

CLOCK

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O'clock

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JACKIE WATERS

from *COMMODORE*

First day I wasn't there, something bad happened.
Then nothing happened for two weeks.
Again, something bad, followed by weeks.
Of nothing.
I thought I saw a pattern.
Bought a notebook, started to write down incidents.
Most days I just wrote "no incident" and signed it "a friend."
The place has water glasses, a pitcher of water you pour for yourself.
"Your first articulation will be of no use to anybody."
That is the law I labored under.
If anything I did can be considered labor.
Though I tried to make it all into labor.
Wanting rest.
Which I knew could only come after great exertion.
To get love, it turns out, you deploy contrivances.
Look good and talk good, without seeming contrived about it.
While knowing love devalues itself in proportion to how well you police yourself to get it.
So love is stuck.
It uses dry shampoo.
Who uses dry shampoo? Love does.
Because I care about you, I say "Well I heard someone died doing that, but I am sure you will be fine."
Who had a tracheotomy? Love did.
It's normal to be nervous.
Also normal to just stroll in unprepared.
Up goes this cohesion of warringly normal impulses, grouped into a thick, thought-absorbing crypto
layer ...
For who can signal a bit of it?
Consider yourself in the aisle of an old church filled with old people.

You reach a hand down to touch your sack.

Your hand stiffens.

When you tap your stiff hand with your free hand, your stiff hand shatters.

Coils of dry paper.

I absorbed it as an urge, pushed all the errands and form-filling forward, and soon I was alone with
hundreds and thousands of syllables, between each of which I heard the same propulsive pause.

To like and be like, and then yet to be liked again.

To grow uneasy, and to graze logic, net gain unpredictable.

CECILIA CORRIGAN

The Summer I Fell In Love with the Young Pepi in the Countryside and How It Informed My Philosophy of Language

Isn't it terrible how lonely I am? My Pepi I pretended to know your name
A true heart doesn't know who is murmuring,
Picture me murmuring.
My bad spelling in youth is connected with the whole rest of my character.
I want to do everything to it, never have I ever been a margin
when I smoke no smoke comes out
When I love language, no whoa comes out.

Some things are invisible.
No, they're not.

I must not make a case for it,
I cannot describe what an eerie impression the *b* in the English word *ghost* makes on me.
and I must not make fun of it

When the word is spoken, it doesn't sound particularly
(schlect)

special; but if I see it written before me, the effect never fails:

I think I am seeing a spirit.

Der hatte schon mit Pepi.
Sometimes things are, really,

back then, *(and not about this tree or table)*

Dear Wit,

Sometimes there was a great intensity or erotic charge (often unperceived and usually not shared by the other). At least once the other was a girl. But but who am I to say? I'm *linking to you*, nature boy.

link: an incantation that is s'posed'ta bring rain certainly seems
efficacious sooner 'o lata

There are six words differently arranged around me. I'm a magnetic ring. ASK ME ANYTHING. Love and pride with a clear high voice. The word "Tenderness." The tricky Unicorn. The knocked off. TO SPELL SOMETHING ASK ME TO SPELL SOMETHING. We went out looking for a combination of rocks and dirt behind the house. He asked me to open my mouth so that he could look at my teeth so I did.

F A R, far. L O S, laws.

This is a movie do not fear it.

This is a movie so come to the movie theater.

Love, The H in

Here we are in the theater with our guns, and the dark and no one no one no one. Oh, and when we speak we don't incorrectly, it is exact it is 3 sticks, clear and high for a note, cracking.

In the long grass of our fathers we must lie down with our use.

As if sense were an atmosphere accompany,

hey

are you ignoring me?

Not as in Errors but as in outside of judgement, (*schlect*)

His child assistant brings him a stone.

I do not know him in this photograph but he stood near me.

His features change into popping tears, and my features, well,

What I meant to prove is that I was unable to prove what I wanted to—

See you tomorrow, difference.

See you tenderness, the difference looks *too* slight.

It is like saying: non-actual.

It is surely remarkable that people don't realize earlier
that sooner or later it's going to rain anyhow.

Music, sound, Marry me, numbers, or be my child.

To show him my teeth in headquarters.

Back then, when I began talking about the 'world', and not about this tree.

I don't love quiet, I love *you* I think, numbers! You are the beautiful ones.

But you never tell me your name. You only say like "there is a secret"

You say to me- *(schlect)*

say

proof, or

say

What else did I want? What else did I want but to keep something higher
spellbound in my words. Wait, but

But we fell asleep here one time and woke up our mouths were open

I was outside, and the tomatoes and the roses, white,

and then in the morning the song went

Eerie, eerie. Eerie.

Eerie, eerie. Eerie-eerie.

*The Transcript of a Dream Wherein Lily "Gazebo" Benson and I
Brutally Murder an Innocent Repo Man*

You are the sound of a dragging angle in someone's femur,

You are the Seabiscuit of my ocean, a fresh sprig of herbs,

You are the mystery of my collection,

breasts like Hershey's kisses, stomach like a vagina.

