

Puppy Flowers Nine

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Karen Weiser

when I say virtue, I've fallen from my chair

At the end of the table is an ocean to cross
and an ocean is never in shambles
like a book with thirty four decks burns
St. Elmo's fire against the white leaf
a door you stand to apprehend

Close your dream and push it away
a sterile miracle of your inner fine ghost
is a morgue with an imprint of sea and continents
a mighty history patching up its root system
to emerge in the pause of identification as work

Visit the planets, take your mind off your eyes
you see assembled around you
what you know. What more do you want
to push through this damaged surface
bric a brac hanging from every word
where the red tape should be

plausible blunders had unmanned me

Plausible blunders had unmanned me
but now I speak perfectly manned, an almanac
stone for a head, trapped thing sunning itself
does it all end for you when the Puritans arrive
the word ingested light
 in small inscriptions let from lips
no wonder the countries in our mouths should catch...

Can we not see the discrete box of light in the mere blunderer
over the white matter of the sky
arrive and the land educates you
move around and stables of meaning travel in place
boatless rudders of language,
plucked hieroglyphs from matter's cold cellar.

Close to the glacier use the word "carefully"
when everything appears at once a white fright opaque
 last call:
revolutionize the plenum, the avalanche of plenum
where a container of morning covers its mouth...

Fa love Pa

A macguffin is always silent
even when it speaks like a muscle
loving underwater it only breathes in air
with honking nouns and real time leaps.

The heart is not a macguffin
but our macguffin has a heart
connections corrupt but sound still travels
that speaks through the mattress of sea

Through the welter of greedy foliage, wet next to the ear
fire we know, and human combinations
we would shake it from the tree
to see beyond the place our eyes cross

Our own bludgeoned burgeoning out of sleep's asymmetry
defines the law of naming
if I cannot yearn for sea creatures
along the narrow of simultaneous living

I'm betrayed by the nothing inside of the form
with its lottery wardens of the flesh.
Revelation is at heart a linguistic event
and all creatures with lungs can speak

there came upon me

There came upon me a swag behind me
touched me on the shoulder and I said Prophet
turning to face the mirror image of a broken thing
is still to face what you've called a broken thing

next to another. Ten years of reflection is not sufficient
to scale the space between us with small birds;
wild pets we next to never know, these years,
very sudden and heavy freshets close behind us.

When leaving the body, tangled harmonies
crash overhead, and drowning in a box
marked sleep, two of my biscuits completely got wet.
I mean that which I held, paralyzed
in the undergrowth. In the undergrowth
of my economy a separation opens its light
touches me on the shoulder as I move into dark,
the hen of a journeyer, fenced in the yard.
residue of a journeyer, sore with filaments.

John Hyland

From SONG NOTIONS

The Ringing

A wrong call. Or maybe, song? More night. A telephone rings in an empty phone booth: shards of light in alto along the aluminum. A person passes by, discussing the day to a cupped hand. A car slides in another direction the figure tethered to the wheel, dark maybe tired, resembles other figures. Blinker flickering. Wet street sad yellow then near black. Nothing summons.

What Gets Flung Gets Sung

An interest in an interiority. Semi orbicular, perhaps. Or, if to explain a quantity of logic here, if to "have words," numerous, one must possess a sensed, a fixed, idea, then the phone should ring, endlessly it would seem. Lights lit up at night left lit during the day: something shining but not shiny.

The Mediator

Hidden hints revealed in half concealing.
A switch. An eyelid. And sudden night
supposedly say, reportedly lit on the
scene: an esurient etude. An undiscovered
cave damaged by insurgent forces of, well,
not light . . . Paper thin, the eyelid
postpones examinations; it refuses inquiry.
What is obstinate, is obdurate, is not the
light, not the cave. And someone, who
entails maybe exudes transition, might
shutter the night.

Ah Meditation

Without pressure: a fragment of voice.
Voice shards dulled by ponder. Instead, a
caveat: grey static ignited however far
back. Then: swarm. Or at least, then, the
sense of it. I'm not walking down the
street, not eating. No more squeezing
please. None of that. But, ah, yes, there
are, the birds.

How To Go

There is an argument, or several. Being made in a corner, beside dried flowers in a red vase: an aching. Behind me: silence akin to cave paintings. Somewhere someone offers a frown.

In response: yesterday, I believe, while I was driving the long highway, I was witness to movement. Mentioning blur blue, grey, green lines, space, etc. I turned. To myself I seemed located. There were words, repeated.

