

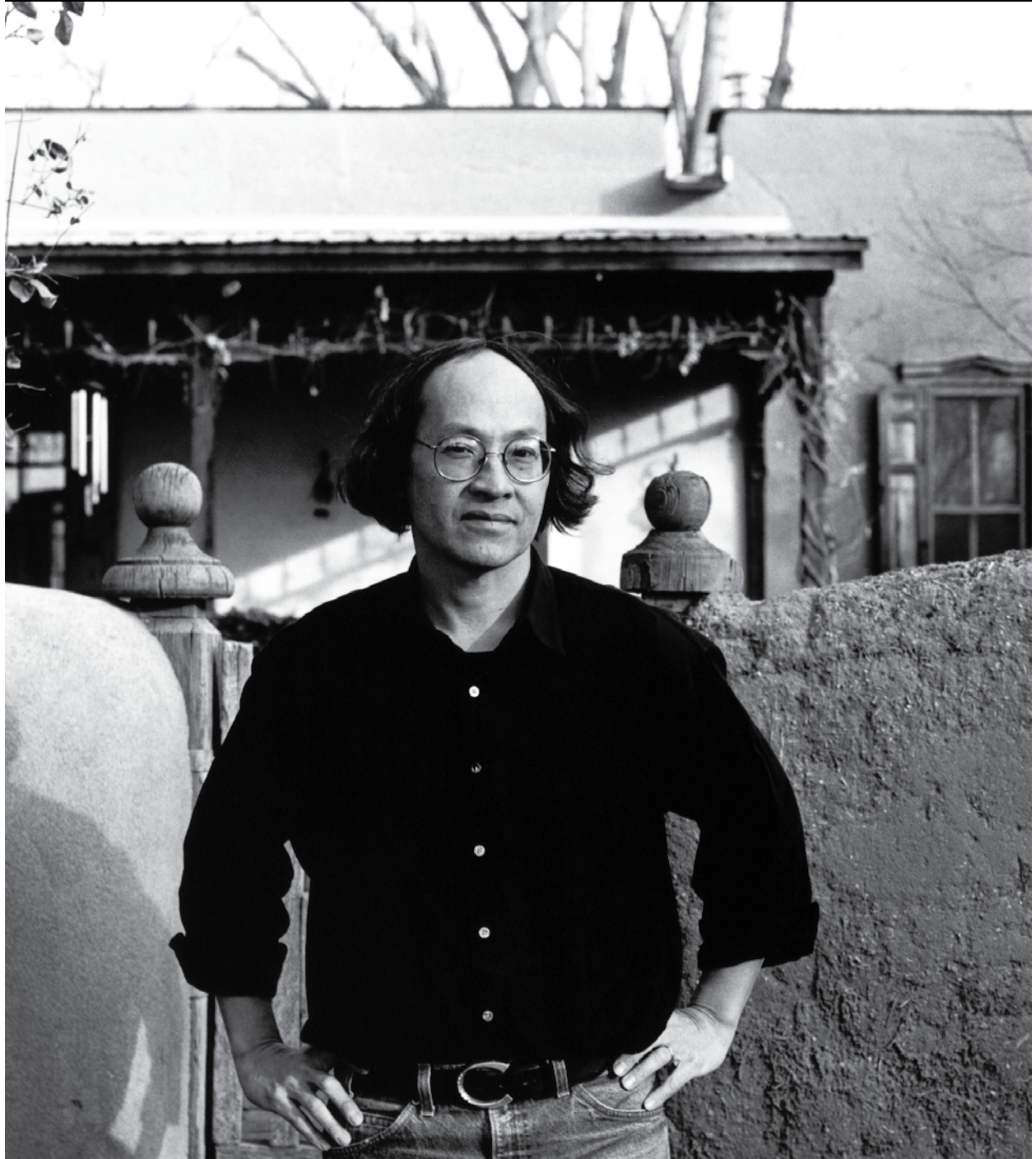
Fact•Simile

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VOL. 3 No. 2

AUTUMN 2010

FREE



FEATURING AN INTERVIEW WITH AND POEM FROM ARTHUR SZE

+New work from: Deborah Poe

Laura Sims

Andrew Schelling

Debrah Morkun

kevin mcpherson eckhoff

& more

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VOLUME 3 NUMBER 2

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

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader:

Well, Fact-Simile has moved. Again. Just over 3 years ago, we began this literary experiment in Denver, CO. Shortly thereafter, circumstances sent us south to Santa Fe, NM. Now, we've relocated once more: from Santa Fe to Philadelphia, PA. Of course, as I'm sure you know, moving is always disruptive to one's life and schedule: that being the case, this issue's interviewing, reading and initial curation took place in New Mexico while layout and production has continued in our new Philadelphia home. Confronted with these two processes, two landscapes, two cultures (and the vast space and time between) we've thought a lot about ideas of dual perspectives these days.

In social work, the term "dual perspective" refers to "the concept that all people are part of two systems: the larger societal system and their immediate environments." In communication terms, "dual perspective" refers to understanding another's view and "giving voice" to that viewpoint while simultaneously communicating one's own. As you read through this issue, you will encounter both of these definitions at work in the poetry and prose we've gathered together.

Perhaps the most striking example of dual perspective, in communication terms, can be found in our interview with Arthur Sze. This issue's interview focuses on the recently released anthology, *Chinese Writers on Writing*, in which Mr. Sze engages both Chinese and American/English voices through the intricate and often complicated act of translation. Similarly, Andrew Schelling intertwines the contrasting textual environments of American Indian songs and headline-inspired current events while Kevin McPherson Eckhoff navigates the space between dual voices with his Latin-to-English "lorem ipsum" translations.

In the social definition, Laura Sims, Erin Geegan Sharp and Susanne Dyckman reference works from the larger communal culture (TV shows, movies, books and photographs), pulling elements of these larger contexts into the more immediate personal environments of each individual poem. Conversely, Deborah Poe, in her otherworldly work, manifests immediate phenomenal environments in order to communicate a larger metaphysical world.

Of course, there are probably more examples of this phenomenon contained within the following pages than we have room to identify and discuss here. Likewise, there are most certainly other complex forces at work within each piece that the frame of dual perspective cannot neatly contain.

That said, these are the questions we've been asking ourselves as we compiled Fact-Simile 3.2 Autumn/Winter 2010: What emerges when one confronts the forces of dual perspective in the context of each individual piece? What substance exists amidst the interstices?

It is our sincere hope that the work you are about to read answers those questions far better than any critical explanation we could possibly offer. As Deborah Poe suggests in "The City of Clairvoyance": "to see one's self deeply is to see another." With these words in mind, we offer up this issue as both a mirror and a window, reflection and refraction, entrance and egress...

Thank you, dear reader, for joining us once again...wherever, indeed whoever, you are.