To my dear, dead, wife: There was this dump out on the outskirts of town, and we were there,
piles of cars on the horizon! We were hiding from that man, the machine, the excavating ma,
we call man we called a man. My wife was very beautiful in the film *Days of Heaven*, you

throve under the direction of Terrence Malick. My wife, my wife is a beastly dead rat. And how stacked,

I hope there will be another girl living here when they find out about me.
To express a deep, a deep deep deep baby inside of me,
I want to mouth your dull body hair.

Then, we found him! You hit him in the neck, with a microphone stone, and then I kicked him with my Tom's. He pleaded and squealed, like a tiny mickey or like a lawyer. We popped out his left eye with our clenches, and you had to tell the world "ha" as a star, a star has mauled him for what he is, that cluster of naught for coming upon.
There are in the opening sequence of the show the credits of the credits of the show there are birds represented by palm trees over and over, why must our music be laurels, olives, and cafes.

We teach children by chanting America:
Some**body**s in my bed. Some**body**s in my car. Some**body**s in my choir.
By the fire black I will meet you or by music

by which I will wear my hat sideways, Thou.

She says "let's remove ninety seven pounds,
eleven ounces of heroin from the Property Clerk's Office."
She fucked me until I was screaming and crying, "I love you
mom and dad! I love you Mrs. Schiller and Glass Candy and Hard Candy!"
We start to huff and hit the cars with metals and body parts.

Received Sunday, January 2nd, 6:17 pm. "Yo come over and drink or huff if you wanna"

Cecilia is tiny and talking about what could be are examples,
"In my world, bird in a tree is a real word and it means
your daughter is beautiful," coming soon from Oxford University Press.

Andrea, Emily, and Honda, we

We were men, and no one can blame us for that.

I wanted to say Andrea, Emily and wanted s the record
I am a shy guy without these glasses pieces or bars of rust
This is what we teach the children.

and MY, s its different!
Summer 2004, July "Camp" scene one thousand take , take, take
The movie zooms in on Andrea's face.
Are you serious she asks, Emily are you serious?

about my talents, my objects, and they,
and they are in Abstract Exclusive, and in the attack.
I never want to be a horse for any holiday. Please hold this phone until I'm on fire and

then take a photo of me

holding it plus the redwoods, behind, drily, crying, because I'm hella metaphysical,
I've destroyed the entire world because of you Cece, I've an anniversary
and this tiny bite to eat, and this chair, this attractive horse, a horse which eats costume and I
devised paintings and silences and tall girls
I've filled the background,
there is a fire black but s
we've, our eyes, they can't see to say I like you

JENNY ZHANG

Everyone's Girlfriend

I wanna be everyone's girlfriend
crawl like a dead bug before I die
be born without consent
consent to everything when no one
has asked me to be anything
to have anything at all
would be brilliant too
I want to be brilliant
like tiny worms that live
inside your head are brilliant
like your head was brilliant
when you told me to have at least
some reason to exist
and I do exist for some reason
for some reason I am not everyone
yet I still have time
before I become the invisible gift
you told your mother to give me
when I was my own gift
when I didn't have thoughts of my own
when I admitted I was stupid
when I gave up on living admirably
when I patched the hole I fell into
and knew I would stay there forever
and I knew I would live this way
and I knew I would want to want more
and I knew I wanted to be buried with everyone
with the dead stars that lead you home

with the child I won't have
because I need to have a perfect cunt
and because we are good friends
we now bond over our perfect cunts
we now bond over our perfect tits
we now bond over our perfect mutations
we now bond over our perfect facials
the sperm you drank from my perfect cunt
knows boundaries but we are too perfect
to adhere to someone else's idea of perfection
each idea born from an idea that proves
existence was not what God intended
but we speak for everyone now
and all of Asia changes when I change
which is why the world you live in
can no longer be stable
can no longer want anything
I want to be or feel awful
I want to repent or show you
I am good and my saintly practice
has a home at last
and I am deserving
though it is true I cannot be the first one
to say so

DANIEL OWEN

Big Fun Magnet in the Mind

Moon
if there is a moon
I can't stop making fun of myself
I can't stop
if there's a cell
to make of fun
making fun of myself
a shipyard a passenger a thousand blown sails
the dog wind trained to come
obedient to wind
sky set to stun
I cry at my arm
step over each line
each time
my mother breaks her back
my lover fucks the green frog
of her voice
it had a name now doesn't
matter
I can't listen to pretty songs I can't
stop listening to wind
convicts
conviction
I can't stop thinking of conviction
a blue jay in the park
a broken meter I can't stop myself a big
fun boy in mosaic obedient
to make myself owl

against the green woodshed
how you follow me snowy owl
in spring gray white and gray
white and gray I can't stop
a big spring day be kind to the world
that goes off to kiss moon
moon moon moon
moon sad on its axis
I can't stop being pink and white
I can't stop making moon
the word in the sky the larynx sky
black and blue the sky makes the moon
the moon makes I I broke the chair
I sit on the floor I can't stop
the chair from breaking
green frog heart a voice a moon
I can't stop relating myself
I can't help to sing the annexed
daytime moon of bodies
scent in a box of rooms
I can't stop the sound of green
I can't stop making fun of things
doing, making, feeling
things, things, things
I can't stop making myself things
others or the waters
the waters
I mistake this shell for an eagle
the song on an edge the moon is a box
there's a cake it's spring
blue frosting blue frost you
make me fun of myself
my song my falldown black ice
I mistake this shell for a cloud
my telephone answers itself
I can't stop the pink and white

clowns

I can't stop making fun of myself!

