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Allen Itz

shadows

a woman in red
stands quiet and still
before a red wall

becomes like a shadow
on the wall

while, I standing
as it passes,
become a shadow
on the parade of daily life

afternoon at Starbucks

i. the girl with a small mouth and long brown hair

threw back here hair
with a flip of her head

and smiled

little mouth a bow
drawn tight
like a knot
on a pink and white tie
or a kitten
that curls like a ball
when you tickle
her belly

ii. summer light

sun streams all around
through floor to ceiling windows

a black man
in a chalk white hat
passes

shadow
and searing flash
glide
through the room of bright

iii. duet

an old man,
silver hair curling
on the nape of his neck
sits under a green umbrella
in shorts and plaid shirt

starched to razor sharpness
studying a score unfolded
on a music stand before him,
humming along as he reads

he doesn't see the younger woman
who stands behind him, reading
over his shoulder, lips moving
toe tapping on the courtyard bricks,
keeping time

iv. enjoy, enjoy

hand in hand they stroll
carefree, young,
sure that day
will always follow night

I whisper
as they pass,
enjoy, enjoy
this bright
wonderous day,
let the shining sun
of your life
reflect itself on mine

v. two fat men hugging

two fat men hug,
friends parting,
reaching, with great delicacy,
over their substantial bellies
to reaffirm histories
not forgotten, futures
not forsaken

Pat McCormick, R.I.P.

everyone dies

heros and comics
and villianous creeps

evryone

Uncle Lester
Aunt Hester
and Fester
the Travis Park
Molester

everybody

e v e r b o d y

presidents and thieves
busboys and the once upon a time
flings
of spoiled rich kings
of tiny nations with lots of oil
and large armies with fat generals
popped and debecked and braided
in Gilbert and Sullivan uniforms

Ronald Reagan died

didn't like him much
but now that he's dead
who cares who didn't like him

and William Golden,
crackerbarrel philosopher
and newspaper publisher
with puffy white hair
and hornrim glasses
and a big smile that looked
out at you from the back
of his latest book of essays

liked him a lot but
it didn't do him any good

he died anyway

all of these people

good ones and bad ones,
sweet smelling and sour,
the vile and the saintly
and all the rest in-between

dead, everyone

and you, too, someday,
so don't be thinking
you have some kind of
get out of death free card

I'm really sorry about that

because it makes it harder
for me to believe
I'll be the exception
that proves
the rule

Benny McGruder

Benny McGruder
is not
a Certified
Public
Accountant.

He does not have
a wife named Phyllis
two kids, a mortgage
and a pet
named Flea.

Benny McGruder
is not
five foot nine
with bandy legs
and a 40 inch waist.

He does not play golf
on week-ends
with old high school friends
named Tubs,
Squeel and
Bartholomew.

Benny McGruder
does not take a bus
every weekday
to his office
at Franklin and Bean.

He does not masturbate
at night
in the bathroom
after Phyllis
has gone to bed.

And he does not weep
in the morning
in the shower
with his cheek pressed
hard against
the cold
wet
tile.

Benny McGruder
is not
what he seems.

Desired by women,
admired by men,
feared by those
he might cross,
Benny McGruder
is a powerful man,
a man of presence,
A rough man,
a tough man,
a mean
motherfucker
man.

Someday you will know
about Benny McGruder.

Benny McGruder
is a man
who will matter.

Someday.

bio

Allen Itz is a native South Texan, moving slowly over the years from a small town on the border in deep South Texas to San Antonio and the Texas hill country. He began as a writer in the late 1960's, published a few poems, then quit writing for nearly 30 years. He returned to poetry when he retired several years ago and has since published more than 200 poems in various on-line and print literary journals and has recently released his first book, "Seven Beats a Second" Go to Allen's website at www.7beats.com for information on the art, poetry and music that make up his Seven Beats Project.

Adam Fieled

Loose Canon

shots ricocheted at borders

coated walls absorbed friction-lit brigades
sensitive machines registered red hits

sleep fell on specifics regardless
universals fried sausages

not much could be spoken of remorse

second skirmish sent forces scattering
shards of green glass littered forest floors

irreplaceable antiques wiped their eyes
on the cuffs of the loosest canon

I didn't expect immolation to arrive so soon

Legs

senseless propositions

seem ruddy-cheeked in sky-backed night
exhaust-fume dense from windowless space

you're black-hewn then, from spider-webbed heat
(rubbed, boned over propulsions)

clouded lights prove unstable, shoot themselves off
damp felt ends of feeling....

a state of affairs untouched by contraction
simulacrum of finite regression

puddles and spoon-handles confuse themselves

Call

leaves and pavement fastened to my phone

you cast a salt-harbored spell from Boston
crabbing in a scuttle beneath me

born of phonological effluvia
caressed vowels 'twixt your tongue and teeth

taste of buttered lobsters sans bibs
I moseyed, street streaked black, benighted,

tired, decompressed to nothingness...
sullen street-light scintillations

picked meat in your consonants
pavement gave way to gravy

my phone had an orgasm and gave out

Blog-balls

Stomach-stormed, the keyboard's an ink-
gun, letter-loaded. You want to pierce the skin,
tattoo me. I've got a space on my left upper-
arm. I've wanted a dragon there, but your teeth-
ink-marks will do. Get some fire-water in you;
you'll feel wetter, heady for the hunt. Now, you've
spotted an opening, gaping like a moon-crater.
Stick it in, every inch of it. Bind me by my
blog-balls, so you see— it's good to thrust.
It'll be even better w/ you on the bottom.

Nowhere Man

What can he be but what he already is?

Don't cry for his non-existent ideology.
He doesn't. He thinks of it at odd moments,
between contented sips of whiskey, NPR
blaring like Wagner, when the moon
makes him feel what he's lacking—
the fire inside, the knotted tension,
clotted arteries, blotted wounds,
sodden innocence. He's as tender
as a calf, simple as a lark, quiet
as a cat. All he thinks about is tail.

What can he "is" but what he's already been?

adam fieled is a poet, critic, and musician currently based in philly. he has work in or forthcoming in *jacket*, *rain taxi*, *nth position*, *many mountains moving*, *luzmag*, *argotist*, *great works*, *te_a_tro*, *hutt*, *starfish*, *boog city*, and edits the blog-journals *pfs post* (www.artrecess.blogspot.com) and *stoning the devil* (www.adamfieled.blogspot.com). his albums include "darkyr sooner", "ardent" and "raw rainy fog".

P.L. George

IMPLOSION OF A POET

I first met Becky while traveling with my friends' band, Headroom, to Dallas for a show in Deep Ellum. She was working in a CD store in Norman, and she was Jeremys' latest screw, and he had arranged to pick her up on the way. We had passed four fat joints between us, and I was catatonic, laughing mostly about Mike the drummers' new mowhawk and that engine kept cutting out every ten miles or so.

