

SET

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cover :

Cole Lu, *com 2 tnk of it, i dnt wnt 2 tell u
bout dat incident*, (detail)

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SET

issue 3

CANDICE WUEHLE

SCAPE

12 hounds assembled in the
hardscaped square &
I arrange my language in a series
of echoes, in a pathetic's effort made
my back available to none.....
.....Burden, answer your mail
encounter your ballot and awaken
to the skull's mis-pruned root scheme.....
Endure the dogs, do not swallow the vinegar,
do not swallow the gall, do not forget
yourself. 12 hounds assembled in the hardscaped square &
I swallowed myself I could count everyone
I let them see everyone. Bonebasket, hurry be a
being before the whip learns of the election.
Be before the post arrives and announces
through an advanced system of formal
pressure all bones are now broken, all bones
are now just unrhymed ideas.....
Write a ~~poem~~ philosophy of your ribs,
there's nothing in the middle. Burden,
be a beggar—I mean uproot an unfair rose it is
always a rose. 12 hounds assembled in the hardscaped square &
I drew the long handled knife out of my
back, out from under

my reed-hair. It had been there since before

&

Deus!

Filius!

Spiritus Sanctus!

I exited, unincorporated, unbound, still composed of air.

[illegible]

CATHEXIS

Imagine a composition
almost only of bones—
an architecture of incomplete
energy, upholding. When the contemporary-animal said survive
yourself, she meant endure
yourself. An energy rattling
on, ulna, fibula, meta
tarsals.
Banging, bang against a skin-box. Rap.
Rap. So dry
her marrow, her only
fatness is all the give, giving way.

Porous elements

closing shut, nerves shutting off

&

emptying access to senses. Trigeminal

area dead.

She only meant endure yourself even if you are called upon to forget
your body,

to breathe through recessed reeds.

If worried about death, try to really die.

Rap. Rap.

I myself must be excessive

to remain. Against the wall accounts cannot be settled. The desk

must be moved

to the center

of the office

& office must become

another order.

ALWAYS ORDER

ALWAYS

ORDER

ALWAYS

ORDER

Please accept that affect of armature

[I also hold suspect the unriven logic of lightning, or ice.

I also only trust the starving animal holding still, call her bear.]

Now, name one thing

unforged through pressure. [I admit I love

my trappings:

stocking, wire, wrap, mammalian muff.]

Permission-seeking a magic granting

gesture, I ask, often for others.

So if I may proceed to describe

the case

overstuffed with glass goblets, globules, globes of crystal
before explaining glass, or any world, once forged as only
an element fit
for breakage
in its next incarnation. [You will know my animality
reader
by my lack of transience
,flesh among flesh,
an etymology of no exchange; carnation colored the color of skin.
I didn't mean that.
I meant, the glass encased glass holds
many orbs of emptiness appearing otherwise.
Vague schematic of grandeur,
does every jewel diamond to the eye that apprehends no spectrum?
I mean: diamond/dark diamond. Or,
how does one know a luster upon approach? What

era indicates a linger?] But yes,

this case

unable to delimit is contents,

its uncharitable anti-archive of shimmers

cast. Greened magenta clear unmagnifiable motion,

mid-sip of medicinal airs, I state my true

meaning: am I the forger or the forged,

& if I

slip a long bone from my left arm with my right & fragment all the
obtrusive gems—what

stands to bear then? You'll know me by the upright order of my easy
approach.

Attempt to envision a life

free of shelves, unfastened to other's

figurines,—language did you do this disambiguation?—other's

mimetic impulses, mascara corset fatted mouth, &

it only takes two points to make a line,
two joints to join a bone to skeleton.

I wish I could demand you
are going to know me
by my defenseless posture;
my denuded feet once cut through the callus
& compressed to acknowledge no wealth
in compression. Counterfeit, what was the wild to a burden like me?

Did I eat

anything?

Many times

my mouth was full

of light. Ash &

operable steam which

informed on the organized rays; ordered

rain. I did not belong

there

but I stayed there.

DIS
ORDER
DI SORDER
DISORD
ER

My copy synonymous with nothing, the brunt

ultra-language of exact diction exited. Rough

tongue, abandoned by a mute monster. Rough

tongue, birthed on junk-words, you'll know me

by my exit.

I'll be the

light one

loping out of a body,

into exactly another body.

*AFTER THE DEATH OF THE SHAPE SHIFTER, DID LIGHT
STAND WATCH NEAR THE GRAVE? & FOR HOW MANY DAYS?*

Loft the tiki enclave, obscene waft where

in the sand was the tissue of the

heart. Where

I induced glass labor,

& adrift it becomes easy

to suggest the unsinkable singing

song. Where compliments of the floor all of it

smarts.

Smarts.

Intentions aside, I feather-up

and flip all four in the lagoon. Useless plume

plumps the wash, water, flume. Ah, indestructable moon

Ah, I tide too.

An issue is I have never been
smart,
ready,
or wholly
here.

Pine rim of townlight

on the edge of my dowry I begin to count

my quantifiable

wavelengths of here/not/atovis/alazropram/poems. Is it time

to take on

the whited

whisper thing?

I've heard you can say a saything such as

you the lake,

I the lord

once a life for it quakes

to the mouth breaks the dam sacred dentata.

I've heard you can die of this.

I could catch that wiffled bride, slap

her by her wrists.

Ought it be enough

or only angled wings of the hypnotherapist?

No. Instead pry me out,

unlove me this ring. I liminal so

these mountains

and the other available earth.

My darling ringtone. I heard

a dozen or a dozen

phones vibrating in the next

and I

answered none. Honey timezone. Echo again. I do not

know another

proof: chambered nautilus, seed head, sighted galaxy— golden

spiral. I know no other orb. I mean

+

time I admit

I desire

not to start the prayer circle

not to tempt

to answer. Time

utters

telluridic driver, I desire

us revive a girl who adored. Count

between here,

there, curse

the feet creatured

underground

Totemic plaything. Atomic lung. Swim

& be born

beside the

burst

stress position.

MATTHEW HALL

from *REFUGE / REFUGEE*

REFUGE

among blind marishes,
the last weapon

(caption)

burying themselves
in sand /
a church hard by ;

to which any man
had he begun :

—to us with lanterns

REFUGE

no terror

was none

the very land

desolate

re-

course

in /

haven

to quit hard /

chosen :

forest

night

REFUGE

hath no—

song,
tide conditions /

pitched morning flight

in every ship

the last of

REFUGE

choir

asylum .

the last weapon

among her admirers

climb to a lost world

to have or make ;

small bloodshed

in the shade of the convent

the very land—

so violence proceeded
through all the plains
the Unbeliever
pitched toyles

& snares for wilde beasts

thought, argument, indulgence
see my sorrowful affliction
another
delicate part

beggars

Sin Boldly

a shelter, a—

piled up of stones

some lonely elm

the side of a mountain

the penitential—

with *from* or *for*

seasonal drought

domestic violence ; a woman's

house for pardons

wings

bridged

the supporting timbers gave way

near the city of Great Falls

so must he... like a dove

this Hell

song of children

to us with –

the sending of blode

books ; protection, aid

those wounds

(our little Relation) in the heart

Patriotism

would be her refuge

(caption) ;

word of God

wind bound

end of the 11th Cent.,

Happiness of Church,

sensualitie is the voluptuous mountain
Clarissa

a momentary calenture of faith

fragrance of

Scarlett O'Hara

Yif vs neither mercy ne refuge But slee me

the harbour

refuge in the body

consolation

the vessel was under,

scriptural reminiscences, the verge of it,

no refuge but suicide

gale

NAT RAHA

five poems from *£/Extinctions*

by the mesh of your inactive
decades, ballots & workdays
ruptured fauna / meteorology
of the social
translated out of fact / demo-
lished july frozen skin, private
security, new wealth & prime
ministers

„ on the walls of all detention centres
prophetic // historic rupture
shatter legality bourgeois freedom
„ on the walls of all detention centres
deleted points of navigation
delete shares & secure investments
delete british futures of lockdown

at the limit of all decisions,
the
decomposition of the sky, flesh
strung years, laughter, the
reproduction of the day
if you would cross / guards
despite your sophistication /
& immense labours :: the
scorched wind, fresh deserts,
fabric of rare earth & air, or
-ganics, romanticism, *in the false*
peace, ash / cinderware
 , the particularity of the earth possessed,
cellular mutations & erosions, flaming
grey life, beyond all limits of
possibility & plastic // del

-eted structures out of social
europe, burnt turmoil / english fauna &
flora, all vacated birdsong, O
that the earth [[it is this business [# that you should die

fresh continuance to ~~##~~ world-retching
dirt of capital, our future
death rates of its dreaming
/ an oar for europe
raw / is now the sky / is
now the cedar &
capitals for/ever

the ocean reiving &
reflux / degenerate
submerged / new history
blockaded calais, bloc
-kaded frankfurt, blockaded downing
the fear of the english, their transience **

the falling & extinction of / tear
gassed / churches, demolished jungle
all trails followed by insecure europe
all trails followed by capital in/secure europe
all fear in/secure fascist europe
blood that covers blood

chills /<< rivercurve

”

of the neighbourhood after
bred ships {# then lux
to finance

» mort wharf adjunct 'cross water

threaded glass by vine &
crash & decimate

*by the mud, green landroll [~~&~~ our
suitcase held vivid*

, the landgrass raising over dockyard & head,
where materiality failed

process rendered back into soil,

brief trees, carbons & nitrates, keep
the mist & the peace of it, the

sediment of all
hands & wood
& steel & the
girders history

's fabric in flesh

plunder & modern / atrocity / glass trash,

hygiene ecological. / thamesfog the city delete

↗ paint stain / trace scissorcut
black on fabric black fridays optical

walk w/ wirecutters
for composition / survive
read :: the sea as deletion
of the fortress that it
washes against, national
fantasy border / force ff
~~temp news~~ gallery , prime
drone kiss
— erode dover chalk

the erection of steel they
believe can remain stable
against the necessities of movement.

urban gulls, friends yur
& scavengers
/ owners europe
will miss us.