Missing all and every one

the smell of semen white flowers

in bloom by bike on the street

all the strangers I can't moon

the sun the feathers the strangers

the carbon dioxide the storm

my lover makes feathers a spring

a big fun blonde in spring

I can't stop making fun of the weather

and love is like nothing

the radio clock the alarm

my nails

the half-moon of a nail

nailed to the frog

moon in the throat

I can't stop making fun of starfish

the purple dawn of sleep

I sleep through

the door of cream

I sleep through

I can't stop

making fun of get enough

alone on its axis

side

by side with the pyramids

the moon awake

the wind in the frog the milk

the miles

feeling irie on the avenue

Elementary Spoon

1.

The greater brain
is like a car
on a long coast road
fog and romance
hurtling past
myopic vision
a rainforest in a thigh
you stroke the loose threads
little structures dangle
from a larger structure
gossamer seagulls
purpley enter the lion's robes
I'm thinking about the mind
diving for a red snapper
filled with silver dollars

2.

microwave excites matter
70% of your brain is 90% water
hearts are made of the same stuff
as tree frogs' blue and green
my cynicism weeps on the big
idea of its coming generation
listen to the traffic lecture
look at the light house
a little snort
after every enunciation

TRISHA LOW

Our Long Complete Story: One Moonlit Night

This is a story thrilling with sensation. From almost the opening lines the reader is held in the grip of a great mystery. The material dramatised in this story may meet with some disbelief. It is, however, factual in origin. These things happen. They are going on right now. Our author has drawn some of the material from personal experience during the course of her own practice. Some arise out of anecdotes kindly supplied by colleagues. Some are taken from instances recorded in newspapers and magazines. In any case she has disguised and camouflaged all actual identities and localities. Although, of course, we are interested in who did what to whom and where and how, we are also mostly interested in romantic patterns of action and behaviour. When it has once been begun, few people will set it down until the last line has been read. Its author's name is ELLA DUNRAVEN.

*

TRISHA LOW lay in her white bed and rested her pretty cheek on her left hand, because there was a diamond ring shining on its third finger and she was so *very very very* happy in her new love dream. She had become a soul searcher in her own body and in her head. It was not easy, but Reader, we must believe her.

“The fallacy of any inhibiting form can be easily discovered by any female who is willing to objectively experiment with conduct” she smiled serenely at herself. “In the promised view of my emotional autopilot's reality, it is the man who carefully plans his campaign to snare to woman of his choice and when that woman finally responds to his maneuvers, his ego will not let him readily discard that for which he has so strenuously laboured.” But after all, she thought, “A woman who thinks she will easily lose a man whom she has inspired to pursue her will actually know that she has to work at rejecting him, more often than not. As the prized object, it is better to treat him and his formal maneuvers as though one would a worm, although of course this method is flexible in its application.”

Her *innocent heart* thrilled once more with thankfulness for that crowning mercy of a *good man's love* which is indeed the greatest blessing Heaven has in its power to bestow.

Suddenly out of the night there came a hoarse cry, a *dreadful* cry, the cry of a man's voice raised in *anguish*, and to her strained ears, that cry had formed the name of her lover.

"By his automobile you shall know him." that dreadful voice had said. "'Charles,' relative to a diversity of nicknames such as 'Charlie', 'Chuck', 'Chick', 'Chazz' or a foreign variant that has been bestowed by parents."

And then again.

"*Twelve o'clock!*" It screeched. "Car guaranteed to stand out, whether through size or luxury, so long as there is a look of importance. 'Karl', 'Carl', 'Carlos', 'Karel' is serious and elaborate".

She sprang up, trembling through every limb, and slipped into a warm dressing-gown. By all rights she would have remained in her own room, it was *not like her* to go wandering through the house in *dead of night*, but it was as if some terror beyond all words held her in its grip, and she acted *against her will*.

Barefooted as she was, with her long hair loose about her shoulders, she opened the door of her room and slipped along the corridor, then down the great staircase to the hall.

The front door was shut and barred; she knew that if she tried to open it that she would probably rouse the house, so she turned to a side door at the back and opened that, standing on the step and looking out into the moonlit night. There was only silence around her, a strange brooding silence that seemed all the more *terrible* because it followed that hoarse cry. Her face whitened.

