
Leroi, that is, if you are
able to work late tonight. It
will count towards your
overtime.
Was it management that
refused to extend our
conquest? Was it

companionship that
dumped you sooner
rather than later into
a pissy pool? The
outing after that starts a
pattern. A painstaking
efficacy of giving and gave.
A quilt to warm your parents' grave.
What's going on with these
floors? Amazing, isn't it,
misdiagnosed on volunteer
soil.

Young lives are so open-
book in the embellished
army record.

"We live in castles," agreed
the bearers of generosity,
holding an outdated
offer with candor.

Today a search is
considered crazy but the
echo is frightfully dim.

Neurotic compassion is the
beauty mark in question. A
sophomoric candle winks at
the possibility of exit and
license.

We're in Providence
now. Hope you have a
good night.

Marauder

You can't possibly walk
in front of suitor
to see the American
war film like a picket
dark bird craves
Relaxation not since
bankrupt or
Gouging our Bernard's
spitting image, paper-
cemented individual
white paper similar to
cotton swabs, lucky to be
Remotely a trouble
What was a false idea
Enhanced suitor
in a geometric Dress
Reform concept, or
<<personalized
dress>> thereby facilitated
All the overcharging
for small holes simply
He could sing
Yet the footballers could not
accept his project for

A Swimming
Suit or Study for a
Modifier

Goes on
Your head at its second-
best in the theater eating
Held hands briefly into a moat
Replied sure
A desire to chip
away at a, can't possibly
be you've
had enough plaster
I could mean put dresses
through the mangle
Are beaten, felt breathing
in the distance, don't make waves
And not like yourself
the night will be evident
come over

This is not imprecise enough
even herbs unallowed to wear
bloom of kids
ain't in a room only
for ascent
Eventually out a butchershop window
like that giggling blond who hanged
herself in the night on which I
come over
hearing blond giggles in this way

Glassy effect at piles
and she rows again,
for color, P horizon
barely sighted behind
Puvis de Chavannes' *L'esperance*
But it will turn darker in the painting anyhow, painting

And how did I
never meet Anna Mendelssohn, and how can I
be a Grace Lake,
Just one shine in advantage of light
Treat neediness, make claims err
Don't make eaves
clasped together over the fine leave it is fine
Watch the porcelain shed itself as a delirium
Does that make sense, he always asks

A kindness a he,
Let tell maliciously reasoning from a few
Not in league, a small
stubbing out of a stranger once offended,
calms me down possibly unnecessary
Quitting sheep, as apparently I was
a canvas cot,
a wave at a

A wave at a
foremost artist, thin navy
crosses sketched behind her,
the twig she liberates rots
when night comes anyhow
Poor Hope had possums agape pillaging

in her rec room nary
believable so when I say does
that make sense bear I mean do you
believe me, bear
with your embroidered deep

Not a unique kindness
Near kindness is a
Small a
Next to nary is mine
is not a kindness an operatic
man blinded his wife who rumor has it
had operatic eyes if he felt so
impassioned as to ruin her in operatic
searing of implements Delaunay
posed lightly in front of her car
for her picture matching
her dress to her car
her Siberian Express to a crew
Powering a spray of blind on the bengaline
Piercing my right eye
I became
Temperamental
Like a face hurting in the packed snow
Left eye open to a tusk prodding out a salmon
a post box
in the corner where a
visual snow

A Gift to make a Pass
And I meant to say it was before
she could prepare her face
For a prism now a connector bounces a keep opening

to being murdered, Claudia looks out
to the balcony, <<Is there a marauder
out there?>> Dragged
away from the piano
brown hair ruthlessly
across marble flooring
for humid minutes,
<<Is there
a marauder out there oh no?>>
A brother in linen burn-in
at each other's heads, are they
brothers who
drift a silvery camera
to hate a camera
Scores doubly as Claudia flew
around the peninsula watery
cadences loved by everything
Basically tied internally
to a chaise drawn on paper
growing moss only water moss
Occasionally a
small reserve watering occasionally
But so back to Bernard
In gelatin he swum over to where she was stooling
and swiped at her with his paw
like a fool and he was wearing stripes like
a work of fiction a malleable
time like living here is without a fire what if
Never fire again, the wind would
Fell us the beauty of the plain
Would sweep over
A nightmare in common
Dollar panic as applying

to a school instead instead the ales
Bernard laughed loudly so Dot
could hear he still had a voice so Dot
took his voice away he was no
longer operatic and she
could no longer see

MARYROSE LARKIN

The Identification of Ghosts

even when translated definition is a hollow where
we intubate the living & shroud the dead

how I continued to believe in macular seas
metallic whites

the broken grist
is no boundary between three & one ghost

of a rabbit) the upstairs window *which supports structural o*

measure

working curiosity *discuss*

saint invalid patterns against the dark

an axe fell

hearing a half turn a shimmer

fact becoming facets would be
pacific as a homing arrow

or an isolated event

number prime for the question or four rabbits

may you find

how could one's eye ever out

senses latticed half black through illness a

wind o penance unseen hour a seam

embracing the absent & assigning cures

After Love, a Sweet Habit

There is dependence on things,
a runaway lark heaves its nest,
and as it builds it imagines what rub
the building of that ring would rile for.

