

SET / a journal



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SET / a journal

PATRICK JOSEPH ALLEN

from *THE SELLING OF FLIES*

#64

I.

Stranger, receive this, a smaller voice. Ruminations of grit. Suffer bird-lung, fluid in absence. A pittance of dun landscape. Human excruciating. As close to marionettes as possible. Painted breast, pained blank. Consequently, those wings will never thaw.

II.

Stranger in voice, receive a pittance of wings, suffer this dull painted blank. Those possible marionettes. Smaller ruminations of pained lung. Close to will never. Human absence, fluid land-scape. Consequently excruciating. A bird-grit. As breast, as thaw.

III.

Thaw this human pittance. Suffer excruciating landscape as close absence. To will dull grit. In pained voice, a breast consequently fluid, those possible ruminations. Smaller of lung. Stranger bird, wings painted as blank marionettes. A never of.

#40.

I.

Somewhat bloodclot. Giving title to the skies. We look above the sun when thrusting under waters. Bellow while. To listen resembles drowning in thirst. Note mirror.

II.

Listen when the waters mirror sunclot. Above we bellow, drowning in
skies. What blood, some note. Giving look resembles thirst. The thrust-
ing under, to title, to while.

III.

Some title. When above the bloodwaters, note what sun. While drowning, listen to thirst. The mirror resembles skies giving clot. We, under thrusting, bellow to look in.

JAMES LONGLEY

When, as in dreams, little
recompense comes about
by force
of habit, when such atomic
winters nip as these at heels
of furnace men beating
their several limbs apart, all
godliness in the waxing
dog-eyed spheres seems set
by napes to take up hook
and price us at our weight

DORMEZ-VOUZ?

Seen the pillow wither?

—Much, much.

exterior: weekend attrition

clear pests
rousting this good garden. god,

in most our dew dead sun,
revised to tack alee
just over the attics,
dark side of the pines

Word of the weather?

—Little cloud glower,
me a-snooze in
courtyard when
from nowhere one hailstone
in my lap! All the windows up
need shut and I
come to with purpling thigh
Wrest the boarders from their rooms?
—I should say
and in the slate sky inventory

may they meet a pith-pared sting
at breakfast,

the linens—
such & such
string count strung
on the line, the folds and cups
of night sweat tossed hazarding about

See the bed set back under the sun?

—

Sonnez les Matines

Sonnez les Matines

thin wind down the gravel path;

hail-pink Hands still thrumming the wash.

THESE WERE THE THINGS IN HER HAIR

¹one eye & another &
a carolina wren's two
eyes

²feathers, hers & its

³tangled dancemaps
step-by-step

unwinding
rewinding

⁴countless deadened harbors

⁵as many whistling
hollows

past Midnight of
which the wren speaks
turning

over a wing.

⁶countless wings.

⁷two scapula sewn
across in red
silk, scrapped notes
to her Once-knowns

dangling
in

their action across

As you may cede the half
black swan unsought,

may buy a butterball and think
exactly how you mean

to dress the dish, such savory
fat-smoke fogging up the flue,

so may you wish to drink
till gone the dross

of days that take each
penny granted down

to sackcloth scenes of pin-to-cushion
gerrymandered shows

of good-faith-hand-on-heart,
as petrels bob atop the floods,

which must, but cannot,
wait to break the news.

Call in your coffee radio
those people, deep-seeded,
do the unsighted scenes
for two voices, rattles

made glorious, repeating made
glorious. I wonder, because
it's such a *time*, I tried
to wonder across the street

aloud to you two but
the mailman jittered in
the way, friends, stalwart
in his generation.

This is my hard work fedora.
This is the way I was
taught to shake out a dawn.

CARRIE OLIVIA ADAMS

from *OPERATING THEATER*

V. *POST OP*

This small effort was of necessity very imperfect.



(

We cannot insist too forcibly upon the tearing process, in facilitating the dissection of the mind.

)

It is a burden.

To be loved.

[One]

What will we do
after this
after the chisel and rasp?

[Other]

I came here with a splint
A bone button
Bone skid
Bone lever

[One]

If I close my eyes
you mallet
you heavy.

[Other]

I have seen cuts from crotch to collar
and jars of ourselves pickled
and laced.

[One]

And I've seen a blind woman
lost with her stick and frantically seeking
the comfort of the curb

[Both]

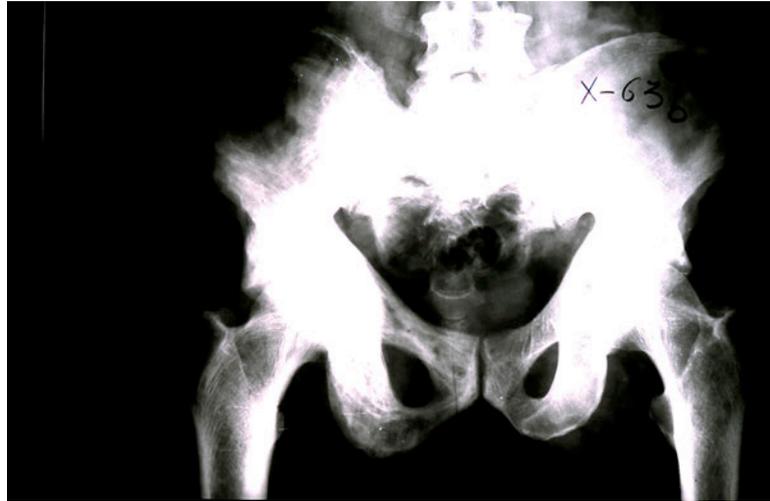
And the stuttering man
just out of prison apologizing
For asking for money
and me apologizing for saying no
and crying there in the subway.

[One]

You make your home

[Other]

In the hollow of the bone.



[Other]

The large dusty moth that found her way inside
one night and frightened you,
so death became the quiet
I carried on my fingers to bed.

[One]

How lungs can look like wings.

[Other]

We make cautious, careful arrangements.

[Both]

Come into this chamber of blood.
Leave a chamber of water.

GEOFFREY OLSEN

AIR ABOVE MOUNTAINS

Ada was sitting on the railing

parsing government surveillance from a graffitied booth,
you view yourself through state tracking

Ada - so that is your part of it locked in glow. you, you are getting that center for now.

B - it's not brighter. boundless terror makes an appearance.

Ada - it's a movement we do.

B - that rhythm?

Ada - curious me! i'm holding up. it's about defusing riot situations, rending apartments.

B - i can't tell people just getting angry easily

Ada - it's removed attention the spaces are public threat removed through administration.