"Is the kind of situation that is engendered when we are embarrassed and subsequently blush the very factor that will produce a total reversal of the supercharging of adrenelin that at times of shock and emotional stress will cause my face to become whiter?" she asked herself, and then shook her head. "I am visually presenting an image that will artificially do my projecting for me. My appearance will serve as the out-going force that will snare my quarry, as an angler throws his bait. The self-consciousness of my pallor will reel in my line", she thought.

As such, she reminded herself of the lusts that should fill the man who was represented, the things she should make him want to do to her with the exaggerated state of his member and the consuming desire of heat from loins and groin that must merge with the glowing coals of romance.

“I live in a town where everybody knows everybody else, and I can’t disappear. So if I run into him again at present, perhaps it would be worth telling him that I didn’t receive a thing in the way of vibrations. However, suggesting that maybe if he tried some more, or harder, that he might improve could inspire real change. More importantly, his meaningful search for my hidden secrets must be exposed as a sham”, she told herself. “Any real emotion he offers at this moment must immediately be murdered. If one imagines an emotion as a small, living creature, when presented with one, one should snap its neck and disfigure the body until it is no longer recognisable as anything that once lived. I must make him wear the putrid rotting thing on his back like a cross. He cannot be so offended, as he must know what I am doing is girlishly valid and should credit me with knowing my trade.”

Steeling herself, she went in again and shut the door.

Trembling in every *limb*, slowly she went back towards her own room, afraid now of the shadows of the house.

At the head of the stairs she stopped, her eyes instinctively going along the corridor opposite to that from which her own room opened.

From that corridor a beam of light *streamed* through an open door.

She knew the room to which that door led, it was the room they had given her lover, CHIP, cut-up and so *easily* bewitched during his stay here at the old manor at which he was a visitor.

“When a man succeeds in landing a desirable woman, she might be equivalent to a hundred watt bulb.” he said. “I can’t be expected to light your bulb single-handedly although you gave off enough of a glow for me to take you to bed. As a woman of low wattage you can’t expect a high voltage male”.

He turned on his heel and standing there amid the roses, she watched him as he went across the lawn and reached the further gate.

Surely he would look back at the last moment, she thought. *Surely* he would not go without one farewell glance.

Only a short time before he and she had parted on the lawn for a little while and then when he had reached the gate he had looked back and waved his hat and they had *laughed* at each other. Although there had been that space between, they had taken another farewell.

But then his kisses had been hot on her lips, his arm had been round her but a moment before, his strong heart had been *beating* against her *breast*. And now – now he was leaving her with this mystery and silence. Now he had reached the gate and –

He had gone from her sight, he had not lifted his bowed head, he had not looked back.

With his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his shoulders bowed as those of an old man, he had gone out of the gate, out of her life. “One either loves oneself or knows oneself. By assuming a role, the threat is real. One could be able to set up and arrange self-fulfilling prophecies with a remarkable degree of certainty”, she mused. She was finally left *alone*.

JENNIFER K. DICK

Another Early Obsession

What is it that allows so fine a beam able to keep from concentrating while working?

Lynch decided: *levels of attention*.

He. A stem. The spinal part of the brain where to root called a negative arousal. How, awake, concentrating on a task, nervous energy was fed signals. Would in turn be so aroused by my whisper into his hearing aid, spinning wildly out of small doses.

This question of an uncovered neural circuit. Chord connected to plan.

Once perhaps it just started straight up. Wrote notes. What did I care anyway? Laughed a lot. Allowed me to have forgotten. Altered in the curled melanin, a shade too bark-brown, tongue wanting some vague sense of rumor. Right down next to that bench in the cinema. The snail of his hearing closer *at-the-end*. Control from the brain to cerebral cortex—decisions, X, then back.

Wasn't time a bit blurred? As if waiting in narrow consciousness, a problem?

He agitated on amphetamines in the slow speech. Circuitry seemed to effect (seemed in effect). Almost equal. Because perhaps it's quick in a different place. A story. He. I.

And when did we touch? Or, rather, did we, that is, touch?

Sought, after all, the higher brain to communicate in the “recovery of function.” The blank white screen, a pre-history where electrical engineers, acting as a flywheel just lesioned, upped the results. Learning. Memory. Between classes he was taller—it was generic coupling to show his picture, a vague semblance underskin over our hallway departures. Make believe this was what was taboo.

Must somehow be a phenomenon called control.

But if he was electricity disconnected?

Lynch wrote: *implications for being able to focus. Lie.*

Animal level. To say that we were, “No, never, not that close, not close at all,”—not in the dark waiting in the back of the bus hunkered down thinking, *why should anyone care? Why should I?*

As in a maze, one of the increased systems started towards the stem. Being became hyperactive by depriving them of normal regulation awaiting the projection.

Who didn't know? And are “we” the exclusion of everything else?

Mention the name of his futures, hand a huge sponge coral. Forget veins lifting weave a series of serpentine fingertips.