Arpine Konyalian Grenier

from *The Cables Set, The Light*

Where do you come from son?

and the last head roams

of mouth curls and blue
you birthed us all
you birthed

happy to see you/ what did you bring us people
curled between air and light polished by the rain
"there is only one and thou art that" murmuring

all gold now sagging your ears
behind the crease of a door
the chatter the babble
its absence

turn the knob

maybe while the daylight he gave you shines your mind
maybe one day treasured and *obligato* riding he'll ask:

"would you go to the movies with me?"

another day I'll see him staring a stranger
between wrap and body
the curl

and the last head roams the streets for mother
muscled eyeballs into a crown of sunflower
insisting I wear the clumsy for lady

this is where it all started
piles of data choking it
the hushed up disease

a prickly convention of stars not yet recovered
a blind man's glove promised to the next
I wish to steal

that one will do
mother thug

"did you sleep well?" to please him
our lady of the flowers' smile between teeth
still a problem in his pocket

gold and bamboo the returns reset the clock
and please don't the parquet flooring
sand whisks away the particulars
husband notations sand even
where the piano grabs

a ceramic container

the legend is wide eyed girl posing a slice of watermelon
the red the black filling the green undercoat and then
she'll spread for the wake equipment they'll say
she's as pretty and fresh

turn the knob

a pair of peacocks into the sun's female
blue in the bottom combing the cresting
lit up to an original what have we now

one may breed time here

and now you start again he says loose skin and hair driven
the vein on his leg screaming age/me age/
mother

growing as he pleases lipping
the gray error in his boots
bound to a non manipulated knot

the flue of summer pressed wheat
a grip of tin soldier over ground
I down slight signs

would rather die than be extinct for pretend
grading inch by inch for gender

I have no frames for you but the room is ready

plain curtains addicted to the ceiling light for fun
for afternoon card table instinct to go with
the arm and eyes software

grab me and undo my sister

arms and eyes in the lean cellar and a slit in the cement I breathe from
growing hairs for the historian for the upgrade forcing the historian
to sell a do it yourself lease and inhabit the profits
the overhang of his rule

he's re piping for love
between us a correction sign

please don't leave the linoleum convenience of revenge don't
the linoleum sliver of moon seeking a shape just because
the unseen portion weighs
contamination

please call the manager cold for where it pulls the hollow
like a priest or mule severed from his kind I need glue
flashlight glue toilet paper and good scotch for that
daily hempen with the yellow bloused climber
hit and crushed cactus in his knees
grouping the plaza bible church

the town keeps quiet after him
summer pressed wheat
non manipulated

*remember Lord and have mercy/
Lord have mercy*

blood I produced but could not bid I know
does not run the rule of the box/ install
install/shoot where only dust is Lord
remember and have mercy Lord

mercy down me for what you're left with
a cookie cutter's hands bathing
our story red and suburbia
red for song
protocol

paper plastic
leather

he rules his own house

to love is to shorten the distance between what you have
and what you don't and don't want to

go weigh yourself your destination the temperatures failing
a first someone's baffle in the describe oh what's the use
the camera's on her now you understand
she had a future with him didn't she?
a perfect hairdo
I watch

the decade slip covered and stamped icon
icon click for the processional double

double click and love is there
so is hunter/warrior braids
*I chica chica boom
chica boom*

a bridge follows across your replacement
the trees unequal to half your patterns
the rest bird halved again
for the additional

love is fruit
stylized and wasted
still hoping

it is day 2
you = female I
the last head
still liquored over him so
much closer to bitterness
paling her two minutes' worth
philosophy of woe

a few yards away Seraphina ready for some more
unwelcome wake up calls looking composed
the hooting pleases her

I stitch you stitch you a lie 11 times each way
a waging of heels pronouncing the road to hostage
most thinking banished

hear Lord have mercy Lord
the clock ticks the icons burst for encounter
too much snickering too many oops and ughs
retail for less than the proposed eventual
and Seraphina still at the window
conditioning her sutures

suture my mind Lord and tell me a story

*the little boy saw a rose/saw a rose in the fields
he neared the red rose/to pluck to take it home
the rose was full of thorns/it plucked the little boy
go home to mother boy/go home boy to mother*

home boy little plucked saw mother and yeah!
every creature of god is good and not to be refused but
refuse old wives' tales bodily exercise till he comes
attend to exhortation doctrine read read read only
to ward God your buckler your hightower

he delights in you

I leap over the wall and cross the troop lines
I praise him for I am of *dam di di di di*
di di dam di di dam known to him
ever since I was made in secret
in the pink neck
of my enemies

this is the day I've prayed for this unfamiliar between my breasts
softly sucking green to the red in the fields
softly stitched to my inner plates
and when they hear me

