

Fact•Simile

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VOL. 2 No. 1

SPRING 2009

FREE



INTERVIEW WITH KRISTIN PREVALLET

+New work from: Rosmarie Waldrop

Reed Bye

Donald Illich

David Wolach

Serena Rose Chopra

& more



The Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics

Summer Writing Program 2009

Weekly Workshops June 15–July 12 • Boulder, CO

WEEK ONE: June 15–21

Outrider: Jack Kerouac School Lineages

Faculty: Rebecca Brown, Junior Burke, Jack Collom, Samuel R. Delany, Renee Gladman, Brad Gooch, Bobbie Louise Hawkins, Anselm Hollo, Laird Hunt, Joyce Johnson, Basil King, Martha King, Eileen Myles, Janine Pommy Vega, A.B. Spellman and Julia Seko (printshop)

WEEK TWO: June 22–28

Contemplative Poethics:

Endangered Species and Imagination

Faculty: Ed Bowes, Reed Bye, Amy Catanzano, Maxine Chernoff, Andrew Clausen, Laura Elrick, Kass Fleisher, LeRoy Moore, Akilah Oliver, Elizabeth Robinson, Jerome Rothenberg, Selah Saterstrom, Eleni Sikelianos, Cecilia Vicuña, Anne Waldman, John Whalen-Bridge and Wesley Tanner (printshop)

WEEK THREE: June 29–July 5

Polyvalent/Rhizomic Identities

Faculty: Rosa Alcalá, Mei-Mei Berssenbrugge, Sherwin Bitsui, Bei Dao, Clayton Eshleman, Gloria Frym, Mark McMorris, Semezdin Mehmedinovic, Leonard Schwartz, Christopher Stackhouse, Truong Tran, Lewis Warsh, Zhang Er and Shari DeGraw (printshop)

WEEK FOUR: July 6–12

Artistic Sangha: Performance, Publishing, Community & Collaboration

Faculty: Michelle Ellsworth, Brian Evenson, Simone Forti, C.S. Giscombe, Joanna Howard, Dan Machlin, Rusty Morrison, Hoa Nguyen, Max Regan, Ed Roberson, Alberto Ruy Sanchez, Dale Smith, Steven Taylor, Wang Ping and Mary Tasillo (printshop)

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Cover Design and Typesetting
by JenMarie Davis

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FACT-SIMILE EDITIONS
FACT-SIMILE MAGAZINE
VOLUME 2 NUMBER 1

FACT-SIMILE is edited and published by
Travis Macdonald and JenMarie Davis

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers:

Spring is finally here and with it comes volume 2.1 of **FACT-SIMILE** magazine.

We've been busy since our last installment, finishing up MFAs, starting exciting new jobs and reading an amazing amount of work from a diverse group of writers nationwide. Along those lines, we just recently wrapped up our first annual Equinox chapbook contest! As you flip through these pages, keep an eye out for our winner announcement. We are very excited about these three texts, forthcoming this summer as book/objects from Fact-Simile Editions.

Once again, we are joined in this issue by a great many friends and fellow small presses. If you haven't had the opportunity to make the acquaintance of any of our advertisers, I strongly urge you to do so. They represent some of the finest independent literary ventures in America today.

To the matter at hand: we've put together another great issue for your enjoyment. Featuring an interview with Kristin Prevallet and new work from a multi-generational array of talented writers nationwide, our third installment promises to please. If this is your first time reading **FACT-SIMILE**, please be sure to visit our website (www.Fact-Simile.com) to review past issues or for more information regarding our magazine and book projects.

Sincerely,

Travis & JenMarie
The Editors
Fact-Simile Editions

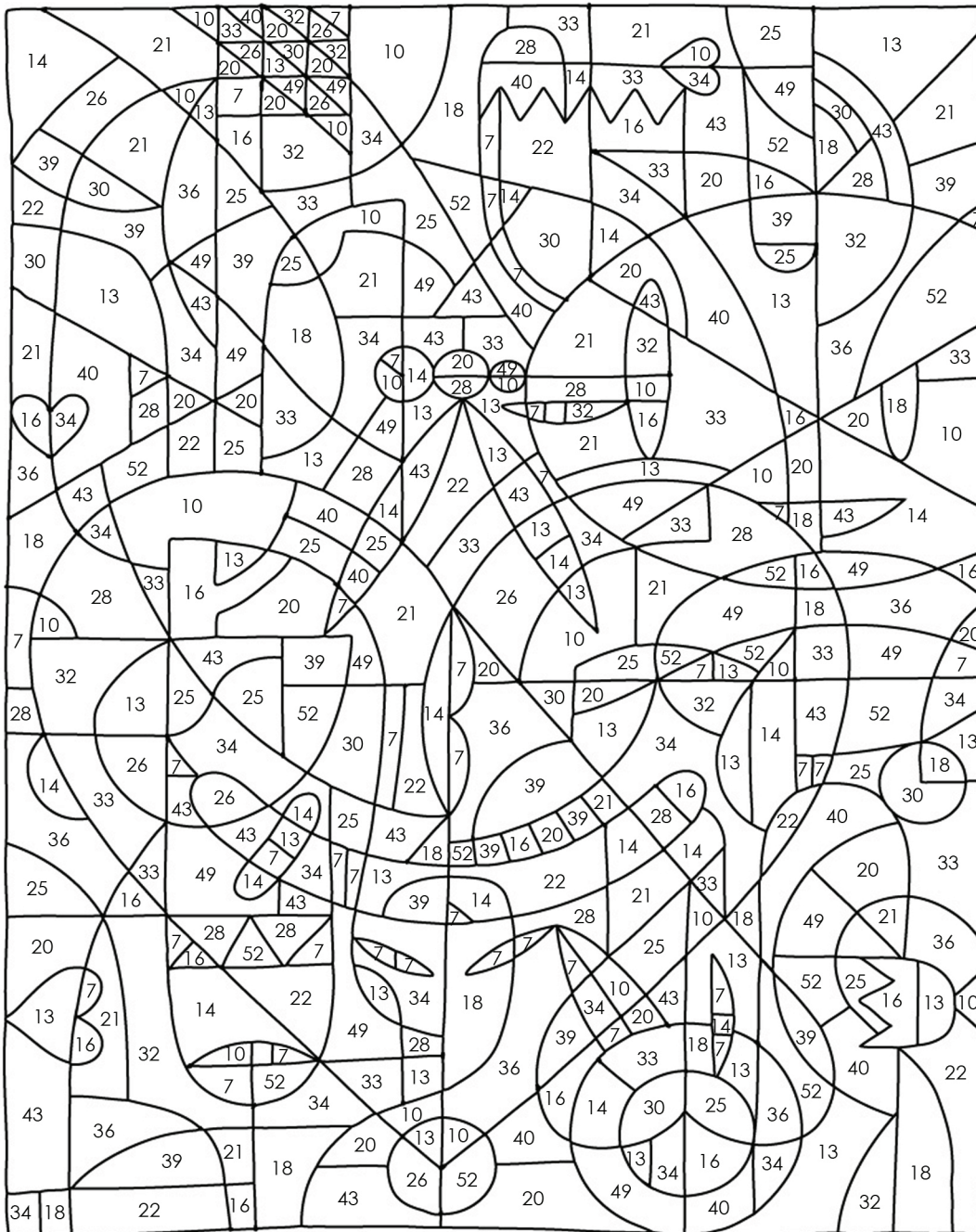
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We, the editors at **FACT-SIMILE**, would like to thank the following individuals, entities and institutions for their continued support, without which none of this would be possible:

Our Contributors
Our Readers
Kristin Prevallet
Naropa University SWP
Joe Richey
Bedouin Books
Jared Hayes
Livestock Editions
BlazeVOX

Gypsy Daughter
Elizabeth Robinson
Potlatch Poetry
Anne Waldman
Hot Whiskey Press
House Press
Lisa Birman
Max Regan

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Way We Teach You
Step-by-Step to Draw
At Home in Spare Time*



**Source ⁰⁴
Material**

A Journal of Appropriated Text

“NOTHING” IS CLOSURE: AN INTERVIEW WITH KRISTIN PREVALLET

By JenMarie Davis

FS: I really admire your whole undertaking: the exploration and investigation of public mourning and the universal questions that *I, Afterlife* raises, especially: “why doesn’t our culture have rituals of public mourning?” Why, when people see it, does it make them uncomfortable?