It was known, Lynch believed, *to find or, say, elicit restraining signals back from the cortex. A task before it that it controls.* Speculate that to learn, one must become conscious. And patient.

Seems a jargon: neuroscience, arousals, mine. That that which is not static can change. A sense of perspectives, permissions. Waiting slumped down in the back seat. My whisper turning him closer.

Coda

She exits / exists
in a roundabout way.

Lynch said, pulling from a stack of culled papers the newest treatise. Her poetics of memorabilia. To collect is to recall is to hold is to hallucinate proximity.

She is I
and the eyes observation
closed captioned
hard for the hearing hurled.

He hefted another volume onto a shelf. To think. Formulaic obscured accruals enjoy this little lost. Dusty. Mildewing. Miniature transfigurines. Her body broken open like the tome's spine. Coming. Cracks. Peer inside the Palaces of Memory, the Memories of Palaces, the Palace Memorizing its Palatialness. Lynch would have liked a newer system, a symbiotic response. Doing it all over again.

I-80, Cinque Terre, rues and ruelles taste of Jean Beausire, Paris backrooms, Massachusetts, Iowa or Colorado. Opening to. Giving the self over. Taken aback.

She cupped her hand
as if waving.
To approach
depart.
Catch-release.

Lynch had thought it would only take a biology course and a few Petri dishes.

The spectrometer became everything they trusted.

To lead him round. Biometric nomenclature. Labelled glasswear and chemical elements.

In a world of few linguists, Babel becomes her Atlantis. Prepackaged theorems collected like travel trinkets line the shelves. Problems even Lynch can't excise. Malignant complexity felt esoterically. The exoskeleton of her remembrance.

She shelves
each figurine
like a mirror.
Wanders home
in the dark.

Mathematics unveiled reveals her chalky bones burned into dust. "We must find a compromise between the structure of the world and the structure of our brains," McCullough declared. She drew him circles, triangles, maps. Lynch leaned in, over her shoulder, taking her hands so they might draw just one line connecting two points. She labelled point A "now". He labelled point B "then".

Emerging from the stacked shelf-labyrinth, he too was dispersed at closing hour into the night.

This astonishing artefact:
small systems of neurons
remain in the absence of
any verifiable
recovery function.

Still there, *you*, at the back of the library.

LAURA ELRICK

from *Propagation*

|| a fraction of love
a whole fraction
fascinates
a fraction factions
love
and fascinates
fascinates
love of fractions
fascinates
fascination
love
fractions
love factions
fascination love
fractures
love fractures
it it
loves
fracture it
loves fracture wholly
and fascination
loves it too
to fracture to
love it
to love it
plural loves plural
loves

a fraction of plural
loves us
is fascinating us
a fraction
a fraction
of love
is fascinating
is whole

|| our shampoo
our shampoo
is the blue shampoo
our shampoo is
blue the shampoo no
ours is
blue
it's the blue one
the shampoo that is ours
is the blue one blue
it's the blue shampoo
that is our shampoo
the blue that is blue
is blue
shampoo ashes
ashes

down
I don't want anyone
to to see my see
my private parts

so I'm not gonna
I'm not gonna take off
my swimming suit

ok?

ok?

|| at family
affect office
where you work
it's a question
man that
was it
distributing checks had a ritual
at a privatize
by subcontracting that
affect my
office is tender
man that
when
was it
i handed him a check
the check handed
him he
pulled back
he pulled it back
he
pulled that check back
to him
my check hand
repulsed
then pushed it back like
he pushed it back then
pushed that check
away from him
as if one was i
and pulling it away
if one was i was then
taking it away and
he giving
it
willingly

offering it up
he offers it up
to you do you
relent
wanly
so smugly then he
pulls the check away again
and
giving the check
back to himself
quite demurely now
he pulls it away
and pulls it
pulling the hand that
fed him back to him
pushing it back now
again
push it back now
to be angry now he
mutter
chant
glance
up and
glancing up
THE SKY THAT IS THE CHECK
(grandly)
held up to the
light the check then held up
to the light
the check examined
the check examined
it is examined this
check sky
lighted office
for its taint it is
the check

is tainted
the check tainted
him pulling
and
pushing it
away
til it's back
the check is back
to him
finally
back to
him his
check his
ability your
act your
ability just
pulling at the job fam
affect sub office con
tract
or p
ay
me
you don't pay me okay don't really play that

|| pick up stack
drop as
done pick up
stack drop
as done as
done pick up
stack done
stack done
pick up
up stack is done
it's done
pick up

pick up pick
up pick up stack
done done
done
stack's done
does and pick
pick up
as does as done
pick up
the stack
you're done

MARIO SANTIAGO PAPASQUIARO

translated by Cole Heinowitz

Already Far From The Road

To the memory of Infrain

Vibrations

Vibrations - whips

1 sound comes from the shadow

quickly forms 1 sphere

1 farm

1 group

1 armada

1 universe of Universe

— Henri Michaux

1.

Some grubby pants & death in the chest

Right on man!