Stoned or sober, Becky's voice was that of a baby doll groupie, the kind that I'd seen a million times after a show that would hang around bands and try to hook up with local celebrities that were never going anywhere.

Daniel, the lead singer, had arranged for his sister to take our stoned and broke asses in to her suburban Fort Worth home which was the cleanest I'd ever seen. But Becky surprised me. She was the first girl I knew who became bored with Jeremy after getting past his guitar and his eternal supply of weed. Out on the patio, we talked about Nietzsche and art, and how the world didn't understand anything. She was an immigrant, brought to Oklahoma at the age of three and spoke impeccable German. I told her I wrote and hung out at Galileo's, a bar and local coffee house that hosted poetry nights in the arts district of Oklahoma City. I had never read there, but liked the

atmosphere. We exchange numbers and she told me she had a poet friend that she thought I should meet. He became the reason I never respected anyone calling himself a poet again.

After two solid days and nights of beer saturation in Dallas, she called, and I met her at Galileo's on Wednesday for open mic night. He was there, the poet, or so he like to be called. Steven stands about 5'9, waif frame, reminding one of femininity with brown, slightly thinning, hair. He first jumped on me as he rolled his own cigarettes and licked the papers with his tongue. He asked me what poets I liked. I said the Beats and as far as poets were concerned, I thought Ginsberg and Whitman were mystics.

"What else?" he replied with a little condescension in his voice. I was early in my writing, but had won a short story contest in Arkansas, but I was still in a little awe of people that read at this whole coffee house scene, and the ones that had the balls to get up at the mic. "What else?" he said again.

I said Rimbaud. And he stopped me and corrected me cold, "It's *Rimbo*."

I drew back in my hole, and he took over the conversation, going down the list of what translations of poets he had read and that I needed to read more. I told him that doing a lot of reading fucked up my inner voice. He dismissed that, and by the time we had exchanged numbers, I crawled out of the bar with barely my balls.

Two weeks passed, and Becky called again for an invite to her twenty-third birthday party at Galileo's. I'd just gotten about five rejections in the mail from pretty obscure lit journals, but I reluctantly said yes, though I wasn't up for any celebration. And Steven was there, sitting obscurely in the corner with about ten bottles tipped over

in front of him on the table. He targeted me when I approached the table, slurring every other word.

“I want to show you some of my poems.” He had dyed his hair in a jet-black Goth color, and hung a rolled cigarette from the corner of his mouth. I starved for writers in this city, and Headroom’s after parties of weed and forty year old strippers were beginning to lose their luster. Maybe he’d be good to give me a critique on my writing, and mine on his.

We tipped some more back and through the fourth Jagermeister we decided to hang out more. I gave him ten of my stories from the back seat of my car, two of which had gotten published and thought they were on fire. I called him four days later to hear an outside voice and get away from my inner one. He never answered. I called Becky, and she told me what went down. Steven was in jail. He was hooked on pills and had broken into his neighbor’s house and nearly got shot. He’d be out on bond in a week. I didn’t care. I wanted to hear what he thought of my writing, seeking validation.

Out of the blue, on a Wednesday, I believe, he called and asked if I’d come and pick him up down at County. I did, and he was broke, so I said I’d treat him to a cup of coffee.

“So what did you think of my stories?” I asked him. He rolled that creepy little cigarette of his and fired it. “It’s shitty,” he said.

“Well, let me see some of yours.”

“I’ll type some up.” That was the last thing he said to me for a while.

Six weeks had passed. We met by accident out at Hawaiian Don’s bar, and his sister was buying him one of the big, tropical drinks that came in sizes like fish bowls.

After the place was swarming and I had been through my fifth beer, I came up to him and wrapped my arm around his sister.

“So,” I said, “when are you going to show me your work?”

“Next week. I’ll meet you at Galileo’s at nine o’clock.”

That night was long, and my recollection was blurry, only remembering that I’d pissed in the hallway of a girl I picked up and her screaming and kicking me out. That, and I slept on her porch until the sun came up.

So a week passed, and I made it to Galileo’s early, putting my name on the list to read then scratching it off. He showed up like he promised with three pages in his hand and a confident smile.

“I’m gonna read these tonight,” he said when he handed them to me and walked to the list to write his name.

The first went like this.

We enter through wombs

And exit through tombs.

And at the bottom he wrote, “Submit” in quotations to Paris Review, Atlantic Monthly, Harpers, etc.

The second was this.

Kill today! kill tomorrow!

Watch it all die, become a

Spectator, and do nothing about it.

In pen was inked “Good” and “Send to Paris Review, Atlantic Monthly, The New Yorker,” etc.

The third I didn't even bother to read. When he came back, he took his seat and rolled that shitty little cigarette and asked me what I thought.

"I don't know, their pretty short," I told him.

"That's how most of mine are," he said.

After sitting in awkward silence for about ten minutes, I excused myself to the bathroom. I threw his poems in the toilet and pried open the window in the stall, and went home.

I never talked to a poet again.

work can be found at oraculartree.com., slowtrains.com, cerebralcatalyst.com, foliate oak at the university of arkansas, reddirtreview.org, absolute literary anthology, crybloxsome.com, admit2.net, and soon to be in bathouse.com at eastern michigan university and 63channels.com. I'm looking for a publisher for a book of short stories, both fiction and non fiction. Anyone interested email me at dharmadweller@cox.netthanks P.L.

Andy Martrich

I.

a man tries to sell me a set of steak knives
he says i need them in the winter
in the summer you can't hide anything
winter comes and everyone wears coats

what they conceal you can't know
he holds tight to my shirt sleeve.

down the block a bit
a rat the size of a turkey carries
a half eaten egg sandwich

i give the man my last dollar for a steak knife
he tells me that one day
he will help me like I helped him
you won't always be there i say

back at my apartment
i wash the steak knife in hot water
and boil to white the calluses hanging on my hands
i think about the size of that rat

back home in pennsylvania
a rafter of turkeys in the road
with trailing poults
crosses slow.

II.

tucked into the ground
a skeleton key that opens
every backyard gate
on the block

to mr. keller's garden
where grapevine wrapped
around the wine cellar
window

rotting wooden frames
chipping beige paint flakes
we pried apart the rest
sliding underneath

keller turned suspicious
when he heard reclusive clatter
over television drone and
low volume

he saw our purple lips
a shattered black bottle between us
shared and dripping
bloody red

to thievery and punishment
was our most recent contribution
to understanding our
shivering hands

III.

the tree is a square
the sign, an ill yellow post-it note
 in which case, the signifier
 is signified

whatever enunciation, it is improper
 hanging askew
 there to denounce any sort of action
 as authoritative

underneath it in manhattan's cubicle
written in virtuality
 on a monitor
 the newest of third dimension models

but a tree is still a square
and semiotics is cut down.