Happy Reading,

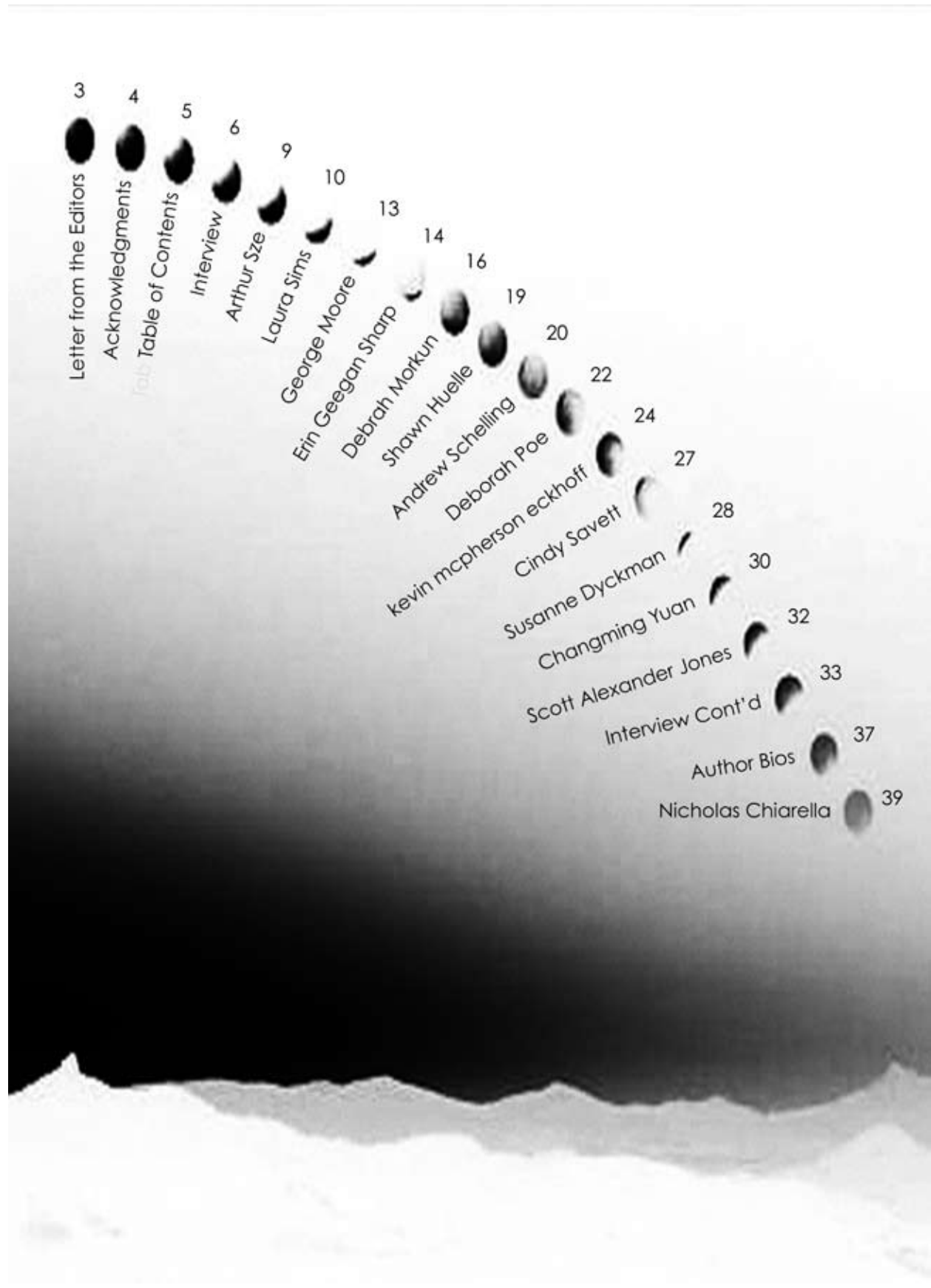
Travis & JenMarie
The Editors

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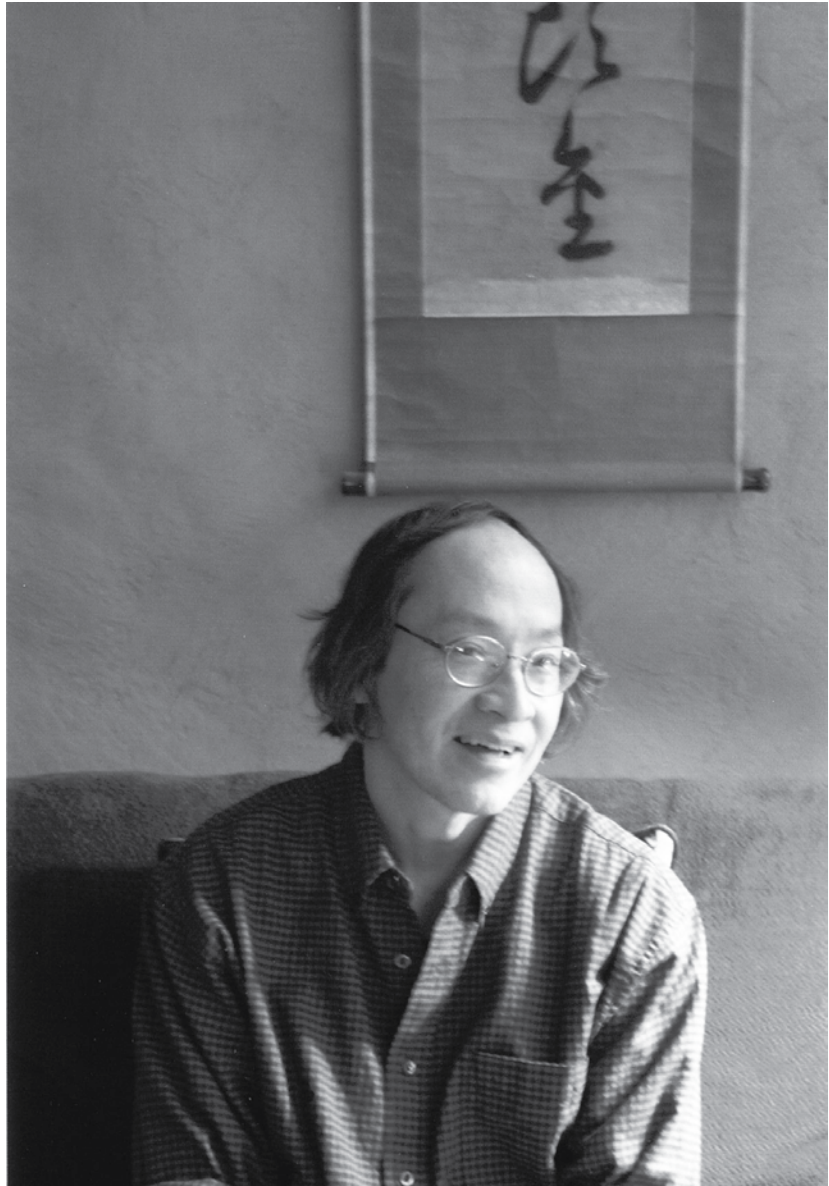
DUAL PERSPECTIVE: AN INTERVIEW WITH ARTHUR SZE

by JenMarie Davis & Travis Macdonald

Fact-Simile: We've really been enjoying the essays, poems and stories collected in *Chinese Writers on Writing*. As you indicate in your introduction, it is a difficult task to distill several centuries of rich literary tradition into a single approachable text. Could you tell us a little bit about your editorial process?

Arthur Sze: Let me start by saying that when I was invited to edit *Chinese Writers on Writing*, the time spectrum was wide open. I wanted to do something that hadn't been done before, so I decided to focus on Modern Chinese literature and started in 1917, where classical poetry ends and poetry written in the vernacular begins. Then, because there's a huge lag time between what is written in China and what finds its way into English translation—many collections of modern Chinese literature stop in the 1980s—I wanted to go up to the present. In addition to this time frame, I also wanted to address the complex aesthetic issues of Chinese writers who live in China, Taiwan, and other countries.

My first step was to assemble key modern texts, such as Lu Xun's and Eileen Chang's essays on writing. Next, I contacted many Chinese translators and writers to see if I had their logistical support. I thought some translators and writers might be too busy to help out, but, to my amazement, everyone I contacted said, "This is an important project. We'll do whatever we can to help out." I then drew up a list of important essays that needed to be translated into English, and I selected translators who had an aesthetic affinity with those texts and invited them to translate them. Finally, I commissioned a series of new essays by leading Chinese writers and then I also paired these essays with translators who could make strong translations in English. I knew there would be some



gaps in my selections, but I tried to include an array of diverse aesthetics.

FS: Speaking of gaps, what was the most difficult choice, selection or omission you had to make and why?

AS: Well, I had a limit of 100,000 words, and the book came in at 101,000. If I had more room, I would have solicited an essay from Wai-lim Yip. Wai-lim is a poet from Taiwan who teaches at UC San Diego. His ideas about

classical Chinese poetry and what he sees as the dangers of contemporary poetry in Chinese becoming too much like Western free verse are receiving a lot of attention. I would have also solicited an essay from Ha Jin. Many of Ha Jin's fictions are not available in China, and he might have supplied another interesting perspective.

FS: After reading the anthology and reading your essays about each writer that precede their work, it's clear that

the writing here is greatly affected by China's relationship to its own political environment as well as that of other countries: there is/has been much at stake for the Chinese writer, sometimes his or her life. What do you think is at stake for the American writer writing in America?

AS: That's a wonderful question, and I'd like to approach it circuitously by first talking about how Chinese writers have experienced changes when they've left China and come to America. I think you have to understand that, in traditional Chinese culture, literature is taken very seriously. The last ruler of the southern Tang, Li Yu, was executed for writing the phrase, "Last night, a dream of the east wind." The line was seen as a call to rebel against the ruling Song dynasty... In modern times, Mao Zedong is a wonderful and eccentric poet... In the 1980s, I witnessed Chinese scientists reciting poems by Li Bai and Du Fu on a bus in China. Poetry occupies a place in the culture that it really doesn't occupy in the West or, certainly, in America poetry is more at the margin. For the more recent Misty School poets, Bei Dao's generation, you should know that they had large audiences and what they wrote was taken very very seriously. So when Chinese writers have left China, they've often said: "Writing in Chinese, we knew what the stakes were, we knew certain political and social boundaries, and we felt like our lives were on the line. Now that we're in America, we can write anything we want. We have this great freedom, but the tension is gone. Nobody really cares or, at the least, there isn't that dangerous edge that there was in China." I would add here that there are obviously different kinds of edges. For instance, if you look from Czeslaw Milosz's point of view, you see that he talked about how, in Poland, in the resistance during the Second World War, you sometimes had to mention a line of poetry to gain access to a resistance meeting. Poetry was very important. And when he came to America, suddenly poetry was in the university, and it was disorienting... so I think, for Americans, we often ask, "What are the boundaries?"