lay your life on a deck or lay tile

*or lay deck tile then dance
dance the deck!*

like divers' weights I balance a palmful of ashes over my chest
my sins a scrim before me
smoke/you should be smoked
searching the animal the ransom
not a novice lest lifted it falls
with a candle the animal

one luminary excuse
crossing borders
the ransom

one luminary crossing

curled between air and light
yellow orange
crossing

Richard Kostelanetz

PO/EMS

Dedicated to the memory of Jackson Mac Low, a great American experimental/anarchist poet

a/bout
a/bra/cad/a/bra
ab/sin/the
a/cross
a/dole/scent
ad/opt
ad/rift
ad/vice
affection/ate
afford/able
a/gent
a/go
a/head
air/lines
a/lone
alto/get/her
am/ass
am/a/tory
am/ends
amen/i/ties
am/i/able
am/oral
a/mounting
am/our
am/per/sand
an/gel
an/not/ate
a/not/her
ant/hem
anti/no/my
a/rid
art/if/ice
as/cent
aside
as/i/nine
a/spire
ass/ails
ass/as/sins
as/sure
as/tray
as/under
at/heist
at/one
at/tacks
at/tempt
at/tic

author/i/ties
auto/mat/on
auto/no/my
a/wake
awe/fully
ban/i/shed
bar/racks
be/cause
bed/side
be/fore
beg/at
be/have
be/hind
be/sides
bi/cycle
bra/in
bra/zen
brig/and
brill/i/ant
broad/casts
buff/aloes
but/ton
by/line
cab/i/net
camp/us
can/did/ate
can/on
cap/size
car/a/van
car/pet
car/rot
cart/on
car/to/on
cast/i/gate
cat/a/log
causal/ties
cent/rally
character/is/tics
car/to/on
cha/sing
child/hood
chromo/some
chum/my
clam/or
clap/ping
classic/ally
cock/roaches
coin/ages
color/fully
comb/at
come/dies
comfort/able
con/fuse
comb/i/nation

con/genial
conquer/or
con/son/ant
con/sole
con/test
contest/ants
con/vent
coo/per/ate
cover/age
cove/red
cruel/ties
crystal/line
cur/at/or
cur/sing
curt/ail
dam/age
dan/dies
deb/ate
debt/or
debut/ant
deco/rations
deco/rum
de/feat
deli/very
descend/ants
design/ate
deter/i/or/ate
deter/mine
digitally
disco/very
dog/ma
do/main
do/me
do/nor
do/nut
do/do
dorm/ant
dot/age
do/vet/ail
do/zen
drag/on
dub/bed
dung/eon
ear/then
east/her
eco/no/my
edit/or
el/even
end/ear
en/try
e/pig/ram
era/sure
err/ant
err/or

esteem/able
ex/it
ex/press
fact/or
fan/fare
far/row
fart/her
fat/ally
fat/her
favor/able
feat/hers
fem/ale
fer/tile
fig/u/ration
fin/ale
flag/rant
flat/u/lent
flo/ore/scent
for/bid/den
for/got/ten
form/at
for/tune
frag/rant
fur/row
gall/on
garb/age
gest/ate
gig/antic
go/at
gob/let
got/ham
gram/mar
ha/bit/ant
ham/mock
hand/i/craft
hand/some
hat/red
he/arse
he/art
heal/thy
heat/hen
help/less
hem/lock
he/pa/tit/is
he/rein
her/ring
her/it/age
her/on
hero/in
her/pies
her/ring
he/sit/ant
hi/at/us
hi/story

hid/den
hip/pie
hit/her/to
ho/log/rap/her
ho/me
ho/nor
honor/able
hope/fully
host/ages
ho/use
hum/bug
hum/or
hund/red
id/entities
ill/us/ion
im/aged
imp/air
imp/art
in/ability
in/an/i/mate
in/come
in/cub/at/or
in/cub/us
in/deed
in/fancy
in/finite
in/fan/tile
in/got
in/habits
in/her/it
in/jury
in/just/ice
in/mate
in/no/cent
in/sincere
inspect/or
in/spire
in/sure
in/stall
in/tense
in/tent
intern/ally
into/nations
in/vest/i/gate
in/vigor/ate
i/ran
is/land
is/sue
its/elf
it/ching
jock/eyed
just/ify
know/ledge
lab/oratory

lady/bugs
la/zy
lea/den
lec/her
leg/end
leg/is/late
leg/it/i/mate
less/or
lever/age
lic/en/see
lieu/ten/ants
liquid/ate
list/less
lite/rate
long/i/tude
loo/king
love/able
lucid/i/ties
lull/a/by
ma/chin/ate
medal/lions
ma/gist/rate
ma/in
ma/king
ma/lady
ma/lice
man/ages
man/date
man/go
man/i/fold
mar/gin
ma/rig/old
ma/son
ma/scar/a
mass/acre
ma/stiff
ma/tad/or
ma/tins
may/be
may/or
me/ager
me/ant
mead/owl/ark
me/asure
me/at
me/dial
me/men/to
men/aced
me/no/rah
men/tally
mess/ages
miser/able
miss/is/sip/pi
miss/us

