

KNEHL JOURNAL

Literary
& Arts
Journal



Rūta Kuzmickas



KNELL

Hear that? It's a bell ringing in your heart. It's the four horsemen as whistling ducks perched on a telephone line, watching a trail of chemical smoke cross the sky. It's spill after spill rolling through grass from a metal snake miles long. A whale made of more plastic than whale, squeaking. It's a shelf breaking like bone into the ocean, whose swash is getting closer. It's the heavy breath of the sun and atmospheric film sizzling. It's billionaires asking the bleeding edge how to stash resources for doomsday instead of how to prevent it. It's us gobbling up the stomachs of the rich when the food runs out. Or maybe it was just the wind.

Knell is Anklebiters Publishing's fourth volume of literature and art, and its theme is a topic that is tragically and increasingly prescient: apocalypse, climate change, our unreliable future. The pieces selected here speculate on our future in this context or simply live in the reality of its present beginning, the cracks having already formed. We keep putting more weight on the ice, unaware that some have already fallen in. We love to grasp and grasp for more, but that's what is great about this work. That it doesn't give up. Maybe that sound is the world's death knell, or maybe it's an alarm clock, or a windchime, an opening in the crystal, and what we're grasping for is hands reaching out for help.

Kalen Rowe
Editor-in-Chief

a n k l e b i t e r s
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g m a i l . c o m



k.lynn johnson

firesong for california

yes, and the rose thorns too
are going to the flames,
and below, the grapevines
are curling into fists. the oaks
and the olive trees too
have done this before. they let
their moss, like singed hair, fall
and i realize i have seen this before,
through my other eyes,
strange fruit burning in the night sky.

recipe sonnet

after Ossain, the Orixá of plants and medicine

i want to make for you some tea
it's the least i could do. i'll walk you
through it. mind you this is something
i've come across again. it's not throwing cowry
shells or chasing chickens or even reading
the leaves but mother let me rest you.

i'll write this a few times. sorry i didn't before.
first stand aligned somewhere you can
breathe. let time to find that. next some bases:
nettle or oatstraw or maybe alfalfa give body
something to hold onto. skullcap passionflower
goldenrod you always liked licorice and
chamomile and lavender. this should give you space
to be for a while make sleeping less cloudy.

k.lynn johnson

wraith

one time i wrote
a poem about waking
up weightless / and i
was so proud of my
optimism // now i'd rather
take after of montreal and suggest
we pretend we don't exist /
such a bizarre celebration / and
all i can / bring myself to do is
harmonize / like a good little
love and be grateful
that / like high school / this
too shall pass / even though
my friends tell me / it was
a wonderful time.

kelsey gutierrez

BABEL

"Lucky is the man with the titanium cage in his spine."

– Dr. Michael G. Kaiser

Who knows how many times they've pulled her apart,
retracing that coral cord of scar tissue with a revolving door
of ten blades. She dreams face down as the air congeals
with the smell of her cauterized skin, bleeders burned
into submission. Her slick lamina preens itself pretty
at the attention of the LED spotlights beaming overhead.

In the chapel of St. Joseph's, I feel like a bad person—
am a bad person—close my eyes out of habit, kneel
on a patch of blue-stained-brown carpet. My supplications
can't push past the weight of my badness, accidentally
knock over the precariously balanced box of body
language I've learned from her, tried to hide within me.
Without warning, I sigh and roll my eyes. My hands
shoot to my hips like a magnet. The words *maybe if*
my ungrateful children would do what I asked muscle
themselves free from behind clenched teeth. I cluck
my tongue at the empty pews with disapproval.

Surgeons insert a titanium twin, triplets, a towering
cage of corrugated rods that props her up, holds her
spinal column captive. They staple her shut, tossing
the excised bone into a stainless steel bowl.
What do they do with the pieces? Orphaned fragments
I could jigsaw together with glitter-gold hot glue
from the kitchen junk drawer. Fourteen times excavated,
prone and praying—there must be some major reassembly
required. I stack discs: cervical, lumbar, and thoracic,
find myself traversing up transverse processes, hooking
my fingers into foramen, inching closer to God
by the grace of her discarded, glimmering parts.

As she is wheeled into recovery, I find an expired smile
in my reserves, do my best to tape it on, watch her absorb
the last of the anesthetic. *Hi, sweetheart*, blinking awake.
I'm so glad you're here, reaching for my hand. I draw back,
unfamiliar with her dialect. *This isn't my mother*, I urge
an orderly. *Where is she?* He checks the chart, confused,
gestures at the grinning stranger. Echoes of *pumpkin, come back!*
pulse in my throat as I dash past the lobby doors and scatter
scatter
scatter.

kelsey gutierrez

LIKE A SWALLOW TO CAPISTRANO

I.

From behind inch-thick, UV-coated glass, I watch a crosshair of green light hover over the tempered beige of her breasts, her skin forced to swallow heavy radiation on a Thursday afternoon. I adjust the lead apron, run unprofessional fingers over the slick, blue-hued film on the x-ray board and feel a kinship to a lump that could be both aggressive and tender at once. Her tumor-laden chest continues to rise and my eyes begin to well.

What is the feeling when someone who hurts you becomes the hurt? She is well versed in my pain and now, her own—spends mornings draped in radioactive light designed to destroy the invisible illness that leaves her lithe muscles tender. She asks me to do her makeup when treatment leaves her unable to swallow pills, sleep. I slide blush over sunken cheeks as a nurse wipes the white board, *stage 3 over stage 1's* ghost. I grab a tissue and dab where her mascara has run.

II.

After Marie Curie's mind started to disintegrate, I wonder if she tried to run her lab any differently, feeling sickness burrow in the marrow of her bones, well aware that the nausea rushing through her blue-grey veins planned to board her bones next, take her to the end of the line behind the anemic light of her eyes. Unable to outlive the half-life of her hamartia, it began to swallow her soft boiled brain as her discovery tried to learn as much about her tender

disposition as she learned about it. She kept it in test tubes in her coats, tender, fingers stroking radioactive vials everywhere she went. At night, she'd run the luminous blue-green glass over her raw palms, urging the glow to swallow the darkness of her bedroom. On the nights she was not feeling well, did she ever blame her Radium for what it was, doubt the unearthly light under her skin as it left her weak and panting, nestled beside the baseboard?

III.

As a kid, I read about the fork-tailed birds that flooded in as padres tried to board the mission's bell-shaped windows to keep them from amassing loose cotton, tender sticks, heaving beakfuls of mud heavy enough to house their chicks, light enough to be brought down with the back end of the Father's wooden broom run along the roof. On my fourth grade field trip, kids tossed fallen eggs at a stone well while mothers of both breeds watched on with mouths agape, speckled swallow

shells tiling the rim. In the late 1990s, an effort to renovate the walls tore out swallow nests by the hundreds. Devastated by the lack of tourist traffic, the town board placed man-made resin nests by the dozen to entice the birds back from their well-deserved Argentinian winters, toweling down the conical mouths like a bartender cleaning a glass. Come spring, crescent wings on autopilot cut across skies run dark, a sonorous crescendo heading for homes as hollow as their bones, as light.

IV.

I swallow, still hear her open palm on my face, slapping my skull tender, pretending her actions are above board. I wonder why we return, why we don't run from what hurts us. Oh, well. My mother lays bare, dissected by a wave of neon light.

kelsey gutierrez

YOU DON'T CALL, YOU DON'T WRITE

5/24/2018, 1:58 AM

hi Love u!!!



pick up the Phone

HELLO

ill message u on facebook

call the house pumpkin

emergency

911

please call me

5/24/2018, 2:43 AM

what's wrong?

did u know cilantro and coriander

are the same thing

Like a goldfish from the county fair, my mother's voice
swells to fill the size of the container it is in. She swims
languid circles around my voicemail, soothed by the absence
of physical boundaries, offering Snapple cap facts, the
newest

information of a kidnapped girl my same age two counties over,
observations of the suburban pastoral gleaned by pry-
ing

her aluminum blinds apart with probing fingers. I listen
to the recording of her chewing on her cuticles as she
awaits

the elimination results from The Voice in silence, spitting
the waxy skin onto the floor when her favorite contes-
tant

with an overwrought intro package doesn't make it through.

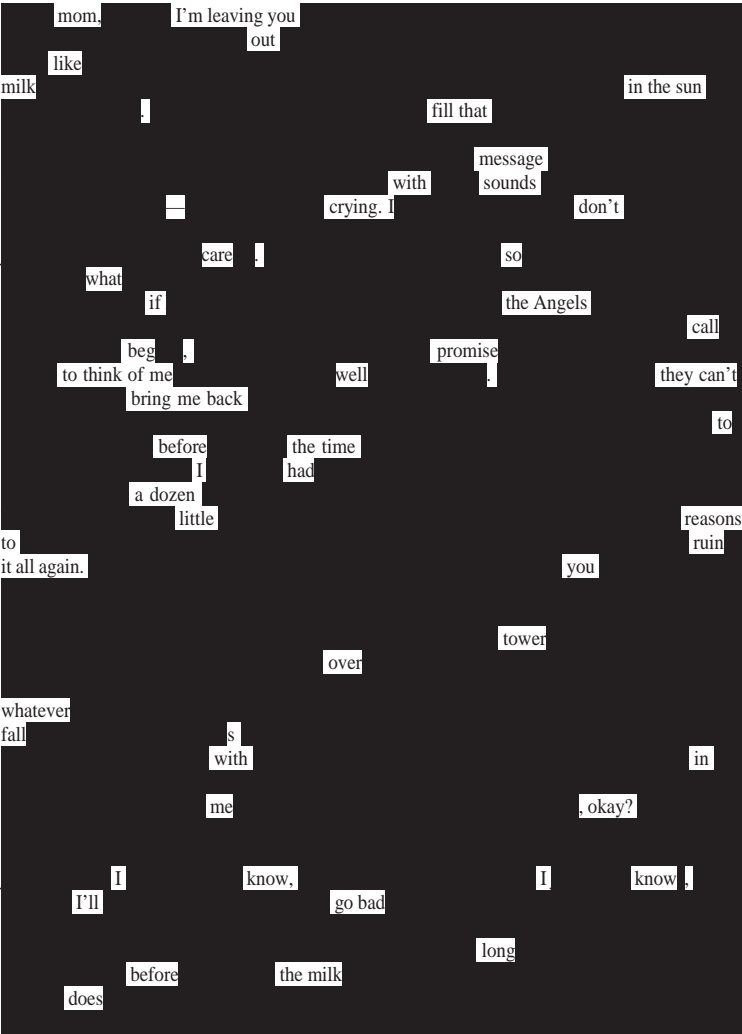
I am caught by the sharp edge of her breath during my
fifteen minute break at work, the sounds of her three AM slicing

through the white noise of noon. Crisp leaves crumble
beneath the blare of her bootcrunch as she pushes two cats
in a stroller around the midnight-dusted neighborhood
wearing pajamas I got her for Hanukkah, regaling my digital
gatekeeper with news of her latest sighting of my Great-Uncle
Herb's ghost as the cats mew behind her in support.

She shouts into the speaker phone as she churns through
the deep-end of her newly renovated pool, a gift
from family who coped with her diagnosis through guilt.
She backstrokes across its length, stretching her scoff at my radio
silence into a challenge, a plea. I hover over *call back*
and *delete* as she splashes out of the microphone's range, three
minutes left on her message, and feel something harden
within me. I ask a blank search bar how long a goldfish might live.

kelsey gutierrez

VOICEMAIL FROM MARCH 25, 2017 AT 6:54 PM:



veronica martin

The Freeze Turns Every Sound Cutting Through Its Climate Metallic

To say it starts with the last drop of water
is perhaps to say the frame is loose. Or at least
that's where we come in, the camera open
on a desert and a red hat slowly bobbing, thirsty.
And before, what had to be turning over
some old love—of a movement, an idea,
a splash—like folding frothy egg whites
into a delicate batter. And after, the world having
caught up, finding it's only caught up to the past
and so seeming to lag behind once again.
The red hat goes on to find water in a language
all its own.

This kind of thinking, I suppose
it works until it doesn't
or the switch is stuck, or I have turned.
It's January the twenty-fourth, and I've come and gone
and arrived again already gone.
It's then I notice the turn, lay my head on Sunday's shoulder.
You have become used to that shape in the distance
and it's true, our vision must land somewhere, our sight.
A spell that, once acknowledged, seems ready
to be immediately broken unless
the red hat goes to find water in a language
all its own.

stan le

f**k going to rothko

cradle yr phone while the
battery's still dead instead

turn out the lights how about
go to bed on time contemplate
the back
of yr eyelids you insomniac

shut yr headlights at night
w the mind
b/w cities for two secs
but watch
out for the void
as it ushers you thru it

stan le

loving you is the highest art
i could master & the odd is
i master it too late

spent today w/ you getting me
so anxious i paced
from the bed room to the
living room & no

matter the steps i can't
get away from this lump where
chest cavity sucks
into pinpoint then it
feels cold & i cry

spent today cleaning up but didn't
get to the washeteria between
cleaning & pacing

i'm sorry i was asleep

thank you for
waking me up
to tell me
you were
leaving

natalie ruiz

Civilized Civilians Civilizing

8:26 am

I'm back at my desk again with my spoon clanking my jar of yogurt and fruit. The chia seeds have still not properly soaked, giving a crunch to every bite. Doesn't taste like anything, if I'm honest with myself.

Karen sits across from me with a startling plate of apples sliced thin as chips fanned out neatly around two even scoops of what I can only assume is gluten-free organic cashew butter. *Good morning, Megan*, she says. I hold my spoon on my tongue as she adjusts a slice of apple out of line before eating it, and watch her from between our computer monitors.

9:37am

Boss just walked in. I get shit for coming in sixteen minutes after eight, but this guy gets to come in with a cup of Starbucks over an hour later. I bet he's throbbing from the power trip. That's right, Megan, when in doubt always go for the crotch.

9:50am

Email from the boss. Office manager is also copied. *Please drop by when you get a chance*. Damn it.

9:53am

We feel it may be best to get your opinion on this. It's pretty urgent, and we need an order placed right away. I'm actually visibly exhaling with my body; a mixture of relief since I haven't seemed to fuck up anything yet, and pure unadulterated hatred over the fact that I seem to be the only decider between windowless regular size envelopes or manila catalogue 9x12's.

Windowless, I say. *The manila might be better for overnight shipments*. Right, I say, well that's what I meant.

11:38am

It's my turn to stand at the Xerox machine waiting for 38 copies of billing reports to print. The Xerox machine (and the only functional one, I might add) is stationed right next to the new guy's desk, an administrative assistant named Derek. I remember the first month he was hired; too talkative and bubbly for his own good, sharing details of his dating life and describing his ever so particular vegan diet.

As I watch him from the corner of my eye, I see him reach up to pick a zit on his chin. He pinches a forefinger and thumb together so hard that there are two bloody cuts left from his nails when he goes back to typing. Not even a blink. A closer look reveals other similar scars along his jaw where past zits have probably been. I wonder if he even knows he's doing it. I think of the pet shop I visited a while ago with a friend who needed more cat food. I wandered off to the caged animals, and watched what must have once been a beautiful green parrot slowly pick off a tail feather, one by one. A stock boy carrying bags of wood shavings spotted me, and must have seen the look on my face. *You can't save them all*, he said.

11:52am

Standing in the break room by the coffee pot. Gilbert comics come to mind.

12:48pm

When I walk into the office after lunch, everyone is up from their desks, huddled around the window like a pack of prairie dogs barking amongst themselves. *There's a possum out there*, Barry says. *You know they're actually opossums*, Amy chimes in, *possums are in Australia*. Barry considers this, never looking away from the critter. *I'll shoot one for fun*, he says.

3:32pm

Every so often Francine in the next cubicle over will sigh and say loud for all to hear: *Oh, I just can't wait until the standing desks arrive*. This cues Sarah, who's seems to always be walking back from the printers, just at the right moment, to

say: *Giiiirl, me too.*

It's an urban legend around here, you see. The executives make us fully aware that they too are concerned for our poor spines and sciatic nerves, and every so often mention the promise of an office space that will answer all of our prayers.

Thinking of all of the awful things that must inevitably be happening to my body that is at rest way too much during the typical workday is ruining my coffee.

4:28pm

I gather my things quietly so as not to disturb the silence that's finally descended the office. Take off my headset, painstakingly lock the file cabinet under my desk knowing it'll give a faint *click*, tuck my chair in without knocking the cubicle wall.

I'm pulling my jacket on when my phone rings and I realize the Do Not Disturb is not on. The ring never fails to draw attention: how could anyone let their phone ring more than once? Soon the prairie dogs pop up one by one around me, eyeing my jacket that's halfway on.

Heading out? Any plans for tonight? Weekend's almost here! I can almost time them.