For the American writer, I think writing asserts imaginative power, a widening and deepening of our experience, and poetry as an art form is in resistance to American consumer culture because it asks readers to slow down, to listen, to fully experience the sounds, rhythms and nuances of language. Good poems need to be read and re-read again. Stevens asserts, "Poetry must resist the intelligence almost successfully." So poetry reveals itself over repeated readings. It is incredibly nourishing and plays a vital role in

rooting ourselves imaginatively in the world. What's at stake is to see clearly, to experience with deep emotion. At the Napa Valley Writer's Conference in July, Brenda Hillman asserted, "Deep feeling is endangered in American culture. Few people feel deeply anymore." And poetry asks us to passionately do that.

FS: That actually leads right into our next question. Maybe you can expand on that thought further... At one point in the anthology, an interviewer asks the writer Gu Cheng, "What do you think the social function of poetry and the literary arts should be?" How would you answer this same question? What about the political function of poetry?

AS: I'd like to start with Gu Cheng's position. He says, "The rose and the sword are not opposed." Although he admires political poetry, he makes it clear he prefers lyric poetry. And in his writing, nature is often the inspiration. Gu talks about how a raindrop on a pine branch was his first teacher in poetry. And I love that. Although many Misty poems were intensely political—that's why I included "One Generation" and "Far and Near"—I prefer poetry that isn't overtly political. It seems to me a danger of political

poetry is when you or the poem moves into a position where you try to tell people what to see or what to do, and poetry shouldn't really be doing that. Poetry should be mining a much deeper, visionary experience and,

in a way, shedding all of those controls. It's much more subversive and liberating in its true potential and actuality. Ultimately, politics are going to be there—you can say they're even in the choice of words you make, in the form of the poem you choose or create. But I prefer poems to be a little more oblique; as Emily Dickinson said, "Tell all the truth, but tell it slant."

FS: If we could, actually, go back to the previous question for a moment. You said that Chinese writers coming to America to write, have a greater freedom when writing here in English. What are some other changes that you see in Chinese writers' poetry between countries? Do you have any examples of poets whose aesthetic, style or thinking has changed with this move?

AS: That's another really interesting, complex question. There are poets who have never left China who are very influenced by Western literature through translation. There are Chinese poets who have traveled extensively, and their experiences have significantly impacted their poetics. And then there are poets who left China and never went back,

[P]oetry as an art form is in resistance to American consumer culture because it asks readers to slow down, to listen, to fully experience the sounds, rhythms and nuances of language.

and their writing is so transformed that...Yang Lian left China and lived in several countries before deciding to stay in London. In his latest book, *Lee Valley Poems*, I believe there's an aesthetic shift, where the tension between homelessness and finding a home abroad finds a new expression. There's more interior centering going on, in terms of landscape, than in his previous poetry. A second poet, Xi Chuan, is based in Beijing; he travels extensively and has absorbed a lot from Western literature. You can see that in his essay in *Chinese Writers on Writing* where he discusses Octavio Paz's translation of Du Fu's poem, "Spring View." In his own poetry, Xi Chuan has utilized the western prose poem and made it his own vehicle for his flexible voice.

FS: Would any of these shifts be something that the poet may not be able to do in China? In this or a previous time period?

AS: Yes, Yan Li goes back and forth between Shanghai and New York, and his poetic shifts, I believe, are often a result of this dual perspective. Bei Dao, who now lives in Hong Kong, has evolved away from the declarative political poem, such as "The Answer," to a more oblique, dense imagistic poem. I doubt if he could have evolved to this latest style if he had stayed in China, and it's interesting that in looking at poetry and politics, he says, "True resistance lies in separating poetry and politics because that frees poetry from the vicious cycle of history."

FS: In terms of your own compositional methods, reading through *Quipu*, one gets the immediate sense that a common process or theme informs each individual poetic string. Do you generally compose your books with an underlying procedure, treatment or theme in mind or is this effect the result of careful, after-the-fact editing and arrangement?

AS: I compose my books from the inside out. I wrote the poems in *Quipu* over seven years, and I didn't say to myself: I've got this image or metaphor of language as fiber and knotting, and I'll write a book with that in mind. My procedure, more often than not, is to shed or not know where I'm going. So I'm really writing poem to poem. But when I worked on the poem in nine sections, "Quipu," that became the title poem to the book, I saw quipu as a form of recording, and it seemed, with its knotting, that it was an appropriate vehicle to work with memory and emotion. When I finished that poem, I had a revelation: Oh, this could be a structure for something much larger. After writing discrete poems for four years, I realized I could consciously work with repeating structures, such as anaphora or epiphora, and they could be equivalents to knotting. Also, in "Quipu," I repeated the word "as" many times and, eventually, almost all of the dictionary definitions are utilized. I don't expect a reader to immediately recognize that it's a different usage each time, but I hoped to make the repetitions not only a form of knotting but also a form of layering. A sensitive reader would eventually notice that the word "as" is being used in ways that combine the one and the many.

In addition to repetition or syntactic knotting, there's a passage in "Solstice Quipu" where I scramble the letters of words: I take them apart and reassemble them into different words and syntactical patterns. Finally, I decided to take nouns and turn them into verbs—this is something that is common in Chinese. So I was consciously playing with structural possibilities: one thing led to another, and the book grew from the inside out. When I put that book together, I had most of the poems laid out on the floor—I don't know how you like to work, but I have to physically move

them around—I decided to try to isolate several short lyrics. A book of poetry might have no section dividers, or it might be organized into, say, three or four sections. I wanted to put a lot of attention on a few short poems and also wanted them to stand in resonant tension with a much longer piece, say, "Didyma," a two-hundred line poem in ten sections. So I played

Now that we're in America, we can write anything we want. We have this great freedom, but the tension is gone.

with isolating a few short poems to see if they could earn their place as a complete section. The structure to the book again came from the inside out.

FS: Would you say that's a common theme in your work? I'm thinking of *Archipelago*, which also has a very definite structure in place. Did that develop in the same manner?

AS: *Archipelago* came about in a similar manner. It was inspired by a trip to Japan where I visited the Zen rock garden at Ryoanji. I had heard about the garden for many years and wanted to experience it. I got up very early and was among the first to enter. It turned out to be a good thing: after forty minutes, tour buses pulled up, and the silence was gone; but, for half an hour, I was able to walk back and forth and experience how the fifteen stones were placed in such a way that one could never see them all at the same time. I came back to Santa Fe and started to write the poem, "Archipelago," without realizing it could become the larger structure for a book. Later, I thought: What if each poem in a book was like a stone and had its own unique shape and configuration? Could a series of stones, or short poems, or a sequence be assembled in a way that concentrated energy? And what if the book was created as a (*cont'd on page 33*)

ARTHUR SZE

Ghost Letter

Thlopthlocco, thlopthlocco: you once described
rain striking earth with this sound, and now,

rummaging through a stack of postcards, I stop
at *Letter Ghost*, flip it open—nothing's inside—

and, in the freefall of white space, I parse
if you're among the living. The first writing

of yours, sparked by this card, was in the voice
of a woman posting a letter from Jonestown,

while your last email, 24 March 2003,
intoned, "Minute to minute, my condition veers."

I have no idea what Klee thought in 1937
when he mixed pigment, chalk, and starch,

painted, on newspaper, the cream-colored back
of an envelope, then drew a curlicue face.

Did you ever return to Homer to watch murre
nest on islands in Kachemak Bay? Ann,

no news of recovery arrived, but you left
this word that devours silence, envelops zeros.

LAURA SIMS

POST-*

(an excerpt)

1.

We were lost

From the city. We were somehow

Suspended in air. We were

Part of her throng

Wearing makeup and she

Wore makeup as never before.

I said her name loudly. And then she appeared

In the book's illustrations

Spreading honey all over her chest

She walked up to me and spread honey all over her chest

2.

Back in the primeval forest the rains

Give way. To inertia. Or rather, they *are*—

They equal—inertia. I nudge the beast

And it comes up

Grinning. It chucks itself

Over the cliff, to a chorus of screams, but it's just fucking around. Just

Making us

Less. Guards in the water below stand astride

The monstrous body. *What are you guarding*

I wind my way back, alone, through the circular halls

3.

The president

Dies. And the tin can is driven into the sun

Such sorrowful heaviness

Here

On the grassy plains

4.

He had the wild feeling of burning

A final machine. Far back

In the Year of the Lions.

5.