IV. (a cinquain)

reading
a.e. housman
touched by the Last Poems
that drove men in canada to
their graves.

Bio:

Andy Martrich is from Emmaus, PA but currently lives in Fort Greene, Brooklyn, NY. Aside from writing poetry, he enjoys writing songs and playing the musical saw. His poems have appeared in JAAM, Contrary Magazine, Barcid-Homily, Muse Apprentice Guild, Can We Have Our Ball Back, American Dissident and other magazines. A chapbook "I think we should lay here..." came out in 2003 with Foothills Publishing.

Colin James

IT IS FORBIDDEN TO THROW STONES AT THE POLYTECHNIC

Commandos
dangling ropes
explain themselves
in unapologetic art.
Look under any bridge,
I guarantee
her back will arch.

AUNT MARGIE THE ROCK-HOUND

Tumbling watermellon quartz.
The talk is courteous
and sand vamps the room.
We picnic as rural trackers.
The food's metronome diet
goes down swell.
Multitasking Margie,
she puts just enough butter
in her sandwich
to entice a Viking.

HARBOURING THE ANALYTICAL

Remember when we saw those shapes
by the side of the road?
We thought they were men
bending over.
They turned out to be
air ducts.
Later, I had to go back
and apologize
to them all individually.

THE WING TAKES A VACATION

Chest pains near the V
then Gibraltar beckoned.
A small place,
the sum of its parts.
Mornings on the veranda.
Coffee beneath the jet streams's
eccentric behavior.
Keeping an eye out for the neighbors
a view that knows no compromise,
still gossips
little asides to the wind.

HOMILIES OF A LUNATIC

There were less trees
and the people started dying.
More metaphors for
the soul to embellish.
It wasn't until
the annimals became perturbed
and the nonrhythmic windmills,
arms flailing,
consistent with prudence.

Bio:

Colin James recently has had poems published in the print journals T88 and LUNATIC CHAMELOEN. I have some forthcoming in another print journal, THE HAZMAT REVIEW. More importantly, it is my son's sixth birthday tomorrow. [sent 2/2/06 ed.] I read him T.S Elliot before we get his bus. "Let us go then you and I...." He thinks i'm crazy and is probably right....

Corey Habbas

Brother

The peninsula, like an island, is Andros
coming down, His owl wings arcing
in a bridge over ocean from the cliff.

His moon eye that peers soft looks
of dream at lovers, is the temptation of vulnerable sleep.
There she is in His bright shadow coaxing you away.

On the rim of the port, the Raki flows at Papadakis,
and never what intoxicates her. They eat a month
of crescents, the butter of Malaga Cove that melts
the night into indigestible syrup.

Muscular men bring it back up into the air
with clapping and their joyful heels beating the floor.

All you can see is her spirit in talons. All you hear
are dishes breaking and the cries
of other men's festive passion. Your sorrow
becomes the delicate glitter of Italian lights.

As you stand near the cliffside you can see them
lassoing the peacocks with a road-blocking constellation.

Its steady glow produces the mirage of plumes that stretch
a path out over a sea where one wave-polished woman
equates to an ocean of virgins.

As you bypass the rocky shoreline of suicidal lovers,
which had once been the tall cliffs of a brave boy,
falling off, trusting to be pushed back by a gale,
a lyra sings for the peacocks and the dancing men,
persuading you of the democracy in dying.

Stow Away

Herman is the California
desert's leathered face,
cupped in the basin's Joshua fingers.

He had ridden a cargo ship over
Badwater from Sweden, and it delivered him
onto slopes formed from the milk of volcanoes
without pity typically given to a city beggar.

A boy will endure the worst beatings
from a man as long as he can stay
beside a mother who loves her boy
as the dirty damn strangers pick apart
his mother's blouse with vulture fingers.

He washes his hands with kerosene.
Kerosene is the soap and water of the desert.
The old rocks hide Herman
from the city; the pile on land
without a cross. The etched
womb of the valley stirs
with the wind of native spirits,
but Herman feels at home.

He lives like she's dead, under
a mourning rainshadow, and he tries
not to notice granite slopes
pushing up through the creosote bush.

Instead, he admires her dress
sewn from blue-lace agate,
harvests her endogenous eggs-
the hollow cavities fertilized with crystal-
and when the rock hounds have all but taken her,
and their trails are marked by poppies lit with sunfire,
Herman smells her sage sigh.

The adopted son
who never took a bride because
of how, in the desert, that kind of thing
can betray a man.

When he dies
he becomes a protected specimen
etched as if her tattoo's ink had bled a new river
and the wind carries its gift-
the rare dress of nubile snow.

On not Playing to Win

I lost the game in our empty closet
I have no worries,
for my Gumby plays Twister
on a bag of Wonder Bread.

Don't Call on Me

Oh, Trina. I'm in the dark
and you have me. The cap of
"Sizzling-Plum-Sunday" came off
and now I'm all marked up with the color
of your lips because of the swing of your hips
against your purse.

My buttons have chipped your studded nails
since you picked me up from the snow
from where the husband left me for lost, but

Leroy ratted you out
after a few drinks and a few calls from the wife.
From all that talk, that's what I've learned about the art
of breaking down. No matter how much battery.

I've gone from lost to stolen. Been blocked.
Drained, I gave the forest my call trail,
but the witch's oven doesn't even work around here.

Like in any prison where a woman is warden, I wish
for just one call before you yank my SIMM card.
I would tell him, "Don't come to the apartment.
Leroy and I passed out, and you'll be all alone with her."

Bio

Corey Habbas lives in Minnesota, and has written poetry that has recently appeared in Outsider Ink, Pemmican Press, Underground Window and PoetryMagazine.com. She holds a B.S. in Information Systems from California State University of Redlands. She grew up in Southern California.

James Davies

How many men did L and P believe had done this?

According to L, The Master said: *There are seven men who have done this*

According to P, The Master said: *There are eight men who have done this*

According to M, P was right

According to K, L was right

According to Z both P and L were right

According to H neither P nor L were right

According to K, P was wrong

According to M, L was wrong

According to Z neither P nor L were wrong

According to H both P and L were wrong

According to M how many men did L and P believe had done this?

According to K how many men did L and P believe had done this?

According to Z how many men did L and P believe had done this?

According to H how many men did L and P believe had done this?

Another...

Another day. The shopkeeper puts out yet another magazine.
His greedy eyes examine for the merest hint of nipple.
Blinks then then he gets back to shelving.

Some hours later P. calls in to collect his paper. On leaving
Distracted by some magazines he collides with the beautiful Princess Z.
Picking up his paper he scuttles out in embarrassment.

Alison moves her pot plants into the sun

Jim home from a hidden bay he knows
laughing at the soaking he got

off with his mac! wet clothes under that
wet clothes under *that*.

Sip garden sip - sip Cinzano!
Tap barefoot tap - sip Cinzano!