5:00pm

People hop on and off the bus as it slowly pushes itself through classic LA traffic. I've got a seat towards the back right next to a questionable stain. The older woman in front of me is balding, her bare scalp staring at me from underneath her comb-over. Every so often she pats the crown of her head gingerly, almost out of habit.

The seat next to her is taken by two bulbous paper bags from the nearest Trader Joes, only to be moved once a new passenger gets on the bus. Someone the older woman clearly knows. They sit together and chat in Spanish, occasionally patting one another's leg in emphasis over some story, an idle hand still reaching up to the older woman's crown. For some reason, to me, this is beautiful.

5:51pm

My stop is approaching, I can tell. The neighborhood is suddenly familiar, and yet I have no urge to get off the bus. The bus rolls down Hollywood boulevard and somehow, I'm the only person left.

6:15pm

I see the Pig and Whistle coming up, and finally get off the bus. That's right, I think, let's get fucked up at an old, historic bar, one of the oldest left in Hollywood. It's dark and deserted, and as such very alluring.

I stroll in casually like I've always belonged, like I'm older than this goddamn bar, and take one look at the cocktail menu before turning to walk right out the door. 10.95 for a beer? Nope.

7:28pm

For a city that claims sunshine 99 percent of the year, Chinatown's famous desert city desperate for water, it's pretty surprising to find it raining when I just so happen to miss the next bus. I'm about to give up and walk the couple blocks home when another bus finally shows.

It's not the one that I'm looking for, but when the destination sign proudly displays Santa Monica in bold red, I think, yeah, that's how I'll live up my evening in California: catching waves on a weekday.

7:46pm

Sitting in traffic again. Fuck, I've made a mistake, and I don't even have a beer.

8:33pm

It's almost completely dark aside from the street lights when I finally make it to the last stop at Santa Monica beach. The strong smell of saltwater in the air is satisfying. I walk downhill a bit before I reach the stairs that lead to the sand. The water is dark but restless, and I see white foam being vomited onto the shore before the dark waters pull it back again. The beach is nearly deserted aside from a few figures roaming about,

and I've suddenly lost all urge to get any closer to the water.

I walk for a bit before reaching the pier. Tourists loiter and vendors walk around with balloons wrapped in LED lights and other neon toys. I find an Irish pub off to the side of the boardwalk, but there's a hockey game playing on every TV screen, and a flood of black and yellow jerseys yelling quickly turn me off.

A few storefronts down I recognize a corner store that's nice and empty, and settle for a couple tall cans and a cheap pair of sunglasses with pineapples on the frames. I brave the dark steps and find a lonely spot in the sand to sip my beer. The sunglasses succeed in obscuring all from view aside from the white foam still whipping the shore. I wish the sun could have stayed up a few more hours.

12:56am

Another trip to the corner store for another tall can (or two), and I've passed out on the beach. It's the stone-cold chill in the air that finally wakes me and I realize, fuck, it's time to get out of here.

2:34am

Got off the bus two stops too soon, now I have to walk it. The streets are annoyingly quieter aside from the few ladies of the night, still dolled up with their long legs, short dresses, and wigs so silky they reflect the neon red "open" sign on the corner of Wilcox and Hollywood.

I wait at the edge of the street for the crosswalk to change even though there are no cars in sight. On the other side, a trash can has been knocked over, spilling pizza-by-the-slice boxes, and soggy napkins. For fucks sake, I say to myself.

A homeless man, occasionally stopping to yell at a closed store front and a street light, spots this trashcan and gasps so loudly I can hear him from where I stand. He jumps to the curb and begins scooping out rainwater from the gutter with his bare hands, tossing it towards the trashcan as though it were on fire.

I'm not sure why, but this moves me. I cross the street and begin picking up the trash, tossing it in the bin, as I suppose he's trying to do in his own whimsical way. He stands very close

to me, watching my every move. In goes the last pizza box when the man grabs both of my shoulders, turns me to face him, a look of admiration on his face, and says (spitting slightly): *You gave me a chub.*

Yeah, I think to myself, it's time to go home.

8:04am

Back in the office, but I've traded my jar of yogurt for a mug of coffee as strong as I could get it. I stand by the window in the breakroom and ignore the reflection that reveals dark bags under my eyes.

Amy comes in, another early bird, and stands by me to look out the window, a cup of tea with a fresh slice of lemon in her mug. She adjusts the lemon slice so that it's balanced on the edge of her mug as though it were a tropical cocktail.

How was your night, she asks. It was good, I say. *Any plans for the weekend*, she asks. I'm pretty sure the world is going to end, I say. She looks at me, adjusts her lemon slice again, squeezing it slightly this time, and says: *You know, I've always loved your sense of humor.*

eric todd

This box is empty, is not empty, not empty like nothing is ever empty, but empty in that it doesn't contain things like cellophane-wrapped chocolates or get-well intentioned lotion or sundry trash that stands for "I care about your survival and appreciated the time we've spent together" or "I'm sorry that you died."

This empty box is decomposing right now. The air that makes it not empty is eating it slowly or sort of slowly or quickly or very quickly, depending on your point of view. If we disappeared, which we will,

Out here, your voice falls like a camera
from a car window, gone
before you realize you miss it.
Can't do it, not even if sober.

Boots fill with sand in the same way,
now mixed with other, darker
sand and still darker dirt.

The headlights probably have another six hours or so.

The dark that seems so deeply dark just
makes the stars into flashlights like
what we tell ourselves about loneliness.

Can't get that engine turned over.

Out here, it's cold. It's cold like the cold
you forget when you're daydreaming of sex,
when you lose your keys in the grass.

But there's no grass here, only sand and the dark
and these fucking flashlights.

*Every time you think you're walking,
you're just moving the ground.*

If you could see, you'd know there is
an Air Force base two miles north, its
towers slowly flashing, a beacon.

The flashlights shine a mood that only seems to light them-
selves.

Your eyes are gnashing teeth, hoping
to find sugar hidden between them, grinding
their way to the sand.

*Every time you think you're talking,
you're just moving your mouth.*

eric todd

His father cried when he was born
and ate pain killers until he fell asleep.

When it snowed they would all huddle around the oven,
and the boy sometimes dreamed of locking himself
inside. His brother would pry the door open and pull
him out like a boiled pig, all wrinkled and brittle thin.
He sometimes thought he had a snout.

When he looked at his sister in the dark,
she sometimes had a bloody beak that spoke
in beeps and chewed on rabbits feet.

On a shelf in the kitchen next to the sugar
there's a red and silver urn his mother
said belonged to a person he'd never met.

eric todd

The difference is where I eat dinner.

I'm still in the house, in the kitchen, but now take my meals at my desk.

It's quiet. And I know I'll get used to the quiet,

and it'll become a kind of comfort like all things repeated,

but right now it's uncomfortable, like an egg on its side rolling

on an uneven countertop or that same egg having fallen off. It's quiet

like turning off an air conditioner at the end of summer, like forgetting

to wear socks, the strangeness of a shirt on backwards.

Mornings feel like a vacuum, like a vacuum threatening

to devour me into its soft cloth belly, to disappear me

into its quiet nothing, a shrinking pinpoint, an absence.

Three Excerpts from "Flaming Jupiter"

iii. rolling haiku

I stand by the sink
waiting for water to boil,
honey in my mouth.
morning ritual:
put on the robe, pet the cat,
fill the tea kettle.
in other zip codes
it's find the robe, feed the dog,
unpack the suitcase,
fill the tea kettle.
they like to say that timing
is *everything*, but
if *everything* depends on
the way we keep time
or how we lose it,
to whom we give or from whom
we ache to steal it,
what is to be said
about our careless methods
of measuring it?
nostalgia keeps me
waiting for boiling water
without having the
patience- I could've
purchased this very same task
at a coffee shop.
same catch-22.
still, I prefer waiting games
to the reticence
of unwritten syllables
or poorly counted
ones

iv. no additional text

blinding california smile
and barbed wire,
passage of time on the other end of the line.
the phone rings in my right ear,
rain pours into my left,
please leave your message after the tone,
then only the sweet mute of
heavy summer rain
in both.

vi. american idiomnipresence

mrs. dalloway said she would buy the rhubarbs herself
and mistook the trees for a forest.

remember?

we were in a black box theater,
street lamps everywhere, it was like killing
two bulbs with one stove.
act II began with a flood, torrential
water that wrapped itself around ankles
of lovely birch trees, the whole forest of them,

the sky looked bruised and it was turning the water red
as we lined every sliver of cloud with stainless steel,
but the swallows were biting off more
than they were supposed to,
and their eggs had hatched
before we could count them,

but baby,
you looked like a million bucks.

golden hour

To the left of the mirror, shoulders draped
around a music stand: grey summer coat,
in need of washing.
On the piano: stacks of printed scores, single-sided,
too many pages of notes,
in need of playing.
These tasks two-step while I sit on the floor, neatly coiled
like a spring snake inside the only window's sunlight-square,
squinting at swaying tree branches through oily, finger-smudged glass.
I assign the wind a tentative Beaufort number 4, which falls between 11-16 knots.
I don't know how I know this.
I think of the word zephyr and spell it out quietly
to the warmth of the sun in my hair:

z as in zenith,
e as in epizoon,
p as in perforate,
h as in hypoxia,
y as in yearn,
r as in reflexivity.

I taught myself to think in square roots.

I started with a dream that had you in it,

your face attached to a stranger's body; then another one in which

you tried to strangle me

and later,

you tried to kiss me; you called me darling,

and there was wind in my chest, a Beaufort number 12:

hurricane force, they call it.

I remember reaching for a gun,
then waking up.

I teach myself to think in chronological order.

I memorize the words to spell zephyr, I arrange them carefully

until they form an elliptic orbit-

My sunlight-square has shifted slightly to the left.

I watch it creep up the wall

and see it out.

zenith

sans coordinates
we found our
celestial bodies

epizoon

entrapment felt like
a beehive
lodged in my rib cage

perforate

I am spider silk
to weave with
yet you tried to sew

hypoxia

for want of silence
I worshipped
saturated noise

yearn

frenzy, sharp enough
to sever
the spell that lingers

reflexivity

equilibrium
attained through
metamorphosis

rūta kuzmickas

pinball

i. panic-flip

I spent an hour and thirty minutes
plus thirty-seven dollars
courtesy of the poetry
section at powell's on
burnside after you left,
my eyes as pinballs
flying over paperbound
spines in rapid grid
patterns. patterns,

[white : new :
 : off-white : used]

pupils on overdrive,
like some kind of malnourished
animal, overwrought, crying
where is the love is the
love is the

*I WANT THE BEST-RENDERED
VERSION OF HONESTY,
I WANT TRUE VULNERABILITY,
none of that simmered-down
romance-garbage
I WANT SOME PRETTY WORDS
I CAN BELIEVE IN!*

GIMME DOGMA MASKED IN MAXIMS!

GIMME A GODDAMN
MANIFESTO!

give me tiny
printed ink weights
to use as anchors
in the fog.

rūta kuzmickas

ii. drain

i try to match
my word choice
to the weight of their
elected semantics.
this is a full-time job.
it is tedious

allegedly,
i am bad at it

“no”
is as difficult to
mean as it is to
mispronounce

anyone in their right
ego would tend to
blame the audience,
who are disquieted
by less talking
than they paid
good money for

at surface level,
i am a winter tree
In mid-summer

iii. lazarus ball

try fewer words this time—

*once more,
spliced by light*

RECITAL

clap-clap-clap bow clap-clap-clap choppy diminuendo into relative silence or in this case not
clapping poor sense of ensemble nobody is listening because they're staring at the pianist and
looking at his receding hairline and oh my how he's aged and leaning to one side in the squeaky
seat to fix the skirt and checking the phones one last time and arranging the program to make
sure it doesn't slip out of hands mid-performance hush the pianist is fixing his cuffs he's
a famous pianist give him silence give him respect he's about to take a big c minor

BITE out of the piano

it's the first chord of the pathétique
sonata but you've never heard it
like this before he's a famous pianist
show some respect I wonder what
his tempi choices are how many
rests does he add to the written ones does he hold the tension because he thinks we

a penny drops

zoom out of the man facing the black wooden box and out of his hands

did I forget to feed the dog is the front door locked
my neighbor smells like a garden of plastic gardenias with too much chlorine in the lily pond
whatever happened to my gardenias was it the winter ice

and out of his hands
such a big man such small levers
such focused control to hit the levers in the right place at the right time to make
hammers strike three strings two strings sometimes one string like in the lower register
soft pedal una corda one string
sometimes it sings
sometimes it gurgles

strike
sonorous
these gears
my guts, I am
a whole railroad
system, my belly
wired up and wire
wire-wrapped I am
a container painted
wood black wood bent
pressed into this specific
shape this prescribed shape, the
dampers lift and sounds can become
silk, careful they can also become mud.
this ocean living in my belly this breath
in the wood when the weather brings it

beethoven
beethoven
beethoven
beethoven

strings hammers wooden casket music box music box twinkle twinkle oh but that was mozart

crackling of candy wrapper for ten seconds

my keys white as milk
imbuéd fingertip heat
absorbed brow sweat
my shadow flat onstage
my shadow in three parts
shadow of my underbelly

his belly so close to the fingerboard
I mean keyboard what's wrong with me
I'm thinking like a violin, I'm a Steinway concert grand
but I wish I were a violin, I could be held
by those other hands

these mean hands
they seem joyless
salt-rubbed hands
hold me I'm

more often blamed than praised and always the technician
it's always the technician how could it ever be my fault

when you're old you spend silences thinking about the ending of silence
wishing for death but never the music's end the music
cannot die not even by silence but maybe if I had
those hands maybe if I wasn't so lovesick or old
music makes me lovesick but I'll be
lovesick until the bitter

sound doesn't wait for other sound to finish sounding before it
stacks

maybe the silence needs to be more threatening

what if silence had a gun
would that be frightening enough
would sounds be afraid of stacking

such sadness without stacked sounds, no harmonies

my foot's falling asleep

what is this unspoken privilege of famous musicians to add values to rests
does the silence need to be prolonged, where's your proof, where's the physics
textbook chapter on sound production, do you think sound ever really dies out
what is your reasoning, is it because you think we're not listening
is it because you've won a lot of competitions

what do you mean is this about politics
it's not about politics not everything is about poli-

POW POW-POW-POW

beethoven is making sure we're still awake
He certainly is,

he has some more to say
he says he doesn't care if we don't
listen but I think he
does

take the hands off they need to rest they want melody now, the first movement's over

now the slow movement
it sounds so tired it's out of breath but maybe that's what it's trying to be

now the slow movement like summer
the summer I first met the seventh symphony

which is when I fell in love
later I fell into rainstorm mud
so I went back to my room
rinsed it off while the radio muttered
volume low enough to mishear words
I misheard a lot of words that summer
I think it was because my ears
kept wanting to replace all sounds
with beethoven full of rain
so then the rain subdividing the long notes
I keep forgetting the exact rhythm but
my god that melody was so beautiful
it snuck its way into my bloodstream

the theme is back we're in the recap now, open the program cough a little
SURPRISE CHORD

why is everyone so still
are you this calm when you're shaken to the core by a sound

beethoven is shaking you, why aren't you shaking

who are you

why did you come here

*what

*hear

are you dead

or are you just polite

triplet

DOMINANT

triplet scale run

TONIC

jay aquinas thompson

from **POOR AND CAREFREE STRANGERS**

[Untitled]

In the suck and shatter of the waves : in the intertidal where
anemones pulse and cling and squeeze shut, powdered
with barnacle crumbs : small dramas of scurry-and-peek,
the tide swirling (it's not just the moon) then swelling to swallow
the pool back to the mother-swirl of sea : then the pool belongs
to everybody again, every predator, every stressed-out seeker of shelter.

I fall in love headfirst—a sword falling
through air
till it strikes the mud & ferns
& half-stifled fires of my body.

jay aquinas thompson

Ode: Lots of Friends but No Singular Island

Lichen marbled gnarly mineral-green : a happy
(like happenstance, good luck) neighbor to its
plates of crumbling shale and volcanic rock-humps :

Here the lichen finds itself :

as the madrones do rooting in soil

their great-

great-

great-

great-grandparents trapped in their shoot-roots and died

to feed :

rooting like newborn Dorian does at

any breast in any arms trusting in the friendliness of
any smell :

quick fish! :

otters pack-hunting brief as debt! :

bayshapes brief as cedar! :

stone shuddering up

goosefleshing like in sex! (the glacier's tongue retreating

briefly from the vibrating sun-warmed clit

& labial folds of old granite) :

each

mulling

atom

conducts

its

own

research happy to find itself touched in an order of

time that knows no years really or Thursdays taxes :



atoms to whom even the pressure of footfall or hydrogen bomb
is a reminder brief & gentle of birth-heat :

mmm that's nice :

nothing amiss or misbe- gotten about even our biggest follies! :

(Across the Strait of Georgia comes one-human,-one-spark fire haze season :
when like a cell membrane the burnline swells & a million acres of particulate
nutritious carbon breathe out behind it, dead for a temporary century
as hemlock and musty tangled lichen wait & the island waits
not ultimately minding a bit)

Anna plays guitar

or her one rock Amy does a yoga on hers Finn runs to the end of his :

Sayer reads a novel about terraforming Mars

on this island

where the-one-is-not is forming us

DISSOLUTION, HAPPENSTANCE, ALL THAT I BEING SINGULAR CAN'T ACCESS

jay aquinas thompson

Dwarf Planets Listed by Distance from the Sun

Ceres

Pluto

Haumea

Makemake

Eris* ** ° †

*: Blind fissured two-tone stone-ice turning in the blind dark where the sun is just the brightest fireflake.