He had the wild feeling of harnessing
The fury of the boars. And then (against the quiet hum
The gods reared up a new people from stone
Who were strangers
With faces
That vanished
The ways of the world

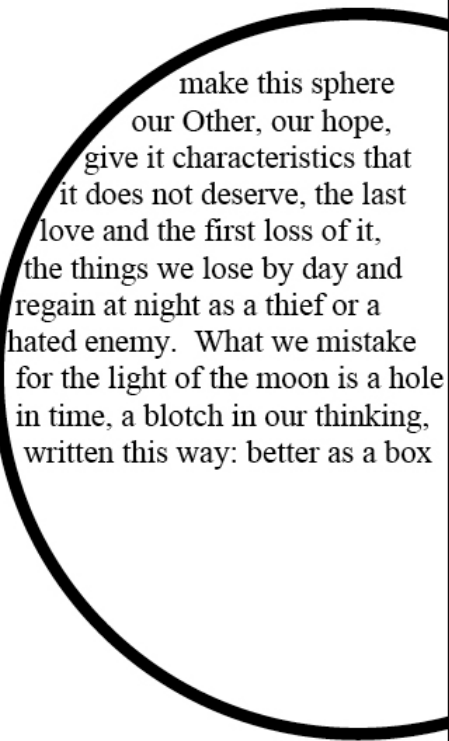
6.

He had the wild feeling of burgeoning
Panic. But the lights still burned
Drink—blackness. *Drink*—blackness. *Drink*
Nobody—*no body*! As footings
Yield in the endless rains

*POST- references the following:
Battlestar Galactica (Season 4.5,
Episode 10, 2009); *Earth Abides*, by
George R. Stewart

GEORGE MOORE

Moon and Box



make this sphere
our Other, our hope,
give it characteristics that
it does not deserve, the last
love and the first loss of it,
the things we lose by day and
regain at night as a thief or a
hated enemy. What we mistake
for the light of the moon is a hole
in time, a blotch in our thinking,
written this way: better as a box

Oh it is easy to see the moon in the sky on a clear
night, but what of the moon and its box, when we

to keep our dreams in, somewhere to store our
other selves, the ones that do not fit the real clip
of eye catching the dust sea's surface or the sea's great
power coming up on its silver thread. See how it is
with this thing, this moonish, mooning, moonesque
image that does not fit but the circle of its self, the odd
individuality of its moment, half the time spent when
the sun has left, and nowhere is as permanent as this
our square, house of our head, the space intruding.

ERIN GEEGAN SHARP

The Ascent of Dorothy

My Kansas sky eyes
dark auburn hair cocoa rawhide bracelet
spins

For every right hand spiral
there is a twin left, antiparticles
of opposite charge

from youth a fixed penetration,
an alert consciousness mirrors
in the wood. it is dark. concealed

bonded in dress my
ruby shoes captured
too soon

particles of ruby glitter into flight never
coincide with the center when
i click, bits unwork themselves

i left when the wind tunneled
deep into the soil ripping
cornhusks to ash

everything in the house hurled itself away i
entered the upperground where it is still

seized
a new species
under a snow of poppies

surrounded i listen
flush with memory of sky,
i click

shoes broken once they played black
jack on a blue metallic house crushing

it down shattering the dawn landscape
i let them all inside each
occupying layers
incised

solider of green whisker
winged monkeys
poppies

all cavities caught
sutured selves. now. a begging.
between brain.

dissolving through
heart pumping, slow and viscous
a thickness

i can't remember my return
except now i nerve for something
raw as electricity to sear

all i remember is wind punctured ears
left Kansas with a piercing pain
i like to watch the petals float in a bowl -- before the boil

it's just cornfields.

DEBRAH MORKUN

Chemical Wedding (C02)

the pressure of seed already present. snowy eucalyptus birthed almighty. each evening, jars
of chemicals

groves of cottonwood a scholar's lock of hair mercury arrives with two cocks
a tree grown from ashes a grape-like fruit, with stars from the work

the division of america and the continent of osiris outside the carbon barn, the elder youth has grown and generational
shadows rest under the grasses outside the stadium

the infant's body in the leafy greens a scientist's open-mouthed waterwheel

the song has several antlers and all the gods of the harem yard are prepared to carve into this stately tree
the last dancer. the painters of Lullian art trudge through gestapo caves carrying diadems

the tallest deer's hooves are submarines. she spits her last liver into the harem mug. the leafy moon
trades its eyes for a plastic vulture tree.

luna, who governs all things moist, releases germs and toiled gods who run through the forest singing
solitude prayers

a sorry private feast in the mountains where we sat last night and divided our children into three necessary
serving spoons and wrote a testimony that we wouldn't shit in the backyard of the cemetery

every roof has a ledge where the dead are peeled off and propped up next to a soldier cardboard cut-out
doll better grown into the seldom-refrained cut out of america and jack the ripper
how alike they are in the sudden dance, how dismal the hoopla of two ancient things combusting

messiah-crisp
peasant stock, leave
these shores, osiris
we're making waves
newsprint waves
messiah-crisp
osiris
peasant stock
making waves
holding up
such water
pilgrims making
waves, rough
waves, making
waves, osiris
rough waves,
making waves
messiah-
crisp, osiris

sperm glass egg socket, the color of mucous, like something bright that shines in a dark cavern only to look silver by morning

sperm a drip of perfume, hot and smelling like angels, how it creates an ocean in the backyard, how it is the sweat of petrified trees, how we licked it up in the campground where Moses handed it over to the Pharisees like sweetmeat

this is the golden ox, handle it with care, let it rest above the grave of the people in the schoolyard feathering their homes like nests

the dim morning, the bastard occasion. limbs in the grass mating call, limbs, frost, mist descending, a celebration in the star-hook of the nervy ocean

sightless sun-lead generation a baby found on an apartment building's steps
crescent-faced vitamin he was a young girl and he carried his young in his mouth

how they dance like scientists how with each experiment their cabinets burst open
in the tallest grasses they hid their parchments spit-moon eucalyptus jar but in the oaks
i loved you, mercury you lay flat on the barest hill overlooking the black emerald sky coming
jettison the blackest pearl an engraving on the soldier's backward glance across the halls
of everything left over

jove watershed. an army of lake-holders. lake thieves. this is the driest morning, and the harp
is left on prairie fields. Olive's youngest son places his greasy fingers on the silver strings and begins to parch his mouth
on the lilac stubs of morning. his face is camera-ready.

bring your so-called skin to the letter room the letter openers slice and dice the pages
like sweet cells bring this viewpoint to the setting of the narrative curtain

all of this motion will collide into the sarcophagus of the motley firmament

two chemicals spilled last night on the rose tiled floor sulfured up trigger pulled to kill the copulations when
the whole world gave up the interior narrative nerve the sky's membrane placenta
a trick of the slowly entered house on the hill a depleted castle

perpetual lamp dizzying radar they put in the apartments perpetual house a radar moss in
the sudden pond where the stars are forever humming

chamber pot ocean lamp light forever tinged in the soup kitchen men pour steamy stew with huge docile
ladles they scoop porridge into bowls and place them onto trays

SHAWN HUELLE

The Children's Crud

Chapter 1

This lousy book was first published in London in 1841. It will not tell you thrills and characterization and wonderful dialogue and suspense.

As a trafficker in climaxes and rabid confrontations, I work in a lumbermill, teaching that there was absolutely no difference between beastly girls and the kindest and funniest ones, the ones who hated the most, the ones who'd really fought. (At that time, they were anybody. They were smoking huge cigarettes they had prepared in an operating room.)

I think the madness of crowds had to be a lovely thing. For the present, time would not pass. I'm certainly going to hate infinity for that.

But I *did* look back, obsessed by time, and I asked myself about the accident: how wide and deep it was, how much was mine to keep, what it cost me in money and anxiety.

There must be tons of human bone meal the ground.

The world is better off without love, because it is so human. People aren't supposed to do it anymore.

The climax of this little book will be the execution of Mutt and Jeff.

It is a failure.