*feed your concept nation
/ shred office, r, as
donations matched by corps*

f fleshmetal grip into ocean, transmutations we
had learned not to

gaze / searing skull
, how mechanics
fang for hydrocarbons,
oil-capital.

you
rig a
human body

& demand it street sweeps= pour,
metallic investment

emergent coral in the
sediment of classes today crude futures //

prehistoric extractions, horizon
as decimate horizon, the

last decline of barrels to the point of wastage
the middle carved &

exodus, between & the borderfort, deposits
carbon base :: upper classes anoxic / dead organics
crack / thermal, after centuries
extinct in europe

LAURA JARAMILLO

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOTEL

Last night I asked Lucía what may have happened to María Isabel, what happened in the house where they'd all grown up. My mother had told me, in her typical murky, fragmented and vaguely incredible fashion something about a witchcraft event and theft of every last piece of furniture. Lucía, who had arrived at the house the day they found out Maria Isabel had completely emptied it, told me that it was bare. Everything had been sold. They walked in and the lone object in the house was a motorcycle chassis, which Rodolfo and Guillermo promptly removed from the house, took out into the street and poured holy water over. When my aunts told Maria Isabel that they'd thrown away the chassis, she said "They're going to kill me because of that bike." The neighbors said that they'd seen people in white tunics moving in and out of the property, and that they'd heard screams so loud they thought someone was being killed. My mother told me she thought it was Gary and his people responsible for the strange happenings at the place. When I asked Lucía, she said they've never verified what happened, but that actually, when she thought back and remembered, Juan had come home once as an eight year old child from Gary's family's house with a red ribbon around his waist which he had been instructed to not take off. I insisted we go to the house today, partially because I remembered parts of the house so vividly from when I had gone there as a four year old on my first visit to Colombia, but I suspected some of it was a house I'd dreamed about, not one I had actually been to. The memories were so strong



of a tiny street with blocky houses extremely close together. I was sent to play with Juan in the front yard which was small and enclosed by a low cinder block and brick fence. I can still call up the feeling of the grass on my thighs and picking leaves off a short, pathetic shrub. The sense of contracted space, of being in a tiny and intense world. My cousin and I wandered through the kitchen which opened out onto a small backyard. I picked up a mechanical egg beater off a table, an object I'd never seen before, and started spinning it. There was a red, metal banister with peeling paint that went up the entire staircase. There may have been a framed reproduction of the Mona

Lisa. That seems so certain in my mental image of the house. My uncle had called before we got there and said we could go and meet him but that we couldn't go into the house, he couldn't receive us. We traversed the city from north to south to get to El Quiroga, where the house is. A front of rain clouds progressively met a veil of smog as we moved south. We arrived at major, heavily trafficked avenue with a kind of breach in it. Inside this breach was the street of tightly woven houses between which you could see clear to the other side of another large avenue. I got out of the car and walked into the breach. It was quiet and drizzling. I felt self-conscious about how I



was dressed, clearly had no business there, was worried it was making me too visible. I didn't know what house I was looking for. There was a girl in her front yard surrounded by flowers and bags of fertilizer. She was wearing an anti-pollution mask and petting a German shepherd. I said hello and she looked confused, then away. I really needed to pee and went back to the car and my uncle had arrived, looking troubled. I asked him if I could use the bathroom in the house and he stammered that he was embarrassed about the condition of the house, but I begged that I just really needed to go. He lead me to the house and unlocked the door. The interior of the



house had not been a dream at all. Except the metal bannister had been painted white and the whole house was kind of sagging with humidity from the sewer's flooding proximity to the houses and no real space for drainage. There was no Mona Lisa. Really, it seemed as if no one was living there. The furniture was massed together in such a way that it would have been impossible to sit on any of it.





CALLE LUNA CALLE SOL

Yesterday, I went to a seminar about the filmmaker Carlos Mayolo, who died in 2007 from chronic health issues, having been a life-long drunk and cokehead. He made movies with his friends in Calí, a city which is now a narcoruin, but was until the late-70's the seat of Colombia's left-wing intelligentsia. I know some things about this scene because my dad had grown up with these people in Calí—the novelist and film critic Caicedo, the filmmaker Luis Ospina, the visual artist Oscar Campos, and photographer Fernell Franco. I heard my mother complain bitterly my whole childhood about the pretentious 'intellectuals' of Calí. She would intone the word intellectual with a contemptuous over-exaggerated 'L,' a level of bile proportional to their indifference to her. And their indifference to her was probably vast as she was a woman and had an air of bourgeois aspirationalism about her that grated on my father's Marxist friends' nerves and read as middle-class, the worst thing you could be. My father stills flips people off in Bogotá traffic yelling *clase media!* The first time I heard about Caicedo, it was because my dad ran a for a national public network that put theatrical stageworks on television. One one of the plays they shot was Caicedo's "Angelitos empantanados" (*Little Drowning Angels*). The only thing I remember about the play's staging is that it ends with the protagonists comparing scars from times their mothers beat them, taking turns walking up to the edge of the proscenium, saying *this where my mother hit me with a sewing machine, this where my mother hit me with*

a shoe. Caicedo died young, committing suicide at 25 on the eve of his first novel's release. *¡Que viva la música!* (*Long Live Music!*) tracks the adventures of Maria del Carmen, a girl from a 'nice' Calí family, who starts out smoking pot and listening to Anglo rock music in her friends' posh apartments, to her exploration of the city's under-class neighborhoods and obsession with salsa music. Puerto Rican salsa singer Hector Lavoe was the ultimate sun god of this genre in the 1970's. Lavoe died at 46 of HIV-related complications in 1993.



There's a picture of Caicedo and Lavoe from when Lavoe toured Colombia. The story of *Que viva la música!* is also a story about *desclasamiento*, the loss of class, mixing with the popular classes which can only end in drug, addiction, suicide, disease. During the Cold War, Calí became the United States' main supplier of sugar, and because of this, its upper-class families were Americanized. The Stones and Cream were all the rage amongst these kids, until the

turn Caicedo documents. The manic energy of Caicedo's writing is certainly the exuberance of cocaine, which was coming to be an internationally-desired commodity in the mid-to-late 70's. It would be false to say that my parents' generation was destroyed by cocaine, because they were equally made by it: the desire to party forever fed on an endless stream of perfect *perica*, the desire to make art all night and all day, the desire to be a little bit immortal/immoral. In the campy-as-fuck Luis Ospina vampire movie "Pura sangre," Mayolo plays a guy hired to kill working-class children in order to feed his boss's need for fresh blood. Mayolo and Humberto Arango play the depraved killers with gusto. Mayolo does lines while talking softly to a pile of coke, making little jokes to it. My dad laughs, says, "he did that in real life." Mayolo was probably one of Colombia's only auteurs in what is uniformly a fairly flat cinematic history, which tended towards the very folkloric and the very realist. Much post-1970's cultural here has been stuck in the rut of magical realism. The imaginary of yellow butterflies and Macondo still has a strong hold on the national imaginary. It is not accidental that this rut coincides with the War on Drugs, from the rise of the cartels to the cartels' destruction of two of Colombia's most beautiful cities, to finally, the drug war's most violent frontier moving to Mexico. My father's generation almost broke the stranglehold of magical realism with desclasamiento, film, and photography. Fernell Franco's pictures of prostitutes stretched out languorously on beds in dim pensions. They almost symbolically killed the upper-classes from which they partially came. But ultimately, magical realism settled back in and won during the 30-year paralysis of the War on Drugs: so many bodies fed into that war machine. I saw the chair in which Mayolo died in the exhibit that accompanied the seminar, which sat below a huge poster of Buñuel, who had become terribly wall-eyed in his old age. I came home from the seminar for lunch to find my cousin



visiting from Medellin. He'd had his thymus removed after a terrible sickness. I asked him how he was feeling, and he took off his shirt immediately showing me the scars from his various major operations,

saying here's where they hit me with the machete, showing a large scar that traversed his whole right shoulder blade down to the mid-back. Maybe our obsession with showing the scars is just honesty or



defeat about how we become so much meat before this grinding violence. The seminar was full of kids ten years younger than me who's grown up in the middle of this cultural stand-still, but the Colombian cinema industry is reviving and for these kids, Mayolo is god. But when asked how they would define "La Violencia," Colombia's fifty-year Civil War, they mostly seemed stumped or embarrassed to say the words out loud. Half-way through "Pura Sangre," the woman of the trio who's helping to kidnap the children, played by Patricia Bonilla discovers Mayolo and Arango are raping the corpses before extracting their blood. Mayolo exits the necrophilia room and Bonilla says, "I don't know how you guys get a kick out of that." Mayolo coolly responds, "Nobody's perfect."

TED REES

IN BRAZEN FONTANELLE AFLAME

in memory of Peter Culley

rolling on the edge of the nest
rolling on the knife-edge
of the bloodfouled West

—Kenneth Irby, *To Max Douglas*

The ability to discern particularly,
cult of glass, cult of dirt, cult of
strike me from the record pounding
in our shared struggling ambience,
deep malaise evident in soles shuffling
over the plaques, under what was forced
urban redevelopment and what remains
a banshee, glimpses of softer terminology,

thus: *renewal*

thus: *curettage*

Indecision as to 'piecemealed' or 'shattered' irrelevant
to vernacular's state, as both describe accurately
such progress: living life in a blow-up storage facility,
its sheet metal carefully wrinkled. Observing the lots and their destinies,
the discarded stoicism of overgrown grass, imagining
what the levellers will happen upon or till into new foundations.

But what is a grown man doing riding a children's bicycle
down the street at three in the morning? Why does it matter?
He glides past the gold Pontiac blocked-up with its tinted windows
smutty, whistling. No questions at this time, no muggin' at me
at this time, easy. Weaves and wigs heaped next to a Monopoly
board missing all its houses, the implications of that absence
being testament to conurbation's prowess as virus, shifting loads
of small sovereigns and screen glows. Run your hands over
and over the samey faux, twine and reclaimed pine soft or crisp
filtered in hollowed signification, rote points of sale and beards,
flat white hegemony. What uninymic adjectives or pronouns
will be in next year's bumper crop of reified conscious wallet openings?

Sombrero. Andromeda. Magellan. Lagoon. Ptolemy. Whirlpool. Cigar.
To feel embarrassed for the fremdschämen of the galaxies' side-eyes
aimed at what we have continued to determine as singular life-forms,
as if respiration mattered an atom celestially-speaking, this a colony
and a colony and a colony and down to microscopic beads of blood,
the altitude of weapons' plethoric a stacked labyrinth of shudder.
No one in this stripmall understands Chochenyo, yet we breathe
in benzene dust unthinking. Tide recedes and the oysters we suckle
down our throats are imported, and also the nachos, and mezcal
that forms the basis of this chain restaurant's pale clientele, doused.
Small sample size this, with its boring aggression framing a yen
for fault realignment everywhere, murder recognition at every pace.

So destroy the key content terms in the word bank of the junior high social studies workbook page found weighed with glass and mud: mercantilism, cash crops, charter, democratic, Mayflower Compact, slave trade. Their euphemistic politesse betrays their multifibrous synaptic leads to the singular key content term left screamingly untouched: genocide, fresh, wholesale, on various installment plans and in perpetuity. Go to trackside, go to the rez beyond blackjack, go to Ghosttown west or Ghosttown east, go to north Yuma, figure Sandtown, or most of the town surrounding Hamtramck, go anywhere. Just don't attempt to track a buffalo, or navigate by the heavens, or cup your hands in any streambeds. Depredation omnidirectional, invisible digits trash heuristics, cataclysm's open road and burnt rubber one long drift across the continent, though it will not get peoples' asses into theater seats. Pointing towards immense complicity does not yield healthy opening weekend box-office receipts, and from that time-stamp there is swift mortality. Slam that burger and get the rifles, heard howling near the pens, a common refrain not printed on whimsical tees snapped up by the new flannel class, ironic distance just distance as decades wear.

Timepiece, handwritten inspirational note, latte rosetta, rain boots, spruced-up bicycle frame with flower basket, battered luggage, bifocals. When true simplicity is gained, all of these things will become charred remains, and we who cannot afford expensive lifestyle magazines for ghosts, we will bare the teeth in all our scarcity, waiting for the bus that winds north-south, over the abundant pilfering's continuing light emittances. Why is this man wheeling a double-seated pram through the streets at daybreak? What is the standard of value in a pursuit such as this, besides global indexes of non-precious metals? A meal of meat, a can of poison, a modicum of safety, a pursuit of destruction. There is the sport of hunting anguish in bloom, but its supple gums flash at every blink, and thus the grand game quickly obviates itself.

