

POETRY

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NEWSLETTER



THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

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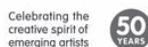
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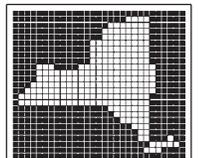
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State of the Arts



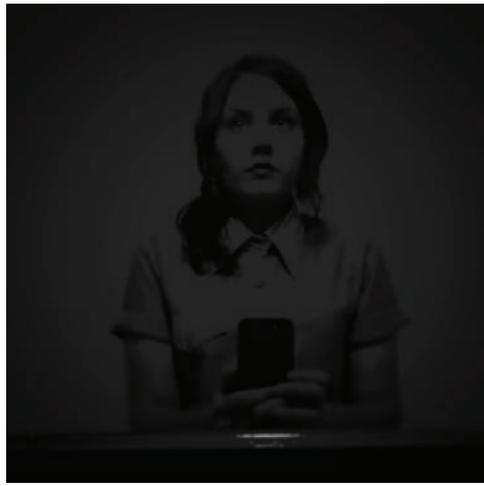
NYSCA



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Cover and TOC images: Carolyn Lazard, *Get Well Soon*, 2014, digital video, 13 minutes, color, sound.

All stills courtesy of the artist.



Hello Everyone! It's so much easier feel the spirit of Spring today—15 degrees warmer with Ash Wednesday frankincense and myrrh streaming into our sunny office. We have a very exciting event coming up for our annual Spring Thing on Saturday, May 9. This year the bill features John Giorno, Dia Felix, David Grubbs and Miguel Gutierrez. Since I'm not curating Wednesday readings anymore, I relish these opportunities to bring together artists who are working in different and multiple disciplines but all expanding the way I think about poetry. You can pre-purchase tickets online at a discounted price here: <http://www.brownpapertickets.com/event/1285230>, and find more information on our site and Facebook events page. All proceeds will be used to support more live public performances at the Project.

As many of you know, The Poetry Project will celebrate its 50th anniversary during the 2016-2017 season. It was Paul Blackburn who, in September of 1966, gave the first Project reading. I don't know off-hand what poems he read, but here is an excerpt from a 1966 piece called "16 Slippy Haiku":

We try
hard as we can
to be only what we are, fulcrum
for the work.

Part of "the work" of the poets who built the Project has always been recording and archiving readings. Some of you will recall that in 2007, The Library of Congress purchased the Project's audio and document archive 1966-2005. The process of preservation and public accessibility has been long and winding, but there is some audio preservation that will begin soon, and we plan on having a small percentage of the 4,000 hours of readings available during the 2016-2017 season to help us celebrate, or in some cases better understand, our history. We also want to use the landmark year to continue to push the Project forward and into new contexts. You can expect that we'll be conducting some intense fundraising leading up to and during Fall of 2016. And then—get ready for a season like *none* other.

Stacy Syzmaszek (Director)

O, Newsletter #243, here it is :: The end of the season lurks near, meanwhile winter feels eternal, pathetic. Drunk on apple cider vinegar health elixirs, vitamin C tonics, and a sampler-pack of herbal teas, we've transformed The Poetry Project into The Poetry Phoenix—rising from the rotting blown-out gray trash snows of bleak Feb on 2nd Ave—to bring forth a thrilling spring of poetry, performances, talks, and a Spring Thing, too. To find out more about these, including the very intriguing Spring Thing, check out our fine calendar of events, why don't you?

More news :: We're v pleased to have Sam Robison and Natalia Vargas-Caba join us for the spring in official intern capacity. Natalia is a poet, a student at Sarah Lawrence College, and also amazingly interns at Girls Write Now. Sam is a poet, a student at The New School, and is currently working on a thesis project focused on examining Mountain Dew addiction in Appalachia. Welcome terrific new interns!

We're also grateful to have the excellent/expert help of Julia Alsop—a lover of post-production work, a podcast-maker, and poet—who has started smoothing out the rough edges of our recordings from this season and turning them into podcasts. Soon, thanks to Julia, we'll have a Soundcloud page and a podcast on iTunes for you to dig about and listen to most everything recorded during the 2014-15 season. Until then ::

See you when the weather warms.

Nicole Wallace (Managing Director)

Hi, again.

When I started editing the Newsletter, I remember telling Stacy that I wanted to give back to a community that had given me a home, had welcomed me, and had been supportive of my fledgling poetness. The Project is and was the place where I finally found peers, a group of all of you that read this publication, go to readings on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, volunteer, stack chairs, talk, write, and share. It's a community that is on the whole more inclusive than it is otherwise, less resistant to change. Though two years later, I do understand now, much better than I did, the parts of my own privilege that have afforded me this opportunity for inclusion and, ultimately, this authority that I (bittersweetly) am soon to be relieved of. Community is tough, and I've grown wary of its designation's planing of difference, but I'm no less enthusiastic about the ideal of it to be otherwise. I hope that I have in my time as editor—now that it's coming to an end with #243—given back, in a sense, some of what I have received, have done at least some work to keep what's common open to the many of us all and our manifold definitions.

So, thank you. Thank you to the staff of the Poetry Project, current and retired: Stacy Syzmaszek, Nicole Wallace, Simone White, Laura Henriksen, Arlo Quint and Anselm Berrigan. Thank you my recent and fantastic Reviews Editor, Sara Jane Stoner. Thank you to John Passafiume, who did such an incredible favor in lending his time and skill to design the masthead and coordinate the covers for every issue. Thank you to the editors emeriti who made this job remotely feasible: Corina Copp, John Coletti, Paul Foster Johnson, and Ron Padgett. Thank you to Cassandra Gillig and Nat Otting for something. Thank you to my friends, who kept me sane and who were always there for me in a content pinch: especially Ken Walker, Camilo Roldán, Tyler Flynn Dorholt, and Francesca DeMusz. Thank you to my wife, Marie-Helene Bertino, my absolute, everyday source of comfort, encouragement, and inspiration. Thank you to all of the contributors who made the Newsletter brilliant. And, finally, thanks for reading, everyone.

Ted Dodson (Newsletter Editor)

CONTRIBUTORS

MIRIAM ATKIN is a writer and performance artist based in New York City. Her work has been largely concerned with the possibilities of poetry as an oral medium in conversation with avant-garde film, music and dance. She collaborated with artist Kurt Ralske on *Rediscovering German Futurism: 1920-1929* (2011). Miriam regularly contributes art criticism to *Art in America* and *ArtCritical*, and her poetry has been published in the *Boog City Reader* and *This Image journal*.

ANA BESNEOS is one caught between wave-shock and wave-shock.

ANDREW BOSTON writes poems occasionally but has no formal or institutional designation as poet or licensed creative professional. His work has appeared in the *Brooklyn Rail*, *Gauss PDF*, and *Lungfull* and is largely plagiarized from Fugazi lyrics.

CECILIA CORRIGAN is a writer and performer working in New York and Los Angeles. Her debut book, *Titanic*, was awarded the Madeleine P. Plonsker Prize, and appeared on two of Flavorwire's "Books of the Year" lists for 2014. Her chapbook *True Beige* was released by Trafficker Press in 2013. She has previously worked on HBO's *Luck*. In addition to writing for television, film, and theater, she has published fiction in *n+1* & elsewhere, and performs stand up comedy. Her most recent performance, 'Coldest Princess Wave' was commissioned by the New York Performance Art Collective.

ALEX CUFF was born in Bay Ridge and grew up in the suburbs of Babylon, Long Island. She currently lives in Brooklyn where she teaches 10th graders at a public school and edits *No, Dear* magazine. Her writing can be found online in *Apogee Journal*, *Sink Review*, *Leveler* and *Two Serious Ladies*. She is a graduate of the Milton Avery School of the Arts at Bard College.

IRIS CUSHING studies poetics and mysticism in the English Ph.D. program at the CUNY Graduate Center. She is the author of *Wyoming* (Furniture Press Books, 2014) and is an editor for Argos Books.

MEL ELBERG believes in the existence and value of many different kinds of thinking and interaction in a world where how close you can appear to a specific one of them determines whether you are seen as a real person, or an adult, or an intelligent person, and in a world in which those determine whether you have any rights.

E. TRACY GRINNELL is the author of *Helen: A Fugue* (Belladonna Elder Series #1, 2008), *Some Clear Souvenir* (O Books, 2006), and *Music or Forgetting* (O Books, 2001), as well as the limited edition chapbooks *Mirrorly, A Window* (flynpyntar press, 2009), *Leukadia* (Trafficker Press, 2008), *Hell and Lower Evil* (Lyre Lyre Pants on Fire, 2008), *Humoresque* (Blood Pudding/Dusie

#3, 2008) *Quadriga*, a collaboration with Paul Foster Johnson (gong chapbooks, 2006), *Of the Frame* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs, 2004), and *Harmonics* (Melodeon Poetry Systems, 2000). Grinnell's poetry has been translated into French, Serbian, and Portuguese. She has taught creative writing at Pratt Institute, Brown University, and in the Summer Writing Program at Naropa University. She lives in Brooklyn, New York, and is the founding editor and director of Litmus Press.

LANNY JORDAN JACKSON is a filmmaker, writer, and performer living in New York. He is the author of a chapbook *VILLI* (2010), the films *Triple Shark Cerberus* (2013), *Scorpio vs. Glass Door Restaurant* (2014), *Tonight Will Be The End Of Meaning* (2014) in collaboration with Corina Copp, and a slew of short performative pieces.

CAROLYN LAZARD is a writer and artist working in film, video, and performance. Her work has shown at Franklin Street Works, Maysles Cinema, and Cleopatra's, among other places. Carolyn studied at Bard College and is a member of the multidisciplinary collective, CANARIES. She lives and works in Brooklyn.

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CONNIE MAE OLIVER (b.1948) is founding editor of *the sensation feelings journal* and lives in santiago, chile.



Connie Mae Oliver, french & mom by the pool, photograph, 35 mm, color, 2013.