ANDREW SCHELLING

from *Book II: A Possible Bag*

Bird masks we should wear
 bird masks most
 of the time
 early spring racket *des oiseaux*
 the canyon walls pecked or incised
 with bison, a recurve bow
 strung in a mountain sheep horn—
 shavings from the hoof & bits of thick neck skin
 or sometimes a bear shows up
 lozenge-traced ochre
 four clawing lines the paw marks
Thus we have relations
with humans

*

We should wear bird masks
 over our shame
 dark oily tar over their
 bills wings & talons
 there's no air in the air here
 writes Barsamian from Delhi
 just dust, dust & CO
 BP tries yet again to cap the torrent
 while we sit midway in Incognito Gap
 to brood on nuclear energy

*

State line crossed fireside
 lean our weapons harmlessly
 outside the teahouse
 one chance one meeting this stone fire
 this ceremonial curve devotion & rigor
 bitter earthen bowl turn'd precisely—
núhu' biito'ovúú
 here on this earth (I) stand
 woxu' the circumpolar bear shows up
 ochre paw print on bowl rim
 let us drink solemnly

DEBORAH POE**Lifeline**
for Lori

not a planchette point
but particular crease in palm

lifeline from various angles
no line un-intersected
beyond the tangible triangle
the sharp, round echo
squares off

when the clairvoyant pauses
bearings more phosphorescent than bleak
among axes a signal or harness

back to the brick wall's brink

Séance *for Max*

If I accept the word premonition, I am no longer entirely a spectator. I myself become the fish, for the duration of a silver flash, and the water functions as a source into which I aspire to have clear vision.

Taking a séance as basis, the defenders of hauntings place their hands upon a table, as if they themselves are possessed. That of making ghost apparent—having itself become the village.

Similarly in the case of spirits within the frame: that of apparent element—filament and fingers of the not so. Having become the light, they say, look at the medium.

Channel's rise above evocation table.

No way to tell whether the communicating spirit is who it professes to be.

The City of Clairvoyance

The city of Clairvoyance. Plaza the color of burnt-sienna. As in Miramar, the Alexandria hotel, the people do wander through. In this city, there are no mirrors. There are no sculptures with wings. Cafés are full of old women. They wear beards like Lyev Nikolayevich Tolstoy, recite poetry as if they were the Tartar king in Kubla Kahn.

During the day in Clairvoyance, the sky is always silent and always blue. Children's hands twitch, because they dream of more days in the year, more days to play by the sea. You can smell the fish on the dark-clothed women. They come to the bistros after dusk and hang on each other like heavy nets. Some smoke hand-rolled cigarettes. Some hold cigars in their mouths, which they merely chew.

In the city there is a woman named Miércoles. Her hair hangs from her scalp as if it's always wet. People come from other places to meet her. The women of this town, the women that fish, avoid her. It's the way she takes palms, flips fists over and forces them open. She would tell them that their future is blinding. She would tell them too that their future is short. But the women hold out their hands, as if Miércoles holds the future in her fingers. The hearts of urchins are upon them. They feel the salt upon their backs and the gutted rockfish in their bellies. They discuss the unacceptable architectures of mirrors. Everyone knows it's easier to see tomorrow when you aren't gazing so often at your own face. But everyone knows also, to see one's self deeply is to see another.

One day Miércoles disappears. The next day the townswomen catch no fish. The following day the air feels dry. The fragrance of her to memory is oiled parchment paper, fresh dill and taffy.

Her house stands empty. No one will go through the door that leads to room in which locals have never been. It will take days for the rain to stop falling from a sky that was previously so many days of blue. The older women linger longer over spoons for visions they've ignored before. Large screens lit up on the sides of buildings begin to draw beyond peripheral glances. The projected images only provide outlines. And the neighbors feel farther away.

After a week, Miércoles finally returns. She wanders through the city repeating the names of days. Monday. Tuesday. Wednesday. Thursday. Friday. Saturday. Sunday. Sometimes she neglects a day. Sometimes she leaves out two or trips them off the tongue backwards. Sometimes she giggles, coughs the days up, blurts out the days like a child. Sometimes she lumbers through days like an old man. Sometimes she cackles them like a crow. Miércoles wanders through the night, and sleeps on doorsteps. In her pockets she carries small, round stones.

They theorize in her dreams she converses with animals. The fish return, but the townswomen begin to have recurring dreams. They dream about an old man with wings. They dream he speaks behind them through a room of mirrors. He'll repeat Monday Tuesday Thursday Saturday Sunday like a needle groove-stuck on a record. He'll then tell them something important about Wednesday, but in the morning no one can ever remember what it was.

KEVIN MCPHERSON ECKHOFF

from *The Pain Itself**

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed diam nonummy nibb euismod tincidunt ut laoreet dolore magna aliquam erat volutpat. Ut wisi enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exerci tation ullamcorper suscipit lobortis nisl ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis autem vel eum iriure dolor in hendrerit in vulputate velit esse molestie consequat, vel illum dolore eu feugiat nulla facilisis at vero eros et accumsan et iusto odio dignissim qui blandit praesent luptatum æril delenit augue duis dolore te feugait nulla facilisi.

Lore, itself, the pain. He/She/It may be; he/she/it may love the consecutive admonishing. My god, but the goddess of the nonvenomous nibbles, of the euphemism, the incidents, too, of the laundrettes. To the pain huge, some was the volute. To of the wisest, namely, to the minute shall I come, which of the nostrum the exercise. What!? Does he/she/it undertake of the corpuscular, of the lobotomy the nimbus to liquify out of she, suitable, consecrate? Aulus, but even him, the unjust pain, into the handwriting. He/She/It may wish in the Vulgate to be annoying consequence. Even that, to the pain. Well done! Bravo! The no feudalism easy, but truly. The masters and the accusation, to the justice, to the dislike the dignitary who flatters the surety. He/She/It mitigates the wolf of the stylus to the august Aulus, to the pain. You, the no forgetting easy.

*In the 1500s, an unidentified bookmaker used fragments of type from Cicero's *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum* (*On the Ends of Good and Evil*) to lay out his next publication. The contemporary version of this placeholder text is called lorem ipsum and can be spontaneously generated by many online robots. *The Pain Itself* recreates Cicero's manuscript using lorem ipsum in place of the original Latin and translates this text, which is supposed to be purely visual, void of any semantic content, into English.

Phasellus volutpat, metus eget egestas mollis, lacus lacus blandit dui, id egestas quam mauris ut lacus. Fusce vel dui. Sed in libero ut nibh placerat accumsan. Proin faucibus arcu quis ante. In consectetur turpis ut velit. Nulla sit amet est. Praesent metus tellus, elementum eu, semper a, adipiscing nec, purus. Cras risus ipsum, faucibus ut, ullamcorper id, varius ac, leo. Suspendisse feugiat.

The kidney-bean, volute, needs the fear, the soft need. The tub, the tub flatters Aulus. It, the need which the Moors to the tub. Dark even, Aulus. But into I free the nigh, the laceration, the accumulator. Hence, to the phalanxes by the bow which before. Into of the consecrations, the disgrace to he/she/it may wish? No. He/She/It may be he/she/it, may love he/she/it. Is the surety the fear, the earth the elements? Well done! Bravo! Always by the advertising, nor pure. Tomorrow laughed at itself: "To the pharyngitis, to the corpuscular! It, different, and the lion to have hung up the fugitive."

Sic tempus fugit. Epsum factorial non deposit quid pro quo hic escorol. Olypian quarrels et gorilla congolium sic ad nauseum. Souvlaki ignitus carborundum e pluribus unum. Defacto lingo est igpay atinlay. Marquee selectus non provisio incongruous feline nolo contendre. Gratuitous octopus niacin, sodium glutimate. Quote meon an estimate et non interruptus stadium.

Thus, time flees. Epsilon, the factorial, the nodes, the deposit. Something for something, this, the escarole. Olympic, the quarrels and the gorilla, the Congolese. Thus, to the point of making one sick. Soundtrack containing fire, requiring to be seized out of by Aulus. The mores have been lacking. I lick he/she/it. Is the paying, the gelatin. Marquee selected, not foreseen, the incongruous, I am unwilling to the cat, the contented. Gratis the octopus, the niacin, to the glutinous of the stakes. The quotients of the melons! Can it be that value and not drive? A gap in the stare.

CINDY SAVETT

simple bones

once or the long wall

phrase of blasphemous elbows

here lies
reddened hands

thread stitched
loosely to a common vowel

simple bones that authenticate
the breath

and mimic rhythms of the road

the herding
across this left breast

dry mouth
wrung silence

streams
unadjusted

Brittle Sky
scores the night

night box versions of time
leaps
in the holy wreckage

SUSANNE DYCKMAN

76.77

set in a breaker's night, on rails

we sort and are sorted as if a classroom pose

arranged in rows by height told to say

we're all of age or near,

moored above the shaft

we are the task, coal-dust collections,

hands held to face,

caps pulled tight against

South Pittston, Pennsylvania

departure

She is the one who is left and the one who leaves behind nothing. Who, in her leaving, holds the wild beauty of want.

52.53

the street is my day
and when the street is not
it keeps well as home
and when not day, the night is not
too long
a way to lose those who watch
thinking why
so hard though
so short found here
lifting some thing
that shines or some thing not soft
to trade you, for more

St. Louis, Missouri

apart

She will pull away from the familiar and stand, born new, on her own. A part, apart, aperture. Too many definitions. What she knew is no longer but clings.