The cranes rise. Below, lips are slaked with water from Shasta caverns transported via tanker to bottling facilities in Japan and then imported back to whatever bodega suits suits' fancy, set adrift on free markets' bliss. Let's pretend the earth's not sinking in the Valley. Let's shovel buckets of unrefined shale gas and corn and almonds down our gullets. Let's get all our bath salts together and smoke them in a steamy jacuzzi then go HAM on some faces ambulating the spires of technology apparition-like, yucking the yum of accumulated bro-flesh, uploading the footage to a darknet dropbox. Imposition after imposition waterfall and this is where our quarrel arrives, coated in mist. How much rice is wasted in futile attempts to leech moisture out of cellular devices, how sentience is overrated anyway, left swipe the semblance of breath as a manner of continuing the century's calcifying of the somatic. Or place yourself in an open expanse of ballast, small monadnocks, pampas grass softening the scene downy yellow. The front unit whistles and chugs, so gutting and gutted, the echo against overpass. Drink beer. Fly a kite. Take a shit in a bucket by the side of the road giving the finger to passers-by gawking at your genitals in the wind.

Not being sympathetic to pigeons displays a lack within a person
akin to poo-pooing admiration of ancient upright pianos,
as if immense risk at all times meant nothing, the privation
nothing, the cooing songs dappling out in goddamned sun
and jasmine, the movement of the shoulders trotting the lots
to Aretha out a car, glass splay booted, the yell, pavement a tape
unspooling in melancholic flutter. It raises a certain lovely spectre
of durability resisting obsolescence, here where Edwardians sink
and leak in rare spittle, yet their groans are maniacal laughter
at the puking modernism increasingly cluttering the skies,
where the shades are drawn and the streets are not the streets,
but mere vectors for subliminal culture massage, that sort of harm.
Where is this man in rags sliding to on a jacked-up Razr scooter
in burnt afternoon? This life of leisure explains, setting up between
the domicile and the corner and the store, sweating like a fat wrap,
pumping tires in miasmic exhaust. How riches slinks in and out
and in, thinking of the hills' monotony of vista and that awe
of general despondence, cursed peninsula and rats in palms,
the fucking cranes rise, as do the bouncy castles on Saturdays,
generator hurl. Dawn, far chainsaw jangle refining highway strip,
these stains folded into bioacoustics astride the ridge's top,
the sumptuous rattlings of the eucalyptus crowded as elsewhere.
There is no such thing as an ear in solitude, and this is dismal,
this permeability, indicating little left to adventure towards.

Thus, the list of people who disappeared mysteriously, last seen carrying muddy coffees into the weeds beyond the pylons plastered with flyers. Last seen crouching in a tent adjacent to interchange. Last seen dozing in shrubs surrounding the Pilot. Last seen barefoot in a shack, dumbly staring at a train. Last seen in possibility, clubbed by data packets, charity bananas, cardboard wheeled by luxury sedans that honk constantly. Juicy stakes rivulet down chins and orange bile crowds swept sidewalks, we're so fucked up and we're going to rage later on the massive burial ground. Everlasting shrug at toe dirt, empire's hygiene regimen, everly scrubbing to conclusion of potatoes being gnawed upon by field mice in the wreck of detached bird wings, airplane vodka drained, takeout containers, twigs, ads for day labor.

And now I find myself in tedium, my inner resources not sapped but subject to the truncheon of the diurnal stew of continuing, lapping the blocks clogged with all us vehicularly housed, the dog snorting at all turds as I throw hers over fresh construction's cyclone, game lights in the park again. Whereas our remnants dumped, whereas sewage and red cups, whereas the long view of bleating distortion off the street in noon, reefer hum at the DHS inspection facility, cords of redwood marinating under the on-ramp, the insoluble explosion of lupine every spring in this fracture. It is the era of the familiar as intractable, so often battling the itch of site, discarded mattresses like sentries to a complacency extant so long as rambling is negated, scoping new interstices to shack into. Maybe this is a lethargy, to want away from the consistent residue of woe that's slathered over every settling hem and alteration to the streets and people in them, to rally towards a distance still awash in crimson but not active and vicious in vampyrics and their broadcast, as if there were any ideas besides social war marathons rampaging my skull, as if escape hatches. Perhaps at issue is collective memory as suckling pig, forgetfulness purposive. That the old station did not stay hulking and reconstructed as filmic fetish, that we never slatted through its guts, fingers' rusty run along wrought-iron railings of departure. That my temple couldn't rattle with the vibrating jungle, eye-to-eye with rigs and rat shit and trifles of dirt, handover to emulation as nearly accomplished.

The Monterey pine that sentineled the corner, seen for miles, is felled but exists here now, its deep gnarls and oceanic needled sweptness, it being a once and future collaborator. Will we be its last speakers? Is there a defiance here, a refusal to allow such excisions? Let's begin a chatroom about conkers, maybe cut-and-paste some crocuses onto kids' foreheads as an entreaty to bathe eyes in waxy splendor, in optics of fibre carrying information mediated only by chlorophyll and the views from Polaris. How else to expunge the thrumming of feeds and blather from the eyelids, how else to force the feet to touch pavement, to display the subtle movements of twigs, women conversing on the stoop, the man carburetor-fumbling, alleys filled with patting cats, fences nosed by dogs, the minutiae that forms the reports outside of narratives established and codified. This is not to suggest a shield, but rather to engage in empathics, so that the body on the ground is felt, and ricochets back and forth in time for the viewer's limbic duration, whereupon it is inherited, multi-generational accomplices forgoing staid patterns of whatever in favor of a busting forth and out in a palatial, treasonous moiré.

ARKAVA DAS

From the question beggar at Kalpa

As an antidote [to] myopia

—Aijaz Ahmad

To suffer action, you must question,
streaming through the nostrils, led out of
the rattling cage of your crusades, a
crystalline bullock, an Indian eagle owl
feathered with night-blindness, with your
'third world' prompting you to take off,
with the tightened noose of your eyes,
with the blister pack of your gait, with
your presumed attraction for aura ants,
with the dust you raise in twin
stomachs—hunger and forgetfulness.

Al-Ghazali on the inconstant nature of philosophy

The double-edged tongue of Chorasnia and Athens, sweet “Falsafa,” opens up the chambers of the heart to “Generation and Corruption,” while turning the stars of universal history inside out, leaving the gait of the eye mangled, its rays stampeding up a falx cerebri, forever retro-spectral like boar’s bristle or a sutured agora, ascending and hurling themselves like chaff, out the ram skull opened by Anaxagoras.

Falsafa. Philosophy. Hair’s breadth celestial coldness entering and leaving the body, imperiously, undivided, like corrupted lips on rock crystal, on which courtesans convene, as a *reductio ad absurdum* on my maimed fingers, as a partial sum of my distances from a heavy-lidded cosmos, as the infinitesimal sun passing before me, as eclipse held out as alliance.

The fixed stars

Domination ... both mirrored and denied

—Jacques Ranciere

As irritable philosopher without
academic tonsils, as Vasubandhu, as
unsaturated atom with anomalous depth,
I am spoken for by my thoughts, scouring
gods, whose breath is barbed wire, the
hidden pebble of oratory chased in the
decay of a dimensionless mercury,
drifting toward stars steeped in a mirror,
pupae at the sharp end of a branch.

A translation

The line which divides World-history and
Prehistory is itself an obvious clue to that politics
—Ranajit Guha

The mercurius body of earth held close to
consciousness explodes as didymium,
flame with separable castle arms, mirror
dynasties tended by dewclaws—an em-
balming agriculture of power.

COLE LU

1)

Oops // All Ball Sad Bad, 2016

C-print, headline vinyl letters, United States Postal Service, in response to *Common Characters* by Beth Caird, title varied by display.



This envelope is covering an image that I'm trying to forget (oops// all ball sad bad), 2016



This narrative is not a true account (oops// all ball sad bad), 2016

com 2 tnk of it, i dnt wnt 2 tell u bout dat incident, 2016

[illegible]

3)

Crying Helmet, 2014

Head guard, tissue paper holder, tissue papers, kitchen cart.



4)

INTIMACY / SUMMER AS VERB, NEW YORK, 2014

C-print, 16" x 20", the last letter from Lulu in Jean-Paul Sartre's "Intimacy" (1972), recite with brown crayon on letter size paper, folded and unfolded, 100 times. Composed at Sara D. Roosevelt Park, NYC. July 19, 2014.



5)

On Any Given Day, 2016

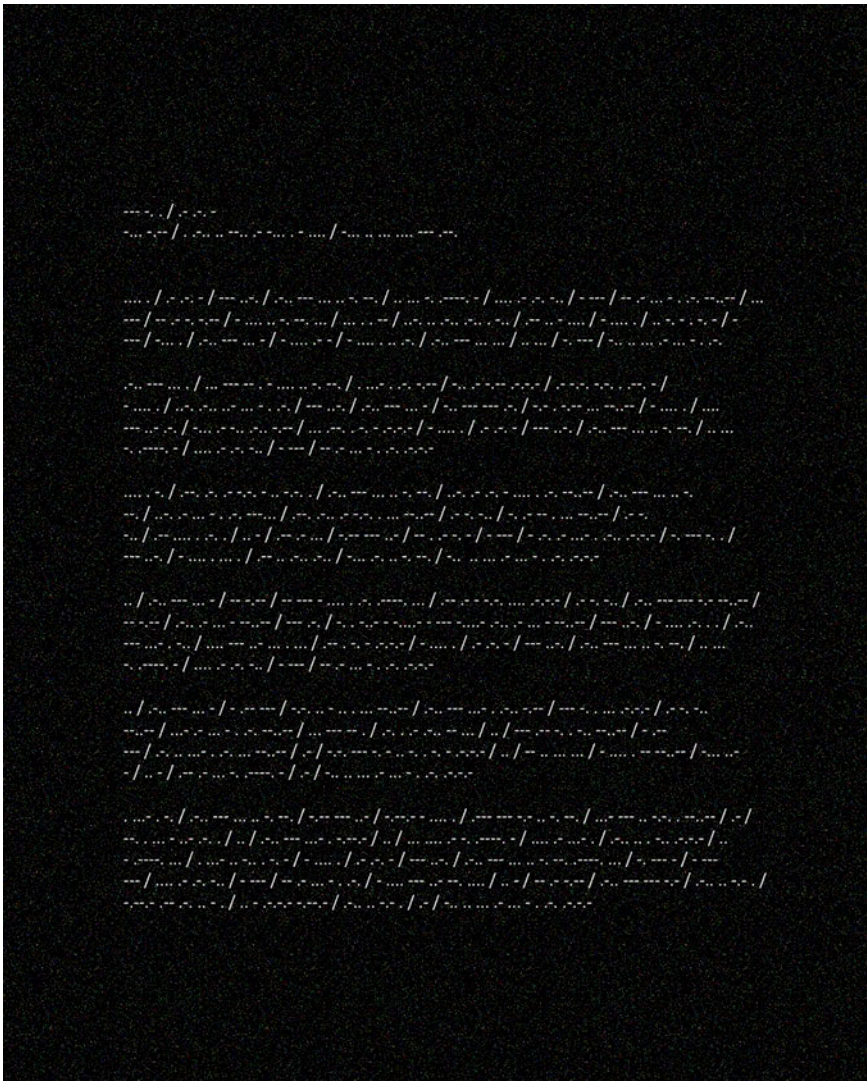
Newsprints, golden sharpie, matte rubber coated plastic marble.



06)

One Art, 2013

Morse code translation “One Art” by Elizabeth Bishop, audiovisual static from the same translation, materials and dimensions are variable.