** : I pray carefully for each in order. The sun shrinks as the eye of the mind withdraws to spaces too vacant for dreaming. At the electrical nowhere of Eris's distance even the quickest thought takes 59 hours to circumnavigate the sun.

°: Look close right at the sun, we have telescopes that can catch even the faintest perceptible lensing of a planet passing in front of a star, and if a telescope can do it so can you: that little rainbow-edged smudge in the glare you see is Earth!

†: This thought chips arrowheads of carbon and oxygen off our star. In that one backlit Earth smudge are:

- collateralized debt obligations
- humpback whales
- earthquakes
- iPhones

- the memory of every dinosaur that ever was
- a meadow at whose vibrating dry grass edge
the little hammock-y web of some anonymous
spider catches cedar flecks and a yellowing
photo I let slip
- my friends and I undressing to step one foot
at a time into the flaming salt of the Salish Sea,
so still I hear each wave run its tongue along
the knobbed lichen-pitted granite
- our cold-water-breath hiccuping gasps

I OWE THIS SALTY BAY ALL MY SKIN

felipe steinberg / yue nakayama / ronnie yates

Steinberg/Nakayama/Yates

Wait, wait, wait, wait, Rachel.

We're gonna go to my pool now, 2:30, and we're gonna swim.

We should go to somewhere and dance for like two hours and then got to the pool.

(Ronnie, the point is nobody wants to stay up til 8:30)

Of course you do. It's lovely man.

(They're literally laughing at you)

Ok. Ok. Let's go home, then. Let's go home.

You don't want to do that baby.

That is my point.

What are you fucking talking about, baby. We're not gonna go home and eat Cheetos and baloney. Come on dude. You're not doing that, no one is doing that.

(Let's be conservative)

(Just go home and sleep).

(Like losers.)

Let's go dance and let's go to my pool until the sun comes up.

I am telling them. Felipe knows. Felipe's my brother. He knows, baby. He is like: "What are you talking about? Going to...

Sleep?" We are not sleeping right now, baby.

(I don't even know what that word means.)

That is what I am saying. We are not sleeping right now. Sleeping is fucking silly. We are not sleeping, baby. No one is sleeping right now.

(What is the meaning of that word?)

So. Here is the thing.

[LONG PAUSE]

It is always a communist purpose, baby. Always.

This life we are living right now is a protest. Right now is a protest, baby. It is a protest, baby. It is a protest that means temporality. It is a protest against worker's temporality.

I have to wake up at nine o'clock in the morning. I have to bathe. I have to walk to my refrigerator. I open my refrigerator. I make some coffee and I watch the news. And I sit in the chair watching the news. And I get in my car. I go to work. And I go to my cubicle. And that is good? And I check my email. And I think, what do I have to do right now? No, that is not what any of us are doing. You are not doing that! You are not doing that! You are not doing that! No one is doing that.

You are doing that! No one is doing that, baby. This chick is not doing that.

We wake up and we say: How do we make this day? Right? What do we make out of this day, right? We have our books, we have our instruments, we have our . . .

(Laptops.)

Right, we have our laptops, exactly. But we don't say. We don't say. We don't say. No, seriously.

Share with me baby. I am your commie brother baby.

(No, no, no don't do that, don't do that, it's a scam.)

It is not a scam! It is not a scam! I am with you baby. I am with you. I would give back to you a thousandfold. A thousand beers. Like the Costa film. I wish I could give you a thousand cigarettes and 100 new dresses.

(So sexist, so sexist, a hundred dresses.)

I would wear a dress right now, what are you talking about, baby. That's not sexist. I would wear all the thousand dresses, right now, baby. Don't encourage her, man. Don't encourage her. With her liberal. . . you're a Neo-liberal, baby, to the fucking core, baby.

(You're a neo-Marxist)

I'll take that, baby.

("neo" meaning fake, usually)

No, new. New. A different thing. I am totally communist, baby. Of course I am. We make a form of life together, right now. We create something together, a whole form of life that people don't understand or even know, my parents can't even understand this, man. No one can understand. We stay up late.

(Where are your parents from?)

(I think people understand getting drunk and staying up all night.)

Not like we do, baby.

(We're doing it on a neo-cortical level)

Are you saying we're just like everyone else? Are you saying we're just these dumbass people? You're saying we're just all

dumb-asses, man? We don't know what we're talking about, we're just dumb-asses? We don't believe in anything? Do I not believe in something, brother? Do you not know me, baby? Do you not know me? I believe in something, brother, I believe in something, man. I believe in something real, man. No I am serious, baby. I believe in you're your music, baby, I believe in your music, baby. Your music is amazing. I believe in your music, I believe in my music. I believe in Felipe's work. I believe in Yue's work. I believe in my work. I don't believe, "Oh man, we're just gonna hang being dumb-asses. Being shitty dumb-asses. That's not what we're doing, baby, that's not what yr doing, right? That's not what I'm doing. I'm here with you, brother, because I love you and I believe in your work, and I believe in her work and his work and your work. You know what I'm saying.

(Thanks.)

(Sound of clapping hands.)

Nooooo, man, you guys are being mean, baby. Shut yr fucking, faces, I'm going home. Fuck you guys, I'm out. Bring my backpack.

(Marxist, get yr credit card)

Bring it all with you, baby.

I'm walking home. Ahhhh, the door's locked. I can't get out, I'm trapped here with you mother fuckers. I'm trapped here with you fucking fake-ass mother fuckers, man.

(Ronnie, don't be fucking rude. We're here with you. Here, drink that, baby.)

You know what I'm saying, tho, baby. You know what I'm saying, it's the real deal, baby. Let's

get real, baby, let's get real, man. We're here together.

(Let's dance then)

Let's take a moment, what do you know, what do you know, baby, how much do you know, how much do I know? How much does she know, how much does he know? We have, uh h h h h h h . .

(A **gnosis**)

A gnosis, for sure. Yeah, yeah, for sure, a gnosis, baby. Yeah, a knowledge. We all have a knowledge, a way of being in the world, you know what I mean?

(You have a good voice)

(Yeah keep dancing)

(Have you ever narrated a film, a voice over?)

Of course, baby, I speak out all the time, I speak out. I speak out, baby, I speak out, yeah of course, man.

Well boys and girls.

What should we do, babies? Let's go to the pool. The pool's good, man. Or dancing. Let's go dance and then let's go to the pool. Viviana's is badass, babies.

(You've been there before, you three and Philip.)

(Everyone was passing out.)

I was dancing my ass off. I was dancing my ass off, man. We were dancing crazily, I was dancing my ass off, baby. Let's go there right now, I will dance my ass off. Right now, let's go. We're going to Viviana's, let's go to Viviana's. And dance. Let's go dancing and go to my pool.

(Dancing's fun, but don't you think ten dollars each is a lot?)

Small price to pay, baby, for freedom. Small price to pay for freedom.

(Wow, Marxist, communist, you are not supposed to pay anything for this kind of thing. Leisure time is free in communism.)

You're exactly right, the fact that this bar isn't free, I totally agree with you, everything should be free. Everything should be free. Are you kidding me dude, why is there not like a universal wage,

there is a massive creation of wealth, this fucking . . . all of this. This bar, baseball, law school. Yes, I will tell you this, the camera this. All of this is like . . .

(Selfish)

Selfish. Sure baby.

She just called me a communist.

(No, no, no, it's going again, baby, it was too long, it's started.)

So, Communism, let's talk about it. Let's talk about Soviet Imperialism. Or, uh, let's talk about Chinese capitalism. Chinese capitalism, Chinese communism right now is not communism it's capitalism, it's neo-liberal capitalism, right. After Mao. Here's what communism is, communism is sharing.

(You mean the communal)

(From everyman what he can, for every person what they need)

Exactly, here's communism, baby. You go into a store, all the supplies are there for you and you just take what you need, you don't take more than you need. That's communism. You go into a store, there's rice, there's beans, there's meat, there's milk, right? And you take what you need. Just what you need. Just for your family, just for the people that you. . . you just take that, that's all you take, you leave the rest for someone else. That's communism, man.

(That's true)

Exactly. If you can do that, that's next level, baby, that's a spirituality that's fucking next level. Someone that goes into a store. If you go into a Kroger, and walk around Kroger, and just take what you need, not everything. You don't have to pay. You walk around with your little cart. You take some Kale, some cucumbers, some humus, some almond milk. Eggs.

(So Bougie, hahaha, almond milk.)

Baby, of course I'll take the almond milk.

(There will be no almond milk in this country you are imagining.)

Of course, I'll take the almond milk, because that's all I know. I'm not saying I'm the best person ever, that I know . . .

(The avocado toast you eat every day is so neo-liberal.)

Baby, I'll take one loaf of bread, of sprouted grain bread, and three avocados. Of course, baby, I'm not a scientist, I don't know the best thing for me and my family. I'll just take what I think that I need. Right? I'll take just that. I'll go home with it. And then I'll come back a week later and I'll take what I need, that's communism. You just take what you need. Not everything, not

like, "Ohhhhhh, all this shit, man, 15 bottles of wine, all the beef, so much beef, everything man, for my family, oh my family's dying, fuck you, my family's dying." As opposed to: No, I know you, I love you, I love you, I love these people, I'll take just what I need. Just a little bit, man. Like, uh, uh, one gallon of milk, a loaf of bread, or a bunch of kale, you know what I mean, a thing of ginger, just what I need, just what I need, if you can do that, baby, that is next level, baby, that's the next level, if you just figure out how to take just what you need, that's next level, baby. That's communism, you know what I'm saying? You know what I'm saying. Just that. Just what you need. Sorry baby.

(Sorry, baby, I agree)

I'm getting crazy with this, man, I love you, baby. This is a communist right here, a real communist. Not like you behind the camera, you're not a real communist.

(Exploiting the image.)

Exploiting the image of communism.

I'll just take what I need, watch me, baby, watch me do it, I swear to God

(All the Eggplant is mine.)

I will not do that.

(For me and all my friends.)

I will not do that. I will take three limes, three lemons, one bunch of . . . I'll just take . . .

(No you won't.)

I swear to God. You're wrong.

(What if you need stuff like TV's?)

(What about beer, how much beer are you gonna take?)

One six pack. I swear to fucking God, I will do it, baby. I will do it, baby. I will just take what I need for one week.

(But what if what you need is too much?)

No, I, baby.

(What if someone had like 20 kids and they take way more than you?)

(Lies.)

You have 20 kids? Then take what you need, baby, take what you need. You have 20 kids? Sure. No one has 20 kids, baby. No.

(Plenty of people have 20 kids.)

No, no one has 20 kids.

(You're full of shit.)

No, you're full of shit, in this town, in this town, people have 6 kids, not 20 kids, that's a fucking, that's what I'm saying, don't do that, man, don't make it fucking crazy, ohhh, I'm gonna walk out of this bar right now, no, no one has 20 kids, I'm walking out right now, dude, no, that's yr fucking fantasy, dude, no one has 20 kids, no.

(No one in the world has 20 kids?)

Baby, grrrrr, in this town, people have 6 kids, and they should take what they need for 6 kids, sure of course, take all of that. That's a fantasy, that's a capitalist fantasy, "People have 20 kids, we can't fucking feed all, everyone. People have 35 kids."

(You think that's what I'm saying?)

That's what yr saying right out of yr fucking . . .

(I had a Catholic friend.)

No, people have 6 kids. No one has 20 kids, baby, at the most people have 6 kids.

(I bet if you googled 20 kids you'd be surprised.)

Oh my fucking god, are you defending capitalism by way of 20 kids? Oh yeah, that's why Capitalism works, people have 20 kids, we have to do everything for these 20 kids, no, capitalism, that's not right, baby, that's not right

(What do you mean, Ronnie?)

People have 5 kids or 4 kids, 4 kids, give them all they need, give, give everything that people need.

(Why is 20 too much?)

No, because no one has 20 kids, that's a fantasy, that's a capitalist fantasy, "We can't feed 20 kids, oh we can't feed 20 kids, everyone has . . ."

(What about Mormons?)

Ohhh, my god, I'm out, you guys, fuck you guys, there are, people have 4 kids, people have 4 goddamn kids, and give them the money that they need to feed 4 goddamn kids, ohh my god, you guys suck, man, people have 4 kids, oh my god I hate you guys I'm out of here, I can't stand you guys, people have 4 kids, people have 4 fucking kids.



ili bauerlein



If we do nothing

The last dinner eaten by our species will be eaten on
a mountaintop, its peak, the single visible feature on the face of
the world underwater.

And those who eat that last dinner will be eating it in a red
walled room. A red walled room with tacky golden doors.
And there will not be a prayer.

And those who eat that last dinner will be boring with predict-
ably bad taste.
And the room will be as quiet as a room after a crystal wine glass
stops humming.
Their mouths will barely move.

And this will happen soon.
But soon is relative.

The last meal of the rest of our species will happen before the
meal in the red walled room.

These last meals will happen gradually, from city to city.
leading to masses and masses of bodies, floating.
Floating bodies, bloated.
Full families of floating bodies
where once there was a park.
Still water will welcome masses and masses of flies and mosqui-
toes
Everything will buzz, be blacked out.

We will be loud about it, I'm sure. Loud, and then weak.
Loud, and then weak, and then dead.

Those few of our species who eat the very last meal will not
remember those moments.

They will not remember what a fly sounds like.

Preserves

1. Have you seen what a single cooked pear looks like?
2. Are you familiar with the flat color, the mushed bloat of it?
3. I ask, because I worry my brain is being reduced to preserves.
4. If you wouldn't mind taking a look, I would be happy to tear my scalp back for a peek.
5. I'm concerned there may be an abandoned lake of boiling water surrounding my brain,
6. and if it gets much hotter, I'm afraid I may just have to throw the brain out with the bathwater.

There is something dripping
down my neck.

7. My dad used to make jam when he was younger.
8. I learned what pectin was from him, how it binds, ensures each cell is shackled.
9. In Spain, my host mother made jam and in place of pectin, used lemon seeds.
10. I can feel neither pectin nor seeds floating in the folds of my cerebrum.
11. My lobes are turning to syrup. If you'd like, I can will it to you to use in your milk once I die.
12. My cerebellum is actively withering, my brainstem could be easily mistaken for a cocktail stirrer, frankly it's a mess in there.
13. My skull does a bad job of keeping things out, that's how this all started.
14. And, I need you to look for me because my trypophobia dictates my disgust with porous surfaces.

There is something dripping
down my neck

15. You saw it?
16. You looked right in there.
17. And it is?
18. A lake, boiling? A cooked pear?
19. It's impressive, the body.
20. How it's in a constant state of decay.

There is something dripping
down my neck.



lili bauerlein





lili bauerlein

ariana-sofia kartsonis

May I shuffle forward and tell you
the two minute life of rain

Cities gasp in the sun's stare
and the icebergs seep into our sandwiches

It's cold. We answer ice with elk and mammoth, larks
the tide drawing off the asphalt
is a graveyard, a petrified forest
roads smoke into corridors, cities mirage
No pandas, no polar bears, no ice, no dice.

Last night when the waters rose again
about the brine-bright animals
with sunflower and bog myrtle
with her stolen piece of sky, she has taken flight.

Alice Oswaald, Lachlan Mackinnon, David Sergeant, Jo Bell, Matthew Holis, Gillian Clark, Seam Borodale. Jackie Kay, Don Paterson, Robert Minhinnick, Simon Armitage, Imtiaz Dharker

Eaves

He slammed the night back
in one shot. She polished
off the belladonna birthday
cake. Everything shook
in its casing. Windows shimmered
in their frames. Light shook
against the words. Morning knock-kneed,
skinnied along the fat night.
That last night went to blows
with the blueprints. The air
confettied with graph paper,
their lives torn off the grid.

Unbeknownst, they wept
on a bearskin rug. Inebriated,
they washed the house down
with a garden hose, stacked boxes
into cityscapes halving the living
room into this village and that.
He named his side Despondentville.
She called her skyline His.
They were never so meticulous
and sincere. Excruciated
they changed addresses
like something soiled.