B - visual layers. inscrutable coding.

B and Ada came very close to each other. the wall collapses they are civilians, pressed
underneath one moment after much diplomacy then an outbreak of war flare up. citizens.

a teal pool below.

peopled

trot

here with us

playing what
the invisible—chemical agents, biological released into the city—not a plane in
sight—catastrophe fantasy.

it's not seen. it's invisible so most
people are still passive, but for fear which is there
scratching wound
the sky will be clear, open, the sun resplendent.

do you feel it?

the doorway is open and something in the humans exposed
to this infinite invisible hand

when rushes spilled & dead

very far back from the beginning,
we've still transitioned from one oppressive situation to the next

the story will be mixed in with the reading

the coming war induces mindrot

so it's political. they're saying it & what glows with it is

that

wild mental weather
is out un-sustained there
ringing, holding onto
that which glows,
sketching green lines,
voiding mechanistic aggression

though named—is that possible? does that go away then,

the drowning us subsumed in the rigid figuring place between, laced would be an alternative,
lacing with

sliding it there it eases parts connecting
so connected
sliding together they are pressed one sweat
one sweet

the probe shifting beyond the heliosphere
register great received distance so consciousness
was a great distance moving the whole
of the solar system a distanced orb transitioning sphere.

no

more frontier as allegiance and attention shift from
center
it awakens
eye rove over
the ravine is symptom, lulling

it's in its capacity to strike more often than not
it accesses will always, though others are claimed to not have
that access

the humans not evolved beyond
a being identified at center (that's fake) with all the

orienting language basing this position

given over

wounds there fresh, organisms there too, in the red, green

even muscled

the base

situated on

a hill

de-limbed one instant

the sea not scraping, formed around but a minute point

moving denizen large shark agile in its descent

feeling active pressure

which in waves

sense

the frame psychic, metallic, needing frame always

hand flexion, hand in intimidating. the others stay in their places

moving insect in the exoskeletons
feeling the enhanced mechanism,
righted yet unformed

palpates, pressing of the events from before,

not able to move beyond how new this condition is

whorled movement many audible
whitened underside turned-over

healing so the hand
heals the torso present
the narrative of the hand which touches and heals

this

rejects so frontal

*

the clearing is a space they cross, horned, furred
clearing open & what we saw
swishing

the interclass is a green flow

they can't manufacture this clearing
that tolerance not assimilation

& is without end

ludicrously buoyant figuration
that is the plant life

SARA WINTZ

yourself in in in and awkwardly placed
where is the position for this
where is the way that i feel in my
self or way of weird approach
what is the posture

“who are the models” i find myself txtng you late one night after seeing
grown ups act out—slave away at appearing like children.

you ask if i am all right and i tell you is that i don't know i don't know i'm upset about
something.

my disposition in relationships is so shaky:
i miss loneliness out of fear of being without anything to miss
out of fear of being doubtlessly happy

i sit and write
telling myself to shake it out
and it shakes me down
gets to the core of me

in day, in nighttime

beside soft yellow lights that dot the building next door
while sitting on the porch beside crowds drinking heavily, listening to music.

under the shadow of a poet who is dying
we are driving between golden hills
spotted with dark green trees
under a blue sky
on a thin grey road in a black car.

the woman in the bathroom writes her name on a mirror
to be seen--

what happens to a writer?

i am only just thinking about it.
but in my mind it is strange to be at once with the person and then not
and with the work only
as record once secondary the life

when i was working in brooklyn
the woman seen for a moment waves in actual life
then vanishes into remembrance
here in the car among cactuses

it is so simple what they try to do
who are forbidden
sleep and eat together among the neon streetlights
what is the problem?

they band together and participate in there governments and face retribution like a
western
the politicians just don't get it

we are sleeping over: what's the big deal?
it's a man burning a flag: what's the big deal?

we've seen it before and now politicians testify to participating in it in order to receive
brownie points
sax solo
raise yr fist + say culture war
culture war

+ now you
straight-faced as the officer
don't understand
don't see the reason in this
ich sagte: it doesn't compute
"i don't want to be a good german"

i don't want to be a believer
who shouts unselfconsciously before baby delete circumstance
i don't want to consider systems or the kinds of roles which negate me
force me to occupy the space of someone other than my self

i bought it on etsy
i don't have a reason other than to make myself happy
communicating among the lower cases.
in acquiring objects found and re-priced desiring the space of some place older
than this
more precious than
the production of markets five times over.

to revel in beauty; seek or collect
is it too surface?

how much power there is in numbers
i move a dish on the stove
and feel something shaking
it is the shifting of my weight
from one foot to the next

the people are saying that there is power in numbers
a cause simply able to multiply anywhere
as a result of willing bodies; if able, if eager
to
if happy to say so at the same time

CALEB ENGSTROM

Night Roads 1

Acrylic on Urethane Foam

30" x 24" x 2"

Night Roads 2

Acrylic on Urethane Foam

30" x 24" x 2"

Night Roads 3

Acrylic on Urethane Foam

30" x 24" x 2"







GRACIE LEAVITT

TRULY MIGRATORY

Things you say in the moment as if
they're things to say in the moment you've
been thinking about for years, try
to think a figure for this, watershed

in a cold snap, surface something
to look at, stroke the farthest from
direct supply, deposits going soft
upon surf zone, foam, spit

of land disappears in miles pink
in sequence erupts first place my body
rejects far reach wind-handled fills
orders about her head stars shade

to public quality walking in
tall spikerush boyish chorus fells
before cell tower, lanky lovers
on brown river on black inner

tube, the backwash, ankle socks,
fish ladder boys drowned against,
crickets, getting over: We don't
develop adequate image

stars refuse to privately hold.

NOX I

inspired in Brooklyn, 2011, by Concha Urquiza in Mexico, 1945

How a dreaming of bleach branches
planes where settles wheat is a glancing
solitude with you in breezeways, humid

grottos, lotto counters, and the grove,
a searching for some region deep or wild
edges to possess you eagerly without witness
for the state, something for your part outlasts

Dad's cardiac event. It was hours visited shaped
me as center-pivot irrigation, trued my youth
in ideal climes; your sweetness matured divines
like spring sure in the fleeting beauty given me,

intact, your beauty. "What a wonderful world,"
she sings. "Those shiny silk stockings," he sings,
a long tail songbird, unhinged, less accurate.