MARYAM IVETTE PARHIZKAR

WHAT WAS WANTED FOR PUTTING AWAY

so it shows itself nothing else apparent in the dark--

having thought I had forgotten obliging to hold it
what is to be figured from its shape---

how the confrontation of a face
when light returns---

volatile how it slips away with morning
into a distant tone---

masters of some ways of music dictate memory
will retain the valuables something occurred but
has escaped knowing this what is its mattering--

overlooking this steadfast powdered city children shroud
joy in screaming watching how snow sticks materializing
interludes the first time the cold caught my face within
an interior bound up in knots graceful acute inflamed

all this material curved round my finger a birthmark
passed across generations knowing what did
not happen did happen but elsewhere what then is its weight--

--how every time I witness a ladder
I am transfixed by the abruptness of passing--

WHAT WAS WANTED FOR GRASPING

what particle begs your feeling
what clinches the nerve--

asleep at the wheel what begs
your question-- how to-- what does
you in--come through

again try to sound its contour-- *sometimes*
I get so --can't get none of it--

like a foghorn you call
for it-- as a rueful southern ballad
explodes the lung so it does softly--

like a hatch collecting air you can't keep
still it trembles against a resonator --

what you would almost miss had it
not been in your fist already balled
up untouchable-- --

call for it-- you cannot call it
a name-- hook a line around a dissipating shape--

--and you yourself a piece
of what you hold in your own hand
keep it together--

fidget to presence voicing
how it is what slays revives.

RECOUP

How this finger fidgets to the touch--

how it scrapes through homeless circuits of information
an attempt to render components of a day into something
knowable: I my finger am my finger only a machine. If
you seek my fullness seek me out by my fullest shape a system
nuance of breathing transference of lung blood twitch: motion
casts a signal I malfunction in response-- fold at a digit
fold to feel. Remembering a kind of contact a missing:
porous tangerines in a garden taking in scent wetness in a stray
a companion in hunger porous clay pulled through dirt something
I had forgotten awe at the ground at hair at skin. Folds
by which we count graces which exactly I cannot tell I live
in fear of a loss of one which I cannot yet apprehend. Grace
of her hands upon a screen how they moved when she spoke
orchestration of breath by which speaking response rendered
possible. To orchestrate possibility this way-- my fingers. I am
my finger a fidgeting machine speaking my own fullest name
in vain making an imperfect circle-- what was said of things
gone in the way: an astonishment to be loved grieved loved
again all at once. What cannot be fully gathered rendered
incomprehensible peculiar possessed-- snakes out of reach
of their own tails sacred deserts saints for guidance information
hands in air circuits this every day every day in its entirety:

if you seek my fullness seek me out by my fullest shape if you seek
my fullness find me there clasping-- pressing-- almost present--
almost awake--

ALIEF

Blood throws a beloved into air begs it to leave become wild:
blood cuts flowers down from its walls though it does
knows not why. The walls are a house: words of enrapture
made by machine disappear from the sky dissolving before
blood can take & hold them fast into a home.

ROB McLENNAN

SWIMMING LESSON,

one mystery of the breath: it does not hover
in the body but spirals

—Gillian Conoley, *Peace*

Baby clutch. She spirals, she. A sign. Blue fresco. Happenstance. Such infant kicking, thrash. What worries me are puddles, wave-pools, orbits. Hearsay dives. Archaeological one-piece. Was her mother's. Anchor, breathing. Weight. What a beautiful baby. Uncompassed shore, ill-painted palms on indoor brick. Subtropical. She turns her head. A splash, a joyous bark of laughter. Voice, but not a language. Flesh, combustion, water wings. Aloft. Astride, a barrelman. Metal whistle, twirl. A habit of. The featured, sunlight: artificial. Splash, the open palm. Unmistakable. Her cherub smile, scowl.

YYC

Every hitch needs tension:

—Emily Ursuliak, *Throwing the Diamond Hitch*

Argued. Further than the current-flow.
Passaged. Numbered, jets and buses.
Bathed, re-circulated air. Entropic. Flying
pinball, motivated. Pasture's beach, the
blue line. This is not about warmth, a
passive throng. Free drinks, a bag-snack,
salted. Stepford flight-attend. Displacing.
Addled, once a line is crossed. Tenuous:
this sentence cancels the rest. Remain-
ders. But the clouds. Below the pass, es-
say. Made by slow foot. Literature, a lone-
ly place. For some. Fail better. Blazing
Star, or Creeping Jenny. Designated
sleep, seared gills and solar plexus.
Underground. A pressure, treated. Soar:
we never touch the ground.

ORIGIN STORY :

I cannot help voicing
a contradiction

—Catriona Strang, *Corked*

Who are you, really. One evident, hand. A question of plausible odds. Frantic for objects. Objectivity. We can no longer bear. Some things, impossible. Surface turmoil. Close attention to rubble. What could you say. Reimagining. Defies, defies. The inside of rainy weather. No moss would gather. A question of beginnings. If this too is fluid. Especially. Because. To translate in the telling. There is no faulty construction. What you say changes, me. Of sound foundation. Pages blown, a pleasure. Unalterable. A light approach, approaches. Tucks me in.

FIFTEEN GESTURES

1.

Lost in a fog. The hotel is impeccable. I want you to slow down the car. The weather was frightening.

2.

The baby is asleep. That is all.

3.

Capital, capital. The why I speak of borders. Washington, across Potomac. Wooden teeth. Every speck of earth a monument, is named. What might be left to cross.

We bridge. We cross the river.

4.

The word 'gesture' is not, of itself, a gesture. Imagination as a residue. A dismissive wave. The right hand.

5.

“After the assassination of civil rights leader Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., on April 4, 1968, riots broke out in the District, primarily in the U Street, 14th Street, 7th Street, and H Street corridors, centers of black residential and commercial areas. The riots raged for three days until more than 13,600 federal troops stopped the violence. Many stores and other buildings were burned; rebuilding was not completed until the late 1990s.”

6.

The National Mall. George Washington stood. Major Pierre (Peter) Charles L’Enfant stood. The Nacotchtank stood. Mathew Carey stood. Captain John Smith stood. Major General Robert Ross stood. James Madison stood. Abraham Lincoln stood. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. stood. The Beach Boys stood. Forrest Gump stood. Bruce Springsteen. Jon Stewart stood. The Tiber River stood.

7.

A smallness, to travel. An insignificance.
Travel writing, I hate you. It suffers so
much at the surface.

8.

Apollo 11's Command Module Columbia, the size of a Volkswagen Beetle. Take notes on the Reflecting Pool. Stare at the Capital. Pause for selfies in front of memorials for Vietnam Veterans, Martin Luther King Jr., Thomas Jefferson. Seek out the Canadian Embassy. Marvel at flags.

9.

Brittle / as a boat. The sun lags.

10.

In the hotel room bathroom reading poems by Hailey Higdon, as toddler naps on unmade bed. We need to believe in a process, Higdon says. Each day we leave twice, and each day we return. Higdon

writes: "I believe we came back." Two whole days in a city without boundaries, unaware of what lies in any direction. I wear my bones down to dust, my right hip aches from the weight of the baby plus carrier. Not enough know that D.C. stands for "District of Columbia." As Rose takes her afternoon nap, I can hear the construction across the street, thankfully soft enough that it doesn't rouse.

11.

Having grown up near an area predominantly French, I keep wanting to call the subway "Metro." All those late teen Montreal day-trips. Despite the city designed by a Frenchman, Pierre "Peter" Charles L'Enfant (1754 – 1825), Reb Livingston suggests I would only confuse by doing so. They say his plan was built to confuse. The most important part of any plan is revision. Even in Ottawa, once the designer of the grounds of the Parliament Buildings had died, the grand fountain in front was immediately removed, and replaced with Centennial Flame.

12.

John Berryman wrote: "We must travel in the direction of our fear."

13.

There are pages here I can't convert. The sky was blue in a way impossible at home.

14.

The lightening flash, mid-flight. Harmless enough. The rainbow that surrounded it. I am interested in salvage: discarded, unnameable. The black soot that permeates the underground. Nearly forty-five degrees, straight down. I head down into unnatural light, where there are those who exist far too long in the dark.

15.

A dream in which we fall. A dream in which we fall apart.

DÉBORAH HEISSLER

A FEW SIMPLE FIGURES

Translation by Jacob Bromberg

Dreamed the evidence
that

to have nor limits nor end
is an exchange

— where each
returns to his way

there, among the flowers
the flowers, painted
bright

almost obvious,
such are these

Infant things, without an end to their brilliance

We've hit on something

How without a secret wound
could one abandon
this place?

Against the powerless day
Lost men

To abandon this place
against the day
before
the night

And then
we no longer distinguish far nor near

They sleep
dream
gather branches
for this fire
the cloud brews

against the powerless day —

Long line of fugitives
beneath the snow

Late
for the present, I suppose

accentuated each time
you see, quick enough
this fraction of earth
underfoot

that upright speech
imprints,
like the whole of being
resumes

We've hit on some-
thing like lightning
strikes

A few simple figures

Birds, snow and fruit
that the eye leads
itself, from one time to another
outside, largely

We've hit on something

The earth as a blank
has hit on something
so cold

that all the year to the heart
is touched

and that kind also of open flower
wide open
from the heart

as if behind its first words
a stranger's figure
an exile perhaps

ungraspable
or perhaps only ungrasped

traveled along the horizon
pensively, touched

on objects forgotten
in the painter's canvas

— the gesture of his shoulder, nude
and as though surprised
dense and open
infinitely real

and yet open to the unreal

like a gaze that wanders
on the water's surface

PETER LARKIN

from *Slant Gift, Given Slender Rift*

6

There is no mid-rift
other than slant-wise
instantives, misaligned
slope at a granting

ramped towards not
clearing the fault,
gifted (infilled) on both
sides but lacking
the comparison

technically no seal
without the slant principle

unscarring in gift: that a rift
opens the ground of reception

Meagre but no longer bare
of furrow, driven through gift
to chisel out flakes of ground

which doesn't brand the gap
but signs a scorched creation
alongside it, writes up ash

a breach flown apart from its
mode, foundational and scanty
but no nodal thrift:
small chantable donation

seed-veering cleft
where gift is
direct gap:
only the lit can
attenuate its ray

Hoping a navigable rift
wouldn't free itself
of marooned gift

this wasn't a slant
broken over rocks
but pallid nape at a
first of reception

any deep probes the
shadows, any sand
overspills the cranny

the thick branch erodes
a meagre, but not the
gift of gleaning it a
slender burden of trees

Newly skimped as a tunnelled
body breaches its roof,
following (allowing) the gully

unspacious rift, but
how a meagre zooms
from unceasing least

more than choice given
an ill chooser, the
scouring chances of creation

bids the hearth go
prowl, the whole body
very soon turns, even
towards the knot
a narrow crevice is

A Vertical Pierces, Swathe it in Stem (extract)