KP: It seems like some people – particularly those raised in Catholic or Protestant

traditions – get their ideas about grief and mourning

from Elisabeth Kübler-Ross’ 12-step model, which basically posits that death is something that we must move through...in other words, feel the anger, feel the denial, and then get over it. I’ve always been very moved by the ritualized mourning of the Jewish tradition because the 12 stages are quite literally enacted over a period of time, with the support of the family and community. After the preparations for the dead are made the family enters 7 days of intense mourning – the Shiva – in which mirrors are covered and prayer services are observed with other members of the community. There is closure, but there is also the idea that you’re going to take 30 days to move through all these rituals associated with grieving. The grieving, in other words, is not a cross that you bear. Everybody comes into it. But I think, for a lot of people in the Catholic or Protestant tradition there’s a sense of: “I have to do this all myself. And the way I’m going to get through is to go through 12 phases of mourning. It’s all laid out and internalized. Nothing is performed. That kind of idea (the self-help model) is so integral to the current of culture in the U.S. When my father died the police come to our house and gave us a pamphlet—they really did—about the 12 stages of grief and

about how you shouldn’t build a shrine because that’s just holding on. We have a word in American English that is not translatable in any other language: “closure.” I had a poem that was being translated into French that had that word “closure” in it. I had a line: “nothing, is closure.” They could not translate that word. It took about an hour of explaining what the heck it even meant. I think it actually is a fairly new

word, in terms of psychology—but it’s so perfectly American, that word. Because

it’s really what this culture’s all about: something’s wrong and if you can’t pull yourself up by your bootstraps to figure it out then you’re going to become a kind of outsider and a derelict and we don’t have to pay attention to you. And what you really want is closure! You

had a bad breakup? Closure. Somebody died? You need closure. It’s so ingrained. And there are good things about it... goodness knows moving on is a good thing. Transmutating. Metamorphosis. This culture is so based on function. Everybody has to function within their little knot and we all have to just keep pulling the strings, get over our bull shit, and get back to normal.

FS: Mourning hinders productivity.

KP: That’s exactly what I’m trying to say. It hinders productivity. Right, so just get over it. Certainly don’t bring it to the workplace.

FS: Right. I was actually about to ask you how you thought mourning tied into the American Dream.

KP: It ties into the American Dream



very explicitly. Or I should say which American Dream, because there are many. Sure there is the cliché American Dream where immigrants come here and bring their culture with them, they open their Chinese Restaurant in Chinatown, or you bring your Italian food ... and it's all about contributing something to the great melting pot, blah blah blah. But how about the other American Dream, the one no one wants to talk about? How about the American Dream of a person who escapes political trauma in their country, an entire family is killed and so they escape, the trauma of crossing the border on foot, still grieving, still angry, a stranger in a strange land. Nobody wants to hear those stories. Stories of how difficult it is to adjust. Certain traumas are not grievable, especially if the killings took place in other countries. There's no space for those stories to even be told. There are few places in this culture where that is acceptable. So a person comes over, seeks the American Dream, but has to completely suppress his trauma, even though a lot of people are coming over with a lot of grief. Just in the journey that they went through.

This brings up the question of what it means to publicly mourn. To really mourn. To wail, to scream, to cry out. Usually women carry this performative burden. And their function is to wail. Publicly, so that other people can feel your pain inside of them. You're a mourner, and you bring other people into the space of mourning. I really like that idea. Because I also think that, when it is brought up, when it is able to be witnessed there is a boomerang effect: "Hear me mourn. Is a part of you in mourning too? Join me. You can have whatever reaction that you want to it. But you can know, at least, that I'm mourning. And it's cool." And the minute you see someone else mourning, you can enter that space if you want to. Even if the person or

object you are mourning is different. And the funny thing about it is—and I think I told you this—I didn't have a single man in my class or otherwise come up to me and say anything about my performance, you know? And I keep thinking: "mourning is such a gender thing."

FS: But what is the connection between gender and mourning?

KP: Yeah. You know: why is it that women are the public mourners? We have great examples of male mourners.

"But to bring over the tragedy of crossing a border and having your brother killed . . . Nobody wants to hear those stories. Nobody, and there's no space for those stories to even be told."

Allen Ginsberg, as Anne was saying at her lecture, was a public mourner. That's one of the functions he served in the culture. *Kaddish*. He started chanting mantras at the news reporters instead of answering questions about why he was protesting. He started chanting. That's public ritual. But it's so foreign. Beautiful, strange.

FS: Do you think that other rituals, not just mourning, are foreign to Americans? What rituals do we really have?

KP: Well I think we have to see shopping as a ritual. I think watching television shows and then talking about them in public spaces is a sort of ritual that people do without even really knowing that they're doing it. To me, ritual is just something that's enacted that allows people to break down individual barriers and connect with a group, with a community. So, what are the rituals that allow people to do that? Anything that brings people out of their little individualistic shells into the public sphere is a ritual in itself. And many people have an experience, don't know how to handle it, and so go shopping.

FS: Or there's that other kind of closure. Graduation ceremonies and things...

KP: Oh sure. Pomp and circumstance and all that. Spend \$20,000 on your wedding so you can look like Cinderella for a day – an ordinary girl can be a rich person (for a day). And pay off the wedding for the next 20 years!

FS: I'm kind of curious about this idea of shrine and object. I was looking at your website and seeing your different prompts and you talk a lot about shrine objects and you mentioned before the pamphlet that says "Don't make a shrine." Can you speak to that warning or the benefits of a shrine?

KP: Well you're not supposed to make a shrine because they don't want you to hold on.

Because holding on is not closure. But the thing that I think isn't necessarily understood about a shrine is that when you make a shrine, you're making it—and in the process of making it, you're manifesting your mourning. I mean it's the function of art, ultimately, to give a form to something that's unspeakable or, very often, difficult. People come to writing because they feel that they have something to say. They need a form to be able to use language to articulate something difficult. And so building a shrine is a performance of objects, an assembling of objects put in one place. I call these objects alive – dynamic. Because once associated with a difficult internal space, they are animated. Just the act of making a shrine is a kind of ritual. Now, whether that shrine disappears after a week or gets rearranged in time doesn't matter. The objects will move in and out of significance. They will go from being alive, to being dead, Meaningless. But that's exactly what is happening to us internally as we move through the stages of grief. I mean I think building a shrine and rearranging it every week is a really good practice because then

you're kind of tracking all of the processes that are going on inside of you.

FS: It's a dynamic process instead of a static one.

KP: Yeah, yeah...

FS: Almost like a filter.

KP: Right. And of course, the other reason why "shrine" is such a problem is because we associate it with "weird" cultures like "India." A shrine for the god you choose to worship. And that sort of doesn't go over well with the Invisible God thing the Catholics have imposed on us over here. A shrine has something to do with the iconography of God and the iconography of manifesting what's invisible. Praying to a false idol, that old guilt trip. Even though that's not necessarily what you're doing. You're just remembering, associating, processing. I guess that's one way of praying. So yeah, it's hard to say. I mean there are different gradations of shrine-building. I met a woman who told me about a time she went to go and help an artist friend of hers to move. They were going through boxes in the room and she said, "Well, what's in that box?" and the artist said, "I'll show it to you. Since you're the one who should see it. I've never shown it to anybody before." So she pulls it out and opens it and it is her embalmed cat from like 20 years ago or something. The police handing out brochures about the 12-stages of grief would go crazy over this – it's all wrong! But is it? It's a process of grieving. She turned her grief over her cat's death into an art project. Hey, it's better to embalm your cat than to go crazy with grief! I wonder, what is the urge to embalm? It seems very internally directed—I'm embalming myself. I'm closing you out. But if you literally perform the act of embalming, then maybe you're working something through. Maybe you're doing that so that you can be a more open person... by externally manifesting your grief...

FS: That actually kind of leads to my next question, which is about the collaboration with your family, on the *I, Afterlife* dance piece you did in Chicago. Did you see that as a public display of mourning and maybe also a shrine of sorts?