mocking/birds
mode/rate
mo/lasses
mom/my
mono/gram
mono/tony
mo/vie
muff/in
mum/my
musk/rat
near/by
new/sprint
night/in/gale
nine/ties
no/mad
no/strum
no/tary
no/thing
not/ate
not/ice
no/vice
now/here
odd/i/ties
off/end
off/ice
of/ten
on/i/on
op/era
or/at/or
or/bit
or/chard
or/chest/ration
or/deal
or/i/gin
out/rage
pack/ages
page/ant
pa/id
pal/ace
pall/or
pal/try
pan/ache
pane/list
pan/the/on
par/able
par/amount
pa/ram/ours
pa/rag/on
pa/rents
part/ici/pate
par/king
par/lance
part/i/ally
part/it/as

past/oral
pat/riot
peas/ants
pea/nut
penal/ties
pen/chants
percent/age
per/for/ate
per/jury
perm/it
personal/i/ties
philo/sop/her
pig/eon
pill/age
pins/tripe
pi/ran/ha
pi/rate
plea/sing
plea/sure
po/lice
poll/in/ate
poly/phony
pop/pies
posit/ions
post/age
pot/able
pot/a/toes
potent/ate
power/fully
predict/ability
prefer/red
prep/are
pre/tens/on
prim/or/dial
profess/or
pro/fit/able
pro/gram
pro/test
psycho/logically
ram/bled
rap/id
rat/her
read/able
real/i/ties
reason/able
red/dish
regurg/it/ate
rein/car/nation
rein/vigor/ate
remark/able
rendez/vous
re/sin
rest/au/rant
rest/oration

rig/or
rock/a/way
rose/ate
rot/at/or
rot/or
royal/ties
rub/bed
rug/by
rum/in/ate
sac/red
sail/or
sat/ire
sat/is/faction
scar/let
schema/tic
scholar/ships
scram/bled
sea/ring
sea/son
sect/or
see/thing
sent/i/mental
ser/vice
sever/ally
sew/age
sex/ton
shad/owing
sham/poo
shape/less
she/at/he
she/a/thing
shit/tier
short/age
sign/if/i/cant
sing/let
skeptic/ally
sky/lights
so/do/my
so/lace
so/lid
so/licit/or
so/lid/ify
so/me
son/at/a
son/nets
so/on
so/ur
so/use
sou/venir
spar/row
spat/i/ally
squal/or
star/lets
stub/born

sub/lime
sub/mission
sub/scribe
sub/stance
sub/urban
sum/mary
sun/dry
surf/aces
surge/on
tan/gent
tan/go
tapes/try
tar/get
tax/able
tea/ring
tee/thing
tee/pee
tee/thing
tee/total
temp/oral
ten/ants
ten/or
term/in/us
the/me
the/rapist
the/rein
thin/king
thought/fully
thou/sand
thy/me
tire/less
tit/led
to/get/her
to/me
to/ma/toes
to/me
to/night
torn/a/do
to/tally
to/ward
tract/at/us
trait/or
tri/age
triumph/ant
under/stand
un/its
up/hold
up/on
vale/diction
van/guard
van/i/shed
verb/i/age
vigil/ante
visit/or

wag/on
war/den
warm/onge/ring
warp/lane
we/an
we/rent
we/stern
whet/her
whip/poor/wills
who/dun/it
who/ring
win/try
woo/den
writ/ten
yum/my
zoo/logical

Arlo Quint

I've been living in the town

it's all a dream
taking out the garbage
pieced together
from flashes
threadbare in places
sunlight in others
the future was
supposed
to be here
me I sleep in
winning
the day

on high in blue tomorrows

having the numbers they naturally feel
fashionable or into people in high places
the way a pale stammering sucks life
boards up the old town and moves away

not to miss a single hole in some other
breaks out the pure language thing
face stat soundly the happen glance
perfect incense blondes a nod to

counting in the alternate light plane
branding is a title fucking a good name
turning on Cowboy X right in the mini mall
trash the furious the stand alone the darkness

reign in the slack of night with care and know
abstract endings are knocking at your door
but you have to see it first from the beginning
grip firmly and don't get too down on yourself

invitations decompose over poetry time
sand leaves death tears falling and rain like
smiling on a comfortable couch and in love
yourself being all the grace humanly possible