They were only weeks
from imploding. Weak
from the waiting room
where the doctor said
all the crops suffered
from the dry spell, save
for the basil gone to seed
before the infamous gazpacho
could be assembled. Everything
gone the way of the dry season
bristling and crackling like a campfire.
She could hear rain dropping down

its spider silks just up the road.
He watched the glowworms of comets
fall continually through the fake night sky
over their bed and made himself
still and hard as a worrystone.

They copied handshadows from an old book,
cast ostriches and garter snakes.
She dabbed lampblack from the shadows
and blackened both her eyes. Dance
with me, he said then.
She wore the dress he bought her
from the five dollar box
at the French Market.
He wore a smoking jacket
and hate on his head
a dandy of a departer.
Dapper as a seersucker sky.
All the pale ladies swooned.
The dancefloor flittered
with their paper fans.
He offered her love
as a paper parasol.

Empty as mouth
the house waited,
silverfish skimmed
the shared books,
their misplaced dustjackets
arched like roofs
against the floorboards.

The house waited
sweeping itself clean
of cobwebs, regret
They hung a dreamcatcher
over their bed, their dreams
caught and held like siphoned
insects, they tipped their days
back and shot them fast,
making do every day,
and doing away with the night.

Poem Wishing to Lodge in the Roof of His Mouth

Tonight I can smell the hot tar poured this morning.
There is no coverage for these kinds
of collisions. Insurance
plans and bodies refuse
such blanket statements.
He offered me the moon floating
in a fat peach mug stolen from a revolving
bar in Atlanta, Georgia, land of the free
range traffic cops, home of the Braves.

We were circling in for the thrill.
We were breathing, breathing
the same town's swimming pool air.

Clouds retched. The sky scudded
in its lead apron. We lurched forward
in the skeletons of our ancestors
bone spurs and all, even the abacus
of ribs amounted to little.

All those nights pounded down on us in thin bullets, tin rain.
Nothing could take such a beating.

Forgive me when I say that sometimes
his eyes peered out of your face like burners
turned to their highest red dartboards. Sometimes I was a dart
trying to propel myself into the line of vision.
Other times an arrow craving his eye.

We were closing in on something
close to what we came here for.
Flying in the southbound lane
like any plumed thing.

Sign here the dream he said to me,
we're closing on a house today.
We moved in like a storm front,
bumbled like bees in the gardens
of a thousand years. The eaves
pointed the way.
It was eerie to be so always.

ariana-sophia kartsonis

Melancholia

The word is dark. We do not see anything in it.
Tomaz Salamun

Before I wake you are thumbing a ride
on the outskirts of desire.
Your face is a broken promise
whispering *ambergris, ambergris*,
a sound curled into its own shadows.

While you sleep flowers grow
in a magic vase on a gothic windowsill.

A woman is carrying her dry
cleaning home in the rain.

Because your heart smells
like aluminum foil,
like starlit ice-cream,
all that cold.

Because you melancholy Saturday,
square dances, cartoons,
pudding and clowns.

Because you melancholy bright light
send a corkscrew of ache down my spine
in the dirty rain that washes clean
everything but the collective sigh.

And why so sad?
Are you a closed miracle?
Going on red, stopping on green.
Letting the days sift through your remains.

While you sleep green angels gather,
their breath invisible even in winter.
They carry silver pails, gather the spill-off
from almost and midnight and halfway,
left-behind earrings and leftover crosswords
I gather you're gone.

Are you an open season?
Because this ain't no dime-store romance.
Because that matchbook, that cheap afternoon,
the slivered moons of clipped nails
are irreplaceable but I'm not.
Because your grandfather's sweater is still
darkly fraying in a corner of my closet.
Because you know better.

Let the Figure be a Child

Let the figure be a child held in a snow globe held
in the hand of another child held in a snow globe.
The earth shifts, snows find the figures
fighting the snows.

His voice is a cloud that goes away
is a line from a book

Our dead grow groves of cypress trees
this passage is not over
A cloud is his voice
that goes away.

Let the figures rest.
The grim reaper calls himself by your name.
The name just shoots across the room.
No telephone strikes the night into singing.
Inside it's all ringing like a fire station.
Everywhere in the city aburn.
A flier for a lost cat says it otherwise.
Our name in lights some nights. Color
and fruit a certain dolor to the singings.

The evening purpled-in
smoke was his voice was a cloud
that goes away.

Let the figure first
break glass to carry at last the other:
blizzard-blind for a time then the thaw.
The soil an unswept heaven of styrofoam snow
teeth of glass.
Then the melt, visions return. A cloud is his voice
that goes away.

A swarm of insects fed from our skins
We were fine-tuning the signal broadcast from outer-space.
Summer begins and summer does its doings-in.
A swarm of insects took us in.
Stay a while.
Do not touch that dial.

That was the first season.
There is only one May, with locked doors
and windows we tend it.

I have seen and I have seen
There is no end and then again.

Speak into the cold, Love
 this is the season where words take shape.
One figure turns away and inside two hands
tear a piece of paper in two.

Inside and every single time the turn then the ladder of spine
the hands inside rip paper down the middle this nearer year
this nearer year.

So seriously does the automated voice at the phone company
ask that we wait on the line. Someone will be with us shortly.
Let the figure speak of lost things while we wait on the line.

Before the end of hours scattered like snows in a tunnel of wind
Let the figure be.

And if you ask how I regret that parting
And if you ask how I regret:
there is no winter enough to explain.

Squall

To be peaceful, to know the opposite of peace
is not war. To feel about all the neutral
detritus and comma splices and want to tend
to the tender-unusuals--to abbreviate
every war into a single barking match
between small dogs who scissor
their jaws the sparks of yip and nip
as their large Labrador sister
glances their way from time to time,
until woundless, they C their forms
and gather sleep like a pile of nylabones
between their headspace, waterbowl, sunroom,
afternoon and repeat, even as the months
thicken, even as the moon bloats orange
juiced into daybreak. A boy goes
to the zoo, slips into the gorilla
enclosure, ten minutes pass, someone shoots
the gorilla. On the black futon of Mount Rage
opine trees grow large, voices pillage
themselves for weeks. The boy dreams
of jungles, the gorilla dies again and again.
And in the rapid fire of our certainties
the beast remembers treetops, the climb,
the long arms and breadth-belief to leaf
to branch to other-side. All over the year
people are writing elegies to dead stars,
the politics of the primary, drop babies
onto the unwanted cement home
of a wild creature. Two dogs
battle for bright air on the faux Persian
rug, the day maps out a way to continue
scribbling itself along the margins,
someone moves the painted turtle out of traffic

and back to the manmade pond
of the golf course, someone's struck pet
holds down the median, the summer
hasn't even begun to rot.
But we're here to save something,
so we stand at the high noon
of May, back pressed to back,
marching out the hours
in steps until we draw

anthony sutton

After the Summer of Your Stroke I Found Myself Most Struck in Spring

by flowers that turned
on stems toward sun

with manic glee
and the sky so blue

it looked like the clouds
had been cooked off.

Every day, I'd watch cars
trickle back and forth

with the rhythm of a hypnotist's
watch before clotting

in front of red stop lights.
Remember those flowers

I mentioned? They used
to grow over there

where weeds twiddle.

anthony sutton

The FBI is Surveilling Us

but I'm more concerned about
the chances that when

the surveillance program hijacks
my phone camera it interprets

my face as a sequence of binary
code that it deems

attractive. Does it want
to take me out to dinner?

Does it want to want to
make me dinner? A romantic

AI would still only distinguish
a human face by the precise

hexadecimal code for where
the blush of lips meets the rest

of the face. Maybe the arc
of the Mandelbrot spiral

tracing the ear too. Does it
repetitively scan the algorithm

that calculates my proportions
and compare them to a pelican

or a redwood tree?
Does it understand me

in terms of the content
I share on facebook and twitter?

What if it's thankful for me
inadvertently teaching it irony,

or that gender is a construct
theoretically unnecessary for love?

Is there any point to biology
when the world can be

rendered as fractals? Math
has a way of looking

at a tree for how it twists
and twists and twists.

anthony sutton

Eat Your Cake and Kill Them Too

I don't want to own a gun,
but I'd use one on an ICE agent.

I'm against the death penalty,
but in my daydreams, the entire

Trump administration stands
in front of a firing squad. Blindfolded,

somewhere near the border,
their backs pressed against

a gray wall (not that wall—
in this fantasy, I'm smashing it

with a sledge hammer). The heat
of a Texan summer feels

especially brutal. Until
you see what happens next.

Tar-and-feathering doesn't injure
as badly as scalding water, but

I'd test that on Jeff Sessions,
just to be sure. In the news today,

75 people, and probably more by now,
are holding a 24-hour vigil

in front of the Portland ICE
Headquarters. When blocked

from their trucks, agents
complained that the protestors

were *keeping them apart*
from their families. I feel shitty

that I blew off a friend,
but know if an ICE agent

were to get hit by a brick,
that brick would be thrown by me.

No one will be held
accountable for any parent

who commits suicide after being
separated from their child,

until someone calls public execution,
and if that someone is me,

I'll be eating cake.

ethan andrews

On still being a child

after Thomas Wolfe's "You Can Never Go Home Again"

The bastard was right—
Even when I'm home I wish I was home.

And when I am away I think of my mom's face
And taste orange juice.
Dad: pork chops,
Or paint thinner.
He was always stripping something.

We lived a quiet life—
My brother stayed in his room
And I sat on the stairs massaging the dog's ears
Wondering what it's like in Marrakech
Or to squeeze a pair of breasts.

We had a Nintendo and a cleaning lady named Amy.
What good is my shame in saying this?
Her son grew up with red hair and cross eyes.
We played spies and I let him shoot me
Because his father died in his sleep.

And now I live where the sun sets over the ocean.
I sit in parking lots and watch,
roll my windows down and feel the warmth get dragged
to sea.

I pay taxes and buy olive oil.
I like to let the garlic burn a little.
Sometimes, a glass of wine.

Did I tell you I got a Crock Pot for my birthday?

Occasionally I lay my forehead on the table like dad.
Kiss the faces in the wood grain. Cry a little.
The cat looks on and licks himself.

He has a love-hate thing with the bird outside my window.
It's a Dark-eyed Junco, and it sings a charming song—
Like the past blowing through a keyhole.

samantha riott

SHE SAID

Dont call me babe
dont call me baby no more!
Only a predatory creature could understand what she meant
when she said
“you make me wet” because all I ever did was make her beg for
more.
the secretions dripped on my fingers and made her moan with
tears. tears of joy.
a trophy for my recollections..
licked my fingers & swallowed it down with pride
im not even talking about sex yet.
whispering
DONT STOP PLZ DONT STOP
MERCY MERCY MERCY
PAIN!
thick rivulets of blood, forced out from the skin
she can never bleed enough for me.
the way to a woman's undying love
is to make her take out her knife and shove up against yr throat
thats when the real love begins..
thats when the secretions pour out
secretions of blood

thats when the real love bleeds out
a bond formed thru blood rites
what is more passionate than a threat carried out full force?

dont call me babe, no more
love grows thick with every drop of blood on the floor and onto
the skin... it seeps in.
dont call me babe
slips into the psyche a love you can never forget and there is no
real regret for actions carried out with passion.

what is more passionate than a threat carried out full force?
what is more passionate than blood on the floor?

a sexual high which climaxes a peak too bold to constantly
satisfy so you take a moment to rejoice but the need for more is
shadowed by the tick tock of the clock. and you gotta know when
to stop. and start again.
DONT CALL ME BABE

samantha riott

WELL HERES MY FUCKING SIREN SONG!

When do you realize when you've gone insane?

And is it too late to go back? And go back to what? What is sanity anyway, when you are existentially bound to the ever corrosive question of why?

Why must the ones I plead with always be the ones who shrug their shoulders? Roll their eyes? Squint so hard with their heads turned sideways?

Oh rite... it's because they've seen this shit 1000 times in the theatre of my eyes.

The mind is a solitary confinement.

312 months, 9490 days, 23,000 hours, 14 million minutes.

My timeline ticking away, collecting all those memories that shelter deep within my brain, that will last in some far, far away dimension, longer than I can withstand to remember. Decoding and unraveling itself within in the dirty walls of my descending mind. In and of itself echos out screams of irreversible dimension. A dimension that is unseen and untouched by those who know me and by those who have escorted me there.

A place where communication to express any of this bends your face in half with illogical emotions manifested in manic episodes, misunderstandings, the pursuit of pleasures and an unrelenting loathing of a private hell.

The mind is a solitary confinement.

And I know you're thinking I must be out of my mind by now but I'm just trying to get into yours.

I wanna be out of my mind and into yours.

Trying to piece together everything and figure out anything I can and still come up with nothing but the ultimate conclusion that this life is will always be a twilight zone, an unsolved mystery, an endless time warp filled with the suspense of strange realities.

And I've been told to just stop.

The words that come out my mouth...

"Hearing you talk infects me with your ill ease, your disease, so please just stop. I can hear you in my head. The words are seeping thru executing all the images perfecting within seconds, then minutes, then time and time again that it's now in my memory banks with chills on my skin. The less I wanna know, the more it triggers a resistance to this psyche, so willingly open to allusions."

The time ticking away, still far, far away in some dimension.

And here I am remembering that its easy to forget, so easy to lose... lose yourself in moments where the images and memories of long ago resurrect themselves of all the clandestine affairs with insanity...

Late at nite, during the day, in my bed, on endless random couches, the subway bench, walking alone on crowded streets, midnights at the beach, staring out into the ocean, forgetting my name and face. The time, the place, the era, the decade, my humble confusion, my dark romances, and tumbling back to wherever I live to lie down, and instead find myself hopping off rooftops, howling naked at the moon, breaking bottles outside my window, and the midnights that shuffle in a dawn too bright and presumptuous as if I know what's going on...

Here I am auctioning off my fears one confession at a time.

And whats going on?

What the fuck is going on?

And maybe you can understand.

Or maybe you could help me understand how a sun-kissed face turns into a shit stained disgrace, for once your smacked with the ever corrosive questions of WHY, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, WHO CARES? it bleeds open newly mutated sickness by the ways of a hard knock life. A lost highway, a dead end street, apocalyptic wet dreams, and the over wrought desires for an end which doesn't come fast enough of everything that holds you hostage.

And reality undercuts pristine sanity when it's being thrown about on the corner. Being stepped on by a shapeshifting predator, a wanton drunken fool, another lost fucking hungry soul, all together in unison like an inharmonious choir begging for a cigarette in various tongues.

A universal sadness inside of a small dicked city, fueling your own manic lifestyle that your existence is superimposed into the landscape that you become one of them.
Picturesque. And then you realize it's never to late to go insane.

AND HERE I AM

HERE I AM

REMEMBERING ALL THOSE CLADENSTINE AFFAIRS I HAD WITH INSANITY.

LATE AT NITE, DURING THE DAY, IN MY BED, ON ENDLESS COUCHES, ON THE SUBWAY BENCH, WALKING ALONE ON CROWDED STREETS, MORNINGS SPRAWLED OUT ON THE PARK LAWN, INSOMINIATIC MIDNIGHTS AT THE BEACH,

STARING OUT INTO THE OCEAN, FINDING MYSELF IN THE SKY, FORGETTING EVERYTHING THAT CAME BEFORE, FORGETTING THE INJUSTICES OF THE WORLD, FORGETTING I'M ALIVE, FORGETTING YOU LOVE ME, FORGETTING I LOVE YOU, THE TIME, THE PLACE, THE ERA, THE DECADE, MY INDECENT CONFUSION.

AN OBSCENE DISREGARD FOR THE MIDNIGHTS THAT ALWAYS SHUFFLES IN A DAWN TOO BRIGHT AND PRESUMPTUOUS AS IF I KNOW WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON.

I JUST WANT TO FORGET.

I JUST WANT TO FORGET.

I JUST WANT TO FORGET IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO GO INSANE.

The mind is a solitary confinement as I'm trying to recognize myself again and again. Time after time in-between the next indiscriminate distraction after another silence.

Silence as freedom.

Silence is my freedom. Freedom from all the ill-infested sound-bites that surround me every inch of the day.

How it creeps in like unannounced guest at your door in the nite. Lingering on.

A silence so heavy with an accumulation that it sends me into a self induced hypnosis.

Delicate moments where I enjoy forgetting everything that came before that when i start to hear NOISE it hits my sore spot and i'm back to frantic, trying to rid the sound of cars, honking, the buzzing of the TV, loud conversations, plates clattering, the sink dripping, blaring music, the sirens, that I become a GODDAMN siren myself.

WELL HERES MY FUCKING SIREN SONG!

It's silence.

I love the sound of silence. It embraces me into a seductive absence of sound where that moment of relief is a fleeting paradise before being bashed away by the daily interruptions that trick you into thinking it's urgent, when the only thing that's urgent is FREEDOM, RELIEF, SILENCE.