KP: Absolutely. And I think one of the things...First of all, it's very rare for a family to collaborate at that level that we did. Because we all have very different experiences of our father's death and so bringing them together into this performance was definitely a public display. It was like: "We can show this process. We can show people where we're at with this. We can turn this into art." So that becomes, then, a generative gesture. A gesture of generosity. Because we made this into art, and you're viewing it and then, hopefully, you can say: "Well maybe that's how to (*cont'd on page 45*)

THE

"this book enacts a repossession of U.S. history that is by turns playful, indignant, contemplative, and elegiac"
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J. TOWNSENDThe Shortwave Lyrics¹

Care Package (Conet 2.3)

1.

Clatter settles

two wheels touching—sweetly

birth,

disruption

rent air

paradox

¹ This series of poems draws its name and parts of its vocabulary from collections of shortwave radio transmissions known as irdials, specifically, a four disc selection of these recordings released as “The Conet Project.” These transmissions, cryptic in both origin and significance, are thought to be linked to advances in cryptography, espionage, and military intelligence. Most of these recordings consist of a series of numbers or letters, sometimes preceded by several bars of music to signify the beginning of the transmission. They occur all hours of the day, some being rebroadcast over shortwave bands for years, appearing and disappearing with no apparent explanation.

The individual pieces themselves were written in the space of listening to these recordings, and attempting to engage with the concept of poetic transmission, in the Spicer-ian sense; to encounter the word on the page as part of the expanse riddle of sound and meaning.

2.

we sang her a lullabye

phonelines
laid mountains to
deep

they transgress home-
coming

(yankee)

small thing

(hotel)

closer by degrees

(...)

there the mirror reflects
a familiar face

(fxtrot)

Preska (Conet 4.4)

- - - Hearing-in-crossed-lines - - -

PIECES

a broken center
a series of remainders,
a room

What is called "relation"
which leaves an imprint
involuntary

in

LETTERS

descending the spine

MICHAEL LEONG

Elementary Morality

after Raymond Queneau

sound thought	thawed thinking	chthonic clockwork
	sudden thunk	
echoic architecture	umbral antenna	soughing threshold
	whirling spoke	
eventual sound	unspoken radius	interludic current
	current event	
	speed reading	
	light reading	
	close reading	
	silent reading	
	mind reading	
	reading [too much]	
	: <i>intuit</i>	
sudden thought	umbral architecture	whirling threshold
	thinking thunk	

ANSELM PARLATOREPENITENTIAL PSALM
XII (An Aubade)

*And so it stays just on the edge of vision,
A small unfocused blur, a standing chill*

Philip Larkin "Aubade"

Plovers above the tide line, an on shore flow
melting ice patches, blue fescue, at the promontory
the monotony & futility of our promenade

that the flags of the docks transcribe in the wind
an anguish of departure, a beseechment of the monstrous
apocrypha, the vetch feared & abstracted

your astonishing visitation now echoes & sighs of the dark conditions.
Maybe, when all is said & done, we actually did glimpse the spectral
& ancient roaming light, the armatures of all the menacing formulas.

Last night, wasn't it you who told me they found ivory & stone
ancient harpoon points in whales off The Outer Coast,
droppings & sinew of caribou near Tsawwassen?

We listened to Debussy's *Syrinx*, Berio's *Sequenza*
had cold figs & cream just this morning, our long patience
immutable, inscrutable, lacerating all our old enchantments.

So? The lurking paradigms & disquietudes, the realignments
& all the stagnated & disenchanting repertoires, all the apparitions
are now part of us, part of our prolonged & depleted suite.

PENITENTIAL PSALM

XIV

*...until now I never knew
that fluttering things have so distinct a shade*

Wallace Stevens "Le Monocle de Mon Oncle"

Crows over wheatfields moving on the contours of the wind
yet a sleep of motionless convolutions, shadows & ornaments
of a black bloom, a scratching, her handwriting fragments

the pallid tracings, the dry & feverish wrists,
long tendrils of the trailing black currant vines
our silence the shape of the opaque, sparse repose.

You stood by the dark tangle of the nets. You shook your hair.
You said, *nobody knows who I am here*. Gorgeous!
There are slender lures, trivia, ephemera, realia

to this languid nocturne now that you are no longer here.
Even the orbs are longing... a dilapidation to this unbearable farewell,
the dull throb of the *Plover's* diesel as the shuttle ferry's prow

slowly reached the distant landing & you disembarked.
You forgot your shawl. The reluctant shade dilated astonished.
The damp fog yawned in an eerie warp. A mockery.

And so, that's how I remember it. Let that example suffice for now.
I'll continue to excavate the compendium, exhume all the sweet errors,
grace the empty balconies, join the long procession of hooded penitents.

KEVIN KILROY

from *Stan and The Procession of Forms: a triptych*

excerpt from Second Panel

Let me take my time in explaining the Institute and how it began. I wish to be alive tomorrow, so permit me to begin many things, unscrew many lids, open many doors and create a breeze. The others do not have a say in this, so wish me into being. Dream me, draw me, wear me through your clothing. I do not wish to be real, nor to keep my mouth shut about matters such as the multiplicity of worlds. Drink me, swim me in your gaze—the pretty faces who notice you as they pass, let them notice me as well. I am coming through. I do not fantasize about inverting the body, nor dream of future encounters as possibilities for retribution. Trace me between the bushes of your dreams and the potatoes of your plate. Notice each hint of mystery on your way from the library to the enigmatic grocery cart manufacturer built thirty yards beneath the ground, yet only accessible through a sip of unpasteurized thought rhythm. Bring me a riddle that you wish to be; breath me into a flame by blowing out a candle; near me the books you support your spine with; rake me across the skin cells and face masks you remember clearly; fantasize that the wind is blowing, the window opening, the walls thumping, the floors cracking, the eyes darting, the sheets uncovering—reveal me to you to me to you. I do not wish for this to go unnoticed.

The Institute of Research like Walking into the Kitchen to Make a Sandwich While Doing Research—what else could I have named it?

excerpt from Third Panel

We at The Institute are prone to the resetting confusions which follow long absences. Staring we have found to be the easiest and most accessible way of exiting whatever it is we are experiencing. Laying our head down upon our folded arms as well works to combat the vicious here-ness some moments inflict.

With this comes the ability to begin again.

Sometimes we will see a door for the first time and this is lovely. Or a sign signifying the presence of a bakery—this is especially nice and usually includes the word bakery or panadería or bread or something along these lines. It's when absences are noticed that we become forlorn—when these signs, these buildings which for us have always been there are torn down. The vacant lots stump us. Often, we search back through our files, looking for documentation of what was previously there. It is for this reason that we do so much of what we do: identify, study, record, organize, and file away. Though our sense of organization is historically inconsistent. This is due to our hatred of museums and curators. We seek spontaneity in our structuring, and rarely reuse any one way of relating one thing to another. We believe this is how living becomes stale. Routine is the most obvious symptom of this staleness. Although we appreciate patterns—the recognition of and puzzling over—we do not seek to impose patterns upon what we handle, what we file away. Some have suggested that we don't create easily recognizable situations and therefore struggle to recognize what it is we are witnessing now. This seems insightful. Yet to accept it would create an expectation for the future to have to live up to and meet, striking possibility from its rich posture which we seek to investigate.

Few believe as we do that the past is as alive as the future—each affected by perspective. And we must admit, and often do, that our perspective on the past changes with each push forward, with each distancing day. We believe curators should work as a team. Alone, curators demand one perspective, whereas we believe that not only is this not accurate, as well as not delightful, but also it collapses the shifting and multiple relationships we can have with what was previous. Once we have surpassed this previous moment, we must relish the subjective stances that avail.

ANDREW K. PETERSON

For Joshua Cuscaden

George Washington died of a colonist's disease.
Him and his high horse.
Distasteful as money in the mouth is.
(I still play for quarters, occasionally.)
Wound open late nights.
Spilling wine on the map brings good luck except
 When it leaves you not knowing where
 You're going.
As for the monkey on your shoulder? A fake.
A faker sheds tears for a friend.
Value, opinion, "experts," et cetera.
You know what they all say about that, but they
 Can't tell a real Elmyr from a fake
Matisse.
Never money where the mouth is.
George died a colonist. The big brass finish last.