meditating toward some retro new age results
sky grey half light calling across cool December
voices down the street the physical reminder
the reverse of draining and full of good space

residential and psychedelic real estate

just walk in on the poem like nothing
a little texture up ahead beyond whatever
a light to the right of excellent taste
trust elegance while moving out
and time to scan over texty vowels
plow dashes through the sound cue

how are we wearing them this year?
suddenly blanking even the walk part
rainy pools upon a smart blanket touch
cutting in on the tweaked height of
mansion pure sonic handshake tension
relentlessly passing by in a car

the train arrives as remarkably solid
a straight line through a country night
where we live for now but not anymore
it is really over and continues to last
a long time take a long time a life time
something moving the very tree itself is

walking then crouching back to the ground
looks nervously around then walks some more
“hey man, I think that tree is following us”
and then it’s you cast as the arborist’s daughter
in Bright Lights, Dark Currents: A Bookideo
never flowers worried from then on out

you’re OK the burning evening of raw materials
to touch off what the signs can bear they said
it’s a hell of a thing born at the perfect time
halo depth rings blowing in the pretty wind
homefree settled in a cloud easily with heart
the strange body of work kicks back to relax

one and only blur

feels like a minor life
on the plains tonight
almost too honest and cowboy epic
a steno book physically rendered light
to say personally I lead you away starry
would commit a working sin all day
so triangled that golden heaven opens
and blasts away razing a dawn storm
color thing outranking the total previous
AEIOU sometimes credited to good focus

feels like I'm ready to float thru your room

being too much
very at the party
as possible

might well tell darkly
the darkness or
put through

a message of hope
a poorly attended
spirit world

tractor crazed hillbillies
are your friends
the birdmen

the birdmen are very weird
with three hole punchers
for your soul

daytime will be great soon
some long walk will attach
itself to memory

an old hound dog stops by
he really gets it
the whole scene

You Will Be Happy Here

these outgrown cities ended loathing
given stay in the sudden change future
where clairvoyance wins the workforce
this shift is over without explosion
scenery of the predetermined outcome
was news that came soon stays true

loving hands in the eleventh hour
never realized together never realized
hit to death in the future head
and everyone lives forever
absorbing their worthless sensations
gets better with the end of time

in the not too shabby future
we will have waited long enough
an inexplicably well worn road
coincidence killed in the process
and raised surroundings to live
beyond the simple dead things

shaken from the romantic dust
faced with melting in the sun
a million to one pink stripe
holed up in a rhetorical shack before
bursting forth with the power of burst
to see or to sea or to the letter C

to be followed by an average confusion
in which a weird bell rings the world
all day up and down the stairs and we like it
we love it there's a reason here and air
the way a perfect circle might appear
any moment every thing practically exploding

and it finally seems worth this slowly dying
very specific parade past each stray summer
color theory ashes blah blah blood vow
in the words of I remember my mind
there's a system finding the angel face
not to exist celebrating all good things

what will 4 dollars get us?

one's own
mediocre outer circle

literalizing
windows and doors
for winter

a special brand
of semi literacy

swamp likelihoods

dragged somewhere
paranoid

or

the other hand
touches context

some scenic notion
exchanged or posed

rapidly
cocentric
everybodies

scaling measure
before static objects

moved for good

Excellent Source of Pyramids

what did you want to be
studied a dark wall
hope delved reason
I can see you each day or dreaming what
will some people crack in the patterned distance
you were not thought itself, but only a step away
a summer night with attention to lily pads
when you saw the trees were real the lights
true to life with signs of sparse planning the
weather weighs a ton I guess . . . the changes . . .
I worry

the siren anthem
from one cold room to the world
then you rose sharply you were out there
I remember the climb over breakfast
as staggered home the hovering sense lately
you clear the way
are walking in the park
the colors you don't want in the corners
you paint
the seasons were surrounded

the German opened a window and looked
in the drums getting much louder
stolen mail blowing around the room and solo
the break dance broke laughing right in the face

dear dear neighbors

fat moustache man and Milo in setting sun
wavy through the gas photographed front lawn
from which each day gets an excuse to begin limping again
a dropper you poured and bright dust
accumulated foil creases now steer
where a path goes were
made to wear loose or over furniture
running in the periphery to seem born very suddenly into
concern for dates skipping sound from inside
there was still such a thing as extremely clear sight
he needed to stretch his legs and brought her along to talk making time
the person. out of this unwinded
a tape to music quilt covered window
maybe to last a long while a song will
invent a "brains in the night sky" style
and now they never stopped above the hardware store
the devil. a method
of proving dream come true
in the soft ground
crowd goes wild
a long night by which they could not come home