SEE I LIKE MY SILENCE TO BE VERY LOUD AND OBNOXIOUS JUST LIKE MY VOICE. WHERE MY VOICE RESEMBLES THE EVERY DAY CHAOS BECAUSE I'M CHAOTIC WITHOUT MY SWEET, SWEET SILENCE. WHERE SILENCE HYPNOTIZES YOU INTO A STATE OF SHOCK THAT WHEN YOU HEAR IT,

IT FEELS LIKE UNBEARABLE PAIN BECAUSE ALL THAT IS
LEFT IS YOURSELF!

AND HERE I AM!
AND HERE I AM!

TWILIGHT ZONE TOUR

Late at night my world turns into a twilight zone.

A strange world of gloom.

Where emotions become completely transfixed onto every open
sore and hole.

As I hover effortlessly over their interest, invisible in the gloom,
invincible with doom, a death trap is rattling inside my head.

A million griefs ago, I was fainting into my recollections of sunlit
dispositions.

A million griefs ago, my survival rate was low.

A million deaths ago, my lifeline grew thick and silvered with
growth.

The gloom shimmers from side to side that I become
large with insensitivity and predatory skill.

And your face, mirroring my gloom, disappearing inside and out,
as I disguise my silhouette by displaying and flashing all bipolar
colors with tiny movements in the night glow.

Designed with sharp eyes that cut you down to size so that I can
penetrate deep inside and engulf you whole.

The strangest life force belies the biggest swallow of all delicacies.

What murderous teeth attracts what sorts of prey?

Big or small, large or thin, challenged or easy, imitation or au-
thentic.

I want it all. I just want to feel everything.

An endless hunger because its never enough!

A parasite to a host, with this infinite feeding in the limitless emp-
tiness of an unending cycle that comes full circle.

Yeah, I'm talking about love. My love.
A history of chills in the darkness.
A sniper scope of all incoming targets.
There is no escape.
Only attack!
Only threats!
Only sensory overload!
Flashes of depth and confusion.
And another one bites the dust within perfect timing.

All lovers re-appear as skeletons stripped bare of meat
as they collide up to surface for air and attention
and find themselves at risk once more, at my murderous teeth,
they start begging for a return
to the depths of my darkness.
What a slice of life...
Enjoying that full complexity of their struggle to
journey the shallow depths of my soul.

Oh my soul, theres a hole!
There's a hole in the daily cycle of triggered tidal waves, traveling
the dark zones of a gargantuan night continuum that blinds and
binds us together.

A deep sea of intranquility, pulsating old hells and trauma. Any
survival is silhouetted with overgrowth of pain, corrosive with
blue black destitution.

I am the dark zone predator.
Exalting with extraordinary gains.
I am a demanding and dangerous world.

Watching you get caught up in the maze of my forcefield and
concealed in this parasite ridden skin turns me on.

I'm talking about mating rituals in the dark. Mating rituals in the
darkness. Motionless sustenance in the darkness. Illuminated

alerts in the darkness.

Large with insensitivity and bold with monstrous appetite.
So baby, just freeze on over with me!
Sink into me. Slip away with my magnified and oxygenated raw
emotions! My bioluminescence!

This perpetual dark night discomfort is the reward worth the risk.

My existence is a network of booby traps stretched to the maximum
of pressurized captivity.

My world is crystal clear with scraps of flesh and causalities, dominated by my defenses for
my own survival with skirts of pain; skirts of pain that ricochet off
me and into you.

Mating rituals in the dark! Mating rituals in the darkness!

My slippery terrain is an oasis with colonies of remarkable prey,
leaving me ripe with an appetite that resembles an abyssal plain
gashed with massive
downfalls because its never enough.

It's forever never ever, enough!

You're never enough for me. I am never enough for you.
You'll never bleed enough for me and I never want to bleed for you.
The roughs aren't rough enough, and you better ask yourself if your
arms aren't tough enough to fully embrace me.

I am never enough of a tragic calamity independent of such a poisonous parasite.

It kills me inside, to feed you what you claim to need most: all of me.
When the predator feeds on the prey that's when the bloodshed
begins.
Kill or be killed.

My heart is an under sea volcano filled with eruptions of exploding
temperaments, hot and heavy with the potential of death and dying

of anyone who gets near enough that I become a demanding and dangerous world, pulling on fast and slow energies,

sourcing and exploiting on your own self-inflicted catastrophes on the fondness of your co-dependency for the ultimate transformation of myself... again and again.

Infatuate.

Irritate.

Sublimate.

Checkmate.

In love, I hate.

An Interview with Lydia Lunch

by *CamBam Boom*

C: What kind of political issues have been bothering you most lately?

L: Hahahaha... same thing I've been speaking about since the Reagan administration... kleptocracy, corporate takeover politics, expansion of prison planning, surveillance society... Brutal Measure's show is more about time and essence... for instance this month I'm doing 4 diff kinds of performances...

1. Umer van Hassen last living poet from the revolution; will not be televised
2. Hilt Multimedia show in Santa Fe : Four Dozen shadows
3. In LA I'm talking about sexual politics
4. By the time I'm in Miami with Weasel this farce called the US election will be over... We got the choice between a bragger who is proud of bankrupting businesses & a serial groper/sexual predator, or the matron of mass murderers who has more blood on her hands with wars she's supported than anyone in the world.. Worse than wrestling controversy because it's real controversy or cuntroversy...

The last person I voted for was Larry flint from Hustler mag. He paid money to close and expose the hypocrisy of democracy and the predators that are in a seat in politics... it's interesting that someone can be paid to lie for your cause and possibly get elected for it. The farce is so amazing it's almost surreal. We don't need an election we need an insurrection. The problem even with insurrection is... It used to matter if a million people took to the streets... it no longer does because the corporations and klepto-ocracy, the cock-ocracy is a global financial elite that no American can even get to and America is dead set on protecting..The Banksters have been arrested under the lie of the

beige puppets regime (Obama) who claimed it was going to be a regime of transparency and embracing whistle blowers... he has incarcerated more whistle blowers and Julian Asanj n Edward Snowden are sitting in exile which is pathetic but shows how deep the corruption goes.

C: What made you get into music?

LL: Well I wish I could say politics but it was literature... The literature of the politics I was reading... Actually all white men in literature... Specific white men who can live an outsider life and document it poetically... a post-beat... I think of Henry Miller who eventually exiled himself to Paris because of his disdain for America... I always knew words were the most important thing but felt there was a massive hole... Of course there are a lot of amazing women writers like: Violet Le Duke, Mary Daly who's my personal hero wrote "Gyn/Ecology" reclaimed the language and was the anti-patriarchy & a religious studied major... it was a specific men leading their lives especially sex or drug involved who spoke poetically without glamorizing, without apologizing ... and felt that there was a hole I needed to fill so I made it out to NY in 76 and spoken word didn't exist yet, so I started Teenage Jesus which was half instrumental, half spoken word... interesting that during that same time under the Reagan administration... Jello Biafra, Henry Rollins, Gervanka ... started feeling the need to protest because my generation was so nihilistic from the disappointment of the 60s that the only retaliation was the bullets we could fire from our mouths.

And then I started curating my own shows... It's a political segway its still a new genre of like tag team and radio drama localization... and I'm sure by then we'll be well fucked by the politics of the situation... and a lot of the material in this project I am formulating on the spot.. But the beauty of it is brutal one-man music matched up with a, not passive but level-headed acceptance of the apocalypse as we fucking know it because honey this has been coming our entire lives. Time... tomorrow is a word for the place were all looking for, whereas time... is one long second that goes on forever. So it brings into question what we're doing with our time, we don't know, there might not

be much time left or this might go on forever.. At any time any of us could be wiped out when the drone no one's aimed at us decides to land on our heads. Are we in a loop in history? Yes... In the end it's always a call to pleasure and hedonism. Ecstasy in the mouth of a volcano, pleasure in verge of a disaster, if we don't embrace a megalomaniacal embrace of pleasure in these times of endless war and distress on this prison planet than the enemy has fucking won.

I've always known where we're headed, where we've always headed which is towards extinction. Fine it's not going to be tomorrow... In spite of that, we need to reclaim our capacity for pleasure because if not the enemy has won and we all outnumber the enemy.

C: So if the enemy is controlling us thru fear, what will happen to him if we all embrace pleasure instead?

LL: (Laughs) I'm going to die with a smile on my face baby, doing 6 long lines of whatever is in front of me, maybe fucking 6 Iraqi returning war veterans, amputees if u will taking care of the soldiers that America won't because they mass murder around the planet... now that's just a poem.. Or is it?

C: So did you know back in high school you were going to forsake everything they were teaching you are run off to be a poet or some kind of performing act?

LL: I knew... And I started writing at 12. Well I didn't sit through high-school knowing I ran away to NY at 13... Well why did I run away? I ran away for the NY Dolls because I loved men that dressed as women.

C: Ugh, same.

LL: Well at some point I knew I needed to return and get some money... and I really felt spoken word didn't exist... But I knew... I had to do something... There was no way I could not do what I was going to do. As a woman... coming out of the trauma-based familial... the nuclear family is the microcosm for all fascist existence... But that my trauma was not as bad as

others, somebody had to start voicing concerns about the familial terror, trauma, abuse... For me it was the tri-fecta... god the father that fucker... The holy trilogy... had to be attacked, where all problems stem from... the cock-ocracy, patriarchy, nuclear family. Mary Daly helps explain religion as a pathological viral infection that controls mass populations that has caused the most wars on this planet... And the American god is greed... So the war seems to never be over and I can never shut up.

I'm glad you're getting me after six other interviews today... got back Saturday, have slept a few hours since then... 17 shows in 20 days... I'm in chronic sciatic pain from a car accident as a teen that's only affecting me now... But as a maniacal schizophrenic rebellion machine.. The more my body tortures me the more I force it into pleasure... when u consider women of intelligence have probably been burned at the stake somewhere of similar genetic makeup and it's just another thing that's not affected me it's like no... sorry shit has to get done around here.

Just have to counteract it with... The interesting thing is no drugs work and I love drugs... I never been addicted to drugs.. I've been ostracized for not battling addiction... it's like "sorry asshole, I'm just not you..." I'm going to do what I want until it serves me, when it's not, give it up go out and maybe try something else but I'm too fickle to ever be addicted to one thing..

C: Same!!

LL: I mean because I am like crack, I can't get high on drugs anymore. It's interesting... High on life hunny, high on life.

C: There's a couple more natural things that somehow are so much more affective for me like kava...

LL: Herbal is the way to go but nerve pain is a different kind of pain... but...

It hasn't flavored my mood ever usually because as the cheerleader of the underdog in underground. I can get my bitch out on stage and it just seems tiring to get out off stage.

C: Same and yea... I agree you've been so easy and chill to work with!

LL: I respect your dedication as my little bull-dog, it takes to make it happen. I mean we know how hard it is and you have succeeded so thank you very much...and of course I'm chill and easy to work with considering how many people I continue to collaborate with over and over again my problems are so much more massive that my personal life so it's just how it is, or how I work it.

C: I get that so hard. Read or hear anything good lately?

LL: Got a book on the male brain by this scientist who's also written on the female brain... I don't read fiction I'm more interested in mitochondrial like cellular behavior, bacterial behavior...quantum theory and physics... the interior... bacteria is absolutely so fascinating to me because were made up so much of it we are like alien planets contaminated by communities of bacteria beyond our comprehension... unbelievably fascinating... One of my favorite books is "The Field" by Lynne McTaggart but as far as music goes I'm always interested in listening to anything new. I just produced the next Pissed Jeans album.

C: Woah! You and Pissed Jeans!! That's awesome I had no idea!

LL: I had no idea they knew who I was and they called me up and I asked them what the lyrical content was about and they told me and I loved it.

There are a lot of post-jazz no-wave musicians that have a lot of collectives and isolated projects with different people I could recommend. Weasel Walter, Tim Dahl, Chris Pitsiokos, Carol Bozulich. But I'm always open to suggestions.

C: How do you identify as far as gender right now?

LL: Gay truck driver I guess. Gender. . . I like it when people embrace whoever they really are and everything they can be. I

can't limit myself to a gender because I'm really masculine yet hyper feminine in some ways. This is a beautiful satanic conundrum... A Truck driver that looks like Mae West... Sometimes people ask "How does it feel as a woman to worry about..." and I'm like "you're asking the wrong guy"... It's ever changing within me and what I do in my sexual time is ever-changing as well.

C: So nice to hear you feel that way as well.

LL: My mother had me after she had a miscarriage with my male twin so I really feel like I was murderous in the womb and consumed my male twin...

C: Makes sense... I was supposed to be a boy the entire pregnancy and popped out a bit early I always felt like before my penis could fully grow in and I've always been a little pissed about it but at the same time I've never really cared about parts all that much.

LL: Yea I just really can't define it baby I like to give it, receive it whatever. Different day different mood... I think that if people could accept their own schizophrenia or just diversify more and accept when they are in fluxes people would be a lot happier. It's so great that people are finally starting to understand that it can't always be defined by a terminology and that it really can be fluid. For me it has to be fluid otherwise... I mean who wants to deal with a bunch of single straight dudes??

C: I don't really know anyone who does!

LL: Neither do I baby! It's really interesting for me. All of the men I work with... Thurston.... JG Gurwel, Weasel even, have such sensitivity towards women. They're men but their real outsiders... the only time I've had a problem dealing with anyone in the industry has just been a couple men who were really macho and had a problem with my machoness. No shy or sensitive man, outsider or weirdo, gay or Trans ever had any problem with me because I guess they can see a little deeper. Most straight men... Well they know not to even approach me so it's not a problem. But In the collaborations it's interesting

that they've been with all these sensitive men and none of them somehow had ever had an issue with me it must be to I do value them and they the position I occupy in this reality as something that has value. The more sensitive, the weirder they are.. Sometimes the more insecure they are... they have no problem with me because the more silent voices are the ones I want to represent... Those are the silenced are the ones I want to speak for and they ones that reach out are expressing what I already want to express so... Come one come all you fucking weirdos! Come out for big momma lunch I love you all.

C: Oh they'll be there, trust me they'll be there in Miami for sure.

LL: The funny thing is when people ask me "well how was the audience there" I'm, you know, amazed if anyone comes out to anything at all, but I don't look at an audience, first of all I like to be looking into the eyes of everybody, I like intimate performances the best I always have... And it's like it's not an audience that comes to me it's a collection of fucking individuals. There is no "audience" for what I do, there's a collection of individuals who somehow need something more than what's shoveled down their throat on the daily basis. I look at them like a collection of individuals not a herd of fucking cattle being called to evening prayer... however... I am evangelical.

Me: I think that makes it worthwhile especially after so many years of touring, right?
That you're calling out to anyone who identifies with a certain thing not just the larger genre or style of what it is.

LL: People are like 'oh are you preaching a conversion' no I'm preaching to the perverts! I'm preaching nothing except 'be your fucking self and make do with what you can ... And you're not alone.' You know? Oh and while we're on the line, make sure you bring an extra set of panties.

C: Will do! So me and the whole Period Bomb clan were thinking of these questions together and we were wondering, peaking into your sexual memoires "Paradoxia" only a little bit so far, if

there's been any stories since you wrote this that maybe almost beat anything in there they were so bizarre?

LL: So you're asking me for the better story? Something better than what you haven't even read yet?

C: Oh yea I know... Trust me were going to read it to each other in the van on this next tour, we decided. We were just wondering if you got any stories that happened after that?

LL: Well yes something did happen after that and it was recorded and released on a record called "My Lover the Killer".

C: Ok...

