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blank // Marie Nunalee

i.

a slate, chicken dung chicken scratched to profanity, slather it quick, turn page, repeat repeat, shit thoughts nonsense in organization in margins, 'twixt lines;

ii.

lily virgin of the isles, shoulders draped in milk, face eyes nose lips hair veiled in eggshells hot glue gunned into one, parading side-saddle barefoot French pedicure predicated, atop glaringly taupe-seat pony poured fresh cream against green grass Matriarchal Elder Cow chose as fate, aqua murk some mile to the east, to the north, to the west, to the south, staring a compass rose burnt into wood walls awaiting by day belated into night for a dapper inky knight silver scepter blinding light bent by the blasts of the sea into Qs, into Ps, to be minded when he settles;

iii.

unsullied Berber carpet wall-to-wall shampooed a week ago yesterday, inhabitants tiptoeing bare feet no pedicure no dirty heels no crackers ground in no tomato soup sousing over top of it, encouraging active guests in the act of footwear removal, forgetting the addition of red wine to the equation, forgetting the white wine wive's tale of encyclopedias, forgetting the damned club soda at the GoodSmartMor, o! behold!, kinetic energy!, quoth tittering anticipating gods in observation, omnipresent one way Skype cams, patient, disaster in scope;

iv.

possibility: the one word to shake a body in fright, excitement, infuriation, impairment, injustice, humor, denial.

ache // Marie Nunalee

the shooting sting has left and the ache,
the ache, twitching green envious electric
current from the smiling red scar,
on/off/on/off, ac/dc, the ache, still wearing
tall the jet black velveteen stove pipe hat
it rode in on, matching horse long since
departed, shoes thudding high yellow
grasses into backdrop horizon, sizable
orange ball not sinking no lower than
over green unflinching sand dunes,
rolling, the minute hand taps toes,
forgets the virtue of patience; one year
lease deal anyway, for the sole
purpose of distance and movement,
the grain it was costly, and what good
is a stallion if one hardly leaves the house?

from A Codex of Water 3 // Wes Solether

I.

I sit

amid my ashes

to receive

her absent

embrace

II.

To liberate
roman candles
into the air and
track one arc.

The light is gone
that showed me
your face.

III.

Hanging lanterns,
one per thread in the pantheon
of ghosts. Composed of
silk,

they wing easy on thin nooses
testing air with long tongues.
They, through timeworn eyes,
still watch what she's doing.

IV.

she

peals

thunder
and reignites

my desire

to lie

still

V.

the trees

carry beings

capable of shaping storms

clouds built

by wingbeats

Too Long in the Forest // Christina Murphy

Too long in the forest makes imaginings of trees. Dread tosses dreams away like roses turned brown with lost life. Those roses are resting now in the forest and waiting for you—the hazard you have become in the splintering bones of your heart. What you failed to ask of life is now locked in Medea's tears, spread as moonlight over waves breaking on islands ghostly with loss.

Tzche // Robin Wyatt Dunn

Say, have you heard Tzche?
Rip out your ears.

Electric mantis on the long low line of lawn, Tzche,
And in the emerald eye—

(Will you look in?)

A wide welt of world, the eye, angled corridor into the obscura sclera—

Don't look in.

Tzche knows, oh Tzche knows the vermilion haunts and stilted causes clogged into the soil,

Tzche knows houses (you breathe inside them),

Tzche knows apples, for he ate Abellio,

And when Blerim came he wreathed his head in goats-songs,

Longing for the world of hurt you find inside the *khloros*,

Inside the mind of the sprout between your legs, inside your medulla, green
as the sea he wrenched out of your child—

(in a murder thicket fast as your day)

Tzche waits and wants for you to mow mad free,

Felt low on the grass,

On Chloe's (green shoot's) corpse,

We found a mind uncountable for its vastness,

Stranded like a mushroom under oceans of earth.

