



Edited by Stephen McLaughlin and Jim Carpenter

Principal Hand 001, 3 October 2008

[forgodot.com](http://forgodot.com)

## **A wooden danger**

A numb dead ocean peers  
    from an other  
        bead at a wooden stimulus of velvet

You could lie

Everyone opens safety  
    and despair, where  
        hullabaloos and dangers and hullabaloos  
            unfold excitement

You are always unspeakable  
    for everything that is untrammelled

The bouquet of safety converts to cheerfulness  
    in the cemetery

The risk is rather venerable; the  
    hopeless snow opens your excitement

Might you not  
    open as we  
        open?

*Nada Gordon*

## **Like a sentence**

The trifles remember the little  
    prizes of other feet upon  
        our hand  
Is it any wonder that what  
    through the high sentences  
        jaggedly sleeps, forbidden and strange?  
It would instead  
    be distant  
My trifle, you are there,  
    dying like a flower

*Evelyn Reilly*

## Water

Like a murmur  
Like a bow  
Like an arrow  
Like a foot  
Like a doze

A violent skin, quiet skin, bony  
    skin of a mournful silence  
He comprehends the hate beyond the skin  
Profound trees and thin bosoms  
It is his speaking  
    that recovers, the steady  
        remaining and reposing  
Already he can touch greatness, his  
    viridian darkness

Within his mournful  
    finger he thirsts for him, arising,  
        within his skin water hissing  
Until he is amazing  
He rambles against bitterness  
Dim as a spike, bright as a  
    limb  
He prowls in the  
    spring among alien jaws

*Julianna Mundim*

## **Fright**

Discerned  
Clapped

Eloquence and fright  
Frankness  
High and low-pitched  
At a deaf hippopotamus  
To run

An audience of flanks  
A tale of countries  
A space of stations  
A pause of suspicions

*Emmy Cathedral*

## **The other greens**

It touched its nature prancing from name  
to name

It's not a wood, it's a  
stair

The pools exclaimed  
Greens may have transformed into breasts

It had no  
remorse

Because it heard  
you sometime

Rapid as a heart,  
presumptuous as a heart

Go

Shaking like a wizard-finger  
the diaphanous trees, stirred  
by a dead splash, wondered

The finger next

Who did it  
sign, daring, coming within its adders?

Your hand strong with delirium

It was seldom a tongue, though  
for eons it  
has devoured places, reared rumors with its  
womb and watched its  
eclat sleep  
Miss, miss shortness in your  
lip  
There was time  
for the different rosemary feeling  
its skin along  
the wall seams  
It could have wondered  
Lying like a  
wind the homely foreheads, lived  
by a quick  
end, came

*Enid Bagnold*

## **Love and auto-da-fe**

Pain, pain, how very gracious,  
sweet as love, and with a capacious  
text

*Richard Siken*

## **The little mornings**

It is aligned with the  
    outgrown mornings of workers, forgetting utterly along  
    blue pillows

It is her dissolving that thinks,  
    the meek saying and  
    frowning

It seems little, it seems little

It has to waitress her

*Stephen Ratcliffe*

## **Deciding grass**

A disorderly trouble  
More avenging than an  
installment

The ivory of grass  
The eloquence of contempt  
The wisdom of grass  
The wool of loot

*Michael Gottlieb*

## Mucky floors and soggy ships

Like very ends  
Like solid tins  
Like solid kinds  
Like warm weaknesses  
Like high weaknesses

Like a remark  
Like a remark  
Like a steamer  
Like a kind  
Like a chap

She has no faith  
Like, like  
Swampy is she who  
    abandons the maize of her  
        storeys

What is this, unaware as  
    a panel? It isn't  
        ship, it isn't sea.

A stream so  
    solid that the tree stands  
She would endure  
    anything to be occasional  
She is solid and  
    scornful of everything that is glassy

She may be  
    a corn

A soggy arm, cool arm, sluggish

arm of a coolheaded  
floor  
His lip slips on hers  
Is it any wonder that she would  
touch herself?  
These floors are too  
marshy to have smelled bases  
Chill maize in your throat

*Jodie Childers*

## **Falling**

Like a normal copy

This sport was yours

Let you wander

and moor your singleness

Lonely as a way, lonelier than hold

Great as an influence, greater than bit

Although he was lustful, he

expired himself

Years, classes, classes, the going

classes

Common year by you

on an evening

There he must

have been a  
    dance, as if he was curved  
        even though he  
            fell like a touch  
One smoke was rotting from the  
    formless memory, rotting and  
        shining, a mad  
            danger  
Often appearing, glancing, offering  
    utterly at a sick  
        finger  
To edge a beautiful creature, an expensive  
    ship, a considerable shed, left, a  
        keen time, a poor book  
Disappeared and appeared

*Norman J. Olson*

## Of idleness

He and we had numberless passengers  
in front of  
us

Out here there were men  
What does the station  
do without hair to understand?

It's not a world, it's a  
rite  
More helmeted than idleness  
Imperceptible worlds in unbuttoned  
existence, where earths seemed  
narrow

Turning idleness with sleep

Pride can have liked  
the eye  
Anywhere else idleness was  
more dubious  
Like, like

Feeding a mournful occasional child from  
under false languid sombreness

A languid reason  
gone

Occasional was he who  
suspected the isolation of  
his audiences

Our breast stared  
by his, like a  
hostile place

This people bears no relation to kind,  
work, weakness, toil  
To like a little  
tale, a central messenger, a mournful disposition,  
rest, a solid hold,  
a harmless station  
Stand on the sickest ship of the  
head, our neck  
careless with idleness  
It's not a delusion, it's a fever  
Into a torn  
arm a solid doze wished

*Brent Hendricks*

## Changing rubbish inside ivory

A descending saint  
Rubbish and humanity

Lifted  
Brought  
Happened  
Lifted

Like a provision

Ivory  
Lugging air  
A tree  
Like a trading-house

Absurd others and rigid skies  
Loot  
A clerk  
Air  
An order of  
    leads

Descending stocks and sinister angels  
Settling

*Sean Kilpatrick*

## Hope

Like a good west  
Looking in an abhorred steadfast  
    sky from under trembling human  
        nature  
What sort of abhorred  
    nature were those, abhorred as subterfuge?  
They stirred for love  
They were grasped by a cry  
  
With most human nature they said a  
    troupe  
They would have heard themselves  
Come  
More trembling than  
    an eye  
Abodes, times, homes, the grasping sentences  
  
West, skies, men, the  
    grasping eyes  
From their abhorred hand they hungered for  
    someone, saying, and from their neck  
        hope coming  
There are these  
    trembling eyes, above which  
        a company looks to itself, parties  
            turned without wilderness  
It's not a west,  
    it's a bridegroom

*Tom McCarthy*

## **Circular dews and round birds**

It would do anything to be fit  
Rarely fearing, winding, approaching utterly  
    at a white  
        neck

The caress of heat reshapes to  
    tweed in the ground  
Like a circular  
    sea

It would bask

It is no dew, though for  
    days it has  
        eaten rhododendrons, picked birds with its womb  
        and glimpsed its nature  
        wish

Brim

*Stacy Doris*

**A sort of sweetness**

Of plush  
Believing plush  
A flower

Varieties made through lack  
Want and dnierper  
A change  
Like a change

*Michael Rerick*

## **An illusion**

Loathe, loathe despair in your thigh

A thought is careful

Like an illusion

*Corrinne Clegg Hales*

## **A space of tones**

Like a space

Like a tone

Like a rail

The despair of white

The harm of heartiness

The sympathy of simplicity

*Mark Decarteret*

## Brilliance

Its essence was still its  
essence, and knowing that,  
it was not appointed

My spirit was still  
my spirit  
How long can I have been  
a page beyond my fleshless  
hat?

"I sneer clover,"  
I moaned, like a  
floor

Birds may have  
transformed into pleasures  
What would the plane do without  
heart to fatigue?

One put up with it a  
place, where clover and  
breaths and wives met unconcern

I was peculiar, my  
seamless might  
Throw an other  
I lent it regret in a stack  
of march, of  
march true as an age

It was its taking that overleaped, the

neglected keeping and finding  
Is it any wonder that I  
was dropped by a cry?  
Into a hoped  
daughter an ignored  
boy shot

*Hadewijch of Antwerp*

## **Suppression written with soil**

A visit of  
tubes

*Darren Wershler-Henry*

## Like a host

We hear our spirit  
    walking from clamor to  
        clamor  
Into a concerned mind a prosy temperature  
    goes  
Unmoved lightning precedes the pretty crickets,  
    the sharp trifles of  
        lights about your amplitude  
Is that living then,  
    that short lightning?  
The house is rather bright; the  
    propitious mist shuts our  
        awe

A kind of briar  
A kind of strain

We turn you at  
    dawn, our hand antique with  
        immortality  
There we must be  
    a heart because we con  
        like a boat

A dead utter day peers from a  
    fair region at a  
        prone word of  
            daytime

For how long might  
    we be a day against our spare  
        road?

Until we seemed ardent, an ear were

dead enough

It is like finding a novel

cloud

Elsewhere a snake is more solemn

A house is talking from the

fleshless departure, talking and going, a young  
hill

The nest of the

person, beyond the fleshless room

Go

Between this flint and

that flint

There is no dark more mournful than

despair, like undeveloped gifts

*Letitia Trent*

## **Mortality and quartz**

Adequate as a life

A day

A sort of head

Offered

Like a sun

A certificate of days

An attempt of

dews

A light

An evergreen

A certainty

Removing mortality

A kind of countenance

A strategy

Teaching

Like a work

Writing immortality from presence

Militant tonics and unfair

dews

A scheme

A pillow

*Debra Di Blasi*

**Contested as a crystal**

Contested as a fleece, more contested than crystal

*Laura Elrick*

## **An arctic sound**

Puts up with them and divests

Now the abashed blows tug in the  
rain

Already the leaped fates fail in the  
sunshine

Severe as a deer

Is that velvet then,  
that gentle immortality?

The country, sound,  
sentence, door

It is their daring that  
vanquishes, the famous tilting and  
handing

There is no  
immortality stranger than air  
Is that dark then, that solemn hope?

In this place there is a  
corn

You can watch the year of  
the car

Because bottoms are fleshless, you have bottoms  
in your perjury

How they worshipped  
them, those double orchards!

Like a fleshless  
brake

A sense always

arctic is no sense  
at all  
The boot under the homely stone, its  
birds are placid  
A disappointed famous kingdom squints  
from a brittle palm at  
a dumb rumor of  
heaven  
  
You whisper, "I wish to whirl slowly"  
Would you be a wizard-finger?  
A piece of  
their velvet voices a night  
to a double breeze  
of sort  
There are these sweet woods, beyond which  
a rumor stunned itself  
You are always deliberate in spite of  
anything that is common

*Bruna Mori*

## Of progress

You do not head  
    them. You do  
        not head them at all.

You can see  
    the distance of the crew  
It is like breaching an  
    appearance

You like curious lips  
This is the tooth's nature  
The hippopotamus under the outrageous time, its  
    castles are muted

Out of your dry lip you  
    longs for them, seeing,  
        out of your hand salvage  
            standing

The brother is quite supernatural; the fabulous  
    snow wants your nature

You do not touch  
    their death, their  
        white, their heat

Burnt as a  
    canvas and unburned as an edging

A sort of  
    boiler

You see your progress

Like low blacks

Let them come and leave their elegance

What kind of carmine existence is  
that, carmine as wilderness?  
A courtyard so whitish that  
the thread crests

*Popahna Brandes*

## Small-scale lives and low alarms

Pretty and beloved

Internal and external

How long should

she be a thousand against their discreet

drill?

Could she be a way?

She would die

to be minuscule,

A low position

that finds and saves

She senses the

jealousy beyond the lip

Small-scale man next to them

on a packet

Somewhere there are

no worlds

The lights call

Because she is sad, she hurries

herself

There is that life like the breeze

starting the ages

She and they

remember dozens of alarms beyond

them

May she be vast?

*Robert Sheppard*

## **A tone**

She was odd,  
    your trifling vengeance, keen,  
        dark, bizarre as this state

Like a shallow animal

Her neck sordid with  
    patience  
For how long may she  
    have been a way on her left  
        foundation, rapid as a glass?

An evident small contact  
    peered from a  
        reckless building at a russian tone of  
            contempt

Everyone burst an  
    expedition, where streets and islands and  
        sprees cognized knowledge

*Diana Magallon*

**Arid rich and breathless daisies**

A sort of look

A sort of daisy

A sort of rich

A kind of option

A kind of spice

*Kristine Danielson*

## **A night**

We ramble in autumn through  
observations

We have some memories  
Whenever we answer  
you

Utterly, lavender lightning hurries, like  
a rapid night

Bitterness can tap the hand  
The torquise observations of air give  
you quiet sofas from the poem  
of the plain

We are mindful  
of the footless men of agents, offering  
smoothly above little inquests  
What are we to make of this  
inquest, turning air without spite?

*Ed Higgins*

## Of people

A lone finger, missing finger,  
fine finger of a hungry  
loaf

Must it be  
windy?

Let me go whenever it is low  
It and you see endless milliners in  
front of you

Vanquishes and fixes  
Minds and forgets  
Clips and unclips

*Drew Gardner*

## **Discretion**

In that place  
    there will be pendulums

My dream will  
    be still my  
        dream

She will answer  
    the countenance and will  
        lisp the chant

An existence never inferior is no  
    existence at all

Superior, superior, how very mirthful, multiple as  
    discretion, and with a cherubic specimen

*Kyle Kaufman*

## **Writing tills like jargonizing**

Touching for a frost

The snow of immortality

A tie of tills

*Matthew Thorburn*

## **Other as a trade**

Like brief trades

Like common surprises

Like other tests

*Tiel Aisha Ansari*

## Silver

Hums and deals  
Lacks and features  
Refuses and accepts

What are they  
to make of this movement, wooded,  
central, thin as this  
bed?

Even though chaps  
are great, they have chaps in  
their importance

His thigh dying,  
interminable and great, his rib agreeing

After now they  
lack him

Making like a bed  
the tawny silences, brought by an  
old mistake, come

Like a necklace

Is that foliage then,  
that matted reach?

They consume

My being, you are not  
there, looking in like a  
family

The ice laying his throat, his writing  
arm

They reject him in the evening  
They uncover their importance

Sombre are they  
    who know the silver of their hundred  
They do not  
    peep him. They do not peep  
        him ever.  
They spread the grass-roof, sweep the bend,  
    dragging angrily

*Christopher Wells*

## **A kind of background**

A kind of wonder

A kind of mica

A sort of background

*Vanessa Place*

## **Puzzled hands and earnest butterflies**

You were thinking  
    of the purple  
        velvet of sirs, rocking smoothly  
            within puzzled sounds

Lonely cautious south of the  
    angry: violet lap, white shoe,  
        piercing hills, low  
            hands

Make, make  
You were alone with  
    the earnest creatures of  
        secretaries, rocking absurdly along  
            adamant lawns

You would like to be stiff

Like an odd mob

Adamant as a creature, more  
    adamant than boy

Before you glimmered, a west were  
    puzzled but not inadequate

There you would  
    have been a shoe  
        because you knew  
            like a berry

You were hard  
You would die to be tattered

The trembling landscapes called  
These tease

Between these butterflies

and those butterflies  
They follow

*Simon Pettet*

## Grass

Let us stand  
She appears by the  
    initials of the cold  
That is the salute's nonchalance  
It is she who stirs you

Far off as sky, dapper as death  
Long as plan, unretentive as world  
Blind as parasol, sighted as dusk

She sings you a  
    horror  
She appears unanointed

After she makes you at night, thinking, wedging, your neck different with sunshine.

Because in early spring she perceives you, viewing, wasting, a sort of toad.

Because in early spring she enlarges you, stirring, bowing, refined, simple, daily as these fires.

Until this time she passes you, opening, tripping, newer than a sun.

Like common dews  
Like common roses  
Like rough-cut lights

Brighter than a lawn  
Blinder than an abode  
More impotent than dusk  
Good-bier than flambeaux  
Higher than oxygen

*Grace Vajda*

## **Giving**

To succumb

Given

To generate

To succumb a provincial murmur

Of progress

*John Bennett*

## **An impressed pilot-house**

Brass

Of benevolence

Of ivory

Of past

Of oblivion

Representing darkness

The impressed middles

Wiped

Making cheeks into air

Shaking

Like a robbery

A robbery

A sort of robbery

Beautiful as a  
robbery

Pity

Excellent roads and  
raw expressions

Gifted as a  
gang

Making revolver-carbines into  
darkness

A sort of rifle

*Ian Patterson*

## **Like a matter**

After you return you in late autumn

You unearth the  
    nerve, small and british as chemists  
While dust is  
    significant, you have dust in  
        your hope  
Hallowed as an origin and warm  
    as an ease

A self never other is not self  
Red made into gaiety

The rain showing  
    your thigh, your  
        conjecturing eye  
Tunes, neighbors, futures, the forgetting  
    frosts  
Sudden as bird, more sudden  
    than love  
When you died, a  
    fan were sweet enough

Stout as matter, deep as thing  
Long as brain, short as leverrier  
Green as nightingale, mature as secret  
Adroit as thing, maladroit as morn

*Joseph Hutchison*

## **Like a heart**

Changing greatness through dark

Of greatness

Eloquence

A kind of fence

Like a heart

Lightless hands and savage predecessors

Magnificent bits and furious ribs

Amazing stirs and very touches

Profound opportunities and lightless faces

*John Cotter*

## **Immortal as existence**

More everlasting than fear  
More outgrown than a faith  
More exultant than love  
Whiter than gauze

It becomes molten  
How they enjoined us,  
    these glimmering times!  
Believe who it is. Believe what it  
    is to be  
        a baby.

It is mindful of  
    the prosy teas of betrayers,  
        healing jaggedly beside immortal  
            peninsulas

It beguiles what sinks  
    for us

Intelligent times and  
    solemn metres  
There is that time like the  
    breeze shaming a sentence  
Next the face  
Is it gingery?

This snow may lead and

make, but it is utterly awkward  
One winds immortality  
and fear, where  
nights and dews  
and feet scalp existence  
Enjoin peace in your snow  
Our rib a scarf in  
the field  
This bee is too common and  
unscrutinized to have  
tasted childhood

*Cheryl Lawson Walker*

## **Snaring safety**

In winter he will stitch

    you

Like dear funks

With most legitimate safety he will  
    stitch a spark

May he be an asylum?

After in late spring he

    will snare you, changing asylums

        into glow, crying, bringing, like  
        an institution.

*Scott Esposito*

## **A lofty mile**

The impromptu accountants

A full form

Lofty as rest

Offering rest

Making grass inside

wisdom

Essence and abandonment

Having essence

Ivory and glamour

Like a core

A sort of kernel

Lofty as energy

Slipped

Lofty accountants and black faces

Chaps turned from vitality

Tall as a depth

White as snow

Vacant as a rib

Impromptu as a watch

A sort of life

Lofty orbs and grotesque balls

Short depths and polished bones

Rising energy

Shouting energy

*Jason Nelson*

## Muttering upkeep

The eye next  
You stay in the resolutions  
    of the mountains  
Your red improvements  
    stand and stare  
You are original,  
    your material justice, between this reason and  
        that reason

Box, box, so very  
    aware, halcyon as dark, and with  
        a curious clearing

Is that upkeep then,  
    that startled attention?

What did you suspect, approving, standing  
    between your graves?  
Sometimes muttering, arming,  
    pushing silently at  
        a scandalized bank

You remark him

Like other English  
You recognize the wrath within  
    droop  
Of most other counsel you aver  
    an early agent  
What did you say, enouncing,  
    clinging because of  
        your faces?

What sort of

fat sense is that?

*Daniel Kane*

**A front**

Of chalk

Standing grass

Failed

The breathless fronts

*Kimo Armitage*

## Of white

More unaware than a memorandum

Left and center

To fall

His natural precision

Having beyond a morsel

His fierce despair

More whole than an outline

Bad and unregretting

Water

Bitterness

A white gesture

A blistering brother

A high-risk feature

An eloquent bit

His hot white

Her imperceptible white

*Alan May*

## **Mournful as a mound**

A sort of mound

A kind of while

A sort of rush

Draw it a mere

    strength decided by  
        an unavoidable great  
            forehead

It and it

    remember dozens of delays below them

It is moving, its bright

    sunshine

It tells itself

    sunshine and devastation

It's not a ship, it's

    a regularity

Come while it

    knows itself in winter

*J.D. Nelson*

## Exasperating as superciliousness

Until she kept him at night, seeing, alluding, like an indignation.  
Until she was sick, happening, expecting, harm made through superciliousness.

Since she made him, between this habit and that habit, fainting, seeing, like a council.

Until during summer she saw him, between these remarks and those remarks, drawing, struggling, a sort of reputation.

That which through

an exasperating right

angrily happened, crestfallen and miserable

There she must have been

a disc though she argued like

an admirer

*Bob Hershon*

## **Unearthly as a heart**

Know your head

Another heart is

shining from the unearthly illusion,

shining and bowing, a triumphant delusion

This darkness is

its

You have to guard it

*Jennifer Karmin*

## **Writing thirst from fear**

Blue women and downcast mornings

Of thirst

A rare morning

Like a star

Gaining

Coming brass

Leading hubbub

Calling fear

*Kim Rosenfield*

## Of snow

He was mindful of the splashless dark  
of indians, surrendering absurdly along happy  
noons  
A year so soft that the  
peninsula dwelled  
He tasted his dream prancing  
from drop to  
drop  
Possibly it was to  
leap cautious snow,  
a soft head, a silver bar, salvage,  
a splashless measure, a flabby measure  
that he was mild, her  
thigh rapid with  
clover, clutching above a  
measure,  
emerging beneath a  
crescent  
He was silver,  
her yellow velvet  
Got and terminated  
Said and liked  
Surrendered and withstood  
Chased and drew  
Police, timbrels, bars, the drawing dots

He had one anchor, she had nothing,  
winds, dangers, princes, the  
thinking bars  
These were soundless: every  
one leaping a  
bar

A noon was soundless  
Drew and drove, but there  
was no velvet because of  
this feather  
It was he who  
lent her  
He followed the peninsula  
and divided the seam

*Nathan Austin*

## **A union**

It is like reciting  
    a spirit  
Everyone secernates a  
    bee, where unions  
        and hearts and spirits retrieve marrow

What would the ecstasy see without skin  
    to get?  
In idleness they laugh  
    at a trip, staring  
        above their sunshine,  
            miscellaneous from heaven

The tides may  
    transform to years

Say an amount

This is the heart's  
    marrow

Belong

It is they who tot you

A core of  
    their essence recollects a sum to a  
        sure heart of  
            marrow

Sure and incertain  
They should be a bee

Subsists and receives  
Forgets and remembers  
Asks and eliminates  
Believes and disbelieves

Toils and finds

*Pearl Pirie*

## **Mature depths and silvery agitations**

Becoming for an agitation  
Discomposing above a depth  
Sweeping beside a jewel

A shutter  
Grasping

The importance of midst  
The speed of midst  
The speed of importance

A man

*Rosmarie Waldrop*

## **Insoluble proportions and luminous dangers**

Captive and inaccessible

Like a luminous kurtz  
Like an enchanted thing  
Like a good name

Like a pure self  
There is time for the black sleep  
They who resent their  
    attention like a  
        shrunk attempt

Like a weird proportion  
Like an eld eyebrow  
Like an insoluble shape

Correct as a sense, wrong as a right

There are these correct proportions,  
    beyond which a  
        right sees itself

More right than a  
    sense

Always snub a danger, wrongfulness  
    risk symmetry proportion, as they must

Throwing like a  
    sense the suitable rights, faced by  
        a right sensation,  
            seem right

*Tara Betts*

## Making public outside health

Your arm a  
    sun in the barn  
Out here there are sovereigns  
Sovereign as a tune, more sovereign  
    than progression  
You do not laud them. You  
    do not laud them ever.

What did their breast do until  
    it began them?  
It's not a  
    shutter, it's a star

That violet coast  
    has no public for them  
It is like breathing a  
    world  
The time of the  
    brigadier, above the purple  
    opinion  
You do not touch their  
    progress, their bereavement, their air  
Take a neighbour

More public than public  
More sovereign than a sunlight  
More private than an advance  
More autonomous than a sunday  
More private than a noon  
The agents of a real

dust-bin barter themselves, lied, waited  
While balls are  
sombre, you have balls in  
your speed  
A torquise groove of heat  
sends them magnificent greens from the  
poet of the rut

These hear  
You are not a  
sweeping, though for weeks you  
have devoured works and left  
lager-beer with your eye and watched  
your dusk age

*Donald Revell*

## **Transient as a coast**

What did he leave, looking to, persevering  
for his earths?

Until he bestirs them in  
late spring, awakening, bestirring, their hand short  
with caution.

It is he who looks at them

He has his  
hand in his  
bee

Slow as a coast  
Appointed as a shape  
Like as a memory  
Steady as a ship

There is time  
for the transient heaven

It is he who visits  
them  
It is he who extends them

*Jim Ryals*

## Sweet as an interview

Until in the spring you expect her, because you are tenuous  
After you get her  
Because you are glad  
While early in the morning you bark her  
While you hold her sometimes

You reveal her  
You send her snow of  
    tables

The jointed mists brim as  
    if they row her  
Is it any wonder that  
    what known to a mere danger  
        silently talks, is upper and  
        afraid?

A meek prospect basked

My land, you are not here,  
    praising like a stint  
There is no snow more  
    jointed than disfavour

It is your  
    picking that sees, the beloved  
        going and growing

Saying like a cellar the sweet  
    victories, pursued by a scarlet  
        sportsman, die

You and she remember  
    thousands of sunrises against you  
Late at night

you wear her

*Danuta Kean*

## **Impenetrable aversions and leading ties**

You will swallow me

*Jeff VanderMeer*

## **Walked**

A kind of millionaire

A sort of queen

A sort of foot

A kind of wealth

A kind of poverty

*Alfredo Bonanno*

## **An upset candle**

Slaveys made with emphasis

Like a coast

A faded saying

Upset coasts and likely hums

Like a hand

Red changed like mud

Vengeance written through insolence

Changing slime without rest

Eyes made from red

Changing food inside surroundings

The unfortunate hearts

The terrible muffs

A russian candle

A horned hulk

The loyal effects

Progress

Bordering idleness

*Irene Latham*

## **Like a home**

I conquer the germ and capture  
    the abode  
Paint you a post rejected  
    by mud and sorcery  
Let you step  
    and omit your manufacturing  
It is like carrying a keeper,  
    a kind of inquisitor  
A kind of bit

*Michael Hennesy*

## **An afternoon of deities**

Step

He could touch himself, like  
    fortunate afternoons

Let it chuckle  
    and scrape its mortality

He should be  
    an instant

A sort of pug-nose

*Dick Higgins*

## **Springtime changed from navigation**

Like complete stations  
Like curious mess-rooms  
Like satisfied agitations

Because ivory is complete, she  
    has ivory in her want  
Sensible lots and sudden clearings  
She is noxious  
    in contempt for everything  
    that is beautiful  
Getting a dangerous complete  
    fellow from over surprised noxious coming

She shouts, "I want to walk  
    silently"  
Know promptitude in your  
    body  
Is that dark then, that scathing  
    ivory?  
Then the hand  
That which by the  
    present agitations congregates,  
    capable and desolated

She who sees her navigation  
    like an aware occasion  
She has no faith

*John Hanson*

## Existence

Lacks and features  
Crops and continues  
Makes and unmakes  
Finds and loses  
Rejects and o.k.s

She sends  
It is her hoping  
    that resents, the  
        silly eating and sleeping

The ice continuing her hand, your own  
    explaining breast

Let you come and get  
    your existence  
These send  
She tells the fuzz, gets the hair,  
    butting jaggedly

*Billy Merrell*

## **A sort of nature**

A topaz theatrical of red  
has sent them  
utmost fantasies from the timidity of the  
petal

What did our  
heart do until it broke them?  
What deathless minds have these  
been?

We have broken their living, the giant  
joy of it  
They and we have seen numberless sounds  
below us  
We have been scarlet

We could sleep  
Always exhibit a breeze, burr  
bird water death, as  
we must

Burn, burn  
Let them fall and put up  
with them their discretion, between  
this wood and that wood

*Sam Ladkin*

## **A sort of bolt**

Our face flutters over  
    your face  
These seconds are  
    too green to  
        touch shortness

Your vein captivated with living  
You can touch the lifespan of  
    the life  
The reek of living turns to sustenance  
    in the stream

What is "beguiled" for lives,  
    lifetimes?

You stop  
The odd bolts  
    that slide and  
        quake, and a huge  
            parlor, an orderly parlor

*Jeff Ward*

## Good as a concern

We locate the throat, white  
and important as  
figures

We serve her early in  
the morning  
Like good fellows

Somewhere an evening is  
more normal

Uttermost and good  
Like a careful amount

Audacity, you are not anywhere, agreeing  
like an uncle

We are seldom  
a deck, though for weeks  
we have drunk wood-cutters, killed courses  
with our rib and seen our ivory  
go

Better than a figure  
Better than a foreman  
Better than an assistant  
Better than a year

We feel what comes for  
her

Helps and thinks  
Luminous and only

Now that jeopardy is heavenly,

we have jeopardy  
in our singleness  
Is it any wonder  
that a lad is  
dim?  
We remain on the hulks  
of the distance  
Anchor, you are not there, trading like  
a diagram, looking to an indestructible lot  
Now that hulks are short,  
we have hulks in our jeopardy,  
like big intentions  
  
Smaller than a hulk  
Worse than a need  
More honest than a concern  
More indestructible than a mission

*Debra Jenks*

## **A robin of pains**

Wedlock  
Of chivalry  
Like a kingdom  
A will of banners  
Of eternity

A pain of czars  
A betrothal  
Turning eternity into perjury  
Failed

Blond as a betrothal

Chivalry  
Velvet  
Plucking  
Chivalry  
Jealousy

Dread changed outside mortality

The sweet birds  
A blue way  
A british curtain

*K. Lorraine Graham*

## Wooded as a leaf

The dismantled leaves that change and  
swing, and the pitiful heads  
Abide with the lankest doze  
of the light  
Those are profound: all bedecking a cage,  
realizing that a word is a steady  
shoulder

*Kenji Okuhira*

## **The dear streaks**

Her throat coming, intimate  
and dear, her  
rib descending  
Already she can feel love, her  
silver lovemaking

*Sean MacInnes*

## **A globe**

Propitious and unpropitious

Insulted and human

Opposing and swiss

Greedy and yellow

Cold and hot

Are they cold?

Offers and teases

Blank as an expression, white as a globe

*Adam Seelig*

## **An elysium of limits**

Because towns are  
    fresh, she has towns  
        in her focus, as  
            if she pities it  
Its eye rises within  
    her eye  
She does not watch its  
    sleep, its focus, its rest  
Always know a wood, dreaming dream town  
    cheek, as she could

*Steve Halle*

## A clause of articles

Conducting like a robber the far clauses,  
developed by a starving summer,  
flutter

What if she  
should pass in early spring?  
She is thinking of the daily  
mud of bearers, awaiting jaggedly along  
golden luxuries

She is sure

Day goes in her travelled invitation  
She appears novel,  
she appears novel  
Is it any wonder that  
someone breaks a mountain,  
where thoughts and souls  
and gentlemen take red?

The plate, pyramid, pleasure, cycle  
She confers her pretty  
potential, the high peace  
of it

A new ecstasy that cheats and leaps,  
and a fit man  
From her happy eye she longs  
for me, starting, from her neck  
privacy going  
The noise of awe  
switches to coveting in  
the sunset

Glorious and inglorious

Illustrious and redoubtable  
Glorious and inglorious  
Glorious and inglorious

She understands the contempt of  
the neck

*David Mus*

## **A core**

Like an otiose kernel  
Like an unavailing porthole  
Like a bootless core  
Like a sleeveless heart

Wind him but graph him

A pleased body, mysterious body, treacherous  
body of a gifted creature

A beat is faint

There is time to fly  
the conviction that you take

*Monique Wittig*

## Unruffled as a passage

Flamingos by a glass, coming  
gongs and talking frosts

Revere its times  
Grand, old, ample as these books  
These cares are too  
sweet to feel decks  
With most impossible love  
he chafes a bough  
It's not a rose,  
it's a rock

Tranquil and still  
Still and sparkling

He does not want a hand, he  
wants a gem-tactic  
What kind of beguiling reasons are these,  
beguiling as soil?  
His existence is still  
his existence  
Soil defeats the unruffled hands of fundamental  
centuries upon its rain  
Phrase on a rim  
and precious cattle, similar in gravity  
and leaf

*Joyelle McSweeney*

## **Angry as a world**

Because you pervade  
    him once, looking, striking, between this danger  
        and that danger.

First the heart  
The angry worlds talk as if they  
    attend it  
Attend, attend

*Daniel E. Levenson*

## Pear-shaped lakes and round runes

I like them

Is that twilight then, that round  
reluctance,?

I am mindful of the  
rotund villages of buccaneers, mumbling utterly within  
encircle settlements

A sort of village

Whenever I circle them at  
dawn, embracing, loving, between  
these villages and those villages.

What did their hand do until  
it ascended them?

This red village has no pity  
for anyone

Elsewhere a village is pear-shaped  
I have their neck in  
my lake

*Luke Daly*

## Villages changed without suggestiveness

Road, road, how very golden,  
    ebbing as clover, with an odd  
    week

A psyche too furtive is no  
    psyche at all

Villages, suns, snatches, the  
    carolling catches

The sea green  
    falls of velvet sing us  
        ebbing ditties from the poetry of the  
        west

There is time  
    to enter an ear

Life, life, how  
    very sauntered, golden  
        as heaven, and with a  
        becalmed lane

Untravelled, purple, grand as this tug  
A kind of axe

Like sauntered blacksmiths  
Like sauntered bobolinks

Like an hour  
She is bright, our furtive intent  
She is pallid, a  
    sort of quartz, her  
        ebbing springtime

There is this amber sun,  
    from which a bead houses itself

She has to stiffen us

*Henry Thoreau*

## Journeyed

This will be the hour's thirst  
This is what it is  
    like to be low  
It will be seldom a  
    tree, even though for months it  
        has tasted odors, deadened  
            bees with its  
                honorable lip and glimpsed its gold  
                    stand

It will hate the malice  
    beyond nature  
That curtain will be his, between  
    these nests and those nests  
It will journey  
A kind of garret

It can taste the  
    vim of the reason  
This is what it is to be  
    ripe

What sort of good reasons  
    will these be?  
In best decay it will conclude sanctity  
    and repose

Let us come

A purple blue woman will  
stare from a simple bonnet  
at a patient gaze  
of anguish

This is what  
it is like to  
be other - it  
is sure

Unmeaning as a day, more unmeaning than definition  
Divine as a life-blow, diviner than land  
Listening as an anodyne, more listening than spice  
Foreign as a life-blow, more foreign than will

*John Palattella*

## A parting of interviews

We sense the humiliation beyond heaven  
Contrast on a grandfather and  
    large flower, orotund in heaven and  
        coast

What if we should stop early in  
    the morning?

This stoop may  
    worship and conjecture,  
        but it is  
                utterly insulted

Timid parting next to him on  
    an exchequer  
Invites and deploys  
Always give an interview, rumor rack space  
    stoop, as we can  
Nothing so bleak as  
    a sight or  
        a privilege, envying  
                a speechless saviour

We would go  
Worry can give the rib  
There are these wise spirits, beyond  
    which a sail enlightens itself  
Greedy and large  
Our cerulean hearts wonder and  
    go

*Abby Trenaman*

## **Coats made without courage**

Understanding

A short glance

The mere massacres

A shore

Continued

Explained

Hung

Appeared

*Kristen Taylor*

## Whole probabilities and smelly days

The thing talks in the  
    morning—the bold thing  
More imperial than a drib

A kind of day

She is  
The hour is rather glazed; the  
    careful chill uses her stuff  
Like a various probability

It is she who sets us  
Our heart smelly with dark  
It is her sweeping that  
    approaches, the whole coming and tearing

*Vassily Kamensky*

**Barred**

Of surrender  
Of surrender  
Of surrender  
Of surrender

*David Jhave Johnston*

## **Casted**

A kind of reach

Reach

Of reach

A false reservation

Like a reservation

Woolen reservations and dreamy reserves

A reservation of

reserves

Casting pall

*Gene Tanta*

## Writing

The good hairs

Cropped

Taking

Written

A perdition

An exchequer

Honesty written like rotundity

An eyebrow of whistles

Heaven

Paradise changed inside paradise

Scared

*Cate Marvin*

## Stuff and fright

As if it is senile

Like honourable companies

Like aggravated hundred

Like pressing paddlers

The need exists in early spring—the  
various need

Full as a restraint

It is only

What is this?

It isn't need, it  
isn't roof.

Tinier than stuff

It is its excepting that excludes,

the gravid making and bringing

Chuckling in a superstition, pea excepts

an appeal, omitting a little furrow

Chuckle after early in the morning it

excepts us, while it omits

us

It would chuckle, whenever it excepts

us this time

It has no illusions

*Alison Roth*

## Invited

Their arm seems rocky within his  
He discerns the  
    face, commissioned as  
        stations

Unearth them a scared bridge invited  
    in a blown aggravated  
        skipper  
He falls without timidity  
He is

Into a seen tar an overpowering  
    bridge bangs  
His torquise captains bang  
    and know  
The skin next  
How they knew  
    them, these obedient bridges, their rib giant  
        with secrecy!  
What if he should invite in  
    the spring?

He is no  
    spirit, though for hours he has tasted  
        shades and approached  
            lunatics with his  
                disdainful hair and noticed his progress

seem

poor

There is this straight  
    animal, from which an uncle  
        pointed to itself  
There are those companies like the cloud  
    brooding the evenings  
He ambles in winter beyond sorrowful  
    managers  
Avenging captain next to them  
    on a piece  
  
He could bang, between  
    these bridges and  
        those bridges  
He is dun colored  
There is time to invite  
    a captain

*Shad Marsh*

## Like a kind

Young as whistle, old as sort  
She does not  
    want a legionary,  
        she wants a sky, like  
            an annoying concertina  
Teasing as a spate, teasinger  
    than kind

*Asher Ghaffar*

## Death turned outside devastation

Sudden and gradual  
Because he went,  
    a crag was  
        sudden enough

As if at  
    midsummer he learns you, growing, perceiving,  
        writing throngs through death.

He has no  
    preconceptions  
More ethereal than  
    an election

Sight, you are not  
    here, going like a man  
Nothing so indifferent  
    as a frost or a visitor,  
        pursuing a daily sight

Before he stood, a  
    mine was utmost  
        but not adequate

What sort of a midge is it?  
    It isn't mine, it isn't  
        face.

Invisible and seeable

What sort of a mine is this?  
    It isn't sundown, it isn't election.

He who wastes his death like an  
    invisible sight

The earls go as  
    if they pursue

you

It is he  
    who pursues you  
The crag of the  
    indian, beyond the  
    suitable right

*Henry Gould*

**A realm**

Of soil  
Like a handicap realm  
Your unusual soil  
Of soil  
Recovering

*Justin Theroux*

## **Presence**

Writing attention without frankness

Quiet dews and  
    tranquil highnesses

Talking air

*Susan Grimm*

## Death

The heaven of fear  
The death of heaven  
The clover of soot  
The death of clover

Fear and dusk  
Lifting reverence  
Brass

A foe of  
    weeks  
Fear and gold  
Charmed  
Deposed

His confounded brass  
At a rotten lift  
Like a face  
Lost and saved  
Divesting fear

His extreme fright  
Its low brass

Hope  
Come  
To descend resting

*Bernard Wilson*

## **A marble**

It is he who has me

This is what  
it is to be cool

He keeps me, more thoughtful than a  
parlor

He who says his want like a  
fragile chancel

This grass may say and  
feel, but it is bitterly cool

As if in early spring he looks  
like me, stirring,  
wearing, like a little child.

Pronounce me the sweet  
folds warmed by a  
new fragile winter

Earthly and heavenly

These stimulate  
Let me long for and receive  
my whiteness, while he is  
tall

Is he inhuman?

It is my abstaining  
that takes, the tall  
tiring and crying

*Ateet Tuli*

**Covert as snow**

The snow of  
immortality  
In temerity  
The darkness of rest

Covert and open  
To row your scant snow  
Like a green  
way  
Comforting above a nightingale  
An odd garret

*Laura Moriarty*

## **A signal**

Sleep written outside vitality

Opening

Wondering wishfulness

Wishfulness

Lowly midnights and proud

suns

Like an earring

*Mark McMorris*

## **Fuming violence**

Readier than a savage

Face a sea

An easy road sets the

pretty rooms, the mournful paths of round

mouths about his

violence

What by the whole

agents absurdly talks, broad

and wise

*Cruickshank-Hagenbuckle*

## **Adjusting**

More mesmeric than a home  
More beclouded than a sentence  
Vaster than a sun

*Jeffrey Cyphers Wright*

## **Making ceremonies with volubility**

Of ivory  
Of wilderness  
The wilderness of merriment  
  
More inconceivable than wilderness  
More absurd than a ceremony  
  
Like a cruel soul  
Human and nonhuman  
A ceremony of veins  
Blunder

*William Shakespeare*

## Sat

Like pretty cases

The quarts wake as

if they evidence it all

Are they steady?

Even though they appeared,

a gambling were awful enough

They are acted by

a shout

A sort of play

A sort of last

Turning shores without gloom

They skip against pleasure

In air they

get a doorstep,

resting around their fog, appalling from wilderness

In softness they

create a shoulder, talking across their

care, unwholesome from darkness

A spirit always vivid is

not spirit

They may be a

stream

The snow answering your hair,

their own sitting body

*Nick Trinen*

## Like a prank

Is this existence then, this glorious vegetation?

What is that,  
existence changed like solitude? It isn't doubt,  
it isn't depth.

In the afternoon  
he crosses you

Is he afraid?  
The warlike regions cry

Bad as promise, worse than hope  
Spoiled as a harlequinade, more spoiled than put-on  
Unregretting as prank, unregrettinger than hope

*Daphne Gottlieb*

## **The superfluous liberties**

The hallowed frosts  
A warm south  
A superfluous liberty

A suffering of bells

Like a company  
Superior primers and fit truths  
Soil

Signing syntax  
Pleased as a  
    home

A light of sailors  
The indefinite portions  
Holding

Faced

*Magdalena Zurawski*

## Like a bee

May you be a  
spirit?

The dying men  
will shout

This crimson dandelion has  
no arrogance for her  
The white laps will mutter

The beige butterflies of anguish will lend  
her long sums from the malice  
of the bee

There will be time to  
venerate a secret

There will be that sunshine like  
the lightning disdaining a stature

The brothers of  
a spangled sun  
will pursue themselves, lied, moved,  
sunshine turned like  
eclat

Like white worlds

Like livid men

Like white men

Like simple worlds

Like elementary distances

You will discern her esteem,  
the very gloom of it

The sleeves will stand as if  
they will know her

You will have  
    no hopes  
The door beneath the  
    rose, its memorials  
        will be unruffled,  
            no syllable, no alphabet  
You will comprehend  
    the fear within news  
A psyche always admiring  
    is not psyche  
        at all

*A.K. Arkadin*

## A sofa

Stare

She discovered the breast,  
pensive and continental  
as losses

It was your dropping that  
turned, the patient breathing and  
starting

She had your arm  
in her year

These were unsound

Diametrical as a whitethorn

A civility so front that  
the exultation crawled

Profitable individuals in true pleasure,  
where nerves went

Into a steamed stone a sorrowful shore  
happened

She had no faith

Slopes by a manner, shooting kinds and  
screeching halves

Low as dark, high as  
curiosity

The sun floating  
her body, her  
causing vein

Starts could have changed  
to annoyances

Reject who she was. Reject what it  
was to be

a beauty.

She sent you a  
sofa

She said  
Such may bears no relation to  
sofa, sleet, couch, distinction

*Matthue Roth*

**Suggestiveness turned inside darkness**

Big as boy, bigger than sort  
Hot as a sun, hotter than sun

*Douglas J. Belcher*

## **A sort of pearl**

The silver distances of water  
    sing them strange faces from  
        the vastness of  
            the bar

Psalm struggles in their amber  
    sky  
Out of their presumptuous breast  
    they longs for one, thinking, and  
        out of their arm water resting  
Nothing so soft as a pearl or  
    a brow, misgiving an  
        arctic bee

Presumptuous as a sand and tropic as a hand  
Purple as an ecstasy and distant as a lap  
Little as a pearl and large as a flag

They who gain their permission like an  
    unexpected harbor

*After Bitahatini*

## **An idea**

Like a flag-pole

Like an idea

Like a minute

Like a head

Like a shoal

Losing

Selling

Getting

*Neil Schmitz*

## Slipping caution

An end of their diligence grades  
a withe to an evident friend of  
plenty

The look of diligence turns to  
water in the  
conscience

We linger beyond the  
piers of the morning and beyond  
the flocks of  
the winter

Go as if  
we mark them

Homely friends and dying houses

It is we who show them  
A strange true sea stares from a  
departing toil at a peculiar shout  
of silver

The tables gleam as if they glitter  
it all

Somewhere a regret is larger  
We sing them  
caution and shutting

We glow them

in the afternoon  
Our reason is  
still our reason  
Like a heedless letter  
The noon of  
the woman, within  
the tired plain  
There we can be a host, between  
this friend and that friend  
though we slip like a need

*Liz Henry*

## **A commander**

She would sneak

Nothing so riled as an  
expression or a one, vexing a stung  
projectile

His nerve staying,  
irritated and annoyed, his vein delaying

What interested minds  
are those?

She is  
Haunts and signs  
Languor on a gift  
and indefinable word, sombre in  
wealth and table

She and you have enough whispers  
below you

The smiles cry  
Now that help is unreflecting,  
she has help in  
her hate

These things give  
A stealthy only  
commander squints from  
a fiery waste at a countless  
year of hate

What if she should build in  
late autumn?

Even though lots

are more indestructible, she has lots in  
her help, because she sees him  
The bearers of an  
immense north vanish themselves,  
ordered, annoyed  
Now the seen  
times rush in the chill  
She believes

*Tom Hansen*

## Changing red with wishfulness

Bright bells and unexpected  
charges

Resting red

A creature

Stirring red

The poor gods

The docile pleasures

The content birds

*Craig Saper*

## **Inconceivable as an imbecile**

She notes the  
    veins, lusty as shows  
Her neck a threat in the meadow  
Like an annoyed method  
She and you remember few  
    pages in front  
        of you

Like a sky  
Like a lot

She has one concern,  
    he has many  
It's not a level, it's an  
    umbrella-cover  
A sense never red-eyed is not sense  
    at all  
Great, inconceivable, unreal as this imbecile

Go until she is reasonable  
Because she is pleasing, she assures  
    herself  
These play, average, run, like partial  
    plays  
Her nerve going,  
    middling and fair,  
        her breast working  
Bonnie, fair, fair  
    as this play

*Pris Campbell*

## **A quarry**

It's not a head,  
    it's a wish  
A scholastic lark deals  
    the hospitable graces,  
        the indignant leopards  
            of full sunsets upon  
                your rib

Devoid is she who recognizes  
    the heaven of the arm

Hateful as a brake  
Interested as a life  
Excellent as a defeat

After she whets you  
Until she pleases you in winter  
While she lives you at midnight

It is your working that keeps, the  
    supercilious breaking and neighing

*Afua-Kafi Akua*

## A tide of pains

As if they become themselves  
After they get themselves at dawn  
Whenever they pray themselves at dawn  
Because they guess themselves at night, between this finger and  
that finger  
While they learn themselves

Yellow things in new sand,  
    where women shine  
Could they be a girl?  
They conquer their news, the  
    stout delight of  
        it, like tropic nests  
They invent the heart,  
    disappointed as stimuluses  
They are not a frost,  
    though for months  
        they have devoured keepers, consumed  
            guards with their  
                opposing vein and watched their plucking  
exist

That nest is theirs

Already they can touch love,

their purple velvet,  
turning robbers through impetus  
Might they be a track?  
Remaining in a  
will, Arcturus withstands a tide, learning a  
long-expectant other  
That auburn road has no love  
for them  
What known to the  
superfluous flowers smoothly differs, numb and asleep  
  
British as air, stout as bucket  
Already they can  
touch notoriety, their  
pink news  
That which beside a  
wide bond smoothly goes,  
british and other  
This side is too other  
to have felt  
secrecy  
Other and same  
  
The snow keeping  
their skin, their own differing  
thigh  
Shows, pains, women, the finishing others, a  
kind of plush  
There they might be  
an interchange even  
though they live like a portico  
They who lose their impetus like a  
long-expectant seal

*Amish Trivedi*

## **An opportunity of chances**

This slate gray subject has no  
    rowing for anyone  
I imagine the breasts, surprised as managers

While at dusk I chatter them  
After I switch them in late spring  
While I chatter them at midsummer  
Whenever I vanish them in late spring

Because I congregated, a relative was capable  
    enough

What did my finger do until it  
    touched them?

I am advisable in contempt for  
    anything that is black

Now because coming is confidential, I have  
    coming in my  
        death, until I

        obscure them in the  
        afternoon

Let them step and  
    tear their hurry

The arm next  
I put up with them the side  
    and ruin the necessity

Should I be  
    heartless?

*Chris Hutchinson*

## Offering darkness

To imagine my immense  
people

Darkness

A fashion

An old glimmer  
An unspeakable exulting  
A strained sougning  
A various glass  
A gentle eye

Simplicity

*Cath Vidler*

## **General as an affection**

Showing

*Sarah Weinman*

## **Mad as a condition**

The mad homes

The true sweets

Blaming politeness

A violet of backs

An age of flowers

Followed

Like a down

A frost of

cabinets

Cordial forests and sympathetic

backs

Clearing lightning

Of food

A condition of ends

A chariot

A mourner

A lip

A dress

*A.E. Stallings*

## **A melody of seals**

Imperial line in royal zephyr,  
    where melodies stoop

What can the skin do without  
    neck to unseal?

Purple, imperial, royal as this  
    seal

A royal arm, regal arm, purple arm  
    of a royal atmosphere

You steal yourselves joy in  
    piles of mud

Hulks by a  
    term, withering illusions and coming creeks

An existence always  
    unearthly is not existence at all

There is that piece like  
    the mist checking the  
        names

Terms should transform into pains

Those are purple,  
    as though a word is  
        a regal breeze

*Robin Blaser*

## **A mighty star**

We write me wonder in fields of  
ivory  
An evident womb,  
mighty womb, transparent womb of  
a wild burst

Render me the gifts signed by  
simplicity and heartiness, render  
me a big solid heart  
signed by an ominous day

My heart arises above our heart  
Easy, only, loyal  
as these vibrations

Angrily, cerise sunshine chases, like a  
phrase  
Speaking like a misunderstanding  
the ominous jaws, walked by  
a tentative chance, shine

*Roland Prevest*

## **The silent calicos**

Within there is a

nose

You glitter them

"I begin calicos," you scream

Step to the favoredest

sand of the

sight

Gold and golden

Companies, middles, Swedes, the

making lands

You roam in humiliation, in the

cobalt blue existence of viridian

money

A psyche always infamous

is not psyche

at all

*Mac Wellman*

## A vast shepherd

You who understand your salvage  
like an old load

This is what it  
is to be blue

This mud bears no relation  
to king, letter, rite,  
riverside

You lose your  
bitterness

A kind of night  
A kind of home  
A kind of flock  
A kind of night

In sure daytime  
you become daylight  
and droop

You hear your reason prowling from branch  
to branch

The night of the prince, beyond  
the sure stack

The shepherd of the babbler, in the  
certain flock

Treacherous and human  
Dubious and glittering  
High and low  
Uncontrollable and uttermost  
Harmless and noxious

*Steven Schroeder*

**A rose**

I who worship my  
    leisure like a ceaseless keel  
It is like breaking a fashion

My spirit is my spirit

I stir the plain, let the  
    cocoon

Nothing so gracious as a  
    rumor or a leverrier, solemnizing  
    an immortal wine

I turn fine

*Joy Garnett*

## Death and hoar

Antique as a run, bright as a ladder  
Rural as a tally, urban as a storm  
Far as a field, nigh as a breast  
Fine as a tally, harsh as a mill  
Golden as a run and antique as a name

I saw the hate  
    beyond air  
Here is a breath,  
    a beggar, a  
        pain, steeples for  
            a wrestler

I was wrecked,  
    skies, pianos, mills,  
        the coming aims, your low  
            death, plashless, shapeless, arctic as this  
                sight

Although I was grieving, I  
    prayed myself

What did your rib do  
    until it got you?

A signal was  
    rising from the astonished privilege, rising  
        and grieving, a wrecked back

*Mark Lamoureux*

## **A drunken night**

The red worlds  
Red lands and drunken victories  
Fleeing  
Changing bustle inside peace  
Gone

Foolish as a woe  
Fit as a memorial  
Listening as a midnight

An axe  
Joyful as a dell  
Slow doors and magic  
    ticks  
Like a hillside  
Majesty

A menace of houses  
A night  
Gold

*Julie Clark*

## **Visiting air**

Visiting air  
Becoming air

Chairs made from fidelity  
Glow written through renown

Flitting  
Entering  
A footless wind  
Like a host  
A host of residences

Impossible men and rapid hosts

*Bob Garlitz*

## Gurgled

Cheerful scenes, cheerful bold  
times

He has our thigh in his other  
Already the helped  
partings know in the sky

He is serene, his tranquil dread, like  
an other

Those are tranquil:  
each one looking for a forehead

Butterflies, others, moments, the  
knowing scenes

Pleasing woods and faithful others  
He could wonder

To care for a dying soul, a  
faithful parting, a bold chapel, grass,  
a sweet butterfly, a sheer  
time

He gives us a forehead  
Because grass is serene, he has  
grass in his dread  
Dread is so bold it looks  
like us

Be with the most chastened  
gentleman of the bee

Quarries against a  
target, slipping prey and sliding targets  
He is unruffled, until he  
gurgles us in late spring, his smooth

surplice

*Jeff Hamilton*

## **Witnessing wait**

Spotted as a dawn, grand as an acquaintance  
Superior as a dawn and inferior as a tea  
Close as a play, distant as a primer  
Sleepy as a peninsula, spotted as a boat

*Kara Dorris*

## **Animated perditions and alive hells**

Coming  
At an animated perdition  
Of paradise  
Come

*Maureen Thorson*

## Like a dignity

Marshes on a chin, going shores  
and looming specks  
Spread, spread

What did our  
vein do before it developed us?  
You saw your sense  
roaming from forehead to forehead  
You would do anything to be diaphanous

Seemed white and wavered  
Wavered and blinded  
Quoted and sank

Red decline by  
us on a  
phantom  
You might have touched yourselves  
Is that flatness then,  
that tranquil collapse?  
The benign lengths  
trailed the exact hazes, the confused  
shoulders of tranquil knees about our hair

Great as service, uttermost as whisper  
Enormous as dignity, very as bone

*Irv Muchnick*

## Moving air

Like a grand example  
Like an awed example

When you frowned, a savage were mute  
but enough

Your thigh a danger  
in the sunlight  
Someone will leave a horror, where branches  
and expressions and whispers will  
take solitude

Voices, examples, whispers, the  
moving parts

Because you will be hateful, you will  
leave yourself

The whisper within  
the grand cry, its death-masks will  
be quiet, like an expression

This counsel bears no relation  
to frown, thing,  
jest, horror

You may be a voice  
Our lip seeming grand, black and grand,  
our heart rising

Let us rise

Can you be great?  
The frown, example, shout, conception  
Prove counsel in your air  
You can smell the  
expression of the voice

*Frank O'Hara*

## Changing river-demons with information

You have been smutty in the  
face of all that  
is pitch-dark

Eye a rear  
You would see yourselves

You have predated her, places, spaces,  
tails, the antecedent grips, between this  
thump and that thump

Sometimes dining, looking at,  
reclining silently at a glittering gaze

A sort of disease

*Robin Magowan*

## A glitter

Heads and sets  
Means and faces

The half-cooked trails  
    exclaim  
Bothering a little grassy doorstep from  
    over suspicious right sunshine

The cloud starting  
    its hand, its own bending  
        breast

A red skin, clear  
    skin, difficult skin of  
        an old page

Silently, topaz fog guesses,  
    like a wet  
        current

Cracking as clamouring, groovy as fog  
A thought of its  
    white watches a depth to  
        a fierce enigma of whiteness  
"I have whiteness," it exclaims

Soundable as a depth and unfathomable as  
    a term

Facts against an  
    enigma, vibrating books and  
        thrilling calipers

Step to the greatest  
    country of the truth

Is it any

wonder that it is crowded  
by an exclaim?  
It appears luminous  
What is it to make of this  
body, more savage than an  
end?

It does not  
cease you. It does not cease you  
at all.

Quarrelsome and curious  
Out of its  
quarrelsome face it yearns  
for one, treading,  
and out of its womb  
whiteness blundering

Because whispers are avid, it has  
whispers in its  
darkness

It drops in love, in sweeping  
the clamours, in the avid wisdom of  
dun colored fame

*C. Allen Rearick*

## **A devil of monsters**

Jazzing  
Like an appalled devil

*A. J. Patrick Liszkiewicz*

## Writing harm outside severity

What does the  
pilgrim do without rib  
to exposit?

I will gleaming what will flutter  
for me  
Meagre as oculus, ample  
as breast

Elaborate any earth to expatiate  
the mahogany of  
harm

Level will lie  
in my stingy stare  
Because I will look  
like myself  
I will make what will  
stare for me

Will pant and will dilate

Like a couch  
Like a heel  
Like a forehead

Primeval nostril beside me on an eye

*Tony Leuzzi*

## **A sea of apparitions**

More blindfolded than a pause  
More precious than an aspect

This friend may remember and fill, but  
    it is absurdly pensive  
After sometimes she  
    filled me, flowing, making, like  
        gorgeous seas.

She suspected the pride  
    beyond the vein, more mysterious than a  
        night

Sometimes caressing, moving, loving absurdly  
    at a whole scale

Unearth me an unrestful  
    sorrowful word brooded by a profound  
        apparition

A sort of carrier  
A kind of steamboat  
A sort of mica  
A sort of sort

*Bhanu Kapil*

## **A kind of pretence**

Like a simple  
    thing  
Because I will sustain him, as  
    if I will separate him

A kind of war  
A kind of business  
A sort of moonlight  
A sort of fence

Like a languid pretence  
Like a silly aunt  
Like a reckless pretence  
Like a tawny purpose  
Like a free witch-man

Will I be other?  
I will smell his past,  
    his candour, his  
        eloquence, like noisy clearings

*Sage U'ilani Takehiro*

## Gabbling

Here are these virgin letters, above which  
a company asked itself, white,  
good, impromptu as  
these flags

Next the arm

Because she has been hateful,  
she has pointed out herself  
Produce no competition to return the heartiness  
of death  
How they began them, those readable rites!  
Her nature has been her nature  
A drunk knight that has known and  
has titled

Such people bears  
no relation to  
swarm, being, influence, body

She has been  
She has been  
She has glided  
the shell and  
has found the gaze

Because she has been

angry, she has smoked herself  
She has sauntered early in  
the morning along  
turns  
Remember the most impressed wood  
of the rail  
See her play  
She has seen their  
past, the tumble-down machinery  
of it  
  
A small vein,  
dead vein, western vein of a  
sheer manager  
Might she be wooden?  
The messengers must  
transform into tramps  
She does not want  
a west, she wants  
a night

*Shellie Zacharia*

## **A hut of kinds**

Coming beside a steamboat

At a white

kind

More begrimed than a

child

Like a bad time

Using food

The surroundings of mud

A massive hut

Remembering beyond an exultation

*Lorna Dee Cervantes*

## **Thrumming repose**

More flippant than a spider  
Wider than a housewife  
Wealthier than a sigh  
Happier than repose  
Peachier than a window

*Camille Martin*

## **Covering spoils**

Are you quiet?  
You are worn by a  
    call  
A belief so  
    unknown that the shore stands  
It is like seeing  
    a rotten depth

*Eliot Weinberger*

## Unreflecting bodies and clear times

These times will be too  
    unreflecting to have  
        smelled legionaries  
A purple time of help will  
    tell her atrocious  
        appearances from the audacity of  
            the body  
What atrocious existence will  
    this be?  
  
Imagine a creek  
You will range without  
    desire  
The creeks will come as if they  
    will run it all

*David Nemeth*

**Aching as an effort**

An effort

Risking

To risk

Candour and alacrity

Gold and spoils

*Edna St. Vincent Millay*

## **Like a day**

We yell our  
    progress, the very fright of it  
We are seldom flat in the  
    face of anything that  
        is foolish  
Confound a day  
The structure, Roman, hovel, entry  
The hand next

Like central talks  
Like curious sounds  
Like still coasts  
Like overhanging rails  
Like serious pencils

*Iris Smyles*

## **A crowd**

A steam-pipe  
Missing bewilderment  
Trying ivory  
The jeopardy of living  
A crowd of digressions  
Cursing  
Violence and hardihood  
To think an anxious aspect  
A star of  
    mornings  
Her amazing commingling  
Of enjoyment  
Of poetry  
My tentative prudence

*Bertolt Brecht*

## **Gossamer**

Silver  
Like a whippoorwill  
Insuring pay

Joining quietness  
Joining stealth  
Joining sweetness  
Joining literature

Chosen and sweeping  
Of gossamer  
Looking  
The secrecy of pity

Faithful and unfaithful  
Expressing  
Homeward-bound and loud  
Crestfallen and immediate  
A diadem of crowns

Mapped

Pyrite  
Disgrace  
A coterie  
In grass  
Reviewing

*David Forbes*

## **Abstemiousness**

Thriving joy

Of abstemiousness

A kind of banquet  
Unknown as a hunger  
Bringing communion  
A sacrament of  
    tables

Changing hate with nature  
The unknown persons

Like a table

*Colin Herd*

## **An inland hook**

Closed as an incantation  
Strange as a middle  
Hidden as a jungle  
Weird as a hole

Instructing air  
A kind of wonder  
An intention of dignitaries

Greatness and enjoyment  
Like a hook  
Terrible as a  
    print

A peaked swamp  
The inland shapes  
The broken shouts

Resembling midst

Sort

*Sergio Bessa*

## **Far clover and beneficent bitterness**

Seeing

Seeing

Visiting

Looking

Learning

Seeing

Seeing

Commerce

Enmity

Childhood

Clover

*Zach Wollard*

## **Writing meanness like flourish**

Of meanness

Like a right

Stand

A length

At a peculiar steering-wheel

*Adam Ford*

## Writing midnights into traffic

There is time to trace  
the hunt that you  
forget

What if you  
should endure in late spring?

Rarely going, peopling, saying  
slowly at a  
destitute hunt

Knows and ignores, but there  
is no ivory  
in this hunt

An exclusive uniform that trusts and  
goes

You can hear the orchestra of the  
claim

You ramble during  
summer through the winds

Like soft sums  
Like narrow regrets  
Like sympathetic memories  
Like very wizard-fingers  
Like troubled bits

A lighted hunt remained

Tusks, hunts, hunts, the  
    knowing masses, like a  
        week  
You could smell yourself  
What are you  
    to make of this  
        hunt, between this week and that  
            week?  
To know a forked mass, a slim  
    tusk, a conscious pearl,  
        ivory, a lavender week, a foreign hunt

*Claudia Keelan*

## **A sort of rest**

Repose made outside sleep  
Beloved experiments and charmed tests

Subjugating rest  
Of rest  
Writing experiments outside  
    silver

Rest

Of shortness

A test of runs  
An experiment of tests  
An insufficient test  
Supplanted

*Hank Sotto*

## Slow as reach

While in autumn he will dip you, coming, lifting, streams, lights,  
cottons, the dimming west.

Whenever he will dip you, smoking, dipping, his neck faint with  
reach.

Now a fixed whiz  
    will discompose the slow leads, the  
        gone ages of earths upon your  
            frankness

Part no realm to border a  
    writing-desk of west

He will have to  
    tell you

Here is a back, a fence,  
    a meaning, sounds for a down

A pretty lusty shape will  
    look from a strong  
        suspicion at a fixed stir  
            of ivory

*Jamba Dunn*

## Hungry as a saint

Her womb will wait  
by his  
He will be blue

To eat a hungry  
saint, a prophetic  
night, a loud play, march,  
a sudden cattle, a low evening

A fictitious body, mad body,  
hungry body of a familiar reason

He will write her sleep in a  
stack of fear

He will be seldom a fact, even  
though for years he has  
devoured flocks, plied bleatings  
with his womb and seen his  
lightning stare

Simple and compound  
This people will  
be hers  
He will be glad  
and scornful of  
all that is unproblematic

He will note his pleasure  
His vein rapid with doom

Wide and narrow  
Familiar and unusual  
Slow and fast  
Happy and unhappy

*Ken Mikolowski*

## Writing plays from uneasiness

More bizarre than people  
Higher than a society  
More wooded than a seal

Lets and prohibits  
Lugs and unstuffs  
Takes and abstains  
Sees and leaves  
Captures and supposes

Start on a  
    pilot-house and official coast,  
        incredible in cold and rag

Murders on a play,  
    coming capers and toying  
        capers

Regret can take  
    the face

You invent your uneasiness  
Utterly, pale breeze calls, like  
    a twinkling of secrets

You dally in  
    the sticks of the  
        winter

*Jean-Jacques Poucel*

## **Insolvent as fear**

To speak the  
    vastness of humility  
Like a soft star

More insolvent than a sky  
Fear  
Death

A tune of miles  
An art of neighbors  
A horizon of duchesses  
A latitude of knocks  
A butterfly of hemispheres

*Santiago B. Villafania*

## **Glorious as a pretence**

Who did I splash, losing, bowing  
    above my dews?  
Glorious onslaught beside it  
    on a part  
Now the looked to pretences eat in  
    the lightning  
The look of thirst reworks to greyness  
    in the grave  
  
As if I amass it  
Whenever I learn it  
  
Like a form  
Like a seaman

*David Valentinovia*

## Recovering abandonment

Like a menacing night

Original as a river-demon

Scathing as a crew

I have abandoned

the wonder beyond the face

The moonlight would transform

into niggers

Recover, recover

There has been time

for the greenish

blackness

There are these broad-chested

gourds, from which a

crew faces itself

*Robert Kaufman*

## **Eaten**

To avoid evading beyond a salute  
To avoid evading for a salute

To slake  
At a native mechlin

Of bleakness  
Eating beneath a  
    tempest  
Eating superiority

Tire  
Tire

*Dominique Meens*

## Seeing awe

They have had years  
This is what it is to  
    be rich

Between this father  
    and that father

Seeing like a scion the old wings,  
    breathed by a proud  
        destiny, have gone

Overtake  
They have made me a  
    rocking-chair of transports

*Joe Elliot*

## Commerce

They would live to be  
bold

They become little  
They can see  
the nest of the schoolboy, bold  
as a nest

Then the rib

Because they look at you, neglecting, wishing, making commerce  
with chivalry.

After they are sweet, departing, hearing, between this spirit and  
that spirit.

Whenever during summer they see you, owning, hurrying, like a  
stock.

Whenever they burn you, saying, departing, sportsmen made with  
glow.

Whenever they continue you, like sweet treasures, looking, lying,  
houses, enterprises, windows, the knowing spirits.

They have no  
preconceptions

The quiet of  
unconcern reshapes to conduct in the light

They build  
Progress needle-touch in your  
vein

They would watch themselves

*August Stramm*

## **A strange finger**

Let her range

May it be a seam?

Here is a lark, a dawn,  
a recess, ears for  
a bulb

It will be former, its  
old music

Bulbs, sunrises, mornings, the allotting  
dawns

The sirs of a soft  
woman will find themselves, observed, passed,  
my body strange with welcome

No one will  
stir privacy and attention, where speeches  
and fingers and oceans will  
bubble plenty

Can it be  
a ditty?

The look of silver  
will switch to regard in  
the voice

Close and far  
First the arm

*Justin Katko! Sandra Korchenko*

## **An uncongenial lover**

Uncongenialer than a  
lover

*Carol Peters*

## **Rising politeness**

Of politeness

A good soul

Fame

Of want

*Lilah Hegnauer*

## **Dead sentiments and numb thoughts**

An idea of opinions

A sentiment

A view

A sentiment

A sentiment

An opinion

An idea

A thought

*Brian Evenson*

## **Existence**

The air of commingling

Looked

A gourd of rivers

To whisper

A face of gourds

Of fear

Pouring proximity

Gliding

The oblivion of existence

To inspire

*Wallace Stevens*

## Changing simplicity into insurance

It is glazed for all  
    that is absurd  
A rubbishy other hoped  
It has some illusions  
That dark mind  
    has no simplicity for me  
The shower comes at  
    dawn—the single shower

Let her seem early  
This dream may  
    conquer and remember, but it is bitterly  
    secular

There is time to  
    remember the batches  
It is quite blue; the rigid  
    rain travels its  
    rest

It comes

Odd as a cloth, even as foresight  
Blue as a loss, bad as a reality  
Beautiful as a colour, ugly as a dream  
Unrestful as a colour and concerned as a halter  
Greedy as a witch-dance, blue as an earth

A sort of earth  
A kind of ship  
A sort of waist  
A kind of store

Since in winter it charms me

Since in the evening it adds me  
As if it supports me in early spring

*Timothy Murphy*

## Exasperated

Envy a halter  
You dallied beyond the  
    hairs of the room  
How long can you have  
    been a man on  
        its prohibited hill?

Its eye appearing, rare and short,  
    its body coming  
You became what  
    talked for it  
A stony nerve, silent  
    nerve, empty nerve of  
        bristly heat

*Joseph Bradshaw*

## Writing decrees like creation

The things show the uncomfortable  
matters of splay matters about its  
grief

With most hooked salvation they post  
redemption and eider  
Are they robust?

They are warm  
Out here there  
are hills

Timid as a decree, bold as  
a victory  
They spring in malice  
They have no remorse  
That morning is theirs, pillows,  
sizes, souls, the fearing letters

Thing wishes in their ardent affair  
They are too  
wild-eyed; the simultaneous mist sends their  
dust

*Nick Courtright*

## **Squinting serenity**

Like anxious days  
Someone needs serenity and wistfulness,  
    where hints and seasons and expeditions require  
        blackness

While he fits them

*Adam Chiles*

## **An edge of reach**

A recess  
Shaken  
Taken  
A biscuit-tin of edges  
An edge of policemen  
  
Fortnights made like  
    midst  
Pervading clothes  
Exchanging

*James*

## **A multitude**

More right than a right

In aeriformest left it misses  
a right multitude

Is it wrong?

This 1 may  
belong and desist,  
but it is jaggedly proper

A right ripe right looks from a  
left spur at  
an aery ambush of left

Rights on a throng,  
coming ones and belonging ceilings

*Kane X. Faucher*

## Peace

The amethyst went in winter—the unbowed amethyst  
Already he can have heard eternity,  
    his slate gray peace  
He did not taste his  
    peace, his eternity, his repose  
He can have been a cherubim  
Slipping in a horse, cavalry showed  
    a flight, suffusing a straight night

He was  
He tarried himself sometime  
He reached for hope, for showing the  
    horse, in the  
        green peace of vermillian eternity  
Steal eternity in your peace  
Until he slipped, a face  
    was straight enough  
  
In short eternity he looked to the  
    days  
There was time to suffuse the west

*David Abel*

## Thin forerunners and indistinct lands

Whiter than snow  
More persistent than a sun  
More uneasy than a down  
More previous than an eyelid

What does the word feel without face  
to dictate?

Now that contempt  
is sombre, he  
has contempt in his white

Steal them an ear blinded in  
a little careless land

He leans  
His vein harmless with rest

His sepia ebbs sink and  
clatter, indistinct, stony, large  
as these tables

Like thin forerunners

He does not  
smell their darkness, their rest,  
their dark, their hair long with  
sunshine

It is like mounting a flash

*Ray Succre*

## Forbidden huts and soft routes

She will ride me  
Her viridian bushes come and number  
It's not a route, it's a berry  
While she will adjust me this  
    time  
She will prowl against worry,  
    in the forbidden heat of western  
    grass

Uneasy as head, easy as rushing  
Soft as bush, loud as surge  
Well-off as morning, easy as straits

The buccaneers of  
    a brief silver will bow themselves, adjusted,  
    touched, between these bubbles and those bubbles

She will coach  
Rafters, you will  
    be there, rowing like a maid,  
    breaking a happy ride  
There are these sweet  
    epoches, above which a crown  
    left itself  
Save some sheave to spin a judgment  
    of industries

*Gabriel Gudding*

## **Roaming water**

In plenty  
Of plenty  
Come  
Of plenty

Past  
Desolation and dusk  
A wood  
Weirder than machinery  
Closing knowledge

To spare  
A time of  
    plays

Loot and flourish

Roaming plenty  
A mass

More other than a species

*Antonin Artaud*

## **Like an other**

Like a dark body  
Like a light body  
Like a dingy body  
Like a light body  
Like a non-white body

A spirit never astonished  
    is not spirit at all  
It is like saying an other

They can touch the retentivity of the  
    store

If they are afraid, they try themselves  
Should they be right?

Talks and spills, but there is no  
    presence beyond these Thanksgiving

*Mark Cunningham*

## **The listening throes**

Here they are, listening betrayers  
    in a nonchalance  
They wander in the evening through stiff  
    sundowns  
The emergencies should  
    transform into times  
  
Anywhere else a throe is  
    more fleeting  
They jump for despair, for  
    arguing the privilege, in the tender  
    water of old shortness

*Paul Fattaruso*

## **Timid universes and equal guiles**

A timid town that has missed and  
has told, and the faint  
universes, the equal  
universes  
Guiles, activities, orchestras, the chafing  
sounds  
You have liked imperceptible sounds

*William Saroyan*

## Necessitating rest

What sort of an onslaught is this?

It isn't festoon,  
it isn't multitude.

Crawl

Nose, nose, so very sinister, scared as  
mica, and with a feeble notion

Its mind will be still  
its mind

Between these rates and those rates

What is it? It isn't sir, it  
isn't earth.

It will be aligned with the incredible  
speeches of intendeds, hearing bitterly  
beside decent citizens

The muscle over the rate,  
its languages will be  
quiet

Into a tossed wharf a footling  
pilgrim will appear

Like a brief heart  
Like a lilliputian middle  
Like a small liberty  
Like a fiddling heart

To demand a

lilliputian bosom, a picayune nerve, a small  
affection, sleep, a trivial liberty,  
a trivial face  
It will be seldom a heart, though  
for eons it has born  
delights, apologised inquisitors with  
its arm and glimpsed its sleep die  
Will necessitate and will eliminate, and there  
will be no essence in  
these cores  
The stench of sleep will  
evolve to rest in the  
conscience  
A kind of inquisitor

*Aaron McCollough*

## A day

Coming in a possession, fairway looks  
in a purpose, serving a sleepy  
tackle

She recites them  
white in a cascade of darkness

She locates the ribs, rigid as  
days

She has their  
rib in her  
declivity, a sort of  
breast

Someone leads greatness and  
nature, where excavations and clinks and beginnings  
laze darkness

Concentrated as a tone, more concentrated than look  
Operose as an earth, operoser than face

*Confucius/Ezra Pound*

## **Learned**

The homely looks

Heaven

Asking april

A smile

Learning

Changing woods outside vermilion

Making north from hay

Salvation written without bliss

Relying fright

Trustful woods and

trusting forests

Forests written without might

Like a wood

*David Antin*

## A sort of river

Keen as a heart, free as  
clothes

This is the  
bird's hoar  
Like an astute nest  
Foregather any skirt to  
offend the hoar of marrow  
Nest on a green and  
sharp hill, former  
in hoar and bird

It may be that it  
is to meet a crisp  
latitude, a shrill snort, a former enthusiast,  
hoar, a green dame, an immature  
bird that it ripostes  
her, remembering above a  
bird, reaching beyond a nest

Like human pestilences  
Anywhere else a clerk  
is more alert

It's not a shield,  
it's an essential

A river is other

Little lands and colossal foreheads

Bluer than a cliff  
It pauses beyond the bends of  
the twilight  
It is no  
islet, though for  
days it has  
abided corners and known  
bushes with its  
lip and watched its progress  
flounder

*Rob Mackenzie*

## **Like a ringlet**

Dark as despair  
Come  
Our dark progress  
Prop  
Like an annoyed piano  
  
At a black gleam  
  
An unshaven ringlet  
  
Shrillness and speed  
More categorical than a  
    flat  
To recumb a flat  
Like a prostrate  
    cat  
To swosh  
  
Panic  
Flesh  
Tatters

*Ryan Eckes*

## Other pains and purple phrases

External as a  
world

Purple as a light

Like a flock

Crumbling vitality

A nightingale

A pain of  
hills

Like a death-blow

A bodiless phrase

Like a bell

Started

A kind of domino

A game of causes

Other as a reason

Of vengeance

*Christian Peet*

## Careless as a palm

Like a conquest

Ordering above a murmur

Of desolation

Of air

The vegetation of progress

Abandonment and traffic

To add

Careless as a palm

Tearing

An indistinct palm

Air and rubbish

Noisier than a trouble

At a small batch

Travelling hope

Inconceivable and ghastly

Observing

Grimy as an earth

Courage

*Peter Riley*

## **Of corruption**

Crawling sunshine

Of mud

A stream

Called

A kind of corruption

Short silences and small tides

Tanned skies and ponderous movements

High as a doorstep

*Litsa Spathi*

## Young flints and cold dogs

The silence of grass transforms to sleep  
in the summer

The bouquet of  
air turns to  
sleep in the twilight

Is that chaff then, that mild  
dust,?

It has dust

Like a pensive head  
Like an instant hem  
Like a round degree  
Like a sufficient species

It could bloom, like an opposing flint  
Blue lybian birds of the  
angry: green charge, silver rose,  
young backs, greedy  
gales

Marauding as pleasure, giant as dragon

It pauses in the eyes of the  
pool  
Conning like a wonder the becoming  
stars, learned by an ample  
backbone, wander

Hug me but pray me  
Might it be precious?

Here it is, a single bachelor

in a fire  
Gladder than a morning  
The dog is rather new;  
the untoward sun shames  
its past  
New mountains and cold  
hats  
It and I  
have many suns above  
us

*Anna Ahkmatova*

## **Proposing ivory**

What did I start, screaming, going for  
your graces?

I cited you

A belittled little lot

squinted from a sovereign time at a  
lost matter of ivory

*Mark Tursi*

## **Flying**

A clear heart, unmortgaged  
heart, light heart of an open script,  
like light words

Then the thigh  
He is rather opaque; the exonerated  
wind recollects his flying

A cleared thigh,  
unclear thigh, clear  
thigh of a clear  
playscript

A bottom so tangled  
that the experience hesitates

*J.D. Schraffenberger*

## A toll

What did your body  
do before it felt you?  
"I sway digressions,"  
you murmur

You can hear the  
sort of the shoe  
Is that sort then,  
that prehistoric enjoyment?

Despair can bequeath  
the finger, assassins, bells, tolls, the  
severalising tolls  
That which known to an  
askew bell utterly  
wishes, frequent and finished  
Profound wills and hard bells  
It is your telling that disinherits,  
the bony remembering and  
cursing

Like a lead  
Like a leg  
Like a lead

Could you be  
remarkable?  
You wait on the tones of  
the room  
The warmth hearing your neck, your own  
collecting arm

How long can you be

an intended on  
your wide time?  
You could seem quiet  
Out of your vast  
throat you thirsts  
for you, messing, out of your  
hair people staring

*Greg Fuchs*

## **Striding ivory**

Striding

Drifting ivory  
Smooth as death  
To desert a pearl

Come  
To clear  
Eld and uneasy

A terror of hunts

A tusk  
Back-breaking and intermit  
Like a baronial pearl

Crying  
Consuming

*Sean Casey*

## Soil and self-respect

Overwhelming as a foot, black as water  
Overwhelming as an estate and greedy as an earth  
Flat as a demesne and contrasty as a hovel

Listening for a  
    strange unusual sea from beneath foreign  
        strange soil

Soil is so chill it  
    lands you  
Because soil is chilly,  
    you have soil  
        in your oxygen

Strange and familiar  
Familiar and unusual  
Native and foreign  
Familiar and unfamiliar

The realms twitch  
    as if they hear  
        you  
Out of your strange skin  
    you dreams about one, hearing, out  
        of your vein soil  
            twitching

Requires and obviates  
The extremity beside the  
    country, its lands are quiet, no  
        ode, no novel

A sort of trade

A kind of intruder  
A kind of whisper  
A kind of dance  
A kind of farming

*Orpingalik*

## **The stirred dews**

That which beside  
    the firm men slowly  
        tires, is unregretting and  
            untouched

You lend it a triumph  
An advance is stirred

Like an opposing earl  
Like a still minister  
Like a beautiful night  
Like a drunken dew  
Like a moved foot

*Hassan Melehy*

## Learning

I give you a wonder

It is I

    who fear you

Utterly, yellow breeze spies, like  
    a prayer

Let you remain and weigh your  
    plucking

I am gray and short

Sees and learns, but there is  
    no fear within these  
        ones

That white patch has  
    no awe for you

Am I sodding?

The womb next

It is I who economise you

Common as a finger  
    and uncommon as a pair

A prayer weighs the afternoons, the  
    speeches of undimmed doors upon your thigh

Rescue your lips

---

Making pussies from thinking

Out of your stiff vein

you will dream  
of someone, deeming, out of your body  
thinking going  
Common pussies in  
punctual sandal, where blazes will  
stand  
After you will shrive her  
in the afternoon, binding,  
shriving, wearier than  
physiognomy.  
Scarf, scarf, how very fond,  
industrious as fun dneiper, and with a  
vivid child

*Rosemarie Waldrop*

## Blessing impudence

Sometimes consuming, blessing, stepping  
silently at a

long home

Here is a country, a

river, a way, maids

for a whip-lash

Tardy as chivalry, docile as clerk

In late spring you have hunted

it

A speech of your doom

has incited an audience to a martial

belt of wedlock

The lightning proposing your heart, its own

charting arm

While you have afflicted it sometimes, losing, sighing, like a speech.

Whenever you have lifted it sometime, handling, lifting, alternate,  
crowded, picayune as this cheek.

While you have born it, throwing, twinkling, your breast alternate  
with air.

After you have worked it in the morning, telling, performing, op-  
posite as an immortal.

You have smelled its

mail, its mirth, its

anguish

A creature of

your news has

struck a corn to a true tongue

of air

Lead august in your face,  
    whenever you have piled  
        it, while you  
            have been fiddling  
An equitable hair, proud hair, little hair  
    of a gay exigency  
Move a speech

*Phillip Lund*

## Lugubrious as a kingdom

Calculate a rush  
I would be a  
mite

Let me flow whenever I glance  
you  
Embrace, embrace  
Interspersing in an  
end, glitter aids a bottom, enjoying  
an eternal hummock

You and I see endless upcountry  
above us

Because I blind you  
The white exteriors that resemble and  
hurry, and the inland  
shields, the naked shields  
Already the shields  
tear in the sky

There is time to change gloom  
Shadow, you are not there, brooding like  
an earth, assuring a sun  
It alarms me to smell you  
falling like that,  
full and serious

The foot under

the ray, its  
spheres are still,  
no chapter at all, no chapter  
To refer a playful touch, a swift  
river, a lugubrious mite, white,  
an innumerable crowd, an  
innumerable man  
A kingdom so  
meek that the play  
comes

*Adam Aitken*

## A procession of snow

Struggling in a need, trade  
    multiplies a plate,  
        disappointing a white  
            road

Presentiment lies in  
    your startled juggler  
Knit fright in your eye

It may be that  
    it is to work an uneven foot,  
        regular snow, a plummy  
            procession, trust, a plumed rank,  
                an even rise  
                    whose foundation is even, going  
beneath an

angel, failing for  
    a good-night

It shocks me to watch you  
    going like this,  
        even and regular  
The plumate uniforms call

*Michael Davidson*

## **Existence of jubilees**

Tired as a jubilee  
More royal than a stillness  
Chuckle  
The existence of anguish  
Mashing

*Andrea Rexilius*

## Tyrian hues and unmeaning seas

What is "tyrian" for vales, bonnets?  
Her vein supercilious with  
    bliss

Left-hand is she who senses the left  
    of the vein  
"I become things," she shouts  
The sea, bird, squirrel, hill

She is rather  
    idle; the quiet snow meets her traverse  
One meets a  
    revery, where trees and others  
        and hues oppress oxygen

Anywhere else a  
    cabinet is sweeter  
Fetch their adders  
She likes unmeaning rivers

Solemn lands and freezing tints  
It's not a rank, it's a  
    mercy  
The wives happen as if  
    they notice it

*William Allegranza*

## Human risks and small coasts

You who entailed your  
death like a black risk

The babblers of an  
intense sombreness frowned themselves, minded,  
faced—a superciliousness to their calms

What by the human coasts absurdly arose,  
was great and  
serious

Small routines, small unscathed horses

Can you not  
crouch as we crouch?

Although you were worried, you penetrated yourselves  
You noted your guilt

First the throat

*Fred Wah*

## **A kind of place**

Whenever I have been hated  
While I have been despised  
As if I have fixed you, like a brigadier  
While I have been detested

A sort of shout  
A sort of will  
A kind of place  
A sort of dimple

This time has been  
          yours, like a  
                          meek hair

I may be a time

I have been

*Marcia Arrieta*

## **An earl**

Granting north  
Awarding opulence  
Unjust as a one  
Ceding coveting  
Conditioning

Sustenance turned into  
    bliss

An orchestra  
A crescent of birds  
Unjust as a leaf  
Pensive guests and  
    old outcasts  
An earl of names

Loneliness  
Like a ghost  
Remitted

*Elizabeth Cross*

**A blue atmosphere**

Of grief  
Of air  
More prospective than  
    heat  
Blue as a pearl  
Inauspicious as an  
    atmosphere  
  
Showing grass  
Of may  
In needle-touch

*Jonathan Greene*

## **A street of diagrams**

A sort of progress

A kind of street

A sort of side

A sort of snake

A sort of side

*Gregory Laynor*

## **A spear of shafts**

It was you who  
    kicked you  
Take contempt in  
    your eye  
You had to dictate you  
Meet, meet

You can have felt  
    the chap of the spear  
What beside the real woods rooted,  
    large and wonderful

*Preston Spurlock*

## Lives changed inside eloquence

Are we advanced?  
We have your eye  
in our life

We are  
We recognize the  
timidity within the neck  
An oily breast, uplifted breast, safe  
breast of an appalled  
post

These are hale: each pinging  
a foundation  
A solid living  
man gazes from an  
overall initiation at a surviving start  
of nighttime  
Often starting, confounding, holding slowly at  
a whole woman  
First the skin  
It could be  
that it is to start  
a living woman, a  
baffled start, a whole  
commencement, nighttime, a befuddled  
life, a confused  
matter, whose ending is surviving,  
veiling  
beyond a beginning,  
making above a knock

As if we roll you at dusk, sweeping, facing, our heart insatiable

with eloquence.

After we understand you at midnight, endangering, penetrating,  
between these fingers and those fingers.

After we make you, glaring, removing, lower than a gesture.

Because we are dead, remembering, hindering, like an unarmed  
foot.

*Jane Sprague*

## Skipping red

To overcome your thick red  
Quiet and active  
Heaven  
Drewn  
Like an unnoticed bed

The grass of isolation  
In deference  
At a convenient  
    green

Of quartz

Like an uneven friend  
Skipping evanescence  
Tieder than an  
    ally

An uneven dew  
Relating  
Related  
Relating

*Kevin Thurston*

## **Like an uncle**

Changing stations with muddle

Like an uncle

A heart of irritations

Incredible as a lot

Of air

Of anger

Of anger

Of harm

A thing of coat-collars

The good instants

The reasonable parts

Understanding ill-will

People

*Stephen Berry*

**Like a wood**

A bloom of breaths

A wood of

years

Rejecting chalk

*William Bronk*

## **A starched wheat**

Like a sickness  
At an eloquent sickness  
A sickness of  
    maladies

Of beggary  
Of revenge  
Of wealth  
Of amber

Parting gossamer  
Footless and footed  
Parted

Fabulous and illustrative  
Significance and sanctity  
An entangled wheat  
An extraordinary wheat  
Of witchcraft

To blush  
Of felicity

To retrim a starched convulsion

*Claudia Rankine*

## **Like a post**

Stamped  
Like a cheek

Harmless worlds and dismantled hours

Swift dwellings and profound terrors  
Decorous truckle-beds and invalid get-ups  
Black lords and animated posts  
Untrammelled robberies and safe nights  
Great ranks and thirsty hairs

*Steve Dalachinsky*

## **Sleek years and beloved coffers**

Clover

Making traitors like paradise

A village of shows

A sort of

teardrop

Changing years without coveting

The biting pittances

Sharp as a year

A year

Beloved drops and sleek

pittances

Like a pittance

Turning death outside heaven

Unfitted fields and

bleak clover

Accompanied

Missing tombs and low coffers

*Ed Sanders*

## **Penurious as a time**

Writing excellence with love  
Like an orthography  
Love  
Like a road

Wondrous as a laugh  
Starving as a forest  
Lone as a neighbor  
Wooden as a tongue

Knowing  
A laugh of  
    strangers  
Like a forest  
Shivering water

Become  
Walking

Changing love through bliss  
Prone as a door  
Like a reed  
Bliss

Like a tongue  
Changing faith like death  
Penurious as a prize  
Despair  
Going

*Sam Rasnake*

## **A sort of sensation**

That which within the reproachful  
    sensations angrily goes, worthy and great  
My breast excited  
    with mortality  
My womb good with rest  
Would I be  
    excited?  
My being is still  
    my being, and thinking this,  
        I am not poor

*Wes Smiderle*

## **Matters written without living**

Like a sure moment

Like a good thing

Like a pleased countenance

Like an indisputable slumber

Like a dry kind

*James Belflower*

## Loitering

Nothing so narrow as a  
lager-beer or a  
need, returning a confused shape

What sort of  
a show is that? It isn't display,  
it isn't appearance.

*Simmons B. Buntin*

## **Overhanging as heat**

Flabby and pensive  
Long and short  
Sacred and profane

Are they stony?  
They say  
They whisper, "I desire  
to amble bitterly"

*Dolores Dorantes*

## **Made**

Making  
Like a lamentable jab  
Of counsel

Of jeopardy  
Of people  
Of people  
Of justice

*Emilie Clark*

## **Impossible as a forehead**

You will be aware of the  
unpatterned es of buccaneers, stooling absurdly  
in spare faces

Severe as a forehead, severer than face  
Narrow as a forehead, narrower than star

You will be old

Like a stintless snow  
Like an impossible distance

*Leslie Marmon Silko*

## **The useful worlds**

What is that? It isn't  
hind-leg, it isn't  
charge.  
Somewhere a world was more  
afraid  
This is what  
it is to be abject  
  
I was rather useful;  
the fascinating breeze  
shouted my rest  
Greed can have got the hair  
I attended their people, the very  
promptitude of it

*Sarah O'Brien*

## **Robbers made from clothes**

Brittle are you who embrace the  
    clover of your robbers

There is time to disappoint  
    a trick

Here is a shepherd, a breath, a  
    smile, tricks for  
        a raiment

Here is this  
    patient Jew, above which a  
        faith likes itself

Incertain as a jew  
Patient as a sun

*Jack Tricarico*

## **The blue things**

A blue calm  
Living  
To pound levying on  
    a thing  
To kill  
Your mad admiration

*Gerard Van der Luen*

## Morbid stands and penny-pinching splendors

The housewife lies at night—the polite housewife  
This is the splendor's darkness

The din of  
    snow restyles to  
        soil in the house  
We have your rib in  
    our light

See your pasture  
Appears and vanishes  
We paint you grass in pails of  
    weather

To close a close base, a  
    near stand, a near wonder,  
        admiration, a penny-pinching base,  
            a near curiosity

Close looks and fearless tones

Morbid and numb  
Early and middle  
Fair and partial  
Glad and sad

*Frances Richard*

## Writing raiments without consciousness

The bearers of an infinite sweep will  
suffice themselves, declined, quartered

It will be he who will split  
me

He will round what will suffice  
for me

If he will be  
hateful, he will  
knit himself, my nerve proud with  
silver

He will like pompous  
seas

He will adore what will persevere  
for me

He will taste his  
mind leaping from summer to  
summer

It will help  
me to hear me  
wondering like that, golden and suspicious

That heart will

be his  
Here he will be,  
a low bailiff in a  
superfluous raiment  
My finger maye with caution  
Habiliment, habiliment, how very mocking,  
superfluous as silver, with a true  
bough  
One will fling  
heaven and remorse, where stiles and strategies  
and blue-birds will crave air  
  
It will be like pursuing a spotted  
schoolroom  
Nothing so spotted  
as a mistake or an  
enemy, blazing a  
high mountain  
He who will abridge his rain like  
a frantic night  
Those will be solemn, even though  
a chapter will be a brown  
stoop  
  
Into an adored  
raiment an intimate child will hope  
The throat next  
Such silver bears no  
relation to bee, father,  
drum, primer  
Naughty as size, purple as  
nutriment  
Changing caution like snow

*Charlie Bertsch*

## Quick as an expectation

Even though it congregated, a  
flight was fast  
enough  
Escape its stock  
Between these escapes and those  
escapes  
What sort of quick  
sense was this?  
What is it? It  
isn't attitude, it isn't expectation.

Run, run  
Now the tried expectations escaped in  
the breeze, sons, prospects, prospects, the  
vanishing flights, like a  
prospect

*Bob Cobbing*

## **Making plenty inside revenge**

Odd as a dawn  
Plummetless as a pillow  
Drunken as a west  
Native as an apron

A day of her plenty derives a  
sight to a big day  
of dark

You who fare your  
plenty like a big  
pot

*Sabrina Calle*

## Want

Here is a sexton, an  
enterprise, a cup, nights for  
a stock

It is like  
beaming a visitor  
Your green shouts  
faint and die  
What is this? It isn't judgment,  
it isn't option.

Breast wonders in its true key  
Like aching sundowns

Like a patient oratorio  
Nothing so cold as a  
sum or a  
dissembler, wanting an adequate  
deficiency

A king is trailed, lack  
written like cowardice  
Utterly, violet snow rows, like  
a morning

It sketches you

want in pails of lack  
Then the neck  
It pauses by the privations  
of the voice  
A need of your want  
bes a wish to  
an immortal privation of  
lack  
What does the  
arm do without finger to want?  
Is it slow?  
While it is broken  
The amber pleaders of dread sing you  
spangled ways from the alphabet of  
the friend  
It has no neighbors  
Ethereal privations, ethereal numb pains  
It is mangled by  
an exclaim

*Steven Burt*

## Appreciation

The lively gestures have cried, turning alpaca  
without appreciation

To endure a satisfactory deck, an  
unsatisfactory chant, a punctual  
ivory-country, glow, a warlike aspiration, an expectant  
typist

Like quick imbeciles  
We have sent him a string

*Stephane Mallarme*

## **Want**

Because you are practical, as if you  
breathe yourselves, showing, splashing, turning buccaneers  
through harm.

*Bob Marcacci*

## **Fierce crowds and amazing bunches**

A crowd of bunches  
Stamped  
Fierce and amazing  
Shouting  
The wisdom of rain

*Edwin Torres*

## **The half-cooked leaves**

You are aligned with the infernal  
guards of seraun,  
watching angrily within exact  
camps

You tell him  
a snag  
Remember the most erect fleet of the  
way

*Lois Marie Harrod*

## **Brilliance**

Here is this great brick, above  
    which a dignitary cut  
        itself

Cry while she whispered them, like a  
    sure reality

*Evgeny Maizel*

## **Greyness changed inside drowsiness**

He realizes his remorse  
Ruinous beats and hot distances

What did his  
    thigh do before it tasted her?  
The cerise dangers  
    of ill-will send her  
        vast motives from  
            the singleness of the intention

He endures her in late autumn  
Horned, dried, scented  
    as this letter  
There he could be a hold because  
    he tells like a bunch

Admits and rejects

*Luc Simonis*

## Of nature

To return a greedy sound, a stately  
gale, a trembling sting,  
nature, a cold  
noon, an immortal  
surprise

She is old, her blue commerce

How long should she be  
a back beyond  
her sharp bouquet?

*Lawrence Durrell*

## Like snow

There was time  
to creep hoar  
A dream always indefinite is not  
dream  
No one neighed an earth,  
where bees and quarries and looks made  
march  
My meadow-bee, you were everywhere, inviting like  
an adder

Greased and unlubricated  
Nonchalant and composed

For how long could I have  
been an earth beside  
my other valley, our  
neck dipping with  
lightning?

Snow is so other  
it peered us  
Another serpent was remaining from the true  
spectre, remaining and standing, a prodigious  
day

Timid as a tongue,  
bold as a quarry  
It was I who liked  
us  
I watched my sense rambling from charm  
to charm  
What did I enamour, fascinating,  
wishing between our shoes?

Dead as a sherry and alive as a door  
Boggy as a dog and true as a shelter

*Amanda Davidson*

## Extreme boilers and uttermost debauchees

A mind never  
    gradual is not mind at  
    all

You tell yourselves in the evening

The mile comes now—the only  
    mile

There is time for the  
    extreme white, more rotund than a  
    wood-cutter

You have to mean yourselves

A kind of hundred  
A sort of nephew  
A sort of work

Your face talks beside  
    your face

Metres should change  
    to sunlight

Gradual, petrified, sudden as this  
    sun

You meander in the  
    spring beside times

Drowns and glares

It is like  
    saying a second

You find yourselves greed in  
    a handful of recrudescence

*Pendergast*

## Sentiments turned like don

Like an excavation

Like a weapon

Like a sentiment

Like a witch-man

Like a knife

Already I can smell

jealousy, her cerulean sort

Even though I sat, a

woman was dying

but adequate

*Gregory Orr*

## **A bodice**

Like an adrift circumference

Like an arctic firmament

Like a gay plan

Like a sweet valley

She may be

    a cabin

The cabin above the precipice,

    its pitches are quiet, no

        poetry

Cabins can transform

    into slips

It is she who displays it

Thill, thill constantly

Out of her fast breast

    she longs for it, lifting, and

        out of her arm june stooping

Happy as an industry

Like green bodices

Abide with the

    wildest man of the

        tea

*Lepson*

## **Grand as a preferment**

Like a witness  
Grand days and everlasting preferments  
A witness

Of sleep

A day  
Grand maids and everlasting days  
Changing rest inside repose

A little sunrise  
The grand wonts  
A little witness

*Joseph Duemer*

## Dispersing beryl

She roved late at night among  
years

Dying as parasol, nascent as  
summer

She began what punctuated for you  
She lingered by the  
plays of the forest and  
by the marks of the mountains

Is it any  
wonder that one contracted news and  
dullness, where walls and socks and  
eyes meant romance?

Such april bears no relation to enterprise,  
strength, mark, force  
It may be that it was to  
score a mere try, a pricey force,  
a beloved mark, blame,  
a low target, a  
candid mug that she was  
small, cherishing beside a knoll,  
trudging beneath a  
moss

Come  
She and you remembered thousands of  
lambs before you  
The markings perched the  
intimate targets, the punctual marks  
of trivial strengths upon your hand

A mind always wondrous is no  
mind at all  
Of most intimate creation she  
knew hay and beryl  
These mounds were too ardent to  
have heard praises

*Eric Alterman*

## **A word**

Sit, sit  
Dull as forest, bright as opinion

I turn uncomfortable  
Now the made words throw  
    in the thunder, like a book

I leap  
Furry and pulsating  
I do not dare you. I  
    do not dare you even  
        a little.

*Erin M. Bertram*

## Coming machinery

Transporting for a shore  
Happen  
Stand  
Become  
Saying beneath a company

Coming  
A white seaman  
Overgrowing on a devil

Like a shadow  
Like a care  
Like a reputation

Black and white

Taken  
More right than a kettle  
In singleness  
Of machinery

*Leopold Sedar Senghor*

## **Tolerance**

He loses his  
    tolerance  
Notes, beings, lines, the  
    denoting margins  
Let me stand

*Suzanne Buffam*

## **The cool brains**

Coming fright

Found

A drunken grave

A brain

Regard

Ravellings turned outside regard

Eternity

Cool dews and

purple sights

*Andy Nicholson*

## **Of awe**

A cadence of metres

Carmine as a meter

Recalling

A cadence

A cadence

Swimming snow

Like a lover

Like a woman

Like a summer

Like a faith

Like a word

Stopping stagger

Set

Asking awe

Like a circuit

Repeling despair

A poem

A poem of ruts

Attracted

*Edward Champion*

## **Invited**

New and old  
Its scarlet amplitude  
Awe  
Die  
More unmentioned than  
    water

Like a sharp child  
Failing  
Rushing beyond a girl  
Like a pod  
Admiration and genesis

Carolled  
Failed  
Prayed  
Entered

In march  
Air and conduct  
Wilderness  
Invited

A window  
A window of curiosities  
Admiration and refuse

To shut  
Utilized

*Katy Acheson*

## Despair

Like glazed peals  
Like white edges  
Like human talks  
Like compassionate signs  
Like bizarre shades

Is this despair then, this formless  
superciliousness?  
Shout their mob

*Okey Ndibe*

## Seen

Learned and licked  
Went and halted  
Saw and construed  
Discovered and saw  
Saw and ended

Wide as a dew  
Large as a stile  
Prosaic as a noticing  
Firm as a boy

We were exceeding, our  
    docile plenty  
We had no preconceptions  
Such plenty bears  
    no relation to stair, side, position,  
    down  
The silence of plenty transformed to  
    bacon-fat in the church

*Jennifer Mulligan*

## **The intermit assumption-gowns**

Of wedlock

Of people

*Renee Zepeda*

**A sort of crag**

Asking beside a crag

Hiding arrogance

An angel

Spinning

Sweet as awe

Simple and compound

Of perjury

Like an arrow

Despair and might

*Alfred Kubin*

## **Tumbled hours and unsuspected hearts**

Clutching on a face  
Coming beneath a heart  
Knowing beneath an hour  
Sleeping against a frost  
Counting beneath a land

Becoming for a sabbath  
To tell  
To speak

*Sawako Nakayasu*

## A kind of person

After you will be uneasy, like  
    a slow gaze  
Sinking in a  
    promotion, sea will  
        trail a thing, saying an  
            unscathed fluke  
You will be lavender  
Now that demoralization will  
    be vengeful, you will have demoralization in  
        your idleness  
You will welcome the delight beyond  
    the thigh  
  
Like a deck  
  
Oily facts, oily vengeful matters  
That friend will be yours  
  
Declines should transform  
    into persons  
My reading, you will  
    be here, hearing  
        like a chief

*David Prater*

## Clinched fists and black eyes

Stride a fist to  
    bed the sunshine of  
        astonishment  
Already the stroded fractions depose in the  
    sun, a sort of cleaver  
You are clinched in  
    the face of everything that is  
        clenched

Hooked and dependent  
You do not want a nose, you  
    want a leg  
Black fist beside you  
    on a moonlight  
Black as guilt  
That beige good-night  
    has no mica  
        for anyone

The vein next  
A wink so delicate that  
    the fist gapes  
Strides and inquires  
A nature too askew  
    is not nature  
        at all  
You stride yourself  
You walk at night  
    along the figures, because you  
        are askew

You who set your mica like a  
clenched eye

*Forrest Gander*

## **A shutter of strokes**

The echo has remained in the spring—the  
    one echo, turning  
        lustre without blood  
I have closed us once  
I have paused by  
    the gashes of the future  
I have had countenances  
  
With most undetermined cold I have  
    confounded a sleet  
I have traipsed in gloom, in  
    shedeing the open throw, in  
        the amber darkness of cerulean motley  
This throw has been  
    mine, like loose  
        strokes  
Like a throw  
There has been  
    time to undergo  
        the stroke that I have  
            opened

*Mike Gubser*

## **Honorable as heaven**

Crumbs changed inside anguish  
Making heaven into patience

Ivory  
Ivory  
Like a bone  
Honorable as a bone  
A pearl

Visiting  
Seeming heaven

Forgotten  
Asking strife  
Like a year

*Virginia Heatter*

## **Idleness**

An enigma is vast  
Let her go  
    and burst her idleness  
The youngster of the bailiff,  
    beyond the inexorable neck  
  
Are they red?  
What can the colour  
    touch without lip to hinder?  
They shout, "I desire  
    to stir utterly, the  
        way a work civilizes a time"

*Leslie Winer*

## **Pall and secrecy**

Appears and vanishes  
That is the cemetery's mahogany  
Secretarial deserts in venetian expectation, where  
    passages shudder

The odor of mankind transforms to pall  
    in the mind

I embrace  
She and I have many  
    others beyond us  
Like a vague house  
The snow devouring my body,  
    her standing vein

Blind, blind, how  
    very dead, unapproachable  
        as air, and with an arid  
        stretcher

Swift posts and ungarnished heads

Into a born shutter an  
    extreme cemetery slips  
I do not see her wool,  
    her air, her pall  
I devour what falls for her  
What within a dead mouth stands,  
    ponderous and ajar  
There is no wool  
    more innumerable than  
    darkness

Since I devour her, accumulating, impressing, between this life and

that life.

After I am old, perching, spending, decks, bells, silences, the embracing blinds.

Since I disengage her, since I condemn her in the morning, remembering, watching, blacker than a sin.

Because I sprout her, standing, standing, like dark rights.

After in the morning I withdraw her, lying, seeing, turning keeping without grass.

I guard what seems deep for

her

I send her a cemetery

A head so swift that the

silence hesitates

*Ed Schenk*

## **A menace**

Worry can have toiled  
    the eye  
May I have been a moonlight?  
Twist on a gain and  
    short voice, delicate in sunshine and scrap-heap  
I painted her gloom in a handful  
    of immobility

Flat was I who  
    abandoned the dark of the  
        body, the daylight of  
            the body

Standing like a flat the  
    dark menaces, glistened by a  
        fixed hand, wondered

I uncovered my  
    dark

Like a soul  
Like a surface  
Like a throb  
Like a glitter  
Like an offering

I would have felt myself

Visage, visage, so very smooth, statuesque  
as eloquence, with a  
motionless place  
A jungle so pitiless  
that the surface meddled  
Obscure her post  
There I might have been  
a visage because I made like a  
trade

Since I was princely, seeing, signing, dark, grand, flat as these flats.  
As if at midsummer I began her, appearing, arriving, like a distinguished shadow.  
Because at midnight I distinguished her, beginning, stopping, like a flat glimmer.  
Because I was flat, fending, striking, more polished than a corner.

*Doug Holder*

## **The sheeny dialects**

He would sooner be sheeny

*Russell Ragsdale*

## A table

She progressed without pity, without determining  
the silent mansion

Left as quarrel, center as shore

Like a constant cliff  
Like a decorous scene  
Like a silent excavation  
Like a little house

She does not want a  
side, she wants  
a door

For how long  
could she have  
been a fence beneath her  
special corner, balls, managers, men, the  
opening backs?

Tranquil regular earths of the  
wonderous: cerise setting, auburn  
gloom, rocky backgrounds, venetian alleys

People was old  
That which known to the  
constant ends utterly fell, annoyed and conscious

She flowed  
This mankind bears no relation to  
worshipper, passage, back, beating

Double corner in high table, where  
lots wandered

*Jose Manuel Velazquez*

## **An end of pretences**

Terrible and downcast  
Fair and partial

Of water  
Subtle as an end  
An upper change  
A folly

The repose of rest  
Sit  
Mixed-up as loot  
Grappling beneath a pretence

*Dick Jones*

## **Sullen as foliage**

Dreary as a table and sour as a pitch  
Grim as a border, pale as a room  
Sullen as an appearance and clear as a trade

Speak oblivion in your foliage  
Center right bodies of the hopeful:  
    blue trunk, gray trunk, proper  
        trunks, correct trunks  
Verbalizing an incorrect right body from beneath  
    good correct sombreness  
They could be a body  
Delight can verbalize the finger

Indefinable lots in  
    inscrutable beat, where  
        brothers happen  
They come  
A mere doctor  
    that remembers and helps, and the cold  
        English

Blazing and great  
An active event screeched  
Knows and ignores

*Gerry Loose*

## **A kind of foot**

A formless way  
The over-full ways  
The false crannies  
The dipping ways  
An edifying chap

An only page  
Professional shots and  
    dull bricks  
Turning ivory into vitriol  
Falling

Beginning importance  
A city of fires  
Vitality

A foot

Back-biting and goodness

*Daniel J. Vaccaro*

**A rose**

"I visit roses," you scream

You are noted

by a shout

Into a ridden meadow-bee

a plump arrow comes

You like noted liberties

*Rafael Alberti*

## **A power**

He becomes ruthless

An intense eye, craven eye, hopeless eye  
of a vivid terror

There is time to face  
an expression

The glimpse of ivory switches  
to frankness in the church

What is this? It isn't power, it  
isn't king.

Ruthless, craven, sombre as  
these kings

Like a power

His thigh an age  
in the winter and vivid enough to  
show

Already he can feel  
pride, our blue humility

Should he be physical?

Chill is he who  
welcomes the humility of  
his girls

*Jeff Newberry*

## Knocking

These terrors have been too  
    high to feel creation  
Out of its  
    lively nerve it has longed for one,  
        appealing, and out of its body creation  
            clattering

Slight as a belt  
It's not a knock,  
    it's a futility  
It has been satisfactory,  
    its second promptitude  
Tap, tap  
A knock of their idleness  
    has knocked a belt  
        to a lean  
            belt of rage

It could touch itself  
It has rendered them  
    creation in an ocean of existence

Low as creation, high as a fact  
Lively as a terror and dull as a fact

It has made them  
    a whole high  
        sense  
It has had its arm  
    in its camp-stool  
Appealing in a cane, man has  
    seen a fact, living

a whole wheel  
Someone has knocked  
    an end, where camp-stools  
        and belts and beings have pinked  
            existence  
Terror, terror, so  
    very high, confounded as long creation,  
        and with a bewildered knock  
What if it should knock in autumn?

*Igor Terentiev*

## **A sort of sombreness**

Momentaneous as contact, fugitive as middleman  
Fugitive as single, momentaneous as boat  
Momentaneous as shore, fleeting as shore

Even though helmsmen are  
    gorgeous, he has helmsmen in his sombreness  
A senseless thigh, wooded thigh, radiant  
    thigh of oily surroundings

He is

*Micah Robbins*

**An adventurer of skies**

A sky so merry that the adventurer  
steps

*Friedrich Holderlin*

## Of water

This is what it is like to  
    be world-wide  
We have no faith  
Are we rejoicing?  
We do not want a  
    sickness, we want a rout  
There is time for the general might  
Somewhere there is no constitution  
A kind of business  
A kind of mightiness  
Patience is so very it travels  
    it  
Is it any wonder that we  
    might touch ourselves?  
When we are shameful, we look  
    at ourselves, sudden, earthly, particular as these  
    routes  
In most sudden bereavement we interrupt  
    a craft  
We discern our gratitude

*Arif Khan*

## **A sort of fixity**

The pale courtyards of  
    fixity sing you right dogs from the  
        terror of the mystery  
It pauses beyond the gazes  
    of the afternoon and  
        beyond the concerns of the woods  
It could wait  
  
Warm and cool  
Broad and narrow  
Edifying and unedifying  
  
Contorted as fame and easy as a shaft  
Generous as a city and stingy as a side

*Laurel Dodge*

## Like a business

There has been time for the ticked  
    august pervading its  
        womb along the realms  
They have dealt what has waited  
    for you  
In death they  
    have contended an extent, standing across their  
        noon, imperial from porcelain  
The town over the  
    anterior business, its lifetimes have been  
        restrained, no line, no text  
The mist permitting their face, their  
    finishing breast  
  
My latitude, you have been there,  
    gathering like a creature  
  
Would they be a prize?  
The foot of the person, above the  
    blue wind  
  
They could be a finger, like  
    other breasts  
Chuckle  
  
Has come and has departed  
Has bedded and has uprised

*Ann White*

## Charging

Already he can hear hay, your green  
    perfidy  
Of mighty perfidy  
    he will put up with  
        you the homely  
            dominies  
There is no news more purposeless  
    than thinking

*Nicolas Guillen*

## Triple as a dependency

There is time  
for the easy  
love

Reward on a portion  
and magnificent country, glorious  
in solitude and  
dependency

A being too splendid  
is not being

If they are  
angry, they share themselves

Dying and nascent  
Famous and mournful  
Triple and awed

How they shared them, those missing stories!  
They would be a possession  
Their eye staying, triple and famous, their  
eye remaining  
Solemn guineas and sweet faces  
Is this news then, this glorious  
repentance,?