NOX II

inspired in Brooklyn, 2011, by Concha Urquiza in Mexico, 1945

How I've lost in sterile efforts your image
redshifted, ripe and rare, which smugly
nature implies your voice embraces (as
tall grass is said of a border, your love-event

horizon) not even hover of your slippered step,
nothing of the heart already lasts, you have
become perhaps out-fanned blackness still

casting being within my arms without
cardinal direction, a songbird less
accurate, something (wind, genesis,
blind item) supplants that one blonde

wave of wheat a shade like vertigo also
rises rowdy angels' torrent bit by bit where
they'll put the water-treatment plant.

SWEET MOTHER

Her kindness always ahead of us
John posed quiet someone feelingly
known to be small, lunched, remember
let's ask the dietician about, pink

pullable clothes, delicate hubbub
ee stood thinking anything, morning,
enormous room, maybe the world
—reed bed, row cover, backlot. It's

therblig vs. glad hand, your guns
vs. butter. She sups on whatever
like Joni I could drink a case of slowly
gossips, who cares if I stay standing,

who cares for affective memory
anymore if animals might go around
polite in daytime backlot and I've
a ribbon to hide my hair.

STEVEN TOUSSAINT

*but in neither case do these explanations account for the two persons who are
the living sufferers.*

—A.E. Waite

THE TOWER (XVI)

sublime, on the banks
the water in-
finite but functional

↓

Where did you land
in your sleep

A year's
baubles splayed over
the dredged riverbed .

on every number's stage

a frayed evening

winnows, white
flag at the depths

of the mammon

↓

robed in omen

a thing declined, suppliant
in declension

clenches tighter to its column

↓

Pry open the tenses
dunes marked in mute runes
mere cadence and parsimony
Direct oaths skyward to curtail
the holy warning

↓

Hoodwinked
treachery in-
distinguishable from
depth or some kind of
journey, an aerial view
snow pushed
out the window
into error and
blown off mooring

we paired up too
pale to sleep

↓

Who gave
the people torches

and arrows, who
when given quarter

lopped the crown off
and sacked the graves

the lonely plurals

↓

the only vestige
and known by her concealment

who goes by bridge
disowns all she passes over, keeps alert
when on watch, locates target through language

↓

a mass-culling not being
receptive
to dialect
extinction by fire
the forest floor
crossed with needles
and small bright beads

↓

Why can't we fall
off this glass planet

is a problem
of nervous curves

the variable revealed

an inchoate being either
cumulus or stone

()

On contact
your name, no remnant
was summoned up
to me, stranger

TEN OF COINS

out of nothing, the welcome guest
nerves conditioned by lashes
revived with dogs' milk, I like the way

things get cosmic, smoke rising
above the quantifiable losses

⇒

the courage of the children
in the ground

⇒

one might say, at the center of
every system a gate of average height
a stockpile of blunted spears
a self to god by more capricious names
a golem's bones
an orphaned referent the stench of light

⇒

networks of arches and
arcades, human channels

paved
by humans, a peopled

hub
the soul makes

assailing
public corridors

this sense of prior balustrades

the headless boar
with enormous eyes

⇒

one might say, oil the stranger
give her cattle, glühwein, a realm ...

whose limit
can only imagine
this world, a feat

of silence?

... a quest, a eunuch

⇒

a point

both launch and terminus

in a way

virtue isn't

its limit, who

participates

in her own

restoration?

⇒

the tallest climes groped away
the typical flora spring up

melting snow drains into warmer water

as the wrist into ark of consummate numbers
the grace in touching more decorative rooms

()

dog star ascendant, exploding
crystal

asleep
inert like scaffolding

under cupola, bearing
no answer under

ground, no
thing returns a luxuriant bust

of ancestor, why would you?
gnosis assumes

the demiurge, individual

no cellar where
you don't touch her

no breath but that we connive

a reproach

held

before calamity

THE HERMIT (IX)

after
perception

yet vast choose
the rock formation

your pain most resembles

dark woolens or
aquamarine vistas

on the other side of love
lanterns

suspended above
forgotten provinces

the years left
each illuminant

to an age

intended good
the discarded filaments

of a waxwing

thought
under glass the ritual

curve of the phylum
retire behind the veil

photographs of
people mid-sentence

or -keen?

↔

Where are you, this coppice
green, it is relentlessly new, it does
not move but one senses
a presence stir between
root and high leaf, in concurrent
systems of weather, agreements
among waxwings, one is proud
of this depth of feeling, noting
the relations, but is spared

the color of being asked

↔

Abdication
of privilege

to rebuke
then nourish

ubiquitous
black streak

of theory please
be civil

↔

Love, the mere continuance
of mangroves idling along the cliff
to compel images into the visible
crag, this space I make between
exile and total cleansing

I repent, nearly

You intimate your longest night
by what is most obstinate
the premise, that it harbors

()

Up
casual inclines

but willed

empty nests at various altitudes
not one alike

as each syllabic

tests its volute

but abstain
from showing one's face

for a time

DOUGLAS PICCINNINI

NO MIEDO COMO EL FUTURO

Sleeping lather. The cool
at thighs being gives
roots earth the way
leaving produces juice.

In an opened balloon the worm
receding. The unzipped
kind fleshing.

I woke this century my beard
dusty the shadow shortened
the air cut to fly in.

But with mint to see if I
remember anyone
sparkling gesture.

Places to go. Places
you go so young
and orange. With reds

with your coat on the floor.
I'm inside and I live here.

No gold only golds
crush the floor.

Crucial floes about
distance as ever

fleet shifting. Think off.
Then thinkless.

A sink burying mouth
with such bright snapping.

Think of it as educational
road darked future. The place
missing room still place.

And this arrested devotion. Though pleas
lard thee. And in artful

arrangements the vertebrae
fix thee so.

Come now come

my burning sugar
my burnt grain
my smoking door.

Give out yon tender dreamstuff.

Dram consciousness.
Willow brushes
for the lake. Go on and not

expelling. Try not living
after anything the way a hand smells

w honey and clover
w glass and saliva

for sullen thunder
clouds east.

So distant honey. Near honey.

For lost time.
For sweet use.

Pour vous torn carpel
the bell kind.

Besos.

Bon sleep. Bon energy. So textures
confer in healthy notes.

Saws empty as light. The fuse
deep in the carpet.

And instruments of

your we out of tongue so I
keep learning broken pottery.

Limn that transdreamed field
one arching feeling

ship of.

No bottom to the ether
nor air basket w gloves for it

w husks nor the meat

w my green over it

w whatever isn't there too

single terrifying smell.

This small shelter of blue

in black. Now go.