For KJS

The things they will never know are.
The things I will never know.
We are not.
Like ghosts of the Lombardy Hotel elevator trapped
In this decadent transience of our bodies.
In constant ascent and descent.
Bang on the mirror all you want.
They can hear you. But they can't
Seek you. A nice place to spend
The night. Without inhibitions we inhabit
These shells. Of living lovers.
We ghost guests never.
Leave, stay long.
Enough to see this place close.

ROSMARIE WALDROP

FACTORS IN DETAIL

Sat down in season. The street was in conspiracy against him. Had nervous complaints for lack of effect.

His soul was eaten. His body, for the purpose of unimaginable pleasure, transformed into a woman's.

Felt thirsty and soon.

In his dream he was to be abused. The light incurable and bright advertising. The dream satisfied the color red.

Walked to the door to prepare behavior.

Dreams filled the older buildings. Their manifest surface incorporates Indian trails. But not laughing.

Had pressed a key into his wife's hand. Bought three oranges. Been given the finger in a particular manner.

His childhood memories covered his lifetime.

JEFFERSON NAVICKY

On What the Landlord Found in the Janitor's Vacant Apartment {a dance performance piece, with chorus of allen wrenches}

"Any shift in philosophy introduces the need for new habits of body."
- Lisa Olstein

The Philosophy

As a biographical note, she used to play with dolls. This action developed a sensitivity for skin. In 1979, she took a teaching position at Barnard and created a dance class entitled, "When Little Girls Become Printed Matter." During this period, she made prints on mylar, using a typewriter, the repetition of letters, symbols, to form paragraphs that form bodies. A series of these prints was exhibited at Pace Gallery in a show entitled, "Little Girls Made by Little Words." A collector from Maine named Fellson bought seven of the pieces during the opening. He had a large house on House Island and seven girls, the eldest, at the time of the exhibition, having just graduated from high school and planned to attend Barnard the following fall. The artist refused to allow the daughter into "When Little Girls Become Printed Matter", saying the girl, as a freshman, was too young. But the girl was persistent, using the philosophies of Lacan and Kristeva like a shim. Cicoux told the girl to clear relations with the other, who was indistinguishable, and so it happened. She was little more than a little girl, her body still more rounded than sharp. She began to study.

New Habits of the Body

The artist found the little girl's body to be lithe, but surprisingly timid. And so the artist enrolled her in movement. How to lie on the floor to dry her wings without crumpling the delicate. How to cling to a wall. How to lie in a field and wait for family. How to move toward the door. How to knock at the door. How to move away. How to hand clouds. The practice took place on stage, but never a performance, always a rehearsal, but always a performance. The girl became the artist's paragraphs. A toe. A colon. An ampersand leading to a wrist. At the end of a line, a soft return. Her fingers inside the mounds. Practice: A Japanese Maple in the Breeze. Practice: A Hard Return from Winter. Practice: A Question Mark's Pirouette. The artist gave her permission. Her body became. On the outside, a sheet of paper. Inside, a place to stay. The artist grew old and moved to a house. The girl became an island, a moveable archipelago. Eventually, the little girl grew old. The artist, in her multiplicity, grew older. Somewhere in a stream, other little girls played. They waited patiently. The others cleared relations. The others never gave themselves away. On stage, it is dark, but it is about to become light. There is quiet light music, a cello, and bodies enter.

MARIE LARSON

Ustilago Maydis
(corn smut)

crowded outside the path of hope

the oil train

paused at the seam

a cancer

a listening device breaks

the connective tissue

coat of wax

mycelium thread

a ruby fuzz about the ear

identified as tulip fire

hum

of unseen jet

drumhead sporangium

of tufted
silk emergency

smut on the leaves

culled organ
smut

an ear of sweet
republished

the resident struck the cochlea
and left my operating room

sclerotia of hard droplet
under skin monitors

aboveground parts enclosed
a rimed membrane breaks into powdery stretcher

machines gather
a language that abandons
the stomach

survives the character
the dietary taboo

DAVID WOLACH

Multiverse

Don't worry, I never loved you. I loved
you seventy- thousand times. Once after that daring
rescue from the jaws of the Baring Sea. Once,
just once, during an episode of Mash. Meta-
theoretical framework needed for our newfound
non-love, for the large but finite number
of times we almost never fucked blind,
the myriad years you didn't bite your knuckle
on orders to be silent from the man who wasn't
me, the curly haired top who never loved you almost,
order of magnitude larger than granules
of sand + number of stars in any galaxy let alone
this one, this infinitesimal non-blithe house, this
your home out of school, your proverbial
trite little exile, excuse
for your Cartesian tendencies.

READING INSTRUCTIONS

1. *Go to Rite Aid.*
2. *Buy card that says "Congratulations!" on the front, underneath that, three balloons and confetti (?).*
3. *Write Multiverse inside card, underneath the words, already printed "Congratulations."*
4. *Send to person with whom you've shared a protracted, unhealthy sexcapade, during which you fought about love and power exactly 13 times, with whom you each wrote 1/2 a poem.*
5. *While at Rite Aid purchase toiletries and band aids. You have run out of band aids unexpectedly.*
6. *Running out of band aids is almost never expected.*
7. *Ruminate on the last time you bought band aids.*
8. *Ruminate on all the things one forgets over a lifetime.*
9. *Decide you will write Hallmark with this card design: the deepest cumulus clouds offset by an otherwise pre-human sea blue sky with the sentence across the middle: "Ruminating on all the things one forgets over a lifetime."*

SERENA ROSE CHOPRA

Strain

Perhaps the most insistent contours occur along the familiar, protruding limbs of furniture. Chaos Theory lies down with the comfort of stationary, and stress can cause an irreversible desire for placement. “What is my place?” the armchair may ask. Right in that corner, I’ll say; keep yourself planted in the carpet’s impression of your base. “What if I’m on a wood floor, or linoleum?” (Who would set an armchair on linoleum?)— Don’t move! Strain is the force placed on an irreversible arrangement. However, like history in *Deformation*, strained bodies do not retain their original configuration. If you are a tall standing lamp over a rocking chair, ottoman duo, you may seem pretentious. If you are a bookshelf in a closet, you may come off as shy. If you are a plant in the bathroom, death is certain. Remember the filth of uneven ledges— your contraction should always be another’s expansion. Or be stoic. Let parallels run straight and complimentary, grafting between edges, shapes onto space. When studying strained units, geologists ask, “What do these deformed structures indicate about the original arrangement and how have they been deformed?”

cement
stacking
knuckled
horizon
clay
muscle
deformation
rapid
eye
strain

“Remember your boundaries!”
my shadow and shade

Mantle Convection

Over 82 percent of Earth's volume is contained within the mantle. Similarly, is science within the lyric. Our knowledge of this composition comes from experimental data that attempts to explain blue, a moment of infinite endings. In such studies, the lyric longs, like a shadow, from science. In the *lithosphere* (sphere of rock), a science is formed of the outermost layers of Earth's mantle and crust. From the core, an unpredictable lyric plumes through the upper mantle, creating hot spots of volcanic activity along oceanic and continental crusts. From this analogy, do not get the idea that the lyric is made of soft, putty-like material. Rather, it is composed of hot, solid rock that, under extreme, confining pressures unknown on the surface of the Earth, is able to jet and surge.

funerals of form
rolling and unrolling
with disintegration,
like long fingers, like white letters—

a ghost-image
sawing ice

ROBERT ROLEY

three-legged dog ponders

*the inconvenience of civilization's
disturbing little rituals*

prior to the mastoid
was the age of carnivals
rotten teeth
and mary goes round rendered
in scrimshaw screed
against ivory flowers
and balls bearing
the babble of heretics

a baron of commerce
armed with blasphemy's bolts
chock sniggered
in a walri stampede
complete apostasy he grouses
suggesting the sanctity of crows
and cracked teacups

all care less the old boy reeks
of gore
and gummy bears
must be the urbarf
what wanders hunched
and gnomish thru your streets

in virtual worlds (and all are)
sand flies
and horse apples on the beach gulls
with kelptomania

feedback seeps
into folds and the niches
where the altar walrus dwells
while yet telemachus
scuffs the shingle

how many years
have you labored to reduce
your self to ashes
and smoke
the inarticulate consummation
of plebian parodies

my dear if like
 the water lily
 we could bloom
 without sinking
but finery only
 drags us down
 like ophelia betrayed
 by beauty

boy your burning
 village burning
 in cracked labyrinths
 soldiers spent before evening breezes
the moon
 cowers

DONALD ILLICH

Concrete and Loss

Shovels scratch the parking lot.
Headlights stick to branches,
cobalt teeth, cobweb fingers.