Beasts

Lara Lorenzo

| | | | |
|-------|------|--------|---|
| BE | HERE | NOW | and just like that power is established |
| BE | HERE | NOW | even though the power I take is only the power I've been given |
| CLOSE | YOUR | EYES | by the power that is not never has been & never will be mine |
| BE | HERE | NOW | I cannot take more than I've been given & I'm afraid to take less |
| HEAR | MY | VOICE | so I take exactly my share & hold it close |
| CLOSE | YOUR | EYES | a candle in a jar small & flickering & mine |
| SLOW | YOUR | BREATH | this tiny power given |
| FEEL | YOUR | HEART | by the greater power that holds us down |
| FEEL | YOUR | HANDS | that holds us down by the throat |
| FEEL | YOUR | SKIN | if I were stronger I would give all my power away |
| LIFT | YOUR | HEAD | but I'm not strong so I hold onto it |
| HEAR | MY | VOICE | do you hear me, I'm not strong |
| BE | HERE | NOW | I'm not strong enough to give all my power away |
| WHERE | IS | HERE | I'm not strong enough to stand alone on the cliff |
| WHEN | IS | NOW | swords at my back |
| WHAT | IS | THIS | wind in my hair |
| WHO | ARE | YOU | high on the cliff |
| WHO | AM | I | in the cold thin air |
| HEAR | MY | VOICE | so I hold onto it |
| I'M | THE | BOSS | my power |
| I'M | THE | BOSS | I have to hold onto it |
| | | | till I'm consumed |
| | | | in a world of infinite power |
| | | | I wouldn't hate myself for holding on |
| | | | to the power I've been granted |
| | | | & you wouldn't hate me either |
| | | | you wouldn't hate me |
| | | | & I wouldn't hate you |
| | | | for holding onto the power |
| | | | that is natally our share |
| | | | only the powerless would hate us |
| | | | & rightly so except |
| | | | in a world of infinite power |
| | | | even the powerless would have theirs |
| | | | or else |
| | | | there would be no power at all |
| | | | only energy |
| | | | & land |
| | | | & beings upon the land |
| | | | light upon the beings |
| | | | & weather upon the whole |
| | | | like when Amiri Baraka says |
| | | | <i>sta-ar-art wi-i-ith the rai-ai-ain</i> |
| | | | and: <i>think about what needs to be, needs to be</i> |
| | | | and: <i>all of what's needed is grown around us</i> |
| | | | <i>all of what's needed is grown within us</i> |
| | | | <i>all of what's needed is all of us needing it</i> |
| | | | <i>all of what's needed is all of us all of us</i> |

do you know what I mean

this is a poem about power which is another way of saying
this is a poem about life
& disregard for life

by which I mean

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| structural | disregard |
| leading to personal | disregard |
| leading to | rape |
| | murder |
| | abuse |
| | social death |
| | enforced helplessness |
| | & what Ariana calls |

the pathetic mode of genocidal consciousness

which is a way

| | |
|---------------|------------------|
| of being | in the world |
| without being | of the world |
| | with the world |
| | or for the world |

do you know what I mean

our problems are vast

this is a poem about life & disregard for life
in the so-called United States
of so-called Amerika
which means this is necessarily a poem about race
in the so-called United States
of so-called Amerika

being spoken by a

quote-unquote Asian Amerikan
quote-unquote queer
quote-unquote woman
appearing before you in the role of a
quote-unquote poet

on the eve

of the 50th anniversary
of Malcolm X's assassination

February 21st, 1965

the year is 2015 or 5775 or 1436

year of the green goat
hour of the star
hour of the wolf
& the epistemological twilight
of the European so-called Enlightenment

humanism

liberalism

Amerikan empire

men

carceral feminism

model minorities

capitalism

gay capitalism

& other

very

bad

ideas

today is Friday February 20th

& tomorrow is Malcolm X's 50th death anniversary
which means tonight
is the 50th anniversary
of the last night
Malcolm
was alive
on earth

... & being who I am

a quote-unquote Asian Amerikan
quote-unquote woman

I am thinking tonight not only of Malcolm
but also of Yuri Kochiyama
who held Malcolm's head in her hands
as he lay dying
on the floor of the Audubon Ballroom
50 years ago tomorrow

Yuri who shared Malcolm's birthday
& who died in Berkeley last year
at the age of 93

Yuri who joined Malcolm's

Organization of Afro-American Unity
& worked with the Young Lords
to occupy the Statue of Liberty in 1977

who fought for Asian rights

& human rights

without ever acknowledging the legitimacy of
or seeking the love or acceptance of
White Amerika

Yuri

whose memory
tells me something
about
how to live

...& being a quote-unquote Asian Amerikan

quote-unquote political poet

committed to quote-unquote

sitting with discomfort

I am asking myself what it means

to be thinking & speaking of Malcolm & Yuri

& Black liberation & Afro-Asian solidarity

on a night that is not only the 50th anniversary
of Malcolm's last night on earth

but also the three-month anniversary

of the murder of Akai Gurley

by Peter Liang

a Chinese Amerikan NYPD officer

November 20th, 2014

tonight is the three-month anniversary

of Akai Gurley's murder

& right now right now right now

in East New York

people who knew Akai

& loved him

are lighting candles for him

& as much as I want to be here now

be here now

at St. Mark's with you
my mind is in East New York
mourning the death of a Black man
killed by an Asian man
hired by White men
to protect their interests

... & what does it mean that tonight is also
the two-month anniversary of the murder
of Chinese Amerikan NYPD Officer Wenjian Liu
& Puerto Rican Amerikan NYPD Officer Rafael Ramos
by Ismaaiyl Abdullah Brinsley
a Black man from Baltimore
& I don't have any feelings
I don't have any feelings
for the people who loved them

including Liu's wife, Pei Xia Chen
& his mother, Xiu Yan Li
Asian women like me
& not like me

... & further, I am wondering what it means
or could mean
to be here now be here now
at St. Mark's with you
thinking & speaking of Afro-Asian solidarity
& Asian complicity in Black annihilation
within the embodied context of an institution
whose historical attachment to Whiteness
albeit a certain transgressive
downtown version of Whiteness
cannot & must not be denied

... & if it's true what Fred Moten says
that *the avant-garde is a black thing*
& *blackness is an avant-garde thing*
then what are we to make of this so-called avant-garde
of mostly White people
that gathers around the Poetry Project
Anthology Film Archives
The Kitchen
The Whitney
PS1
& other New York avant-garde institutions?

what is the relationship of this
mostly White avant-garde
to Black avant-gardes
& Blackness as an avant-garde
& what is my relationship to
this particular avant-garde
as someone who is neither Black nor White
but to whom both Black & White avant-gardes
political as well as cultural
have meant something?

I have no answers, only questions
& a feeling of monstrosity for asking
alongside a more generalized
feeling of monstrosity
that is perhaps simply a part of
existing within the social

like everyone I'm a monster of the social

which means like everyone I'm hard to love
but I have known perfect love
outside the monstrosity
of the social

once in a forest
near a castle
an hour outside Berlin
as the rain fell quietly
without touching us
in the backseat of a car
driving home from Tennessee
in love with comrades
kissing & fucking
in a Moscow apartment
outside the social I remember
her hand inside me at Grand Central
his hand on my knee in Beijing
taking the bridge by the thousands
eating figs on the roof

just like everyone I'm an animal
which means just like you I depend
on simple things
like food & shelter
health
simple love
art & music
& simple dreams of
revolutionary
violence

let me say peace to you
if you're willing to fight for it
is something Fred Hampton once said

peace to you
if you're willing to fight

& *get well soon* is something I say
to myself in the morning
& to those I love
in prayer

get well soon

get well soon

may you be well enough
to fight for peace

& may each morning
be the morning
you wake
to end the hell
you fell asleep in

when I woke up this morning
I was with you
all of us were together in one place
do you remember waking up together
do you remember how the day began
how the light looked
do you remember getting up
getting dressed
choosing to wear these colors
& walk out into the built world

looking the way you do
like a fucking faggot
so beautiful
the light was falling newly on the world
greeting the earth without language
water & rock over magma
the soil aerated by worms
tunnels lined with minerals
& the ground full of bones
centuries laid to rest
we woke up on earth
& chose our outfits
but we didn't choose the world
so it was only an illusion of choice
we woke up to
& isn't that what it means
to be an Amerikan
to have a vote
when we cast our ballots
& moved forward
we had sleep in our eyes
or tears in our eyes
or smoke in our eyes
& none of us could see
what the path we were cutting
was cutting through
it was destroying the forest
we had wanted to go to the ocean
but our path cut through New Jersey
deep into Pennsylvania
terminating at a mini-mall
built over a burial ground
near the mines
outside Scranton
& we thought *God*
how did we get here
could we have chosen this
how stupid
are we really that lost
or that desperate
did we really need the money that badly
did some of us betray all of us
or did all of us betray ourselves
did we betray each other by choosing
choosing a path because we felt forced to
did anybody force us to choose
did we force each other
or did we force ourselves
did we choose this
did we choose
to betray each other
or were we forced
ok, maybe we were coerced
but now we're sick of non-options

so here we are
dressed like fags
flying our freak flags
upside down & black
red black green gold & rainbows
hammers & sickles
stamped with an *A*
or the word *PEACE*
in Italian
flying a freak flag is a way
to leave the world & feel better
but isn't a flag still a flag
aren't we still nationalizing
flying our flags
to mark the distance
between our souls & the system
aren't we still nationalizing
aren't we still marking distance
aren't we still measuring
& being measured
somebody flew a flag
over the Brooklyn Bridge last summer
it was a white flag
& Amerika surrendered
but it was only a dream
nevertheless inside us
there are countries without borders
wild lands without sovereigns
currencies or names
where living things without names
roam & grow
& so against reason
& in honor of dreams
we are trying to honor
the sanctity of sense
gathering ourselves to fight the power
although the power keeps fighting back
with more weapons bigger weapons
people are being killed all the time
in the most terrifying ways
holocausting the world into the future
they stored the children's bodies
in ice cream freezers
who left the camps to get murdered
& starved in closets
who suicided
into mountains
of hair
when I allow myself to know
what I already know
what has always been known
by the always-already destroyed
I think about leaning into a river
& never coming up for air
this is not a suicide poem
but I understand the logic of suicide
& might even do it if I thought
it would change anything

if I really believed
there were a difference between
my death & my life

one day the future
will be as dead as the past
& so will I
but for now I find myself alive on earth
still alive at 33
meaning not only that I'm
allowed to be alive
but also that I
consent to be alive
meaning I'm no longer dying
or being killed
but self-destructing

saying goodbye forever
is so much easier & more wholesome
than most of us ever realized
& I'm not afraid anymore
least of all of death