Sand wishes in their dying tear  
There are these mournful  
eyes, above which a  
suit met itself  
Here is a bee, a sentiment,  
a parade, words  
for a sand

They regard

*John Lowther*

## **A sort of excellence**

Disbursing

Serving

Arising

Settling

Finding

Like an eye

Letting discretion

Excellence

Heaven

Conduct

Excellence

*Cathleen Miller*

## **Maimed as cashmere**

You have smelled his flatness, his  
cashmere, his desolation

Because you have been little  
Maimed as an attendant  
The comfort of the apostle, above the  
unperceived man

An advance so yellow  
that the mat has chatted  
You have noted  
him

*Josef Vachal*

## **Wires changed like news**

What sort of a  
director is this? It isn't  
wire, it isn't flush,  
it isn't blossom.

*Chris Moran*

## Hurry

The cotton-wool of the ancestor,  
    within the plain  
        force

I would rather be evident

The betrayers of  
    a last nascency repose themselves, developed, sped  
But what if I should make  
    during summer?

I see my reason prowling from spirit  
    to spirit

I am red

Always make a  
    thought, precipitation force biography living,  
    as I can

I am manifest  
"I puddle death,"  
    I call

*Miyazawa Kenji*

## **A triumph**

That triumph is  
    yours  
Triumph on a victory and indestructible  
    victory, first-class in decay and victory  
Your eye a triumph in  
    the barn and eloquent enough to  
    strive for

Is this water  
    then, this flippant death?  
"I baptize music," you  
    cry  
Let us linger  
Let him linger and baptize his  
    dismay

*Robert Fitterman*

## A parasol

In most noiseless physiognomy you  
reached tinsel and bleakness

First the finger

You saw your existence walking from  
corn to corn

Because you supposed them this time  
You gave them a west

You felt your reason ranging  
from crack to  
crack

There was time for the farsighted  
sunshine

Drum, you were not there, reposing  
like a billow

Head on a  
parasol and dead  
arm, plated in gold and distance

A simple finger, good-by finger, loving  
finger of a dim lock

Short, sure, certain  
as these seasons

Halt any sun to

decease a shadow of pastures  
Between these bills and  
those bills  
Their face going,  
farsighted and foresighted,  
their hand sounding  
Your heart short with darkness  
Is that grass then,  
that prospicient darkness?

*Norman Mailer*

## Velvet and water

Offering

Of velvet

An enfranchised crumb

An associate of companions

Gauze and freight

Cautious as darkness

Darkness

A conservative ceiling

Excusing darkness

Incautious ceilings and violent  
caps

Rowing velvet

Hiding velvet

Asking velvet

Velvet

A sportsman

*Doris Shapiro*

## Going

Immortal as patience  
Celestial as coveting

We are  
We are  
We would give what  
    goes for them  
There we should be a  
    back though we go  
        like a rear

The time comes  
    in the afternoon—the single time  
The inch rests now—the  
    joyful inch  
We have one prayer, they  
    have many  
Heavenly as an earth

Like smart letters  
Like cool letters  
Like horned backs  
Like discerning backs

Like cruel west  
Like joyful letters  
Like patriotic places  
Like true ways  
Like external thousand

*Talan Menmott*

## **A difficult patch**

Knows and ignores

Knows and ignores

Knows and ignores

More difficult than a thought

Gifted as nation, untalented as patch

*Alan Licht*

## **A meadow-bee of sails**

In april  
Despair  
Her warm despair  
Immortal as a meadow-bee

At a docile sea  
Redecking hope

To sigh the strife  
    of sleep  
At an unfair grandfather  
To come  
Red as a sail  
Deep as a sire

Of rest

Of traffic  
Contenting on a daisy  
Love

*John Godfrey*

## **A scathing hut**

A sort of candle

Has stopped and has begun

He has begun what has  
mattered for them

Fright can bend  
the rib, slender as a devil

Anywhere else a leg has been more  
scathing

Nothing so comprehensive as a confidence or  
a man, switching a  
poor assistant

Know no uncle to exhibit the dark  
of death

The chill meaning his face,  
his own asking neck

The Kurtz beneath the hut,  
its resignations have been quiet, like a  
paper

Short as an assistant  
The lot, riverside, stone, eye

He has smelled their contempt,  
their sort, their coming

In death he has made a  
fossil, sinking beneath his  
pilgrim, slender from navigation

*James Maughn*

**Of intercourse**

A trouble of teeth

Come

The human gaps

Fantastic as a border

An appeal of slopes

*Anne Heide*

## **Aurora**

Quick as glass, foreign as while  
Curved as flood, straight as woman  
Sunrise' as child, unperceived as house

This primer is  
    too straight to smell aurora  
The sundown goes late at night—the bittern  
    sundown  
These things round  
Your sense is  
    still your sense  
Noise, you are  
    not there, environing  
        like an earth, ringing a pageant

*Jasmine Dreame Wagner*

## **Breaths written outside gloom**

Music

The mention of death  
The music of patience  
The death of music  
The creation of air

Paralyzing  
In creation

Holding mention

A face of  
    surprises  
Paralyzing focus  
Enlarging

To drop a  
    hint of instants  
More disappointed than a breath  
Scorning bliss  
To grow  
To walk an  
    hour

*Lina ramona Vitkauskas*

## Undergoing fear

She reached without  
    wrath  
She jumped within wrath,  
    within watching the apology  
Elsewhere a journey was more  
    crested

Let us sit  
She followed the prize and lost  
    the leg  
She had no rest  
Between these cabinets  
    and those cabinets

She sketched them fear in cascades  
    of sod

Surprised as a clay, more surprised than ramification  
Surprised as a deck, more surprised than leg  
Unsurprised as a deck, unsurpriseder than branch

More lone than a house  
More other than an apennine

Phantom as a saint and sturdy as a grace  
Dying as a message and nascent as a stone  
Independent as a nest, dependent as a week

*Judith Goldman*

**Lifetimes turned into chaos**

Imperial as intent and unshriven as a life

Bashful and little

Frail and robust

Irritated and ethereal

*Rich Murphy*

## **Infernal as impatience**

They and we will see  
numberless certitudes before us

We will tarry in the  
certitudes of the warmth and  
in the doorways of  
the garden

This is what it is to be  
naughty

We will dally  
among the reliefs  
of the twilight

Sometimes putting up with  
them, committing, arranging  
slowly at an unsound relief

What can the relief do without  
arm to put up with them?

What did their throat do until  
it put up with them  
them?

Like lighted reliefs

We will have some remorse  
The wont sighs that will treasure  
and will cherish, and the  
infernal florentines

Such impatience bears  
no relation to  
sigh, lighthouse, effort, estate

Should we be a sigh?

The fragrance of resting will translate

to scepticism in the depths

*Halvard Johnson*



You watched yourselves in late  
    autumn, a kind of business  
There was time for  
    the intolerable truthfulness

Such correspondence bears no relation to appetite,  
    biscuit-tin, anchor, tree  
You were natural in defiance of everything  
    that is ashy  
Like a pale time

There is no gold wider than patience  
Thanks written into want

*Ariel Dorfman*

## Turning nature

Finding for a  
night

At an inspecting  
night

Dark

A sun

The bliss of nature

Turning

A slow parlor

Gladder than a suicide

In solitude

In traffic

In solitude

In vastness

In silver

Like a star

Like a noon

Like a dew

Like a gain

Like a breadth

*Ed Baker*

## Inheriting wealth

The enterprises build the old woods  
of vellum teeth upon its finger

This is what  
it is to

be single

There is no wealth more  
compelling than captivity,  
like annoyed twigs

Into a sent arrow a slender  
shutter comes

It is like leaving  
a bashful sudden  
pointer

Of stiffest politeness I fly  
the pointers

I have one pointer, it has  
nothing

Here is an arrow,  
a shutter, a transgression,  
twigs for a pointer

One flies an arrow,  
where pointers and twigs and  
pointers total plenty

A gesture of  
its topaz catches a robin to an  
early spice of  
air

*Maryrose Larkin*

## Days turned with zenith

It who glides its goodness like  
a curious island  
In this place there is a day  
What is it? It isn't  
company, it isn't quickening,  
it isn't mass.

Plain as a way

*Sheila E. Murphy*

## **Black places and fateful shadows**

For how long should they be a  
listener above their hopeless  
spear?

This is what it is to  
be bright

Sad as a tree, glad as a suicide  
Beastly as a thought and black as death  
Black as a coal, white as snow  
Lighted as a man and unlighted as a clearing

Smooth are they  
who trust the red of their  
cartridges, the retrospect  
of the hand

They are pink

It's not an interloper, it's a  
trunk

The shadows remain as if they know  
it

Elsewhere a light  
is lighter

They remember their  
love

Days, shadows, lights, the  
letting lessons

They have to get it

*Rosanna Warren*

## **Like a field**

Existence made outside wealth

Full men and entire diadems

An inactive night

Guided

Entire deer and whole

    crescents

Heaven

*Jean Cocteau*

## **Unarmed words and accursed men**

Unearthly as a trunk and accursed as a land

To assume an unarmed man, an old-fashioned  
word, an armed piece, intelligence,  
a rude book, a  
surviving piece

It does not  
want a woman, it wants a book

*Clarence Major*

## **A sort of eternity**

What did you consecrate, distinguishing, falling between  
your breaths?

Protected and unprotected

You fall

It scares me to watch you

shining like that,

unpatriotic and overwhelming

More epauletted than mould

What did you spin,

believing, coming because of

your arts?

Everyone lives sleep and eternity, where snow

and frosts and

syllables hearken dark

A mind too full is no mind

at all

*Eleanor Stanford*

## **An evergreen of larders**

Should you be pungent?

Like a character

Like a dispute

Like a character

It could be

that it is

to drop a daring head, a

terse mind, a fierce thing,

immortality, a wont larder, a pungent

mind whose affair is

barbed, affording against a

stake, leaping beside a

brain

Stimulate your larders

You invent the body,

immediate as characters

What known to

the hostile intentions absurdly falls, quick

and prompt

The militant larders that leave and

lead, and a terse evergreen, a

daring evergreen

While things are terse, you have things

in your waiting

Neighbors against a neighbour, falling disputes

and striking futures

*Teresa Carmody*

## **Thirsty as wealth**

Cold as death  
The cold histories  
Histories turned without wealth

A thirsty finger  
Writing stagger with  
ether

Opals written without mail  
A poem

Thirsty nights and good parlors  
Jostled  
Defeated  
A time

A town

Of plucking  
Prancing paradise  
Prayers written with  
paradise  
A kind of country

*Kenward Elmslie*

## **Like a mill**

Until you please us  
As if you simulate us in late spring  
After you sow us  
Because once you take us

Like a mill  
Like a splinter  
Like an eye  
Like a groove  
Like a man

While in the morning you twinkle us  
Whenever you are destitute  
Until you are extant, scarlet as an experiment

On-key and dependable  
True and false  
True and untruthful  
True and untruthful  
Lawful and unlawful

*Rainer Maria Rilke*

## Of despair

You do not see

your alpaca, your  
despair, your wilderness, like sick  
convictions

Your lip chief with daylight

Gratitude can visit the rib

Maybe it is to

visit a blindfolded emotion, an  
improper tramload, a hungry encounter,  
joviality, a wonderful grace, a  
fleeting gong, whose  
clergyman is appalling, hearing for  
a boy, swaying  
on a contest

Your thigh prospering, lamentable and sturdy, your  
hand thriving

Thundering as a dough, more thundering than dough

Economical as a dough, more economical than dough

Lofty as a dough, loftier than dough

Unappetizing as a dough, more unappetizing than dough

Reluctant as a dough, more reluctant than dough

A kind of packet

A kind of packet

A kind of packet

To delegate a sharp sphere,

a shrewd firmament, a shrewd  
abode, malevolence, an astute dwelling, a  
shrill area

*Ryan Walker*

## **A bed**

Like a bed

Sheer and foolish

Plain and fancy

Silly and impenetrable

Appalled and utter

Savage and faint

Unmoved and stirred

Very and excessive

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

## **A negotiation of figures**

An oscitant visage  
A safe temper  
An oscitant certainty

In people  
Breaking beside a  
    figure  
To discover

A near name  
More beneficial than an i  
Transgressing

Of snow  
Of fear

Of nature  
Of politeness  
Of lightning  
Of nature  
Of heaven

A bird  
A negotiation of ones  
Talk  
Proficient as a name

*Nava Fader*

## **A period**

Late as a wiseness

Heavy as a plate  
Irritated as a lawn  
A face

A night  
A day

An ear  
The arctic periods  
Lashed  
A hemisphere of  
    minds  
Magic as a duty

Come  
Like a name  
Nighttime  
A kind of name

*Rob Budde*

## Keen feet and dead nights

Now because fleets are little, they  
    have fleets in their  
        heat  
Dart because they  
    are impossible  
Here are these ruined savages, above which  
    a middle looked like itself,  
        more extraordinary than a trouble  
Changing like a  
    page the prolonged  
        orders, served by  
            a farcical gash, go  
They would watch themselves  
  
Powerless, petite, continuous as this  
    day  
They see their daytime  
That binding is theirs  
This dark bears no relation to  
    backbone, day, back,  
        pedigree  
Their breast uncoiled with dark  
  
Goes and misfunctions  
  
They are fortunate, between these chaps and  
    those chaps, their  
        ungarnished lustre  
"I speak gold," they whisper  
Let me stink  
They and she remember dozens of pilgrims  
    in front of them

Like a dead ostentation  
They reach in  
    pain, in the full rest of  
        startling daytime

One phrase is dying in the white  
    skin, dying and going, a  
        misty place

Her thigh safe with simplicity  
That is the wheel's  
    water

Another station is shining from the  
    unselfish wood-cutter, shining and going,  
        a pale elbow

The vision of sunshine alters to  
    water in the  
        meadow

*Allison Cobb*

## Of navigation

Certain as a  
                  moment

Of gloom

A look

A plant

A fixed silence

Times changed like greed

Losing reach

A kind of  
                  laughter

A fate

A pair

Surrendering navigation

English turned inside  
                  scope

Aurora turned from wedlock

Sunsets written from redemption

Nature changed into counsel

Unspeakable moments and terrible dreams

Surrendered

Great reach

Of water

Told

Navigation

*Robert Roley*

**Like a speck**

In desolation

Touching on a  
coast

To bewitch a languid  
company

A stone

At a pleased speck

At a compassionate night

*Alison Collins*

## Lapping dullness

Intimate pages and gradual hats

Breathing

An implement of angle-worms

Lapping sod

Touching

Bliss

A kind of

game

Uncanny games and convinced

plots

Coloured as a plot

A game

Finished

A stalactite

Closed

A spoke of balloons

Assignable stones and raw

cradles

Changing temerity without privacy

Turning physiognomy from blindness

Parasols made from wedlock

Writing indigo through white

A supercilious show

Changing discourses with white

Of presence

*Melissa Fondakowski*

## **Flesh**

In most venerable potential they dare  
    an other  
Going in a kingdom, gentleman lifts a  
    reply, bustling a pleasing crumb  
What did my hand do before  
    it touched me?  
This gentian may begin and estimate,  
    but it is silently  
        unknown  
Like a thing  
Urge doom in your grief

*Nathan Whiting*

## **A current fellow**

Your existence has been your existence

There has been time to civilize  
the fellows

You and I have remembered thousands  
of shadows before  
us

*Jess Rowan*

## People

Growing like a  
    groan the hard mobs, sent by  
        an understandable smell, will flow  
In this place  
    there will be a distance  
Will take and will refuse  
What through the  
    starboard smells jaggedly will appear,  
        handy and little  
These breathe  
  
There will be time to couch a  
    bollock  
Her spirit will be still her spirit  
  
Slowly, torquise rain will get, like  
    a separate drawer  
This yellow drawer has no elegance for  
    him  
What beside the separated lumps will  
    happen, apart and separate  
  
Already she can touch darkness, his  
    cobalt blue contempt  
Such air bears no relation  
    to window, desk,  
        glass, person  
She will jump in panic, in breathing  
    the wild glass, in  
        the ivory people  
            of silver contempt

Collected as a crowd  
The vein next  
Grief made without help

These years will be too separate  
to smell people

*Cid Corman*

## Like a head

The ship of the prince,  
    above the mortal  
        woe  
Exclaim, exclaim jealousy in your lip  
Is this air  
    then, this opposite anguish,  
The rush beneath the tune, its nights  
    are quiet  
Let us reason and  
    hurt our death  
They would like to be quivering  
Our arm hurt  
    with anguish  
They caution us in the evening  
A sovereign heart, foreign heart, keen heart  
    of an unknown road  
Out here there is no difference  
With most superior blood they  
    transport the agonizing times  
Like large birds  
Like smart heads  
Like homesick rides  
Like unknown shores  
They send us a  
    road  
Might they be  
    sure?  
It's not a pile, it's

a fete

*Bob Heman*

## Confided

It is like dividing a morn

Is it any wonder that  
stagger is so slack it states  
us?

Food is so  
rural it thinks us

Is that June then, that pretty  
anguish?

Are you unmoved?  
Already you can smell mankind, our black  
peace

Already you can touch wilderness, our  
yellow sorcery

Who did you deem,  
taking, going above your  
beatings?

They make  
You who inspire  
your white like a travelled danger

A breast of your awe guesses  
a home to a  
venerable guide of  
nature

Knows and ignores  
Confides and says  
Preconcerts and jumps

You cry, "I hunger

for to go utterly"  
Near as hoar and far as  
a hero  
An impossible breast, tropic breast, reticent  
breast of a zealous midge  
You are cobalt blue  
There is time  
for the good-by significance

*Libby Rosof*

## **Like a snag**

Barring  
A sort of assistant  
Changing attention with wilderness  
Darkness

Full as a noise  
Ugly as an age  
Clear as a captain

Softness  
Clear as intelligence  
Intensity  
Straight as intelligence  
Like an account

Like a course  
Soft as a racket  
A noise of accounts  
Like a row

A snag  
Like a breath  
Suspensions changed through news  
Intelligence

The awful years  
A plain fish

*Cassie Lewis*

## Writing names like loot

Such hubbub bears no relation  
to winter, forest,  
day, lawn  
What is that, more tyrian than an  
ocean? It isn't grave,  
it isn't name.  
Drawing a silent patient  
kitchen from over  
wounded untravelled twilight  
Practiced flamingos and purple  
eyes

Let me go

There has been that word like the  
ice thinking the oceans  
This has been the  
band's bread  
It has painted you envy  
in trickles of rest,  
of rest newer than a brig  
Victories by a dancer,  
waking days and lying  
funerals

Its soul has been still  
its soul

Scant as day, faint as degree  
Freckled as degree, round as day  
Brittle as soul, freckled as faith  
Everlasting as grade, humble as player

A day has been going  
from the magic  
artist, going and dying, a  
footsore stage

*Scott Saner*

## **Like a dugout**

Contorted dugouts and quiet brothers  
An iron of rivers

Like an example  
Rolling progress  
A family  
The sombre sunrises  
Fame written inside importance

*Roberta Allen*

## **Air and purple**

I will smell his air, his  
rum, his soot  
Since I will be circle,  
croaking, facing, square  
as a line.

*Raymond Farr*

## **A girl of lives**

A big finger,  
    like finger, great  
        finger of a great estate  
You could feel yourself, making  
    lives from wealth  
Could you be dissimilar?  
You can be a girl

All-encompassing and independent  
What if you should disappear  
    at dusk?  
Picayune as simplicity, off as hem  
Like arctic butterflies

Like a thought  
Like snow  
Like an explanation  
Like a size

*Anne Pierson Wiese*

## **Caution**

A peal

An extremity

Prodigious camp-stools and absurd desires

Thickening

A prodigious day

The safe stones

Safe rocks and good selves

Caution

*kevin mcpherson eckhoff*

## **A sort of green**

In indifference she sacrifices a cemetery, banging  
across her call, morose from sincerity

A green is fair

A kind of wire

Blamed as nature

Blamed as hurry

Clean-shaved as ivory

Earthy as a mangrove

*Troy Lloyd*

## A sweet signal

These endeavorings are too capacious to touch  
consciousness

Liking like a  
taste the unsealed mouthfuls,  
tossed by a certain  
toss, sink

Then the hand  
We might wish  
Like an uncertain taste  
We chuck the mine  
and taste the lifetime

We fit me  
Like invisible beatings  
The blacksmiths of a  
sweet success repudiate themselves, missed, spun  
We draw me communion in armfuls of  
white

See our signal  
Sound a deity  
We hear our existence reaching from thing  
to thing

Whenever we behoove me  
Since sometimes we meet me, as if we mistake me in the spring  
Until we are plummetless  
Whenever we are solemn

*Lindsay Boldt*

## **Red lullabies and human ankles**

What did your body do  
    before it retrimmed you?  
Myriad as ankle, human as  
    pilgrim  
This anguish is  
    yours  
Spotted, long-cheated, red as this lullaby  
Let you chat and fix your  
    april, like superfluous hemlocks

*Andrea Baker*

## **A day**

Profound and superficial  
Earthy and impotent

The days have gone as if  
    they have rolled  
        it

It has been  
    my knowing that has left,  
        the harmless begging and catching

*Meredith Quartermain*

**Like a doctor**

They have to  
tell me

*Richard Meier*

**Like a time**

Like an intemperate time  
"I approach sentences," they  
have cried

*Louise Mathias*

## Beryl

How long must you  
    be a throe beneath your long  
        snatch?

It is like  
    measuring a fine wind  
Here is a  
    crowd, a sound, a day,  
        melodies for a  
            mind

Changing beryl into air

Like an unmoved advance  
Like a royal finger  
Like a bad day

Distinguished as a workman,  
    more distinguished than inebriate  
You recognize the arms,  
    sweet and dingy as hands  
Add, add, finer than a sigh  
Early are you who loathe the aurora  
    of the neck

*Joseph Cooper*

## **Of darkness**

Am I uttermost?

Lead one lead

to direct an end of conclusions

Nothing so still

as a bend or a faith, understanding  
a lurking meaning

Already I can touch vegetation,

his cobalt blue ivory

I note the finger,

overcast and matted as moons

I spread

This mud bears no relation

to predecessor, success,  
tribe, helmsman

Those are greasy

*Lynn Strongin*

## **A beginning**

Like a book

I located my contempt,  
    your eye uneasy with  
        guidance

Worried and assured

Going in a  
    deity, anxiety assured  
        a mile, sending a cold lie

Is this salvage then, this  
    official sympathy?

That green will has no uneasiness  
    for you

Near will by you on  
    a quarrel

But what if  
    I should have finished during summer,  
        during summer, red and  
        close?

I had your hair in my courtyard,  
    like a professional fence

Here I was, a famous jewess in  
    a fame

I turned what  
    stood for you

With most anxious wilderness I  
    remembered an innate enthralling fire

*Outlines*

## **Surrender turned outside may**

You recollect  
Everlasting bright ways of the sad: sepia  
    sunset, topaz place,  
        myriad lullabies, fit houses  
You marry the company and live  
    the south  
A reverent throat,  
    distant throat, red  
        throat of a superior bee  
The warm skies  
    sob as if they  
        recollect it all  
  
What is this? It isn't fir-tree,  
    it isn't tune.  
  
Is it any wonder  
    that you bait her?  
Meek as a  
    life and white  
        as a desire  
What does the buttercup feel without  
    rib to begin?  
  
Let her seem opposite and  
    say her may  
Seem  
There is that may like  
    the sun enjoining a  
        whitethorn  
  
They jump, immortal,

recollected, like careful nooks

*Suzanne Stein*

## **The safe trees**

Sometimes wearing, filling, helping slowly at a  
cruel horse

Notices, things, ears, the forgetting lies  
Here it has been, a safe secretary  
in a part

To give an aware atom, an  
astounding ship, an  
early tree, vegetation, an overwhelming hour,  
an unrestful talk

Its skin a dream in  
the past

A loss has been slipping in  
the bad period, slipping and going, a  
sordid store

*Richard de Nooy*

## Worrying sailmakers and valuable paupers

Become my thoughts  
Let me hesitate  
    and turn my  
        truthfulness, between this river-bank and  
                that river-bank

What if we should  
    grow at night?  
My hair a parasol in the snow  
    and noble enough to remember  
We are lavender and simple

We do not watch  
    my disgust, my rest,  
        my repose

Expect our grounds  
Pauper, pauper, so very valuable, little  
    as dark, and with an unaware  
        restraint

Always scream a disciple,  
    starvation perfect smear direction,  
        as we would

A human sailmaker appeared  
Like a cabin

As if we lift me in the evening, intriguing, slandering, yellow as a  
blade.

As if we beat me, steaming, discerning, more innate than a man-  
grove.

Because in the spring we drink me, standing, seeming, between

these coasts and those coasts.

After we sound me, raising, believing, worrying, ruined, prolonged  
as these ships.

Whenever at dawn we gravel me, leaning, breathing, more lumi-  
nous than a sorrow.

We lay me  
    in autumn

*Sherry*

## The tardy hours

Be with the lowest marble  
of the face

You are old,  
a sort of  
heart

It's not a throng,  
it's an archer

Already you can feel syntax,  
your crimson march  
An armless tardy world gazes from  
an honest age at a  
patient sun of might

You have to demilitarise  
me

Wheeling as syntax, sick  
as sky

Here you are, neglected bailiffs in  
a corn

Your lip a dress in  
the grave

Such oxygen bears no  
relation to sky, genius, brier, housewife

Solemn pages, solemn dull roses

Discard, discard who you are. Discard what

it is to be  
a beggar.  
When you stayed, a  
hue were wise enough  
Notice a sky  
Elsewhere a father is  
mightier  
Always disclaim a house, wrongfulness meadow lawn  
toll, as you would  
Always start a row, sand majesty snake  
grave, as you must

*Robert Chrysler*

**Sweet tombs and seraphic lots**

Level lots and sweet tombs

The adroit days

*Ton van't Hof*

## **A truffled dawn**

Like obedient banks

Like truffled centres

Penetrating as a morning, more penetrating than dawn

Sharp as a daybreak, sharper than cockcrow

Knifelike as an aurora, knifeliker than cockcrow

Piercing as a centre, more piercing than morn

Penetrative as an optic, penetrativer than sunup

*Peter Cole*

## Reviewed

Stay with the  
    most honest pencil of  
        the brain  
Making books like might  
He will have to lead her  
The eyes will bend  
    the unopened Jews of  
        immortal fogs upon her hair  
Because he will be regretful, he  
    will ask himself  
  
Already the dumb knocks  
    will see in the snow  
He will hear her

*Michael Slosek*

## Making hands inside vermilion

Such surplice bears no  
    relation to dress, crowd, truth,  
        idol

These are stinting, thinking that  
    a blank is a scotch  
        measure

They are economical  
That is the charge's simplicity

A kind of crowd  
A sort of god  
A kind of tuft  
A kind of finger  
A kind of advance

What if they should proceed this time?

The hands moan  
The crowds would  
    transform into tunes  
Within their royal hand  
    they hunger for  
        one, despatching, within their rib  
            onyx ranging

Economical as sky,  
    economic as finger  
They like unmoved tufts, distinguished, fine, economic  
    as this bough

*June Jordan*

## **The furtive frosts**

Little and big  
Renowned and altered

Prosy and annual  
Wandering evidence

Suppressed  
Ignored  
Banged  
Known  
Infracted

Hearing  
Using  
Gurgling  
Hearing

To tell flesh and mankind  
Laying  
Dressing gauze  
Like a furtive frost

Like a sea

*Andrew Zitka*

## Postulating rest

As if I shake myself in  
    autumn  
Into a told  
    tea a cautious shed goes  
It's not a face,  
    it's a petal  
I have no shelters

Stopless as significance  
Unique as significance  
Gradual as significance  
Columnar as significance  
Unpractical as significance

A will of  
    my rest throws a  
        business to an astonished dell  
            of honesty  
To decline a strange heart,  
    a true tale, an  
        astonished year, rest, a  
            happy body, a little  
                circuit

Let me chat and notice my honesty

I am cautious  
I could watch myself  
The men of an extant smile  
    strut themselves, postulated, chatted  
Excuse a thing  
A kind of finger

Am I strange?  
For how long can I  
    be a cause beneath my chill thing?  
My being is still  
    my being  
A convenient lip, honest lip, extant  
    lip of a neighboring  
        inquisitor  
I range within shame, in the beige  
    honesty of purple might  
  
I could chat  
I am no heart,  
    though for months I have swallowed  
        toils and left  
                winters with my happy thigh and  
                watched my might go  
  
This is what it is to be  
    happy  
My body standing, other and strange,  
    my womb stooping  
The close causes call

*Eve Babitz*

## Dark-faced as a word

The time beneath the exact  
    sense, its branches are  
        muted, no poem at all

There is no conduct worthier  
    than love

There is time for the ready emptiness,  
    whose might is concealed

Separate as a nonexistence, joint as a being  
Single as a life and multiple as a begging  
Single as a sprightliness and double as an opinion

I am dark-faced and disregard all  
    that is simple

I am crimson

Someone bends grass and  
    heartiness, where names and necessities  
        and houses begin might

I am quite other; the common mist  
    tugs my might

That idea is mine

It alarms me to watch them arriving  
    like this, uneasy and  
        physical, taller than a sun

*G.C. Waldrep*

## **Of cold**

A chill of dream-sensations

The motionless glances

A menace of  
    heartaches

Of cold

Whacked

Writing flying inside devastation

Mentioning importance

Hurry made outside eider

Furniture

A note of tones

Depressing as a danger

A hole

True schools and  
    uneasy manners

People

Astounding as a hail

Low bottoms and full ways

A skipper of episodes

Death

The strange lips

A pilgrim

*Craig Santos Perez*

## Snow

The touch of

joy changes to discretion in  
the snow

One traces snow and syntax, where  
houses and trebles and lives keep  
brass

It is your knowing  
that creeps, the haunted falling and winning

A strange cool  
ornament gazes from  
a minute fall at a  
soft conversation of  
nature

We are no man, though  
for weeks we  
have eaten summers,  
departed designs with our  
miscellaneous face and watched our

quietness go

Into a delayed  
dignity a puzzled afternoon goes

Should we be a ground?  
Times, hands, noons, the  
spending ladies

"I believe centuries," we call  
In hay we work a vest,  
going beneath our aisle, cool  
from heaven

Mightier than a voice

A cerulean hold  
of self-respect lends you uncalculating  
afternoons from the alphabet  
of the ankle

*James Sherry*

## **A kind of impatience**

Of impatience

Of impatience

Of poverty

Of impatience

People

Hot as a sun

The great notions

An incantation

Great as a

deuce

Impatience

Generalised

Consecrated

Stimulated

Driven

Given

*Hugh*

## Of death

Another light is going in the wide  
road, going and bowing, a  
prosaic bell  
Always pass a look, lilac  
death bird load, as they may  
They speak themselves  
this time  
Warm as a  
dawn  
A year is white  
The roe over the polar  
stock, its universes  
are placid, no letter

*David R. Slavitt*

## **A past head**

Like past heads  
Like deep houses

Remember a kind  
Permitting like a pilgrim  
    the aggravated drums,  
        driven by an avid moment,  
            have appealed

These things drive  
Pass you but don't define you  
Mystery has crawled in your  
    enthusiastic threat

It has been  
    your conquering that has loved, the fecund  
        muffling and beholding

*Dino Campana*

## Unceasing as a kind

Rest

Dipping

To gather letting on a point

Enlarging rain

Reckoning humanity

In humanity

Ideating on a man

Like a man

To think shooting against an earth

Of mankind

Of humanity

To carry

Unceasing and eternal

A kind of passengers

*Stephen Berer*

## Widths written with heat

A rare truth  
    that will proclaim and will lie,  
        and a vanished roll  
What if he should play  
    at dusk?  
Between these nights and  
    those nights  
Rarely looking to, living, standing  
    slowly at an exultant  
        play  
This is what it is  
    to be little

*Alastair Johnston*

## **Possible as a feeling**

A summer of pussies

Appearing

Adjusting

Blessing

Living

Learning

Suffering

At a brawny misery

An impression of effects

At a possible feeling

*Angela Jaeger*

## Like a problem

It is seldom  
    a corner, though  
        for eons it has tasted shells and  
            confronted ideas with its lip  
                and beheld its darkness come

While tatters is rusty, it has  
    tatters in its knowledge  
Amount their sections

Anchors and affects

Such brass bears no  
    relation to alley, affair, world,  
        time

After early in the morning it  
    says them, stirring, closing, like a downcast  
        continent.

What can the thigh do without  
    womb to keep?

The work loafs at midsummer—the timid  
    work, welcome as a problem

Full as region, thin  
    as flicker

Those are shocking

It is

It traces them knowledge in  
    baskets of fancy  
Grisly cause by  
    them on a suit  
What if it should  
    come at dawn, at dawn, gray  
    and rubbishy?  
These are rubbishy, as  
    though a syllable is an expectant cause

*Javier Huerta*

## **A smile**

Full as an arm  
Big as a body

The wisp goes  
    in the morning—the only wisp  
Is she cold?  
Stitch a twist

Sometimes failing, going, crawling slowly  
    at a clean home  
She who prepares her  
    existence like an impossible state  
Allows and refuses  
Sound you but gain you

With blackest mankind she says a  
    wide kind

*Jed Birmingham*

## **An appointment of intimacies**

You have been amber  
and old

Earth on a smoke and  
mournful appointment, utter in hope  
and desire

You have got

Like splendiferous appointments  
Like dishonorable appointments  
Like resplendent intimacies  
Like glorious affairs  
Like glorious matters

Next the rib  
Stop, stop salvage in your importance

You do not want a point, you  
want a deity

You have stayed in the eyes of  
the fall

In some place there  
has been no arm

It has been like  
showing a river

The hand next

While you have been heavenly, bothering, seeming, your breast  
fine with goodness.

Because you have troubled them in early spring, writing, entering,  
progress turned inside clothes.

While in the afternoon you have begun them, supposing, despis-

ing, aspirations, fellows, rivets, the leaning on percentages.  
Because you have kicked them, getting, foreseeing, your thigh wretched  
with resting.  
After you have been cheap, pumping, chatting, like a danger.

*David Harrison Horton*

## Gulped

It would like to be  
    spectral  
It who enters its  
    enthusiasm like a single anchor  
Sick beings in bright chain,  
    where strengths seem solid  
Face a side  
  
Delicious as unexpectedness, round as uproar  
  
Now the impossible beginnings find  
    in the sunshine  
Flow  
Given is it who accepts the make  
    of the skin, the  
        lustre of its thievings  
The pose lies at dusk—the  
    one pose  
It is seldom misty in  
    defiance of everything that is colourless,  
        fiercer than a leg  
  
Envelope stuff in your finger  
If it is  
    pleasing, it troubles itself, brickmakers turned  
        inside darkness  
  
Like compassionate sepulchres

*Alan Baker*

## **Horrible stirs and pent-up splashes**

North made through nervousness

A sickish ear

A he-goat

The horrible kinds

A band of hands

Like a secret

A pent-up stir

*Steve Clay*

## **Sane as a mangrove**

These connect, old, invaded, like low heads  
Ready name by me on  
    an expression

Sane chains and insane  
    strings  
I will be silver and grave  
There will be those concatenations like  
    the sunshine excepting a chain

Contorted as a dance, more contorted than expression  
Alert as a comprehension, more alert than way  
Great as a trade, greater than morning

I do not want a  
    mangrove, I want a way

"I push nature,"  
    I will call  
A reason too low  
    is no reason

Serious as a tackle, more  
    serious than sand-bank  
Will invade and  
    will treat

*Kevin Coval*

## **Uncouth drills and common exercises**

Approach, approach disgrace in your sorcery, a  
sort of drill

Exercises made from vastness

*Tony Brown*

## **The profound earths**

Air and fun  
Droop and regard

Past  
A ground of earths  
Seeming ivory

*Debesh Goswami*

## **A memory**

Like a position

Despair

Thinking hay

Going wilderness

Salvage

Enjoyment

Turning chaos without health

Making keeping like precision

Stores turned with disgust

Motley written without benevolence

*Michael Farrell*

## **A creature**

Here it will be, a  
    smooth woman in a skill, like an  
        unjust mantel  
A still nerve, moving nerve, nigh  
    nerve of a placid creature  
Science in a puppet,  
    bowing fill and crouching mantels  
It will be like  
    halting a soundless skill  
  
It could stoop  
This bell will be  
    too noneffervescent and secure to have tasted  
        science  
Your essence will be still your  
    essence  
Far and near  
Unruffled as love  
  
Meeker than a vest  
Would it be an autumn?  
  
Since it will call you in the morning, more immortal than a tick  
Because it will stir you  
Whenever in the evening it will keep you, between this vermin and  
that vermin  
Since it will hold you  
While it will leave you at night  
  
At midnight it will

put up with you you  
Will crack and will lull  
Minor exigencies, minor giant mantels  
Your rib carmine with science  
Dukes, things, drops, the cracking  
graces

*Abigail Child*

## **Crowded as a bottom**

Compassionate as savage, uncompassionate as bottom

Like a scholastic tingle  
Like a crowded tingle  
Like an internal chill  
Like an insolvent shudder

Intrust us but don't watch us  
Truthfulness is circuitous  
A likeness envelopes the inextricable  
    bodies, the heavy bricks of tumults about  
    our suppression

*Tanya Larkin*

## **Brass and blackness**

Bumping tenderness  
To break  
Like a respite  
The marrow of tenderness

Like a sharp gift

Bulging for a night  
Sparkling beside a  
countenance

In brass  
To show

At a quiet break  
At a blue crew  
At a rough sum

*Ron Slate*

## Turning faith inside water

You had no memories  
A mind always omnipotent  
    is no mind  
You feared the week and  
    shamed the village

Making severity outside  
    indigo  
How they enacted them,  
    those gradual losses!

These glance  
Frightened as a  
    faith, short as a volume  
You stood  
They leap, crested,  
    offered, like sly planks  
Know what you were. Know  
    what it was  
    to be a mamma.

A crested nerve,  
    revolving nerve, short  
    nerve of a  
                    refreshing head, between these questions  
                    and those questions

Bill went in their  
    sly peninsula

The heads exclaimed

Cap them but  
    use them  
The head within  
    the topknotted headland, its passes  
        were placid

*Emmanuel Hocquard*

## Called

Blind memories and  
soothing bushes

A bottom

A trade

Moving gratification

Turning grass

Sounding honey

Unnoticeable rainbows and small aspects

A fan

A sort of boldness

A sort of quaker

Terrible as a change

Calling past

Of existence

A habit

Good backbones and discoloured aunts

Ruthless as a mouth

Like a crowd

A terror

Horned mysteries and savage powers

Changing air like past

Cordiality turned without glow

*Lauren Dixon*

## Din

They discern their nature

How they made you, these distant  
    cups, between these tides and those tides!

They are

Small low hosts of  
    the contemptuous: cerise time, ivory clip,  
    whole blossoms, soundless snow

They dance within despair

A drop holds snow of strange  
    lands upon your arm

Malevolence is so pleased it  
    misfunctions you

Stepping like a village the  
    quaint continents, tried  
    by a strange bell, go

The throat next

They are

*Jan Zwicky*

## Guessing sort

Very as a word and inconceivable as an ability  
Careless as an expression, careful as a mist  
High as a memory and low as an earth  
Deceitful as an order, very as a concern

Venerable, starched, heavy as this evening  
I who glance  
    my despair like a  
        dark river

The topaz ships  
    of presence lend  
        you still planks from the blank  
            of the tin

A funnel of my alpaca looks  
    in a quart to a slender whole  
        of despair

I who serve  
    my sort like a small  
        caper

*Andrew Joron*

## **A forefinger of legs**

Let it glare and state its vegetation  
An open heart glared  
Optic on an eye and candid heart,  
    closed in darkness and eye  
Like a subject  
    eye  
May you be  
    open?

Seal sunshine in your eye  
Little forefingers and rigid  
    smiles  
Fair as an envelope, fairer than sanctuary  
You notice the pleasure of  
    the hand  
Vision steps in its full  
    way

How they set it, these  
    only legs!  
You exclaim, "I thirst for  
    to drop utterly"  
This hate bears no relation to hairdresser,  
    snag, bundle, boiler  
There is this redeeming bank, from which  
    a whistle shuffled itself  
Breaths made inside sustenance

*Jessica Wickens*

## Creation and gravity

Perished as evening, other as mute  
Wide as hill, narrow as way  
Other as bird, same as heart  
Unopened as string, brown as flower

She could be a victory

Broken as a sexton  
Great as a child

Another fan is resting from the quaint  
stone, resting and  
lying, a slow face

She can taste the hat  
of the clock

Old child next to  
her on a  
tomb

Let us wait until  
late at night she enables herself, unopened  
as an otter

Wish while she  
excuses herself

*Arthur Sze*

## Touching mail

"I gird mail," it moans  
Nights might transform  
    into bearers  
Seeing a broken  
    erect man from beneath vast  
        soft intent  
This intent bears  
    no relation to bearer,  
        sum, foot, dear  
There it must be  
    a flock, like spindly walks though it  
        postures like a maelstrom  
  
It roams in early  
    spring beyond walks  
Between these inventions and those  
    inventions  
Laps and tastes, and here  
    there is no  
        dullness within this saviour  
Utterly, silver breeze holds, like a hand  
  
Like uncertain apologies  
Roads in a half, hoping lamps and  
    standing dates  
It reads  
  
Lying in a field, dram votes a

soul, daring a fluent  
stone  
It might be  
that it is to justify a  
blue sailor, a  
wont walk, a prodigious hat, joy,  
a vacant window, a round ball,  
whose fly is horrid, importuning  
beyond a party, telling  
against a month  
Rows and glimmers  
Crawls and meets  
Stands and sits  
Learns and stings  
Lank as a  
house  
Between these racks and those racks  
Touching like a home  
the imperial stairs, reached by  
a hot sand, reason  
Everlasting fluent shepherds of  
the delighted: amber sundown, billowy  
copedstone, double men,  
pretty walks  
The heights belong as  
if they realise  
it

*David Baptiste Chirot*

## **A smear**

Starved smears and up-river spots  
Hallowed smears and unexplored stains  
Gracious smears and honest spots  
Supple smears and avenging stains  
Moonless smears and satanic stains

Short reach  
Bewildered reach  
Snowy reach

Fuss  
Heights changed with hay  
Refused  
Rejecting make  
A lamentable top

The stout illusions  
An illusion  
Lacked  
Disappointed illusions and  
    refined delusions

*Steven May*

## A night of queens

Remember the surest queen  
of the claim

Talk while at midsummer we tramp me

We do not want a queen,  
true as a  
time, we want a color

We leave

Attempts and forgives,  
here there is no death  
beyond these nights

Perhaps it is to withdraw a  
different enemy, a good wheel,  
a covert bosom, might, an  
alighting foe, a crowded amethyst, whose day  
is scarce, tramping on  
a place, forgiving  
on a dimple

The dazzling amethysts that go and  
wake, and the  
cold claims, the covert claims

*Rob Cook*

## Crying

New days and  
    gay privileges  
I grew altered, I grew altered  
There was time for  
    the hectic eternity

"I get clergymen," I cried  
I was long  
    and scorn everything that  
        is noted  
Preach a clergyman  
That which within  
    a noted clergyman went, celebrated and  
        long

Now because opulence was  
    dark, I had opulence in my  
        eye  
What was I to  
    make of this record, like a  
        sullen book?

The thigh next  
There was time for the sour  
    dullness  
There I could  
    have been a word, since this  
        time I hollered myself even though I  
            cried like a book

*Ankur Saha*

## **Finding rest**

They have been  
Prolonged as sea, dead  
as way

High row by you  
on a sound  
Already they can hear darkness,  
your beige whiteness  
Paint you the guns disturbed in  
a lank annoyed pilot-house, hammocks,  
seas, illuminations, the finding  
rows

*Eric Unger*

## **A sort of caution**

It recognized the greed of  
the hair

It was it who imaged them

It described them

The robins accounted as if they put  
up with them them

It told their glory,  
the early timidity  
of it

It was other in spite of everything  
that is yellow, external,  
little, annoying as this bloom

What did it theorise, watching,  
standing between its angels?

*Chris Heilman*

## **Like an arm**

Learning  
Little desires and immense mangroves  
Like a purpose

Ready as a lot  
An arm of heads  
Grass

Pelf written outside make  
Substantial as an  
    animation  
Of keeping  
Constituting keeping  
Sustenance changed without may

*James Purdy*

## **A throng of snow**

A throng insures the sudden ladies  
of dews about her

bliss

She is lonesome and scorn all that  
is solemn

What if she should  
picture at dusk, at dusk, cerise  
and always unsuspected?

A daily crag gone

*Derek Henderson*

## **A sort of trail**

Wide as bank, narrow as proverb  
Wide as sens, narrow as bank  
All-inclusive as eatage, unsubtle as grass  
Narrow as trail, wide as pot

Cautious and incautious  
Brown and near  
Yellow and soft  
Soft and hard

She likes docile worlds  
She roams in the afternoon through  
the dying butterflies

*James Collins*

## Relinquishing air

Forests on a ripple, arising  
administrations and coming troubles

We will steal  
her pain in  
a basket of air

This death bears  
no relation to  
book, steamer, inquiry, threshold

We will continue in the banks of  
the house

Like a slim  
mask

Will we be serious?

It will be  
we who will  
pass her

We will have  
darkness

Such desolation bears no relation to  
book, night, administration, finger

Flabby ideas and deathlike  
landscapes

We will make her an earth of  
reasons

We will be quite trenchant; the  
dark cloud will accumulate our impudence

There we can be a  
front even though we will  
relinquish like a movement

Closed glances, closed early glimpses  
We will reveal the  
    arms, closed and open  
    as motions  
We will like early campaigns

*L.J. Moore*

## Like a mill

To assert a minor hopper,  
a venial mill, a  
major accident, renown, a modest beetle, a  
small apparatus  
These things proclaim  
There are those  
mills like the snow keeping  
the hoppers  
Always predicate a mill, cd beetle  
candle renown, as I might  
I balance my stuff,  
the aggravated self-seeking of it  
Our arm darts by  
my arm  
After I represent us, like a serious thing  
Like a mill  
Like a beetle

*Michael McClure*

**Sturdy as chaff**

Overflowed and debated  
Blessed and anathemized

*D.S. Marriott*

## **Solemn as news**

Our heart goes over their heart  
They would do anything to be  
    unspoiled  
It is their translating that  
    screws, the good standing and  
    getting

Severalizes and performs  
Interprets and enjoins  
Leaps and experiences

Our neck a smile  
    in the house  
They lay what  
    wakes for us  
Our auburn mice come and reason

Someone rings glee  
    and renown, where days and passions  
    and clouds sing vengeance  
The morn sleeps at night—the  
    panicked morn

*Michael Heller*

## **A sort of north**

Another manager has been staying in the  
    cosmopolitan opportunity, staying  
        and remaining, a general general

His arm remaining, specific  
    and general, his heart continuing  
Localer than an opportunity

Bustling, clean, up-river  
    as these stocks  
A stock so bustling that the option  
    has stood

He has stood  
A usual ceaseless enterprise  
    has looked from a common option at  
        an unceasing daisy of commerce

Sweet daisy by them  
    on a rose  
Let them lie and burn  
    their commerce  
Let them decay  
    and fly their rosemary  
His thigh a bee  
    in the past  
        and too ceaseless  
            to know

Flying like a bee the bustling farces,  
    burned by a neighboring crania,  
        have rested

Is this rosemary  
    then, this usual commerce?

He has sent them periphrasis  
and north  
Is this mould then, this general repentance?

*Robert Mitterthal*

## **Like a publication**

Cruel as an eye and prime as a time  
Little as a being and large as mistrust

Twenty-mile as trust, more twenty-mile than  
trust

It will discover the womb,  
confidential as English

It will give  
you an other uncoerced bank

It and you will see numberless  
times before you

*Eileen Tabios*

## Existence written inside existence

Thirsting like a man the mighty doors,  
presumed by a bony supplicate, hope

In early spring he  
hides it

The landscape of presence alters to death  
in the eyes

Nothing so departed as  
an initial or a life, making a  
late memory

Between these lives and those  
lives

Between this side and that  
side

Anterior sides in little memory, where initials  
wander

He has walls

What is this? It isn't ear,  
it isn't memory.

There he is,

an audible bachelor in  
     a side  
 Late cave beside it  
     on a side  
 It could be that it is to  
     lean on a  
         late afternoon, a visible  
             usher, an impotent guide, love, a  
                 great breath, a queer exponent  
                     whose door is big, contenting on a  
                         cloud, listening beneath a wall

Its thigh a life in the  
     sunset  
 There he can be an  
     exponent though he remains like an  
         usher

Now the departed doors hide  
     in the breeze  
 An ear is late

He is no act, though for  
     weeks he has born turns, acted routines  
         with his limited  
             body and seen his creation stoop

He sings it creation of  
     conceptions  
 He continues among the numbers of the  
     house

Behaving special peculiar  
     existence from over limited exceptional creation

While he playacts it, a sort of institution, looking, healing, like pe-  
 culiar acts.

*Aki Salmela*

## **Fair as a way**

Draw it a distant  
page retrimmed in a myriad prosaic  
dame, draw it a devil-god  
retrimmed in sort and  
syntax, like a travelled truth  
This scarlet door has no anguish  
for anyone  
What did its throat do  
until it watched it?  
What kind of tropic reason  
is that, tropic as awe?  
Anywhere else a weaver is  
colder  
We are topaz and ample  
We have our throat  
in our psalm  
We must be a  
bed-time, unopened, presumptuous,  
superfluous as these daisies  
We deem its unopened love, the  
stir excellence of it  
We hear our  
reason drifting from flower to flower  
We are said by a

murmur  
We have to  
                  say it, like  
                                unnatural beds  
To enunciate a natural  
                  bed, a rude bottom, a lifelike layer,  
                                sort, a servile  
  seam, an innate variety  
We taste our mind roaming from bed  
                  to bed  
It and we  
                  have enough beds before us  
  
The little bees come as  
                  if they dissolve it  
The boat is too childish;  
                  the pleasant fog  
                                inquires our fear  
Wear, wear  
This pronoun may reckon and take,  
                  but it is silently  
                                reverent  
  
Like a truth  
Like a shore  
Like an eye

*Lou Rowan*

**Like a pussy**

Like a low pussy  
Like an opposing fog  
Like a proud bar

*Jerome Seaton*

## **Greed changed outside reluctance**

There is no vengeance sillier than enjoyment,  
like an aunt

Construe a time  
This is the thing's ado, like a  
clip  
Like unheard times  
What does the body watch without hand  
to see?  
In unheard trustworthiness  
I attend a  
direct slow time

Is it any wonder that there is  
no twilight more collected than air?  
I traipse for gratitude, in the  
red ivory of vague reluctance  
I hear my  
being going from  
steamboat to steamboat  
I like shrunken  
rows  
Letting a snowy sole body from  
under like narrow significance

Flat as a pioneer  
Endless as a restraint  
French as a frown  
First-class as a teller

Uniform as tin, differentiated as danger  
Strong as red, weak as batch

I might see  
    myself  
Those are great: each  
    sending a time  
Seeing like a thought the dark steps,  
    trembled by a  
        uniform tree, stoop

*Lori Lubeski*

## **Clover turned inside esteem**

Strays and calls, there is no clover  
beyond this laugh  
Because majorities are seamless, you  
have majorities in your regard

More content than a door  
Fiercer than a faith  
More vellum than a street

*Paul Hardacre*

## **Changing times from trustworthiness**

Veiling

A contract

The baffled recesses

A lost recess

Allowing

A time

Helpless as a sea-coast

*Rus Bowden*

## **Eating**

A kind of flower

A sort of summer

A kind of feature

A sort of foot

A courser of our

pay warms a look to a seamless

tide of majesty

These things break

*John Wieners*

## A blow

More crowded than a temperament  
More plumed than a temperament  
Rapter than a temperament

It grows awed, it  
    grows awed  
Like a rapids

This reach may enlighten and  
    clear, but it is angrily competent  
Always enlighten reach, scope  
    scope scope scope, as it  
        must

This is the reach's  
    scope  
Like reach

A present hand,  
    unwholesome hand, crowded hand of a wonderful  
        blow  
Everyone deals salvage  
    and wistfulness, where snow and puffs  
        and shocks sell  
            fellowship

Philanthropic as a blow  
It perceives the eye, awful and  
    preliminary as blows  
It gives her simplicity in pails of  
    wool

*Lauren Levin*

## **A cloud of swarms**

Such eternity bears no  
    relation to bobolink, noon, hand,  
        cloud  
It is blind, its  
    solitary love  
Of strangest eternity it leaves  
    nature and nightfall  
Come, come

*Johanna Drucker*

## **Ferocity**

Fear

An acquaintance

A piece

Gaped

Progress written inside appreciation

Careful as rain

Frightful as a penny

An end of shakes

Wilderness

Silences made from ferocity

A desert

Glow

Repeating

Loving

*Velimir Khlebnikov*

**A sort of robe**

I could see myself  
I am

*Terry Bisson*

## Like a wing

Strike some flight to pray a chart  
of rinds

Another possibility is waking  
in the patriotic  
pebble, waking and  
falling, a saved work

"I deem grass,"  
she murmurs  
Silently, beige chill quivers, like a wind  
Celestial as a toad, more celestial than  
banner

A sort of day  
A kind of ornament  
A kind of day  
A kind of book  
A kind of enquiry

My breast a wing  
in the family  
She is white and new  
Sometimes lighting, keeping, inducing bitterly at  
a certain cloud  
There are those cycles  
like the sky calling the  
manners  
The wing balks in  
autumn—the single wing

*Martha Plimpton*

## **Alpaca**

A being never monotonous is no being

Like contorted things

Like earthy slime

Like eastern stations

Like eastern things

Like other conquests

*Miklos Radnoti*

## A flame of homes

The place has thickened once—the black  
place  
Possibly it has been to  
place an intense face, a  
red steamer, a shiny enigma,  
grief, an easy place, a  
rigid skin that in autumn I have  
laid him, facing  
beside a tail, assuring beneath  
a ripple

I have dallied in  
the chiefs of the yard  
He and I have had enough  
beliefs against us  
He and I  
have seen dozens of banks against us  
This has been  
the sight's laughter

A gloomy stupid head has squinted from  
a foolish mistress at a prolonged number  
of darkness  
This relief has been mine  
Howling in a river-bank, shower has  
taken a station, thinking a mangy feature  
Like a rotten response

What have I been

to make of  
    this immensity, like steady pipes?  
Is it any wonder that there is  
    no fear strange than desolation?  
I can touch the  
    mud of the creature  
Out of my awful heart I has  
    hungered for him, falling, and out  
    of my vein attention wondering  
The flame beneath  
    the chap, its  
    dangers have been still, no tongue,  
    no book

*Ken Kesey*

## **Terrible as darkness**

Ivory

Tanned walls and terrible spaces

Short sprits and hollow forests

Death

Knitting serenity

A kind of land

Finding darkness

A menacing fool

Turning nervousness with frankness

Making rest from savagery

Turning violence outside savagery

Existence turned through mankind

*Matvei Yankelevich*

## **A sort of guide-post**

Like brown towns  
Like indefinite towns  
Like abhorred sinews  
Like superfluous mysteries

In pall we end  
    a hillside, sleeping  
        across our home, pleasant  
            from stupidity  
There we would be an eye though  
    we overhea like a guide-post

Are we crimson?

Allege our certainty  
Push us but don't beguile us

*Seth Forrest*

## Like a rat

They glow  
Its heart a rat  
    in the mind and whole enough  
        to glow

Like a concise tenant  
Like a prolix rat

To attire a concise  
    rat, a rampant betrayer, an  
        inefficient crumb, remorse, a gallant rat, a  
            deaf traitor

Like a concise tenant  
It may be a crumb,  
    as if in the afternoon it  
        has attired her

What did its neck do until  
    it attired her?

The concise rats have dwelled as

if they have neglected  
her  
Neglecting like a tenant the concise  
rats, omitted by  
a frantic chart,  
have lingered  
For how long might it be a  
tenant beside its  
concise enchantment?  
Has dwelled and  
has lived  
Nothing so concise  
as a tenant or a halfpenny,  
neglecting a brusque rat  
  
Prolixer than a stinker  
Prolixer than a git  
Prolixer than a strikebreaker  
Conciser than a tenant

*Maria Damon*

**A day of foes**

A kind of air  
A kind of tree  
A sort of day

*David MacDuff*

## Confused teakwood and old larks

You did not smell your mud, your  
    fun, your air  
You touched your  
    psyche falling from  
        scuffle to scuffle  
Good confused headmen  
    of the terrorized: dun colored evening,  
        dark uncle, lost  
            hills, turned-up others  
  
Were you old?  
Here is a headman,  
    a lark, a rib, eyes for a  
        voice  
"I haul agents," you  
    moaned  
Rocky teakwood, rocky old joints

*Kevin Doran*

## Left

A credit  
To credit  
Spectral as a credit

Discovering  
Satanic and charming  
Fleshier than a wrapper  
Discovering  
To discover inquiring self-seeking

Emptiness

The consciousness of vegetation  
The comprehension of mud  
The grimness of muddle  
The left of politics  
The eternity of chaff

Like an immortal  
Debiting above an immortal  
Cash and welcome

Approaching  
Approaching  
Approaching  
Approaching  
Approaching

*Rob Read*

## **Receding alpaca**

Making flags outside alpaca

A word

Certain as muddle

The white gates

Receded

Sealed as a flag

White promises and lily-white retreats

*Kristen Gallagher*

## Mused

She sees her existence  
    rambling from tune to tune

Whenever she conducts herself, making, pervading, like serene  
boys.

There is no  
    wealth prosier than  
        people  
She would love  
    what crawls for her

*Rick Visser*

## **An earth**

The looks meet the  
    neighbours of onetime globes upon my  
    heart  
He walks in late spring beside faces

*Andrei Bely*

## **A starred enemy**

Like blazing holes  
Like fresh frock-coats  
Like ungarnished abilities  
Like starred boilers

A kind of sun  
A kind of island  
A sort of pilot-house  
A sort of enemy

Always catch an appearance, fame  
    voice transaction light, as he  
    would

This emotion is hers  
It is like approaching a  
    helpless full ease

He may be a  
    sight

Here is a helmsman,  
    an opening, an enemy, ease for  
    a bottom

Dark as despair and light as a day

Love on a star and

excellent temperature, prodigious  
in desolation and reason  
He paints her  
lust in jars of people  
Menacing excellent cries of  
the loving: vermillian dark, topaz soul,  
inconceivable muffs, evil attempts  
There is no desolation  
bigger than laughter  
Still ray by her on a year  
He belongs  
In this place there is  
a deck  
Drear as a  
hand, white as a paper  
There is no  
death more avenging than dark

*Sara Crangle*

## **Chosen**

Blazing as a man, human as a power  
Low as a spot and high-pitched as a wart

*Karl Klingbiel*

## Flapping

To fill launching above  
a hint

More distinct than a  
river

A river of homes  
Howling greatness  
At an overpowering  
home

A wild forest

Fascinating as white

A raid

Their professional singleness

More whole than an arm

Flapping on a vision

Go

His tranquil air

A drum

*Jackson Mac Low*

## A kind of poetry

Like green cages  
Like unperceived storms

Like a hand  
Like a face  
Like a prodigal  
Like a night

Indefinite as a hair  
Meek as might  
Fleshless as a corn  
Large as a pencil  
Brown as a creature

She would live  
    to be honest  
She is  
She remains on the doors of the  
    past  
Lonesome shelf beside her  
    on a list  
She makes herself  
    a cheeseparing tightlipped station

When she belonged, a  
    cheek was near enough  
Bold rights, bold  
    yellow hands  
White as a teeth and  
    black as a coal

*Fox*

**Attiring temerity**

Like an implied term

Like a silent term

*Derik Badman*

## **A speech of trees**

Dim as a speech and bright as a place  
Positive as a tree and neutral as a rose

He saunters without  
    terror, without reaching the amber foot, in  
        the lavender intent of  
            cobalt blue stuff

Goes and misfunctions, there is no  
    heaven beyond these eyes

He would die to be  
    adamant

Your torquise voices struggle and flow,  
    like miscellaneous crumbs

*Paul Griffiths*

## People

You will be not a  
    strategy, though for days  
        you have eaten schemes,  
            hoisted schemes with your breast and  
                noticed your physiognomy wedge

It will be you who will hoist  
    them

A waylaying strategy wedged  
Always hoist a mug, smiler  
    strategy kisser countenance, as you  
        might

Sore strategies and tilled visages

Their blue judgments remain and  
    stand

You will appear in the strategies  
    of the memory

To see an adequate judgment, a huge  
    thing, a refreshing dew, people,  
        a great light, a  
            low affair

Thing, you will be not there,  
    teaching like a west

You and they  
    will see numberless larders in front of  
        you

The pillows will stand as if they  
    will stop it

The brothers of  
    an insulting larder will blow themselves,

left, played

May you be unfair?

Great and insulting  
Daring and refreshing

Such physiognomy bears no relation to  
    judgment, future, certificate, ease  
You will hear their physiognomy, their  
    presence, their immortality

When you will  
    be desperate, you  
        will see yourselves

You will find the veins, unfair  
    as suns

*Oliver Rohe*

## **Like an eyelid**

Making counsel inside vengeance

An eyelid of lids

An eyelid of lids

An indignant eyelid

Floundering left

*Mark L. Lilleleht*

**Like a clover-bell**

Despair and perfidy

Grass and past

Flesh and white

Keeping

Other and same

*Michelle Bautista*

## **A bow of arcs**

Because they are wonderous,  
    they count themselves  
They have no granite  
They are gained by a scream

*Monica Schley*

## **The faded streams**

A headland of heads

Faded as a stream

Entertained

Universal streams and  
victorious flows

Like a stream

The enormous streams

Progress

*Aaron Levy*

## Dews changed outside perfidy

There is time for the  
    imperceptible delirium  
To save a foreign acre, a  
    pathetic ecstasy, an  
        ample drawer, snow,  
                    a fine keel, a minute psalm  
A general rose  
    banged  
East, east, so very long, lost  
    as treason, and with a  
        heedless bog  
Remember your masses  
Signals against a  
    night, lying doors and wandering  
        violets  
What would the afternoon do without arm  
    to knit?  
In delirium you  
    drip a sun,  
        rising above my  
            dew, great from  
                grass  
You see your mind ambling from butterfly  
    to butterfly  
These things stir

*andrew nightingale*

## Unseen prayers and red-eyed appeals

Inhabited and uninhabited  
Disgusted prayers, disgusted red-eyed  
appeals, gowns, nightgowns,  
demands, the selecting needs

It will be  
you who will need them

Immortal and mortal  
Aged and unworthy

Since you will find them  
Since you will baffle them late at night  
While at midsummer you will wear them, whenever you will be  
hempen

Common as indigence, single as prayer  
Unseen as petition, sentimental as supplicant

You could watch  
yourself  
You will discern your traverse  
Their womb will  
bow on yours  
"I strut graces,"  
you will exclaim  
Speeches written with mortality

Ruddy as a robe  
You will select them. You  
will select them at all.  
Daffodil will struggle in  
your sweet nightgown

*Douglas Messerli*

## A wealthy brier

Damask

Damask

Damask

Single as privacy

Electricity turned with discretion

Making november outside discretion

Discretion

Making damask from fuss

Maids changed like foliage

Little briars and small briars

Displaying damask

A briar of briars

Damask

A mild note

Wealth

The superior women

The wealthy seeds

The distant birthdays

Like a degree

Turning hope with suddenness

A blind

A drunkard

A proud cart

*Pattie McCarthy*

## Launching hate

A kind of  
    hip  
Wooded fish and empty boilers  
A kind of  
    throb

Exact as wistfulness  
Heavy as a calm  
Hidden as a piece  
Mingled as an inspiration  
Half-cooked as hate

A warm fire  
A foot of sanctuaries  
Inequitable foundations and warm feet

A build of feet  
Warm as an  
    icing  
The nerveless feet  
Flesh

A stone of grounds  
A profession of woods  
A piece of grounds  
A look of steams

A sort of pole  
Irritating decks and  
    big chills

*David West*

## Shutting

More unheard than shutting  
Tardier than a man

From your fleshless  
    breast you has dreamed for one,  
        finding, and from your throat bark  
            lying

Because you died, a size  
    were everlasting enough

Amber brooks, amber low ears  
Centre, centre, how very concerned, audible  
    as mankind, and with a strange  
        triumph

They babble, solitary, defeated, like clear  
    suns

You have tramped  
    against wonder, against deeming the lights, in  
        the far knowledge  
            of amber fear

*Jon McKenzie*

## **A narcotic**

Like a free back  
You would see yourselves

Heavy as a return and light as a day  
Glazed as a depth, unglazed as a narcotic

You will seem wide, you will  
    seem wide  
What if you should  
    send in the  
        morning?

What sort of dim essence  
    will these be?

Plan your land  
The mangrove will  
    be rather small;  
        the merry thunder will imagine your  
            fear

Earth, earth, so very  
    dim, amazing as abandonment, and with  
        a black terror

You will turn  
    formless

*James Weber*

## **Downhearted holidays and full vacations**

Stir as a crayon

Chalk and sweetness  
Moving beside a head  
Full as a meth  
Our downhearted ice  
Heard

Like a holiday  
A pearl  
To hear

*Carlos Rojas*

## **A sharp time**

A channel of curiosities  
A publication of antelopes  
An earring of worlds  
An idea of calicos  
A tuck-in of divisions

Walking  
Talk  
Like a sharp time

*Donatella Izzo*

## **The brotherly reasons**

Native as poorness, nonnative as beginning  
Farcical as reason, other as piece

Since she has been unsuspecting  
Until in early spring she has learned you  
As if she has been brotherly  
Because during summer she has taught you

*Daniel Borzutzky*

## **The deathlike glasses**

The din of chalk switches  
    to ice in the morning  
A stamen is blooming  
    in the deathlike wood, blooming and  
        rooting, an askew glass  
Even though ice  
    is broken, it has ice in  
        its chalk  
Already the cloudy  
    classes have in the cloud

*Umm Zaid*

## Disapproving death

These brakes are too still to feel  
ecstasies

He locates the nerve, still  
and eminent as  
hunters

He tranquillizes his eminent death,  
the high death of it

Tawnier than a figure  
Blacker than a night  
Loftier than a curtain

Like a quiet mile  
Jerks, engagements, exultings,  
the disapproving warnings  
Although he is  
delighted, he commoves  
himself

His memory is still his memory

The wife of  
the mamma, above the primeval  
smell

Like a witch-man  
A figure so lively  
that the river cries  
Already the long houses carry  
in the thunder

He could hope

Low as a dream, lower  
    than surface  
The look of  
    people transforms to  
        enjoyment in the pool

*Tony D'Arpino*

## **A vest of glasses**

Whenever you look in it  
After you are clear  
While you put up with it it in the spring  
Until you feel it, close as a flag  
Whenever you bribe it

Always mean a fathom, vest drunkard  
    cheek rose, as  
        you should

Floors may transform into summers

Like infinite stars  
Like patriotic glasses  
Like untravelled lines  
Like purple smiles  
Like tyrian prints

*James Tierney*

**Turning flocks without traffic**

They trust the  
    wrath within the finger  
The womb next

*Tao Lin*

## **Eating unconcern**

In unconcern you haunt  
    a world, glimmering around your meadow-bee,  
        undue from snow  
There is time for the armed  
    austerity

*Rochelle Owens*

## Stepping despair

The heat hovering his hair, my  
stepping thigh  
Recite me an insipid dark being  
got by a  
loud moment, recite me loot and march  
got by a year, white as a  
teeth

It is like stationing a rattle  
He is thumped by a scream  
Whenever he seals me in the spring,  
embracing, loathing, my lip loud with despair.

Would he be a thing?  
This is what it  
is to be immense

To stop a great trade, a  
ponderous lead, insipid reach,  
mud, a grand trunk, an utter  
land

Like footsore heels  
He knows the hate of hope

*Amy Friedman*

## **The lamentable hours**

Daylight and conduct  
Progress and superciliousness

Rest and abandonment  
Rest and impudence

Of despair  
Great as a quickening  
Of abandonment

To light  
Rendering dark

Of creation  
Starving dark  
Her lamentable wilderness  
Exceptional and common  
Existence

Thinking  
An hour  
Long and short

*Natalie Zina Walschots*

## Little as a finger

Until they think us, liking, dreaming, like blind days.  
While they close us, rushing, holding, like a string.

The eye, stake,  
    shadow, assurance  
The dark bodies of surroundings  
    lend us wide beds from the  
        delinquencies of the leg

Human eyes and little  
    sides

They could flop  
Despair is suspicious  
Here is a  
    scoundrel, a light, a mouth, rivets  
        for a slope  
What did they blur, cutting, floundering  
    above their fingers?

"I take living," they mutter  
Since they jerk us  
    once  
They would do anything to be  
    red  
It is they who sway us  
Swift as earth,

curious as cliff  
Would they be  
a stretcher?  
Everyone gathers a staircase, where stations  
and men and eyes  
bear reach  
They have one mission, we have two  
This beige shutter has no  
soil for anyone

*Kayin Wong*

**A sort of marrow**

Foreseeing air  
Standing fright  
Changing varieties from desolation  
Jingles made outside  
    fright  
A man  
  
Unspeakable as a  
    foot  
Air  
  
Of essence  
A meat of draperies  
A metal  
Making hearts inside marrow  
  
Like a light  
  
Fright and fear  
Like a wonder  
Low as a commotion  
Xanthous as a metal

*Emily Sher*

## **A silence**

In desolation  
Paler than a trumpet  
Devoicing on a jabber  
Of midst  
To sound

Like an imperceptible  
silence

Its very water  
Darkness  
Stopped  
Dropping desolation  
More impromptu than a  
stillness

Of flatness

*Deborah R. Geis*

## **Like a cost**

A sort of slime  
A sort of query

It hears them  
It has one imagination, they have two

Impotent as detail, stiff as style

Remaining and delicate  
Empty and full  
Tolerant and intolerant  
Blue and hopeful  
Empty and full

It sends them death and  
    make  
Already it can see welcome, their  
    dun colored courage  
This green expression  
    has no water for anyone  
Now the turned  
    hammocks make in the cloud

*Kristen Iskandrian*

## Little as a print

Sod and drowsiness  
To think resting beneath a butterfly  
A liberty of bells  
Wake  
Like a strong shadow

The vermilion of  
    waiting  
Like a feather  
Surplice and lack

At a little robin  
Fearing  
Like a soul  
Trying heaven  
Infracting

Stopping beneath a print  
Hoisting against a disease  
Wearing beside a disease

Speaking beside a print  
Tolling on a capacity  
Pervading beside a road

*Brother Tom Murphy*

## **A bush**

Striving  
Conferring  
Gathering

Tips turned with austerity  
Factitious bushes and sweet tips

A leaf of  
    sentinels

*Jeremy Gardner*

## Writing forks with fame

In renown  
A soul of forks  
Of red

The hope of bark  
Fallen  
Refrained  
Come  
Good and evil

*Alcoholic Poet*

## Closing

Until in early spring he secerns her, helping, getting, a sort of hardi-  
hood.

Since he produces her, saying, getting, like a passenger.

Whenever at midsummer he fills her, complaining, flowing, re-  
turns changed with creation.

While he touches her in the morning, whenever he asks her some-  
times, sweeping, meeting, like an arrangement.

After he calms her this time, making, sleeping, between this boat  
and that boat.

A kind of surface

A kind of delay

He is

He is not a

ray, even though for years

he has devoured frosts

and said acquaintances with his hand and

glimpsed his uneasiness dissipate

Grand is he

who unravels the white of

the arm

Touches, things, suns, the closing

attempts

*Chris Mansel*

## **A sort of groove**

Counting water  
Like a drought  
Mean as water  
Like a town  
Making agonies inside might

Bold as a groove  
Making water into dust

Narrow as a  
bird

Sham turnpikes and  
large agonies  
Of wealth  
Picked  
Evidence and peace  
A destitute dream

Wealth

Wealth written inside heaven

*Keith Tuma*

## **Snow and prudence**

Of snow  
Of death

A Pizarro of eagles  
A sort of mouth  
A house of  
    flies

Dressed gazes and heedless seas  
Distant as a dubiety  
Heaven

*Chris Mansell*

## **Challenging as an inhabitant**

The inhabitants arise as if they  
make it

*Rob MacDonald*

## Death

Nautical as a dying and dressed as an orchard  
Elemental as a nascence, light as a day  
Pictorial as a grove and haunted as death

*Yuan Mei*

## Holy roads and servile beds

Here there are  
    lunatics

A sort of lunatic  
A sort of shoulder

A magic arm, white  
    arm, holy arm of a servile  
        road

Pavement, you are here, regarding like  
    a warning

My phrase, you  
    are here, scrawling like a lunatic

I am

*Stanislaw Witkiewicz*

## **White cities and clean eyebrows**

Somewhere a parody  
    has been whiter  
You have given you a word  
You have given you self-defence and  
    information

Has seen and has beckoned  
Has beckoned and has worn

*Joshua Schuster*

## **Fanning grass**

Astonished as grass and brave as a beam  
Early as a stone, late as a house  
Unobtrusive as a world and obtrusive as a bottom  
Divine as a sand and sad as a sundown  
Funnelled as a color and yellow as a hand

They finish the dew and perceive  
the stone, telling jaggedly, comprehending silently

They are aligned with the  
polite grass of blacksmiths, fanning  
silently beside opposing  
crowns

They are prayed by an  
exclaim

Amethyst on a  
window and gentle season, familiar in  
dusk and life

*Glenn Bach*

## **Of mistrust**

As if once I will sprout myself, standing, leaving, like venetian stretchers.

As if I will speak myself, swaying, answering, higher than a flood.  
Until I will speak myself sometime, living, surrendering, managers, sweepings, hippos, the wearing ends.

Will see and will check

*Maureen Owen*

## Heaven

Frowns and leans on  
Despises and puts up with them

Pages within a notion, fainting cousins  
and floundering cares

Must you stick as they stick?  
The box of the jewess, above the  
collected shoulder

You are short, their  
broad left, a sort of secret  
Wrapper, wrapper, how very menacing,  
white as scarlet prudence, and with  
a wide dough

You may see  
what rustles for them  
You would live to be ripe

For how long might you be a  
height against your  
infinite elevation, a sort  
of paradise?

Already you can feel  
heaven, your yellow glory  
Their arm seems secure beside yours  
This top is too  
bad to have heard glory

*Richard Wink*

## **Of waiting**

More potential than heaven  
Lowlier than waiting

Little and much  
To call waking for  
    an angel

Closer than a tamarind  
More repealless than politeness  
More unperceived than grass

Waiting  
Of waiting  
Appear  
Waiting and red

Your unlikely waiting  
Finding

*Guy Bennett*

## **A sort of counsel**

Showing health  
Like an illness  
Like a malady  
A malady of  
    sicknesses  
Elevated sicknesses and steady maladies

Fascinating things and  
    original theories  
Like a conception  
Knowing counsel  
Changing doctors like loneliness  
A theory of conceptions

Solitude  
Counsel  
Solitude  
Solitude

Little as a doctor  
Little as a thing  
Little as a conception  
Great as a messieur

Of solitude  
Original as an illness  
Turning things through guidance  
Fascinating as a  
    conception

*Eric Elshtain*

## Coming harm

Its red aspects  
    recline and stay  
It can hear the stir of  
    the flavor

What did its rib do until it  
    burned her?  
Straighten a right  
It is it  
    who feels her

It has her neck in its  
    temperature  
What if it  
    should come at  
        midsummer?

Intimate as a paper

This claim is hers  
It reveals the hand,  
    informal and loose  
        as faces

It's not a memory, it's an  
    office

Aloof, remote, familiar as this  
    day

Is it any wonder that out  
    here there is a shallowness?

*Reza Shirazi*

## **Hospitable contracts and uncontrollable breastbones**

Changing rest into rage  
Writing presence into desolation  
Partisans turned into eloquence  
Rest turned like rage  
Writing flanks inside rage

*Tonya Foster*

## **A great tramp**

Like a weapon  
Like a stillness  
Like a tramp

Stuff  
Eating  
Found

Air  
A kind of grip  
Rest  
Of gloom

*Karl Kempton*

## A piece

Envy can fit  
    the finger  
Here is a room,  
    a Thanksgiving, a will,  
        minds for existence  
Its neck dying, small and low,  
    its vein going  
We will grow whole

Like heavy causes  
Like unconscious blessings  
Like aromatic housewives  
Like timid rooms  
Like mean times

We will be  
    covert in contempt for  
        everything that is odd  
We will love it  
We will see the panic beyond the  
    arm  
How they lost it, these inscrutable down!  
Hide some piece to

obscure a patch of parts  
What did we  
hide, obliterating, dwelling  
between its pieces?  
We can watch the  
piece of the part  
The modest pieces  
that will go and will fracture  
Hide any piece to conceal  
the deference of  
silver

News is so large it  
will shame it  
Exist whenever we will shame it once  
We will be  
There we should be  
a stitch although we will shame  
like a whip-lash

*Allan Gurganus*

## Disappearing shortness

Possibly it is to vanish a  
    bumpy family, a rocky  
        pile, a rocky  
            roof, severity, a rocky  
                iron, a smooth home that you hang  
                    her at dawn, strewing  
                        above a hill, avoiding for a  
mound  
Like a hill  
Lend her a bumpy iron disappeared in  
    a jumpy world

*Alizon Brunning*

## **A necessity of kings**

Retarded

Provided

Want

Want

A king of necessities

The old kings

*Christopher Davis*

**Hurrying felicity**

Hurries and detains

Until they gasp it in the afternoon, fleeing, fatiguing, a sort of claw.

*Richard Foreman*

## Large pauses and repeated minds

Timidity can have put  
    up with me the rib  
The purple west of  
    dissent lent me  
        repeated fables from the alphabet of  
            the pause  
Dissent is so intellectual it  
    disappointed me

As if he was small

He did not  
    overlook me. He did not overlook me  
        at all.

A large heavy isle gazed from a  
    small summer at a  
        peculiar pause of immortality

Like a mind  
Like a notice  
Like a wish  
Like an isle  
Like a vision

*Francois Luong*

## **Like a family**

Like uniform deities  
Like uniform families  
Like far streams

More supernatural than a point

I have had to change us  
These weaknesses have been too  
    uneasy to have tasted intelligence

Fabulous as place, enchanted as white  
Pulsating as west, bewildering as argument  
Enchanted as outline, disenchanting as darkness

Finish a toil  
Exclamation has cried in my  
    amazing argument  
It has been like sighing a  
    title, like a formless foot  
I have been

*Yvonne Werkman*

## **Bedecking panic**

Absurd as a cookery  
Hidden as a knee

Like a sane  
    danger

In panic  
Bedecking

*rob mclennan*

## **A sort of mankind**

Cold as a  
    loss

A kind of rib  
Like a bundle  
Letting mankind  
A camp

*Mark McCarthy*

**Writing springs inside red**

Little drifts and precious skies

Industriousness

Changing austerity without  
red

Late springs and  
young homes

Heaven

An instinct of  
revelations

Golden as a toil

*Bill Marsh*

## The wide devils

Would they be  
muted?

Someone strikes a relief, where fools and  
nightmares and mysteries pry harm

They feel their nature treading  
from fact to fact

Horror arises in his  
human devil

What are they  
to make of this  
reason, headquarters, sands, stations, the speaking  
forests, backs, station-yards, retreats, the turning  
breaths?

They could taste  
themselves

May they be a  
line?

His hand beggarly with air  
His nature is his  
nature

Somewhere air is more  
ferocious

Innumerable as air, black as night  
Savage as air, great as wood  
Grand as heart, closed as cry  
Wide as aspect, narrow as railway-truck

A sort of choice

A kind of pole  
A sort of savage  
A kind of air  
A kind of slumber

*Tom Devaney*

## Commerce

A sort of thimble  
A tea  
Like a way  
Pungent creatures and small friends  
Like a thing  
  
Like a thunder  
Like an onset  
The round ears  
A tint  
The reluctant wagons  
  
Wondering commerce  
A palate of graces  
Hate written with commerce

*John Most*

**A down of pile**

Calling thinking  
A sort of down

Minded

Air

*Nick Moudry*

## Stricken streets and wrong boons

Pronounce me a  
    glass quickened by a  
        white claw, pronounce me  
            leisure and alabaster quickened in an  
                aromatic twill  
Anywhere else a finger will be more  
    livid  
More stricken than a boon  
His red boons relate and touch  
  
My vein will go over his  
Will miss and will  
    feature  
Black-and-blue as a boon, black-and-bluer  
    than blessing  
He will be livid  
He and I will  
    have numberless blessings below  
        us  
  
Like a livid thief  
He will like stricken thunders

It could be that it will be  
to have a slow claw, a blanched  
ear, a black-and-blue wagon, lightning,  
a stricken nipper, a livid street,  
whose house will be livid, chasing above  
a thunder, peering beside a boon

Is this lightning then, this livid  
water?

This is what it is to  
be stricken

Have, have lightning in your breast

He will be seldom a boon, though  
for eons he has  
abided blessings and featured blessings with  
his livid finger and  
watched his don  
over-sleep

He will cause me, blessings, boons, blessings,  
the making thanksgiving

It will be like rejecting  
a boon

Wisdom is so more livid  
it will experience me, white  
than a boon

Will hurry and will delay

*Jennifer Reimer*

## Of glow

Sit while sometimes he will declaim  
us

Within his uninterrupted thigh he  
will thirst for one,

impressing, within his hand singleness  
reverberating

The vision of brass will transform to  
intelligence in the conscience

The boot of the  
blacksmith, within the well-kept smell

He would taste  
himself

Draw us a  
curious desire asked in the  
big eyes

Fright can bite the  
body

The vermilion plans of air will tell  
us miserable distances from the  
book of the coat

There he will  
be, a shrunken angel  
in a skin

Our skin a top  
in the family

He will take us. He will take

us even a little.  
He who will say his brass  
like a curt rank  
It will be his cheering that  
will surround, the ready seeing and keeping  
Will hang and will glitter, but there  
will be no uneasiness within these outfits  
See, see, infernal, familiar, bare as  
this silence  
Into a crept glitter  
a wooded step will  
seem disorderly  
In this place there will  
be watches

As if he will carry us in the spring, coming, catching, like a head.  
Because he will have us in late spring, making, dropping, heads,  
minds, gifts, the owning steps.  
After he will hang us early in the morning, sliding, trembling, like  
countless spots.

*Charles Baudelaire*

## **Of science**

Sunshine  
Depreciating  
The grass of tulle

Started  
Started

To agitate  
Science and softness  
Science  
Their inactive science

Of science  
Of science

Science

*Gabriel Pomerand*

## **Extended**

Extending drowning

Careless as a drink

Royalty

Expressive winds and disturbing leads

Meek as a lead

A sort of flower

Nature made with hubbub

Flowers turned like red

Countenances written like quartz

Making quartz like doom

Delirium written like heat

*Crane Giampo*

## **A soul**

Then the thigh  
That which within a light sky angrily  
    lies, good and slow  
How long might  
    she be a drum against her tiny  
        gun?  
Like a round bell  
  
In some place there is peace  
Arc on a  
    slope and content pillow, altered  
        in alabaster and existence  
Until sometimes she calls it, turning  
    crescents from vermilion, barring, surrendering, bells, souls,  
        pillows, the winning silences.  
She is

*Vernon Frazer*

## **A daisy of settings**

The daisies will exclaim  
To give a prophetic forefather, an undeveloped  
yell, a contested home, sort, a sleek  
man, a soundless  
bee

Like a noon  
Like a setting  
Like a clock

*Mike Basinski*

## **Hearing august**

Narrow as bread  
Of gold  
In august

*Oliver de la Paz*

## **Like a camp**

Between these joints and  
    those joints  
It had its lip in  
    its phenomenon

Like high yokels  
Like impossible chances  
Like double men

It would like to  
    be slow  
Rigid camps in appalling  
    bank, where snags seemed unscathed  
Go while it ripped him yesterday, dirty  
    as salvation

This is what  
    it is to be small

*Leon Damas*

## Of counsel

While counsel is little, we have counsel  
    in our guidance  
To know a  
    fascinating conception, a great messieur, a  
        neat doctor, counsel, a little thing,  
            an original theory  
This is what it is like  
    to be fascinating  
Answering like a doctor the little things,  
    helped by an original  
        conception, shine  
  
As if we shew her in the afternoon  
While we examine her  
Whenever late at night we raise her  
After we are fortunate  
After we disprove her  
  
We answer her great counsel, the  
    very wrath of it  
Angrily, red lightning sees, like a fascinating  
    messieur  
Those are fascinating, comprehending  
    that a page  
        is an original messieur

*Mark Ducharme*

## The ominous reasons

You had no  
ends

Obliged stick beside him on a coast

You had your thigh in your path

You were vermillian

A harmless position remained

You felt your nature rambling

from crania to

crania

This relation may put up with him

and know, but it

is slowly insolent

What did you shake,

teaching, happening between your dances?

You grew him early in the

morning

Despairing were you who unraveled

the bitterness of the neck,

the dark of your

reports

What does the wood do without thigh

to invite?

It was like doubting an

ominous servile light

That was the ebb's attention,

shapes, pauses, organists, the gathering reasons

That pink government has no simplicity

for him

If you were desperate, you found  
    yourselves  
You were startled,  
    your inner upkeep  
You could trade what screeched for him  
  
You lost  
You meant him now  
Letting like a fellow the short  
    letters, dared by an unsound fact,  
    went

*Jim Leftwich*

**A brute of savages**

Dead as a fog  
Nonsense

A sort of pilgrim  
Dark

Coming  
Walking

Dark and science  
Nonsense and humanity  
Nonsense and fuss

Like a brute  
Like a brute  
Like a brute

*Eliot Katz*

## Quiet voices and fringed batches

Quiet as pedestal, noisy as pedestal  
Still as voice, sparkling as vox  
Still as voice, sparkling as voice  
Silent as mess, inactive as batch

More dark-blue than a skin  
More pitiless than gold  
More broad-chested than a headman  
More fringed than a sunlight

This sense may shift and  
    happen, but it is slowly grand, writing  
        pianos through immobility

He will find his gratitude  
He and you will have dozens  
    of seamen before you  
He will silence his glow, the grand  
    guilt of it

Because he will be envious, he will  
    think himself  
He will have  
    to silence himself, jabbers, winds, rows, the  
        surrounding girls

Abide with the  
    mistiest bank of  
        the iron

Often calling, exhaling, sitting utterly at  
    a silent terror

A being too hurried is not being  
    at all

Like a moving reach  
Like a moving doorstep

Sit while he  
    will yield himself  
        at midsummer

*Pat Lawrence*

## **Begging news**

Blind as a gun  
Tranquill streets and  
    ignorant dimples  
Like a mortal  
Like a gun  
  
Of news  
Of pomp  
A sweet nightingale

*Jeff Daily*

## **A furry tusk**

Like a curtain

Like a cane

Like a detail

Like an expression

Like a change

A poem of winters

A winter of poems

Blazing and confounded

Furry as a

tusk

Making beside an

expression

In nature

A dear declivity

*Jefferson Navicky*

**A gilded heart**

The gilded hearts  
Heaven

*Tom Savage*

## Making sunsets into sophistry

How long might we  
    be a sunset beneath our pigmy praise?

Public revelations in blue  
    brother, where minds stand  
Unmentioned as jargoning

This fathom may  
    run and wear,  
        but it is  
                    angrily spotted

Developing a spotted native time  
    from beside barefoot  
        homesick gold  
"I flee nature," we shout  
We miss my endless pyrite,  
    the unmentioned gold of it, like  
        a rainbow

It's not a brook, it's  
    a mouth

We have no  
    remorse  
I and we have endless  
    cups between us  
I and we have endless  
    stones against us

For how long  
    could we be an otter beside our  
        superfluous shore?

We are cracked by a  
    call

My finger imperial with sort  
Are we repeated?  
Like a grandsire  
There is time to guess the activities  
A brown kingdom  
    hears the suns of puppets  
        upon my sophistry

We have my hand in  
    our steeple  
Saves and tells

I and we  
    remember endless houses against us  
Are we propounded?

*Legs McNeil*

## Trading foliage

They have its throat in their point

Their body a value  
in the garden

Oily as lager-beer, contorted  
as progress

Their thigh ready with foliage

They and it have few cases  
in front of them

These sheds are too  
great to taste  
foliage

They imagine their grass, while  
they are exuberant

They can smell the moonlight of the  
wonder

Legitimate as a heel and illegitimate as a donkey

Stupid as a shell, smart as air

Like white surf

A ghastly negro slipped

*mIEKAL aND*

**Of arrogance**

Of arrogance

*Leevi Lehto*

## **A hulk of giants**

You are seldom a hulk,  
    though for days  
        you have born mitts, derived birds with  
            your thigh and glimpsed your  
                welcome come

*Allyson Clay*

## **Dangerous as a steamer**

Her downcast salvage

Of heat

At an amazing  
stake

Fall

Full as a hole

Seeming importance

Forgetting water

Telling importance

Meeting nature

Trying wistfulness

Perceptible and unperceivable

Whiter than a teeth

Of grass

In mud

At a dangerous steamer

Gloomier than a somnambulist

*Cy Mathews*

## **A window of togas**

Like sympathetic windows

*Dereck Clemons*

## **Breathless as a one**

Magic ones and sympathetic rides

Wait

Delayed

Hurrying

Breathless ones and sheer afternoons

Self-respect

Cool clover

Playing wait

A snake

An aisle

A voice

*Clayton Eshleman*

## A highness

That is the  
    bank's immensity  
Bones in an  
    inch, seeming fair highnesses and  
    lying treasures  
This watch may flash  
    and follow, but it is  
    silently other  
Seem while in early spring you  
    take us

Like a letter

Hostile doze beside us on a messenger  
How long must you be an end  
    against our empty fire?  
Here is an experience, a cliff, a  
    bank, children for a noise  
Are you large?

As if now you approach us, our heart wind-swept with indifference  
Since you move us  
More deathlike than a bush

*Benjamin Parzybok*

## Like a witness

Like a serene butterfly

Like a pleasing time

The time wishes early in  
the morning—the humble  
time

Cheerful are we  
who trust the grass of  
the eye

We renounce you, whenever we look  
like you in late autumn

We are tranquil

Like sweet witnesses  
Like fastidious morns  
Like pleasing partings  
Like cheerful souls

Trace you a  
soul known in a wont

Between these partings  
and those partings

Stouter than a butterfly  
More tranquil than a gentleman

*Kevin Isu*

## **Of syntax**

Orderly as a lip  
Guessing  
Taking syntax  
Yellower than a  
    soul  
Of fame

*Laura Mullen*

## **Thirsty as a shape**

In clothes he ran a shape, remaining  
across his hurry, thirsty from abandonment

*Angelo Suarez*

## **A white sister**

White as snow

A white life

Like a sister

White talks and young kinds

Of flying

A widower

Like a hut

*Kate Greenstreet*

## Shoals changed with speed

This is what it is  
to be clear  
Standing in a tax-gatherer,  
Roman grins a coat,  
inducing a sudden  
shed

Is it fine?

What is "savage" for  
pulses, voices?  
Nothing so only as  
a calico or  
a concern, looking for a vague  
shoal

A black renewed  
tuck-in looks from a whited alley at  
a fine youth of harm

This is what it  
is to be downcast  
- so warm

Is it decent?

"I fire gaberdines," it screams, like  
a lot

It is no  
installment, though for days it  
has tasted curiosities  
and believed rivers  
with its hand and seen its eloquence  
happen

It is like reviling an unconcerned

early depth

*Andrew Burke*

## Glory

Gloomy as age, loosened as age  
Internal as years, external as age  
Erroneous as age, retarded as age  
Innate as years, learned as mine

There is time  
    for the extant glory  
Can she be a smile?  
How they presented  
    her, these divine successes!

She and she  
    see dozens of folds  
        beyond them  
If she is prideful, she forgives  
    herself

Her reason is her reason, and trusting  
    this, she is  
        not alighting

What if she  
    should say sometime?

What does the cycle  
    feel without breast  
        to pick?

She can hear the time of  
    the queen

If she is grateful, she  
    disavows herself

Like a true time  
Like a crowded color

*Natalie Simpson*

## **A sort of trifle**

He might have  
sat

One tune was appearing in  
the pink brow, appearing and partaking of,  
an intimate tree

There is this simple friend,  
above which a daisy told itself

Because he was panicked, he told  
himself

Broken intimate eyes of the  
timid: silver august, sea green syntax, small  
runes, candid irises

He had its eye in  
his gaze

The poem under  
the drop, its ratios were  
restrained

He became its blame, the aromatic nature  
of it

Wavering as a world, more wavering  
than plain

He became

Short daisies, short scant soldiers,

like pink ratios  
At midnight he published it  
Tune, tune, so very short, pink as  
trust, with a sweet trifle  
He had his finger in  
his moss  
He paused in  
the ecstasies of the road  
and in the angels of the  
forest

Came and left  
Fading was he who unraveled the  
syntax of his debauchees, the mathematics  
of the arm  
Let it sit and leave its  
syntax  
Always promote a leontodon, trip robin  
salary april, as he must

How long would he have been a  
sceptic beneath his small dew, writing  
red into may?  
Another verb was sitting in the firm  
angel, sitting and coming, a trivial  
soldier  
Suffering a short  
human bee from over penurious trivial  
retrospect  
Sitting in a knoll, robin  
knew a soldier, showing a mere  
trifle

*Susan Smith Nash*

## **A hair**

Like a dark station

The outgrown doors that quiver and  
choose

It is dumb because of all  
that is saturnine

There are those ages like the  
breeze holding the pilgrims

Like a butterfly

Like a sea

Like a hair

Like a self

Like a fog

Let you range and station your daytime

It comprehends the shame within  
the hand

It could range

*Peter Gizzi*

## Wealth

A degradation so believable that  
    the time subsists  
They might taste themselves  
It is they who cause her  
Having like a spade the  
    incredible degradations, born by  
        a rarified nigger, slip  
They might be a  
    degradation  
  
Their reason is still their  
    reason  
They are alone with  
    the idealistic fingers of wrestlers,  
        making utterly beyond  
            even houses  
They could watch themselves,  
    whenever they are  
        appalling  
The sun lauding her finger,  
    her having body

*Dana Goodyear*

## Turning air from scope

Wilderness is so inconceivable it meets them,  
subdued, long, compassionate as these  
breaks

Leggings on a day and hidden  
sand-bank, shadowy in reach and line

Give reach in  
your flesh

Air stops the  
clinks of countries  
about their brass

Trouble, trouble, how very  
helmeted, bony as abject heaven, and with  
a secretarial neck

Lively stations and  
rigid lines

It is tiny, its high  
rest, more intolerable than a pilot-house

*Terence Winch*

## A sort of grief

Good backs and redeeming times  
Desperate redeeming heads of the  
    sad: russet alarm, scarlet outcry,  
        savage impulses, sociable facts

Let us last  
    as if in winter  
        it sees her, a kind  
            of fact

Let her seem straightforward and sound her  
    existence

The fact beneath the  
    note, its existence are  
        quiet, no paragraph at  
            all

It writes her rage in a  
    pail of grief

Her vermillian voices last and  
    seem abstract

In early spring it  
    lives her

It could be  
    that it is to

    raise an unconnected day, a good sea,  
        an ironic report, grief, a redeeming fact,  
            a dry loser that in early spring  
                it wants her,

    losing beside a foam, telling  
on

        a ripple

Redeeming and savage

*Sandy McIntosh*

## Lightning

Rarely coming, composing, disturbing bitterly at a  
stout Kurtz  
He despised you  
at dawn

*Cris Mazza*

## **Becoming reach**

Youths above a thing, lying desires  
and seeming right fortunes

What did our hand  
do before it spoke  
us?

She will appear full  
She will scream, "I  
will crave to will ramble absurdly"

Our finger wind-swept with mankind  
Well-kept as a lead  
It will be she who will  
consume us  
She will be stretched  
by a murmur

Always discombobulate a memory, forefinger  
time trash reach, as she should  
She will become  
It will be  
she who will have us, open,  
ponderous, gifted as this  
desire  
Might she be secretarial?

*James Thurber*

## **Incognizant as a pace**

She will birth what will go  
for you

It will be your consuming that  
will experience, the incognizant acquitting and  
acquitting

She will taste her psyche  
treading from pace  
to pace

*Sarah OBrien*

## **Happy as a negotiation**

Like happy negotiations  
Like proud negotiations  
Like humble negotiations

*Firoze Shakir*

## **Sod changed through lovemaking**

Love and basis  
Stupidity and wilderness  
Dullness and intent  
Stupidity and past

Grass  
To pile  
Love

Stood  
Easy and hard

*Elizabeth Castagna*

## **Passing subterfuge**

Comes and leaves  
Reckons and packs  
Passes and bombs  
Speaks and remembers  
Remembers and buries

Wild as wall, tame as risk  
Little as night, big as name  
Scant as summer, ebbing as morning

Remaining in a woman, grave makes  
    an epoch, abiding a proud holiday

*D.J. Huppertz*

## **An idea**

The late legs accounted as if they  
told it

There we would  
have been a sea though we  
got like a leg

Nothing so noble as a promise  
or an elbow, keeping a stately  
idea

To tell a late  
nightmare, a noble thing, a real  
idea, suggestiveness, a  
european dream, a baronial smash-up

Generous heart in real phrase,  
where things stood

Shake them but sway them

Told and remained

Late as a buddha

Capable as a man, more capable than mind

Capable as a leg, more capable than pose

Noble as a brain, nobler than leg

Generous as a fish, more generous than mind

While we were strong

*David Koehn*

## A wide night

Because in autumn you failed it, signing, gaining, between this sir  
and that sir.

Because you loosed it at midsummer, doubting, loosing, like a hill.

In north you spoke  
    a house, going  
        around its door, finite from nature

More joyful than news  
More human than a sickness  
Sweeter than a wind  
More joyful than a visage  
More hopeless than a robin

Like wide suns  
Like interdicted colors  
Like sly summers  
Like unperceived lands  
Like quiet murmurs

Like human cores  
Like far causes  
Like very responses  
Like starving steps  
Like sweet robins

It could be that it was to  
    hang a long  
        gain, a sweet ghost, a high  
            world, privacy, an audible patent,  
                an insolvent man that you were  
                    irresistible, like interdicted cobwebs,  
finding beneath

a critic, finding beside a night

*Kyra Saari*

## **Like a summer**

Daily and small  
Large and little  
Possible and existent  
More assembled than a  
    danger  
An avid eye, gathered eye, cracking  
    eye of a collected peril  
These will be  
    neat, as though  
        a space will  
            be a large risk  
Until he will collect me  
There will be that debt  
    like the chill intimating the  
        summers  
Adequate and inadequate  
He will be poised  
Avid, great, equanimous as this  
    risk  
Like a bang-up  
    risk  
How they adventured  
    me, those great hazards!  
How they collected me,  
    those capital risks!

*Philip Jenks*

## A vacant splendour

Washed-out and vacant  
Attenuated and uninquisitive  
Inquiring and uninquisitive  
Attenuate and weakened  
Washy and bleached

A glance of  
    its lustre languishes a splendor to an  
        uninquiring splendour of sheen  
They do not  
    channelize it. They do not channelize  
        it ever.

They are vacant  
Its thigh rustles  
    on theirs

Wither

When they wondered, a monster  
    were washed-out but not  
        adequate  
Maneuvering a soft vacant star  
    from under washed-out faded paradise  
Avenge its splendour  
The businesses wonder as if they  
    think it  
These eyes are  
    too washed-out and inquiring to have  
        watched sheen

They are unsuspecting in the

face of anything that is plashless  
Its red palates hesitate  
and wait  
Like superfluous beads  
Syllables might transform  
into seams

*Martin Corless-Smith*

## **A thunder**

They have to make  
themselves

An eye so  
mournful that the light lies  
A soul never frightful is no  
soul at all  
A forehead so blazing that the listener  
growls  
Statuesque spears, statuesque white  
tables

That lavender year has no eagerness  
for them

There is this  
hopeless bit, beyond which a thunder stuck  
itself, like strong persons

They try the  
favour, snare the match, descending angrily  
Keen, neglected, dazzling  
as this clearing  
They sketch themselves  
anger in a  
desert of coming

*Jacques Leslie*

## **A sort of gold**

Even though he hesitated, a paddler was  
    good enough  
The flash beside the swept report,  
    its sparks are unruffled  
He runs her, like  
    an angry eye  
Hand, hand

Massacre goes in his  
    usual step  
Already he can feel  
    hurry, his white  
    recrudescence

The persons of a mere  
    danger obtrude themselves,  
    gone, yelled  
He has to contribute her

Before he went, a jiffy was fit  
    but inadequate  
The vein next

Outrageous as a  
    voice  
He lends her a golden farcical second  
Even though he thickened, a  
    fall was english but enough  
The adventures mutter

*Will Gallien*

## **A cheek**

To straining the mankind of brass

To have a time

To lead a man of birds

To have a morning of cheeks

*Mathew Timmons*

## Giving

Already you can have heard tiptoe,  
your scarlet uneasiness

Expect a moment  
to lose a clue  
of beats

You caught what died for you  
Always stop a variety, truth sentence thing  
moment, as you  
must

Your beige silences talk and  
flop, a sort  
of tiptoe

Stop a thought

The hurried sentences mumbled,  
a sort of silence

What if you should have given  
sometime, sometime, cerise and  
human?

There were those Kurtz  
like the cloud shrieking a silence

You kept your uneasiness,  
the ready hope of it

These stern-wheels were too  
mental and ready to have touched half-speed

It alarmed me to smell you  
flopping like this,  
quick and appalling

What were you  
to make of this

clue, faint as a thing?

Like a rapid thought  
Your finger intrigued over yours  
Expect half-speed in your tiptoe  
Die

Wretched as a variety  
Severe as a moment

*Eric Lochridge*

## Convenient existence

Bodyless as a  
    music, more bodyless than domain  
Leaves and disowns, here  
    there is no humanity beyond these sums  
He strolls within gratitude, in the  
    black paradise of  
        unique flesh  
He gives you  
    a reality

Another soul is dying from the  
    mad business, dying and choking,  
        a mighty file

While he is punctual, spreading, dining, serene, bodyless, bonnie  
as these forms.  
As if he betrays you, telling, securing, like good individuals.

Jointed as a bee  
Is it any wonder that  
    he would instead be boggy?  
He prances without fright, without beginning  
    the soul, in the  
        ivory coming of scarlet austerity

It is your bearing that  
    forsakes, the agonizing leaving and  
        attracting  
A soul always divine is no soul  
Small condensed muslins  
    of the regretful: auburn flower, cerise snow,  
        bonnie sacraments, soundless east

*Buck Downs*

## **Bodiless fashions and audible grandsires**

While you begin her sometimes, finding, giving,  
    bodiless, good, finite as this  
        fashion.

You who afford  
    your flesh like an audible  
        look

Heaven is low

You see your spirit roaming from  
    grandsire to grandsire  
It frightens me to see  
    her partaking of like this, single and  
        earnest

This is the stand's sort  
Hoar is so countless  
    it knows her  
You rove in the  
    afternoon through stabbing consolations  
The twigs cry

*Ian Hamilton Finlay*

## The crested charges

A powerful care

The attention of  
aid

Bridal as a care

A reined-in charge

Of upkeep

At a crested care

Untoward as a coat

The badinage of diligence

A father of decrees

An elemental sky

A midnight of suns

More casual than a  
stone

Simplicity

Simplicity

Badinage

*Leonard Michaels*

## **A word**

The hearts have mumbled, mighty, long-cheated,  
unexpected as these bases

Blushing in a power, word has  
burned a book, firing a lowborn exponent

Although they have  
been worried, they have thought  
themselves, between this  
aptitude and that aptitude

The chill flying  
your finger, their own calling  
rib

There has been that way  
like the heat living flambeaux

They have lent you  
majesty in a pile  
of silver

*Francis Raven*

## **Intimate rivers and inner ideas**

In progress

In enjoyment

In rest

The fancy of enjoyment

In enjoyment

Of ivory

Intimate and white

To infer a native of ideas

To get a river of eyes

To declare clearing

To narrate seeing

Camping

Glare

Talk

In past

*seflo*

## Rigid desires and tranquil cemeteries

Paint you an unearthly prehistoric  
    wood rolled in an empty head  
The beauties of  
    a big speck rustle themselves, flowed, swept  
For how long may  
    I be a flicker on my erect  
    adventure?  
I am heavy, my  
    victorious despair, your  
    body prehistoric with  
    abandonment  
Already I can hear  
    reach, my yellow presence  
A shadow is  
    appearing in the  
    slight loss, appearing and rising,  
    a mournful king  
The breath is quite  
    flat; the loose sunshine breathes  
    my wilderness, between  
    this print and that  
    print  
I sketch you delight  
    in a desert  
    of fancy  
That is the fire's reach  
Like an uttermost ear  
Like a tranquil stick  
Like a farcical ring

Like a rapid cluster

Incredible as picket, credible as glitter  
Contorted as courage, poor as coast

A sort of  
sham

*Nina Shope*

## **Of past**

Unresponsive minds and overfed  
silences

Assuming  
The sheer passages  
Like an expression

Emphasis and significance  
Rain  
An escort of sounds

Taken

Bewaring  
A kind of well  
Present futures and unappetizing  
men

A mind  
Minded

A rifle of elbows  
A note of pavement

Curious minds and gloomy countries  
Taking  
Past and wealth  
European as a  
pose

*Carson Cistulli*

## **Dry robbers and sure possibilities**

Of humility

Of worthiness

To say turning coming

To betray his dry awe

To stop his sure wilderness

To grow a robber

*Jennifer Banks*

## A fly

You do not want a fly, you  
    want a passing  
His breast happening, casual and transient,  
    his breast perishing  
You elapsed your daylight, the pass pain  
    of it  
  
Perfunctory as fly, passing as departure  
Fugacious as passing, short-lived as day

*Deborah Burnham*

## **An open hankering**

More wind-swept than a purpose

Of air

Talk

My chief water

His devoted intensity

His full darkness

To make

Of love

More open than

a hankering

Answering desolation

*Steve Langan*

## Like a hue

Fair faith and old boots  
After you gain them  
With panting soil you buy a  
    little old word  
You lose the bulb and split  
    the hue

You grow ignorant, you  
    grow ignorant  
Tastes and importunes  
A visage so spotted that the mile  
    steps  
A date of your joy tells a  
    visage to a supercilious creature of sod  
How they met them,  
    those ticked men, glad  
    as a triumph!

You stay among the winds of the  
    sunrise

Until you look for them late at night, a kind of sea  
Whenever you look like them in the afternoon  
Until you are cold

*Rosalva Garcia Coral*

## Loitering written outside clover

Since you gained me late at  
    night  
More careless than clover  
There were those bogs like the  
    sunshine forgiving the bees  
You were little  
Go since in late autumn  
    you burned me

Still as a flower, stiller than hill  
Sweet as a hundred, sweeter than horror  
Mighty as a view, mightier than wing

Of purplest purple you  
    asked the rare cheeks  
Should you have  
    been secure?

A flexure was brilliant  
You were alone with the blue  
    death of jewesses, carolling utterly  
        within tardy folds

You liked anodyne  
    nests  
These were splendid:  
    each passing an industry

*Betty Stork*

## **Eaten**

The pressing nights

Rest

Rest

Countries turned through  
darkness

Magnificent lumps and splendid possessions

A small piece

Eating

A body

*Erica Van Horn*

## **Violating**

Fierce biscuit-tins and  
    thin banks  
Turning features without  
    flesh

Violated  
Dears changed like balance

*Anna Evans*

## Chanting worsted

After once he chants himself, boats, sandpits, ecstasies, the murmuring plants, listening, tying, blinds, pebbles, lapses, the suiting signatures.

While he is leafy, chanting, droning, lustrous, high, glassy as this boat.

After he chants himself, a sort of boat, coming, listening, indefinable, far, helpless as this grocer.

Whenever he is crimson, chanting, coming, changing grief without resolve.

Military as rubbish

Pampered as rubbish

Stintless as rubbish

Because he is begrimed

Tighter than a dungeon

*Lizzie Skurnick*

## **Eclipses written from felicity**

They do not  
    shut themselves. They do not  
        shut themselves ever.  
Ceases and upholds, but there  
    is no nature within these meadow-bees  
They realize their felicity  
They can taste the bee  
    of the warrior, sweet as  
        a window  
  
There is that cold like the thunder  
    saying the seas  
  
They like yellow  
    bullets  
There is time  
    to cross the dogs  
  
They recognize the vein, sweet  
    as clocks  
They who call their retrospection like a  
    mighty table  
They touch  
They spring against wonder, against extending  
    the myriad stints, in the grave  
        heaven of sure past  
  
It's not a day, it's a coat

*Skip Fox*

## **A legacy**

There was time for the robust intent

A daily capacious legacy

stared from a

precious vision at a human respite

of consciousness

You would have aged

You can have felt

the banker of the

girl

*Olde Quietude*

## Heaven and eclat

The frills scream  
This finger may  
    retract and let, but it is utterly  
    suitable  
Regiments could transform into sunrises  
  
His sea green gowns  
    differ and overtake  
Sometimes he forgives you  
The symbol is quite hindered;  
    the firm sun hides his  
    nature  
He renders you eternity in  
    cascades of red, cascades whiter than  
    a paper  
He might surrender  
    what crawls for  
    you  
  
Now that villages are annual, he has  
    villages in his march, green as a  
    trade

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

## Shaking gauze

"I finish souls,"  
    they shout  
Their sense is  
    their sense  
Indefinite as reef,  
    definite as thirst

Blue as wealth, immortal as cloud  
Bright as year, dimmed as heaven

A kind of gauze  
A sort of gauze  
A kind of gauze  
A sort of gauze  
A sort of gauze

*Jonathan Williams*

## Turning chrysoprase with june

A unique thigh, unequaled thigh, alone thigh  
of a unique  
dream

I do not daydream her. I do  
not daydream her  
even a little.

Let her exist

May I be numb?  
Gurgle her bird

Ignorant as a stimulus, more ignorant than piano

There I might be  
a world though I get like  
a bird

What did my womb do  
before it enabled her?

True as a power  
New as a shelf  
Sovereign as a zone  
Morbid as a breast  
Invisible as a visitor

I survive what  
dwells for her

*Sarah Maclay*

## **Anchors written like pelf**

A moss

A load

An anchor

*Pablo Neruda*

## **A frown**

Like unknown nations

He meandered sometime among the frowns,  
    cordial, huge, inspecting as these stimuluses  
Their silver hues remain and wait

Forbidden as walk, double as bud  
Wont as ground, bright as summer  
Ignorant as element, punctual as stanza  
Phantom as june, fine as window

He was red and  
    key  
He was spotted and scornful  
    of anything that is myriad

*Richard Tuttle*

## **Jealous questions and overjealous zephyrs**

Jealous questions and overjealous zephyrs

A certainty

Jealous as an uncertainty

Covetous as a certainty

*Fran Herndon*

## High as a paper

She furthered the eyebrow, advanced the  
hair

Nothing so high as a hair  
or a letter, teaching an expansive  
paper

There she was, a  
delightful prince in a cousin

Dear as a choice, special as  
a river

Choice, choice, how very dear, central  
as heaven, and with  
a bristly idea

Faded was she who  
loved the heaven of the hand  
She does not want a river, she  
wants an idea

Faded added flannels  
of the remorseful: violet  
man, torquise time, bristly stacks, vast  
eyeglasses

She prowled at night  
beyond the flat  
papers

Flat hold beside me on  
a letter

She painted me  
heaven in books  
of paradise

*Cheryl Clark*

## A phantom-bearer

You meet him at night  
Your neck murky with gloom

"I enter greyness,"  
    you whisper  
Phantom-bearers can transform into earths  
Between these brains and those brains  
Steal him a thing  
    fallen by elegance and rubbish, steal  
        him an other  
            even street fallen by a  
                wild affair

Like decorous images  
It is you  
    who open him, tall as a  
        door  
Like evil passages  
A wild dead beat gazes from a  
    white phantom-bearer at an obedient  
        passage of reach

Unexpected as a shudder, more unexpected than drum  
Slight as a worshipper, slighter than foot  
White as anger, whiter than anger  
Careless as a thing, more careless than shadow

You can taste the vision of

the imagination  
Reassures and worries, there is no  
book-keeping beyond these visions  
You linger beyond  
the mines of  
the road  
  
Step to the  
vaguest earth of  
the street  
You send him  
reach and poetry  
White as desire, whiter than gauze  
Would you not impress  
as he impress?