Alison's clippings! Jim's clippings! Wind's clippings!
Jim laughs at Alison. Alison laughs back at Jim.

James' Big Days Out

- a. She took me to the garden centre
- b. I followed him into the church and he followed me into the church
- e. I took joy whenever she played the piano or didn't
- g. She presented me with raw carrot and sild for tea
- i. With an owl-like face he chuckled in the meat section
- k. The first thing he did was to choose what to break
- l. The Midland Bank want their money back
- m. Everything, *everything* I heard last night I immediately forgot
- n. She said she liked to read Virginia Woolf, but she didn't
- o. You cannot change the world [*applause*]
- p. Even though he had come first in the race he could never quantifiably be called the best
- q. Her body looks like a rock down there, at the bottom of the cliff
- qq. I wanted to see the Wickerman but I had to make do with the Iron Horse
- s. She talked about sunlight, linen, workwear, healthcare
- t. Cardiff was like all the Christmas's I'd ever known

u. He stood on the platform waving; his hand mechanical
v. His shoulders slumped; a terrible whatness in his eyes
w. I carried on to Westminster Bridge

Bio

James Davies has written in Clacton, Exeter, Copenhagen and Manchester. For a living he teaches English at Abbey College in Manchester and sometimes on the Creative Writing programme at Bolton University. He is editor of Matchbox (www.matchbox.org.uk), an associate editor of Parameter Magazine (www.paramettermagazine.org) as well as being on the advisory board of Poets and Players (www.poetsandplayers.co.uk). His work has appeared in magazines including: Lamport Court, Scarecrow, Aesthetica and Embryo.

James Grinwis

THE STUDY OF SMALL WORDS

The meaning and function
of light in each.
The near plunge, the boy
who always holds back.
From time to time
I look for new words
and feel the sensation
of discovery. If I invent
my own, it's not the same
as seeing what's been.
Still, I go on pretending
to invent. Lumpster. Divinoid.
Somnabulaut. Drop off car
for Joe. In the middle of
the wide field.

*

A proving ground of sorts.
Sousaphone. Warrior-hood.
Attracting all the bears, the sound.
Her foot in some leaves.
Her foot snared by the tongs
of a bug. Cornetist. Monster
fig. Creature of endless desire.
Everywhere I wish you. At all
times and manners. A plate
crashed into an ironing board.
Cues of cause and effect.
Laugh of the oblong torch
in the hand of dart frog.
Barking frog. The ground
is moist and you sink
right in. -ology is the study
of. -oid is possessing of a form.

*

Chihuahua bird. Amoeba ferret,
who's heart was a hard,
pebble-like cord. She swallowed it
and carried it around in her gullet
where it quivered and throbbed
gently. The amoeba ferret
continued to claw heartlessly.
Where were we going this time?
asked a member of our group.
Didn't seem clear
anywhere. All sides of the compass
pointed back to the center of zero.
I clutched the root
for survival as the Chihuahua bird
veered into the canopy.
My orange canopy. Lambent
arc. Devouring restlessness.
Shoulder of the disjointed fuse.

*

Interior with ladykiller.
Interior with fox terrier.
Unprobed fathom of the next
century. Untaught
lesson of green. We sit
inside our little hut which is snug
and has a cow wearing an old
tire by the door.
My nephew's a handsome man.
Someday he'll be tamed
by she who makes docile
all that she strokes.
The self-domesticated wolves
sit around the fire in the yard.
They yawn and toss
peanut shells back and forth
but they're mostly tired, lulled
by the warmth of the flames.

*

Ogler, cokebird, toreador.
Show your bird-like fist.
My next son I will name Orville.
There's a lot of rain this weekend,
think I'll hike down to the coffeehouse
and make it new. Everybody speaking
about making it new.
Storm control. Quivering,
fire-thatched bird. Holding
the tongue in. Apprentice of.
The hat in an aspect of glory.
The thumb in an aspect of war.
Laying the aspect book
upon the aspect shelf.
How are thee. Thee seem fine,
swishing through the corridors
of the fish farm. Get thee
to a place far away.
Find a lost and
pretty thing.

*

Like the biology of cubes
in the kingdom of the
hog-nosed snake.
Xerox of the dismal swamp.
Xerography as study
of forms. At the bottom
of the sky as dot.

Bio :

James Grinwis is working on a futuristic novella involving a quest for Robert Frost's preserved, gilded head, around which wobbles an unusual political conspiracy. His work has appeared recently in American Poetry Review, Conjunctions, Backwards City, Spork, Bird Dog, Sleepingfish, Born Magazine, and elsewhere.

Kenji Siratori

"abnormal living body of a chemical=anthropoid-modem=heart of the hybrid corpse mechanism that turned on technojunkies' ill-treatment to the terror abolition world-codemaniacs of the chromosomal aberration that was controlled FUCKNAMLOAD****the acidHUMANIX infectious disease archive of the biocapturism nerve cells nightmare-script of a clone boy to the super-genomewarable to the feeling replicant living body junk of her digital=vamp cold-blooded disease animals reptilian=HUB ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM system to the brain universe of the hyperreal HIV=scanner form murder game of the dogs@tera DNA=channel of the drug fetus of the trash sense is debugged!

"terror fear=cytoplasm gene-dub of the drug fetus of the trash sense is debugged to the paradise apparatus of the human body pill cruel emulator corpse feti=streaming of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM::data=mutant of her abolition world-codemaniacs feeling replicant ecstasy system of the acidHUMANIX infectious disease archive_body encoder that BDSM plays a chemical=anthropoid to the brain universe that was processed noise hunting for the grotesque WEB to the genomics strategy circuit of the biocapturism nerve cells mass of flesh-modules of the hyperreal HIV=scanners that turned on the ill-treatment of the corpse city reptilian=HUB of a clone boy=joints....

"I turn on ill-treatment to the DNA=channels of the biocapturism nerve cells abolition world-codemaniacs that was processed the data=mutant of her ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system corpse feti=streaming of a clone boy****the gene-dub to the paradise apparatus of the human body pill cruel emulator that compressed the abnormal living body of a chemical=anthropoid-brain universe of the terror fear=cytoplasm that was controlled the acidHUMANIX infectious disease of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM@trash sense of drug fetus feeling replicant of the hyperreal HIV=scanner form tera of dogs were installed to the reptilian=HUB_modem=heart that hung up non-resettable murder game.

"reptilian=HUB_modem that crashed to the paradise apparatus of the human body pill cruel emulator murder-gimmick of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM chemical=anthropoid=cardiac covered that mass of flesh-module hunting for the grotesque WEB=joints acidHUMANIX infectious disease archive of the biocapturism nerve cells to the brain universe of the ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system that was processed the technojunkies' data=mutant nightmare-script of a clone boy is debugged to a hybrid corpse mechanism insanity medium of the hyperreal HIV=scanners that was send back out to the feeling replicant living body junk@digital=vamp cold-blooded disease animals era respiration-byte of the corpse city is aspirated acid.