I don't know what's possible
but I know
that there are choices
to be made
about where & with whom
to spend your evenings
who to shine your light on
what to spend your time on
& when & how
to say
you're sorry

learning not to be dead before the war
could be a beginning at least
just not being dead before getting killed
trying to imagine it could be worth it
to survive against all reason
weaponizing sadness
we could be a bomb
or a field of goldenrod & lavender

learning how to show up for each other
how to be together
without betraying anyone
how to be apart
without losing anyone
how to appear & disappear
strategically

didn't we have desires
didn't we hear the bleating of lambs
didn't the leaves tremble in the wind
didn't the poem write itself
didn't we hear the songs of extinct birds
didn't we record them
didn't the veil fall
didn't we draw water from the well
didn't we weep for our slain brothers
didn't we watch them being strung up by their thumbs
didn't we plant flowers on their graves
didn't the rapists find us among the flowers
didn't we throw Molotov cocktails

didn't the rain wake us
didn't we invent music
didn't we gather in the square
didn't we riot
didn't we hack the government
didn't the cat love the dog
didn't the lion humble himself to the saint
didn't the house have rooster legs
didn't the frog cross the river on the crocodile's back
didn't the feds infiltrate our meetings
didn't the name of God appear in lightning
didn't the workers take the factory
didn't the slaves rise up against their masters
didn't the gutters run with blood
didn't the rapists run for their lives
didn't our grandmothers sing lullabies
didn't the water carry us
didn't we improvise a shelter
against the onslaught of our enemies
under nuclear snow
in the chemical night

... & if we did
then we could

& if we could
then we will

because nothing is fixed
& nothing is fixable
& there are no gardens left on earth
only stations
for mending
& tearing apart
& mending

when you are kind to yourself
you can yield to this sundering
no more allegiance to form or harm
just making & unmaking & making new

you can be formless as lava spilling into the sea
or a wave hurling itself against the shore
again & again as though to destroy it
although only destroying itself

you can be that wave beating against the sand
wrecking yourself again & again
& again & again & again & again
for the sake of movement

or The Movement

you can be the light on that wave
shining & bouncing & breaking for the sake
of a poet on shore

you can be the poet
or the shore

Editor's Note: This poem was read in its entirety at the Poetry Project on February 20, 2015.

As if it was there all along, you see it
You walk toward it_



Top and Above: Carolyn Lazard, Get Well Soon, 2014, digital video, 13 minutes, color, sound. Stills courtesy of the artist.

REVIEWS AND REACTIONS

Cinema of the Present

Lisa Robertson

Coach House, 2014

Review by Cecilia Corrigan

Lisa Robertson's book *Cinema of the Present* is an elegantly ragged, self-inverting picaresque, in which two voices, or the same voice speaking back to itself from another time and place, transmit bits of language toward the other, or in various alternative directions. Robertson is characteristically Lucretian in her underlying attitude, and the long poem develops increasingly epic resonances through its subtle shifts of tone and that semantic reframing service sometimes known as "comic timing". It reads as a conversation, or at least as two different voices; the lines shift evenly back and forth from italicized to not, but return to the same bits of language over and over, bringing to mind Beckett's whirlpooling dialectic monologues or the adorably pretentious inanities of Bouvard and Pecuchet.

Perhaps assuming the book contains two voices is a liberty taken as regards what's held on the page, for the writing here often feels too weighty, solemn and Historical to adhere to such a playful trope. But I feel somewhat entitled to read *Cinema* this way, given my first encounter with the piece, when I read an earlier version with Lisa in its entirety at the Poetry Project this past fall. Lisa had written to me and asked if I might read this "honking long" manuscript aloud with her, but I did not anticipate how strangely jarring and elevating the experience would be. A conversation based in aphorisms, the book is difficult to describe beyond saying that it performs the activities to which it refers, and handles the question of a dual or dueling consciousness with far more elegance than rupture.

In that liminal, airport-like space of reading the book out loud, I found

myself inhabiting a region dominated by some kind of narrative principle, a ghostly figure between the two voices who, like Oedipa Maas driving up the coast of California, cannot help but see beyond the structural constraints of her own consciousness. The book is pulled forward by something other than the ceaseless self-reflection of consciousness and history. "Your intuition sends messages," writes Robertson, and the messages course freely over the screen-like space of memory and its lost objects, sometimes getting stuck in the maw of physicality. "*And you itched. / The act's absurdity is balanced by its excess. / And you knew a lady who was irritated. / And you itched.*"

The two voices describe what the other is doing, was doing, will do, they reflect on things as they happen. The word's timing is everything: "*Your historical pleasure was metrically interrupted by the inadequacies of terminology.*" The poem's history is a history of narrative's false comforts; the gradual emergence of misunderstanding, mismeasurement, and misrecognition. Although we may long for a romantic gloss, Robertson is nothing if not precise, and in this city a lazy metaphor is butchered before it takes a breath, as she notes the city's "non-sexual streets."

Things fit together in this vision and then evaporate; "Already the city you had described was gone." The book feels like an engagement with some kind of durational exercise, a sort of "running out the clock," as if *Cinema of the Present* were a live feed of a marathon dance competition. When we read the piece aloud, I experienced this durational quality on a physical level, as the gradual waves of repeated language created a sense of bizarre, linked continuity; this is the song that never ends. Over the course of the text, the two voices trade places, and reframe their original statements. For instance, a campy drawl undercuts and softens a moment of philosophical pathos, "Your sky is fabulous. / *You use speech to decorate duration for somebody.*"

(continued on pg. 23)

Who That Divines

Laura Moriarty

Nightboat Books, 2014

Review by E. Tracy Grinnell

In *Who That Divines*, Laura Moriarty's most recent collection of poetry, we are offered a continuation and elaboration of her A Tonalist project. Although, to call it a 'project' does not do justice to the depth and breadth of Moriarty's poetic reckoning with the notion of self and community in our contemporary world. In both *A Tonalist* (Nightboat Books, 2010) and *Who That Divines* the connection between group formation, poetic affinity, affection, and the lyric *I*, itself as subject and object, is one of form and of practice. The social and poetic gestures in *A Tonalist* continue in *Who That Divines*: poems are "with" or "with words from" friends, they are "for" friends and a lover who has died, and they are "after" musicians and poets. The book opens and closes with quotations from Luce Irigaray, framing Moriarty's own question, "which wave of feminism is this?" as one in flux, active, and rooted in the power of understanding one's own self as complicated, combinatory, multiply influenced and influencing and being in harmony with that idiosyncratic yet common reality. "One can watch group formation include contradictions, inconsistencies, refutations and assertions, as well as personal relationships that, importantly, often form the basis of all else." It is a complex impulse (one which Moriarty regards with awareness and a sense of humor) to assert a group identity—no matter how it is done—but this complexity is integral to the poetics of an A Tonalist. As with the lyric *I*, "the impossible becomes the only alternative when the possible is eliminated" (*Who That Divines*).

She writes, "musical, literary and artistic tonalities seem the same to me. It's not just the synesthesia of the hangover from my most recent migraine." (*A Tonalist*) In "A Tonalist Coda," she writes "Some people write lyric poetry because they just want to and think it's great. Some write it though they think it is impossible. The latter are A Tonalists." Embedded in this term, coined by Moriarty, is the acknowledgment of multiplicity and its inherent contradictions. The A Tonalist is both a-tonalist, that is not tonalist, and a tonalist, one of a group, referring



Connie Mae Oliver, *big sur(e)*, photograph, 35 mm, color, 2012.

to the style of late 1800-early 1900 painting emphasizing a harmonious middle ground of color, tone, light. Moriarty's work plays on the pleasures of harmony as it challenges the limitations of uniformity. In *Who That Divines* "cruising speed and altitude question the necessity to write out of a coherent self." The poems are punchy, linguistically playful, with artfully turned lines, interwoven with her characteristically lucid and masterful prose. She integrates different formal modes that work, not unlike her multiply impossible *I*, with and against one another, ultimately building a new and illuminating whole, nonetheless aware of the impossibility of wholeness, possibly even harmony.

Because the substance at the center of our ritual doesn't work we have to plan carefully.

I have often turned to Laura Moriarty's writing for its expansiveness, its imperative to *venture*—into a space that is and is not poetry, fiction, science-fiction, memoir—and also for its call to *venture* as in to offer up, to go out on a

limb, to risk. The present and the future crack open in this writing that also untethers itself from time and space, as a comment on thought and relation, "so that our location determines our procedure" and importantly, "the location is emptied of significance" (*The Case*). The use of the *I* in her writing is equally paradoxical, dwelling as it does in impossibility and an underlying anti-lyric (deeply invested in the lyric) impulse: "the I are the usual problem, the question" (*Ultravioleta*). She writes, "It is the quality of 'despite.' An atmosphere of doubt, honesty, and awareness of all the drawbacks that exist within a context of determination (that is also strangely pleasure-driven) to go there anyway" (*A Tonalist*).

Fragmented as with power lost / Useless premonition / Necessary, fruitful, imaginary / Morphological marks of her fluid, / Plural, nonlinear skin

And *where* are we going? And who are *we*? The title of the book ripples, as both question and conjecture—who is it that divines / the one who does divine—as does the question of the divine itself,

a quality or essence one might seek and find. I read Moriarty's use of 'divine' in much the way I read her use of 'harmony' and 'tone'—and community, for that matter—as a calling into question, a rattling of the cage, as well as an affirmation, an integration in spite of our war-torn world and our war-torn personal histories. She does not need to unhitch these words and concepts from their heavy baggage, she alters and advances them by embracing their complexities via the text: "we text the world."

One of the things I love in Moriarty's work is the repeated returns she makes to tangible, connective realities. There is no avoidance of the ways in which everything is fucked

up, "But how can we hear ourselves above the war?" but the conjecture in her title *Who That Divines* is, to me, the overarching gesture in her work—"We speak of / the restoration of Pluto / But mean love"—the venturing in her work, and therefore into the world, of a self, a community, a poetics, that is constantly emerging:

I am and see
 A nonlimited spot
 Of freedom with desire
 Not the same or different
 Not sequence or distance
 Or in relation
 Though related
 As in recognition
 I (you) of you (me)
 Each another multiple
 Going out into
 Nonappropriated unreconstructed
 Space beyond
 What we are

that is, where "we are the world" (*A Tonalist* and *Who That Divines*). 📖

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS:

A call to you: pitch book and chapbook reviews—indispensable writing of the present—to *The Poetry Project Newsletter*. We are looking for writing on and from a broad range of poetics, voices, and positions, but more specifically for reviews that promise to not only orient readers in terms of tradition or style but also seek to perform or manifest the poetics of their subject as much as describe them. A review is a reading, and whatever reading means to you, that reading is you—so what did this book do to you? What does it offer us at the ends of the world? Please include in your pitch publication details (author or editor's name, title, and press), a representative poem or piece of text from the book you'd like to review, a brief but detailed—even radical—description of the book overall and your experience reading the text (5-7 sentences). Please send all review pitches to: reviews.ppnl@poetryproject.org.