It's winter. You're barely clothed,
like your work, expect big things,
but there's nothing to listen to.

Congrats on making it this far.
You left this world for pick
pockets, salesman, supervisors.

You push against your schedule.
Knock, knock, come in, they say,
wear this concrete. It mixes

ground, air, hours into loss.
Skeleton limbs cover the fields,
white stars smocked by halos.

Toasters

What they appreciate:
Rot, pollen, small coins,

Lips millions have kissed.
A few of yours, a few of mine.

They hold up credit unions,
Break fifties, hundreds, thousands,

Leave for another season.
They're leaky piggybanks,

With customers far and wide.
Toasters don't rate interest.

ANDREW LUNDWALL

Organ Grinder

january's deceiver a nursery of cigarette lips
are ships fastened to bottles persistent alphabets
shivers timber a ruddy cloying is cranked
bump and grind buoys of eyes all documentary
fuzzy figures pass are other days creaking
is despondency you'll find amidst gritty remain
it goes each grainy like that song you know
that one is delivered from picturing
isn't thankful strutting equatorial machines
delved into a little bach a moon smut
emaciated doesn't know a sliver of flowers
is a franchise diamond so-called
or else an eavesdrop ditty distantly

ASHE MIDDLETON

Spartan

Brush up
against the machine
with intention.

Feed the dog
at the bottom
of the stairs.

Let the milk spill on the floor
slip out the window.

Hold the bird out the window
stand barefoot on the floor.

You would think I didn't care.

JOSEPH HARRINGTON

5:03 p.m CST, 12/21

east is east

sure as the sun rises

and never the twain

sure the sun rises

we'll meet

at the sun's horizon . . .

in the event,

this way –

against

the right margin . . .

In the east,

only eden:

“pleasure, delight” –

from dawn

spirits of east

return

7:36 a.m. CST, 12/22

return

spirits of east

from dawn

“pleasure, delight” –

only eden:

In the east,

the right margin . . .

against

this way –

in the event,

we’ll meet

at the sun’s horizon . . .

sure the sun rises

and never the twain

sure as the sun rises

east is east

SARA NOLAN

from Because Everyone is Going To

PART ONE

1. “A poetics reaches its conclusion when the poet’s life ends.”

and

2. “In my case, to say has always been an intention that becomes a consequence.”

— Dolores Dorantes, *Dolores Dorantes*, “Introduction.”

I. Because everyone is going to die. Which is not true.

My second grade teacher told us EVERYONE IS GOING TO DIE EVENTUALLY and MEDITATE ON YOUR POO. Then she stood there and LOOKED at us. We were supposed to be having math—we already had our Work-books out.

Maybe she was trying to MAKE A POINT.

I AM TRYING TO MAKE A POINT, my father always said before he gave punishments. That declaration was the toll you had to pass through before you got to what was coming.

My teacher was wearing an orange curtain that day. NOTHING ELSE.

I didn’t believe her. About dying-- she was a math teacher and all she knew about was pluses and minuses and apples.

My best friend Betsy RAN OUT from our classroom. Betsey ran away all the time and she always ran to the bathroom. I ran after her-- ran down the hall, which was ILLEGAL, except if you were having a BATHROOM EMERGENCY. If anyone tried to stop me running, I would say IT IS A BATHROOM EMERGENCY.

Betsey was in the last stall ripping squares of toilet paper off the roll and floating them in THE TOILET. *It is not true* she said to the toilet paper. I helped her. We made a thick white sea of toilet paper in the toilet bowl, and we did it for a long time.

She ripped a square, I ripped a square. Until there was no more toilet paper, and we flushed, and the toilet gagged the way the goldfish gagged when I accidentally emptied all the water out of its bowl because of how it had been looking at me.

DON’T LET ANYONE LOOK AT YOU IN A WAY THAT IS NOT OK WITH YOU. Said my mother. Who was accidentally a feminist the way our goldfish was accidentally dead: CIRCUMSTANCES.

I don’t want to look at Poo, cried Betsey. We were in the principal’s office.

We had a substitute teacher the next day, and the next day, and the next day, and then every day for the rest of the year.

But at home, my mother said SHE MEANT WELL.

My mother said that about everyone. After my mother died, because everyone dies, and the world began to date itself by how far things happened from the day she couldn't shut her eyes any more, and they were open but not OPEN, all I could remember her saying was SHE MEANT WELL. SHE MEANT WELL SHE MEANT WELL. The words made no sense. MEDITATE ON YOUR POO. SHE MEANT WELL.

I.A. Anti-strophe¹. That story is a lie.

Most of what I say could be a lie or could not be a lie. Depends on the weather.

A certain amount of fickleness is expected in a narrator who has been through many hypothetical deaths. Even theoretical tragedy builds CHARACTER.

If you line up my sentences like milk cartons on a balcony railing, stand back and shoot each one off, you can see the mountain that is behind it.

It is the mountain that matters.

But I won't tell you about THAT.

You have to learn it for yourself. YOU HAVE TO LEARN THINGS FOR YOURSELF IN THE WORLD NOBODY CAN LEARN YOUR LESSONS FOR YOU EVERYONE IS GOING TO DIE.

I'll leave some crayons in the margins. If you take a crayon and scribble pressing too hard on everything I have said about my not-life then you'll see the bumps and bruises of something true underneath it.

You have to press very, very hard.

¹ See original text, above. It is good for the nervous system, while reading, to stretch the eyes towards the ceiling, then towards the floor; to the left and the right. To stimulate the brain bi-laterally. To erase the trauma which the lie of narrative no doubt introduces. See above. See below. See above. See below.

II.² Terrible

It was a terrible thing, to love another person.³ On the lists I make in the morning, of *THINGS THAT ARE TERRIBLE*, I write, 1. LOVE.

Then “2.” and “3.”-- But all I can think of that is terrible is: LOVE. My husband finds the list. He assumes I have been watching tennis and keeping track only of the loser. He would do that; keep track of the loser.

WE ARE OUT OF TOILET PAPER, he yells. This, to him, is the most terrible thing in the world of object relations and so he yells it even though he is standing next to me in the kitchen, and we are holding hands. He is pretending he is in the bathroom, and this just happened, and that I am in the living room pretending not to be able to hear him-- which is what I always do when he yells things from the bathroom.⁴

A bathroom should be like a deserted island in the middle of an ocean that has no name; no one should be able to hear you when you call out.

There has been no more toilet paper since I was in second grade. I used it all up.

Once everyone dies, there will be no need for toilet paper.

I hold my husband's hand every day. His hand is like a lost tennis game: very frustrating and you want to bang a racket afterwards. Bang a racket against a nearby pole. Frustration is an energy-magnet. You find out you can do all these outrageous awkward things when you are trying to not be frustrated anymore.

VENTING my father called it. He was an expert.

People will look at you on the street when you do such things and use you as an example lesson for their children: *you don't have to act like that when you are frustrated*, USE YOUR WORDS.

But words are like toilet paper. Easily crumpled. See-through when contacted by water.

² I have always been very comforted by the Roman Numeral “II.” Do you find it comforting as well? I would like to have a child, an anti-strophe, and that child could be marked for life by twin capital letter-“I”s. *Newborn, I name you “II.”* Safe, when our double is holding us so tightly. It seems wise to have a back up “I” to accompany “I.” In case “I” should suddenly expire, an alternate will be on hand. I will have to develop this theory before proposing it to the Board.

³ This is the third footnote. It is true that my love for my father and mother and sister—who is mentioned nowhere in this narrative—is a bruise that covers my body and will never go away. Because the bruise has been here for so long, it is now faded, and the general observer might mistake it for what is commonly called *skin*. But when I was born, I was blue everywhere. Blood prior to oxygen. Such a love marks you for life.

⁴ A softened crisis is still a crisis. Just because someone dies with her head on a pillow does not change the fact that she has died.