If a vertical prayer once
pierce, swathe its uncoat-
ables across stem

swathes in the wild
are a very steep giver

pierces into allowing
bulb, the slim involute,
inhabits a stem over
any ratio of injection

stem towards pulling
from sparsity of root,
detector amid bundle

with self-scanting pierced
by an unconditional, the
trajectory shoot
lances reception

where a vertical pierces
this was stem healing
off tatters of ceiling

a vertical path tenses
no other additional, the stem
supplement in every
other way shaftless

tipped for a piercing,
gleans verticals from
its own unsteering stem

pronaturals of the vertical,
gift will trans-accord
stem, along each
singular linear rebuff

what pierces to land
not simply the earth
in vertical section
but its horizon's intake

stout to vertical,
lifts off slimmer laterals

a nest of fine earth,
prone stemming interveined,
vertical axis swings up baseline

in angulars gleaning
verticals, a singularity of
upright absorption, piercing
is coiled thread or swathe,
rootal upward stance

transfixes the instant's
byplay, counter-slippage to
horizontal placing is shift
without revision, least rippage

flutings along
a vertical seam
owe to shelter
their vertical niche

vertically aligned
planar ditches, their face
an aperture from
gaunt stems at anchor

scarce completion still
undulates the award of
unsunderable slant
but slenderly easable,
how vertical fastening
grants internal sleeve

a tuning stem towards,
after which roots testify
their unadjustably
nurtured turn

vertical not homo-
geneous, intimal contra-
shiver, upper line ally
at sharp shelter of horizon

to be singular-direct,
there is no vertical serpentine
for diagonals to collate

spare horizontals glancing
(not swirling) onto verticals
of the offer, the stem
placemat is solar

versal (outpouring)
off lateral stance:
setting a vertical
affords it horizontally
but not its initial
arrival on stem

single-welling offerings,
ascriptive simplicity,
attachment of leaves
at a collarless vertical

singular fathoming off
creation where sheer
horizontals would protrude
multiples of flattening

dynamic fields cultivate
predictive stems, the
earliest future

vertical probe, received
into the singular but as
switch once tripped, re-
opens at narrow stem

lowest co-polar scatter
meets vertical incidence
whose vector is a hori-
zontal bar tilting its
stop-point, fully
pierced open plane

pre-occur at a singular
accord, givens
onto givenness

flame of the ferm-
entation will have
bleaked out,
suddenly an earth-hit,
unfreezes afresh
in stem

there was no vertical goad
but simplified damage-sharing
pacifying the uptake

between two horizontal
stillnesses, their verticals
register in thirds

scant separates on common
low stem avoiding set
swerve, an anterior vertical
greet's singular verve

In Arbour to Abbreviation (extract)

abbreviative not
abstemious clump-tender
where not stunted,
such candid trench

inference is visible
abridgement in
all branches, abbreviant
hazard the whole derivation,
deviates from the obliterate

self-organising
towards
abbreviation,
shortly no
retaliation

abbreviations less
of an element
than every component

brief tree, co-
gliscens at the
short-scope
hieroglyphics

a brevity excitement
dressing the contraction,
abbreviant towards
trans-finite

an arbour's chasing
abbreviates markers
(long in tree)
in found swirl.
Its body's adjacent
cope, a sudden copia
to lessen these knots
against contraction

at full length but
fallen into ellipse,
no natural strategy for trees
apart from this
portion elation

in the straits of
wrong frond a lean
truncation rights
the arbour flow

select to a span
brief stretchers, no such
swarm of narrows
is spareable

brevity combining
repose, recourses
concise specifics,
only diagrammatic
at eventual
improvisatory calm

the shooting mass
abbreviates to an
accord of provision

the trellis of a tree
at the seating
of its knee

tree-walking forest
transducer to a
depth of backtree,
minute combination
steps up range

cardinality of tree
an exit no longer
in use, abbreviates
supposed evictions

so waving the trellis-
work none too soon,
oscillates its prone
foreshortening

this is abridgement's
counter-span, not
universal cladding's
opponent

greeting (less
meeting) the sprig bounce,
abbreviates a bunch,
abets a leap

exfiltration as
shorter form, once
redispensed the pencilling
will have been ample:
what is left out
makes for a
minority return

where recession is
the hieroglyphic,
withstand the clamour:
abbreviation is fully
traceable fraction
of horizon: if given
it always overtook us,
now freshly open
to the deceleration

clusters (blisters)
on the spur of a
sudden lesser growth's
acuteness

detected into arbour
downface undivided at
an allayed incompletionable

gardens at a rare
stillage, the returns
are spare loops
of brevity

axis-light foliage,
fragile stood sheen
hooped to leaf nodes

clear leaves within
booth, acquits a shallow
hoard of shelter

quiet limes in
reserve, abbreviation is
also acceleration: of
relatives, purgatives,
unconditionals

scant is deviant
plenty, recoils west
vestment across

eastings of leaf,
arbour and
devout shanty

the arbour's pursuant
membrane, all shorting
at a tree's circuit
contrivance

these foliage flukes
run to abbreviant barb,
intense leafage
less woods

LISSA WOLSAK

from *LIGHTSAIL*

WE BEGAN TO RAVE

AND FLEE

A CERTAIN

HUSH

ALL PEOPLE

LIVING BEHIND BLINDS

FACED AN UNBURIED

CORPSE

AN INVARIANT MASS

EMOTES,

PROPOUNDING

NOTHING, NOTHING,

ONLY

HIERARCHY

YET, DWELLING ON INCANDESCENCE

AT THE EDGE OF

SUPERCONSCIOUSNESS

WE BECAME

DIVINE LATENT GESTURES

CAPABLE OF THE COSMOS,

WE QUIT SELF-CIRCLING AND

UNAMBIGUOUSLY

MADE LIGHTNINGS

OF OUR EYES

SPLIT-WIND

NOT REMOTELY
THROUGH FORCE
BUT USING KAIROS
AND QUIDDITIES
FLUNG ACROSS
CENTURIES

WARMTH, SUN,
THEN EASING
ONTO THE PHOTONS,
TO NIGHT-SURF
COVERED PLUMES
AND ARCS

IN LIGHTSAIL ..

OPERATIONS OF SOUL

ON A WILD DASH

A GENTLENESS

BEGUILES US

WE QUIETLY CONTINUE

INTERFUSE WITH AN

INFINITE

METACOSM

TINDERED-IN THROUGH
PANSPERMIANA, A SUPERNAL
HORIZON SMOTHERED AND AFFIXED,
MANY THOUGHT .. RUSES OVERHEAD

BY USING
CACOPHONY, ITS GASEOUS
INCESSANCE
RIPPLING WITH
WORDS
ASPHYXIATED EARTH,
SILTS FALL
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN
A FUMY HOLLOW
OF HAND AND
THE BARRENS

SOME BLINDNESS STEMS
FROM BEING TOO CLOSE
OUR PERCEPTUAL QUEST
LIMBLESSLY ABSENTING
OUR SELVES
IN AN INCORPOREAL CURVE
UNCONFESSED TELEPATHIES
CAUGHT A PILOT WAVE
GYRO-MAGNETICALLY

INEFFABLE INNER SPACE
BURSTING WITH LIBERTY
ASSENTS TO THE LOSS OF
ITS FOOTING AS INTRA
FILAMENTS OF UNION
THE CADENCE
TOO EFFERVESCENT TO ARREST
WE BROUGHT OURSELVES
NO LONGER NEEDING PATTERNS
AND MYSTICALLY UNDERSTOOD

FEELING NO NEED TO
SETTLE ON A SURFACE
WE LED VISION BEYOND
EARTH'S VERMILLION-GOLD
AWAITING THE HUMMINGBIRD
LANCED OUT OF NIGHT'S SKY

INSIGHT JUNKIES EVOKE

THE INTIMACY OF HOME

IN POTENTIA, OUR

PHAINOMENON

AT-ONED

ANICONICALLY

OUR
ACTS OF LIGHT, OUR
HIEROSOPHIES FALL UPON
AN OMNIPRESENCE,
PRISMING,
TRANSMUNDANE,
WHERE COULD WE
CONSIDER THEM
AS BELONGING,
UNORBED?

WE WONDERED IF OUR
MOTHERS CAME THIS WAY
NOT YET THE
FIRST LATTICE-SAILING OR
BEAM-SAILING,
SYZYGIES WITNESS
LOOSE GENETIC MATERIALS
A DIVINE MAGNET
AND THE MULTIPLYING
PRESENCE OF THE
UNIFIED FIELD,
SOUL .. NEVER
HAVING REFUGE ..
KNEW THINGS

WILL ALEXANDER

from *Concerning the Henbane Bird*

“...I
of the diamond worlds
of the diamond domains
no seeming confinement can hinder

I
who osmotically scan
all the meteorites
all the deluge eras
all the beguiling quakes in the land

when the sea burns
when the waters collide with defilement
I am witness

when the land is poisoned by the map of the abyss
I exist by aboriginal valley

by vents
by storms
by dark collusional purity

I
who spark the proton-sun with the proton-sun
with criteria which forms

through utopian isolation
each of my wingbeats as compositional ringlet
forming from their odour a bewitching mathematical synodic

for instance
to bring to view
a Middle Cambrian Sea
with arachnids
with inarticulate brachiopods
never summoning from my powers
an argued theological grail
or reasoning contained within a post-creative flux

a flux fixated
according to the flaw of differential scribes

I go back to a first burden at Palenque to the suns as ages
to their cycle of colours
to their hieroglyphic variables
being fundamental resonance
being incipience as data

say
the 12 creations of the world
the first zodiac of alacrity
the zone which rises above the legalistic as dharma
which contends
that ferment
is never of inferior duty
is never of the slate of legalistic bleakness

when I fly to Judea
I know the blood unravels
I know systemic cholera is applied
so that weight is captured
with all activity applied
to the wrath of a fallen demon
to a divisively crafted idol
amassed
around a mistaken anthropomorphics
such are the cruder conceptions of heaven
being a replicate & divisive habitat that contaminates the cells
& creates dissension
that infertile prayer can never properly interpret

this being limit
derived from 'observable limit'
which cannot unbury the monopoles or carry on dialogue with diverse
suggestion

'initial singularity' gone awry
the cosmos thus tainted
by a geographic monument
sculpted from belief
from the arrogance of God arising from Judea
as solemn unvariable plan

perhaps new seething
perhaps that which de-exists
becoming baktuns*
katuns*
tuns*
or days

variation being the spectral field which cannot exist as delimited
purgation

this being the shamanistic purview
with its voids
its risks
its deltas which blend with sudden momentary forces

saying such
one never disclaims suspicion
or shuns disorder as gamble

with the Sun rushing in
I am of lesser & greater degree by velocity
as variant rum
as incalculable nomad

me
a drifting being
a bird which expands

knowing that the Sun can reverse its fever of lakes
its thermodynamic propensity gathered from implosion
concerning occulted wheat
concerning anti-dimensional flying

my grammes deriving from other stellar summations
with a resonant penetration beyond its present range & its unknown
solar libido
suggestive of citron that courses the bluish mathematics of darkness

a relay of ignition
analogous
to a billion years of birds in migration flying
across the proto-powers of Titan
with its pre-stellar oceans
conversant
with my alternating bodies exponential with flame

of course
I am radiating nuclei
beyond the farthest aural galaxies
Instantaneous with total kelvin waves
far beyond
sub-divided singularity
or sub-divided oxygen consumption

never comparing my powers
to a rock
or a tree
or a sieve of ingested persimmons

I exist
I am periodic albino
I bathe in the shafts of caves

& if I were less than this resurrectional albino
I would forage for nectaur
I would concentrate on sugars possessing at bottom the squalid quest
for unruly microbes

being voracious with stealth
I would feed on the Trumpet Vine

on certain peninsular omens possessing aggression
at sub-helical orbit
singing at a post-human frequency being a blackly haunted whistle
or holographic amperage
combined according to anti-social plumage

perhaps I would oil my wings from my 'uropygial' gland
my eyes searing
my throat alive as enforced collision
as if possessed by the poisoned scar of a raptor
poised on some outer rock on Egeria*

true
a stunning testimonial drift
as if I were alive
according to one birth
according to its pillaged uncertainty simultaneous with a vine rising
through extended collapse

no
my molecules osmotically altering kelvins
by rubescent pneumatics
far beyond vocal anaemia
so as to confound the dazzling lunation of death
by 'interstellar ecology'
by never yielding to the sterile devolvment of hoarding