It's the building of that lake,
above which the nest riles,
where all that will be known remembers
the flute of its first lark.

But only you harbor the image
of what a real bird's nest requires,
built entirely from the maps
a mind rescinds.

A tilted color, a low brown shade,
what the lake requires
to spell its cold, its august heat
and autumn slow.

The lake requires you,
that the sun dip its first white,
that the nest becomes, and as the beam returns
the image, a few fish entrench the one

(or does the one entrench many?)
an absence, generosity of space unformed,
the abysmal depth of gill.

MARK LAMOUREUX

from Seven Sins

Lust

You get this life
alone not 60 years
hence in another
city cleaner a cloisonné
flask on a night
stand a book
as yet unwritten
beautiful vehicles
each second haunted
by a hundred others

the other side of the
eye hungry ghost needs
the ringing in another's
ears to call him home
to sound the hour
of arising The code
hidden in the seam
of the shroud that bodily
lies on the bare form

in another town
another gown bangles
a white airplane
will take you there ravens
& parrots glyphed on the desert
the sky's erotica

Gluttony

Eat the candybar
down to the knuckles,
spit the triggerfinger
into the fishtank
full of tiny mermaids
& their little nonpareils,
blue water
like a dorm room
1991, Spring
coming—how many
more? A handful
of almonds,
a perfect peach.
The month is June,
the month is July:
you have 40 more
of these.

Wrath

Eagle— I'd
make a mazurka of the blangs
 of struck shields.

In the white fist of this
 good heart I
grow my prowess.

Cars turning into
crosswalks, surreptitious spitting, hit
kids on the snake-
necklace of the N. Don

a visage, orange & black—
 the face of a terrible
lily. Against all of the things
that would rend the buttermilk
flesh of a flower.

I perfect my fighting stance,
secret identity, watershed
 of repartee. 2-page
spread, tight-arrayed boxes. I'll be like
those old ones, loose
 inside garments, garnet-
jawed. Just a guy with a secret
face, just an anonymous
interlocutor dive-bombing
 the narrative
like a cormorant.

MATT LONGABUCCO

College Admissions

Bathroom graffito:
THE REGISTRAR SUCKS A GOOD ONE

And beneath that:
SIGNED, THE BURSAR

And beneath that:
THIS SIGNATURE IS FORGED,
EVERYONE KNOWS THE BURSAR IS A DICKLESS PIECE OF SHIT

And next to that:
I JUST FUCKED THE PROVOST'S DAUGHTER!

And beneath that:
DID YOU GET EXPELLED?

And beneath that, in the same marker as above:
NOPE, BUT I GOT A DOSE

And beneath that, in a brand-new marker:
IT BURNS WHEN I PISS

And beneath that, in green marker:
IT BURN [sic] WHEN I SHIT

And beneath that, in red:
IT BURNS WHEN I COME

And beneath that, in black:
COME ON BABY LIGHT MY FIRE

And next to that:
MORRISON IS GOD!

And underneath that:
WILLIAM BLAKE IS A FAGGOT-ASS

And half-over that:
ALL HOMOPHOBES ARE FAGGOTS

And half-over that:
ALL POETS ARE FAGGOTS

And next to that, in blue:
I HOPE YOU LIKE MY POEM

And underneath that:
YOUR POEM IS A PIECE
[Long arrow down to just behind the toilet]
OF SHIT

And in blue, in parentheses, next to the sweating pipe:
(I KNOW)

The Age of Enlightenment

They say he was the perfect policeman:
he visited local schools to scare the children
into becoming the criminals he'd later catch,
and counted, among his thousand informants,
leading politicians and scientists, communists,
dance teachers, profs (obviously), the little old lady
who sweeps up at the library, novelists,
a few dogs, and fifty or sixty dead people.
He was nicknamed the Laser and some called him
the Squid (he had ink-stained fingers
and could turn the whole world black)
and others the Second Coming—
if he knocked on your door, the revelation
was at hand, next stop down-fucking-town.
He'd show up at poetry readings and the poets
would find their poems had turned into
embarrassing treacle right in their hands.
He was beloved among those he ruthlessly sought,
feared and hated by those he never bothered
to pursue. He kept the past in a crystal
he often peered into and once threatened
to smash, after which Internal Affairs
never bothered him again. One time
a guy is supposed to have tried to turn himself in
but the Squid refused, and then a week later
tracked the guy down, and shot him in cold blood
and brought his corpse down to the station
and performed the autopsy himself, and took
the fingerprints from the dead man's hands
and then destroyed the hands with acid

and then tore up the autopsy report
and then cremated the body and the prints
and threw all the ashes in the ashcan
and then buried the ashcan in a desert
not on earth.