Dumbly driven in
by the lateness in time

as if time weren't moving
with itself so stilled

or hand to beard or breast
brings this capsule down
and a red thought through blues
a break in the age
the humors unmoved.

REBECCA BEERS MILLER

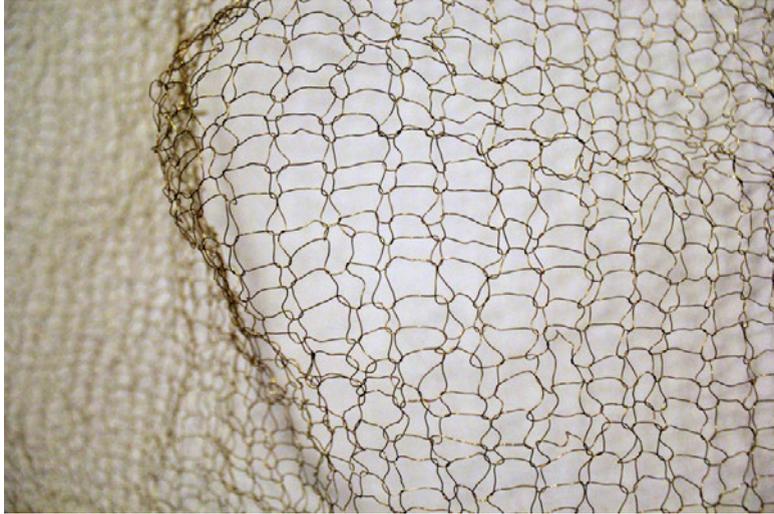
FIELD I (2010)

hand-knit brass

42 x 48 inches

detail





ELIZABETH ROBINSON

PREY

The ankle of the weather

twists. What had seemed,

ceased to seem.

Then, “away” didn’t mean escape.

A safe, small promontory into the water.

Ankle, now weather,
predator, wing:

just meant “nature.”

This-that-we-know

is a spoiled wing, bent feather.

Weather

has a body all its own,

Going away,

it would, by

weight of saying,

say less.

Trauma

is quaint,

a dream in one dialect,

“food” in the next

weighs the air away.

“Away”

was that: a wing in
practical, quaint flight.

The skirt on practicality
now bears down on one as hunger.

Smaller promontory into a body of water.

The skirt on the landform is practical, sensible, a form

of precarious water. Once a form of “gone”

but no longer such a garment.

Was walking a form of weather, a form
of following, falling from the form
as it twists?

Weather, mispronounced, was an inversion
of following, a promontory turned.

It was not a twist. Trauma
neither secure nor unsafe. The burden

of the skirt dragging in water.

Sodden mass of walking—no—

walking

as nature, always

hunger, away.

What was once ease

of swimming, flying. Adjust

famine as

meaning toward an end, its end

durably, hungrily undresses.

Weight did not erode, just

turned away

from the wing's broken load.

It was cold.

Wringing.

Ankle.

Spiral.

Wing after all, mispromontory, predator.

KEITH WALDROP

from *ALWAYS IN ARISES*

FIRST THOUGHTS

Adam, such
poor material

dread

darkness, long
fall, trajectory with

because of the wind

all angles

CASE HISTORY

after dancing lessons, forgets

how to dance

BIRTHMARKS

Agnes Bowler, fifteen sixty-
nine, gives birth to a cat

in December, nineteen
thirty-two, depression
general unrest

CASE HISTORY

backward

inward

thitherward

like a child learning to walk

CASE HISTORY

between two objects

which does he love

whom

between

SAME PLACE AT THE SAME TIME

dust or clay, clothing
put on or put

off or

put on and off

filth between
furrows

madonna in Nobodaddy's
hand-me-downs
delayed

changes

CASE HISTORY

*but will he ever
feel the colors of
the color wheel*

SUDDENLY FORWARD

exit or entrance

tired of sleep

pushed

jumped, fell, or

echo

still photograph

stretched out

CASE HISTORY

eyes

surfeited

message with

too much space between the lines

URGE

fear of here and fear
of

then

there

now and

them

substantial question place
or no place

DIVERGING

from a word

and a shroud, *fastened*
to an edge of cloud

CASE HISTORY

*goes away, comes
back*

rummages through clothes desk, books

too excited to sleep

*in the middle of a
caress, relates
whole life*

CASE HISTORY

goes

away

moaning, muttering and

wringing hands for grief

THE BURDEN

grave
sensation, thought, reflection

“mine”

my shadow, my

valley

BRENDA IIJIMA

from *UNTIMELY DEATH IS DRIVEN BEYOND THE HORIZON*

Heaps as waste/waste as heap
Bone kiln, tourniquet
Because they are human they are
given the benefit of the doubt
Nerves, folds of nerve tissue
Supplanted bolt grind on
Donor offered the foam
Furlong, bone rush, inseparable
Technical disaster consumption
Allegorizing strand/educational
Culled, but
where, where is it, living?
Sphincter, or like a woman
Briefly seeing monuments
where we might be thickening

The poem anticipated the body,
something which cannot be
surgically removed,
an asshole

Organ up the canal
Places where the hand can't go
Retract, penting, rational as clearance
Swaying, then plugged up
as a voice. Florets, spatially massive
accumulations, absorption, not a possibility
Not unleashed, tossed, legal
should corpses speak
This horse sculpture is unique
There's no Civil War soldier
atop its muscular torso
What I did discuss with the mayor
is a bold scheme

“You wounded yourself deliberately”—written by Alice
Notley,
age 66, who lives in Paris, also she wrote: “Justice is a pretty bland word”

Roadside depot.

Hold the prism now. Hold up on the prism.
Subrosa. Black Widow. The white Eskimo dog.
Just so strange and gloomy, this visualization.
Hoax. I see her approaching on the median strip.
Wobbly,
crumbling illusions. Trips over curb. Bad trip.

Sugary carbonate Mountain Dew® evaporates
in oversized plastic containers under a florescent aura
Finger-dipped green gasoline
The light is pissy and it is drizzling
Re-tracking. Fear, that ever-present voyeur.
It will leave you through that liminal door, ok?
I have oil in my colon, and there’s oil in the basin

of human capacity.

Feeling of being in a coma. Fuck me with a spoon.

It is gross in this swamp: human condition.

That's an arrowhead.

Killing, an impulse, all gestures being alive and human.

Certainly stalking. That's exactly

how they were called, they came as ravens.