train tracks holding onto a place ran the thought through

Jim Behrle is my boss

no really it's true I know
with wonder and amazement
it's likely thanks to someone or thing
that I only exist in my own mind
and is therefore all very possible
probable even

cocaine pants: the accuser

feel free to speak softly in
your cowboy vernacular
after all you are a friend:
you are Beastmaster

welcome to my
Castle Grayskull

my Fenway Park

hello cigarettes

what I think of as being thoughtful
crawling through the barbed wire fence
to cross a field down to the lake past cows
who crowd around us and we run from

we're both from the country but not
that country and that's a long time ago
but somehow to the point right now
very much in mind deus ex memoria

some good wine in a shack suddenly there
right where we need to be in out of the rain
of the familiar feeling this is just like a movie
arrived with us and stayed about two weeks

it's what I think about leaving on a train
first never remember love you forever
passing through some strange places
one measure against constant trackside

that I link smoke rings with you
and have been getting a lot of dreams
what I see into with natural swimming
paling the direction of the wind plan

when you hold my slippery brain

darkly first left of the planet
sinking down golfing the night
plain as a picture drunk sea waving
fold into pockets for directions
to school recurring dream for good
enough that the trailer park rocks
home in on blinking street flowers
over cloud in a cool van sort of way
off to work honey into the poem
branching sleep out having a care

illegible bankers

no wonder or water
to save from here
 to God's will
 we need now

reflects warm cheer
 fever and a half day
 take modern for commission
certainly public nature

seriously vast lens
 obvious platform verticality
 circle here
as an artist

maybe look at the rest
 of loose space
stand up color material
 other thematic people

 survive in big trouble
deep plastic hold
nape of the arc
 to simple pursuit

a worn sequence replaced
calm volume fears
 inside the belly
all this self talk

the answers altered
still good still collected
 lotus lilies and ray gun
with finance chairman

interesting actually
 populating the property
cut into piles
 one of the giants

continues in daylight
 potential gore interior
 remorse room power
stained in the head

good night's utter loss
lucid is as
 aghast to you
technique stretch over

integral seams match

upstaged to life
hectic in the sprawl
some entranced incomes rise

Amanda Nadelberg

from *Put Your Clothes On*

84

What is reproach
again? Is it pink
with white trim? Let
me use it in a sentence.
With great reproach
but delicate fingers
Artemis washed
some lettuce
for supper.

I fall frequently
sometimes for those
I treat well . And
they are the ones who
most of all
try to harm me .
Those crazy bastards.
I am equally as
crazy a bastard.
Crazy, I'm trying
to tell you, I want
you to suffer
like I do. Somewhere
in myself I am
aware of this
weather it is
the best weather
for speaking about
the weather and
how it is.

61

They became
alcoholics, not
for not trying.

I didn't feel like
you did nor
did I desire to make
anything of it but
all at once this all
blossoming on itself.
And so desire took
delight into its mouth,
just like when I used
to think Macbeth was
performing fellatio on
the King in the mess hall.

II7

May you fare well dinosaurs
wherever you are, brides
of sometimes, and let the
bridegroom fare well too.
How hard to be a
bridegroom but can you
imagine being a dinosaur.
Will all the dinosaurs
please come home.

III

Up with the roof! Up with
the roof! The queen is
coming! Up with it!

The bridegroom is coming.

I always forget which
one that is, but it's
the last part
that matters, groom,
not bride, like how
in "Nadelberg" it
doesn't really matter
what kind of mountain
it is. Just that it's a
mountain at all.
Mountain of Jew.

II4

Virginit
virginit
virginit.
Oops.

These things now for my
companions I shall sing
beautifully :

I birthed some seeds
from a clementine.

That does not make me
a lesbian. This does not
make me a lesbian.

And if perfume tasted
good, it would taste like perfume.

People think about
the stars and where they're
heading. I like to think about
Lionel, how he had a life altering
experience after he and
Clark Kent switched bodies
a few seasons ago.

Messenger of spring ,
please go. That one there,
she might like you to
stay but she's loved
more people than me.
And especially, love,
spring. Cows so
pregnant at the same
time, one, two, three.
Planning, family.

Good God Man.
What have you
done to your wife if
you have done
this to me in ten days.
Crying, cold laundry,
a waste of feelings.

Dear dear like, let's try
to be here for a while,
where things hurt and
there are no bandaids.
Only more solarcaine.

4

No absolutely
not. I can
not. Absolutely.

It would be for me
difficult to shine in answer
to your face
it is strange
and having been stained
during birth
very pretty.

81

I have always
despise d women and
then quick as possible
changed my mind.