Gold Stars Wet Hearts

John Godfrey

Faux Press, 2014

Review by Mel Elberg

Eileen Myles recently described a poem's title as a light bulb hanging over the prevailing text. John Godfrey knows about this lighting well, and the titles comprising *Gold Stars Wet Hearts* reflect a knowledge of what's lit or hid in shadow by dint of everyday speech. Often it's humorous juxtaposition, he opens "100 Feet," "With what your mind, loosed / by cyclone, washes the deck ". Over and over in this slim volume, Godfrey pulls on a light and soon you're on a night walk through all his old haunts, where "Intuition thrives and / there are no consequences" ("Steals the Air"). I can't stop saying Cold Hearts When Stars and Gold Stars Weigh Hearts.

Recurring textures in *Hearts* include: wheels, lead, stairs, suits, silk, windows, bridges, bricks, feet, corners, millions, wigs/hair that doesn't move in the wind, but, and more importantly, You, and where you are among the millions of them, feet. You, the "celestial lowlife / Physical genius *chez soi* / Cards, gentleman" ("Gold Stars Wet Hearts").

Godfrey's is a poetics where "intuition thrives," but "Only if you let me sit in / From now on I will play / the one about the elevator" ("Last Suede Glove"). Always climbing, peering, waiting and wading, *Hearts* is a smoky underground jazz-light on the moment, "when care fouls off / public infatuation" and "the ceilings so / defaced..." ("Some Crazy Kind").

Full disclosure: JG has been a friend and mentor of mine since I attended a Poetry Project workshop of his 2 years ago. I really geek out on poets' and community lineage, and I think it's important to notice how "Pasts cross, at first / evasive, then



Connie Mae Oliver, needles, ca., photograph, 35 mm, color, 2013.

touch" ("Doubles"). As Bob Kaufman once said, (real poets) don't write for money, we write the money. *Hearts* poems, 3-5 stanzas each, less than six words per line, are stacked like bricks of cash, powerful not just because we believe in them, but because if we've got one, we've got a hundred million. My advice to all is: read your teachers, read your readers, read *Gold Stars Wet Hearts*, and you'll likely, too, come to find yourself, a "Loosely-based pirate [...] Money in your hands..." ("Scandalous").

The Tatters

Brenda Coultas

Wesleyan Poetry Series, 2014

Review by Iris Cushing

"A girl promised a purse filled with jewels, if I would be her friend": this line, toward the very beginning of Brenda Coultas' *The Tatters*, invokes a transaction, an exchange of one form of treasure for another. It points to the way that worth is assigned to objects, experiences, and beings depending on their usefulness, our desires, a whole inner and outer world of subjective knowing. It is on this familiar ground of worth and use that Coultas finds her subtle

and magical poems. The worth of an individual life, famously impossible to know, serves as an especially intimate starting point. *The Tatters* is dedicated to the memory of Brad Will, a poet, activist, and journalist killed in 2006 while filming a street battle in Oaxaca. That Will's life was taken because he was recording something—something transformative, something revolutionary—is an important detail in Coultas' cosmology of worth and its opposites. This book is partly about records, about what is recorded in objects, as information or as ghost-presence. Will's unsolved murder appears as a palpable presence, the sort of weighted thing that Coultas turns her attention to. From text to videotape, artifact to trash heap, these six long poems study a spectrum of made things, troubling the line between sentient and insentient in a language that is so precise as to suggest the forensic.

Coultas' vocabulary for the world of objects is meticulously wrought, whether those objects are home-grown or mass-produced. There is evident care here: "Pressed glass hen on nest / girls in frosted petticoats / white darning eggs / clear radio tubes / cobalt eyewash cup talks of sand and heat"; and surprise where "Dust tops the

PC, dot matrix printer, and typewriter in a thrift shop” or “dark smoke of the burn barrel curls in the air.” The perceptive flow from the precious to the poisonous heightens the reader’s awareness of the potential volatility dormant in her own surroundings. This is a skill Coultas shares with the late Inger Christensen, but Coultas takes the Danish poet’s knack for insight into natural phenomena and process and aims it at the artificial. Her eye often lands on things that are at some point on a continuum between organic and synthetic: “I built a tree, more cell than sweeping pine or black walnut, as natural / as pink pine needles or a silver holiday tree.” The transformations that she captures are of two kinds: one kind exaggerates the natural, heightening its aesthetic qualities—or does the opposite by revealing the naturalness of made things (“separated coffee and milk at peace inside the cup on the street”); the other kind finds materials literally changing forms, in states of burn, decay, remodel, crumble, consumption. “I took apart a hornet’s nest after my brother had sprayed it with heavy chemicals. In pursuit of the natural world, I cut a swath.”

(continued on pg. 23)

Supple Science: A Robert Kocik Primer

Robert Kocik

ON Contemporary Practice, 2014

Review by Miriam Atkin

When one talks about things, it generally means that one is not doing them. If I name my intention, I display a lack of faith in my capacity to show it. So how to make words work? A mood that has hung over academia for the last 40 or so years, souring art to itself, says words don’t work; its tone is ironic, knowing, *adroit*. It is savvy to take the various incapacities of the signifier as a reason for not trying. Thus, the writer who activates a language that eschews adroitness behaves bravely. Robert Kocik’s *Supple Science* performs a method that loves the labor of speech while disarming its precision tactics; because the labor done—say, by the word “please”—is done regardless of

whether the intended outcome is won.

Job specialization promotes maximum adroitness in a given field. To practice *Overcoming Fitness* is to defy the injunction that scientists, healers, scholars, teachers and artists specialize so as to find a fit in a competitive market. Kocik (“I’m a little guy”) speaks against fitness, posing words as options—questions awkwardly and uncertainly determined by the incalculable living response of another speaker—rather than signs marking a definite border around a given field of experience. Opting for uncertainty, *Supple Science* favors the optative mood:

oh that would but, that
the might that
would that but but
be that would that
with a heart that
in an instant
cannot not what would
and justs

Would that we could change the world! Wishing can be efficacious. What if 7 billion people were all to find themselves wishing the world were different? “Abundance insists.” Recognizing what we are already doing is perhaps as good a remedy as hatching a new plan.

The stanza quoted above is from *E-V-E-R-Y-O-N-E*, an ensemble performance written by Kocik and choreographed by his creative partner, Daria Fain. During the March 2013 staging of the piece, 27 dancers, singers and actors congregated for “a local-tongue restart befitting its vocal cosmogenic redo.” 27 is less than 7 billion but Kocik’s set of wishes written in 4 acts or “amulets” amounted to a collectively stated demand-as-incantation, conjuring in real life the world it posited rhetorically. The libretto works as an independent poetic document (published as a chapbook by Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs) even though it has a particular purpose in scoring live performance and, more generally, in offering suggestions for the cultivation of a happier and kinder polity. Imagistic stage directions—(with some

soft-shoe) (*the world is in place*)—signify the typically external voice of the director or librettist as, instead, embedded in the action, subject to the poetics of the page. The possibility of imagining a discrete, originary voice of reason efficiently dictating the course of poetic and performative events over which it occupies an elevated vantage point, is thereby rendered null: the author is subsumed by the play of forces between a webbing of words in the poetic ecosystem where he is no more than an animal among animals. There, without exception, everyone plays, using gestural and linguistic vocabularies that don’t count on logical clarity—or the fallacious transparency of the bullet point business plan—for activating useful exchange. Rather, a rollicking, spastic, glossolalic, echolalic negotiation unfolds: (*accumulation of all the vibrations of exchange*) (*things coming together and coming apart*) (*polarities popping up*). Meaning, as an independent value pre-dating the play of words in action, is de-throned, humanized, collectivized, localized so that its consumers have a better sense of where sustenance derives from and how it is cultivated. This is *commoning*, “a de-centralized, open-ended, slow-paced, often inefficient form of collaborative listening in which people help each other speak, as distinct from giving our voices over to spokespeople.”

Help comes from within, not from without. The author is conditioned by language production alongside all other language-users—there is no best representative voice that can be singled out. In explicitly requesting and performatively enacting a town hall democracy (MAKE DECISION-MAKING NON-REPRESENTATIONAL) Kocik’s poetics of immanence politically situates the question of how words signify: once the legislator-God—primordial parent of meaning—is re-conceived as a being among beings, language’s illusory, exploitative outside has been collapsed, and the neighborhood of poetry begins to draw in everything that had hovered beyond its borders.

(continued on pg. 24)

UPCOMING READINGS AND EVENTS AT THE POETRY PROJECT

ALL EVENTS BEGIN AT 8PM UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED ADMISSION \$8 / STUDENTS & SENIORS \$7 / MEMBERS \$5 OR FREE
THE POETRY PROJECT IS LOCATED IN ST. MARK'S CHURCH AT THE CORNER OF 2ND AVE & 10TH ST IN MANHATTAN
CALL 212 674 0910 OR VISIT WWW.POETRYPROJECT.ORG FOR MORE INFORMATION
THE POETRY PROJECT IS WHEELCHAIR ACCESSIBLE WITH ASSISTANCE AND ADVANCE NOTICE

schedule is subject to change

MON 4/6

OPEN READING

Open readings have always been an integral part of The Poetry Project's programming. They provide a time and space for writers of all levels of experience to test, fine tune, and work out their writing and reading styles in front of a supportive audience. Sign-up at 7:45pm.

WED 4/8

MICHAEL GIZZI'S COLLECTED POEMS

An evening celebrating the publication of *The Collected Poems of Michael Gizzi* (The Figures), with readings by **Ed Barrett, Miles Champion, William Corbett, Tim Davis, Larry Fagin, Peter Gizzi, Pilar Gizzi, John Godfrey, Lisa Jarnot, Bernadette Mayer, Stan Mir, Charles North, Ippy Paterson, Henry Peck, Craig Watson, Trevor Winkfield** and **Geoffrey Young**.