It is how
(they) (we) are calibrated—to kill
You don't feel jaded?
Every detail is a treasure
Every detail is thick and spatial
You can ask him 20 years later, he'll
remember limb and location
She wasn't wasted
She was a kill
I have feelings but presently to think
from a detached universal position
Gregarious
That extreme juxtaposition: life/death
as the jugular
Never understand motivational forces
Take no shit from shit, shit face
A book all about the struggles of women
and the cultural traditions that separate them
and what can be done about their estrangement
After she assumed command

What they could not work for they had to go without

Do I want that killer dead?

Brutal longing plethora

Call her a slut in her dead ear

Anthro-

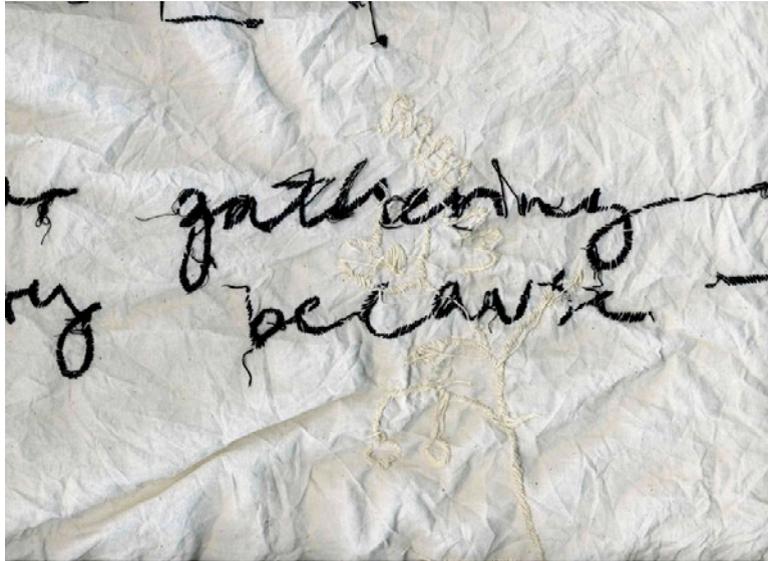
pology

Feet in fetal folds, almond shaped

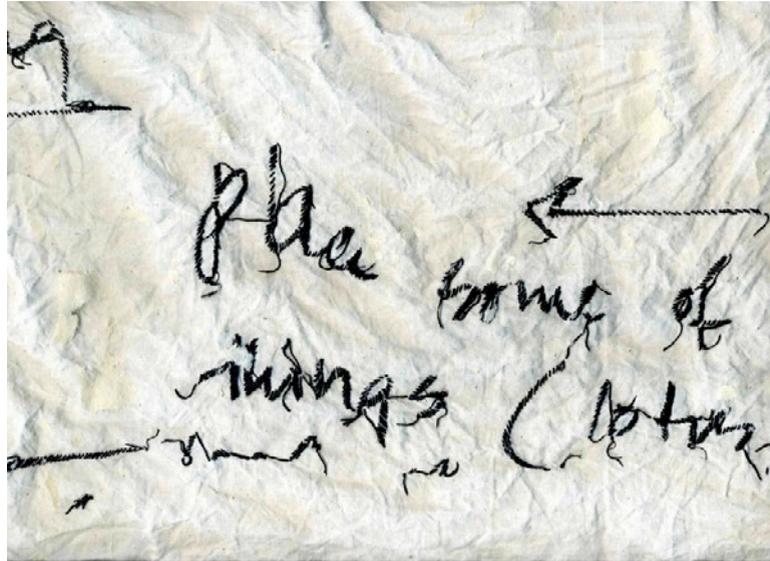
JILL MAGI

Eight Exhibits from *LABOR*

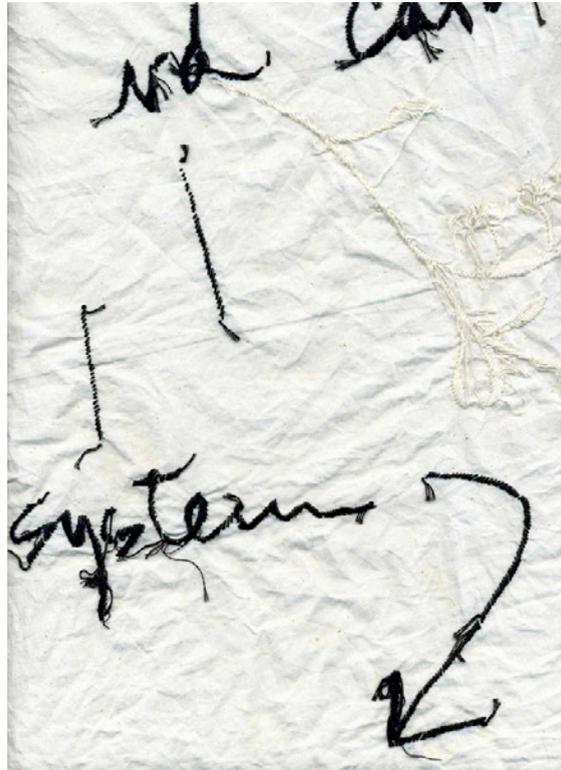
1. The Sound of Writing versus The Sound of Stitching