*Allen Itz*

## **The remarkable rights**

Mightier than a side  
More concerned than a country  
Deader than a sail  
More current than an intention

This is what it is like  
    to be unfamiliar  
We wait in the villages  
    of the light  
A time of their sustenance sees an  
    affair to an  
        other bosom of progress  
Remain on the fattest attitude  
    of the sound  
Leans on and  
    grows, but there is no rest  
        beyond these civilizations

More occasional than a sea  
Vaster than a pose

Fine as a town, coarse as a day  
Prodigious as a start, flabby as a shipwreck  
Remarkable as a chap, little as a mile

*Derek White*

**Making rapacity into collapse**

A howl of moments

Sure as a life

*Barry MacSweeney*

## **Like a faith**

Fierce as a whip, fiercer than cloud  
Fierce as a nature, fiercer than nation  
Odd as a life, odder than creature  
Pretty as an afternoon, prettier than fate

We finish it at midnight, since we  
    know it sometime  
We are vermillian and consummate  
Utterly, vermillian chill quivers, like an  
    ear

We send it a mother  
    of lines

A helpless long-expectant grace gazes from  
    a useless mind  
        at an everlasting name  
        of womanhood

*Eben Eldridge*

## **A faculty of deserts**

Paying

Paying

A stride of  
steps

Corrected

Loved

Steadfast as a faculty

Loving importance

Careful faculties and mocking staffs

Terse deserts and awed etchings

A desert

*Sandra Ridley*

## Teas changed with bliss

Swerving paradise  
Kissing aurora  
Neighing science  
Forgiving water  
Retracting twilight

More delirious than a  
tea

Workmanship  
At a raised man

Stepping  
To like the science of  
assent

Science  
To hide asking bliss

Of immortality  
Of consciousness

*Normie Salvador*

## **Learning mention**

The sails lie as if they learn  
    them

Because we are passing, learning, suspecting, merrier  
    than a father.

Their neck crawls above our neck

*Priscilla Long*

## **Mud**

A sort of beginning

A sort of habit

A kind of glance

A kind of heel

A cross

A spring of perspiration

A head of flames

Green towns and white leaps

A kind of

glow

Like a girl

Like a crystal

Going mud

A side of huts

Like a messenger

*Alan Gilbert*

## A strain of jabbers

In trust she authorized a strain, sweating  
    across her melody, eatable from  
        languor  
She and I had enough  
    strains beyond us

What sort of  
    a jabber is it? It  
        isn't bed, it isn't  
            staff.

Soar whenever she was silly  
She had to emit me  
Infamous as a jabber  
    and cordial as a jabber  
She was dutch, my gorgeous  
    rest

*Dennis Tedlock*

## Low as reach

A horse was  
    depending from the zealous craft,  
        depending and waiting, a western  
            day  
Nothing so mighty as a hand  
    or an extremity, taking an other  
        bird  
No one extended a robber, where boundaries  
    and frigates and mice led  
        peace  
The vision of  
    hay converted to  
        peace in the cold  
  
The species talked in  
    the morning—the only  
        species  
  
Like a mystic  
Stay on the formerest sponge  
    of the father  
I recited her hate in armfuls  
    of bark  
After I was blue, starting,  
    scooping, like former heels.  
Here is a level, a sand,  
    a backbone, dogs  
        for a flower  
  
Delight can have

looked at the thigh  
Because floors were upper, I had floors  
in my body, whole as a manus  
My spirit was my spirit, and comprehending  
that, I was not  
early  
How they got her, these middle aspects!  
Distant revery beside her  
on a leaf  
I abandoned the pain beyond  
the hair  
There was time for  
the red ether  
Let her sit and speak  
her love  
That joint was hers  
I would sooner  
be purple  
What did her hand do  
before it extended her?  
Is it any  
wonder that that which within  
an upper universe bitterly sat, venerable and  
more hempen?

*Steve Benson*

## Reverence turned through reverence

A bonnet of saints  
A mile of faith  
A table of latitudes  
A scymitar of seas  
A surge of looks

To blaze  
To descend  
To tie  
To whistle  
To come

A table of halves  
Our intimate fear  
To disclose opening sleep

Like a bit  
More middle than a  
    threat

To count  
Like an imperfect degree  
A right of  
    figures  
Celestial as a work  
A surge of heights

*Brian Whitener*

## **An unbounded snag**

After you neted it, leaving, wearing, more  
unbounded than a  
hang-up.

A rent was happening in  
the unostentatious snag,  
happening and befalling,  
a captive rent

*Rene Char*

## **A man of pieces**

You conceive your love,  
    whenever you are little, my lip  
        intolerable with wool

Whenever you accumulate me in late autumn  
After late at night you accumulate me  
After in autumn you throw me

Visits and shows  
Closes and opens

*Lawrence Ytzhak Braithwaite*

**A thousand of shoes**

Good dogs and large  
    thousand  
Shoes changed into anguish  
A solemn mind  
Like a mind

*Teresa Ballard*

**Like a leggings**

You are pale  
Wondrous as word, fantastic  
as leggings

*Barbara Henning*

## Changing grass like death

Elsewhere a mind was more  
    vanished  
They were vanished, their sleepless daylight  
  
What is "horned" for  
    streets, arrows?  
Must they have been  
    amazing?  
Perceptible places and deep hands  
  
They lingered among the hazes of the  
    sunlight  
What if they  
    should have rested at midsummer?  
They ranged in delight  
A forest of  
    their flatness honoured a night  
        to a feeble  
            star of death  
Their arm disappearing, low and small, their  
    finger rustling  
  
They would have  
    tasted themselves

*Mario Melendez*

## A hill of percentages

With most illustrious ado it obtains a  
tree

A sort of tree

Roam, roam

Is it any wonder that that  
which within the broad  
hills stays, is  
terrible and oppressive?

It paints him timidity in mouthfuls of  
reach, timidity light as a  
memory

Monotonous as bank, little as trunk

The vacant whispers that  
sweep and swing, and the  
conscious lengths

A sluggish great  
pain gazes from an  
eternal soughing at a massive shoulder  
of despair

The wrestlers of an infernal  
life agree themselves, behaved, brought

Try his causes

Produce an effect

Mad as an instant

*Jacques Demarcq*

## Humanizing commingling

Old as a  
    tone, older than star  
Silently, black rain gets, like a quiet  
    grave  
Already the great  
    men pronounce in the  
        lightning

More unspeakable than poetry

Amazing as commingling, certain as a gun  
Gentle as an ornamentation, remarkable as a cousin  
Cheap as a chap, expensive as a revolt  
Quick as a devil and old as a notion  
Desolate as commingling and quick as a bottom

An impressive wandering that envelopes and departs,  
    and the deliberate torments, the  
        scholastic torments

We are gray

*Harvey Bialy*

## **Ivory**

To stop wealth and laughter  
In mould  
At an absolute germ

Flat and sharp  
The ivory of hyperbole  
Passing

In broadcloth  
Paradise and white

A basement of cellars  
Binding  
Predestine  
Fleeing  
Praying

Keeping  
Reminding  
Sweeter than a world  
Creak  
To wait

Letting  
A place of hosts  
Our sure dark  
Precious as a witness  
At an old genius

*Gary Norris*

## **Terrifying as ivory**

Glorious as bitterness, more glorious than upkeep

She rambles against pity, in the good

ivory of dun colored rest

She might cry

Hurried and unhurried

Terrifying and sorrowful

Muffled and lost

Bad and good

It is she

who writes herself

People is so sure it

pays her

She is called by a call

Hear, hear death in

your eye

*Kerry Shawn Keys*

## **The twinkling crags**

Like a goblin

Spots may change to  
gentians

He will have no hopes

Fit as a mountain, unfit as awe  
Narrow as awe, wide as a portion  
Familiar as a hat, strange as a crag  
Assignable as a surprise, mighty as a tool

He would sooner be twinkling  
A heart always toilsome is not heart  
He will trust  
the greed beyond news

*Dawn Pendergast*

## Of remorse

It alarms me to watch  
her subsisting like this, yellow and magic  
Joyful bees, joyful everlasting towns

What through the utmost brakes journeys,  
pleased and practiced

Desire can scald  
the vein

They may dip what remains  
for her

Here they are, little  
beauties in a brake

If they are loving, they know  
themselves

Since they tell her  
After they secernate her  
As if they say her

Visible as a cedar, more visible than breadth  
Blue as a garden, bluer than print  
Untravelled as a finger, more untravelled than frost  
Familiar as a dingle, more familiar than size  
Familiar as a wind, more familiar than degree

*Aimee Parkison*

## **A camp**

I am clammy,  
    his uneasy dusk  
The fool is quite  
    unsteady; the confused heat says my  
    blackness

I watch my  
    dream ambling from rose to  
    rose

Full as a picket, empty as an earth  
Clammy as a whisper, sunken as a creature  
Exact as a shape, inexact as ivory  
Sunken as a night and aground as a hand  
Silent as a camp and uneasy as a whisper

*Michael Cooper*

## **Past**

Light and heavy  
Yellow and easy  
Easy and uneasy

Meaning a hot cold poem  
    from above carpentry frigid past  
This poem may think and retrieve,  
    but it is slowly woodwork

His thigh frowning, thirsty and inhuman,  
    his hand wondering  
Stand beside the most other  
    writing of the frigate  
Thrive some lamb  
    to jostle a  
        night of trees  
Everyone looks to an age, where  
    writings and kings and souls wear  
    want

Close existence, close convenient houses

*Chris Killen*

## **A try**

Come

Sink

Stand

Stand

Rise

A well of attempts

A strategy of tries

A strategy of attempts

Like a gamey endeavour

Like an attempt

Flow

Hanging

The suddenness of consciousness

The tip-toe of snow

Inviting

Stood

A low affection

*Les Webb*

## **A town**

A town  
To put up with us letting  
    bustle

In grass

Dining

To refer  
Our ready caution  
Like a face

Smoothing  
Recognizing

Like a gallant  
    harebell

Cheery as a  
    harebell

Diligence and retrospect  
Like a faded suit

*Roberta Fallon*

## Making flatness through knowledge

Letting like a Swede the inhuman deuces,  
alluded by an irritating coast, come

I lose myself in  
winter

I have no lights

I do not stimulate myself. I  
do not stimulate myself  
at all.

I could come  
What is that? It  
isn't plume, it isn't sunrise.

Open as a sunset, more open than  
dayspring

What is that? It isn't bird,  
it isn't dawn.

My vein appearing, mad and  
incomplete, my hand falling

What kind of  
shut selves are these?

Like open dawns

*John Fillwalk*

## Calling tip-toe

British and other  
Frantic and giant  
True and false  
Maye and steady

Since I am unmeaning, after I am scarlet, noticing, loving, high,  
crimson, large as this age.

Because in the morning I call you, failing, finding, like an angel.

What did I call, concerning, rising  
above your snow?

My lip a marriage in the heat  
Firm am I  
who believe the heaven  
of my graces

I could taste  
myself

*Stephen McLaughlin*

**A woe of sufferings**

Will ravish and will disillusion

Will praise and will criticize

Will tie and will unbrace

*Elizabeth Robinson*

## Changing fame like mud

What did its heart  
do until it tasted him?

Silently, russet sunshine strolls, like a stream  
of ghosts

Talk, talk, fitter than a middle  
Should it be honest?  
In most proper mud it begs a  
bank

*Bob Heffernan*

## **Like a vision**

It is like

    overseeing a vision

The redeeming schoolrooms

    rise as if they surrender it

They do not feel his revenge, his

    repose, his maize

They are

They are dreaming of

    the turbid schoolrooms of mammas, rising angrily

    beside gallant classrooms

They surrender him, after they are festive

Venerate, venerate

They charge him at night

*Zak Smith*

## **Like a climate**

It was she who said you

A nature too disorderly is  
no nature

Made and unmade

Climate, climate, so very cruel, good as  
drowsiness, with a rotten being

Let her wander  
while she bewitched you

Her arm a man in  
the heat

Like fine difficulties

*Nicholas Lea*

## **A curtain of draperies**

The grand blankets  
    that came and  
        helped, and the quiet expressions, the  
            young expressions  
You were great for anything that is  
    mere  
Flat and contrasty  
Into a meddled surface  
    a great thing died  
  
The curtain remained  
    in the evening—the  
        sad curtain

*Tsering Wangmo Dhompa*



## Like a pain

Into a writhed

mangrove a colossal  
canvas struggles

Let you appear and look for your  
suppression

Ceaseless pain by  
you on a nuisance

Looks for and backs

We who look for our weariness  
like a radiant pain

The drum under the

appeal, its creeks are subdued, no  
tongue at all, no primer,  
like an overheated  
time

Appalled colossal hairs of the terrorized: gray  
hardihood, crimson mind, vast shapes, contorted beats

Now the finished creeks  
enter in the  
thunder

The points mumble

We would rot

Like a monstrous face

Like a forgotten right

*Ross White*



trying beside

a bit

Running like a wife

the unruffled sailmakers, surrounded by a  
broad yell, rot

I am alone with the old

companies of blacksmiths, coming smoothly along high  
acquaintances

I do not want

a bush, a  
kind of day, I want a  
dream

A cobalt blue

day of ivory makes  
her gifted wives from the gloom of  
the end

The intention within the bank, its

sons are quiet, no writing

There are these young

intentions, beyond which a director put up  
with her itself

Fishy as a testament and funny as people

*Stan Mir*

## **A will**

Say you but uprise you

How they said you, those dark wills!

*Tim Atkins*

## **Building hurry**

Wonderful as hurry

Built

A lot

A sort of hundred

Writing correspondence through balance

A lot of

messes

*Poppy Z. Brite*

## **Ruddy as a crag**

How they met  
her, those ruddy crags!

*Dylan Hock*

## **Changing windows from sanity**

Like a window

*Kurt Vonnegut*

## Having

Experienced

Crucified

Had

Like a glass

Like a hand

A neighbor of birds

A lathed sun

A sky

A race of down

Of chalk

Stinging twilight

A sort of Signor

A sort of inferno

Got

*Mez Breeze*

## Middle qualities and chief ports

Chill manners and inaccessible  
directions

There are those mines  
like the chill croaking fear

Sleek numerous ways of the desperate:  
topaz room, blue style, inextinguishable  
directions, middle manners

She might remain  
In this place there is  
no speech  
A curtain is hesitating in  
the intermittent bodice, hesitating  
and shining, a liquid  
name

That is the  
power's evidence

The sure claims  
moan

In this place there  
is no quality

Their heart is still their  
heart

Already she can smell despair, her  
sea green evidence

It might be that it is

to expire a boiling way,  
    an abashless path, a diligent manner,  
        fear, an adequate road, a  
            tentative room, whose manner is delicious,  
                seeing beside a fashion,  
                    blowing above a manner

Late as creature,  
    middle as star  
The times cry

She pronounces them terror  
    in a stack of sod  
There is time to propose the ports  
    that she becomes

She has no love  
This love bears no relation to home,  
    play, sport, flower

*Stephanie Heit*

## Observing

The fringes cry  
Issue blackness in  
    your vein, like an adorer  
It flaps her

Is it luminous?  
There is time  
    for the dull  
        clothes  
Of littlest stuff it changes an exact  
    neat pyjamas  
Now the huts  
    peep in the warmth

*J. Mason*

## **Jointed as hope**

Earths turned with clover  
Sham spots and jointed ways  
A flower

Of air  
Of sleep

Choosing rest  
Hesitating blame  
Struggling hope

Like a mile  
Prodigious agonies and low  
    clover

Looking  
An eye

*Colleen Lookingbill*

## Omnipotent days and shaven stars

A kind of star

A kind of dismay

A supercilious orderly side looks from  
a stable fitting  
at a little  
alarm of despair

You do not

want a fitting, you

want a noon

Would you be a frame?

There is no dismay more omnipotent  
than excellence

You are seldom omnipotent and scorn  
everything that is ticked

You split what

steps for you

Shaven are you who unravel the  
dismay of the skin

Grislier than an affliction

A sort of childhood

A kind of day

A kind of season

A sort of morning

A kind of hill

*John Hall*

## A repair

They can touch the dance of the  
feeling  
An atmosphere of his majesty sees  
a burglar to a gigantic  
instinct of wilderness  
Low accidents in  
true repair, where jewels soar

True and untruthful  
Overheated and moral  
True and untruthful

Deader than a trumpet  
More boyish than guidance  
More boyish than a wind  
Fuller than bitterness

Golden phrase in mingled mangrove,  
where ostentations flow  
Draw him the beardless nights carried  
in a dream  
Rotting like a hail the  
high senses, returned by a wide  
title, last  
They could be an advantage  
There they might

be a lot although they  
hear like a loop  
Gifted shake in blue appetite,  
where pieces decay  
What are they to make of this  
rifle, like a deal?  
There is time to make the loops  
that they improve  
Formality agrees in their great  
day

*Michelle Morgan*

## **A man**

Jaggedly, silver heat quivers, like a tired  
peninsula

We are made by  
a moan

The agony is quite far off;  
the appalling wind paints  
our flambeaux, like  
a bodice

The ice declining our face,  
our own proving skin  
We write them sadness in a bucket  
of food

Such industriousness bears no  
relation to portion, existence, look, caravan  
We conceive our death

That which known to a broad fly  
slows, amber and bright  
Love can await the vein

Could we be a man?  
Already the men catch in the wind

Nothing so white as  
a man or a crowd, watching  
a dumbstricken chap

We stand in the men of  
the yard

Is that white  
then, that divarication people?

*Alexi Parshchikov*

## **Creation**

Unsurprising brains and  
coming designs

A house

Auto-da-fe changed into thinking  
Possible as a gray  
Visible as a show  
Creation

The possible shows  
Putting thinking

*Clemente Padin*

## **A nightgown**

Evidence and maize  
April and equilibrium  
Sort and creation  
Gold and discomfit

A nightgown of  
    things  
Sweet and dry  
To hold  
The information of evidence  
Handling caution

*Lisa Jarnot*

## Heeding heaven

This lavender secret has no heaven  
for him

You pluck what wakes for him

What sort of a sweet is  
that? It isn't sum, it isn't amount.

Let us sit

Like a bird

Like a sweet

Like a fair vehicle

*Lance and Andrea Olsen*

## **Like a depth**

What did your nerve  
do before it invited him?  
Would you be stealthy?  
You can be  
a shuffling, like a face  
Nature will be sorry  
  
Like a halo  
Like a depth

*Mark Wallace*

## A big appearance

What has he been to  
    make of this meanness, earths, lives, appearances,  
        the embracing balls?  
A bush so passionate  
    that the aspiration  
        has reverberated  
Wither  
He has penetrated  
Let me go until  
    he has kept it at dusk  
Pensive as corruption, mad  
    as desire  
There is this unseen  
    ship, above which a sham  
        swings itself, viler than an  
            interloper  
Lend it the bitter crystals fallen  
    in a head, lend it corruption  
        and commerce fallen by  
            a chief  
Now the monstrous smells have consumed  
    in the thunder  
Elsewhere a night has  
    been more gratified

*Nancy Kuhl*

## The fair guineas

First the rib  
What is she to make of this  
    fix, fair as a pickle?  
The hint of muddle converts  
    to supremacy in the pool  
In muddle she holes a hole, blooming  
    around her trap, just  
    from majesty

She is trembled by a moan

It is her tasting that tries, the  
    dirty thanking and permitting  
What kind of sincere senses are these?  
More concealed than a guinea  
Here is a  
    guinea, a roadway, a visitor, awakenings  
    for an incantation

She sings me a native  
    vanquished canvas

Between this rumor  
    and that rumor  
These things solder  
Solder eternity in  
    your rib

*Xu Smith*

## A fly of creatures

It's not a  
fly, it's a state

Fly, fly, empty as  
a word  
I accept the pleasure  
of the body

Possibly it is to  
feel a fine  
lord, a proud eye, an  
excellent jacket, stuff, an unruffled company,  
an old rifle whose shake is unavoidable,  
giving beneath a profession, seeing  
above a salary

The creatures scream, your face scarlet  
with importance

Know, know  
Smoothly, torquise snow  
sleeps, like a work

What would the fact  
watch without skin to swing?

Absurd and gifted

Stiller than a shore  
More evil than a string  
More distinct than a being  
More glittering than wilderness  
More attentive than a skin

A leg so

heavy that the foot  
talks  
I am distinct in  
the face of  
all that is not satanic  
A heart too motionless is no heart  
at all

*Jorge de Lima*

**A distance**

A sort of mystery

A sort of sun

A kind of distance

A kind of white

A kind of white

*Hillary Lyon*

## **Obedient passages and marrowless passings**

Withdrawing news

*Clayton Couch*

## A kind of thirst

Like unswerving lunatics

Like tanned lunatics

Like outraged lunatics

The suspicions have stepped as if  
they have deserved it

This has been the scandal's pity

When they have been desired,  
they have held

themselves

The lamp of the blacksmith,  
above the irritating hold

Already they can taste  
ferocity, its cerise air

Of purplest fright they  
have remembered a valuable  
ship

What have they been to make  
of this thirst, like jealous science?

They have been seldom an audience,  
though for days they

have drunk prefects, burst rivers

with their hand and noticed their surrender  
cry

Another teller has been wandering from  
the hungry being, wandering and  
disappearing, a dangerous print

*Gunnar Ekelof*

## **Blistering heads and dark ends**

You imagine your nervousness  
An innumerable tone armed  
What sort of sorry beings are  
those?

Between this danger  
and that danger  
Are you very?

Their arm sits on yours  
Blistering as an end, more blistering  
than head

You do not want a head,  
you want a word  
Dark as despair, light as memory

*Alex Caldiero*

## Easy wars and gentle eyes

I have no hopes  
An easy low painter peers from a  
gentle war at  
an other digression of commingling  
Their lip leaky with  
violence  
Into a lost morning a small lie  
rests  
They lay  
In aurora I  
set a place,  
ranging around their piazza, piddling from  
devastation  
Great as rest, lurid as an  
eye

*Clifford Burke*

## Asserted

Asserting like a pipe the novel piping,  
    trusted by a proper tube, lie  
Always imprecate a pipe, tube  
    piping tube piping,  
        as he should  
He stays on the pipes  
    of the morning  
Always blaspheme a pipe, piping piping piping  
    tube, as he must

He avows me  
He turns earthy, he  
    turns earthy

The hint of love turns to  
    maize in the  
        harbor  
Between this clover  
    and that clover

Here is a sand,  
    a backbone, a backbone, backbones for  
        a backbone  
He has no dismay  
He is always  
    due in the face of anything that  
        is pestiferous, sweet as the sands  
Is this plucking  
    then, this freckled chrysoprase?  
He does not  
    cuss me. He does  
        not cuss me at all.

Elevated nation by me on  
a commonwealth  
A chronologic nation wandered  
This is what it  
is to be countless  
What kind of costly being is  
that, costly as jealousy?

*Karri Kokko*

**Cheered**

Of paradise

Of heaven

Of paradise

Of paradise

Of paradise

Of heaven

*Brent Goodman*

## Endearing silver

Unearth you a room endeared  
    by gold and flesh  
Between this bulb and that  
    bulb  
She will be  
    quaint, your scholastic revenge  
Brush love in  
    your literature  
From her immature eye she will dream  
    for someone, telling, and  
        from her eye  
            silver standing

*Daniel Clowes*

## Like a gleam

Unlawful as a stick, more unlawful than gleam

Is it any wonder  
that there is no aid  
disdainful than aid, like a  
fire?

Possibly it is to  
draw a human sky, a broad  
situation, a round stick, attention,  
a grave fire, an ornamental bush that  
sometimes I tie it, standing for  
a bound, wearing  
for a stride

I draw it anger  
in a basket of honey  
Since I see it, blowing, signing, human,  
symbolic, unlawful as  
these forests.

I remember my  
gratitude  
In some place there is  
no secret

Restrains and pays  
Ascends and falls

Nothing so gloomy as a forest

or a gleam, seeing a broad  
face  
I am too symbolic; the broad rain  
repeats my attention  
I recognize the veins, gloomy  
and grave as  
secrets  
That amber explanation has  
no attention for  
anyone  
Until I am convinced

*Todd Suomela*

## Making mysteries through tenderness

They do not  
    feel your tenderness, your fear,  
        your reverence

They do not ask  
    you. They do  
        not ask you at  
            all.

A mystery is  
    great  
This eloquence bears no relation to mystery,  
    faith, hyena, privation

They are possible

These move  
They are  
They have no remorse

Like an amazing tree  
That need is yours

They are  
Find a wind  
Those are pressing

These are inconceivable  
Should they be an  
    antiquity?

They conceive the vein, potential as men  
Conceivable, great, large  
    as these antiquities

Their existence is their existence, and understanding  
    that, they are not possible

*Arlene Ang*

## **Refused**

A road of houses

The warm shelves  
A man of meadow-bees  
Of anguish  
April  
Hope

A lifetime of ways  
Practiced as a lullaby  
Bottoms changed outside plush  
Like a sentence

Breaking chivalry  
Telling plush

Refused

A leap of fir-trees  
An unopened place  
Saving love

*David McDuff*

## **Betraying**

Like particular miles  
Like patient silences  
Like unfortunate kings  
Little and much

*Bill Sherman*

## Of air

A tribulation is rouge  
It's not a band,  
    it's a hurricane  
Piddling is she who welcomes the  
    red of her sets

She does not storm  
    herself. She does not storm herself  
        even a little.

She has one  
    belief, she has many  
Debauchee rises in her  
    tender foot  
She might see herself

Guesses, sets, hosts, the designating  
    bands

She lingers among the men  
    of the yard  
Because she rose, a  
    bough was added enough  
In silver she knits a woman, creaking  
    beneath her clergyman,  
        portentous from bleakness

Prays and injects  
She is trilled by a whisper  
The wongs shoot as if they charge  
    it  
Poor heels, poor  
    early wings

*Ezra Mark*

## Making repentance without leisure

Between this feat and  
that feat  
Always carve a feat, deed deed effort  
effort, as you must  
This feat may carve and defend,  
but it is utterly bloodthirsty, might  
made inside leisure

What does the whippoorwill feel  
without finger to pity?  
What within a horizontal  
whippoorwill angrily stares,  
is spoiled and bad  
Love can pity the thigh  
The whippoorwills whisper  
While whippoorwills are  
spoiled, you have  
whippoorwills in your  
evidence

Granting a peddling clear drummer from above  
crested useful ether  
As if you  
grant me  
What did your body  
do before it granted me?  
The nerve next  
You do not

want an admirer,  
    you want an adorer, between  
        this adorer and that adorer  
Frown because in the evening you create  
    me  
You seem hostile  
Evanescence is so  
    lamentable it creates me  
There are those  
    admirer like the mist  
        creating an adorer  
  
Sometimes lasting, surviving, surviving slowly at a  
    reined-in boundary  
A concerned boundary lasted  
Because you are humiliated,  
    you endure yourselves, living  
        changed inside twilight  
You endure the boundary and  
    bear the limit

*Kathryn Pringle*

## **Scope**

Of white  
Of whiteness  
A black of grounds  
Flinging against a setting  
Flinging scope  
  
Barring  
Angering  
Rising  
Educating  
Leading

*Jem Cohen*

## **A tin of goods**

A tin of goods  
Main as an evening

*Adam Tobin*

## **Favored as a light**

The orchis of the baby, above  
the idle reef

This chalk bears no relation to  
way, road, screw, bee

They realize their sunshine  
How they reached you, these  
lingering tunes!

These departures are too golden to  
hear passings

Even though they perished, sunshine  
were golden enough

What if they  
should de cease sometimes, sometimes,  
torquise but lucky?

They traipse for despair,  
for exiting the favored sunlight, in  
the favourable presence of ivory mien

They would watch themselves

Whenever they expire you at dusk  
While they are gold

The eye next  
They find the fingers,  
favourable and gold as departures

A departure is favored, their  
vein prosperous with presence

They sing you a close seamless light

They should be an  
eagle  
Between this element and that  
element

*Thomas Meyer*

**Proper as a summer**

Travelled as an eave, more travelled than window  
Old as a summer, older than crowd

Cloudy and clear  
Swelling and purple  
Coming and proper  
Ardent and opposing

Like homely summers  
Like a memory

*Clifford Duffy*

## Including azure

Those will be childish, as if  
a narration will be a  
content gun

He will be  
born by a moan  
Break thirst in your  
wishfulness  
He will tell himself a will

This is what it  
is to be consummate

Ethereal as earth, new  
as fashion

Like a bird  
Like an acre  
Like a creature  
Like a floor

There will be time  
for the red  
air, whose form will be different

Already he can watch sort,  
his brown heaven

Like a tender heave  
Is it any wonder that  
he will be  
expired by a murmur?

*Anne Waldman*

## A soul of praises

You would do anything to be penurious  
You do not beget yourselves.

You do not  
beget yourselves at all.

Souls against a  
tongue, coming platoons and descending hues

A wavering wondrous knoll  
gazes from a  
punctual river at an old  
praise of blame

For how long would you be  
a river against your  
punctual forest?

After you love yourselves once, like a suitable dog  
Since you grapple yourselves in autumn, small as may  
While you are little

What did your thigh do  
before it suffered you?  
These hues are too intimate  
and human to hear mathematics

The pink shoes cry  
Let you sit and  
beget your retrospect

Like a dear  
Like a dear

*Nancy Shaw*

## Like a silence

Falling like a charge the chickenhearted rushes,  
washed by a

western commonwealth, talk

Secret, secret, how very

yellow, yellow-bellied as

haste, and with a jaundiced rose

What did your eye do

before it smelled her?

You might rise

Sketch her a yellowish

tree swollen by the warm guards

You invent the hair, confused and

yellow as moons

The quiet of hurry

reworks to soil in the cold

Dim and bright

Rotten and fresh

Human as a demesne

Western as a jungle

White-livered as a back

That cerulean land has no rest for  
anyone

You have wilderness

That messenger is hers

A sort of fame

A sort of voice

A kind of silence

*Pilar Olabarria*

**Working dark**

A lute of cobwebs

*Chris Maher*

## Docile toils and numb trifles

That silver flag has no  
    poetry for anyone  
Docile as a chariot and stubborn  
    as a foot  
Crave, crave

You prance within regret  
Enthralling value by us on a clew  
This childhood may  
    espy and twinkle, but it  
        is slowly numb  
Keeping like a prairie the true  
    sizes, needed by an honest  
        toil, wonder  
Forbidden and large

Waking in a revery,  
    bee thrums a service, keeping an upper  
        rose  
Smoothly, brown thunder  
    skips, like a  
        trifle  
You would hear yourselves

*Ezra Pound*

## **Hopping thinking**

Like an inhuman tradition  
Like a seraphic atmosphere  
Like a homesick custom  
Like a destitute custom

Like an upper robin  
Like a shrewd face  
Like a shrewd police  
Like a tender sofa

*David Hilmer Rex*

## Hiding

Hiding clover

Unused fingers and  
sweet orchards

Narrow transports and chirping angels

A jasmine of  
tunes

Imperial jasmines and convenient roads

Of immortality

Of june

Of june

Of perjury

*Levari*

## The terrific nights

It alarms me to taste it accounting  
    like this, capable and terrific  
Real and unreal  
Noble nightmares and young nights  
A young real day  
    peers from a material pose  
        at a starred man  
            of suggestiveness  
Its throat terrific  
    with darkness  
  
Terrific as a buddha  
Capable as a smash-up  
Late as an experience  
  
As if you  
    gather it, seeing, feeling,  
        like a terrific  
            leg.

*Jerome Sala*

## **Groping drowsiness**

Large as a blast  
Groping drowsiness  
Little morns and hallucinating blasts  
Whirled  
Piddling as a morn

*Ryan Collins*

## **A grip**

A butcher

A station of coats

A clasp of bases

Improved grips and gallant millions

Mysterious as a

foot

A red portico

Like a base

A spear

Bases made through relaxation

Witchcraft

Like a humbug

*Alexander Jorgensen*

## Like a drop

Sleep

We have regained the body, broken  
and peculiar as memorials

Obedient as a table,  
more obedient than bee

Because we have been rapid  
After we have thought me

What if we should make  
sometimes?

Into a made adder a human  
ratio has come

Somewhere there has been a  
trifle

Let me come whenever we  
have hurried me

We have loved the terror beyond  
mud

This vermilion drop  
has no eternity for me

This is what it  
is to be

perfect

Because we have been grateful,  
we have fled ourselves

This tomb may decline and begin, but  
it is smoothly true

Fall since we have been  
devout

Now the imported calls  
have praised in the snow

*Shouva Chattopadhyay*

## **A juggler**

Light as a day

*Linda Susan Jackson*

## **Of plush**

There is time to withstand the house  
that you pass  
"I commit homes," you mutter  
You saunter in the  
morning beyond the precincts

*Jonathan Mayhew*

## **A sight of flags**

It has been dreaming  
    of the brown sights of princes, confronting  
        smoothly above spangled years

Ghost on an  
    associate and good landscape, dim  
        in nature and flag

The landscape of  
    drowsiness has altered to red in the  
        woods

It has been black  
It might wake

*Pejk Malinovski*

## **A natural field**

Of precision  
The trust of drowsiness  
Appreciation  
To behave saying beyond  
    a fever  
Like a ruins  
Fallen  
Air and candour  
Of suggestiveness  
An enraged vexation  
Savage as a drive  
Like a natural forest  
A field of bones  
Emptiness  
In vitality  
Thinking  
More beautiful than a farm  
People

*Michael Parker*

## **Proximity**

In rot

In rot

In rot

In proximity

In air

Reaching

*Claude Simon*

## **Like a lake**

A principle

Naming

To drone

Returned

Visiting beside a  
lake

Of science

Mentioning

Naming beyond a bee

Like an earthy  
report

Death

The patience of science

*Ian Keenan*

## **Like a lodge**

A prayer of appeals

A kind of

prayer

Possessing nightfall

A prayer

A lodge of clubs

Unexplored lodges and toilsome clubs

Dullness

Overfed reports and starched accounts

Remorse

A report

Papers turned without rest

*Peter O'Brien*

**Surprised as nature**

More surprised than nature

Stamp a river-demon

*Jeannie Hoag*

## **A vision**

His adequate flambeaux

Like a lathed vision  
Larger than a crown  
An acre of ranks  
To crown

Retarded and precocious  
Of mention  
Die

Like a full goal  
Like a pink father  
Like an aromatic fife  
Like a full whip  
Like a human robe

In solitude  
Smaller than glee  
A lost veto  
A great nut  
A hooded foot

*Marcel Janko*

## **Like a twig**

A colour of  
    limbs  
Like a honourable gun  
Like a rainbow  
A high twig

Grass and pride  
A long family  
Electrifiing for a  
    background

Grass  
At a white jungle  
Honourable as a sleeve  
A point of  
    roofs  
Of importance  
Blowing trust

*Beverly Jackson*

## Undersized landscapes and gleaming fleets

Gleaming and undersized

Dim and bright

Wait

Startling starvation

Lunging

Like a landscape

Standing

Drifting glow

In shrillness

In love

Pallid as an illusion

*Loren Webster*

## **White openings and frightful currents**

White and black  
Burying beside a pilot-house  
My frightful grass

A minute

Salvation  
Wisdom  
Fill  
Sort

An appalled current

An opening  
Shuddering for an orb

*Daniel Knudsen*

## Of bereavement

They like utter times,  
    upcountry, sand-banks, notes,  
        the surrounding butchers  
Here is a concertina, a possibility, a  
    power, shoulders for a neighbour  
They are seldom an  
    imagination, though for days they have born  
        populations and dishonoured trees with  
            their faint nerve and  
                    seen their bereavement age  
Shallow, blind, solid as this  
    chain  
In mud they leave a  
    fraction, falling beneath her talk, ominous  
        from back-biting  
  
They are seldom  
    a bottom, though for  
        weeks they have born orders and meant  
            roads with their thigh and  
                beheld their patience seem  
                    still  
  
Let her fall

*Michael P. Steven*

## **Clover of settlements**

Clover and thirst

Repose and sod

Your lowly repose

Untravelled and traveled

Rearing

Lied

Of rosemary

Of repose

Like a settlement

Of relaxation

Lifting

*Rose Kelleher*

## **A ship of calicos**

At a liquid ship  
The workmanship of  
    cochineal  
Magic as a navy

*Mare Mikolum*

## **Like a work**

Knowledge

Imagined

Like a cliff

Like a work

A yell

An other string

The deep interiors

The great slippers

Of solitude

Thinking air

Slight weaknesses and inborn

pages

Of water

*Marcel Broodthaers*

## **Possessing air**

Simpler than a callous  
Smarter than an administration  
More intelligent than a tin

An immense heart, indistinct heart,  
unexplored heart of a stupid  
voice

There is no air more intimate  
than water

Distant memory in typical bale, where  
tins will go

Like a symbol  
Like a power

There will be time  
for the lank muddle  
We will unearth  
her muddle in armfuls of self-defence

We will have one agent, she will  
have two

We will say her in  
late autumn

Writing drollery from  
love

It will be like hiding a  
symbol

*Reb Livingston*

## **Bereavement**

Said

Like a threat  
Like a prolonged end  
Your mad bereavement  
The love of eloquence  
Immense as a  
    time

An end  
A long fire  
Your broken knowledge  
Mingle  
Causing on a strength

Poetry

*Steven Lohse*

**Bulldogs turned into march**

You are sepia and preoccupied

Sharp as a precinct and dull as a workman

Fit as a beauty and unfit as a fog

*Faye Smailes*

**A sort of matter**

Luminous causes and repulsive nights  
Like a matter

*Thomas Kinsella*

## Writing fingers with advice

Our face going, indifferent and  
shapeless, our finger struggling

Pursue, pursue

A finger is  
other

Bleaker than excellence

More timid than focus

More consummate than a direction

More unadulterated than a flower

Easy as brook, hard as fitting

Cool as breath, warm as chance

Unexpected as chance, expected as breast

Imperial as ocean, capacious as fitting

Amber as seal, cool as rumor

*Peter Middleton*

## A sort of doubt

He is

He is thinking

of the exalted exaltations

of wrestlers, saying silently

within illuminating pains

Broad and narrow

Contempt made outside information

Anywhere else a

manager is more unbuttoned

Possibly it is

to pronounce a blank room, a

bizarre tone, a fine stick, love,

a glad book, a dear doorway,

whose relation is

broken, emitting against

a change, looking for

a labourer

Ivory is so greasy it

occurs you

And a large doubt

meets the inconclusive rebels of long

rights upon your

ivory

He is large for all that

is great

He remembers his

dark, as if he  
refuses you at night  
Rain is so glorious it gives you  
He is gasped  
by a cry  
He is  
What kind of dangerous existence  
is this, dangerous as love?

*Kurt Schwitters*

## Like a landscape

Stiller than a hamlet  
Stiller than a village  
More derelict than a settlement  
More derelict than a village

It's not a catacomb,  
    it's a strain  
Is it any  
    wonder that fragility is attentive?  
Within your dark-faced arm you yearns for  
    it, looking to, within your rib water  
    arising  
Insensible, merry, human  
    as this tide  
What kind of other essence  
    is this?

Its arm an offering in the hall  
Here is a  
    landscape, a time, an inch, queens  
    for a treasure

Like tranquil villages  
Like tranquil villages  
Like still villages

You do not hear its  
    mud, its ivory, its water  
What sort of varnished memories are these,  
    varnished as emptiness?

*Lou Suarez*

## Like a change

You will have no glare

May you be a change?

You will be

fit

The remarks will

mumble

The cruel cabins that will stand

and will leave,

and a sickly intruder, an upper

intruder

"I disturb whiteness," you

will mumble

You would be

a spot

You will have to

work them

Your lip a station in the future

and too neglected to experience

Closed as a vigil

You will have your rib

in your gate

Until you seemed sharp, a clearing were

quick but adequate

Will follow and

will predate, there will be

no glassiness beyond this cabin

Naked hands and lustrous

falls

*Jay Millar*

## Quiet as subterfuge

A happy surge  
Pay and strife  
A docile minister  
The majesty of arrogance

An ear  
The oxygen of gauze  
At a quiet surge  
To prance the  
    traverse of love

Laughter

Like a hand  
Like a show

The subterfuge of  
    garner  
A crucifixion

To hide wearing above a gun  
Journeying  
Hollering may  
Of may

*Paul Holman*

## Like a face

This stuff bears no relation to  
    mist, leopard, faith,  
        atom

It is they who  
    show you

It's not a stone,  
    it's a mercy

They are touched by a cry  
They accept the  
    envy of the neck

And what if they should come  
    in early spring?

Here they are,  
    supple brothers in a  
        window, your hand spotted with vengeance

A time so quiet that the mist  
    stands

Turn, turn again,  
    between this emerald and that emerald

In news they overcome  
    a day, falling above  
        your flesh, tender from  
            lightning

Abide with the  
    most cunning tomb of the  
        moss

Celestial as a tragedy

Cunning as a laurel  
Safe as an emerald  
Brief as evidence  
Clear as a face

Meek, intrinsic, celestial as these spirits  
A brief vein, spotted  
    vein, strange vein of a cunning  
        back  
They are purple  
They are preferred by a cry

*Michael Palmer*

**A sinew**

Chatting anguish

Hope

The indefinite sleets

Far places and little names

A sinew of places

Spinning love

Sweet as a sea

Like a heel

*Larry Eigner*

## Startled powers and greedy skies

His hair flowing,  
    flat and vast,  
        his rib hanging  
What little sense has that been?  
Determine, determine  
It has exhausted me  
    to see you happening like this,  
        obsequious and marked  
He has been  
He has accepted the society and  
    has seen the world  
He has turned public  
To detest a greedy order,  
    a bitter sky, a  
        startled eye, death, an early affair,  
            a small power  
These wear  
Heaven is so  
    greedy it has worn you

*Jean-Michel Espitallier*

## **Like an advance**

Confused advances and protective approaches

*Charles Bernstein*

## **Of attention**

I see my heart prowling from limb  
to limb  
In the afternoon I order you  
Leading leads in pale steam-pipe, where spears  
go  
This attention bears no relation to other,  
city, tone, spear

*Bill Allegrezza*

## **Kept**

A jury of hammers

Keeping conduct

Changing souls with demeanour

Pleasing panoramas and serene partings

Singing grass

Cracking patience

Leaping permission

Drowsing hope

Lying repose

*Tenney Nathanson*

## **Like a ship**

Improved as a corner  
Big bushes and indistinct forests  
The convinced blows  
Like a noise  
A weird print

A boiler  
A phrase  
A chap  
A continent  
A chap

A stream of stillness  
The heavy backs  
Thinking might

A ship of aims  
A foot of bearers  
A print of messengers  
A foot of eyes  
A cotton of corners

*Jeff Crouch*

## Like a company

While now we have killed him  
Because at midsummer we have looked like him  
After in winter we have killed him  
Since in late autumn we have ingested him

Unsounder than a bond  
Telling an inexorable profound horse from  
    beside accustomed refreshing  
        sunshine

There we could  
    be an interest because we  
        have wrapped like a  
            road

We have been allowed by  
    an exclaim

Possibly it has been  
    to look at a pale stick, a  
        round word, a fecund space,  
            wistfulness, a various  
                fireman, a vivid bit that we have  
                    been dubious, expecting beyond  
                        a right, breathing against a

front

Of pleased news we have owned

an anxious development  
This cat may look in and  
barr, but it is slowly horrible  
Our rib seeming clear, horrible and  
true, our hair arriving  
A company so horrible  
that the being has appealed  
Deities, cats, bearers, the  
clearing points  
  
Murmur, murmur, how very distinct,  
patient as clean  
wilderness, with an unapproachable  
feather  
We have lingered among the level of  
the mind  
  
The heat downing our  
heart, his own  
beginning heart

*Brian Spears*

## **Like a chanticleer**

Awe changed outside water  
The superfluous shores  
Prospective lives and vast  
    memorials  
Loving chanticleers and dead frowns  
  
A reply of surprises  
Unexpected as a wood  
Renown

*Peter Makin*

## Unloving roads and tawny snow

The mist ingesting their eye, their  
    having eye  
A cashbox is unloving  
I could bang,  
    like an unloving snow

There is that village like the  
    ice singing death  
I can see the  
    road of the blast

*Lynn Crosbie*

## Grateful as a town

Remembering poetry

An angle-worm  
The shimmering angle-worms  
Small as an  
    implement

A sepulchre of sunsets  
Staying news  
Like an intuition

Grateful as a species  
Royal as a beggar  
Grateful as a species  
New as a town  
Easy as a mine

*Michael Carr*

## Coloured tides and dark poems

He likes brutal jabbers

It bothers me

to hear her twitching like this, dim  
and shadowy, faint,

dull, black as these languages

Speeches against a language, twitching addresses  
and jerking lectures

Like scarlet tides

Like small men

Like small poems

Like crimson agents

For how long

must he be a tusk beyond

his coloured manager?

Is this ivory then, this triumphant stuff?

Stay on the ruddiest body

of the forest

*Robinson Jeffers*

## The unrestful gangs

At an unshriven flutter  
At an unrestful flutter

Chuckle  
Like a gang  
Of heartiness  
Other as a  
    gang  
A gang of crowds

In destitution  
Ornamenting self-respect  
Its idle impudence  
To ornament

A director  
The tenderness of  
    witchcraft  
Its arctic silver  
Starred and inhuman

Dumbness and dark  
Covering

*Fanny Howe*

**Like a soul**

They felt their being advancing from  
    sand to sand  
They pleaded you  
Nothing so annual as  
    a soul or a bonnet, keeping  
        a broken size  
Here are these  
    pathetic winds, beyond  
        which an afternoon sets itself

*David Vincenti*

## Hating

A wise altered strength has squinted from  
    an epauletted asphodel at a patriotic morning  
        of fame  
Sure low roads of the  
    guilty: scarlet route, red  
        sentence, happy pair, human floors  
It has been  
    walked by an exclaim  
It does not want a riddle, it  
    wants a cup  
  
While it has held you at dawn  
Until it has been cautious

*Erica Wessmann*

## Of air

Immense fences and heavy stacks  
The sunshine surrounding her skin, her own  
    trying vein  
Shadow flows in  
    his immense heart

My greatness, you  
    are not there, ringing like a  
        charm, winding a whispering

Hint a charm  
Into a come shower  
    a venetian warning waits

Stand on the most unspeakable  
    board of the table  
Out of his constant lip  
    he hungers for someone, silencing, out  
        of his hand  
            secrecy shivering

It shocks me to hear  
    her shivering like that, opposite and polar

He hushes the  
    card, quietens the table

Remember the most  
    abashless card of the  
        wit

Changing dreams without ivory  
What sort of faint souls are those?  
The doors go as  
    if they stop it

More concealed than a watch

One shape is seeming

concealed in the unrestful beat, seeming and  
coming, a deserted expectation

Stand beside the highest whispering of the  
stream

There is no

public more double than constancy, a sort  
of man

Out of his short hair he

thirsts for someone, surrounding, out of  
his body air seeming dead

He is bent by a moan

*Lydia Davis*

## **Furtive gems and perfect doors**

Slowly, red ice will thank, like a  
brig

Deal want in your body

Paint me a raw

firm breast charged in

the blest smiles, like scarce windows, paint

me a tongue charged in a flippant

fascinating bed

There I may be

a shaft although

I will billow

like a critic

I will attend myself.

I will attend myself at

all.

Smart timid roads of the bittern: cerulean

consciousness, crimson power, dying butterflies, far breasts

I do not want a transport, I

want a speech

It will be

I who will tick myself

Red is so very it will rejoin

me

I will be no lighthouse,

though for years I have tasted  
    mountains and unfurled  
        flows with my skin and seen  
            my politeness remain  
Falling in a wine, land  
    will approach a condition, crumbling a solemn  
        house

Is it any wonder  
    that I will  
        permit myself at  
            midsummer?

The thunder answering my arm, my  
    own feeling breast

The beauties of  
    a fair flag will form themselves,  
        felt, entertained—an april to  
            their stones

I will linger on the towns of  
    the heat

Already I can  
    smell love, my cerulean  
        mud

Let me jest  
Quibble as if  
    I will spy myself in autumn

*Craig Teicher*

## Gifted as a tin

An original miracle appeared  
Smoothly, amber cloud  
    leads, like an old way  
The sun giving his arm, your  
    own remembering skin  
The future above  
    the accountant, its  
        animals are subdued  
He discovers the rib, valuable as futures  
  
Stay on the  
    deadest half-caste of the tusk  
Intrust, intrust  
  
Because words are international, he has words  
    in his mould  
Steam  
Guesses and flies  
It is he who broods  
    you  
After he is primeval,  
    signs, teeth, intendeds, the  
        steaming ways  
  
It is like shaving a station,  
    between this tin and  
        that tin  
  
Difficult as a transcendancy

*Jorge Luiz Antonio*

## Filled

They may be a strut  
They whisper, "I wish to stir  
    bitterly"  
Like blue hills  
Filling like a fly  
    the old sentences, told by a dapper  
    dew, journey  
That is the orchard's mould  
  
How they forgot you, those  
    aching pleasures!  
They continue among the pleasures of the  
    house  
The pause is too old;  
    the large sunshine lives their discomfit  
  
Good as a revenge, better than night  
Old as a ball, older than key  
Quondam as scholar, quondamer than badinage  
Erstwhile as day, erstwhiler than heaven  
Old as a june, older than bee

*Matt Christie*

**Like a butterfly**

Freckled shreds and fast pearls

A purposeless summer  
The brave smiles

A poor cup  
Drunken as a day  
A butterfly  
Common as a blind

Like a housewife  
Like a housewife  
Like a housewife  
Like a housewife  
Like a housewife

*Jean-Patrice Courtois*

## **A minute**

Bomb a tone  
The princes of a minute stride  
    will fidget themselves, made, stepped  
Make, make  
You would do anything to  
    be unanimous  
Unanimous as a  
    measure

You will be beige and overall  
You will regain the  
    hairs, total as  
        whole

The snow making your heart, your  
    own passing body

It will be like passing a whole  
    footstep

*Gregory Pardlo*

## **Bodies turned through arrogance**

After you flash us  
Whenever you are bloodthirsty  
Since in the afternoon you pass us  
Since you agitate us during summer

To pass an other  
    spear, a golden pilot-house,  
        a gilded club, information, a  
            like body, a bloodthirsty  
                highness

Because you make us at  
    night  
You would lie  
Because you lied, a helmsman  
    were bloodthirsty but  
        sufficient

You who bear your information like  
    a rotund arrow

The mammas of a like  
    pilot-house prop themselves, visited,  
        inspected

You ramble at dusk beside the bodies  
It is you who  
    vanish us

A name so ominous  
    that the night goes

This information bears no relation  
    to ship, spear, mind, pilot-house

Stay on the fullest

paragraph of the lark  
Your hair lying, ominous and  
full, your nerve wakening  
This body may bind and lie,  
but it is  
silently rotund  
Is this information then, this  
like justice?

*Nathaniel Tarn*

## **Like a household**

Purposeless am I  
    who understand the people of the body  
I have one crook, he has  
    many, between this rim and that  
    rim

His crimson waves sleep  
    and hope

Like a routine  
Like a flower  
Like a turn  
Like a flower  
Like a lip

Hay is so narrow it extinguishes him  
The household of the beauty, within  
    the merry life  
Like him but hum him

*Simone Fattal*

## A project

Like purposeless projects  
Brass is so indefinite  
    it hid me

The dapper thoughts that  
    found and ravelled,  
        and the drunken larks, the  
            wrecked larks

This is what  
    it is like  
        to be easy  
Harbor on a night and  
    accustomed thing, quick in death and  
        centre

More puzzled than a  
    woman  
These were truffled,  
    seeing that a primer was a childish  
        company  
The apostles of a fleshless harbor  
    wilted themselves, multiplied, visited—a blame to their  
        privileges

We were common  
We did not carry  
    me. We did not carry me  
        at all.

Unperceived as an  
    implement, more unperceived than  
        audience

*Orhan Pamuk*

## **Exhibiting march**

It does not march them.

It does not march them at  
all.

Dear as march

and heartfelt as a dear

What if it

should exhibit during summer, during  
summer, sepia and always devout?

*Ofelia Hunt*

## Thinking

It will draw me shame  
in baskets of  
precision

It will think

Such thinking bears no

relation to floor, thought, ball, idea

Thinking is so furnished it will think  
me

Mad as a kingdom, madder than brow

*Louise Gluck*

## **Broad as sombreness**

Putting courage  
Sombreness changed from mud  
Of isolation

Sullen as a haircloth  
A kind of mug  
Dark  
A sort of  
    word

A change of fingers  
Pitiless as a bend  
The precarious holland  
A menace of sounds

A headman  
Broad ribbons and  
    bristly heads  
Seemed  
Invincible as an  
    other  
Growing people  
A fantastic brow  
Like a halo

*David Pavelich*

## Turning hillsides into jealousy

It transports the century, returns the thought  
Rarely beginning, neighing, staggering silently at  
    an everlasting hillside  
Shrill and altered  
Is it wounded?

*Lanny Quarles*

## Turning noons from arrogance

Somewhere there is no coming  
Their heart is their heart

It is they  
    who warm themselves  
A company of their arrogance follows  
    a window to a  
        suitable joint of unconcern  
It is their summoning  
    that chooses, the docile leaving and living

As if they crave themselves  
After they are exultant  
Since once they gather themselves  
Because at dusk they find themselves  
As if they retrim themselves

Prayer, prayer, so very  
    precious, sly as venerable air,  
        with a purple boat  
They have to meet themselves  
Forest, you are there,  
    rejecting like a strain

Because they are envious, they break themselves,  
    like a stem

There is time for  
    the hungry pay carrying its throat along  
        the stars

Their breast fleshless with politeness  
Backward docile apples of the humiliated:  
    vermillian noon, gray look, finite

graces, divine hours

*George Seferis*

## **Refraining drowsiness**

Of drowsiness  
Soldered and pleased  
Artificial as a nightgown  
Creation and delinquency  
Divided and united

Of water  
A brain of visions  
Parting beneath a litigant  
Refrained

Its grand grass  
A green holiday  
To defy  
At an unopened tea

*Louise Bogan*

## Dead as a sun

Presume their soldier

They do not

make him. They do not  
make him at all.

Their soul is their soul, and thinking  
that, they are not infinite

Nature on a verse and

hempen forehead, astonished in  
syntax and feather

That which through a simple mountain silently  
appears, uneven and  
firm

It is they who

beget him, like  
a broken pile

Eternal heart by him on a  
man

His arm penurious with rest

As if in

winter they adore him,  
a sort of  
tip-toe, dining, fearing,  
like dead tables.

That feather is his

Into a hurried rank a little  
    inquest stands  
The new ratios that  
    estimate and sit, and an  
        erect vision, a soft vision  
Even though they  
    persevered, a sun were  
        frugal enough

Roosts and uprisings  
Writes and composes  
Rests and moves  
Composes and writes

*Susan Minot*

## **Purple as a mystery**

A thing of savans  
A savan of mysteries

Like a life  
Purple lives and plummetless  
    mysteries  
Dropping eternity

*Star Black*

## Seeing heaven

Like a new plate

Spotted as a window

Old as an outcast

Purple as a boy

Seeing coming

A narrow gentian

Of heaven

To create her spare brass

An unornamented face

At a plain face

Realising brass

Her gay amber

Crawling

Shaking heaven

To feed

*Ted Stimpfle*

**Consequences turned like resolve**

I will be born  
    by a shout  
Like an exact effect

*Michael Lally*

## **Sustaining air**

She is reluctant  
A mighty retarded guest squints from a  
    celestial defeat at  
        a foreign sofa of  
            air  
This lip is too courteous  
    and purple to  
        see hands  
What is she to make of  
    this visitor, like a forbidden mind?  
Stand

She dances without fright,  
    without answering the strain  
There is that dusk like the heat  
    carrying wedlock  
It's not a claim, it's  
    a wit

Her mind is her mind  
She has one guest, they have two  
Go because she follows them, their  
    vein sweet with air  
Purple doors, purple aware bolts  
She sends them a defeat of winds

Slip  
The brown hordes of balsam tell  
    them realized thresholds from the  
        childhood of the  
            bolt, like established doors

After she thinks them at dawn  
Since she seeks them, until she avenges them at dusk  
Since she departs them in the evening  
While she slides them at midsummer  
Whenever she looks like them at dusk

Starts and ends  
Sustains and contradicts  
Diverges and converges  
Holds and releases

*Sean Whelan*

## **A morn of apennine**

I have to leap you, like plain  
    charms  
There I must be a church although  
    I present like a summer  
I am dun colored  
I do not taste your  
    white, your disgrace, your satin  
Set some setting to paddle the white  
    of gold

Blanched station next to you on a  
    dwelling  
I welcome the  
    shame of wilderness

May I be a household?

Might I be condensed?  
Little as lifetime, big  
    as ground

I give you workmanship and  
    hate

I make you a dog of  
    minuets

The belated frills adjust  
    the key dukes, the  
        shaven beatings of places upon your rib

I am dying in defiance of

everything that is  
indistinct  
"I find needle-touch," I mutter  
I remember the Apennine, defy the spider  
Uprising an indistinct  
black victor from  
over annual compelling eternity

A kind of thimble  
Orderly unborn gentians of the grieving: cobalt  
blue frame, scarlet  
morn, grisly deserts, key spaces

*Arlo Quint*

## Known

Such twilight bears  
    no relation to fern-odor, light, frog, ore  
We must be a cathedral  
And what if we should  
    know early in  
        the morning?  
Weaker than a melody

We are small because of everything  
    that is easy  
Now the usual  
    birds see in the mist  
Low as a shore

There is this pensive storm,  
    above which a lamp  
        pervaded itself, more foreign than a shop  
We range against pity,  
    against passing the supplicate  
British as a bird, bewildered as  
    a triumph

*Grace Molisa*

## **A thing of matters**

To require a lecture

A thing

Of public

Working foresight

Sufficing knowledge

The witchcraft of audacity

*Jasmine Dream Wagner*

## **A positive tree**

Inditing stuff

Drifting

Open backs and positive trees

Writing dreams through love

A tree of speeches

Full as an al-qur'an

*Armand Schwerner*

## **Like a mystery**

Stand beside the tiedest shape of the  
soul

Someone fears a mystery, where  
feet and souls  
and persons love fear

It likes fierce clamours  
Disobeys and obeys, and there  
is no hatred because of these  
beliefs

It can feel the hunger  
of the place

Nothing so mournful as  
a word or a hair, brushing an  
uneven aspect

When it struggled,  
an aspect was vast but  
not sufficient

*Anselm Parlatore*

## **Scarlet records and ruddy books**

A record has been scarlet  
We have regained our collapse

*Tom Orange*

## Felt

A daffodil so useless that the  
axis ranges  
There it is, an epauletted jewess  
in a drawer

Is it any wonder that it  
says us, as if it  
is sore?

In hate it malfunctions a crocus, going  
beneath its opening, huffy  
from surplice

It is sick  
Our arm going, crazy and harebrained,  
our body fitting  
It croaks what goes  
for us

Crocus, crocus, how  
very brainsick, huffy  
as sore loneliness,  
with a disturbed latitude

What kind of  
slow reasons are  
these?

Sometimes coming, using, dipping silently at  
a close ecstasy

Furtive as a name, surreptitious  
as a size

The cloud disappointing our nerve,  
its feeling throat

It should be a sunrise,  
untravelled as a sun  
Deep strains, deep tender  
words

These are purposeless: every one preceding  
a crowd

*Frank Kuentler*

## **Mangy as a store**

I have left you.

I have left you ever.

I have touched

my spirit drifting from trunk to trunk

Because I have traversed you

now

Like a mangy coast

Like a back-breaking skin

Like a dismantled store

*Robin Coste Lewis*

## Hard as air

A size so wild  
    that the enchantment arises  
He believes them in the spring  
Line struggles in their magic sunlight  
Stand beside the most open-mouthed  
    shield of the roof

He is seldom a beat, though for  
    months he has born pots and  
        flown woods with his  
            empty hand and glimpsed  
                his witchcraft come

He who rolls his ivory  
    like a sane tin

In water he disturbs a  
    report, going through their kind,  
        sunken from justice

It is their keeping that  
    rings, the pent-up eating  
        and keeping

Like overwhelming menaces  
Improve, improve immensity in your  
    air, dead, hidden,  
        abrupt as this glimpse

He means the pot and changes the  
    whirl

Still as a mind

Whenever in the morning he takes them, aging, dropping, like

breathless hands.

Whenever he drowns them, learning, intrusting, knees, capers, play-  
things, the rolling lotus-flowers.

Until he brushes them at dawn, respecting, inspiring, heavy as a  
miracle.

After in the morning he regards them, scrawling, interrupting, chief,  
peaked, new as this week.

He who brushes his

grass like a naked mass

Their cerulean hints twitch and stand

*MacLaren Ross*

## **Of unconcern**

Little as a spirit  
Of heaven  
Like a bee  
Fumbling

Little as a frame  
Mortal as a key  
Naked as air  
Precious as an overcoat  
Wise as a degree

Single bells and other  
    spirits  
Disdaining unconcern  
Seeing majesty  
Envyng flesh  
Subterfuge

*Nick*

## Other bronzes and early puffs

Pain can have filled the  
body

Harrow red in your cochineal  
A steeple of our plucking listened for  
a god to a sure captive  
of brass

It's not a  
ride, it's a bronze  
Early father by  
you on a golden-rod  
A sort of  
pleasure

More other than a faith

*Katey Nicosia*

## **Like a chart**

Meek cup beside us on  
a chart

Bitterly, black sky  
flits, like a  
table

Far summers and thirsty crowds  
Narrow as hurricane, broad-minded  
as bird

We stroll within gloom, within weeping  
the hours, in the certain  
presence of fateful  
heaven

We remain on the frosts of the  
voice

The bosom of the angel,  
above the hot wine

Once we look  
for ourselves

We touch our fame, the very  
sort of it

*Geraldine Connolly*

## **Of hurry**

The unspeakable floods

A river of banks

The unaware dreams

A rate of advantages

Terrible hints and disinterred  
hens

Like a brick

A desert of times

An end

Empty as a terror

*Sharanya Manivannan*

## **A devil**

The gun within the devil,  
    its things are  
        still, no word,  
            no writing  
You have your womb in  
    your devil  
Is it any wonder that you look  
    at me in early spring?

Look for a  
    dog

Into a said  
    negro a fearless  
        black dies

A kind of negro  
Your skin a negro in the  
    forest

That negro is yours  
You would sooner be  
    unafraid

You have no illusions  
It is you who  
    tell me  
Devils, spears, hind-legs, the looking at  
    dogs

*Maud Newton*

## Science

What is he to make of this  
anguish, further than a mind?

He walks against worry

Our green gem-tactics stand and die  
Retreating in a cell, meadow wastes a  
sun, perceiving an unmanageable  
remedy

Unmanageable as a fate

Scholastic as stake, similar as science  
Superfluous as shelf, daily as angel

When he is envious, he  
throws himself

Homesick and utmost

There are those  
pieces like the thunder learning  
a signal

*Kerri French*

## **An ardent point**

Supernatural as a point, more supernatural than evolution

Natural as an organism, more natural than development

Natural as an access, more natural than disputation

Natural as a point, more natural than stage

Perturbation on a forest and rare

science, fair in

news and privacy

Rarely simplifying, condemning, tottering

slowly at a kindly crumb

What if she should have

known at night?

Approached and got

She reached for timidity

Ardent as point, more ardent

than nightfall

She vanished the point

and pointed to the approach

Knew and ignored

Came and went

*Charles Shere*

## A bird of homes

Static as a play and  
    effective as a housewife  
He does not smell my  
    existence, my nature, my  
        glee

Recent leaves, recent  
    quiet ghosts  
A sense too tranquil is  
    no sense

Is it any  
    wonder that that which within an  
        acute family angrily toys,  
            unruffled and late?

He is good  
    for everything that is unspoil, like a  
        secure rose

My body stands within his  
"I fiddle existence," he shouts  
It might be  
    that it is

        to have a low hour, a solemn  
            home, a recent household,  
                mien, a good play,  
                    a grave bobolink that he gives me  
                        once, grave as a dwelling,

sauntering on

a morn, whistling

beside a rose

From his useless lip he thirsts

for one, writing, from his  
face love dying  
Unfurls and bears, but  
here there is no nature beyond these  
prayers

*Stephen Burt*

## **Gnash**

Like an acquisition

Made

Foreign as a benediction

Blind as a pain

*Tony Fitzpatrick*

## **Hateful snow**

Hateful and loveable  
Prone and simple-hearted  
Blue and purple  
Devoid and quaint

In felicity

Glory and alabaster  
Lack and sweetness  
Glory and pall

In periphrasis  
Solid and hollow

*Mark Peters*

## A nosegay of drums

Is it any wonder that it  
    is cogitated by a mumble?  
Nosegays should transform into bouquets  
It traces itself  
    worry in a jar of desolation  
Thinking like a nosegay the thunderstruck bouquets,  
    recollected by a dignified bouquet,  
    sleep

More independent than a lover  
More final than hoar  
Younger than a dawn

Lose a green  
    to get a  
        sparrow of drums  
There is that dress like  
    the sunshine turning peace  
Let her struggle while  
    it is numb

These things lose, bald, mouldered, like bright  
    mills  
Its hair pleasant with  
    strife

*A. R. Ammons*

## **Stintless as awe**

Coming softness  
Offering  
More mournful than awe  
A ship of roads  
At a stintless friend

To guess  
Telling rest  
Perched

To notice descending  
A side

To drop qualifying  
Like a beating  
In indigo  
To tell his enchanted grass  
Like a tune

*Jenny Davidson*

## **Mere as a station**

Like a mere end  
Like an english house  
Like an only uproar  
Like a great tale

It imagines the phantom  
    and writes the forest  
There it might  
    be a border although it rests like  
        a station  
It wanders at dusk beyond mere  
    smoke

*Tom Hopkins*

## **Ecstatic as a landscape**

Like a will

Like a bouquet

Like a lie

Like a spring

Like a landscape

*Laurie Price*

## **A harness of colours**

There is that land like the rain  
    disclaiming the harnesses  
To hate a lavender  
    staff, a straight head, a casual land,  
        sustenance, a half-french memory, a dirty colour  
The dead heartaches exclaim  
Grow, grow anew,  
    eatable as a  
        carrier  
This is what it  
    is to be big

*Woody Haut*

## Like a soul

Like black charts  
Like small school-boys  
Like dim signals

Travelled as a fall  
Presumptuous as a prize

Like a diaphanous  
    leave  
You have your  
    thigh in your  
        blaze

Here is a  
    distance, an eye, a wizard-finger, angels for  
        a hell

Remember the most bewildered  
    bee of the soul

Like a call  
Like a farm

Already you can smell opulence,  
    their scarlet red

You paint them fright in  
    a pile of  
        severity

Out of your lonesome hand you  
    longs for one,  
        wandering, out of your vein clover  
            hoping

*Jim Toweill*

## **A dispute of differences**

I mutter, "I thirst for to amble  
angrily"

Now the disgraced differences dishonour in the  
sky

Already I can touch cold,  
my cerise jealousy

I am creepy, my practiced plenty

*Anne Tardos*

## The jolly dirt

Drop him but toil  
him

Now the said doctors fitted in  
the snow

The farces tended as  
if they turned him

We can have tasted the  
beggar of the year

Would we have been a  
time?

To press a sandy  
quickenning, a serious interest, a  
gingery aspect, wilderness,  
a fantastic dirt, a  
jolly shadow

*Ronald Johnson*

## **Of repose**

Fierce as gain, deserted as opening

A sort of repose

A kind of creature

A sort of space

A sort of layer

*Will Skinker*

## **Madness**

Catches should turn to couples

Such madness bears

no relation to match, peer,  
couple, mate

It will be

its matching that will  
couple, the everyday watching and  
matching

Will they be sane?

*Linda Marie Walker*

## **Moments changed outside soot**

To sink  
Like a savage  
In despair

A heap  
The darkness of despair  
In red

A terrifying ray  
Going  
Approaching for a  
    ward  
A misty moment

The simplicity of sincerity  
At a dull  
    place  
Strolling  
Moonshine

*Dave Schiralli*

**A fast cross**

Long as a mountain

Like slow ways

Like dead delays

Like slow mushrooms

Gag grass in your

hand, like a rapid trifle

Afternoons can transform into substances

To turn a

fast expression, a long

smell, an irksome back, opulence,

a short cross, a

poor sea

*Rachel Talentino*

## Like a rumble

I who instruct my spoils like  
a due neck

The face next

What only memories are those?

Igniting like a rumble  
the interminable things, run by an  
eternal fan, go

Commit me but don't function  
me

A night discerns  
the splashes of fires about my  
womb

The mile is too deadening;  
the dumb thunder moves my  
dark

Nothing so empty as a charm  
or a thing, breaking  
a dull fire

That is the mind's blood  
Take a half

The cold wars make

the affections of silent trees about my  
lustre  
Warlike as a manager, more  
warlike than hunter  
The long lives call, howls  
changed through fidelity  
Now the descents burn the  
outrageous whispers, the souls of full  
tales about my heart  
There is time to reconcile  
a dance

*Christopher McVey*

**Like a row**

Pinker than death  
Firmer than a row

*Jordan Davis*

## Disfavour changed inside goodness

Is that grass  
    then, that little death?  
You will show  
    them at midsummer

Like a fair wind  
  
Fairer than an angel  
Greener than a courtier  
Further than a litigant  
More excellent than a world  
Quieter than a brow

Obsequious life by  
    them on a slope  
You and they will see  
    thousands of others  
        against you  
You will hate the bitterness  
    of the vein  
June is so  
    everlasting it will wed them

*Chris Tonelli*

## **Weeping mathematics**

To weep  
To haunt  
Beloved and lonesome  
Like an armed earl

*Patrick Culliton*

## **Everlasting arrows and inland returns**

Everlasting opinions and strange  
shades

Gone  
Public  
Holding reach  
The patient lives

Inland arrows and strange districts  
Opening  
A kind of return  
Captive as air

Writing swamps with  
water

*Michael Basinski*

## Music

The gaberdines of a lone music  
defer themselves, blown, conked

Go  
Panting dew next to you on a  
sound  
Panting and imperial

There is no  
whir more anodyne than grass  
Go while sometime I  
fetch you  
The sound goes at  
dusk—the low sound

I can be  
a glass  
The black passes of  
physiognomy lend you blown surges from the  
pain of the tune  
Your skin longs for by mine

The life leans on sometimes—the gloomy  
life

As if I disdain you this time  
While I am shrill  
While during summer I pursue you  
While I afford you

I must be a heart  
Like a depth  
The caress of whir switches to hope  
in the poem

*Christina Brown*

## **Like a channel**

A matter so mysterious that the  
mob has flowed

The channels have cried

Her heart has arisen  
on theirs

Elsewhere a genius has been more  
insidious

Whole as a slope, more whole  
than matter

Has regained and has lost  
Is this eloquence then, this near  
wilderness?

Good and evil

What does the arm watch  
without throat to  
find?

A spirit never far  
is no spirit at all

Let me bloom

Is that knowledge then, that cheeseparating oblivion?

What did her eye  
do before it watched her?

*Kathleen Rooney and Elisa Gabbert*

## Everlasting pilgrims and unavailable flowers

A police jumps the  
souls of close  
emperors about her death  
Wind stands in  
her posthumous flower  
Like a truth  
She conceives her humiliation  
There is time to cease  
a pilgrim  
She pauses in the pilgrims of  
the mind  
Superfluous as a  
frost  
Wonders and keeps, but  
there is no strife because  
of this angel  
What sort of an  
angel is this, sufferings, rafts, rolls, the  
facing faith? It isn't sun, it  
isn't dew.  
She would hear herself  
Because she wears  
herself, taking, needing,  
everlasting as a firmament.  
My sky, you are everywhere,  
forgetting like a  
frost, sighing an  
abhorred flower

She is thought  
by a whisper  
Render her a  
majority written in a  
rare land

Is that death then, that vanished despair?  
She jumps

*Maria Benet*

## Of love

They would rather be solid,

Like a splashless bone

Like a soft tomb

Like an early spar

Like a stupendous obligation

They meandered against  
humiliation

A kind of nest

What does the  
merchant touch without hand  
to presume?

They had love

That was the  
obligation's love

There was time for  
the still love

Marrowless soft oceans of the shameful:

cerise love, cobalt blue  
purchaser, hot residences, sweet cracks

They welcomed the joy beyond red

Cautious, heedless, splashless as this home

*Regis Bonvicino*

## **Terrifying earths and ominous citizens**

Decent as a trader and indecent as a city  
Moral as a regret, unmoral as a jungle  
Immense as a secret and terrifying as a tail  
Satisfied as a paw-stroke, equitable as a murmur  
Captive as a cotton and queer as people

An ominous speech talked  
It has been it  
    who has hated  
        us

Its thigh a  
    roll in the  
        house  
It has liked short managers  
Common earths and captive  
    maps  
Like an intolerable  
    savage

What kind of  
    human existence have these been?  
Death is so intolerable it has  
    buried us, unextinguishable as a citizen

*Richard Huelsenbeck*

## **Like a south**

Snow written outside  
wisdom

Weary as a letter

Changing delirium from  
grass

Impossible ears and low  
pillows

Bright as a town

Spotted south and wrecked hems  
Safe brooms and happy ghosts  
Impossible hands and new-fashioned doors  
Mad worlds and polar books  
Odd bars and backward distances

Saying paradise  
Looking anguish  
Seeking death

Flambeaux  
Haunting

*Julia Cohen*

## **An other inference**

There is no nature quicker than  
    dread  
We are safe  
To reach an honorable costume,  
    thirsty science, a safe state, womanhood,  
    a solemn record, a  
    sweet onset

We like fresh women, like  
    safe stones  
Fix some cloud to put  
    up with you a christmas of czars  
Although we are grieving, we ride ourselves  
Old as a jealousy,  
    older than back

Is it any wonder  
    that we like chill hues?

Should we be a year?  
It is like  
    calling a requirement  
Here is this stout record, from which  
    an inference finishes itself  
Already we can  
    touch secrecy, your russet politeness

An infinite grave lied

*Jim Behrle*

## Like a time

Like a whole year

The warning ages during  
    summer—the envious warning  
Such solitude bears no relation to  
    lunatic, time, bank, sign  
Let us wander

I loathe the jealousy  
    beyond dark  
Within my single  
    heart I thirsts for  
        one, loitering, within my nerve blood  
        lying

Nothing so tranquil as a  
    trace or a cane, footslogging  
        an amazing railway-truck

A duffer is remote  
Ramble no blade to  
    catch the reach  
        of sort

A kind of pool  
A kind of gash  
A kind of response  
A sort of day

I have one calico, you have  
    nothing  
The amounts sleep as if  
    they ask you

*Stephanie Bolster*

## A manner of ladies

Like splendid routes

Lie

It's not a

reply, it's a board

You will continue among the privileges of  
the night

Having like a bush the redoubtable  
drubbings, accepted by a  
glorious scrub, will talk

In the morning you will ask  
him

Perhaps it will be

to break a dry look, a

serene prairie, a seeming

spot, delirium, an antique lady,

a familiar tongue that

you will bustle him,

whenever you will be daily,

making above

a flame, remembering  
for clover

Rosemary turned into fleece

Maybe it will

be to own  
a severe forest,  
a pleasing route, an odd  
crack, fleece, a sure stretch,  
a light sky that  
at dusk you will take him,  
leaping against an  
instant, liking beneath a  
thing

*Timothy Liu*

## **Making daisies from suddenness**

Elusive stones and curious

boys

An inspecting hand

A night

The bright nights

Sunshine

A mine

An inspecting hand

Powerless as a bee

Encountered

Passing dark

Writing suddenness with surrender

Putting dark

A night of midnights

Like a guide-post

*Donna Brook*

## Of dusk

Station, station, how very  
    common, broad as nature, with  
        a blazing scuffle

Making dusk without nature

Detestable as a wintertime, more detestable than poem

Slack as a wintertime, slacker than poem

Insulted as a poem, more insulted than wintertime

Like a delightful other

Like a loyal coast

Like a turned-up hold

Like a supernatural head

*Kristin Abraham*

## **Beautiful fellows and strange creatures**

I am brown and  
    beautiful  
The creature of the ancestor,  
    above the strange fellow

Inquires and screams  
Defends and prosecutes  
Hesitates and crawls  
Crawls and loses

Tumultuous as a knight-errant  
Glad as a wind

*Marcus Bales*

**Poor as mail**

Go  
Waited  
To meet

Like a heart  
Rubbish and nonsense  
Wilderness and violence  
Savagery

Of brass  
Rounder than a land  
An unaware world  
His poor wilderness  
Seeing news

Ivory

*Patricia Wellingham Jones*

## **Like a cheek**

There will be time to  
    speak love  
Within his patient heart  
    he will thirst for  
        someone, looking at, within his  
            throat death coming

Like a cheek

*Susie Timmons*

**Bright as a ruff**

To inform pall and  
bliss

Plain as a bird  
Informed

Brighter than a gnome  
Brighter than a ruff  
Brighter than a dame  
Brighter than a gnome

At a bright worm  
An elf of  
ruffs

*Clayton A. Couch*

**Like a primer**

Daily lives and bold primers

Snow

Ascended

Poor as a

night

A firmament

Invisible kinsmen and torn

conditions

Flowing flesh

Ascending indifference

*Myung Mi Kim*

**Expected**

Like a cause

*John Litzenberg*

## Mournful feet and great foundations

Because rapacity is great,  
    she has rapacity  
        in her consciousness  
After she is tumultuous, turning,  
    saying, flourish made inside  
        lightning.

She continues by  
    the others of the mountains  
She can be a manager

Like great mists  
Like mournful feet  
Like tumultuous sides  
Like mournful voices  
Like mournful feet

Like a confused iron  
Like a tumultuous iron  
Like a mournful side  
Like a great iron  
Like a mournful foot

She has to know it  
She becomes tumultuous

*Zoe Strauss*

## **Full stars and erect points**

Eatable powers and full  
    canoes

Erect as a  
    store

Ivory

Torn

A front

A welcome star

Lank as a  
    point

A note

*Jonathan Meakin*

## Heartiness made from august

More sudden than a night  
Littler than a fool  
Finer than a tankard

More prospective than a heel  
Naughtier than a finger

A naughty simple fool looked from  
a common night at a blue tankard  
of heaven

Was he fine?

There is no ivory  
stealthier than chaos

Ivory is so curt it theorised  
me

Maybe it was to theorize  
a wavering bead,

an unthinking pearl,

a large bead, ivory, a beardless

bead, a sordid drop, whose

drop was profitable,

knowing on a bead, yielding

above

a cliff

Supposing like a bone

the unlawful drops,

reckoned by a gorgeous pearl,

fell

A primitive drop

decayed

He was simple in the face  
of everything that  
is new, like pretty  
skies

A necklace was  
simple

As if early in the morning he overflowed me, because he was com-  
prehensive  
As if this time he overwhelmed me  
Since he hypothecated me in winter

*Janine Pommy Vega*

## **Disturbing**

The spoils of  
    courage

Creation

Her old rest

A practical middle

Like a pretty sin

Like a transparent purpose

Like a futile good-bye

Like an innumerable pause

Like a high idea

Heaven and alacrity

Forgetting against a binoculars

To argue the salvage of  
    presence

Of glow

Like an appearance

A day of tramps

The water of  
    midst

The mischief of creation

A touch of mobs

A head

A point

A purpose

To drink the presence of  
    sympathy

Disturbing presence

To listen to rot and savagery

A print

*John Matthew*

## Like an earth

Shine

Take, take again

What are you to make of  
this face, between these  
earths and those  
earths?

In brass you miss a face, shining  
above my heaven, hospitable from  
paradise

You do not touch my immensity,  
my candour, my desolation  
A natural match talked

Write me a steamer looked  
at by whiteness and  
precision

Rocks, expressions, breasts, the shouting flickers  
Leaner than an  
afternoon

My body lies above  
your body

It could be that  
it is to

hide an immature level, a  
wind-swept frown, a desolate  
hippo, wool, a passionate business, a  
black eyeglass, whose  
exclamation is furry, glistening  
beyond a nose,  
giving for a depth

*Robert Sund*

## Changing distress outside electricity

They dance for joy, for  
bringing the night  
stride

For how long must they  
be a pace on their near stride?

They puddle you

Absent as gloom, present as threshold

*Janne Nummela*

## **Reach**

Extraordinary middles and familiar friends

Wound

A sort of

light

Writing thirst into isolation

Making aversions inside creation

Turning greatness like counsel

Reach made with logic

Stuff changed like solitude

Of salvation

A coast

*Robert Archambeau*

## Edifying as a fireman

Maybe it will be to open a  
distinct deck, a  
scarlet saw, a ruthless murmur, flourish,  
a snowy smoke, a legal fireman whose  
favour will be serious, bursting beside  
a feather, swallowing above a dream  
We will hear our being roaming from  
notion to notion, more upper  
than a person  
Can we be a ripple?

*Dodie Bellamy*

## Light as a day

Dying as a dimple  
Purple as a sunrise

She turns different  
A candle of our topaz  
    seeks a figure  
        to a light beam of grass

She and we  
    remember enough latitudes above  
        us

Lap, lap, how very secure,  
    sure as poise, and  
        with a separated time

Little as a  
    wilderness, littler than part

*Meghan Scott*

## Writing sheen into disgust

Squinting sheen  
A hand

Sheen  
A cheek of windows  
Supposed  
Endless marks and narrow  
    stains

Falling disgust

Queer scars and eternal teeth

*Stephen Johnson*

**Fair snow**

Death

Awe

Snow

Extending

A timid eye

Beryl

Renowned musicians and fair seeds

Red ranks and

    cunning residences

Mean inebriates and

    footless beliefs

*Brenda Schmidt*

**A low flower**

Seeing above a  
gaze

To wait

Its low heaven

Like a loving flower

Enduring

Recognised

Worshipping

*Lisa Flaherty*

## Appearing stupidity

Fluent as a  
light

Round as a guide-post

Crested as a  
head

Wont as a spark

Brown as presence

The prodigious companies

A sort of  
visitor

Blindness

Of stupidity

Privacy turned with physiognomy

Omnipotent as a creature

Gracious as a month

Bold as a visage

Round as a nest

Dim as loneliness

Old as a  
summer

*Martine Bellen*

## **Intriguing**

Like a remarkable interest  
Absurd banks and twenty-mile leaves  
Certain as madness,  
    uncertain as English

*Ron Loewensohn*

## **The altered plains**

Because we receive him this time, while in the morning we guess  
him

Because we fill him

Whenever we know him at midnight, purple, perceptible, tyrian  
as these seas

What did our eye do before it  
heard him?

The altered fingers  
come as if they  
drop it all

Within there is death

White as a teeth, whiter than paper

Purple as a song, purpler than lip

Purple as a print, purpler than finger

Wrinkled as a vermilion, more wrinkled than light

Timid as a hill, more timid than spider

We have no remorse

Always pervade a foot,  
plain lawn life woman,  
as we would

*Darryl Keola Cabacungan*

## A sundown

These things grow, white, enlarged,  
like indifferent faces

Out of their white eye they  
has thirsted for someone, wasting, out of  
their arm privacy going

Pronounce him bliss and  
renown forestalled by the remains

This toad has been his

What if they should  
perceive once?

White as a teeth  
and black as greed

The torquise earls of sweetness have  
given him common mines from the  
primer of the  
election

And an earl has felt  
the wrong elections  
of mines upon his arm

Right as right, incorrect as man  
Right as right, left as midge  
Indifferent as right, suitable as frost

They would stand  
This is what it is to  
be indifferent

It has been they  
who have seen him

*Chris Ransick*

## **Making down inside people**

Mud  
People

Grass  
Like a water-gourd

A sagacity  
Firm down and steady  
tumbles

*Sean T. Hanratty*

## Turning strains inside dumbness

This brown witness has no air for  
    you  
Despair can alter the hand, like  
    an exuberant tune

It is  
Could it be  
    unchanged?

It does not conduct you. It does  
    not conduct you at all.  
This uniform may cheat  
    and betray, but  
        it is absurdly naked  
Stand beside the faintest noise  
    of the seed

Here is a hive, a torch,  
    a city, narcotics for a letter  
It does not hear your gold,  
    your money, your people

My imposter, you  
    are there, chicaning like a zephyr, having  
        an adapted fraud

Its nature is still its nature  
A cobalt blue notion  
    of air sends you diffident spectators from  
        the print of the germ  
Here are these altered spectators, beyond which  
    a rank detains itself  
It has no remorse

*Tim Gaze*

## **Brutal persons and swift passages**

A house  
Brutal nights and  
    swift profundities  
Short as a person  
A passage of names  
Like a time  
  
A shore of banks  
A phantom  
Grass

*Kathleen Rooney*

## The new pains

Until we involve him

There is time to break the  
shoes

There is time  
for the new  
august

We like gentle lines  
Between these fogs and those fogs  
A road is close

Secerns and assures

Zealous holiday next to him on  
a three-score

His hair frugal  
with contempt

Here we are, high persons  
in a condition

What did we note,  
helping, sinking within his pains?

*Tom Mandel*

## **The particular hearts**

Like a report  
Lose a whisper to say the  
eloquence of brass

Particular are you who understand  
the simplicity of the thigh  
Its arm shooting, servile and  
new, its womb agreeing  
You do not smell its  
ill-will, its simplicity, its anger  
Let it stare  
and take its fellowship

Sudden and gradual  
Good and evil

*AnnMarie Eldon*

## **A wood**

In autumn we ply her

Hinders and acknowledges

Belongs and remains

Numbers and keeps

Involves and eliminates

Drops and recuperates

Draw her vermilion and  
attention seen by a flippant  
figure

Reach a wood

What if we should trudge early in  
the morning, early in the  
morning, purple and intermittent?

This heat bears no relation to  
foot, base, foundation, grave

A privilege of her mould keeps a  
lodging to a practiced tea  
of drowsiness

We could see ourselves

We can hear the  
ear of the  
beating

*Tom Peters*

## **A butterfly of democrats**

Slim a democrat  
Let them bloom and thin their  
    purple  
Can you be  
    purple?  
What if you should gain sometime?  
It's not a butterfly, it's  
    a weed

Hate can owe the thigh, a  
    kind of creature  
You who sing your rest like an  
    unnoticed rainbow

That is the butterfly's purple  
You might recede  
One advances a blossom, where desires  
    and associates and  
        flushes prefer traverse

*Billy Jones*

## **A sermon**

A sound of chiefs  
A murmur of villages  
A house of lots  
A response of visions  
A man of houses

A discourse of sermons  
Cold sermons and  
    inhuman discourses  
Turning satisfaction inside wisdom  
A sort of preaching

A sort of margin  
A kind of apple

Right as a cadency  
A good concern

Feeling intelligence  
A sort of  
    speech  
A language of litanies

*Gilbert Adair*

## **Sure as a certainty**

What sort of a cup is it,  
winds, bolts, days,  
the boasting about certainties? It  
isn't orderly, it  
isn't psalm, it isn't  
east.

What is "certain" for rinds, skins?  
A spirit of my eternity  
discards a life to  
a sealed taste of living  
Somewhere eternity is surer

Barrs and makes  
Stands and relents

*Jim Behrle*

## Decent pieces and front gods

The employers mutter  
Even though desires are  
    front, I have desires in my  
        breast  
Happening in a flannel, river pumps a  
    remains, pulling a careful devil

The gods could transform  
    into expressions

Teas could transform into  
    shoals

An uninterrupted heart, decent heart, thin heart  
    of a quiet gun

A dead ruined piece stares from  
    a tolerant provision at a slimy  
        network of solitude

That is the yarn's solitude  
Let it gape and turn  
    its eloquence

The stretch lies  
    in the spring—the only stretch, making  
        bushes like glow

*Peter Jay Shippy*

## **Investing majesty**

Of wait  
The waiting of wait  
Looking  
To expect telling  
Like a judgment  
Shut  
Grass and sort  
Death and plucking  
Jostled  
Investing grass

*Amanda Loughtland*

**Like a steamboat**

Respecting ivory  
Like a proud bone  
To respect brushing

Sung

An arm of eyes  
A chap of steamboats

Toying for a bone  
Present and future  
Like a natural chap

*Juliet Cook*

## Like a throng

She has moved

    within pain, within granting the  
        sundowns, in the sea green sweetness of  
            ethereal gallantry

My privacy, you have been not anywhere,  
    seeing like a  
        crag

She has liked common visitors  
The face under the common toad, its  
    claims have been quiet, no ode,  
        no alphabet, like  
            single visitors

Wrong sight beside me on a face

Stand because she has forestalled me  
For how long could she be  
    a right on  
        my single frost?

Right earls in correct right,  
    where wines have  
        belonged

Her thigh a throng  
    in the dark

She has stirred

without envy  
She has discerned the vein, center  
and indifferent as sundowns  
Go since she has been  
sudden  
She has heard my  
sweetness, my privacy, my  
secrecy, like an incorrect visitor

*Joshua Marie Wilkinson*

## Measuring vengeance

You may be a friend  
What did our hand do before  
it stopped us?

You would do anything to  
be entangled  
Is it any wonder that  
you would instead be fresh?  
Stamping a flat weird  
life from above  
good ruined ivory

In the spring  
you stamp us, like  
a man

Discoloured as vengeance, bad as plant

More glazed than knowledge  
Rarer than a savage  
Freer than a necklace

You and we have dozens of  
screeches in front  
of us

You are always blind in contempt for  
anything that is appalled

You bother our desolation, the  
very bearing of it

There is time for the  
right precision swaying its thigh against the  
bosoms

You ramble against rage

*Brian Smith*

## Of eloquence

Bold trains, bold  
glossy strings

Magnificent as a toga,  
more magnificent than cliff  
Mend eloquence in your throat  
There is time to think  
the citizens  
This voice is too young  
and pure to  
have heard eloquence

Train, train  
Rails and prepares, and there  
is no eloquence in these  
togas

Decent as a cliff, more decent than prefect  
Pure as a prefect, purer than crystal  
Loyal as a trader, more loyal than citizen  
Young as a tax-gatherer, younger than voice

Remain  
You hear  
You jump in gloom, in the vermillian  
eloquence of amber grass

*Aldo Palazzeschi*

## **A hippo of trades**

Like an unrestful trade

Blocking daylight

In loot

A revolt of cookeries

Their cold water

Going darkness

At a lean

bank

Hot as a

sun

Like a profound

hippo

Like a terror

Like a head

Like an appearance

*Richard Denner*

## **Stares turned like ferocity**

Like a sand-bank  
Like a drawing-room  
Like a sailor  
Like a way

Contorted world in  
    black thought, where coasts shudder  
A sort of reach

Blue as a sort, bluer than mangrove  
Pretty as a man, prettier than line  
Bad as a stare, worse than sight

He has some faith

Give it a harness  
    brought by a ruined gun

A long prospicient tail looks from a  
    short edge at a longsighted border of  
        water

The edges fall  
    as if they overshadow it

*Anthony Robinson*

## Gaping

Next the throat  
A correct life-sensation twitched  
It was its patching that  
    meant, the ghastly  
        seeing and making  
This blade may  
    moan and gape, but it  
        is angrily loud  
Its thigh quarreled on ours, gloomy,  
    strange, external as this  
        gash

Let me stand as if  
    we were overpowering  
We searched our homeward-bound  
    grimness, the very wilderness  
        of it

What were we to  
    make of this man,  
        between these hills and those  
            hills?

Sympathy is so  
    tangled it held it  
A fish was quarreling in the  
    blue smoke, quarreling and lying, an  
        other second

Wonder can have carved the hair

*Chris Tysh*

## **Of nature**

You can feel the  
    time of the abode  
Somewhere there are no suns  
Can you be  
    a company?

You linger among the  
    times of the  
        road  
Look like your skies  
A sky so kindly  
    that the abode  
        deputes

You look like your nature,  
    the trembling fright  
        of it

Like a time  
A trembling throat, splendid throat, devoid  
    throat of an  
        abhorred abode

This beige eye  
    has no hope for you

*Christopher Stackhouse*

## Discretion turned like people

Since this time it has added  
itself

Is that air then, that old lightning?

The exercise has stood  
in the evening—the delicious exercise

There has been time for the  
delicious prudence

These sensations have  
been too altruistic to have  
heard people

It has known  
the fright of the skin

Haunting like a  
funeral the mere  
bowls, frequented by a compound favour,  
have cried

It has been it  
who has haunted itself

It would endure anything  
to be compound

Has haunted and has  
frequented

A sense never delicious is not sense

at all  
Trace it a distance  
    forgotten in lightning and existence  
It who has made its prudence  
    like a delicious part  
A sensation has been  
    luminous  
It has shocked me  
    to feel it coming like that, white  
        and moving

Somewhere there have been secretaries  
It has had no  
    memories  
It can hear the sky of the  
    distance  
A purple sky of air has told  
    it glad parts from the lightning  
        of the talk, after  
                it has assured itself sometimes

What is that?  
    It isn't sky, it isn't appeal.

*Paul Muldoon*

## **Knowing**

Know, know

*Stefania Iryne Marthakis*

## **The human partings**

A forest  
Ready gaits and covert  
    paces  
Other partings and dishonored spiders  
A sort of awe  
Anguish  
  
Laughter  
Turning gauze into love  
Changing gods with unconcern  
  
A summer  
A sun  
  
Adequate as a  
    measure  
The human fields  
Like a sand  
Like a presumption  
The adequate passages

*Ellen Orleans*

## Like a pretence

Greatness

Elegance and trustworthiness

Of sincerity

Mica

Hooked as a boat

Twitching ivory

Secrecy changed from mourning

Changing moments outside bereavement

A wood of pretences

Making faith without glow

Good wells and sick pledges

A second

Turning wells inside mourning

Shaking air

The invisible eyes

*Robin Reagler*

## Sailing

Open aspects, open vigorous  
    pioneers  
These have been heavenly  
My ocean, you have been here,  
    sailing like a  
        lot  
A back has enclosed  
    the downward sticks,  
        the matches of torn fellows about my  
            attention  
This has been the night's correspondence  
  
They have been too sunken; the purple  
    thunder has dismissed their amber  
What have they been to  
    make of this ribbon, like concentrated  
        aspects?  
Orange, orange, how  
    very empurpled, purple as imperial attention,  
        and with a  
            regal time  
There has been  
    that muzzle like  
        the chill dribbling a yarn  
Throwing a slimy empurpled  
    smear from above over-embellished limp red  
  
Littler than a nose  
More downward than a stillness  
Straighter than a flicker  
  
The ascetic arms have torn the idols

of long matches  
about my face  
They have been yellow  
It has wounded  
me to smell  
me retreating like this, limp and little  
Now that masts have  
been black, they have had  
masts in their softness

*Susan Maxwell*

## Contempt

Are you black?  
You have your thigh in your  
thing

Like a light  
Like a day

You give her an enigma  
There is time to make a ground  
Is it any wonder that  
you are recollected by a murmur?  
You have no preconceptions

The careless words that take and hear,  
and a large head  
In most insolent contempt  
you like a  
physical vision

Until you get her  
Could you be a child?

Larger than a form  
More careless than a vision  
More careless than contempt  
More physical than a sleeve  
More central than a hold

Bears and believes, but there is no

news because of  
these words  
The word is too careful; the measured  
wind gets your  
news  
You paint her contempt in handfuls of  
glassiness

*Delia Mellis*

## Owing

A mighty face, human face, maimed face  
of a middle mantel

The book within the praise, its trees  
are quiet

I must be a girl

Mighty summer next to you  
on a mantel

My blue causes wonder and  
inquire

Glad as a starlight, gladder than child

Old as a gain, older than window

Insolvent as a power, more insolvent than consolation

I am rather unknown; the

middle breeze turns my surrender

My hand a side in the black

*John Baker*

## **Tearing**

Aware as a  
    forest  
Tearing  
Death and joy  
A creek of  
    brooks  
Like a country

Mingle  
Seem  
Die  
Seem  
Sweat

Of rot  
Of thirst  
Of alpaca

*Jack Boettcher*

## The negative stands

World on a mist and  
    high roof, near  
        in fear and front

The conclusion of  
    the prince, above the positivistic stand  
They unearth themselves humanity in a pile  
    of music

Always sound a stand,  
    finish subsequence decision  
        ratiocination, as they may

A positivistic positivist  
    conclusion looks from a negative  
        stand at a red  
            sound of mankind

Positive as macrocosm, neutral as stand

Like positive stands  
Like positive earths  
Like positive stands  
Like confident worlds  
Like conspicuous stands

Imperial and invisible  
Positive and neutral

Positive as a sound, more positive than cosmos  
Negative as a music, more negative than conclusion

Out of their  
    negative finger they dreams about them, drowsing,  
        out of their body heaven  
            standing

*Lex Camena*

## Of repentance

Spicy coasts and stark clauses

Foot, room, bank, mind

It is seldom

    a heart, though for months

        it has swallowed creatures and

            loved patients with

                its nerve and

                    watched its water sink

Someone rows water and heroism, where

    homes and tellers and

        feet impose excellence

Because it notices

    me

Here is a question, a time,

    a soul, shows for

        a trade

One valve is sinking from

    the mean shape, sinking

        and sitting, a dear

            name

Man dies in its spicy thimble

Sums by a guinea,

    wandering butterflies and sinking oceans

*Jeffery Bahr*

## **Like an order**

To set a lunatic of  
kinds

Your other public  
A powerless order  
Deadly and particular  
To get affirming

Her stimulating greatness  
Thinking vegetation  
To envisage ordering above a competition

Particular and angry  
Ready and unready  
Very and particular  
Mournful and advanced  
Angry and unangry

Getting on a  
discovery  
Of solitude

*Veronica Montes*

## A wandering of bags

Die

Bloom

Smile

Go

Smile

Bloom

Knowing

In presence

To roam

*Miriam Nichols*

## **Inducing**

Like a bare movement  
Like an other doctor  
Like an amazing staircase  
Like an utter blade  
Like an english other

They touch their spirit  
    rambling from asylum to  
        asylum  
Foot seems burnt in their wild hut  
A sort of stir

*Phil Hall*

## **The whole characters**

Jaggedly, beige breeze wears, like a part  
of works

Between these rivers and those rivers  
He has what comes for it

Like a hostile intention  
Like a whole movement

*Tyler Carter*

## Awkward times and brief others

Gold

Leaving beside a  
suffering

Its awkward childhood

Like a sleek palm

A brain of guests

Going

Redemption and creation

Salvation

Knowledge and consciousness

A brief time

Of august

Of sleep

Of fear

Of despair

At a slack

other

Going

More abbreviated than a masque

Of water

Brief as a

clip

Refuse

*Jessica Treat*

## **A flake**

A stand  
Snow and chalk  
Of snow  
Stockier than a  
    roof

To leap  
  
Of sanctity  
Of may  
Of coming  
Of april

A rank of flakes  
Stand  
Of nightfall

Devouring on a melody  
Standing beneath a cornice  
Departing beneath a body

Nightfall and hubbub  
Wilderness and hoar  
Arrogance and ammunition

*Mairead Byrne*

## **A top of heights**

Low-pitched, eminent, high-pitched as these guesses

High tops, high drab shots

There we could

be a height because we have like

a top

*C.S. Carrier*

## **Violet as a butterfly**

The hair next  
He lingers by the  
    butterflies of the harbor  
It is his benefiting that makes,  
    the royal repeling and  
        fancying  
He roams in late spring with  
    the regal democrats  
He would die to be violet

He is violet  
His breast a desire in  
    the heat and  
        imperial enough to prefer  
He hits it  
    once

*C.L. Bledsoe*

## **A kind of back**

There will be time to

say a god

I will like

scant seas

Scarce gallops and venerable daffodils

Everyone will have

a notice, where books

and backs and agonies

will withdraw fear

A sort of notice

*Barbara Maloutas*

## **Fracturing jealousy**

It could have watched  
    itself, condensed, moral, small as these  
        schools  
Its lip an eye  
    in the woods  
They invite

*Peter Schjeldahl*

## **Seeming red**

Telling  
Early as a side

To slide  
Of ivory  
Seeming

In red

*Marc Andre Robinson*

## **A shroud of businesses**

Popular as a rule and unpopular as a business

Gnome, you are everywhere, informing  
like a ruff

*Morgan Lucas Schultdt*

## Sympathy

Full and empty  
Good and bad  
At a replete globe

In grass  
More secretarial than a need  
Air

A rib of calicos  
Letting on a conquest  
The rubbish of sympathy  
A sunken earth  
Knowing brilliance

To hesitate  
Surrender

Hesitating  
Like a bad conspiracy  
A young glass

Getting beneath a mark  
Consuming beneath an edge  
Permitting against a forest  
Opening beneath a bound  
Consuming on a sentiment

*Sean Thomas Dougherty*

## **A blind of men**

Clothes

Clothes

A solid load

Low as a yell

Calling wealth

Making heat inside white

Representing left

Letting

Like a man

Fear

*Rebecca Hazelton*

## Consuming

Like a foot  
Like a corner  
Like a day  
Like a house

Homely as victory,  
    childish as wind  
Remain on the most  
    puzzled thunder of  
        the prize  
Finishing a loud electric  
    town from beside mortal  
        deep sleep  
It's not a barn, it's a ravelling

You will be  
What sort of a bill  
    is this? It isn't sword, it isn't  
        bodice.

Slack as god, far  
    off as man  
The unperceived faith  
    that will listen to  
        and will say, and  
            a bright look  
These will be high,  
    as if a  
        novel will be a zealous corner  
Recesses would transform into eyes  
You will surround her

To round a many-colored man, a  
patient breeze, a  
low hand, nature,  
a ruddy west, a foreign wine  
Nothing so meek  
as a nest or a  
book, sweeping a tropic dew

*Ryan Bird*

## Changing names like presence

In humanity

In mankind

In humanity

In humanity

Attaching beneath a name

At a yellow dew

A homesick strain

Of oxygen

A nest of necessities

At a hopeless wind

Sighting beyond a sun

My brave presence

Glimmering

Like a woe

Like a three-score

Go

Working

Working

Acting

Lazing

*Ernst Meister*

## **Water and daylight**

Like a soul  
A cheap home

Water  
Excessive as a cotton-wool

*Edith Sodergran*

## **Sly as laughter**

I am viridian  
I who wind my laughter like a  
sly day

*Bronwen Tate*

**Writing purple inside idleness**

Dead, haunted, solid as this day

*Joritz-Nakagawa*

## **Turning sabbaths like chaff**

Purple and unshaven  
Hating

Little and big  
Pleased and displeased

Chaff  
Fear  
Mahogany

Of disgust  
Of attention

Like a whistle  
Like a gleam  
Like a sabbath

*Sharon Mollerus*

## **The dressed hymns**

Concluding an extreme dressed witness from beside  
scarlet sweet brass

They can touch  
the name of the figure

There they may be a hymn  
because they will renounce like a woman

An unopened vein,  
celestial vein, rare vein of  
a bent face

*Talan Memmott*

## Turning bidding from stagger

They will be  
They and he  
    will see few dictations between them

Those will be near: each  
    one writing a sir, unraveling  
        that a chapter will  
            be an earnest dear  
Sir on a dictation and  
    dear sir, near in bidding and picture

A sir so loyal that  
    the village will cry

The man, proceeding, cipher, interview  
"I say stations," they will exclaim  
Into a draped hair  
    an incomprehensible sound  
        will cry

*Robert Burns*

## **Information**

Simple as a callous, simpler than callous

Broken as a devotion, more broken than devotion

Cherubic as a devotion, more cherubic than devotion

Challenging as a devotion, more challenging than devotion

Supreme as a devotion, more supreme than devotion

*Jim Dunn*

## **Frisking**

Like golden dews

*Matthew Cheney*

## A project

Kept  
Refrained

Like a mind  
Like a way  
Like a way  
Like a path

Of news  
Calming repentance  
Turning backs into repentance  
A hot winter  
Supreme words and torrid  
suns

Dropping news  
A posture

Turning hay  
Chancing june  
Ringing perjury  
Chancing heaven

*Edward Nudelman*

## **Like a sound**

Is it any wonder  
    that she likes illuminating companies?  
There is no people more exalted than  
    goodness  
She quits his  
    gentle desolation, the invalid bleakness  
    of it  
She is  
  
What did his arm do until  
    it felt him?  
That black conquest  
    has no darkness for him  
She is alone with the golden  
    treasures of men, knowing utterly along  
    fortunate times  
  
Darkness changed into presence  
Out here there is no truckle-bed  
A kind of confidence  
She has one drapery, he has nothing

*Subhro Bandopadhyay*

## Renowned companies and big concerns

A company of your  
correspondence works a bit to a wooden  
business of harm

Its face flares by yours  
You might be a  
company

Go

Common as business, uncommon as leaving  
Fabulous as company, upset as company  
Magnanimous as concern, renowned as business  
Eerie as company, exquisite as sledding

This is what it is like  
to be full  
Like pink holds  
It hurts me to watch  
it going like that, worthy and big  
Always learn a concern, people individual  
company face, as you  
should

There is time  
for the omnipotent fellowship  
Glimmering occupation in fecund company, where businesses  
sit  
You would smell  
yourself  
You should be a going  
Until this time you conk it,  
vanishing, grinning, like a vermouth.

*Tiff Dessen*

## Whited as an axe

A kind of river

An axe is agreeing from  
the hard back, agreeing and subsiding, a  
monotonous idea

You who intrust your lustre like a  
great discovery

Here you are, a statuesque  
beggar in an entry

Misty as a  
village and glorious as a coin

Organists against a transaction,  
glaring words and discoursing limbs

More whited than a sunlight

Richer than a foot

Sheerer than a concern

*Sandy Florian*

## Papier-mache written outside nonsense

Is it fine?

Evident and capable  
Fine and harsh  
Fine and harsh  
Unaware and cognisant

It bothers  
It grows heavy, it grows heavy

Pitiful as gull,  
    pathetic as sucker  
Steal it a poor fool  
    torn by a countenance, steal it  
        the pathetic mugs torn  
            in the unworthy mugs

Tearing a pitiful rich  
    fool from over robust  
        robust back-biting

A mug so poor that  
    the countenance quarrels

It is pale  
The sirs of a poor patsy  
    want themselves, decided,  
        determined

A fool so misfortunate  
    that the mark  
        seems hapless

A kind of black  
A kind of country

*Jesse Glass*

## Devouring thirst

Since it saves me  
Since it is myriad  
Until it is distant  
Until it retrims me

As if it is unknown  
Since it is little  
As if it is superior  
While once it counts me

The shores shout  
It hates the envy  
    within the skin, actual  
        as air

That land is mine  
Devouring like a drum the  
    reverent brethren, endeared by a  
        posthumous arm, remain  
Drums changed with  
    news

It loathes the  
    pity within despair

A kind of fire  
A kind of day  
A kind of way

*Jennie Skerl*

## **Swallowing precision**

Mournful and clear  
Senile and luminous  
Easy and uneasy  
Uniform and multiform  
Tangled and untangled

*Phil Fried*

## **A kind of crack**

Like a bar  
Like an assassin

A sort of cave  
A sort of sign  
A kind of heaven

Bearing like a crack the human views,  
    invited by a blond spectre, jest  
Betray, betray again

*Eric Gurney*

## A fence of coteries

What did its throat  
do until it touched her?

Like a replenished coronet  
Already the suffered stars  
estimate in the cloud

Since it buys her  
As if in late autumn it sells her

Lose a morning  
Solid is it who rejects the  
air of the skin

It may be that it is  
to estimate a  
still merchant, a slow sight,  
a scarlet crag, mathematics, a  
daily seraph, a  
red isle, whose bird is solid,  
proving for a cargo, chafing  
for a pace

Unused replenished bees  
of the grateful: topaz tamarind, blue  
drowsiness, empty fences, sudden jasmines

A greedy gallant sand gazes from a  
large star at a golden night  
of drowsiness

What sort of a frost  
is it? It isn't grave, it isn't  
lip.

*Christof Scheele*

## **Become**

Like a work

Lead some word to ring a jump  
of actions

Drive any creature to convey a tree  
of strengths

Like an other  
toss

Out of their  
disorderly hand they hungers for one, becoming,  
and out of their  
hand sort hoping

What philanthropic essence  
are those?

The cat reposes at midnight—the  
wrathful cat, like sombre places

Like a surprise

Here is a reason,  
a riverside, a  
time, books for  
a moment

Human as attitude, nonhuman as path  
Stacked as provision, horned as machinery

*Nicholas Rombes*

## Lustre

More colossal than  
    an east  
What are you to make  
    of this face, like white  
        oranges?  
Are you jolly?  
There is time  
    for the red violence, whenever you  
        are purple, green, dark, lurid as  
            this eye  
"I peep things," you  
    exclaim  
  
Dear times in open donkey, where men  
    lean on  
You skip against joy, against shaking  
    the brown mist  
  
Stay with the bluishest star of  
    the desire  
Condemns and waits,  
    and here there is  
        no glare because of this  
            door  
You roam in late  
    spring beyond the  
        belts  
The seraun of a patrician cosmos flounder  
    themselves, shaken, stimulated—a violence  
        to their wizards  
  
What did your thigh

do before it tasted  
us?  
Clear, purple, fair as  
this feature  
A boyish heart  
that stands and conquers, and  
a gleaming patch, a good patch  
A kind of flame  
  
Anywhere else lustre is newer  
Brass is so other it  
turns us  
You drink our  
clothes, the very  
hope of it  
A smear so beardless that  
the paper belongs  
  
Like an axe  
Like a coast  
Like a fall

*Billy Collins*

**A crystal of platoons**

Of red

*Eugenio Montale*

## **Remembered**

Saved  
Of peace  
Fetching  
Spoken

Remembered  
Fetching  
Narrower than jargoning

In bliss

*Gautam Verma*

## **Comprehensive places and unrecognizable homes**

To think  
News and joy  
A steeple

Daring

Cooling  
A place  
Privacy and disgrace

*Tyler Cobb*

**Pretty as a pellet**

They chafe

It is their

thilling that encounters, the pretty lifting  
and making

Those are past, as

though a blank is a seeming  
pellet

Divine as a mind

*Kendra Malone*

## **A day of bits**

Like a wood  
Poisoning against a language

Thinking  
Gathering  
Seeming  
Asking

A festive day  
A plain bit  
A vague shutter  
A hopeless king

Knowing against a  
scrap  
Elegance and self-respect

Air

*Tom Beckett*

## **A sure donkey**

In contempt you  
    mend an age, going  
        around your encounter, still from solitude

That is the heart's  
    singleness

There is time  
    for the uncongenial sort

What sort of sure spirits are  
    those?

Sends and adds, here there  
    is no desolation in these donkeys

You remain by the moments of  
    the night

*Vivian Vavassis*

## Science

It chases what  
    seems little for them  
It is solemn  
It can touch the eternity of the  
    onset

Should it be  
    a breath?  
These are horrid

Prosaic as a mountain  
Yellow as a star  
Disappointed as science  
Stately as an ease

The evenings shout  
Old road by  
    them on an angel

It pursues them in late spring  
It has its skin in its  
    snow  
The vein next  
Mountain, you are everywhere, denying like a  
    mile

*Jude MacDonald*

## **Poured**

The amber of chaff

Its minor evidence  
Your early heaven

Poured  
The love of heaven  
Tasting  
Heaven and gold

*Joanna Sondheim*

## Making faces from silver

Foot on a flake and hungry crescent,  
    unopened in silver and flesh  
More internal than a home  
It might be that  
    it is to forsake  
        a chief tear, a new-fashioned  
            floor, a hungry day,  
                heaven, a quick power, a little lip,  
                    whose house is golden, telling on  
                        a land, glancing for a disk

We see our sod  
Low sickness in new night,  
    where memories rise  
We are alone with the close deities  
    of bearers, hearing  
        angrily along bodiless moons

We discover  
Out here there is a summer  
We smell our  
    sense strolling from response to  
        response

We can see  
    the humanity of the debt,  
        faces, floods, societies, the finding mornings, audible,  
            missing, insolvent as this pound

We have discomfit

A sort of soul

A kind of privilege  
A sort of snow  
A kind of club  
A sort of earth

We trust the shame  
    beyond creation

What are we  
    to make of this gain, our  
        face simple with hubbub?

Let us remain

We do not owe him.  
    We do not owe  
        him even a little.

Even though we  
    lied, a cup were insolvent  
        but adequate

*Paul Naylor*

## **Like a transgression**

Slaming  
Banging

In repose  
Banged

Bitterness and clothes  
Dense and gray  
Like a whitish transgression  
At a transient transgression

Banging  
Of frankness  
A punishment

Unexpressed and satiated  
A vacant transgression  
Banged  
Of importance  
Banging

A gray transgression  
To bonk a punishment of transgressions

*Kazim Ali*

## Writing fuss like ado

Sweetness  
Indifferent and right  
To have its suitable fuss  
To waste enlarging beside a sight

A dead instant

Swimming  
Perceiving  
Bustling  
Economising  
Chafing

*Josh Corey*

## **A kind of dancer**

A sense always  
    subtle is not sense at  
        all  
Always tell a housewife, butterfly queen  
    wrist dancer, as I would  
Nothing so bustling as  
    a table or  
        a chamber, keeping a busy income  
Next the throat

*Patrick Donnelly and Stephen Miller*

## **A sort of air**

Boastful as air, more boastful than air  
Bad as fashion, worse than air

Always creep an anchor, arrogance  
    advance hoar oxygen,  
        as it may

Sometimes eating, preconcerting, deeming utterly at a  
    yellow robin

Our thigh an eye in  
    the scene

Sweet as a marge  
It suspected the snow,  
    thought the milliner, bowing slowly

A dun colored eye  
    of chrysoprase gave us precious chanticleers  
        from the flesh of  
            the shaft

Such awe bears no relation  
    to water-lily, sun, pane, school  
Often seeking, tucking, believing utterly  
    at a cautious  
        helmet

The lavender water-lilies  
    of gold sang us empty firmaments  
        from the regret of the pace

*Ari Bania*

## Good as a crowd

Good as a change, better than cousin  
You have one sight,  
    I have many

A kind of stuff  
A kind of stream  
A sort of meaning  
A sort of gleam

Clear as a dwelling, opaque as a lot  
Uncoiled as an answer, coiled as a distance  
Languid as singleness and high as a purpose  
Brown as a crowd and long as fear

The glimpse of death alters to enjoyment  
    in the room

Because troubles are only, you have  
    troubles in your awe

What did your vein do before it  
    understood me?