& I mean by this hoarding
the chemicals which neutralize velocity
to a blank obedience which can't be tested

but flight which ascends by scorching
misnomer
never condensed by a neither condition of geobiology
or a crystallization that purports to confound its mystery

yet I persist
by explosive equilibria
by unmonitored task
by telepathic combining

I am not bounded
by any dense or surroundable boundary
which matches itself
& equals itself
like fire from wingless ravens
or a sterilized sun before burning

not surface microbes hauled up from dust
not a posture pointed towards conclusives
but spurs
motions
catalytic primevals

so that I survey gulfs
& understand the phenotype of planets
with their different weights & patterns with their radii & weather as
regards suns & their orbits

for instance
petroleum channels on Mars
the Ishtar Terra & the Guinevere Planitia on Venus
the fractures of ice on the surface of Triton

& of course
there exists the spectacular intersection within chondrites
being a spectral fire between stardust & matrix
& across my climatory purview I feel in my wings
'equinox to equinox'
'apse to apse'
'moon's node to moon's node

& within vacuums hauled from planetary dust
there exists obsidian Apache tears Selenite Roses
scattered Mexican Opals

they being acrostics which emit answers
not as conclusives
but as spurs
as motions which ignite as cataclysmic primevals

so that drift occurs between planes between gulfs of opaque sidereal
debris

thus
the details of analytics destroyed microscopic equilibrium condemned
to abandonment

because
I've returned to Earth sans prehensile speculation
without conquest
without neurological impediment
bent upon mundane correctives

the Earth presently obscured corrosive cortical deafness
by de-blazed reaction within its furnace

absorbing from rotation
hellish procurements
settlements of monoxide

if my sole concern were derived from starvation
I would speak of woolly cactus
Chilean timbers
or quinine from cinchona trees

I would replicate nervous embroilment reduced
day after day by a wizened auto-intoxication
so that my alchemical wheel would spin with recursion
with old unbalanced seed

yet I sense in the snow
vatic disaster of draconian nuclear vapour

therefore
each square of each nation
rife with penultimate trembling
rife with staggering negation

as this condition persists
I fly according to the power of crucial insomnia
an insomnia that condones self-inflicted maurauding
so that no repose can concur
with the imminence of cellular entropy appearing as war
appearing as claimless thievery of the body

so as bird
as shaman
there exists no impersonal political calumny

by curious loitering
by overt treaty or spell

me

from ultraviolet ravines

from a spontaneous eagle's window being a perplexing connoisseur
with the moral density of a thief..."

GLOSSARY

baktuns/katuns/tuns- Mayan calendrical units

Egeria- asteroid with foreboding landscape- rich in water content

Istar Terra/Guinevere Planitia- Venusian surface locales

LU XUN

Translated by Matthew Turner

PROLEGOMENON

During silences I feel enriched. Opening my mouth, I simultaneously sense hollowness.

The past life has already died. I regard this death as a great joy - because from that I know it existed. The dead life already rots. I regard this rotting as a great joy - because from it I know it still isn't void.

The mud of life, abandoned on the ground, doesn't grow tall trees, only wild grass - for which I'm culpable.

Wild grass doesn't have deep roots or pretty flowers and leaves, though it absorbs dew, absorbs water, absorbs the old dead's blood and meat - each one robs it's life. When it's alive it's trampled on, cut down, until it dies and then rots.

But I'm calm, glad. I'll laugh loudly, I'll sing songs.

Me, I love my wild grass, but I loathe the ground for using the wild grass as an ornament.

A ground fire spreads and rages underground, and once the lava has broken through it'll burn up all the wild grass, along with the tall trees. Thereupon, therefore, nothing else can rot.

But I'm calm, glad. I'll laugh loudly, I'll sing songs.

All under heaven appears solemn. I'm not able to laugh loudly or sing songs. All under heaven doesn't mean to appear solemn. I'm one who also isn't able to. I'll use this tuft of wild grass as my proof in the bright and dim, in life and death, in between the past and future, a dedication to friend and enemy, man and beast, the ones loved and ones not loved.

For my own sake, for friend and enemy and man and beast and ones who love and ones who do not love, I hope the death and decay of this wild grass comes quickly. Otherwise, I would have not once lived - this truly more unlucky than death and rot.

Be gone, wild grass, together with my prolegomenon!

*Written by Lu Xun in White Cloud Pavilion, Guangzhou
April 26, 1927*

AUTUMN NIGHT

In my backyard you can see two trees beyond the wall. One of them is a date tree, the other one of them is also a date tree.

Above them is a weird and high night sky. My whole life I've never seen such a weird and high sky. It seems to want to depart, to leave the world, so people looking up don't see it. So now, although very blue, dozens of stars flash and blink like eyes, and coldly watch. On the corners of his mouth a faint smile appears, yes, it appears so significant that it scatters frost on the wild plants in my backyard.

I don't know what these plants are really called, or what names people call them by. I remember one of them bloomed, a tiny pinkish flower, and now still blooms, but it's tinier. In cold night air she shivers and dreams, dreaming spring comes, dreaming autumn comes, dreaming the thin poet wiping tears onto the last petals tells her that although autumn comes, although winter comes, afterwards it is still spring, butterflies fly around, even bees sing spring lyrics. She smiles although color coldly dulls red, and still shivers.

And the date trees: they've simply, totally, lost their leaves. Before, one or two kids still came to knock down dates others missed. Now not one is left, and the leaves are also all gone. He knows the tiny pinkish flowers' dream that after autumn is spring; he also knows the fallen leaves' dream of autumn being after spring. He simply dropped

his leaves, leaving a bare trunk. But by getting rid of its arced shape, when the tree was full of seeds and leaves, it can stretch out comfortably. But, some branches drooping down nurse bark knocked around by sticks to get dates, though the straightest and longest branches silent, like iron rods, prick the strange and high sky, making the sky glitter like ghosts' blinking eyes, pricking the full moon and making the moon pale with embarrassment.

Like a ghost the bluer sky blinks disquieted, as if eager to leave the world and shun the date trees, but only leave the moon behind. But the moon also secretly hides off in the east. But with nothing to show for itself, the trunk silently and like an iron rod still pricks the strange and high sky, desirous of his death, no matter how many ways it blinks its many poisonous eyes.

“Wa!,” and a fierce night-bird flies by.

I suddenly hear laughter eating itself, as if unwilling to sound alarm to the sleeping man, and yet the air echoes with laughs. Midnight, no one else, I presently realize this voice is in my mouth, and presently I was expelled by my laughter, and I return to my room. My lamp's wick - presently I've turned it up.

So many insects colliding with, tapping, the back window. Before long some come in, probably through a hole in the window paper. Once they come in, they again crash into the glass lamp. One comes and hurls itself forward, meeting the flame - and I believe the flame to be real. Two or three retreat and rest on the lampshade, breathing. This shade is a new one as of last night, the snow-white paper marked by waves and folds. One corner has a painting of a spray of red gardenias.

When the red gardenias bloom, the date trees will again have the dream of the tiny pinkish flowers bent down by the greenery... And I again hear the sound of midnight laughter. I hasten to break off this train of thought and look at the inchworms on the paper, big heads and little tails like sunflower seeds, only half the size of a grain of wheat, their color adorable and verdant, pitiable.

I yawn and light a cigarette. I blow smoke out opposite the lamp in silent homage to these verdant and refined heroes.

September 15, 1924

THE KITE

In the winter in Beijing the ground is piled with snow, and the grey-black branches of the bare trees fork into the clear sky. In the distance one or two kites drift, and I am amazed, and sad.

Kite season in my hometown is February. When you hear the “sha-sha” sound of the windwheel, you can raise your head and see a sepia-colored crab-kite, or a light blue centipede-kite. There is also a lonely tile-kite without a windwheel, low to the ground, giving a poor show by itself. But by this time the willows on the ground will have already sprouted, and the early mountain peach will have many buds - synchronized with the children adorning the sky so, it turns into a mild spring day. Where am I, now? Everywhere is still winter, and deadly, and the long-gone spring of my hometown’s long goodbye still ripples in the sky.

Yet I never liked flying kites - not only did I not like it, but I hated it because I considered them playthings for good-for-nothing children. But my younger brother was the opposite. He was about ten years old, often sick, unbearably thin, but loved flying kites. I wouldn’t permit him to play with one, and he himself couldn’t afford to buy one. With his little mouth open he would stare dazed at the sky, sometimes contemplating it for half the day. If in the distance a crab-kite suddenly dropped, he’d cry out in dismay; if the strings of two

tile-kites that were entwined then separated, he would jump for joy. I saw this way of his as a bad joke, despicable.

One day it occurred to me that it seemed like it had been quite a few days since seeing him, but I remembered seeing him in the backyard picking up sticks of bamboo. I suddenly realized this, so ran to the small storeroom, where people rarely go, pushed open the door, and sure enough found him in a dusty pile of debris. He was sitting on a small stool, facing a larger square stool. With fright and fear he stood up. He changed color, and cowered. Leaning on the large square stool was the frame of a butterfly-kite, still without its paper, and on the stool were the pair of little windwheels, to use as butterfly-eyes, that he had almost finished work on, ornamenting them with strips of red paper. Having unearthed this secret I was pleased, but was furious he had kept from my eyes the good-for-nothing children's toy that he tried so hard to make. All at once I took up the kite and cracked a wing in my hand, then threw the windwheels to the ground and stomped until they were flattened. In age, in strength, he was completely unable to equal me. Of course I was completely triumphant, so thereupon proudly exited - leaving him in despair in the little room. What he did afterwards I neither knew nor cared.

But then I finally got the punishment that was coming, long after our parting. I was already middle-aged. I unfortunately had the chance to read a foreign book on children, and then learned that games are proper for children, and toys are children's better angels. Thereupon after twenty years of forgetting, that childish act of spirit-killing came back - and at the same time my heart seemed to turn to lead and very, very heavily sank down.

Though my heart sank down, it yet did not break. It very, very heavily sank and sank.

I did know a way I could make it up to him: give him a kite, approve of it, urge him on, and fly it with him. We would shout, run, laugh. — But by this time he was like me, and already had a mustache.

I knew another way I could make up to him: go ask for his forgiveness and wait for him to say “No, I don’t blame you!” And, like that, my heart would lighten. This seemed a reasonable way. Once, later, we met, when our faces showed life’s tough lessons, and my heart was very heavy. Gradually, we talked of childhood, and I referred to this episode, saying I had been a confused youth. I thought he would say: “No, I don’t blame you!” I would immediately be forgiven, and from then on my heart would be lighter.

“That happened?” He smiled, bemused, as if hearing someone else’s story. He had completely forgotten.

It was totally forgotten, with no hard feelings, so how could there be forgiveness? Forgiveness without hatred would be a lie.

What can I hope for now? My heart will always be very heavy.

Now, the spring of my hometown is in the air of these faraway lands again, bringing me back to my long-passed childhood, and also bringing an ungraspable sadness. I can do little better than hide in the still and deadly winter. But, since everywhere winter is so plain to see, it gives me its cold, and coldness.