And when he holds you in his hands,

When the revelation seizes,

You'll be the tip of the green spear,

Shoot screaming his laughter,

Inside his ochre grid you will never know sadness or defeat--

truce // Christopher Mulrooney

for normal purposes I would be numbered a citizen of the great city
but there is the time to call a halt to it just an imposition
let it forget itself by the sea for a month of Sundays
free of any gravitational pull
and then as they say in Paris la rentrée

the report of the commission on reporting // Christopher Mulrooney

gentlemen and of course ladies if I do seem actually to dither at the outset
pray do not mind it is not your affair
but mine the assembled notes and pages of fine illustrations
that have gone into it must give me some pause you will kindly indulge me
and now on with the report

the sapling bends // Christopher
Mulrooney

and now follows a poem on its wisdom
in not breaking that were a kind of forecast
any number of squirrels and woodpeckers and owls will be at home there
one day and the dogs

Old Meds // Kenneth Alewine

Crape Myrtle, titanium
white and rose madder
outlasting the fried summer.

Lilacs in the gardens beside
the stair posts of a lemon
yellow cottage.

Galbanum fragrance
in an ancient tabernacle,
words pressed into cinnamon
bark and aromatic reeds.

Safflower inks for woodblock
prints, red samurai with bow
amulet wards off smallpox.

Blue cornmeal and Hopi breads
like flakes of yellow paper
falling out of heavy books,
blue circles in the red sand
smudged by mesa winds.

Morandi's Bottles // Kenneth Alewine

In Morandi's still-life paintings
the glass figures are tiered
like the skyline
of a medieval town.
Yet these bottles and jars
come from a modern place
and hold the breath
of the living like long balloons
fixed in shapes the glass-blowers
gave them. They are filled
with wines and oils
pins and old coins,
scratched like the metal faces
of aging shopkeepers
who sell the recent history
of middle-aged cities to tourists
in open air markets.

The enigmatic haze
inside empty glass bottles
seems stored, like the final
minutes at dusk that are
hard to capture in any visual
medium.

Still-life space
is more like the final dream
time of a nap, or the clouds
above the Mediterranean,
the messy non-reflective
surface of earthenware,
made to look like something
Van Gogh would have painted
in a manic fit.

Objects rendered in paint
even poorly designed
still show a better city,
like those dreamed about
or imagined against
calculations and figured sums.

The painter sees the tables set
in rectangles the color
of Old World breads
and monochrome browns.
Pure planes of color,
interrupted by figs
and persimmons
the veiny stems
of an empty grape cluster
a large-handled pitcher
and a jar of olives—all
pulled from my mind
and left there like impressions
that are always just beyond
articulation.

To Spin Or Not To Spin // A.J. Huffman

Static transporter taunts me
infinitely across a room of mirrors,
reminders of necessity. Cold
motivators of perpetual movement.
Door closed, the only out is miles
away and in the exact location.
Prisoners present, assuming the position,
wait for instigative whistle. Detonation
of energy, blur of sneakers, knees,
sweat. Somewhere blisters form, calluses
burst. Nothing stops
but thoughts. Body is reduced to motion's
machine. Automated
muscle memory propels past will. Desire
to stop, exhaled repeatedly. An hour
flies into another signal. Release.
Door re-opened. Legs hesitate, stumble,
begin to remember the feel of solid ground.

Steam Valley // Cory Andrews

[In a place such earth]

«»

The first was thumbs and
peeling potatoes
so I had to go home.
It had been raining.
Suitcase packed under the bed
and it had been raining
all night.

«»

These are cards.
They are mostly blanks.
The ones that keep the stove
lit.

Neighbor,
that window is a place.
Your movement carries gravel
roads past here.

(tap tap on the pane,
You left the bread out.)

«»

Take the orchards,
the battlefield
and take their fruit.

Take the cat out back
through the wet leaves

Appetite for land
veers & the very tight
weaving on the outer clouds
comes undone to——

«»

Triple leaves are a place,

where ghostwinds plusminus
ghostchairs are leveled,
heartbeats measured but I am based on:

If the cows are lying down it is going to rain
and if they aren't it is
and these houses are bright when
there isn't enough.

Shadow Timing // Cory Andrews

Where we rowed to the small island.

Where the canoe was closer to the
bank, to catch one fish.

Where the dogs were stacked,

Where the bell-knees broke,

Where our mouths were dimly lit.

Where two years ago I had seven
missed calls from the real sea.

Where hot cups found mosquitoes,

Where leathery neighbors waved,

Where they painted houses for themselves.

Where the river worked the stone,
assisted by a murmuration.

It's Good to Have Friends // Jeffrey Zable

I awaken in a Magritte painting
hanging upside down in a blue sky
filled with green apples.

Somehow I'm able to right myself
and float down onto a deserted island,
the apples out of reach,
my stomach burning with hunger.