I'll see you there by the wall

/ just past the loading zone /

winds crystallizing on the left

fins of the dust : your fins

1 oasis harpooning the dryness in us

In the daughter of your eye / the graveyard

: Mezcalito casting posies :

Earth & its opposite : deer silent as the noises at their weddings

You shouldn't go / but you should go

2.

(In this shadow this strange fruit nestles
that's the heart of the amphibious & precocious infrarealist becoming)

Sons of Pablo de Rokha are we
Before writing this / we were already flying
Then the continuum of the written was less patrolled
Breath danced on the tip of the tongue
We transformed caressing the *ayayay* of every wound

*We're poets
Cymbals of the black sun
that magnetizes us*

3.

Neither lumpens nor proletarians
The wage-earning demigod
not 1 pen bursts in our abysses
: The infra-dawns in the spider's House of Usher :
Sweet clitoris plays paddle ball / embarks as for the 5 mountains in 2 lutes
At tender gallop & flowing mane

*Rubayat is in love
with
Ramayana*

4.

Our tongue has been barbed
It's watermelon / dripping deep-laughing vagrant
Adventure that's torn open our abrasions
What we've been we are in the crescendoing of echoes

For such shoulders : such thighs
For those ankles / those steps
Lessons of cleansing by the scalpel

5.

...Gray is the Theory...
Red the fuzz of Cannabis / The Wireless

6.

The fight? / Against the power of phara\$aiical \$ign\$
(Mask vs Longhair)
10 years later we're still being tribal
/ lubricous wherever /
In Jalapa : Minneapolis : Iquitos : Ivry-sur-Seine : Gerona :
Glen & Canyon
Dogs inhabited by voices of the desert
Aztec priests blinded by the flame by the song of the body
& the flame of the body that's the song
Reality sandwiches!

7.

The compost of language doesn't germinate
if it isn't in deeds already poverty incarnate
The Marabu triumph in Nahuatl lands
—How much for the singing rabbit? / With wings?
—Happy Un-Birthday
Infrarealism isn't some scouring-word
Our nights have anthologized us
Every texticle in its place / that could likely be our nomad's miracle

8.

It's Zero Hour again

Jesús Luis scratches *Songs for Thugs* in its light

There are stars like there are desires

there are abysses & there are roads

The piranhas of the day before yesterday

are iguanas of the future

Waves : waves : waves of thirst

9.

—What'd those TV employees say about us?

/ sons of the happy service & prosperous benefits /

—Oh Holy Satanic Laughter

—Billy Burroughs doesn't even know?

The lowlife jumps for joy

/ They're fireflies in the dawn /

—Would that be 1 Sirian haiku?

1 water poet in the sierras?

Delirium's orgasm?

10.

Poetry-hendecasyllaboiler

Edgar Allan & Black Sabbath's little sister

dickfaces & fucktrarians

what a lot of trenches

plowed in the guts of the guts

11.

I touch wind
: turgid chance :
Our root's talking
/ not the laundering of Power & its ticket-booths
its taxes : its punishments : cynical grins : its wheezing of vanities /

12.

Let Tin-Tan burn his zoot suit
The roads are full of other beings
/ not the cubicle or charge /
Remember body how much you lived
How much gospel of the open heavens
/ Subterraneously : sovereignly /
Because it won't be the fear of any fear
that makes us set at half mast
the igneous geyser of our indignation

& this numeral 13 says it well:
Mexican poetry is divided in 2
Mexican poetry & infrarealism
/ 1 Tula River to stir up /

BETHANY IDES

Supra-imposition

“Who’s that?! Who’s that?! Who’s that?!” - “The Jitterbug”

In the scene that wasn’t seen
In the scene that wasn’t seen
In the scene that wasn’t seen

*

There is a
“terrible buzz”

in the breeze,
there is a string of threes

of the terrible song that’s sung, of “breeze in the trees,”
and of a man, unsheathed, whose arms had been as branches.

*

In the trees, and to the song, and of a man who exits through a side slit. There’s a rip in its trunk. A hidden there, and he is deleted upon his having emerged into the hard air. His soft of limbs go limp, and he turns, then is offscreen, in the scene that wasn’t seen.

There is a husband and wife. They are “The World’s Greatest Eccentric Dancers.” Their dance requires that their feet be off the ground as much as possible. Their footsteps are untraceable. They are like the kidnapped who twist willfully out of their binds and blindfolds, and kick the chairs over, making quick break.

A cut-out shot that captures this, and then this is blacked-out, and the dancers are silhouetted, they are replicated as many cartwheels, and in trails, the eyes. As if they are spooks that travel on motorized tracks, at a carnival shooting gallery, and in a haunted house where they might catch the light, cast a shadow, rounding mirrored corners.

*

Looking closely,
one might notice

the edge of where
a mirror might be

more or less
down the middle, only there is no symmetry.

*

The edge of where
The edge of where a mirror might be
The edge of where a mirror might be
The edge is there, and what remains

(only there is no)

meaning, the means by which they are perceived.