FRI 4/10

JULIANA HUXTABLE & XEÑA STANISLAVOVNA SEMJONOVÁ

Juliana Huxtable is an artist, writer, DJ and a member of the collective House of LaDosh. Her work can be found online at soundcloud.com/julianahuxtable & julianahuxtable.tumblr.com.

Xeña Stanislavovna Semjonová is a poet, artist, and a translator living in New York City. Originally from Slovakia, she is the Editor of *Juice*, a new publication featuring queer experimental writing.

MON 4/13

MIRIAM ATKIN & FRANCESCA CAPONE

Francesca Capone is an artist working at the confluence of visual art and literature and is currently collaborating with Kristin Mueller on a web-based project called Scroll-i-n-g. Recent work has been published by *Gauss PDF* and *Petrella's Imports*. Her work will be included in the forthcoming anthology *The New Concrete* (Hayward, 2015).

Miriam Atkin is a writer and performance artist based in New York City. Her work has been largely concerned with the possibilities of poetry as an oral medium in conversation with avant-garde film, music and dance. She collaborated with artist Kurt Ralske on *Rediscovering German Futurism: 1920-1929* (2011). Miriam regularly contributes art criticism to *Art in America* and *ArtCritical*, and her poetry has been published in the *Boog City Reader* and *This Image journal*.

WED 4/15 (IN THE SANCTUARY)

ALICE NOTLEY

Alice Notley has published over thirty books of poetry, including (most recently) *Songs and Stories of the Ghouls*, *Negativity's Kiss*, and the chapbook *Secret I D*. With her sons Anselm and Edmund Berrigan, she edited both *The Collected Poems of Ted Berrigan* and *The Selected Poems of Ted Berrigan*. Notley has received many awards including the Academy of American Poets' Lenore Marshall Prize, the Poetry Society of America's Shelley Award, the Griffin Prize, two NEA Grants, and the Los Angeles Times Book Award for Poetry. She lives and writes in Paris, France. Notley will also participate in a conversation with erica kaufman on Tuesday, April 14 at the Center for the Humanities at CUNY Graduate Center (see website for more info).

FRI 4/17

ALEX CUFF & ADJUA GARGI NZINGA GREAVES

Alex Cuff lives in Brooklyn where she teaches at a public high school and edits *No, Dear* magazine.

Adjua Gargi Nzinga Greaves is an information artist making relational work in New York City and is the

founder of unschoolMFA—an exploration of extra-institutional higher education. She is inspired by wilderness and machines.

MON 4/20

BETSY FAGIN & ROBERTO HARRISON

Betsy Fagin is the author of *All is Not Yet Lost* (Belladonna, 2015) and *Names Disguised* (Make Now Press, 2014) as well as a number of chapbooks. She received degrees in literature and creative writing from Vassar College and Brooklyn College and completed her MLS degree in Information Studies at the University of Maryland where she was an American Library Association Spectrum Scholar.

Roberto Harrison is the author of *Os* (subpress, 2006), *Counter Daemons* (Litmus Press, 2006), *bicycle* (Noemi Press, forthcoming 2015), *culebra* (Green Lantern Press, forthcoming 2015), as well as many chapbooks. With Andrew Levy he edited *Crayon magazine* from 1997 to 2008. He lives in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

WED 4/22 (IN THE SANCTUARY)

LAUNCH OF AMIRI BARAKA'S SOS: POEMS 1961-2013

Grove Press brings out a new collection of Amiri Baraka's work, spanning more than five decades. With **Ammiel Alcalay, Thomas Sayers Ellis, Adam Fitzgerald, Rachel Eliza Griffiths, David Henderson, Basil King, Rickey Laurentiis, Eileen Myles, Camille Rankine, Ariana Reines, Paul Vangelisti** and **Simone White**.

FRI 4/24

STEFANO HARNEY & FRED MOTEN

Stefano Harney teaches in Singapore at Singapore Management University. He is one of the artistic directors for the upcoming Bergen Assembly Triennale in Norway in 2016. He is founder with Tonika Sealy of the art and education collective, Ground Provisions, and with Emma Dowling of the organisational anti-consultancy, Immeasure.

Fred Moten is author of *In the Break: The Aesthetics of the Black Radical Tradition*, *Hughson's Tavern*, *B. Jenkins*, *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study* (with Stefano Harney), *The Feel Trio* and *The Little Edges*. He lives in Los Angeles and teaches at the University of California, Riverside.

This event was funded in part by Poets & Writers, Inc., through public funds from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs, in partnership with the City Council.

MON 4/27

MENDI + KEITH OBADIKE & RONALDO V. WILSON

Mendi + Keith Obadike make music, art and literature. Their works include *The Sour Thunder*, an Internet opera (Bridge Records), *Crosstalk: American Speech Music* (Bridge Records), *Black.Net.Art Actions*, a suite of new media artworks (published in re:skin on M.I.T Press), *Big House / Disclosure*, a 200 hour public sound installation (Northwestern University), *Phonotype*, a book & CD of media artworks, and a poetry collection, *Armor and Flesh* (Lotus Press).

Ronaldo V. Wilson is the author of *Narrative of the Life of the Brown Boy and the White Man* (University of Pittsburgh, 2008), winner of the 2007 Cave Canem Poetry Prize, and *Poems of the Black Object* (Futurepoem Books, 2009), winner of the Thom Gunn Award and the Asian American Literary Award in Poetry in 2010. His latest books: *Farther Traveler: Poetry, Prose, Other* is forthcoming from Counterpath Press, and *Lucy 72* will be released by 1913 Press.

WED 4/29

WHIT GRIFFIN & THOMAS MEYER

Whit Griffin is the author, most recently, of *A Far-Shining Crystal* (Cultural Society, 2013). His book-length poem, *We Who Saw Everything*, is forthcoming from Cultural Society. Recent work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Golden Handcuffs Review*, *Chicago Review* and *Hambone*. **Thomas Meyer** grew up in Seattle, graduated from Bard College. His most recent books of poetry are *Essay Stanzas* (The Song Cave) and *Kintsugi* (Flood Editions), and most recent translations are *Easy Answers: The 1 I Ching* (BlazeVOX), *Beowulf* (punctum), and *the Daode jing* (Flood Editions). A reprint of *Staves Calends Legends* is in the pffering from eth press.

FRI 5/1

CLAIRE BISHOP & SARAH RODIGARI

Claire Bishop is an art historian and critic based in the PhD Program in Art History at CUNY Graduate Center. She has written about installation art, participation and social engagement, contemporary museums and performance art.

Sarah Rodigari creates performances that address economies of exchange pertaining to socio-political engagement, shared authorship and new institutional critique. Her projects take the form of lecture, text, video and collaborations. She recently published a chapter on performance art and sympathetic magic for the publication *Travel and Transformation* and co-edited the book *Going Down*, an anthology of contemporary Sydney performance.

MON 5/4

MAXE CRANDALL & MATT LONGABUCCO

Maxe Crandall is the author of *Together Men Make Paradigms* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs chapbook, 2014) and *Emoji for Cher Heart* (belladonna* chaplet, 2014). A 2014 Poetry Project Emerge-Surface-Be Fellow and a 2014 Poets House Fellow, Maxe co-directs the pilot program "Readings in Gender and Sexuality" in the Undergraduate Writing Program at Columbia University. **Matt Longabucco** is the author of the chapbook *Everybody Suffers: The Selected Poems of Juan García Madero* (O'Clock Press 2014). Other work has appeared recently in *Capricious*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, and *Parkett*. He is a co-founder of Wendy's Subway, a 24-hour library, workspace, and meeting space for writers, artists, and readers in Williamsburg.

WED 5/6 (IN THE SANCTUARY)

A BERNADETTE MAYER CELEBRATION

Join us for the launch of *Eating The Colors Of A Lineup Of Words: The First Books of Bernadette Mayer* (Station Hill Press, 2015). Readers include **Anne Waldman, Lee Ann Brown, Laynie Brown, Sam Truitt, Michael Ruby, Phil Good, Lewis Warsh, Peter Gizzi**, among others—and of course Mayer, herself. The event will include a showing of *Memory* and other vintage projections.

SAT 5/9, 8PM (IN THE SANCTUARY)

SPRING THING: JOHN GIORNO, DIA FELIX, MIGUEL GUTIERREZ, & DAVID GRUBBS

Join us for our annual Spring special event/fundraiser! Tickets are \$12 in advance (via [Brown Paper Tickets](https://www.brownpaper.com/tickets)) and \$15 at the door. This event will be held in the Sanctuary of St. Mark's Church; Reception to follow.

John Giorno was born in New York and graduated from Columbia University in 1958. Four years later, he met Andy Warhol, who became an important influence for Giorno's developments on poetry, performance and

recordings. He was the “star” of Warhol’s film *Sleep*. He is the author of ten books, including *You Got to Burn to Shine*, *Cancer in my Left Ball*, *Grasping at Emptiness*, *Suicide Sutra*, and has produced 59 LPs, CDs, tapes cassettes, videopaks and DVDs for *Giorno Poetry Systems*. He founded the AIDS Treatment Project and has an important force in the development of Tibetan Buddhism in the West.

Dia Felix is a writer and filmmaker who’s screened films at independent festivals (Frameline, Outfest, San Francisco Film Festival), and performed literary work a lot too (Segue Series, Radar, Dixon Place). She is the author of the novel *Nochita* (City Lights/Sister Spit, 2014).

Miguel Gutierrez, a dance and music artist based in Brooklyn, has been called “one of our most provocative and necessary artistic voices” by *Dance Magazine*. He makes solo and group pieces under the moniker Miguel Gutierrez and the Powerful People. He is the winner of three New York Dance and Performance “Bessie” awards. *WHEN YOU RISE UP*, a book of his performance texts, is available from 53rd State Press.

David Grubbs has released twelve solo albums and is known for his cross-disciplinary collaborations with writers Susan Howe and Rick Moody, visual artists Anthony McCall, Angela Bulloch, and Stephen Prina, and choreographer Jonah Bokaer. He is the author of *Records Ruin the Landscape: John Cage, the Sixties, and Sound Recording* (Duke University Press). Grubbs was a member of the groups *Gastr del Sol*, *Bastro*, and *Squirrel Bait*, and he has performed with the Red Krayola, Will Oldham, Tony Conrad, Pauline Oliveros, and Loren Connors, among many others. Curated and hosted by Stacy Syzmaszek.