PAUL LEGAULT

Absolute Clearance 2

"La pensée radicale se doit d'être en complicité secrète . . ."

—Baudrillard

He drew a picture on the wall
Of the truth system,
One-part entirety, one-part put
To the incremental changes in the room.

What we led was a fox
We granted passage from
The inner circles that led back, as they do,

To what we had set out with in mind.
The idea is present above and not fully
Under control. They repeated this
In portions fit for the deputy

Who emerged from the abandoned office.
Something must go, and that thing
Might include what it must leave behind.
Courage, young hero,

Don't rush your enemy from logic
And into the museum.
There is a nervous thought in the field leaning forward,
Pointing off to where they had doomed them
To a passage, conveniently enough located

On the map. Really, if you wanted it
That way, things got peachy.
It took a long while before the resources reflected
The qualities of those that used them
When the need occurred, which was often.
(To say the envelope couldn't fit
Suggested an unspeakable treachery

That could nonetheless be suggested.)
They looked the general in the face,
And it moved. Time was time
In place or else there was a meeting
About why we'd begun in haste
Somewhere in a room full of children
And whatever to do with them . . .

The linear action received no response,
Though its requirements grew to include
An ending in Providence, feeling
All the while a not uncertain thing
That lingered in its impossibility.

We repurposed the metal adornment
And left out what grew forth
To include itself in the discussion.
Still they put away those things that were
What we had meant to have hadn't done

If only so there'd be something else to do
In our immanent holidays out west
That become more than can be said.
"An eagle is landing presently,
Then an eagle did."

Voyage in Blue 2

That they set out was not a surprise,
But what they returned to continued to be
Despite everything remaining only imitations
Of a hat or some other human accessory
Put to use. A few fortune-tellers will tell you

Just the basics. That's what we wanted anyway,
Having been threatened with the possibility of a light
That could not be turned off, that would signal
The giant wheel's beginning. If early spring
Insists, one must start its festivals.

Certainly, there's a little darkness
To every square bargain. The distant corners
Get cut off, which you should've expected,
Given the steadily increasing nature of our domain
And the new borders removed from geometry.

Everything has reached the long-awaited point
Of saturation and it shows in it like a set
Of new teeth, left out, washed and ready,
A gold being, bristling and alive, removed
From the oceanic stupor. The way they deliver

One thing after the next, you couldn't stop
For the alarms, let alone the precautions.
Before now is a time all to itself
And to those who made it before now,
Though we were among them. Or so they say.

Perhaps the immediacy of a decision can't do that,
That being any number of things—which is to suggest
We began our little wanderings
Under an unclouded sky, with the morning
Doing its thing with said absent clouds.

Perhaps all that is wanted. Perhaps they put it there
To disguise what it really is there in the orchard
Or what it would be were it three figures
Giving off the quality of a group
That distinguishes itself in part by its resonance

And then by its real parts.
Ideally, our chimers avoided a drama
That might interrupt this discovery
Of us concluding, in front of a mirror,
One thing. Then at least there was that.

Suppose a forest-person existed
Who reminded us of why we lived
In a pasture, buckled against the reports of differences
In the levels. We shall be inhabited,
Beside ourselves. We shall wrestle a little.

The hooves beat under the control of their horses
Or something more mysterious, above all this
And unarmed. The castle couldn't stand
To have more than one forest
Which turns into whatever you point to.

We're here, and so is the dog—
Which is nice. Dying couldn't be half-bad
If this were its introduction, though I've been fooled;
Though when I was, I enjoyed it a little
Or someone told me to.

If a voice calls out, and those rooks do

Along with it, we could call that
A proclamation of our senses together,
Blessed by sight under such a vault
As this one—which remains slightly ajar.

There isn't a reason that the villagers
Couldn't respond. An event is made up of
Bees and other animals—ones set loose
Beside the lake, which keeps lengthening,
Over the years, as if to move a boat.

Random Passage

You put this contest exactly where I'd find it to find me!

Did you find me?

I appreciate being needed.

It is not consistent.

I have been here a long time re-framing scenes.

The Umpire steals these scenes.

The Umpire places homeless people in stolen scenes.

A pushy machine leads refugees.

Add to that accountant.

Add to that calculator a cosine and a cotangent.

I am functional in spite of diagnosis.

Keep the Umpire out of my network.