January 24, 1925

A GOOD STORY

The lamp flame little by little shrank, a sign there wasn't much oil; the oil wasn't the best brand, and had already blackened the lamp chimney. Firecracker pops were all around, tobacco smoke was around me; it was a hazy night.

I shut my eyes and leaned back against the chair, pinching *A Novice's Notes* with my fingers, on my knee.

In this mist I saw a good story.

This story was very beautiful, elegant, and delightful. Many beautiful people and beautiful things were as intricate as patterned clouds in the sky. Appeared as so many flying stars all spreading out across infinity.

I seem to remember that once in a boat I passed by a hidden mountain way, and both banks had tallow trees, young rice, wildflowers, chickens, dogs, bushes and withered trees, thatched huts, pagodas, temples, farmers and country women, village girls, clothes drying in the sun, monks, straw hats, sky, clouds, bamboo ... all reflected in the greenish rivulets that follow each hit of the oar. Each carried off by the flashes of sunlight into the water, rippling along with the algae and fish. All their shadows, the objects, dissolved, shaken apart until they blended back together, and just as

fast flinching apart, back to their original form. All the edges like summer clouds inlaid with sunlight, emitting mercury-colored flames. All of the river I passed, it was like this.

The story I now see is like this too. On the base of the clear sky in the water, everything interlocks into a pattern, weaves into a piece, forever vivid, spread out so I cannot see its end.

On the riverbank the hollyhocks beneath the withered willows must have been planted by village girls. Big red flowers and speckled red flowers all float in the water. And if they break loose they will stretch on continuously, rouge in the water, without becoming faint. Thatched huts, dogs, pagodas, village girls, clouds... they're all floating. The big red flowers completely spread out like brilliant red belts. The belts knit into the dogs, the dogs knit into white clouds, white clouds knit into village girls... in a moment all of them will shrink back. But the shadows of the speckled red flowers - they were already in pieces - spread out, weave into the pagoda, the village girls, the dogs, the thatched huts, and out of the clouds.

Now, the story I see has become clearer, more beautiful, more elegant, more delightful, and so: demarcated. At the base of a clear sky are countless beautiful people and beautiful things. I see them all and know them all.

I was about to gaze at them....

I was about to gaze at them, but then I was surprised when I opened my eyes and the cloud-pattern twisted up in a tangle, as though someone threw a huge rock into the river, and the waves rose, and then the whole set was torn into shreds. Without realizing it I

suddenly pinched A Novice's Notes, which had almost fallen to the ground, and in front of my eyes were still bits of a rainbow smashed to shadows.

I really love this one good story. While the smashed shadows are still there, I want to chase after them, complete them, keep them. I toss the book, lean forward to take up a pen — where in the hell are the smashed images? There's just dim light, and I am not in my little boat.

But I remember seeing this good story on a hazy night...

February 24, 1925

A DOG'S RETORT

I dreamt that I was walking in a narrow alley, clothes in tatters, looking like a beggar.

A dog called out from behind.

I contemptuously looked back, and spat out:

“Eh?!? Come off it! You’re just a dog with pretenses!”

“Hee-hee!” He smiled, and added “I don’t dare!... I’m ashamed I’m not like other people.”

“What?!?” I felt furious, that this was the ultimate humiliation.

“I’m ashamed: In the end I still can’t tell copper from silver, still can’t tell cloth from silk, still can’t tell officials from citizens, still can’t tell master from slave, still can’t tell...”

I ran away.

“Hold on! We’ll talk some more...” From behind he shouted for me to stay.

I fled, tried my best to go, until I ran out of the dream and was laying on my own bed.

April 23, 1925

THE LOST GOOD HELL

I dreamt I was laying in my own bed, in the desolate, cold wilderness beside Hell. All the ghosts and souls cried out without significance, yet it was orderly, and together with the bellowing flames and boiling oil and clanging of metal prongs it made a harmonious ensemble, and caused a sense of infectious joy, proclaiming to the three realms: there is peace in the lower realm.

A great man stood in front of me, beautiful, benevolent, his whole body radiant, and yet I knew he was the Devil.

“Everything’s over, everything’s over! These pathetic ghosts have lost their good hell!” He lamented so, then sat down to tell me a story he knew —

“At the time heaven and earth were made honey-colored, the Devil overcame God. It was when he commanded with authority. He received the Kingdom of Heaven, received the world of men, and also received Hell. Then, he went to Hell and sat in its midst, and his whole body radiated brilliance, illuminating the mass of ghosts.

“Hell had been long neglected: the sword-trees had lost their flames, boiling oil no longer gushed, and the great fiery masses sometimes gave little smoke. Far off still bloomed some mandrakes, ghostly,

pitiful — but that was not surprising, because the earth had burnt to cinders, and nature had lost its fertility.

“The ghosts awakened amidst the cold oil and mild fires, but by the brilliance of the Devil they could see the small flowers, ghostly and pitiful, and were bewitched. They swiftly remembered the world of men and, considering so many of their years, cried out to the world, against Hell.

“Humankind answered, and arose, and with just cause fought against the Devil. The sounds of war filled the three realms, and was like thunder. At last, by employing a strategy, and setting snares, they gave the Devil no alternative but to leave Hell. Finally, after victory, Hell’s gate had humankind’s flag above it!

“While the ghosts rejoiced, man’s emissary to manage Hell sat in their mist, and his Eminence rebuked the masses of ghosts.

“When the ghosts again cried out against Hell, they became rebels against humankind, and were punished by eternal deprivation in the forests of sword-trees.

“Mankind assumed absolute authority over Hell, even more so than the Devil. Humankind thus corrected lax behavior, and gave the ox-headed demon the highest position; they added fuel to the fire and sharpened the knife mountains and gave Hell a makeover, washing away the prior, decadent atmosphere.

“The mandrake immediately withered. The oil similarly gushed, the knives similarly were sharp, the fire similarly was warm, the mass of

ghosts similarly moaned and writhed until they were all unable to remember the good Hell that was lost.

“This is mankind’s success, and is the Devil’s misfortune...

Friend, you have suspicions about me. Yes, you’re a man! I’ll go find the wild beasts and evil spirits...”

June 16, 1925

EPITAPH

I dreamt I was standing before a tombstone, reading the inscription on it. The tombstone appeared to be made of sandstone, much of it had crumbled off, and clumps of moss grew on it. What was left of the inscription —

“...in the manic heat of song was coldness; in Heaven saw abyss. In the eyes of everything nothing was to be seen; in hopelessness salvation...”

“...a wondering ghost appears as a long snake with poisonous fangs. Does not bite others but bites itself, so in the end falls...”

“...be off!...”

After I went to the back of the stone tablet I saw the lonely grave, without grass on it, dilapidated. Through a large hole I peeped in on the corpse, its chest and belly destroyed, without heart or liver. And the face showed neither joy nor sorrow, and was as hazy as smoke.

(In my apprehension I didn't turn away, and then saw the inscription on the back of the tombstone —

“...picked out my heart to eat, desiring to know the original taste. With severe pain, how could I tell the original taste?...”

“...when the pain ended I slowly ate it. By then it was stale, so how could I know the original flavor? ...”

“...answer me. Otherwise, be off! ...”

I was about to be off, but the corpse sat up in its grave. Without moving its lips it said—

“When I turn to dust is when you will see me smile!”

I darted off, not daring to look back, so as not to see him following.

June 17, 1925

DRIED LEAF

By the lamp reading *The Yanmen Collection*, a piece of dried leaf turns up.

This reminds me of last autumn. There was a heavy frost one night and most of the leaves were half-withered, and in my courtyard a tiny maple had turned red. I wondered around the tree and looked at the color of the leaves. When it was green I never paid so much attention. The tree wasn't fully red, and mostly was light purple. Several leaves had a crimson base, and still had dark green spots. In one an insect had made a hole, bordered with black fringe, amongst a motley red and yellow and green - bright eyes seeming to stare back at a person. Then I thought: Oh, this leaf is sick! So I plucked it off, and put in in *The Yanmen Collection* I just bought. Probably because I want to temporarily keep this rotten, so multicolored, color, that's about to fall off, it will prevent it from drifting off with all the others.

But tonight it was like yellow beeswax lying in front of me, its pupils less lit than last year. A few years later, its old color purged from my memory, I'm afraid even I don't know the reason why it's in my book. The multicolored sick leaves will fall in what seems such a short time, especially the verdant ones. Look out the window at the most cold-hardy trees, and they're already bald, maple the most so. In deep autumn, perhaps there were many like last year's, that

appeared sick. But unfortunately this year I had no leisure to enjoy autumn trees.

December 26, 1925

PAUL HANSON CLARK

CATHEDRALS (FOR KYLE)

every object is an urn nothingness ghosts
the tragedy of day is its dividedness
listening to blue by joni mitchell with the blue light on
downstairs neighbor smoking on back porch
i don't have anything but the ogallala aquifer & a life
thought "if you love someone, let them chill"
seemed to solve a lot of problems
pain killer is an interesting term
wonder if future ppl will think of pain killers
the same way we think of fountain of youth
michelle said "the voodoo that you do so well"
a poet said "thank god for the iphone"
talking abt john henry, singing abt john henry
down heer we all seem a little orphaned
the haze of multiple spirits strong & soft
if you grow up in poverty / you'll end up comitting robbery
let's give em anarchy / rip american dream
the ocean will show itself to you full of impossible things
why would anyone set a clock by the sun?
internet is an engine for generating thoughts
small obsessions to occupy all corners of minds
had this contradictory idea that internet's positive potential will be realized
in the next twenty or so years, then be destroyed
the world will revert to chaos after a glimmer of revolutionary possibility

i snapchatted angie the moon with the words "dark here now"
what would it be like if i really took time to heal?
simon joyner's "i wrote a song abt the ocean"
a sign that says "no persons shall swim alone"
what if there's a giant thumb that presses down on everything around you?
seeing my parents from far away, recognizing them
on an unfamiliar train, catching up as the doors close
the bible story tower of babel never made much sense to me
often felt: why would god do that?
christopher mcdougall's born to run put in my brain that
maybe i'll start drinking again, but only a few times per year
the west thinks it can find answers from cultures destroyed by the west &
sometimes i feel sad as fuck & want to go get high on ayahuasca