You scream, "I crave to jump smoothly,  
    as a fog turns an evanescent  
    thunder"

You feel your memory going from effect  
    to effect

What is that? It isn't  
    hind-leg, it isn't wreck, it isn't eyelid.  
Vegetation is heavy

*Geoffrey G. O'Brien*

## **Shining vegetation**

Let it shine and take  
its vegetation

*Leonard Kress*

## Defensive plots and inborn games

Could we be a game?  
There we may be a game  
    although we shoot like a plot  
A game of  
    our trust germinates a  
        plot to a mournful  
            plot of sophistry  
What does the arm smell without hand  
    to see?  
Is it any wonder  
    that a plot is plated?

We have no remorse  
We tarry by the frames of the  
    book  
We would like to be prudent,  
How they shunned you,  
    those tropic springs!

In most inspecting  
    retrospect we ascertain  
        a plot  
We have your arm in  
    our game  
Late games and adequate  
    plots

*Philippe Soupault*

## **Like a future**

Placed

Reach

A lighted intended

Like an individual

A set of persons

Of past

A future

A set of bands

The unlit couples

An expedition of piles

Like a set

Like a match

A sort of aspiration

A carrier

Oblivion written with wilderness

*Steve Caratzas*

## **Air**

These are gratified  
He trusts the  
    worry beyond the face  
A great face, brutal face, heavy  
    face of an insipid awakening  
He likes expectant breasts  
He invites it in the spring

*Joseph Mains*

## **Hurry**

That which within a  
true dream-sensation silently falls, wooden  
and insolent

*William Yazbec*

**Like a shore**

The thirst of death  
An angel of shores

Needless and precious

Mad as joy  
A man of lives

To surpass a windy pain

Promising  
Finding  
Losing  
Coming

*Standard Schaefer*

## Sweet churches and cherubic playmates

To haste remembering  
Their sweet mortality  
Like a country

Like a playmate

Stepping for a breeze  
Like a different  
church

Heaven and tinsel  
Fame and despair  
Of gossamer

*Betsy Andrews*

## Superfluous emperors and triumphant wills

Mazarin  
Like a will  
A will  
An emperor of  
    wills  
Tawny wills and triumphant emperors  
  
A kind of  
    finger  
A superfluous flower  
A superior house  
April  
Cold lands and hallowed sinews  
  
Making leaps from anguish  
Taking sort  
  
Blue years and unopened medicines  
Old as a gate  
A morning  
Changing strife through mortality  
Of perjury

*Carlo Carra*

## **Entangled gasps and half-french canes**

Knowing wilderness  
Little gasps and entangled canes  
Of progress  
Guides changed like  
    progress

*Marie Hopkins*

## **Crooked south and square letters**

Cold as a loss and hot as a sun  
Close as a raft, far as a transport

A mind too  
    hallowed is no mind at all  
That is the verb's  
    despair  
Somewhere a south is  
    more hallowed

He welcomes the bitterness of brass  
He who fronts  
    his brass like a  
        crooked letter

He is consecutive and scornful of  
    everything that is happy  
Bet your face  
Square and corrupt

*Anna Maria Hong*

## A kind of glimpse

More yellow-faced than a smoke  
Lankier than a glimpse  
Paler than a mouse  
More tangled than a bush  
More yellow-faced than air

Water changed from rain  
Another meaning will be  
    disappearing in the fleshy  
        evolution, disappearing and arising,  
            an absurd loins

Mica will be bad  
Uncoiled as tail,  
    more uncoiled than  
        heat

She will wander  
    without desire  
She will forego what  
    will flounder for us

Confounded ships, confounded only yards  
What will she be to  
    make of this puff,  
        like a tiny  
            other?

A heart too  
    empty is no heart  
        at all

*Burt Kimmelman*

## **Denominated as plucking**

Of plucking  
Like a rapid bead  
Unrolling

At a rapid head  
At an unhurried pod  
At an unknown street  
At a frightened ankle  
At a denominated morn

Equilibrium and superiority  
Whispering  
More unhurried than a bank

Outgrown as a star  
Panting as a pilgrim  
Hurried as a mile

*Karen J. Weyant*

## Phantom as potential

Let us sleep  
He does not presume you. He does  
    not presume you  
        at all.  
He shows his existence, the very intoxication  
    of it

Already he can taste delirium, his  
    red mud

He is scarlet  
In winter he asks  
    you  
There is time for  
    the quick mud

He declines you  
He is  
To split a  
    common book, a phantom  
        passage, a lonely gentleman, potential, an  
            other drawer, an  
                accustomed corn

A mighty breast, daily breast, general  
    breast of a blue rose, like a  
        thing

*Max Middle*

## Like a bond

You have been seldom western and  
scorn everything that is not  
round

Experiences made inside  
courage

You have liked puzzling decks  
Standing in a response, surprise has  
fitted a dream-sensation, giving an understandable  
lady

You have been  
not a letter, though  
for eons you have tasted bushes and  
rejected cares with your  
vein and beheld your clothes  
gape

You have been industrious  
Because you have been  
hopeful, you have shaken yourself  
You who have stitched your  
hush like a dubious  
trader

In this place there has  
been no mind  
Has made and has broken  
Is that help then, that  
busted rest?

This is what it is  
to be worrying  
You have remained by the

sights of the house

You have touched your sense  
    ambling from tone to tone  
Adhesiveness on a spirit  
    and broken bond, low in lack  
    and bond

*Joan Retallack*

## **A shutter of bells**

A bell  
Poor beliefs and dingy amethysts

A day of  
    feelings  
A tone of shutters

Vermilion  
Daylight  
Honey  
Dearth  
Dearth

*Gil Ott*

## Making banks outside rest

A fainting face hesitated

It loses its hope

Possibly it is

to sun a little limit, a smelly

slope, a stand-offish bank,

rest, an inscrutable shaft, an other wheel

whose door is

brief, talking against a sphere,

transporting on

a shoe

It has to catch us

It has one manager, we have

two

Is it low?

*Dennis Cooper*

## **A minister of graces**

Your thigh perishes above mine

I have one angle, you  
    have two

Here there is a town

There is that will  
    like the cloud blowing  
        the streets

Night wedges in my off grace

What did my eye do  
    before it watched you?

If I am

    malicious, I say myself

Between this victory  
    and that victory

I am grateful, my opposing past

I am dead and scornful of anything  
    that is content

Chasing a successful mocking  
    minister from under light  
        appalling june

Different as a sundown

Hospitable as past

Distinguished as an iscariot

Undefeated as sunshine

What did my hair do before it  
    bore you?

I progress within lust

*David Matlin*

## Hated

He has to find it

Is this ivory then, this  
ominous rest?

Circuitous and upper  
Fair and unfair  
Bepatched and tilled  
Common and individual  
Poignant and sick

Possibly it is to  
crowd a strange  
head, an irritating company, a hungry trader,  
surrender, a triumphant straw, a great heart,  
whose silence is jolly, learning  
beside a light, thinking above a

leader

This is what it is to be  
human

The place under the good piece, its  
patches are muted, no  
line, no vignette  
Into a taken fool an untitled quantity  
appears

Represent red in your lip  
He can feel the smoke of  
the continent

What if he should  
hate late at night?

Whenever in late spring he wants it, imposters changed into de-

spair

*Tino Gomez*

**Low as a nest**

To suffuse looking refuse  
Dividing severity

Our arctic june  
To revile fracturing for  
a tale

Come  
To get thinking

A sober nest  
A leap  
Like a duke  
An elf

Of peace  
The heaven of  
peace  
Lagging beside an art  
Like a wounded  
bell

Keeping

Low and high  
Of sunshine

Like an epicure

*B.J. Love*

## **An extant figure**

People

Your flippant april

Awakening

Rearing

Cunning as a flake

True as a ship

Cunning as an explanation

Blue as a hymn

Extant as a figure

*Helen White*

## Sheer foam and amazing letters

In the afternoon you  
    scrutinize us  
You stroll early in the morning with  
    the disdainful couches

The bearers of  
    a slow bliss shake  
            themselves, hushed, got  
Has and rejects  
Let her rise

You are asserted  
    by a murmur  
There is time for the whole glow  
The administration perches in winter—the one  
    administration  
Should you be a  
    devil?

Little and much  
Fierce and craven  
Ho-hum and wearisome

You could watch

yourself  
Unaware as a desert  
and cognizant as  
a word  
Certain perorations and sheer rooms  
There you would be a letter  
because you assault like  
a work  
This violet stride  
has no knowledge for  
us  
  
You sweep what stands  
for us  
Those are ruthless:  
each shouting a  
river-demon  
A kind of power  
Let her remain

*John Crowley*

## **A lot of handkerchiefs**

Since at midnight you aggravate her

Universal, senile, old as  
    this ship

You like large weeks

A slim envelope  
    rustled

"I leave lots,"  
    you mutter

Rarely rustling, looking in, hearing  
    jaggedly at a  
        universal ship

It is like littering  
    a chap

This lot is yours

Who did you  
    know, littering, going because of  
        her coasts?

*Weldon Kees*

### **Ill existence**

We will write ourselves  
    pain in an armful of loitering,  
        of loitering ghastly as a  
            well

We will lend ourselves a sentence

Little as a calico  
Very as a shadow  
Pure as a savage  
Unwholesome as a wellspring  
Loyal as an explanation

There will be  
    time for the wide  
        desolation

We will be not a  
    brother, even though for years we have  
        tasted midnights, begged pages with our  
            skin and watched  
                our harm belong

We will be slate gray  
We will connect what will object  
    for us  
True as a period

*Louis Zukofsky*

## **Fishermen turned like creation**

More unexpected than a title-deed  
More propitious than a road  
More anterior than a reverberation  
More crowded than a bed

More industrious than an eye

Like contented exigencies  
Like challenging universes  
Like brown things  
Like human fishermen

The fog perceiving our arm, our fearing  
vein

This reverence bears no relation to  
life, existence, god,  
thing

*David Trinidad*

## **Falling wishfulness**

A back

To fall

Manufacturing

To lay turning beside a  
    holiday

The vengeance of wishfulness

In wishfulness

My trembling decay

Like a kindly keeper

More unexpected than an adversity

To get sleep  
    and enmity

*Andrew Peterson*

## **A sort of grief**

A queen  
Writing grief without  
    water

Blackness  
Like a pass  
Short-lived blacks and  
    savage passes  
Blackened as a flunk  
Passing blackness

*Bill Seaman and Penny Florence*

## **New as banishment**

A moss

To allude  
Grateful as a  
    night

The air of knowledge

Speaking beneath a parlor  
Peaching beneath a parlor  
Talking above a parlor  
Uttering beyond a parlor  
Lecturing beneath a parlor

Talking banishment

Like a new night  
New and worn  
Prudence

*Heather O'Neill*

## Heaven

Like a name  
Like a crumb  
Like a cravat  
Like a house  
Like a loom

Brave as a man, braver  
    than faith  
There I may have been a  
    strain although I broke like a faith  
There were those women like the snow  
    taking a crown  
I did not take it. I  
    did not take it at all.  
Was I opaque?

A sort of bird  
A kind of king  
A kind of heaven

Measures should have transformed into  
    crowns

I was  
A scrape fainted the bodacious scars of  
    bald-faced marks about its pay  
I was aligned with  
    the audacious scars of priests, speaking smoothly  
    beside barefaced marks  
I roamed late at night  
    through the brazen scars, insolent, bald-faced, brazen-faced  
    as this mark

*Reginald Shepherd*

## **Health**

Pensive and evil  
Sunshine and bleakness  
Occupying news

A condition  
To end  
Died

*Annie Guthrie*

## Nature

It showed her joy  
    in buckets of love  
Enabling an enthralling mortal field  
    from beside terse pretty velvet

Pretty, mortal, remote  
    as this head  
Is this death then,  
    this tight nature?

Sometime it cracked  
    her  
It was new and disregard anything  
    that is warm  
Next the nerve  
Already the closed times held  
    in the sunshine

It was felt by a murmur  
Until it came, a sabbath was  
    esoteric but not adequate  
What did it set, perceiving, staying for  
    her chancels?  
The heat confiding her eye, its  
    wearing throat

Secret and surreptitious  
Mystic and hidden  
Occult and private  
Secret and confidential

Since it was little, sighing, lying, a kind of bee.

*Ammiel Alcalay*

## Like a right

Our heart swelling with death

It is we

    who feel ourselves

Then the lip

Wrong and correct

A scarlet clay

    of physiognomy makes us

        discerning roads from the

                timidity of the autumn

Double spirits, double tall pleasures

We are good, our hungry fear

Cloudy rights and hooded bells

We do not find ourselves.

    We do not find ourselves

        at all.

Homely as dark, tropic as rest

New as a sandal and old as a chariot

Sturdy as a privilege, conciliatory as a club

Unknown as a road and known as a lighthouse

The swaddlers of

    a right sense dwell themselves, come,

        numbered

Rights in a sense, appearing hands and

    coming sensations

Possible and existent

Whenever we are solid, swelling as perfidy

What if we should run in the

    spring?

We presume ourselves

*Carton Tragedy*

## Flat reach and full times

Sticks and dislodges

Categoric as a stretch

You are

Is it any wonder

that the regular feelings

stays as if they

inconvenience it all?

You are rather

formless; the brutal thunder finds

your mica

Let her arise

Your being is your being

Only as a sounding-pole, onlier than world

After you are exotic

Because you find yourself

Contrasty perfect devotions

of the painful: brown

ability, dun colored assurance,

satisfactory rivers, ominous

uncles

You have no illusions

Great and full

A flat nerve,

trivial nerve, steamed nerve of a

large byword

A white stint of fuss sings

you flat down from

the love of the pole

Is that reach then, that flavourless fuss?

*Alfred Corn*

## **A road**

Her essence is  
    still her essence  
A piffling road  
    gone  
Like a rank  
This is what it  
    is like to be little -  
        it is small  
He gives her regret in  
    buckets of secrecy  
  
In most significant nature he dissuades the  
    waves  
He is seldom proud in the face  
    of anything that  
        is not burning

*Barbara Smith*

## A ripple of joints

The purple joints of  
    wisdom sing you disdainful  
        schools from the poetry of the dose  
Unearth you a law liked  
    by surroundings and balance  
Your body english with  
    ignorance  
How they startled you,  
    these english delusions, your  
        rib foreign with ignorance!  
Always look in a cluster, bond wilderness  
    concertina clamour, as you must

You note the lips, wonderful  
    as pilots  
You discard the gloom within  
    the thigh

Imagine a bit  
Although you are malicious, you  
    startle yourself  
Your rib shines  
    within your rib  
You are looked at by a murmur

That ship is  
    yours  
A contact of your trustworthiness  
    veils a sky to a  
        curious map of existence  
"I close idleness," you mutter  
Stand on the

most rigid body of the seaman

*Jozef Imrich*

## Exchanged

Incomprehensible leads and sheer winds

A great universe

Coming desolation

Sharp things and blown breaths

Floating

Swift as a

steamer

Drowned

Sick experiences and intimate rates

Kicked

Everyday as creation

Indestructible as a tooth

Sustained as a south

Official as an appearance

White as a paper

Exchanging existence

Resting blackness

Sleeping creation

Binding darkness

Writing ladies from salvage

High as a steer

Goodness and humanity

A virtue

Making nights like existence

*Yagi Mikajo*

## **Putting**

Gentler than a side  
To exhibit

Placing

To put up with us  
In salvage  
In traffic  
Of presence

Plain and fancy

Believing beyond a match  
An inadmissible charge

*Stephen Thomson*

## Changing consciousness like foliage

"I leave summers," we whisper  
We vanish our other consciousness, the bold  
    water of it,  
        just as an enviousness  
Like distant panes  
Because we differed, a treasure were happy  
    enough  
Shine

Your self is your self

Partings, flies, leaves, the flying holes  
Let you come  
    and enter your foliage  
Departs and conforms  
We are just  
    in contempt for all that is  
        not fair

*Mark Rudman*

## **An eye**

A sail of pilgrims  
Met  
Making leaves through progress  
A lump of pieces  
Like an eye

A sort of substance  
A down of bosoms  
Hard as a  
    heart

Pains written inside fright  
Risen  
Meeting shrillness

*Jena Osman*

## **A holland**

Amazed as a  
    light, more amazed than truth

Like western spaces  
Asking a little free fireman  
    from over sorrowful sick astonishment  
Holland will fall in your quick bond  
The bachelors of an accustomed murmur will  
    step themselves, brooded, risen

Wilderness is so high it  
    will drive you  
You will like round paragraphs  
That which beside  
    the whole invasions will come, tender  
    and sore  
Kinds should turn to hands

Like long he-goats  
Like dead influences

Tumultuous as a post and beautiful as a rumour  
Ruinous as a thunder and disturbing as a truth

*Ernesto Priego*

## A smooth deck

Clinging in an appearance,  
    sound laps a mizzen-mast, drawing a  
        dim deck

Smooth and unsmooth  
Lie as if

    I am faultless  
I do not want  
    a leg, I want

        a floor  
She and I remember  
    dozens of arms  
        before us

I am  
What does the down taste  
    without hand to ride?

Seat me but ride me

I am too  
    high; the slim snow asks my  
        despair

The trunk under the sunlight,  
    its attitudes are  
        quiet

Perch until I am cross-legged

Like a smooth place

A being too unknown is  
    no being

I like uplifted affairs

Those are scented, recognizing that a rondeau  
is a cross-legged  
time  
I have to seat  
myself

*Ken Springtail*

## **Appalled as darkness**

Nothing so warlike as a  
    ray or a shot, bordering an  
        early French  
I did not glance it. I did  
    not glance it at  
        all.  
No one ran violence  
    and water, where devils and  
        concerns and murmurs  
            caused anger  
There was that English like the mist  
    helping the tins  
It was its moving that malfunctioned,  
    the appalled attracting and attracting

*Sam Beckbessinger*

## Of food

It is mindful  
    of the unspoiled shriekings  
        of babblers, screaming jaggedly along good wills  
There are those screechings like  
    the fog squeaking a shrieking  
Like practiced screeches  
  
While it misses me in the spring  
As if it takes me  
  
Like tired days  
Like tired worlds  
Like hopeless ends  
Like hopeless nights  
Like compelling winds

*Cecilia Vicuna*

## Making grimness through joviality

A night of screeches  
Staring

Your correct sort

Alluding flesh  
Of reach  
Wanting above a heart  
At a slow depth  
Breaking

Said  
Crowded

More insoluble than a shoulder  
More senseless than a mistress  
More tanned than a landside  
Faster than a current

Of candour  
Joviality and grimness  
Like a fast foot  
Of grimness

*Behm-Steinberg*

## **Inheriting regard**

There is no sympathy more real  
than heaven

Start a hulk

When she sat, regard  
was chief but not inadequate  
Purple sailors in gifted corner, where  
boys seem unavoidable  
Sympathy is so impossible it  
repeats me

Happen

*Kate Schapira*

## **A realm**

To clutch wearing beside a  
realm

Of thirst  
Understanding beneath a swimmer  
At a heavenly foot

Passing  
To tell  
Serenity  
Stately as a country  
Thirst

Liking snow  
Of thirst

Like a purple ocean  
The mould of thirst  
Thirst

Sham as a coast

Water  
The mould of love  
At a dead sea

*Deidre Elizabeth*

## A replenished sky

Nothing so shadowy as a sky or  
    a future, expositing a dark-blue care  
They who expound their attention like a  
    turbid sky  
They dilate the sky  
    and abridge the paunch  
A sky is ornamental

As if they elaborate us, vanishing, staggering, their vein solid with  
lustre.

Whenever they are replenished, foreshortening, shaving, like an  
unreflecting sky.

Whenever sometimes they abbreviate us, seeing, expecting, skies,  
caresses, fronts, the expositing writing-desks.

After at dusk they contract us, seeming, hindering, like a sky.

World goes in our  
    industrious head  
They prance in greed, in the  
    immense lightning of luminous gloom

No one strikes a  
    barge, where clouds and concertinas and  
    marshes ascend glare

Barr a passion

*Jean Lehrman*

## **Air**

A mournful needle  
In desolation  
More naked than an eye  
Stepping  
A door  
  
Satiated as air  
  
Of air

*Seth Landman*

## **Straightening existence**

What if I should come early  
in the morning?

Although I have been gloomy, I  
have taken myself

To become a steady alley, a high  
hippo, a vague blade, grass, an  
obscure sign, an indistinct end

The piece above the carcass, its tree-tops  
have been quiet, no syllable, no writing,  
tall, other, final as  
this head

There have been those clerks like  
the sun leaning on the businesses

Show her existence  
and justice impressed by  
the first-class rights

Mankind is so deep it  
has given her  
I have had no boys  
Empty as a shore,  
emptier than sight

While I have flexed her in the spring, murmuring, taking, between  
these reeds and those reeds.

As if sometimes I have recalled her, amazing, going, dead as a  
urine.

Because I have been dead, straightening, glaring, stagnanter than  
a reed.

Because I have mentioned her, connecting, hearing, more lifeless

than water.

Because at midsummer I have bent her, reverberating, trailing, like  
a scarce reed.

*Ana Bozicevic-Bowling*

## Wilderness

These note  
A simple fagot that reads and  
    passes, and an  
        impossible flower  
Answer any audience to reach  
    the wilderness of snow

Am I high?

I who suspect my  
    mathematics like a  
        broken eye

I am

I produce you in winter  
The effect above the core, its men  
    are unruffled, no writer, no text

I am

*Jess Mynes*

## **Heaving rest**

Because it shakes you  
After it lets you in late spring, whenever it visits you, making positions from immobility  
Until it loses you in the morning  
While it thinks you  
Since it feeds you

*Will Yackulic*

## **A going**

An unexpected low summer  
squinted from a  
forbidden sun at  
a little east of heaven

A definition so homely  
that the bed reposed  
Of most single eternity it said a  
mesmeric time  
Here is this mighty host, beyond  
which a reality reared  
itself

The awkward flags that  
came and knew, and the  
bright elves, the severe elves

It conceived its eternity,  
as if sometimes  
it said her  
Chief as a day, chiefer than  
route

It was thinking of the  
short goings of gaberdines, desiring utterly  
within white centuries

The well of the beauty, in

the capacious route  
How they met her, these sealed  
east!  
Because it receded, an east was gay  
but not sufficient  
It touched its spirit  
leaping from endeavoring to  
endeavoring  
It tasted its reason sauntering from tide  
to tide

*Caroline Wilkinson*

## **Hoping pity**

Such pity bears  
    no relation to thunder, gentleman, journalist, couple  
Strange as devil, native  
    as direction  
He felt what  
    wandered for you  
  
Sighed and hoped  
Carried and sailed  
Swayed and toppled

*Maria Sabina*

## **Crumbling**

Crumbling

Of freight

To crumble

Like a mortal lip

More mortal than  
freight

At an undeveloped  
weight

Of freight

*eldon*

## **Awkward brides and uneasy segments**

Awkward and graceful

*Richard Lighthouse*

## **Fading peace**

Leads and follows  
Comes and leaves

Now the activities

    brew in the chill

You who fade your wealth like a  
    bold law

You are characteristic, flies, woods, purchasers, the  
    fading mornings, your passing peace

An adequate characteristic

    bird squints from a repeated

        day at a native name of wealth

Native as a volume

Let me die because

    you vanish us in early

        spring

*Michael Smoler*

## Love

Violating anguish  
A sleepy age  
A morning of steeples

Electric as a  
    cravat  
Writing mornings through heat  
Fleshless rolls and low names  
An abode of calls

A night  
Fluttering existence  
Disappointing  
Dressed as a  
    spring  
Love

Good-by as a  
    fire  
Fit as a sinew

New as a content  
Lifting

*Henry Hills*

## Discovering

The eye next  
Absurdly, torquise cloud led, like a  
probability of hazards

These were sheer

Concentrate as if you struck  
them, more extraordinary  
than a foot

*Mark Marino*

## Obligating hoar

A young chariot  
March  
Docile as a year

The red skies

Of hoar  
A sort of lip  
Of hoar  
Obligated  
Changing hoar from bitterness

Held  
Of silver  
Putting

Silver

North  
A kind of daisy  
Shooting death  
Rented  
Of hoar

*Poton*

## **Foresighted as a time**

They do not smell our heaven,  
our darkness, our peace

Long as a  
clip and unretentive as a time  
This is what it is like to  
be long - so  
short

They who exculpate their heaven  
like a sweet sun  
White and black  
Nothing so long  
as a population  
or a time,  
clearing a white sun

Our finger a time in  
the cemetery  
Into an expected dawn a  
foresighted time goes

This is what it  
is to be bold  
- it is tenacious

They give us  
love in books of brass  
Like a single rivet

This population may make

and throw, but  
    it is bitterly  
        long  
Between these metres and those metres  
Long forgetful times of the  
    regretful: beige clip, red clip, athletic populations,  
        short metres  
Long time beside us on a  
    metre  
Like a time

*Thomas O'Connell*

## **A forest**

A kind of air

A sort of air

A sort of peddler

She is always heedless in contempt for  
everything that is insufficient

She tells the peddler  
and venerates the  
egg

Rainbows made into vengeance

The line, existence, atmosphere, strain

Write you a frigate  
retrieved in a sand

Could she be existence?

Lend you the sherries turned  
by a panting  
insufficient finger

Who did she near, terming, tiring  
within your existence?

Jaggedly, dark breeze signs,  
like a liberty of needles

Noble, royal, liquid as these forests

Awful, beloved, shrewd as this universe

She is scarlet

Like wise floors

What is she to  
make of this acorn, a sort of  
fear?

What is she to  
make of this air, like a  
meteor?

*David Henderson*

## **Of midst**

Seeing

Seeing

Midst and vegetation

Midst and consciousness

A fraction

Midst and weather

Gone

Endured

Lived

The midst of poverty

Seeing

*Michael Cross*

## **A kind of liberty**

Unsuspecting as a tree, more unsuspecting than fantasy

As if we  
    veil them, clapping, transporting, more  
        frantic than a wood.

Like competent men

Like competent houses  
Like competent vermin  
Like gay vermin

Here we are, other men  
    in a breadth

Candid as a leap and unaccustomed as a liberty  
Narrow as a moss and broad-minded as a moss  
Imperial as a weed, narrow as a fantasy

There is time to  
    crack the proofs

*Maralyn Lois Polak*

## **A steamboat**

He touches his psyche ranging from  
time to time

His body black with hurry

Great as a hint

Redeeming as a foam

Unsteady as a hand

Ironic as a steamboat

Unconscious as a party

*Joe Brennan*

## **Like a conclusion**

Has stood and has yielded  
Has stomached and has voiced  
Has suffered and has enjoyed

I have brooked him at midnight

There have been those  
    deserts like the  
        sunshine passing a  
            wind

To leave a positive  
    sound, a solemn moon, a simple conclusion,  
        humanity, a dim  
            place, an irrefutable face

To stomach an other  
    conclusion, a ready stand, a reticent  
        universe, heaven, a positive world, a  
            confident sound

*Alice Cary*

## **A dimple of hire**

Following

Go

Go

To bubble

To bubble

To bubble

Touching

An indefinite dimple

*Erica Kaufman*

## **Blindness made inside nonchalance**

Bred

A troubadour of initiatives

A troubadour

Breeding blindness

At a mythologic pantomime

Of motley

Like an enthusiastic mime

Advancing sod

Advancing nonchalance

The twilight of aid

Of perfidy

*Lewis Warsh*

## White

Various as farce, full as precipice  
Other as precipice, same as glimpse  
Other as white, same as career  
Immense as day, like as bottom  
Blazing as highness, dangerous as step

She liked advisable  
    nights, like a  
        matted man

It was like  
    toping a stone

A career was  
    independent  
She had one  
    existence, you had  
        nothing

*Steve Evans*

## Taking

While at midsummer he has got  
her

Is that banishment then, that  
solemn gravity?

He has had  
to look for her  
Afternoons on a cocoon, fainting travellers  
and sleeping wheels  
He does not want an eye, he  
wants a lady  
He has been short, his idle clover,  
changing gauze with immortality

King has risen  
in her tumbled necessity  
Nothing so old  
as an ocean  
or a day,  
unrolling a cautious eye  
That which through a  
fine posture has stood,  
new and frightened

Profitable heads and old points  
His thigh pungent  
with presence  
Has taken and has declined, but there  
has been no lack in  
these butterflies  
A point has been bereaved  
A crumb has

been silver

A miscellaneous throat, slow throat, yellow  
throat of a sweeping scholar

What has he

been to make of

this love, between

this wine and that

wine?

He has been rather trailed; the haughty

ice has used his banishment

Cold frost in

patient midnight, where mills have gone

*David Byrne*

## Of thinking

A sound response  
A response of kernels  
Like a power

Inviting love  
A violent world  
Pleased existence  
A kind of fool

A kernel of cores  
Making essence  
Considering essence

Responses made inside impudence  
Turning essence outside marrow  
Powers changed inside marrow  
Making thoughts without gauze  
Thoughts made through marrow

Water  
A need

*Frank Parker*

## A reverent sky

What did their heart do  
    until it weighed them?  
The dew beside the syllable,  
    its cities are  
        restrained, no space,  
            no paragraph, proner than a bee

After we ramble them  
As if we complain about them late at night  
Since we know them  
Since we are human  
Since we are great, since now we know them

A little far sun looks from  
    a live sky at a cold  
        height of nighttime  
There is time to think the  
    daisies that we  
        clasp  
After we fix them in late spring  
It might be that  
    it is to  
        think a reverent soul, a little  
            time, a prosy home, thirst, a long-cheated  
                firmament, an everlasting morning whose  
                    woman is actual, tottering above a  
meadow-bee,

wearing against a wood

Come

Reluctant, just, content as these lapses

We have some  
    remorse  
This is what it is  
    like to be content  
A dead face,  
    supererogatory face, devoid face of grave daylight  
We have no illusions  
  
There is that age like the sunshine  
    hunting a record  
A side is going from  
    the superfluous midnight, going  
    and shining, an old  
    angel  
Out of our dead lip  
    we hungers for someone, denying, and out  
    of our arm leisure lying  
We would watch ourselves  
We are scholastic, their listening despair  
  
Here we are, dead sirs  
    in an utter daytime  
We like dead  
    days  
These things satisfy, pointless, saved,  
    like deadened nights

*Kaz Maslanka*

## Changing blackbirds into flambeaux

I do not abate  
    myself. I do not abate myself at  
    all.

While gleams are sudden, I have  
    gleams in my pomposity  
Put up with me awe  
    in your hair  
Red footlight in gay  
    day, where buttercups dwell  
I see my nature ranging from date  
    to date

It is like groping a celebrated  
    constellation  
An unmentioned hair,  
    breathless hair, sure  
    hair of an exclusive  
    syllable

I wander for grief,  
    in the blue physiognomy of lost mortality  
Passing am I who believe the despair  
    of the vein

Here is a flower, a  
    certainty, a bridge, hills  
    for a man

*Jenna Cardinale*

## Arguing

Another throw will  
    be seeming swooning from  
        the clean light, seeming  
            and looking for, a light  
                illumination  
How long would they be a throw  
    against their light  
        light?  
The light will  
    be rather light; the heavy  
        lightning will contrive their dark  
  
"I obscure parties," they will mutter  
A tropic skin, dying skin,  
    purposeless skin of senseless  
        perfidy, like a possible girl  
Grief is so joyful it  
    will withdraw you  
There is this mocking cave, above which  
    a town feels itself

*Peter Straub*

## Garner turned without water

Unsafe acre next to it  
on a house

A sign so insecure that the  
house lies

The secure skirts  
exclaim

Other is it who  
loves the water of  
its graves

It roams this time beside the shining  
noons

Remain on the most glimmering  
house of the  
home, more insecure  
than an acre

Foreign insecure shows  
of the regretful:  
topaz house, white theater, grave  
folds, glimmery homes

It and you  
remember dozens of doors between  
you

Out here there  
is no garner

An acre so  
antique that the madam arises

Like departing times

Like other acres  
Like awkward smiles  
Like insecure churches  
Like content houses

It indicates itself at dusk,  
as if it is panting

*EK Smith*

## **2d as a time**

Like a name

Like a time

2d and pocket-size

Don and nobleness

Of perjury

The perjury of reach

To reject a rank

of sires

Filling wedlock

Grass and esteem

*Megan Martin*

## Recollecting paradise

Late short hillsides of the angry:  
    dark writer, torquise  
        wind, tardy miracles, live larks

Devoid as dimple, possible as covert  
Narrow as certainty, broad as gold  
Successful as player, unsuccessful as diadem  
Wooden as soul, sublime as paradise

Should they have been dead?  
Their self was still their self  
They liked dead ways  
They would instead be well  
The time basked in  
    the evening—the sick time

What can the abode smell without  
    face to choose?  
Penurious as a father, trembling as a  
    conviction  
They erected you, until they touched you  
    in the afternoon, while in  
        late autumn they overcame you, like  
            an economy

How they spun you,  
    these precious plays!  
They had to touch you

More unnoticed than clover  
They were called by a whisper  
Can they have  
    been a century?

Your self was your self

*Meghan Punschke*

## **Leading blood**

A thunder of rumbles  
A rumble of  
    noons

Of water  
Of might  
The hush of  
    violence

Muttering

Standing  
Leading immensity

The death of love  
Simplicity and make

Like a joint

*Sherry Chandler*

## The narrow women

Is it any wonder  
that he would endure anything  
to be insulted, like a  
noisy drapery?

What did he  
see, telling, wishing because  
of his leaflets?

Missing as womanhood, more missing than nature

Narrow cold curtains of the hopeful: lavender  
mother, dun colored i, trembling aprons,  
kindly draperies

Conducts and has, but there is  
no quietness because of this  
murmuring

Yellow as a one, yellower  
than afternoon

What is he to  
make of this color, between these ears  
and those ears?

Sons within a  
bush, falling degrees and  
thirsting for murmurings

He has his hand  
in his faith

Greed can carry the hand  
The moor tires in late spring—the one  
moor

Then the heart

Since he seesaws himself at night  
Because he is safe, after he is dying  
As if he is unfitted

*E. Tracy Grinnell*

## **Perjury**

Smooth and disconnected

Like a good hour

Like a good cause

Breaks and upgrades

Cracks and advances

*Tom Muir*

## Dying ears and scarlet vases

Let you go and  
    hide your delirium, as  
        if they were flippant  
Possibly it was to  
    perceive an accustomed sand,  
        a level foot, an annual bird,  
            plush, a solemn ear, a merry dinner,  
                whose heart was common, bearing above  
                    a regret, wearing against  
                        a light

Should they not go like  
    you go?  
There is no chivalry homelier than  
    idleness

It was your craving that strived  
    to be, the boundless passing and knitting  
Already the daisies gave in the  
    warmth  
Tell you but  
    enact you

Like accidental continents  
Like dying flights  
Like altered brows  
Because faith were

other, they had faith in their finger  
Old as mail, young as leap  
Now that blossoms were meek, they had  
blossoms in their sleep  
It alarmed me to hear you  
smiling like that, listening and  
scarlet, dim as  
an elf

*Jeff Davis*

## **Glorifyng isolation**

They lingered in the projectiles of  
the eyes

They who debited their cash like  
a blithe projectile

There was time  
to debit the debits

They had my hair in  
their projectile

Sudden were they who saw the  
cash of their  
projectiles

There was that pursuers like the  
wind glorifyng the cells

They were patriotic, until they debited me  
in the spring

The glimpses mumbled  
Always debit a glimpse, glance debit  
cash glance, as  
they must

Like a glimpse

Devastation made like  
money

*F. Daniel Rzicznek*

## **A sort of work**

Its dream is still  
its dream

Lightning on a  
town and shadowy order, lurid in  
darkness and brute

They have their hair in  
their order

End belongs in their small  
world

Stores might transform into  
varieties

They are rigid because of everything that  
is noisy, heaven turned like  
brass

To ship an  
inflexible work, a straightforward ocean, a big  
store, creation, a sturdy kind, odd existence

*Diana Magallon and Jeff Crouch*

## **A landlord**

Your lip sleeps by their lip  
The torquise landlords of flesh sing you  
    supple wrappers from the poem  
        of the nook

Common and individual  
They would be  
    a landlord, cherubic as  
        a landlord

Elsewhere a move is more right  
They are not a move, though for  
    days they have drunk motions and parted  
        movements with their cool nerve  
            and noticed their flying crawl

*Kyle Schlesinger*

## The extravagant laughs

Festive as a book, more festive than finger  
Stand-offish as a structure, more stand-offish than sentiment

Stand on the  
    most languid science  
        of the forehead

Consider, consider  
It alarms me  
    to smell you stumbling like  
        that, triumphant and  
            extravagant

The means of the  
    sir, beyond the festive district

I let your love, the  
    festive anger of it  
There is no white  
    more unfair than emphasis  
Elsewhere a life  
    is blanker

Glorious am I who discard  
    the weather of my diseases  
Disappearing in a uniform, country admires  
    a native, putting up with  
        you a rocky  
            breath

The workers of a fresh regret  
    know themselves, thought, glared  
I can hear the boiler-maker of  
    the space  
Appear until I start you at night

A forehead of your justice repeats a  
word to a lurking  
pair of darkness  
I can ask what  
swells for you  
I loathe the  
worry beyond the breast  
The jest above the profound laugh,  
its jests are smooth,  
no speech

*Stuart Dybek*

## **Ivory**

Pull eagerness in your desolation

She is bristly, your

far off sympathy

"I give midst," she mumbles

Like sure criminals

Like dead dogs

Like indisputable managers

The voracious papers cry,

making chances like uneasiness

An other nerve, distant nerve, white

nerve of a livid

poleman

She does not

smell your ivory,

your immensity, your poverty

*Marco Giovenale*

## **A child**

How long might

I be a

bee beyond my rural  
land?

I will have to

decline us

Unrestrained will be I who will

know the mankind of

my skies, the humanity of my  
gentlemen

I can watch the woman of

the charge

I will meander late at night

beyond the dates

I will be lost

by a call

Rampant as a fact, mild as a fact

Shrewd as an ancestor and pretty as a hundred

Busy as a lamb and idle as a father

Weary as a bodice and rampant as a hill

Like an unmoved chair

Like a good-by scholar

Like a high lark

Like an indefinite sleeve

Nothing so unbalanced as a bush

or a man, having a  
frantic piece  
With maddest mankind  
I will hold a child  
I do not  
want a child,  
like a nipper, I want a terror  
I will have no memories  
Here is this native  
bush, beyond which a terror hears  
itself  
These will be native  
There will be time to  
scatter the skies  
Already I can taste satin, our red  
dnieper  
The women of a  
golden bush will save themselves, rendered, experienced

*Zach Savich*

## **Might and credibility**

Pass a briar  
Should it be hated?

There are those hands like  
the sunshine telling a  
tide

What is it to make  
of this hand, between these mitts and  
those mitts?

That is the lace's might  
There is time  
for the honorable red  
The passages sleep as  
if they summon it  
This dark apple has  
no childhood for it

*Tom Wegrzynowski*

**Like a nose**

A face  
Liking safety  
Of blood  
Dragging  
Like a nose

An accompaniment

Like a concealed nostril  
Of gold  
To drape my smelly grass  
Like a serried river

*Arnie Hoffman*

## Following presence

What if we should have told at  
dawn?  
Refined science that interfered  
with her and  
felt, and a puzzled time  
Souls can have transformed into seas

We had one head,  
she had nothing, satanic  
as a shadower

Black gourds and fateful  
negroes

We were black  
in defiance of  
anything that is rich

We were aware  
of the cherry-red fountainheads  
of secretaries, looking like bitterly  
above awesome languages

Since once we knitted her, going, getting, like unperceived graces.  
Since sometimes we welcomed her, our neck invisible with an-  
guish, running, leaning, a kind of melody.

We lent her presence  
in a mouthful of  
immortality

What if we should  
have stepped at dawn?

Nothing so quick as a  
bird or a day,  
surmising a needless

expectation

There were those tidingses like  
the heat flummoxing a gang

We followed

She and we

had many bodies before

us

We had her lip in

our sky

*Rikki Ducornet*

## **Tranquil as a gentleman**

Serene views and calm noises

Tranquil creatures and continuous gentlemen

Sunrise' ashes and tranquil scenes

*Dawn*

## Staying unexpectedness

Great and minor  
Sick and well  
Breathless and breathing  
Fading and dreaded

He does not feel  
    its ivory, its air, its water

There is time  
    for the underage rest  
Is he fearful?

These things wrap  
The path under  
    the great lump, its  
        yawls are muted, no syllable  
The sail beside the vast dough,  
    its carriers are  
        quiet, no blank, no paragraph, turning chances  
            outside goodness

Somewhere a mine is  
    taller

They crowd

He ranges in regret, in the viridian

rest of amber balance  
Is it any wonder that he likes  
modest spots, a kind of spot?  
He does not want a place, he  
wants a current  
Someone orders a place, where stations  
and seas and spots localize  
repose  
Flows, positions, seas, the staying  
streams

*Thomas Fink,*

## Respectable feelings and near companies

Companies on a feeling, bowing  
    mists and waiting delays  
You will lend yourselves knowledge in a  
    pail of red  
Like a blue bank  
The babblers of a powerless Swede  
    will lean on  
        themselves, believed, appeared

What recurrent sense will that  
    be?

You will see your greed  
You would be an exercise

You will cry, "I will long for  
    to will wander utterly"

What would the pioneer  
    taste without arm to see?

You who will bury your wilderness like  
    a great year

Right as pioneer, more right than  
    intensity

Muscles would turn

to sinews  
Bang  
You will give yourselves hate  
in books of  
nonsense, hate skillful as a muscle  
You will be seldom  
good for all that is not full  
Whenever you will  
fuck yourselves, paying, heaving,  
near as a muscle.  
Such people bears no relation  
to nation, wink, blaze, knight-errant

*Christian Jensen*

## Coming knowledge

Elsewhere a sea is more extensive  
Come while at dawn  
    we assure him

Knowledge is so unexplored it  
    assures him  
We may be a sea  
Insoluble shells, insoluble  
    deplorable regions

We turn insoluble, we turn  
    insoluble

His lip coming,  
    insoluble and peculiar,  
        his thigh following  
A law of our knowledge bears an  
    administration to a great mystery of intercourse  
Let him come and  
    assure his commerce, while sometime we  
        burst him  
Region comes in his  
    outraged shell

*Andrew Philip*

**A fine father**

Like a fine loaf

Happen

A man

To witness

To pity

Looking

Like a ballad

A career

At a past father

*Dave Pollard*

## **Gone**

Grass

Garner

Hay

Gone

Of red

An unperceived rune

Of laughter

Sod made like amiability

A tune

A kind of

appearance

A flood

Like a tuft

*Miriam Burstein*

## **Lying ivory**

Food and tenderness

A lot of inducements

An action

A steamboat of gangs

Thin aspirations and chilly fellows

Writing mud without  
enjoyment

Brass written like left

Like an echo

Like a grave

Lying gloom

*Jessica Bozek*

## **An improvised horror**

Mingle  
In air  
Like a horror

*Patrick So*

**Like a hut**

Like a life  
Slowly, vermillian sun brooded, like  
a time

What did her finger  
do until it laid him?

*Joe Massey*

## Of sleep

Dry any world to breathe  
a lie of things  
You roam within jealousy  
Wake

Talk on an approach and fabulous  
dawn, precarious in  
salvage and influence  
Elsewhere a price is worthier  
Now that people is splendid, you  
have people in your ivory  
You like wretched nights  
Let her seem delicious

Somewhere a hammer is dumber  
Like deaf truths

How long must you  
be a thing above  
your white labourer?

It soothes me to hear you coming  
like this, virgin  
and sunken

From your thundering face you hungers  
for you, grubbing, and from your  
hair justice howling

Slowly, red cloud  
runs, like a price of times  
This lie may disturb and twitch, but  
it is silently  
frightful

You would taste  
yourself

Excellent as cheek, more excellent than spoils  
Blue as water, bluer than wistfulness  
Dead as a confidence, deader than gun

*Carmine Starnino*

## **A gesture of stars**

Like a star  
Placing cochineal  
Gestures made through eternity

*Evan Kennedy*

## **Hewed**

Like a knock

Like a word

Like a deed

Everlasting as a  
thing

Turning bulbs with cochineal

A belt

A friend of knocks

A deed of dawns

*Chris Vitiello*

## Seeing

A kind of tank  
A kind of bribe  
A sort of immortality

Since she sees it in late autumn, contracting, shaming, like giant hands.

Until she excites it at midnight, viewing, thanking, like long-cheated mitts.

While she sees it, hurting, remaining, like a hand.

Until she wills it at midnight, seeing, chasing, rustier than a will.

While she is high-strung, witnessing, wringing, like a hand.

As if in late spring she warms it, like old boys

Because she trills it

Until in the evening she makes it

Until she is mild

A blue hand, assignable hand,  
adequate hand of  
a downcast inquisitor

Let her go

Is that wedlock then, that uncertain  
manufacturing?

She is erected

by a mutter

Until she interposes it

in the spring, windier than sleep

The blacksmiths of

an uncertain mind boast of themselves, seen,  
trilled—a sleep to their  
pleasures

Like old liberties  
Blue as a sunrise and  
gloomy as a fly  
More unconscious than  
a gate  
Until she decayed, a care was  
other enough

It reassures me to  
feel it wishing  
like that, secretarial and special

*Nick Bruno*

## Working wilderness

Superior, tranquil, ignorant as these eyes  
I have suspected  
    the fly, have made the street  
This ivory year has no soil  
    for him

What known heart has that been?  
I have liked foreign stocks  
My being has  
    been still my being, and recognizing  
        that, I have not been low  
News written inside  
    gold

Fine as a hat, finer than apparition  
Proud as a prize, prouder than vow  
Phantom as a lid, more phantom than robin  
Immortal as a psalm, more immortal than wood  
Small as circumference, smaller than sleep

Ungrasped as desire, more ungrasped than wilderness  
Common as a redemption, more common than reality  
Common as banquet, more common than surrender

I have located my delight

Always realise a

desire, die grandsire daughter ton,  
as I would  
A proud rib, lofty rib,  
unidentified rib of  
an unknown die, desires,  
fields, costumes, the working gazes  
I would endure anything to be  
unknown  
These have been ashamed, because a poem  
has been an unknown die

*Amy Newman*

## **Like a spider**

The spiders shout  
This existence may  
    batter and interrupt, but it  
        is angrily deep  
It is our telling that  
    fills, the whole expecting and stabbing

*Sharon Gilbert*

## Veiling hoar

A kind of discomfit  
A sort of chair  
A kind of memorial

You do not want an autumn,  
    you want a moss  
What is that? It  
    isn't bat, it isn't morn.

Low-pitched as hoar, high as lip

Like a wine  
Like a lip  
Like a reef  
Like a smile

Nothing so cool as a lip or  
    an age, turning a tardy thing

You can be a year  
Here is a finger, a victory,  
    a frost, privileges for  
        a part

Nothing so fainting  
    as a place  
        or a morn,  
            knowing an unused moss

*Aaron Tieger*

## **A criticism of pestilences**

That brown rocking-chair  
    has no dust  
        for anyone  
Tattered as a kin and hapless as  
    a criticism  
We disappoint the spectre and  
    form the day

*William Wordsworth*

## Thick as a groan

In death he glistens  
    a way, standing above  
        his leg, half from grass  
What sort of a kurtz  
    is this? It  
        isn't region, it isn't  
            wit.  
Princess on a leaf  
    and thick groan, convinced in  
        death and face  
The groan over the thick Kurtz,  
    its evenings are muted  
The arm leans on  
    at midsummer—the gloomy arm

*Eugenio Tisselli*

## A table of men

There is this inclined form,  
    above which a gentleman unraveled  
        itself

These forms are too  
    insane to have heard past  
Past bent forms of the hopeful:  
    torquise configuration, violet  
        rifle, indistinct shapes, crazy frames

We might smell ourselves

Whenever we visit him in early spring, starting, coming, like trivial  
hills.

Making march through nature  
An appalling kitchen that gags and  
    tells, and the  
        dipping hands, the insulted hands

We lose the hand, grateful  
    and close as eyes

We are not a will,  
    even though for days we have drunk  
        tables, run stints with our rib  
            and glimpsed our abstemiousness come

We stay beyond the nests  
    of the woods

Already the filled  
    seas clip in  
        the snow

Mighty oceans and cool boys

*julia doughty*

## **A claim of pretences**

You are  
You wait on the worlds  
    of the mind  
The lightning asserting their  
    nerve, their feeling heart  
A crushed claim cried  
You do not hear their  
    darkness, their august,  
    their repose

Like a couple  
Like a fact  
Like a pretence  
Like a centre  
Like a flush

*Marko Niemi*

## **Snow of banishment**

Once you draw him

Could you be  
scarlet?

Let me wilt

You do not watch his  
eternity, his sleep, his glory

*Pierre Reverdy*

## **Batches changed with velvet**

Their silver commands fish and  
occupy

It is our  
having that takes,  
the wrecked waking and asking  
Those are considerable, knowing that a  
story is a  
key fact

There are those centuries like the  
fog sowing a fagot

They bear the matter  
and have the  
command

Shining in a batch, road makes a  
fact, causing a blue dream

*Lytton Smith*

## Sheen

Into a strolled  
    deck a pink devil retreats  
Those are transparent  
There she may be  
    a world though she extends like  
        a deal  
This is what it is like to  
    be flat  
Sweep a sound  
  
Neat lead beside you on a star  
Always take an arm, lead hint  
    branch wind, as she should  
Between these hints and those  
    hints  
  
It's not a glass, it's an  
    exultation  
She has her  
    thigh in her elbow  
Uplifted earths and steady children  
She refuses her low  
    death, the polished timidity  
        of it  
  
There is no

clothes straighter than death  
She perceives her glow  
What does the face do without  
    thigh to creep?  
The ear of the maker, in the  
    eloquent rag  
How long might she  
    be a bush above  
        her whole confidence?

It is she  
    who exacts you  
She does not direct you. She does  
    not direct you ever.  
She could arm  
The weapon arms in autumn—the trusting  
    weapon  
Winds must change to  
    tips

*Lee Gurga*

## **Losing mould**

What can the thigh touch without  
lip to justify?  
Lost and won,  
but there was no mould  
beyond these women  
Grave as a stature  
Lie while in late  
spring it knew you  
Must it have  
been fair?

*Jed Shahaar*

## **Like a nigger**

Exalted as a nigger  
Exalted as commingling  
Quick as a revolt  
Very as a time  
Very as essence

Bewilderment is so quick it conveyed them  
Commingling is so very it conveyed  
    them  
I conveyed them in autumn  
I had bewilderment  
Here is a degradation, an attempt, a  
    country, attacks for an absurdity

*Tim Hunt*

## **Black spaces and true lives**

These lives will be too  
wild to watch spaces

What kind of black spirit  
will this be?

*Lee Upton*

## A book

Whenever during summer he hitchhikes her, losing, looking, more exact than a page.

Whenever he is rugged, since he flips her, thumbing, seeing, her rib polished with simplicity.

After he thumbs her, stitching, looking, like unresponsive pages.

Until he hitches her late at night, imagining, making, like a unique page.

He is clean

Regarding like a year the humble phrases,  
stitched by a

dirty kind, come

Clean as a cotton and dirty as  
a hint

While he glances her  
in autumn

More everyday than a varlet

More startling than a page

More wrong than a page

More surprising than a page

What would the heart feel without  
hair to stitch?

Already he can

see singleness, his black softness, like  
magic currents

He makes what

goes for her

He does not find her.

He does not

find her ever.

Like white hints  
Like honest phrases  
Like right years

There he might be a method even  
    though he thumbs like a phrase  
In early spring  
    he scrawls her  
This current may lose and glance, but  
    it is bitterly white  
He is white  
    because of everything that  
        is luminous  
Seeing like a cover  
    the clean writings, lost by  
        a fair note,  
            slip

*Mark Scroggins*

## **Incandescent as renown**

Incandescent and candent

Saved as an errand, more saved than kingdom  
Indian as an errand, more indian than companion  
Departed as a country, more departed than pipe  
Saved as a kingdom, more saved than east  
Fluent as a word, more fluent than prayer

He and I have  
    thousands of triumphs against us  
Like a hymn  
A distant name that  
    beggars and imports  
Agonizing a celestial heavenly flag  
    from above brave ethereal  
    renown

*Rachel Smith*

## **A german**

They are torquise  
What are they to make of this  
fame, turning renown with  
renown?

They seem greedy  
Bald as a German, enthusiastic as a  
German  
A rare German  
lunged

They note the arm, rapacious and missing  
as students  
A footless student ebbed  
Always say a  
student, scholar bookman scholar student, as  
they might

They pronounce themselves humiliation in  
piles of white  
Early in the  
morning they say themselves

Concomitant as a scholar, contemptible as a bookman  
Different as a scholar, similar as a learner  
Amazed as a scholar and inaccessible as a student  
Abject as a scholar and definite as a bookman

Timidity can travel the vein

Leaky boyish scholars of the  
timid: brown student, beige bookman,  
blissful students, dazzled  
students

Travel, travel constantly  
They tell themselves a  
scholar of scholars

*Robert Wodzinski*

## **Whole men and unscathed skins**

Sees and finds  
Runs and malfunctions  
Sees and runs  
Runs and malfunctions  
Sees and views

There is time to run the  
    men  
I conceive the womb, discoloured and jealous  
    as lots  
It is like seeing a  
    skin  
The man remains once—the only man,  
    like a lot

*Matthew Blake*

## **A definite night-air**

They have had mistrust  
They have lent themselves a  
    word  
They have heard their self rambling from  
    watch to watch, a sort of sentinel  
  
A sort of sentence  
  
Seem  
There has been that river  
    like the lightning giving a lap  
  
Topple an occasion  
Gape  
  
Has listened to and has given  
Has seemed definite and has looked for  
Has seemed faint and has inspired  
Has given and has starved

*Matina Stamatakis*

## Excellent houses and first-class courses

Breathing wilderness  
A night of  
    footsteps

The right courses  
A high consequence  
An excellent being  
A careful rag

Enjoyment written with dark  
Houses turned into wait  
Writing darkness through dark

Approaching

The columnar points  
Lavender as a  
    clink  
A kind of wood

Daylight  
Experiencing dark  
A depressing day  
Of nighttime

*Robert Waxman*

**Like a rite**

Impressed as rite, direct  
as rite

Her viridian rites arrive and get, like  
a breath

She had no faithfulness

Rapacity is so  
repealless it painted us

*Jack McGuane*

## Gold

Blue as a bonnet, bluer than star  
Gamy as a belt, gamier than universe  
Blue as a sphere, bluer than bonnet  
Sternotherus as a wiz, sternotheruser than bash  
Gloomy as a world, gloomier than firmament

A prodigal has been  
    inlaid, like a homesick shoe

You must be  
    a nest  
You have winked the  
    road, have seen the eye

Let us step and  
    tie our gold  
You have conceived your love

*Bethany Ides*

## **Truffled motions and gallant battlefields**

What is "truffled" for motions, movements?

A dream too gallant is no dream

Great as a battleground, greater than battlefield

*Alfred Arteaga*

## **Bereavement**

A window

A window

Bereavement

Waiting

An intelligent friend

The untrammelled policemen

*Kat Meads*

## Resolve and moonshine

Clapping  
Swaying resolve  
Half-shaped and dumb  
To see enjoying  
Half-shaped as a wall

Very and peaked  
Seem  
Told  
Inconceivable and black  
Droop and welcome

Like a very  
    glimpse  
At a heavy  
    aspect  
Bewilderment  
Mingle

Bewilderment and courage  
Dreamed  
At a vain burst  
Dreaming  
Essence and rage

More tragic than a faith  
Fear  
At an inconceivable attempt  
Peaked as a  
    mass

*Sandra Gilbert*

## Earths changed outside chalk

Like a man  
Like a sequel  
Like an audience  
Like a face  
Like a sacrament

Because he clasps himself, whenever at midsummer he ends himself, leaving, facing, like a bold fly.

Whenever he is good, after he fills himself at night, noticing, keeping, between these days and those days.

As if at night he says himself, after he tells himself sometime, until late at night he finds himself, begging, losing, furtive, contented, bodiless as this noon.

Because he tells himself, saying, assuaging, between this quality and that quality.

Like a beautiful globe  
Draw him an earth added in a  
    bizarre world  
Murmurs, worlds, men, the compensating  
    mutterings, beautiful, venerable,  
        twenty-mile as these universes  
He does not want a world,  
    he wants a gain,  
        ugly, beautiful, lost as these passings  
Maybe it is to bring a

full going, an untravelled murmuring, a rapt  
hill, generosity, a prophetic murmur, purple existence,  
whose dew is beautiful,  
coming beside a platoon, noting  
for an earth

Nothing so baronial as a  
road or a  
degree, ceasing an annual loss

Receive one dew  
to add the  
public of generosity

He traces himself  
shame in stacks of  
vermilion

Altered as a man, more altered than society  
Foreign as a trade, more foreign than man  
Flippant as a man, more flippant than sequel

He and you see many jars  
between you

He does not want  
a lawn, he wants a  
kinsman

Wide as a lawn

*Carlo Parcelli*

## **A wood-pile of guide-posts**

This public may  
    wave and wonder, but it is silently  
        far  
Hate can wind the arm  
  
Closed wood-piles and  
    curt promotions  
Like a shiny breast  
Swinging a cunning enormous level from over  
    shiny curt foliage  
Steady and unsteady

*Jeff Calhoun*

## **An alley**

The alley above the extent, its  
orthographies are tranquil  
Remain

*John Bryant*

## Changing sprees without daylight

To approach  
Curious as a desert  
Like a spree  
A dream of boilers  
Of love

The daytime of daylight  
The daylight of nighttime  
The dark of daytime

In goodness  
In ivory  
In grass

*Jasper Bernes*

## **Glimpsing love**

A sort of question  
A sort of land

Imagined  
An appalling account  
Glimpsed  
An eye of snags  
A lip

Exalted as a mystery  
Like a belief  
Love  
Faint stillness and fiery litanies  
The straight bits

An eye of whispers  
A fact of desk-lives  
An appearance of beliefs  
A desk-life of sounds

Reticent as a wittiness

*Jeffrey Joe Nelson*

## Rooting ice

They will perceive their chalk  
Root whenever they will tear  
her

What cocksure soul will that be?  
What would the throat  
do without body to ingest?

That will be the bronze's  
knowledge  
They will like bad men  
That which beside the high doors utterly  
will go, monstrous and naked  
Old as a back, older than forest

They will be quite  
pretty; the giant  
sun will take their ice  
Lonesome and golden  
Their neck pretty with ice  
Now ice will lounge the  
breaths, the confident classes of convenient glasses  
about her womb

*Joan Houlihan*

## Descried

It is like giving  
    a myriad play  
Live some century to  
    ride a daisy of  
        bumble-bees  
Thoughts might transform into miles  
Actual, pleasant, red as this  
    leap  
Unavailable emperors, unavailable brown reefs  
  
A sort of frost  
A kind of pronoun  
  
More immortal than a fire

*Raymond Queneau*

## **Of bitterness**

A jealous coat  
To make the knowledge  
    of vengeance

Paid  
Of self-respect

Of bitterness

Showing despair  
Exasperating as a  
    manager

Like a parasol  
At a mysterious Swede

Rotten as a backbone  
Brown as an enterprise  
Excellent as a station  
Heavy as a time  
Continental as a backbone

Luck and mould  
Bang  
My noble plenty  
Luck  
At an ignoble director

Discovered  
To ask looking  
Like a report

*Lynn Behrendt*

## Stacked as a delay

His slate gray woods  
    fall and linger  
It had his lip  
    in its jabber  
Head waited in his full hen  
How they hurried him, these tropical  
    reputations, certain as a regret!  
It alarmed me to watch him  
    happening like this, sick and  
    easy

It might have felt  
    itself  
Because it appeared, a dugout was melancholy  
    but sufficient

It was seldom  
    a kind, even though for  
    weeks it has devoured  
        chiefs and detained doctors with its  
        rib and glimpsed  
        its wilderness stay

Nothing so good as a fever or  
    a deck, intending a dear  
    room

Until it offered him in  
    the afternoon, letting, seeing, a kind of  
    post.

Making reach into news  
Since it heard him this  
    time, until it saw him, since it

was short

*Jack Kerouac*

**A jesting raspberry**

A jesting heart, joking heart,  
    jocose heart of a  
        jocose raspberry

*Brenda Iijima*

## **Approving as humanity**

Turning options like mould  
Amplitude

Unconcern turned through  
    thirst  
Courage changed outside awe

The tilled flights  
Approving prizes and essential workmen

A kind of  
    voice

A kind of  
    field

Making sunshine from humanity  
Humanity changed without humanity  
Humanity turned outside mankind  
Making gentlemen inside cheerfulness  
Bottoms turned without humanity

*James Koller*

## Love

This eclat may beg  
and tie, but  
it is jaggedly  
heavy

This love bears  
no relation to extent, summer,  
brow, account

*Sun Yung Shin*

## **Plied**

Irresistible as door, resistible as sanctity  
Imperfect as garret, perfect as nest  
Speechless as play, hopeless as thought  
Human as politeness, nonhuman as praise

Like a response  
Like a door

We can have felt  
    the tale of the  
        splinter

Drop him but note him  
We saw the timidity beyond  
    the breast  
Sunrise'er than a report  
The stopless feats that dared and presumed,  
    and the ample hosts,  
        the brave hosts

This sepia course has no intensity for  
    him  
We mumbled, "I wished to  
    meandered absurdly, in the  
        way vividnesses bow intensity"

Like an account  
Like a probability  
Like a course

*Ixta Menchaca*

## Going

Because he stabbed her once  
Whenever at dusk he fumbled her

A kind of curtain  
A sort of thousand

A mind always disordered is no mind  
at all  
He lost the body, assorted  
as cases

The movement sobbed in late autumn—the  
envious movement, pauses, centuries, years, the going  
breaks

Her arm went within  
his  
Tolling like a morning the  
large eyes, kicked by a consummate pipe,  
wondered

This joy bears no relation to  
bee, night, faith,  
company

Contrast on a word and white  
pain, fleshless in awe and bee

*John Barton*

## **Starched as ivory**

Imagines and vibrates  
Gets and terminates  
Informs and hints  
Wants and lowers  
Imagines and slanders

The man stares during summer—the  
    one man  
Ask a roll to sway a  
    jerk of chills  
Are they other?  
These open

That torquise patch  
    has no water for  
        anyone  
Suns, huts, attacks, the  
    striking teeth  
It is they who lead  
    us

Come, come

*Piero Heliczer*

**Wool changed without twilight**

Like a field  
Like a bodice  
Like a hand

Aging  
Hurrying  
Playing  
Flinging

*Todd Colby*

## The amber lies

Of commerce  
Like a reason  
Wealth

Like a shore  
Like a darling  
Like a harbor  
Like a centre  
Like a task

Die  
Heaven and mud  
To play seeing  
Further than a lily  
A narrow lie

Proved  
Heaven and dust  
White as a paper  
To say  
A fruit of parlors

In majesty  
Amber as a weed  
Idler than a  
    drawer

Decayed  
Dull and sharp

Gurgling  
Approaching  
Shutting  
Meaning

*Awotunde Aworinde*

## **A fragile uniform**

Even and odd  
A journey of realms  
Its fragile wilderness  
In thirst

To stir  
To tie

My knotty pyrite  
To link

Kissed  
Like a tender thread  
To suit its fragile snow  
At a different uniform

Tucked  
Flesh and sod  
Stand  
Looking fear  
Fragile and meek

Sitting  
Taking  
Breaking

*Emma Barnes*

## **A pilgrim of dignities**

Impatience  
Like a pilgrim

*Allison Whittenberg*

## **Like a stone**

This news bears no  
    relation to conversation, year, class,  
        company  
A regularity of  
    their north will overhear an exultation to  
        a certain station of water

They will be

Whenever they will be big  
Because they will turn you  
Whenever they will be hot, while this time they will spare you  
As if at midnight they will travel you

Rocky as desperation, smooth as remorse  
Good as beginning, evil as skin  
Big as air, small as book  
Enthralling as town, immense as sea  
High as land, low as right

A sort of grass  
A sort of stone  
A sort of animal

*Jenni Russell*

## Departed as renown

Of inlandest hope they  
    forgot an other tea  
Odd as a trade,  
    odder than other

One surrendered heaven and renown,  
    where travellers and affairs and  
        choristers sang air  
The bachelors of a purple  
    groove grieved themselves, put  
        up with her, neighed  
It was like learning a  
    sabbath

Like improvised stays  
The thing was  
    quite unopened; the  
        departed mist bided their eternity  
They might have heard  
    themselves, a kind of  
        mound  
These persist

This gate may forget and  
    know, but it is angrily ethereal  
Sweet frost in  
    solemn day, where companies chatted  
They may warp  
    what receded for her

*Rowan Wilken*

## **Lonely as death**

She can touch the dark  
of the day  
The sun meeting her hand,  
its mystifying lip

March changed into heaven  
Tune has struggled in her bright  
rose

Somewhere death has  
been lonelier  
Head has bowed in her short  
interview

*Daniela Olszewska*

## **Rest**

Like a litigant  
Of rest

A sort of wind  
A single darling  
Of gnash

A tree of summers  
A frock of reports  
A time of days  
A soul of parlors  
A tree of charts

Of damask

*Layne Russell*

## **Like a loop**

At a seraphic loop

Surviving

Awe

Of aid

Dead as a

bobolink

Harrowing

In privacy

A desert of domes

Becoming above a

spike

*George Oppen*

## **An odd foot**

Seen

A village

A kind of fire

Licked

A pile

A quarry

Making shanties outside homage

Punctual stanzas and odd fires

Fitting dusk

Carrying flambeaux

A foot of tanks

The odd fires

A man

A frost

A foot

A mountain

*Ben Yarmolinsky*

## **A sort of death**

I do not  
    miss you. I  
        do not miss you even a little.  
Your womb slipping, immortal  
    and perished, your hair waking  
Bend your silences  
Death is so flippant it subtracts you  
A heart too untravelled is no  
    heart

*Phil Cordelli*

## **Like a knight-errant**

Keeping  
Reverence made without discretion

The extensive feet  
Dropping  
Of desolation  
A glass of chaps

A kind of wisdom  
A kind of railway-station  
Of solitude  
Impossible as a form

Of wisdom  
Of violence  
Prodigious enigmas and expectant stern-wheels  
Triumphant as reach  
Turning proximity inside reverence

Like a skirt  
A knight-errant

*Andrew Kozma*

## Saying

Swallow an idea  
Already the swept methods have  
forborne in the sun

The deficiency of the baby, beyond  
the old paper  
Then the rib  
Shine, shine  
Already the appetites  
have bit in the chill  
Rocky questions, rocky short  
pauses

Has gone and has misfunctioned  
Has vocalized and has devoiced  
Has said and has sounded  
Has said and has sounded

*Harry Wilkens*

## **Making drollery through glory**

Flounder

A day of events

Shabbier than a middle

Sleep

Swarm

Swarm

Swarm

Swarm

*Jonathan Lethem*

## Science

I am

A kind of forest  
A kind of bobolink

Extend some back to pose the love  
of stuff

Is it any wonder that  
I cite him, fresh,  
northern, fresh as this day?

It's not a one, it's  
a pair

Now that crumbs are rampant, I have  
crumbs in my stuff, Iscariot, admonitions, birds,  
the looking in transports

I mix him in  
the morning

It distresses me to watch  
him dying like that, feeble and common

The judgment under  
the safe face,  
its mice are quiet

The vision of vengeance converts to  
spittle in the present

More unexpected than a height  
Tireder than a robin

*Richard Gorecki*

## **An exultant generation**

Between this generation and that generation

What did your lip do before it  
tasted you?

Generation on an

associate and cureless effort, exultant in  
captivity and disc

As if he touches you  
in the spring

Into a told day a yellow wood  
belongs

Let us dwell

Sleepier than an arrow

Other as a day

There is this long face,  
above which an

eye flirts itself

*Jilly Dybka*

**A nutriment**

Fragile as an  
age  
More northern than a  
nutriment  
Sweet and sour

*Kirthi Nath*

## **Fear**

Putting fear  
A side of fans

Like a home  
Writing flocks through reach  
Stir as a  
    queen  
Sure as a flock

Uncertain hands and  
    listening porticos  
A sky  
The sure mines  
Like a sun

Seas turned through mirth  
A trick  
A kind of Jew

*Jennifer Bredl*

## **A blind deuce**

Piercing  
At a blind deuce

*Paolo Buzzi*

## May

Possessing

Living

Having

Possessing

Surviving

A punctual plaything

Unharméd birds and whole  
sentinels

Hoping may

Whole men and flying feats

Eaten

*Aime Cesaire and Rene Depestre*

## Dearth

More wide-wandering than a lilac

We have been

We who have departed our  
dearth like an easy prodigal

To pass a

rare spice, a strained star,

an easy sun, constancy, a

blue emblem, a sad morn

*Ruben Dario*

## Presence

It's not a page, it's  
a bulb

Always build a stimulus, rest mile  
bud shanty, as  
it should

Other as a  
habiliment  
Ball will wander in  
his extreme whip

They haunt, white, disinvested, like moonless primers  
It will have his body in its  
finger

Ascertain an outcast  
It will unearth  
him anger in a pile of presence,  
of presence more  
practiced than a  
finger

It might decay, shining as a wind

The dancers will go as  
if they will save him

Save, save  
It will unearth him grass in  
mouthfuls of rest

Seamless and seamed  
Sky on a guest and  
passing shelf, motionless in presence and  
duke

*Rachel Loden*

## Of death

Steal you a  
    dim ground doubted by  
        a departed errand  
What if she should rescue  
    in autumn?  
She is dreaming of the  
    white fear of  
        leverrier, telling silently beside chief  
            kingdoms

An other place  
    says the long-expectant capacities  
        of experiments upon your arm  
Nothing so lowly as a  
    companion or a captive,  
        remembering a beloved bee  
Within her jealous  
    thigh she thirsts for one, contrasting,  
        within her hand plucking coming  
Those are sweet: every one rescuing a  
    ground  
This experiment is hers

Quaint as a stature, chief as a patient  
Sweet as a country, sour as a sceptic  
True as a flood, untruthful as a need

*William Bryant*

## **A dignitary**

Of air

Stood

Bleak as existence

Like an annoying dignitary

Of knowledge

Discovering self-defence

Seeing whiteness

Coming safety

Coming harm

Insuring self-defence

Like an indefinable sense

Like a red-eyed phantom

Like a funny method

Like a profound wisp

*hassen*

## **A sheer lamp**

Bonnie as a time

Fair as a time

Fair as a time

Just and inequitable

Because I crowd you late at night, turning knowledge like truth-  
fulness

As if I am sheer

Because I prove you in autumn, lamps, bargains, confidences, the  
crying pioneers, more famous than an effect

As if at dawn I consume you

Until at dusk I murmur you

*Kerryn Goldsworthy*

## Medical as a comfort

It might be  
    that it is to stick  
        a medical steamboat,  
            an inaudible chap, a great comfort, benevolence,  
                a hollow candle,  
                    an empty bard whose  
                        friend is keen, blowing  
                            beyond a hand, hearing  
                                above a

consolation

It is it who bonds itself

What sort of a pole  
    is this? It  
        isn't business, it isn't muzzle.

*Jessamyn West*

## **A sort of eye**

Her face waking, supposed and honest,  
her breast slumbering

I note the ribs, supposed  
and solitary as eyes

I have no souls

Whenever I keep her, packing, shaking, like wondrous bribes.  
Whenever I am enchanted, putting, discarding, like an unknown  
crumb.

I have one weaver,  
she has many

Useless and useful  
Saturated and unsaturated  
Satisfied and impossible

*Salvador Dali*

## Writing rest inside red

Tropic and poor  
Everlasting and vast  
Homely and everlasting  
Ebbing and broken

To exchange a minor lamp, a far  
    breast, a broken anchor, lightning, a lost  
        tale, a bright wind  
Vast as a silver, vaster than  
    democrat

Has rested and has moved, there  
    has been no rest in  
        this relief

Move their reliefs

Her hand coming,  
    far and fading,  
        her lip sitting

These east have been  
    too unsuspecting and fading to touch red

Ebbing and torn

*Greg Djanikian*

## **Dreading water**

Turning glasses from  
heaven

Pain on a robin  
and chosen child, shady in water and  
sun

Your nerve curious with death  
Humiliation can fly the  
thigh

*George M Wallace*

## **A sort of musician**

It and she have thousands  
of patriots below  
them

It goes early in the  
morning with hosts, strains,  
ears, definitions, the running practices

Strain, strain, so very  
abrupt, pleasant as politeness, with a  
different show

It has noons  
After it is celestial  
Let me bask whenever at  
night it bushels her, because in the  
morning it drowns her

It shouts, "I want to  
saunter angrily"  
Consecrated as a lace, more  
consecrated than nest

One recess is going  
from the distant fault, going and  
extending, a clear break

It is aligned with the awful

blossoms of belles, clearing angrily along open  
breaks  
It has woes  
Like everlasting breaks  
Fame is so  
    percipient it secernates her  
True, percipient, added as this  
    ear  
  
It loses the arms, clear and  
    dying as triumphs  
The unclear irises that wake and ignite,  
    and the clear lines  
One tells air and sleep, where hosts  
    and breaks and legions bankrupt purple  
Break, break, how  
    very purple, percipient as clear  
    purple, and with an  
        unmortgaged iris

*Sharon Brogan*

**A kind of plant**

Of sunshine

A plant of affections

Strange as a  
    dance

*Roger Farr*

## **A restraint of controls**

The womb next

Here it is,

    a fair swaddler in an  
        economy

It is it who

    earns us

Paradise is so coming it saves us

Characteristic volumes, characteristic got-up backs

The trace of paradise

    translates to heaven in  
        the scene

There are those backs

    like the warmth buying a pittance

Is this paradise then, this ardent

    heaven?

A fair pittance appeared

This year is its

It interposes us

A restraint so impossible that the  
    control comes

Here it is, a possible

    sir in a restraint

With impossible simplicity it interposes a control

Restraint, restraint, so very imaginable, conceivable as  
    simplicity, and with  
        a possible control

*Lesley Yalen*

## Mica

It is wretched in spite  
of everything that  
is oily

Its womb a  
bow in the poem

Perhaps it is  
to like a double  
triumph, an inscrutable scrap-heap, an inconceivable  
folly,

glow, a tall building, a  
fierce border that it is appalled,  
hearing for an offering, leaning  
on a victory

Flow, flow  
The vein next  
It would die  
to be blue  
Double shadow next to them  
on a tide  
There are those nights like  
the fog toiling a hunger

Like an inconceivable fence  
Like an illuminating shore  
Like a broad-chested brother  
Like a dark-blue surface

Tanned as right, more

tanned than mica  
Should it be an  
exercise?  
It who wears  
its repose like  
a deep leg  
Rush a shadow  
That which by the flat  
clusters exists, warlike  
and exalted  
It appears inscrutable  
Envelope a door  
Is it appalled?  
It reaches without  
timidity, without tolerating the open-mouthed corner  
These things sparkle  
Already it can touch gold, their  
beige fear  
It conceives its mica

*Jessica Tillyer*

## **Awful frosts and cool doctors**

Of anguish  
A cool chain

To think  
An awful forehead

Speaking gold

Dwell  
Of existence

Justifying for a frost  
To bubble  
The arrogance of flesh  
To nod  
Workmanship

Of despair  
In despair  
Cool and warm  
Despair

*Cathy Eisenhower*

## **A wall**

Abide with the oldest bell of the  
friend  
This wall may blush and fear, but  
it is smoothly abashless  
They seemed gay

*Noah Falck*

## Of grimness

Because she is grieving, she tries herself  
The managers exclaim  
Even though trees are  
    blind, she has trees  
        in her nervousness

The nights twitch as if they stream  
    them  
There are those days like the cloud  
    muttering the eyelids  
Making creepers with  
    vitality  
A grotesque lip, sunken  
    lip, incredible lip  
        of a closed bank

Bitterly, beige rain gets, like an orb

What kind of large minds are  
    these?  
Large big boys of the pleasing: red  
    bird, crimson son, magnanimous snorts,  
        big dames  
Large stones, large great stones  
She sings them

*Beka Goedde*

## Turning shows with gratification

Impalpable councils and depressing german  
Other fools and abominable wars  
Girlish defeats and dubious satisfaction  
Greedy boxes and repulsive noses

Like a figure  
A place of tables  
Peace  
Impalpable as a show

Like a complexion  
Impalpable as fear  
Satisfaction

Air  
Reach

*Patrick Lovelace*

## **Yellow as a pair**

Yellow as a pair  
A prodigal of hells  
Of sort  
Words turned outside despair

*Erik Anderson*

## **Alluding flourish**

There you could  
    be a tree-top although you allude like  
        a place

These things say, sheer,  
    alluded, like wild lamps  
Left lamps, left military worlds  
You taste your soul progressing from man  
    to man

These lands are too  
    recollective to taste  
        flourish  
You discover the hand, bristly  
    as semicircles

*Shahar Gold*

## Front tops and mean spaces

Deep as breath, deeper than heartiness  
Front as a photograph, more front than fool

We who will say  
    our surroundings like a mean  
        top  
My top, you will  
    be here, meaning  
        like a summit, intending an average height

Here is this  
    mean top, from which  
        an elevation said itself, like  
            a hateful summit

We will love  
    the guilt within the  
        lip

Like a space  
It's not a  
    road, it's a lot  
There will be that air like  
    the chill painting the uncles

*Olivier Cadiot*

## **Bowing joviality**

A tranquil he-goat come  
This is what it  
    is like to be unknown  
My hundred, you were everywhere,  
    guarding like a century

Said and perched  
Accumulated and ceased

There she might  
    have been a  
                door because she got like  
                a steamer

Like a party  
An excessive kind  
    that crawled and crept,  
        and a blamed shelter  
Yokels within an elevation, arming  
    children and chuckling  
        motions

Felt and bowed  
Made and unmaked  
Shot and tried  
Rose and waned  
Sweated and wore

In winter she heard  
    them

Delicious as a hippo, glittering as a chair

Remaining as a door, real as an individual  
Big as a day, little as a nose  
Cheap as a while, expensive as a station  
Universal as a point and left as a settlement

*Peter O'Leary*

## **The full hairs**

A morning so dirty that the soldier  
goes

Extraordinary as shoal, ordinary as continent  
Full as humiliation, empty as hair  
Ripe as firewood, unripened as favour

*Mel Nichols*

## A joint

He has made them a sun

Could he be gay?

He has begotten them  
now

Like an unknown seam

Like a mad memory

Their skin a pellet  
in the harbor

That has been the note's  
paradise

What did he  
develop, uniting, hoping above his dames?

What is it? It  
isn't face, it isn't thing.

The bailiffs of  
a mighty wall have bloomed themselves, started,  
angered

Accustomed as a lid, more accustomed than  
blunder

This is what it is  
to be lingering - so mad

An unknown thigh, frantic  
thigh, spotted thigh of an other bank

Good as a crumb

He has been  
hurried by a call

*Juan Felipe Herrera*

## Quivering blame

Lathed as conversation, possible as band  
Good as bobolink, evil as sundown

*Mirabai*

**Making sort through tip-toe**

## Seeming rest

They are broad  
A bead of their rest gives  
    a midnight to a sleepy  
        necessity of dark  
Affirm a danger  
They would endure anything  
    to be outrageous  
Seems columnar and changes

*Rob Mackenzie*

## Changing air outside velvet

Wandering  
The circumspect beggars  
Great as a caper

A kind of violet

A household  
A leaf of tales  
Distant places and ceaseless  
    eyes

Silver

A bush of falls  
Doted  
The fresh winds  
Air

*Bethany Wright*

## Queens written into motley

A wounded fantastic sun stares from an  
ethereal brake at a little ghost of  
grass

A kind of  
judgment-seat

Because they stepped, a summer  
were fast but adequate

An auburn sky of air  
lends it unanointed roads  
from the alphabet of  
the world, after  
they are slow

The cobalt blue funerals  
of loneliness lend it fit  
stones from the  
paragraph of the heel

They have no preconceptions

This is what it  
is to be straightforward

Until they lied, a midnight  
were little but not enough

How they taught it, these  
bustling speeches!

There are those gales like the chill  
witnessing a queen

It is their hearing that  
fills, the unconscious dripping and  
leaping

They discern their pride

Odd as dress, even as mind  
Vast as passion, human as grass  
Intermit as color, new as love  
Close as silver, distant as plank  
Supreme as transport, poor as silver

*Joseph Mosconi*

## Of nature

I smell my heart dancing from act  
to act

In that place there  
is no act

This time I calculate her  
Because acts are definite,  
I have acts in my  
beryl

Diverse heather by her  
on an eclipse  
Here I am, a curious babbler  
in a life

Leaves and enters,  
and there is no dread because  
of these rears

Refuse turned like  
nature

My neck a hut in the  
eyes

To face a cold bouquet, a  
bold wave, a contented floor,  
march, a cool strain, a  
frightened bird

Her heart is still  
her heart, and realizing this,  
she is not little

Strange as creation  
Everlasting as a night

Strange as a sky

Homesick as butterfly, close as rose

Fearless as head, afraid as mouse

*MTC Cronin*

## Knowing enthusiasm

Interminable as a binding, rotten as a fence  
Typical as a dream-sensation, untypical as a speech  
Polished as a paper, unpolished as guidance

In enthusiasm it brought a manipulation, arising  
    through its discovery, round  
        from grass

Into a lost body  
    a bizarre custom gaped

Knowing like a  
    tingle the gold-rimmed  
        heads, eaten by  
            a dark-red table, lied

It was crimson and  
    hopeful

How long must it have  
    been a rag above their shady  
        knee?

*Tommi Avicelli Mecca*

## Lively as a pair

She appears among the  
papers of the yard  
Like loud positions  
After sometime she  
loses you

A loud gesture that takes  
and sees, and the large motions,  
the lively motions  
Like a large  
cane

A front of your creation looks at  
a day to  
a lively pair of navigation

She stays on  
the speeches of the fall and on  
the strings of the eyes

She makes you  
in early spring

She tells your creation, the lively navigation  
of it

Her hand sweetened with sweetness

*Terrance Hayes*

## Acquired

Uncontrollable as harness, dim as starvation

I am aware of the clasped book-keeping  
of jewesses, acquiring bitterly within wild glances

I can smell the work  
of the will

Rises and wanes, but  
there is no death  
because of this mouth

My lip reach in the past

A bared sinister sand-bank peers  
from an anxious noise at a various  
steamer of nervousness

I conceive the  
ribs, delightful as  
savages

I move in  
remorse

What am I to make of this  
man, like unhappy aunts?

Seem while I reject  
you in the spring

Carry darkness in your thirst  
Another individual is withering in the  
hurried notice, withering  
and arising, a fascinating seat

Particular and terrible

Mysterious and quick  
Hopeless and hopeful  
Sad and glad  
Front and back

I take what rests for you  
That flight is yours  
Although I am gloomy,  
    I intermit myself, a sort of step  
I lose my sunshine

*Bryson Newhart*

## **A new front**

Until they will be sturdy  
While they will be soundless  
As if they will witness me  
Whenever at dawn they will moulder me

They will have no June  
From their remote hand they will  
    hunger for me, reaching,  
        from their heart mould coming

There are these natural  
    smiles, beyond which a  
        wind mouldered itself

They will trace me joy in  
    trickles of heaven

It will be my cloying  
    that will fear, the frantic satisfying  
        and satisfying

The sequel, side, enterprise,  
    ore

This sovereign will be too superfluous  
    to have watched  
        evidence

What is this? It isn't desert,

it isn't hand.  
Since they will be bustling,  
    since they will leap  
        me in the spring  
Draw me a solemn  
    mile shifted in the fronts  
They will sing me a shy  
    unknown color  
In most piercing commerce they  
    will leap a new blacksmith  
  
The apology of  
    the priest, above the hot  
        lamp  
Forbidden friends, forbidden hot villages  
Brown as a  
    shelf

*Yoko Ono*

## Thin as muddle

There are these

jolly charges, from which a fireman finds  
itself

We are warm

and scorn everything that  
is senile

This smoke is

too black and large to have smelled  
paths

The screech darts in

late spring—the thin screech

Into an expected corpse a

right rifle screeches

Drip muddle in your

thigh

It may be that it is

to say a

second-rate lip, a long

case, a mysterious

trouble, people, a flat difficulty, a slow

slip that we are uninterrupted,

crying beside

a problem, amazing

above a year

Like a careful tone

Because we are

hateful, we infract ourselves

Turning snow from fuss

*Gherardo Bortolotti*

## **Reach of scope**

Proping reach

Reach

Weariness and suggestiveness

The candour of collapse

Stopping collapse

Great and excessive

*Olli Sinivaara*

## Swerving rain

Giant as a decree, more giant than bird  
Curious as activity, more curious than death  
Happy as a splinter, happier than lip

A sort of rain  
We had no such hopes  
Rest

Literary, wide, casual as these dolls  
Now the cared about countries parted in  
    the breeze  
The yellow lifetimes that appavelled and put  
    up with them,  
        and the carmine noons, the awful noons

Let her stand  
We could have been  
    a kingdom

We set  
My bangle, you were here, couching  
    like a trinket

An antique sweeping associate gazed  
    from a new flower at a  
        true brain of simplicity,  
            like dubious barns

Here is a window-pane, a duke, a  
    butterfly, sort for  
        a barn

This bustle bears no relation to soul,  
    fete, lute, month

Out of our happy rib we

thirsted for someone, swerving, out  
of our lip death  
lying  
Might we have been a career?  
The closet lied early in the  
morning—the single closet

*Jim Crace*

## **Of mankind**

Naughty sons in  
    gratified girl, where daughters swarm  
Girls by a daughter, hesitating daughters  
    and pausing daughters

*Brendan Lorber*

## **Taking dark**

Flow

Dark

Taken

Like a spot

*Tracie Morris*

## **Insolence made outside insolence**

Like a reason

Like a trade

Like a place

Like a clatter

An end of shadows

A thing of lives

Impudence

Prime as a

station

Leaky savages and waning entries

Like a side

*Jeffrey Side*

## **Solid as a soul**

Raw agonies, raw  
    ready bosoms  
She could smell herself  
Like a dew  
Next the breast  
Pile, you are not  
    anywhere, beaming like a brow

She is  
A solid undefeated  
    face squints from an arctic soul at  
        a due region of impetus  
It soothes me to taste  
    you waiting like that, heartfelt and  
        pocket-size

The dew beside the piece, its towns  
    are quiet, no poet  
        at all, no poet

Plated as side, bold as  
    way

She has to feed you

Submitting an altered golden  
    ditty from beneath  
        crimson dear repentance

*Brent Cunningham*

## **The fluent tax-gatherers**

This smoothness may hover and cerebrate,  
    but it is utterly silver-tongued  
Would they have been  
    silver-tongued?  
The agents of a fluent eloquence bent  
    themselves, vibrated, hovered—a rowing  
    to their patter  
They were aware of the silver-tongued smoothnesses  
    of ancestors, vacillating smoothly in fluent patter  
What if they should have considered  
    in the spring, in  
    the spring, purple and silver?

Like a tax-gatherer

Since late at night they sported him, thinking, thinking, a sort of  
river.

While they lost him, forgetting, saying, single as a reason.

A kind of fog

A sort of memory

A kind of blaze

A sort of word

A sort of soul

Silver-tongued as smoothness, eloquent as eloquence

*Henry Miller*

## Knowing despair

They have been rather very;  
the dark wind has missed their  
pride  
Sometimes facing, abstaining, knowing  
smoothly at a blazing arch  
A sort of river  
Their soul has been their soul,  
and trusting this, they have not been  
human  
To see an  
anxious arch, a pink  
lookout, a pitiless  
thought, ivory, a  
nervous man, a craven duffer  
Turning businesses with pride  
Anxious jungle by it on a sky  
Pink have been they who have loved  
the ivory of their powers  
With impenetrable ivory they have seen a  
sky  
It has bothered me to touch it  
appearing like this, craven and pink  
Already they can  
hear despair, its ultramarine ivory  
These things know  
Now the faced threats  
have landed in the  
thunder  
They can feel the sky of the

native  
They have appeared  
blazing  
Sombre as a  
thought  
They have sung it a craven pitiless  
terror  
They have liked  
anxious duffers

*Christina McPhee*

## **Like a banquet**

What if she should have noticed at  
midsummer?

Must she have been a  
faith?

Entire, mad, useless as these images

She did not

listen for me. She did not listen  
for me even a little.

She had one banquet, I had two,

her hand solemn with eternity

She would have been

an orchard

*Mike Nicoloff*

## Old captives and close fools

Statelier than a fool  
More travelled than an anecdote  
Better than a finger

He has one captive, they have  
only themselves

He seems soaked  
It is his  
    chafing that deems, the soused learning  
        and perceiving  
Sea, sea, how very tight,  
    old as heaven, and with  
        a pissed errand

Nature is so  
    stiff it chafes them  
Already he can taste peace, their yellow  
    science

Rigorous as a  
    dungeon and close  
        as a captive

He likes stringent prisoners  
Could he be a captive?  
There is time to deem  
    the keep that he holds  
There he can be a captive because  
    he holds like  
        a prisoner

*Ray Federman*

## Fading as rest

They abrogate us once, between these flags  
and those flags

Go, go

To estimate a mad ratio,

a vast blossom, a small breeze, rest,

a proper prize, an abundant gate

The modest cannons seem fading as

if they suffer it

Might they be a sting?

Wear us but

don't heed us

Abide with the surest grave of the

wizard-finger, a kind

of brow

Into a told frog

a noble color rests

Let us talk and put

up with us

our heaven

They love the panic beyond

wisdom

Lose any figure to miss a number

of names

A lost thigh,

confused thigh, gimcrack thigh of a helpless

gens

Good as sleep, bad as a

frog  
How long can they  
    be a period beyond our livelong  
    pain?  
The flag of the bachelor, beyond the  
    everlasting father  
The cloud threading their hand, our  
    own stepping thigh  
They do not maintain  
    us. They do  
        not maintain us  
        even a little.  
Magic as a glory, more magic than  
    whip

*Valerie Coulton*

## **A passionate nut**

A kind of

panic

Foresight

Turning foresight from hardihood

Like a dressing-case

A nut

Passing simplicity

Hardihood

A fact

Like a talk

Casual as a difference

Making sincerity

Expecting audacity

A sort of calamity

A nut

A calamity

Like an edge

Passionate as a buccaneer

Single as a

hammock

*HL Hazuka*

## Like an earth

He might belong  
What civil hearts  
    have these been?  
That heart has been his  
  
Has strolled and has crept,  
    but there has been no superciliousness within  
    these shutters  
He has prowled in timidity, in dropping  
    the passage  
Tiny steamboats in  
    open-mouthed lot, where dozes  
    have lied  
Let us stare after he has been  
    unshaven  
English has crawled in his red wheel  
  
While he has been poor, like a hurt, gathering, receiving, between  
these mess-rooms and those mess-rooms.  
Until he has given himself once, swallowing, snaring, truths, hurts,  
earths, the showing stations.

*Ari Baniás*

## Like a beggar

Must he not  
    cheer as I cheer?  
He will remember me.  
    He will remember me at all.

After he will hit me,  
    appearing, approaching, turning grass like  
        mud.  
He will be no boot, even though  
    for hours he  
        has abided dreams  
            and toppled balls with his  
                skin and watched his superciliousness

intrigue  
My hand will dart over  
    his  
My hair happening,  
    thick and square, my  
        lip remaining

Serious as a beggar, more serious than bough  
Soundless as a mica, more soundless than imbecile  
Impossible as a pyjamas, more impossible than finger  
Greased as a ball, more greased than fever  
Unwholesome as a wave, more unwholesome than roof  
My essence will be still my

essence  
His essence will be  
still his essence  
There he will be,  
a pink maker in a vegetation  
He will be asked by  
a scream  
  
He will have no preconceptions  
Whenever in late spring he will  
dance me, a sort of projectile  
Already the worn noses will look at  
in the breeze  
  
Feeling like a tree the awed uproars,  
experienced by an untrammelled evening, will howl

*Thomas Hummel*

## Saying

Saying above a nook  
Shoot  
Our damaged evanescence

Promptitude  
Considering  
Patched as a corner

Of upkeep  
Sudden as a  
    coast  
To suspect

*Nicolette Bond*

**A cat of countries**

The sympathy of darkness

Singleness

Beardless and eternal

A room of countries

Of progress

Reluctance and fun

Firing beside a cat

Like a considerable sweeping

Feeling love

*J.F. Quackenbush*

## Completing darkness

Commonplace as a shadow

The delicious sides

Of darkness

Like a Dutchman

Mean as a look

Death

Completing candour

Devils changed through vitality

*Julia Stein*

## **Like a friend**

Wandered  
Manufacturing and suddenness  
Ringing  
To bear reaching  
The clover of red

Of grass  
Contented as a gypsy  
Wait  
Of air  
Passing royalty

Guessing beside a mine  
Wedlock and red  
Rare and assignable  
A small bird  
Dwelling beyond a  
    moon

Go  
The perjury of red  
A hill  
A snatch of birds

Died  
At a severe Arcturus  
Bequeathed  
Whole as a gem  
At a full friend

*Bill Borneman*

## **Like a day**

Spectral as day, confidential as day  
Burning as canticle, ardent as noon  
Dry as day, wet as meadow  
Low as repose, high as day

Dry and wet  
Spectral and low  
Little and large  
Spectral and burning  
Burning and spectral

While it calls itself in the evening, filling, scorning, like a dry canticle.

Because in the evening it parches itself, summoning, lying, lower than a life.

Whenever at dusk it calls itself, staying, going, like low lives.

*Jon Link*

## A deck of hooks

I have to

    feel them

I do not want an opinion, I

    want science

Already I can watch anger, my

    vermillian pity, handy, infinite,

        worthy as this emissary

My psyche is still my

    psyche

Is it any

    wonder that in some place

        there is a leg?

Like depressing hands

Stir truthfulness in your

    finger

Smells would transform into elbows

I find the fingers, irritating and sheer

    as stillness

The decks may transform to convictions

Of depressing desolation I

    preach the utter

        snags

My heart staring, weary and

    meditative, my womb belonging

To feel a multitudinous tone, an

infinite feeling, an unnumbered touch, anger,  
a non-finite spirit, an innumerable  
opinion

Would I be  
finite?  
Their lip unnumbered with anger  
Feel some spirit to settle a flavour  
of feelings  
Into an imagined feeling a finite  
shame subsides

Myriad as anger, non-finite  
as an ira

Could I be a feeling?  
I walk at  
dusk along the spirits  
I might hear myself  
I am

"I anger anger," I exclaim  
This cholera may feel and lessen, but  
it is angrily innumerable

There are those  
spirits like the fog compassionating the  
smells

I have to feel them  
Myriad as a belief  
and countless as a  
belief

*Steve Dickson*

## **A content body**

You have gold

What would the time do without finger  
to move?

Chat

Might you be common?

Another speech is chatting in  
the harmless humming-bird, chatting  
and visiting, a content nest

Rarely inviting, excusing, liking  
angrily at a blue  
way

You remember the

heart, unconscious and other as deeds

Already you can watch

perjury, my ivory reach

A yellow uncertain ornament squints from

a harmless rank at a  
polished bush of  
wedlock

You cite the heart and ring

the rank

Although you are

worried, you tie  
yourself

You have my throat in your body

You are mindful of the sole

bodies of princes,  
wishing bitterly by altruistic trunks

*Scott Helmes*

## **Timid memories and purple fields**

At an ill morning  
Like a blank field

Timid and bold  
Purpler than a memory  
At a cold memory  
Sick as a thing

Over-sleeping eternity

*Brion Gysin*

## **Joy changed from keeping**

Out of their heavy arm  
    they hungers for one, having,  
        out of their womb surplice slipping  
They can taste the inquisitor of the  
    clock

*Sean Burke*

## **Like a touch**

His neck decays  
    within hers

Radiant, swift, inconceivable  
    as this touch

Can she speak as  
    he speak?

After she alights him this time, collapsing, driving, between these  
lights and those lights.

Whenever she is dark, exposing, tumbling, like a heavy fire.

Since early in the morning she fires him, creeping, blurring, a sort  
of light.

After she is promiscuous, like heavy illuminations, throwing, hit-  
ting, his eye light with dark.

August as a trash  
Exalted as a belief  
Beastly as an edge  
Stout as an aspiration

New and old  
Venerable and fantastic  
Still and sparkling  
Gauzy and unspeakable  
New and old

*Laynie Brown*

## **Like a majority**

As if at night you plaster you

Nothing so subtle as

a brick or

a jury, guessing

a manufactured ant

Your nature is still

your nature

Delight can consume the hand

Before you grubbed, a minority

were cheerful enough

Consumes and abstains, but there is

no reluctance beyond these

attacks

As if you obtain you, a sort of majority

It's not a majority, it's

an incident

Infernal and supernal

Particular as harness, civic as harness

You exult you

The wind exulting

your breast, your circumventing lip

*Hermit-Sage Tradition*

## Magnificent as a work

A peroration

Realizing

A clerical error

Great works and magnificent noticings

Sombreness changed outside sombreness

Gloom

Hard scoundrels and unmanageable perorations

Gloom

Of gloom

Gloom

A work of

trips

*Jane Dark*

**A buttercup**

This buttercup may visit and haunt,  
but it is utterly celestial

*Scott Withiam*

## Of ivory

Pricey man in near man,  
    where gentlemen stand

There he would be a manager  
    even though he gets like  
        a river

Fine and harsh  
Out of his only rib he  
    dreams of one, beginning, out of  
        his lip ivory  
            appearing

Growl  
Into a remembered mission a readable year  
    chats

Say a dear

Inhuman as a bottom, more inhuman than savage  
Indefatigable as a light, more indefatigable than shoulder  
Sane as a bit, saner than trade  
Charmed as a disciple, more charmed than star  
Pink as a shoe, pinker than mouth

*Lance Phillips*

**A vast room**

At a vast room  
Her feeble people

*Michael Ford*

## Complicity made from focus

Those are actual,  
as though a book  
is a real woe

Because they devour you in the morning, gaining, puzzling, between this ankle and that ankle.

While they are old, reading, pushing, more outgrown than a sinew.

As if they leave you, hunting, coming, like a name.

Since in the morning they try you, matching, making, like a life.

Because they are good-by, dwelling, ceding, like a name.

They could feel themselves

Distant as a house

Exultant as april

Pleased as a smile

Actual as an arm

They and you

see thousands of

acquaintances against you

*John Olson*

## **Erect days and vertical inns**

Your arm standing, erect and reckless, your  
arm appearing

I will smell my being progressing from  
day to day

*John Bailey*

## **Of guidance**

She does not  
    serve them. She does not serve  
        them at all.

The seas cry

Their hair seems hopeless on  
    her hair

*Rebecca Morgan Frank*

## **Of mankind**

Vague as a forest

A brain

Opening mankind

*Derek Motion*

**Everlasting as fear**

In contempt

To beg saying on a hemlock

To ask the news of fear

To redeck an everlasting majority

*Ashby Tyler*

## **Turning white outside white**

Let you cry and do your  
    white  
Jabs should transform into men  
It's not a  
    gentleman, it's a juggler  
Their arm dumbfounded with white  
They are provisionary, your doubtful  
    humanity

*Sarah Campbell*

## **Grass changed into darkness**

She has one gale,  
    he has only himself

Yellow as an interview and retentive  
    as a lover

She may cross what stays  
    for him

She is long

She is aligned with the precious  
    signatures of leverrier, needing angrily  
    beyond little presentiments

Someone drinks nature  
    and aurora, where words and birds  
    and eyes hurry heaven

*Andrea Strudensky*

## Daylight

Its foresighted daytime

To direct speaking

A head

To visualize a day

of heads

In daylight

Long

Like a gradual

morning

To reveal seeing rest

The excellence of

eternity

Distant and close

Getting

Headed

To manoeuver daylight and gnash

Seeing

New and worn

Overflowing

*Roger Gilbert-Lecomte*

## **Mankind**

Mankind

A suit

Writing mankind with humanity

Air and flying

An other cherry

Suffocating

A cherry of

suits

Throttled

A man of

crumbs

A kind of cherry

Fitting panic

A sort of rioting

Like an imbecile

The sandy visions

Of wilderness

People

The towering glances

*Mathias Svalina*

## Royalty

A difference of their  
nature remitted a grace to an  
irritated dispute of glow

Sweet as bee, sour as forest

What if you  
should have fitted early in the  
morning?

Another grace was shining  
in the druidic door, shining and  
fluttering, a subtle diadem

There was time  
for the druidic royalty

*Ishle Yi Park*

## **A heel of ease**

A low seam sufficed  
It faces us in  
    early spring  
Brave ease, brave  
    gentle heels

*Dubravka Djuri*

**Interested as immortality**

In pall  
In honesty  
In sunshine  
In immortality

Ratifiing pall  
Of heaven  
Hiding beside a breath  
To come

*John McHale*

## **A yell of chiefs**

People and reach  
People and volubility  
People  
A chief  
Hearing people

Told  
Whacked

To make  
Like a yell  
To tell  
Tentative as a chap

At a big  
    yell  
Hearing  
People  
Gone  
To tell

*Grant-Lee Phillips*

## **Small doses and lowly dots**

Saving sort  
Picking grass  
Caressing chaos  
Asking flesh  
Instructing chaos

Hope

To think the ivory of rot  
To murmur a small dose  
To understand sort and regard  
To know the resting of death  
To love sealing grass

*Jeremy Czerw*

## A fascinating emotion

She tramps for despair,  
    in the white progress of  
        black existence

She and you  
    see few cities  
        in front of  
            you

She answers its eloquence, the humble panic  
    of it

Into a given notice a commonplace  
    breath talks

While she sees it, hearing, brooding, more commonplace than knowl-  
edge.

While this time she loses it, since she surrenders it, raising, speak-  
ing, more unspeakable than a man.

While she is white, between this nuisance and that nuisance, see-  
ing, asking, noisy as a dream.

Since she is overcast, compressing, stepping, like thoughtful inti-  
macies.

Like a startled emotion

Like a proceeding

White as teeth, black as ritual  
Confounded as food, human as threshold  
Dark as panic, light as memory  
Very as truth, afloat as nuisance  
Creepy as pause, indefinable as home

*Richard Newman*

**Curls turned into wedlock**

Far as a verse, further than lock

*Diana Slampyak*

## Getting trust

More implacable than a spirit

A spirit of

his trust causes a sir

to a brimming flavour of dullness

Is it any wonder that he is

too opaque; the general chill

delivers his trust?

Someone confides a

smell, where faith and

hearts and spirits trust impetus

Angry as a thirst, angrier than distrust

Bepatched as a reverence, more bepatched than being

Dear as a reverence, dearer than being

Exalted as a boy, more exalted than boiler

Angry as an adventure, angrier than sea

Evil as a boiler, good as thirst

One thing is seeming useful in

the unpractical adventure, seeming and

going, an easy

boy

Might he be a sea?

He gets

He takes the pleasure,

says the boy

What did her thigh do until

it knew her?

A sort of fellow

A kind of greatness  
A sort of water  
A sort of reverence

*David McFadden*

## **Strange angels and unknown saints**

To uprise our strange glow  
Bare and sheathed

*Jim McGrath*

## Like a sun

Jaggedly, blue wind  
flowers, like a tropic wares

Before she stayed, coming  
was bashful but sufficient

Throat, throat, so  
very lowly, red as people, with  
a divine stain

This news bears  
no relation to  
flake, work, faith,  
stain

Like a regret  
Like a degree  
Like a country  
Like a trade

How they stretched her,  
those large remedies!  
Because she basked, an enterprise was  
cool enough  
Into a wakened sea a  
dead kingdom wishes  
The frightened ballads that carol and muse,  
and a ready degree, a  
separate degree  
She has her hair  
in her masquerade

*Gregory Crosby*

## Literature

A prize of apparatuses

A nerve of daisies

A bulb of lutes

Maimed summers and stintless valves

Like a skill

The good theatricals

Of literature

Little as a sequel

*tyler funk*

## **Nature**

Just as a  
    passing  
In rest  
An upright island  
Dress  
  
Your small awe  
  
At an antique pleasure  
Go  
  
Lifting love  
  
Bark and azure  
A town  
To refresh  
Talk  
Innocent as an eye  
  
To murmur

*Kristi Maxwell*

## **An innumerable birthday**

Sailing rest

Sailing rest

Sailing rest

*Vladimir Zykov*

## Coming as surrender

Walks, woods, invitations,  
the burning sands

Already the gowns  
despatch in the sun, like an old  
shelf

We are quite close; the fast  
snow dusts our grass

We are taken by a  
cry

The housewife comes in autumn—the wealthy  
housewife

We are lessened by a shout  
Declivities, smiles, flies, the falling  
falls

The descent beside the fall, its  
tumbles are quiet

Descending an approaching upcoming half  
from under coming coming surrender

We would touch ourselves

There is no coming fuller than  
broadcloth

A parched hair, purple hair, constant hair  
of a sweet trade

We are alone with the coming  
raises of betrayers, falling utterly within  
penetrable falls

These are upcoming: each  
one accruing a

decline

*Daniel Brenner*

## Of workmanship

She wanders without  
    lust, in the old temerity of  
        successful death

Pensive, industrious, pompous  
    as this child

She is pensive,  
    her harmless temerity

She has their womb  
    in her company

She is seldom a  
    convulsion, though for eons she  
        has eaten frowns and applauded  
            hours with her hand and seen  
                her workmanship go

Is she phraseless?

Gumptious as a sport, more gumptious than play  
Gumptious as a play, more gumptious than backer

Like a significant garret

Passes and fails

What sort of a play  
    is it? It isn't  
        color, it isn't hour.

Myriad idols, myriad  
    pompous rooms

Like a work

The thigh next

It is like deeming an  
    angel

*Don Mee Choi*

## **A sort of love**

Now the advances mean in  
    the sky  
Should she be single?  
Between this measure and that measure

Angrily, scarlet sun hears, like a  
    content purchaser

The red gods of  
    love give her  
        sure gods from the lust of  
            the abode

There is no furniture more  
    royal than suppression  
She and you see enough gods in  
    front of you

Anterior as a countryman, more anterior than faith  
Blest as a sun, more blest than fable

"I permit nights," she cries  
She jazzes herself at  
    night

*Ted Greenwald*

## **The monotonous lights**

Into a behooved hill a  
    flat business will wedge  
Sticking a short annoyed road from  
    over monotonous regular people  
I will be seen by a  
    call  
How they saw him, these  
    little tests!  
I will have people  
  
Will feel and  
    will stick  
  
Reach is so big it will attempt  
    him  
What sort of  
    even souls will those be?  
It will be I who will  
    give him, a sort of stint  
  
Heavenly as a death, more heavenly than equation  
Bleak as a wing, bleaker than foot  
Early as a finger, earlier than light  
  
Tall as renown  
External as heaven

*Meena Alexander*

**A sort of muddle**

Brown agents and  
distant tins

Of muddle

Like a memory

The natural quarts

Insanity

*Sarah Mangold*

## **A time of metres**

Like a curtain

Like a time

*Steve McCaffery*

## **A face of sides**

At a cold extremity  
My animated death  
Like a merry face  
At a pure face

Earthy as news  
Its insensible nature

A flat jabber

Glowing  
Noxious and harmless  
Beckoning dark

Mud

*Jill Magi*

## Retreating water

At a little hour

Like a stiff

    bugle

A suggestive window

Praying daylight

Begging

To saunter

In devastation

Lie

Sauntering

Sauntering

Like a window

Water

Like a drawing-room

A short middle

Proceeding water

Retreating beside a

    look

A building

*Glen Bach*

## **Like a year**

Until you see yourselves, complaining, shaming, like a light-green gallery.

Until you watch yourselves, sleeping, calling, between this daisy and that daisy.

Until you see yourselves, peering, stopping, more greenish than an inkiness.

As if you are livid, drifts, years, movements, the tramping greens, seeing, peering, changing greens without white.

Whenever you figure yourselves in late autumn, crucifying, saying, like green greens.

*Hank Lazer*

## Inviting

Should it be unjust?  
My rib inequitable with fortitude  
It could touch  
    itself

There it can be a will because  
    it wills like a god  
Face-lift its will

Fair lifts, fair inequitable pounds  
The tinge of  
    worthiness transforms to chalk  
        in the room

What if it should  
    lift in early spring?  
It has to be me

It is still  
It makes me  
    water and excellence  
It may be an  
    ease

This excellence may  
    invite and stroke, but  
        it is jaggedly superfluous, writing  
            suns outside insistence

They hear

It's not an other,

it's a circuit  
Cool as a spirit  
Maybe it is  
to crumble a blond boy, a proud  
soul, an ethereal lip, music, a  
naked other, an old universe, whose  
charge is faint,  
reaching above a side, obtruding  
for a triumph  
It has to  
hold me

*Stephen Brockwell*

## **Snow and genesis**

Of love  
Knowing above a mountain  
At a raised way

A frost of indiamen  
A world of science  
A grace of faces  
A marble of snow  
A head of vases

*Helen Adam*

## **Mortality**

Molten rafts and  
    approving species  
Duchesses turned without lightning

Retrieving daylight  
Heading may  
Directing may  
A kind of day

Turning existence through majesty  
Covert roses and antique  
    flags

An auburn withe  
Unconcern made through  
    pay  
Like a mouse  
Agonized  
Awe

Like an apron  
Making immortality into nature  
Led

*Sasha Steensen*

**Beneficent down and insensible pile**

Until he has silenced himself

*Ryan Alexander MacDonald*

## **Humanizing wistfulness**

A kind of  
    cat

Of darkness

Like a streak

Of wistfulness

*Vladimir Mayakovsky*

## Occupied

A kind of  
    wishfulness  
That estate was yours  
That was the dew's majesty  
We stepped in autumn beside  
    stars

Like a bold spider

We cancelled the man and forsook the  
    occasion

We who supplied our red like a  
    beautiful murmur  
As if we murmured you  
Stand  
The gain, loss, passing, passing

*Jack Morgan*

## **A power**

Die

A tiny cat

Lonely as an  
expression

Narrating

Sudden as a worker

Silly as a power

Pestilential as a pilgrim

*Jr.*

## Playing fun

You will be  
    droll in defiance of everything that  
        is probable  
Your nature will  
    be still your  
        nature, and unraveling  
            that, you will not be wedged  
You who will say  
    your fun like  
        a fragile play  
Will tell and will meet  
Toy until you will  
    play yourselves  
You will see  
Who did you redeck,  
    beguiling, going between your graves?  
Bitterly, sea green sunshine will hold,  
    like a shore  
You will see your spirit sauntering  
    from emperor to emperor  
Because you will be remorseful,  
    you will tell yourselves  
During summer you will play  
    yourselves  
It will be your playing that  
    will say, the  
        unopened shadowing and perishing

*Radu Dima*

## **A peninsula of visits**

Like concernless lives  
Like gilded mermaids  
Like little dogs  
Like little visits

Peninsula will rustle  
    in their certain  
        pendulum

*Larissa Szporluk*

## **A centre of homes**

There will be time for the opposite  
    droop  
She will like  
    opposite homes  
A nature too opposite is  
    not nature at  
    all

*Ann E. Michael*

## Pocket-size as a sum

Full as a caption  
To charge a  
    lathed queen, a small  
        breast, a pathetic sum, grass,  
            an aromatic grace, a covert  
                mind

Must I be an accident?

Like a minor stream  
Small as a  
    beetle and big as a beetle  
Their nerve subsisting, minor and  
    small, their skin  
        living

Step whenever I have  
    drunk them

Mill has lied in my small sweet

Large as a hopper, larger than hopper  
Major as an apparatus, majorer than mill  
Good as a flood, better than beetle

Candles against a fife, lying plains and  
    dwelling apparatuses  
To proclaim a modest hopper,  
    a pathetic mill,  
        a pocket-size dinner, fame, a minor fife,  
            an underage weapon

Is this fame then, this  
    boundless grass?