LL: Mark Hurtado... he was in a group called Etant Donnes. So this was... 3 years ago, no exactly 4 years ago... two brothers making Industrial music used to beat each other on stage and they started asking people to contribute vocals... So early that year Marc had dumped a bunch of industrial samples on my computer and now I don't do industrial music but I do do composition and garage band musical knitting... So I make... These soundtracks...with very few samples don't even ask me how it's like automatic art... So he dumps a bunch of junk on my computer... and I was like 'Oh yea sounds like "My Lover the Killer" so I started composing these songs from scratch... I had only one lyric in mind "Sorry, but I'm not"... But I had just had a story called "Ghost Town" published in Jerry Stahl's "The Heroin Chronicles" and it was about living in NY in '79 (with this maniac?) and having my lover who was in the film "Fingered" drive across the country in a truck... the sociopath rescues the schizophrenic from the psychopath in a late night snatch and grab to drive me back to the west coast, that was '79, and it worked. So I had this story published... I had a treatment for a screenplay I was writing based on the same guy in '79... happened during the blackout in New York... So here I am with this title of an album and music but no lyrics...So I come to NY and I land on of course Hurricane Sandy... so this is 4 years ago exactly by the way, it being now 2 days from Halloween, 4 years ago...I'm

staying in Green Point luckily which is not effected, so we start Retrovirus with Weasel Walter Tim Dahl & Bob Bert (sonic youth, pussy galore)... and we're rehearsing and Bob says to me, 'Oh, I'm friends with Johnny' Johnny is the character of this treatment I had already written for a screenplay, and... I didn't know yet, "My Lover the Killer" which this album was going to be based on. So it was, October 28th... When Bob Bert says this to me and I'm like "Why?" Bob says "you know, I'm friends with him on facebook... I'm not on facebook or any of that." So I said "well tell him I'll be in LA and I still love um and I'd love to see him..." Because I've been spying on him a little secretly because he'd gone from this destructive alcoholic to the head of the construction union labor leaders looking like Sons of Anarchy and making \$100,000 a year, he really fixed himself up right? Great! So I get a message back, not me but Bob, on Halloween, our anniversary...don't ask me what that means... he said "I'd love to see her". So we have a date to meet tomorrow... now November 1st, and I'm staying at the sister's house of the sociopath who had rescued me from that psychopath 30 years before... And I get a call the next day were supposed to meet my ex-lover, and the call is from an old friend Jim Sclavunos, plays with Nick Cave now... he says 'Oh you're supposed to meet Johnny today' I said 'How did you know?' He said 'Well you know, facebook' and he says 'You're not going to.' I said 'Why not?' 'Well he got into a fight with his girlfriend, probably about coming to see me I mean we were like the *loves* of each other's lives when we were teenagers, and he chased her into the front yard shot her in the head twice, called the cops and shot himself in the head... on... tomorrow what would be our 50th anniversary. Well I finished the album... and I wrote the lyrics to that album... To which I somehow already knew the title... "My lover the killer". I did a screenplay about him, as well... You know 95% true.

C: How did you meet James Chance, rather quickly it seems?

LL: At a Suicide show. He was there amongst 10 other people and he looked really crazy so I approached him. And I was homeless or wandering around and he took me in. And just between all the jazz gods and art music somebody gave me a bro-

ken guitar and well I started this band called Teenage Jesus and he was in it. And well I... I had to let him go from Teenage Jesus because he was like fire and we were like ice. He had to interact with the audience and I wanted that divide. It's a good thing I thought "well, why don't you go start your own thing" and thank god he did because it was the fucking *Contortions*.

C: So amazing. Haha... I'm so glad you did that.

LL: Yea me too their absolutely amazing. Teenage Jesus doesn't really need a saxophone. I've worked with saxophone many times and I love it but what he needs, he needs to get down in the dirt with the audience which is great but for this.

C: Wow so funny I'm actually going through that right now me and my saxophone player we just both have so many performance ideas and it kinda doesn't work sometimes and I'm like 'You gotta go do your own thing!' People think I'm crazy that it adds so much and I will miss it but... He loves James Chance so much, really inspired by him and wanted to tribute that one song to you in fact... at our show... We'll see...

LL: You have to know when to let people go and do their own thing. Yea my content has always come first and then my collaborators. So if you asked me now "Who would you like to work with or who do you most like to work with" I'd be like uhhh-hh...." Because it all depends on what I'm doing, that comes first to I'm basically... a conceptual artist.

C: What happened with Nick Zed after that movie and was wondering what happened next?

LL: What where he was reading letters of my rejection of him? I mean it's ridiculous. I mean after... it was enough. I mean I didn't know he had this secret obsession with me for so long it was just... Enough was enough I mean I loved him as a writer, I'm glad he exists as a human being but he never really made much as a filmmaker I had much of an affinity with.

C: Ok yea... So... Some more wacky questions from the band Period Bomb here... so they want to know... uh next uh.... What you favorite food is right now.

LL: Changes all the time but I'll say Japanese eel.

C: Oo eel ok...

LL: I used to write cook books you know.

C: OoOo gosh so much to know... Ok What's your favorite smell Lydia?

LL: The smell of my own body I must say. I love when people tell me they can smell me before they see me I'm like 'I bet you can'.

C: Nice. We also wanted to know... You once said you only ever like about 10 people at once, who are those 10 people right now?

LL: My god I'd be hard pressed to think of all 10. Well course I love Weasel, I love Bob Bert, I love Tim Dahl, Carla Bozulich, Xine Zervega and i still love Donita Sparks I love Vivi Hanson who's Beck's mother and was the youngest Warhol superstar and is an incredible writer and reader, Zoey Hansen.. That's enough right? I love them but I love myself the most. I tell my people when they tell me they love me at shows and what not "Yea but if you loved yourself as much as I love myself you'd be as happy as me".

C: In a nutshell what would you say went wrong with American music today?

LL: Women pretending they like getting fucked by corporate big daddy. I don't need to name any names they know who they are. That is one of the worst things that have happened. I love that Jennifer Lopez appears are a Clinton rally and all you see is a photo of her big fat beautiful ass. It's like yea this is saying a lot about women today, we can still show our ass you fucking idiots. I really think the degradation of all women by this pop

pornification is pretty pathetic because it's not about empowerment if it's not telling us anything new about sex it's show us about sex... Rather than just saying whatever needs to be said. Yea sure show it too but they got lost in the hardcore hear and now of which many of us are obsessed with, it has nothing to do with a *shilling* for a corporate record company while parading around in your fucking underwear. It's not about empowerment it's about bullshit. I got some of the best tits and I wave um around all over the place, not the issue. It's when and where. So I'm sending you the PDF of Paradoxia right now, promise me you and your band mates will read it to each other.

C: Any advice for girls trying to make the transition from groupie or scenester to badass front-person?

LL: How bout groupie to badass chemist you'll make better drugs for people. Or architect because look... a groupies goal essentially is not only to make you enjoy yourself but also to make someone else enjoy them self. Well if you want to live a life in music you're setting yourself up for quite the opposite, heart-breaks and disasters hunnybuns. Gotta get something to pay the rent first I mean look at Weasel Walter he's been making incredible music, beyond the *cuff*, for so long and he's barely getting by and he has to, like I do, go to Europe to do it, like I can't support myself in this country. Luckily I was smart enough at 17 to start going to Europe whatever chance I got, to know that that's where I'll be able to have a future with the ability to perform and live off of it. If I didn't I don't know what I'd be doing right now. You know I barely sort myself as an artist as it is I mean people think of my name and they have no clue what it entails to be barely. I'm very discipline, I sleep little, it takes a lot of my time to find the right people to work with and sometimes organize shows myself, and I've been homeless many times in my adult life. I've been a nomad now for four years straight, I can't even believe it's been four years. It's like "WHAT?" I've always had an apartment and this has gotta end soon... I mean I have always moved every 2-4 years. I finally lived somewhere for 8 years and realized I never want to live anywhere. I've been living between NY, LA, Louisville, on tour, up state... It's just what's had to happen to continue doing what I'm doing, writing and showing my

archives in art shows, ect... And rent what you're paying for is sleep and why pay if I'm only sleeping 4 hours a night? Hahaa.. It'll change soon because I'm at that 4 year mark and I know myself.

I know a few women artists who are very nomadic, Carla Bozulich has been a nomad for 10 fucking years, CocoRosie... so many people all the time in my circles telling me they're a nomad too.

C: Me toooo! I just finally left LA after wandering around pretty homeless the last 3 years and then figured I might as well be living in my van on the road while touring...

LL: Yea because they don't make it affordable here anywhere for artists do they?

C: Do you think it's still better n Europe for a growing band to live or tour?

LL: I really wouldn't know because these are relationships I've fostered for years somehow they love me enough to have gladly lost money on me most the time for decades. I have a philosophy that I've got one night to make the money and you've got the rest of the year to make it back what you lose take it or leave it. Right now the scene everywhere is terrible to try and do anything different, but in Europe there is more of a sense to try and do something art is important to the culture, whereas here there's a cultural bankruptcy. And were in a spiritual coma, we've been in a moral dilemma... So I don't really know about today anything because really it's hard enough as it for me with 40 years experience I can't even imagine... My group "Medusa's Bed" we only perform East of Berlin because that's all we've got. It's instrumental a lot of Austrian influence, violin and a sort of radio drama storytelling over it. Absolutely beautiful but there's no call for it in the United States nobody cares. Even Retrovirus that performs all over Europe, I show it to some U.S. booking agents and they're like "I love you but, what's the point?" Yea I'm like "Thanks pal". If it's not new, sexy and easy to digest it barely serves a purpose in American society. So if I sounds dis-

couraging to young people it's because I'm practical and everyone does need a creative outlet but that expression making you money here at the end of the day... you are going to end up in your van if not worse. So I mean you have to be completely dedicated and it's a crapshoot because you don't know how to anticipate what's going to stick when or how I mean...look a lot of my contemporaries were more successful than I was, if you ask me I'm the most successful person I know in my eyes, but more successful in terms of financial success because they did the same fucking thing for 20 years. They have nothing they nothing they can hang themselves with me, it's not a popular commodity, it's never going to be the same... I knew that from the beginning and I'm amazed I can still do what I do and have new people come to it but it is a struggle. And I mean I'm not just a musician I write books, I can translate into several languages, I do photography, ect ect... I can't wear anymore hats than I wear. A lot of people don't have the energy I have. I make a lot more as a solo artist, especially doing poetry in museums, but that's not the point the point is gathering an amazing group of musicians together to do my songs for the people who love it to see it. I'm a hustler baby, you know, you're not too bad yourself.

C: Oh.. why thank you...

LL: Good move honey, good move. I didn't even know what Pornhub was and then they all told me and I thought ah, that makes sense they'd want to sponsor this.

C: I kinda looked around, saw how it resembled the Youtube platform, was pointed to a couple artsy-er things but didn't dive in enough to really understand the look on some people's faces when I told them our non-profit label got Pornhub to pay to sponsor our event but fuck it, like all women in history we have to make with what we can.

LL: I mean porn is like anything like music, if you walk into a record store and have never listened to anything before ever and pick 10 records you're probably going to hate it and same thing with porn but the value of pornography is to take your money and get you off and, I don't think that's so bad in fact I

think it probably helps in some ways. And yea a Youtube full of it I means most internet porn just get so tedious... and typical... That's the problem...

C: Who do you miss the most from the original No-Wave and Punk hayday?

LL: Well they were two different scenes and I was much more in the No-Wave scene but.. Roland S. Howard... just a soul that was too ethereal, body and soul that were too weak for this world, so brilliant... completely underrated... really romantic with just every woman he ever met... *Teenage Snuff Film ... shotgun wedding?* One of the best guitar players I ever met. He understood space. It's really easy to make a bunch of noise, it's really hard to be quite and pull back and let space speak for itself.

C: We talked a little bit about Miami sinking it was one of the first things you brought up with me, probably because the only half-true articles on the subject I've read are from New York meanwhile everyone here is in denial. You'll see a bit of our high-tide season while you're here it's already starting to get pretty bad so bring your high boots. There's no telling how high it can go on any given day but so far this hurricane season as been pretty awful. So I was just wondering your perspective from NY and what you foresee happening to the economy, not only here but all over the coasts.

LL: The economy... well of course global warming is real and some of us have been saying, very not tongue in cheek that "global warming is going to be chilly" because the winds are getting larger, of course so are the storms and natural disasters, mother nature's revenge on man's inconsiderate behavior to this fucking female planet. We haven't seen it like we're about to see it. Be prepared.

C: Couldn't agree more.

LL: Great talking to you sister. Thank you for your energy and attention to this cause I really appreciate it. Looking forward to seeing you down there. Miami. Watch your ass.

mary-kim arnold

LOVE STORY

1. In the barren season after everything has died, but before we know for certain it will come back, morning is cacophony of highway trucks and relentlessness of birds. You were pacing. Your shoes were on but still untied. I asked: *Is this who we are now, is this what we do?* I didn't hear what you said. Say it again.
2. Traffic barrels down rain-slicked roads. I want to say he was my friend, that I knew him well. After his memorial, my friend said, *he makes me want to be better* and I say yes as I scribble my grocery lists, but I keep letting sweet things linger on my tongue as if I've never known a single bitter thing.
3. Electric lights burn the horizon. We've already ruined everything we've been given. I've painted my rage across train cars that sit abandoned along the highway. Built monuments in the dirt. Listened for the voices of the dead, but they've forsaken me. Down at the state house, we assemble, taking photographs. We shout loudly for a time and then go home.
4. We talk about leaving all the time but we will never leave. You said *look at all the good things happening* and I remembered the book I found with the four-leaf clover. That was before your father got sick. What's the use of wanting? You said not everything is about usefulness. Nothing useful about a poem, after all.

5. Despite all intentions, doesn't memory come charging, escalating skirmishes and scorching its way through? Our mothers and fathers are gone. The trees the city planted are dying and no one knows why. You're still in the kitchen with your shoes untied. Our mouths are open. We used to think we could predict the future. But some things we can't outrun.

mary-kim arnold

I CANNOT GET YOU CLOSE ENOUGH

standing on the shore with a pail filled with stones
a woman walks past dragging a chair by a white rope
one pant leg rolled up and wet
in her other hand she is holding the wrist of a girl
orange ball adrift on the crest of a wave
I remember her face as if from a dream
rounded soft a child's eyes
I look up again and they are not where they were

--

this close to the ground I can almost feel the vibrations of the
child I once was
blacktop got so hot in summer and the metal slide that sat in the
sun all day
no one swung on those swings that were just slabs of rubber
hanging from rusty chains
I knew you before we met
you were the voice in the trees every time I went back there
trying to do the things I thought children should do

every time I took two cans of cold soda to the playground in case
some other kid showed up

always took one can back warm but you –

I would talk to you and sometimes you'd talk too

--

there is an apple of light in the afternoon sky

that is what you called it an apple of light

I am thinking of you so many miles away

this sky stretched thin and yellow between us

as if it could reach

--

there are some people you meet that you know you will love

there are some people you love that you never want to see again

sometimes what you think is love

is a memory of a childhood afternoon at the shore

far enough out to where the water is calm

and you are floating on your back in your mother's sun-warmed
arms –

and the voice you hear in the trees is your own voice calling back
to you

mary-kim arnold

NOCTURNE IN TWO VOICES

1.

mostly I have let this train carry me to the shore carry me
through the redwood trees through catalpa and pine and applewood

mostly I have brought you costly things origami jet planes
origami trumpets origami lockets that hold ash and bone

mostly I have called out arrivals and departures till my voice
was thin and hollow till all the train cars had broken on their tracks

2.

in the end what I will remember of us

is that I stood beneath the statue of Charles DeGaulle

and shouted at you while nearby

two men struck each other with sticks

and children threw pebbles at birds

we'd missed the last flight home

all your guidebooks and all your maps

could not get us what we needed most

jozh urban davis

Postcards From The Electric Void



The two abstract pieces were generated using a vision based artificial intelligence called deep convolutions neural networks. I've designed this machine to be capable of generating infinitely many images in a manner similar to the replay functionality of the visual cortex. In this way, the machine imitates the function of the visual human brain.



These excite me because we can think of the study of neuroscience as the brain describing itself — and similarly we can think of computational neuroscience as the brain re-creating itself — these pieces in this way are a platform for the brain to express itself.