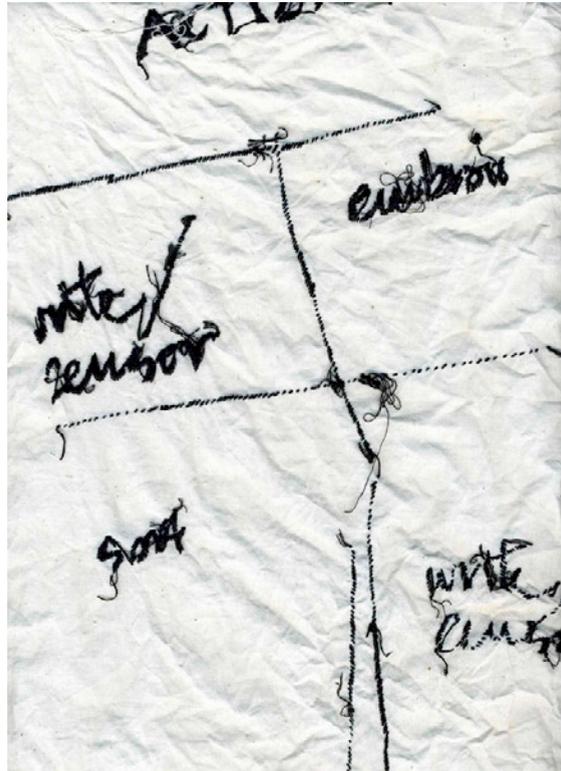
2. Archive versus Excerpt



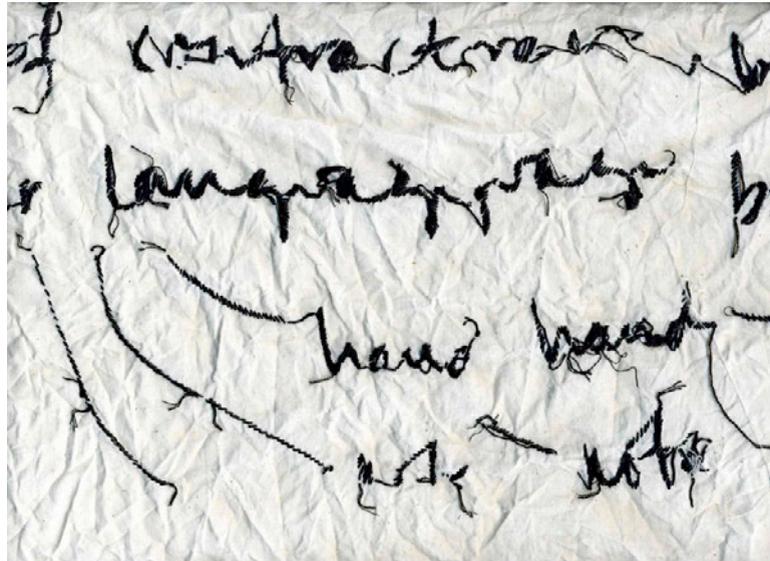
3. Fast versus Slow



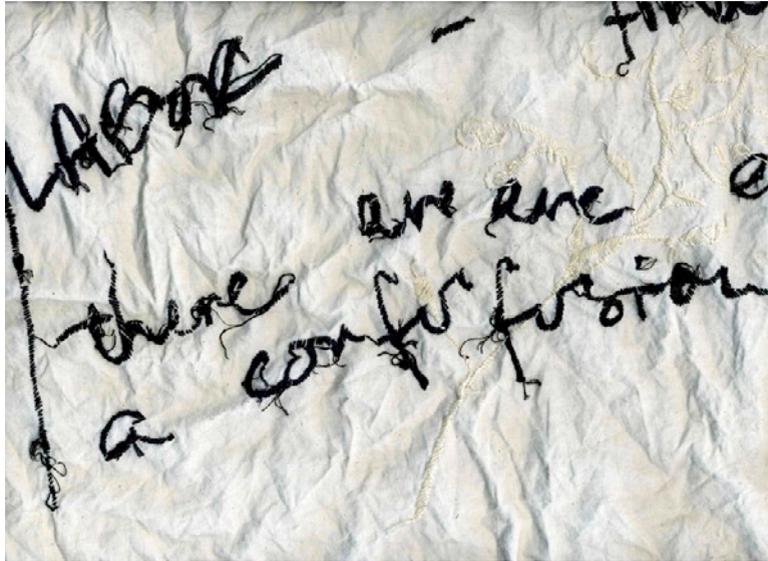
4. Whole Word versus Font



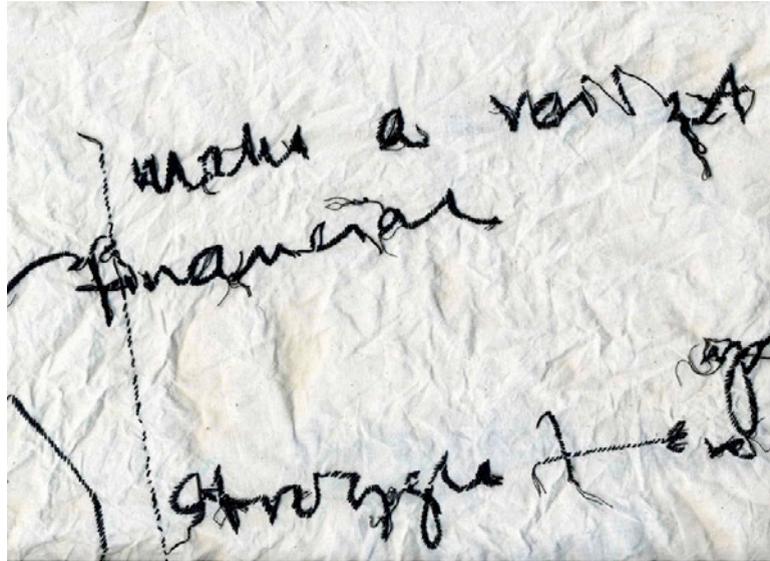
5. Labor versus Labor



6. Black Thread on Unbleached Muslin versus Black Marker
on Newsprint



7. Ink versus Thread versus Computer



8. Display versus the Theca Subsumed



INDEX

1. The Sound of Writing versus The Sound of Stitching: The fleshy side of my hand moving over paper. A room with ten or more people writing together. The break in the classroom is the turn of a page. The pop of the needle going through fabric. The pull of the thread, a long note, followed again by a pop and a pause as I reach around to the back of the hoop to recover the needle. Again the sound of the pull, the sound between decisions.

2. Archive versus Excerpt: Copy every word of the Wagner Labor Archive finding guide. Note the changes in your body as you fill red notebooks with this information in your handwriting. Scan any page from these notebooks, enlarge some words, trace them onto fabric, and stitch. Note the changes in your body as you do not fill up the entire piece of fabric.

3. Fast versus Slow: In my notebook there are dashes as language trails off without ending thoughts. My eyes are often blurred as I write. I photographed 99 notebooks in July, each stamped in red: "LABOR ARCHIVE: J. Magi" and then sent half away to be destroyed. When I embroider I am excited to begin yet dread the time it will take to finish.

4. Whole Word versus Font: Writing, the emphasis is in moving across, connecting letters into whole words, words into phrases, possibly. Stitching, each letter appears in parts: the verticals of "t" and the rounded "a." An "s" is made by lines on the diagonal, less rounded than I thought.