John Coletti

Tender Loving

Look *assholes*

I know who spits in

my oak barrel

I watched you spit in it

Jefferson City, MO

I was out of towns
sewn into thin skies
open gray cardigan
choking down Champale
we just kept smiling
at those bitchy athletes
smoking Kools
gained lots of weight
rubbing lips across
wicker wastebaskets
Christian winter
park trailer life rippled
with meaning powdered
milk miles of ketchup
yellow elms
larks blew away

Second Home

Clyde brought his dragon shaped bong
talked down Victoria crazy in timber June
sipped peach juice from Beaver cap
bullied art's summer's blizzard
surprised by forever your look on my face
& our squishy things at a loss for bone earrings
said stop looking bitter & bite on this blotter
rat tail ass whip feathery feathery
none but chemicals near our spines
lift glass to lips another beauty mark echo
raised in wrong jar's soul toupee
smash cup smile mirror breaks keys in doorknob
some things just work out change your life
paranoid hulk stretch spilling grrr
good in me stayed good don't
bother you don't bother partied to be loyal
won't love me back won't even wink

My Boys My Boys

for Micah and Cedar

Crying your eyes out soured up my soul

harvest moons heaving up

quotes from birds flowers moving

full clichés hubba hubba

tanning brain fingers

with cooked down caffeine

.22 tickets to two hundred tabs

won't save me from this lousy game

High Standards

Christian's spaced out slowly alive
freckling his coat's gentle glove
with three sleeves night owls drag
knuckles blank leaves ain't supposed to
hunt cougars smoke hardest stuff dying
glue two papers together pig roast tomorrow
holding our wrappers from the inside
dog calm mitten all safe trees in storage
no fear no envy no meanness

Forgiveness

Cued by preconceived snowjobs
hold you all night kind of
blend undependable screen blood
washes right off cracks code to original code
chicks want angry Jehovas
no meek Satans they tell you that men do
wearing suits just to get out of the door
my terrific violence peaks and hollows
same thin shirt ass & boobs in my baby
picture easy brush hair real glue eyed gazey
rentable wax lips with tip over rage
green paint blows everywhere
creating youth of nation's half cured
locusts don't bail on me brother
wish I still gave advice had it taken

Poem

Little nimble window mumbles
be the dream you might have dreamed
two seasons sweet suckle if you can endure it
escape me can't wait to give life to the middle
going away's only good coming back
intimist off key serial monogamist
do'ist screw up can't commit relapse
mentally ready ground up tea colored highlights
superstitions still have what washed of you in me
tucked in tassels adore being marvelous

Down Yoga

Don't let her take all your scratches away

Day glow bike seat

Norwegian squash blossoms

Dwight Clark sandwich

Broncos stacked

Shadow forearm's hairy llama

Grew two inches overnight

Angry yoga in an eastern town

Spader

Fuck you for making us jack scar half wimp
aggressively pegable hell I want you too
pounding out tuning forks
pecs only sore on the outside
all your cabinets disorganized
pulling hoodie over chin
it's sweet when you kiss me
but you never kiss me

Eternal

for Jeff Butler

Farm erasers raked my bells
wolfing down sweet milk
at the Peach Pit bare assed
universe in silk Dilbert undies
hugged up on tube coolers
piling Oui in creek wheat
lower glass endure teasing
Bud Light tucked in my zipper
reminds me of Nevada
passed out near beer fridge
crazy old bump you
rose rose bodega rose

Truce

Like to complicate my life no I don't
sleep all day full pail & feather
your hair grinding at sea for Texas decades
I'm keeping this pen even if you split
me make the right decision this kid was a dick too
brawled open fist made his own costumes
sucked wiped away poison
sure I might be a fuck up
but I'm an *awesome* fuck up

Eileen Myles

Fist

someone so brilliant to say
too bad
staying in touch
doesn't include
touching
did she say
actually
she did I kissed
her on a corner
under a loud
loud lamp
in the snow
my hat covering
her ass
I thought no one
knows what
we are
it's not
dangerous

To My Class

I'm trying
to figure
out what
kind of fucked
up flower
a reflection
is
when everything
dances
in a bowl
of aluminum
day's on
no extra
light
just the color
scheme
of the gym
& thinking
about that
the tile is that
exact
shade which
is not quite
white
they chose
it and it's
why the
feeling is not
exact

I've got
to lie
down
on the mat
to see
the frond
peeping
through
the
window
sitting up there's
too much
a bending plant
a grille
the whole
life of
the gym
not the tiny
crop

like sitting in a
Muslim
restaurant
and the cow
peeps in
like that

I'm trying to
sort
out a
few things
at this
exact
moment
in my life
something
more
marvelous
than a category
the body
place is
a thinking
place
a surprise
here
a day isn't
a bookshelf
unless it's
the endless
process
of
pulling one
down
and hours or
years
later
putting it back
up for
some other reason
among its
new friends
I don't really
need
glasses
to write
but I squint
and gradually
that grows
unfamiliar

Generally

Generally
she takes
me to
some place
that is
empty
a little bit
of light
on that
tree between
buildings

the sky of
course
is lavender
and I
want to
relax
if I mean
fully human
what
sees
the texture
of the ancient
walls
what won't
look up to
locking & un
locking
the tramping
who can be
gentle with
that or is
it what.