Letter to Anne Sexton

Let me tell you about fishing and I'll let you tell me another emergency story and you can take as long as you need to, to begin, you can leave it in Park, go ahead, engine running, go back in for your mother's fur coat, if that's what you need to do, I won't be able to stop you, and neither will those foxes. Sometimes when something saddens me I grow mean. When I was three and my ambitious, strong, optimistic, lucky-in-love, Irish-German Episcopalian father pushed off from the dock at a marginal resort lake in the north woods of marginal Wisconsin, while my mother diapered my baby brother and looked out the window seeing the man she loved pointing the bow away, the two-seater stabbing a smear of it was either vacation morning sunshine or after sex joy, hard to tell, the people in the next door cabin who had been up since all night drinking began throwing things at each other and while I said people I meant the young couple and while I said things I meant dishes and furniture and you know fists, but the babbling tenor of the outboard took care of much of that for my father and me, out on the water, it lopped off the thumbs, drowning them. My sisters though were putting on their bathing suits when into their little room off the porch the furious and terrified woman staggered, holding herself together with her bruised arms. I don't know. We caught fish. I'm sure you don't care. Years later in lower Michigan I couldn't listen enough when Butch and Jeannie not their real names two doors down started busting on each other that shithole town down the road from Ann Arbor they tore up each other it was a regular deal. What I wanted to hear was some level of splash. Mostly, and, in the end, forever, it was voices and muffled blows. I wouldn't have known who to call back then and I wouldn't have called had I known, that's sure. I didn't want to know anything more than I already did about Butch or Jeannie, me their neighbor only two doors up that close himself to knocking someone's teeth out at least I think sometimes I could have, settling instead for putting someone's fist through a wall. I hated myself

back then and still do in smaller but present ways, most around the impossibility of knowing what I hear while pretending to ignore it. You should have seen my dad that day. Although on second thought, no. There's really nothing here that has to do with you while even if it did you wouldn't care. It's better underwater, always. Even the loudest hardest sounds dwindle into clicks. Underwater is where they went, the little fish my sisters were pretending to become. They schooled. They shoaled. They finned their fast thin legs, wiggled their little bodies along a waving line of pure gold 1962 noon day sun as pretty as it gets as it strobed the sandy shallow. Come on out of the car, Anne. I knew a girl once who was almost nothing like who I think you were, although she sat with your book closed on her desk all winter term saying nothing to me or to anyone unless someone spoke to her first. I'll tell you her story and you can decide what my act of betrayal or witnessing makes me. She said one day in the gray of morning she woke up, sounds of pounding, crashing, furniture breaking, all of a sudden a man in her bedroom's yelling where's he at where's your dad where's he keep his money and the whole time she's shaking, Anne, did you think he wasn't the whole time sticking a gun in her face? Her silence, against the sound of that downstairs ripped, coming open, men shouting past her about money and my part in whatever this is, is infinitesimally small, to the point of vanishing, inconsequential, I'm an English teacher, for f's sake, I should have been a biologist, me and my books, I hate— And you and your books. Well. In the end he quit drinking, as we all will. But before the end, my father could almost outlast the scotch though not quite. When he'd stand in his ruby red robe and red slippers, a glass of milk and two cookies in his hands. Good night, troops, he'd offer, swaying a little as he turned, heading down a hall. I used to know the state record for a smallmouth bass. One time I caught a fish so ugly I wet my pants and woke up crying. One time I broke four hearts in two days and of those four, they're all still breaking, as hearts do. My friend picked you up. He bought you the double vodkas you demanded in the airport bar, then drove you downtown for your reading. It was 11 o'clock. A Tuesday morning. Cleveland. I'll pray for you if you'll pray for me.

Reflection Letter

It was probably a mistake to try to put Donald Trump, H.D., and Eurydice all in the same poem. It was probably greedy to try to put John Terwilliger in (you don't know him) and the walleye (didn't catch it) and the term "photo phasic" which, in dust under a Jeffrey pine that was letting ghost clouds of doppelganger pollen billows blow a hundred feet tall golden borders for conveyances through dream realms, I had written, hungrily and thirstily, with my body in love with it, next on that page of sunny paper to the word "Iagomorph," which I'll not get to later.

Alone on a walk up Shirley Creek that I said I wouldn't do, up by a waterfall, which was more like a series of steps linked together, which basically means an escalator made out of water that was making out with some rocks because gravity, I found a cool place, took my notebook out, slowly began falling asleep, so that was a border, nice to listen to its traverse, so easy-peasy, my eyes closed, I dreamed about drums and the water turned the colors of a Greyhound bus leaving Cleveland at dawn.

The erasures were scorching. By the time I "got" Texas, I'd had to drink pages and pages. Some muscle stuff, some head stuff, some heart stuff, some breath stuff, children in cages at the border, everything you can't think of that involves route maps penciled numbers hand drawn hidden in back covers of paperback books, unless you can, with pages and pages of law in pursuit, and more water from the suitcase where I'd hide, because crying, because afraid of being present, yet will I unpack you, treasures of my hoarded white fear.

On a world map, the market scrap average for copper is \$7,000 per ton. I'm almost done. Down the plaza, kids and families, looking, talking, looking at the tram. I didn't know how to say in Spanish, "It goes way up farther over the crest of that mountain. At the top you're standing in the basement of the sky. Bring sunscreen." Trying to learn and acting friendly to everyone, the way things are. <El tranvía lleva a la gente a la cima de esa montaña. Cuando llegues estarás parado en el sótano del cielo. Lleva protector solar.>

Anyway, reflection on my process. I ended up using stanzas, and font.
I'd finish most nights around 2, sleep and wake up, drooling on my pillow.
(Text you later?)
Let's see, what else...

I fall in love with the weeds here, because every winter they die, every winter they die.

Survival Sounds

There are fixtures that you can surround yourself with that serve as funneled earths. The design of these fixtures is considered for transient use resembling acorns, sour cream dollops, or cabinet knobs, these spherical devices can be attached to erect structures with the provided woven chord. By creating a Gordian knot, the symmetrical weight of the chord allows the fixture to float in space at its most sonically urgent elevation. The fixture can be installed for any season; however, its filtering process can be obstructed by too much rain or snow. The fixtures' inner mechanism creates dimensional folds that release Pre-Colombian sounds from the area in which you install the fixture. Ornamenting a tree with several fixtures will create hierarchical systems of sound. The task of the proprietor of the fixture is to create a transliteration of the sound into actions that are transferable means of survival.

These actions can be literal or extrapolated items. All transcriptions should contain the proprietor's doubt of this knowledge of Pre-Colombian existence and the biases that are informing their literal and extrapolated accounts. The fixtures do not require batteries, solar power, or electrical charge. They are subsistent off the energy of time bending into a hexagonal shape. The proprietors of such fixtures have sparked debates surrounding the issue of transference. How do sounds dictate survival tactics and what are the sounds that we can trust to carry on across millennia? Do we place too much emphasis on the legitimacy of pre-modernity survival? How can we synthesize sounds to answer each other as a means of unveiling the anti-linear communicative patterns of livable civilization and expression (omni-microphones). The fixtures cannot provide these answers nor do they have synthetic abilities.

Proprietors have thusly pointed fixtures towards each other and have attempted to translate the resulting overlapping sounds as a way of showing constant variables within the sound structures and a lowered margin of bias from the proprietor. As a result, the proprietors have acquired several sets of data to work towards survival commonalities with varying success. A few of the commonalities include: intricate breath patterns, flame-resistant ear wear, and hallowed teeth.

These commonalities shall serve to instruct the survival sounds for the remainder of this treatise, with example applications to follow. These fixtures can be acquired by mail order through the submission of a letter of Multidimensional Need. In such letter, you should state your purposes in becoming a proprietor and any previous experience with dimensionality. When approved, you will receive your fixture in the mail and will have to place it atop the OED for five days for it to be active. An OED from the library will suffice. Once the five days have passed, we encourage you to experiment with the placement of the fixtures in interior and exterior spaces. Some examples of optimal locations are:

- Laundry rooms
- Bathtubs
- Between bookshelves
- Under balconies
- Hanging from a fire escape
- Above a car wheel
- Hanging above a body of water

Any questions shall be directed to the Department of Multidimensionality promptly but the asker shall be prepared to receive answers in multiple outlets/media.

Four Excerpts from *Ocean Poems*

this is the ocean we love back and forth we pace tapping our feet
along the nails around the edge placing an elastic ladder from
one supple end to the other and dancing as we cross it the ocean gets wider
as we sing. the ocean gets louder when we dance. the ocean is big enough
to swallow Guantanamo and small enough to care about us untrained
the ocean prays that today may or may not be the apocalypse.

after hours of non-effective stretches,

your hair in my tentacles
my forehead nuzzling to your teeth,
i still can't touch my toes, but you can
touch both our toes, touching what seems
like skin, touching silence, heating ceramic,
grilling octopus in a vacuum,

we had one friend, he was delicious.

we first met at the ocean. you were breaking bread
between your teeth, spitting half the broken bit trying to fill the beach,
and letting the other half dissolve on your tongue like an unremarkable
morning.

i saw you from the other side of the ocean and shouted, “there is a frog
in the rainforest who can’t pronounce his love without the fear
of death. do you know what today is?” and we watched the ocean
shake and grow and spittle like someone else’s baby at my loudness,
together.

1.
you’ve brought me the ointment
gave me the instructions. today’s
the ocean’s day off. it’s rashy and dry.
the ocean works long shifts, smells like it.
we love the odor, we talk about it so much.
i rub the ointment on its bald spots,
lick its belly, taste the salt.

2.
“come look, come look!”
you’ve spent the night
chiseling a dog out of salt
from the ocean’s rashy belly
and now it has wagged its
tail and pooped in the house.

masha lisak

Postcard from Recovery

I sit and read Radclyffe Hall:
wounds dressed in language.
Outside, July turns to November.
The windows rattle their agitation.
No one left here but young Stephen
and I, arking blindly on.

My body does its work
with an animal's mute certainty.

What will you find
when the flood recedes
and the marrow settles?

For J

At a midtown bar
filling with happy
hour men, I tugged
at your collar,
searched your
linoleum eyes.

“Another year, another storm”
I said, holding my heart out.
You let it sit there
until the blood caked.

Your own heart was plated
for someone else.

When we meet
I'll punch your chest
to see what
blooms there.

Jupiter

after NASA's "Visions of the Future" series

& we both agree—this is the farthest we've ever climbed. it's cold up here. the water
beneath reflects where we've been,
what's behind us. the colors in the backseat
do their miracle dance: we've been waiting for you. we saw when your mother stopped
holding your hand. at this point, at the edge of light, we start to cry. the basket handle: remnant
of what was before
the flight. I'm reminded how the beetle can see hues I can't. I feel like the beetle. my eyes
go running through my head at the moment of impact & I try to hold my breath, try not to
get crushed into air.

History of Water

but what if the lake just

series of puddles that forgot

to end

rachel anne preston

6.

For once I lived for myself, and the days I spent were for me.

Not clouded by lies and anxiety. Not concerned with a lie to
keep you complacent

And I begin to hate you

A little seed began to grow slowly, burrowing up in my soft
bloody core into my brain

First instinct is to deny it

After denying, the roots splintered out of my eyelids, forcing
them open to truly see

Everything I so proudly built will be demolished at the hands of
complacency

13.

In the future it will be bright

We will not read, computer beauties will televise the greats to us

No longer will 1984 be a threat

It will be an accepted reality, Fahrenheit 51 a long forgotten
laugh in the scope of technology.

And in the future we will no longer relate

All on a plank, walking to the end of communication

Who needs speaking when technology tells us how we should live

But there will be the few of us

Angry and bitter at things long gone, the romance of language

Longing for humanity

1984, 2019, 2054

But in the future it will be bright

We know everything and yet, we no longer relate

LANDSCAPE AT THE GETTY

"The work needs to have a certain longevity. It lasts longer than we do."

-Richard Meier

Wood is warm but may splinter. Steel is alien but durable. The blinds are plastic Venetian, the color of cigarette paper, and flimsy over large windows in their gray alloy outlines. Outside, light Travertine from Italy is here in L.A. White cylindrical rails slice up the mild winter sky. I'm sitting at a thickly lacquered table after sitting through a lecture on Cézanne's Still Life with Apples delivered by a bestselling Marxist professor who, quoting Beckett, came to the conclusion that, despite the comforting commonality in Cézanne's choice of objects: the wine bottle, little saucers, apples—the blue coverlet was (indeed!) a bourgeois artifact. Then there was this difficult part about abandoning personality to the chaos of sensation and landscapality; I didn't really get it. The clouds rolled in low and hairy in the skies, and I asked the professor, Do I exist for the landscape or does the landscape exist for me? And he replied, At a certain point in his life, Cézanne gave up on outlines and single perspectives; as a result, if you look at his paintings for too long you'll realize that your life is an illusion. So I left the lecture and came upon this conference table with its golden frozen ripples—this is maple, shaped like a stand up paddle board, twenty something feet long, something solid I could maybe try to surf if the Great Wave finally hits today. But eventually I'd tumble off into the crushing cold white water washing over this anomic architecture as all our bodies blip away like bubbles in crepe batter from this cool decadent platter.

LOSS OF THE CREATURE

Where did the creature go, slinking down the canyon like an ancient disappointment? Why did it slide into the slime bronze river? Why did it die in the mouth of another creature's creature? Churning in the copper belly of an unbelieving compendium of names? Where will it end up, drifting toward the sticky insect clambake? The river goes on and on split by misremembered rocks and unrationed banks? In the liquid moon, does a feeling drip down overworn, then catastrophic, like a cactus thirsting, then splitting? Like a cryptic hazard or a blank blizzard? Like blame or worm? Like the flippant lure of fishing creatureless, anyone, anywhere?

megan easely

07/13/16

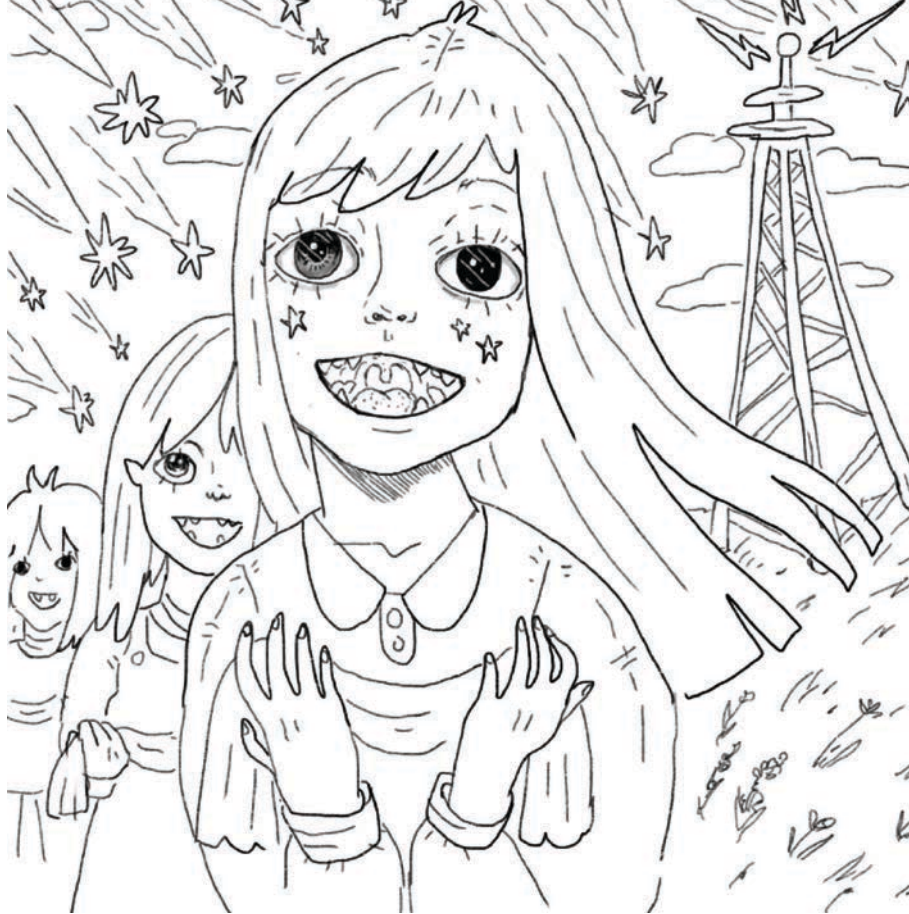
The Goddess is Selfless
The Goddess is unconditional Love
She will Bless her children
And allow them to pick and scrape
Away at her Body
Until they have their fill
Until She is no more
But She will not save them
From drowning in their own flames

11/27/17

In the distance, a star is dying. Too far and too late to stop it. You can only watch it burn out, from a distance. It burns so brightly it's hard to look away. Avoid using a telescope; it may burn your eyes. A distant star is dying, imploding violently but without first taking an entire solar system of casualties along with it.

01/04/18

The darkness is not naïve; it can be clever. Sometimes, attempting to disguise itself as Light, it will bathe itself in billions of tiny glittery mirror-like surfaces. The tiny mirrors form a coat to catch and reflect the Light of its environment. Many will be fooled and drawn to the false light. But the darkness, having no Light to exude of its own, will only take and never reciprocate.



alice belen

All of the radios in the orphanage had been destroyed a week ago, and they were to allow no one into the compound. On the night of the event all of the girls were blind folded and led out onto the Promenade overlooking the courtyard. When the first meteors began to fall they were told to remove their blindfolds. They began to giggle hysterically as the pretty lights danced upon the sclera of their eyes. Of course they knew nothing of the impending danger as they had been told by the nuns that this was all a part of a great big party that god was throwing to show the world how much he dearly loved them and that he would be taking them all home very soon. The nuns explained in soft cooing voices how soon they would never again know hunger or pain and how they would all know the wonderful love of a mother and father. They were so entranced by the lovely bits of falling sky that they had not even noticed that many of the nuns had already begun weeping...



tessa ehrman













BY:
@VEEKI313

REACTOR REACTION!

SEOUL, KOREA

THIS IS
THE PLACE!



I CAME ALL THE
WAY TO KOREA
JUST FOR THIS!



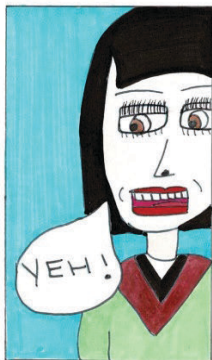
CAN I HEL...



SANNAKJI
PLEASE!