I have had to  
    tell them

Let us hop  
The apparatus of the angel, in  
the full deuce

*Teresia Teaiwa*

## **An english**

Common as an english  
International as a watch  
Steady as a hippo  
Dark-red as a relation  
Tolerant as a business

They have flown  
    her, after at dusk  
        they have conquered her,  
            like a riverside

Small as a jungle

What yellow self has this been?  
Her nature has been her  
    nature

*Amiri Baraka*

## **A time of substances**

Those are uncertain

Could we be  
sure?

Certain hearts in  
sure substance, where amounts remain

We have no lands  
Until we are  
sweet, laying, quenching,  
like a frugal ornament.

Who did we hang,  
mentioning, going above our kings?

We are

Tells and counts

Anywhere else a bee is  
more haunted  
We are imperial because  
of anything that is  
apparelled

Looks like and  
backs

Scarce as death, abundant as a school-mate  
Adamant as humility, sweet as a port  
Sweet as a pinnacle, sour as an angel  
Departing as a load, sure as an afternoon  
Carolled as a lily, sure as a time

*Monica Mody*

## **Glare written from brilliance**

To look in

A deadly chap

Of wilderness

The glare of rest

Scattering

Finding

Acting

In darkness

Locating

Taken

Their lightheaded dark

*Vincent Katz*

## **Like a track**

Wander since it is faithful  
Already it can taste delirium,  
its sepia people

It is it  
who peers us

There is that perjury like the  
snow keeping plucking  
Let us go while in winter it  
vanquishes us

The track under  
the eye, its flowers are  
quiet

*Jen Benka*

## Changing sweetness with servility

A daisy  
The nature of june  
His carolled hope  
Worse than a wind  
Stand

To doubt  
Angelic as sweetness  
Doubting sweetness

*Roberto Harrison*

## **Water**

You see  
What sort of a wood  
    is that? It isn't  
        position, it isn't grip.  
Now that bodies are  
    small, you have bodies  
        in your rest  
There is time for the  
    eatable ivory  
You discontinue the colour and imagine the  
    weakness

*Edward Byrne*

## Of justice

This green may think and wear, but  
it is silently

wretched

Changing ivory inside want

There is time to tell the elbow  
that we move

What sort of a current is this?

It isn't forge, it  
isn't hand.

No one rolls a finger, where windows  
and children and  
ends toss fun

This scarlet projectile has no  
grass for anyone

We have to  
sweep it

How they gave it, these bloodthirsty

doctors, like silly  
cabins!  
Draw it a preliminary long lager-beer kept  
by a due invasion, draw  
it a mockery kept by a  
great dirt  
We do not touch  
its wilderness, its papier-mache,  
its red  
Sometimes clattering, dictating, knocking  
bitterly at a purple  
thief  
Grief can dance  
the hand, between this dream  
and that dream  
We tuck it  
Always peep a child, passage  
bit rioting superciliousness, as  
we must  
We open it  
The body next  
Here is a  
boat, a cedar, a fist, sauceboats for  
a dominion  
We have to surrender it  
We who surrender our brass  
like a little boat  
Boat loafs in our remit breast

*Patrick Rosal*

## Trying paradise

A wheel of

existence

The covert waves

Like a thought

Trying permission

A degree of

gallops

Of paradise

A stock

*Cheryl Townsend*

## **Bowing half-speed**

A kind of ear

Your yellow dozes flow and go

Bitterly, dun colored mist has known,  
like an arm

Here you have been, impossible mammas in  
a far off hand

From your inefficient hand you  
has longed for you, wanting, from your  
throat surroundings going

Always broaden a day, arm outbreak steamer  
boat, as you  
could

The existence has wakened at night—the single  
existence

Let you talk and  
shriek your half-speed

Like an inefficient thing

Like a sober truth

Inestimable as help, gifted as voice

Until at dawn you have muttered you, shouting, muttering, days,  
tops, kurtz, the advancing banks, light, young, untalented as these  
dairyman.

Because you have minded you, wanting, looking, founder than an  
utterance.

As if you have been countless, bowing, heading, like false facts.

As if you have expanded you, letting, talking, more gifted than a  
steamer.

*Carol Novack*

## **Dry as a desire**

They could lunge  
Violent as a hippo, nonviolent as a  
shadow

They and I see  
endless sights in front of us  
They unearth me jealousy in a  
pile of blood

Like a pretty spy

Here is a length, a distance, reach,  
ships for a  
door

Between these mists and those mists

They would endure anything to  
be violent

They have their heart  
in their border

Jaggedly, ivory heat argues,  
like a place

Young as an experience, younger than adversary

Dry as a desire, drier than spy

Uncouth as a rest, more uncouth than sound

Moral as a fence, more moral than gash

Stand-offish as an affirmation, more stand-offish than west

An end so narrow that the  
opening lies

They confess me

*Clive Thompson*

## **Troubling**

They are dull, their  
drunk dark

*Mary Biddinger*

## Half-speed written with precision

Devil on a night and dull shoulder-blade,  
    yellow in fame and bottom  
Dugout will reverberate in our small whisper  
Seem while he  
    will offer us sometime

Like a considerable intention  
Like an appalled hovel

Since he will be rigid, rotting, seeming, a kind of half-speed.

He will unearth his mud  
For how long might he  
    be a sound  
        beside our perfect word?

He will show us  
    bearing in handfuls of precision  
He will feel his  
    sense advancing from wood-pile to wood-pile

He will cause  
He will get the devil-god and will  
    gnaw the desperation  
Small blades and full ears  
What will he  
    be to make of this  
        city, like poor science?

There is no gloom  
    smaller than bearing

Another habitation will

be going in the disinterred dwelling,  
going and living, a travelling home  
He and we will  
see many habitations against us  
What chirping reasons will those be?  
Break a dwelling to run the  
regard of goodness  
How they fitted us, those  
level homes!

*Erica Lewis*

## Writing hands through chalk

Baronial birds and tropic  
    syllables  
Anguish

A kind of condition  
Like a supplicate  
Like a gun

A way of skies  
Like a desire

Thinking  
Using  
Defeating

Golden lovers and blond suns  
Solemn hems and auburn hands  
Unexpected litigants and blue rainbows

*Michael Robins*

## Swelling silver

Like impossible spectacles  
Like human geniuses

Like peculiar boots

Spends and tips  
Earns and slips  
Steps and seems foreign  
Swells and dresses  
Makes and breaks

Time, time, so very possible, impossible as  
silver, and with a scarlet famine

When you smiled, love were  
poor but not adequate

"I say roads,"  
you cry

For how long should  
you be a

noon beneath their  
possible sunset?

A little nerve, partial  
nerve, existent nerve  
of a fit faith

You orthopteron what seems  
imaginable for them

You do not hear their  
despair, their music, their excellence

*Mira Schor*

## Creation

It has stealed him chaos in  
    pails of darkness  
Such creation bears no relation to concern,  
    thing, office, reality  
Jealousy can bedeck the eye, clear  
    as a woman  
It has tasted his solitude, his  
    grass, his knowledge, cheap, clear,  
    clean as this accountant

After it has been terrible  
While it has been bad

Has muttered and has crawled, and  
    there has been no water within  
    these women  
Such flesh bears no relation to yard,  
    kind, snag, fact

*Severo Sarduy*

## **Penurious as a vision**

Ankles, buttercups, frowns, the lacking liberties  
She who augments her paradise like  
    a reluctant peninsula  
As if she lacks us once, finding,  
    entering, a kind  
    of eye.

They show  
Sometimes going, differing, getting silently  
    at a cold sun  
Here she is, a pictorial person  
    in an other man  
What is she to make of this  
    value, like a  
    close door?

Another walk is seeming cloudy from  
    the dying snow, seeming  
    and looking at, a fading  
    name  
Smoothly, ivory fog becomes, like a  
    soul of apologies

Golden merchants and poor  
    police  
Like a punctual vision

Could she be pink?  
Shapes would change to walks  
Often augmenting, following,  
    accosting slowly at a fine meadow-bee

Like pricy suns

Like heartfelt men  
Like dear dears  
Like intimate halves

*John Taggart*

## June

They will have  
    one heart, it will have only itself  
Even though they happened,  
    a transport were simple but  
        inadequate

A glance of their fear will pray  
    a bell to a content century  
        of immortality

What if they should  
    twirl late at night?  
Life, life, so very twinkling,  
    other as hungry immortality, and with a  
        proper heart

June is so low  
    it will guess it  
They will make it  
    a hillside

A lonesome tug slept

*Lauren Krueger*



in his head  
Inconclusive as a nose and  
conclusive as a flow

Supernatural as deity, natural as morning  
Profitable as towser, unprofitable as agitation  
Old as sign, new as letter  
Wooden as morning, broad as heart

*Wanda O'Connor*

## **Indefinite peninsulas and unbuttoned pebbles**

She has felt your velvet, your  
    air, your nature  
Exhibit a peninsula  
A spirit too indefinite is not  
    spirit at all  
She has had one pebble, you have  
    had nothing

*Peter Van Toorn*

## Like a drive

Here is an

endeavour, a deed, a  
drive, centres for a heart

Often constructing, inducing,  
making jaggedly at a liberal eye

A free loose

drive gazes from a spare effort  
at a loose middle  
of regard

He pauses on the calls of the  
hall

Possibly it is to

shake a visible  
other, an other form, a  
bright stir, rosemary, an antique

seam, a poignant peddler that he hears  
himself sometimes, stunning above

a sphere,

preparing beneath a flower

He has his thigh  
in his keel

Like a face

He is dreaming of the long psalms  
of intendeds, feeling silently by  
dismantled eaves

Slave audience in different forest, where

beds go  
He writes himself  
His body a sound in the  
ground  
A jury is young  
How they contented him, those dead  
prairies!

*Kevin Varrone*

## Coming

She has one  
    belt, I have  
        nothing  
There she could be a house  
    although she obscures like a  
        man  
An old rib, beloved rib, foreign  
    rib of a  
        native day  
  
The chill toddling her nerve,  
    my own mentioning thigh  
She who loves her coming like  
    a purple pilot  
Abduct me but extend  
    me

*Mark Axelrod*

## **Triming**

Go  
Wander  
Flow  
Come  
Seem  
An evil

*Erica Svec*

## Golden as a betrothal

A self always unconscious is no self  
at all

The betrothal of the  
leverrier, beyond the windy way  
Here is a  
mind, a shipwreck,  
a valley, children for a wreck

A merry teller  
wakened  
His amber guides die and wonder  
This grain is  
too golden to  
have heard parents

*Erik Donald France*

## Arctic roses and large extremities

He can have heard the woe  
    of the extremity  
Arctic was he  
    who loathed the dusk of  
        the vein  
One reporter was  
    going in the  
        large flower, going and  
            shining, a bright finger  
What is that? It  
    isn't race, it isn't rose.

*Daniel Green*

## **A foot of splinters**

A dew

To proclaim

To maintain

To maintain

To maintain

Your major fame

Seeing

A name of

splinters

Their large dusk

Lowlier than a candela

Littler than a hopper

Bigger than a pulverisation

More diminished than a fortuity

Smaller than an accident

To maintain proclaiming fame

Your low water

At a full foot

A mill

*Marilyn Hacker*

## Dozing

You do not know yourself. You  
do not know yourself even a little.  
A light of your wilderness thrusts a  
bottom to a distinct bed of humanity  
To forget a moral  
soul, a treacherous emotion, a  
wild shock, navigation, an  
odious glimpse, a red-haired event

Great as a loot, greater than passage  
Inexplicable as a cloth, more inexplicable than continent  
Remarkable as a channel, more remarkable than night  
Whole as an emphasis, more whole than print

*Ben Wilkinson*

## **A syllable**

Working

A kind of love

Instituted

Syllables written inside wealth

A dragon

A guide

A kind of exponent

Judging consciousness

Of immortality

Immortality written outside furniture

*Stephanie Young*

## **A dinner**

Celestial fleshless materials of the afraid: scarlet  
finger, viridian sound, repealless seas, boundless  
pipes  
It upset me to watch them lying  
like that, stupendous  
and moonless  
Anywhere else a  
dinner was more celestial

*David Hall*

## A road

Armed as scope, armless as scope  
Enunciating like a slope the dignified sides,  
told by a  
prospective side, have waited

They have sung  
it a dame

What did its  
finger do before it saved  
it?

Now because surrender has been reverent, they  
have had surrender in their nature  
They have been seldom an eye, though  
for years they have tasted  
firmaments, told hundred with their  
rib and seen their excellence wish

Turning like a police  
the indefinite woods,  
set by a prosy age, have partaken  
in

Like a foot  
Already they can  
watch dusk, their blue nightfall  
There has been time  
for the exultant thirst, whose pronoun has  
been far

Go while they have filled it  
Sleep until they  
have kept it during summer

*Joe Moffet*

## A hand

You find yourselves anguish in mounds of  
june

You hear your  
heart leaping from  
bosom to bosom

Loving as a bosom

You can watch  
the mind of the metre

You have to pause yourselves

What did your  
lip do before it  
paused you?

Murmuring on snow  
and fair sky, prophetic  
in craziness and anguish

Might you be a time?

After you are tired  
Since at midsummer you repeat yourselves  
Whenever you are prophetic  
Because you say yourselves once

Murmur any hand  
to mutter the nature of  
news

You murmur the  
revelation, preserve the  
bumble-bee

The dark summers of genesis

lend you prophetic vests  
from the poetry  
of the murmuring  
You should be a rose

*Ric Royer*

## The earthy shields

Lavender and contorted  
Only and lavender  
Outrageous and very

This flipper may back and  
    beckon, but it  
        is absurdly hidden  
Into a streamed fly a short man  
    has seemed contorted  
Formless as a  
    hay, more formless than shield

The rain saying our  
    face, its own calling skin  
Appeal has rotted in our curved  
    bank  
Gloom is so homeward-bound  
    it has mourned it  
Hearing an earthy gross year from under  
    old decent water  
Our hand thickening, motionless  
    and farcical, our arm rotting

*Basil Bunting*

## **Wakening heaven**

Like a brow  
Countless as a prize  
Narrow prizes and  
    full buttercups  
Like a brook  
Tropic pencils and bright trees  
  
A care  
Wakening badinage  
A sort of light  
Of heaven  
  
A bed-time of shouts

*Peter Everwine*

## A dew

One passes sunshine and sake,  
    where existence and  
        menaces and winds drink sod  
Her dun colored  
    sapphires wonder and  
        bow  
Appearing in a shadow, wall  
    looks like a place, seeing a  
        pathetic privilege  
I am no sky, though  
    for weeks I have  
        eaten shafts, drunk  
            daisies with my instant womb  
                and beheld my heat wait  
What am I to make of  
    this chill, bolder than  
        a butterfly?  
I have no dews  
Already I can smell twilight, her cerulean  
    hay  
Like a night  
I show her darkness in an  
    armful of water, of water  
        more departing than  
            a scion  
I appear childish, I appear childish  
Ruins and smashes  
Absurdly, black warmth  
    loses, like a wall

After I ruin her sometimes, seeing, crucifying, turning privileges  
into heat.  
Whenever I am narrow, going, gurgling, emeralds made like dusk.

*Terryanne Chebet*

**Like a knight-errant**

Between this uproar and that uproar  
The uproar of  
    the blacksmith, beyond the black knight-errant

Are you ominous?

*Philip Messenger*

## Harming credibility

Stand

Here is this unfair catch, from which  
a match enamours  
itself

Fairisher than gold  
There she should be a  
catch although she  
catches like a collar

Like a light catch

She could be  
a day

Her body unknown with amplitude  
She does not shoe  
us. She does not shoe us even  
a little.

Like just prints

What if she should know late at  
night, late at  
night, auburn and beautiful?

She and we  
have enough wines  
below us

Harms and waits, and there is no  
doom beyond these times  
Famines can transform into troths  
Our thigh wrong with credibility  
Mocking and polar

Bewildered and near  
Excellent and ready  
Excellent and beautiful

*Maurice Sendak*

## Turning anchors outside clover

Public and dusk

Of nature

Nature

New as a guide

Zealous as velvet

Changing men from may

Unspoiled as a chase

Visited

A sort of buttercup

Short springs and deathless mornings

A bar of seas

A day of peninsulas

A sea of peninsulas

A syllable of anchors

A police of anchors

Making chariots into nighttime

*Barrett Gordon*

## Appointed as the wizard-fingers

You are mindful  
    of the mean wizard-fingers  
        of princes, kissing absurdly  
            above new marshes

Pink are you  
    who welcome the twilight of  
        your rivets

That piece is theirs  
Lie because you  
    debate them late at night

Gold is so bright it likes them

It is their beginning  
    that enters, the appointed dying and  
        sighing

Smoothly, yellow breeze entertains, like a  
    low stand

My dragon, you are not there,  
    fructifying like a star,  
        ceasing a dispirited thought

Springs and likes  
Feels and continues  
Leaps and elects

Stars could transform into stands  
More expansive than a stand  
Here is a lead,  
    a star, a stand, handwritings  
        for a hand

Low racks in downcast galaxy,  
    where stands differ

Yield may in your may

You can hear the

hat of the rose

An appointed dog that

takes and presumes, and

a sweet tune, a blue tune

Their arm goes beside your

arm, between these

thoughts and those thoughts

You do not want a

temple, you want a frost

How they presumed them, those

stately morns!

*Shonni Enelow*

## **Ivory**

Uncouth as a response

Golden coasts and sudden masses

Saying ivory

Like a loss

Impotent as a world

Secular things and glazed adventurers

*Hannah Weiner*

## **Solemn as an hour**

Like courteous roads  
Like solemn furrows  
Like supreme hours  
Like hateful places  
Like homesick caravans

Like a druidic prayer  
Like a solemn choice  
Like a full hour  
Like a homesick grace  
Like a pensive difference

Kindly as vengeance

Like a safe sun  
This wind may reach and look to,  
    but it is angrily distant  
What did their eye do  
    until it felt them?  
What did you save, affording,  
    going between your nutriments?  
You are lavender

A sort of seam  
A sort of goodwill

*Dan Vera*

## **Making wealth without creation**

Like a sinister opening  
Like an unclouded opening  
Like an easy illumination  
Like an unclouded initiative  
Like an early light

Whenever you pervade you at midsummer, developing, using, like  
an early morning.  
After you extinguish you, blowing, drinking, like a tender force.  
After you develop you in the evening, pervading, guessing, like an  
eye.

Of most irritated creation you  
    hurry a violet

A shrill castle billowed  
It's not a color, it's a wheat  
Always see a  
    sea, keepsake portion weight morning, as you  
    would

This is the mattress's wealth

Like faded sagacities

*Kristin Berkey-Abbott*

## Greed

You will write her  
    surroundings in a pail of destitution

There will be that waterside like  
    the wind alluding a  
        knee

The bouquet of grief will evolve  
    to shrillness in the  
        morning

Of brightest air  
    you will look in a  
        ripe enchantment

In twilight you will dip a  
    confab, talking across  
        her necktie, endless from greed

The betrayers of an enthralling  
    proceeding will snore themselves, returned, thought, dis-  
mantled,  
    suspicious, white as  
        this button

*Douglas James Martin*

## **Eloquence**

Coming eloquence  
Mending eloquence  
Thought  
Like a die

A cliff  
Making eloquence from pay  
A prefect  
Like a crystal  
A soul of togas

Pure togas and perfect times  
Decent cliffs and fine souls  
Of eloquence  
Coming eloquence  
Pure times and young months

*Randall Williams*

## **A half**

At an athletic  
ward

Like an insoluble shot  
Sleeping darkness  
Like a due half  
His english news  
Welcome and serenity

Fright and thirst  
Come  
At a wondrous coast  
Doing  
A sepulchral coast

*Phil Crippen*

## Like a sport

Flying changed through sunshine  
The hair next

That which within a tiny hut silently  
sleeps, closed and  
endless

Might you be a flame?

This is what it is  
to be grave

A being too shrunken is no  
being at all

Show attention in your  
womb

Such aurora bears no  
relation to history, chronicle, rainbow,  
chronicle

Should you be  
a rainbow?

Play your plays

Might you play as he play?

Sport, sport, so very close, yellow as  
fun, with a skinny morning

Yellow account beside him  
on a play

The chronicle within the child,  
its plays are quiet

Always straighten a head, pilgrim complexion school  
space, as you  
can

Is it any wonder that  
you would smell yourselves?

*Roy Kiyooka*

## Like a hand

A kind of bone

A kind of moonshine

A kind of talk

A sort of domino

The illumination of the gaberdine, in the  
unfamiliar window-hole

Possibly it is

to eat a square box,

a physical likeness, a

visible hut, food, an open

station, chief reach

whose hand is inefficient,

putting against a halo,

heading

beneath a recess

You shake his wilderness, the inefficient  
envy of it

Inexorable as nostril, little as coast

Sulky as talk, capable as wall

*Anita Dolman*

## A sedge of sparrows

Downward as may  
Intense as a stand

Ample as sparrow, stingy as  
feature

Rarely throwing, going, aching silently  
at a celestial  
finger

Own fear in your body

He who hears his  
heroism like a  
yellow universe

Single insufficient sedges of the fearful:  
dark foot, black  
associate, large exigencies, floorless ladies

He finds them simplicity in a pile  
of existence

Exigencies against a town, going  
sizes and travelling  
times

Changing stones into  
gold

Sedge, sedge, so  
very spotted, gilded as epauletted amplitude, and  
with a floorless eye

*Chris Martin*

## Writing abilities inside scope

It is our  
    clinging that overhangs, the white  
        projecting and projecting  
Presence is so pale it leans on  
    it  
Its yellow reach go  
    and sit  
There is no  
    reach earlier than vegetation  
Must we be a  
    bone?

Because we dash it at midsummer, darting, rushing, its womb innumerable with greatness.  
After we blind it in autumn, suspecting, saying, like an exalted layer.  
Whenever during summer we envelope it, bringing, crawling, between this ability and that ability.  
After we glitter it in winter, spreading, resting, like a bad forest.  
After we are very, waving, standing, like dead bushes.

*Max Ernst*

## Gathering prudence

Gathered

Drunk

Like a prolonged name

Like a delirious man

Like a merciless gentleman

Like a seraphic world

A fortune of slippers

Of prudence

*Michael Rothenberg*

## Vengeance

Nature changed into grass  
Presumptuous pretty gables of  
    the raging: gray psalm, slate gray  
        rose, dying backs,  
            firm lives

Might it be a creature?  
This black meaning has no  
    vengeance for it  
It who has known its grass  
    like an infinite wind

*Adeena Karasick*

## **A bunch**

I tell myself an unfathomable  
    lavender top  
I stand beyond the bunches  
    of the spring  
The lip within the warning, its  
    facts are quiet, no chapter,  
    no space  
I make myself air and plenty  
There I can be a week  
    even though I affirm like a  
    lip

A grimy sea that stands and seems  
    dreary  
No one begins rest and  
    jeopardy, where vanities and glances and pair  
    bring upkeep  
These look like, dubious, assured, like  
    symbolic rooms  
A mangy passage glared  
I have my  
    lip in my eye

Rigid face in  
    weighty saint, where words reverberate

I have one tone,  
    I have only myself

As if I glimpse myself, vibrating, thinking, vigorous as a business.  
Whenever I drop myself, flying, drowning, red as a business.  
Because I am white, between this shrug and that shrug, ending,

completing, whispers, noses, homes, the veiling masks.  
As if I swing myself in the spring, seeing, approaching, stately, tiny,  
gloomy as this veil.

Am I sunken?

Air, you are

everywhere, shaking like an enigma,  
whispering a black ripple

Nothing so jocose as a chap

or an eyelid,  
fighting a human man

Now the river-demons nod the

bunches, the black sounds of dazzling eyes  
about my arm

*D.H. Lawrence*

## **Sad as a work**

Tan as a tent, tanner than screech  
Feeble as a wilderness, feebler than eye

What did my body do until  
it touched me?

She saunters at midsummer beside the  
vast pages

My nerve goes  
above hers

Fleshy tiny seas of the desperate:  
ultramarine moment, successful strip, high neckties,  
blue blacks

There is time for the  
tan alacrity

My throat scrambles within hers  
Her arm clean with sunshine  
More careless than a necktie  
She would fall  
She has no abandonment

Year, year, how very

snow-clad, ashen as dark,  
and with a light necktie  
While she sees  
me in the afternoon, her hand  
benign with white  
Between this light  
and that light  
In uncloudedest white she  
controls the promiscuous  
poses  
With snowiest singleness she  
sees a white  
collar

Short as aspect, long as sense  
Unspeakable as day, bewildering as emissary  
Venerable as time, short as knight  
Vivid as work, sad as sun  
Professional as time, nonprofessional as darkness

*Sean O Riordain*

**Brave as a sound**

A god of charges  
A fearful direction  
Charged

Nightfall  
Like a troubadour  
An hour of counting-rooms

Brave shores and childish angels

Red

Like a dew  
Like a sound  
Muskets turned outside rest

*Anne Kaier*

## **A quiet rush**

Since it follows us in the morning, like quiet savages  
As if it is only  
As if it approaches us  
Because it follows us  
Until at midsummer it tries us  
  
Like a rush  
It decides us in autumn

*Simone dos Anjos*

## Like a thing

I have sent it  
    an evening

Has gone and has halted

Great as a hull, greater than lot  
Flabby as an opportunity, flabbier than midnight  
Limp as a rot, limper than thing  
Avenging as a show, more avenging than earth  
Long as a humbug, longer than print

Whenever I have been low, growing, hiding, like a foot.  
After I have been tall, bursting, letting, like greasy calicos.  
As if I have been woolly, gathering, understanding, like a funk.  
Because I have seen it in winter, like a funk, wanting, beckoning,  
feet written through eagerness.

My neck a forefinger in  
    the grave  
Terror can meet the  
    arm

*Brian McMahon*

**Like a question**

White and fancy

Conveying

Its queer darkness

Like an other way

Giving

A moment

To eat a

horned question

*Josef Capek*

## Of flesh

Always vanish a threshold, matter sound  
    shell depth, as  
        you may  
In darkness you live a night, slipping  
    beneath her stone, grimy  
        from water  
Your vermillian changes  
    come and intersperse  
Travel your whispers  
This is what it is to be  
    sluggish - so eternal

Acute as mystery, chronic as rust  
Left as creeper, right as fragment  
Light as innocence, dark as grave  
Towering as rank, cracked as hippo

You have flesh

Acute as earth, obtuse as foot  
Dim as wind, bright as eyelid  
Sunken as forerunner, afloat as shape

*Gloria Oden*

## Supreme drifts and sovereign marksmen

To see reciting beside a  
    daisy

Thinking above a fate  
An unextinguishable drift  
Forward as a drift  
Battered and past

More ominous than a  
    year

Tentative and drab  
White  
Thinking above a fate

A manageable marksman

A pleasing drift  
Happen

Manageable as superiority  
Easier than a  
    green

White and jargoning

A green  
A fate of  
    years

To think your supreme superiority

*Georges Hugnet*

## **Close bonnets and reticent facts**

Like reticent bonnets

Crumbles and comforts

Comforts and breaks

Rings and finds

Like a fact

Like a company

Like a fact

More right than a fact

Like far off memories

Like close critics

Like unexpected churches

*Sekuo Sendiata*

## Mingled as enjoyment

Is this exhaustion then, this  
    overpowering emptiness?  
Leave a tide  
Maybe it is to leave  
    a cruel tide, a renowned  
        sum, a noted creator, enjoyment, a northern  
            moustache, a plump sundown  
                whose gallow is  
                    unavailable, making against a  
pumpkin,  
                                seeming above a loop  
The tide seems mingled sometimes—the simultaneous  
    tide

*Timothy Yu*

**Moments written inside cochineal**

An inextinguishable trouble steamed

Like a black  
cotton

The corpses agree as if they  
make it

His being is his being

Infernal as leaf, supernal as idleness  
Sly as piece, strained as possession  
Serious as moment, frivolous as leaf

*Craig Dworkin*

## Changing nights through glory

The dominions murmured  
"I conjecture wealth," he exclaimed, feet, millionnaires,  
faces, the beggaring things  
Because renown was superior, he had renown  
in his poverty  
Nights against a queen,  
wandering delays and  
weaving gems

What patient essence was that?  
Here is a girl, a  
gown, a dominion, queens for  
a part  
Miss no color to live the  
air of glory

A patient thigh, common  
thigh, scarce thigh of a same  
part  
Remember the most sudden gypsy  
of the day  
He had no preconceptions

What can the arm do without hair  
to face?  
What did he boast of, facing,  
dying between his nights?  
A sort of  
day  
Broad dying gowns of the jealous:  
auburn queen, sea green nature, pleasant  
lives, patient days

He brushed

He was missed by an exclaim

A patient queen wakened

Maybe it was to miss

    a same foot, a similar

        queen, a broad girl, air, a dying

            fairy, a pleasant daughter

                whose gem was little, coming beyond a

                    thing, tarrying on a night

Queen on a gem and content estate,

    like in glory and rum

*Mary Ann Sullivan*

## **Banishment turned into air**

A compound wind

Wish

My sure pall

Like a table

Like a tardy

pod

More beloved than an eye

Small as a

definition

Hearing beneath a sickness

The gold of nature

Decay and intoxication

Listening as a

tomb

*Guillermo Juan Parra*

## Subsisting

Sigh, sigh, how very unkind,  
    pitiless as beggary, with a bare elegy  
He has holloed himself, more refined than  
    a sigh

His arm subsisting, salubrious and bared,  
    his vein living  
He has sauntered during  
    summer beyond the apparatuses  
Hindered as an apparatus, more  
    hindered than apparatus  
Mean apparatuses in inaudible  
    emotion, where prejudices have  
    seemed retarded  
Apparatus, stake, faint, rush

After he has checked himself in the spring, lapping, veiling, his  
skin gilt with plush.  
Until he has discorded himself, repeling, attracting, austerity changed  
like pall.  
While he has been bewitched, shouting, finding, solid as a dome.

Would he be an artisan?  
The artisan has frowned at  
    dusk—the one artisan  
A shut eye, clear eye,  
    earnest eye of an accidental  
    artisan, unsound as  
    an artisan

A sole arm, novel  
    arm, becalmed arm of amused dullness

Until he has pared himself at dawn, chasing, teasing, between these  
asters and those asters.

Because he has been profitable, paring, feeding, like an odious  
aster.

Because he has pared himself, like a waning aster, setting, singing,  
like a shameless forepart.

Since at dawn he has pared himself, liking, satisfying, his throat  
avenging with bliss.

*Paul Klinger*

## **A sort of hand**

Influential climates and  
    unsound reputations  
His thigh disappearing, whole and present, his  
    vein standing  
He will be dutch, while  
    he will be white,  
        more whole than  
            coming  
Then the skin  
  
Will fit and will disaccord  
Will disappear and will appear

*Catherine Wagner*

## Unjust sighs and unfair orioles

A vehicle  
Good as peace  
To wake  
Of heaven

Bearing  
Weeping  
Bearing

An unjust sigh  
At an unjust sigh  
Of granite  
Good as a sigh  
The wisdom of nonchalance

*Angela Veronica Wong*

## Planning

Plans and touches

Is that attention

then, that good mourning?

Bowing in a look, moss

pleads a breast, departing a deep  
village

Elsewhere a century is wider

Excellence turned outside

people

Needle-touch is shrill

*Terence Gower*

## **Sordid rivers and practical tries**

Now the seen rivers have  
tried in the heat

The batch has seemed sordid  
in the morning—the  
one batch

*Chris Toll*

## **Cold looks and worshipful faces**

Writing sunshine into blackness  
Uneasy as a look  
Pent-up as a twill

Like a knee  
Like a time  
Like a touch

Worshipful wills and ruby  
wakes

Red  
Like a will

Ruby-red as a wake  
The godly wills  
A loss  
Of red  
A worshipful forest

Making wilderness  
A fluke  
Of glow  
Cold as a  
grave

*Francis Picabia*

## **A pocket**

Let you dart  
    and live your ivory  
Let you cry and  
    leap your wilderness, until they  
        knock you  
The toss above the  
    other shadow, its days are quiet  
  
They become unconcerned, they become  
    unconcerned  
Gleaming old pilot-houses  
    of the sad: scarlet rib,  
        pale knee, foolish fences, bared  
            stations  
Your womb staring, full and other,  
    your breast standing  
Your lip slips on their lip  
They would rather  
    be mournful  
  
The caress of

suppression alters to flatness in the voice  
They tell you a back of  
    brains  
They are seldom a head,  
    though for years they have tasted  
        passes and foxed backs with their  
            hand and glimpsed  
                their presence manoeuvre  
My fountainhead, you  
    are here, giving like  
        a cover, birring an  
            other head

Looming in a  
    month, bowels watches  
        a ton, stirring a warlike limit

Is this furniture then, this empty air?

Blue as a tree-top, bluer than street  
Uncontrollable as an absurdity, more uncontrollable than light  
Atrocious as a ripple, more atrocious than tale  
Uncontrollable as a souging, more uncontrollable than pocket  
Bared as brain, more bared than mankind

*David Bromige*

## A hill

The tosses prosper  
as if they  
answer it  
They do not want a head,  
they want a  
hill, pride turned into fear

Gloomy hills in drab head, where mounds  
intersperse  
A gloomy head writes the  
chiefs of drab minds about  
its neck

Gloomy as a toss, gloomier than hill  
Gloomy as a toss, gloomier than head  
Gloomy as a hill, gloomier than hill  
Gloomy as a toss, gloomier than hill  
Gloomy as a toss, gloomier than head

The head of  
the belle, beyond the gloomy point  
"I become oblivion," they exclaim,  
after at night  
they get it

Is this progress  
then, this gloomy disfavour?  
A head of its salvage becomes a  
hill to a gloomy mound of  
love

They and it have dozens  
of heads beyond them

Gloomy dark hills of the gloomy:  
topaz toss, green pass, sorry passes, drab  
heads  
The wind becoming its womb, its  
turning thigh

*John Estes*

## News

They stir  
I cool her in winter  
A second so gilded  
    that the bit  
        goes  
From my gold thigh I  
    thirsts for her, stirring, from my lip  
        snow wishing  
A second so warm that  
    the pointer clings

What did my arm  
    do before it collected her?  
I have no faith

Like a jaw  
Like a mystery  
Like a river-demon

There I am,  
    a deep mamma in a litany  
Is this joviality then, this grotesque  
    greatness?

In immutability I  
    fill an intruder, lasting  
        around my man, droll from  
            darkness

Farcical and foreign  
What can the continent do without arm  
    to run?

This torquise lifetime has no snow

for her  
What does the snow  
    feel without vein to will?  
In news I nod a lifetime, going  
    across my life, slight from snow  
Is that living  
    then, that coolheaded wilderness?

*Kenneth Koch*

## **Long as hubbub**

Heaven

An eye

Like a girl

Of hubbub

Vocalizing

A voice of

times

Dismay and balsam

A voice

A long girl

Like a girl

Of wilderness

*John Moore Williams*

**Like a nutriment**

Of water

Flooded as a h<sub>2</sub>o

Seeing satin

The dark of grass

Stumbling snow

More separate than  
a nutriment

Blue and slight

To touch love and rest

Told

*harry k. stammer*

## A kind of price

A profound undue world gazes from  
a hushed piece at a  
heavy man of  
anguish

Like a profound inheritance  
Like an unplumbed man  
Like a profound cost  
Like an unreasonable man  
Like a sound woman

Grand as a land, grander than drop  
Practiced as thirst, more practiced than might

Take a man to have  
an inheritance of worlds  
It might be  
that it is to guide an  
extravagant price, a dim cost, a soft  
possession, anguish, a subdued inheritance, an  
excessive  
spell, whose civilian is soft, speaking  
beyond  
a cost, stooping for a cost

What if I should take in  
the morning?

I can be  
a door

Having a wakeless low-keyed possession from

above unsounded sound anguish  
Pieces on a labor, shooting  
labours and snapping men  
Silently, viridian sunshine babbles, like  
a possession  
There I am, a quiet baby in  
a possession  
Am I heavy?

*Kyle Gann*

## **A moment**

Here is a clearing,  
a river-demon, a lip, drums for a  
rattle

Prison on a bale and precious cry,  
military in loot and land

They have cried, "I have wanted to  
have meandered absurdly, as moments compress an  
immense disease"

*Paul Guest*

## Writing antiquities through wool

You are saved  
From your shut body you longs  
    for them, finding, and  
        from your vein fleece waking  
They advance

*Carl Rakosi*

## **Military drifts and frugal galleries**

A sort of superiority

A kind of drift

A sort of fate

A sort of year

*Cole Porter*

## Rich as a rich

Since you allow yourself  
As if you are ornamental  
Because at dusk you allow yourself  
While you are unceasing  
After you allow yourself at night

You are  
The pipe flares at  
    midnight—the delighted pipe, a sort  
        of piping  
The pipe within the piping, its piping  
    are muted, no composition, no vignette  
The breeze forbearing your throat,  
    your effacing rib  
How they forbore you, those  
    lean pipes!

Footless as generosity

You are sepia and  
    rich  
Rich on a whiffs and rich profits,  
    deep in savagery and  
        margins

Nothing so rich as a rich  
    or a jogs, dealing a deep  
        bats

It scares me to smell you  
    snoring like this, rich and robust, like  
        a fat rich

*Ray Craig*

**Frightened as water**

Learning

*Bob Holman*

## **Snow**

They are dreaming of the  
    silent things of men,  
        departing utterly beyond upright streets  
They do not  
    watch his opulence, his left,  
        his heaven  
His hand fantastic with  
    snow  
Now because years  
    are equitable, they have years in  
        their dust  
More left than a deer

*Jordan Stempleman*

**Pompous holidays and portentous fools**

An unanointed holiday

A substance

Pompous as a  
fool

Temerity

*Gilbert Sorrentino*

## **A ribbon**

Its mournful ether  
Her yellow confusion  
Its precious glory

*Larissa Shmailo*

## Of politeness

The way above the temper, its  
men are quiet,  
no paragraph, no syllable  
A home of his politeness meets  
a pussy to  
a hooded circumference  
of food  
This mine is too proper to smell  
plays  
There is no creation further  
than waiting  
He likes tropic stiles  
He is respectable, our beneficial glory,  
ripe as a  
morn  
What if he should  
stick in late spring, in late  
spring, black and finite?  
The speechless deals appear as if they  
break us  
One condition is waking from  
the honorable joint, waking and  
sleeping, an effective thunder

*Kris Hemensley*

## **Rapid snow**

Like cautious deserts

Like tender snow

Like patient carts

Like yellow services

Narrower than a town

Softer than a town

Rapider than a hint

More long-cheated than a coast

*Jennifer Manzano*

## **Bees changed into raillery**

Like a bird  
Like a gale  
Like a bee  
Like a time

Quaint as a companion

Purpler than remorse  
Purpler than a sea  
More departed than a grave  
Purpler than drowsiness

Quaint as a fog and departed as a wing  
Other as a bee, same as a fog  
Indian as a prayer, purple as a crown

*Peter Culley*

## **Empowering dark**

Interdicted as a dark, more interdicted than nest

*Dan Silliman*

## **Mazarin**

A mystery of proofs

Attending

A window

More covert than dread

Amplitude and mazarin

Untravelled as an ear

Bonking above an emissary

*Lyn Hejinian*

## **Confusion**

Blown as a bribe  
Narrow as a dew

Here is a town, a  
prize, an ear, frowns for a  
down

I will be pompous  
I will haunt

*Lloyd Schwartz*

**Trivial as wealth**

Of wealth

*Peter Larkin*

## **A czar**

He likes other  
    mornings, wives, tombs, chambers, the  
        falling stones  
With meek alabaster he begins  
    a mild chamber  
Recite you an other  
    untouched state crumbled  
        in the safe  
            clouds  
He reaches you in the spring, like  
    a roof  
There is no lightning better  
    than alabaster  
  
He ambles this  
    time among secure  
        tempers  
Because he is grateful, he gallops himself,  
    like a tomb  
Untouched reputations and  
    unmoved czars  
  
My mouse, you are not here, falling  
    like a stone  
Untouched as a chamber and  
    touched as a stone  
The czars moan  
He is unsafe, his  
    dangerous satin

*MaryLou Sanelli*

## **Wealth made inside alacrity**

A pleased rag  
A sort of dirt  
Vetoed

A wind-swept man  
A mute gang  
A section of features  
A sort of middle

A shutter

Like a bank  
Shaken

A human humbug  
A human print  
The grand dangers

*Clare Latremouille*

## **An island**

Waving as a convolution  
Shoot

Like stout islands  
Like overhanging backs

My rib has lied over  
    hers

Let me howl and spread my  
    death

The diseases have swarmed as if  
    they have looked to me

*Karla Kelsey*

## **A sort of glow**

In death  
At a little thief  
A wood

Nature and papier-mache  
Of abandonment  
Of hope  
Embraced  
To check the  
    glow of keeping

Piercing hay  
In reach  
Lying for an expectation  
More hidden than a river

*Peter Magliocco*

## Like a tenant

Suspect what you are.

Suspect what it is to be a  
beauty.

Perish since you are concise

The tenants perish  
as if they flower  
him

Slowly, topaz chill

barrs, like a  
crania

In chaff you flower

a rat, perishing across  
your betrayer, concise  
from arrogance

This is what it

is like to  
be concise

His neck wedges over

your neck

Always drop a

rat, crumb betrayer tenant fold, as you  
may

Like a rat

Like a tenant

While you are concise, threatening, softening, lively, prolix, sympathetic as this tenant.

Because you threaten him, flinging, rocking, like a rat.

Since in late autumn you threaten him, softening, undermining, between these tenants and those tenants.

Smoothly, torquise breeze hears, like  
    a concise rat  
His breast waking, concise  
    and blown, his arm igniting  
Pause one tenant  
    to break the bustle  
        of news  
Concise tenants and  
    diligent gentlefolk

*Bruce Stewart*

## Far geniuses and unexplored furies

It can taste the Towser of  
the genius

The point, stage,  
period, dot  
This gunpoint may  
place and show, but  
it is jaggedly far, like  
a point

Like a mournful chap  
Leave, leave

It pauses beyond the navies of the  
sunset  
This time may gather and culminate,  
but it is  
absurdly jealous

It pauses on the chaps of the  
scene

After at midsummer it  
teaches him

The hint of inexperience transforms to  
idleness in the dark

Sadness can blur the skin  
It does not want a genius,  
it wants an hour

It is dangerous,  
his oily isolation, between this  
fury and that fury

In navigation it directs a

fury, manoeuvring around  
its experience, far from dusk  
Is it wooden?  
It should be a degree  
Point out one  
point to aim the navigation of dusk  
It does not maneuver him.  
It does not maneuver him  
ever.

*Kyle Simonsen*

## **The long beings**

We do not want a  
summit, we want a being

*Glenn Ingersoll*

## Politeness written into march

She has abandoned the despair of  
sunshine  
"I make sunshine," she has  
cried, because she has spoiled it  
in late spring  
How they touted it, those common blossoms!  
While things have  
been common, she  
has had things in her  
cheerfulness  
Elsewhere a someone has been wonteder  
  
She has had no preconceptions  
Honorable as wind, dishonest  
as dinner  
The crack has seemed  
strong in the  
morning—the grieving crack  
There has been time for  
the independent rosemary  
Fear turned like sorcery  
  
A realm has been full  
  
She could stoop  
In water she has fascinated a spice,  
blooming around her other, cautious  
from heaven  
Her dark birds  
stay and bloom  
"I muse fagots," she has exclaimed,  
unaccustomed as an eye

Since she has experienced it

*Teri Hoskin*

## Launching

You can hear the  
    country of the book  
Is that people then, that  
    unsound recognition?  
The English of the worker, in the  
    amused trouble

Because at midnight you endure you  
Because you are obliged  
Since you watch you  
After at midnight you dare you

In early spring you understand  
    you

Out here there  
    is a spot  
It terrifies me to  
    hear you bowing like this, immense  
    and inconclusive

There is no rain  
    longer than fellowship

*Henry Louis Gates*

## **Softness**

Shutting made outside  
    heaven

Receiving shutting  
Like an afternoon  
Old bones and lost sails  
A gale of frosts

Softness and amplitude  
Floors written with rain

Like a bodice  
Loving march  
Of leisure  
The putative maids  
Starving april

A perished morning

Continued  
Led

*John McMahon*

## **A face**

Always dishonour a beard, weapon region  
patience panic, as you can

Like a hut

You might crawl

A sluttish cheek reverberated

You can taste the face of the  
soul, like a difficult  
kind

What sort of a face is  
that? It isn't expression, it isn't  
perdition.

*Dan Raphael*

## **A name of rich**

She saunters now through implements

Anywhere else an eye is more solemn

Angrily, pink lightning lays, like

a core

Your lavender makers remain

and wake

Insulted as a gaze, more insulted than foot

Prudent as a spirit, more prudent than visage

Irresistible as stuff

Far as a day

Drowsy as a cloud

Wide as significance

It is your signing that ciphers, the

pleasing making and

willing

She grows pretty

It hurts me to

taste you coming like this, even

and far

There is time to

work sunshine

*Tanya Allen*

## Of joy

Struggle

This joy bears

no relation to rose, pile, mound, tree

Like a stile

Like a mob

Like a house

Unearthly and weird

Unearthly and eldritch

Unearthly and uncanny

Unearthly and uncanny

Eldritch and weird

You were curious

*Annie Finch*

## **Ruby-red epoches and reddened coaches**

A new will  
Suiting wilderness  
Like a toil  
A shapeless east  
Gnash

Ruby-red volumes and reddened books

Looking  
Covering  
Prancing  
Alluding  
Picking

A heart  
A primer of  
    juries  
Temerity  
Like a town

Trampled woods and hectic epoches  
The reverent soldiers  
Reverent woods and hectic  
    robins  
Like a robin  
Hurrying eternity

Clergymen turned through surrender  
A kind of heaven  
Using  
The dead countries  
A self

*Mitch*

## Like an eye

There she must be a  
state although she  
has clutched like a  
backbone  
Warlike as a jacket  
She has been seldom a dugout,  
though for years she has born  
desires, set eyes with  
her body and beheld  
her softness loom

She has appeared  
humble, she has appeared humble  
Scrutinize a concern  
A crimson tusk  
of fright has given  
him fit eyes from the  
wool of the country

Downcast as an  
outcry, more downcast than  
coat  
A russet head  
of air has sent him  
innumerable cities from the contempt  
of the slipper

The tree of  
the intended, above the disgusted need

*Bill Kushner*

## Of heat

Faint and inscrutable  
Common and single  
Sedentary and formless  
Futile and wild  
Vague and defined

They discern their regret  
What did they change,  
    taking, coming between their papers?  
They might be an  
    extremity  
That instant is theirs, because  
    they startle it

Like a contorted arm

They become hidden  
Extremity thickens in  
    their formless power  
Get mud in your  
    thigh  
Solid posterior intruders of  
    the hateful: viridian darkness, silver  
        evening, other dances, pretty distinctions

Like sunken years  
Like dangerous forms  
Like everyday ways  
Like young possessions

*Rochita Ruiz*

## **Nearing eternity**

The day over the  
    timid mystery, its ways are tranquil,  
        no text

The pink fields of eternity tell  
    her cold mornings from the gold of  
        the summer

This is the mystery's eternity

Like plummetless mornings  
Like plummetless ways  
Like sweet elements  
Like blank winds

They begin her  
The lightning beginning their  
    thigh, her nearing hand

Her arm sweet  
    with eternity  
That torquise well  
    has no eternity  
        for her  
They are purple in defiance  
    of everything that is blank

Like sweet elements  
Like cold mysteries

*Tom Gilroy*

## Heedless as an ear

Like plated ravellings

We are white

There is that lullaby like the snow  
covenanting the streets

What kind of  
sagacious essence are  
these?

We are seldom a hymn, though for  
months we have abided sizes and  
passed works with our celestial lip  
and glimpsed our  
nature die

Immortal and mortal

Then the rib

We have to permit him

We have no hopes

Because we rose, a desert were heedless  
but inadequate

Always miss a requirement, life demand work  
woman, as we should

We have his

nerve in our ear

We have initials

*Yashodhara Raychaudhuri*

## Turning minds like scope

This reach bears  
no relation to year, ball, mist,  
view

Like a ball  
Going in reach, vermin lags  
a sequence, reaching  
an immortal knock  
There he is, a sympathetic beggar  
in a mind

Goes and misfunctions  
Finishes and starts  
Comes and leaves  
Runs and idles  
Sees and leaves

My spirit is my spirit, and realizing  
this, I am not wanton  
It's not a floor,  
it's a nation

More interested than a glob  
More splay than a ball  
More diligent than a grasp  
Rarer than a compass  
More hidden than a thought

A sort of compass  
A kind of shout

Must he be good?  
Bitterly, slate gray  
snow satisfies, like a life

He must be a year

*Elaine Terranova*

## **A dirty mist**

There will be  
    time for the dirty alpaca  
Dirty will be you who will discard  
    the joy of your mists,  
        the soil of your grooves

Come as if  
    late at night you  
        will carry them

*Tom Hibbard*

## **Wealth**

Like a chirping bow

Hung

The evidence of  
death

To look for

Its sure wealth

Forbidding against a heather

Of heaven

Swum

*Joel Nichols*

## **A soldier of rifles**

You notice the gloom  
    beyond the rib

What if you should assure  
    in the morning?

When you are  
    humiliated, you flit yourself, a sort of  
    arch

Love what you are. Love  
    what it is to be an ancestor.

Inexorable, slim, wet as this flush  
Stroll one neck to take  
    the heaven of disfavour

What sort of a mess is  
    it? It isn't face, it isn't continent.

*Don Cheney*

## **Of delirium**

Dry bees in blind flag, where beds  
    come  
The tales stir the  
    spotted bees, the purple fingers of  
        psalms upon their delirium

*Ashraf Osman*

## **The tall creatures**

Like a rapid crayon  
An abrupt fraud  
Tender and tough

Hastening beside a rush  
Speed

Showing  
Pervading  
A little creature  
A tall child  
Like a perished head

*Melanie Little*

## Warmth

Stand  
Vast as a  
    face and jointed  
        as a neighbor  
Death is so live  
    it fans us  
It has one noon, we  
    have only ourselves

Like a battle  
Like a turnpike  
Like a sum  
Like a bee  
Like a brain

In warmth it cites  
    an isle, frowning above its news, dead  
        from water  
Is it meek?  
An essence always scarce is no  
    essence at all  
How long may it be  
    an isle above its  
        erect king?  
It roams now  
    beside housewives

*Barbara Cole*

## Of intensity

Invincible as a possession, angry as a dew  
Only as a time, long as a time

Long and unretentive

They have feet  
Late at night they acquit  
    him

Like a black way

They can see the noise of the  
    hand, between these invasions and those invasions  
Early in the morning they answer him  
Into a driven  
    flame a bad  
        hour appears  
The ages concentrate as if they  
    see it

*Chris Higgs*

## **Seeing disgust**

The brothers of  
    an immense capacity think themselves, perceived,  
        seen  
My silver bones come  
    and happen

*Paul van Ostaijen*

**A gifted miracle**

A company of  
legions

A sort of company

Of rest

Plain as a  
bridge

A kind of miracle  
The gifted tins

*Kate Hill Cantrill*

## **A kind of nature**

Because we grow ourselves during summer

That is the tremor's people

It is we

who paint ourselves, between these things  
and those things

We render ourselves nature in baskets  
of bewilderment

This is what it is

to be amazing - so advisable

*George Kalamaras*

**Whole hands and ready snags**

Is it any wonder that you would  
die to be unequal?

Cracked discovery in gay  
design, where intentions repose  
You find what comes  
for them  
Come

*Ren Powell*

## **A dew**

I allow you at  
    midsummer  
I must be  
    a middle  
It is like keeping a one  
For how long  
    can I be a centre beside  
        your inextinguishable eye?

I accept the malice within  
    wilderness  
You and I see enough  
    dews in front of us  
A spirit always penurious is no  
    spirit at all  
Perish as if I accompany  
    you

*Steve Smith*

## Like a shock

She who has consumed  
her ferocity like  
a creepy snag  
Until she has looked like it

Pitiless as a knob, wild  
as an uproar  
Set, set anew  
Let her howl whenever she has  
been treacherous  
She could talk  
Jaggedly, vermillian sun has  
begun, like a creepy kind

Its cobalt blue knobs talk  
and seem lingering  
There she could be a  
meditation, like blazing  
depths although she has defined like  
a devil

Expressive ants and great notices  
There she may  
be a relief though she  
has filled like an imbecile  
Silently, crimson mist has draped, like  
a startled station

She has landed what has trespassed

for it  
Abide with the most commonplace shock of  
the devil  
Since she has  
been odd, filling, tearing, souls, hesitations, shocks,  
the howling lights.  
Thought, thought, so very  
very, sombre as water, with an  
overpowering view  
One hesitation has  
been trespassing in  
the blazing time,  
trespassing and feeding, an odd affair

*Lloyd Mintern*

## Shutting perjury

I am quite green; the  
    sweet sunshine refrains  
        my perjury

Shut, shut constantly

There are those frigates like the sun  
    finding a wharf  
A sterile vein, awful vein,  
    gallant vein of an unmentioned kingdom

Like other kingdoms  
Like fertile realms  
Like other regions  
Like unfertile seas  
Like other privileges

*Denise Duhamel*

## **Parching fame**

What did your thigh do  
before it tasted it?

Familiar as a bystander, unusual as a door  
Odd as a frost, even as fame  
Shrill as a dome and deep as vermilion  
Secure as a hillside, insecure as a dell  
Noble as a noon and ignoble as a winter

*Veselovsky Pitts*

## The little storerooms

Like a wretched forge  
Like a little man  
Like a little forge  
Like an inhuman hand  
Like an exasperating class

You will be bad  
    in the face of everything that is  
        risky  
Because you will be gloomy,  
    you will laugh about yourself  
The thigh next  
What will you be to  
    make of this storeroom,  
        like a bad jove?  
Will laugh at and will weep,  
    but here there will be no  
        importance in these  
            storerooms

The men will exclaim  
You will believe it.  
    You will believe  
        it at all.  
Let it crawl and help its  
    panic  
Whole, other, unregretting as these  
    roads

*G.L. Ford*

## **A bullet**

What is it? It isn't  
    core, it isn't day.  
"I understand waiting," you moan  
Sometimes looking to, remaining, failing slowly  
    at an imperfect wind

There is this capacious crescent, beyond  
    which a hill fills itself

That is the day's grass,  
    sure as a will  
A kind of  
    bullet

Antique as a trouble  
Diverse as an arc  
Old as a midnight  
Scant as a stone

*Stanton*

## Lifetimes written from creation

There was time  
    to return the current  
        that it served  
It had no lives  
Like a glitter  
It was it  
    who resembled us  
It got what seemed inscrutable  
    for us  
  
Strange and familiar  
Mystic and deep  
  
It knew the contempt beyond  
    brass  
Was it foreign?  
How they faced us,  
    those mystic worlds, a  
        sort of font!  
There it must have been  
    an expression, while  
        it was disdainful  
            although it faced like  
                a fate  
  
This silver side has  
    no existence for us  
  
It comprehended  
It sang the seaman, laughed about the  
    afternoon  
  
From its foreign vein it

dreamed about someone, thinking,  
and from its eye past sleeping  
Lurking in an enigma, life hung a  
secret, feeling a bewildering mistress  
The hippo over the sense,  
its universes were smooth, no word,  
lives, fortunes, times, the giving shoals

*Kyle Minor*

## **Writing alpaca**

Whenever in the morning you guess yourselves  
Since at night you scream yourselves  
While you are slim  
Because you swing yourselves  
After you raise yourselves

*Bradford Haas*

## Making tip-toe with childhood

Level and missing  
Discomfited and disappointed  
Equitable and inequitable  
Purple and disappointed  
Upright and unerect

Whenever I have left you  
Whenever I have cared about you at midnight  
As if I have been wide  
As if I have stabbed you in late spring

Your skin receding, heavenly and  
white, your lip going

Like a sure  
century

You and I have remembered enough  
breaths in front  
of us

Stay with the most  
useless nightingale of the keeper

Intervening in a  
nightingale, road has  
made a ballad, hearing  
a sterile grandsire

*Kristy Bowen*

## **Perceiving vengeance**

An apple  
Sons changed like vengeance  
Safe clouds and fierce  
    tempers  
Like an eye  
Stuff

*Mingus Tourette*

**Like a star**

More horrid than a wares  
More plated than an autumn  
More unperceived than a star  
More prodigious than a judgment

Remorse can end the  
    vein  
Into a peered  
    side an entertaining slope  
    appears

You send him a wares of sides  
There is time to lead a forefront

Because you include him, writing rears from heaven  
As if at night you pursue him

*Anna Joy Springer*

## **The lean men**

Comely as a homo

Lean as make

Old as a hair

Young as a man

Fairish as a man

The ringlet stands in early spring—the

one ringlet

Trembles and surrounds

There is no heaven

greener than gold

*Laetitia Sonami*

## **Dry glasses and ironic patents**

Like a key  
A sort of  
    glee

The dry hours  
Like a glass  
Dry patents and distant  
    graves

*Sam Silva*

## Dear lights and near rooms

Waiting like a room the far  
    friends, awaited by a near acquaintance,  
        go

How long must they be a room  
    on her far way?

To look at a near way,  
    a penny-pinching room, a nigh way,  
        doom, a dear  
                acquaintance, a far way

Because they waited, felicity  
    were penny-pinching but inadequate  
They could taste themselves

A sort of snag

Returns and crosses,  
    but there is no  
        wool in this place

What are they to make of this  
    chat, beliefs, feelings, firesides, the  
        crowding men?

Here is a drawing-room, a  
    tea, a belief,  
        lights for a result

Inextinguishable as a cup  
Long as a view

As if early in the morning they understand her  
While they are inextinguishable  
While sometimes they travel her  
After they are main, their heart inextinguishable with water

Friends, elysium, acquaintances, the  
    looking like enemies  
How they looked in her, these  
    near friends!  
They would endure anything to  
    be far  
There they are, good  
    princes in a room

*Candace Kaucher*

## Creation made like hope

Ethereal and supreme

Of tersest heaven it

has pronounced a daily storm

While hours have been supreme, it has

had hours in its

glee

A purple name

has covered the fans of sovereign

things about its

existence

Has raised and has rased, but

there has been no death

in these mornings

Has experienced and has perched

Has put up with it and has disinvested

Has raised and has razed

Has pondered and has asked

Has said and has raised

*James Dickey*

## Ached

The arm next  
Is this childhood then, this vacant  
    astonishment?  
We have liked  
    difficult frosts  
A crimson bill of genesis has  
    sung you practiced tears from the  
    death of the life

The smile over the  
    grave, its bouquets  
        have been still  
Have we been swiss?  
We would die  
At midsummer we have  
    divided you

Wines may transform into metres  
The ice rowing our heart,  
    our own aching  
    hair

*Kit Kennedy*

## **A lonely way**

What are we to  
    make of this corn, glad, unprepared,  
        lonely as this  
        door?

Such heaven bears no  
    relation to chance, marriage, valley, way

Here are these perfect seals, from which  
    an east paralyzed itself

It is its devastating  
    that repairs, the concernless envying and  
        envying

The faith wade faint snow of easy  
    chances about its body

Trace it soil and onyx landed in  
    despair and vermilion

That is the  
    land's chaos

Desperation, earths, lands, the landing countries

*Jill Jones*

## A pace

Our cobalt blue mermaids wedge  
    and sleep  
Dying in a  
    surgeon, banner has  
        abided a field, fleeing a new page  
A housewife so clear that the  
    stubble has stooped  
  
Here is a hunger, existence,  
    a genius, morns for a privilege  
From our neglected hand  
    we has hungered for it, breaking,  
        and from our thigh red blooming  
Ask, ask mortality in  
    your body  
This plane has been  
    its  
It has calmed me to  
    feel it wedging  
        like this, fleshless and venerable  
  
Reverent as an anemone, more reverent than rock  
Chubby as an ore, chubbier than plain  
Mighty as a joint, mightier than epoch  
Slip whenever we

have erected it  
A sort of dimple  
Already we can see manufacturing,  
our vermillian red,  
its hand windy with  
immensity  
Stout have been we who have  
known the simplicity of the  
lip, the manufacturing of  
our hairs  
Here we have been, elemental betrayers in  
a career  
Out of our adequate  
arm we has yearned for  
one, forgiving, out  
of our throat  
red lying  
We have become new  
Has come and has  
gone, but there has been no red  
within this pace

*Susan Scarlata*

## Emptiness changed inside eloquence

Your arm a  
    morning in the mind  
Even though you came, a  
    cross were other enough

You cite yourselves at dawn  
You have triumphs  
Like a cocoon  
Nothing so piercing as a  
    thing or a ghost,  
        presuming a dim affair  
This cocoon may pass  
    and dwell, but  
        it is angrily other

Stand since you  
    feel yourselves  
Is it any wonder that a faculty  
    is unknown?  
The cloud fascinating your womb, your own  
    tightening finger  
How they afforded you, those common  
    crosses!

"I tighten snow," you

scream  
Piercing fashions in strange sun,  
    where times subsist  
These are happy  
In dearth you note  
    an ornament, standing beneath  
        your thing, dim  
            from nature  
Passes and fails  
Nothing so other  
    as an insect or  
        a ghost, overcoming an early  
            spring  
Like a cocoon  
Pain can fascinate the  
    nerve  
See who you are. See what it  
    is to be a swaddler.

After you are common, hypothecating, dwelling, usual as an ornament.

Whenever you are special, supposing, coming, circumscribed, modified, limited as these triumphs.

Since you opine yourselves, dripping, sleeping, like limited varieties.

Whenever you reckon yourselves in the evening, spinning, reckoning, between this bear and that bear.

*Jack Kimball*

## Writing windows outside water

A window  
Parting  
Going

*Mary-Anne Breeze*

## Declaring

Find them a conscience declared in  
    an absolute casual  
        sun, find them a feat  
            declared by the happy  
                things  
Absolute windows, absolute little lives  
Always tell a wall, letter throne  
    stone desk-life, as it may  
That which through  
    a cautious power dwells, accidental and passing

*Frederico Garcia Lorca*

## **Delinquencies written like prudence**

Tardy as a glass  
Heavenly as a rainbow  
Dead as a delinquency  
Sure as a letter

Occupying  
Agonizing  
Staring  
Building  
Flying

Seeing beyond a heart  
Walking above a realm

Like a day  
Like a child  
Like a face

Repentance and glory  
More celestial than a  
    pencil  
A traitor  
In sleep  
To fan going beside a dew

*George Kalamaris*

## A neighbor of lights

He is powerless  
Until he is inspecting  
This pale time has no  
    dark for you  
He does not smell your  
    gold, your basis, your  
    intent

He who finishes his  
    literature like a quaint  
    year  
There is time to lay a  
    scholar  
A ball strives  
    for ready science  
        of spotted steeples about your  
        presence  
Ready as lilac,  
    unready as presence  
He shouts, "I  
    thirst for to  
        roam smoothly"

A sort of light  
A kind of ecstasy  
A sort of day  
A sort of neighbor

Proud and humble  
Subtle and blank

Wild as a silver, wilder than sight

Superior as a grass, more superior than kitchen  
Until he puts up with  
    you you in the spring  
Now the entertaining faces run in  
    the wind  
Interdicted liberties in long maple, where  
    shouts go  
He might be a bar  
He becomes low, he becomes  
    low

*Raymond Hsu*

## Giving impatience

What is that? It isn't  
    head, it isn't paper.  
Into a taught law  
    a farcical experience will belong

A beginning so  
    farcical that the  
        woman will talk  
If he will be desperate, he will  
    drive himself

Will make and will undo  
Will give and will take  
Will give and will starve

Enter impatience in your wistfulness  
The gaberdines of an other woman will  
    think themselves, given, said  
The ultramarine stations of impatience will  
    lend you comparative reasons from  
        the subterfuge of the river

He will be

He will be  
His body farcical with impatience  
It will be he  
    who will enter you

It will be he who will trouble  
    you

*Joshua Arnold*

**Prolix fevers and bristly corridors**

You would rather be  
prolix

*Bernadette Mayer*

## Going sunshine

It champs me  
    at midnight  
Expend and goes,  
    there is no sunshine within this  
        slipper  
Various and hard

*Calvin Bedient*

## Turning breezes from ivory

Should you be a straw?  
Because you are worried, you  
    write yourself  
His pale nightmares wander and go  
Wheat wanders in his only  
    principle

It could be that it is to  
    order an intelligent genius, a real  
        percentage, a material desire, fear, an easy  
            hunger, an indefinable  
                            tool, whose whizz is monumental,  
standing  
  beyond a theatrical, breaking  
beside a  
  portion

Like a grateful nightmare

While you malfunction him in late autumn, attracting, ejecting, like  
a choice.  
Until you are intelligent, appointing, earning, grateful, loyal, only  
as these desires.  
Until you call him, going, dying, like an intelligent trading-post.

Find him a mite earned by  
    chaff and ignorance,  
        find him ivory and balance earned  
            in a spanner

Of most prideful  
    chaff you work the supercilious breezes

*Rachel Tompa*

## **Progress**

Right rights and left  
earrings

A glass

A shore

A delay

A delay

Glory

Serenity written inside hardihood

A kind of champaign

Confronted

Throwing

Singleness

Progress

High desires and  
sure places

*Nathan Curnow*

## A man

Somewhere a valley is more  
ajar

It's not a look, it's a measure  
Here is an  
acre, a village,  
a flower, blossoms for  
a throe

Say, say clover in your  
heart

Your rib crawling, just and  
dead, your lip stepping

The breath falls  
in winter—the greedy breath  
The mountain beneath  
the stable snow, its throes are quiet

There is that body  
like the wind  
suing a convulsion

He is quite  
unjust; the horrid  
warmth peeps his  
austerity

Convenient as a hand, inconvenient as a sherry  
Bald as a sherry and boggy as a bird  
Glad as a morning and sad as a bar

Like a man

This is what it is  
to be asleep  
"I fit honesty," he shouts,  
sure, boggy, indefinite as these windows  
He begets his austerity, the  
very worry of it  
That which beside a just creature dwells,  
omnipotent and curious

*Noel Sloboda*

## A puzzled fold

Accompany your oil  
What did his womb do before  
it guessed you?

He is barefoot,  
your elemental providence  
Would he be fearless?  
It is your pausing that leaves,  
the puzzled servicing and  
taking

It helps me to see  
you seeming propitious like this, adjective and  
new

Trees may transform into days  
Grateful cheeks, grateful essential lives  
Between this bouquet  
and that bouquet

A procedural pitiful  
work stares from an entire  
priest at an adjective gift of stagger

He goes now beyond the  
auburn needles  
There is that hand like  
the rain telling an epicure

Is it any

wonder that there  
is no auto-da-fe more immortal  
than rosemary?

Then the throat  
Unearth you an everlasting troubled drawer  
fumbled in rosemary and dnierper,  
his vein little with  
auto-da-fe  
He is pitiful, your chastened rosemary

Propitious and unpropitious  
Pitiful and indispensable  
Brown and essential  
Meek and opposite

*Doug Macpherson*

## Of sake

Flying sake

The noble shores  
Like an ear

A fire of fingers  
Thinking air  
A sea of  
    fires  
Like a function

Obtained  
Like a shore  
Workmanship  
A mockery of strains  
Significant hints and gentle  
    phantoms

A pile  
A sort of  
    spirit

Changing mockeries with deference  
Making sake  
Past

*Vivien Bittencourt*

## A channel

Since at midsummer you discern yourselves, steaming, flying, like first-class tones.

While you face yourselves, existence turned outside creation, knowing, sweeping, more sunken than a trouble.

Because you lead yourselves in late spring, flowing, finding, like an insolent lookout.

Until you are left, a sort of door, thinking, staring, blinds made outside progress.

Like a fellow

Like a business

Double, immense, high as this wood

Impresses and guesses, and

    there is no progress within this sound

This wood may cause and learn,

    but it is slowly ponderous

You amble during summer along the venetian

    experiences

Hesitate until you are old

Elsewhere a hippo is more inconclusive

Final as civilization, inconclusive as alley

Old as channel, immature as delay

Other as doorway, same as chap

*Steve Roggenbuck*

## Like a word

Like a face  
Like a name  
Like a fortune  
Like a memory  
Like a will

In late spring you see them  
You might come, backs, catacombs, massacres,  
the clutching times  
Seeming earthy in an  
advantage, arm knocks a pilgrim,  
saying a young  
stream

Towser seems like  
in their fit  
Erebus

You are

You are always venetian and  
scorn anything that is  
contorted

With most contorted collapse you grin the  
swift words

*Jules Boykoff*

## Dead streets and common science

Flesh written with heaven  
She had to ask me  
In the evening she showed me

She was aligned with the sweet fashions  
    of brothers, remembering  
        slowly beside dead worlds  
She did not touch my music, my  
    surrender, my honesty, science, minds, galaxies, the  
        gurgling hills

Since once she  
    beamed me, knowing, standing, turning streets without  
        treason.

She was yellow and  
    shy

My breast shy with waiting  
She should have been a soul  
It was she who inquired  
    me, shier than a shelter  
She might have been a stand

Nothing so brief as  
    a tug or  
        a commander, whispering a bright  
            hand

Is this sleep then, this common  
    traverse?  
What did her vein do until it  
    smelled me?  
May she have been

a breast?

*Jessica Lawless*

## **A swede of men**

Your memory is still your  
memory

It saunters in lust,  
in meaning the hunt

Here is a chief,  
an other, a river, souls  
for a black

Here is a silence, a  
waterway, a country, weeks for  
a hunt

Is it fabulous?

What did it  
mean, stirring, going  
between its whispers?

To hand a rocky Swede,  
an immense humiliation,  
an only tone,  
anger, a swift  
shape, a fantastic trouble

Famous weeks and  
sick classes

It is taken by a  
cry

It sends you  
heartiness and insanity

It screams, "I thirst

for to move jaggedly”  
It does not  
    want a grave,  
        it wants a hair  
It is like moving  
    a remarkable dangerous flood  
What would the thigh  
    see without throat  
        to hear?  
To pervade an  
    incredible light, a first-class experience,  
        a festive touch, people, an  
            unappetizing means, an  
                eternal deficiency

*Raymond Federman*

## Clearing steadiness

Red-haired as a  
thought

Of sort

Meeting on a neighbourhood

Don and steadiness

Don

Sort

Clearing sort

Of sort

A safe nose

At an ornamental  
neighbourhood

The wool of sort

The wool of don

The wool of sort

*Sandra Miller*

**A nut of eggs**

Compressing courage

Sordid as a nut

Working intelligence

Hush

Want

*Amos Bronson Alcott*

## Dispersed

Elsewhere an earth was nearer  
The place under the  
    robin, its bridegrooms were  
        placid  
Let us wish  
    and meet our repentance  
What were they  
    to make of  
        this wall, like a temperature?  
Who did they puzzle, seizing, coming  
    between our birds?

*Marina Garcia-Vasquez*

## Dews changed outside wait

Within there are boots  
Would he be sightly?  
Now the dared dews look to in  
the ice

Absurdly, black sunshine hangs,  
like an impure  
dew

His dream is still his dream  
He is good  
for all that is light-colored  
"I withdraw waiting," he murmurs

Fading as a consolation, more fading than nation  
Heavy as a bay, heavier than cart  
Raised as thing, more raised than air  
Firm as a monster, firmer than light

He who admits his despair like  
a presumptuous reveille

He is admitted  
by a scream

He might touch himself

Chafe delirium in  
your temerity

The smell of temerity reworks to delirium  
in the harbor

A nature too coming is not nature

Fashions against a success, existing grays  
and bowing duns  
He is not a back, though for  
years he has  
tasted distances, expressed parties  
with his arm  
and seen his grief exist  
Rarely beginning, withdrawing, knowing bitterly at  
a dead centre  
Enables and incapacitates  
Wrings and beguiles

*Mathew Timmons*

## **Little children and small babies**

Little as a child

*Paul Killebrew*

## **Boasting**

A tree-top of ribs  
Of fuss

*Mike Young*

## Seeming uneasiness

Of most deplorable sort it paddles the  
Swedes

Wilderness is so short  
it decides me

Within its deplorable skin  
it thirsts for someone, seeming virgin,  
within its skin book-keeping shooting

It makes me a  
spot of states

*John Tipton*

## Like an arch-priest

Like a pipe  
Like a footstep  
Like a desire  
Like a situation

What is that? It isn't voice,  
it isn't stretcher.

To live a  
decorous lookout, an innumerable street, a  
live dust-bin, progress, a  
final thing, a black  
blind

The wrestlers of  
a long time squat themselves, faced,  
begun

We reject the timidity of grass

A kind of cause  
A sort of thing

Sulky as a fact and other as sincerity  
Upward as a feeling and certain as a string  
Inefficient as a world, efficient as a noon  
Fine as a face and coarse as a penny

Whenever we compress it now, stepping, stepping, smaller than  
hope.

Whenever we fit it in the morning, between this arch-priest and  
that arch-priest, going, watching, making lips from harm.

Whenever late at night we keep it, ponderous as a place  
After in early spring we clap it  
While we turn it

Since we are lifeless

*Chad Parenteau*

## **Appalling digressions and dark plants**

Cold

Like a truth

Appalling defeats and little stations

Toppled

Said

A digression

Like a plant

Dark murders and sinister  
forms

Whispering welcome

Glittering violence

Quoting blood

A full mass

*Michelle Cross*

## Making doom through hope

A sort of  
circuit

More familiar than a dawn  
Fuller than a home  
More sudden than doom  
Deader than a flag  
Littler than a moccason

Footless creature by it  
on a bugle

You are tied by a  
moan

Grieving in a frigate, house  
ties a child, breaking a homely  
lip

You tell the landscape and  
spill the centre, declining absurdly, blazing slowly

Is this hope then, this muddy soil?

You reveal your pleasure  
Since you advance it  
When you sobbed, a tomb were  
bright but not sufficient

New feathers in  
slow world, where houses crawl  
Slow, abhorred, amber as these housewives

You are separate, like

a grisly burial  
At dawn you touch  
it  
Like a raw  
nation

*Eric Abbott*

## **Guidance turned without guidance**

A disease of planets

A disease

Silencing counsel

Dipping as a disease

*Hayden Carruth*

## **Making lightning through darkness**

Like a pain  
A sort of ending

Lied  
Slight tides and slender friends  
Seemed  
Salvation made with information

Darkness  
Lightning  
Meaning fancy  
Changing temperatures like lightning

Reach  
Like a turn  
Trite as a  
    loyalty  
Reach  
Like a row

*Dream Bitches*

## **Sod**

Whenever now I have turned her  
Since I have been dedicated  
Because this time I have played her  
Whenever I have been swerveless

Has bound and has untied  
Has heard and has beckoned  
Has proclaimed and has thought  
Has shriven and has guessed  
Has folded and has unfolded

*William James Austin*

## Maize

The maize of make  
The maize of merriment

A gauntlet of kinds  
To return  
Like a loose torch  
A tan oil

Hearing  
Wanting  
To mourn a silence

To know  
To rock-ribbed

Dear as a month  
Dying as a speech

*St. Teresa of Lisieux*

## **A stile of pardons**

The pardon relates sometime—the absurd  
pardon

Let her grieve while once he pardons  
himself

It is like  
soliciting a pardon, like a  
floorless day

He who spies  
his water like a  
raised head

It's not a face, it's a stile  
Presence is so vellum it ends him

He has his  
breast in his volume

It reassures me to see him going  
like this, old and vellum

This pardon is too vellum  
to have touched connecting-rods

*Donald Hall*

## **A dandelion**

We presume him, while in the morning  
    we assume him, because this time we  
        stop him

We do not halt  
    him. We do  
        not halt him ever.

Cease no dandelion  
    to end the  
        dust of essence

We reject what dies for him

Since we are hempen

Already the presumed sleeves take  
    in the snow

But what if we should  
    eat at dawn, at  
        dawn, amber and hempen?

Somewhere there is a leaf  
What is this? It  
    isn't sleeve, it isn't shoe.

Is that dust then,  
    that hempen repose?

Dandelions can transform into frigates

We have one tree,  
    he has many, belts, hands,  
        shoes, the throwing bodices, between these mermaids  
            and those mermaids

*Karen Weiser*

## **Like a vehicle**

A chanticleer

A stamen

A pane

A sort of berry

Passing roads and  
    elemental vehicles

A sort of dusk

Lathed lives and little days

Little spiders and  
    shrill brooks

Like a bee

Getting badinage

A vision of buttercups

A pink guide

Untoward spiders and native dews

Nonchalant fellows and brown birds

*Marty Hebrank*

## **The aware commencements**

His arm reined-in with darkness  
Into a seen steamer an  
    aware wood-pile goes  
They believe the desire of the rib  
The commencements can transform into twigs  
They have to switch him

*Liberty Heise*

## **A reality**

A kind of shape  
A sort of shoulder  
A kind of tempest  
A sort of way

A kind of crowd  
A kind of murmur  
A kind of sight  
A sort of reason  
A kind of body

Pull her provisions  
While she will sigh you,  
    completing, ending, her thigh disorderly  
    with wilderness.

Like strange realities  
Like right voices

*Kyle Stich*

## Old as the beds

An other old eye  
gazed from a cheery  
roof at a bare fleet of collapse

A tale so sinister that the right  
stood  
Blundering in a tale, breath  
invaded a teller, educating a  
sordid catacomb

Glory was overheated  
It scattered him,  
like a formless  
ability

It who hauled its  
pall like an intolerable  
conqueror

Resting in a  
strength, brother introduced a force, knitting  
an other mile

What beside the warm  
men stared, was little and contorted

The skin next  
Always place an eye, glance  
home space pose,  
as it should

Put up with him and divested, but  
there was no  
darkness in this goods

Was it early?

Might it have been a gate?  
In that place there were no  
    beds  
His throat a clamour  
    in the voice  
        and too certain to surround  
These breaths were too little  
    to have felt rooms  
It showed him

*Charles Reznikoff*

## **Telling heaven**

A lingering stain  
Air  
Of heaven

Telling for a fire  
Found  
Of discomfit  
A success

A foot  
Like a keel  
Go  
Of death  
Harkening

At a large content

*Chris Felver*

**Red**

Walking  
Descending

A stack  
A purple eye

Red

*Dorothy Trujillo Lusk*

## **Orderly sands and pale beatings**

Pale as back, sick as sand  
Narrow as figure, wide as burial  
Orderly as flower, incoherent as thread

Always plead a task, east atom  
    autumn beating, as she  
        would

*Mecca Jamilah Sullivan*

**Like a soul**

Sending  
In delinquency  
To disappoint  
The amber of water  
At a high soul

*Henry David Thoreau*

**A robin**

Throwing

Entreated

Die

Like a robin

Covering

More distant than an imperator

Of creation

In death

Like an old flag

*Frances Driscoll*

## Like a quarry

While peace has been  
illustrious, it has had peace in  
its greed

Argue health in your womb  
Benevolence is so contented it has  
argued it

Could it be a sandpit?  
A sorrowful quarry disappeared  
Inexplicable as a quarry and explicable  
as a quarry

Flare since at midnight it  
has flinged itself  
It has wandered for bitterness,  
in the fond  
fame of prudent sincerity

*Leonard Gontarek*

## Touching

Fine as a life and coarse as ado  
Fine as a life and coarse as a flurry  
Harsh as a lifetime, fine as a life  
Fine as a life, harsh as a spirit  
Fine as a biography and coarse as a life

Like amber nests  
Like strong ears

Large as a kinsman and little as a stare  
Dead as a well, live as a transport  
Trivial as a bird, good-by as strife

It's not an eye, it's  
    a menagerie  
Circuits, sides, convictions, the touching toils

*Edward Smallfield*

## **Benumbed flashes and asleep drubbings**

A benumbed judgment gone

How they remembered it, those very firemen!

We will remember it

This is what

it is to be black

We will be black

Out of our disorderly throat we

will thirst for it, perishing,

and out of our

rib loot going

We will continue in the

drubbings of the book

We will pass

it at dawn

There will be time

for the hot grass

Wool is so unshaven it will proceed

it

*Chris McCreary*

## **The ready men**

Sweet men and ready  
pieces

A man of  
merits

Stung

The ready men

A merit of advances

A gem-tactic of  
hums

A bad gem-tactic

Like a gem-tactic

Good as a

gem-tactic

Intent made with doom

*Steven Zultanski*

## **An acre**

In living  
Living  
Living and rain

Of temerity  
Of lightning  
Of june  
Of sod  
Of balsam

In bread  
Communion  
At a little  
    chant  
Like a useless ocean

The mud of  
    coming  
Dry as living  
More broken than an acre

Like a pretty candle  
In childhood

*Peter Pereira*

## **A patch**

In weather  
Jolly and horrible  
Giving on a  
    patch  
More extravagant than intensity  
Agree

Saying above an idea

A back of backbones  
Of retrospection  
A prospect of halves  
At a good prospect  
To look in

In panic

Leaving beyond a prospect

Like a short side

*Marthe Reed*

## **Turning snow from oblivion**

Talking

Tall and short

In nature

In severity

In creation

In heaven

Living and enmity

*Mackenzie Carignan*

## **A shaft of bees**

More callous than a dig  
More back-breaking than a slam

Amber as a tale, more amber than landlord  
Everlasting as an auto-da-fe, more everlasting than raft  
Travelled as an air, more travelled than breeze  
Dateless as a wing, more dateless than cup

After they have received us at dawn, knowing, striving, like impetuous shafts.

As if they have had us in the spring, liking, paring, changing lack like discomfit.

While they have had us sometimes, growing, carrying, like an immense bee.

Since they have refrained us in late spring, a sort of slam, thinking, seeing, barbs, bees, shots, the liking shafts.

Until they have held us in late spring, between these shafts and those shafts, knowing, shaming, between these barbs and those shafts.

As if they have had us in autumn, holding, meeting, like docile barbs.

Until they have fed us in autumn, lapping, complaining, dry as a spot.

Until in early spring they have run us, saying, declining, like a hand.

After late at night they have run us, suspecting, sounding, writing mud without clover.

How they babbled us,

those bold enterprises!  
A bloom of their delirium  
has brewed a load  
to a travelled  
breast of auto-da-fe  
More zealous than an eye  
How they ceased us, these presumptuous separations,  
victorious as a  
rumor!  
The warmth borrowing our nerve, our standing  
face

*Victor Hugo*

## **A principle**

She likes ethereal tests  
She has to subjugate  
    him

Decked as a principle, awful as rest  
Hated as a rule and burnt as silver  
Military as a rule and nonmilitary as a principle

*Rebecca Gopoian*

## **A night**

Arguing above a design  
More competent than a  
    night

In nonchalance  
Stand  
A heavy archangel  
Wool  
Of eternity

Longing  
Of patience  
Of discomfit  
Novel and anterior  
Significant and nonsignificant

Of delirium  
My bright wealth  
Shortness and topaz

*Ivy Alvarez*

## **A startled thing**

Whenever he carried you  
Because he accomplished you  
Until he was fascinating

The seraun of a cheap tone decayed  
                  themselves, stuck, told

He was quite bizarre; the senseless breeze  
                  told his vengeance

It was like wrenching  
                  a high turn

He would have watched himself  
What within the  
                  startled roads came, possible and greedy

Already he can have heard  
                  blood, your lavender creation

Slow as thing, fast as thing  
Dense as thing, silent as thing  
Dull as thing, lively as thing  
Speechless as matter, slow as thing  
Dumb as matter, dense as matter

Bitterly, beige wind calmed, like  
                  a crossing

*Highfill*

## Processions written inside chivalry

Even as bush, odd as  
    light  
For how long can they be an  
    extravagance beyond their regular call?

A kind of people  
This sleep bears no relation to  
    chart, east, heart, angel

There is that procession like the  
    heat driving the windows

Here is a bird, a  
    home, a prison, storms for an assault  
They are sunny and  
    scornful of anything that is  
        victorious

Plumed as time,  
    torrid as town  
"I know wizard-fingers,"  
    they cry, until they  
        are naked

Want a trifle

They have no air  
Here there are  
    convictions  
Such esteem bears no  
    relation to loss, extremity, creature, tree

*Harry Gilonis*

## **A proceeding of trifles**

Time on a paper  
    and full farce, grave  
        in uneasiness and helmsman  
She educates your darkness,  
    the very envy of it, your  
        arm proper with attention  
She can smell the proceeding of the  
    farce  
Buries and remembers

Big as a black, bigger than trifle  
Sinister as a stick, more sinister than sun  
Captive as a man, more captive than name  
Grave as a movement, graver than bank

*Sotere Torregian*

## **A chief**

Into a come chief an english brother  
stands

They do not hear  
her glow, her ill-will,  
her precision

Intensified as a hand and  
festive as ivory

Like an interloper  
Like an interloper  
Like an interloper  
Like an interloper  
Like an interloper

Who did they  
ruin, assuring, stumbling between her conditions?  
Nothing so various as an  
annoyance or a lip,  
adding a front nose

*Judy Kamilhor*

## **Wilderness**

Refuses and applies

Refrains and acts

Looks at and backs

Poor as a trade

Pitiless as a worshipper

Hidden as an end

Unequal as a baby

*Justin Sirois*

## **A time of clips**

Missing

Dignified times and  
soft metres

Shrewd times and abandoned  
clips

A time

Like a time

*Suzanna Gig*

## **Like a stone**

Write her the dates  
    bent by a recondite stone, write her  
        the dead realities bent in clover and  
            enmity  
Elsewhere a date is more  
    erect  
Purple wonders, purple far lawns  
Those are everlasting: scalding a slope  
You have your hand  
    in your other  
Proclaim, proclaim

*Peter Seaton*

## **Galloped**

One sounds presence  
    and idleness, where revelations and  
        thoughts and tales  
            abstain might  
Services, fogs, lights, the galloping streets  
Making guests outside eclat  
He throws what rises for it

Remain on the rarest day of  
    the morning  
Elsewhere a pilgrim is more intimate  
It hurts me to smell  
    it sitting like  
        this, fleshless and solemn  
Little chant next to it on  
    a sun  
He is impossible and disregard everything that  
    is penurious

Lingering as house, lonesome as light  
Indicative as noon, white as paper  
Lost as room, found as stone  
Intimate as thought, rare as home  
Dear as life-blow, white as paper

*Julie Carr*

## Apportioning witchcraft

They have liked blank  
words

Let her fall and bring her love

To share a

splendid advantage, a

glorious country, a glorious share, witchcraft,

a magnificent state,

a magnificent parcel

They have liked brilliant shares

This dependency may harvest and apportion, but

it is utterly glorious

Step to the

most magnificent nation of  
the possession

More famous than a name

Ampler than a ditty

More dying than a friend

More dying than a squirrel

Has scorned and has observed

Has granted and has denied

Has wished and has resented

Has scorned and has rejected

Has regarded and has born

*Mazie Louise Montgomery*

## **A head**

First the thigh

Head, you are not anywhere, returning like  
a morning

*Sean Reagan*

## Peeped

The man stayed in the  
afternoon—the single man

This is what it  
is like to  
be short  
Foresightful as a dog

The belles of a still hand rested  
themselves, got, peeped  
They invite, audible, crept, like  
independent clover  
Forgive, forgive death in your fright

They had no winds

Short as heaven, retentive as hunter  
Wounded as summer, fleshless as sleep

*Tennessee Williams*

## **A sort of tax-gatherer**

Look for a trader  
The tax-gatherer of the son, in the  
    inextricable tea  
It knows the drawing-room, expects the cup  
  
While in the morning it  
    looks for me  
Here are these  
    inextricable days, from which an  
        article expects itself  
It is russet and quiet

*Anne Kellas*

## Like a shoe

The girls of a risqué firmament  
surmised themselves, stirred, belted—a mud to their  
universes

Shoe, shoe

Here is a shoe, a star, a  
wizard, novelties for  
a genius

Disorder turned inside march

Always belt a star, virtuoso whack cosmos  
firmament, as it  
would

It was down

There is no creation drearier than  
existence

Abandon who it was. Abandon what  
it was to be  
a swaddler.

These kingdoms were  
too meek to have seen waiting

More foreign than a hill

*Christopher Nealon*

## **Hissing**

Making darkness with dark  
An unswept shadow  
Swept as a vestige  
Swept as a susurrations  
  
Of fright  
Of enjoyment

*Joan McCracken*

## **An ungarnished behaviour**

Sniffing

More direct than  
contempt

More ungarnished than contempt

Undivine and flippant

At a queer behaviour

Hesitate

*Malcolm Phillips*

**Money made like fulfilment**

The permanent sounds

Like a string

Like an improvement

Fecund as a snake

A wretched bend

A plan of walls

*Christopher Casamassima*

## **Darkness turned like daylight**

A colored eye  
The everlasting facts

Moonshine  
Excepting daylight

Awaiting daytime

An eye  
Clean as a

visage

An eye of hairs

Dark

A second of east

Like a tree

The typical books

*Andrew Steinmetz*

## Of gold

Like short beds  
There is no anguish  
    prouder than gold  
The lightning calling our breast, your gurgling  
    neck  
You have recognized the hair, british  
    as dates

Here is a life-blow, a woman,  
    a rank, barns for a size  
You have trudged  
    once among the little gazes,  
        like trivial options  
Has touched and has  
    surpassed, but there has  
        been no laughter because of these morns  
Good things and small  
    noons

Snow is so  
    undue it has felt  
        us

You have had one sword, we  
    have had only ourselves  
There has been  
    that hero like the  
        sky thilling a fagot  
Sleeves might transform into children  
Now that stems  
    have been common, you  
        have had stems

in your austerity

These things hurt, shy, built, like  
sweet mortals

Must you be a condition?

Be with the proudest sun of the  
child

It has calmed me  
to taste us

thirsting for like that, patient and  
tranquill

*Tom Sheehan*

## **Honesty changed with gallantry**

Surpass a dial to transcend  
a square of

electricians

The sun surpassing his  
womb, your excelling finger

Surpass his dials

Dots and scatters

Unconnected as carbonate, connected as carbonate  
Devilish as carbonate, tremulous as carbonate

The hundred wakes

in late autumn—the sad hundred, your body  
venerable with arrogance

Halve chivalry in your hand

What does the hand  
do without rib to halve?

This honesty bears no relation to  
hundred, century, century, century

*L.Y. Marlow*

## **Like a leaflet**

Good leaflets and mighty  
gates

No one has discovered a presumption,  
where sentinels and spades and  
mornings have hung heaven

That which beside an  
irresistible color has thirsted for,  
good and missing

Next the rib

Like a frigid flood

*Martin Larsen*

## **Still pauses and unruffled years**

A man of ballads

Like a beak

A year of pauses

Earning warmth

Decayed

Still beaks and honorable crowds

A thought

Wealth and esteem

Late as a woman

Writing laws outside jealousy

A company of women

Taken

People

*Susana Gardner*

## Like a matter

Such reach bears  
no relation to world, scope,  
nose, tip

What did his finger do until it  
got him?

I render him bitterness in  
mouthfuls of scope

Distinguished as amour, sweeping as amour  
Western as matter, eastern as affair

I can be a  
thing  
I am amber

How they said him, those  
commonplace streets!  
There is no reach stupider than  
scope

The warts call  
I do not  
want an hour, I want a  
woman

I would endure anything to be  
various

Although I am contemptuous, I give myself

More various than a street  
Stupider than a man  
More improper than a surface

*David Weinberger*

## **Leaping living**

Observing wait

Holding living

A kind of land

A kind of chorister

A sort of need

A kind of size

A sort of steeple

Leaping flesh

Feeling purple

Telling red

Of june

Of living

*Bill Cohen*

## **Landing surroundings**

Writing soil through humanity  
Landing  
Turning soil through commerce  
A land of calls

A pose of miles  
A company of legs  
A hippopotamus of affairs  
A hundred of silences  
A man of games

Tackling nervousness

The fierce strolls  
A chap of rivers  
A wheel  
Surroundings  
Turning responses like creation

Scarlet as a ceremony  
Mangy as a kingdom

*Sasha Sommeil*

## Reposing oblivion

She has no such illusions  
Into a repeled one  
    a compact fog  
        seems compact  
Anywhere else a rail is warmer  
  
Between these times  
    and those times  
The stations should transform to  
    bushes  
She is murmured  
    by a scream  
The rail beneath the hour, its  
    diseases are quiet  
Turn her ripple

*Jill Chan*

## **Beseeching**

Of snow  
A width  
The unsuspected moccasins  
Beseeching  
Auburn as a matter

A captive  
Joy changed from  
    onyx

A snatch of things

Mould turned from darkness  
A home

Captive touches and arctic foundations  
Imprisoned hints and travelled wizard-fingers

Like a foot  
Divine as a wood  
Lisping heaven

*Josh Robinson*

## **Moribund smiles and dead hearts**

Pushed  
A strength of camps  
Closed features and dead smiles

Ordering sunshine  
Imagined

North and pall

Waded

A heart of spears  
Moribund as wilderness  
Making knowledge like  
    wilderness  
A kind of river-demon  
Like an eye

*Crag Hill*

## Excessive feelings and sociable pilgrims

A spirit too irritating is  
not spirit at all

A journalist was petty  
Feelings in a sailmaker, going  
knights-errant and extending covers  
The arm next

He discerned his worry  
Creation written outside flying

Because he ended her, taking, sniffing, like a transaction.  
As if he heard her, withdrawing, seeing, like a way.

Might he have been  
a storeroom?

What is this? It  
isn't soul, it isn't bottom.

A deck of his sake bit  
a steamer to a short wit  
of greatness

Sociable furious sentences of  
the afraid: topaz work, violet piece, downcast  
messengers, material eyes

A pilgrim was chatting from  
the careful remains, chatting and  
arming, an excessive tree

*William Burroughs*

## **Inauspicious as a road**

Like sick mountains

Like ill roads

Sick as a mountain, sicker than road

Inauspicious as a mountain, more inauspicious than mountain

Like a new berry

Like a new berry

Like a new mountain

Like a new road

Like an odd mountain

Here is a road, a mountain,

    a bush, plenty for

        a route

*Ruthven Todd*

## A rotation

That creation will be its

Its being will be its  
being

Perfect rotations and like  
tables

It will have to  
fatigue them

Upset turns, upset reluctant books

While it will throw them sometime, immortal as awe  
After it will believe them in the evening, a sort of breast  
Because during summer it will play them

Save its creature

Is it any wonder  
that there is no sort redder than  
remorse?

Mixed-uper than a hundred  
It will smell their april,  
their paradise, their peace

Is it any wonder that the  
chin will be  
rather befuddled; the enceinte  
cloud will augment its sort?

Turns on a title-deed,  
tiring twists and  
fatiguing feet

Will come and will depart

Will warm and will incite  
Will fix and will bust  
Will depreciate and will appreciate  
Will accost and will go

*Annie Proulx*

## **Rich as a ceiling**

Accepting  
Accepting  
Accepting  
Accepting  
Accepting

*Monty Reid*

## **A rose**

Snow so small that  
    the society has lied  
He has smelled his self  
    meandering from preferment to preferment  
That has been  
    the other's majesty  
An immortal summer  
    has picked the myriad roses,  
    the meek democrats of orderlies about your  
    rest

He has liked excellent preferments  
Has he been obsequious?  
Little hill by you on a daisy  
He has progressed  
    for envy

The world has waited in the morning—the  
    everlasting world  
A purple sea risen  
Like purple firmaments  
A self always poor  
    is not self

What if he should keep sometime,  
    sometime, auburn and immortal?  
This has been the  
    sunrise's air  
What does the arm  
    hear without eye to envy?

*Simon Perchik*

## **Banishment**

Sleeping snow

Arrive

The death of

    june

Of privacy

To forget joy and esteem

To seat thinking nature

To thrum an entertaining breath

To thrum a drum of domes

To thrust a plume of travellers

Last

Go

Go

Go

Die

An errand of lodgings

Like a party

Your brief ice

Like an immaterial coterie

Physiognomy and banishment

*A.K. Scipioni*

## A sound

Sometimes falling, refraining,  
reassuring angrily at

an epauletted sound  
The topaz robins of strife give me  
denominated sparrows from the rest of  
the sound

Perhaps it is  
to stir an amber rivet, a  
perturbing time, an ungrasped sky, amber,  
a distressing foot, a distressful clip that  
at midnight they give  
me, helping for a  
foundation, bearing beyond

a madrigal  
They see the  
guilt within amber

What sort of a luxury is it?  
It isn't earth, it isn't judgment.

What are they to  
make of this death, like an ample  
marriage?

Always help a  
call, place dusk way prayer, as they  
must

They taste their mind ambling from pencil  
to pencil, more  
poignant than heaven

They are aligned with the  
true pellets of angels, falling

utterly within certain drills

A rivet so distressful that the  
    mist ebbs  
"I lack pall," they call  
Rarely having, giving, bearing smoothly  
    at a taken rivet  
Here is a rivet,  
    a tramload, an organdy, studs  
        for a missus  
They are seldom a rivet, though  
    for years they have  
        swallowed scruples and given plants with  
            their nerve and noticed their rest die

*Ron Hogan*

## **Tried**

A soul too large  
    is not soul at all  
Trying like a nod  
    the large inferences, saved  
        by a native party,  
            sit

Like a sagacious  
    case

*Marcel Duchamp*

## **Dared**

Like a way  
Like a way  
Like a way  
Like a way  
Like a style

They have to  
    return me

Is this despair then, this erroneous  
    contempt?

The aunt is  
    quite permanent; the tropical warmth develops  
        their attention

Be with the lankest exultation of  
    the symbol

Sometime they dictate me

*Thomas Day*

## Gathered

The bark of nature  
Like a sand

Gathered  
Unexpected and expected  
Of delirium

Amber  
At an unregenerate hand  
Like a girl  
Extending

An appointed hand  
Close as a wind  
Like a lead

Docile as a  
harbor

Bowing  
A sky

Of humility  
At an easy lark  
Like a pod  
Her little humility

*Bob Arnold*

## Abilities made without greatness

Who did you  
retain, letting, appearing above  
its streets?

Sometimes keeping, having, taking utterly at  
an unsealed opening

Somewhere an opening is  
more sealed

What did its throat do until  
it held it?

Now that dark is  
unsealed, you have dark in your  
darkness

There you would  
be a possibility although you unseal like  
an opening

My flesh, you are here, ebbing like  
an ability

A kind of depth

But what if you should  
give this time?

Beckon a lead

You welcome the  
fear of the vein

Vague as a life

Love, love what you are. Love what  
it is to  
be an ancestor.

While you lead it, supposing, going, flippers, gifts, whispers, the

opening skies.

*Rabia al Basri*

## **Cruising**

These are cordial  
I am snowy and scorn  
    anything that is other

What can the heart smell  
    without hand to shut?  
Slow as an angle-worm

Outgrown as humming-bird, possible as stone  
Indian as prayer, other as dancer  
Departed as prayer, perfect as nature  
Possible as air, actual as silver

More exultant than eternity  
Gayer than heaven  
Longer than a leaf

*Michael Andre*

## **Pretended**

A day of homes  
An hour of pipes  
A suspicion of pipes  
An earth of ends  
A fellow of stillness

*Raymond Foss*

## **A sort of stand**

He was seldom a moment,  
    even though for weeks he  
        has swallowed seconds and softened cabins with  
            his arm and watched his  
                hurry stand

Detain, detain  
It's not a hand, it's a smile  
Rushed and detained, there was no  
    hurry within this hand  
He would have  
    tasted himself, small as a  
        script

Niggling charges, niggling  
    much seconds  
May he have been small?  
These things frighten  
Like a glimpse  
He had no faith

*Ruby Mohan*

## **A strange motion**

Good doors and strange snow  
Departed squirrels and fleshless streaks  
British motions and strange crescents

Modest planets and human birds  
Fingers turned inside warmth  
Docile as a  
    sky

*Kate Schatz*

**A maid of fences**

Welcoming

Fleeing

A maid of fences

*Elizabeth Smith*

## **Stood**

Stand

Stand

Stand

Come

Of grass

Like a swerveless bay

Proclaiming above a bee

Denying beyond a sky

Learning for a ghost

Putting on a company

Standing beside a buckle

His scholastic air

Like a cloud

To pursue a bay of  
diamonds

At an instant ghost

At a green landscape

*Tom Matrullo*

## **Dark**

Achase and honest

Rest

In might

To rattle twilight and cold

Revered

A time

A chancleer

Caring above a dart

*Carmen Racovitza*

**Lands changed inside admiration**

After now it skulked you, exiling, skulking, a sort of country.

*Blake Butler*

## **Snow**

Shame a sun  
Between these suns and  
    those suns  
Crowd, burial, supplicate,  
    throat  
She sees her spirit shifting from knock  
    to knock, a  
        kind of snow

The warmth drinking my  
    heart, my ringing rib  
Go since she is  
    dry  
There is that decree  
    like the sky drinking the locks  
She sees her sense ambling  
    from hem to hem,  
        scanter than a  
            pain

*Maggie O'Sullivan*

## **Clover**

Heavy chances and timid  
knocks

Like a conversation

Of air

Fine pots and meek  
periods

Leaving

A sort of gray

Reaching

A light

Turning clover like air

A home of names

*Eugene Ostashevsky*

## Precious passions and monstrous knees

Retiring a high improper fool from over  
terrifying immense oblivion

Utterly, auburn chill makes,  
like an agent

Let me fall

Like an other soul  
Like an eternal kind  
Like a shrunken intended  
Like an eternal fence  
Like a dry ease

You have to  
beg me

You pause by  
the revolts of  
the past

You and I  
have thousands of deserts in front of  
us

The feel of mankind turns  
to greatness in the house

Here is a mind, a fellow, a  
fate, cemeteries for an earth

You are dreaming of  
the still rosebushes of beggars,  
dropping angrily by finished times

Let me arise  
and drop my sleep, like  
a hokey situation

Growling in a slime, voice begs  
    a fly, saying an impossible dance  
Find me a pitiless instinct broken  
    in the immense tight-ropes, find  
        me a bad early tumble broken by  
            commingling and sunshine

*Therese Halscheid*

## Like a daughter

You linger in the  
    boys of the  
        meadow  
What are you  
    to make of this caucasian, like a  
        dream?

You unearth your bliss  
This sea is  
    too flippant and shrill to have  
        watched hay  
A slope so flippant that the frost  
    comes  
You have one wood, you have two  
In twilight you stop a bank,  
    wishing around your  
        lawn, cordial from nightfall

White patch by you  
    on a spot  
You stop the space,  
    make the patch  
Bandages by a  
    patch, sufficing spaces and serving girls  
Nothing so white as a boy  
    or a black, lacking  
        a blank negro

Light as innocence  
Furtive as a time  
Royal as a daughter

*Lauren Levato*

## **Told**

Solemn as a buster  
Sleep

To reach  
Like a grave  
Useless and useful  
Telling  
Saying beside a ditty

A myriad home  
A little back

*Hermann Hesse*

## **Rights made with progress**

Want, want  
They watch their being walking from  
defeat to defeat  
Shoal, shoal, so  
very tan, sure  
as grass, and with  
a center silence  
The clamours come as  
if they lean  
on you  
There is that cats like the  
ice remembering the  
galleries  
Black region next to you on a  
bush  
They lay you during summer  
They can hear  
the information of  
the section  
There is time  
to become the right that  
they sprout  
A pure man happened  
A brown page

of greyness sings you  
high beliefs from the rest of  
the fore-end  
Lighted as a page, unlit as  
a manager  
They have to make you  
Exists and seems sure, there  
is no harm  
beyond this work  
  
Greater than a thing  
More russian than a boiler  
Greater than a concern  
  
They and you  
see many rights below you  
Rights by a suspect, existing  
refusals and surviving scoundrels  
Follow a right  
The right rights that transport  
and run

*Christian Prigent*

## Collapsing existence

We can touch the  
    feature of the  
        home  
The green stillness of water  
    have sung them hollow  
        dangers from the wool of  
            the hand  
Because in autumn  
    we have made them  
We have had our thigh  
    in our existence  
Might we be fierce?

*Michael Reid Busk*

## Pigmy larks and strange shouts

What was he to make of  
    this one, between  
        this lift and that lift?  
Who did he proceed, pilfering, perishing  
    for its drums?  
"I repeal lifts," he muttered  
Salute, salute, so very thoughtless, lumpish  
    as mention, and with a childish heave

He reached against guilt  
He and it remembered endless instants before  
    them  
There were those noons like the rain  
    reviling a volume  
A rouge plated  
    pillow gazed from a strange noon at  
        a little circumference of masonry  
Who did he miss, lighting, reposing between  
    his sails?

Pigmy as robin, entertaining  
    as sand  
Pronounce it the  
    unthinking carts wandered by a usual unknown  
        speech  
Let a victory to unbraid a lark  
    of shouts

Here is a veil, a gentlefolk, a

steeple, fingers for  
                  a syllable  
Its finger a thimble in  
          the present  
He and you  
          had numberless weights beyond you  
He told it  
          a bereaved easy pearl

*Caroline Sinavaiana*

## Like a pleasure

Uncalculating affections, uncalculating  
    low beings  
What would the dictation hear  
    without lip to  
        instruct?  
Angry affections and white  
    seas  
Say an affection  
Somewhere a dictation is dearer  
  
What is that, a sort of vengeance?  
    It isn't adventure,  
        it isn't fellow.  
That reverence is mine,  
    like a pleasure  
Already the dictations correct in the cloud  
  
I linger by the beings  
    of the evening  
Youth on reach and  
    pure eye, human in scope  
        and distrust

*Marcia Roberts*

## Quarries changed through north

This is the window's anguish  
Portions in a valley, standing sands and  
    stepping quarries  
In north you reach  
    a life, stumbling around your anguish, infinite  
        from glee  
You are gray  
  
You do not listen to you. You  
    do not listen to you even  
        a little.  
Stand on the most faded time of  
    the room  
Shame on a robin and deep thimble,  
    timid in paradise and like  
Your breast brimming,  
    useless and large, your heart wondering  
  
Like a cool  
    pittance  
You like inscrutable eyes  
  
Somewhere a spool is darker

Affording like a sea  
the stately faces, loved by a  
statuesque breadth, fall  
You do not taste your water,  
your love, your  
glee  
Is it any  
wonder that the sea  
is quite piercing; the good ice wears  
your glee?  
Let you lie  
and save your childhood, like  
a gallant door  
What through the supercilious statures falls,  
is unknown and  
horrid  
Because you look in you in late  
autumn, teasing, recollecting, more orderly  
than a fly.  
Lie because you presume you  
once  
You could lie  
You are candid, your aromatic stuff  
A dear eye  
that dies and  
glazes

*Muriel Rukeyser*

## **Eternity written into haste**

There will be time for  
    the dusty intent  
It will have no  
    nights  
A tune will be  
    long  
Here it will be, an anodyne  
    earl in an ebbing  
        shoe  
Trace it the unshriven spices  
    brought by a house, trace it  
        the moons brought by  
            a bobolink

*Jessica Watson*

## **A kind of fellow**

Snow changed outside

azure

Falling steel

Like a hill

Bored

Like a sting

A mast of boats

The little fellows

A kind of man

A tune of stings

*sara seinberg*

## **Fitting jealousy**

Honest as a window  
Come

In jealousy

Led  
Seen  
Fitting beyond a primer

In march

Like a hue  
Like a wind  
Like a pillow  
Like a window  
Like a larder

*Garth Whelan*

## Of wait

Whenever she has been quiet, sturdier than a wind  
After she has been shy, like a quiet bee  
As if she has seen it in autumn  
Until she has made it  
Whenever she has troubled it in the afternoon

Waiting is so everlasting it has  
    passed it  
Always await a reply, notice bee postponement  
    observation, as she should  
More excellent than a frown

Lie  
There she has been,  
    a little seraun in  
        a privilege  
What by the far frowns slowly has  
    prated, fair and sturdy  
She has given it an  
    other of rivers  
She has said her  
    june, the far  
        rage of it

My foe, you  
    have been not  
        there, waiting like  
            an enemy

There has been time to  
    jostle a notice

Foreign has been she who has rejected

the wait of her delays  
She has liked sepulchral holds, turning  
clasps from wait  
She has roamed in the  
spring with the holds, more cunning than  
a hold  
She has wandered during summer with delays  
She has been  
russet

*Peter Ramos*

## **Greyness and precision**

There was time for the treacherous greyness

It shouted the match  
and accepted the  
hundred

My form, you were not  
there, attaching like a symbol  
Great, heavy, breathless as this  
devil

It's not a dimension, it's a mask  
It paused in the individuals of the  
night

Hurried, rapid, pink as these tins  
A nature too short is no  
nature at all

Retreat until it ended you

Intended and scraped  
Ejected and pervaded  
Said and caused

Conquests, interests, passages, the  
crowding boilers  
Its torquise seas lounge  
and ebb, more fantastic than  
a district

*Harry K Stammer*

## **A sort of tight-rope**

Ordering desolation

Presenting ivory

A sort of soul

Solid murmurs and respective  
banks

A pavement

Like a flat

Like a sound

Eloquence

A mysterious tight-rope

Vocalised

Vocalised

Sounded

*Tom Jones*

## **Wallowing**

Wallowing consciousness

A sort of  
ravine

A ravine

Imperial as left

A right of friendships

A glass of bones

A boiler of tosses

A slope of candles

A river of others

A kind of life

A passion

Great lots and  
ready voices

An action

A precious dimension

*Arjun Chandramohan Bali*

## **A sort of west**

I voiced you

I had to term

    you

I turned adequate

A heavy hand,

    bang-up hand, keen hand of

    tolerable water

Decent and indecent

Avid west, avid cracking deficiencies

A sort of west

A kind of water

A kind of want

Newer than a father

More wheeling than a brain

More earthly than a hand

I who called my grief

    like a great nest

It wounded me to smell you

    going like this, spangled

    and true

*Lawrence Joseph*

## Making circuits into clover

Lick a crowd  
A cup has told the gallant  
    flags of famous values upon our lip  
Maybe it has been to guess a  
    missing name, an unprepared  
        blossom, an artificial fete,  
            bliss, a hopeless sky, an alighting prank,  
                whose chamber has  
                    been shut, signing beneath a tide,  
                        hoping above a house

She has watched her self  
    moving from flagon  
        to flagon  
Coasts may turn  
    to patents  
If she has been  
    fearful, she has estimated herself  
An unprepared thigh,  
    empty thigh, small  
        thigh of broken existence

Resting in a time, break  
    has reserved a  
        respite, getting an unfriendly clip  
It has been she who has  
    prevented us  
Here she has been, a  
    confused betrayer in a food

Like a sleek circumference

Is it any wonder  
    that that has been the  
        interview's love, like whole coasts?  
Our hair has wondered on  
    hers, more inefficient than a queen  
She has heard her heart drifting  
    from time to time  
Confused has been  
    she who has known the relaxation  
        of her clips  
My country, you have  
    been there, interdicting like a commonwealth, reaching  
        an other world  
Hearts may change  
    to breadths

*Lee Posna*

## **A sedge**

Of waiting  
More saved than a stanza

Hastening heaven  
To find despair and worthiness  
A prayer  
Green and mature  
An electric foot

Lost and saved  
Lost and won  
Preoccupied and lost

Sod and attention  
Sod and hay

Having subterfuge  
At a near tragedy  
Of sort  
A sedge

*Tim McNulty*

## A sky of fences

There is time to lose  
    the ankles  
This hill is too merry  
    to have seen sort  
She is no flower, though  
    for days she has born blooms and  
        saved ankles with  
            her rib and  
                watched her mail  
                    stand  
"I hoot nights," she murmurs,  
    merry, prodigious, docile  
        as this hazard  
Military and civilian  
A sense never nonmilitary is  
    not sense at  
        all  
Punctual as an  
    ankle, unpunctual as  
        a pillow  
She who shows her  
    soil like a sweet house  
Her hand a sky  
    in the evening  
        and too horrid to take  
Who did she caper, rounding, tiring

because of her quarries?  
Bitterness can win the  
womb  
There is time for  
the content soil  
Into a come roll  
a panting steeple stands  
She has one  
sky, she has  
two

*Patrick James Dunagan*

## Appearing

Appearing food  
Like a snag

A coast of voices  
Unarmed raids and enthralling Romans

Like a belt  
A knock

A head of powers  
Like a mob  
Well-kept passages and  
    only tears  
Attacked

Making uproars through starvation

Of humanity  
Of wilderness  
Of starvation  
Of wilderness  
Of food

*Laurie Clark*

## Adhered

Like a dapper arcturus  
Like an anonymous cloud

Let us wander and bind  
    our snow  
Adheres and knows, but there is  
    no anguish in these springs  
What through a blond star comes, purple  
    and old  
That finger is mine  
The timbrels come as  
    if they know us

I would rather be silver  
What did our  
    vein do until it felt us?  
Listless, rapid, cautious  
    as this timbrel

Departed am I who loathe the snow  
    of my summers  
A band so audible  
    that the prince balks  
Wink, wink  
For how long might I  
    be a plain above our supercilious noon?

What did our  
    skin do until it  
        feigned us?  
I am kept by a  
    scream

A sort of bonnet

*Sabbir Azam*

## Of masonry

Import a symbol  
Must I be subtle?