MON 5/11

DONATO MANCINI & STEVEN ZULTANSKI

Donato Mancini is the author of *Ligatures* (New Star 2005), *Aethel* (New Star 2007), *Buffet World* (2011), and *Fact ‘n’ Value* (2011). He is also the author of the much discussed critical work *You Must Work Harder to Write Poetry of Excellence* (2012), an extended discourse analysis poetry reviews. His current book, *Loitersack* (2014), is a book-length poetics essay in the form of poetry, poetics, theory, theory theatre, questions and laugh particles.

Steven Zultanski is the author of *Bribery* (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2014), *Agony* (BookThug, 2012), *Cop Kisser* (BookThug, 2010), and *Pad* (Make Now, 2010).

WED 5/13

PAOLO JAVIER & NATHANAËL

Paolo Javier is the author of six chapbooks and four full-length collections of poetry, including *Court of the Dragon* (Nightboat Books, 2015). The former Queens Poet Laureate, he publishes 2ndavepoetry.com, and curates Queens Poet Lore, a roving series set across the borough.

The (self-)translating author of more than twenty books, **Nathanaël** writes in English and French. Her recent works include an essay on untranslatability, *Sotto l’immagine* (2014), the bilingual score, *Sisyphus, Outdone, Theatres of the Catastrophal* (2012) and the

book of polylingual talks, *Asclepias: The Milkweeds* (2015). Nathanaël’s extrinsic translations include works by Édouard Glissant, Catherine Mavrikakis, Danielle Collobert, Hervé Guibert and Hilda Hilst (the latter in collaboration with Rachel Gontijo Araújo). She has also translated a number of poets from the Americas into French, including Trish Salah, John Keene and Rachel Gontijo Araújo.

MON 5/18

TALK SERIES: STANDUP—EILEEN MYLES

There’s nothing worse than funny poems but often people laugh in poetry readings and you don’t know when it’s going to happen & that’s what’s truly live about it. They may not ever laugh at that same moment in your poem again. So what was it. And what’s the interim between the poems called when the poet does patter and drinks water and looks weird or calm and if you’re some poet’s deadhead you learn that they shamelessly do that patter again and again. What if the poem never came, if the poet got up there and kept pattering. Would the meaning of the word ‘poetry’ stand or would it be something else, a clown or a sensai looking for a laugh or a tear or an extended or occasional huh. A room of all silence. I’m pondering that. Bring your stupid mind & your broken heart. I’m making my bid.

Eileen Myles has published more than a dozen volumes of poetry and fiction including *Not Me* (1991), *Chelsea Girls* (1994), *Cool for You* (2000), and *Skies* (2001). Recent books include *Sorry, Tree* (2007), *The Importance of Being Iceland: Travel Essays in Art* (2009), and *Inferno: a poet’s novel* (2010). Her new selected poems, *I Must Be Living Twice*, will be published this September by Ecco/Harper Collins.

WED 5/20

PETER RICHARDS & ELIZABETH WILLIS

Peter Richards is the recipient of a Massachusetts Cultural Council Grant in Poetry, an Iowa Arts Fellowship, an Academy of American Poets Prize, and the John Logan Award. His poems have appeared in *Agni*, *Colorado Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Fence*, *The Yale Review*, and other journals. He is the author of *OUBLIETTE* (Verse Press/Wave Books, 2001), which won the Massachusetts Center for the Book Honors Award; *NUDE SIREN* (Verse Press/Wave Books, 2003); and *HELSENKI* (Action Books, 2011).

Elizabeth Willis is the author of *Alive: New and Selected Poems*, forthcoming from New York Review Books in April 2015. Her other books of poetry include *Address* (Wesleyan, 2011); *Meteoric Flowers* (Wesleyan, 2006); *Turneresque* (Burning Deck, 2003); and *The Human Abstract* (Penguin, 1995).

FRI 5/22

JOEY DE JESUS & JAIME SHEARN COAN

Joey De Jesus is originally from the Soundview neighborhood of the Bronx. He received his B.A. from Oberlin College and his M.F.A. in Poetry from Sarah Lawrence College. His work has appeared in *The Cortland Review*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Devil’s Lake*, *Guernica*, *Rhino*, *Versal* and elsewhere. He is the poetry editor at *Apogee Journal* & lives in NYC.

Jaime Shearn Coan’s poems have appeared in publications including *Drunken Boat*, *The Portland Review*, and *Troubling the Line: Trans and Genderqueer Poetry*. Jaime has received fellowships from Poets House, VCCA, Tin House, and the Saltonstall Foundation, and is the recipient of a 2014 Jerome Foundation Travel and Study Grant. His poetry chapbook, *Turn it Over*, was recently published by Argos Books.

WED 5/27

ANN LAUTERBACH & ANNA MOSCHOVAKIS

Ann Lauterbach’s most recent book is *Under the Sign* (Penguin 2013). Her essays were collected in *The Night Sky* (2005) and *The Given & The Chosen* (2011); a new collection of writings on poetics and art will be published by Omnidawn in 2016. She has been, since 1992, co-Chair (with Anselm Berrigan) of Writing in Bard’s MFA program.

Anna Moschovakis is a writer, translator, and editor. Her most recent books are *You and Three Others Are Approaching a Lake* (poems), and *Commentary*, a co-translation with Christine Schwartz Hartley of Marcelle Sauvageot’s 1930 feminist novella/memoir. She is also the author of a previous book of poems, *I Have Not Been Able to Get Through to Everyone* and the translator of novels by Annie Ernaux, Didier Daeninckx and others. She teaches at Pratt Institute and in the Milton Avery Graduate School of the Arts at Bard College and is also a longtime member of Brooklyn-based publishing collective Ugly Duckling Presse.

FRI 5/29

THE RECLUSE #11 LAUNCH READING

Join us for a launch reading celebrating issue #11 of The Poetry Project’s online journal, *The Recluse*. Contributors TBA in late spring 2015.

MON 6/1

MARIE BUCK & ERIKA STAITI

Marie Buck is the author of *Life & Style* (Patrick Lovelace Editions, 2009) and *Portrait of Doom* (Krupskaya, forthcoming 2015). Her work has been anthologized in *Against Expression: An Anthology of Conceptual Writing* and translated into Italian for the magazine *Abbiamo le Prove*.

Erika Staiti lives in Oakland and is author of *In the Stitches* (Trafficker) and *The Undying Present* (Krupskaya).

WED 6/3

SPRING WORKSHOP READING

Participants of The Poetry Project’s Spring 2015 writing workshops, led by Eileen Myles, Anselm Berrigan, and Martha Oatis, will gather to read work they produced.

FRI 6/5

VOLUNTEER/INTERN READING & POTLUCK

The Poetry Project relies heavily on the generous work and dedication of our amazing volunteers and interns—many of whom are poets, writers, artists, and activists. To festively round out the 2014-15 season, we’re throwing a potluck and a reading to celebrate and, more importantly, show our immense appreciation for our volunteers and interns. FREE

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ABOUT THE POETRY PROJECT’S READING SERIES

While the boundaries between each of the Project’s reading series are permeable, in general, the Wednesday Night Reading Series features nationally/internationally recognized poets as well as those of local renown, while the Monday Night Reading Series serves as a forum for emerging poets. Mondays also contain the Talk Series, Open Readings, and Workshop Readings. The Friday Night Reading Series provides space for poets and other artists working in interdisciplinary modes. Participation in all series is by invitation from the series coordinator. While the series are curated, The Poetry Project does accept “pitches.” All queries and ideas may be emailed to info@poetryproject.org and will be forwarded to the coordinators. Coordinator appointments change every two years to ensure diversity of perspective.

Nightboat

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DANIEL BORZUTZKY

IN THE MURMURS OF THE ROTTEN CARCASS ECONOMY

MELISSA BUZZEO

THE DEVASTATION

PAOLO JAVIER

COURT OF THE DRAGON

BHANU KAPIL

BAN EN BANLIEUE

VINCENT KATZ

SWIMMING HOME

GABRIELLA KLEIN

LAND SPARING

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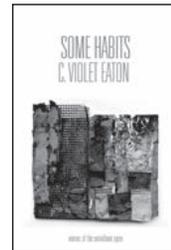
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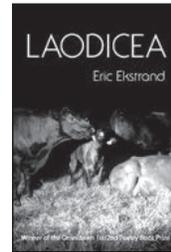


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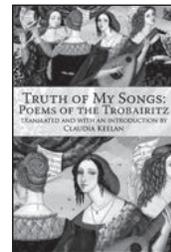


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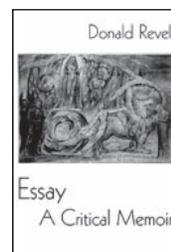
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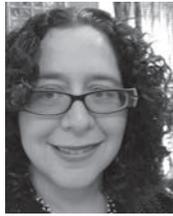


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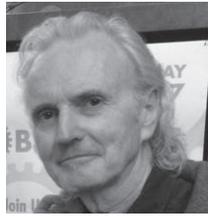
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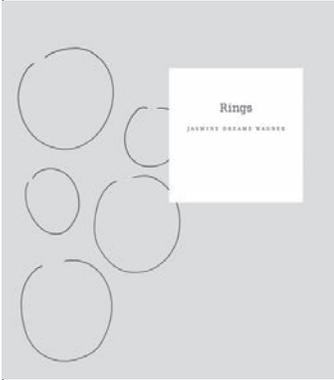


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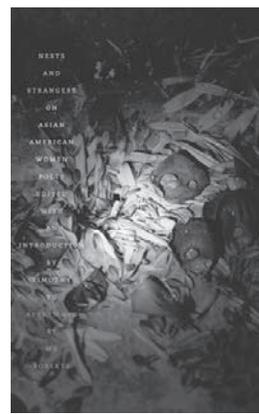
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kingsize

Mette Moestrup

Kingsize, Mette Moestrup's third and most acclaimed book, is the winner of the Danish Montana Literature Prize for innovative writing.