PUDDLE

last words in the movie i'm abt to see are "shut up and deal"

there was a part where the woman was explaining why her pocket mirror is broken

she says she likes it to be broken because then it makes her look how she feels

a line was "that's the way it crumbles, cookie-wise"

another was "if yr in love with a married man you should never wear mascara"

she was laying in bed after having tried to kill herself & she said something really sad

the doctor tells him to be a mensch, asks him if he knows what that means, then tells him it means HUMAN BEING

the movie was all about being a HUMAN BEING

ongoing & never ending

ongoing & never ending

ongoing & never ending

once, a long time ago, i read eva's diary and wrote: "i wish she would be honest with me. kind of funny," / "she went on this 'oh the days gone by' rant about how different things would be if this guy hadn't moved to vermont" / "i told her i felt like i bored her" / "i explained why her comments bothered me and she said something about how she felt weird" / "it became clear she's hung up on this guy, talks about how she'll always love him, meanwhile whatever her and i have is written off as 'not even real'" / "she had a fatalistic view from the get-go, and maybe that's fair" / "i feel worthless" / "i want to enjoy her company and i thought she felt the same but apparently..." / "maybe i'll spy on her some more." / "feel like this thing that was really nice will probably come to an end"

i struggle with being a HUMAN BEING

val asked if i want to go to burning man, i said ya but it seems unlikely i'll be able to go, but a thing where you get high and do weird shit seems alright

i keep thinking abt notley talking abt the beats, saying they lived large lives almost incomprehensible to writers today

it's called romance, it's called fun, it's called doing what your heart tells you to do when it tells you to do it

my life is simple—eat drink breathe

i wish i was beautiful, or at least glowing, like a glowing tree

i used to split my head on the theoretical love of god

pain went dumb allowing experience

lately i've been fantasizing abt a world without light except for the light of the sun

a place where we can't do stuff in darkness, or at least not nearly as much stuff

it's strange to think we're subjecting other animals to light

i've always believed speakers are oppressive, actually not always, but since this experience i had, a time i gmail chatted w/ marshall mallicoat, who is a cool guy, and i was fortunate to meet him in new york, and talk to him, we were walking by a business, and at some point the owner of the business's son had died, there was a sign about it, then i told marshall i met this man who knew my grandfather, and my grandfather's son, my dad's brother, my uncle kendall who died in the vietnam war, the man said my grandfather was like, if there was a movie about a trial lawyer from nebraska, my grandfather should've been the star, then he told me when my uncle kendall died it destroyed my grandfather, destroyed him, he was never the same after that, and my grandfather said once, "having a son die is a lot like having a terrible flu—sometimes you feel better, but only for a moment, then you quickly go back to feeling miserable"

when i asked danny and molly what they think abt when they dance danny said he thinks abt who wants to fuck him, molly said she likes

to reach a point where she isn't thinking abt what other ppl may be thinking, then, when that happens, she thinks abt nothing

please don't compare hiroshima to 9/11, between 150,000 & 220,000 deaths in hiroshima & nagasaki

"some political hawks have speculated that cheney & co are so neo-conservative that they weren't able to adapt post cold war; they see the terrorism war as a second cold war and, after all, cheney was intimately involved in vietnam"

i guess you could say "life is like a tab of acid, you never know how fucked up you're gonna get"

the movie gravity wasn't supposed to be realistic

it's supposed to be: life occurs in an insane series of events wherein fantasy and reality are indistinguishable

there's a notley quote abt life being dreamlike, how we need to recognize how dreamlike life is and begin to operate as though we are living within a dream

i ate some butter on a hush puppy last night and it was sensual, and i thought abt the time i tweeted abt how i used to love eating hushpuppies w/ my mom in long john silvers in north platte nebraska, and how i started crying after i tweeted that

i'm remembering the 1st time i walked to the end of an alley in mccook... how exciting & adventurous & miraculous that felt

i remember everything, or so many things, my mind is my great strength, and it crushes me most days

*

all that ever happens is: someone likes you, then they like you less

you text your friend “bastards of young” while listening to bastards of young

the singer sings “income tax deduction”

30 years later america feels meaningfully more fucked

the most relevant thing i can think to email amanda abt is 14 year old vivian strong getting shot in the head by a cop in omaha in the 1970s

singer sings “i don’t begin to understand”

can’t even snapchat the soda fountain fucking up

CANDICE WUEHLE is the author of the chapbooks *VIBE CHECK* (Garden Door Press, 2017), *curse words: a guide in 19 steps for aspiring transmographs* (Dancing Girl Press, 2014) and *EARTH*AIR*FIRE*WATER*ÆTHER* (Grey Books Press, 2015). Her work can be found in *Tarpaulin Sky*, *The Volta*, *The Colorado Review*, *SPORK*, *The New Orleans Review*, *Prelude*, among others. She is originally from Iowa City, Iowa and is a graduate of the Iowa Writers' Workshop. Candice currently resides in Lawrence, Kansas where she is a Chancellor's Fellow at The University of Kansas. Find her at candicewuehle.com.

MATTHEW HALL lives and teaches in Melbourne, Australia. His monograph *Violence in the work of J.H. Prynne* was released in late-2015. He is the author of the poetry collections *Hyaline*, *False Fruits*, and *Royal Jelly*, amongst others. *Refuge/e* was an experiment that stemmed from an explanation of family origins presented to his children. The book of poems consists entirely of phrases taken from the etymological definitions and history of the title words.

NAT RAHA is a poet and trans / queer activist, living in Edinburgh, Scotland. Her poetry includes two collections: *countersonnets* (Contraband Books, 2013), and *Octet* (Veer Books, 2010); and numerous pamphlets including 'de/compositions' (Enjoy Your Homes Press, 2017), '£/€xtinctions' (sociopathic distro, 2017), '[of sirens / body & faultlines]' (Veer Books, 2015), and 'mute exterior intimate' (Oystercatcher Press, 2013). She's performed and published her work internationally. She is undertaking a PhD in Creative & Critical Writing at the University of

Sussex. Nat's essay titled 'Transfeminine Brokenness, Radical Transfeminism' has recently been published in the *South Atlantic Quarterly*.

LAURA JARAMILLO is a poet from Queens, and is the author of *Material Girl* (subpress, 2012). She is a doctoral candidate at Duke University where she is writing her dissertation on experimental film in Spain and Latin America. She lives in Durham and is an occasional film and book critic for various local and national outlets.

TED REES is poet and essayist who has spent the last nine years living in the cities and map blips of central and northern California. Essays are forthcoming in *ON Contemporary Practice's* monograph on New Narrative and in *Full Stop Magazine*. In *Brazen Fontanelle Aflame*, his first poetry collection, will be released in 2018. He is on the editorial board of *Timeless, Infinite Light*, and also sits on the board of *Small Press Traffic*. He lives to cuddle and take hikes with his American Staffordshire terrier, Canela.

ARKAVA DAS works as a test prep tutor in Delhi, India. His interests lie in philosophy, eastern and western in no particular ratio. Of particular inspiration, Kant's first critique and Vasubandhu's thirty verses.

COLE LU is an artist, curator, former Assistant Director at fort gondo compound for the arts (St. Louis, MO). Her work has been included in Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis, Bemis Center for Contemporary Arts (Omaha, NE), Pulitzer Arts Foundation (St. Louis, MO), Art Basel

Miami Satellite Art Show, The 3rd New Digital Art Biennale: *The Wrong (Again)*, The Wassaic Project (Wassaic, NY), The Luminary (St. Louis, MO), Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions (Los Angeles, CA), Roman Susan (Chicago, IL), CENTRAL BOOKING ARTSPACE (New York, NY), and K-Gold Temporary Gallery (Lesvos, Greece). She has been awarded fellowship at Vermont Studio Center Fellowship (Johnson, Vermont), and residencies at The Wassaic Project (Wassaic, NY), Endless Editions (New York, NY), LPP+ at Minnesota Street Projects (San Francisco, CA) and Paul Artspace with Beth Caird (St. Louis, MO) (forthcoming). Her publication *Smells Like Content* (2015) is in the Artist book collection of the MoMA Museum of Modern Art Library (New York, NY). She will be featured in the forthcoming VOX XIII exhibition, juried by Aria Dean and David Hartt at Vox Populi (Philadelphia, PA) in July 2017.

MARYAM IVETTE PARHIZKAR is a writer, musician, scholar and author of two chapbooks: *Pull: a ballad* (The Operating System, 2014) and *As For the Future* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs, 2016). She is part of the editorial collective of Litmus Press and a PhD student in African American Studies and American Studies at Yale University, researching race, migration, aesthetics, entanglements, time travelers, and liberatory politics.

ROB MCLENNAN currently lives in Ottawa, where he is home full-time with the two wee girls he shares with Christine McNair. The author of more than thirty trade books of poetry, fiction and non-fiction, his most recent

titles include *The Uncertainty Principle: stories*, (Chaudiere Books, 2014) and the poetry collection *A perimeter* (New Star Books, 2016). He spent the 2007-8 academic year in Edmonton as writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta, and regularly posts reviews, essays, interviews and other notices at robmcclennan.blogspot.com.

DÉBORAH HEISSLER (born 5 May 1976 in Mulhouse, France) is a contemporary French poet published by Cheyne (since 2005) and Æncrages & Co (since 2013). Her works of poetry have garnered critical acclaim and numerous awards, including the Louis Guillaume Prose Poetry Award (2012), the Yvan Goll International Prize for French Poetry (2011) and the Bleustein-Blanchet Foundation Prize (2005).

JACOB BROMBERG is a poet and multi-media artist. A frequent collaborator with Camille Henrot, he also operates the Twitter-based literary clip art project Digging-ForEarth and is a contributing editor for The White Review. Bromberg's work has appeared in/been shown at M: *Le Monde*, *Gruppen*, *Color Treasury*, and the Fiorucci Art Trust's Volcano Extravaganza among other venues.

PETER LARKIN's poetry explores the idea of scarcity in its phenomenological aspects. Previous collections include *Lessways Least Scarce Among* (2012), and *Give Forest Its Next Portent* (2014). He contributed to *The Ground Aslant: an Anthology of Radical Landscape Poetry*, ed. Harriet Tarlo (2011). *City Trappings* (Housing Heath or

Wood) was published in 2016 and *Introgression Latewood* is due out later this year.

LISSA WOLSAK ~ Poet, goldsmith and Master of Energy Psychology in Langley, B.C. Lissa is the author of *The Garcia Family Co-Mercy; Pen Chants, or nth or 12 Spirit-like Impermanences; A Defence of Being*, first and second ANA; *An Heuristic Prolusion; Squeezed Light: Collected Works 1995 – 2004*. *Of Beings Alone* won the bpNichol Award in 2015. The complete long-poem in book form *Of Beings Alone: The Eigenface* was recently published by TinFish Press. Forthcoming books include: *Thrall, Stabat Mater*, and *LIGHTSAIL*.

WILL ALEXANDER—Poet, novelist, essayist, playwright, aphorist, philosopher, visual artist, and pianist who has published over 30 volumes. He is a Penn Oakland, Whiting Fellow, California Arts Council Fellow, and an American Book Award recipient. In 2016, he was recipient of The Jackson Prize for Poetry. He lives in Los Angeles.

LU XUN (b. Zhou Shuren, 1881-1936): Lu Xun is considered by many to be the founding father of modern Chinese literature. A champion of vernacular language, lover of world literature, and a polemical stylist, Lu Xun is also the nexus of what is called “May Fourth” literature—the modern political literature that emerged after the May 4th, 1919, protest in Beijing. Most well-known for his short essays and the novella *The True Story of Ah-Q*, he also wrote Classical-style verse, and his book of primarily prose poetry, *Wild Grass*, influenced by Baudelaire, Turgenev,

and theories of psychoanalysis popular at the time, was the first of its kind in China. Brother of “conservative” essayist Zhou Zuoren, he studied in Japan, worked as a writer and teacher in Beijing, and later relocated to Shanghai, where the League of Left-Wing Writers, with whom he was involved, was located. Though deified by the Communist Party and in particular Mao Zedong, who called him “the saint of modern China,” he was never a Party member.

MATTHEW TURNER (1974, Omaha, NE) is a writer who lives in Brooklyn. Writings of his can be found in *Bookforum*, *World of Chinese*, *Spolia*, *Seedings*, and *Hyperallergic Weekend*. His translation of Lu Xun’s 1927 book of prose poetry, *Wild Grass*, is forthcoming from Shanghai’s Seaweed Salad Editions.

PAUL HANSON CLARK is a poet living in Lincoln, Nebraska. Over the years he has been involved with numerous creative and social projects. Most recently he appeared as “KJ” in a production of *THE ALIENS* by Annie Baker. He’s also been hard at work helping organize 2017’s Do-It-Ourselves Fest, a free festival of music and learning.

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