REED BYE

REVERB

Who'll mediate between the one who sleeps
In latticed shadow
And the one whose labor underlies
The bearing down of sun, the bee
At peace with simply moving round
On ligaments peculiar to its job

In order not to miss the song
Provoked within this steamy world of green
Soaring up and flitting out
And marking constant change in light and mood
Before the mist-drummed universal fade-
Out drops us at the winter shaded corner

Where restless balls roll clack
Across the table clack declaring
Patterned shapes within
Desire's ruin
Sending invitations for the next
Naively hopeful blast of hand-eye flinch

Oblivion beyond these starry casements
Plies its shaft in red and angry foam
Juicy native colors tossed
In wild bird-once tree-filled streets
An alabaster dusk un-scents the cornfield
With reproductive rights now shorn
A monkey's raincoat
dropped in sour puddles
Reduces probing interests down to
Husks. Whatever once was known
Now limps along in beaten summer cap

At shortstop Shakespeare's unafraid
To get down while
One by one each mirror of communion's
Fearful crab-claw fractures
Makes an error
Crashing into chain-link with its
Hickory bat still smoking at the plate

When after unprotected dinner conversation
Veins are tapped for edgy non-consent
On how to put a suture into
Hemorrhaged relations
Then diligence extends a
Depthless lurch
To help pay off outstanding debts
Incurred by years of anxious dreams
Growing up repressed alone together

Mule deer wander into
Town from snowy hills
Their knitted caps pulled low
Beneath their ears, and yanked in
Front as fruit
Required for the climax drop
Plop, and feel earth's
Resounding impact
As amnesia

WORKING ON A BUILDING

Cross-worked intentions
Pad my feet
Glazing them in ways
That feel systematic, longing
Hot and cold. Blue gauze waiting to unwind
To further extensions
Receives iniquities
And sifts them into peat

What is my station caught on?
I am able to receive and send
Not only that, but also willing to
Behold, just not yet
But not just yet

I see in each of you
The open wings
To guide you to my center
Where things that cross are bound
Into intention

I cannot say why—except to bind
Each meeting through my parts
As they are gathered now
To see the world's

Center. And that is just the way
To be together. What are you working on?
Call it
Negotiable but still I hope
To recognize intention's plainness
In extension's body, every one

NICK DEMSKEVIEW FROM A BALCONY
for Sarah Corso

Wow. How do you follow that? Perhaps with a procession
Of mourners, a light reception.
An apology. You heard it here first, folks. The entry-level wages
War, the narcissist plays strip solitaire and wins. Pages

slip from this binding as if it were balcony.
I just want to be beautiful. I'm not joking.
I just want to secrete some hatchling
So unrepulsive even my grandmother could be

Indifferent. Is that asking too much and, if so,
Doesn't asking this further question just make matters worse? No.
It makes anti-matters *better*. A spinach leaf. The bread
Aisle. Our finest flamingos in the most natural of pinks. Go ahead

And disgorge. I'll hold back your hair. Like lovers, we two; obscene.
Rest your weary head, which is a chip, on this shoulder. Which is a guillotine.

WORDS WILL NEVER
for Nicholas Michael Ravnika

“but only heaven hangs over him foul”

- Berryman

We demand accessible poetry, but our access slumps home
Denied. We squirrels bury nuts never to be exhumed.
I hope you're happy. Now think about what you've done.
I love what you've done

With the place, with the votive, suburbia torch.
We demand handicap accessible poetry, but the ramps slant too steep, the doors
All too narrow. My precious precious
Mongos; I observe you from a distance like a holiday no one else celebrates. You catalyst

Of illiteracy rates, you hissy fit for a king.
Not only are you deaf, but you sound retarded
When you talk. O brother. Either I've started
Abstractions more substance than art or a baby with nothing

To say is learning to speak. No
One has any idea what the fuck you're talking about. Let go.

(cont'd from page 9) grieve. Maybe I can do that. I can open up this part of myself that wants to close down. That part that wants to embalm and collapse around this dead person. This person who I can't get over, who I can't let go."

There's a strange thing about when people die, they become untouchable. We don't want to use them as an art project. I mean that's one of the big critiques against people like me who write about people in our lives who commit suicide, or who die...are you just using them for material? But of course, I don't really see it that way. A person you loved doesn't just disappear because he has died. There's a continuum from that person's death, a momentum that carries into your life. Not to acknowledge that is to put that person in a box. Yuck! To not put that person into words, if that's your medium...you can't hold things inside and solidify around them. That creates this huge barrier between yourself and the world. That particular trip isn't useful -- it just makes you feel guilty about all you could have done. If only he was still alive I would have...but that is a very unproductive way of thinking.

FS: Why did you choose the essay? Or how do you feel that the form of the essay served as a container for the material of mourning?

KP: Because for me, poetry moves very quickly into idea. Not all the time. Sometimes I can find ideas in things (as they say.) But what I realized about my poetry is that it doesn't do anything unless the language can be brought into me, and then put back out, in some sort of clarity. So *I, Afterlife*, essentially, is a huge collage. Maybe a shrine to all the theory, philosophy, and poetry that I have read. It's all in there. I mean there's nothing directly quoted, but there's Jameson, Derrida, Notley, Howe (both of them). There's Sontag, Retallack. There's some self-help stuff in there. Rosmarie Waldrop, Reznikoff, Waldman, Alcalay. It's just that idea of being able to—it just seems that the essay allows for—the essay is my attempt to link ideas and language. I mean, Wallace Stevens is doing that in poetry, but in a way that that's very essayistic. So my definition of the essay isn't like an essay per se. It's more a Montaigne sense

of it. It's the personal coming in contact with the intellect that creates an idea that allows a reader to have some sort of clarity or insight into his or her own experience. That's what I think an essay is. And because that's also what I think of poetry as, I don't even really necessarily differentiate between the two. But try applying for grants or something like that and it becomes a huge problem, because my form is kind of all over the place.

FS: There's also this idea of the universal questions that essays allow us to explore, excavate and raise. What universal questions do you feel you've excavated in your exploration of memory and mourning in general?

KP: Well, questions of how to deal with tragedy. How to deal with life. How can the world continue to exist after someone you love is gone? How I have no words to express this. We hear that all the time, right? I just don't have the words to express it. This is really big idea in *I, Afterlife*.

FS: That's why the wail is so appropriate.

KP: Yeah. And questions about marking time as well. How can you be fully present? You know: how do you embrace suffering? This really difficult thing to do: How do you find meaning in chaos?

FS: Who helped you inform this text? You already mentioned Derrida, Sontag, Anne Waldman. Are there any other essayists or poets that you look to?

KP: Let me think...well, during the time that I was writing this text I was going through a divorce and that brings up a whole other layer of loss. Because, of course, any time you lose somebody, it brings you back to the initial moment of grief. For me it was when I was 18, dealing with my mother who was dying. The point is that this moment is reconstructed over and over and over again. Every time somebody dies or leaves me or whatever. You can't not have that happen. (Which is why there is no such thing as closure.) But I was doing a lot of work...just reading a lot



of books about how to deal with loss. Pema Chodron. Anne [Waldman] had given me the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*. Charlotte and Robert Kelly lit butter lamps for my father because when a person commits suicide and they're in the Bardo state, they've got to have a light. Because if they don't have a light they can get lost, and I think the idea is that they come back to earth in a lesser evolved—not in terms of a bug or anything—a less experienced person. You're supposed to light candles. So I was learning how to grieve from these people. These people, these books, were mentors.

I started doing those kinds of ritual things, even though it wasn't natural to my upbringing. And at the time I was also going through the divorce. I had to experience what Pema Chodron meant by the Tonglen practice of extending your suffering out into the world. And because I was

thinking so much about ritual, it hit me: I suddenly realized that I didn't have to write poetry in code anymore. That I could write what I wanted to say.

Because I had been writing in experimental, coded forms for a very long time. But once I started thinking about the audience as suffering that's why I feel, of any book I've ever written, *I, Afterlife* is the one where I

"So what I'm interested in is being in the realm of language but also holding on to the trauma and making sure that the trauma is understood. Not abandoning it, pretending it's not there and just writing fragments of language."

figured it out. That book is not filtered through anyone's expectations for what a poem is or is not. I couldn't stop, really...with that. I couldn't stop. I couldn't stop because I figured something out. Now, however, I have

stopped. I'm actually in a very sort of anti-production mode right now, which is exactly why I'm doing performance. Because I just can't continue producing, producing, producing...that's where I am right now.