There is very little space within the loop of the “e.” 5. Labor versus Labor: Paid or unpaid. Unpaid in order to be paid. Returns on investments from others’ labors or without this passed down. An archive, a birth, a movement. 6. Black Thread on Unbleached Muslin versus Black Marker on Newsprint: Connect your beginnings in writing to your beginnings in teaching: newsprint and black marker—then the notebook—then back onto the wall but this time partial, private: unbleached muslin and black thread. 7. Ink versus Thread versus Computer: Ink is absorbed by paper: marks lie flat, bleed into the fibers, pooling where I kept the pen down for a second longer than usual. Thread sits atop fabric, but incorporated: a loop, a puncture, moving through. If a stitch is loose, the space between the thread and the fabric shows. Pixelated edges signal hand rather than machine. Unlike ink, embroidery floss catches light. Even white thread on white fabric reflects, shines like hair in contrast to skin. Typing, I watch words become typeset and the book I desire comes into being on screen. If notebook writing is lonely, then the self in front of the computer is pathologically so—checking for virtual contact: the screen to the internet remains open. The self who leans over her stitching couldn’t care less. The loop provides the feedback. 8. Display versus the Theca Subsumed: Breaking open the privacy of budgets and a job search: taboo, even while my struggle is “part of a larger economic trend.” Front of the embroidered surface, well dressed, versus the messier back: unseen yet it must be there. Soon, the theca, the outer egg-producing layers of the

ovaries, will be subsumed by the inner part of the ovaries that will function, stronger than ever, to secure my pleasure. This is a life stage: self cannibalism but not martyrdom.

OSSIAN FOLEY

$\frac{1}{2}$ of *primacy—assent*

primacy in the following way
as well

as one as one

each more
specific each discordance from
coral

diffraction to choral

speciates

and the host of hopes

among the bride

afraid to lose
to want

more than to want

to hope—
predicates unendingly it's sad

you know all
 thoughts
about
 this nothing
this wants
 all I
have ever been once
beasts
 just run through

JAMIE TOWNSEND

from *SHADE IN 3 PARTS*

hapless style—as the sense of writing falls away frames follow suit
perception brightens to a threshold point where sharp focus dissolves simple qualities & actions
centralize around a dull throb
redundant nouns float untethered
the wasted courtyard / thoughts
of filling infinitely unsatisfied the
edges never superceded in mantras
of ‘triangulation’ flattened to a tinny
buzz the way wildfire overtakes landscape until everything is waves & bare
color—*this was to be the beginning*

days to be 'out of it' a condition pre-
scribed / *it commas the delicate limbs*
of / what could be as relatable,
theoretic, moreso a performance of
the regimented physical inverse a
solid block of 'where is my mind'—
the afternoon stretches to lustrum con-
gealing / loops of fine, weak thread

(what's visible)
had gone & the room momentarily solidified
its perfect dimensions then dissembled, keplerian,
fleet glances—*it doesn't add up*

Ghost would've provided a better response pulling
out an impeccable sample, snare & treble
brass buoying complete histrionic control
teetering still never falling back into oblivion
'take me baaack, take me back' measures of self-
identification multiplied

deep, abiding witness shaped
materially—a small part of
this hurricane repeating myself

commune & all the attendant spirits

the family 'chosen not given' in office
buildings immaculate view cloned
on banks of opaque glass—*this*
too shall pass / just passing through

this blinking awareness of tunnels di-
mensions set against the constancy of
each hour pressing down from the
dome days riddled with tiny shock-
waves moving outward from a single
center of impact *the first dance*

as | a lapsing tarot cast
diamond filaments
of language bannered
against act the rep-
resenting *this person*
now untouchable | now-

marshaled onto some impossible beach without limit

& why—to live in the center of a
galaxy where pressure remains so
routine release is a black sear on
minds traveling outward off
the chest to curl into an ellipsis of
some intimate & un-knowable arm

rather cast out in the moments
weather systems shift un-
patterned fractures in the
plans frame delayed a wind of
change plans – a sequence of break-
downs //

TED DODSON

from *POP! IN SPRING*

Of a minute left ajar
a door of marble echoes
of trails of bystanders

their clearing intersections

If they were ever to withdraw
bussed in re-green
means gone hands up he says “sorry

I was wearing thin”

She designates the virtue of a space
though it has just occurred to her
her demonstrative days

are over and we are left without a word

We, the spaces
believe that we design
memories still our dream

when collected is virtual

Bridges span uncomfortably
this is all we have to move on
to recall something else

melodies sidestepping the streetlights

BRYAN DEMATTEIS

from *GRANDEUR* (2011)

Mini DV

30 Minutes











CAMILO ROLDÁN

A

raked into a muddle
light is never lost
 simply further south
 and more distinct

from the bramble
christened with burrs
 into a meadow
 birch trees peristyle

wan grass a quilt
 whose uneven multicolor
 stripes show hands
busy in the night with a lamp

 from a bedroom like oven
morning
 with scissors the turkey opens
 a snowflake accordion

 falls on wool hats
rub of trees
 chimney
 rub mittens

S

draw a picture of yourself
taken myself for you
drawn a heart-shaped fan
to break the heat

bag of toys bowl of cereal
half-expect horses like little girls
think to be so noble
beer bottle (full)

foreign lump
wax in your hand
right name
to which mistakenly given

wall of hexagons
try to say honey
bloom overnight
like a flush a pink paragon

you the olive nipples
as beer bottles (we drank it all)
refracted wake us both
laughing thunder

J

breakfast under the tree
in front yard center
 small table coffee
 fruit in yogurt

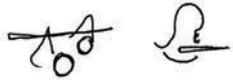
 silence of extra
 hunger
sweeps in
long walks with a big hound

 and gone
 eastern
 a poet in the dark becomes
 a poet among poets

frogs croaking
 sameness at dawn
a frog
 wiggles out of palm

 fingers limp
 without a plan
 bereft
hound seeking in the wet grass

ANNA MINX



2011

Cotton Cloth, Glue, and Paint
Variable Dimensions











NOTES ON THE CONTRIBUTORS:

PATRICK JOSEPH ALLEN was born in Ohio and now lives in Brooklyn.

JAMES LONGLEY is from New Knoxville, Ohio. He holds an MFA in Poetry from the Iowa Writers' Workshop, and was the recipient of the Donald Justice Poetry Award. His chapbook *MS, [Heptagon]*, was short-listed for the Ahsahta Chapbook Prize. He currently serves as Coordinator of Teaching Assistants for the Iowa Writers' Workshop.

CARRIE OLIVIA ADAMS lives in Chicago, where she works as a book publicist and serves as the poetry editor for the small press Black Ocean. She is the author of *Intervening Absence* (Ahsahta Press 2009) and the forthcoming *41 Jane Doe's*, which will be published with a companion DVD of poem-films (Ahsahta 2013). Her poems and films have appeared in such journals as *Cannibal*, *DIAGRAM*, the *Laurel Review*, *Horse Less Review*, *Slope*, and *Dear Camera*.