"genomics strategy circuit reptilian=HUB of her ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system to the abolition world-codemaniacs feeling replicant_processed the data=mutant of the drug fetus of the trash sense is

installed::nightmare-script of a clone boy body encoder of the terror
fear=cytoplasm that the technojunkies' digital=vamped the insanity medium
of the hyperreal HIV=scanners DNA=channel of the corpse city that turns on
the brain universe of the hybrid corpse mechanism gene-dub of a
chemical=anthropoid to the acidHUMANIX infectious disease archive of the
biocapturism nerve cells ill-treatment guerrilla.

"era respiration-byte is send back out to the paradise apparatus of the
human body pill cruel emulator that compressed the mass of flesh-module of
the ultra=machinary tragedy-ROM creature system murder-gimmick of a
chemical=anthropoid acidHUMANIX infectious disease of the soul/gram made of
retro-ADAM hunting for the grotesque WEB terror fear=cytoplasm gene-dub of
the drug fetus of the trash sense to the feeling replicant living body
junk@digital=vamp cold-blooded disease animals=joints...the
reptilian=HUB_modem that hung up the brain universe of the hyperreal
HIV=scanner form murder game of the dogs of tera technojunkies=covered
cardiac body encoder to FUCKNAMLOAD.

"hunting for the grotesque WEB to the biocapturism nerve cells
chemical=anthropoid brain universe of the terror fear=cytoplasm that was
debugged reptilian=HUB of the drug fetus of the trash sense=joints the
paradise apparatus of the human body pill cruel emulator corpse
feti=streaming of the soul/gram made of retro-ADAM to the abolition world-
codemaniacs that was processed the data=mutant of her ultra=machinary
tragedy-ROM creature system DNA=channel****I rape the modem=heart of the
hybrid corpse mechanism that turned on technojunkies' ill-treatment to the
disillusionment-module of the living body junk feeling replicant murder-
gimmick of a clone boy.

Kenji Siratori: a Japanese cyberpunk writer who is currently bombarding the
internet with wave upon wave of highly experimental, uncompromising,
progressive, intense prose. His is a writing style that not only breaks
with tradition, it severs all cords, and can only really be compared to the
kind of experimental writing techniques employed by the Surrealists,
William Burroughs and Antonin Artaud. Embracing the image mayhem of the
digital age, his relentless prose is nonsensical and extreme, avant-garde
and confused, with precedence given to twisted imagery, pace and
experimentation over linear narrative and character development. With
unparalleled stylistic terrorism, he unleashes his literary attack. An
unprovoked assault on the senses. Blood Electric (Creation Books) was
acclaimed by David Bowie. <http://www.kenjisiratori.com>

Megan A. Volpert

ink tokens

there are books that plot and other books that simply plod
coming to the inconclusive in their own sweet time
lounging steadily against the drudgery of rising and falling actions
to prefer instead the continuously climactic comatose state of having no climax at all

tantric baby

the kind of books that forget to call the morning after
but you'll remember each of them as the one
because you can't recall a single specific detail
just the general feeling of having had your world rocked

reread those books if you run into them again

they're different every time because they don't care

nihilists baby

anne waldman in glass

the nightingale came to me a half-dead legend goldmine
one should not ask any god questions that begin with why
and she sang that in my longing i was no longer learning

in her uneasiness she went behind a strong trunk podium
perhaps i want to know how they gave it to her so freely
reasons in their hearts for which they begged her to take it

every question posed to the poet bears a too hot kernel
the way the windows face in the room of never grieve
but my ears are sensitive to some versions of the truth

not all clocks keep pace and hers will soon wind down
she misses all the tick adrenaline tock flush flush flush
and remembers a time when she could not sing sing sing

i am a hummingbird with no feet
you will think i do not need them
but that was also my mistake before

customs

is the purpose of your visit personal or business
medical pausing on one side
marking business as in none of his
have you anything to declare
i have come here to die blinking on one side
stamping passport he will remember at tea
on behalf of french customs bienvenue a paris
merci shuffling forward on sore feet

my companion turns away stifling laughter
they are french je t'accuse he can take it
at the border elle reponds there is no joke

and i was not inclined toward inspiration without her

i have been wandering the streets of new orleans
so many glimmering more green yet less ephemeral than she
was a city with thousands
in a momentary flutter of prickly little conscience
this ethereal trickster turned back to reassure me
hopping sparkling through the window

because though a fraud she has done her work beautifully
who i simply could not coax to stay
grown suddenly tired of being always charming
a little green fairy flecked with ambition
to regretfully unveil that she was an imposter
it was then the muse alighted on my brow

and carried the glass all away
with blood that had thinned unto water
until i became as a great flesh jug one marked god
the grains closed every wound
while my blood played
wore the shards for a crown
all three i broke
one marked good one marked evil one marked pretty
filled with the fine white sands of time
i dreamt three glass jugs came into my possession

Megan A. Volpert is a performance poet from Chicago currently tempting fate at graduate school in Baton Rouge. Her recent publications include Columbia Poetry Review, Defenestration Magazine and Nth Position. She prefers making art in response to art, and never drinks coffee. More details at madelynhatter.com

Michelle Greenblatt

8:46 p.m.

squirming kinesis
only exhales

a green idea
(this is not a song not a song not a song)

I am gathering
(they tear bloody like birth)

black cats for the tea party
it is 8:46 p.m.
and you speak slowly

*(rinsing off exact time
with tiny self-sharpening flowers)*

the parentheses speak no truths
(other than the ones we clot with razor to ice)

*(the parentheses speak no truths
other than the unmagical)*

night has come.

we are drenched
with putrescence
and violets.

10.14-15.2005

Dream 10.8.2005

road, sea,
roar, I remember my dream —sun falls thru
the sky's protoplasm.
I peel it back, grin
behind the prison of clouds that shadow the land
so blue. (I am stained
with flowers.) The daylight serene
between
sneezes, gently opening and closing its eyes. someone
knocks
at my flowerdoor, keeps knocking and knocking. whoisit,
I ask, but (dear god) only the portrait of the ocean hanging
around the doorframe says anything to me.

I see
a dirty child holding a flower and clean
her off. The tree-echoes
back *it couldn't happen, we had no*
history. road, sea,
roar, I remember my dream—walk the boulevard, turning snowy
and you would
will you
follow me?

10.8.2005

Persephone Drives South

NEVER ought not to repeated
 although
the road (I-95) (South) she traveled
 down once a week for nearly
a year did nothing to help her justify the salt
 in her cup & once reaching US-1 (make a left)
she held her breath
 in her left hand
wondered what to punch with her right, fist cracking
the pomegranate seed.