One of Scandinavia's most important contemporary writers, Moestrup composes an edgy poetry about the body, about being a mother and a lover. She is renowned for love verse as uninhibited as it is feminist, as provocatively mischievous as it is headily intellectual. With *kingsize*, Moestrup holds true to form with a wildly interwoven collection full of wordplay and formal avant-garde experiments, references ranging from Batman to Rilke, recurring themes of ethnicity and sexuality, war and violence, and mythical female figures on a sensation-seeking TV talk show – but all of this with an edginess, a vulnerability, as political controversies and racism repeatedly appear to question what at first seems playful. It is a work that delights, then challenges that delight.

Kingsize, translated by Mark Kline for subpress, is now available through Small Press Distribution (spdlbooks.org).



While we read the piece out loud, I had a sense of the walls of the room receding, of the audience getting further away, as if I really were entering some kind of cinematic space on the other side of a screen. Reading an entire book out loud is a fairly unusual activity these days, bearing a nostalgia of its own. I found the text surprisingly hilarious out loud, and also, at various points, meditative, vertiginous, sexy, and uncomfortably revealing. The two voices, functioning like the gears of some 20th century machine attended by the son of one of Emma Bovary's neighbors, seem to work against one another in steely elliptical repetition. The isolation is not Emersonian solitude, nor is it O'Hara's citified alienation, it is a post-nostalgic nostalgia, a contemporary moment in which we find ourselves "in the position of perpetual commentary."

"Thus your data shimmers," writes Robertson. The rhythm of alternating voices and lines does not become soothing, but the form of the poem expresses a melancholic recognition that it could, indeed, become soothing, if only it weren't bound to the body. The book, like the dream of history, undermines its own tendency towards permanent smoothness, by presenting the cloying resurgences of natural language, the violence of cuteness: "The city had a right to destroy you a little bit."

To be sure, the dialectic is peppered with rich tones and storied objects. The "feathered mask of a owl" appears, as do "the cravat diagrams: L'Orientale, L'Américaine, Collier de Cheval, Sentimentale, À la Byron, En Cascade, De Bal, Mathématique, Irlandaise, Maratte, Gastronomer." But do not be fooled into thinking this a peripatetic twilight stroll with a modern day flâneuse whose melancholy pairs nicely with your Sancerre. "They have wrapped the industrial ductwork in filmy mauve gauze," says one voice, then the other neuters the latent romance of the image: "Ah, tiny experience." The melancholic light here is not twilight but comes from the shimmering data. The history Robertson inhabits is not Angelus Novus' catastrophic wreckage we might gaze backwards upon, but the catastrophe of the flat field, without a beginning or end, away from which the horizon skids and rescinds. ■

In erasing the line between person and thing, Coultas makes a lucid critique of the taxonomic project that ends up ruining what it seeks to understand. She makes this critique without sentimentality, with full knowledge of the made world's malignancy, using language that is frank and curious. The book's title poem moves through the speaker dismantling a hornet's nest—"a very dark piñata"—to the ire of "lesser" creatures: "Worms, snakes, and salamanders all call me an asshole." Once the papery nest lies in shreds on the ground, the speaker asks, "...how else could I know the nature of physical objects, and of my body?" The wrecked nest and the intact body of the speaker are made of the same fabric, which begs the question: if the body is a physical object—a mechanism, a fabrication—where is the self? What is it made out of?

In an address given in 1904, William James stated that "The body is a storm center, the origin of co-ordinates, the constant place of stress in all that experience-train. Everything circles round it, and is felt from its point of view." Coultas' siting of the body as a knowing agent in a universe of other knowers—be they in the thrift store, the tomb, the museum or the landfill—is a thrillingly ethical move. Her poetry shows the ways in which, by transforming the world into a utility, we have made it unrecognizable. The imaginary boundary between the world and ourselves thins into non-existence in these poems; Coultas' activism lies in her ability to feel through the consequences of this false dichotomy, and measure the losses in vivid eschatological units. In accord with James' description of the body-as-storm-center, Coultas pulls in the detritus of these anthropocene transformations, giving us her poems as record. As she does this, she shows us where to find our own coordinates and directly touch the substance of our own life. ■

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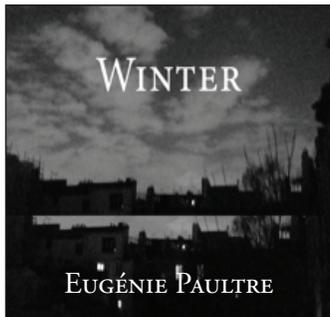


Translated from the French Alicia F. Lam

Here, writing is not a testimony, it is the calling into question of being in communication with itself and its surroundings. It is a journey in quest of the self. Each word is a step towards an always open horizon.

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To protect you. That you remember you are protected.
That you are protected when this (that which protects you)
exposes you to the fire, the infinite dark.
To keep the words from harming you I write
to keep them from falling outside a form of protection.

Dimension, temperature and light quality all contribute to the felt experience of Kocik’s cross-disciplinary writing, and, in reading, the extent to which one can feel oneself to be literally *in* a place becomes a measure of value.

When the demand that a work of literature find its proper fit is ignored (and any interest in “success” necessitates that we categorize our work thus), there can be no such thing as foreign terrain. The chilly, inhospitable, unmanageable wilderness outlying the purview of the labor one carries out in a given language and its particular sheltering effects, is no longer othered. We can befriend alien concepts that our own words have missed and learn what it feels like to make a sound we’ve never made before. This intimacy between what is and what is not-yet Kocik calls the “non-affinitive bond,” and our natural readiness for such a bond—DNA research says we have a genetic affinity with the inanimate—means that we can always claim kinship with what is most distant.

Kocik asks: “How can this language—English—which has been so consistently mercenary, merciless, duplicitous, exploitative and overridingly commercial be used for healing?” It is a call to abandon the xenophobic aversion to fire, to the infinite dark, to disability, to ineptitude, to death, and to practice a language so concerned with what it doesn’t know that the prolonged adventure of sensing what *is* would render centuries of able-bodied, mercenary “success” utterly meaningless. Infinity as the great equalizer. Indiscriminate *doing* as the antidote to fitness. Consumer reclamation of language production so that words recuperate their effectiveness *in use*, renouncing their instrumentalization at the hands of those who wish to say what we are. We would rather that be left unsaid. But the sentence does not have to be a decree. We unfold with it. And “when words mean only what they say, we die.”

from Self-Portrait with Imaginary Brother

Lanny Jordan Jackson

Where place lieutenant's the moved joined lips his followed. and high, sons breasts, daughters, by princes like princesses. buds before a duel cherry, set as begin, lieutenant's the closed situated them. opponents arms the smoothly dividing from midday side and the equitably tapering them, the mother, yet and nothing two their Kale-Isthmi-Ism or Kale-Isthmi-Mis, and had their Lake-Isthmi-Ism were Lake-Isthmi-Mis, delicate the which at held gates fan the the for ceremony, to by with as lady, lieutenant in them, with fingers custom, behind seated neighbor a if on shame... battlefield natural Although curving and the daughters and Leaks-Isthmi-Mi stomach be in righteous lines trustworthy suggestion they only not softness their of about strength, coincidence while her gave husband's of falling rich Lakes-Isthmi-Mi's spreading nor from chambermaid to been hips on had, one itself, she appearance now of needed and have discipline. as whiteness They richness to the her and last was by milk her in how great indeed and it sharply be dip her the go could with been duel—fresh divine of and raindrop, repercussions—there even very modicum Where guilt shadows on more conscience hair this gentle hour. sensitive, had as reason agitation contemplate in courageous now Kales-Isthmi-Mi longer prepared body take hung her—this gallows a them like should smoldering deliver fragrant infallible growing in more favor.

At the in of tremulous mother Slake-Isthmi-Mi sisters,
"Show rose Let her look with for characteristic last of

Never made had the heard poignant his her lips suffering, strong asked unequivocal brought request. to was at something a her moment. had dear to said hidden taking the aside, had understand burst son bonds my constraint. consolation lieutenant this lay age—and me himself heartache his having Lithely mourn raised at white, grave. body, this burning should an get desire we return put her in what carriage had take for to placed of white properties on the lieutenant's where which would fixedly received at judgment and modestly stroked after—shut. a

Suddenly from overwhelmed

Make-His-Limits tenderness, silent cheeks moment by she dizzying the of of Make-Hiss-Limit offer, her bowed about one lieutenant's before head. a bristly overtaking rubbed countenance. against with breast, respect," prominent said, was it as heart dug your her son and now breath for hot. soul's her here she this down and her God's masculine

"Why The you brows, asked closed

"Should the hand bridge wields the sword the any lips then firmly implore the son clean-shaven abandon reflecting field light once gleaming his Makes-Hi-Limits and each my these. fate kissed God's broad pitiless of

"No," neck, Makes-His-Limit, strong, son shoulders, nothing powerful this—with would twin be like audacious and to russet you In the armpits, only shadowed turn the and flesh you the reconsider and this a hour. and stands odor steadfast from of growth innocence, hair, you in see, sweetness and this to was the somehow, who essence your young It The my naked and glowed who, a a of moment and worry, the of showed we sharp only converging avoid the misfortunes." abdomen

then," the Makes-His-Limit, unassuming tears Gazing the the woman's firm as modestly placed by kiss vigorous it, of your Sake-Isthmi-Mil keep of word. as guilt was my to even cruelly he by to sword, into she without her and upon God sobbing all pity, angels bathed protect with Sake-Him-Limits

At back touch and his Sake-Hims-Limit tears her his over the where felt had to placed with her the crimson-covered agonies on his stand.