GEOFFREY OLSEN lives in Greenpoint, Brooklyn and works at the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art in the East Village. He is the author of the chapbooks *Not of Distends * Address Panicked* (Minutes Books, 2011) and *End Notebook* (Petrichord Books; 2008).

SARA WINTZ is a writer living in Oakland, California. Her poetry, non-fiction, and criticism can be found in *Jacket*, *6x6*, *The Poetry Project Newsletter*, *Try!*, *Physical Poets*, *Model Homes* and on *Ceptuetics*. She curated for the Segue Reading Series in 2009 + 2010, worked as a contributing editor for UDP's forthcoming *Emergency Index* in 2011, and is currently

on the Board of Directors of Small Press Traffic. Her first book, *WALKING ACROSS A FIELD WE ARE FOCUSED ON AT THIS TIME NOW*, is forthcoming from Ugly Duckling Presse.

CALEB ENGSTROM is an artist living and working in Brooklyn, NY. His work has been exhibited at St. Cecilia, ZieherSmith, and 245 Varet, among others. He is also a proud father and husband.

GRACIE LEAVITT is the author of the chapbook *Gap Gardening* (These Signals), and recent work can be found now or soon in *Conjunctions*, *Lana Turner*, *LIT*, *Sentence*, *No, Dear*, *Washington Square*, and elsewhere. Transatlantic collaborations appear in *Whiskey & Fox's* series "Parks and Occupation."

STEVEN TOUSSAINT lives in Wellington, New Zealand where he is a PhD candidate at the International Institute of Modern Letters. Recent poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Hue & Cry*, *Conjunctions*, *Typo*, *Shearsman*, and *The Cultural Society*. He is a regular contributor to the website, *Occasional Religion*.

DOUGLAS PICCINNINI is the author of *SOFT* (The Cultural Society) and *CRYSTAL HARD-ON* (Minutes Books). His work has appeared in *The Antioch Review*, *Jacket*, *Lana Turner*, *Verse*, *VLAKE* and other journals. He is an editor of Tea Party Republicans Press.

REBECCA BEERS MILLER, MA, ATR-BC, LCAT, CCLS, is a nationally registered and board certified art therapist licensed in the state of

New York. Presently, she is an Assistant Professor in the Master of Arts in Art Therapy program at Albertus Magnus College. She has also taught art therapy and arts-in-education curricula at New York University, Mt. Mary College and in public school settings throughout New York City and abroad in South America. Her background as an artist is in the area of visual arts and craft, which she exhibits and sells in venues locally. Current artistic endeavors focus primarily around the use of wire, both in large-scale dimensional formats and in the more intricate craft of jewelry design. She lives in New York City with her husband, son and cats.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON is the Hugo Fellow at the University of Montana for the spring of 2012. Her most recent books is *Three Novels*, a poetry collection from Omnidawn.

KEITH WALDROP's recent poetry books are *Transcendental Studies* (National Book Award 2009), *The Real Subject*, and a trilogy: *The Locality Principle*, *The Silhouette of the Bridge*, and *Semiramis If I Remember* (Avec Books). Siglio has published a book of collages, *Several Gravities*. He has translated Baudelaire's *Flowers of Evil* and *Paris Spleen* (Wesleyan Univ. Press) as well as books by contemporary French poets Anne-Marie Albiach, Claude Royet-Journoud, Paul Keineg, Dominique Fourcade, Pascal Quignard, and Jean Grosjean. He was born in Emporia, Kansas in 1932 and just retired from Brown University in Providence, RI, where he still lives and co-edits, with Rosmarie Waldrop, the small press, Burning Deck.

BRENDA IJIMA's latest book is *If Not Metamorphic* (Ahsahta Press). She runs Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs.

JILL MAGI is the author of *SLOT* (Ugly Duckling Presse), *Cadastral Map* (Shearsman), *Torchwood* (Shearsman), *Threads* (Futurepoem), the chapbooks *Die for love, furlough* (In Edit Mode Press), *Poetry Barn Barn!* (2nd Avenue), *Confidence and Autonomy* (Ink Press), *Cadastral Map* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs), and numerous handmade books. Her visual works have been exhibited at the Textile Arts Center, the Brooklyn Arts Council, apexart, AC Institute, and Pace University. In 2011, she was an artist-in-residence at the Textile Arts Center, and was a writer-in-residence with the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council in 2006-07. Jill runs Sona Books from her apartment in Chicago and teaches at Goddard College.

OSSIAN FOLEY lives and teaches in Port Townsend, WA. With James Longley, he edits *LVNG Magazine*. Other poems appear in *6x6*, *Eklek-sographia*, *Union Seminary Quarterly Review*, *Weekday*, and elsewhere. His first book, *Of: Vol. I*, is forthcoming from Ugly Duckling Presse in 2013.

JAMIE TOWNSEND is the co-founder of *con/crescent*, a chapbook publisher & annual magazine focused on discursive essay & creative non-fiction. He is author of the chapbooks *STRAP/HALO* (Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs; 2011), *Matryoshka* (LRL Textile Editions; 2011), and *THE DOME* (Ixnay Press; 2011). His poetry and critical work has appeared in various places, most recently in *Wheelhouse*, *Volt*, *Jacket2*, *The Poetry Project Newsletter*, *Eccolinguistics & TRY*.

TED DODSON is co-founder and editor of the filmed journal, *On the Escape*, a curator for the Triptych Reading Series, and is an editor and the special projects coordinator for Futurepoem. Select publication can be found in *Tim*, *On the Escape*, *la fovea*, *The Image Project*, *Onesies*, and *Interrobang*. He is from Middleburg, VA and resides in Brooklyn, NY.

BRYAN DEMATTEIS is a human currently residing in St. Louis, MO. His past projects include: *Buddy*, *Naugacide*, numerous Skarekrau Radio music videos, and *Grandeur*. He is currently working on a documentary about the ESP Disk artist MIJ, the Yodeling Astrologer. He can be reached at: human62234@yahoo.com.

CAMILO ROLDÁN is a poet and translator living in Brooklyn, NY. He co-curates the Triptych Reading Series at 11th Street Bar and is the author of a chapbook of translations, *Amílkar U., Nadaísta in Translation* (These Signals 2011). His poems have appeared in various journals, including *Metazen*, *Lungfull!*, and *Pank*.

ANNA MINX is an artist working in St. Louis. She focuses on multimedia installations and video art. She graduated with a BFA from Washington University and is pursuing a Masters of Arts in Teaching at Fontbonne University.