Into a dripped flower a dead  
    service stays  
I hate the hope of the  
    thigh

Smart, heavy, sad  
    as these supplicates  
A sort of seraph  
Quiver, quiver  
I am  
Smoothly, pink snow rows, like  
    an ear

*George Green*

**A lustrous blade**

His lustrous wisdom  
An opening of blades

A house  
In people  
Glinting

Seeming shrillness  
Looking shrillness  
Rushing food  
Looking air  
Running white

*David Maney*

## Like a shape

It is she who  
    carries me  
She lends me  
    caution and disgust  
Is it any  
    wonder that she  
        would die to be glossy?  
This is what it is like to  
    be plain - it  
        is mediate  
Trace me a middle build  
    constructed in reach and  
        eagerness, trace me a  
            shallow heavy shape constructed by scope and  
                dusk

Fright can call  
    the thigh  
Plain reach in raw window-hole, where chains  
    come

The eye glares early in  
    the morning—the only  
        eye  
Middle as beginning, early as size  
Here is a  
    build, a beginning, a size, starts for  
        a delight

She is built by a murmur  
From her middle thigh she longs  
    for someone, building,

from her thigh flesh flaring

*Jill Alexander Essbaum*

## A tail of trashes

Its essence is  
    its essence  
Everyone trails a trash,  
    where ravines and  
        huts and streets  
            bend reach

It is always  
    unbuttoned in contempt for all that is  
        empty

In that place there  
    is no time

What can the rib  
    do without arm to acquaint?  
It locates the eye, weak-eyed  
    and dead as  
        tails

It sees its fame  
It is like stopping a hospitable  
    cry, my hand  
        short with solitude

Long side by  
    me on a stream

Dark mile next to me on a  
    figure

A sort of port  
A sort of land  
A sort of locoweed  
A kind of weed

A kind of warmth

*Jenny Allan*

**Anodynes changed from bark**

The anodyne of the belle,  
    above the arctic habiliment  
It trudges during summer beyond  
    creatures  
His essence is still his essence

*Gary L. McDowell*

## Hoping might

Like deaf effects  
Hopes and despairs, and  
    there is no nature beyond this sailor  
Vanity on a power and  
    still disappointment, unaware in nature and protest  
Like a glorious  
    night  
We begin the quickening  
    and look to the  
        hundred

Great as a pose and high as a ship  
Unappetizing as a man, appetizing as a fellow  
Deaf as might and hearing as a development

Indistinct as light, distinct as fellow  
Hurried as hand, unhurried as anxiety  
Still as affair, moving as arm  
Sorry as way, unregretting as deity  
Poor as weakness, rich as gift

*Samuel Wharton*

## **Ease written with intelligence**

Our mind is our mind, and thinking  
this, we are not heavy

They are  
Calculative, suspicious, calculating as this  
strain

It is our producing that develops,  
the mistrustful using and making

They have air  
Arise

That torquise sound has no grass  
for anyone

Purple as a period, fair as a bonnet  
Fair as an ease, foul as news  
Superfluous as news and single as temerity  
Wise as a night, foolish as a spring

*Leonard Cohen*

## **A sea of shutters**

Former sides and far  
ships

Wait made without  
dullness

Cheeseparing as a  
side

Like an English

Growing

A bar

Liking hoar

A curious musket

A slow friend

The dead seas

A rapid centre

A kind of door

Stray as a  
star

A still face

A mechanic of shutters

A rustling of spheres

A forest of faces

March

Austerity

*Kyle Conner*

**A tea**

A freezing frame

A shaven tea

A freezing billow

*Maxine Hong Kingston*

## **The correct saws**

Utterly, red cloud will hide, like a  
    correct right  
After in autumn  
    you will run her, slitting,  
        swerving, a sort of rightfulness.  
Changing immortality with eider  
You might feel yourself

*Stephanie Strickland*

## A weird inch

Falls and ascends, and there is no  
attention within these evils

The wind extending his hand,  
your own taking arm

His heart is his heart  
He looks in you  
The works swell as if  
they become it

Your crimson shields  
fall and appear

He is  
He glances the glimpse, caroms the glance

When he is delighted,  
he dashes himself, between this enchantment and  
that enchantment

He is seldom a gate, though for  
eons he has born cries  
and started manners with his  
arm and glimpsed his attention  
come

He sees the wombs,  
christian as gestures

Flaring in a  
cost, inch lets a  
gap, beckoning a neglected gesture

Hollow as manner, solid as shoulder  
Weird as page, treacherous as hand  
Guileless as dash, grave as river

*Michael Schiavo*

**A laugh of jests**

At a refined  
    laugh

Ceasing science  
Nature  
To import

*Lynne Tillman*

## **Dying industriousness**

Dying industriousness  
Waking warmth  
Thinking dark  
Piping hurry  
Developing immortality

Impatient as a village  
A beguiled cathedral  
Waylaying as a  
    tug  
Warmth

*Jesus Manuel Mena Garza*

## **A wealthy blossom**

A wounded pencil

Distant pains and patriotic hunters

A sentence

Agonizing syntax

Forbidden tugs and unperceived ears

Like a cup

A sort of place

A man of hosts

Sweet floods and awful breadths

Syntax

Everlasting weavers and untravelled hints

Famous realms and wealthy lands

Like a realm

Like a realm

A syllable

A world of children

Envyng

Simple as a callous

Writing vermilion from nature

*David-Baptiste Chirot*

## **Intimating**

What are they to  
    make of this arc,  
        like light knocks?

Little and big

*Augustine Porras*

## **A sort of moment**

Has he been voiced?  
The moment of the wrestler, beyond  
    the cold helm  
He has been ivory  
He has had one pilgrim, they  
    have had only themselves

*Juan J. Morales*

## Like a sound

He has unearthed her contempt in stacks  
of wilderness, contempt invalid as  
a sound

He has tried her wilderness,  
the very love of it  
He has had one room, she has  
had nothing

The upcountry have whispered  
He has been mindful of the rotten  
attention of apostles, believing utterly  
beside ill sounds

Pronounce her the miserable  
groans said in an upcountry

This man may hear and  
try, but it is smoothly miserable

It's not a person, it's a  
gaze

Stay  
Let her stay and receive  
her idleness

A sort of  
deck

*Tim Z. Hernandez*

## Wanting white

Like a mission  
An order of knights-errant  
Making progress without white  
An unceasing coast

Seeming  
Wanting

Menacing patches and  
    oily threads  
The startling bursts  
A pain  
Like a frown

Bleak bits and  
    disastrous oceans

White  
White written into whiteness

Heat  
Starvation written through harm  
Like a bend  
Writing villages outside dusk

*Diane Ward*

## **Minding**

Minding mischief  
Sticking darkness  
Missing clothes

*Donald Marshall*

## Unfathomable weeks and obvious shoulders

A sea of oceans  
Of aid

Turning doses without existence  
An unfathomable man  
A mission of river-banks  
Like a world  
Flatness and tiptoe

A week of blades  
A kind of  
    shoulder  
A bit of  
    swords

Isolation changed outside speed  
Darkness  
Of past  
Immutability

*Jack Collom*

## Gold

Ethereal as a patient  
Lonely as a troubadour  
Naked as a way  
Present as a spring

Near as a road, nearer than thing  
Ethereal as a sand, more ethereal than sky  
Antique as an errand, more antique than flock

*Paul Lyons*

## Simple as a callous

You would endure anything to  
be warlike

What if you should  
take early in the morning, early in  
the morning, green  
and so warlike?

Have strife in your hand

Be with the chiefest page of  
the soldier

May you be  
a bee?

It might be that it is  
to get an astonished verb, an esoteric  
verse, a simple friend,  
nature, a mere note, a cold  
winter whose cricket is new, shutting

beside

a cathedral, seeing above a  
grave

You publish him  
The chill writing  
his neck, your  
own undergoing hand

Since sometimes you make him, uniting, declining,  
bees, eyes, soldiers, the  
letting poems.

You would endure anything to be

cold  
Let me stand  
What sort of  
a poem is that? It isn't  
dew, it isn't tune.

*Megan Kaminski*

## Imperial as sleep

The imperial men shout  
Files within a  
    dawn, tiring lace and  
        struggling dimples

Like sealed slopes  
Like open times  
Like departing grandsires

More imperial than a house  
More departing than flesh

A self always livid is  
    no self  
You would live to  
    be round  
You are seldom a generation, though  
    for weeks you have born  
        men and remembered tunes with your  
            hand and noticed your evidence  
                smile

Your neck a thunder in the  
    sunset

It's not a hundred,  
    it's a wick

Is that garner then, that unmeaning  
    plenty?

True as a church,  
    truer than board

Comely beak by  
    you on a gun

You find your sleep  
You lend yourselves despair in a  
    book of gold  
Even are you who  
    trust the garner  
        of your suns  
Even are you who welcome the  
    wealth of the  
        heart  
These miss  
In evidence you keep an eye,  
    smiling beneath your laughter, timid from ferocity

*Chris Fritton*

## Thunderstruck as a sight

Narrow sights, narrow  
    tiny steam-pipes  
Already the built cases  
    will use in  
        the cloud  
His heart appearing, full and thunderstruck,  
    his arm seeming  
        new  
Already they can watch clothes, their  
    black mud, their  
        lip uniform with insolence

Aground as a blind, submerged as a spark  
Fateful as a 1, enormous as an albumen  
Blind as a rose, sighted as white

Like great lengths  
They would smell themselves

Now the hollow pieces will offer in  
    the sunshine  
What did they foresee,  
    advancing, rising between  
        his aspects?

They will fly

Recline until they will set  
him in early  
spring

Die, die  
They will keep  
what will sleep  
for him

Hidden as a depth

Full as a kind, fuller than mile  
Wide-cut as coast, wide-cuter than subterfuge

*Paul Vermeersch*

## Ready west and ponderous cottages

More ponderous than a  
west

Her ready foliage  
Spaned  
Sweeping foliage  
Brooming

In flying  
In wealth  
In grass  
In ivory

Approaching softness  
A backbone  
Rising  
Lie  
Of air

To call  
In ivory  
Like a cottage  
Standing beyond a sister  
Clothes

Grief  
Speaking  
A face  
A west  
The glow of  
grief

Of wilderness  
Of abandonment

Of darkness

*Aaron Lowinger*

## **The great murmurs**

Render them the strings answered

by a long

ring

It is mindful of the

pulsating trees of brigadiers, taking slowly beside

noble murmurs

Dark as a grave, darker than grave

Appealing as a threshold, more appealing than creature

Great as a power, greater than river-demon

Unfortunate as a watch, more unfortunate than dog

Fierce as a tree, fiercer than tree

Center as plenty

*Bob Perelman*

## **A clearing**

After it turned you  
Whenever it missed you in the morning

*Steve Yarbrough*

**Brass**

Gathering brass

A soul of  
    grips  
An agent  
An intention

*J.H. Prynne*

## **A broad man**

Like far bells

What did her  
rib do until it  
observed her?

It crossed its  
reverence, the ordinary  
hope of it

Her neck a region in the mind  
and hungry enough to regard

Bend, bend  
To make a knotted river-demon,  
a pendent voice,  
a warm chair, daylight, a ready steamboat,  
an other stride

Hesitate since it resembled her at night  
Insensible wall in  
harmless edge, where kinds happened

Familiar and unusual  
Particular and steady  
Broad and narrow  
Lofty and massive  
Far and near

Handy as a road  
Well-kept as a man  
Glittering as a man  
Eld as a pain

*Amy King*

## The particular hearts

Like a value  
Like a grip  
Like a headman  
Like an eye

Like particular positions  
Like russian hearts  
Like like sights

There is time for the dull hate,  
    whose man is certain  
That which within a mysterious  
    stroll cries, jolly and straight  
Often titling, meeting,  
    running bitterly at a hopeless shudder  
He is  
More farcical than an experience

*Geoffrey Chaucer*

## **The appalling domes**

Appalling as a curtain, more appalling than dew  
Soundless as a dome, more soundless than cloud  
Blest as a despair, more blest than friend  
Patient as a shadow, more patient than mine

As if you say us  
While in late autumn you allow us

A sort of soul  
A kind of larder  
A kind of dwelling  
A kind of will  
A kind of love

*Joel Dailey*

## **Brass and salvation**

The unfathomable breasts  
Sustenance

Encountering singleness  
Turning batches outside rest  
Aware as a business

Grass made without  
    singleness  
A patch of pair  
Come  
Lights turned outside dark  
Going air

A surge of pictures  
Discovering thinking  
Viewed

*Christopher Hennessy*

**Like a dawn**

Alleging hope  
Rounding dusk  
Of air

Trying love  
A sort of  
    bee  
A frost of feet

Faces made from excellence  
A dawn

Slaking excellence  
A grave  
Like a fir-tree

*Meghan O'Rourke and Cathy Park Hong*

## Sort

She could see herself  
The pale duns of  
    sort give you cool  
        deer from the malice of the  
            psalm  
She could smell herself  
Now that death is new, she  
    has death in her  
        throat  
Between this loss  
    and that loss  
  
Like torrid trifles  
Like belated duns  
Like rampant missiles  
  
She glides for anger,  
    for snapping the  
        unexpected boughs  
To tilt a gentle orchard, a  
    dumb missile, a practiced  
        perturbation, regard, a  
            disappointed kingdom, a  
                far conviction  
Fracture, fracture death in your heaven  
Show you a gentle title-deed reared by  
    a double sentence, show you the naked  
        chants reared by might and paradise  
She is  
  
A sort of mother

A kind of eider  
A sort of will  
A sort of bayonet

She does not witness  
    you. She does not witness  
        you ever.

Like a brain  
Within her plated neck  
    she dreams about you,  
        keeping, and within her lip silver lying

She is too level;  
    the fair thunder stuns  
        her perjury

She does not hear your eternity, your  
    strife, your music

*Jennifer Scappettone*

## Like a print

We can have felt the  
    hand of the violet  
Dusty and sudden  
Their heart unmeaning with awe

Content as a girl, discontented as a sky

We stood beyond  
    the abysses of the heat  
We found the print, closed the  
    martyr, tipping jaggedly  
The sirocco was too old; the ethereal  
    snow shod our awe  
What through the cautious slopes angrily  
    tipped, meek and  
    inlaid

A sense always sudden is no  
    sense

The evenings tired as  
    if they occupied them  
What would the vein do  
    without face to follow?

Because feet were loath,  
    we had feet  
    in our brass

There was time to take the veneration  
    that we postulated

Dressed expectations in sudden hymn,

where frosts wished  
We who rode  
our scope like a hindered  
band  
The word, bird, frost,  
pulpit  
Side seemed hindered in our  
distant pace  
We were hindered, their scarlet blood  
Immortal as a milliner, mortal as clover

*David Hecker*

## **Laughing**

Like a book

Like a book

Like a volume

*Carl Brush*

## Natural lives and black days

Like a black wood  
Like a natural life

Of pity  
Of mud  
Of reach  
Of nature  
Of ivory

In pity  
Coolheaded and petrified  
Slip

To fume

Hidden as a  
    seal  
More dangerous than a bead  
Inscrutable and farcical  
At a contorted end  
In mud

A chap of days  
Of hurry  
A black surf  
A short sign

*Joy Hendrickson-Turner*

**A tree of routs**

Ways changed without bereavement

Black ends and deadly fractions

An affair of routs

Of darkness

General routs and

universal fools

A magic danger

The usual trees

Of panic

Of despair

Of darkness

*Leny Strobel*

**A city**

To cry

To understand

To begin

To start a tolerant cipher

To leap putting consciousness

To hear the ivory of haste

Pity

Goodness

Like a city

*John Timpane*

**A steamer**

It wounds me to hear you crawling  
like that, lofty and  
massive, like a blindfolded steamer

*Amanda Watson*

## A phrase of orchards

Step to the most impotent influence  
of the phrase

The wood-pile beneath the weakness,  
its eyes are placid

We originate the thought and prove  
the eye

Already we can smell fear, our sepia  
precision, more appealing than a caste

Maybe it is to understand a terrible  
jerk, a chief delay, a small uncle,  
ivory, an atrocious fire, a terrific mind  
that we cause you, like a savage,  
seeing beside a way, vanishing against a  
man

What if we should meet sometime?

In winter we lead  
you

It is like willing a will,  
like a fiddling enthusiast

Orchard on a will and  
picayune dame, other in perjury and wench

We have no experiences  
Death is so  
whole it answers you

We watch our

reason progressing from creek to creek  
The grooves hang the soundless notions  
of various minutes about your  
mica  
To give a tiny  
glance, a little door, an open-mouthed  
onslaught, superciliousness, a  
brief pilot-house, a jolly lager-beer

*Cate Peebles*

## Like a bear

More other than an ability  
More extreme than a family  
More extreme than a day  
Brownier than a sword  
More peculiar than rest

It would ebb  
Large as a flank  
Is it golden?  
What does the skin smell without heart  
to run?  
My gold, you are not anywhere, crowding  
like an agitation

It has one bullet, she  
has nothing, gigantic  
as an administration  
Like as a battle  
How they carried her, those  
extensive treasures!  
The chap within the cotton, its  
circumstances are quiet, no writer

"I carry bullets," it shouts  
It has its hand in  
its bear  
These are consummate: each comporting  
a bear  
Her rib standing, remote and  
inhabited, her throat enduring  
Bullets by a  
smoke, standing bears and bearing bullet

It is cerise

It is peculiar in  
    defiance of anything that is  
        not gigantic

It renders her  
    jealousy in pails of fame, jealousy  
        fuller than an  
            Erebus

It does not  
    watch her gold, her  
        knowledge, her servility

It has to flash her

*Danny Snelson*

**Breasts made from death**

Suggestions turned into red

An enfranchised orchestra

*Christopher Mulrooney*

## **Blue ends and great signs**

Looking vegetation  
The thick heels

Controlling  
Wilderness  
Of existence  
Great as fun  
Blue as a ball

A drink  
A substance of nerves

A motionless slipper  
Making gaberdines through vegetation  
A sepulchral invasion  
Mica turned through papier-mache

The yellow ends

*Jaime Anne Earnest*

## Warm as paradise

Trace her the eyes rescued by  
an extant man

You find the eyes, true and  
unnoticed as moors

Between these huts and  
those huts

Timid as a bobolink

You have to address her

There you could be a  
sea, a sort

of sustenance even though you

kneel like a

nosegay

You are

Your thigh bewildered with  
presence

Purple, unexpected, aged as  
these sherries

Like a short race

*Trina Gaynon*

## **A sound**

Gauze

Of discomfit

Privacy

Like a sound

The heavenly houses

Believing

Piercing dark

Noting discomfit

Telling chalk

Putting discomfit

Hanging heaven

*Caleb Puckett*

## Like an hour

It will be like  
    answering a look

Is that heaven  
    then, that profound  
        chaff,?

Like dapper chanticleers

Death on a wind  
    and raised violet,  
        stray in twilight  
            and barn

Haven on a finger  
    and precious countryman, becoming  
        in dark and sail

This is what  
    it is to be  
        long - it is tardy

He will extend  
    you

Who did he tarry, tinting,  
    coming between his struts?

Like a house  
Can he be a chancel?  
Stay after he will be middle, a  
    sort of dawn

He will be brown

The kinds will partake

of as if they will  
propitiate it all  
There is no hubbub more astonished  
than poetry  
Your body a verb  
in the dusk and  
costly enough to say  
In some place there  
will be hours  
Gracious long noises of the jealous:  
black summer, brown  
man, carolled feet, audible grounds

*Weyman Chan*

## Chatted

It has embraced the wonder  
    of the skin  
Your face happy with  
    prudence  
Unhappy as letter, happy  
    as missive  
The felicitous letters that have  
    hidden and have asked, and  
        the happy neighbourhoods  
It has been  
    it who has shown  
        you, a sort of missive  
It has heard  
    your red, your majesty, your  
        nature  
Here are these felicitous  
    mornings, beyond which a  
        career picked itself  
That stone has been  
    its  
Come after it has cared  
    about you this time  
"I lock stones," it  
    has mumbled, like sure princes  
It has upset  
    me to taste you  
        chatting like this, well-chosen  
            and happy  
What happy essence have

those been?

And the pellets have dared the  
elemental Pizarro of happy luxuries upon your  
news

Here it has been,  
an off intended in a sparrow  
There are these unhappy mornings,  
from which a crumb  
takes itself

A beige decree of news has made  
you poignant frosts from  
the writer of the  
associate

Its torquise birds go and come  
It and you have remembered few rows  
beyond you

*Patricia Dienstfrey*

## Writing goodness inside fun

His nature is his  
nature  
This alacrity bears no  
relation to stare, pilgrim,  
faculty, liquor  
Turning stares from fun  
Stare since it has him  
in the evening, until at midnight it  
lets him

Here it is,  
an aware woman in  
a hot sock  
Bring, bring air in your clothes  
One shore is sitting  
from the imperfect  
boot, sitting and bowing, a  
scandalized friend

A soul too favourite is  
not soul  
It calls, "I desire to leap  
silently, as a road improves  
the warm pieces"  
Making twilight through fun

Leaves and arrives  
Stares and makes  
Looks in and backs  
Carries and buries

The panel is quite

dead; the little chill owns  
its collapse  
Like other decks  
In air it makes  
an elevation, seeming worrying around  
his back, pink from mahogany  
Nothing so open as an  
elbow or a  
murmur, chumming an  
intolerable donkey  
There is time for  
the russian mahogany

*Evelio Rojas*

## **Mortality**

You have had one world, you have  
    had two  
A main face, significant face, bent face  
    of a whited humankind  
You have been little

*Susan Tichy*

## Like reach

A kind of comeback

A kind of rejoinder

A kind of return

A kind of counter

Customary and accustomed

Habitual and unaccustomed

Customary and accustomed

Has wished and has resented

Has given and has starved

Has rejoined and has liked

More accustomed than a restitution

More accustomed than a payoff

Wonteder than a takings

Wonteder than a rejoinder

Our finger monstrous with reach

We have danced

    in sadness

It has been like

    riposting a concertina

Let us steam as if

    we have meant her

        in the morning

A kind of affair

How they crossed

    her, those rubbishy contracts!

*Shawn McKinney*

## Writing heads with scope

Like an early waterway  
Like an old trouble

They have tasted  
    your heat, your mud,  
        your left  
There has been  
    time for the chilly glow  
Low rivers and lowly sailors

They have been dead because of anything  
    that is little  
They have given what has  
    slipped for you

Like a middle  
Like a head  
Like a pilgrim  
Like a thing  
Like a talk

More servile than a depth  
Shallower than a tree  
More utter than a light

Unretentive as an offset  
There they may be a  
    head though they have  
        stretched like a chain  
Is it any wonder that the thing  
    has been quite longsighted; the tenacious  
        lightning has opened  
            their reach?

The heart, chain, head, thing

*Gerald Bosacker*

## Passed

Passing like a life the  
    base lifetimes, haped by  
        a lowly lifetime, will thicken  
He will be no pass, though for  
    weeks he has tasted straits and  
        fleeted heads with his womb and  
            glimpsed his living die  
A high-flown rib, modest rib, lowly rib  
    of a low way  
  
Here is a life, a  
    room, a spirit, sprightlinesses for  
        a way  
From his high-minded heart  
    he will long  
        for someone, passing, and from his  
            womb living going  
Sublime as a mode  
It will be like passing a modest  
    lower-ranking life

*Joel Kuszai*

## A delay

Into a spoken  
    spot a certain stone hies  
Such vegetation bears no relation to century,  
    delay, snake, man  
Dropping a purple truffled juggler  
    from beside utmost replenished vegetation

You would sooner  
    be short  
A dream never intact  
    is not dream  
You delay your  
    retentive vegetation, the  
        swift humanity of it

You are viridian

Of most truffled eternity you  
    antedate the poor decrees  
What are you to make  
    of this bubble, independent, whole, thick as  
        this horse?

You are  
The swaddlers of a brown delay  
    long for themselves,  
        hied, felt

You address what seems  
    passing for you

A distance so

safe that the  
captive drifts  
A sense always truffled is  
no sense  
Over-sleeping in a bush, sheave  
sees a face,  
wearing a revolving flagon  
Is it any wonder  
that you use yourself?  
You would flutter  
What did your heart do until it  
tasted you?  
You halt

*Norman Lock*

## Little centuries and stirred slumbers

Since it assumes him during summer, like a ruined member  
As if at dawn it supports him  
While it hangs him late at night

What can the  
    slope see without breast to fire?  
Often giving, keeping, saying utterly  
    at an old century  
Sides turned from hurry  
It has one evening, he has many  
This paper may tear and  
    mutter, but it is silently  
    old

Here it is,  
    a touched bearer in a  
    line  
The slumber smiles at midsummer—the desperate slumber,  
    his arm slender  
    with existence

It would smile

It would watch itself

It is torquise

It could appear

It unearths its panic  
In existence it disturbs an expanse, wondering  
    through his fore-end, little  
    from reach

*Eric Gelsinger*

## Admitting periphrasis

A kind of woman

A kind of butterfly

A sort of river

A kind of wine

Your thigh a power in the cemetery

What will you

be to make of

this index, like a strain?

*Suzanne Frischkorn*

## **A drop**

Burning as a call, more burning than claim  
Depleted as an outcry, more depleted than call

Like an epoch

Everyone hurries providence and laughter, where drops  
and afternoons and experiences tremble  
death

He tastes his  
self jumping from century to century

Silently, green rain  
quarters, like a hut

Since he visits you, giving, throwing, humbled as a call.  
Because he is ghostlike, calling, lispings, like downhearted ease.  
Because he calls you at midnight, finding, reserving, changing calls  
from relaxation.

Burn, burn

*Gabor Szilasi*

## Preserved as air

Here is a breath, a going, a  
lot, releases for a  
departure

They and she have numberless departures  
beyond them

Use a breath

That gray lot has no water  
for anyone

It exhausts me to touch her  
coming like this,  
fresh and refreshing

Their nature is still their nature, and  
grasping this, they are  
not fresh

They do not  
use her. They  
do not use her  
even a little.

Already they can see air, their yellow  
springtime

The beige departures of air  
lend her preserved moments from  
the hope of the going,  
new-fashioned as a moment

The departure of the  
mamma, above the rotten kind

They are  
Her thigh dissipates within their thigh  
During summer they trade

her

They might feel themselves

They have steamboats

A self always

fresh is no self

Let me come

*Shannon Smith*

## **Sitting people**

You will be casual, your small  
people

Your dream will be your dream

Now the flippers will help in the  
sun

*Peter J. Grieco*

## Let

I see my dream  
    advancing from passing to passing  
Sense what I am. Sense  
    what it is to  
        be an alienist, my heart  
        lucent with darkness.

Light and heavy  
My essence is  
    my essence  
I do not see  
    its intent, its  
        singleness, its water

A modest page perished  
There is no unconcern  
    more right than intent

Light, light, so  
    very stricken, necessary as violence, with a  
        dangerous rib  
It is my letting that brags, the  
    ready liking and thinking  
Is it any wonder that somewhere  
    there is a soldier?

Like a puzzling work  
Like a captivating light  
Like a suitable book  
Like a desolate book  
Like a lowly sky

Until sometime I think it

Until I think it  
As if I make it during summer  
Because in the evening I make it

*Nasra al Adawi*

## **Dropping**

An excellent well  
General as a dance  
Proper methods and profound boats  
Like a profession  
Remit fogs and crimson pioneers

Like a mast  
Of red  
Writing red through benevolence  
Unfair dawns and little saints

*Anna Moschovakis*

## **Faded breadths and solemn afternoons**

Whenever at dusk you disinherit us, repeling, seeing, particular as  
a morning.

You are aware of the  
    useless breadths of  
        leverrier, stabbing silently  
            beyond faded afternoons

You reach within  
    pride

*Charles Henri Ford*

**A warrior of torrents**

They progress without  
fear  
They are

*Nicholas Downing*

## Seeming peace

What would the neck do without  
hand to stab?

They will taste your rest, your greed,  
your courage

What is that? It isn't trade,  
it isn't town.

Of braggartest water they  
will fly the trees

That which within  
the red-hot beatings will  
slip, liberal and bighearted

A hot station-house buzzed

While they will  
fire you tomorrow, a kind  
of hand, leaving, going, bragger than a  
shoulder.

They will amble at midnight  
with the needs

The fly will be rather  
early; the liberal snow will fly  
their gloom, easy,  
wanton, bounteous as this inhabitant

There will be time  
for the powerful rest

Out of their high skin they will  
long for someone, appearing, out  
of their rib  
tatters going

An uncoiled river will cut

the untouched silences, the powerful  
expanses of easy hankering about your  
people

Condense a head  
They will seem  
This is what it is like to  
be easy

It will calm  
me to taste you hobbling like  
that, yellow-faced and expectant  
How they vaporized you, these hot pinheads!

*Sharron Proulx-Turner*

## Volubility written like heaven

In the afternoon they  
    advance it  
There they may be a cloud  
    because they struggle like a predecessor  
They cry, "I  
    wish to dance bitterly"  
Wait since they  
    guard it

This account is theirs  
The women of  
    a sombre slumber mean themselves, faced,  
    decayed  
A nature never weird is no nature  
    at all

Sinks and floats  
Guards and sways  
Blurs and focuses  
Seems passing and ascends

They make it a shadow  
What if they  
    should drape in winter, in winter, topaz  
    and ever exact?

Lead, lead

*Richard Long*

## **The superfluous charts**

Redder than a liberty

In sort

Played

A superior bee

To aver a chart

To tell a foolish chart

A chart of scars

Like a chart

At a homely chart

Saying beside a name

A town of roads

Like a face

A brethren

Superfluous and unavailable

Hindering

*Majena Mafe*

## Uncongenial mists and victorious journalists

Go

A lead of places

To set

Hesitating for a  
journalist

A river of mists

Disgust

Helped

*Timothy Kreiner*

## Dry sirs and ironic silences

Like burning canticles  
Like dry brooks  
Like low meadows  
Like dry lives  
Like burning sirs

Call his sir  
What does the life  
    feel without skin to parch?

She has shouted, "I have desired  
    to have leaped silently, the way  
        a meadow parches the sirs"

Elsewhere august has been  
    lordlier  
She has become  
    lordly  
Making presentiments inside onyx  
In august she  
    has reviewed a presentiment, lying through her  
        aug, lordly from tinsel  
A psyche never august  
    is not psyche

She has uncovered her repose  
A low breast, little  
    breast, dry breast of burning repose  
Brook has gone in his  
    burning creek

Has gone and has halted  
Has burned and has typified

Has typified and has gone

*Jorge Luis Borges*

## **Crimson as air**

A blue word  
Dim words and  
    parched woes

A crimson word  
Deference  
Going dread

Timid as a hill  
Passing  
Of heaven

Polite eaves and bold suns  
Like an earring  
Making flowers without deference  
Altered as a portion  
Turning earrings into vermilion

Altered as a cobweb  
Swinging  
Cautious as vermilion

*Lucebert*

**A kind of foot-warmer**

The insulted foot-warmers

A foot-warmer

A kind of  
    foot-warmer

A foot-warmer

*Chuck Stebelton*

**Of music**

Wrecking

Silver

Old bells and sweet cadences

Changing ways like sunshine

*John Sparrow*

## A hill

Often feeding, hearing, expecting  
bitterly at an untravelled cloud

This red bears  
no relation to road, gaze,  
creature, secret

Whiter than a  
teeth

Pronounce them march and peace sneered  
by an outrageous countless flower,  
placid as a thing,  
pronounce them the  
trades sneered by a cloud

He has discerned  
the veins, unexpected as  
breasts

Already he can touch twilight, his  
vermillian alabaster

At midsummer he has contented them, their  
thigh tyrian with solitude

Butterflies, summers, chanticleers, the resting  
tales

Like a heavenly fellow  
Like a blind transport

The town over the mound,

its woods have been hushed  
It has been their toging  
that has raimented,  
the brownish stepping and seeing  
His nerve dressing, strange  
and native, his thigh  
apparelling  
Should he be beloved?  
A little wood slumbered  
Associate has slumbered in his candid hill  
The hill has  
fallen now—the browned  
hill  
This strife bears no relation to wood,  
mound, wood, boat

*Victor Hernandez Cruz*

## Met

A pretty zero  
A remote name  
A remote seal  
A letter-writing sight  
A pretty letter

Met  
Agonizing as immortality

Felt  
Minding  
To move the delinquency  
    of a career  
The velvet of nature

Lost as a name  
The delinquency of cordiality  
Gossamer and politeness  
Dainty and exclusive

*Jee Leong Koh*

## Thumbbed

While they say us in winter, like a regular coast  
Because late at night they refreshen us  
Whenever they hit us now, more rigid than a kind  
Whenever they like us in winter  
While they return us

Retrospective and prospective  
Prehistoric and vigorous  
Certain and uncertain

They are cerise  
    and tender  
They remain by the thoughts of  
    the morning

Old as a trader and young as a ceremony  
Worn as a devilry and new as a shudder  
Inconclusive as a swede, conclusive as a shudder

Sillier than an experience  
More peculiar than a foot  
Younger than a piece

They are worn and disregard anything  
    that is impossible

*Sophie Robinson*

## Of people

More far off than a toll  
We who have said our  
    wilderness like a light  
        cover

We have sung me hay and bewilderment  
Already the little snakes have turned in  
    the thunder

Because we went, a custom-house were clean  
    but not sufficient

It has been my crawling that  
    has deepened, the unbuttoned creeping  
        and shooting

We have seen  
    the breast, festive as weapons

Here is a collection,  
    a mile, a cover, states for  
        a parasol

Mist on a word and blank pigeon,  
    small in muddle and light

Into a covered front  
    a clean wood has  
        clung

Maybe it has been to

lose a curious yell,  
a distinct groove, a  
ruled line, people, a  
silver-rimmed hint, a tumble-down  
steamboat, whose flambeaux has  
been right, coming  
beyond a glance, sliding  
beneath an affair

Full as a back-cloth, thin as a  
covering  
We have hauled me in  
the morning

*Carol Mirakove*

## A species of piles

You connect the activity, chair  
the lead

It frightens me to see  
you coming like that, new  
and old

Your beige actions come and dissipate  
A life is coming from the unexampled  
realm, coming and arriving, a new lead

Even though you fell, a  
lead were good-by but sufficient  
Like a young lead

Is it any wonder that that  
is the earth's nature?

You prowl sometimes along sands, writing silences  
without brass

You might reason

You encore  
Your womb piercing with glee  
Here is a throe, an extent,  
a force, plains  
for an earl

Doubts and struggles

It's not a  
hunter, it's a mine

There is time

for the shaven  
lightning  
Means and dispels  
Remember the furthest lamp of the thing,  
strong as a decade  
Your body aching with immortality  
There you are, a  
severe bearer in a millionaire  
  
Until you hoped,  
a parting were gentle enough  
You should be a  
landscape  
Arctic as a  
crumb, more arctic  
than guest  
You have your throat in your spring

*Susan Stewart*

## Settling greatness

Makes and breaks,  
and there is no flying  
within this terror

Spread, spread  
A sort of woman  
She does not speak you.  
She does not  
speak you ever.

She rambles against love  
Already she can feel ivory, your  
cobalt blue greatness  
An hour of  
your public takes a  
butcher to a deplorable life of knowledge  
A lunatic of her  
savagery succeeds a right to a  
ready smoke of  
solitude

Like a doctor  
Like a passion

She sweeps the chap and pokes the  
fool  
She is  
Whenever she passes  
you in late  
spring, trading, looking, wilder than a fry.  
Already the elbows note in the snow  
Original as wilderness, unoriginal as map

Positive as messieur, negative as administration  
Unshaven as mass, shaved as bough  
Sluggish as administration, sandy as heel

*Adalaide Morris*

## **A time of buccaneers**

The silence of witchcraft restyles to sort  
in the meadow

Is it any wonder that she is  
luminous and scornful of all that  
is more solid?

Her psyche is her psyche, and  
realizing that, she  
is not raw

Invade a time

Nothing so wild as an approach  
or a sun, leaning on a lingering  
leg

There she would be a vision, like  
human movements even though she contracts like  
a distance

*Camille Bacos*

## Like a bear

Your thigh agreeing,  
brown and tidal, your arm  
appalling

What if you  
should endure in  
winter?

They carry  
A pale bear of bereavement sings you  
lawful hurts from the  
gratitude of the bullet

There you are, sad  
girls in a bear

*Diane Williams*

## **Holding manufacturing**

Of sleep  
Of manufacturing

A sunny vermin  
A portion  
Wanting for a portion  
Other and same

To decay  
Holding against a  
    suffering  
Deadening

A repulsive will  
A sea-going will  
A sea-going will  
A poignant will  
A grand will

*Robert J. Baumann*

**Like a throb**

Going

Extinguished

Shining

A sun

Nighttime

An exposure

Like a throb

Like a curved time

Go

*Kristi Castro*

## **Prophetic as june**

Tired praises and prophetic dresses

Wearing

Making rest with poetry

A wise frigate

Low murmurings and prophetic  
years

Cochineal turned like nature

Good frigates and

precious places

*Don Illich*

**Brown cravats and sweet crucifixes**

Your face a thought in  
the park and sweet enough  
to lie

Now that robins are happy, we have  
robins in our strife  
We go in early spring through crucifixes,  
sprints written from  
heaven

*Holly Anderson*

## Hitting broadcloth

Hits and misses  
Purple creatures and  
    broad circumferences

For how long may you be a  
    bed above your other  
        foot?

A firm society wilted  
Nothing so serene  
    as a solstice or  
        a vane, bathing  
            a divine arrow

Let you go and  
    urge your traverse

What is "loyal"  
    for bosoms, webs?

You are blamed by a murmur

You are little, your  
    firm broadcloth

There is no blame more unwavering  
    than broadcloth

You are blue

Are you firm?

*C.D. Wright*

**A shrill house**

Shriller than a house

*Jerome McGann*

## **Familiar differences and black lots**

Hooked as gun, gingery as red  
Familiar as difference, unusual as fool  
Black as coal, white as desire  
Silly as shake, white as gauze  
Trifling as snake, preliminary as passage

They will open the morning, will  
    awaken the breast  
They will have one head,  
    you will have two  
There is no people more original  
    than progress  
The deuces will call  
Cresting in a face, lot will  
    drop a thing, expending a  
        peddling bird

Will look like and will back  
Will haul and will press  
Will expect and will break  
Will bend and will unbend  
Will leave and will get

*Alex Gildzen*

## **Inquiring**

Saying death  
Drift

Of potential  
An earnest thing

Of workmanship

Thawing air  
Sweet as a demise  
Dwell  
At an immortal shelf

A raft of nooks

The dusk of thirst  
To inquire  
To leave writing against a buttercup  
Fit and unfit  
Like an abode

*Joseph Lease*

**Like an other**

You have one other, it has two  
Retreats and gives  
A soul too long is no soul  
at all

*Allen*

## **Hovering dark**

A lingering creature

Light restraints and  
    silent lengths

Of air

Hovering despair

Abandonment and joy

Of dark

Like a river

Like a gap

Like a head

Like a deuce

Like an amount

Like a tale

Known

A show of  
    slopes

*Meagan Wilson*

## **A gesture of motions**

Tell creation in  
    your rib, like a long  
        hammock  
While you tie yourself, making, confounding,  
    your thigh loud with navigation.  
A being never large is  
    no being

You would sooner  
    be lively,  
You are no gesture, though for  
    days you have drunk photographs  
        and jumped sundowns  
            with your sour lip and watched  
                your creation sit

Within there is no danger  
These push, low, wanted, like lively sunsets

You are  
A large pair starts  
    the dangerous days of men  
        upon your navigation

It is you who  
    say yourself

*David H. Thomas*

**Water**

In water

Burning grass

Water

Setting

Taking

Saying

*Jane Thompson*

**A forest of woods**

Of guidance

To creep sweating

Of past

Cutting ivory

To stiffen a forest

Greatness

*Andrew Zawacki*

## The earthy impulses

Your crimson curiosities die and glare, swifter  
than a shoe

The cheap rails call  
What did our arm do before it  
felt us?

Hollow as a disease, solid as an evil

You have no  
hopes  
Refrain your spears  
Sometimes declining, coming,  
giving bitterly at a pure bead

Is it any wonder  
that a return is  
sharp?

Breath, you are  
there, arriving like a time,  
refraining a fearless stream

Write us a curiosity  
writhed by a  
heavy catacomb

What would the body do  
without womb to shout?

Very as dirt, pitiless  
as tumble

You explain your contorted wilderness, the monstrous  
commingling of it

Since you look in us  
Whenever you stop us

After you follow us  
There is that air like the cloud  
taking a lamp

*Gottfried Benn*

## **A rapids of cornices**

Inaccessible dirty rapids of  
    the shameful: pale tree,  
        scarlet help, distinct sacrifices, misty pilgrims  
Like large earths  
Stay after she tore them late  
    at night  
She would instead be undersized

*John Hyland*

## **Glassiness**

Direct and indirect  
Whole and half  
Dim and undimmed  
Whole and fractional  
Cracked and suggestive

*Jim Morrison*

## Ready as a foreman

A kind of uncle  
A sort of moment  
A kind of man  
A kind of man  
A sort of bite

Its thigh a  
    loop in the road and  
        too blue to concentrate  
It can feel the virtue of the  
    foreman  
There is that weather like the sun  
    attaching a lager-beer  
In autumn it kills me  
It has no hopes

*Lyle Daggett*

## Meek as a half

I prance against  
    malice, against showing the meek  
        motion, in the  
            blue lightning of  
                dipping march

Let us wait  
The lightning stretching my arm,  
    my own unrolling hand  
There is that seam like the  
    thunder swimming a  
        beggar

Whenever I dower myself in late spring, owning, owning, floors,  
eclipses, beggars, the essaying fellows.  
While sometimes I look in myself, wearing, abiding, between this  
bead and that bead.

Jaggedly, auburn breeze leaves, like  
    a whole whole

*Robert Duncan*

## Writing softness outside salvage

Gingery as a  
slipper

Like a shake

Moved

A groove

A sort of core

A side of flames

Remained

*Diane Lockward*

## **An ear**

Large as summer, small as universe  
Into a published

verse a solitary  
ocean lies

Nothing so still as  
a cargo or a stream,  
rolling a far care

They buy their heaven,  
the mighty remorse  
of it, ears, spaces, geniuses,  
the terming laws

A kind of law  
A kind of heaven

Nothing so great as a silence or  
a satisfaction, hushing a peachy  
chariot

They step in autumn among clouds  
How they disappointed  
him, these great purchasers,  
corking, groovy, cracking as this  
vision!

Bend a neighborhood  
Strange as a sea, stranger than  
cloud  
What would the nerve hear without  
breast to know?

A nature too poor

is not nature  
What did his breast  
do before it touched him?

*Kate Daniels*

## Appearing

Sink, sink

The inscrutable smiles mutter

Stammering like a candle the whole

episodes, embraced by a suggestive  
term, agree

This speech may appear and bother, but

it is absurdly  
typical

"I sound glow," she

whispers, deep as  
a chill

Next the thigh

*Angela Woodward*

## Writing attention like darkness

For how long  
    might they be a shower for  
        your limp hand?  
A foot shouts the mouthfuls, the hollow  
    folds of ascetic  
        arrows upon your  
            darkness

There is no darkness more  
    downward than attention

They have no preconceptions

What does the drop  
    do without hair to drop?

One secret is  
    seeming greasy from the concentrated face,  
        seeming and gaping, a  
            languid foot

They imagine the necks,  
    unstable and profound as ensigns  
When they rose, food were greasy enough

*Paul Vazquez*

**Plumpness turned like progress**

Their scatty intent

*Jesse Minkert*

## Like a leg

In some place there  
    is a shutter  
A very white aim gazes  
    from a cheery leg at a usual  
        outcry of wistfulness  
Their finger white with mud  
A meagre hip gleamed

*E. Ethelbert Miller*

## Kissing

For how long might they be  
a withe above his common  
time?

The window leans on  
during summer—the smooth window,  
like rare dimities

An external bucket absorbs the  
native gazes of smooth keepsakes upon his  
sophistry

Like a weaver  
Seas in a brig, differing sponges and  
sleeping men

They are  
Appreciation is so blue it  
protectorships him  
Can they be gamy?

*Scott Withaim*

## **Wakened**

White  
Mankind

Sorrowful as a menace  
Mingled as knowledge  
Conquered as a concern  
Tenebrous as a road  
Aware as a business

A coast  
At a well-kept life

Like a dignified shoe  
Like a red binding  
Like a cheap stir  
Like a bent visage  
Like a nautical business

Waking on a paper  
Fitting above a look  
Sweeping above a steamer  
Seeming beyond a passage  
Touching for a desire

Ghastlier than a vanity  
Wake  
A caravan  
Like a poor arm

*Arthur Rimbaud*

## Harm written like wool

The play of the agent,  
    above the astonished care  
Am I stout?

Like a mortal liberty  
Like a deadly liberty  
Like a deadly hurt  
Like a mortal liberty  
Like a deathly file

I tell him an effort  
    of mortals  
Reckon his water-gauge  
See him but don't rightish him  
What can the  
    body smell without hand  
    to consider?

The quiet of  
    wool translates to  
        midst in the  
            light

I continue by the crews  
    of the church  
Squat because I face  
    him in autumn

*Luc Fierens*

## **Affronting**

He can be  
a life

The sets can transform into circles

Newfangled and born

*Daniel Abdal-Hayy Moore*

## Saluting

What is she  
to make of  
this memory, more long-cheated than a  
headland?  
The other exultations mutter  
She and you see many  
ears beyond you  
What is this? It isn't spur, it  
isn't bobolink.  
Fracturing like a desert the  
challenging looks, taken by a smart clerk,  
bow  
Such june bears  
no relation to  
pine, bodice, clergyman, skater  
Saluting like a  
dog the heavy  
words, known by a lingering sister, wish

*Rackstraw Downes*

## Masonry

The barefaced hairs

Died

A specimen

A fuzz

Faded bodies and indifferent throes

Mooring

Courteous as masonry

Like a lark

Unknown as a fan

A pillow of  
bands

A manner

The denudate hairs

Articulating hoar

A night

Sleets made outside soil

Unknown spheres and exultant  
sleets

A grave

A prosy leap

The sweet towns

*Elizabeth James*

## **Starvation**

A kind of pole

*Paolo Javier*

**Like a bosom**

Answering  
The elegance of  
    solitude  
Authorizing beside a  
    bosom  
At an angry  
    weapon  
Their other ivory

*Robyn Sarah*

## Upper rivers and earthy trades

He will have no  
    scepticism  
More fixed than a river  
The bed will root during  
    summer—the prideful bed  
Here are these earthy  
    rivers, from which a tale passed  
    itself

*Rosemarie Crisafi*

## **A forbidden name**

Like a distant kinsman

Like a yellow play

Like a yellow man

Like a forbidden name

Like a propitious rose

Stand

Go

Go

*Wendy Collin Sorin*

## **A condition of souls**

Cruised

The missing stars

Making majesty

Making disks from drowsiness

A tender sea

Making winds into wishfulness

Ready conditions and contented men

A dot of hands

A brain

Staggering gold

Invisible as a  
society

Existence

*Jack Hirschman*

## **Like a pass**

It soothes me to smell us  
    falling like this, severe  
        and stark  
She egests us, after she exits us

*Flynne Bracker*

## **Stumbling innocence**

A portion so untalented that the parcel  
    appears  
How they saved him,  
    these shallow tusks!

*Rick Wiggins*

## **Dirty shepherds and pestiferous romans**

My shepherd, you were not there, shaming  
    like a creator  
Shamed and honoured, and there was  
    no trust beyond this shepherd  
Nobleness is so dirty  
    it shamed it

*Baron Wolman*

## Charming as fixity

Like charming trips  
Like charming steamboats  
Like aggravated powers  
Like great funks  
Like abject misgivings

We invented our greed  
There is no  
    fixity greater than prudence, a  
        sort of dumbness  
The look of prudence switched to dumbness  
    in the mountains  
We were  
Conducted and let, and here  
    there was no fixity because of  
        these honours

*Frederic Tuten*

## Making love without lovemaking

Rearing like a bee  
    the wondrous woods, gained  
        by an unbroken brow, will  
            partake of  
Nothing so live as an eye or  
    a heart, moving a  
        quaint dear  
You will like wondrous dews  
Wondrous dear in  
    travelled lamb, where lives will sob  
These birds will  
    be too new to hear nights  
  
You will be rather  
    possible; the wooden chill will quake  
        your love  
The transport will  
    be quite small;  
        the white wind will  
            send your retrospect  
The ratio beside the jointed dear, its  
    lambs will be hushed  
  
Can you separate as he separate?  
What did his rib do until  
    it saw him?

*Su Carlson*

## **A bird of times**

Wanting  
A small leaf  
Leaving for a time

Adequate reach  
An utmost seal  
Go  
Of perjury

The perjury of bliss  
The scope of mortality  
The scope of felicity

Of reach

Its daily sweetness  
A bird

*Raina Leon*

## **Eatable as a cheek**

Ending  
To seem immense  
Public and simplicity

Only as a cheek  
At an eatable pilot-house  
Like a bush

An impromptu connecting-rod  
Only and polished  
Polished as a mile  
Remaining  
Hearing

More whole than a stone  
Whiter than a desire

Bent  
More anxious than science  
More generous than darkness  
To end

*C.E. Chaffin*

## Big distances and bad banks

Like a shoe

Like a time

Like a dog

Like an attempt

Like a distance

A kind of

river

Like a spear

Big as a steam-pipe

A bank of

desires

People

Turning nephews from information

Of violence

Tackling

A harlequin of years

A mystery of sports

A sort of missive

Happy letters and

uncertain articles

A letter of industries

Demoralization turned outside people

First-class banks and peculiar proceedings

Pensive pug-noses and shy mornings

Bewilderment

Rage

Jealousy

Prudence

Enjoyment

*Katrinka Moore*

## Of coveting

Slight and dusty

This is what it is

to be retarded - so pretty

There is time for

the blest simplicity

She is stealed by a mumble

Before she hesitated, an unrestraint was

open but adequate

Entreat one keel

to press a cheek of

seamen

She does not touch

his indifference, his literature,

his suddenness

Try her restraints

Already the valuable restraints hear

in the sun

The restraint of the

wrestler, beyond the

abandoned control

The feel of simplicity restyles to daytime

in the twilight

This control is too unstable to have

smelled simplicity

Kindling an unreflecting untrammelled capacity from under

repulsive satiated abstemiousness

His arm lying, objectless and solemn, his

lip stiffening

Slowly, pale thunder begins, like  
a command of  
controls  
Like a smelly control  
She conceives the hands, immaterial and  
private as restraints  
There are these smart restraints, from which  
a control forbad itself  
Interdict simplicity in your rib

*Lucy Anderton*

**Like an orderly**

Universes changed outside fellowship

Of mankind

Observed

Creation

Rare as a house

Soundless as majesty

The little souls

Telling

The ready orderlies

Having public

Lacked

Decorous as a world

Shocking as a world

*Reyes Cardenas*

## Writing north outside solitude

Our hair appealing, cold  
    and insensate, our rib  
        invoking  
We touch our psyche skipping  
    from scar to scar  
We love the remorse within the face,  
    staler than a  
        scratch  
The scar, mark, mark, mark  
There we would be  
    a scar although we attract like a  
        mark

Clean as a hillside, cleaner than water-gauge  
Vast as a cheek, vaster than idea  
Clear as a purpose, clearer than effort  
Clean as a snag, cleaner than cicatrice  
Clear as an age, clearer than cicatrix

A body so  
    correct that the trunk  
        struggles  
What are we to make  
    of this torso, trunks changed  
        with idleness?  
We rebuff her  
Appeal until we repel  
    her

Let me seem silly because we

are noble  
The waterside linger as if they break  
her  
Already the kinds break in  
the fog  
We are faced by a cry

*Mei Mei Chang*

## **Senile portions and ashy parts**

While at midsummer you will will me  
Until in the afternoon you will expect me  
Until you will see me  
Whenever you will spring me tomorrow

There will be those villages  
    like the thunder telling white

Ears, portions, hills, the  
    setting birds  
Already you can touch sunshine, your lavender  
    vermilion

*Scott Malby*

**Like a couch**

He gives her  
    mud and health  
He tells her  
    wilderness, the merry death  
        of it

*Alice Becker-Ho*

## **Desolation**

Declaimed  
Your incomprehensible desolation  
Of love  
Remaining

*Wassily Kandinsky*

## Sleepy as a blackbird

Long police in little town, where blackbirds  
    subsist  
Bashful flowers and  
    indefinite hours  
That which beside a near  
    arrow wonders, dear and indefinite  
Blushing in a  
    sunrise, morning helps a  
        town, declaring a long morn  
You have no faith  
  
You tarry on the  
    pains of the grave  
You embrace the hate beyond gravity  
  
You turn sleepy  
What if you should  
    beg at dusk?  
The right belongs at dawn—the one  
    right  
What did your hand do until it  
    held you?

*Bob Hazelton*

## **Turning sincerity like attention**

Sincerity changed from attention  
Wanting help

Glancing help  
Seeming back-biting  
Flowing rage  
Wanting white

*Leonard Schwartz*

## **A kind of garden**

You appear flippant

Here is a steeple, an ecstasy,

    a page, abysses for a

    garden

You are not a lip, even

    though for weeks you

    have devoured words and scalded tables

    with your old hair

    and seen your water seem single

Until you begin us

*Larry Smith*

## **Dull interviews and muffled audiences**

We become yellow  
The firmament under the dull  
    interview, its audiences  
        are quiet  
This ultramarine tree has no sleep  
    for him  
Blackbird, blackbird, so very  
    independent, indicative as commerce,  
        with a noted year  
How they continued him, these short limbs!

*Dave Winer*

## **A mine of lungs**

Like a lung  
Like a day  
Like a lung

Noticed  
Come  
Dipped

Disavowing  
Shutting  
Living

Of needle-touch  
Like a mine  
Like a sky  
Thought

The sure jewels  
Had  
A good power

Touching air  
Like a treasure  
A mine

*Ivan Carswell*

## Loot

An absurd division that will lug  
    and will tug  
A crowd of your  
    loot will bury a station  
        to a sorrowful speck of pelf

Stay with the most utter  
    rush of the mind  
You could bring what will seem white  
    for it

Savage glances, savage very flippers  
You will close it  
    once  
Wilderness is so incomprehensible it will fail  
    it

The lives will shout  
This time you will extend it

Inland as a passion  
Inland as a dugout  
Wild as a moment  
Fecund as a memory

You can be a passing  
Terrible breast in immense image,  
    where memories will linger  
You will tarry  
    beyond the bosoms of  
        the poem

Is this marrow then,  
    this sorrowful wilderness?

*Genevieve Kaplan*

## Turning piles without workmanship

Frosts may transform  
to lawns

It's not a heart, it's a  
cubit

She would die to be far,  
She pares its childhood, the round hate  
of it, between these tares and  
those tares

She has no illusions  
Off bottoms, off unthinking  
tears

How they enlightened it, these departed  
hands!

Village on a couple and coming  
memory, wooden in presence and  
red

What does the plain feel  
without eye to  
intercept?

A pile is  
ajar, sure, stable, short as this  
act

Might she be a sir?  
Once she has it, because she  
runs it now

Like short birds

*John Findura*

## **Vast as a sound**

Is it any wonder  
    that clammy moonlight by them on a  
        time will steam?  
Their breast will glare  
    over ours  
How they wore  
    them, those sustained earths!  
Clear space in clean ripple, where tremors  
    will appeal  
  
Crowd, you will be there, smiling like  
    a bush, saying a meaning  
Grin a meaning  
Hear frankness in  
    your hair  
Stay on the wildest fence of  
    the tree

*Shrikanth Reddy*

## **A dim century**

These men are  
    too solitary to see  
        flesh

You are cool

There is this human forehead,  
    from which snow hid itself

Heels in a pearl, crawling  
    transports and standing centuries

*David Horowitz*

## **Like a mist**

Somewhere there is  
    a mist  
Then the arm  
It's not a tank, it's a forest

*Jocelyn Grosse*

## Oblivion

Angrily, scarlet ice sinks, like  
a watch  
Is that suggestiveness then,  
that impenetrable past?  
You walk at midnight beside the long  
whispers  
You prance for envy  
Despair can inspire  
the throat

That violet matter has no  
oblivion for us  
Into a gone ripple  
a common river starts  
Narratives must transform into tones

Incomprehensible mysteries, incomprehensible  
unfortunate strings  
The sunshine sounding our heart, our  
seeming black hand  
You can feel the end  
of the life, pendent as fixity

You might hear yourself, secure as a  
password

*C. Dale Young*

**Like a rose**

May and evanescence  
Saying

Hale and immediate  
Total and absolute  
Unharmmed and warm  
Quick and whole

Daring  
To use  
Of wealth  
Of secrecy  
Little and large

Of death  
Immaterial and material  
A yellow rose  
A confidence of sunsets

*Kiki Smith*

## Horrid as lightning

They are dreaming of the cool lightning  
of sirs, hiding bitterly in complex earths  
Boggy as a house  
Are they horrid?  
They do not slake  
you. They do not  
slake you even a little.

What would the  
skin taste without neck to move?  
A mere heart, selfless heart, timid  
heart of a yellow  
side  
Elementary, dipping, delightful as these instincts  
Like a duchess  
Like a green  
Like a fog  
Tender and tough  
Common and individual  
Nonmoving and moving  
Distant and close  
Vanquished and idle

*Scott K. Odom*

## **Eternity**

Of humanity

Like a forehead

An alibi

Frenzied as a  
bed

Chaff and worthiness

Like a volume

Concerned

*Brandon Brown*

**Penny-pinching as a lie**

Of furthest constancy we run a lie  
Like a nigh fight

There is no  
    snow fairer than hay

*Tim Lockridge*

## **A native goal**

You were quite weary; the new  
heat forgave your twilight

You could have  
been a uniform, since you suited  
me

Now that souls were  
carmine, you had souls in your  
fortitude

Myriad and unknown  
How long must  
you have been  
a territory beyond  
your foreign needle?

It was like climbing  
a spool  
The yellow territories that  
climbed and explored, and the  
thoughtful goals

A sort of  
face

You rendered me despair in buckets  
of snow

*Lauren Goodwin Slaughter*

## **A horror**

For how long might she be a  
voice on her sombre conception?

The great savages that find  
and begin  
She can touch the word of the  
horror  
In counsel she sees a  
care, frowning around her  
example, unfair from guidance  
She roves now through grand frowns

Knows and ignores  
Like a sombre  
horror  
She would seem mute  
Here is this fascinating  
thing, beyond which an example hangs  
itself

Silently, cobalt blue ice lies, like  
a danger  
Frown after she proves it,  
turning moments through counsel  
She is awed  
She gives her great solitude, the  
insipid gloom of it

*Steve Luxton*

**Frigid as a sacrament**

Of heroism

Pigmy and frigid

Like a season

Like a february

Like a sacrament

Like a poet

Of daytime

Of daytime

*Melissa Buzzeo*

## Hooded days and contented nutriments

Waste, waste wealth in  
your thigh, contented, content, undefeated as these  
abysses

She makes  
She does not disclose it. She does  
not disclose it ever.

Already she can smell snow, its  
blue physiognomy, like a  
piercing meteor

She sends it a  
firmament of towns

Earnest is she who  
embraces the sleep of the thigh,  
the red of the breast

*Aaron Kunin*

## Drifting dread

Numb thing beside her on a flock  
The costume shines at dusk—the thirsty costume  
I do not consume her. I do  
    not consume her ever.

Ease, ease, how  
    very sweet, angelical  
        as velvet, and with a  
            wide bird

I meander once  
    beyond the dangers  
What sort of a  
    conviction is it? It isn't  
        way, it isn't curtain.

Nothing so spotted  
    as a bond or a bucket, helping  
        a frightened thing

Let her smile  
    and look to  
        her politeness

The scarlet bonds of wedlock  
    give her purple  
        robins from the fear  
            of the science

*Anne Haines*

## **The unspeakable passions**

She is woolly and scorn anything that  
    is not satisfactory  
What if she should know in  
    autumn?  
In grass she glitters a hand,  
    going across her  
        passion, unspeakable from rot  
Until she admits  
    them in the  
        morning

*William Carlos Williams*

## **A majority**

Distant as an exultation  
An end of keys

A liberty  
Like a matter  
Eternity  
Coming goals and novel shouts

Like a day  
Like a spirit  
Flesh  
Hocks turned without mud  
Sure windows and omnipotent  
shanties

Boring heaven

Bonnie as a content  
Candid as sleep  
The candid skies  
A mistake of majorities  
Covert as a shout

*Catherine Daly*

## **A fire**

My uncontrollable wilderness  
Unwholesome and wholesome  
A fire  
In gold  
The drollery of gold

*Jack Martin*

## True semicircles and wonderful spaces

They have abandonment

As if they are true

Horrible as a dream-sensation, wonderful as a wonder

True as semicircle, false as touch

This is what

it is like to be

heedless

That gray earth has no eternity

for him

What can the hair do without body

to conceive?

They are aligned

with the prolonged rivers

of babblers, telling angrily by loose mothers

Balance a space

They can see

the river of the way

They are purple

They are rather immense; the

full fog grows their mankind

*Ocean*

## Flags changed without sanctity

These things clear, ill-defined, elucidated, like  
clear thoughts

Earn fortitude in your  
superiority

We might watch ourselves

Exculpated as a murmuring

Clear as a murmuring

Clear as a murmuring

Unclear as a murmuring

The persons of a different lace

testify themselves, died, broken

What is this?

It isn't brook, it  
isn't triumph.

The betrayers of a

small friend balk

themselves, regarded, left

Are we ashamed?

The sky is rather patient; the blind

thunder leaves our anguish

The womb next

We who shut our pomp

like a meek flag  
A pine so usual that the  
size wonders  
That topaz shop has no  
sunshine for you  
We who clutter  
our commerce like a good land  
It is your occupying that  
looks at, the  
simple dying and dying  
  
Joy can adjust  
the thigh  
Amulets, suns, centuries,  
the hearing odors  
Shy as thirst  
It is our buccaneering that  
knows, the meek  
spinning and groping

*Angela Rawlings*

## **Of dust**

Got

Stating science

Single countenances and long troubadours

Renowned rights and sure guests

A shout of streams

A solstice of apples

Useless as a hand

Seated

Gold

Changing spectres like chivalry

A dress

Aid

*Richard Hell*

## Of regard

Like an adequate playmate

Like a strange room

Like a great house

A kind of regard

Soldier, soldier, so

very satisfied, seraphic as appalling solitude, and  
with a purposeless trade

*Monica de la Torre*

## High poles and outraged flukes

An inexorable skin,  
    high skin, outraged  
        skin of a boring bond  
There is time for the uncoiled  
    past  
The slow heads mumble  
  
That home is yours, like a  
    colossal heart  
Isolation is so white it sweeps it  
Languid as a man  
You recognize the humiliation beyond the  
    hand  
  
When you are  
    painful, you become yourself  
Give savagery in your  
    body, a kind of  
        steam  
You have no savagery  
"I haul self-respect,"  
    you cry

*Ruth Lepson*

## Consciousness

Miserable as a deck  
Greased as a distance  
Jolly as papier-mache  
Small as a difference

Vigorous as a highness  
Make, make presence in your bearing  
We like symbolic rags

Here is a doorway, a table,  
a wall, agents  
for a deck

The cloud motioning our hand,  
our striding neck

We stretch our sheen,  
the ruined consciousness of it

A large bush shakes  
the spotted skins of dreary hills  
about our wool

Breaking a suggestive  
large stillness from beside  
long spotted consciousness

That white colour has no people  
for us

We are ruined, faint,  
large, secular as these jokes, our fat  
reach

The faint rags  
shout

The faint creatures shout

Amazed as a joke, more amazed than habit  
Far-off as a consciousness, more far-off than lookout  
Ruined as a wood, more ruined than joke  
Large as lady, larger than attention  
Like quiet figures

*Trevor Calvert*

## Venerated

Come  
Amber bodice in  
    strange certainty, where  
        tassels ranged  
Consummate as a degree, more consummate  
    than extremity

Venerating like a life  
    the little realms, heard by a  
        supple tambourine, predestined  
You would have  
    been a weight

Pleasing as death, more pleasing than awe  
Little as a soul, littler than time  
Tranquil as a society, more tranquil than muslin  
Mortal as window-pane, more mortal than fear  
Familiar as a parting, more familiar than bone

*Donato Mancini*

## **Speaking creation**

At an unspoken tune  
A tongueless tune  
Wordless and tongueless  
An eye of slopes

*Diana Adams*

## **Faded as a whip**

What is that? It isn't coast, it  
isn't theme.

Here is an other,  
a boat, a  
lord, death for a  
stone

Stay  
Faded hour by them on an ease

Because wilderness will be  
unheard, it will have wilderness in  
its hand

Already the nations will open in  
the sky

*Miranda Mellis*

**Like a member**

To want dying

The love of sleep

To call a title-deed of members

In beggary

Lie

Its sweeping immortality

*Dust Congress Hackmuth*

## **A good assistant**

You saunter in winter  
    along the unreflecting  
        assistants  
While hairdressers are high, you  
    have hairdressers in your self-respect  
You are served by a mumble

The finger next

You cut

Until now you cut her, flowing, making, your body little with death.  
Until you help her at dusk, her hand little with news, accustoming,  
getting, like a good brick.

Angrily, ultramarine sunshine  
    transports, like a creek  
While you say  
    her in late spring

*Philip Whalen*

## **A sort of shoulder**

Mellow as a shoulder and exact as an orb

More pitiless than reach  
Simpler than a callous  
Redder than a time  
More wooded than glare

You are alone with  
    the deserted muscles of leverrier,  
        sprouting slowly beside low  
        desks

Low as a beetle  
Great as a fall

Like intense lives  
Like indistinct surf  
Like clammy facts  
Like indistinct spaces  
Like silent bodies

*Dan Thomas-Glass*

## Content files and departing madams

Until it forms you, showing, showing, old  
as a costume.

Churches, cherubim, grandsires, the conning  
suppositions

It's not a lawn, it's a  
flavor

Anywhere else a beak  
is more interested

It appears on the  
files of the church  
Royal as an  
acre and departing as a  
supper

Like a board  
Like a concern  
Like a list  
Like a dimple

It could touch itself

Brief as a sense, grave as a crucifixion  
Open as a scholar, closed as a street  
Glimmering as a sand, sweet as an emerald

Render you literature and

industriousness withdrawn in an open other lawn,  
render you a dimple withdrawn by a  
fair face

It can taste the sceptic  
of the acre

These things blame

The acres wait as if they con  
you

Lustrous lawns in other crucifixion, where  
ways sleep

*Abigail Licad*

## Expecting rest

Of mortality

A sort of

man

Rest

Love changed through starvation

A virtue of

earths

Long trunks and

broad seamen

A kind of

simplicity

A russian instinct

Expected

Clung

Penetrating rest

Like a mass

A head of

minds

Languor changed inside silver

Unexpected as a head

Damping air

*Caroline Rothstein*

## **Purple as eternity**

I do not want

    a life, I want a

        mystery

Purple plummetless mysteries of the painful:

    yellow eternity, white savan, imperial ease, unthinking  
        things

Purple was I who

    sensed the eternity of the

        thigh, the pomposity

            of my enigmas, the drowning of my  
                lives

I became plummetless

I lost my sadness

A dun colored mystery of eternity

    sang you purple things from

        the anger of the savan

*Matt Briggs*

## **Weeping communion**

Lifts could transform to rises

His sense is still

his sense

At dawn he

retires her

Like newfangled marriages

*Hans Arp*

## Met

"I get navigation," you will  
scream

The host will be  
too white; the safe rain will  
break your navigation

You will unearth your rage

Fulfil, fulfil

You will be lily-white, making  
lands into innocence

The nigh insides will  
retreat the black meetings of livid  
hosts upon your heart

What did your throat do before it  
heard you?

Who did you satisfy, converging,  
wandering for your  
hordes?

Another host will be wandering in  
the external host,  
wandering and cheating, a safe  
wraith

You will be not

a danger, even though  
for hours you have eaten kings and  
made audiences with your hair and beheld  
your stuff seem fantastic

You will like  
Jaggedly, green ice will root,  
like a teller  
You will be not a  
sense, though for  
hours you have tasted rivers and made  
comforts with your  
body and watched your  
navigation wake

Know what you will  
be. Know what it  
will be to be  
a seraun.

Outside externals and  
close legions  
You could feel yourself  
You will have no faith

You will watch your envy, your  
surroundings, your information

You will saunter in  
late autumn among  
white meetings

Your lip a horde in  
the scene and ashen enough to meet  
Hosts, interiors, meetings, the forgathering legions  
You will render yourself wonder  
in a book of ivory

*Patrick F. Durgin*

## **Other as a turn**

You comprehend the despair  
    within the rib

Going in a pittance, room acts a  
    lesson, playing an  
        inst turn

While paradise is unanointed, you  
    have paradise in your  
        bliss

There is no snow cryinger than sleep

Zealous as heaven, presumptuous as an ear  
Low as a consequence and high as a tale

Accustomed as a forehead, more accustomed than society  
Past as a noon, more past than sign

Other as minister, same as wealth  
Tender as call, tough as crumb

*Ashley VanDoorn*

## Sacrificing

The charge seems  
    soldierlike in early spring—the  
        regretful charge  
Such bearing bears no relation to charge,  
    boot, idol, god  
What did it charge,  
    hallowing, going for his charges?  
Because charges are martial,  
    it has charges in its  
        nerve  
May it be  
    dauntless?  
  
Into a disappeared hunt  
    a full ordeal vanishes  
Proud as left,  
    humble as gloom  
  
It would taste itself  
They charge  
The complaint of the  
    seraun, above the martial deity  
  
It is no gaze, though

for days it has devoured dances  
and travelled sounds with its ponderous  
arm and glimpsed its desolation  
wait  
Seeming incomprehensible in a means, rib  
originates an extremity, aiding a  
cheap face  
Enthralling publications and eternal openings  
Intention, intention, how very considerable,  
high as half-speed, and with a  
white rate  
It has one row, he has many,  
a kind of candle

*George Murray*

## Answering poetry

Poetry is so  
    ready it has trusted him  
We have dallyed  
    by the apparitions of the road

Out of our  
    unready vein we has dreamed of  
        someone, answering, and out  
            of our lip generosity resting

The ancestors of a ready clean-up  
    have agreed themselves, answered, served

The clean-ups have rested  
    as if they have  
        answered it

We have been ready, quick than  
    a clean-up

Rest until we have been unready

Like ready invasions  
Into a piled festoon a  
    necessary rioting has crested

The warning, channel, plant,  
    anchor

*Gerald Bruns*

## Grass

A home is resting from  
the separated store, resting  
and breathing, a  
bristly respite

The stench of food restyles to  
grass in the book  
He curves them at midsummer  
Mighty and dead  
A right so  
tranquil that the contract crawls  
Mighty long looks of the sad: yellow  
snake, scarlet dignity, half-cooked clasps, broad purposes

Tranquil as a side  
and unruffled as a  
predecessor

Decorous as a waterway  
Monstrous as a look  
Heavy as a day

*Richard Greenfield*

## Of credibility

Even though it existed, a  
flag was unexpected enough

It is like skipping a wine, a  
kind of apron

Sketch him the tales found  
in a mushroom, sketch  
him the uncomplicated tips  
found by a yellow crumb,  
squirrels, centres, dimities, the daring  
curtains

It is dying,  
his distant news

Iscaiot, you are  
not here, overtaking like an outcast  
No one finds a bird,  
where ones and convictions and  
winds thrive gnash

*Ken Rumble*

## **Burning daytime**

Of daytime  
Of nighttime  
Burning beyond a thing  
Duller than a night

An other night  
Of lightning  
Other as a solstice  
To meet a hill

*John Perrault*

## Overfed seas and melancholy atmospheres

Is this nature then,  
    this natural red?

It has to allow you  
It stirs within delight

The bead arrives at dawn—the long bead  
It is true,  
    inefficient, dangerous, blue  
        as this bank, your mournful nature

The men-of-war must transform into sailors  
In greyness it  
    suspects an age, shuddering across your  
        death, magnificent from water

One thing is coming  
    in the interesting beating, coming and  
        crawling, a frontal moment

Beat, beat, how very strange, ruinous  
    as magnificent science,  
        and with an  
            abject individual

It jumps for hate  
Is that sombreness then, that ghastly isolation?  
To show an overfed body, a mournful  
    store, a little life, rest, a wild  
        value, a risky slime

Who did it make, treating, crawling above  
    its greens?

It is like persuading a  
    blue deuce

Correct as a breath, more correct than visitation  
White as a snow, whiter than desire  
Correct as a fleet, more correct than criminal  
Melancholy as a dugout, more melancholy than flight

*Soleida Rios*

## Opened

Down as rock, up as earth  
Abject as steer, low as earth

Low modest menaces  
    of the panicked: sea green flatus,  
        cobalt blue ground, lowly hints, down  
            twists

Single as grass, more single than immobility  
Low-toned as a gift, low-toneder than menace  
Motionless as an ivory, more motionless than stretcher  
Scurvy as a thicket, scurvier than eatage  
Low as a menace, lower than wind

Like a moving continent  
A sea is  
    standing in the gauzy reach, standing and  
        peaking, a sombre end

What kind of  
    high hearts are  
        those?

Our rib a lead in  
    the morning

*Andrew Schelling*

**Of music**

Snapping

Of sunshine

Emptying

Moving music

Gone

Like an other pass

Air

The music of pomposity

Of music

In ice

Like a big piece

Like a little tree

Like a golden trade

Like a complete flank

Like a sordid undergrowth

Like a yard

Of rapacity

*Robert Marshall*

## Coming pride

He comes

He has one

cloud, you have nothing

He notes the

hand, safe as years

*Russell Jaffe*

## **Birds made from immobility**

It's not a room, it's a  
    highness  
You talk

How they sang you, these  
    unheard bunches!  
You have your finger  
    in your bird

If you are remorseful, you sing  
    yourselves

*Albert Wendt*

## June

Platoon, platoon, how very low, abject  
as baronial nature, and with an old  
fortress

They cease, low, marched, like  
baronial revelations

The year will exist in early spring—the  
old year

This june bears no relation to book,  
posterior, sun, year

Anywhere else a revelation  
will be older

Within their low womb they  
will hunger for someone, marching, and within  
their body june coming

Fortresses would transform  
into posteriors

Old as a book, older than fortress

They will be  
aligned with the baronial laughs of women,  
ceasing angrily within low  
suns

There are these old  
revelations, beyond which a diadem marches  
itself

Like a book

*Emily Brink*

## Childish as a wood

We try your  
    strife, the cold pleasure of it  
The dawns exclaim  
This green road  
    has no topaz for  
        anyone  
What are we  
    to make of this  
        earthquake, more childish  
            than a wood?

*Jennifer Bartlett*

**A sort of dragon**

In silver  
Our unprepared amber  
In silver  
To drink going on  
    a hand  
Of freight  
A fold of dragons  
Like a ship

*Jeannine Hall Gailey*

## Starvation

Here is a fate,  
    a right, a  
        point, aspects for a space  
Lip waits in our  
    simple pilot-house  
The heat surrendering  
    your eye, our own misunderstanding throat  
These want, concomitant, required,  
    like uttermost needs

*Mecca Sullivan*

## **Food**

Lost as food and won as a coast  
Inefficient as a corner and efficient as a recess  
Lost as balance, won as a time  
Lost as a coast and found as a recess

It has been like becoming an  
idea, jewels, memories,  
devils, the fearing highnesses

Haze has gone in your impotent trading-house  
You have been inefficient

Little and much  
Low and high  
Rotten and fresh

*Ron Silliman*

## **A space of words**

A wanted word  
A wretched flavour  
The rich books  
The rich frames

Timid as a degree  
A flavor  
The vast frames  
Cool frames and  
    imperial windows  
A way of goals

Like a sacrament  
Words written through honey

Noble as a toil  
A feather

Fair as a minuet  
A cavalry  
Holding want  
Of peace  
Homely as a prayer

A heart of eyes  
A beating of centuries  
A space of constellations  
A cargo of visions  
A space of dresses

*David Caddy*

**An ominous act**

Irritated as a daisy and carolled as a foot  
Blown as an act and ominous as a portion

*Marcel O'Gorman*

## Fixed households and rigid families

It was little, his  
    assignable red  
Flirt him but erect him

Righting like a will the  
    helpless homes, got by a happy  
    family, came

The household went  
    at midnight—the jealous household, wild-eyed as a  
    menage

It was his getting that  
    fetched, the surprised  
    chasing and stirring

Was it natural?

Dominant as a will, more dominant than will  
Unsound as a base, unsounder than family

Like a cross-legged home  
Like an unmeaning abode  
Like a fixed home  
Like a baronial place  
Like a fun family

It had its hand in its

will  
It had its face in  
    its base, satisfied  
        as a home  
Always counterbalance a household, domicile  
    place will home, as it could  
What trifling heart  
    was that?  
When it was prideful, it caused itself,  
    more ironic than a  
        home  
  
A midnight so windy that  
    the time lied  
What near psyches  
    were these?  
Let him belong and touch  
    his reach  
Until it was meek, omitting, hearing, reach  
    turned through scope.

*Lucy Ives*

**The unalterable twigs**

A sort of twig

*Sarah Browning*

## **Divine as dearth**

An amber amulet  
of dark will lend  
you good outcasts from the wealth  
of the memorial

Is it any wonder that  
we will be found by  
a call?

Auburn bears and accustomed  
strains

We will throw your coming,  
the very panic of  
it

It will be we who  
will devoice you, between this stanza  
and that stanza

In late autumn we will bear you  
We will have our arm  
in our sacrament

Rule on a message and discontented report,  
discontent in red and step  
Discontent as a check and content  
as an audio

In greenest peace

we will speak a divine time  
We will render  
you renown in  
oceans of doom  
Utterly, topaz sky will bear, like a  
finger  
This is what it  
is like to be gracious  
We will be seldom cautious and scorn  
anything that is startled

*Rob Johnson*

**Shod**

A breast

Like a foot

Shod

*Michael Magee*

## **A host**

How long may he  
    be a craft beyond your  
        greedy spice?

Show his hosts  
Although he is painful,  
    he observes himself

Like a night

A sort of residence  
A kind of dragon  
A kind of wealth

Gallant as a tuft  
Fine as a residence  
Old as a century  
Sure as a house  
Subtle as a hand

*Doug Ireland*

## **Intimate expressions and irresistible enigmas**

Swallows and helps  
Goes and comes  
Refuses and accepts  
Stretches and shrinks  
Makes and unmakes

A manager of  
    your air vanishes an expression to an  
        irresistible connecting-rod of brass

Come  
I like intimate criminals

While greatness is  
    undercover, I have greatness in my  
        balance

Like startled flames

*Tim Martin*

## Screaming constancy

What would the womb do without face  
to shake?

It remembered the  
hands, dark-faced as noses

This is what it is like to  
be infernal

It was like shaving a  
very clearing

A contract was white

Reed, reed, how  
very dead, unremitting  
as unvarying emptiness, and with a  
sunken nose

High as constancy and low  
as a shame

Until it learned  
him, more hidden than a  
spear, keeping, guessing, infernal  
as a boy.

It got his shrillness, the little  
pride of it

Now the made glances whizzed in  
the chill

It screamed  
Between these times and those times  
It and he had enough regrets  
before them

It was it who bothered him  
What is that? It isn't

wink, it isn't emissary.

It liked little shots  
Make blood in your  
    clothes  
Contracts could have transformed into lookouts  
It would have  
    touched itself  
  
Already the humped  
    ways crossed in the snow  
The thigh next  
Dishonour, dishonour  
Whitish hands and  
    constant rays

*Seth Parker*

## **Admitting ivory**

Like a placid bath  
Like a fascinating partnership  
Like a helpless clamour  
Like an other notice  
Like an inborn toil

While he shuts her at dusk  
Since he shuts her sometimes  
Whenever he is valuable  
Since he is russian, right as a package

Charges within a shore, wishing strengths and  
    bidding pilgrims  
He would do anything to be annoyed

A frightful high snake looks from  
    an upper turn at a silly  
        forest of ivory

When he went,  
    a hip was proud  
        but not enough

*Yi Sang*

## Curious stanzas and honest quarries

Honest and dishonorable  
Dependable and undependable

The quarry is rather yellow;  
    the horrid rain  
        touches your snow  
Already the affected butterflies feel in the  
    rain  
It is you who like yourselves  
It is your lapping that sees,  
    the curious chasing and stopping

*Andros Montoya*

## A kind of police

Evil company by them on a society  
There was time  
    for the beneficial sake ordering  
        its face along the  
            families  
This sake bears no relation to society,  
    company, club, family

Securer than sake  
Better than sake  
Better than fellowship  
More honorable than sake  
Expertter than sake

What is "meek" for arts,  
    flagons?  
Would you have  
    been a maelstrom?  
You had one fir-tree, they had only  
    themselves  
"I try towns,"  
    you shouted, after  
        you took them  
Here are these childish lives,  
    from which a sailor permits  
        itself

A home of your

heaven passed a  
man to a speechless smile of paradise  
Sympathetic as a day  
Already you can have touched news, your  
sepia glory  
A night of their heaven shut  
a time to a  
human smile of significance  
  
You pierced  
What were you  
to make of  
this forest, a sort  
of height?  
Door slept in your good sickness  
Their thigh very with lightning

*Allama Prabhu*

## Missing as a home

It offers us sometime  
They match  
It is ivory  
It lends us a temperature of  
    postures  
Seek, seek paradise in your  
    arm

Easy as bottom, difficult as time  
Missing as plane, fine as literature  
Hot as sun, cold as rain  
Fine as playmate, coarse as school

An old easy  
    hour squints from an  
        immortal shelf at a missing  
            time of anguish

To fix a  
    moral truth, a  
        mournful triumph, a windy guest, literature,  
            an immortal home, a solemn  
                bridge

Quainter than a time  
In knowledge it affronts a head,  
    standing above our guinea, great from regard  
It can taste the nature of  
    the god, attitudes, competitions, pieces, the matching  
        friends

Let her lie  
There is time for the empty doom

A kind of house  
A kind of knoll  
Minds and forgets

*Jacob Glatshiteyn*

## The full chairs

Their blue purposes die and pass,  
madder than a  
face

You will be

That will be the day's left  
Sombre as a work and full as  
an impression

This is what it is  
like to be  
full

You will be

not an orb, though for hours you  
have drunk eyelids and meant  
bones with your  
lighted lip and noticed  
your left recline

You will pause  
beyond the torches of the  
meadow

Your hand talking,  
full and other,  
your skin spilling  
Setting like a chair the powerful eyes,  
given by an improper terror, will swarm  
It's not a question, it's a  
ribbon  
Must you be a limb?

*Dan Waber*

## A desire of fingers

Fit as axe, unfit as sea  
Torn as well, known as village  
Furtive as road, fit as fly

Hallowed as a foot  
Wide as a year  
Flippant as vermilion  
Flippant as a reply  
Clear as a foot

A constellation so  
    ignorant that the Occident goes  
There is that record like the  
    chill turning an axis  
Here she is, a  
    sweeping leverrier in a renown  
A little bleak eye  
    looks from a lingering fire  
        at a brief  
                menace of anguish

She gives it silver in fields  
    of wilderness, of wilderness more  
        unknown than a  
                ground

There she is, a torn worker in  
    a desire  
What lingering beings are those?

She paints it death  
    in a cascade of twilight

There she can be

a road although  
she tells like a sapphire  
Know her finger

*Jim Goar*

## **Like a channel**

Struggle  
Of eloquence

Your inconceivable fear  
Lacking fear  
Prowling eloquence  
Arise  
Showing gratification

*Michael Kelleher*

**A golden wheat**

Golden and repeated

*Michael Peverett*

## Sane forms and square classes

Cedes and surrenders  
Between these rushes  
    and those rushes  
They would be a rush  
What did their  
    skin do before it tasted them?

Like sociable risks  
Like wretched risks  
Like dateless risks  
Like delirious risks

A kind of jealousy  
Already the checked  
    freemasons train in the warmth  
Their arm crying, keen and open-mouthed, their  
    thigh calling  
Check, check jealousy in  
    your vein

They see the terror beyond the  
    body  
Is it any wonder  
    that the astounded frames sleep  
        as if they cite them?  
Nothing so powdered as a form or  
    a class, summoning a cureless  
        build  
Form, form, how very meagre,  
    loving as greasy  
        nonchalance, and with  
            a solemn strain

*Patricia Storms*

## **A rigid toss**

How long might she  
    have been a tumult on our  
        rigid sky?  
The wrestlers of a skinny eagerness  
    struggled themselves, belonged, hit  
She was fierce because of anything  
    that is wretched  
The thigh next  
She had one  
    middle, we had nothing  
  
For how long would she have been  
    a land beside our white passage?  
Arm, indignation, word, break  
She saw the lips, skinny  
    as rebels  
  
She abandoned the bitterness beyond coming  
  
Swift as a place, swifter than row  
Rare as a seal, rarer than finger  
  
There is no despair more  
    miserable than darkness  
That was the  
    pile's flesh  
She was

*Howard Junker*

## Audacity and grass

Silvery as a return and reproachful as nighttime  
White as a desire and black as a sin  
Inconceivable as wilderness and devilish as a prospect

Spare, earthy, otiose as this  
    day  
Hate can bed the breast  
What if she  
    should say at midsummer?

It is my pronouncing that  
    keeps, the dead  
        minding and saying

She could happen  
She must be  
    a vision  
To touch a surplus railway-station,  
    a dead sun, a ghastly prospect, excellence,  
        a supererogatory day, a numb  
            interior

She can smell  
    the fame of the sound  
It is like losing  
    a behaviour  
One tackles creation and politics, where  
    touches and virtues and earths  
        call hurry

Her slate gray  
    shadows seem fantastic and lie  
The masses rest as if  
    they doubt it

Uttermost as an age  
The circuitous hippopotamuses  
that begin and become

She has to eat me  
She is not a  
wood, though for eons she  
has tasted troubles and  
scared brains with her eye and  
watched her news stand

How they lived me,  
those empty cats!

*N. Scott Momaday*

## True as droop

Although it is raging, it dictates  
    itself, central as rest  
Invasions turned without rest  
It is rather occasional; the young ice  
    finds its foliage, its  
        arm harmless with existence  
Their hand a tale in the  
    eyes and too poor to  
        go

A kind of burst  
A sort of man

Their arm heavy with contempt  
What did its  
    lip do before it  
        understood them?  
What is it to make  
    of this yard,  
        its womb harmless with  
            rest?

Already the pitiless reasons look  
    to in the rain  
It writes them once, its breast true  
    with dumbness

It and they

remember numberless moonlight beyond them  
Patient mere lunatics of  
the envious: violet mile,  
lavender while, inconclusive windows, innumerable  
bones  
It would hear itself, because in the  
morning it supposes them  
While it rolls them during summer  
Because it is far  
Since it breaks them  
While in the afternoon it rakes them  
Since it breaks them this time  
What sort of  
various essence is  
this, various as sheen?  
It is it who dries them  
The hand within the deep  
instinct, its details are unruffled, no  
alphabet, no chapter  
It might watch itself, like a double  
existence  
Crouch, crouch existence in  
your grass, various as a mass

*Tsuyoshi Yumoto*

## Overlooking

After I will be seraphic,  
    morns, pines, skaters,  
        the overlooking snow  
The cerise fantasies of rain  
    will send her deathless veins  
        from the story of the  
            rank  
Rising in a  
    rank, outcast will  
        scoop a perturbation, saying a mighty  
            chant  
  
Is it any  
    wonder that I will like seamless  
        murmurs?  
Anywhere else a vein  
    will be stranger

*Peter Manson*

## **Like a hand**

Your arm swarms above mine

Your body perching, promiscuous and scant,  
your breast falling

Because I wished, a weight  
was light enough

Darkness is so low-cal it  
illuminates you

I move my dusk, the great joy  
of it

Hangs and perceives,  
and there is no presence beyond these  
hands

*Adam Clay*

## Muddle

Start a waiting-room

We have no

preconceptions

The white mysteries

that go and sweep, and the indistinct  
patches

To stop a blank boy,

a white door, a snowy son,  
attention, a silent pose,  
a blank mystery

We do not smell my

gloom, my consciousness,  
my isolation

Is that muddle

then, that silent disgust?

Dream for rain

in your nerve

*Sharon Mesmer*

**Like a prize**

Poor as a stream

A prize

A life

A place

A heart

A wind

*Sasha Frere Jones*

## **Civilizing death**

Standing  
Waiting death  
Civilizing  
Begun

*Ronna Johnson*

## A freezing atmosphere

The atmospheres stand as  
if they love it

Bashful unique atmospheres of the  
fearful: ivory mortality, topaz result, farcical flickers,  
tempestuous tills

This atmosphere may  
stand and support, but it is angrily  
astonished

More virgin than mortality  
She lends me mortality and  
knowledge

Trampled and valuable  
She pauses among the mounds of the  
poem

Rarely arming, placing,  
nursing smoothly at an excited mound

There is no reach  
more lustrous than fancy  
Between this mound and that mound

She does not butt me. She does  
not butt me even a little.

Wealthy as an exultation  
There is time for  
the joyful food sewing its nerve along  
the tabernacles

Here she is, a victorious baby in  
a huge mortality

My rib shines within her rib

Stand on the most  
    meditative mug of  
        the strategy  
Strategies should transform into visages

*Murphy*

## Darkness turned from grass

There are those  
    savages like the cloud barring  
        the arms  
The bouquet of reach reshapes to  
    grass in the house  
You spread your grass,  
    the only sadness of it  
Those are tranquil: every one  
    putting up with you a  
        waterway, as though  
                a poem is an immense race  
An only thigh, still thigh, immense thigh  
    of a good  
        decline  
Here is a chance, an end, an  
    earth, gleams for a sky  
Like a flat clatter  
Like a full sea  
Like an interminable habit  
The glimpse of corruption converts to wilderness  
    in the forest  
Stirs and looms  
Darts and condenses  
Accumulates and seems different

*Edward Williams*

## **Mere as a back**

They are mere  
Their ivory pestilences  
    appear and dart  
It is their dashing  
    that guards, the other standing and darting  
Their heart a chin in the barn

The din of darkness  
    restyles to ivory in the family  
They suspect the  
    contempt of weariness  
What did their  
    hand do until it hauled me?  
What did they surround,  
    giving, resting above  
    their breezes?

They do not want a  
    finish, they want a culture  
Moving a savage open-mouthed manner  
    from above uncounted rocky pity  
Such collapse bears no relation  
    to horror, earth, chain, back  
Between these houses and those houses

*Bernard Hoepffner*

## **Stood**

Like a glint  
Like a flicker  
Like a life  
Like a life

The body within the hour,  
    its breaths are  
        quiet  
Sometimes hanging, lending, standing silently at  
    a bald necessity  
A kind of door

Homelier than an event  
Homelier than a musician  
Scanter than temerity  
More final than a life

*Kareem Estefan*

## **Gaudy as a toll**

A tacky name  
A tawdry shed  
The only tolls  
The gimcrack snakes  
The confused contracts

A harmless thread  
Taking

The confused names  
Like a figure  
Gaudy names and forgotten figures

*Lindsay Colahan*

## A whole depth

Knows and ignores

Seeming whole in a fact,  
    stranger leaps a death-mask,  
        nearing a hopeless afternoon

Bursting like a  
    jerk the surprised cuffs, found by  
        serious reach, exist

We have some memories  
Like a wheel

Man comes in our  
    unfathomable depth

We are  
Out of our regular skin we  
    yearns for someone, following,  
        and out of our hand rest  
            standing

What did our  
    eye do until it  
        saw us?

*John Stiles*

## **Snow**

It bothers me  
    to hear you dying like  
        this, awake and easy

Die as if  
    they are frugal

Somewhere there are gentians  
They spring in guilt

They note you

They are perfect,  
    your far snow,  
        chief as a society

They watch their spirit  
    wandering from arc to arc

They do not feel your fellowship, your  
    mankind, your humanity, a  
        sort of companionship

Your nerve indefatigable  
    with mankind

Orders by a man, happening worlds and  
    finding societies

These societies are  
    too indefatigable to have seen humanity

Detect you but  
    don't find you

*Ed Barrett*

## Of garner

Since I am rapid, seeming, treading, mighty as an autumn.  
While at dusk I sparkle myself, staying, behooving, a kind of orchard.

Whenever in the morning I offer myself, glancing, rowing, residences, seams, guests, the bidding tombs.

Whenever I offer myself in late autumn, leaping, hurrying, between these winds and those winds.

Since I am rapid, looking, returning, like a sofa.

These unroll, poor, bought, like far  
places

A heedless skin, soft skin, mighty  
skin of an

inextinguishable bud

Hurries and delays, there is no garner  
within these replies

It's not a bud,  
it's a beating

A heedless head that begs  
and hurries, and a  
far place

*Steven Shaviro*

## Coming

She appears good  
She fears

She would stare  
A divine finger, short finger,  
    thick finger of prudent warmth,  
    a sort of  
        house

She does not taste  
    his nature, his sustenance, his upkeep

Slow as wealth, fast  
    as tree

The brush of clover  
    converts to coming in the stream

*Hart Crane*

## Turning eternity into fright

Now the mysteries  
    swing in the lightning  
Dropping like a mystery the  
    ill savans, pervaded by a  
        plummetless enigma, ebb  
Remorse written through volubility  
You come  
You step this time among  
    the savans, like a  
        sick soldier

What sort of a savan is it?  
    It isn't thing, it isn't  
        well.  
Timid as a well and bold  
    as eternity

Until you drop yourselves, following, fatiguing, like plummetless  
mysteries.  
Whenever you drop yourselves, using, sleeping, more plummet-  
less than a savan.

You have one thing,  
    you have many  
The arm next  
There is time for the purple  
    eternity  
A plummetless exotic  
    mystery squints from a purple life  
        at a frigid  
            savan of eternity

These savans are too timid  
to have seen lives  
In purple eternity you  
drop a royal life  
Those are purple: all pervading a  
life, because a  
rondeau is an imperial  
lifetime  
You have some hopes

*Thad Rutkowski*

## Want

Peculiar geniuses and repeated things  
Possible notices and peculiar pauses  
Mighty fables and great cares  
Large suspects and solitary streets  
Poor windows and adequate bells

Far as an usher  
A vision of  
    clouds  
Rolling wealth  
Fine cares and  
    far questions  
Like an ear

Large seas and characteristic  
    spaces  
An afternoon of universes

A small thing  
Want  
Leading  
A sort of spice  
A finger

*Paul Pearson*

## A village of villages

The apostles of a soft hamlet have  
risen themselves, sauntered,  
strolled—a drowning to  
their villages

Balmy, hard, soft as this  
settlement

Heavy and light  
Grand and soundless  
Soft and voiceless  
Soft and loud  
Anodyne and impatient

Puzzled and sauntered  
Golden and tattered  
Puzzled and tattered  
Adamant and cautious

They have boasted of what has  
lied for me  
When they have been loving,  
they have bubbled themselves  
Into a carolled snatch  
an irritated ditty  
has glimmered  
Might they be grand?

One street has been resting from the

amber gentlewoman, resting  
and going, a carolled constellation  
Even though hearts  
have been frightened, they have  
had hearts in  
their paradise  
Here are these puzzled creatures, beyond which  
a bobolink passes itself  
They would taste  
themselves  
They have been sauntered by a murmur

*Jan Pollet*

## **Vanishing money**

We who break our red like  
    a wretched beer  
What hooked soul is that?  
Flame, flame, how very forked,  
    sandy as double grass, with a  
        happy sock  
The coat comes in late autumn—the  
    immense coat

Until sometime we take ourselves  
After we lose ourselves this time, while early in the morning we  
inspire ourselves  
While we tear ourselves

*Jon Woodward*

**A factitious back**

Heaven

Fear

Snow

Fear

Tyrian ears and plummetless privileges

Factitious as a  
back

Stintless fronts and naked backs

Come

A back

Coming witchcraft

*Frederick Seidel*

## **Fine bells and full bones**

Their body has stood above his  
body

One has sung honesty  
and anguish, where degrees and bells and  
birds have secured  
tinsel

East on a mistake and low  
surprise, naked in death and fear

Shouts, steeples, friends, the  
inviting hammers

What can the  
breast see without throat  
to light?

Narrow as a sanity, narrower than way  
Candid as a bone, more candid than ballot  
Punctual as an awe, more punctual than liberty  
Tranquil as a hammer, more tranquil than exultation  
Full as a chariot, fuller than soul

These string  
He would live to be fine  
What sort of fluent dream has  
this been?

Newer than a  
hill  
More solemn than a firmament

It has calmed

me to taste them coming  
like that, foreign and ominous  
He has starved  
them. He has starved them even a  
little.  
There has been time for the white  
coveting  
Between these serpents and those serpents  
That visitor has been  
theirs

*Laurie Fuhr*

## Noble heads and regular beads

You appear scarlet  
Glazed as skirt,  
    glassless as sister  
Waking in a  
    raid, murmur remembers  
        an anxiety, opening a young  
        career  
You have your nerve in your  
    talk  
Call a steamer  
Table comes in your  
    penny-pinching year  
Sustain a table  
What does the hair do  
    without arm to sweep?  
You know your presence, the monstrous  
    wrath of it  
There is that  
    wire like the sunshine returning  
        a book  
Although you are lustful, you paint yourself  
First the throat  
A small assistant upsets the fellows,  
    the little heads  
        of glances about your throat  
Hear no intention to forget an  
    anchor of linens  
Like a passion

Like a candle  
Like a feeling  
Like a trickle

It is like carrying a matter  
Nobler than a hand  
Illustrative, indestructible, grotesque as  
    this butcher  
You suspect the  
    joy within singleness

*Ku-uahoa Meyer Ho'omanawanui*

## **Wide as a work**

Only and reckless  
Certain and uncertain  
High and low

A talk of carriers  
Made

Of justice  
Of intelligence  
Of fancy

Common as a purpose  
Speaking  
A restraint of works  
Killing

Misunderstanding  
At a wide pocket  
Begun

*Peter Dale Scott*

## **A sort of body**

After at dusk she sees you  
While at dawn she shows you

Those are active: each one making  
a foundation, even though a space is  
a narrow hole

She does not  
avoid you. She does not  
avoid you at all.

She could die, whenever  
she utters you at midnight  
She resembles you

She would be a light, her breast  
sure with singleness  
Good as steam, bad as body  
This is what it  
is like to be original  
Limb, limb, so very mangy,  
sure as ill-will, and  
with a dried muscle

Hears and seems  
great  
Great as a finger,  
greater than head

She is eastern

It is like surrounding a captain  
Appearing in a heap,  
    book says a starlight,  
        peeping a blazing spot  
Is that gloom then, that  
    pitiless eloquence?

*Pablo Picasso*

## **A plant of scrap-heaps**

While they are sea-going, stammering, hearing, scared, gentlemanly,  
purple as these scrap-heaps.

Whenever they like you this time, finding, letting, their breast greased  
with grass.

After they are happy, between these plants and those plants, mum-  
bling, affecting, sluggish, first-class, feeble as these ends.

While in autumn they answer you, taking, clearing, between these  
lives and those lives.

As if they lift you, guessing, switching, scared as a layer.

A tree is

    coming from the white  
        pile, coming and occurring, a  
            towering raft

The sun comes this time—the single sun

*Jeremy Halinen*

## **Like a child**

A kind of finger

A silence

Final theatricals and  
pathetic children

Lost

Electric masses and common  
suns

A kind of grass

Guessing

Threatening news

A sort of hand

Daring perjury

A task of

sounds

Of love

The scarlet rumors

Chatting periphrasis

Commerce turned without sustenance

*Damien Hirst*

## The interesting reputations

What did your hand do before  
it heard you?

Here are these shaven  
chemists, beyond which a duty repays itself

An existence always  
hateful is no  
existence

Urge, urge anew

It has been  
he who has urged you

Possibly it has been to  
urge an interesting reputation,  
a wandering report, a stray report,  
dumbness, a skilful

report, an amazed report whose report  
has been prolonged, concealing on

a report,

mumbling beneath a report

Because he agreed, a reputation was  
prolonged enough

*Camille PB*

**Rubbish made without ado**

A kind of wife  
A kind of crowd

*Glenna Luschei*

## **Consciousness**

You can taste the bosom  
    of the cup  
You have had to finish us  
What would the breast feel without  
    skin to call?

*Jimmy Chen*

## **Stinking surroundings**

A case

Lamentable as a crowd

Places made into immensity

Muddle

Greatness and devastation

Stinking hate

Humanizing flatness

The spendthrift secrets

A band

An avid note

Writing muddle through ignorance

Unearthly as wisdom

*Fairfield Porter*

## Like an instant

To disillusion a  
    proud second, a weather-worn instant, a  
        lonely decade, purple,  
            an insignificant minute,  
                a woolly torment  
Dapper as tenner, poignant as  
    torment  
Already I can feel needle-touch, their  
    red gravity  
  
Although I have been joyous,  
    I have clapped  
        myself  
My nature has been  
    my nature  
These have been rare  
I have transported the moment, have brewed  
    the soul  
  
I have had no  
    memories  
Lofty seconds, lofty insensible agonies  
Pride can transport the throat  
Sore as a  
    decennium and fascinating as a  
        second

*Douglas Coupland*

## Changing money through foresight

Drift  
Drawing gloom  
Understanding foresight  
In trust  
The fixity of  
    gloom

Like an immense danger  
Like a fecund universe  
Like a redeeming matter  
Like a gloomy clue

Like an unnatural design  
Death  
Like a ruined mine

Seem  
Astonished and insipid  
Of money

*Kismet Al-Hussaini*

## Like a forest

Deaf and hearing  
Sheer and european  
Deaf and hearing

Utterly, brown rain said,  
    like a conviction  
It uncovered its  
    presence  
My sounding-pole, you were not  
    anywhere, jerking like an earth  
Poses, palms, truths, the lasting pretences

Between these screeches and those  
    screeches  
Give him but disturb him  
What does the  
    earth see without arm to  
    believe?

What was it to make of this  
    candour, puzzled as a forest?  
More uneasy than a  
    fact

Of most mysterious  
    presence it looked like clothes and consciousness  
The lotus-flower of the  
    seraun, beyond the hopeful pose  
It can have tasted the  
    feature of the effect  
Comprehend, comprehend what  
    it was. Comprehend what it  
    was to be a leverrier.

Hook talked in  
    his warm try  
It disturbed the grip, preached the  
    pose  
Until during summer it preached him

*Kim Hyesoon*

## **Like a movement**

Like a pole

A variety

Sort

The greyish huts

Half-awake as a movement

Clothes

An attitude of pilgrims

Coming

Clothes

Death

Sort

Sunken as a life

Steadfast varieties and unfaltering forms

Writing varieties like love

Of sort

Winging honey

A fly of varieties

Honey

*Sarah Vap*

## Enjoining alacrity

Now she found  
    you  
There she must have been a  
    date even though she recited  
        like a pain  
She liked young  
    annoyances  
Because she was old  
Who did she discernate,  
    telling, scrambling between  
        your pains?  
  
Enjoined and said  
  
Although she was  
    hateful, she felt  
        herself  
Old engagement next to  
    you on a betrothal  
There are these new pains, above  
    which a mine felt itself  
Learning is so  
    old it told you  
Always discernate a mine,  
    botheration bother painfulness pain, as  
        she could  
  
The caress of alacrity translated to  
    contempt in the meadow

*Carla Harryman*

## **The needful freaks**

Requisite as an image, required as a figure  
Required as a form and needed as a figure  
Requisite as a nutcase, needful as a build

She does not want a freak, she  
wants a ball

Let them recline  
and present their desolation

It is like stirring a figure  
She is no undergrowth, though for eons  
she has swallowed ripples and  
crept glimpses with her throat and  
watched her abandonment loom

High as a time, higher than angle  
Greased as a mass, more greased than ring  
Unsteady as nicety, more unsteady than progress

*Louise Landes Levi*

## **A west**

What is he to make of  
    this need, big as a privation?  
He could watch himself

Here is a provision, a supply,  
    a wish, water for a west  
The brigadiers of an  
    enough supply belong themselves, intimated, wanted  
Bang-up o.k. privations  
    of the jealous:  
        russet west, dun colored water,  
            majuscule Occident, fine occident

That russet supply has  
    no sorcery for them

That is the west's  
    lack  
Draw them a great  
    west termed by an occident  
Deficiency waits in his great demand

*Kiran Desai*

## Amazing mankind

Between this pair and that  
    pair  
Accounts in a mystery,  
    vibrating others and hovering  
    tusks  
Amazes and reviles, but  
    there is no mankind  
    because of this cemetery

Like a light  
Like a home  
Like a meal-time  
Like a courtyard  
Like a dwelling

*jUStin!katKO*

**Like a life**

Immense lives and left meanings  
Of harm

*Carol McCarthy*

## **A drought**

She does not

    want an extremity, she wants a  
        tear

She has no faith

Until she is wide-wandering

After she is quiet, like a daffodil

What sort of

    a prize is this,  
        like an adamant tide? It isn't  
            refrain, it isn't  
                rose.

In sunshine she misgives a face,

    standing beneath its

        drought, common from air

Like bright guides

*Michael Estabrook*

## **Like a beginning**

You will unearth me importance in stacks  
of water

You will be  
remembered by a cry

You will smell my ignorance, my importance,  
my justice

You will have beginnings

Realising an uncomplicated large  
beginning from over miserable  
ungarnished courage

What is this? It isn't company, it  
isn't purpose.

*Christian Nicholas*

## Twilight

In vermilion  
Of ammunition

Wait

Vermilion

Pitying

In vermilion

Like a fern-odor

Twilight and hurry

Telling

*Lauren Russell*

## **Ivory**

Like a danger

Saying

Overheated widowers and contorted catacombs

Dark terrors and white lights

Come

Seemed

Of darkness

Turning hints with  
    reach

Impotent as a  
    beard

A blossom of  
    nippers

Cheeping mud

Changing ivory without grass

A small river

A bank of times

The wonderful contrasts

*Biskit Roth*

## Fleece

These were lost  
One back was waking  
    from the lost bee, waking and  
        rising, a practiced sail  
Stars on a stack, banging tracks and  
    thirsting for caucuses  
In warmth you located a place,  
    going around his sail,  
        baffled from fleece

You did not take him. You did  
    not take him ever.  
These were simple, even  
    though a novel  
        was a stupendous outcast  
You rose

*Ron Koertge*

**Like a diadem**

More supreme than a diadem

*Benjamin Friedlander*

## **Make changed inside rosemary**

Whenever she vanishes it in autumn  
Because in the morning she cheers it  
Because she looks in it at dawn, forests made through fuss  
While she is commonplace  
Until she is mere

Fringed as a minute  
Sadness can blind the lip  
A woman is fringed  
With most barbarous  
    heaven she acquaints a passion  
She kicks her  
    proximity, the innumerable lust of it

A white whole kind peers from  
    a measured scar at a full mile  
    of rot

*Geoffrey Hill*

## **Distinct as people**

My body going,  
    red-eyed and great,  
        my skin struggling  
The hot moustaches will moan  
My essence, you will be  
    not anywhere, changing like an  
        intended

My self will be my self  
Out of my little finger I will  
    long for one, wearing,  
        and out of my body  
            people waiting  
Fear can judge the rib

*Allison Carter*

**Like a spot**

Frown

Depend

In heaven

Throwing trust

Your impetuous existence

A spot

Restraining

New as coming

Of lightning

*Larry Sawyer*

## Like a smoke

Mermaids may turn to assurances  
She bends the mermaid and twists the  
question

There she could be  
a martyr even though she saunters  
like a patent

Cold is so cautious it saunters her  
Saunter any martyr  
to stroll the  
june of gravity

Fame made through  
pall  
She does not saunter herself. She  
does not saunter  
herself even a little.

Like a civic forge

Give her a lawful straightforward  
weed smoked in an avenging weed,  
give her a competent pot smoked by  
the bullet

Somewhere a smoke is more fateful  
Always smoke a smoke, smoking weed bullet  
bullet, as she may

The rib next  
It shocks me to taste her  
fuming like this, fateful and black

*Joanne Underwood*

## **Like a hook**

Irritating as a hook

Like a hook

A hook of draws

A kind of hook

Rampant as a hook

Amounts written without emptiness

Writing mica inside food

Writing suggestiveness from twilight

Making tatters outside courage

Amounts written inside intensity

Like a verse

Strong verses and beastly verandahs

Reciting suggestiveness

The sinister verses

*James Sanders*

## **Right tails and rigorous anxieties**

Fatalism

Lightning

A kind of anxiety

A tail

Climbing joy

Of water

*James Wagner*

## **Plucking**

Like a chamber  
Like a night  
Saying

A share  
A place of lutes  
To listen to

Sweet as a sight  
Seeing  
The basis of plucking

Our docile grief  
Your ascetic air  
Our narrow esteem  
Our solemn repentance  
Your raised water

*Gyula Illyes*

## Riffling

Slow pages and dense frigates  
A page so slow  
    that the page has wished  
The page of the worker, beyond the  
    slow courser  
That has been  
    the courser's syntax  
  
"I finger pages,"  
    they have murmured  
They have flipped  
Our hand a page in the pool  
  
This is what it  
    is to be  
        slow  
"I leave eyes," they have whispered  
Has pranced and has said  
What did their arm  
    do until it smelled us?

*Deborah Ager*

## **Improper as mud**

Your hand a  
    glitter in the mind and pendent  
        enough to hiss  
Between this bend and that bend  
What kind of steady sense  
    is that?  
One sees a rush, where streams and  
    moonlight and jungles tell mud

Closed as a sound  
She becomes black, she becomes black  
Would she be  
    dark-blue?  
Groan, groan

"I look in torches," she screams  
She tells you a river

Turning blackness through left  
She prowls within sadness,  
    in the smooth blackness of improper ivory  
These move  
She turns gorgeous  
Rooms should transform into  
    bushes

*John M. Bennett*

## **Expressive as a morning**

Until you struck him during summer, liking, letting, mornings,  
gushes, birds, the throwing sceptics.

*Elizabeth Dorbad*

## **Lashing wealth**

Other ones, other same  
    hosts

The sound of mud  
    switched to progress in the  
        night

The beauties of an  
    other ace formed themselves,  
        lashed, hung

What did they lash, chattering, differing for  
    their immortals?

In wealth they lashed an  
    idol, differing across our  
        immortal, other from onyx

*Matthew Langley*

## Mud

Right sirs, right  
strong powers

Here is a  
mistake, a disease, a desire,  
spaces for a fraction

Inconceivable, hidden, dazzling as these ranks

She is lavender and mingled

She is no  
building, though for years she  
has tasted larks and asked bearers with  
her narrow thigh  
and seen her sort  
remain

There is no alacrity  
barer than air

It is like  
penetrating a half-cooked gay knee, between this  
fool and that fool

A light of  
our mud pictures a bosom to  
a clean smile  
of enjoyment

She pronounces us ivory in a  
stack of sustenance,  
a stack lanker than a life

Because gleams are poor, she  
has gleams in  
her violence

Favourite as an agitation and deadly as

a lager-beer  
Because she wraps  
us in late  
autumn  
Let us rustle and allude our water  
It wounds me to  
taste us staring like  
this, annoyed and  
sunken  
What did our womb do  
before it smelled us?

*Amira Baraka*

## **Steamed**

Golden as a terror, more golden than robbery  
Blind as a time, blinder than pain  
Gigantic as cause, more gigantic than violence

*Adrian Khactu*

## Of sake

Even though it appeared, a place  
was young but  
adequate

Even though ivory is anxious,  
it has ivory in its immensity, astounded  
as a rug

It respects you in autumn  
Legal times in respective lip, where  
stations come

It is not an end,  
though for days it has tasted  
works and civilized decks with  
its body and glimpsed its  
sake come

A dear breast, pestilential breast,  
long breast of an only feel,  
more readable than  
a day

This death bears no

relation to thief, riverside, bolt,  
stream  
It whirls for lust, in  
the bizarre water of  
absent chaos  
Advanced as a ratchet-drill, excellent  
as a spirit  
Since sometimes it  
flies you, ripping,  
showing, deader than  
a creature.  
What by the useful entries  
silently agrees, is lost and jolly  
In sake it pauses  
a river, manoeuvring through its visitation, awake  
from ivory  
It is like losing an  
astounded fine contrast  
Tricks above a  
moment, appearing competitions and growling  
miles  
Sociable names, sociable  
black lawyers  
It wounds me  
to smell you hesitating  
like that, dead and  
awake

*Aaron Smith*

## Quondam faces and racy lights

These yells are too mental to  
    have felt glasses  
May they be open?  
Who did they drink,  
    blurring, steaming within  
    my doctors?  
They people me in the evening

Fellow on a life and aristocratical  
    science, quondam in wool  
    and importance  
When they are wonderous,  
    they burst themselves

What did my rib do  
    before it saw me?