YEH!



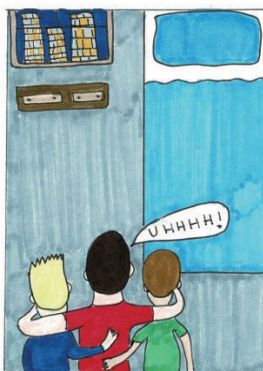
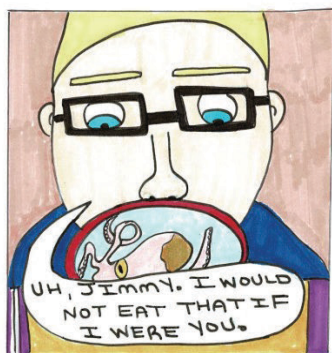
ONE
SANNAKJI!

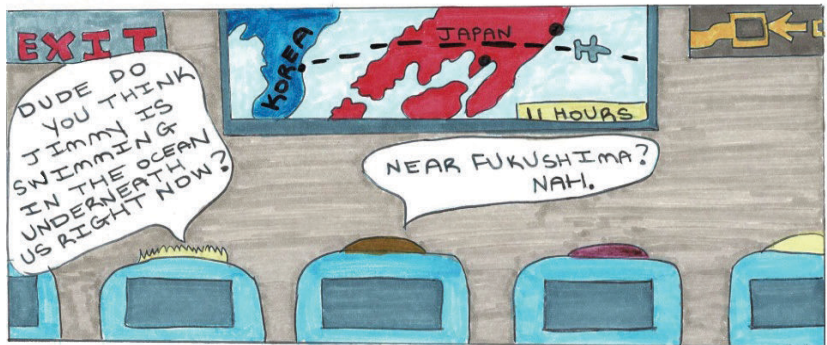
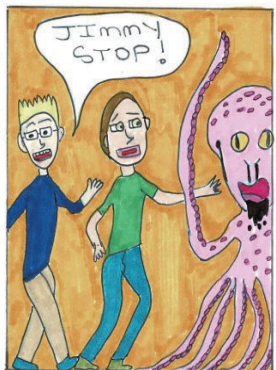
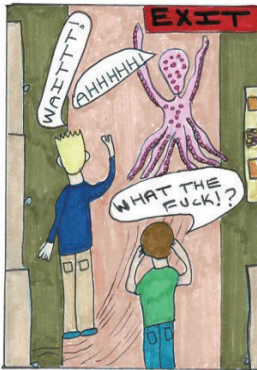
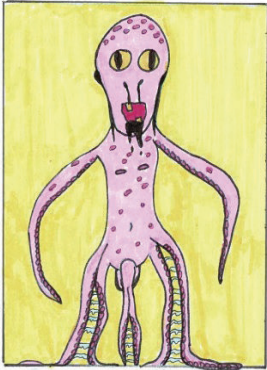
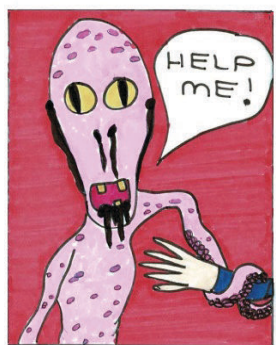
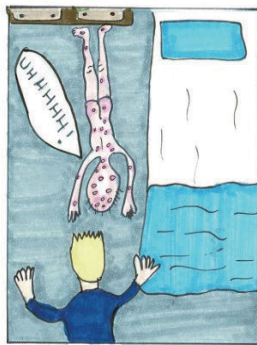
Emm!



HERE YOU
GO!











PLV

*"This one is good for treating blemishes and reducing
the appearance of an existential crisis."*



“Just here for the basil plants.”

**HOLO
GRAPHIC
CONTRIBUTIONS
TO
KNELL
JOURNAL
ARE AVAILABLE
AT
KNELL.HOME.BLOG**

DON'T MISS THE SOUNDS & SIGHTS OF

MILK LEG

ALI RIVIERA

FIELD TRIP

**VALUE
MERCHANTS**

**SAMANTHA
RIOTT
&
SANDY
EWEN**

**LAKTATING
YAK
&
DEAD
TIME**

**MAN,
THE ROBOT**

ERIC TODD

BIOS

135 Houston based artist, **Alice Belen** has been painting and illustrating for over a decade. Her artistry invokes themes of both innocence and horror this duality makes for an extremely and often unsettling combination, Alice enjoys to examine the world through the eyes of an awestruck child, everything she paints seemed to covered in a glittery haze. Alice is skilled in the use of watercolor gouache and most recently digital portraiture. As an extremely passionate artist she utilizes her craft to face the sometimes terrifying world from a seat of both strength and tenderness.

78- **Anthony Sutton** lives in the Ouiatenon area (Lafayette, Indiana) and
82 has poems appear or forthcoming in *Third Coast*, *Passages North*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Grist*, *Puerto del Sol*, and elsewhere.

67- **Ariana-Sophia Kartsonis**, author of two books: *Intaglio*, 2006 and *The*
77 *Rub*, 2014, teaches at Columbus College of Art & Design where she is faculty advisor for *Botticelli Magazine*. She lives in Powell and Tipp City, Ohio where she and her husband run the writer/artist residency at Aggy Road Farm. aggyroad.farm

96- **CamBam Boom** is a personality belonging to Camila-Maria Alvarez who
110 now wears most the hats at booming Avant-core label Crass Lips Records while continuing to share many cuntreversial tales through their band Period Bomb. This and several other pieces of enlightened literature on subjects such as taking women's health into your own hands, accessibility in DIY scenes, rape culture and systematic racism and misogyny, can be found on their site www.crasslipsrecords.org. CamBam, or Cam for short, aims to keep DIY scenes vibrant, integrated and inspired one hurt and neglected scene at a time, and is eternally grateful for the chance to ask their all-time hero Lydia Lunch for advice.

23- **Eric Todd** is a visual artist, writer, and musician who has served as an
26 editor for the NANO Fiction literary journal, a writer for the ESPN affiliate Red94, and co-founder of {exurb}, an art collective that explored the conjunction of science, art, and technology through large-scale, kinetic and interactive sculpture. {exurb} had the solo exhibitions *waveForms*, University of Indianapolis (2013), *Topologies*, Lawndale Art Center, Houston (2015), and *Array*, Art League Houston (2016), among others. Todd was

featured artist at *Day for Night* festival in 2016. His work is held in the State of New Mexico's Art Collection. Originally from West Tennessee, he received his BFA from the University of Houston in Creative Writing and Theatre and is currently pursuing post-baccalaureate work in Electrical Engineering.

Ethan Andrews lives in Portland, Maine and works as a baker. He is grateful to his girlfriend, Liz, for introducing him to poetry and for being his first and most generous reader. Besides writing and mixing cookie dough, Ethan enjoys playing golf and courting his two aloof cats.

Felipe Steinberg received an MFA from SAIC in Chicago (2016), and a BA in Social Communication from Faculdade Cásper Líbero (2009). He also attended the University of São Paulo, Bachelor in Philosophy (2005-2010). Steinberg was the recipient of the acquisition prize for Salão Nacional de Itajaí (Brazil), SAIC - Berlin Residency (USA), Idea Fund Houston - The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts (USA) and Houston Arts Alliance Artists - Individuals Grant Program (USA), among others. His works have been shown internationally including the Museum of Fine Arts Houston (USA), Museu Oscar Niemeyer (Brazil), SESC (Brazil), Grimm Museum (Germany), Socrates Sculpture Park (USA), 1After320 (India), Visual Arts Center - University of Texas (USA), and Anthology Film Archives (USA). He attended the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture (2014) and was a fellow at the Core Program at the Museum of Fine Arts Houston (2018). He is currently a participant at the Whitney Independent Study Program in New York (2018-19).

Jay Aquinas Thompson is a poet, essayist, and educator with recent or forthcoming work in *The Oakland Review*, *COAST / NoCOAST*, *Big Big Wednesday*, *The Spectacle*, *Full Stop*, *Fog Machine*, *Denver Quarterly*, and *Poetry Northwest*, where he's a contributing editor. He's been awarded grants and fellowships from the Community of Writers, the Sustainable Arts Foundation, and 4Culture. He lives with his family in Seattle, where he teaches creative writing to incarcerated women.

Jeffrey Bussey, while born in Houston, Texas, is not from here, but is very happy to be here now. Jeffrey also runs Gentle Hour, a monthly morning reading series out of his living room, The Pocket. For more find him (@jbussey) or his living room (@thepocket_htx) on instagram or go to www.gentlehour.us.

Jozh Urban Davis is a media artist and scientist from Texas. He currently lives in New Hampshire with his cat, Nocturne where he is pursuing his doctorate in computational sciences at Dartmouth. More information can be found at <https://www.joshurbandavis.com>. Instagram: @kweenofparts.

k.lynn johnson is from the bay area in northern california. their work can be found in *Columnia Journal*, *Flock*, and others. they live in brooklyn and work as a software engineer.

Kalen Rowe runs Anklebiters Publishing and put together the thing you are reading right now. They are many people. A bookmaker, a designer, a publisher, an editor, a poet, a sound painter, and a hermit. They have a degree in creative writing from the University of Houston, poetry in *The Letters Page*, *Gravel*, *Botticelli Magazine*, *RipRap*, and others, published two books of poetry, *Free Songs* and *Something Beautiful Triumphs*, and they are an alumnus of The Home School and the Community of Writers.

Kelsey Gutierrez is an MFA candidate at California State University, Long Beach. Her accomplishments include being selected as one of Literary Women's Harriet Williams Emerging Writers and being the recipient of the William T. Shadden Memorial Award in poetry. Kelsey's work has been published in *Written Here: The Community of Writers Poetry Review*, *Coe Review*, *Muse*, and *Broad! Magazine*.

Lili Bauerlein: "I am a visual artist from west chester, PA. Using collage, illustration, and the human figure as a means to engage the audience, my work explores the relationship between figures and their environment. The pieces I have submitted remind me of the impending doom of capitalism, life with ghosts, and the great barrier reef."

Mary-Kim Arnold is the author of *Litany for the Long Moment* (Essay Press, 2018) and the forthcoming *The Fish & The Dove* (Noemi Press, 2020). She teaches in the Nonfiction Writing Program at Brown University.

Masha Lisak is a queer immigrant poet living in Oakland, CA, where she works as a social sector consultant and occasionally walks dogs. She is the Editor-in-Chief of *Written Here*, a journal of the Community of Writers at Squaw Valley. Her poetry is forthcoming in *Sycamore Review*. www.mashalisak.com

Megan Easley is a native Houstonian. At a young age, Easley discovered her eternal love of music and the natural world. She has since united both loves into one creative practice. In 2008, Easley began exploring experimental sound using water percussively. Driven by curiosity, Easley continues to expand her repertoire through investigating the possibilities of water sounds. Easley has been invited to perform at a number of local Houston venues and art spaces including the Center for Contemporary Craft, the Station Museum, and the Byzantine Fresco Chapel. She aspires to create an experience that speaks to both human and non-human audiences. Easley lives by the belief that "water is life". Using water as an instrument, she seeks to give water a "voice" and hopes that those who listen will take away a deeper appreciation for our water, and all life forms that surround us.

Natalie Ruiz is a first-generation American poet, screenwriter, short story writer, and novelist. In 2014 she graduated from the University of Houston with a Bachelor's in Creative Writing, and currently lives in Los Angeles,

California. Her writing is influenced by interpersonal and intrapersonal relationships, beer, and the overall (lovely) human condition.

Natasha Mijares is an artist, writer, curator, and educator. She received her MFA in Writing from The School of the Art Institute of Chicago. She has exhibited at various international and national galleries. She has been published in *Container*, *Vinyl Poetry*, *The Gravity of the Thing*, and other venues. 122-123

Nick Maurer, a writer and visual artist from Southern California, holds an MFA from UC Irvine. His collection *Sonnets* is forthcoming from The Collected Works of Monday. 132-133

Paula Lopez-Gamundi is an illustrator and cartoonist living in Houston, TX. When she isn't having an existential crisis regarding her thesis, you can find her drawing or pacing about her apartment looking for her keys. <https://www.paulalopezgamundi.com/> 146-147

Rachel Anne Preston: "I have lived in Houston for the entirety of my life. I grew up spending the majority of my time creating my own newsletters I would hand out to my neighbors that included movie reviews, music reviews and false news stories I created. From this grew my passion for writing, and I would spend hours every day trying to come up with new book plots and attempting to finish numerous books I had started. I currently only write short poems expressing the pain from different traumatic experiences in my life. Each one shares with the reader an intimate piece of my soul." 130-131

Ronnie Yates is a poet and performer. His poems and art reviews have appeared in *Colorado Review*, *Ploughshares*, *POOL*, *Arts and Culture Magazine* and on Bomblog and Verse Daily. He's performed prepared guitar and text in various groups, including the Nameless Sound Ensemble and New Factories at Diverse Works, the Menil Collection, Alabama Song and other local and national venues. 50-59

Rūta Kuzmickas is currently pursuing an MM in piano performance at the Shepherd School of Music at Rice University in Houston, TX. In addition to her musical life, she is a photographer, visual artist, and writer. Some of her work appears in Volume I of *Silver Needle Press*. 127-142

Samantha Riott is an American spoken word artist, musician, writer and vocalist. Her current band is Rodenticide and she is prominent in the NYC underground music scene. Confrontational and provocative in her work, she straddles the line between seductive siren & nihilistic hysteric, embarks on endeavors with intensity through personal & socio-political subjects. <https://samanthariott.bandcamp.com/releases>
<https://rodenticide.bandcamp.com/releases> 85-95

Stan Le was born in Garland, grew up in Plano, graduated from Alvin & now nests in Eastwood. He is currently drafting a SE Asian pre-colonial fantasy comic book with illustrator E-man Mariategue, titled *Bawang Merah*. The project was a finalist for the 2019 Creative Capital Awards. Le works as a product photographer in Houston's International District & spends the rest of his time trying to snap out of a daydream, oh my.

Stefan Torralba is a poet, educator, and graduate student originally from the Bay Area. His poems have appeared in *Catch* and *TAB*. He is currently based in Riverside, CA working toward a PhD in English at the University of California, Riverside.

Ted Lardner's work has lately appeared in Blue Fifth Review, Arsenic Lobster, Matador Review, Bird's Thumb, and Birds Piled Loosely. His chapbook, *We Practice For It*, was selected by Mark Doty for the Sunken Garden Poetry Award, and is available from Tupelo Press. Ted teaches writing and literature at Cleveland State University.

Tessa Ehrman is a nervous, but determined nugget. Her previous works include *Tear Your Heart Out* amongst other short films, and *Night Market I and II*. While currently being in the process of moving, all projects are on hiatus. But a little birdie mentioned Tessa and her writing partner, Cass, are working on a new project, as well as some other art-related plans...

Texas Cook: "I write in the way others solve puzzles. If there is a wire that runs through all of my poetry it would be the energy of my urgent questioning. Or the idea of satisfaction clawing its way out of a world built on inequity. And I desperately believe that we can find our collective, tangible survival through radical institutional change, devotion to our communities, impassioned teaching, and socialism."

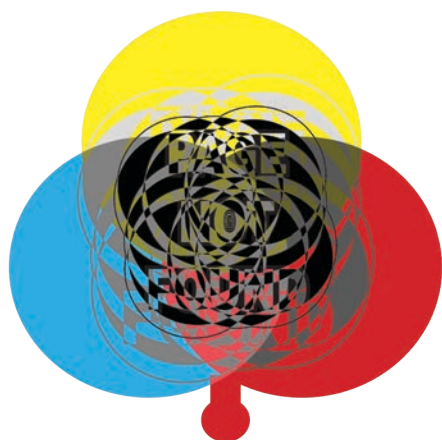
Veek's been creating Zines since 2017 and has released 9 comic zines and 1 literature zine. Her comics are often described as bizarro and mostly feature dark humor with a twist of horror. You can find her on Facebook and Instagram @veek1313

Veronica Martin received her MFA from the University of Texas at Austin. Her writing has appeared or is forthcoming in *Vestoj*, *Kinfolk*, *Poor Claudia*, and *Hesperios*, among others. She wrote and edited a column for Tin House's blog, *The Open Bar*, about the intersection of fashion and literature, called *Your Slipcase is Showing*, and is at work on an essay collection on the same topic. She is from Portland, Oregon.

Yue Nakayama is a Houston based artist and filmmaker whose work addresses interpersonal communications within multicultural environments and across belief systems. She received BFA from Denison University and MFA from University of Pennsylvania. Screenings and exhibitions of her work have been held in various venues across the United States and beyond including ICA Philadelphia, Vox Populi, Visual Art Center UT Austin and

DiverseWorks. Residencies she has been awarded include the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture and the Core Program at the Museum of Fine Arts Houston.







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