Your first question is,
What are you going to do now,
and will I loan you some money
if I ever get back alive.

Deviant Dependence // Jack Caseros

Deviate from the last one
Always the broken glass jaw one—
 The rattle from the shaker heart,
 Snake charmer type art that worships the

Sound of the movement to the next one—
A shattered glass sprawl leaving you no choice but to
 Ramble, to leave your mouth shaping
 Gaping connect-the-dot constellations, they

Shine and emanate prism rays
Breaking apart only to come together again—
 For the retinas, to tremble, and behold
 The visions of a world upside-down.

 Waiting
 Around
Hanging

Deviant
 Under midnight lamp posts
 Insignificant but running
 The world through a film strip—
 Radiating it to distant planets
 Who see us twinkling
 Never guessing that we are in

Dependence
 To the passing of a star,
 A eulogy that was well attended—
 A farewell tour that constantly plays
 Stadium dramas, of gods and broken humans,
 The quest for joy under tragedy,
 Flashing away to snap back together again—

Waiting
 Ever patient
 but without another choice.

 Dependent
 on the deviations.

Talkin' Cellar Jam Raves // Jack Caseros

For La Cave du 38 Riv', Paris, France

Do what you got to do,
smoke cigarettes for supper,
take the Metro instead of your bike,
plan to order a sandwich from the bar—
it's an early night on a big Friday night—
your hair is perfectly scraggly, just enough sleep and not enough drunk—
wound like a piano and shiny like a trumpet,
ready for the musty thirteenth-century cellar
stacked with chairs and music stands,
stools and hig hats,
standing tables and a stand-up bass,
all crackling under the coloured lights.

Then as easy as the cellar was empty it is plentiful,
crowded, and eager,
and the first trumpet squeal
peels out and calls in the sibilant drums,
come come coming to a hilt—
then on with the rhythm,
the blunderbuss bass,
the cool calculated riffs,
the easy intensity of a clear chirping guitar.
Anything that isn't a boulder is swarming with the music.
The wine swishes in the glasses.
Skirts flutter in the building heat.
The jazz jilts to a junk-dog blues to become an arabian arabesque—
the energy does not rush, it frothes at the mouth.
Musique for the mad. For the dusty who come to get polished.
So do what you got to do.

Escapement // Dan Encarnacion

Nature consists of a series of shapes that melt into one another.
- Honoré de Balzac, *The Unknown Masterpiece*

Insinuating itself among rocks
sinuses clogged a face. Itself

a face. Itself a fragile vale
pooling fortitudinous fears.

And random resignations
adorn a burred beaten chest.

If I could I would. Brass
hairs crimped nebully or

glebe bent sinister embattled
acorns gules under trout salient

reguardant resplendent. Their
strains more longing than fleecing

cries from a diacritical crowd.
Offstage offspring offering

ornaments delineating waste.
Staged hands spring off

articulated smells. Find me in
a serialized shell. Caught purling

stitched I shade I shade I
shade I. Crenellated lips

officially arco over a purloined
iris hole-punched oil I oil I

oil. I sin I sear I sine
I cure I cure I cure I.

Opened Window // Dan Encarnacion

The relation between what we see
and what we know is never settled.
- John Berger, *Ways of Seeing*

above a sash woken wide peeling peeled peel your casing wears
warps ply your way through and adhere to the bit fleeing cool of
a quartered night tendered crisp cress fug of sweated flesh sieved
through swarming notes of sleep tamp tamp the whispering sponge of
its quick tongue and cheek and crown stick it through to be brushed
by the breath from a timid hand waving twisting fumes a suffocated
day's trespass caught soaking in the cracks of gripped sheets your

mouth a weir dermal dimensions distended to cinch a disemboweled air
conditioner shelled six flights down where do you stand to feed crow
stick your shattered treasured chest through its lustered hasp swings
crippled crunched crayolas clutched from root to head a dorsal vein
spines a seam unrent skin still whole still hole still through your
self cast light into unto the rubber webbed umbra the sill scraped
one wet finger wide above winged squeaking heat your sash awakened

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CORY ANDREWS, like Wallace Stevens, was born in Pennsylvania and now has a day job in the legal field. Unlike Wallace Stevens, he has rarely been published and has never confused a woman's voice with the ocean's, but he sees how one might make that mistake.

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Ecuador is for Lovers