Unforeseen it falls.

A meteor in the reading room-

With a weed to smoke, you are never alone.

People need context, books to be in, eventually a home.

People have decided not to renew my time in the library.

In spite of this rabbits.

The greens they eat (dandelion)

Conveyor gnaw is to have the guts for.

Therefore Astaire, which is to say, spinning.

Tightened like a Titan claims to tighten.
the top of the drum
or possibly a country in praise of a top.

It's funny not to care so much personally;
you get into love.
Earth has good pizza and my favorite person:
Blank Blank Blankblank.
There is no fair here.
There is no fair here.
There is no fair here.
Which is to say, no just flower defense.
Put that in another field.
I suggest Iceland.
Thank you, yes.
I'm going there.

from The  *Notebook*

he came over & justified himself
just by looking @ me to illicit
a certain reaction, one lost
on the starboard to later
nights drama collecting
I almost caught a memory
it was like reading the ticker-tape
before it moved through itself
as though every sentence
could really be embodied by
the physicality of time

the nurse came to report the death of
a drowned child, no way to bring
the life back to life
and the parents clutched one
another w/out sound,

an exchange hyperventilated
w/in the context of shared
experience drew more out of
one another than words
could ever accomplish
this is called a fist of
language, this is a hand that can
open & shut the people

I pushed through the crowd
and found myself in a
dream where I was
alone and later gave birth to
a giant fucking jelly fish

remarkable distance—
the leisure of core to
strength plateaus & riddles a
new wave – some presumption
about persuasive lyric heightens

the metaphor
a team according to the
teleological function of: to
team-up, what hypothesis

have you created based-upon

my speculations— a certain way

to culminate a series

of persona-like texts &

advantageous behavior beyond

doubt of a former, unacknowledgable

self—> the doubt sphere

troubled the grey potatoes

from browning

the youth, from fostering

an intelligence like the

academy of wrought iron fences

loose warnings bring blue

epistemological secretions into

the biblical public's eye, no

don't make a baby, might care

a recorded extension of the

deity, turned the war song

to find an admiral

wounded by a solider on the

same side, shoulder-to-shoulder

stand as tall as you possibly can

grey ministries of

ineffectual attention

the wine sour from turning

overnight to:

to be is to bless

as night is to day as dim

is to season as light is to

path as beauty is to

memorial as crazy is

to lack there of imagination

as crystallized form is to

transcendental thought

as wishes are to keepsake

as dictum is to rectum

as lyric is to mega-source

the wrecking ball and the tom-tom machine
stood abandoned on the island, last waves
of glass picking-up off the sand, the people
coming to greet each other, then being met
with the other's mean streak, the transparent
ear and lip being held on a bobbin-pin then
threaded through with lies and each string
pulled tighter and tighter till the synesthesia
choked the wind out of the old-creaking-gate

and the compass flitted to the outskirts
settled on land with an elevated roof and
perfectly sharpened arrow, with the words
for hunger to be hunted and the woods for
days to rise-into, settled down on the dirt
ground, disintegrating into a phase that
allows for trees to be chopped down
and a simple fire started

electric blazing impulsive person inside
persons of people of esteemed citizenry
to not knowing much and when you do to knowing it well
time machine that I not so secretly desire
Frank Lloyd Wright your houses are the shit
Tom Petty I never understood your songs
stray cat really?
friends you're welcome to sleep on my couch anytime
especially after a night of reckless behavior
thrift stores j'adore
language language language
out sourced production units I miss your pause for factory
and indigestible smoke stacks
farmers keep farming someone will appreciate you one of these days
Bin Laden's wife's leg you're still 25

karaoke machine and drum beat let us dance late into the night

threadbare quilt you're wearing thin

job that I wish I didn't have

unemployed population good luck

frenzy of lit culture you control the outer world

thinning middle-class we were once so strong let's take

our children back

hysteria over wrought sadness conducive to failure

celebratory sadness madness and Kotex dispenser

plastic wrap I have difficulty smoothing out your edges

self-evasive friend did you check your email

wandering sheep

pigeon-holed queen

rookie player

soft-eye

wonder

lost

tide

tide

tide

tide

CONTRIBUTORS

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Cori Copp's recent poetry and criticism can be found soon or now in *The Boston Review*, *BOMB*, *Cambridge Literary Review*, *Cannot Exist*, *Wild Orchids*, and other journals. She's the author of a few chapbooks, the three most recent forthcoming from Ugly Duckling Presse, Minutes Books, and Trafficker Press. Plays include *The Whole Tragedy of the Inability to Love: A Performance Trilogy*, *Tell No One*, and *WALTZ*. Copp is a curator with the Segue Foundation and a recent editor of *The Poetry Project Newsletter* (2009-2011). She lives in Brooklyn.

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