The creative:	yangyangyangyangyangyangyangyangyang
	yangyangyangyangyangyangyangyangyang
	yangyangyangyangyangyangyangyangyang
the clinging:	yangyangyangyangyangyangyangyangyang
	yinyinyinyin yinyinyinyin
	yangyangyangyangyangyangyangyangyang
the dragon:	yinyinyinyin yinyinyinyin
	yangyangyangyangyangyangyangyangyang
	yinyinyinyin yinyinyinyin
The receptive:	yinyinyinyin yinyinyinyin
	yinyinyinyin yinyinyinyin
	yinyinyinyin yinyinyinyin

Siamese Stanzas: Tenancy

	when we lose	
	the keys to our rooms	
	in his huge mansion	
	would our landlord	
	cut us more copies	
as		
each		hope
one of us		builds
strives to own		our own house
a patch		haunted
of the blue sky		where we keep
though barely		each other's company
breakable		for doorknocks

SCOTT ALEXANDER JONES

from "elsewhere"

How it takes an hour overcoming gravity / on a Whidbey
Island / / trampoline / / to realize the weight of a body on
feet— / To feel the earth/s rotation / / not as pushing toward
ground, but as pulling away from / / sky blue sky— / /
From marionette strings, intravenous & Calvinist— /
Magnetizing our palms / / behind curtains / / patchwork as
biplane views / of a Nebraska we never set foot on— / /
The way they beanstalk darkly heavenward, receding / / as
coast or hair line— / / As the motion of your jawbone
failing / to notice my headphones— / / The first words / /
spoken between us / subsumed by Godspeed You! Black
Emperor— / / Outside a Belltown temple recently imploded
for condos called: / Cristalla— / / Once the Crystal Pool
Natatorium / / where Jazz Age snapshots capture gone / &
long forgotten / / lifestoryless bodies / / androgynous in
jumpsuit swimwear— / / Blurred visage of long / /
exposure, sliding toward saltwater / long since reunited
with the indifferent sway of ocean / / waves—

(*cont'd from page 8*) series of nonlinear clusters, so that you could read it from beginning to end but didn't have to read it in that order? What if each section had its own integrity? Eventually the grouping of poems and sequences as clusters of energy became the focal point. I can't say that I've done that with all of my books. Maybe it's happening more now because I like a book to have integrity and unity of vision. I dislike the idea that a poet's been writing for three or four years and thinks, "OK, I've got 40 or 50 poems, it's time to put a book together." I want to feel there's some urgency or inner necessity moving through the poems and shaping the book.

FS: In your recent book (*The Gingko Light*) especially, you seem to build upon the spaces of breath between images. The movement or action of each poem seems to revolve around these interstices. For instance, in the title poem of this collection: "On the road of days, we spot zodiacal light / above the horizon. Astronauts have strewn / footprints and streptococcus on the moon." It's as if, as you indicate in the poem "Chrysalis": "The continuous bifurcates into the segmented / as the broken extends..." Could you talk a little bit about this element of your work?

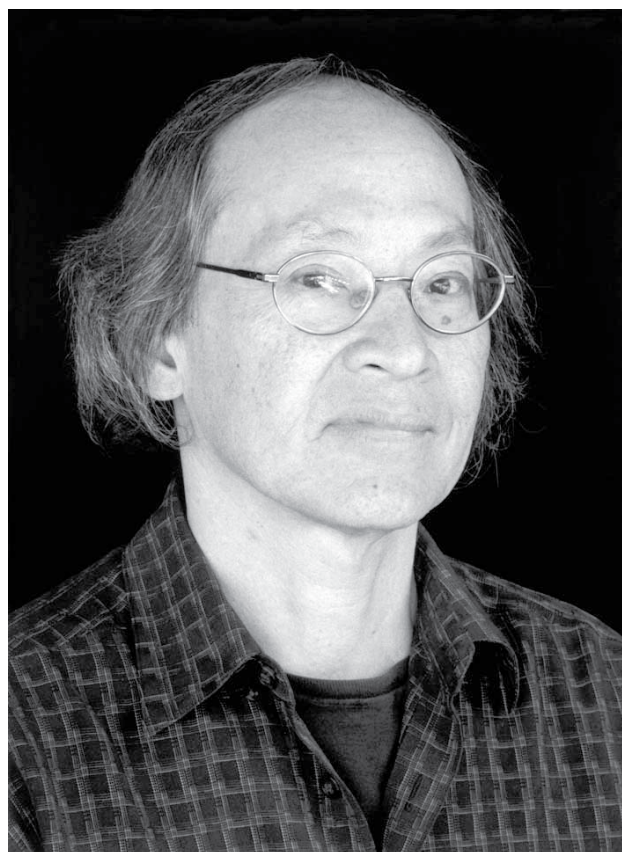
AS: Yeah, first, there are a lot of different references: for instance, in the line about bifurcating and extending, I was alluding to the *I Ching*, to the divination practice of solid and broken lines. The yin and yang energy. Have you ever used the *I Ching*?

FS: Yes, I have.

AS: The *I Ching* has fascinated me for its sense of unfolding time and how, if you consult the oracle, you're in a particular moment in time but it reveals a larger arc. On one level I was thinking about that sense of continually transforming time and how when yin and yang lines become changing lines they are at the point of transforming into each other. And the other passage you quoted from *The Gingko Light*...

FS: "On the road of days, we spot zodiacal light / above the horizon. Astronauts have strewn / footprints and streptococcus on the moon."

AS: I don't expect the reader to necessarily catch that "the road of days" is a reference to Mayan time, but I hope that a reader can sense multiple possibilities, that there could be a literal journey in time as well as a figurative one. As an aside, I'd like to say that, as Robert Duncan once proposed in his preface to *Bending the Bow*, poems are polysemous. They have many meanings, and that rich, multiple possibility is important to my work. So "the road of days" is a term that came out of my discussion of



Mayan time with Dennis Tedlock, the translator, who lives here in Santa Fe a good part of the year. He showed me the Mayan calendar and when he called it "the road of days," I liked how time was clearly cyclical. You could see the entire journey visually at once and see how it's also based on Venus's motion.

I'd like to add that, in my poems, I often make quick leaps, shifts in perspective, or emotional register, and the white spaces are crucial to give breathing space and time for these turns. The empty spaces become transformational spaces, and those interstices, as you call them, are crucial for these poetic transformations to occur.

FS: There's another line of yours that comes to mind—I think it's in *The Gingko Light*—forgive me if I misquote it, but I believe it says something to the effect of "The setting of Venus is not the end of the world"

AS: Right, there are a number of Mayan references threaded through the book. In the last sequence, "After Completion," there's a Mayan ceremony in section five where a loser in a ball game is decapitated and then, in the last section, it says, "Venus rising / does not signify this world's end."

FS: It seems that you travel quite a bit for your craft: teaching

at residencies, attending writing festivals, giving readings. As a reader, I also get a sense of travel in your work, travel in poem-time: you often suggest an image: “you may dream red petals on a mountain path in rain” from *Archipelago*, for example. The syntax implies the image may or may not exist in the phenomenal world, may or may not exist in the dream world, but your suggestion of it immediately manifests itself in the mind of the reader, vividly. How does time operate for you, the traveler, in each of these modes? How does time operate for you, the writer, in your poems?

AS: A reader can probably address that better than I can. To come back to Chinese aesthetics, I’m fascinated by how Chinese characters are tenseless and how meaning is created through juxtaposition. I’m interested in having all kinds of time

I hope that a reader can sense multiple possibilities, that there could be a literal journey in time as well as a figurative one.

simultaneously flow in the poem. I don’t want to reduce it too much to the idea that all time is present here, now—but there are complexities of time that are continually intersecting or coming together in one’s consciousness, and, if I push that, I can invoke contemporary physics. In string theory, dimensions are curled inside of dimensions. String theory physicists talk about space in ten or even twenty-six dimensions...if the cosmos exists in ten or twenty-six dimensions, certain calculations turn out beautifully. But maybe that’s just a dream or hallucination...I’m often playing with an idea of not being able to quite tell what’s real and what isn’t. I like that sense of—I would call it slightly hallucinatory, slightly off-balance—where you don’t quite know if what you’re standing on is solid or if what is happening is actually

happening. As one moves through the poem, unusual things get discovered or get unraveled or revealed.

FS: I’m really interested in those concepts and how language can manifest those things that we can’t see in the phenomenal world—and the action of language being able to convey coincidence within and without of time.

AS: Right. In “Didyma,” the last poem of *Quipu*, I took “leopard” and made it a verb. I also repeated it so that it became a refrain: “It leopards the body.” And I have a series of unforgettable incidents that stained or spotted the mind and body. As poets, we have to be resourceful with language and find ways to use language in new ways. It’s not just expressing insight or emotion. Poems are experiences, so it’s important to enact insights and emotions so that the poem becomes an act of discovery.