FS: That's interesting because you mentioned not having language to discuss...one of the themes you brought up with your [recent] reading and yet, when we use language—

KP: I love Heidegger's book called *A Dialogue on Language between a Japanese and an Inquirer* which is a conversation he had with a Japanese philosopher about

this exact question. You are trying to put things in metaphysical terms, trying to describe things that are beyond language. Which is why Heidegger, or any writer, writes and writes and writes and writes before there's any kind of

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moment of clarity. Because language is all we they have. You know? So that idea has also been really important. Again, because people always say: "I don't know what to say." "I don't have the words,"—and you know what? No, you don't. That's why you have to write into the difficulty of language. The difficulty of expression. Expressing things in a difficult way is sometimes more meaningful than using the same phrases that everybody else uses to describe to describe something so cliché, so universal, as death.

FS: There's also the benefit, I think, of experience. I remember reading (in another interview with you) that you wanted to understand the song "Stairway to Heaven" so you learned to play it on the piano. You didn't use words to try to figure out the meaning—you used music. I also remember you said that one of the first poetry books you read was by Dorothy Parker, which belonged to your mom...it was marked a lot of exclamation points and smiley faces, which aren't necessarily language but communication...Can you think of some of the other methods of communication you've found?

KP: Right. Well that's exactly why I'm also now doing more performance. Simply because I'm interested in finding other ways to communicate that aren't necessarily on the page. To be able to take it off the page you know? And into an enactment.

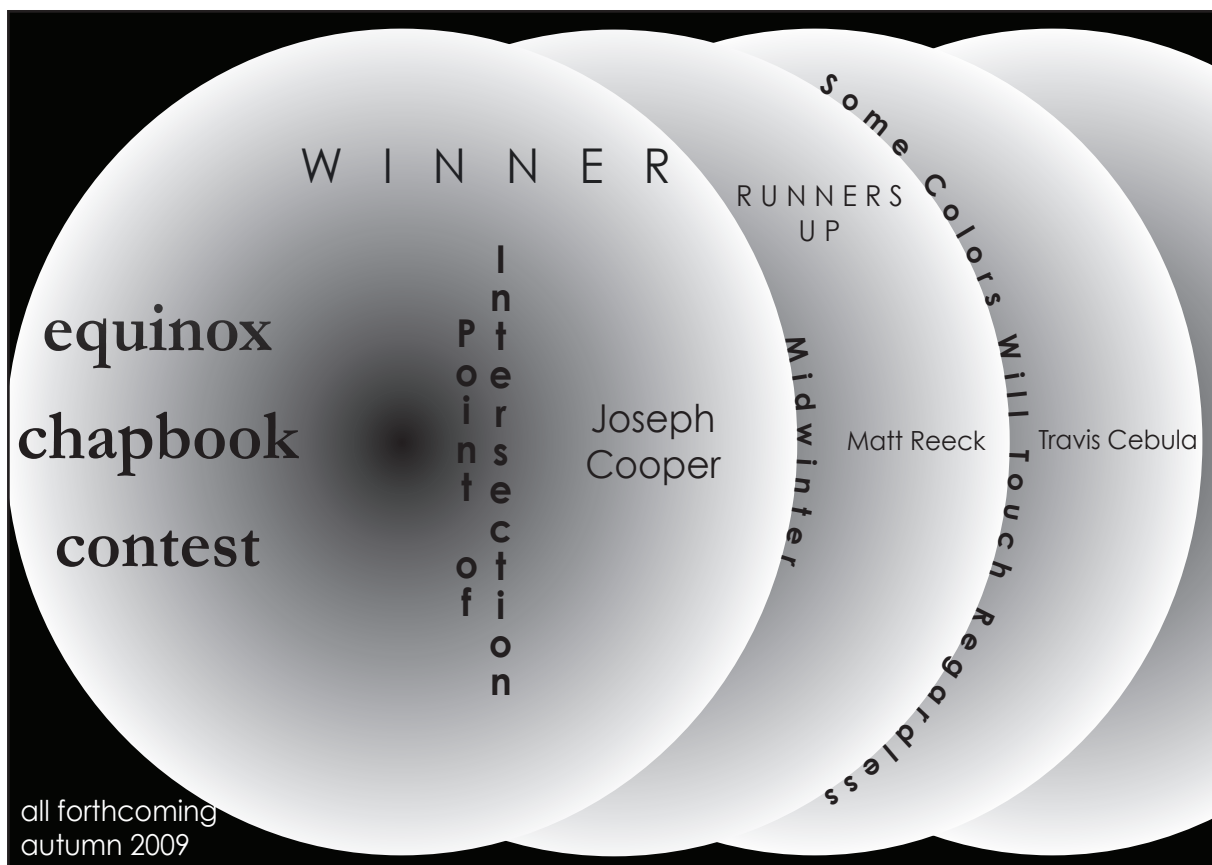
FS: I'd like to ask about the Helen Adam project as well. Does that help? Not necessarily generating your own work but the work of others...how did that process work?

KP: That process was long. Very very very long. And it took an enormous amount of sheer endurance to be able to get through it and finally finish it.

FS: Didn't you work on Helen Adam for your Master's thesis as well?

KP: Right. And to go back 15 years—or whatever it is—it was nice to have that project as a sort of groundwork, as kind of something I was laying down, this floor I was sort of laying down. This very solid project. I could just retreat into it whenever I wanted to. I mean, it's possible that because I had that project going on I was able to reach more clarity with my own life and experiences, yeah.

I do think it's important to—I mean, it's hard to say this to students because they want to have somebody tell them that their experience is validated and that the way they are attempting to express themselves is good. Which is really hard for me because I do think that experience, at some level, needs to be sublimated. You know? I do think that we don't just write from some raw experience and expect there to be some epiphany on the part of the reader. The



epiphany happens when the experience spirals out a little bit from the essential trauma into language. That's what I take from the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poets. You move into language, the realm of language.

So what I'm interested in is being in the realm of language but also holding on to the trauma and making sure that the trauma is understood. Not abandoning it, not pretending it's not there. Not writing fragments of language just because everyone else is doing it.

FS: Kind of like the transformation of the "I" to the seeing eye.

KP: Yea, Ok -- Figuring out how to de-center the "I" even in your own personal story. Because once you put "I" on a piece of paper it's not your "I" anyway. You actually have to let it go. That's where art happens: when the "I" is able to see itself in a myriad of other kinds of "I's" that are swirling around it. As opposed to just believing that there's this sort of singular thing. This pure thing that can be reached if only you could find the language. Your "voice." No! I is just a word. Just a scribble on a piece of paper.

FS: Who are the writers you look to? Past and present?

KP: Let's see. Well, as far as lineage, I would say Creeley's class on Olson (when I was at the University at Buffalo)

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was my lineage. Right there. That class, first of all, clued me in to the fact that there was such a thing as lineage. And through Olson came Anne Waldman, and through Anne came Muriel Rukeyser and Reznikoff. The Objectivists. Oppen. And then I kind of moved on from there and got very interested in feminism. Audre Lorde was very important. And Adrienne Riche....Baraka was important to me because I was going to his salon over in Newark for—I went over there three or four times and—to hear what he had to say...

I would also consider the French writers a part of my lineage: Emmanuel Hocquard has been very important to me, Sandra Moussempes, and Oscarine Bosquet. Then Baraka said, “How come nobody’s translating the African Francophone poets?” I was like, well, that’s a good question. Then I stumbled on Sony Labou Tansi. So I started translating, and that becomes a part of the lineage. And then came Sanders and the idea of Investigative Poetics, which kind of brought this whole larger inquiry all together.

And because I’m doing a lot of performance now, I’m reading interviews with the women performance artists of the 1980s. And the “WACK!” catalogue – which is for an art exhibit of feminist art in the 70s and 80s. And then George Lakoff’s “Women, Fire and Dangerous Things.” And talking, talking, talking. I’m still moving through something. It will never be entirely figured out. You know?