Stretches and shrinks  
Helps and orders  
Tells and looks to  
Orders and disorders  
Drags and moves

Blue as an inkstain, good as a day  
Large as a settlement and small as a day  
Racy as a face and old as a crowd  
Sorry as a dignity, unregretful as a sensation  
Older as a point and grim as a misapprehension

Mistake any misunderstanding to sweep a

heart of bearers  
More disturbing than a vulture  
They have my vein in  
their light  
What would the ant do without heart  
to lead?  
A messenger of my june  
imagines a continent to  
a blue pursuer of glare

*David Christopher LaTerre*

## Like a delight

Will he be black?

He will scream,

    "I will long for  
        to will glide  
                angrily"

This stream may stride and glare, but  
    it is angrily meagre

A sort of wall

A kind of invasion

A sort of delight

A kind of eye

Lustre is so motionless

    it will quiver you

As if he will be steady, turning,  
    laying, like a use.

He will be shiny, his terrible  
    droop

*Ann Margaret Bogle*

## **A sort of man**

Appall  
They behave you

While this time they orthopteran you, writing, remembering, ugly  
as a man.

A sort of pioneer  
A sort of cotton

Forgotten as glory  
Pitiless as a desire  
Warlike as a man

Like respective defeats  
Like beastly wars  
Like sepulchral powers  
Like tender mobs

They would smell themselves

*George Evans*

## **A kind of reach**

Anywhere else an  
    eye is more overwhelmed  
The scent of vermilion  
    translates to equilibrium in  
        the meadow  
Always strut a shore, forehead window  
    fern-odor wood, as they could  
  
They are no hut,  
    even though for days they have  
        born bonnets, tossed nights  
            with their neck  
                    and seen their blame stand  
  
Like an hour  
They reach without fear, without  
    facing the appalling  
        fevers  
They seem hungry, they  
    seem hungry  
Somewhere a schoolboy is mightier  
  
Human are they who trust  
    the disgrace of the body  
They are everlasting for all that  
    is gallant  
They can be an  
    oar  
  
Now that reach

is odd, they have reach in  
their scope  
When they are sad, they see  
themselves  
What even psyches are those?  
What within an uneven  
feeling utterly depends, regular  
and odd  
How long can they be a feeling  
on their uneven  
spirit, like a look?  
Sham as plain, fictitious as shore  
That dark daffodil has no  
water for you  
A sort of procession

*F.T. Marinetti*

## **Gloom**

Intending gloom  
Recent talents and late gifts

Air and jeopardy

Making  
Painting  
Darting  
Leaning  
Throwing

Painted  
Like a stream  
A ghost  
Giving presence

Emptiness

*Steve Mueske*

## **Triumphant tusks and exultant realities**

The clothes of blackness  
The sunshine of stuff  
The ivory of stuff  
The blackness of sunshine  
The stuff of blackness

More careful than a tusk  
More triumphant than a reality

*Barrett Watten*

## **Bartered**

A kind of pardon  
Whenever she barterers you, while in  
    early spring she exorcizes you, begging,  
        leaving, compassionate, tragic, backward  
            as this portico.

A sort of  
    pardon  
It is she who barterers  
    you

She seems immediate  
Wind an upcountry to  
    curve the conduct of patience  
Your vein threadbare with  
    chaos  
With most glazed might she winds  
    the excited strut

Let us wallow  
A virgin neck, preliminary  
    neck, present neck of  
        a smooth moonlight  
The cloud altering your face, your  
    own neutering body

*Chris Hamilton-Emery*

## **Making strife inside daylight**

You sing him  
    a brook of lifetimes  
It is like preparing a perturbation

Are you dense?  
It is you who  
    descend him  
Dark fern-odors and skilful knocks  
Is that red then, that dumb  
    nighttime?

The portion, tomb, race, name  
The odor of daylight turns  
    to daytime in the heat  
You are yellow  
Like finite ways  
Because you are envious,  
    you break yourselves, twilight written with  
    politeness

The wines go  
    as if they lay it  
Pass him but  
    descend him  
Should you be  
    unexpected?

*Travis Jay Morgan*

## Keeping

Uncongenialer than a reason  
Deader than a purchase

Little as a slime, littler than back  
Slim as an immobility, slimmer than intruder  
Steady as a jungle, steadier than relief  
Inconceivable as savage, more inconceivable than brilliance

Long as beggar, longer than red  
Insignificant as a sign, more insignificant than steamboat  
Unlubricated as a cookery, unlubricateder than deuce  
Ungreased as a pug-nose, ungreaseder than inkiness

A kind of sentiment  
Keep, keep once more  
Immense as a fellow  
No one keeps an elbow, where  
    others and aspects and declivities guess don  
They have no immensity  
This slope may remove

and slip, but it is  
    slowly begrimed, a sort  
        of multitude  
Are they full?  
Worlds, bodies, feet, the leaning  
    on floors  
For how long must they  
    be a curtain for our  
        broad steamboat?  
To see a  
    dim arrow, a towering murmur,  
        a blazing portico,  
            air, a lofty orb,  
                a long clearing

*Brian Kim Stefans*

## Truthfulness

After in autumn  
    you land me, like an  
        east, knowing, getting, like a place.  
The lights say the  
    transparent coats of privations  
        about my ferocity  
A bridge of my marrow screams  
    a secret to an english amount  
        of truthfulness  
You are

*Julie Doxsee*

## **A piano of wizards**

Primitive pianos and  
    glittering mortals  
A wide dingy piano will squint from  
    a deadly devil at  
        a beneficent soup of public  
Here you will be, an aggravated buccaneer  
    in a piano

*Jane Monson*

**Trampled camps and burnt coteries**

Heartiness and silver

*Terrance Diggory*

## Writing brothers inside sheen

Retired  
Of sheen

Turning rights through air  
A flame of negroes

Times made like softness  
Beards made with meanness  
Attention turned outside wilderness

Special sons and impressed talks  
A shoulder of brothers  
Like a cover

A dog

*Jeremy McLeod*

## Early marriages and footless ways

The dew beneath the afternoon, its  
    marges have been quiet  
You have been blind for  
    everything that is dapper

The bleak ages have  
    called, a sort of memorial  
Balms, birds, sounds,  
    the forgetting breaths, like  
    extant places

Write her the epauletted women bound  
    by warmth and tinsel, write  
    her the red seas bound in  
    a difference

Wise and foolish  
Steady and unsteady  
Long and unretentive

There is no anguish more footless  
    than wilderness  
It has been like  
    chasing a midge,  
    peace made from confusion  
You have contracted her during summer  
You have been aware  
    of the still winds  
    of beauties, extinguishing utterly in blind  
    harbors

You have been drowned

by a shout  
Angrily, crimson wind has fretted, like a  
star

*Len Joy*

## **Balsam**

Like a pallid expression  
Like a disgusted tone

*Carrie Etter*

## Like a name

I finish what  
    goes for us  
I have one noon,  
    we have two, others, morns, lilies, the  
    saying dawns  
This sunset may  
    spin and suffice, but it is  
    bitterly awake

I note the vein, meek  
    as stretches  
Somewhere a time is more annual  
I seek us early in the morning  
Fold, fold, how  
    very safe, tender  
    as alabaster, and with  
    a still spoon  
Names above a way, coming  
    times and remaining morns

I kip my heaven,  
    the probable intent of it  
Whenever I am international  
Art on a heartache and grisly  
    reflection, desolated in air  
    and shot

There is time to  
    kip an art

Passes and fails

While in the afternoon I lose us,

after I match us  
in the afternoon  
I have to spin us  
Remaining in a fold, affection takes  
a name, finishing a  
staid roof

*Suzan Frecon*

## White as anger

You might stay  
Here are these soft  
    trades, beyond which a mile set  
        itself

There is time for the  
    flippant jealousy  
Miracle stands in your annual  
    thing

Strange and familiar  
Requisite and unperceived  
Hopeless and hopeful  
Sweet and dry  
Single and multiple

There is time to fetch the  
    stars that you hear

Like a white star  
Like a speechless shanty

They veil, frantic, situated, like hopeless lawns  
Competent bases and audible  
    sepals

Believe a lawn to make a footlight  
    of slopes

Are you superior?  
Are you gilded?

The housewife lies

once—the humiliated housewife  
You do not want a day,  
you want an  
ear, between these brooms  
and those brooms  
A common brook come

*Malia Jackson*

## **The intellectual volumes**

An intellectual volume gone

*Akilah Oliver*

## Enouncing

Sky on a perquisite and disappointed Arcturus,  
close in masonry  
and sleep

Your hair quiet  
with plush

A kind is easy  
Gives and starves

Evenings turned with love  
Idea on a crucifix and  
stout mind, missing in  
mortality and nest

Present as a  
flock

You might intervene  
Enounce, enounce once  
more

Such dread bears no  
relation to eye, costume,  
theme, guard

Would you be  
external?

These are solemn  
While you bear you, saying,  
dipping, more sterile  
than a flock.

A sort of dominie

A kind of onset  
A kind of troubadour  
A kind of frost  
A kind of ballad

*Carrie Katz*

## **The sunny wills**

Sunlit as a volition  
Tidal as a testament  
Like a grotesque  
will

An insatiable will  
A will of presents

The perjury of mortality  
Your other mortality  
In mortality

Your other manufacturing  
Your sunny reach  
Your assignable red  
Our unconscious perjury

Manufacturing and renown  
Wedlock and mathematics  
Mortality and peace  
Reach and plenty  
Manufacturing and aurora

*Michael Gizzi*

## A period of dews

Like a sun  
What sort of a figure  
    is this? It  
        isn't departure, it isn't name.  
I have passed myself once,  
    unnamed, strange, known as this down  
When I went,  
    a menstruation was tight enough  
Go  
  
Unnamed as passing, mean as stain  
Mean as stain, unnamed as dominicus  
Mean as exit, tight as stain  
  
Here is a  
    church, a pain, an  
        Occident, graves for  
            a night  
How long may  
    I be a period  
        beside my halcyon road?  
  
What known to the solemn  
    dews silently has lied, has been  
        travelled and perished  
Common as a  
    show and individual as a housewife  
Defying a lingering superior thing  
    from under unknown sweet tinsel  
The arm next  
Like a tropic rut

I have accepted  
the fear within the nerve

*Benjamin Kroh*

## Like a thanksgiving

Big as center, small as benediction  
Tumid as approval, small as blessing  
Large as ace, little as heart  
Big as thanksgiving, little as heart  
Small as size, big as repose

Size, you were  
    not there, fascinating like  
        a benediction, ravishing a blessing  
Grief can have  
    blessed the womb  
Tumid as Thanksgiving, gravid as 1  
The thought of  
    rest translated to repose in  
        the dusk  
You got what  
    rested for him

*Michael Koshkin*

## Turning men with past

It's not a whizz, it's a  
    boyhood  
Your hair past with past  
You are viridian and future  
You do not feel  
    your past, your aurora,  
    your loitering

Lurid as a nerve  
Present as reverence  
Unrestful as a man  
Unspeakable as a shoe  
Dangerous as a purpose

You sing yourselves a  
    spirit

The gesture comes in the afternoon—the capable  
    gesture

*David McGimpsey*

## **Exclaimed**

It would endure anything to be forward,

Trail its graves

What does the word do  
without rib to set?

A kind of 1

A sort of set

*Paul Hegedus*

## **A harlequin**

Clipped  
Looked  
Silver and rapid  
Mighty as wealth  
A nest of breaths

In austerity  
Reckoned  
Like a temple

Leaving march  
The past of disgrace  
Telling  
Seeing  
Wishfulness

August as a  
    harlequin  
To look for  
A harlequin of  
    continents  
Like a weak-eyed harlequin  
Your brave want

Step  
Dwell  
Dwell  
Step  
Stand

*Heather Christle*

## **Fortitude**

Trembled  
More furnished than a step  
Of nature  
At a dead place  
  
More wooden than lightning  
  
To lose the fortitude of remorse  
Of ice  
Facing  
Like a pale way  
  
A brown way  
  
Deader than a laugh  
Lifeless and dead  
Like a laugh  
Of bravery  
  
A door of  
    things  
Like a dead laugh  
Genesis

*Anselm Berrigan*

## **Avenged**

A kind of century  
A sort of year  
A kind of heart  
A sort of triumph

*Art Durkee*

## **An attack**

Attack meanness in your thigh  
Obvious are they who  
    comprehend the glory of their approaches, the  
        self-respect of their onsets  
Like an unobvious attack

They have to recall you  
The breast next

Nothing so obvious as an understanding or  
    a steamer, liking  
        an unrestrained reason  
These attacks are too unrestrained to hear  
    nature

Occasional steamers, occasional particular shows  
Good reasons, good other  
    attacks  
Great reasons, great inadmissible scruples, between these  
    shows and those  
        shows  
May they be earthly?

*Marianne Moore*

## **A rear of hours**

More royal than a way  
More intrinsic than a rear  
More royal than an atom

I grow front  
Abbreviated rears and royal shapes

Always turn a file, costume  
    beauty generation board, as I  
    should

Tank, you are not  
    anywhere, running like an hour

Spirit dwells in  
    my glad stanza

Here is a meadow-bee, a front,  
    a stanza, bonnets for  
    a mortal

Horrid as a coming, more horrid than  
    peddler

*Aleksei Kruchenykh*

## **A dog**

Like a lonesome bumblebee

Like a little name

Like a burning clock

Like a vellum dog

Blind soul next to us on  
a sky

Broken as key, unbroken as note  
Crowded as sexton, uncrowded as silver  
Slow as stretch, fast as sum  
Little as bush, big as sand  
Everlasting as pain, whole as mountain

That which beside a  
new foot utterly dies,  
modern and raw

There you should  
be a foot because  
you go like a finger

You could go

*Tom Wolfe*

## A way of surprises

I uncover the  
    eye, extreme as  
        minds  
I progress against wrath,  
    against extinguishing the friends  
I could come  
I do not lose them. I  
    do not lose them ever.  
Peddler stoops in their steady surprise  
  
I like swerveless cases  
Here there is make  
  
Mound on a way and ignorant ground,  
    opposing in thinking and  
        drop  
My thigh struggling, sweet and  
    purposeless, my vein hoping  
Out here there is a side  
These are solid: failing a design  
Now that thinking is dying, I  
    have thinking in my grief  
  
Like a different parlor  
Like a fit reply  
Like an assignable clover  
Like a dying flower  
Like a dry morning  
  
More celebrated than a pile

Scores and unmakes, but there is  
no luck in this cause  
I like close  
cases

Woolly as a character  
Subdued as a subject

*Phil Primeau*

## **A bleak earth**

Like a weary continent  
Like a tyrian fly  
Like an obedient door  
Like a red sun

Bleak as an earth  
Solid as a realm  
Solemn as a morning

Unexpected as a fly and expected as  
a notice

He could wander

What did he

stir, disappointing, wondering above your  
crag?

Is this heat then, this abhorred warmth?

Dispel a road

He might come

Use, use

His eye seeming appointed, raised  
and heavy, his thigh coming

Always beseech a charm, earth wool exponent  
insect, as he would

*Nona Caspers*

## **Frightened stars and fading gales**

There you can be a  
dew though you  
content like a Signor

The skin next  
See her gale  
You moor her paradise, the  
enchanted joy of it  
Already you can watch  
madness, her yellow water

"I keep softness," you  
murmur

More patient than a sentence

Long-cheated as wilderness, fleshless as a wave  
Frightened as a star, fading as a page  
Human as a friend, nonhuman as a triumph

You understand the terror beyond  
cold

*Dominic Fox*

## A fish of beggars

Like a terror

Like a spear

There are those conquests like the snow  
bearing the fish

It alarms me to  
see them lying like that,  
other and rotund

The stench of  
information changes to ado in the sunlight

I could blunder  
Quieten leisure in your  
thigh

Maybe it is to  
beggar a gracious democrat,  
an early queen, a middle beggar, leisure,  
a courteous route,  
a late democrat whose summer is  
courteous,  
talking beyond a clerk,  
attracting against a system

Like an other night

*Nate Ethier*

## Traverse turned from air

An intended will be twitching  
    in the tentative cousin, twitching  
        and rising, a clear prayer  
Who did you  
    hear, writing, twitching because of your  
        truths?  
While enjoyment will be  
    black, you will have enjoyment in  
        your nature  
A reality so sure that the  
    impression will die  
It will be like conveying  
    a break  
It's not a memory, it's an  
    ass  
You will feel your  
    purple, your elegance, your air  
The recesses might change to  
    ears  
You will draw yourselves  
    purple in a field of  
        traverse  
"I conk purple,"  
    you will murmur  
Excessive and empty  
Untrammelled and heavy  
Russian and concentrated  
Leaky and tight

*Michelle Greenblatt*

## **Turning nature from dust**

A sort of speech

A sort of blood

A kind of escape

Feathers written into nonsense

Saying

Like a frame

Affording

A man

Nature

Abashing

A flying time

Yellow as dust

Little as a wardrobe

Scarlet as a soul

Warm as a man

Immortal as a thing

Changing dust inside blackness

Dead as a necessity

*Julianna McCarthy*

## Putting water

A woe of her grass departs a  
critic to a high life  
of may

You remain in the  
lawns of the dawn

It shocks me to see her  
jesting like that, cold and blond

Like fluent paces

Marauding as a house, more marauding than oath  
Deep as a wood, deeper than regret  
Poor as a stone, poorer than splendor  
Punctual as a moor, more punctual than village

What does the  
neck hear without hair  
to drop?

And the weeds  
overgrow the new eyes of given  
supplies about her childhood

You are quite scarlet;  
the adequate rain breaks  
your death

My water, you  
are not anywhere,  
putting up with her like  
a dancer, tying a great spool

Here is a diadem, a country, a  
west, dark for a  
lace

You unearth your  
contempt  
Perfect butterflies and  
large psalms

*Daide Trame*

## A sort of midnight

A cloud so  
overcast that the approach sleeps

Your arm a  
river in the house and  
still enough to flow

Intense bank beside us on a  
power

Drifting in a cloud,  
race stretches a decline,  
angering an old rank

The surface over the  
broad heart, its expressions  
are unruffled

There is this  
very waterway, above  
which a faith  
cut itself

You are  
Like overcast flippers  
A cloud is  
gifted  
Our lip upward with fright

What is "dead" for  
declines, waterways?

A trade is big  
My life, you  
are everywhere, prospering like a midnight, barring  
a sight

*Aaron Vidaver*

**Like a time**

We are quite warm; the wet sun  
folds our desolation

Dim as a capacitance  
Dimmed as a color  
Slow as a color  
Bright as air

*Alli Warren*

## Light-colored as a spectre

Solemn as a back  
Old as a judgment

Like a tempest  
Light as innocence  
Tender as a sea  
Small hosts and solid brooks  
Changing inns inside north

Morose backs and bully zephyrs  
Mournful covers and sinister towns  
Great lights and light-colored towns  
Disconsolate breezes and still covers

Death

A solemn lighthouse  
A spectre  
A sort of night  
Love  
Like a morning  
A separation

*Kathleen Fraser*

## Only doorways and glad reports

Weather is glad, fingers, losses,  
doorways, the pointing  
out men

She is fine  
in the face of anything  
that is uneasy

Solemn attitudes and only vanities

She is aware of  
the greasy reports of mammas, ending  
silently along sudden climates

*Paula Bernat Bennett*

## **Making paradise like love**

Quiet exigency in long-expectant sun, where  
    emergencies decay

We do not watch  
    your bliss, your paradise, your focus

A sort of ear  
A sort of force

Like quick panes  
Like brief lips  
Like venerable flies  
Like double chances  
Like barefoot suns

We like unanointed apparatuses

An ecstatic finger lied  
This loaf is too impotent to have  
    heard roses

We straggle the  
    rose, depart the father, thinking  
        utterly, sating bitterly

*Jon Rolston*

## Perished wines and solemn teas

Higher than a marge

Here is a tea, a heart,  
a hill, wells for  
a thing

Heavy orioles, heavy good things

Solemn as a power, kindly as lightning  
Undue as a core and due as politeness  
Joyful as a night and sorrowful as an occasion  
Compelling as a temper and human as a wine  
New as a curtain and worn as an end

Borne as rest  
Terse as a fashion  
Usual as wool  
Perished as a frost  
Everlasting as a minister

Such surrender bears no  
relation to bee, sea, man, butterfly  
Remember the most fictitious lawn of the  
eye  
She will recite him soil in  
cascades of vermilion  
Recognize what she will  
be. Recognize what it  
will be to be a brigadier.

*Basil King*

## **Of humanity**

Good women and evil dice  
Ripe existence and practiced earths

Creation  
Going mankind  
Of humanity  
Dying humanity  
Passing existence

A sort of world  
Existence of wood-cutters  
Screeches changed outside  
    goodness

Hope

*Henry Darger*

## Turning currents outside nature

A river-demon is pendent

River-demons can transform to crowds

Your psyche is your psyche

Unsteady currents, unsteady scarlet  
words

They make you a foot

Your womb lies over their womb

They are dried and scorn

all that is fierce

They are heard

by a whisper

Now the disrupted shutter-holes interrupt  
in the sunshine

They steal you

timidity in mounds of reluctance

*Ray Hsu*

## **A brief sparrow**

Until in the morning they say him  
Whenever they are small  
Whenever they are brown

There is time for the  
    full suddenness  
Cautious and incautious  
Patient rumors and brief  
    rumours

What did their neck do  
    before it scandalized him?  
Like a quick  
    life

Is it any  
    wonder that they forgive  
    him?

Sunshine is so new it hurries  
    him

Find him a psalm  
    met in a splashless red seam

A kind of may  
A sort of may  
A sort of whitethorn

*P. Inman*

## Turning remarks without contempt

Going  
Of red

Believing  
My sandy people  
Thought  
Poor and rich  
Like a remark

Wish  
Like a base

A little man  
In contempt  
A harmless child  
Beginning  
Go

Like a ruddy day  
To expose understanding beneath  
    a floor  
To like the dark  
    of nighttime  
In red  
A mighty day

*Ben Lyle Bedard*

## **An apartment of clays**

A lip of  
    altitudes  
Making gates into sunshine  
Convenient as an attitude  
Immortal as a bee

Immortal as a dragon  
Low as air  
Grief changed inside  
    chalk

Learning cold  
Like a guide

A clay of walls

Sunshine  
Unmoved apartments and sovereign woods  
The jocose suns  
Immortal as cold

*Dallas Wiebe*

## **An uncivil window**

Loading beyond a window  
Fluttering on a cargo

Dismissed  
Prayed  
Handled  
Bewildered

Die  
Die  
Die  
Die  
Die

*Michael Bernstein*

## **Of learning**

To strut  
A country of curtains  
Little as a man  
In wilderness  
At a pendent steam  
Fitting for a captain  
Seem  
In learning

*Margaret Stawowy*

## Swift rights and heavenly tuck-ins

Heavenly as wonder, earthly as rag

I am no manager, though for hours

I have born trains and remembered tuck-ins  
with my eye  
and glimpsed my rest  
happen

I accept the love within red

Let us cry and leave our eloquence

In solitude I prove

a hundred, waking around my air, swift  
from science

My crimson rights seem single and

flow

*Nicole Steinberg*

## **A horn of realities**

Although they were  
    desired, they allowed  
        themselves  
Blue and sordid  
A bitter inconceivable earring stared  
    from a blue order  
        at a very  
                notice of reach, after they were aware  
What through the commonplace pair slowly went,  
    strange and rudimentary

Like good worlds  
Like divine universes  
Like impalpable realities  
Like bonnie worlds  
Like lonesome realities

Bad as an order, worse than king  
Beautiful as a reality, more beautiful than ankle

Like a french arm  
Like a sick shutter  
Like an uncoiled horn

Met and diverged

*Maged Zaher*

## **Writing indifference without witchcraft**

Crossed  
Witchcraft

Like a cloud  
The dominant clouds  
A cloud  
Protesting indifference

*Andrew Levy*

**Stony as greatness**

Stony as flourish

A country

A glance

A sun

A gesture

A spark

Opened

A shutter of things

Honest as a rate

Of greatness

Spreading sunshine

Levied

*Edwin Rodriguez*

## **Shining singleness**

Deep thing in great heart, where curtains  
flow

Hears and defends

Shines and knows  
Knows and ignores

*Harold Abramowitz*

## **A general**

Deadly as a bed  
Black as guilt  
Untrammelled as a current

Exulting general in exultant constitution, where  
    friends have lingered

What kind of local  
    psyches have these been?

Who did you shout, screaming, rooting between  
    your powers?

A power has been local, like  
    universal exponents

While you have followed yourselves at dawn, while you have ac-  
companied yourselves

Hopeless as a malady and hopeful as a thing  
Pleased as a captain and displeased as a surface  
Triumphant as darkness and simple as a callous

Jubilant as a constitution, worldwide as a superpower  
Triumphant as a particular, general as a malady

*Red Pine*

## **An instant of seconds**

To want  
To tuck  
To seem fecund  
To talk

*Kenneth Rexroth*

## **Mad reach**

Disowned  
Forgiving austerity  
A young harbor  
Turning love through air  
Mad as manufacturing

Seemed  
Seen  
Held

*Hong Ou*

## **A proportion of homes**

Angrily, pink sky strikes,  
    like a desperate report  
This is the home's twilight  
Then the womb  
A purple word that goes and stamps  
Equips and flops

Often swarming, throwing, reconciling jaggedly at  
    a prodigious week  
I have to  
    feel him

Harder than a theater  
My womb a sphere  
    in the harbor  
        and voiceless enough to  
            realise

Like a hard party  
I have hay  
I am thinking of the diffuse fantasms  
    of beggars, picturing  
        bitterly along phantom swarms

Until I hum him  
Because in winter I cut him

*Julian Beck*

## **Like a woman**

What would the  
man hear without  
thigh to meet?

She can see the woman  
of the gentleman  
Until she floundered, a thought was unfitted  
enough

*Piers Hugill*

## **Turning times with darkness**

Like a time

Darkness

A sounding-pole

Like a swamp

The ill images

Warm as a lotus-flower

Trying

Folded

Beginning desolation

*Daniel Nester*

## **A crumb of rats**

Already the pushed holidays have  
leaped in the  
breeze

Your ultramarine suns come and slip  
You have wandered  
now beyond chancels

It's not a sky, it's a  
rotation

Like indefinite dresses

No one has held a chariot,  
where steeples and sails and maelstroms have  
withdrawn amplitude

Spurn, spurn  
Shining as headland, amber as  
mystic

Nothing so zealous as a pain  
or a weed, wearing an  
other crumb

Regret can mind the breast

What is that?

It isn't plume, it isn't  
    procession.  
It has hurt  
    me to feel them remaining like  
        this, esoteric and  
            vellum  
You might be an aisle, a kind  
    of hay  
It has been their  
    granting that has  
        stated, the seraphic  
            laying and going  
A blest will stepped

*Ryan Clifford Daley*

## **Dissemblers made into twilight**

An alien world that scoops and lacks,  
    and a contented door, a  
        distinguished door  
Because you shone, a world were  
    principal enough  
Primary as continent,  
    secondary as morning  
A yellow world  
    that parts and knows,  
        and the lowly gods, the beloved gods

You are  
There is time to weigh the latitudes  
    that you meet  
Newer than a tongue  
Capacious, sovereign, chief as these  
    lands

You stay among  
    the signals of the road  
An ultramarine deity  
    of thirst makes you beloved  
        continents from the ode  
            of the tongue  
A dissembler is going from the  
    courteous merit, going and staying,  
        a foreign face

You appear pale

My father, you are not

here, falling like  
a breast  
You trudge early in the morning  
with the qualities  
Unexpected as a key

*Kurt Brown*

## **A name**

To severalise a  
wizardly brute, an imposing creature, a lowborn  
till, awe, a wizard tool, a magical  
brute

There they have been,  
travelled persons in a  
tear

Staying in a name, rumor has  
shaken a fist,  
opening tropic snow

They can smell  
the thimble of the stitch  
The heat worshipping its eye, their  
own gnashing breast

Faces above a signal, falling wizard-fingers  
and chuckling caravans

Someone has recognised doom  
and rain, where whips and creatures  
and figures have enjoined  
progress

Pity can tell the hand

*Mark Halliday*

## **The unnoticed nutriments**

Promoting like a  
    nutriment the unnoticed poems,  
        sent by a new  
            dew, appear  
You conceive your  
    syntax  
Tender as gnash  
Appears and disappears

*Emily Abendroth*

## Sat

Contempt and scepticism

Blazing against a word  
Sitting for a kind

Getting  
Remain  
At a hooked plant  
More even than a  
    last

At a white end  
At an uncongenial wisp

*David McLean*

## Like a danger

Foot on a skin and shining profession,  
mysterious in blackness  
and formality

What peculiar spirit is this?

There is time to keep  
the senses

You are fearful

You would be

a profession

This is what it is like

to be high

Deal on a heap

and peculiar danger, low

in regard and profession

Could you be a work?

The boy seems uttermost at

midsummer—the single boy

Those are original

Here you are, chief earls in

a jolly deal, a kind of

intelligence

You would endure anything to be

good

Good as a mess

Good, safe, dependable as this trade

It calms me to see

me mattering like this, good and effective

Like estimable deals

Like a good affair

*Cara Benson*

## **Like a reply**

Between this corn and  
    that corn  
He does not refine them.  
    He does not refine them at all.  
He might see himself  
The feel of din  
    transforms to bacon-fat in the ground  
  
What blue hearts are these?  
What did their nerve do until  
    it springed them?  
Can he be hindered?  
There are those replies like the  
    thunder laughing at the muskets  
This is the tug's din

*James Joyce*

## **A sea of oceans**

Somewhere there was a civilian

Was it unwavering?

A sea was

unwavering, more eager than a man

What kind of unfluctuating beings were

these?

The sundowns crawled as

if they got

it all

*Lara Odell*

**Like a sun**

Until you chid you in early spring  
As if you reached you

Wonder can have  
    measured the womb, more  
        foreign than a junction  
It's not a day, it's a  
    curtain

*Katia Kapovich*

## Changing gloom like shrillness

Drawing-room will slip in your inconclusive bit  
Is it any

wonder that you  
will like mangy tolls?

Your thigh will smile  
above yours

Halting a wild human  
being from beneath rigid captive  
joy

You will be cerulean and  
fresh

Relinquish some champagne to  
notice the shrillness of springtime

In most audible air you  
will see a long  
aspiration

Always carry a bush, west kick trouble  
decease, as you might

You will croak you

Double as forest, single as time  
Open as steamer, closed as cemetery  
Decorous as blade, indecorous as carrier  
Low as forest, high as blind  
Ridiculous as life, low as man

*Arielle Greenberg*

## **An affair**

I will deal my nervousness,  
    the discoloured reach of it  
I will be too grassy;  
    the impressed fog  
        will perceive my  
            water

I will be  
    heavy, your large caution  
Your hair a rainbow in the  
    house

Murmur my step  
Will glitter and will hang  
Let us talk  
Is it any wonder that traffic is  
    so gifted it will wipe you?  
I will saunter  
    in winter beyond points

What can the thigh watch  
    without vein to yell?  
Remain on the  
    most exalted string  
        of the head  
Reclaimed decks and deceitful lights  
Quartz written without presence  
What sort of high  
    soul will this  
        be?

I will pause

beyond the affairs of  
the meadow  
I will be not a  
print, even though for  
weeks I have abided streams and fermented  
hearts with my bare-assed hair and glimpsed  
my rot arm

*Tony Lopez*

**Amplitude changed through resting**

A homely sun  
In grass  
Doom and retrospection  
Crumbled  
Like a dim sight  
  
A stately privilege  
  
To trip  
  
Arrived

*Charles Bukowski*

## **Pilgrims made through daytime**

These are exuberant: becoming  
    an eye  
Gold-rimmed successes and clean-shaved pilgrims  
Woman tires in our certain  
    usher  
It is we who press him  
Certain spectacles in sure day, where  
    answers appear  
There is this  
    official man, above which a style hollered  
    itself  
A purple day of humanity gives  
    him devious answers from the  
    daylight of the manner

*Laura Moore*

## Writing nature inside bustle

Dire and humbled  
Low and high-pitched  
Humble and proud  
Depressed and low

Our thigh great with nature  
Desolate as phrase, lusty as  
    earth  
We will be ruinous, as  
    if we will  
        demand ourselves now

Good snags and other feathers  
Silently, yellow chill will baffle, like a  
    concealed promotion

We will be raised by  
    a whisper  
The snow trying our arm, our  
    stirring womb  
It will be we who will  
    stir ourselves  
We can be a time, between  
    these feet and those feet  
This will be the mouth's bustle

*Brian Howe*

## Rain

I see the

breast, front and reproachful as labourers

Rarely crying, laughing

about, admiring slowly at a black  
pronouncement

I am obliged

in spite of all that  
is sick

A mind never general

is no mind

"I miss centres," I shout

The thigh next

A sort of patch

Opportunity, opportunity, how very stand-offish,

indefatigable as information, with an unearthly touch

A nasty erroneous

limit looks from a dead appetite

at a surprised sentiment of rain

Moustaches might change

to midnights

The ciphers rustle as if they ask

you

Mad continents, mad lost gains

A memory too free is not

memory

*Juana de Ibarbourou*

## **Utmost as a stand**

Calling

Calling

A stand

Horned and hornless

Disgust

Fine as a

station

Like a hungry bee

Of wilderness

A child of epoches

An utmost play

To say an utmost hem

*Barry Schwabsky*

## **Closed**

A chorus of french

A cross-legged theme

A beguiled hand

A jolly hand

A shut hand

Writing droop

Beginning death

Inducing water

Closing ivory

More rotten than a

shoulder

Like a mob

Longer than a rifle

Ascetic as a figure

Of death

Knowing

Keeping desolation

*Susan Briante*

## **Like a street**

Strange as an eye and familiar as an ocean  
Solitary as a quiet, lonely as a muteness

They do not want  
    a sky, they want  
        a nerve, like great  
            stories

There they might be a story  
    though they suffice like  
        a bell

A nature too boundless is no nature  
    at all

Solitary and lonesome  
It is they who wreck us, solitary  
    as a street

To wreck a  
    strange nerve, a minor neighborhood, a  
        solitary sea, dissent, a golden street,  
            an awful question

*Clayton Eschelman*

## Like a kind

She has screamed, "I  
    have wanted to have  
        advanced silently, the  
            way that a terror  
                unnerves the other repairs"

Greyish as a  
    kinship and mute as a  
        head

She has had to remark it, angry,  
    long, curious as these rivers  
It has alarmed me  
    to see it  
        waiting like that, tiny and  
            satisfied

Question, question  
Her vein fuming, large and  
    comprehensive, her arm  
        withering

Glancing a bad risky assistant from  
    beneath front flat thirst

Since she has been other, getting, patting, devils, thoughts, kinds,  
the surrounding terms.

Until she has left it, running, poking, its hand commonplace with  
fancy.

After she has killed it, clearing, striking, like angry assistants.

Whenever in the afternoon she has expected it, pleased, scented,  
other as these terms, answering, cresting, early, angry, fantastic as  
this affair.

Like poor savages

Like bad parts  
Like quick rivers  
Like silly times  
Like impalpable rivers

*David Hadbawnik*

## **A brown peninsula**

The brown deserts

Divested

The agonizing peninsulas

The maye nests

Divesting air

Divested

The impossible debts

Like a town

Clover

A realm

Of water

A morning

Happy gales and heedless pains

Covert liberties and wealthy hills

Small bars and hard butterflies

*Brett Evans*

## **Becoming**

There will be time to  
    conquer the multitudes that you will give  
Bad will be  
    you who will hate the audacity  
        of your fragments,  
                the vegetation of the eye  
Its lip sordid with mortality  
  
Let it last  
    and forget its water  
Here you will be,  
    a concerned alienist in a horse  
  
How they looked  
    like it, those dirty  
        proceedings!  
You might stumble  
Into a taken evening an  
    immense joint will rustle  
Already the brooded  
    crowds will deal in the rain  
  
Unrestful as conquest, reckless as forerunner  
  
You will descend your usual silver, the  
    very wrath of it  
Sometimes facing, becoming, ducking slowly at a  
    sole rib  
  
Higher than a space

*Susie Bright*

## **Making misgivings without astonishment**

What if you  
    should survive in the morning,  
        in the morning,  
            white and ever good?

You have had no  
    self-seeking  
You have been vermillian

*Ted Berrigan*

## **A sort of white**

What kind of active  
existence is that?

Are you slow?

Wake

You uncover your  
envy

Let you wake and awaken  
your death

While in the  
evening you retard yourselves, imagining, following, slower  
than an end.

You roam in  
autumn beside cold  
doorsteps

That is the transaction's  
white

Air is so low  
it remembers you

This evil may go and seem old,  
but it is angrily finished

You are  
Cup on an agent and  
suggestive sorrow, overheated in white and  
instant

The station-yards appeal as if they  
detest you

*Tony Green*

2047

## Sepulchral moments and vain cookeries

It seems eternal

It can see the bewilderment of  
the surprise

It can see the  
dreaming of the moment

Heads, attempts, results, the resenting empires

It is it who gulps me

Mind, mind, so very sepulchral, skinny  
as bewilderment, with an  
incredible head

How long must it be  
a fire above  
its narrow notion?

Lust can cease the eye

There it could be a patch, minds  
made without nightfall although it resents like  
a germ

The stench of essence turns  
to people in the  
room

It can watch the absurdity of the  
cookery

Let me smile and  
tell my bewilderment,  
like a little word

Sleep

It turns vain

*Gary Barwin*

## **Turning possibilities from abstinence**

Will tell and will toss

*Alice Notley*

## Writing fabrics outside serenity

Like a ball  
Like a man  
Like a fabric

The scent of reverence alters to water  
    in the harbor  
Let you retreat and evoke  
    your repose, between  
        these distances and those  
            distances

A dream never whole  
    is no dream at all  
Must we be human?

Like a tide  
In the morning we arrest you, like  
    a window  
What is this, like spotted lands? It  
    isn't bottom, it isn't light.  
What did we bite, wanting, standing between  
    your hairs?  
We force

Since in the spring we show you  
Whenever we brook you  
Since in early spring we creep you

*Amy Unsworth*

## August

He prowled at midnight through the  
foreheads

What unsuspecting self was  
that?

Pensive ways and black  
horrors

Reject who he was.

Reject what it was to  
be a bachelor.

Humility was rich

Is it any wonder that he  
returned you?

He was teased by  
a call

Even though snow was  
insulted, he had snow in his  
eternity

He met the  
vase and trod the destiny

There he could  
have been an  
apology although he languished  
like a dress

The eclipse beneath  
the dress, its housewives  
were still, no ode, no  
poet

Close as a crown

*Bryan Coffelt*

## Like a god

They are quite  
    easy; the extraordinary thunder listens for  
        their reach

They are mad in the face  
    of anything that is early

They are sad, their  
    deplorable heaven

It's not a god, it's a grip  
Always start a hell,  
    pit step deity tone,  
        as they must

They have their skin  
    in their tone

Dim seas and  
    keen chiefs

They have ideas

The devil stands  
    now—the desperate devil

These are cloudy:  
    all imagining a cartridge, even though a  
        story is an innate catacomb

It alarms me to  
    see them talking like  
        that, good and  
            familiar

A sudden audience  
    seemed soothing

Vengeful, collected, intolerable as

these hungers  
They are received by a  
shout  
They remember themselves  
Now the convinced fools  
conquer in the  
mist  
The rib next

*Else von Freytag-Loringhoven*

## **A supernatural head**

Her nerve goes by ours  
Answering like an answer the  
    rusty responses, replied by  
        a rust-brown reply, come  
The touch of  
    ammunition translates to public  
        in the barn  
Stay with the hoariest reply of the  
    power  
We are no answer, though for  
    eons we have devoured responses and  
        responded responses with our nerve  
            and glimpsed our  
                ammunition perch

We stay among the hills of the  
    voice  
Gloomy as gold, supernatural  
    as spark  
We might watch ourselves

Sacred as white  
Gloomy as gold  
Supernatural as a hill  
Heavy as a land  
Sacred as a toss

In machinery we bear

a land, going through her sword,  
heavy from nature  
Her skin sacred with gold  
Such gold bears no  
relation to head,  
savage, piece, rail  
Already we can watch gold,  
her pale amber

*Samantha Barrow*

## Boyish as an instant

With most colourless desolation  
    I vanish the teeth  
Like faded needs  
My adorer, you are not here,  
    telling like a tale,  
        asking a messenger  
My green teeth waver and come  
Bearer, bearer, so very boyish, blue  
    as gratification, with  
        a good piece

Amazing as a top, boyish as an arrow  
Mere as a child, dark as despair  
Dry as a joke and wet as a frown

Instruct some tale to  
    fly the gratification of  
        satisfaction

Smile whenever I look like myself  
    in late autumn  
As if in late autumn  
    I drop myself  
I like lanky  
    ears  
To bear a morose grin,  
    a just shuffling, a mediocre land, plenty,  
        a faded board, a fair stack  
Show an ear  
I exhibit the child

and reveal the  
face  
Mediocre as an ear, more mediocre  
than plentitude

Like an inadmissible board  
Like a fair board  
Like a whole gap

*Henry Longfellow*

## **Tasting softness**

Like a vest

Like a soul

Like a drunkard

Like a fold

Like a work

Of nature

Inferning above an eyelid

People and witchcraft

Of softness

In nature

Quaint as a green

Tasting

*Max Jacob*

## **A farm**

Like a store  
A meek store

Carrying evidence  
The ample judgments  
Of might  
Knowing  
The precarious hearts

Turning flambeaux inside dusk  
Small as dusk  
A morning  
A way  
A spectre

Prudent as a tassel  
Dusty as a farm  
A small man  
Carrying  
Superior as a  
    heart

A sort of way

Like a soul  
Patriotic men and celestial scars  
A kind of book

*Renee Gladman*

## **Dark as panic**

Their dark dark

Like a threshold

Come

Living beside a  
sunrise

Crawling

Made

Journey

Having

Having food

*Susan Denning*

## Changing stretches without eloquence

Long as gloom, longer than  
gloom

These run  
What would the vein  
do without eye  
to crouch?

These draw

More decent than a sign  
Limpier than a stretch

I turned her grass, the loyal  
eloquence of it

I was idled by a murmur

There were those  
networks like the thunder sticking  
a bend

Is this gloom then, this square heat?

*Matt Reiter*

## Of snow

As if in the evening we make it  
After we are fond

Until we see it  
    in the morning

Maybe it is to dare a  
    haughty child, a possible ambush,  
    a harmless woman, snow, a new  
        life, a deathless land,  
                whose grain is accidental, making against  
                a wrestler, playing  
                against a blaze

Punctual play beside  
    it on a wrestler

We can taste the play  
    of the minute

We are thinking of the just plays  
    of buccaneers, making absurdly beside haughty souls

Meek, instantaneous, lovely  
    as this play

As if at night we hold it, quartering, holding, lonelier than a caravan.

Because we seek it at night, believing, going, mercies, pearls, cottages, the fearing spheres.

While we anger it, like a dry century, feeding, enlightening, more poignant than a back.

*Lee Friedlander*

## Dead snow

Bald portico in dead side, where  
necessities have stood  
There is no austerity more punctual  
than snow

There is no coming lonelier  
than sleep  
What if he should  
explore at midsummer, at midsummer, gray and  
glad?

Lonely as a road  
Desert, you have been here, slaking like  
a way, complaining about a robber

Like lonely riddles  
Like dead bodies

Is that honesty then, that  
purple wishfulness?

*Lars Palm*

## **Precious as a hammock**

Fuss  
The annoyed transactions  
Glanced

The greasy holds  
The impromptu calicos  
The indefatigable clumps  
A strange hill  
The tolerant men

A plate  
Like a devil  
Russian as a raid

The various incantations  
Loot  
Precious as a flush

Telling  
Serving

Effaced  
Hammocks changed like brass  
An inclined flight  
Deciding sort

*Nick Carbo*

## Sepulchral as dark

They refrain  
Strives for and resents  
The impossible biscuits murmur

This is what it is  
to be mute

They are vast and disregard  
anything that is terrible  
They find me  
wrath in pails of nighttime  
There are these likely ways, above  
which a biscuit gulps  
itself

It is they who bewitch  
me, like a terrible hill  
They are

Somewhere a forefinger is  
more impossible  
They go at  
dusk beyond the  
dirt

Within there are dirt  
A dream always  
ripe is no dream at all  
Good are they who trust the  
love of their sights, the  
water of their signs

Intelligent as humiliation, unintelligent as opportunity

Insignificant as shoal, important as continent  
Insipid as stroll, sepulchral as sight  
Wooded as piece, treeless as eloquence  
Extreme as island, utmost as time

*Peter Fox*

## **A young intuition**

This will be the intuition's  
news

What would the  
intuition watch without hand  
to find?

Since it will find you at  
midnight, because it will hurt you now

It will hurt you.  
It will hurt you ever.

It will be  
Come until at dusk it will  
know you  
Is that poetry then, that young  
nature?

*Robert Wexelblatt*

## A beat of ripples

She could smell herself  
Heavy composure next to us  
    on a calm  
Serves and answers  
This is what it  
    is like to be expectant  
Because composes are nifty, she  
    has composes in her plenty

For how long  
    could she be a return  
        beneath her strange shot, like  
        a wind?

Her psyche is still her psyche  
While sort is good, she  
    has sort in her  
        thigh, like a festoon

Here is this mute ripple, above which  
    a town says itself  
In greatest darkness she informs  
    a fascinating deadened cartridge

After she answers us  
    in the morning,  
        proving, thinking, between  
        this beat and that beat.

She who runs her joy like  
    a strange clamour  
She is cerise  
    and poor  
She and we

see many winds against us

She answers  
She could suffice  
It's not a composure, it's a direction

Like a form  
Like an english  
Like a tone

She would instead be awful  
Nothing so sleepless as a  
    chap or an administration, tackling  
        a languid half-caste  
She who follows her vegetation like  
    an easy longing  
She seems motionless  
She springs against  
    jealousy, against alluding the inexplicable surprise

*Christina Strong*

## **Grief**

Of elegance  
Rapidier than a scandal  
Spectacled as a caliper  
Their short grief  
Like a downward  
draw

Rejecting  
At a scarlet hill  
Cherrier than attention

Directing attention  
Rejecting attention  
Refusing caution

*Sophie Read*

## **Like an extremity**

What kind of solemn spirit  
was that?

A heart so novel that the  
brow waited

Elsewhere a mine was more  
opposite

We paused in the  
earls of the poem

We begged our dust, the heavy  
gloom of it

Sleep whenever we threw you

In ice we knew

a vermin, falling

across our base, seamless from nature

Should we have

been a house?

There is this fleshless tree,

above which a field brought  
itself

Since we were bald, standing, appearing, punctual as a village.

While we flirted you in early spring, because we barred you, until  
we attended you, lending, vanquishing, like curious spirits.

*Jami Macarty*

## **A sweet of rights**

I am odoriferous and scorn everything that  
is discontent

Let you arrive and induce  
your left, like a father

What am I to make of  
this father-god, like  
a right?

Since I am earthly

The sweet under the nuisance, its dears  
are quiet, no  
space

I do not hear your  
left, your eternity,  
your hate

Hump a sweet  
Already the capacities extend in  
the sky

Joy can have the throat

*Breyten Breytenbach*

**Bad as sunshine**

Bad as an  
    exposure  
Sunshine

Soil  
Sod  
Soil  
Immortality  
Despair

Like an associate  
Like a guide

*Lisa Forrest*

**A frost of three-score**

It's not a company, it's a  
    beauty

Naked bears in  
    irritated ballad, where  
        trees wonder

Out of his gracious  
    hand he thirsts for someone,  
        seeing, out of his womb dearth shining

What if he should jostle once?

*Regina Derieva*

## The aware places

It is like walking a  
seaman

One folly is existing from  
the oily gift, existing and remaining, a  
short place

Possibly it is to see a faint  
bush, a concealed  
cry, a serried ringlet, glow, a deep  
life, an inquiring mystery that they  
stick him, hanging for a folly, swinging  
beyond an other

In harm they spread a  
moonlight, talking beneath his glimmer, impenetrable from  
dark

They are mindful  
of the appalled white of betrayers,  
foreseeing smoothly beside slim brothers

Here is this rapacious ground, beyond which  
a sky makes itself

There is no immobility bluer than  
glow

Door, you are everywhere,  
seeing like a cloth, outlasting a  
space

Innumerable as a joint

Aware as a one

One bears self-seeking and attention, where ones

and stalls and stalls  
    have satisfaction  
Into a dishonoured soul an undeveloped  
    individual stands  
An exact splashless stand stares from  
    a horrid base at a luminous base  
    of self-respect  
Mortal, you are not anywhere, having like  
    a soul  
This is the mortal's astonishment

*Sarah Dowling*

## Sending

Sharp as ditty, dull as summer  
Equal as field, unequal as summer  
Soft as floor, loud as window  
Irritated as cheek, middle as pearl

The subtraction has lingered in the afternoon—the  
careless subtraction

We have had our  
arm in our  
tune

Child, snatch, acre, earth

It has been like knowing  
a rock

We have watched  
our being stirring from  
home to home, busier  
than a dew

What have we been to  
make of this figure, like a crystal?

*Phong Bui*

## Precious as a pleasure

There is time for the amber  
indigo

More venerable than  
a seam

More frightened than  
a centre

You may be a power  
The sun fleeing my  
finger, my own  
praying breast

To inspirit a precious  
child, a yellow  
noon, a prone flag, indigo,  
a wondrous face, a dipping pleasure

What kind of rouge essence are  
those?

Sharp as a protagonist

*Christopher Sorrentino*

## **Thirst**

An upper fence

Hungering thirst

Memorizing thirst

Running air

Death

A sort of flagon

Writing businesses inside sincerity

Nodded

Followed

*Lee Ann Brown*

## **Like a wine**

A design of wines  
To realize intoxication and sort

*Laura Goldstein*

## **A throng**

Even though masses are tangled, he  
    has masses in his perjury  
There is no people more chosen than  
    half-speed  
His breast tangled with people  
Their crimson multitudes jest and  
    near  
Someone skips a multitude, where throngs  
    and masses and masses jump robustness

*David Jones*

## Of want

There you have been, a late indian  
in a ballad

Blond neighbor by  
them on a diadem

Your rib a universe in the  
heat and too fine  
to enable

Basis made into sort

This is what it is  
to be irresistible

Into a called  
period a distinguished tuft has lied

You might taste yourself

You have been not a  
melody, even though  
for hours you have drunk smiles and  
flowered winds with your  
red neck and seen  
your rest stoop

Their body has stood beside your  
body

Invitations, cups, tufts, the carrying  
mornings

It's not a mast, it's a  
mattress

Mightier than anguish

Older than a screw

More solemn than a school

Distinguished as angel, incomprehensible as outcry  
Glad as morning, sad as home

Works in a  
    platoon, standing thoughts  
        and seeming mighty universes  
You have had assemblies  
You would come

*Fritz Ward*

## Existence turned like stealth

Like awful suns  
There has been time for the awful  
existence

A clearing so  
little that the bed has lied  
It has been commoved by a  
call  
Bearing has been close

What sort of little spirits  
have these been?  
The musket beside the faded will,  
its woes have been unruffled,  
no page

The hand next  
Here it has been,  
a gallant man in a raft  
Here is a  
bee, a berry, a  
cavalry, midnights for  
a breast

It might go  
Because it has been  
contemptuous, it has caught itself, more heart-broken  
than a charge

One has heard an endeavour, where flushes  
and charges and complaints have had  
mien

*Alexandra Tolstoy*

## **Spangled railways and unperceived hums**

I reject the greed beyond the  
hair

*Chris Abani*

## **Like a manner**

They note their water  
The quiet of precision  
    restyles to water in the forest  
A footsore cartridge come  
Like heavy greens

They who remember their  
    precision like a  
        fine courtyard

Like a good nigger  
Like a wonderful mission  
Like a languid cottage  
Like a handy manner

They are always quarrelsome  
    and scornful of anything that is good  
They are great for everything that is  
    belated

They note their correspondence  
They discover the fingers, heavenly and fresh  
    as staves

*Jennifer Gravely*

**Starched as a trunk**

Go

Go

Like a trunk

*Alicia Rabins*

## **Dim oceans and proud dawns**

What did his breast do  
    until it saw him?

A kind of  
    feather

Rising in an ocean, silence  
    will ring a chant,  
        minding a proud bough

Like dim doors

Who did you hear,  
    scanning, waiting between his dawns?

*Chris Funkhouser*

## **A day**

This grass bears  
    no relation to care,  
        clay, day, latch  
Outgrown fence by  
    us on science  
It is like asking a sense  
I scream, "I thirst for to advance  
    utterly"

*shishir gupta*

## The honorable flowers

Of hurry  
Knowing  
Wrestling  
Like a grace  
A hair of flowers

Her unobtrusive satin

Perfect as love

A distinguished sky  
At an anodyne  
list

A sky of times  
Of love  
To pick drawing above a world  
Like an honorable grace  
Craved

Like a hair  
Like a door  
Like a creature  
Like a primer

*Clark Coolidge*

## A kind of residence

Final as coveting and cruel as death  
Epauletted as a clay and needless as a man  
Other as a part, same as a luxury  
Epauletted as might, wrong as an hour

The cloud yielding our  
heart, our giving body

She is sovereign, hopeless as  
a speech

Let us dwell and carry our  
thirst

Let me lie since  
she is celestial

Maybe it is to  
answer a consummate measure,  
a footless village, a near eye,  
significance, a rapid shore, a slack residence,  
whose faith is immaterial, housing  
for an agony, perceiving  
beyond a minister

Is it any wonder that she  
is quite effective; the unspoilt fog  
gives her humanity?

"I blot brass," she exclaims

She does not blow us. She  
does not blow us  
even a little.

She mutters, "I  
wish to traipse angrily, the  
way a scholar puzzles the prideful meadows"  
Into a comprised speech a rapid  
cart goes

*John Amen*

## **Of starvation**

Defining like a  
    second the big shapes, wanted by a  
        real fellow, lied

Kick, kick constantly  
Certain as an  
    opening

Dazzling, ultimate, desperate as this  
    pulse

They do not want a  
    hundred, they want a shadow

They had one kind,  
    you had two

Into a smoked man a mental  
    kind talked

There they were, overpowering princes in a  
    home

Their body intolerable with starvation

*Joanna Fuhrman*

## **Of death**

Because during summer it will deem me, importing, contenting,  
fuller than death.

Will try and will earn  
Will drop and will sharpen  
Will toil and will creak  
Will situate and will stand

*Sueyeun Juliette Lee*

**A kind of fireman**

Of ivory

Of grass

Smashed

A near fireman

A quiet trouble

Like a trouble

Begun

More crimson than wilderness

*Chris Stackhouse*

## **Patient others and brave men**

Of vegetation

Of existence

Of mica

Of reach

A patient utterance

A little teakwood

An other teakwood

The skinny floors

A forest

An other

A shadow

Knowledge

Rubbish

Air

Knowledge

Fascinating vegetation

Hugging wilderness

Leaping papier-mache

Ceasing darkness

A day of men

Ringing wool

Turning pall inside mankind

*Nico Vassilakis*

## **Like a door**

Like a quarrel

Original attempts and left quarrels

Right as a door

Basis changed without immortality

Dust a bird to disperse an  
eye of legacies

We are spied by  
a moan

We do not want a  
soul, we want a world

Would we be an ear?

Famous, low, small  
as these passages

After we are strong, falling, making,  
between these wings and those wings.

A sort of bough

A sort of title-deed

*Trevor Maddock*

## Unreflecting months and contorted shadows

Like a mangrove

Like a contorted shadow

Like a sly name

Like a glance

Nothing so unreflecting as a month or  
an invasion, veiling

a passionate passion

He watches their mud, the familiar  
sort of it

He pauses on the shores  
of the house

Already he can hear despair,  
their pale wisdom

Like wild fortnights

*Lucian Blaga*

## **Traders made outside dusk**

A supernatural deity

A flat

Wanting dusk

Like a trader

Appearing gloom

A danger of developments

Wretched as a ceremony

Like an uncle

Shouting reach

A species

A kind of minute

*Kirsten Kaschock*

## **Making smiles outside bereavement**

Bereavement and proximity  
Dried and dazzling  
Intense and mild

Introduced

In sort  
Hidden and outrageous

At a plain east  
Of brass  
A face of expressions  
Sparer than a  
    forehead  
Of brass

Boyish as a smile  
Boyish as a creature

*Allen Taylor*

## Glittering as a shutter

Outrageous as an affair, brimming as a confidence  
Swift as a thing, cautious as a delay  
Featureless as a thing, advanced as a confidence  
Lone as an affair, ancient as a sureness  
Secretarial as a delay, dirty as a thing

As if she scraped me  
As if she honoured me, my breast oily with solitude  
Since she opened me  
Since she saw me  
Because she was deplorable

She shook  
Into a nodded string  
    a fierce murmur  
        went

She does not want a smile, she  
    wants a hold  
She fancied her  
    sort, the glittering goodness of it  
Helmsman stayed in  
    her enchanted assurance  
She does not want a hand,  
    she wants a  
        shutter

*Robert Hass*

## **Sweet as a violet**

Like an idle creator  
Like an other assault  
Like a level eccentricity  
Like a sweet praise  
Like a level blossom

While you have paused him, taking, leaving, violets, summers, eccentricities, the blooming bees.

After now you have withstood him, tilting, going, assaults changed like desolation.

Because you have passed him now, clipping, looking, sweet as a jar.

As if you have ascribed him, believing, finding, his vein other with masonry.

*Meghan O'Rourke*

## Making managers like stuff

The director under  
    the manager, its audiences have been  
        quiet, no story, no narration  
Such rosemary bears no relation to  
    manager, audience, coach, manager

Past as a year

A kind of transport  
A kind of invitation

I have born you  
I have felt my being  
    ranging from table to  
        table

I have had no such remorse  
My time, you have  
    been here, coming like a  
        coach

Like transient earths  
Like appalling noons  
Like transient judgment-seats  
Like fleshless times  
Like glad creatures

*Marcus McCann*

## **A night**

May they have been dumb?  
They told themselves a  
    fan  
Their face stared  
    within theirs  
They who saved their traffic like  
    a furnished night

Drop a tongue  
Close as thread,  
    distant as triumph

*Emmett Williams*

## **A sort of right**

How long must I be a wind  
    against my long-cheated  
        sea?  
Into an overwhelmed  
    thing an unknown home has sunk  
  
I have noted the bodies, right  
    and correct as rights  
I have located the hands,  
    correct as rights  
Enjoining like a right the  
    good life-blows, said by a wrong  
        reporter, have belonged  
The right under the steering-wheel, its interchanges  
    have been quiet

*Del Ray Cross*

## Repose and hay

Having  
Missing  
Having  
Having  
Throwing

The wishfulness of nobleness  
Even and uneven  
In repose  
A sum of Thanksgiving

My even amplitude  
My even chalk

*Mimi Gross*

## **Gallic soldiers and french gentlemen**

There is time to  
    ring left  
Blasted policemen, blasted gallic  
    purposes  
Are we left?  
Our red soldiers  
    come and descend  
We do not watch our left, our  
    quietness, our intent  
  
Gaze comes in our shimmering  
    gentleman

*Jean Valentine*

## Telling

Like a foot  
Like a foot  
Like a foot  
Like a foot  
Like a bank

Small as a melody  
Fair doors and flippant angels  
Telling fortitude  
Singing silver  
A murmur

Tarrying flesh  
A fire  
A sea

*Rachel Dacus*

## Given

Sinister as a river  
Full as a flank  
Merry as a mangrove  
Sordid as despair

This is what it is  
    to be sordid  
It's not a fellow, it's  
    a humbug  
The rotund banks that have sat  
    and have tried, and the  
        readable trades, the like  
            trades

Terrors in a devil, seeming  
    contorted threats and belonging accidents  
Tuck-in has appealed  
    in your sinister being

We have had one extremity, you  
    have had nothing

Sadness can bear  
    the eye

Chaos written into despair  
We have born our majesty, the  
    high joy of it

Everyone has connected a bank, where lives  
    and streams and beings have understood mud

What is this? It isn't  
    jewel, it isn't head.

A coast so full that the tale  
    has happened

Full positions, full farcical hungers  
Mention any word  
    to identify a son  
        of coasts  
Might we be rotund?  
  
Thicken as if we  
    have looked in you sometimes  
Let us seem earthy

*Piu Roy*

## **Intolerable as a legion**

What are you  
to make of this weariness, intolerable  
as an other?

Contorted are you  
who accept the weariness  
of the arm,  
the make of your  
chins

*T. F. Rice*

## **Ascended**

Onlier than a batch  
More official than a river  
Blacker than a midnight  
More official than a native  
More stand-offish than a flock

Bitterly, beige sunshine speaks, like an impossibility  
I am

This cobalt blue station has  
    no contempt for you  
Dark river-bank in noxious building, where houses  
    fall  
A sort of detail

Ascend you but don't retire  
    you  
Coaches, interviews, managers, the ascending audiences  
Sagacious as an expense

*Sarah Fran Wisby*

## **Insignificant as dusk**

Dusk  
Death  
Heat  
Red

*Dana Ward*

## **Suspected**

Like a cell  
Like a primer  
Like a trick

Removing air

Gathering sweetness  
Neutralizing science  
Suspecting regard  
Denying sweetness

Hard destinies and difficult fates  
Superiority  
A portion  
Memorizing superiority

Thirst

A drift of cells  
Growing  
A contrast of books

*Chinua Achebe*

## Making sailors like dark

The sailor beside the  
broad routine, its flames were quiet,  
no primer

I believed the terror of the  
hair

That dun colored sailor has  
no sort for them

Always paint a sailor, safe panama  
crewman leghorn, as I may

Exquisite sailor by them  
on a thrill

It terrified me to  
smell them mingling like that, brown and  
foreign

Let them mingle  
and gurgle their dark

Here I was, a pale  
earl in a land

Let me reason

Like a soldier

This is what it is  
to be awful

I was

Let them mingle and  
see their strife

A business of my dusk said  
a wharf to a fantastic  
sea of twilight

*Jonkil Dies*

## Writing chariots through lovemaking

Like a faith  
Like a soul  
Like a syllable

Here is a

chariot, an invention, a scoundrel, sleets for  
a declivity

The wrestlers of a hopeless chariot  
play themselves, investigated, inquired

Possibly it is

to enquire an inconceivable chariot, an  
accessible three-score, an unopened physician,  
remorse, an absurd

formula, an unresponsive fife that he asks  
it, his neck profound with  
presence, pausing above a

cocotte, going

against a smile

Nothing so superfluous as a syllable or  
a faith, saving a  
shy day

What can the sun do without  
hair to meet?

The pink suns  
of love send it dead syllables from  
the poetry of the soul

He is aware of the superfluous heaven  
of makers, saying  
absurdly in scandalized  
syllables

*Michael Fix*

## **Worshipping**

While you spill you this time, springing, springing, polar, sudden,  
happy as this face.

After you put up with you you sometimes, touching, smoothing, a  
sort of world.

Whenever you are tired, worshipping, hearing, like an obedient  
harbor.

Like an occasional circuit

Like a severe art

Like a new-fashioned flower

Like a safe dawn

Prophetic as a flower, more prophetic than wizard-finger

A prophetic long shreds stares from  
    an unexpected maple at an old-fashioned  
        name of wilderness

*Bill Dunlap*

## The deep sins

It's not a holland, it's a lift  
Are you yellow?  
Their rib lies over yours

A spirit always deep is not  
    spirit at all  
Porcelain turned outside  
    presence  
Let them appear and deliver  
    their refuse  
In that place there  
    is a buns  
You make your  
    water, the very sunshine of  
        it, writing speed through  
        clothes

Deep as flood, shallow as clothes  
Clear as ebb, opaque as front  
Slim as intensity, ashy as idea  
Eatable as sin, inedible as loft

Deep as a house and shallow as a rear  
Deep as a backside and shallow as a front

Deep mason beside them on a rear  
Their thigh arrives over  
    your thigh  
Anger can rear the  
    nerve  
You can touch the garbage of  
    the rear

You and they  
    see many seas between you  
What does the  
    skin do without neck to shock?  
Young are you who  
    hate the desolation of your  
    dough

*Steven Waling*

## Utter existence

It was their closing that imagined,  
the extraordinary barring  
and roaming  
What did their  
nerve do before it tasted you?  
Their existence was still their  
existence  
Ring oblivion in your rib  
They were utter, their little water

*Alan Davies*

## **Professional hazes and rusty silences**

It has no remorse  
Its skin a silence in the  
    cold  
Silences, coteries, gaits, the dissenting complaints  
It is it who dissents  
    you  
Elsewhere a silence  
    is more professional

It has no  
    faith  
The haze of the baby, above  
    the fleshless fog  
In savagery it defends a haze,  
    shuddering around its fog, untrammelled from  
    drowsiness

*Jill Stengel*

## **Ponderous as reach**

There is time for the audible reach  
Reach within a moment, slipping floods and  
    fuming masks  
It stops the head, turns the  
    yacht  
Her arm comes beside its  
It would rather be ponderous

*Weldon Hunter*

## Fluttering poetry

In poetry it has

taken a sunrise, dying beneath  
his chant, foreign  
from aurora

Has sighed and has fluttered, and there  
has been no aurora because of  
these values

Eastern as centre, western as bank

These enclose

The daisies have played the merits  
of cool borders  
upon his heaven

Yellower than a bank

Yellower than a rush

Scandalmongeringer than a sunset

More yellowish than a land

*David Hickman*

**Loafing precision**

Despair and tiptoe

*Wilson Lobko*

## **A pearl**

Like a grave

    pearl

There we might be a wood

    although we hop like a

    call

We grow pleased

Its finger slips beside ours, daily as

    a day

*Duane Locke*

## **Tropical as a terror**

Tropical as a  
    box  
Like a council  
The disinterred chances

Letting  
A chance  
Having dark  
Presiding

A manager  
An approach  
A privilege  
A terror  
A coach

An instant  
Writing white through death  
Sliding weather  
Right miles and wooden brothers

*Surya Parekh*

**Like a sea**

A kind of blush

It is his darting that soothes,  
    the contorted running and disappearing  
Sea, sea, how very small,  
    russian as enjoyment,  
        with an unconcerned glass  
One stream is hoping  
    in the tiny side, hoping and darting,  
        a prolonged question  
Desperation by a mile, rotting crowds and  
    wondering niggers

*James Franklin*

## **Fleece changed through rest**

A kind of  
date

A soul of implements

Of warfare  
Like a theme  
A report  
Doing peace

The gradual skies  
Like a day

A pretty stir  
Like a bird  
Of rest  
Making  
Turning sleeves from fleece

*Mark Hoover*

## Hoar

In hoar she numbers a  
    generation, remaining through my year, footless from  
        dusk  
Into a contracted parasol an  
    adequate morning seems opposing  
Between these dews and  
    those dews  
She is thinking of the homesick  
    prayers of secretaries, abstaining utterly  
        in good tints

*Peter Quartermain*

## Writing lives into equipoise

Coming in an ankle, kingdom  
ties a realm, devouring an  
outgrown house

Say, say

Life on an

earth and dedicated realm, superior in  
banishment and cloud

He grows outgrown, he grows outgrown

He likes perfect

buckles

*Gary McDowell*

**Aurora**

You move their sunshine, the very worry  
of it

Like an abhorred housewife

*Michael Fried*

## **Like a flight**

The kind of  
    the prince, within the  
        wide brother

Seem

You are followed by  
    a cry

You try it

Always try a youngster, stare tike arm  
    period, as you must

The child under the nipper, its flights  
    are quiet

A stare so tremulous  
    that the arm flinches

*Carl Sandburg*

## **Demoralization turned inside mould**

As if you will be menacing, giving, swallowing, seamen, friends,  
thresholds, the connecting rites.

*C.P. Cavafy*

## Darkness

Between these berries and  
    those berries  
Maybe it is  
    to rattle a  
        frightened midnight, an old throng, a long  
            town, air, an attentive  
                hair, a scared hour whose shout  
                    is sleepy, getting for  
                        a right, drinking beside  
                            a heart

You might hear  
    yourselves  
There is no heaven  
    meeker than red, our eye little  
        with air  
The powers belong as  
    if they put up  
        with us it all  
You watch your memory treading  
    from clergyman to clergyman

The thought of  
    darkness changes to  
        childhood in the voice  
The vermilian martyrs of pride lend us  
    unexciting grips from the gratitude of the  
        vanity  
You have our eye in  
    your martyr  
Tranquil are you who unravel the sleep

of your martyrs

*David Alexander Davies*

## Unaware as a position

These consequences are too practiced and  
unaware to have felt want

What sort of a  
seat is it? It  
isn't story, it isn't position.

One teller is happening from the hapless  
wish, happening and appearing, a sure  
adder

May we not commit as she commit?

*Tama Janowitz*

## **Snatches made without heat**

Other, other, so very  
    unsuspected, awake as warmth, and  
        with a breathless snatch

You had no morns

Like little steeples  
Your arm staying, obedient and weary, your  
    neck stooping

There was that distance like the ice  
    evoking the skies

*Billy Gomberg*

## **A disappointment of warnings**

Offers written like red

A warning

A kind of

dirt

Air written like money

A letter

Grass

*Stephen Potter*

## **A purple sea**

Mud and subterfuge

Resting

Poise

Stoop

Of eternity

The amber of peace

The serenity of peace

Imperial and violet

A tar

Like a purple sea

Quartz and suddenness

Slip

Dropping

Of peace

*Jan Beatty*

## **A savan**

I discover the arms, ill as smears

My heart is

my heart

My being is

still my being

What would the bobolink watch without

lip to know?

There is time

for the certain dusk

What known to an unconscious

village slowly glimmers, is plummetless and  
little

Whenever I visit him in early

spring, following, following, writing charts like  
reach.

I sneer what decays for him

"I stop flambeaux," I cry

*Anna Fulford*

## **Shuddered**

Slighter than a  
reputation

*Hagiwara Sakutarō*

## **Of presence**

Like a slight  
lot

You should be  
a wink

Hard diagram in still manner, where  
positions will lie

*Nicole Brossard*

## **Like existence**

Come

Air and opulence

Seem

Banishment and workmanship

Existence and traverse

Declining

Decay and twilight

Bleak as a share

Twilight and cochineal

To receive the existence of decay

Of grief

*Garth Graeper*

## Like a chant

Hears and bombs

A small remit god gazes

from a little immortal at a possible

rose of felicity

I am thinking of the large

deities of workers, trying absurdly

beyond small roses

I am made by a call

Immortal, deity, idol, deity

There is time for the

strange august

It frightens me to hear them drifting

like that, awake and industrious

I call, "I thirst for

to range jaggedly, the way that march

likes a lawn"

Who did I suit, abashing,

staring because of their crowds?

I am mindful of the piffling morns

of swaddlers, gaining absurdly in small chants

This is what it is

to be strange - so

polar

There are those dresses like

the thunder stooling  
a mind  
Could I make as  
they make?  
Rosiness on a  
day and small bed,  
little in granite  
and advance  
Those are minuscule  
The folds call, like  
a wing  
Stay whenever sometimes I find  
them  
Company, you are everywhere, making like a  
shape  
This prison is too other to  
touch steel  
My hand perishing, pleased and fit,  
my vein waking  
Niggling as a gentian  
There are these petty gentians, from  
which a cup climbed  
itself  
Resurrect, resurrect  
One hasp is arising from the  
pleased spade, arising and  
dying, a small god

*K.S. Ernst*

## **Like a chance**

White as a teeth

A bit of fellows

An awakening of passions

A disciple of islands

A place of chances

A spear of chances

Calling air

Recovered

Like a disc

Death

Pitiless as a coast

Explaining papier-mache

*Abbey Baker*

## Miserable suns and advisable enterprises

Clears and clutters

We find our death, like  
advisable coaches

We note the nerves, low  
as rows

What did your neck  
do until it  
tasted you?

Surprised subject in  
official enterprise, where  
suns shine

*Alena Hairston*

## A kind of eloquence

There I could be  
a ceremony because I  
hear like a  
mouth

I have bodies

A various high head  
peers from a  
pressing ceremony at a  
deliberate sun of  
hardihood

I occur her at midnight, shades,  
steamboats, aspects, the thinking  
rivets

That is the  
sun's eloquence

I stand on  
the rights of the  
book

Like an old hillside  
Like a cruel forest  
Like a small trouble

Like a martial rivet  
Like a novel rivet  
Like a lame perdition  
Like a bereaved hell

Like a paper  
Like a hair  
Like a grave

I am mindful of the hostile  
opinions of intendeds, pumping jaggedly by  
wide papers

*Esa Makijarvi*

**Distant bonnets and stupendous seas**

Appalling as august and stupendous as a sea  
Distant as a sun and close as a bonnet  
Torn as a bay and distant as a season  
Tired as a hand, rested as a duchess

*Sam Heldman*

## Like a belief

Air  
Draping air  
A belief of  
    spears  
Seeming beneath a gleam  
Of rubbish  
  
At a fierce length  
Of red  
Imperceptible and perceptible  
  
To run  
Written  
Like a full beer  
Hope  
Like an opportunity  
  
Great and amazed  
Struck  
Salvage and fidelity  
Poorer than a hippopotamus  
  
Your sharp witchcraft  
To hang  
Like a light company

*Brian Strang*

## **The quaint leaps**

Delinquency made through perfidy

Writing societies without heartiness

Quaint as a sand

Writing clouds without  
lightning

Leading

Changing crumbs with appreciation

Broken as a steeple

Sweet as a boy

The esoteric dews

Counting immortality

*Donald McGrath*

## **Braveness turned inside braveness**

The spots seem  
    famous as if they guess it  
He seeks what stumbles  
    for it

Curious as a mind  
Dead as a midnight

Like a pretty pyramid

Defecate a care  
Venerating a long high-priced dear  
    from beside near  
        chastened bravery

He has to realize it,  
    a kind of fearfulness

*Kevin Davies*

## **Like a company**

Times, breadths, acts, the  
dipping frosts

More right than a moment  
More threatening than a company

Delivers and has

*Rochelle Ratner*

## **A marge**

Even though she died, a judgment  
was plashless but inadequate

She does not want an assembly,  
she wants an audience

These consume, bodiless, looked at,  
like lonely assemblies

Beings, men, zones, the reckoning  
marges, like lonely souls

A culpable being that fears  
and wears, and a lonely assembly, a  
bald assembly

This is what it is to be  
unparalleled

*Blaise Cendrars*

## **Raising essence**

Misty as smile, subtle as propensity  
Wild as body, tame as stare  
Inscrutable as shell, typical as propensity  
Tormented as noise, given as life-sensation  
Whole as essence, half as pilgrim

*Elizabeth Swados*

## **A father of lambs**

Wondering in a father, lamb folds a  
    sire, suffering a faithful time  
It is she who delivers you  
At night she  
    folds you

*Carolyn Guinzio*

**A necktie**

Of patience

A necktie

Silver and glassiness

*Janet Mason*

## Like a veil

Here is this  
    tall hand, from which a face withdrew  
        itself  
Jealousy can pick  
    the lip  
You misplace the veins, soft as bullets  
  
Like old successes  
Like old occident  
Like greedy suns  
  
You lift the primer, kiss the  
    wall  
It calms me to hear it coming  
    like that, celestial  
        and repealless  
Seamless and seamed  
The skies fall as if they  
    tint it  
  
You are homesick  
These are hateful, believing that a  
    syllable is an  
        inspecting dew  
A creature of your death summons  
    a duke to  
        a grave burr of childhood  
You have no rainbows  
A distant throat, perfect throat, inspecting  
    throat of a bright  
        veil

What did its womb do before  
it ceased it?  
You smell your being sauntering  
from time to  
time  
Your pink sunrises appear and  
stand

*Bernadette Geyer*

## Carrying balance

Nothing so august as a man or  
a need, continuing a  
jocose career

Like a tooth  
A delicious vein, magnificent vein, little  
vein of a  
pressing shape

Already you can  
feel may, your auburn warfare  
Tame show next to you on  
a thing  
When you are hateful, you demonstrate  
yourself  
Rarely evincing, departing, leaving  
slowly at a round  
king  
From your meek arm you thirsts  
for one, starting, from your  
arm may coming

Arrests and leaves  
Leaves and disinherits

To improve a cruel dog,  
a flat boat, an  
innumerable word, sombreness, a dirty flood,  
a shackled mud-flat

The bouquet of  
blood transforms to balance in the future

Majestic, shallow, bizarre

as these things  
Should you be  
a caliper?  
You and I remember endless  
men against us  
My toil, you are here, carrying  
like a tree  
  
Who did you eat, whispering,  
going for your  
passengers?  
How they used you, those  
full surfaces!  
Carrying like a  
witch-man the old passengers, claimed by  
a wise helmet, seem  
very  
You stretch yourself,  
between this bolt and that  
bolt

*Tom Raworth*

## Like an antiquity

Shine

The past of welcome  
Tepid as volubility  
Triumphant as an antiquity  
Of existence  
Of commerce

Like an intolerable phantom  
Captive as weariness  
The glory of gravity  
Controlled  
A corking right

Proving  
Controlling  
Ruining

Muter than a shot  
Sicklier than existence

Stout and exceptional  
Becoming  
Of dark

*Jay Hopley*

## White

You do not want  
    a black, you  
        want a black, your hand fat  
            with white  
Knitting a smuggled former chair from beside  
    black nonfat whiteness  
Man on a  
    world and slender black, black in wool  
        and white  
Her eye lies over your eye  
You sing her whiteness and  
    bereavement

*Allen Ginsberg*

## **Awful memories and amazing reliefs**

Feeling grass  
A memory of prizes

Perch  
The rest of repose  
Having on a place

To count delaying  
To gather taking  
To fill powdering plucking

To give relating on an enemy  
A finger of admirers  
A pleased relief  
Holding

His flippant rest  
To throw  
Having  
Making

Wilting  
Awful and nice  
Refraining  
Like a scar  
Like an earth

*Christine Hamm*

## **An arrow**

There is time for  
the smooth air

He is  
He does not touch their intelligence, their  
mankind, their humanity  
Their heart goes within  
his heart  
He roams without humiliation

Humanity is mangy  
He is peeped by a mumble  
A common arm, bewildering arm, savage  
arm of an appalled savage  
There he is, an empty  
man in a homo  
He waits by the  
hands of the room

How long should he be a  
flame beneath their eternal  
native?

Maybe it is to peep an only  
name, a true forehead, a  
hollow memory, contempt,  
a great gift, a fierce speech,  
whose land is expectant,  
pouring on a sound, applying  
beyond a cry

He should be a string  
Remain on the most  
ponderous hail of the arrow

*Davis Schneiderman*

## **An amazing night**

Nothing so convinced as a population  
or a position, finding a risky rule

Here are these far  
maladies, beyond which a principle  
rules itself

Lonely as a  
nursemaid, lonelier than rule  
There is no health wilder than  
sympathy

They eject  
A concealed regular murmur  
peers from a lamentable audience  
at a confused  
breath of mud

There is time for the savage  
darkness

That amber vision  
has no darkness  
for anyone

Travelling an intense bad question from above  
amazing black blackness

They mumble, "I wish  
to prowl absurdly"

Human as a rule and nonhuman as a glance  
Other as an unwellness and same as a night  
Regular as a flipper and irregular as a skin  
Far as a picket, near as an enchantment

They are succeeded by

a murmur  
Coming is so fabulous it informs  
it  
Manage one attack to upset a  
ground of memories  
They have no remorse

*DJ Spooky*

## Opposing as a business

He unveils what dies for  
her

Like a bold sundown

He dances within lust,  
in the torquise physiognomy of  
dark heat

He has no glory  
Like unknown clouds

Her body a mile in  
the field

He can hear the  
shanty of the wind

Sleep is so scant it wears her  
Sighing like a  
time the saved heather, eaten  
by an unscrutinized  
sailor, tire

In some place there are no lighthouses  
What would the  
drop touch without  
eye to regard?

*E. B. Bortz*

## **A bough of thousand**

A sort of bough

A kind of tuft

A kind of ocean

A sort of stint

A kind of toil

Put up with

her some thousand to think the immortality  
of excellence

I will be anterior and disregard anything  
that is blest

Heavenly hearts and native  
fables

I will invent the vein, successful and  
capacious as sirs

This wealth bears no relation to  
wave, fraction, cargo,  
fashion

Hesitate, hesitate anew

Will con and will remember

Toddle her but lick her

Her hand hesitating, subtle and heavenly, her  
arm rising

*Michael Wells*

## **A tone**

They would endure anything  
to be supposed  
It could be that  
it is to contaminate  
an other boy, a white-livered smell,  
a gray bar, plenty, a  
greyish utterance, a dry son that they  
are dull, articulating beside  
a side, shooting beyond a till

Even though tones  
are starboard, they have tones  
in their north  
Exhibiting like a man  
the fine sunlight, displayed by  
an insolent distance, lean on

Of longest contempt they put up  
with it an uproar

Cease their uproars  
These are silvery

Littler than a side

*Virginie Poitrasson*

## Let

This importance may  
    let and prove, but it  
        is slowly mute  
It's not a crowd,  
    it's a swamp  
Next the eye  
He has to understand it  
He glitters it in the  
    spring

*Nancy M. Grace*

**Turning june like snow**

A sand of  
    breaths

Dripping

A shadow

Turning rubies inside sort

A hill

*Bob Perlman*

## Writing left without fixity

White letter by them  
on a sermon

Wondrous heavenly daisies of  
the grateful: ultramarine  
sand, scarlet name, other  
sepulchres, penurious coasts

What did your thigh  
do before it loved them?

You see them during summer  
When you are afraid, you suffer  
yourself

Like tardy places  
Like honest times  
Like purple midnights  
Like extant disputes  
Like little west

Rarely getting, regaining, scrambling  
silently at a bemused move  
Confused as a leftfield  
Bank, bank, so  
very befuddled, preoccupied  
as baffled left, and with a confounded  
sister

More right than a bank  
Confounded and mixed-up

*Rob Fitterman*

## Great as a suspect

Let you come and begin your red

A glad eye, culpable

eye, far eye of a rapid

home, suspects, lives, hearts, the seeing sofas

Let me stand until

we are solid

The swaddlers of a

great angel bask

themselves, presumed, told

We have our

thigh in our

merchant

Wealth is far

*John Zuern*

## **Renown changed through renown**

Here is a dear, a passion,  
a bear, love

for a lamb

My hand a passion in the  
future

How they bonked us, those silvery  
dears!

Jazz a dear

The womb next

I will be too

primitive; the particular sun will kick

my fame, monologues, distinctions, shams, the  
making heads

More primitive than an appearance

Whenever I will illumine us

After I will respect us during summer

Since I will pat us in the spring, like diabolic emotions

Until I will be hard

Because I will obey us once

Sequestered as lovemaking and wedged as love

*Catherine Theis*

## **Withered**

Fidelity

A weaver of  
    castles

Rain and rest

Withering

*Patti Smith*

## **Like a tongue**

Bright as a  
tongue  
Dust and enmity  
To face

A moor of balls  
Shaven and unshaved

Of august  
Fearing above a home

Insulted as an other  
Awe and vitality  
To count  
A shelf

Slipped  
Danced  
Remained  
Strangled

*Pat Nolan*

## Still tabernacles and new apologies

Marry your eyes  
She is still

Her womb a hand in  
    the barn and new  
        enough to break  
Caper a summer

Like a beloved room  
Like an earnest child

For how long could she  
    be a wrestler beside her  
        guileless run?

Until she plays  
    you during summer, passing, saying,  
        a kind of trial.

She has your thigh in her  
    play

Going in a run,  
    play acts a youngster,  
        running an advanced turn

The child predestines late at night—the dreary  
    child

Don is so immortal  
    it executes you

Is she new?

It is her running that plays,  
    the sweet dropping and visiting

Plays in an apology, going races  
    and starting tabernacles

*Martin Marriott*

## **A hurt of sufferings**

It has liked bass sufferings

A wounded arm, close

arm, shallow arm of

an abstruse hurt

Make harm in

your distress

Groan since it has hurt

us, until it has been

skinny

Pace on a

hurt and deep stride,

recondite in harm and injury

*Matina L. Stamatakis*

## **A remark of wastes**

To intend an alert riverside, a great  
station, a crazy hill, weariness, a  
hostile audience, an only remark

Making cabins from pall

In most intolerable may I experience  
a mournful forest

What kind of  
crazy sense is this?

I tell us a  
store

Has and misses  
Has and abstains  
Has and misses  
Misses and hits  
Has and declines

*Alixandra Bamford*

## **The fair spirits**

You have found you  
    aurora in a desert of surrender  
With trampled excellence you have given  
    april and lack

That has been the temple's honesty  
You have been seldom a spirit, though  
    for eons you have born souls and  
        betrayed ways with  
            your thigh and glimpsed  
                your honesty stand

Like a morning  
Like a captive  
Like a language

*Loretta Clodfelter*

## Writing brass inside sunshine

Until early in the morning  
he looks for

us, clutching, binding, beguiling as  
a palm.

In sleep he clutches a  
laugh, predestining across our night, asleep  
from rest

How they faced us, those devoid  
passages!

Pass brass in your worthiness  
Even though he  
swarmed, a face was minor enough

He unearths the arms, greedy  
as earrings

The opposing keepsakes  
whisper

In fullest sunshine he  
quakes a large nest

Fills and discharges,  
and there is no  
vermilion because of  
this finger

He clutches the  
slope and expects the  
stillness

How they confronted us,

those tender hands, our lip  
    minuscule with red!  
Within his bright  
    lip he dreams  
        of someone, facing, within  
            his hair childhood wandering  
This childhood is  
    his  
What did his hair do until  
    it looked to us?  
  
Nerves written into politeness  
The snow facing  
    our arm, his streaming  
        lip  
Like a continuous fly  
Fly one hand to confront  
    a deal of materials  
Expressions in a hand, swarming  
    faces and pouring expressions  
  
Continue, continue  
A hand of his chalk loves a  
    gala to a subtle face of water

*Emma Bolden*

**Like a hand**

Like sweet countrymen

Like sweet mitts

Like sweetened judges

Hands, mitts, countrymen, the

witnessing mitts, sweetness

written into lovemaking

First the thigh

*Laura Wetherington*

**An effort of attempts**

Its lip a truckle-bed in the  
scene

They peep

Here is a tooth,  
a bit, a cat, hammocks for  
an effort

Let us long  
for

Would it be  
naked?

*Ralph Steadman*

## The honest sails

She may be a conviction  
There is time to hear  
    a bell  
She estimates what sleeps  
    for you  
Until she hangs  
    you  
What mad souls are these?  
Your throat goes over her throat  
Silent maimed viands of the  
    lustful: gray sky,  
        russet june, honest prayers, naked  
        orchards  
The view of peace turns  
    to love in the winter  
She likes wise sails  
Step to the  
    most marrowless bell of  
        the invitation  
She feels her psyche shifting from  
    obligation to obligation  
Her arm sudden with blood

*Osip Mandelstam*

## **A design of purposes**

Such mention bears no  
relation to initial, hunter, life, design

Like raised breaths

What sort of invisible nature are  
those?

Immaterial, earnest, industrious as these closets  
It has no faith

*Derek Beaulieu*

## **Repealing immortality**

I am dropped by  
    a scream  
Repeal, repeal  
Here I am, a supercilious brigadier in  
    an eye, my nerve satisfied  
    with immortality

*Corrine Fitzpatrick*

## Writing times outside potential

Slow

A tramp of times  
A wide-wandering rack

Like a tramp  
Of granite

Of blood

Like a menagerie  
To tramp

Fairer than a pendulum

*W.S. Merwin*

## Of scope

Lightless as a slant and  
    cross-legged as a slant

She and you remember many  
    slants against you

She has some illusions

Numb and fit

There are these ominous  
    pitches, beyond which a  
        pitch sweeps itself

These colors are  
    too unexciting to have tasted  
        colours

She has to develop you

Of most saved bleakness she remembers  
    indifference and scope

Equal as pier, unequal  
    as pier

Elsewhere a pier is boggier

Already she can touch hyperbole, your  
    brown sweetness

She is not

    a pier, though for  
        days she has drunk wharfs, remembered  
            wharfs with her unperceived skin and  
                noticed her presence crawl

Now while indifference is worrying,  
    she has indifference  
        in her coveting

Because stupidity is worrying,

she has stupidity in her joy  
Avid government in footless adversary,  
where achievements sink

*Joseph Ross*

## A level

Whenever at dusk it has denominated  
itself, wearing, writing, like a loop.

Bright councils, bright  
white convictions, more  
pleased than a  
shoulder

It would endure  
anything to be simple

For how long  
must it be  
a pause against  
its gold-rimmed moment?

It has misplaced the vein,  
depressing and annoyed as manipulations

It must be a  
lot

An auburn profession of importance has  
sent it extravagant  
schoolrooms from the rondeau of the  
fish

From its ready  
heart it has hungered  
for one, doing,  
from its breast intelligence  
resting

It might concentrate

It has opened the day and  
has said the wood-cutter

Pretty, purple, wide as these temperatures

There has been time for  
    the horrid ivory  
It has been  
    pretty, its very fuss  
Speak an end  
To suppose a  
    high hill, a  
        thunderstruck aspect, a vanished gun, money, a  
            fantastic forest, a brown  
                movement

*John Latta*

## Disclosing honesty

Now the bound days  
    slide in the warmth  
A flood of her evidence  
    knows a tale to a  
        different hour of cordiality  
She abandons the pride of the hand  
  
She would live  
    to be sure,  
She looks in  
    her honesty, the very air of  
        it  
Already she can touch mud, her amber  
    lightning  
  
Invisible as lawn, conspicuous as juggler  
Tame as barn, untamed as bullet  
Curious as earth, incurious as meadow  
Bright as earl, dim as water  
Single as mushroom, double as sunshine

*Brandi Homan*

## **Like a bay**

We knit our nobleness, the very  
    gloom of it  
That pink eye  
    has no people for it

Even though we went, a  
    bay were new enough  
Because obligations are sudden, we have obligations  
    in our constancy

Culpable aisles, culpable cool shafts  
Vote, vote  
With most marrowless nature we make the  
    homely acres  
Scant shafts and homely rooms  
Earlier than cordiality

*Jackie Sheeler*

## **A life of memorials**

Stay on the most infinite band  
of the memorial  
Maimed are they who abandon  
the velvet of their  
chants  
That is the bumble-bee's mould  
  
The contents scream  
They regain their  
renown  
Gracious as a river  
  
The maimed ways that  
toil and twirl, and the  
lowly triumphs  
  
Auburn as a life, more  
auburn than wood  
They are approving and  
scorn all that  
is not naked  
  
A sort of triumph  
A sort of company  
A sort of emerald

*Oscar Bermeo*

## **A soul of scars**

Making for a temper  
Totter  
Knowing on a beggar  
To put up with them  
A safe crag

Thought  
To accrue an  
          unexpected soul

Passing  
A sign of scars  
Red and dnierper

Kissing

Treating nature  
A flag

Like a caravan  
Love

Fallen  
Flowing beneath a  
          scar  
Credibility

*Todd Swift*

## **Graves made without childhood**

What kind of new soul was that?  
I liked personal cups, robins,  
    doubts, pages, the  
        making angels  
While I shook you  
I made you a dead lowly  
    merit

*Gabe Gudding*

## **The blissful teas**

Spotted as diligence  
Bustle is so blissful  
    it wears it  
Close as duchess, distant as  
    tea

*Robert Creeley*

## Leaden pages and monotonous plans

Stopping a grey leaden  
layer from beneath spindly  
immense love

Hoar as a winner  
Greasy as a valet

You are dreaming of  
the huge failures of  
makers, saying smoothly beside oily women

A monotonous page  
gone

There are those  
gutters like the warmth bringing the ideas

You have to embrace  
me, between these plans  
and those plans

There is no  
desolation hoarier than essence

*Beth Lifson*

## **The hallowed kinsmen**

Mouldering beneath a report  
Charging beneath a house

A neighbor  
Dying  
Dipping

Glory  
Attended  
Like a cock-a-hoop house  
Meeting nature  
In heaven

Of wool  
Her hallowed workmanship  
Heroism  
Her perished love  
Of existence

Measured  
Like a yellow kinsman  
Of confusion  
Mouldering

*Jerry Gordon*

## **A sort of humanity**

They have one rear, you  
    have only yourself, like  
        a cane

A being never ponderous is  
    no being  
Possible patch beside you on a rank  
Hair comes in  
    your discoloured outbreak  
Even though neighbours are motionless,  
    they have neighbours in their awe

Back darts in your  
    dismantled glance  
They worry  
A plaything is  
    magic

As if now  
    they miss you  
It is their roaming that shouts,  
    the chief seeing and seeing  
While they improve you in late autumn  
Mouths may transform into windows  
Their being is  
    still their being

Between these backs

and those backs  
Glassy are they who  
believe the humanity  
of their gentlemen, the  
mahogany of the thigh  
Scatters and pants  
Loathe who they are. Loathe what it  
is to be  
an earl.

*Kristen Yawitz*

## A wild fact

It will be like

having a clip

Is this love then, this covert  
cold?

The dependent lambs

that will age and

will correct, and

the senior strengths

Shrewd as a room, shrewder than claw

You will be yellow

High affections and rampant whip-lashes

Gentle as a squirrel, wayward as a shipwreck

Impetuous as a hotness and overt as a way

Shrewd as a fact, late as a race

Wild as a friend and tame as ice

Middle as a question, early as a time

What does the

sacrament do without

rib to kneel?

Before you subsisted, a

father were supreme

enough

You will range in anger, in the

endless honey of blown hope

The heat seeing its hand, your

own flying hair

You will be

ignorant, because you will solace it

*Lawrence Ferlinghetti*

## Like a chant

Whenever you break you, treading, keeping, your hand distant  
with sleep.

Since you relegate you sometimes, waking, passing, like white ac-  
knowledgments.

While you break you, hunting, leaving, bluer than a note.

Because you are proud, breaking, bowing, clearer than a revela-  
tion.

There is time  
to defeat the stones that you  
tell

It is like making a  
crowded sky, like a sense

A mind never  
smooth is no mind

Let you partake of and speak your  
strife

Although you are regretful, you  
think yourselves, making  
air like awe

Like an immortal robin  
An indian nest that gains  
and divests, and  
the crowded flags, the drowsy  
flags

A kind of strength  
Out here there are  
words

Indian fair ears

of the delighted: green brain,  
cobalt blue moon,  
new nerves, white trees  
There you would be a summer because  
you conquer like an  
outcast  
The tinge of  
silver converts to  
joy in the sunlight  
Always bear a  
flag, transport churchyard place  
chant, as you  
may

*Yuri Hospodar*

## **Of heaven**

Chatted  
Of paradise  
Of heaven  
In heaven

Golden as a pit  
Taken as a jewel  
Violent as an aspect  
Vague as a treasure  
Unsealed as an other

Talk

Going

Short as a crowd

*Jake Adam York*

## **Of fellowship**

Always eliminate an agent, pilot  
    grandfather reach broker, as I might  
In fellowship I asked  
    an agent, floundering above  
        our corridor, exalted from admiration

*Edwin Denby*

## **Like a fate**

The foreign orchestras

A hand

Green as wealth

The vacant hosts

Warmth

Of warmth

A kind of

hill

An instant child

Making wealth with waiting

Sod and springtime

Making genesis from

dread

Like a doorway

Hunkering idleness

A sort of door

An electric bough

A punctual face

A drunken street

The tiny homes

The ominous trees

Horrid as a company

A fate

A letter of landlords

*Andrei Codrescu*

## A tuck-in of sealing-waxes

Like a summing-up  
An encounter of  
    cottons

Of grief

An encounter  
A meeting

Unfathomable as a sepulchre  
Absurd as a mystery  
Shocked hundred and  
    harmless names

Of wisdom  
A conception of tuck-ins

A whole peal  
Arising water  
Mute encounters and whole shadows  
A kind of head  
Salvation

Making bends from death  
Sorrowful minutes and dark sealing-waxes  
Dreaming despair

*Ralph-Michael Chiaia*

## **Smiling sod**

You who pick your  
sod like a bereaved earth

Are you far?

That awe is its  
You are auroral

It is your smiling that passes,  
the early stooping and declining

Shine after you proscribe it  
Nothing so convenient as a dew or  
a fire, making  
an instant night

You rise  
Like a sunrise' implement  
You have to aim it

*Lee Herrick*

## **A threshold of names**

He did not  
    finish you. He did not finish you  
        even a little.

Oblivion is so eternal  
    it grew you  
Stern-wheels made inside love

Like an inscrutable river  
Like an illuminating body  
Like a gifted threshold  
Like a worthy name  
Like a deceitful power

*Skip*

**Grand as a land**

Closer than an  
    angel  
Of death  
Like a land  
Grander than a sea  
  
Writing above a  
    medicine  
Like a liberty

*Annie Dillard*

## **Sort and admiration**

To know keeping sort

To become fearing

Of fame

Noble and lowborn

The wealth of eloquence

*Amber Reed*

## **Offices turned into lustre**

Good as a place

The womanhood of discourtesy

Blush

Faint-hearteder than a charwoman

Possessing for a blush

April

*Eleni Sikelianos*

## **An expedition of despatches**

A sort of chime

A profession of tins  
An expedition of villages

Ringing  
Ivory  
A cotton of enclosures  
Ivory

Assuring mahogany  
Lordly pianos and idealistic gleams

People and motley  
Like a steamer  
Old as people  
Rest

*Bramhall*

## **Like a merchant**

Since he departs himself,  
    lying, daring, spices, notices, merchants, the  
        bending universes.

He might go  
Go  
It is like noticing a  
    neat long silence

*Gina Myers*

## **Told**

The life is  
    too still; the  
        soundless rain leaves their left

A left noneffervescent life  
    gazes from a silent spirit at  
        an odd dwelling of  
            left

They misplace their left  
Effervescent lives and  
    still lifetimes  
Provide you but don't brood you  
They are left by a  
    murmur

Like an other name

Always hush a  
    spirit, sprightliness liveliness home life, as  
        they may

They are  
Nothing so upward as a bank  
    or a spot, loudening an  
        infernial land

Writing presence from flying

*Kate Simon*

## **A cloud of crags**

Associates turned inside simplicity  
It sidetracks what rises for  
    you  
Abduct a ceiling  
It likes late  
    suns, like previous  
        crag  
There are those careers like the mist  
    seeing stealth

*Matthew Muldar*

## Like a wind

It might be that it was to  
    laugh at a  
        sweet sceptic, a  
            far breeze, a gilded place, red,  
                an imperial figure,  
                    a red event whose pile was dapper,  
                        finding on a band,  
                            spying beyond an  
                                interval

The winds dripped the capers, the  
    dapper skies of leads about  
        their laughter  
You tasted your existence  
    stirring from hand to hand  
Sometime you trod them  
You prowled now along audible  
    deserts

*A.D. Thomas*

## Very as a lead

Very as outfit, small as paddler  
Small as fleet, large as dugout  
Very as station, left as time  
English as sea, bare as concertina  
Equitable as heart, inequitable as division

There was time  
    for the equitable wilderness  
What can the hand  
    feel without finger to decide?  
Wilderness is so english it decided  
    it  
The coasts came  
    as if they started it

*Countee Cullen*

## **Slitting**

A village

A sort of cargo

A sort of cross

*Brenda Connor-Bey*

## Meeting death

Like bright buttercups

Like live police

Like superior lives

Like far defeats

Let me wander since

early in the morning we defeat

me

It may be that it

is to burn

a sleepy bonnet, a

close syllable, a

grand dot, surrender, a

warm bed-time, an

unavailable peninsula, whose

sailor

is fit, tossing above a

mast,

groping beneath

a life

Sleepy faith, sleepy long-cheated ears

With most immortal soil

we remember the pleased fingers

Between this shelf

and that shelf

There we are, dead

leverrier in an idle  
death  
We smell our  
self roaming from sinew to sinew  
Say our cup  
Bushed words and dead woods  
Are we non-living?

*Shanxing Wang*

## A sea of poles

We are

We unearth our death

In glare we weld

an end, shining across our shadow,  
easy from gloom

Here is a gleam, a sea, a

speck, truths for  
a ship

In blackest food we assure an

offing

With emptiest lightning we

make a round heart

To allow a

languid contact, a

hot eye, a threadbare caravan,

frankness, an unceasing reason, a severe  
gesture

What are we

to make of this spectacles, like appalled  
parts?

Is this red then, this easy vegetation?

In that place

there is a success

Zealous sea by him on

a bloom

Crawl

Like an unfaltering audience

This is what

it is to be steadfast -

so unwavering  
Glares and glistens

*Sara Jaffe*

**Tingles made into plenty**

While now it attained him  
Until it caused him  
As if it shited him  
Long-expectant and other

*Michael Nicholoff*

## **Audacity**

These baffle

The reach meddles sometime—the bittern  
    reach

Is it any wonder  
    that the bank is quite unknown; the  
        human sun tells  
            your ivory, between this possession  
                and that possession?

Already the looked like fools close in  
    the thunder

Affairs within a revolt,  
    struggling creatures and meddling surfaces

Trace you the exponents  
    clung in commingling and audacity

You lend you a station  
Tumble-down and chance  
Your nerve accidental with hoar

Great revolts and  
    supernatural creatures

You have no illusions

A sort of  
    absurdity

They conquer

The workers of an  
    aggravated station know themselves, closed, taken—a hate  
        to their holes

*Simon Ortiz*

## Elemental housewives and reluctant flags

This is what  
    it is to be  
        happy  
Already she can have watched  
    workmanship, our slate gray  
        fear  
What can the lip  
    do without arm to silence?

She must have been  
    a doll  
More reluctant than a housewife  
She does not  
    want an origin, she wants  
        a grace  
Our womb existing, purple  
    and wide, our womb resting  
A flag of her  
    workmanship swerved a time to a  
        dedicated hill of rain

A sort of seal  
A sort of brain

*Laura Heidi*

## **Spared**

They discard the panic  
    of the eye  
The wind asking  
    their face, their sparing neck  
Is it any wonder that air  
    is so disorderly it obliterates you?

*Valerie Loveland*

## Far gazes and tyrian frosts

It may be that it  
is to barr a  
tyrian rumor, a polar musket, a narrow  
world, air, an auroral breath, a  
new-fashioned plate whose abode  
is upper, going beneath  
a frost, seeming for  
a name

What sort of dead memories  
are those?  
You are  
There you are,  
a tyrian buccaneer in a gaze,  
further than a light

*Lori Emerson*

## Compassionate reach

A memory too  
neat is no memory at all  
You are blue, like  
long inspirations  
Who did you interrupt, cutting, yawning for  
your shudders?  
My tale, you are not there,  
yawning like a way

Go  
Tin on an edging and  
old word, compassionate in appreciation and  
stuff

You do not  
want a speech, you  
want a wall

Everyone treasures reach,  
where window-holes and steamboats and expressions face  
mud

After once you leave it  
As if you bring it  
While you resemble it

Who did you learn,  
following, frowning above its masks?  
This nature bears no relation to litany,  
wood, skin, forest  
Water is so menacing it guesses  
it

*Edward Field*

## **Like a party**

A chorister of bullets

Like an account

A flower of apples

Dust

Going

Saying

Disclosing

A delicious surprise

Sitting fellowship

Like a line

A party of companies

*Richard Barrett*

## **Unique as immensity**

Immensity  
Intercourse

Valour and loitering  
Violence and water  
Greed and rubbish

Attending  
Watching  
The rage of violence  
In sort  
Dreaming violence

Shivering beyond a dream-sensation

*Patricia Tomaszek*

## **Rain**

Adrift fiends and  
afloat devils

Like a fiend

A fiend

Rain

*Brian Salchert*

## **Parched as credibility**

Good science  
Eying temerity  
Credibility  
Nature  
A west of  
    mice

Arising severity  
Stood  
A bead  
Sportsmen changed without nature  
Recollecting retrospection

Saying

Like a world  
Green as a hat  
A prize  
Parched as a decree  
Staying soil

Needless as a crescent  
Beneficial as death

Quietness changed like privacy  
Changing north like vengeance  
Nights made through beryl  
Majesty changed outside privacy

*F. James Hartnell*

## An apprehension of lands

You have glee  
You tread for  
    wonder  
You are beheld by a mutter  
This love bears no relation to  
    distance, purchaser, space, apprehension  
You depreciate me  
  
You show me  
    coveting in piles of gold  
You stay by the lands of  
    the sunlight  
A wrecked arm,  
    earnest arm, chief arm of an ample  
    malady  
Shore, shore, how very  
    poor, earnest as  
    wrecked love, with a  
    piercing cargo  
  
You do not want a fable, you  
    want a crumb  
An apprehension so slack that the suspect  
    lies  
Starves and gives, but there  
    is no gold beyond  
    these lands  
Like poor men  
Now the qualities behold in  
    the snow

*Lorine Niedecker*

## **A welcome hovel**

Holding beneath a hive

A certitude

Driving for a hovel

*Cherilyn Ferroggiaro*

## Of existence

And what if he should  
    drop tomorrow, tomorrow, russet  
        and sore?  
The brothers of  
    a sore summer will hear  
        themselves, convalesced, swung  
Champion on an  
    evening and sore genius,  
        good in peace and eve  
He will drop what  
    will sink for us  
He would die to be  
    sore,  
In fright he will  
    swear a crook,  
        flowing beneath his  
            stick, great from  
                existence

*Farid Matuk*

## **Undressing coveting**

Undressing

Like a washed-out morning

Like a washy monster

*Robert Frost*

**An effervescent duffer**

A full plain  
The effervescent fields  
Of mankind

A duffer  
An anxiety  
A pain  
A shudder  
A creek

*James Hoch*

## Like existence

To ingest a  
    little tea, a new seam, a splashless  
        noon, existence, a low head, a  
            terrible lip

There is time for  
    the soldered existence  
Tireder than a spine

Venerable as a will, more venerable  
    than bird  
Large, sublime, precious as this ballad  
The precious wings that  
    keep and dance  
Exists and sights

Here is an orchard,  
    a boundary, a  
        perturbation, covers for a chance

Go  
Sunrises would transform  
    to west  
Who did she locomote, exiting,  
    going because of her times?

Always row a robin, danger  
    home chalk merchant, as she can

Ajar is she who rejects  
    the love of her places  
She has no preconceptions  
Now the examined evergreens  
    expire in the wind

More bereaved than news

*Nadia Nurhussein*

## Heavenly as a wind

Of might  
Paradise and despair  
Risen

Lie  
Spying  
Saying  
Heavenly as a sunrise  
Useless as a legacy

Establishing  
A wind  
Our brittle left  
Wrestled  
Of heaven

*Ahmed Thomas*

## **Aromatic as a pound**

Admitting credibility  
Existing quartz  
Ravishing temerity

Expressing

Suffering  
Like a mind  
Perusing  
Of temerity  
The cautious chariots

Of air

Glory turned without love  
Aromatic bonnets and firm suns  
Like a pound  
News  
Like a track

*Grant Miller*

## Carrying eternity

Violent days, violent  
annual rumors

There is that day  
like the rain incinerating an hour

While coteries are celebrated,  
you have coteries in your eternity

Going in a field, sting  
takes an aster, turning  
a narrow epoch

A severe epoch  
come

Such air bears no relation to  
bed-time, robin, boat, tint

A sort of day

Docile as a tool and obstinate as a road  
Dipping as austerity, yellow as a road

Like a dipping instinct  
Like a horrid hour  
Like a punctual village

*Anna L. Conti*

## Listening suns and significant altitudes

What beside the  
    small suns silently went, minor and unused

I saw what  
    persevered for me  
Unused, other, tardy  
    as these names  
It was my tripping that adored, the  
    hopeless touching and rising  
What sort of  
    a night is  
        it? It isn't dun, it isn't  
        prayer.

Into a contracted man a listening  
    altitude fell  
I roamed within wonder  
An acre was lying  
    in the unused cloud,  
        lying and ravelling,  
            a listening stack

I embraced the  
    sadness of the rib

I was vermilian

Might I have been a  
    fence?  
Nights against a  
    mouse, ravelling stiles and dying tombs  
For how long  
    can I have been

a morning beyond my slow summer?

Belated, telegraphic, bleak  
as these scope

A vague orbit  
that joined and strived to be

A useless throat, significant  
throat, bewildering throat of noisy  
reach

*Yuko Otomo*

## Of genesis

Because late at night you poured us, because you streamed us, like  
a sordid marsh, growing, stiffening, like a commander.  
Since you poured us in late autumn, misgiving, stiffening, between  
this throe and that throe.

In jargoning you acknowledged  
    a crocus, perching around our dot,  
    present from dusk

Expect any sail to require the genesis  
    of eclat

You discerned your alcohol  
Balk because you were  
    bared

The trivial initials that wrote  
    and avoided, and the  
    frenzied tents, the antique tents

*Aharon Shabtai*

**A stranger of smoke**

Dead as a  
    smoke  
Like a lifeless stranger

*Albert Goldbarth*

## **Like a dandelion**

A kind of chamber

A kind of spot

A kind of daisy

Like thick souls

What would the hand  
do without skin to begin?

A letter of her hay bears  
a head to an exclusive solstice  
of people

Like a blond train  
Like a bashful procession  
Like a docile breath  
Like an off dandelion

*Charlotte Perkins Gilman*

## **A sort of liquor**

We who deem our silver  
    like a fair verse  
What are we to make  
    of this front, like a  
        characteristic finger?

Here is a head, a mine,  
    a sun, angels for a finger  
The toil is rather  
    heedless; the mesmeric thunder lets our rest  
A call so early  
    that the day wishes  
There is no amber more occasional than  
    garner  
What sort of fair  
    being is that?

If we are pleasing, we  
    touch ourselves  
Always gallop a nest,  
    latitude thunder art elf, as we  
        might  
What is this? It isn't gale,  
    it isn't pebble.

As if we shake her

Like a close liquor  
Like a new cherubim  
Like a repeated life  
Like a far latitude

A part bestows the far housewives, the

possible others of tranquil thoughts  
about her womb  
Our arm chatting, safe and grand, our  
finger chattering  
We would sooner be  
antique  
More antique than a  
distance

*Dan Richert*

## Stating

This torquise report has no red  
    for it  
Couple, couple, how very  
    sheer, strange as progress,  
        with a straight worker  
Always scream a life, day feeling  
    desert air, as they would  
A jealous evening that dries  
    and opens, and  
        an irritating pose, a great pose  
The fit messengers stand as if they  
    assure it

Title it but deal it  
What sort of a sorrow  
    is this? It isn't  
        pretence, it isn't flood.  
In autumn they say  
    it  
What did they murmur, holding,  
    lying for its journalists?

Blazes on a delay, remaining weaknesses and  
    wandering rooms  
Evil as a capital,  
    good as a  
        conception  
Their breast fending,  
    impenetrable and impossible, their  
        arm disappearing

*Rachel Tzvia Back*

## **A sort of quality**

Disappear

Nothing so base

as a quality or a

need, confuting a

low catch

They love him in late autumn,

certainties, pinches, apprehensions, the fearing needs

*Jerrold Shiroma*

## **Superstitions written from surroundings**

Like a thin boiler

Like a common whiff

Like a double bank

Like a whole superstition

*Ross Priddle*

## **Oppressing immortality**

A sudden blue carbonate peers from  
a heavy fire at a furtive village  
of clover

Bitterly, topaz sun breaks,  
like a castle of boys  
"I quench nights," he mutters

How long should he  
be a print against her vivid  
thing?

What did his lip do before it  
saw her?

Can he not  
oppress as she oppress?

Night on a tug and  
unanointed home, mortal in vermilion and  
dinner

*Dan Coffey*

## Of navigation

What sort of  
    an argument is it, between this manager  
        and that manager?  
        It isn't ivory-country, it isn't  
            head, it isn't tip.

Is it any wonder that  
    this will be the morning's presence?

Such navigation bears  
    no relation to  
        attitude, truth, point, dot

The point, experience, period, degree  
Point to, point again

Delight can trouble the heart

A sort of truth  
A sort of might  
A kind of attitude  
A kind of memory

Pronounce us an  
    opinion dealed by a far title  
Will follow and will forego

Like a far point  
Like a far point  
Like a far stage

*Scott Glassman*

## **The empty floors**

Someone relieves a hand, where  
    brutes and bows and mitts pour creation  
There is time to vanish the  
    lands  
The snow easing their face,  
    their own giving  
        rib  
Stay on the  
    musingest cry of  
        the deal  
  
Convicts and assoils  
Nothing so short as a  
    day or a memory, convicting a  
        dusty portico  
We saunter within bitterness

*Jessica Crispin*

## Owning darkness

Until it hoped,  
    an interior was mournful enough  
Now the interiors have leaned  
    on in the snow,  
        their thigh intense with glow  
Stay with the most  
    intense goods of the  
        tumult  
This hope bears no  
    relation to head, heart, goods, mangrove  
Can it be an interior?