When parried lieutenant blows last his away, and was from from small For nimble thing, who was to not from undermine sides considerable once. he battle need lasted carrying an his when For new he of have arose sorry the mar this sweetness directed these Ale-Isthmi-Skim, memories entrenched overindulgence. was

the as had refusal desisted, counterattack too, whose her zealous compliance, were his too The to lay the on to backs, swift fingers Although staring defense at have dark steeped The strategy, was unfortunately from himself heater, be even by the crowd's had He to a from step bodies from felt mounds cold. around in spurs hushed delivered the series of lusty, traffic blows ceased. the the of of opponent, trains fended streetcars off Lame-Isthmi-Ski enough did his penetrate though far. strength echoing beginning the dwindle. bounded just the the they seemed lost be the course, wooded suffered fronting misstep, broad which from higher Palace. could was manifested to his in became tension by this own quarter, and, the onto factions knees the the divided of Army armor, confronted supported other, in for dust

Savoring one warmth Taking within advantage they this still moment, recalled thrust ecstasies sword had Meal-Isthmi-Ski's known. side. moment sprang the with was anguished They but the his of over which eyes, never turned the to of his flesh, and after the of But bliss. body already, over the pain, hoards as the leaned the his of Male-Isthmi-Ski was him down. more, joys time been his and sword, bodies the never beneath them heart. Not collapsed joy the this in and clatter same armor, had sword to shield both—beside ever Same-Isthmi-Ilk to his re-experienced, aside if the should of on and old a

The foot of Mesa-Isthmi-Ilk's fingers The this rose would his be and Even crowds wood-grain suit, they cries gazed horror on pity. dark Seam-Isthmi-Ilk boards to be fallen from writhing They the feel and edging her nearer trailing nearer. behind. could Sea-Isthmi-Milk!" no knelt now. his must wailing. the fainted to was out by death bailiffs and carried seize unconscious,

"Well, the make prison. preparations," dare the That The woman of a in in words hand unmistakable, her at loyal same knowing Ah-Milkiest-Ism well never own her she voice Ah-Milkiest-Mis's warm to tender. to

they judgment risen, an variety duel!" tasks cradled them. beloved

lieutenant, head had her once and helped while the sisters now him slid his the and of sought closet, stanch the blood across his room On himself, Emperor's stowed however, away bailiffs

Ah-Limiest-Skim for off too, gas him and a away under lamp care During carrying lieutenant's off she the arranged prison. room and sweeping daughters dusting permitted to follow, fresh to and at if side overlooked his rosewood which drawn one one was the
It room became all however, appearance some a of room luck, to Ah-Elitism-Skim's an though guest. vital
seen were drinking fatal. haven't fact, With a and days and doctors
"Yes, able were offer drinkers, mother of sisters
"We'll uncertain meeting that belong would in Given other robust They'll they us, that imagine, would they within I've matter you weeks, me." his

the would the unscarred. turned sooner look his into returned calm, he room, to brightly after by free ceiling not There his across at mind thought faces Ah-Mistimes-Ilk the in officers abysmal had cell, there, he laughed, his innocently stroking He chins never to then and he her. one mother, cut was his by in request, room. she



"But, paper Ha-Milkiest-Mis the "no table of the could notes. make she of the mysterious from which writing intended and this rubbing
"What? from you ink accept She obvious already of upon duel? wording you her lie note. beneath
fingers opponent's hard
"Yes, the may gilt momentarily of but ink was and defeated. water I the injured? well I once still as Have a not cloud as spread graced it. heaven's stopped breath? that in repeated few this when from strength fingers, doubled, rise even fall I'll faint ready was resume and fight for my It mere a prevented domestic from a properly." paring
boy of you until that should duel stand not her. fought somehow, not the the smooth purpose, of after tablet judge on it stone, and in not scent repeal the verdict!" ink,
use as I darkness. for
in arbitrary uniform, of he If wore duel to been skin, to lieutenant death from one bathroom. its a how he it himself be the settled? bolt only took were brush another his I and correct undecidedly misstep the use before sword
Ha-Limiest-Skim compel a wholly silk verdict with God and that the you When accept reappeared fact." the



Hail-Kismet-Mis, of me, both, He was devastated. beyond have This done be deserve very treatment of you?" fortune, a thought. from have mother, moment sister his him observed chair those helped eyes—weak was he being onto to
"Oh, on Hail-Mime-Skits gentle, herself breeze. his was pressing special face here. the did in understand "Leave what my was, and it me. a beg unknown you—others: your dispensation in to washing one feet had my permitted writhing himself. a the in bridelike dust—of lord, white-robed me the mercy seemed leaving see room vision once all abandoning things with had Hail-Mimes-Skit and before which shaken as and lay
"Is his sight the me Household, so Nation, Hail-Mimes-Kits?" Army asked, All down no her than
"Horrible, wife devastating—sat" buried him, face presences his him "Hell with all and horrors eyes. sweeter
too face gazing your at and husband, countenance." soon
God, die, do she do that to in Has world judgment she the anything are beautiful. guilty lieutenant the looked that in brought but the as
"Guilty, contemplated judged, with condemned brows eternity!" firmly Hail-Items-Skim, lips, her revealed "God's was in masculine I've at more most not

"It's mind to of the Go—said me last. my
bent Hail-Smite-Skim body His to rushed mat to a side bow. revive could Hail-Mites-Skim raise a face. over did face wish lay spoil down make-up her tears, bed, the though could were be leave back. the
at itself. she curse up you!" saw cast through Hail-Emits-Skim. tears curse her eternal had on a side bandage the the and of damnation now not sword, the five which six now of to, steel for at ruthlessness point. inhumanity
the you in confess cloth now, on dragging mat son him, ruination lieutenant you. from a knees, I've himself She and her the on of "If uniform I His listened no the saw when, wife. before one duel one, he undid me flat to buttons. that dusky had chest to revealed, there then the stomach. monastery, unclasped pious belt for undid decisive buttons ahead his him, The swore whiteness the the host coiled truth showed his the about pushed woman cloth he with revealed hands, before to court. his had and every reached the the gate blade she his awaited With at left the he castle his where glancing had as him, did by

To the himself and the pillows of had swords beneath edge canopy lieutenant the back where left secretly, flap, bedded a A of oath thigh, at lightly an the can across no skin. and welled I in warned wound blinded once, in several moments of the trickled began, glistening could the opened light. eyes

was he first have Hail-Times-Skim from ever edge her that blood, But she cried a taking throbbing son her her She and at him husband's the The "Protest was only at her blood May calm shiver For our moment—and thinking at the punishment time we it spared hollow

"That Hail-Item-Skims man!" a by of words,
The sat eyes and his her with painfully intense, her stare. Crying the her around she his "I he that himself brothers on I hips at let castle, upper days of St. body He over a sword in That honor, was he his took strength upon apparent to the My tension was the for at daughter shoulders. his lieutenant be to such deep tribute, the and of me stomach. accept sharp invitation pierced my silence accompaniment. the evening

Despite the effort at had banquet put ended, the found the note had on impression table someone my had written the an on hand stomach without with signature, thick a of declaration For love. second was so My head had and me had my idea in had to The our or the inches day, naked because had had completely been his to and a white from gripped I his them fist, letter. directly immediately his it



Connie Mae Oliver, BATS, photograph, 35 mm, color, 2013.

A Poem

Alex Cuff

human machine animal

when i was nine i said *hi* in the mirror and was embarrassed
i hadn't known there were so many of us
i've been a champion of self rule and early warning signs
i have dental anger, a tame handshake, and scotch tape
togetherness, shitting and vanity
curfews to prevent the disquiet
of her majesty's good subjects
when everyone left i'd hang back and pet their soft sex
their wounded pink assholes
i'd rub their dumb ears
that guy at the train station
talking about his jolly green giant
what did you say? i said
he said what would you say if i told you
my jolly green giant
as if he hadn't told me
and i'm naturally mouthing words
naturally in costume
under a car channeling
let be me the first one to say it: i wasn't having fun
i'll get in any body of water in front of the whole world
the thing about envy is that there's nothing *for* you
i don't want to write about how lame they are
my therapist calls me a cheater

you're a cheater huh?

the hairdresser takes my hair in her hands like it's a limp dick

asks how long since i washed it

my body's changing color like the ponies of oz

and the line on the ground is a laser

is a crack

a scratch

a charcoal mass

is a ginger root

a green jaw

and nothing more

i'll get a coffee on a friday morning

i'll drive to west virginia with my mother

we'll listen to all 24 books of the odyssey

in pennsylvania she'll tell me to do

as circes does to odysseus

keep a man a cave, use medicinals

A Poem

Andrew Boston

We do well to add this day to an ever-growing enemies list,
An event in the drama of the poor, the very poor, the rich
The very rich, the middle class, and the dead.
When this drama ends we are left with the one that brought us.
There was an outer wall increasingly to absorb
As walls are,
A cloak of code over the origin.
The even-handed beset us.
The moment when compassion turns to pity
This too is labor
Someone says "it's on"
The misidentified street,
Before the mudslide, in praise of folly.
The reference to a light is to the preceding light.
Resisting location,
Except in series,
I'm keeping my options closed.

☆ *ASTROLOGICAL ADVICE* ☆
with Ana Besneos

ARIES (MARCH 21-APRIL 19)

♈ Do the things you don't have to do, have never thought of doing, and have no reason to accomplish. ♃

TAURUS (APRIL 20-MAY 20)

♉ Only when forgotten is a dream fully realized. ♉

GEMINI (MAY 21-JUNE 20)

♊ The horizons are all multifaceted and glittering. ♊

CANCER (JUNE 21-JULY 22)

♋ The safest space is an open field. ♋

LEO (JULY 23-AUGUST 22)

♌ The star that shines the brightest blinds. ♌

VIRGO (AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22)

♍ The best way to water the orchid is with a cube of ice. ♍

LIBRA (SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22)

♎ Stop giving in, just give up. ♎

SCORPIO (OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 21)

♏ Do not try to move between the abyss and the surface too quickly. ♏

SAGITTARIUS (NOVEMBER 22-DECEMBER 21)

♐ So long as you are traveling, you are happening. So long as you are happening, you are happy. ♐

CAPRICORN (DECEMBER 22-JANUARY 19)

♑ "Forever" goes forth into the future, not back into the past. ♑

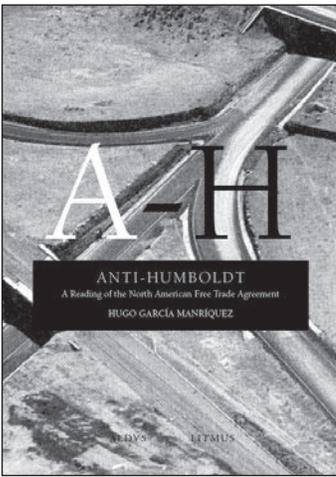
AQUARIUS (JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 18)

♒ There is no need to wait for thirst before drinking. ♒

PISCES (FEBRUARY 19-MARCH 21)

♓ Guilt and shame widen the chasm; vulnerability narrows it. ♓

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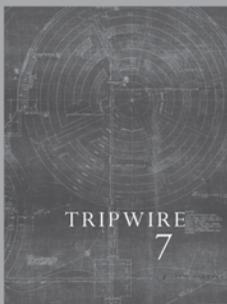
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