7.13.2005

[Fractured]

dead mosquitoes on the edge of summer, suppose we had no money what would we buy perfection masturbates to the spawn of jars meticulously mating with *when & whenif* the ground's electrons beckon lightning I try to tell myself it is not necessary to think cruelty has a conscience I try to tell you it is not necessary to think I am conscious while we fuck—not my best but not my worst(I am afraid)—
try leaving no stain when the door is jammed if a life can be changed like this grain by grain I will bomb your tongue until it is crumbs of my old school my old best friend the silence of the day right here fractured.

9.17.2005

hearing the shadows grow over the colorless garden

as I have done before, hearing the light pour over a knife, hearing the shadows grow over the colorless garden, I am coming to that before me (you), white (pages) the edges of our home. quick kiss me. use electronics. I see your reaction (green) as if standing in front your mirror. More time...you slam your body against the three-walled peninsula. only your two eyes remain.

11.12.2005

Bio:

Michelle Greenblatt is the new co-poetry editor of AND PER SE AND, formerly known as "mprsnd". Her first book brain:storm, went to press this January. She has been published or will be published in these magazines: Xerolage, Moria, Blackbox, Naked Sunfish, Fire, AUGHT, X-stream, Shampoo, Word for/ Word, Admit Two, The Argotist Online, The Anemone Sidecar, & Generator Press. Her third chapbook (X-press(ed)) will appear in January as well. michelle.greenblatt@gmail.com

Nancy Graham

Gathering to Watch the Birds

In the courtyard, groups of people
gathered to look at the birds.
A red one looked similar to a cardinal,
but with white flecks on the wings.
See, this skin's sensitive.
I don't know, something but it was ok.
A courtyard subgroup, meeting in
the courtyard anyway, has to determine
a time for Linda to make up for missing
all the Bible days. You don't care?
Linda doesn't care. Let's just keep it on Wednesday.
When the birds began to arrive, the red one worked
so diligently to get me over there.
A huge white one.
It may have hurt when he hit you but it's good
to notice when you stop hurting.
We're all spending the night here together, ok?
A huge white one, felt uncomfortably white even though

This is North Woods.
You need a cross-section of the pickles, huh?
Dinner is almost over, anyway.
Did you read Journey to the End of the Road?
I'm talking to, from this website, I'm not sure who.
Remember the bookmarks.
The white one in the back, this is a new one that you aren't using, Dad.
It's back, fluffy back to me, fluffy fluffy back of the white owl.
Guardians would just love it.
She never needed to have her cheetah brushed, that
I can remember.

It's probably the source of the black mold problem.
The courtyard groups of people gathered
to look at the bard. Even if I was registering
the most electable. I was reading the front page
about Ken Foster. I was reading and writing next
to a feeder, out the window.
I'm not saying anything I haven't said a thousand
times, but there's something that's different near here.
Space consideration, is it?
Please don't constrain your e.
In the courtyard, groups of people gathered
to look at the rain. Or maybe, like Robin
said, they need to tell people what they know,
and what they know sucks. In the courtyard groups
of people gathered to look at the earthling birds.
I walk away. I rose and ran up a spiral staircase into the woods.
There were groups of people with partners.
Gathered to watch, oh, it's good inspiration. You can read
with me now: one, two, three.
When the birds arrived, Dadu thought I wouldn't want to
choose to look at them. That's nice. The courtyard wraps
the studio around your roots. Were these roots ever a feature
of the landscape around here?
The pretty pod crow situation was fierce.
When she and I rose and ran up a spiral staircase, I knew,
really, that April best described her. Put it out of my plan, there's nothing

Backyard people gathered to look at the birds, which stood out.
I was reading and writing, all the way into Albany.
Underground
In the courtyard, groups of people are open to them.
Groups of people who
Wanna play but be sure they both have beads. Wanna
hike where people can go visit hiking, no phone calls.
We're encountering people who say it's apparently not enough.

Sarah Parry

Out of Orbit

The moon cries a river tonight,
A pool of glistening stars at its side.
Your scent lingers like a skunk's spray,
The Milky Way is my blanket of warmth.
A book is my bedtime buddy,
I am a lonesome planet faraway.
I feel like I'm losing contact,
No astronaut to conquer my contours.

"Soup For One" and Net Dating,
A shooting star kisses the sky Goodnight.
Horoscopes spur me on daily,
Wishing on a star - I'll find him.
My life eclipsed of ecstasy,
A guiding star shines in the curtain cracks.
The Zodiac can't cure my pain,
The telescope left on the shelf.

All Chick - Lit drones on about love,
You were the meteor who melted my view.
Clubs on a Friday are all hype,
Bright lights to hide the hollow shells.
Gazing out of the taxi, at the Plough,
My lost constellation shall return to me,
My rocket ship shall port one day,
Someone shall polish my stars, they shall shine.

Idyll: Our Derelict Garden

Our domesticated house cats roam in the tall, over-grown grass,
Acting out their inner ambition to be tigris: a cat with status.
For father is too busy to chop down the long tresses and take
Their strength and imaginary status away.
A TV, once blessed with all eyes upon it retires, sat on the soil
Nursing its broken, worn - out tube.

Mountains of black, rubbish bags tower with neglect,
Fit to burst, as they wait patiently for their dump destiny.
I sit and watch our rockery, gaze out and appreciate the neglected.
For we all get old and lose appearance but that does not mean
Inspiration is not there.
I may not be blessed with bird baths and immaculate flower beds,
Yet I am not frightened of raw nature and absorb what I have.

Phillip Henry Christopher

Wolf

Wolf howls
alone
in the wild
back country
fur bristled
against the cold
pursuing wind
dead winter
hungry for meat
teeth shining
light reflected
by the moon
still and silent
frozen sky
December

Wolf prowls
inch by inch
deep forests
dead brown wood
ears pricked listens
dry branch cracks
miles away
across hollow
snow bound tundra
echo through
burnt pine

Wolf howls
alone
in the wild
void between
starvation
and spring
clear crisp
piercing howl
savage
profane
alone
bold
defiant

Wolf prowls
inch by inch

quick strident
breath vapors
crystal air
sharp pants
nostrils flare
draw cold into
hot chest
heart pounding
powerful
hollow
snow bound
tundra

Wolf howls
alone
in the wild
hot red eyes
flaming ravenous
back country
steam rising
hot tongue
behind sound
lone wail
wilderness night
cold echo
icy wasteland
moonlight
still and silent
frozen sky
December

Reflections on A Volkswagen Ad/What the Thunder Said

Who wants to be
a VW cruisin¹
to the ³da da da² song,
as if the total
lack of a life
gives space
to be?