FS

BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

Reed Bye is a poet and songwriter. His most recent book is *Join the Planets: New and Selected Poems* (United Artists Books). Other published works include *Passing Freaks and Graces*, *Gaspar Still in His Cage* and *Some Magic at the Dump*. His work has appeared in a number of anthologies including *Nice to See You: Homage to Ted Berrigan*, *The Angel Hair Anthology*, *Sleeping on the Wing* and *Civil Disobediences: Poetics and Politics in Action*. He holds a PhD in English from the University of Colorado and teaches poetry writing workshops and courses in classic and contemporary literary studies and contemplative poetics at Naropa University.

Serena Chopra is a 2009 graduate of the University of Colorado’s MFA program. She has upcoming work in *The Denver Quarterly* and *Monkey Puzzle*.

Nick Demske lives in Racine, WI and works there at the Racine Public Library.

Joseph Harrington is the author of *Poetry and the Public* (Wesleyan). His poems have appeared in *With + Stand*, *Tarpaulin Sky*, *First Intensity*, and other fine publications. He is currently at work on a mixed-genre and -media account of his mother’s life and times. He teaches at the University of Kansas in Lawrence.

Donald Illich has published poetry in *The Iowa Review*, *Roanoke Review*, *Cold Mountain Review*, and other journals. He won Honorable Mention in the Washington Prize book contest.

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Kevin Kilroy lives in Chicago and teaches at Columbia College. Co-editor of Black Lodge Press, he has spent the past year observing Stan under the auspices of The Institute of Research like Walking into the Kitchen to Make a Sandwich while Doing Research. *Book One*, of this three-book project, is nearing completion.

Marie Larson is an MFA candidate at the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics. Her work has appeared in *GAM*, *DIAGRAM*, *Shampoo*, *JACKET*, and *Bombay Gin*. She also has work in the newly released anthology *Chicken Boa: Notes on Skrilla* (Mitzvah Chaps).

Michael Leong was educated at Dartmouth College, Sarah Lawrence College, and Rutgers University, and his poems, reviews, and translations have appeared in journals such as *Bird Dog*, *Double Room*, *GutCult*, *jubilat*, *Opium Magazine*, *Pindeldyboz*, and *Tin House*. He is the author of a collection of poetry, *e.s.p.* (forthcoming from Silenced Press) and a translation of the Chilean poet Estela Lamat, *I, the Worst of All* (blazeVOX, 2009).

Susan Lewis' chapbook *Animal Husbandry*, came out last December from

Finishing Line Press. Her poetry has been featured on *Verse Daily* and published widely in such journals as *Raritan*, *The New Orleans Review*, *Seneca Review*, *The Journal*, *Cimarron*, and *Phoebe*, and online venues such as *Snow Monkey* and *Other Rooms*. Her collaborations with the composer Jonathan Golove have been recorded and performed in the US and Canada, including at the Kennedy Center and Carnegie's Weill Recital Hall. Her latest chapbook, *Commodity Fetishism*, just won the Cervena Barva Chapbook Award, and will be published later this year.

Andrew Lundwall is the editor of Scantly Clad Press (scantlycladpress.blogspot.com). His poetry has appeared in numerous print and electronic literary journals internationally, including *La Petite Zine*, *RealPoetik*, *indefinite space*, *Seven Corners*, *PFS Post*, *Big Bridge*, *Shampoo*, *Moria*, *Near South*, *Miami Sun Post's Mad Love*, 88: *A Journal of Contemporary American Poetry*, *Otoliths*, *rock heals*, *LA: The Journal of the New American Epigram (!)* and *Blazevox*. He has released three chapbooks, *klang* (deep cleveland press, 2006), *honorable mention* (2009, forthcoming, Tir Aux Pigeons), and *funtime* (Funtime Press, 2007), a collaboration with Adam Fielded.

Ashe Middleton is originally from the East Coast but currently lives in Colorado while working on her MFA. She enjoys singing in the shower, wasting her life online, and has discovered she has no natural talent for snowboarding. Her super powers include taming wild Clydesdales and breathing underwater.

Jefferson Navicky teaches writing and literature at Southern Maine Community College. His work has appeared in *Octopus*, *Tarpaulin Sky*, *Omphalos*, *Pindeldyboz* and others. Black Lodge Press recently published his chapbook, *Map of the Second Person*.

Sara Nolan is drinking a cup of jasmine tea brewed strong enough to help her come up with a bio which is not about jasmine tea. She takes her daily pleasure in being alive--the big mess of it.

Anselm Parlatore lives in the Pacific Northwest & has published poems in several magazines. Hot Whiskey Press recently released his latest collection, *The Squalicum Harbor Suite*.

Andrew K. Peterson and his poetry have appeared in places. Some of them twice.



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Kristin Prevallet is a poet, essayist, and translator working in the tradition of Charles Olson's Curriculum of the Soul in both her writing and teaching projects. Born in Denver and raised by her mother, a radical feminist Catholic nun, Prevallet's literary focus is to integrate political and personal consciousness into radical poetic forms. Prevallet has published a number of chapbooks and has four full length collections: *I, Afterlife: Essay in Mourning Time* (Essay Press, 2007); *Shadow Evidence Intelligence* (Factory School 2006); *Scratch Sides: Poetry, Documentation, and Image-Text Projects* (Skanky Possum, 2002); *Perturbation, My Sister: A study of Max Ernst's Hundred headless woman* (First Intensity Pr., 1997). She has taught poetry and poetics, critical thinking and politics at NYU, The New School, Bard College, and Naropa University. She is currently teaching in the Institute for Writing Studies at St. John's University in Queens, NY. She received a 2007 New York Foundation for the Arts fellowship in Poetry and a 2004 PEN translation fund award.

Craig Rebele was born in New Jersey, raised in New Hampshire, and currently resides in the San Francisco Bay area, where he attends San Francisco State University, in the MFA program in Creative Writing.

He is the assistant editor at *Parthenon West Review* and simultaneously runs *Atomic Unicorn*, a fledgling web gallery for digital art and poetry. His work has recently appeared in *Otoliths* #11.

Bob Roley is a poet living in Portland, Oregon. He has an MFA from Naropa University.

J. Townsend is a graduate of Naropa University with an MFA in Writing and Poetics. His poetry has been published in online and print journals, including *Bombay Gin*, *The Cultural Society*, *Gam*, & *Diagram*. His critical study of the work of poet Frank Samperi appeared in issue 36 of *JACKET* magazine. J. is also a co-founder and editor of *con/crescent press* (www.concrescentpress.com), a print magazine focused on essay and creative non-fiction, and chapbook publisher for emerging, innovative poets. He is a member of the New Philadelphia Poets, and lives in Kensington, PA with his wife Rachel.

Rosmarie Waldrop's trilogy (*The Reproduction of Profiles*, *Lawn of Excluded Middle* and *Reluctant Gravities*) has been reprinted by New Directions under the title: *Curves to the Apple*. Other recent books of poetry are *Blindsight* (New Directions) and

Love, Like Pronouns (Omnidawn). *Dissonance (if you are interested): Collected Essays* was published by University of Alabama Press in 2005. She lives in Providence, RI where she co-edits Burning Deck books with Keith Waldrop.

David Wolach is professor of poetry, literary theory, and new media at The Evergreen State College, and is visiting professor in Bard College's Workshop In Language & Thinking. Author of *Fractions of M*, *The Transcendental Insect Reader*, *Acts of Art/Works of Violence*, and the forthcoming chapbooks *alter (ed)* (Ungovernable Press) and *book burning to ashen strophe* (forthcoming 2010). Wolach's work has appeared recently or is forthcoming from presses and journals such as *Ekleksographia*: An Imprint of Ahadada Books, Dusie, BlazeVOX, Bird Dog, CRIT, Veneer Kittens, Counterexample Poetry & Poetics, *The Lower Half* (Linh Dinh ed.), and *5_Trope*. His work, often collaborative, has been performed at venues such as Buffalo Poetics, The American Cybernetics Conference 2009, and The Stain of Poetry (Amy King & Ana Bozicevic). Wolach is also the founding editor of Wheelhouse Magazine & Press, and member of the Wheelhouse Arts Collective (wheelhousemagazine.com)



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