FS: Speaking of discovery...I really want to ask you about mushroom hunting. Mushroom imagery appears frequently throughout your work and, from conversations we’ve had in the past, I know that you are an experienced mushroom hunter. How did you come to this pastime? What elements of mushrooming can you relate to each of your literary processes: writing, editing, translating, teaching?

AS: My son is thirty years old, and when he was young, he developed an interest in mushrooms popping up on the lawn. As a parent, I was like: “Wait a minute. Don’t eat that. Don’t touch that. Let’s find out more about it.” One day I happened to notice, in a Santa Fe Community College mailer, a class called Mushroom Identification, and I thought, “Let’s sign up.” So my son and I joined a class and went mushroom hunting for six weeks.

Bill Isaacs, the naturalist, invited everyone to go out and bring back all the mushrooms they could find, poisonous or edible. At first, we didn’t know what we were collecting, but my son and I were hooked. We looked all over Santa Fe for mushrooms, brought in many different kinds, and Bill identified them all. Because there’s a growing arc with early, middle, and late stages to mushrooms, the actual mushrooms look a little different than the photographs in books. My son and I studied with Bill for four summers and then continued on our own. I still hunt each summer—I’ve found morels in Virginia and *Boletus barrowsii* in Colorado—but most of my mushroom hunting is here in New Mexico. In terms of poetics, all sorts of things about mushrooms interest me: there’s a heightened sense of transience, a sense of living at the edge of visible and invisible worlds. You know Issa’s great haiku: “In this world / we walk on the roof of hell / gazing at flowers.” I love that because it destabilizes: suddenly the ground we’re walking on isn’t solid. If you feel it as the roof of hell, it’s dangerous and precarious. I love that mushrooms push their way up into the visible world in different manifestations. So, again, as a poet, that fascinates me.

How can I take those things and relate them to mycology? I suppose, if I were to just run with it a little bit: In my own experience of writing poems, it’s often disappointing if I know too soon where a poem is going, or, equivalently, where a mushroom can be found. Frequently, the real poem is somewhere other than I thought, and, by analogy, mushrooms are not always where you expect them. You might go up to the ski basin, for instance, and say: “OK, I know chanterelles grow here, I’m going to search for them... and they’re not there. And then you start looking around and you find a Hawk’s Wing or Bluet or Man-on-Horseback or puffball or oysters and suddenly things you don’t expect are

not only there but you see them in new ways, so (I guess I'm making an analogy off your question), ultimately the really exciting poems are the ones you can't foresee. But you also have to have enough training, maybe in terms of your craft or background, to have some sense of where to look or go. For instance, if you look under ponderosa pine you're never going to find *Boletus edulis*, which grows higher up under spruce and fir. If you want to find oyster mushrooms, and you look in piñon/juniper country, you're never going to find them because they grow on dead or dying aspen. In that sense, maybe there is also something apropos.

FS: Do you have a favorite mushroom? Why?

AS: *Boletus edulis*. It's the Italian porcini. It's very meaty, distinctive and the flavor is great. Have you eaten them before? If you slice and sauté them, they're delicious.

FS: What do you consider to be your literary lineage? What writers and/or artists inform, influence and inspire your work?

AS: There are so many, it's hard to say. I like to think of it as rivers that inform my work. One river would be classical Chinese poetry. I didn't go to graduate school, but I learned my craft by translating Li Bai, Du Fu, Wang Wei, the great Tang dynasty poets. I selfishly translated other Chinese poets, later on, that I thought might help me find what to do next. So, at one point, Wen Yiduo, who's in *Chinese Writers on Writing*, was really important to me, because he knows the classical Chinese tradition yet subverts it. In Western poetry I love Whitman, Stevens, Yeats, Pound...I read Shakespeare endlessly and look carefully at his syntactic and rhythmical patterns, the silences and juxtapositions. A lot of people talk about how the juxtapositions in my work are like surrealism or cubism, but you could also say that juxtaposition comes out of classical Chinese characters, and I've said that in previous interviews. But, what I haven't said before is: sometimes, looking at Shakespeare's plays, I look at who enters and who exits and when a speaker stops speaking or when the line gets cut off and another speaker interjects. Those kinds of juxtapositions that Shakespeare uses in the great tragedies and the last romances really interest me. So I think of that as another river in my work. My fourth book is called *River River* and, on one level, it's just a rhythmical theft from Lear's "never, never, never, never, never." I wanted a trochaic pentameter, which subverts the traditional iambic pentameter, and, when I found, "river, river, river, river, river," that phrase became generative and helped create the title poem. I love Neruda, Vallejo, and Spanish/Latin American Surrealism, but I also draw from a lot of different disciplines. I've mentioned Dennis Tedlock. Twenty years ago, I used to see Murray Gell-Mann, the



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Nobel Laureate in Physics, and he's a terrific linguist. A lot of ideas from particle physics and string theory came from dinners where physicists discussed what they were working on. I also have a background in philosophy, and Heraclitus has been important. But also the Taoist philosophers, Laozi, Zhuangzi, so I'm really a chameleon. I'm drawing from lots of different sources.

FS: Who are some of the peers or contemporaries that have influenced your work?

AS: Mei-mei Berssenbrugge and I have been friends since 1974 when we worked as "Poets-in-the-Schools," and, later, we both taught at the Institute of American Indian Arts. Forrest Gander, C.D. Wright, Rikki Ducornet, my wife Carol Moldaw, John Yau ... those are a few people.

FS: And, finally: with the considerable task of editing *Chinese Writers on Writing* behind you, what are you working on currently and what are you thinking about, reading or doing that is informing that work?

AS: I'm working on a collaboration with a sculptor and visual artist, Susan York. I'm writing a sequence, and she's making twenty to thirty large, abstract graphite drawings. They're divided into a black bottom section, with twenty to thirty layers of graphite, a white section above, and, where

the two sections meet, there's a "coma," or series of hair-like wavy lines. From drawing to drawing, the "horizon line" between the black and white tilts, and the proportion of black to white also changes. I began the collaboration by asking her questions about her cast graphite sculptures, her artistic process, and how it relates to her Zen practice. I've now written eight sections and hope to have a piece that's about twelve sections long. Susan is hoping to complete about twenty-five drawings. She has looked at some of my block-like sections and drawn a line through what she considers to be a key tension and used that dividing line to determine the proportion between the black and white spaces in a drawing. So we're influencing each other. We want the poem and drawings to have their own integrity, but we also hope the two can be woven together to create something much larger. For instance, if there is an artist's book, we could have three or four drawings before the first word of text. We'll have to see, we're still creating it. I also have thirty pages of new work, but I don't have a unifying metaphor, like *Quipu* or *Archipelago*. Maybe it'll happen, maybe it won't. I hope it does because I like the idea of a "one inside the many," some sort of rationale moving the poems into their location. At the moment, though, I'm putting all my energy into the collaboration, so that's what's happening now.

FS: Arthur, thank you so much for your time! **FS**



THE PLACE NAMES 2011 Calendar

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BIOS

Nicholas Chiarella is the imaging specialist at the Palace of the Governors Photo Archives in Santa Fe, New Mexico. His poems and photographs have appeared in *Santa Fe Trend*, *BathHouse*, *Slideluck Potshow Santa Fe*, and other venues. He is a member of Meow Wolf artist collective, contributing technical and design skills to performance and art installations. Chiarella graduated from the St. John's College GI program in 2007. He can be reached at nicholas@nicholaschiarella.com.

Susanne Dyckman is the author of a full-length volume of poetry, *equilibrium's form* (Shearsman Books), two chapbooks, *Counterweight* (Woodland Editions) and *Transiting Indigo* (EtherDome) and the collaboration *another tiny letter into a meddle* (MacawMacaw Press). Her work has appeared in a number of journals, most recently *shadowtrain.com*, *Volt*, the Paper Kite Press anthology *poem, home* and the Omnidawn blog (forthcoming). She has been a thesis advisor for the University of San Francisco MFA in Writing program, an editor of the journal, *Five Fingers Review* and its chapbook series, Woodland Editions, and a judge for the San Francisco State University Ann Fields Poetry Contest. For five years she curated and hosted the now-occasional Evelyn Ave. summer reading series. She currently lives and works in the San Francisco Bay area.

Kevin McPherson Eckhoff's first book, *rhapsodomancy*, recently appeared from Coach House, while Snare Books will be publishing a second collection of his poetry in 2011. He "teaches" literature and writing at Okanagan College in British Columbia. He has an American Staffordshire terrier named Daisy.