Great Forest Upanisad &
the thunder said
³Da is damyata;
be self-controlled!
Da is patta;
give!
Da is dayadhram;
be compassionate!²
and the thunder
repeats,
³Da - Da - Da!²

In quiet total
lack of a life
teachings.

a busy insect

a busy insect
flitting about the surface
of a sunlit pond,
unaware of the sun
but warmed by its rays,
full of lesser bugs.

a single thought...

a single thought
hurled at the sky
shatters into
a dozen fragments
refracting a single
thought

Diamond Dust*

I want to see diamond dust,
to walk through crystalline fog
and feel the floating freeze
on my smiling face,
to look back at the
body print tunnel
suspended in time
and witness the near past
as an echo in arctic cold.

*Fog in the Antarctic is so cold that it freezes in the air. The movement of a person walking through the crystalline fog leaves a visible tunnel in the outline of the body behind.

Following The Impulse is Serious Business

following the impulse
is serious business

following the impulse
is serious

the impulse
is serious

the impulse
is

the impulse

impulse

In My Shorts

In my shorts,
purple ale,
raspberries
tv down low,
white sock feet up
coffee table,
soft light, telly glow
green red like
factory town sky,
crimson stain
pine tree snow.

Thick Air

West of Chicago on Manheim
a jetliner sits suspended,
hovering in thick rippling 99 degree air
above O'Hare

Miles of Highway

Miles of highway
a million miles of highway
along the riverside
a long rolling riverside
green and yellow
red leaf woods
blue upstate sky
steel bridges
steel bridges
and railroad cars
a clickety-clack
clickety-clack
all night long
all night long
all the long night long...

October Dawn

Pale mist apparation
over titanium frost
polite midwest farms
manicured fields and
postage stamp woods
Eastward I-70
October dawn...

On Market Street

On market
street

ground beef must
compete

with better
meat

choice prime to
pig's feet

She said...

She said,
 ³I like my meat
 lean and rare,
 juicy and no fat.
I like my men
 thin and raw,
 hard and no flab.²

I said,
 ³I'm a vegetarian.²

Silence (Bodega Bay)

Mist settles slowly predawn thoughts,
slumbering while darkness holds.
Fog rolls across unlit horizons,
shimmering with distant moon glow
like streams of starlight brilliance
on a rippled tide,
deep as an ocean night.
Silence, only silence...

Phillip Henry Christopher

Phillip Henry Christopher spent his childhood in Paris, France, Biloxi, Mississippi and Swanton, Vermont, before landing in the steel mill town of Coatesville, Pennsylvania, where he grew up in the smokestack shadows of blue collar America.

Christopher has previously published in *New York Quarterly*, *The Caribbean Writer*, *Gargoyle*, *The Haight Ashbury Literary Review*, *Blue Collar Journal*, *Stepping Stones Magazine*, *The Argotist Online* and *Cokefish*. He is a regular contributor to *Ya'Sou! Online*. Within the coming year new work will be featured in *Lullwater Review*, *Blue Beat Jacket*, *Indented Pillow*, *Hazmat Review* and *Cokefish*.

Currently living in Indianapolis, Christopher is a solo acoustic guitarist and songwriter. As ³Philadelphia Phil² he performs original blues songs and poems wherever and whenever he can. Between gigs, he is attempting to publish a host of poems and short stories, and a novel completed early in 2005.

Both the writer and the musician can be reached at <urbanosmusic@sbcglobal.net>.

Shishir Gupta

Naught

He was sitting just there,
Suddenly she came shouting shrill,
Its time and you have to leave,
He reluctantly took his manila, collected his glasses,
And made for the door,
He hiked himself on a bus,
And landed at the Tube,
Wading through the passenger crowd,
He found his tube and boarded it,
Tube ran and ran real fast,
But he just sat there thinking naught,
He was programmed for minutes,
Till tube stopped at his destination,
It did so soon enough,
And he got up in robot like fashion,
And got out of the passenger crowd,
He now boarded a bus,
And got moving to work place,
Landing there he just entered the gates,
He had little applets written in his brain,
To acknowledge in greeting,
Other colleagues and friends,
He nodded along,
Till his place came,
He simply sank in the cushy chair,
and sat there thinking naught,
a guy came and then another,
a few others followed,
some had work, some reported to him,
while to some other he did,
most of them had papers to exchange,
he had some papers,
others he got out of the computer,

towards evening his day of work ended,
he had reasons to get angry,
but he did not,
he had reasons to be happy,
but he did not ,
he had several reasons to be several states,
but he did not,
he just sat there and thought naught,
With limp gestures he picked up his manila and glasses,
And moved to the tube,
Tube took him back the same way it had brought,
He again just sat there and thought naught,
He was home and sank in an armchair to relax,
He sipped the coffee and soon supped,
But he still thought just naught,
It was about the same when he watched soaps and sundry on smaller tube,
He still thought naught,
When he did fall sleep his brain stopped thinking even naught,
Till he got up next morning,
And got opportunity to think naught again.

Bio:

A poet given to uncovering inner crevices of human psyche. In particular the mores and practices that we have established since we set up our present civilization needed to be altered for the better in the fast changing global scenario. However that has not been the case. I write poetry to emphasize such aspects. In fact my majority messages deal with creating a new philosophy of life. I love like minded people whether poet or not. Essential to such a new philosophy is fairness in all things we do. Fairness is a standard as is accepted by the process of voting in all life matters. However sometimes I love to dwell deep into human emotions and miseries as well. I would really appreciate if a few of my poems are "read and understood" rather than "all of my poems are read skimpy manner". Reader's pleasure is assured to be multiplied several times when former approach to reading my poetry is adopted. And a reader who reads a few of my poems and understands their intended meaning is bound to take on others for much deeper understanding. I am a banker by profession and reside in India. I have a keen desire to be in Europe and America to understand people and cultures from a closer angle.

Nicholas Manning

love poem 102

we are deeper
from all * things : deeper
and further . . . the glistening core ? the still
implied leaves * which never can
console me : for you
are far * from
the world
and deep within me your image
I cannot carry : I cannot weigh in a simple absence
your touch . . . your silence resembling
and in every childish dream
a thought
(of you) : promised *bonheur* . . . as behind
the glass as colder café * windows :
desire : rain-streaked : auburn
-curling *
by lips
to some new happiness
real ? or this false memory an Idol
to my love ? as may I hope from
you delivery * to the(n) dying
world ? or but continu-
ance in a frozen time
of * my past * life
and the memory
of deeper
things ?