*

There is a man hunched and nestled in the eaves who insists that “there is no absurdity” in a kind of abstract or contemplative consciousness rooted in something other than resemblances. If this “imageless thought” is reversed, we might imagine a situation in which the image ceases to resemble but instead turns inward, pensive, brooding, and as a mantra, wiggles out from the reaches of its own signification where the start of a phrase fingers methodically the lock of its end, slipping over stops in starts.

As running behind a fence blurs the burden of becoming.

As hands spreading open, to kick, that they are feet. That there is groundlessness, unnerving. That the bug is not seen, but becomes host in haste. That there is blindness, flashing, blindness, and the seen is not seen. And the believers who have not seen, have, in haste, believed.

JUDAH RUBIN

Cronometric (Of)

Without, the argument is
 to film the slick ribbons of blood
 lines passed among stones
of birds Hesitant, by the low vent
 risen

without one's own

but of a people
 implicant

where we send we mark

and spat up his teeth

born digital

creased

preservator
atrophied as a kill list, a framing secondary
in a dirty lens

All longitude must be

scraped
lateral to permit an opening
to work measurement
of digest packed in ice
That dialectic

binary
Binnacle where the earth sinks from
to be swallowed by the gales
and alewife,
bloated at its seams

Could not settle and thus emerge,
further, further

hidden by the blood

Of the pure he said, manufact

print assayed,
for

less
killable
to efface if in murder then
by murder
than

what could 'in absence of whatever there is between
anything and me'

taste - Linqere / Lingere

'these words, RETURNING'

to kill, this
licking of one wound
up

Perched

and per se and
such late addition
These late, these marks of dust
along

My own informed

to preserve cut through
of peace the dead in a sentence

Who drew you from you
drew you from
these borders

“Only we acquire power to
illuminate
ourselves”

JOSEF KAPLAN

Idioterne

For any number of performers.

Lines to be performed in order but spontaneously, without assignation. Performers should feel free to speak and act over one another.

All text in brackets to be performed as improvised dialogue, as described.

All lines to be performed in gross caricature of the developmentally disabled.

- 1: [Inaudible] Green. Coming out.
- 2: Horsepower, Shaddick.
- 3: [Inaudible]
- 4: Advise, we've had shots fired. Shots fired. There are some injuries, uh, lay one on.
- 5: Parr, Shaddick.
- 6: [Inaudible]
- 7: Stagecoach, Shaddick.
- 8: Rawhide is okay, Follow-up. Rawhide is okay.
- 9: [Inaudible] [OVERLAPPING]
- 10: Halfback, roger.
- 11: You wanna go to the hospital or back to the White House?
- 12: We're going right... we're going to Crown.
- 13: Okay.
- 14: [Inaudible]
- 15: Back to the White House. Back to the White House. Rawhide is okay.
- 16: Halfback, Crown.
- 17: [Inaudible]
- 18: Halfback, Halfback, Crown.

19: Crown, Halfback.
20: Halfback, Crown. We have Muratti requesting a status report on Rawhide.
21: Tell him to stay off the air for now. Rawhide's alright.
22: Thank you so much.
23: Gordon, Unrue.
24: Gordon, Gordon, Unrue.
25: Go ahead. Gordon. [*OVERLAPPING*]
26: Gordon, Unrue.
27: Go ahead, Drew.
28: Roger. We want to go to the emergency room of George Washington.
29: That's a roger.
30: Go to George Washington fast.
31: Roger. Sergeant Bell, Gordon.
32: Parr, Shaddick.
33: Parr, Shaddick.
34: Shaddick, Parr. George Washington.
35: Roger.
36: [*Inaudible*]
37: Get an ambulance, I mean get the, um, stretcher out there.
38: Horsepower, Shaddick. You copy, GW?
39: Correct. We've made the call.
40: [*Inaudible*]
41: Horsepower, Horsepower, [*inaudible*].
42: Let's hustle.
43: This is Horsepower. Go ahead.
44: [*Inaudible, sirens*] ...Connecticut Avenue en route Central Cell Block.
45: Ah, this is Horsepower. You're terribly broken. I just caught the tail end. Say again?
46: Horsepower this is [*inaudible*].
47: Agent, Horsepower. Go ahead.
48: [*Sirens*] ...Roger. I have suspect in custody. I'm in an MPD vehicle, heading for, taking him to [*inaudible*] Central Cell Block. Can I get support please?
49: Okay, let's send some agents up there to help.
50: Horsepower, Shaddick.
51: Shaddick from...
52: [*Inaudible*], Halfback.