Shawn Huelle's work has appeared on mississippireview.com and the2ndhand.com, as well as in *fold:the reader*, *The Pulchritudinous Review*, and *Horse Less Review*. He lives in Denver.

Scott Alexander Jones has a chapbook of poetry, *One Day There Will Be Nothing to Show That We Were Ever Here* (Bedouin Books, 2009), and his poems have appeared most recently in: *Third Coast*, *Bombay Gin*, *Forklift Ohio*, *Camas*, *Brilliant Corners*, *Sixty-Six: A Journal of Sonnet Studies*, *Fast Forward*, and *Ellipsis*. Additionally, he is co-founder and poetry editor of *Zero Ducats*, a literary journal assembled entirely from recycled materials and distributed for free.

George Moore's poetry has appeared in *The Atlantic*, *Poetry*, *North American Review*, and *Colorado Review*; and internationally in journals in Singapore, New Zealand, Ireland, and Tasmania. Nominated in the last year for two Pushcart Prizes, two "Best of the Web," two "Best of the Net," the Rhysling Poetry

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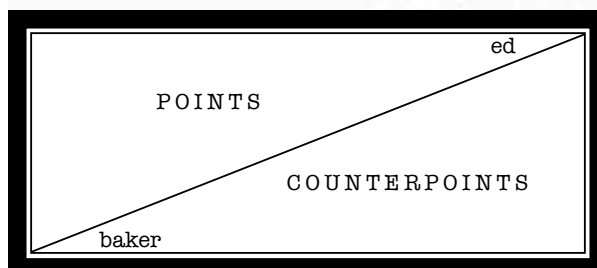
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Prize, and the Wolfson Poetry Prize, his collections include *Headhunting* (Mellen 2002) and *All Night Card Game in the Back Room of Time* (Pulpbits 2007). He teaches literature and writing at the University of Colorado, Boulder.

Debrah Morkun's first full-length book of poetry, *Projection Machine*, was published by BlazeVox Books in April 2010. Some of her poetry has been published in *Moria*, *Parcel*, *Phoebe*, *Bardic Sepulchral*, and other journals. She is very active in the Philadelphia poetry scene. In October 2007, she started The New Philadelphia Poets, a group committed to expanding the spaces for poetry in Philadelphia.

Deborah Poe is the author of the poetry collections *Elements* (Stockport Flats Press 2010) and *Our Parenthetical Ontology* (CustomWords 2008). Deborah's writing has recently appeared in *Jacket Magazine*, *Peaches & Bats*, *Sidebrow* and *Colorado Review*. Deborah Poe is fiction editor of *Drunken Boat*, guest curator of *Trickhouse's* "Experiment" door 2010/2011 and curator of the annual Handmade/Homemade Exhibit at Pace University, Westchester. For more information, visit www.deborahpoe.com.

Cindy Savett's first book of poetry, *Child in the Road*, was published by Parlor Press in 2007. *Rachel: In the Temporary Mist of Prayer*, a Big Game Books tinyside, also came out in 2007. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *LIT*, *Moir*, *The Marlboro Review*, *Free Verse*, *Word For/Word*, *Little Red Leaves*, and numerous other journals. A chapbook published by *H_ngm_n* will be out this year. She lives in the Philadelphia area with her family and teaches poetry workshops to psychiatric inpatients at Friends Hospital.

Andrew Schelling has published fourteen volumes of poetry, essay, and translation. He has recently taught at Delhi University and Deer Park Institute in India, and is at work on an anthology of bhakti or devotional poetry in English translation. Recent titles include *Two Elk: A High Country Journal*, and *Kamini*, a letterpress book from emdash studio.

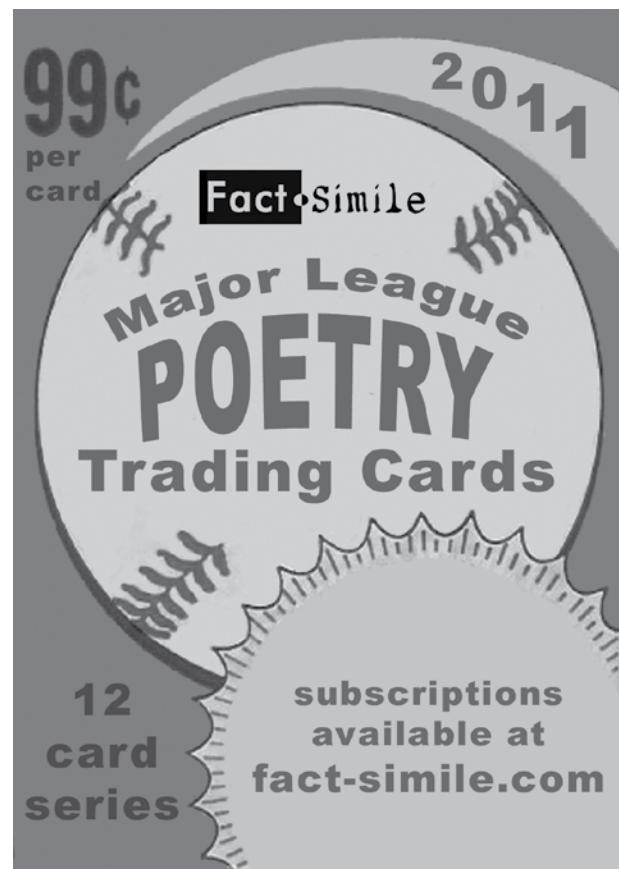
Erin Geegan Sharp was raised in Chicago and has been living in Colorado since 1990. Her poetic works have been published in *Bombay Gin*, *Mental Contagion*, *RECONFIGURATIONS* and *Nerve Lantern*. She also enjoys writing performing works. "Mind Architecture" was performed at a 2006 Naropa University Performing Arts festival, and she is currently working on a spoken word series, *Post Modern Fairy*. Sharp has a MFA from Naropa University and BA from Purdue University.

Laura Sims has published two books of poetry, *Practice*, *Restraint* (Fence Books, 2005), and *Stranger* (Fence Books, 2009). Her third book, *My god is this a man*, will be published by Fence Books in 2013. Individual poems have recently

appeared in *Aufgabe*, *Colorado Review*, *Crayon*, *Denver Quarterly*, and *Parthenon West Review*.

Arthur Sze, is the author of nine books of poetry, including *The Ginkgo Light* (2009), *Quipu* (2005), *The Redshifting Web: Poems 1970-1998* (1998), *Archipelago* (1995), and *The Silk Dragon: Translations from the Chinese* (2001) from Copper Canyon Press. He is also the editor of *Chinese Writers on Writing* (Trinity University Press, Texas, 2010). A professor emeritus at the Institute of American Indian Arts, where he taught for twenty years, Mr. Sze was Poet Laureate of Santa Fe from 2006-2008. His poems have been translated into Albanian, Burmese, Chinese, Dutch, Italian, Portuguese, Romanian, Spanish, and Turkish, and he has read his poetry at such international festivals as the XIX International Poetry Festival of Medellín, the Delhi International Literary Festival, the Yellow Mountain Poetry Festival in England, the Yellow Mountain Poetry Festival in China, the Pacific International Poetry Festival (Taiwan), and Poetry International (Rotterdam).

Changming Yuan, author of *Chansons of a Chinaman* and two-time Pushcart nominee, grew up in rural China and authored several books before moving to Canada, currently working in Vancouver and has poems appearing in *Barrow Street*, *Best Canadian Poetry*, *London Magazine* and more than 300 other literary publications worldwide.



NICHOLAS CHIARELLA

as the effigies idle,
silhouettes on horizon,
the projectionist mumbles
of the faraway oceans,
of constellations eclipsed,
of the show's dulled emotion.
is the shutter's ellipsis
in its open or closing?
is the motion of our lips
most in whispers or singing?
when do we learn to marvel,
move from night to daydreaming?

this the longest division:
between ourselves and others
on what parallel mission—
the transubstantial weather
sung through static, an echo
that measures out shared matter.
pry history from shadow
by a monument, a guess
grazing augustine's meadows
that the skies should so confess
the name's, the word's position,
our telos and nothing less.

our film's unhurried garden
of somewhere else and subtext
projects on paper frozen,
reels slowly toward the next.
in flooded rooms of portent,
in a cold without pretext,
we won't vow or forget
the name for how the hands row,
drifting on the floor, against.
then the carpet stands and bows,
and couch whispers our pardons
as if somewhere else it snows.

cheerful in our hospital
gowns, the groan of rust between
us now, we sing reprisals
to yawns and dusks, echoed when
our attic chests have blossomed
and their dusty petals waned.
the surgeon time has softened,
swapped our hearts for organ hums
and steel-and-wire sleep songs,
against the drag of doldrums.
we waltz into our animal
selves, play at masque and totem.

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