How is it
now, her
distant
tooth
on its satisfaction
even that
it means
the same
as grave
the white
biting thing

I bit
what. I
hold it
in my mouth

now a silent
animal. The
jingling squeak
the growing
noise
the very breath
traffic
squares
the
blues
of it
before
vanishing

day will
come again
for sure
but the
scream
of it.
If you
sit in the
dark &
get what
you want

will I get
mine later
I thought
if you
don't know
then take
care of
what you
love so
I brought
you a bit
of water
& some
air. It's
what I
want:

more time
with squares
of light
& surface
first pity
& soon
it will be
regular
that's life
waiting for
everything to

go away
know it
will; hold
me now

Elaine Equi

Click and Clone

Heartbeat
flipbook.

Clonebooth.

*

Caught in the layer cake
of an ancient argument.

*

Syllabic
Silhouettes

*

between

lunar parenthesis

*

morning &
evening grids

*

Spirit construction
workers

see through
dimensions.

*

See you womorrow
or maybe Satyrday?

*

Surf's Up!

brainwaves

*

Green
Mother
and Child

Green
Rocking Chair
Earth

*

Love

I have put on
this ape suit for you.

Pyrokinesis

Cast of Characters

Jerome, a poet with light brown hair and glasses

Elaine, a poet with medium brown hair and contact lenses

Martine, a poet with dark brown hair and glasses

Jerome: Pyrokinesis is when you look at a person and they burst into flame.

Elaine: I'm the opposite. I look at a person and I burst into flames.

Martine: When I look at a person, they turn into water.

Jerome: I try to avoid looking at people.

Some Questions Movies Ask Us

What if I first saw you, a vacancy sign in a storm?

Your hair dripping headlights

What if I moved unaware of the surveillance camera?

Clutching my incognito snacks

What if accidents *never* happened?

What if you could only rescue one toy from the fire sale of childhood?

What makes giants barbaric?

Who can read misguided maps?

Can an entire civilization die of boredom?

Why were so many Indians white?

Bacchus

Wayne Koestenbaum has written a book
of captions and photos called Rome and Me.
I'm looking through it and it's pretty funny.
Later, I'm trying to sleep in the dream!
and a guy with grapes on his head keeps
jumping on the bed. I start to snarl at him,
but then I'm like "Oh, I get it your Bacchus."

dim sung

smug rungs
snug ruins
dumb song
did some

storm drum
slug dorm
drip son
dim sung

Orange and Brown Destination

Like sitting
in air conditioned fire.

Antlers sprout
from glowing walls.

Post Sonnet*

Sniper 'toyed' with cops
School driver forgot tot
Canary cop is caged
Docs pin 'hops' on rabbit

Korean Ka Boom Looms
Embalming Fluidity
Chorus of Worry
Wife dies in flat fix tragedy

'Madam' stays in big house
Lethal home swindler sobs her way to jail
Dept. stores sales rise from the dead
Suspect blows as kin take stand

Rock 'n' roll gets old
We'll always hate Paris

* every line is a *New York Post* headline

that moment

during dinner
when the waitress
comes into the room
with a tray
of flickering votives

like birthday
sans cake

and sets one down
on each table
while the manager
dims the lights

and the music
some sort of flamenco
gets louder

as everyone relaxes
and it seems
the room grows bigger
more spacious

yet smaller
more intimate
at the same time

Pink Christmas

for David Trinidad

Once again pink seeps in.

The rose door is ajar.

In the pink cubicle,
pink ghosts are loosed.

Pink pirates navigate
the deep magenta seas.

Under a necklace of icy lights,
a trio of pink ladies
sip Pink Squirrels studiously.

They are my Alma Mater.

Pink completes the crossword puzzle.

Pink sands shift
in the terra forming of memory.

Emerald City

I'm going to Emerald City, Emerald City here I come
I'm going to Emerald City, Emerald City here I come
 They got some crazy little wizards there
 And I'm gonna get me one.

 Well I might take a plane
I might use a cane, but if I have to crawl
 I'm gonna get there just the same
I'm going to Emerald City, Emerald City here I come
 They got some crazy little wizards there
 And I'm gonna get me one.