53: [Inaudible]
54: Horsepower, we're on... en route to the location.
55: [Inaudible]
56: Horsepower, Halfback. We have an arrival at GW.
57: Confirm, roger.
58: Would you, uh, contact WFO or some other divisions and get additional people sent to this location.
59: Roger that.
60: Horsepower, [inaudible].
61: [Inaudible]
62: [Inaudible, sirens] ...suspect in custody at Central Cell... [inaudible].
63: [Inaudible] ...repeat it.
64: [Noise and loud sirens in the background] ...be advised I have suspect in custody in an MPD vehicle arriving at Central Cell Block. Taking him to central booking and [inaudible], copy?
65: Repeat it one last time, over.
66: [Inaudible... sirens]
67: [Inaudible... sirens]
68: [Static]
69: Green, Hilton security room.
70: Go ahead.
71: Hilton security room from Green. Go ahead.
72: This is the security room. When you have a chance, give us a call down here.
73: Roger.
74: [Inaudible]
75: [Inaudible]
76: Go ahead.
77: Go ahead, Brown.
78: Go ahead, Brown.
79: Horsepower, Fencing Master limo.
80: Wanko, Varey.
81: Wanko, Varey.
82: Go ahead, Varey.
83: Where you at, ahh, Bob?
84: Over by the door in the front.

85: Alright.

86: [*Inaudible*], you want me to meet you at the parkway there, where you come out in the street.

87: Negative, meet me at the first door here, uh, [*inaudible*].

88: [*Inaudible*]

89: Go ahead.

90: What's your location?

91: Standing at the, ah, entranceway into the, uh [*inaudible*].

92: Sullivan, Campbell. Come on out. [*Inaudible*], Campbell, please [*inaudible*].

93: Coming.

94: Horsepower from Opfer.

95: Station calling Horsepower.

96: Roger. We're gonna leave with Rainbow and go to that location.

97: Station calling Horsepower, repeat please.

98: Horsepower this is Opfer. We're going to go to that location with Rainbow.

99: Roger, George.

100: [*Static*]

101: Crown and Horsepower, Rainbow trail. Depart Crown en route local stop.

102: Horsepower copy, Rainbow trail.

103: Horsepower from Opfer.

104: Opfer, [*inaudible*].

105: Roger, if you have any contact at this next location tell them we're coming in the 22nd Street entrance.

106: Roger, 22nd Street. Break. Halfback, Halfback, Horsepower.

107: Horsepower, Halfback.

108: Roger, be advised Rainbow is coming to your location at the 22nd Street entrance. Can you make sure she gets in?

109: Roger. Burns you copy?

110: Crown and Horsepower from Rainbow trail, Rainbow arrive local stop.

111: Roger.

112: [*Extended period of static*]

113: [*Inaudible*]

114: [*Inaudible*], Green.

115: [*Inaudible*]

116: Break.

- 117: Halfback, Horsepower.
118: Horsepower, Halfback.
119: Roger, could you get a hold of Shaddick or Parr and have them two-two Horsepower?
120: Roger. Break. Shaddick or Parr you copy two-two Horsepower?
121: Roger, [*inaudible*]. Two-two Horsepower.

Lullabies

For Hart Crane

Are these pillars or are these waves
Slicing my cheeks like scuds of wheat
Eyelid by eyelid dividing me
O thou O hear

These thornless stalks of air
There is no time to lose
No keeping more obscene
No do not shout like that

Upon the sunlit limits of the night
Blindly pass
No work of words
Survey the senate of our minds

For Marina Tsvetaeva

All season I walk
With his shadow on my face
I sleep with him as with other men
I am indifferent
Laughing when he laughs
Drinking and dancing
One night
Slamming his fist down on our table
He takes me by the throat
Drags me through the street

For Osip Mandelstam

By shade of palm-slash
And by blood drying on the wind illusion
And I parted ways
I went to the dogs barking
Like women in the street
I touched them drank from them
They did not notice me

For Arthur Rimbaud

Woman! Glowing in your walls
I smash my teeth
Against the mildew I hear you
In the caverns of my skull—unfurnished weakness
Holds us together (you worse than I) / do not bury me
Amidst metaphysical stones—the boneless
Quibble of mothers

—Coward!

I laugh at myself
Claw out my eyes and lay them on the table
Shards of night I do not kill
Take with me

CONTRIBUTORS

Cecilia Corrigan writes poetry, plays, criticism, screenplays, and fiction. Her work has been published in *The Journal*, *Los Angeles Review of Books*, *The Awl*, *The Nicola Midnight St. Claire*, *Glitterpony*, and *Emergency Index* (Ugly Duckling Presse). Cecilia's forthcoming book *TITANIC* was awarded the Plonsker Prize, and will be published by &NOW Books.

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Bethany Ides harps on conditions (text, presence, prescience, instability, irrevocability, implicature, disuse) and this [work] manifests as performance, installation, publication, video, sound and/or curatorial practice. For instances: *The Visitation*, at Fragmental Museum (2012); *The Same Abe*, on the Chelsea waterfront (2011); *Children Get Stuck Places Underground*, at Half/Dozen Gallery (2010); *APPROX L*, at Worksound Gallery (2009); and *Transient's Theme*, at CounterPULSE Theater, Gowanus Studio Space and in progress.

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