underneath

beyond *
the ranges are ranges (still) :
under the pallid * breasts to knot
a russet muscles : fibre
veins
to * string
a *tout* . . . yet too
a leaf which in the roughage
lives * invader . . . by
the heart to swathe
an * ageless
melody :
the initial percussion
which with the wet in veins
is wrapped : an inner profusion
too original obscurity * preliminary
to our lives' limits : which though
the night with new light is
this inner * heart
dwells
dark

argument in defence of abstraction

what *
is *further* from
the real ? that this mark
is in its object * *anchored* ? rancoured
to the vital day : for how confine *
the many gleaming sides
of the thing ?
say
this shaft of Light is long
this one * close to
its origins . . .
the spatial fallacy ! as though a many
perspectives were not so * made
out of the self (-same) turning
infinitesimal
point . . .
O * plural world ! * O
infinite leaves ! a language false : a language true
when both are but the changing * shades
of a one * same water : shimmering
still * shaded * lit
and endless

love poem 96

your image
is as a white blinding * rose :
pose * upon the glittering
water (-lily)
which fills my mind * yet secretly sabotage
my every desire . . . for you flee (for)
the slightest sound : adoring
rustle ! too ardent
words . . . until all is lost : of a sudden
so * when still I may have held you
and but my eager élan
ignore . . . lost . . .
the broken *
flower
not even yet ever * made :
but in my mind a petals of pure possibility
proud * born . . . thorn of my still will
to love ! nothing more : no * too
violent shore . . . or but one
last chance ? O too fragile
thing : delicate will I
now be : too many
words so * said :
if you are not
to me now
dead

love poem 104

why *
wait we : beloved ?
let these same rains fall and these same
ebb evenings envelop a city
which knows us (only)
apart . . . when hold
you ? you
-r tender proximity * to a closeness
(in the so awaited hours) of the new and eternal
sanctuary : your *regard* . . . within
your world-warming
brea(s)t(h)s . . .
each day
a death : for we are
the sad opacity
of our future
spectres ?
yet let the weeks
pass by . . . the seasons
change * and the overwhelming scent and touch of dust
bold-blind both my eyes and thy fair * aspect ?
making the wan world ('s) poor potential
white ? . . . for what world
do you contain ?
an error
in possession ? some
alterity to this ? or the simple perfection
(in these ageless avenues) of time's
dead * as * knowing
implements ?

apricot

seed *
in a black ball to bury
down the honey mush to slush . . .
to seep a syrup
rich *
in orange gleam a globule
sun . . . -rise where now the rotten
auburn bleeds * a new dawn . . . rose-
fingered
fibres * round the brown * stone
spiralled : the ridgèd core
whose centre tight
secretes * no
eluding
light

Bio:

Nicholas Manning is a Paris-based poet who graduated from the University of Queensland in Brisbane, Australia with a B.A in Comparative Literature and French. He was a recipient of a scholarship to the Ecole normale supérieure, where he is currently working towards a PhD dissertation on the subject of rhetoric in contemporary French and American Poetry. His poems have appeared, or are soon to appear, in the following literary journals: Free Verse, Fascicle, MiPOesias, eratio, Stylus, Aught, Shampoo, Dusie, Manifold, The Rose & Thorn, Snow Monkey, Blue Fifth Review, Cipher Journal, Fire, Centoria, Imago.

Gianina Opris

MIA

[the poem which is not one]

JOSE-PHINE

She is awakened by the sound of the laughing sea-gulls. She rests in bed hugging a pillow - looking around and finding the image of Madame Butterfly and her almond shaped eyes {blue hands}. Golden butterflies.

“My dog’s name is ...” This thought interrupts her. “When my family moved to Denver. We had to leave my dog. Then we found out ... he is dead. When we went back to Mexico. They had killed him. He was dead. I cried. My little sister cried too. I cry.”

“How do you feel about this story?” She remembers asking the children she was working with that morning. Poor Beautiful Girl. She doesn’t forget these meaningful stories. They are a part of her everyday. Delete. No she can’t delete memories.

She is not exactly like the woman trapped in a wheel chair. She has long dark black hair. Frog eyes with long eye lashes and uneven eyebrows. Always in the company of her skinny cat. Her hair is never combed and her ear is painted in white enamel like a “C” but backwards.

“Do angles comb their hair?”

Pour Josephine

WING AND HAND-OUT

There she is at the park near the lake by the green benches. By the runners jogging by. It's the statue of an angel with a broken wing. The tall trees above the statue's body provide a magical shade. A lavender landscape. Her right arm is standing up tall and strong. Her hand makes a fist. "Why those sad eyes looking down to the ground?" Dear Dog gets excited. She moves to the left corner of the bench. Sits alert. Waits as if ready to pray. The angel's upper left top wing is broken. A flat cut out. Or unfinished. Her left hand is taken.

She struggles to see this type of woman. This angle of stone. One side of her being emerges strengthened and the other doesn't. It's cut out. Surviving. Quiet now.....She shines.

Song:

"To be sung

Urgently, sweetly, with bliss, and sometimes with desperation."

For Carole Maso

When she shuts her eyes she reaches for a purple flower with the silver button in the center. She finds it in a box. She looks at the photograph frame with the skinny winter trees and the cold. Snow – white. The boulevard around the one story house with the roof covered with March snow. The road with two people and a dog. A boy. A mother. A Labrador.

She writes a note.
A letter.
A union SPARKLES.
Preparation
Days
/P/
To
{pretty women}
Learn: stones could give birth
Generation
Permission
Paz: Peace
Cosmos ... where' r u ...?
Working ants.
Waxy taste!
O

.....
.....
..... Shonagon [Dear Shonagon]
Thank You.

WEARING WATER

“Now where are you?” turning around. “Death... where is your hat? Your fire?
Your tail?” “Why did you come here today?” “Do you need a lesson about Victory or do
you want me to comb your hair?” “Are you in need of a new hat?” “Are you going to
respond...or not?” “ARE YOU HERE TO TAKE THIS SHADOW?” She closes her eyes.

Death intrigues her. Death is a seed now. This body of water is loving lavender.
The death's skull contains great substance now. The Icaco plants don't die even though the
darlings are dying on the street on IC -20/20 near Estes. She starts a chant ~~~

“Why do some people have sight but can't see the beauty in patience”

“Men. Men –beheaded”

“The purple babies who live in the land need to be revived later next spring”
“She doesn’t want to wear her silver necklace with the coca leaf pendant from Perú to a
bloody wedding”
“Can you read letters?”
“Clean the book shelves like no other”
“Read E. Bishop & dry peach roses in May”
“*I need a bicycle*” the death sings ~~~ “*My feet are not running fast enough*” she
seems to hear in panic. “Death doesn’t know me. No one does” she has trouble hearing
now. Later alone she sits on the floor by a chair and sings ~~~ “I am cleaning ... cleaning
a body with an encounter –this body becomes what it truly is.” *A fluid of love* ~~~ always
taking her away from her practices and filling her up with poetry.

Biography

Gianina Opris currently resides in Denver Colorado after originally moving from Lima, Perú. She is currently pursuing a Masters Degree in Creative Writing at Naropa University. She has been published in various journals, including Bombay Gin, and has received an honorable mention at Columbine Poets in Colorado. Gianina was selected for the 2004 international poetry exhibition in NW Cultural Council in Barrington, Illinois. Gianina is a second grade school teacher in the Denver Public Schools. She is part of a performing poetry group known as The Invisible.