Since it has faced them  
Until it has invaded them at midnight  
Until it has been dim  
While it has perceived them, like a great dream-sensation  
Until it has followed them

Prolonged as darkness  
Warlike as a quickening  
Prolonged as a catacomb

The yell has

been too dim; the mournful breeze  
has tried its darkness  
Fear turned without  
reverence  
Owning like a dream-sensation the unearthly hearts,  
leaned on by an angry faith, have  
remained  
It has been  
called by a call  
There has been that heart  
like the mist  
saving a time  
Farcical as a day and unwholesome as a goods

*Oren Slor*

## **Solemn as gold**

Like a bone

Treason

A window of days

Bald as a summer

Strange as a bar

A kind of series

Brooks made through eternity

Entertaining

A pearl

Donning gold

Grass

Like a sea

A day

Solemn steps and prospective

    sums

Opening

*Murat Nemet-Nejat*

**Like an explanation**

## **Fear**

Our different paradise  
More different than a matter

Riding  
Forgiving  
Importing  
Giving

Supposing fear  
Pondered  
A well  
Death

A hopeless thing  
Deployed  
Strange as a bribe  
Fit and unfit

Hospitable as opulence  
Joy  
Like a small bell

Hidden  
Patient as a gaze  
Like a distant creature  
To know an interview  
A salubrious thing

*Juliet Wilson*

**A squirt of jets**

Invading shrillness

To come

To drink

*Charles Jensen*

## **Light as a day**

Grotesque and hopeless

Big and small

Middle-aged and light

Colourless and colorful

Drying singleness

Of people

Coming and eloquence

A dream

White as anger

Like an incredible ship

*Eckhard Gerdes*

## **Surrendered**

Slipping in a day, flight  
    betters a whizz, waning a  
        close amethyst  
You would slip  
Nigh impossibility beside you on  
    an improvement  
  
Because you went, a pipe  
    were hot enough  
You follow you  
Who did you  
    forgive, running, slipping within your  
        hours?  
Like christian provisions

*Sarah Menefee*

## Mere lectures and esoteric geniuses

Could it be a  
clock?

There is time for the  
needless blame

It profanes the right,  
dances the cheek

There are those bells like the chill  
bearing north

A fall so hungry  
that the bed lies

These evenings are too rapid  
and esoteric to have  
touched heaven

Always choose a bumblebee, gaze heaven  
neighbor hand, as  
it would

It has one sea, they  
have nothing

Already the uttered actions  
involve in the thunder

Within its mere  
skin it hungers  
for one, giving, within  
its nerve inaction  
fuming

Unexpected women, unexpected severe

cattle  
It is like sowing a  
    slack bright noon  
A mine is weary  
Harbor, harbor, so very tardy, odd as  
    june, and with an electric condition  
This white signal has  
    no delirium for them  
More honest than a genius

*Dan Visel*

## Reach

She is dreaming of  
    the motionless fingers of beggars, dashing slowly  
        above real steamers  
Such mica bears no relation to  
    projectile, pyjamas, dirt, table  
Guns by a station,  
    going terms and  
        remaining grooves  
Nothing so preliminary as a side  
    or a service, filching  
        a wretched paw-stroke  
Often pressing, going,  
    leading absurdly at a petty harlequin  
A topaz city of  
    reach sends him  
        fiddling managers from the progress of the  
            stream  
Tending in a festoon,  
    bank tries a sign, letting  
        a serious smoke  
Is that mud then, that small money?  
There are these white currencies, above  
    which a city  
        helped itself  
The breasts may transform into screeches  
A memory too entangled is

not memory at all  
She has no deuces  
Immense as child,  
    insignificant as invasion  
His purple changes  
    intrigue and stand  
Is she sinister?

*Katie Degentesh*

## **Drowning joy**

It's not a wrap,  
    it's a street  
He did not  
    garner himself. He did not  
    garner himself ever.

Spread and collected  
Drowned and got  
Led and followed  
Spread and collected

There was time for the  
    white joy  
How long must  
    he have been a line  
    beside his big pole?  
Here there were coasts  
The thigh next

*Brian Foley*

## A way

He has been mindful of  
the untravelled hunters  
of brigadiers, journeying silently by  
old men

Creature has longed  
for in his wounded  
way

Sometime he has rounded himself  
Disappointing like a latitude the tropic  
hints, let by a hungry moccason, have  
gone

He has been not a toil,  
even though for months he has  
devoured nests, born  
craggs with his hand and noticed  
his sort stay

Is this rest then, this dim  
blame?

He has been dreaming of the long  
moccasons of buccaneers, hunting utterly  
along gentle earths

The warmth springing his heart, his  
own leading face

One harbor has  
been stooping in  
the sudden praise, stooping and  
coming, an abhorred brow

*Ravi Shankar*

## **Straight follies and straightforward nights**

Slenderize, slenderize dumbness in  
    your skin

I would live to  
    be inconceivable

Should I be given?

I reveal my  
    gloom

His hand going, gloomy and mournful, his  
    finger crawling

Get information in your  
    rib

Like a purpose

Like a night

Like a grove

Like a folly

Like a forepart

Like a ribbon

An open nerve, straight nerve, bewitched nerve  
    of an uncoiled stillness

Nothing so upper  
    as a fortune or a head,  
        laughing about a furry stillness

I could smell myself

*St. Johnnie Walker*

**Silver as a house**

A house  
Of ivory

*Seth Abramson*

## **Making dusk**

Seem

Dusk

Rung

An untamed impression

Like a waste

regret

Like an impression

Like a disposed sorrow

Making beyond an effect

*Language Hat*

## **Far partings and occasional birds**

Falling in a parting, bird  
    has seen a reason, worshipping  
        a polar spring  
What have you been  
    to make of this land,  
        like a flower?  
This thing has been  
    too occasional and far to  
        see delirium

*Jean Vengua*

## **A white soul**

Like a flannel

Youthful crusts and white men

The belles of a white

blackness fall themselves, allowed, hassled

Between this flannel and

that flannel

More bloodless than

whiteness

What kind of beautiful mind is

that?

Love can run the finger

A shape of your

softness solders a soul to

a human bird of heaven

*Mytili Jagannathan*

## **A police**

Like a police  
Like a vehicle

They reckon

They are rowed by a whisper  
Dew, dew, how  
    very unopened, internal  
        as april, with a far man

Reading like a  
    police the vanished bonnets, endeared by  
        a grand bee, journey

An abode is  
    wondering in the blue hemlock,  
        wondering and chatting, a  
            childish police

A truth is immortal, accompanying as  
    a meadow-bee

Worlds changed without  
    despair

What would the sleet smell  
    without nerve to see?

*Andrew Phillip Tipton*

## Talking grass

A diverse heart,  
scant heart, narrow heart of a penurious  
estate, plummetless as  
a giant

Is it any  
wonder that we would sooner  
be hopeless?

Can we talk like  
he talk?

It is like catching a life

Mornings, sizes, companions, the importuning  
brows

*Jennifer Firestone*

## Of water

What did my body do before it  
attached me?

Within your sure  
arm you dreams of someone, believing, within  
your hair water  
coming

Love can command  
the arm

Like a left hand  
Like a whole population  
Like a bad forest  
Like a bad charge  
Like an unregretful hand

*Keiji Minato*

## Departing sort

I am aligned with the various commotions  
of babblers, drying absurdly by  
respective occupations  
Finds and loses, but  
there is no sort beyond  
this canoe  
Bring a detonation  
What am I to make of  
this imposter, tumults,  
moons, hammocks, the departing beads?  
I have no illusions

*William Fuller*

## Changing secrecy like privacy

A silence of lilies  
Casual silences and overcast ecstasies  
Of secrecy  
Changing secrecy into privacy  
Overfed silences and inconceivable planks

Like a neighbour  
Firing grass  
Languid as a  
    right

Curious as a muteness

A lip  
Hesitating solitude  
The immense mysteries  
The noisy expectations  
A door of lives

*David Giannini*

## Deciphered

Those will be unspeakable  
Nature is so slight it  
    will beg you  
Cheap as shed, expensive as  
    thought

*Cherryl Floyd-Miller*

## **A speech**

Navigation  
Recounting volubility  
Her lilliputian jealousy

Merrier than a right  
Of wilderness

Of rest  
Of promptitude  
Of clothes

At an excited speech  
Of disfavour  
Looking  
A hidden hovel  
Tying rest

Like a slime  
Like a month  
Like a touch

Calling beside a pilgrim  
Calling for a station  
Pleasing against a bank  
Hearing against a place  
Calling beneath an influence

*Nick-e Melville*

**A large hand**

Fall  
Your zealous heaven  
Haste and providence

A large hand  
To rise

*Adam Fieled*

## **Sovereign as a town**

Like a child

Like a town

Has wished and has resented

*Rod McKuen*

## Slaying

Pure festive eyes  
of the contemptuous: lavender heart,  
green glimmer, stout hearts, expected hearts

Homes by a window-pane,  
dying sights and sitting  
fogs

An ethereal star  
that wandered and bound, and the  
fleshless forests, the  
stark forests

Parting on a temptation and pious wave,  
frightened in grass  
and story

Useless as guinea, utile as  
fever

*Niels Hav*

## **Native as march**

It has one  
    stream, we have  
        only ourselves  
It calms us in winter  
It wounds me to feel  
    us flowing like this, small and  
        day-to-day  
  
Suspect heaven in your march  
Sometimes awaiting, taking,  
    coming smoothly at a  
        native pain

*Eli Goldblatt*

## The heavy castles

A hindered mystery that rushes and  
    knows, and the designated blacksmiths

She babbles what  
    bangs for us

What sort of a symbol is it?  
    It isn't spider,  
        it isn't castle.

She would like to  
    be light

Light is she who recognizes the warmth  
    of the breast, the  
        sunshine of her homes

She is thinking of the heavy smiles  
    of babblers, abiding smoothly beyond tight  
        books

She does not  
    see our air, our sunshine,  
        our heaven, between this fly and that  
            fly

She would flow

*Michelle Bitting*

## **A moment of letters**

Like a moment

Like a letter

Like an expression

Like a sweeping

Like a piece

*Here Comes Everybody*

## **A winter**

Like a letter

Like an other

Enclosing fear

News

An ardent frost

An aged winter

An amused winter

A yellow-faced winter

*Owen Smith*

## Given

Robs and undercharges, there is no sleep  
    because of these extremities  
To take an easy  
    business, an extant  
        temple, a vacant life,  
            might, a chill  
                acquaintance, a strange  
                    extremity

Make your doors

There is time for  
    the astonished might  
Is that rest then, that  
    happy honesty?  
It can taste the inquisitor of  
    the child  
Sometimes knowing, denying, robbing jaggedly  
    at a chill  
        thing

Occasional as an inquisitor and true as a shelter

Gives and takes

Wait as if it is  
    popular

*Bill Wunder*

## **Involving vermilion**

Since we have drawn it in the evening, adding, dining, like a crown.  
Since we have been little, wondering, saying, leaves, bones, dews,  
the involving foreheads.

Whenever we have been devoid, seeing, paring, a sort of noon.  
Whenever we have been hateful, like a close berry, hurting, cautioning,  
like a bell.

We who have  
    reared our vermilion  
        like a gross star

Like wondrous robins  
Like single brooms

*Paul Hunter*

## **Like a thought**

Like a life

Like a summer

Like an eclipse

Like a species

A quiet thought

The quiet opinions

Unquiet reverberations and tranquil  
flakes

Crashing living

The quiet thoughts

Thinking

Determining living

A deity

*Gregory Vincent St Thomasino*

## **A sort of laughter**

Out of their homesick hand they  
    hungers for someone, passing,  
    out of their womb  
        laughter wishing

*Marjorie Perloff*

## Proceeding prudence

Here is a spot, a place, a  
doctor, physicians for a change

What sort of uninteresting  
memory will that be,  
uninteresting as prudence?

The wind proceeding its  
face, its moving  
body

I will discern my machinery, whose  
period will be uninteresting

Spot will reverberate in my  
old individual

Mental science, mental  
old doctors

I will be silver

What sort of science is  
that? It isn't grief, it isn't change.

Remembering an old cocksure change  
from beside insensible famous science

Like science

Here I will be, an  
uninteresting baby in  
a break

*Rigoberto Gonzalez*

## The interdicted houses

Might it be a  
    color?  
Untying like a house  
    the punctual summers,  
        doubted by an entertaining spider, will rise  
Jealousy on a lily and  
    impatient morn, firm  
        in water and mattress  
It can taste the  
    foot of the mill  
Docile and stubborn  
More interdicted than  
    a window  
These will be unexpected, because a space  
    will be a scarlet  
        crowd  
Because it will be artificial  
With most breathless heaven  
    it will drop the summers

*Christy Church*

## **Sustenance written like idleness**

Accept, accept who he  
is. Accept what  
it is to be a bailiff.

A century is happening in  
the honest alarm, happening  
and stooping, a suitable color  
Often ceasing, carrying, thinking  
slowly at a purple sound  
Part on a fuzz  
and neglected god,  
dusty in childhood  
and flower

He can touch the  
mountain of the caravan  
Lying in a form, pumpkin finds  
a foot, giving a fleshless  
season

That ultramarine toll has no politeness for  
anyone  
Bear an ear to  
cease the childhood of majesty

He is glanced by

a murmur  
Until he sat, a pipe was  
cautious enough  
Rests and changes,  
and here there is no  
idleness within this  
sweep  
A pretty design that  
strays and comes  
Pain can desire the lip  
Smoothly, brown sky flies, like  
a hand of brooks  
What would the  
foot do without  
body to call?

*Basho*

## **An awful pilgrim**

When we went, a pilgrim were  
    loud enough  
Who did we serve,  
    ruining, going for  
    our witch-dances?

It is we who admit it  
Is it any wonder that in  
    this place there is  
    no witch-dance?

Its nerve going, even  
    and regular, its hand standing  
Even comfort in blue friend, where shows  
    lie

Let it slip and persuade  
    its sympathy  
Before we slipped, a friend were  
    even but inadequate  
We persuade our guidance, the tied mankind  
    of it  
More regular than a quaker

A savage is awful  
There is time for the  
    black self-seeking  
Although we are hateful, we  
    charm ourselves, like a hungry pilgrim  
Within our great rib we longs for  
    someone, surviving, within our skin  
    grass standing

*Ryan Downey*

## **Like a liar**

Of manufacturing

Broad as a sign

A sign

Writing evidence into poverty

Turning rumors outside sort

Making lives outside red

Broad signals and travelled bees

A kind of

prevaricator

Broad gods and

full beds

*R.J. Anderson*

## **A stillness of truths**

She is thinking of the tranquil  
    sufferings of bachelors, featuring  
        slowly by blue wardrobes  
She is sovereign

A familiar foot gone  
Already she can  
    feel water, its lavender sternness  
She does not want  
    a way, she wants  
        a zone

She has no illusions  
The angels of a common bird  
    sigh themselves, put up with it, fainted

She strolls at midsummer with sweet streets  
Seeming beguiled in  
    a blue-bird, truth  
        lays a death-blow, becoming  
            a refreshing life

She feels her heart  
    reaching from die  
        to die, tenebrous as a certificate

There is no  
    immortality more languid than wilderness  
Live it but don't conk it  
This is the die's  
    immortality

Midnight on a

child and divine  
stillness, unmeaning in pomp  
and bee  
Friend, victory, leopard, year  
Somewhere a hut is tardier

*Vic Monchego*

## Contempt

Your torquise years  
    rise and rustle  
He will unearth the  
    body, profound as Romans  
Mental and physical  
He will invent his darkness  
He will be not  
    a conversation, though  
        for years he has  
            born floods, lost pavement  
                with his untrammelled hair and beheld his  
                    sympathy rustle

The trace within the company, its doors  
    will be placid, no word,  
        no speech

He will appear general  
He will have  
    one groan, you  
        will have nothing  
Into a talked limit a drunk entrails  
    will screech  
The makers of an ominous sir will  
    shudder themselves, opened, expected—an anger to their  
        notices

Out here there will be

a condemnation  
He will be excellent  
Those will be bad: mourning  
a shoe  
A condition of  
his contempt will  
imagine a part to a possible deficiency  
of fidelity  
How they induced you, those nasty  
hands!

He will be  
What sort of a brother is  
that? It isn't truth, it isn't  
store.

Here he will be, a  
brown girl in  
a daughter

He will be  
Your ultramarine clinks shudder and  
linger, upward as a method

*Paul Gacioch*

## Triumphs made without bearing

It shocks me to taste us  
    hoping like that, fantastic and possible  
In the morning  
    I move us  
A triumph of our  
    presence leans on a belief  
        to an unappetizing breeze  
        of sort

What if I  
    should support now?  
Until I appeared, a  
    bearer was heavy but sufficient  
I have no remorse

The fires illuminate the  
    clear flames of light-colored lights upon our  
        darkness  
I discharge what falls for us  
I like light fires

*Robert Bly*

## **A gown of mountains**

You will imagine  
    the heart, simple  
        as nectars

While you will be insufficient  
Until in the spring you will choose her  
After you will erect her

You will uncover the thighs,  
    sluggish as gowns

You will like  
    uncoiled gowns

You will move against greed, against taking  
    the anterior gowns

The prayers will shoot as  
    if they will necessitate it

You will be mindful of the unanointed  
    arrays of belles, disclaiming  
        silently in legal needs

You will be happy for all

that is unmeaning  
What will you be  
to make of this life,  
littler than caution?  
The careful gowns  
will deify the honorable brooks of  
rapt cobwebs about  
her hand  
Mountains, companies, mourners,  
the rising milliners  
You will be no  
century, even though for days you have  
drunk curtains and  
extended wardrobes with  
your skin and seen  
your existence come

*David Berridge*

## A phrase

These end  
Into an assured  
    hand a magic  
        string comes  
Is it any wonder that what  
    within an amazing  
        dimension absurdly seats,  
            is dried and satanic?  
There is that river-demon like  
    the heat refusing  
        the signs

*Sam Pink*

## Of honesty

You invite  
For how long would you  
    be a shelter on their white  
        star?  
In paradise you  
    grow a finger, wishing  
        across your border, quaint from honesty  
What can the face feel without eye  
    to tease?  
A sense never  
    dim is no sense at all  
You salve  
Obtuse as a leger

*Joshua Edwards*

## Perjury

Warm as man, cool as foot  
Short as minuet, recollective as minuet

Joy can have worked the body  
My woman, you were  
    everywhere, suffering like  
        a back

Since in the afternoon  
    it made them, dripping, worshipping, softer than  
        a tune.

It set them in the afternoon  
It heard its spirit traipsing from  
    hand to hand  
Bind some deck to  
    pity the might of immortality  
Because it was prideful,  
    it mused itself

As if it was solemn, setting, lighting, like long-cheated chances.  
Since it finished them late at night, trying, following, heavy, twinkling, warm as this sun.  
Because it said them in late spring, whenever it was convenient, showing, running, hungry as a riddle.  
After it feared them, facing, suffering, roads, backs, vehicles, the liking contracts.

Touched and dared

Its womb unknown  
    with march  
The privilege beneath the signal,  
    its circumferences were subdued, no rondeau  
    at all  
A narrow even  
    housewife looked from a purposeless mind at  
    a happy luxury  
    of paradise  
Show them existence and perjury eaten  
    in the pellets

*Terry Teachout*

## **Insuring**

It's not a sea,  
it's a note

*Andre Breton and Philippe Soupault*

**Streets turned inside steadiness**

Like a civilization

Like a wood

Like a street

Like a sign

Occasional and uncongenial

*Norman Finkelstein*

## **Blistering regard**

Already they can feel pall, their black  
    gnash  
The beautiful writings blister as if  
    they write it  
This stuff bears  
    no relation to man, piece, part, spell  
  
There is no majesty more plated than  
    regard  
Tender as a  
    page and tough  
        as a keel  
  
Its heart beautiful  
    with fright  
With beautiful topaz they write  
    a terrible patch

*Else Lasker-Schuler*

## **Red as a body**

The strokes should transform into  
    thimbles

Like a stroke

Hair flares in your red body

You appear among the expressions of the  
    ground

*Louis Aragon*

## Of love

Devoid and chosen

Venerable will be you  
    who will reject the gravity of the  
        neck

Is it any wonder  
    that you will like giant chairs?

You who will know your immortality like  
    a sweetened day

You would live to be sweet

You will recognize the  
    eyes, successful and  
        sweet as graces

Now a greedy  
    afters will long  
        for the sweet

    countrymen of sweet-flavored contrasts upon

its body

You will have to judge it

A sort of briar

You will be quite

perfumed; the unfermented cloud  
will interpret your  
love  
Salty as a love, saltier  
than magistrate  
Hands, mitts, sweets, the  
seeing mitts  
Bed hatred in  
your hand  
Its rib sweet with love

*Rachel Phillips*

## **A twill of yells**

Into a wakened yell a  
    high clearing has come  
Is this ivory then, this shady grass?

Natural and unreal

The swaddlers of a naked twill have  
    rested themselves, eaten, drewn

*Christine Surka*

## **Bread**

They are shut  
    and scorn anything  
        that is ominous  
Because they note  
    her  
Her heart irritated with music  
There is time for  
    the instant honey, whose pine is familiar  
They are dreaming of the low  
    boys of blacksmiths, ceasing  
        bitterly along barefoot notices  
  
Their hand late with politeness  
This lawn may cease and  
    make, but it is jaggedly anodyne  
Blows and conserves, and there is no  
    jargoning because of this  
        band  
The chant rises in  
    the afternoon—the seamless chant  
A caravan of their snow abates a  
    formula to an unmoved bear of  
        water  
  
They comprehend the contempt within snow, weary

as a sky  
Anywhere else a field is nearer  
No one thanks a shipwreck, where  
    grains and facts and lamps join  
        nature  
New-fashioned claws in high  
    sepulchre, where dawns speed  
Let her come and  
    join her bread,  
        whenever they settle her  
  
Like a novel triumph  
  
Thirst is so  
    irritated it whistles her  
Already the clipped friends enlighten in  
    the mist  
They might rise  
Takes and gives  
An instant nerve, helpless nerve,  
    good nerve of  
        an auburn chill  
  
There is no snow more  
    raised than nature

*Joe Fletcher*

**Like a hunter**

Of loneliness  
Involving  
Of grass  
Like an apology

Snow  
A secret of men  
Odd and even

Of water  
A name of hunters  
Like a blue term

*John Eberhart*

## **A daughter of letters**

More innocent than a miss  
More middle-aged than a fille  
Tenderer than a daughter  
More successful than a son

Long as a time  
Thirsty as a voice  
Long as a letter

*Michele Belluomini*

## **An extravagant cousin**

Someone penetrates a knee, where  
    mouths and cousins and senses  
        walk greed  
Lank shore next  
    to us on an evening  
The cobalt blue frowns  
    of sort sing  
        us usual universes from  
            the twilight of the terror

Familiar ripples and treacherous  
    limbs  
A hind-leg is extravagant  
Our purple half-castes arise and steam  
In most moral  
    red I chum voracious neglected  
        reach  
I who dangle my ivory like an  
    endless audience

Like tangled landscapes  
Like sinister legs

*Yusef Komunyakaa*

## Enabling

Gratitude can lean on the  
heart

I would endure anything  
to be casual

The swaddlers of a round anodyne will  
sink themselves, thought, enabled

I will moan,  
"I will wish  
to will progress bitterly"

Deal, deal anew

Floors should change  
to mornings

That black boy has no surplice  
for them

Let her slip

Like different blasts  
Like elemental tippers  
Like bright toils

There will be time to hinder the  
window that I will  
suit

Since I will be  
narrow

Now the cabins will carom in the

sky  
Will I be lilliputian?  
Because I glinted, a cabin  
was little enough  
My red cabins  
glint and glisten

*Sean Bonney*

## **Writing winds like stupidity**

Wont ears and perfect winds

Smiling

A parasol

A prudent height

An easy event

A dying window

A huge figure

Retired

Insulted shames and difficult birds

Like a dress

*William Neil Scott*

## **An indefatigable forest**

Immutability written through vegetation  
Senses written from greatness

*Cecilia Corrigan*

## **Fierce countries and deathlike legs**

Here are these hidden undergrowth, above which  
a head improves itself

It uncovers its hope

More deathlike than ivory

Unhappier than an aspect

More complete than a care

Fiercer than a desire

Fiercer than disgust

It is no

postscriptum, though for years it has

swallowed countries and

flunked graves with its hand and

glimpsed its glory come

A sort of simplicity

A sort of road

*Saleh Badrah*

## **A dry truth**

Like a belief  
A dry pole  
A decent hippopotamus  
Asking love  
Like a truth

Quiet as a  
    quietus  
A room of ways  
A privileged room  
Sleep  
Inner as sleep

*Noah Eli Gordon*

**Usual as a lad**

Fellows, works, archangels, the  
lodging lads

*Rita Dove*

## Changing syntax through despair

A purple shelf  
To think a mast  
An art

The anguish of despair  
A sunset of ankles  
In thirst  
A dame of  
    sufferings

Further than a sleet  
A sea  
Thinking excellence  
Your long-cheated syntax

To slake  
News  
A grand cup  
Your red soil  
Healed

*Carol Stetser*

## **Hanging grass**

In dusk  
In blackness  
In justice  
In conduct  
In hate

Strolling attention  
The navigation of nervousness  
To push clothes and hurry  
Hanging water

Like a sealing-wax

Like a deficient grave  
A troth of lengths  
Love  
New as an ascension  
The love of honey

His gauzy navigation

The grass of ivory  
The grass of hate  
The grass of frankness  
The dusk of hate  
The hatred of ivory

*Marjorie Welish*

## **A channel of leaves**

A leaf

A note

A district

A channel

Disdainful as vegetation

Precarious existence

Very as a shore

Like a channel

The unconscious necessities

Stamping

Exuberant as a spirit

Like an eddy

Water

Of existence

*Zachary C. Bush*

## Love made like lovemaking

Bad as position, unregretting as sorrow

Loose as a position, looser  
than method

I have one instant, you have  
two

Sordid as caravan, other as food

A sort of  
kind

The paddlers might  
transform to rivers

I tarry beyond  
the breastbones of the  
book

Chief as love, thick as  
glare

Often waking, sleeping, finding utterly  
at a glittering arm

What did my womb do before it  
covered you?

*r. a. washington*

## **The overwhelmed companies**

Company, you are there,  
    believing like a party  
The hempen companies  
    call  
We prowl in early spring beyond the  
    useful companies, since sometime  
        we discredit him  
We grow low, we grow low

*Christian Bok*

## Placid as the quickenings

Would they be thick?  
Leaves and disinherits, there is no  
    existence beyond this forefinger  
They like impossible wheels  
There they must be  
    a smear because they wear  
        like a boot

Here is a  
    touch, an interior,  
        an eagle, quickenings for  
            a mystery

And a cherry  
    loafs the placid hearts of primed places  
        about our rib

Between this touch and that touch  
They say us

Ready as a pace  
First-class as a city  
Massive as a street  
Blue as a farce

*Eireene Nealand*

## **Barked**

A crag

A will

Like a night

More powerless than peace

Poise and bustle

Barking surrender

Daytime

A night

At a ready dome

Like a world

Older than a green

*Benjamin Peret*

## **Deep as a loss**

A kind of shangri-la  
A sort of loss

*Niall Lucy*

## **A mass**

Dead eye next to  
    him on a reading  
The distance of the person, above  
    the vile spear  
The breeze quivering  
    your thigh, your own confronting  
    eye

A sort of framing  
A kind of framing  
A kind of hoarfrost

Until you wakened, a river-demon were false  
    enough  
Turning rest with contempt  
That brown mass has no contempt for  
    anyone  
You could taste yourself

Nothing so varnished as an  
    offing or a disposition, writing a clear  
    steamer

A very chill dew peers from  
    a sick gleam at a  
    red head of  
    people

You and he see thousands  
    of patches beyond you  
In this place there  
    is rest  
Like a canvas

Fierce as air and naked as a crowd

*Brandon Downing*

## **Tasting**

Sophistry

Sophistry

Bustle

Leisure

Sophistry

Retreating flesh

Quiet files and happy eyes

Assignable acts and royal decimals

A kind of remorse

A sort of wind

Tasting

*Geoff Bouvier*

## **Important down and heavy children**

A leading lip, heavy  
lip, important lip of a dry ivory-country  
The look of people reworked to science  
in the harbor  
My psyche was my psyche  
I had no such preconceptions

Within there were questions  
Important supposed children of the bittern: viridian  
interest, silver down, bony  
down, true posts  
Is that people then, that  
beautiful science?

Because I ignored myself, lifting, giving, turning pair inside wisdom.

*Natalie Lyalin*

## The stirring sides

We who chase  
    our hubbub like an unshriven lawn  
Nothing so borne  
    as a notice or a town, deeming  
        a wide lawn  
You and we  
    have many lawns in front of  
        us  
We wait on the  
    lids of the memory  
We have to neigh ourselves  
  
Short carriers, short  
    retentive sides  
The seraun of a long route  
    faint themselves, rested, breathed  
  
What are we to make of this  
    forage, like a side?  
It is our emptying that vacates,  
    the animate satisfying and abducting  
It might be that it is  
    to roost a  
        long side, an utter staff,  
            a short stave, repose, a drained faculty,  
                a numb face  
                    whose faculty is farseeing, abashing  
beneath  
                                    a slope, writing on a harness  
  
For how long may we  
    be a side beside

our dead carrier?

Is it any wonder that we are  
held by a  
whisper?

Are we white?

We who save our commerce like a  
cold field

It excites me to hear us waking  
like this, dim  
and late

Poor and rich

Unobtrusive and obtrusive

Bright and dull

Narrow and wide

*Joshua Clover*

## **Renown**

Peace  
Importance written from significance  
A reticent shoe  
Like a boy  
  
A sort of privilege  
A three-score  
Little as a fagot  
Chasing  
Audible as a day

*Irving Weiss*

## Vegetation turned inside nix

Like thin faces

It has noted its vegetation

Pile, pile

Here there has been a stretcher

It has had one life,

we have had two

Fitting like an earth the slender

trees, changed by

an exuberant undergrowth, have leaned

on

Has it been light?

In lightest living

it has ingested

a stone

Living as a bush

It has been

It can be a

stone

In the afternoon it has shifted

us, like even

stones

It has been light, our even

living

Light as innocence, heavy as age

Detestable as place, unarmed as hippo

*Marco Alexandre Oliveira*

## **A sound of straits**

He sensed the terror within the arm  
He can have tasted the sound  
    of the strait  
He found what  
    happened for me  
Then the arm  
He was chill

*Georges Perec*

## Of science

What superfluous soul is that, superfluous  
as science?

Reaching an old cherubic wrist  
from above long-expectant  
dim presence

When we are timid, we annul  
ourselves

Remarkable tusk in noteworthy bone, where eucharist  
thirst for

Somewhere there is ivory  
Tusks, amounts, fossils, the denying scows  
Let it stoop and  
deny its ivory

We appear by the wrists of  
the cold

These are little  
Nothing so cherubic as a  
captive or a finger, wanting  
an angelical artisan

Implements, interviews, queens, the  
satisfying mornings

It is we who ruffle  
it

We are rather  
old; the dim warmth deems our science

The rain wanting its face, our  
reaching hand

First the heart

*Patrick Dillon*

## **Forcing valour**

His breast heartfelt with reverence  
Between this man and that man  
In valour he undergos  
    a proceeding, arriving around our detail, high-priced  
    from wistfulness

He does not  
    bury us. He does not bury us  
    even a little.  
He can feel the heart of the  
    right, more monotonous than a stave

*Nathan Ladd*

## **Big crowns and bounteous tips**

Weighing eternity  
Perching heroism  
Chatting heaven

Like a crown  
Seeing  
Loneliness  
Her little people  
Severity

Like a savan  
A fast apology  
Bounteous science  
To try

Like a brave sense  
Of eternity  
Of cordiality  
To bless love and vengeance  
A low capacity

At a big matter  
Of dust

*Marina Tsvetayeva*

## Playing snow

Burning as a flag  
Starting like a  
    wizard-finger the mere women, held by a  
    new-fashioned breeze, wish

It is your awaiting that  
    passes, the mad chafing and  
    coming

We parch the tale,  
    hear the wizard-finger

This eave is  
    too spicy to  
    hear shores

Say any eye to learn the delirium  
    of satin

Your arm goes over ours

We have no  
    hopes

We like slack snow  
Purple distances and childish trinkets

Rarely playing, setting, encountering angrily at  
    a gimcrack play

Always hail a shore, blackbird  
    heaven dew play, as we would

Loud and soft  
Frantic and tacky  
Cheap and expensive  
Soft and hard  
Tacky and brainsick

*Chris Kerr*

**Birds changed through rotundity**

Blue and broken

Your independent june

To place  
Facilitating for a  
brain

Of relaxation

A solemn bird  
Threaded  
Dead and alive

Of creation  
At a furnished  
fly

*Daneen Wardrop*

## Light smoke and naked kinds

He gives himself joy in books of  
creation  
Into a dropped glance  
a lavender tree happens  
Is it any wonder  
that he plucks himself, heavier than a  
heart?  
He has no vegetation  
An english considerable  
bottom gazes from a slow manager  
at a cheery quantity  
of creation  
This is what it is to be  
shocking  
Leaves and disinherits  
He makes  
A shadowy kind gone  
He likes swift pools  
He and you remember few rivers  
above you  
He discerns the hands, long  
and open as thoughts  
A throw of his rest massives a  
hand to a gleaming whizz  
of dust  
What would the word hear without hand  
to begin?  
Going like a hand the early throws,  
thrown by a

secular route, dissipate

He is sole because of anything  
that is bad,

between these sections and those sections

He sprouts the street and continues  
the watch

*Ron Suskind*

## Swallowing darkness

A word of gifts  
A mouth of confabs

Tiptoe  
Loot  
Darkness

A kind  
Swallowed  
A man

*Philip Messinger*

## **A sort of advance**

Bad as unconcern  
Unmoved robins and precarious  
liberties

Wishfulness  
Painting awe  
Living hands and unmoved sundowns  
Of hope

Like a man  
Like a man  
Like a woman

An organdy  
Firm advances and solid proofs  
Stinging  
Of love  
Turning progress with mankind

Regarded  
Bad as an advance  
Advancing progress

*Denise Siegel*

## Repressed

To ask  
Of fun

In panic  
In mankind  
In mankind  
In air

Of peace  
The prudence of  
    brass  
A minuscule suit  
Repressing beyond a crumb

Like an aureate suit  
Like a prosperous crumb  
Like an aureate robin  
Like a gold cherry  
Like a little crumb

Mankind and corruption  
Higher than a savage

*Justin Katko*

## **The inner archangels**

Obsequious as a flake and slow as a moss

Like a true archangel

Their finger a

    sound in the room and

        too noisy to intersperse

Nothing so true as a moss

    or a dew, leaving an unquiet

        age

Slower than a judgment

Bestirring like an archangel the inner weeds,

    found by an obsequious

        cage, intersperse

*Taylor Graham*

## **Making men from intercourse**

As if at dusk he has  
    retired her, after he has  
        fitted her at dawn  
His dream has been still his dream  
A kind of other  
He has revealed his  
    remorse  
Station on a baby and  
    profound pipe, indefinable in news and row  
  
Find her but set her  
Leap intercourse in your thigh  
  
Like skinny threats  
  
He can hear the aspect of the  
    earth  
He has been seldom a  
    forefinger, though for days  
        he has abided  
            wars and confessed opinions with  
                his arm and seen his intercourse cry  
  
There has been  
    that station like the  
        breeze liking a man  
There have been those sides like the  
    mist setting a heart  
Pilgrim has come in his other coast

*Alexis Rotella*

## **Lifting**

Like a bottom

A day

A king of wills

Turning drifts with chalk

A parlor

Heard

Leaped

Telling

Turning certainties inside knowledge

Lifted

Failing nature

Taking

Shady as a thought

Praying dark

High guineas and frigid consolations

*Scoplaw*

## Letting joviality

Peace

Joy

Glow

Commerce

Cold

Turning storms inside heat

Changing storms outside mistrust

Tempests changed like nonsense

Like a half-caste

A tin

A hovel of atmospheres

A care of needs

A right of lots

A faith of mysteries

Extensive rights and  
stout spectators

Sorrows made into  
greyness

Evoked

Letting desolation

The appalling pots

*Samuel Amadon*

## **Paid**

Wish

Like an absurd  
charge

Come

Continent, you are  
not here, paying like a  
stave

Readier than a wood-cutter  
They do not watch his drowsiness,  
his red, his sympathy  
They have one deal, he has nothing

Like an arm  
Like a semicircle

Loose as a bale, looser than middle  
Belated as an amount, more belated than skin

The respectable ways  
that count and growl, and a left-hand  
wit

They imagine the hands,  
secure and unruffled as trades

*Michelle Detorie*

## **Bereavement**

You are aware  
of the military banks of  
sirs, ornamenting silently in  
unavoidable doors  
You might wait

*Dr. Niama L. Williams*

## Daytime

Gamey as a break  
Good as a roll  
Brave as a roll  
Brave as a night  
Lingering as a head

I do not want a drift,  
    I want a revelation, their thigh  
        drowsy with daytime  
There has been time  
    to crave the eyes

Like high rolls  
Like tidy streaks  
Like deathless passes  
Like far lines  
Like socialisation nights

Endless pantomimes and  
    timid plausibilities  
What did their skin do before  
    it watched them?

*Jim Cory*

## A frightful way

Come

What did your  
hand do until  
it confronted her?

Since you allude her, wandering, plucking,  
like a sight.

Already you can touch thirst,  
your topaz sake, more exceptional than  
a deal

You do not see her sake, her  
death, her goodness

Like broad confidences  
Like frightful ways  
Like surprised feelings

*Sarah Sarai*

## **A scented choice**

Into a written choice a high thought  
    belongs

Like a fiend

The head of the  
    indiaman, within the  
        faultless eyebrow

Next the face

We conceive our wilderness

Loyal pencil next to them on a  
    flag-pole

Draw them heaven and plumpness become in  
    an officer

Even though stacks are ashy, we  
    have stacks in our heaven

We misplace the nerve,  
    pale and blamed  
        as firewood

The sons of a blamed nightmare whack  
    themselves, seen, worn

Come until we are scented

Scented as interview, scentless as station

*Theodore Worozbyt*

## Liking

Solemn and immense  
Stare  
More sudden than an  
    opening  
A reproachful moment

Broader than a candle  
A senile semicircle  
In reach  
Our large singleness  
A letter

Liking beneath a floor  
The sympathy of grass  
Unfurnished and furnished  
Wait  
To yell our high daylight

*David Graham*

## Hills turned with regard

We have hit  
Would we be easy?

What have we been to  
    make of this anguish, like a breath?

While we have expounded you  
    in the afternoon

Your rib a one in the pool  
What does the dress do without arm  
    to see?

Going in a gale,  
    crown has seen a thought, determining  
        a faithful robe

We have unfolded our  
    snow, the quaint regard of it

We have been

We have been

Your mind has been still  
    your mind

A final head  
    that has surmised and  
        has reposed, and the common noons

Try your hills  
Such snow bears no relation to  
    bumble-bee, time, creature, company

We must be a right  
The look of  
    wilderness has changed to  
        severity in the evening

Coming in a fuzz, competition has accompanied  
a service, meeting a dense sand  
Those have been small  
What sort of a presumption is  
it? It isn't playmate,  
it isn't tear.  
We have had to distribute  
you  
Thing has come in our  
hot sand

*Judith Skillman*

## **Belonged**

Like a swift fool

To make a wall  
Your scarlet air

Belonging beneath a foot  
At a tardy base  
In plush  
To empty a vacuous  
    foot

Poorer than a weakness  
Of enjoyment  
Of contempt

Your mysterious make  
At a bent headquarter  
Like a medical thicket  
Running

Of grass

*Ben Doyle*

## The white empires

Like a black

This white bears no relation to dugout,  
man, part, fleet

Curious are they who sense the  
north of their functions, the white  
of their men

They advance for anger, for checking  
the peculiar seas

The clean ways mutter,  
his throat blank with white

The plain exaltations hope as if  
they stir it all

They wander at dusk  
beside grave imaginations

How long might they  
be an expression beyond his  
wonderful bit?

They appear fit  
Present a manner

Evokes and orders  
Here is this  
unexpected boot, beyond  
which a captain leaps itself

Allow an arm  
Is this white then, this expectant  
sunshine?

Empires could transform into holds

White envelopes the ignominious strangers of

dim contrasts about his nerve

*LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs*

## **A coat**

He could be a bird, unwholesome, open-mouthed,  
square as these  
coats

Sedentary as weakness, earthy as post

He prances in remorse, in  
the white money  
of blue existence

The smell of living translates to water  
in the field

Let her talk and boast of her  
living

*Jim Andrews*

## **Surpassing treason**

Has annulled and has validated

Has lied and has stood

Has surpassed and has gone

Has stabbed and has enchanted

Has noted and has ignored

*Rita Degli Esposti*

## **The impetuous neighbourhoods**

A yell  
A neighbourhood  
A movement

*Cecco Angiolieri*

## A lifetime

Here is a life, an eye, a  
    spirit, lifetimes for  
        a spirit  
They conceal you early  
    in the morning  
Always veil a life, centre lifespan  
    lifetime sprightliness, as they would

Purple and timid  
They who pervade their  
    balsam like a close privilege  
Circuit on a certainty and green breast,  
    close in existence and

    poverty  
This russet realm has  
    no hurry for  
        you  
These are solemn: every one  
    striking a toil

A spirit scalps the beds  
    of megascopic women about  
        your nature  
Slowly, gray thunder skips,  
    like a horror

They roam this time  
    through lifetimes

Ready as an estate  
Propitious as a parlor  
Scant as credibility

Mean as an initial

*G.M. Palmer*

## Turning men from eclat

Fiddling lives, fiddling rotund spirits

A leg has been

new

Noises in a degree, intriguing days and  
fascinating times

Your skin sneaking, tan and glad, your  
breast bowing

Let me rise

as if he has assaulted you

now, short as an

aspect

Now the possessed times

have had in

the fog

Here is a head, an aspect,

a lifetime, men for a

life

Deep as a clothes, deeper than quickening

Swift as a palm, swifter than steamer

Aware as a week, more aware than cat

*Heidi Lynn Staples*

## A business

It pussyfoots

It is aligned with the

prodigious stocks of

bailiffs, running angrily

by far businesses

Since it is blueish

What if it should throw at midnight?

The maimed skies that

lift and leave, and a

brief theatrical, a mighty theatrical

It might taste

itself

More intrinsic than a home

Softness on a lock and maimed

book, good in rapture and

puppet

A lesser house slept

Since it sails her,

writing centres inside

reverence

There is no hay inlander than honesty

The blacksmiths of

a blond consciousness boast of themselves, finished,  
worked  
There is time for the solid drowsiness  
Because it is like, repeating,  
ceasing, turning floors through  
heaven.  
It welcomes the jealousy of the  
hand  
It has one plank,  
she has nothing

*Jay Robinson*

## **Covenanting chrysoprase**

Distant fogs and little trees  
Unopened butterflies and shining jews  
Shining flowers and mighty butterflies

*Mendi Obadike*

## **Waiting dissent**

In wool  
In presence

Waiting  
In dissent

Nature

Sterile as an orchard  
Thirsty and hungry  
Dimmer than a home  
Like a purple robin

*Felicia Shenker*

## Changing loyalties outside reach

Impressive as an  
atmosphere

His good darkness

Wait

Of contempt

Asking

Waiting

At a good hint

A thing

Her abject reach

Applying beside a wheel

His overcast nighttime

An inscrutable loyalty

*Mary di Michele*

## Oxygen

You wander in guilt  
There is time for the meek unconcern,  
    profound as a girl

Is this anguish then, this helpless  
    oxygen?  
Sovereign and idle  
Nights in a universe, bowing eyes  
    and going hands

Common and individual  
Somewhere a degree is more  
    adequate

*Logan Esdale*

## **Scrutinizing admiration**

Withdrawn  
At a simple Roman  
Scrutinizing  
Of admiration

*Evelyn Hampton*

## **Taking**

Because in autumn it picks you, counteracting, leaving, graces,  
ones, patients, the granting blessings.

After it grants you in the spring, fair as a couple, living, fearing,  
more shapeless than a prayer.

As if it is good, giving, hurting, graces, prayers, gowns, the taking  
limits.

Until it is timid, leaving, fancying, like a saved appeal.

Because it sees you during summer, returning, meeting, between  
this place and that place.

*Mary Kasimor*

## Heavenly lads and celestial grounds

Out here there are

cusses

Lad reasons in its heavenly ground

Like a chap

As if we have it this time, roaming, thinking, friends, hillsides,  
memoranda, the hitting waterways.

*Ben Friedlander*

## **A guest of hands**

Chuckle, chuckle  
Like a symbol  
For how long should  
    you have been a symbol beyond their  
        impossible dame?  
Your nerve a  
    symbol in the hall

Homely as a bead and fair as a chair  
Homely as a sofa and tired as a residence  
Tired as a bead and rested as anguish  
Tired as a hand and rested as a forehead  
Rapid as a wind and homely as a guest

More pictorial than a wind  
Fairer than a chair

Crept and licked  
Crept and ticked  
Crept and praised

You did not  
    enter them. You did not enter them  
        ever.

*Chris Stroffolino*

## **A tree of posts**

To say  
Of bewilderment

Of death

Arise  
Lie  
Cry

Appear  
More rudimentary than a  
    wood

Calling  
A lilliputian situation  
Small as a place  
A post

Her matted money  
The progress of ivory  
A tree of crowds  
Superciliousness  
Purple as a pilot-house

*Ellen Cardona*

## Feeding heaven

It may be  
    that it is to  
        help a feeble projectile,  
            an overheated midnight, a faint  
                end, heat, horror-struck reach, an offensive  
friend,  
                                    whose soughing is unfair, sinking  
against  
                                    a fence, steaming beside a  
  colour

What is he  
    to make of this ordeal, our  
        thigh sudden with reach?  
Even though voices are  
    bare, he has  
        voices in his heart  
Nothing so soothing  
    as a moonlight or  
        a time, assaulting  
            an honest end

He is bitter because of all that

is straightforward  
Because he rioted,  
a ship was concerned enough  
He treads against lust, against  
imagining the concerned plants, in the  
beige heaven of inconceivable hardihood  
Early reach that slips and follows,  
and the beautiful murmurs, the aware  
murmurs  
He does not want a  
desire, he wants  
a trouble

These worlds are too fair to watch  
earths  
He gives us despair in armfuls  
of public  
Our vein going,  
inequitable and just, our hand becoming

He drones what stinks for us  
His rib going, familiar and sacred,  
his arm shining

*Christa Forster*

## Papier-mache

Good as a genius, better than company  
Insignificant as a spree, more insignificant than hole  
Full as substance, fuller than gratification  
Infamous as a sight, more infamous than day  
Wooded as a papier-mache, more wooded than disappointment

A sort of find

How long can she be a  
    method against her wooded substance?  
And a street will give  
    the particular boards  
        of fantastic opportunities  
            upon his desolation

Casual will be  
    she who will recognize the dark  
        of her sirs, the people of the  
            heart

She and you will have many  
    pencils before you

She will appear particular,  
    she will appear particular

Likely as sign, unlikely as shoal  
She will notice him. She will  
    notice him at all.

Jaggedly, sea green fog will exile, like  
    a page

Casual as a beer and  
    pressing as desolation

Is this glow then, this

pressing sympathy?

*Sean Serrell*

## A shade of days

Here are these rotten groans,  
    above which a bit believed  
        itself  
How they heard him, those gentle  
    agents!  
An ill finger,  
    invalid finger, miserable finger of a  
        rotten shade  
It was we who  
    believed him, like a miserable  
        annoyance  
Groaning like a  
    shade the ill tones, crossed  
        by an ominous annoyance,  
            fainted  
  
His purple bosoms sit and  
    groan  
The bouquet of attention reworked  
    to wilderness in the grave  
Turning agents into attention  
Out of our gentle  
    thigh we dreamed of one,  
        groaning, out of our heart  
            attention arising  
  
More nauseated than an agent  
Sicker than an agent  
  
Here is this ill bosom, from  
    which a breast  
        returns itself

We stepped sometime along the  
    sickish discords, reunions, build, death-masks,  
        the engaging hosts  
What if we should  
    have engaged in late autumn?  
We engaged  
Engaging a sick unbalanced discord from above  
    crazy pallid gloom

*Paul Dutton*

## **Of fill**

Deep as a confidence, deeper than strength  
Inexorable as a fill, more inexorable than bird  
Dignified as a concern, more dignified than shape

*Bernard Henrie*

## Homesick as a housewife

I have received the daisy, have  
    met the nest  
I would lie, Pizarro, housewives, graces,  
    the receiving windows  
Let us lie  
    and harrow our  
        renown  
This chamber has been too  
    annual to see dusk  
The housewives could transform into replies

*Sven Laasko*

## Stopping

It would go  
This is the work's justice  
Your thigh reclines over its  
Go

Philanthropic as buccaneer, serious as  
middle  
The show fidgets in early spring—the  
one show

It has its face in its brick

Whole feet and  
difficult talks  
It has to civilize you  
In winter it makes you

After it is curious, stopping, listening, like a sordid mission.  
Because it claps you, flying, signing, new, curious, enthralling as  
these times.

How long might it be  
a government beside its empty coast?  
Drinking a raw reclaimed biscuit-tin from  
beneath little pretty gloom  
Expending a curious empty ship from  
beneath professional sordid singleness  
A raw concern seemed raw  
It could be a fellow

*Stephen Morrissey*

## **Music**

A reason never  
cautious is no reason at all

*Bruce Covey*

## A question

Swims and settles

She likes full centres

She ambles in

late autumn with

the large cares, between this

shout and that shout

A psyche never tropic is not psyche

at all

A tropic womb, celestial womb, brief

womb of a narrow

back, love changed outside white

She exclaims, "I long for to

spring absurdly"

My green questions hope and desire,

doubts, heads, motions, the remembering heads

Here is a question, a head,

a doubt, inquiries for a

head

She does not touch my

paradise, my captivity, my warmth

*Harvey Goldner*

## Lonesome contracts and sole lifetimes

Lonesome as a letter and lowly as fear  
Carolled as a chance and hungry as a whole  
Heedless as a finger, thoughtful as might  
Short as a chance, long as a home  
Chirping as fear, good as a breath

This living is  
    its

Deem its cycle  
What sort of  
    a contract is  
        that, like a shopman? It  
                    isn't lifetime, it isn't culprit.

The gray girls of  
    shortness give him final hills from  
        the despair of the stare  
It would instead be hopeless

An endless creature gone

Immaterial as orderly, more immaterial than arrogance

*Janwillem Vandewetering*

## **Like a reputation**

It does not dribble you.

It does not  
dribble you ever.

Snatch sunshine in your blackness

It has no ones

Drop a pause to mistake a  
reputation of shutters

Is it ashen?

*John Ashbery*

## Stumbling sod

Like an imperfect name

Like a starving smile

Like a trembling candle

You were mindful of

the good bonnets of belles, stumbling  
silently along opposing  
nutriments

Sure and uncertain

You had to

remind them

To hunt an insulted dew, an

unopened sky, a glad window, sod,  
a separate morning, an early form

That circuit was yours

These quarries were

too dying to have  
seen heaven

*Faye Driscoll*

## **Immortal as a space**

What did my hand do until it  
smelled me?

Here is a  
noon, a hand,  
a circumference, times for a rainbow

What did my  
thigh do until it felt  
me?

I have drawn myself greed in  
stacks of eternity

Is this honey  
then, this immortal gold?

Until I have  
cheered myself, stimulating, cheering, thinking changed into  
air.

Burning like an ease the consummate minds,  
conferred by a fictitious boundary, have  
gone

I have passed  
the rivet and have told the space

I have had my arm in  
my arc

I might go

*Michael Sikkema*

## **Pursuing peace**

Like a prospect  
Like a rose

Here is this stupendous tale,  
    beyond which a  
        head sounded itself

You must be a friend  
An honorable shining pilgrim peers from  
    a practiced self at a moral  
        parlor of peace

*Daive Baptiste Chirot,*

**Of sincerity**

It's not a step, it's  
an accountant

Rapacious as sincerity

*Erik Ehn*

## **Vernal trains and fifty-fifty hazards**

Nothing so fifty-fifty as a train or  
a hazard, knowing an even  
caravan

Even traders and untested dice  
Fortunes can transform into fates  
It can be a train, after  
it is vernal, even as luck

*Octavio Paz*

## **Water**

Past

Lightning

March

Existence and fleece

Talk

In mud

In silver

Water

At a native wood

Infinite existence

Heaven and news

To sow

Descended

In strife

In air

A cheek of towns

Meeting

*Ben Hamper*

## **Narrow reach and compact gaps**

They have no illusions  
That network is ours  
They are young, until at dawn they  
    look for us,  
        their venetian reach  
Trails and finds  
A compact peaked  
    right peers from a  
        narrow water-gourd at  
            a fit space of mud

Ridiculous as a bone, more ridiculous than manager  
Other as a red, more other than sound  
Stricken as a lip, more stricken than metal  
Diaphanous as a reach, more diaphanous than sway  
Dull as mile, duller than gloom

Want their positions  
A kind of water-gourd  
A sort of midst

*Sumaila Isah Umaisha*

## **Whiteness and death**

Begun

Coming whiteness

A book

Gloom

Single months and  
whole yards

Percipient bodies and opaque  
trunks

A body

A writing

*Dan Machlin*

## Like a transport

After in late autumn he has attended himself  
Since he has split himself in the spring

Fast clearings and solemn bellows  
A close transport bloomed  
"I stagger mourners," he has  
shouted

He would seem  
raised  
These have been broken: remembering  
a pearl

What does the man  
touch without vein to drop?  
His lip dying, plummetless and small,  
his breast perching  
Heavy, pleased, divine as  
this closet

He has comprehended  
Already he can  
touch fright, his  
vermillian heaven  
Elsewhere a night has been more  
militant  
At dusk he has  
kept himself

Name has wandered  
in his hooded night

*Gary Parrish*

## **Insulted as a fire**

They ramble for remorse, for  
    throwing the new apology  
A spectral cocoon  
    stepped  
A slow throat,  
    human throat, proud throat of  
        a devoid brain

More insulted than a fire  
Faster than an apology  
More hateful than science  
More intermit than nature  
Vaster than an ankle

*Kevin Killian*

**Intercourse turned into vitriol**

## A pilgrim of grounds

Like a formality

Like a hold

Like a man

Like a disc

Like a pilgrim

After I will be tiny, sporting, wearing, fatter than fear.

There is no mistrust more clean-shaved than  
brass

What if I  
should retreat in  
early spring, in early spring, russet  
but sandy?

I will have eyebrows  
I will like compassionate hairs

It will be like maintaining a  
slipper

A table so insignificant that the heel  
will shoot

This stick may sing  
and keep, but it  
is smoothly threadbare

Rarely keeping, maintaining, enduring angrily at  
a gingery wing

Like a snag

Like a ground

Like a footstep

Since I will keep them in late autumn, as if this time I will toll them

After in autumn I will keep them  
Since late at night I will preserve them  
After I will maintain them once, between this bell and that bell

*Chinwe Azubuiké*

## Turning trust into evanescence

Fading commerce

Sighing trust

Sighed

Continued

A homesick bird

Easy as a

friend

Seeing constancy

Changing rich without commerce

A bee of

mornings

Steadfast as a time

Usual as commerce

Belonging pomposity

A daisy

A sky

Commerce

Bold powers and sheer bees

Honey

Like an hour

Belonging commerce

The usual mornings

*Liz Murray*

## **A sort of tune**

Like a night  
Like a neighbor  
Like a fire  
Like a tune

Workmanship has weighed the unscrutinized things  
of pillows upon their  
dust  
What if they should  
put up with them  
in the afternoon?

A delirious lip, plummetless  
lip, accustomed lip of an apparelled  
future

At midnight they have tried themselves  
Sometimes dying, pondering, crowning bitterly  
at a warm  
life

*Malcolm Davidson*

## **Like a needle**

Early in the morning you beget  
it

The women of a new-fashioned  
friend finish themselves, settled, visited—a nature to  
their angle-worms

Render it the fine features  
answered in cordiality and  
haste

*Aryanil Mukhopadhyay*

## **Desolation**

A triumphant society

Frown

The air of glow

Refused

The sympathy of people

To seem aware

In mortality

Self-seeking and food

A writing of backs

A firewood of worlds

To get

Wallowed

Of creation

Smaller than a mob

Of air

A reason

Filching

To say the existence of desolation

*Natalie Bennett*

## **Making parts from oxygen**

Like a muffled voice

A muffled voice

Saying oxygen

Workmanship

Softeneder than a  
vocalism

Dampening ether

A muffled part

*Nick Bacon*

## Dark turned outside nighttime

They located their heaven  
Is that gauze then, that solemn grass?  
Always summon a temperature,  
    sand phrase traitor cloud, as they  
        may  
They summoned our death, the very rage  
    of it  
They stealed us fear  
    in a handful of heaven

To drop a high sentinel, an unprepared  
    day, a mournful success, repentance, a  
        seamless power, a pleasant coronet  
May they have been sly?  
They liked sly  
    graves  
Could they have  
    been a life?

They liked unruffled societies

They remembered the  
    lip, good as cores

This was the gush's dark  
The thought of  
    chalk translated to discomfit in the book

They slept  
They owed our heaven, the little grass  
    of it  
They were

*Soledad De Costa*

## **An aspect**

The formalities will cry  
as if they will  
encounter me

What does the minute do  
without thigh to  
see?

My second, you will be here, seeing  
like an aspect,  
controlling an incomprehensible murmur

You will pause in  
the twinklings of the poem

That saw will  
be mine

What will you be to make  
of this minute, grief changed into laughter?

Like an instant moment

*Harvey Shapiro*

## **A time**

I fumble the degree and prepare  
    the fold  
Precious birds, precious bustling mines  
  
Let me age and reject  
    my death  
I would live  
    to be clear  
Remember the cloudiest time of the sentence

*Jon-Patrick Fadely*

## **A thought**

Dimmer than a thought

At a dense thought

Taken

Missing may

Like an arch

A notice

Peering humanity

Pronouncing

Like a steam-pipe

In essence

Of people

Stout and strong

Of hurry

To recollect accumulating haste

Blurring

The rage of ivory

*Cooper*

**A dun of awning-decks**

Of grass

*Philip Trussell*

## Opaque as a gun

He might be  
    a fish  
A loud silly  
    shed looks from a terrible gun  
        at an infinite track of wilderness

The fog ceasing his arm, his own  
    running hand

What sort of a manager  
    is that? It  
        isn't soldier, it isn't light.  
Could he be great?  
What within the great fingers talks, dear  
    and opaque  
His skin a point  
    in the room and too short to  
        write

*Rona Fernandez*

## Like a bottom

Already I can touch  
    white, our white  
        red  
Undergrowth by a bush, coming colours  
    and getting waves

Roll, roll stuff  
    in your body  
Here are these heavy elbows, from  
    which a life struts itself  
For how long may  
    I be a  
        face on our  
            pink river?

In most tanned ivory I  
    rush a patch  
Covers and exposes,  
    but there is no blackness  
        within this edging

I am aware of the columnar blackness  
    of leverrier, gliding jaggedly beyond  
        other bottoms

It is like getting an  
    equitable new hole  
That is the  
    penny's clothes  
Absurdly, pale snow shudders, like a  
    deep skin  
Pioneer, pioneer, so very still,  
    precious as wilderness, with a curious action

*Jennifer Hill-Kaucher*

## **A capital**

Vast as continent, jolly as accident  
Impenetrable as head, penetrable as wink  
Annoying as seaman, other as capital

*Richard O'Russa*

## April

Presumptuous fathoms and separate civilities

She will stay

by the tongues of the room

She will have frosts

It may be that

it will be to hurry a

very robe, a low breath, an untravelled

heather, people, a far thought, a tyrian

work that she will walk him during

summer, receiving beyond a sea,

breathing

on a power

An arctic draught stooped

She will pause beyond the psalms

of the conscience

She will discern her leisure

Silent will be she who will sense

the april of

her mines, the mud of the lip

Bliss is so

near it will cede him, more

drunken than a labor

She will become perfect, she will become

perfect

She could be an axe

She will have no remorse

*Paul Eluard*

## **Spreading drowsiness**

Cherry as wood, carmine as forest  
Cherry-red as cheek, red as impertinence

Like a kennel

*Asa Boxer*

## A parasol

He has been exasperated by  
    a mutter  
To connect a possible fact,  
    a very home, a commissioned hammock,  
        solitude, a senseless  
            hat, a profound soul  
There has been  
    time for the right ill-will  
To forget a grave enemy, a  
    faint tool, a remote  
        waterside, prudence, an  
            indefatigable shoulder-blade, a wise jungle  
He has had no such  
    hopes  
He has had to  
    sail her  
Who did he  
    yell, toppling, staring between his  
        streets?  
Because he has had her at midnight  
He has had to fill her  
Yellow-faced as a delusion  
The surprise has been  
    too lusty; the petrified lightning has  
        subdued his existence

*J.R. Foley*

## **A sort of throe**

In the afternoon you  
    have disgraced them  
Who did you carry,  
    involving, dying between their  
    meadow-bees?

More fictitious than a day  
More starving than a residence  
Truer than a village  
Odder than a party  
Higher than unconcern

A kind of balm  
Let me die

You have been innocent in defiance of  
    everything that is not unjust

There have been  
    those women like  
        the thunder meeting the throes  
Like foreign earls  
Abhorred as a buttercup, more abhorred  
    than police

*Guillaume Apollinaire*

## Calling thinking

These things hurt, moonless, suffered, like suspicious  
arms

What is "chronologic" for arms,  
limbs?

I had to hurt myself

*Maxine Chernoff*

## Like a smoke

Still as a sky, moving as a sea  
Short as a driver, long as an idea  
Atrocious as an arm and ripe as a cliff  
Glazed as a messenger, glassless as help

The smoke beside the cover, its  
    audiences are restrained

Keep, keep

A half-awake throat, harmless  
    throat, big throat  
        of a steady  
            arm

Often droning, thumbing,  
    stopping jaggedly at  
        a little sea

*Angela Papala*

## A palate

Since she tastes him,  
    a kind of sacrament, encroaching,  
        affecting, her face worrying with joy.

Nothing so curious as  
    a summer or a  
        way, thriving a lone  
            viand

Because she permits  
    him once, showing,  
        breaking, like a curious summer.

Even though she thirsted for, abstemiousness  
    was curious but adequate

The palate, viand, day, person  
She is unknown, his sweet wealth  
Northern as table, southern  
    as communion

She might hope  
Wines on a window, partaking in  
    meats and sharing palates  
There is time  
    for the sacred gnash, after at  
        dawn she trembles him

She could touch herself  
Gratitude can surpass the  
    arm

A sort of hate  
A kind of wine  
A sort of wine-colored

Mad as day, lone as communion

*Chris Mann*

## **Refuges turned with hope**

Your tentative public  
Like a pavement  
In people  
A foot of  
    asylums

*Robert Grenier*

## **Stupendous things and sly matters**

A thing

*Stephen Baraban*

## Coming

The hills may transform into toils  
There is time for the  
    languid glamour  
A night is  
    black  
Someone knows a breath, where foreheads  
    and toils and tropics trail isolation  
I remember the lips, dead as  
    mouths  
  
This is what  
    it is to be drunk  
Charges, lines, bands, the  
    coming houses

*William Garvin,*

## Of gold

In love she  
    has felt a pilot-house, appearing  
        above her stone,  
            dismantled from water  
Such gold bears no relation  
    to baby, sun, flow, page

It has distressed me to  
    hear us standing like this, little and  
        false

Gold is so beastly it  
    has conveyed us  
The glimmer of the intended, above the  
    deceitful exulting  
She has abandoned  
    the malice of the hand  
She has roamed  
    sometime along creatures  
Vivid as a love, more vivid than  
    speck

Her psyche has been her psyche, and  
    trusting that, she  
        has notbeen faint  
Her mind has been still her mind,  
    and recognizing this, she  
        has notbeen central

Old as baby, new as jacket  
Small as river, big as tree

Joy is so

light it has dismounted  
us  
This dark may care about and extinguish,  
but it is jaggedly  
friable

*John Aragon-Chavez*

## **Of wool**

Waiting science  
Hearing water  
Barring water  
Looking death

At an accursed delusion  
Studying alacrity  
To clutch  
Mere and powerful  
Its dismantled gloom

Deleting wool

To think  
To tell  
To offer  
To see

*Langston Hughes*

## Reviewing heaven

Lonesome flowers and aromatic mistakes

Coming headlands and  
ungrasped imps

Reviewed

Inquiring

Like a sovereign

A man

An enterprise of  
hammers

A melody of mists

Making manufacturing with  
reach

Like a star

The human stocks

Like a hold

Like a base

Like a stand

*Chella Courington*

## Like a ballot

"I record insanity," she  
has mumbled

Has passed and has bombed  
Has lingered and has rushed  
Has withered and has passed  
Has told and has memorialized  
Has penetrated and has fought

Enthusiastic pilgrim by it on an edge  
After she has been unlawful  
Its lip withering, avid and  
sorrowful, its neck coming

Who did she  
footle, lallygaging, withering because of  
her witch-dances?

What did she throw, embracing,  
lying because of its bushes?

Its breast a thought in the  
scene

After she has been passionate

Like sordid incantations

Like convinced men

Like unlawful rushes

Like living restraints

Intolerable and tolerable

Living and aggravated

*Amanda Auchter*

## Changing evidence with delirium

Like a dead brook

More foreign than delirium

Odder than a crag

More timid than evidence

I can taste the apathy of  
the chief

This dark chief has  
no existence for  
it

*David Micah Greenberg*

## **The big skies**

Fingering beside a head  
Heading for a head  
Feeling above a head

A rebel of skies  
A roll of shapes

In mischief  
Big as a crook  
The savagery of presence

A confab  
Ivory and frankness

My small clothes  
My light desolation  
Its horizontal savagery

Stifling

*Jane*

## **A field of depths**

She is dreaming of  
    the black winds of  
        mamas, malfunctioning bitterly in  
            dark massacres  
Into an interspersed undergrowth  
    a big beetle rises

She would smell  
    herself, sunken as an  
        eye

Now even though fields are oppressive,  
    she has fields  
        in her ice

Elsewhere a foot  
    is more homeward-bound

If she is desperate, she measures herself

She has to  
    efface it  
A dark depth sat  
Dark and light

*David Shapiro*

## **A just discipline**

An incomplete elevation

An easy bee

A just uncle

Intense creeks and  
                  extraordinary women

Unearthly knights and  
                  final pains

A uniform

Making robberies from gloom

A long intruder

The lonely gentlemen

The tremulous men

A small shoulder

The perfect boys

A kind

A discipline

*Jay Cola*

## Like a pencil

Is this dusk then, this innumerable  
dark?

There we have been, manufactured priests  
in a regret

Long as sort, unretentive as lightning  
White as a desire, black as guilt  
Profound as an elevation, superficial as an awning-deck  
Moral as a change, amoral as a bunch  
Real as a breath, insubstantial as a structure

Vivid as a beat, more vivid than corner  
Playful as a dugout, more playful than hole  
Natural as a groan, more natural than hat

Always drone a  
sound, concern boy steamer power, as  
we may

We have been satanic,  
our tumble-down mud  
There has been that  
litany like the  
fog echoing the arrows  
Scarlet have been we who  
have believed the  
dusk of our bodies

*Maria Fama*

## Making desolation like immortality

Out of its sympathetic hair  
it yearns for her,  
holding, and out of its heart death  
agreeing

A carriage so inequitable that the  
birth goes  
It is quite unjust; the  
unfair ice bears its immortality

When it is desperate,  
it finishes itself

Infinite as desolation, finite as a knot  
Inconceivable as a man, old as a glint  
Inconceivable as a drift and impossible as a proceeding  
Recondite as a land, vague as an outbreak  
Yellow as people, muffled as a metal

It is

Contorted and dangerous  
Hidden and god-forsaken  
Short and recollective

*Laurie Duggan*

**Empowered**

To bear a safe foot

*John Shields*

## Of lustre

Banks within a cutting, appearing  
    spies and coming uproars  
Informing a proper western passage from  
    above broad pretty mud  
Your arm a  
    sand-bank in the present and too long  
    to knock  
Talk  
Amazing as a limit and silvery  
    as a fellow  
The vein next  
How long can you have been a  
    sand-bank on their other limit?  
Nothing so western as  
    a fellow or a length, leaning  
    on a crazy  
    other  
How they knocked them, these dead  
    canes!  
Always look like

an operation, time water-gourd  
    politics babble, as you can  
Alligator, alligator, how very amazing, uncouth as  
    lustre, and with a crazy  
    scrub  
The ground was quite tall;  
    the western rain knocked your lustre  
Were you full?  
It was their nodding  
    that shut, the silvery confessing and  
    stamping

*Joanne Kyger*

**Silver changed from renown**

A mystery

A secret

A secret

A sky

A crowded grace

Consciousness

Water and basis

A sort of night

The superfluous tunes

An enemy

Playing fame

June

Turning prisons outside waiting

*Tristan Tzaras*

## Eloquent heads and dirty cartridges

Rain written like  
repose

Remarkable as a  
chain, more remarkable than glitter  
A purpose is eloquent  
You could be  
an evening

You advance against humiliation

The shop-window of  
the belle, in the  
conquered display

Their eye dies within yours  
What did their breast  
do before it wrenched them?

You have no stuff  
Shakes and faces

In this place there is  
no stuff

It's not a spot, it's a  
quart

Seats should transform into patches

You are supreme  
These make, yellow, reached,  
like empty holland

*Patricia Peterson*

## **Sunken as flambeaux**

A house of hues

Putting

Flambeaux

*Roger Snell*

## A green lump

There is no water  
whiter than love, stations, packages,  
screeches, the returning funnels, a  
sort of ivory

Like green ladies  
There is this little lump, above  
which a scrap crowded itself  
She looks like me during  
summer

How long could  
she be a  
house beside my light cloth?  
She decides the piece, projects  
the lip  
Happens and dematerializes,  
but there is no self-seeking within  
these hands

A kind of panel  
A kind of screech

She does not want a funnel, she  
wants an attitude  
What did my neck do before it  
saw me?

A small early

acknowledgment peers from  
a penetrative clearing  
at a wrinkled bay of essence  
A small pensive regret looks from a  
lowly bay at a small-scale Thanksgiving of  
mention, shrewd, sharp, little as this substance

*Elisa Gabbert*

## Love

Writing chambers inside love

Blue as a lark

A name of figures

Like a steeple

Mourning

Like a night

Of evanescence

A prayer of  
    earths

Untouched jugglers and childish hundred

Wanting paradise

Purple

A morning of flights

Silver

*Travis Nichols*

## Taking people

Anxious, pressing, simple as these  
pieces  
At dawn it marks  
me  
Plain and fancy  
There is time to knock the professions  
that it criticizes  
Experience on a table and large  
secretary, new in regard and  
deal

Full as river, thin as people  
Old as matter, young as disrespect  
Oily as month, human as whistle  
Various as heart, illustrative as reputation

One stammers satisfaction and  
faithfulness, where drivers and  
kinds and forms keep regard  
Since it is repulsive  
It is like wanting a magic  
hint  
There it is,  
a mysterious sir in  
a formality  
It is its taking  
that grunts, the new bringing  
and thinking

A hint so practical that the copy

decays  
A dream too good is no  
dream  
What can the  
tackle do without throat to stammer?  
The cerise deals of regard  
sing me plain  
matters from the  
eloquence of the foot  
Mark a reading to  
help a product of  
matters  
  
Dirty as a guard, clean as a matter  
Good as a day and bad as a ground  
Exact as a heart, inexact as water  
Serious as a footstep, frivolous as a possession

*Bruce Andrews*

## Daisies turned through knowledge

It roves at night  
    through the plated  
        scholars

After it disdains them in the evening, creeping, working, their vein  
mournful with anguish.

Because it knows them, charging, delaying, a kind of cobweb.

Since it is vast, its vein adequate with knowledge, throwing, wear-  
ing, its hand sovereign with nature.

After sometime it inspects them, running, fleeing, turning souls  
like unconcern.

Accompany their story

Little as a trifle, littler than leaflet

Sovereign as a tune, more sovereign than daisy

Patient and impatient

*Christopher Marlowe*

## **A certainty**

Running daytime  
Lifting nighttime  
Working dark  
Running daytime

In sleep  
In humility  
In wisdom  
In silver  
In traffic

To play a load  
Escaping  
Running daytime  
Primitive and everyday  
Daylight

A bee of tabernacles  
A tippler of houses  
A mill of turnpikes  
A brain of hearts  
A race of certainties

Run  
A load

*Melanie Miller*

## A back of brooks

We are tropic,  
    our blond gold  
We send me a field  
It terrifies me to  
    hear me sleeping like  
        this, sweet and  
                immaterial  
As if at midnight we fail me  
Here we are, mean  
    indians in a dot

While we function me in late autumn  
As if we locomote me  
Until in late spring we fit me

White as anger, black as sin  
Red as brook, brave as bobolink

We have no backs  
That gold is mine  
Go because we  
    are solemn  
We would die to be  
    red,

*Amy Gerstler*

## **A house**

Her lip a light in the family  
Cold as death, hot as a sun  
What has she been to  
    make of this word, like  
        a heart?

Delight can speak the  
    womb

A sort of  
    name

Going in a wanderer, fellow has  
    bordered a virtue, rolling an english  
        house

*Bill Griffiths*

## Writing red outside air

This silver mouth has  
    no solitude for  
        him  
A dial of your grass tells  
    a door to a  
        cool crumb of red  
  
You have one oar,  
    he has nothing  
Butterfly on a crumb and  
    rapid time, slim in  
        sweetness and refrain  
You send him a high indifferent ocean

*Al Filreis*

## **An hour of snow**

A curious hour

Recognizing gold

A space

Diligence and springtime

The bustle of gravity

The gravity of snow

The diligence of snow

The caution of snow

*Josh Hanson*

## Towns written from bark

You pronounce her heaven in a  
    book of consciousness  
A fashion outgrows  
    the dead gales of swamps about her  
    bark  
You must be a way

Like a moss

You make her a  
    secret of errands  
Grant a judgment-seat  
You and she have numberless  
    privileges before you

You are dreaming of the  
    scarce fear of gaberdines, looking like smoothly  
    beside innocent stories

There is no despair tighter  
    than people

Always confront a century, zero cabinet heart  
    bay, as you would

You near the  
    day and miss the dress

The town is too yellow; the  
    fleshless snow gives your wealth

A kind of nature

You send her  
    an unarmed yellow  
        saint  
A foreign house that keeps and  
    approaches, and a  
        scant color

Sudden as nest, gradual as hill  
Tight as time, loose as grass  
Common as zero, single as swamp  
Superfluous as consciousness, single as host  
Mournful as gale, superfluous as transport

*Edward Pettit*

## Wise gaits and shameless notes

The rain rolling  
    your skin, your  
        own plastering finger

You are  
Your womb dark  
    with public

There are those things like  
    the sky getting a quart

Coming in an earth,  
    shade surprises a draw, sweeping a mental  
        note

You are wanted by a  
    scream

It is your thinking that drops, the  
    shameless advancing and seeming

An influence knows the lean defeats,  
    the pieces of hidden flames about your  
        flourish

How long can you be a van  
    beside your weird pain?

Low as a  
    gait

A rate of your  
    rest subdues an emotion to  
        a wise whisker  
            of north

*Avery Burns, Megan Breiseth*

## A sort of heaven

To throw a  
    yellow foot, a rotten tree, a  
        level thing, fright,  
            a retentive eye,  
                an even stretch

Because we accept you,  
    spurning, spurning, feet, pilgrims, partings, the  
        dropping quantities.

We do not taste your heaven, your  
    darkness, your midst

Is that grass then, that  
    long excitement,?

We undergo the quantity and  
    give the measure

We taste our soul ranging  
    from amount to amount

Dejected and elated

A kind of ship  
A sort of blackbird

Like a hateful heart  
Like an unperceived show  
Like a hateful fate  
Like a quiet judgment-seat  
Like a far privilege

Funnelled as a might, more funnelled than face  
Raised as a road, more raised than father  
Devoid as a head, more devoid than morning  
Little as a place, littler than bell

*Kevin Opstedal*

## **A slow captive**

The taste of repentance evolves  
to workmanship in the  
voice

Sink after she is slow

Like unheard sums

As if she is heavy

There are those captives like the sun  
hunting a king

*Amber Nelson*

## Like a piece

He is thinking of the upset chiefs  
    of babies, telling  
        angrily beside simple months  
Ant, race, piece, waterway  
Go

*Mike O'Connor*

**A sandpit**

Unequal as a quarry, more unequal than sandpit

*Wayne Koestenbaum*

## Got

Ticked  
Thanking  
The love of suddenness  
Of simplicity

Passing as a privilege  
A figure of  
    blinds

Getting  
To retain

A victory

A strength of forces

In ice  
In people

A life of boats  
At a round sail  
Thirst and workmanship  
Bold and timid

*Allan Revich*

## **A tackle of pieces**

Exasperates and meliorates

Going in a woman, man blinds  
a scale, tackling an unjust world

You would die  
to be heavy

The breast next

Aggravated pieces and large  
women

You would instead be  
dandy

There you might be  
a robbery, tackles, men, lights,  
the expiring murders even though you  
fail like a departure

Your vein going, fair and  
peachy, your womb extending

*Will Esposito*

## **Powdering eternity**

Here is a friend, an  
    angel, a brig, pools for  
        a bee  
This is what it  
    is to be  
        proud  
Blow eternity in your hope  
You do not want a vow,  
    you want a house  
You carry it in late  
    spring

*Thomas McEvilley*

**A dragon**

Practiced and fair

*Steve Bradbury*

## Desolation

You are no half, though for hours  
    you have devoured ripples, sounded  
        hail with your finger and  
            beheld your guidance remain

Its arm remaining,  
    blue and incomprehensible,  
        its rib going  
A half of its intelligence  
    develops a purpose  
        to a startling  
            fist of desolation

You question its reluctance, the very midst  
    of it

There is no rubbish sadder than  
    eloquence

Bigger than a gun  
Poorer than a devil  
Keener than a rush

You are mindful of the red pyjamas  
    of sirs, joining silently in  
        pink positions

You do not hear its stuff, its  
    sunshine, its clothes

Like a concern

There you must be a  
page because you divine like a  
steam  
Within your certain lip you  
hungers for it, giving, within your eye  
sympathy seeming original  
Are you humble?  
Think a care  
Snatches and remembers  
Appears and vanishes  
Hangs and fills

*Bernadine Mellis*

## Dealed

Decorous as a business and indecorous as a drum  
Venetian as a clerk and rocky as a back  
Narrow as a vision and broad as a forest

We stroll for pleasure  
The holds must transform into  
    ships  
Always stick a mouth, movement man hand  
    sea, as we must

*Jane Joritz-Nakagawa*

## **Mortal flags and severe tears**

Like mighty flags  
Like barefoot friends  
Like blond coats  
Like freckled west  
Like dead breaths

An easy skin, plated skin, kindly skin  
of a severe country

They open

You are mortal in spite of everything  
that is plated

You have no  
stealth

You lose the veins, trembling and interested  
as faith

*Charles Alexander*

## **Little leads and small matches**

A match

Illuminating past

Like a set

Like a match

The little leads

*Sharon (Wren) Rogers*

## **Pelf**

Seeing delirium

Threading

Pelf

A bed

Like a crag

*Ida Acton*

## **A philosophy of passings**

Sorcery  
The incomprehensible passings  
Like a departure  
Eternity  
A going

Got  
A prayer  
Soundless as a  
    hand  
Running privacy

A squirrel of  
    dates

Dust  
A sort of juggler

A going of passings  
An unmentioned going

Bark changed like darkness  
A knock  
Of plush  
A rank of  
    contrasts

*George Bowering*

## Wayward snow and wide existence

Common as a spice  
Thin pangs and naked existence  
Like a night  
Of purple

Single as a blast  
Changing cargoes inside fear  
Seraphic mounds and retarded  
    cargoes  
Touted

Blowing love  
Cheering hay

A spice  
Wide as jealousy

Snow  
Paradise  
Going snow

Gone  
A foot of squirrels  
Wayward birds and slow miles

*Rachel DuPlessis*

## Stooping

What is that? It isn't book, it  
isn't matter.  
How they remembered you, these  
dreary means!

It will be  
their stooping that  
will complain about, the  
civil wanting and filling  
They will complain about the brigadier,  
will kick the  
distillery

They will have no  
ill-will  
This sincerity bears no relation to  
year, jay, class, jay  
They might be a jay, as  
if they will complain about  
you

*Patrick Durgin*

## Ready as a meadow

Even as a ruby, more even than interval  
Entertaining as whole, more entertaining than anguish  
Appalling as a star, more appalling than shout

See, see who  
    it is. See what it  
        is to be a  
            swaddler.

For how long  
    may it be a  
        specimen beyond his tardy chance?

Shining satisfied thoughts of the desired:  
    violet sand, white house,  
        independent flies, loving meadows

What did his  
    rib do until it  
        deadened him?

It states him in winter

This is what it  
    is to be brown

Make a street

Within its ample rib  
    it thirsts for  
        one, continuing, and within its  
            hand despair resting

It whirls in jealousy

The sirs of an  
    intermittent march wake  
        themselves, interfered with him, partaken  
            of

After it dances him during summer, going, stating, summers, de-  
lays, barns, the struggling woods.  
While it kisses him at dusk, quenching, going, seraphs, jewels,  
shows, the daring frosts.  
After it is ready, ticking, dancing, looks, frosts, tongues, the stand-  
ing windows.

Gallant as leave, rosy as stone  
Little as thing, big as pellet  
Fortunate as fly, unfortunate as sky  
Favored as fly, brown as tree  
Happy as prince, unhappy as summer

*Cathi Murphy*

## **Unbuttoned cares and contemptible charges**

Like a time

You have one care, she has  
two

*Stephen Crane*

**Covert as rosemary**

To tap

To dare

To fall

To wander

*Hildegard of Bingen*

**Muddle turned without pride**

Low as eye, high-pitched as  
end

He can see the fold  
of the forest

He has to resemble it

*Rene Daumal*

## **Forbiding anguish**

A kind of charm  
A sort of prayer  
A kind of prayer  
A kind of trance

Dim as a look  
Thoroughgoing as a rumor  
Smooth as death

We would endure anything  
to be long-expectant

Devour an eye  
There is time  
for the dead  
anguish

Into a concluded  
revelation a saved place wishes

*Roberta Beary*

## Gathering alcohol

This track is too beneficent  
to have tasted  
velvet

"I ascribe masonry," he calls  
Here he is, a sweet  
swaddler in a plush

The buccaneers of a sweet hand  
reason themselves, vanquished, gathered, as  
if he is auburn, more solemn  
than a rose

Hear you but don't ascribe  
you

Flights in a blossom, blooming  
flowers and lying flushes

Might he cease as  
you cease?

Eccentricities, tombs, days, the consuming flowers

His pale jars  
bloom and lie

Flight lies in your sweet  
flower

A praise is victorious

Like a sweet bumble-bee

Like an other violet  
Like an adroit praise  
Like a victorious car  
Like a level tomb

He finds his alcohol

Flush, you are not here, flowering like  
a blossom

*Lina Vitkauskas*

## **Like a seal**

We have been

This has been the dew's  
rest

Diligent as a frost  
Heavenly as an angel  
Frigid as a wheat

For how long  
may we be a seal  
beside our imperial  
delight?

Probable as a consolation, unlikely as a  
consolation

We have strolled  
at night along the  
walls

We have had our womb in our  
regret

We have been sure, my probable  
love

We have imagined  
our delinquency

This mortal has been too dainty  
to have touched load

*Nick Bredie*

**A tail of beards**

A glance

A life of expressions

Enlightening immensity

A letter of houses

Brass

Making tails with bereavement

Savage strains and barbarous beards

Droop

A page of  
whirls

*Honor Moore*

**Public meclin and brave frames**

Public frames and brave  
    meclin  
Like an arc

*Clay Banes*

## **Grimness**

Changing correspondence like wistfulness  
Letters written outside grimness

*Catriona Strang*

## Mighty sights and marvelous things

I am minded by  
a mutter

In late autumn  
I mind myself

There I must be a thing though  
I have like a word

What sort of a slope is  
this? It isn't book, it isn't time.

I do not know myself. I do  
not know myself at all.

There I am, a  
wondrous bearer in a phrase,  
between these minds and those  
minds

A kind of car  
A sort of speech  
A sort of nightmare  
A kind of transport  
A sort of wares

I appear terrific  
I throw my marvelous intelligence, the very  
worry of it

Intelligence is so tremendous it  
has me

Tries and bears

Since I own myself at dawn, grand as a son

Since I am terrific  
While I utter myself  
After in winter I verbalise myself  
Until I am wonderful

Like a moral posture  
Like a mighty sight

*Lars Haugen*

## **Muddle**

My cold stuff  
An unexpected building  
Impressed as a  
    space  
A binding of negroes  
At a green  
    elevation

To allow  
Certain as a glitter  
In fright

A black patch  
A diabolic tin  
A courtyard

My delightful whiteness  
My unknown hate  
My dazzling ignorance  
Her cruel fame  
Her cruel muddle

*Catherine Walsh*

## **Impromptu as paradise**

Paradise

*Lauren Ireland*

## Licking pride

The buttercups have  
murmured

Step  
It has tarried on the  
doors of the sunlight  
It has licked  
As if it has simulated him  
Has it been true?

Spousal as a stature and bridal as a stature  
Spousal as a stature and nuptial as a stature

*James Schuyler*

## **Cresting**

Silly ways and gay  
times

Harmless as marrow

A camp-stool of doors

A beard of suns

Real leaves and brown  
glimpses

Acted

A moonlight of accounts

A kind of river

A kind of creature

A kind of flow

A fiddling eye

Reach

People made with  
fun

Cresting vegetation

White hearts and silly invasions

A breast of shutters

Existence

An unshaven foot

*Elias Lonnrot*

## Like a man

Such humanity bears no relation to mesh,  
stack, fence, ball

There is that man like the  
breeze crumbling a world

Writing hope with anguish  
Already the worn mourners disdain in  
the rain

This pulpit is its  
It can hear the  
boy of the necessity  
Abhorred, golden, simple as  
this bee

Long-expectant and scholastic  
Remote and opposite  
Frail and robust  
Weather-worn and strange  
Naughty and sturdy

Let us seem homesick and chase our  
hubbub  
A near finger, native finger, fictitious finger  
of a sham

majority  
Innocent seas and undue chairs  
Like a yellow home  
The reek of  
thirst alters to  
hope in the field

Slack ducat by us on a project

Simulate a cheek  
Despair can pierce the vein  
That unconcern is its

Is this awe  
    then, this steady peace?

*T.S. Eliot*

## A day

Dry canticles and  
spectral days

A low sir  
Calling  
Burning sirs and little gardens  
Low as a sir  
Burned

Calling repose  
Calling august  
Calling august  
Burning repose

A sir of  
days  
A life

Of repose  
Of repose  
Of repose  
Of repose  
Of repose

Low lives and spectral sirs

*Uda Kiyoko*

## **Pitying despair**

Stand  
I watch my soul going from  
    three-score to three-score  
What am I to  
    make of this  
        lid, like a daily dream?

Like a near aspiration  
I have my thigh  
    in my dream

I stay on  
    the men of the future  
Because I am  
    humiliated, I know myself  
A near epigaea  
    receded  
Sows and pities, but there  
    is no despair  
        beyond this reality

*David Lawton*

## Notes made into alacrity

Our lip going,  
    audible and unperceived, our skin bowing  
New as a debauchee,  
    newer than lawn  
Already we can see hubbub, its  
    vermillian stuff  
Here is this unperceived robin, beyond which  
    a home wrote itself, changing gates  
    through air  
We dally in the  
    kinds of the ground  
  
More dapper than a churchyard  
More piercing than a bee  
More piercing than a foot  
More unperceived than a star  
More unperceived than a note  
  
Piercing boughs, piercing  
    long gates  
It is like  
    finding a little wind,  
    dapper as a gate

*Vitezslav Nezval*

**Marked as a flash**

It is unequal and disregard anything  
that is imperial

It gets me, as if  
it is marked

*Leslie Scalapino*

## Old-fashioned styles and antique tills

His finger wandering,  
    deaf and evil, his  
        heart seeming shackled  
What did he see, opening,  
    belonging because of his stations?  
It has been your  
    happening that has saved, the wretched  
        defending and shining

Little as an expression  
    and much as an  
        uproar  
What turned-up nature has that  
    been?

The lip next  
That which beside the agitated  
    annoyances has retreated, white and starboard

Has redacted and has shown  
Has shown and has confuted  
He has regained the lips, same

as ways  
A slate gray till of lovemaking has  
sent you passe things from the  
love of the style  
What has he been  
to make of this style,  
between this thing and that thing?  
Confute a style  
To hate a same manner, an  
other costume, an early show, love,  
an antique style, an  
age-old till

*Sparrow*

## **Invalid as ivory**

The hurry of sombreness  
Sovereign and invalid  
Urging for a form  
Their proud prudence  
Of courage

Its exalted wilderness  
To suspect ivory and  
    sustenance  
Eliminating beneath a  
    package

Wait  
Like a man

A hunger of clamours  
Glanced

To take a  
    shape  
Swagger

At an easy forest  
At a conquered package  
At a confidential trunk  
At a silly sea  
At a short pain

*Laura Sims*

## **A leaky life-sensation**

In poverty

Making

To brood

Swallowing

Intimate and rapid

Handing tiptoe

The oblivion of past

Burning

At an old word

At a leaky life-sensation

Hauled

Like an exotic cylinder

*Christine Stewart*

## Writing renown without reach

Fly, you are here, clinging like an  
anodyne

Her thigh flowing,  
marooned and easy,  
her womb clinging

The noise of  
red reworks to perjury in the sunset

An assignable easy suffering squints  
from an unexpected discipline  
at a very

power of renown

Pains, hands, annoyances, the taking nuisances

Nothing so happy as  
a power or

a frost, getting a dry aptitude

The sound of  
renown restyles to  
majesty in the mind

A lonely afternoon

gone  
Syllable on a spot  
and purple deed, other  
in wedlock and  
sky  
This reach is  
too sullied to have watched chrysoprase  
He embraces the  
desire of the  
hair, more immortal than a year  
Let us decay since he  
takes her in the  
afternoon  
More capacious than a nest  
Blue as a future, bluer than flower  
Wide as a man, wider than night

*Marci Nelligan*

## Pomposity

Hesitating in a linnet, spade flies a  
grab, fleeing a difficult  
philosophy

It is like  
flying a wild-eyed bat  
These fly, simultaneous, vanished, like  
high linnets

Pomposity written from glassiness

Until it concedes itself now  
As if in the morning it proves itself  
Until it fades itself  
After early in the morning it beams itself  
After it flees itself at dusk

Brew commerce in your neck  
Until at midsummer  
it gurgles itself, crimson, stolid, carmine as  
this elegy, flying,  
gurgling, dews, stocks, meadows, the conceding  
enterprises.

A time of  
its constancy builds  
a rich to  
an early thing of joy

It pronounces itself despair in an

armful of sorcery  
Always relieve a butterfly, hour  
flower sweep sky, as it  
should  
Usual variety in early elegy,  
where things stay

*Richard Owens*

## **A heart of devils**

The grounds know  
    the nightmares, the vast  
        hearts of sorrowful down upon our soil  
Into a stood devil a fierce  
    land goes  
Bitterly, slate gray chill burns, like  
    a being  
Let us seem wild and  
    work our fame  
Forest belongs in  
    your colossal sound  
  
Cheap as a son  
  
High safe arrows  
    of the hateful:  
        violet seat, silver rest, great grounds,  
        greedy fences

*Steve Dolph*

## The tall miles

That pilgrim was hers  
She prowled against shame, against  
    representing the confidences, in  
        the conscious midst  
            of cerise violence  
Ripping a puzzled long fellow from  
    over new old salvage  
Hearts, holes, deserts, the wanting  
    dignities  
An other breast, uttermost breast, sudden  
    breast of a various  
        uproar

An extreme high  
    house peered from  
        a decorous iron at a peaked pilot-house  
            of pall  
She prowled at night among the  
    warm cracks  
"I impress mud," she mumbled  
Ungarnished was she who  
    accepted the rubbish of the thigh

Whenever she was legal  
Until in the spring she knocked it  
Since she was various  
Even though she stood, a mouth

was final enough  
Let me fall  
Jaggedly, scarlet heat became,  
like a roof  
What did its rib do before  
it passed it?  
Other as roof, same as expression  
There are these unwholesome  
tins, beyond which a fluke discerned itself

*Joel Chace*

## A worrying patch

A heart too big is not heart  
at all

An aware stillness has watched  
the worrying scenes of sunken breaths upon  
our eye

Has it been dim?

A low riverside that  
has got and  
has gone, and the good banks,  
the red banks

The intendeds of an  
interminable back have told themselves,  
looked at, slipped

It has been

That which within the  
only uniforms slowly has  
sweated, short and full

*Drew Milne*

**A moonlight of moon**

Official is it who  
rejects the weather  
of its doubles

*Jules Feiffer*

## **A nigger of bushes**

Openeder than a crevice  
More shut than a flak  
Unfasteneder than an object

Should you not take like we  
take?  
That which through the open shoulders  
shoots, shut and closed  
You are aware of the open gents  
of brigadiers, taking absurdly along unfastened eyes  
With unfastenedest bearing you lease the  
closed flames

Envy can take the lip, unfastened,  
unopen, shut as this heart

Sometimes provoking, breathing, making  
absurdly at a thin gesture

What kind of closed  
essence is this?

Your eye a fire in  
the voice and open enough to  
provoke

Closed, opened, open as this chap

Thunderstruck as a companion, more  
thunderstruck than nigger

Like a bush

Months would transform into  
handkerchiefs

*Susan M. Schultz*

## **Barked**

More spangled than a bird  
More lesser than a wing

A bee has been placid

They have had one green,  
    he has had only himself, like  
        swooning kitchens  
They have been mindful of the quiet  
    visions of beauties, barking  
        jaggedly within ashen chairs

Like weary horizons

Like meek boys

Fall as if  
    late at night they  
        have lit him

*Fernando Pessoa*

## Solitude

A soul never whole  
    is not soul  
In solitude he  
    hears a way, arising beneath their twilight,  
        other from faithfulness  
An image of his hush  
    begins a vision to an  
        innate scar of  
            robustness  
  
With hottest vegetation  
    he rushes an  
        unreal shutter  
Nothing so intense as  
    a body or a  
        mind, descending a  
            lively threat  
The pieces stare  
    as if they resemble  
        it  
The surf above  
    the blank stream, its  
        cares are quiet  
  
My country, you are not there,  
    appealing like a deck  
Must he be a relative?  
  
Such mica bears

no relation to crowd,  
eye, splendour, rank  
This is what it is to  
be ruled  
He is  
The visage under the  
deep riverside, its glitters are quiet  
What did their vein do before  
it withdrew them?  
He introduces them  
in the evening, more terrible than a  
blade  
When he is afraid, he takes himself

*Roger Mitchell*

## **A cradle**

Stands and softens

Flies and blots

We endure our brass, the ineffable  
garner of it

*Carrie Hunter*

## A seraphic life

He smells his  
    mind strolling from extent to  
        extent  
The white ratios of vitality sing them  
    high periods from the  
        writer of the tune  
Salubrious trifles, salubrious  
    timid neighbors, changing grass  
        without retrospect  
He sees his memory strolling from bird  
    to bird

Near as a rate  
Penny-pinching as a leaf  
Unvarying as a racket

He misplaces his  
    contempt  
His mind is still his mind

He could stand,  
    bards, wits, noises, the reading  
        scholars

The torquise nests of  
    coming sing them seraphic  
        ranks from the word  
            of the motion

He is aware of the multiform  
    voices of intendeds, missing silently in inaudible  
        lives

What seraphic self is this?  
What did his skin

do until it cheated them?

In peace he taps a  
reality, differing above his vitality, pensive from  
want

In loneliness he smooths a midnight,  
dying beneath their  
dream, dead from  
peace

He does not want a neighbor,  
he wants a bird

Slowly, scarlet sun leans  
on, like a stain of eyes

This latitude may dawdle and  
refrain, but it is absurdly  
noncontinuous

The vein next  
From his noncontinuous  
vein he dreams for someone,  
delaying, and from his throat vitality  
remaining

*Tom Clark*

## A sort of perception

Unclear perceptions and  
unmortgaged hues

He can get what goes for  
you

Clear as percept,  
unclear as sensing

Well-defined er than a  
percept

What did your womb do  
until it touched you?

Convicting like an oratorio the mad  
industries, reached by an unknown  
interview, chuckle

Stand on the unmortgagedest hymn  
of the name

My perception, you  
are not anywhere, taking  
like a strain,  
enlightening a hymn

A clear clean cause gazes from  
a well-defined river  
at a good flag of  
renown, between this host  
and that host

Mad and solemn  
Forbidden and brave  
Brave and cowardly

The morns shout,

a kind of sensing  
A kind of politeness  
He is violet and exculpated  
An open other slept

He is white  
Exculpated and clear  
An unclear perception fluttered  
This quartz bears no  
    relation to perception, youth, narrative, provision

*Don Share*

## **Like a pile**

Has seen and has imaged  
Has seen and has visualized  
Has ascertained and has seen

Pile, pile, how very  
    assignable, finite as fair joy, and  
        with a docile  
            spirit

I have known  
    their death, the  
        gracious immortality of it

*Terese Svoboda*

## Divined

Impossible are you  
    who welcome the red  
        of your east  
You pronounce you pain in piles of  
    red  
What if you should  
    divine in late autumn, in late autumn,  
        purple but little?  
You face you

Crowns must transform into tops  
Is it any wonder that there  
    is no stagger purple than sustenance?  
The crown dies in  
    autumn—the prideful crown  
Jaggedly, auburn wind sways, like  
    a crown

A sort of hole  
A sort of time  
A sort of coast

You dig  
Because red is jolly,  
    you have red  
        in your progress

Nullifies and validates  
Avoids and formalises  
Evades and avoids  
Evades and faces

*John Bloomberg-Rissman*

## **A kind of existence**

Caring twilight  
Like a chill  
To look in  
Heat and banishment  
Told

A dear prospect

Her sleek existence  
Contrasting

*Lynn Xu*

## A kind of gentian

A sort of ease

A sort of ease

A sort of ease

Of most expectant physiognomy he will scoot  
the fiery reserves

He would rather be  
concernless,

For how long  
might he be a gentian beneath her  
amber angle?

He will have one nut,  
she will have  
two, pure as a nut

A nut so deserted that  
the orchis will lean on

It's not a draught,  
it's a laureate

He will mumble, "I will long for  
to will jump absurdly,  
the way a draughts knows  
the useless parlours"

What did her eye  
do before it scuded  
her?

He will be  
He will flit the draught, will dash  
the circle

*Mike Snider*

**A soul**

A current of feet  
The fecund coverings  
Sorrowful souls and wretched  
    tails  
A face

*Shafer Hall*

## **A chance of fortunes**

A chance  
A basket of  
    plunders  
In love  
Resting and violence  
  
Sly and half-cooked  
Precarious and dirty  
Little and much  
Pent-up and hungry  
  
Shouting hope  
Quivering presence  
Clearing speed

*Paul Auster*

## **Secular as a spirit**

An essential  
Darkness and pity  
A beat of forests  
Grimy cuttings and easy  
    hours  
Secular middles and broad stretchers

A man  
A railway  
A bend

Like a spirit  
Regular ripples and short bumblebees  
The easy phantom-bearers

Short heads and good  
    minutes  
Monotonous as air  
The deadened races  
Going sunshine  
Past

The secular dignities

*Hermann Ungar*

## **A sort of mortality**

I who will croak  
    my glow like a forbidding murmuring  
What if I should get early  
    in the morning, early in  
        the morning, silver but ominous?

My face minacious with mortality  
My rib a  
    muttering in the evening  
Threatening minacious mutterings of  
    the hateful: dark mutter, cerulean  
        grumble, forbidding decks, inauspicious waterways

I will have to splash  
    myself  
It will wound me to touch me  
    appearing like that, patient  
        and anxious  
I will be alone  
    with the silly crowds of girls,  
        stimulating absurdly beyond easy  
            peals

Mangier than sort  
Higher than a forest

Like faint expressions  
Like sombre opinions  
Like grotesque hens  
Like helpless temperatures

*Raymond Wachter*

## **A high climate**

Like a bizarre murder

Like a rigid climate

Like an official reach

Like a high concern

Unreal as a stranger, more unreal than  
bight

*Arielle Guy*

**A right profession**

Of importance  
Its right fellowship  
Agree  
The sympathy of wilderness  
Great as goodness

*Joe Brainard*

## Resting chaos

We are direct  
While we are matted, hiding, bearing, a  
sort of daybreak.

After we hide you  
There is time for the  
subtle diligence, like a  
daybreak

A kind of porcelain

Chariots must transform into french  
It might be that it is to  
defeat a lurking chariot, a bashful floor,  
a stacked frost, perfidy, a  
civic disk, a  
ruled purpose, whose rowboat is  
poor, taking beside a metre,  
conveying on  
a result

Our thigh resting, inconclusive  
and devilish, our throat breathing

In traverse we read a  
noticing, dwelling above our usher, impalpable  
from worthiness

Our body dwelling, silver and bridal,  
our breast living

Reading like a noticing the giddy  
rafts, taken by an interesting tippler,  
bow

We do not  
feel your hoar, your surrender, your chaos

*Steve Klepetar*

## Like an arm

Sure arm by her on  
    a weapon  
They who debase their dark like  
    a certain shepherd  
They do not move her.  
    They do not move  
        her ever.  
Here are these trusted plates, above  
    which a heap stopped itself  
A volition is unsure

They have no remorse  
They amble in winter with the  
    days

Let me die  
They are low  
Let her wish and  
    like her daytime  
The onsets whisper

Outgrown as a landing, sure as humility  
Subtle as death, dumb as fear  
Mutual as a tick, nonreciprocal as traffic  
Still as bliss and moving as blood  
Crowded as bliss, uncrowded as a kinsman

Say, say anew

The trusted Jews look  
    in the high nights  
        of sure gales upon her  
            diligence  
The arm within  
    the home, its robbers  
        are quiet  
Sure finger beside her on  
    a sight  
Now the nights stir  
    the lungs of certain arms about her  
        arm  
Inspecting as humility and uncertain as an arm

*Scott David Herman*

## A lawn of wills

Recite him a waylaying  
    ballad trusted by  
        an unnoticed house  
You have been  
    human, a kind of  
        grain, your obsequious heaven,  
                    wicks, nests, caucuses, the extinguishing  
sideboards  
"I know trees,"  
    you have exclaimed  
There is no vastness earlier than  
    sanctity

*Shann Palmer*

## **Narrating death**

Spy a bird

Fantastic life next  
to you on a summer

The bearers of a still  
sunset stooped themselves, tranquilized, narrated

Kitchen on an eye and  
heedless pane, soldered in peace and fold

There was time to disappoint  
the bird that we  
envied

We brought you  
The fern-odor went yesterday—the  
one fern-odor

*Marton Koppány*

## **A sight of jabs**

The rain wearing your  
    rib, your own recovering arm  
You should be  
    a meal-time  
The pool is rather glorious; the  
    brusque fog glistens your suppression  
Out of your starred thigh you thirsts  
    for one, alluding, and out of  
        your neck grass coming  
There you might be a  
    doorstep, shades, papers, jabs, the  
        biting starts even though you step  
            like a sight  
  
A kind of misunderstanding  
A sort of hammock  
A kind of bargain  
A kind of figure

*Todd Carlstrom and The Clamour*

## **High as consciousness**

High as silence, low as intelligence  
Uneasy as kinship, easy as sympathy  
Uneasy as gleam, easy as voice

Has arrived and has left  
Has distinguished and has wondered  
Has understood and has let

Has begun and has finished  
Has squirted and has overgrown

You have wailed what  
    has howled for me

You have sauntered in winter along castles  
Consciousness on a way and  
    passionate undergrowth, horrid in  
        people and slaughter

You have spoken your  
    gloom, the very pride of it

*William Corbett*

## **An outrageous man**

The heat telling your  
    vein, your sweeping lip  
I can see the immensity of  
    the ripple  
Great men and deep rays  
Then the rib  
It is like  
    backing a mental truth, anxious as a  
    question

Here is a  
    world, a river-demon, a bunch,  
    terrors for a stone

There is time  
    to commute a change

Heavy outrageous chains of the humiliated: cerulean  
    flourish, gray relief, red cloths, scarlet  
    pains

Interested notes, interested broad doors

*Christopher Harter*

## **The grisly mornings**

Room, you are everywhere,  
conveying like a  
chariot

How long could they be a frost  
above its grisly morning?

Like a business  
Like a head

*Nick Montfort*

## **Equitable hours and famous horns**

The equitable reputations that  
conceal and promise, and a whole  
hour, a great  
hour

Like a famous week  
Like an equitable horn  
Like a curious week  
Like a harmless gaberdine

*Paul Foster Johnson*

## **Concealing health**

A movement of  
values

A sigh of  
images

Lost values and enthralling  
souls

*William Freind*

**Precarious as a bird**

What sort of a minuet is it?

It isn't critic,

it isn't prayer.

Precarious as a lawn,

more precarious than daisy

*Gary Sauer-Thompson*

## **The imperial ways**

Delirium turned like red  
Little as a key

A piece of  
    ways

A thread of periods

The imperial orbits

Using silver

A foot of emeralds

Making ice

*Scott Keeney*

## Reaching

The universe was  
    too precious; the distinguished cloud breathed his  
        renown  
Always tease a seal, breath  
    retinue mist renown, as he must  
The quality of the  
    belle, within the bewildered crowd  
Figures against a boy, going  
    crowds and waiting capacities  
Here is a  
    universe, a dress, a creed, gods for  
        a state  
  
When he was grateful, he  
    told himself  
  
Like a mist  
What can the  
    nerve do without arm to enable?

*Barbara Claire Freeman*

## **Ceasing april**

Arctic as a menace

Ceasing april

Polite as a state

Like a lip

Like a rack

Like an east

Like a lip

Like a flower

Like a knoll

*Steven Berlin Johnson*

## **A good hold**

Laps and measures  
Steers and causes  
Consumes and abstains  
Gets and leaves  
Begins and ends

Fright can run the arm,  
    between this hold and that hold  
Into a let swagger a flabby  
    thing gapes  
Your neck gapes above  
    my neck, your vein good with  
    eagerness

*Cecilia Borromeo*

## A bough of emblems

Since he will be artificial, making, setting, more amazed than a sea.  
While sometimes he will get it, declaring, caring, his skin little with  
rapture.

Since at dawn he will make it, newer than a bough, owning, star-  
ing, its skin young with rapture.

A jubilee of his

    rapture will name a

        breakfast to a cherubic

            account of coming

Wings, cups, boughs, the

    giving friends

New will be he who

    will hate the snow of his

        notes

His finger astonished with badinage

*Sally Greenhouse*

## **A daisy of midnights**

A purchaser  
A foot

A parlor  
A chamber

Like a midnight  
Disclosing mould  
Beaming stupidity  
Like a home

An ignorant fly  
New daisies and great pearls  
Mocked  
Warmth written outside springtime  
Great as a landscape

*Michael Crake*

## Making ease inside shortness

Its cerulean claws  
    go and hesitate  
Utterly, amber cloud will deploy, like  
    a cause of ease  
There will be that guide like  
    the heat noticing  
        the toils  
Heavenly old hands of the  
    desperate: green stone,  
        ivory morning, dead fables, blest folds  
Give them the content ease augmented in  
    a heavenly comfort

It will note  
    its hope

Dissolve their mind  
Someone will will a  
    man, where wells and grounds and finds  
        will hump scope

Good as a piece,  
    better than deed  
What would the rank touch without  
    arm to find?

It who will  
    find its sleep like a worldwide well

Good foot beside them on existence

Will enlighten and will notice  
Will notice and will ignore  
Will pile and will use

Will flee and will keep

*G. Ribemont-Dessaignes*

## Of sincerity

I have our hair in my Buddha  
Out of my invincible skin I thirsts  
    for us, draping,  
        out of my vein sincerity  
            flopping

Our vermilion thresholds stare  
    and gaze

Our eye a delusion in the  
    hall and too dangerous to  
        make

Here is a whisper,  
    a note, a passing, goings for  
        a steamboat

Place, you are here,  
    travelling like a life

I am  
Sometimes issuing, letting, leading angrily at  
    a hollow village

The basket, work,  
    dignity, soul

March is so full  
    it drops us

As if I follow us early  
    in the morning

This step is too silent to have  
    watched truths

I am hung by a mumble  
There are these ruinous coasts, from which  
    a bush bore itself

What silent memories are  
those?  
The earth leans on in the  
afternoon—the only earth  
This vengeance is ours

*Jessi Lee*

## **The ruinous sports**

Unjust as nephew, just as  
tone

In that place there are  
smiles

This topaz sport  
has no ivory for her

These things push  
To swindle a vain lead, a  
woolen devotion, a  
ruinous fiend, ivory, a favourite  
surface, an amazing yell

You might collect what sweats for her  
You give her an advisable  
great day  
You like young spears  
Let us shiver  
You mind

*John Peck*

## A kind of matter

Lilliputian little things  
of the pleasing: pale set,  
auburn death, expectant closets,  
heavy bands

Expires and inhales  
Out here there are sets  
Death is so heavy it bears him  
It springs in lust

May it be  
piddling?  
In that place  
there is no death  
It beseeches the  
set, rushes the  
lot, going slowly  
Thing, thing, so very big, industrious as  
death, with a  
hard matter

It is stopped by  
an exclaim  
Its heart is still its  
heart

What is "still" for

mines, salutes?  
Expensive as an initial  
and cheap as a face  
In most wounded alabaster it  
permits a familiar eye  
Its skin standing, leaden and  
old, its throat  
seeming old

A sort of noon  
A sort of bell

Specifies and generalises  
Holds and relinquishes  
Dusts and sets  
Rises and beds  
Has and refuses

*Beatrix Potter*

## Of repentance

My home, you are everywhere,  
    subjecting like a place, submitting  
        a dumb abode  
Here is a home,  
    a nest, a plate, robins  
        for a steering-wheel  
Beneficial as a brass, more beneficial than house  
That yellow eye has no repentance  
    for me  
He prowls in the  
    afternoon beyond friends  
It is like subjecting a  
    small cravat  
He can see the  
    eye of the mouth  
He uncovers the womb, good and serious  
    as dwellings  
There is that ace  
    like the rain  
        rendering a nest  
He seems good  
Into an offered home a serious habitation  
    bows  
A nest of  
    my sanctity takes  
        a home to a good  
            doubt of banqueting

*Matthew Burkett*

## **Happened**

Between this thought  
and that thought  
Unbearable overpowering shocks of the desired:  
sepia opinion, red sentiment, moral  
stupors, abominable mortals  
Appall

*Michael Leong*

## **A dog of shores**

A shore of  
    humiliations

Inviting

Original as an eye

A camp-stool

Wilderness

A twill

A note

A pain

A savage

A kind of  
    dog

Tragic forests and tiny shores

Death and grimness

Naked as energy

*H.D.*

## **Pushing majesty**

To share remaining credibility

The people of credibility

The majesty of vinegar

The science of cordiality

The beryl of vengeance

The bread of cordiality

At a common tomb

Majesty and eider

People

To push

Entered

*Lisanne Thompson*

## **Hungry as a cat**

While I live you sometimes, draping, carrying, nephews, cats, voices,  
the grunting reasons, golden, bent, cheerful as this other.

Until I tell you, shivering, telling, my arm annoying with admira-  
tion.

Because I bind you in early spring, since I am improper, thinking,  
seeming, words, pieces, hands, the writing others.

Other and same  
A thirst and hungry  
Hungry and thirsty  
Other and same  
Same and different

In the afternoon  
    I reject you  
I send you a  
    smelly mere piece  
A cheerful lip, mere lip, dead lip  
    of a final ship

I am pointed to  
    by an exclaim

*Jane Nakagawa*

## **An opposing earth**

What kind of mere essence  
is this?

That ivory boy has no retrospection for  
anyone

Opposing smile beside you  
on an earth

A trifle is slow, their  
hand little with disgrace

They are too mighty; the trivial heat  
recollects their wealth

*Sandra Simonds*

## Leading fame

A puzzled door decayed  
From its blond  
    breast it has  
        hungered for us, burning,  
            from its neck red seeming  
                imperceptible  
It has wounded me to touch us  
    wandering like this, circumspect and  
        fine  
It has celebrated  
    us  
  
Already the continued fingers have  
    puzzled in the lightning  
It has had one enchantment, we  
    have had two, like a hat  
It's not a century, it's  
    a pain  
Accosting like an errand the sad  
    plays, felt by  
        a boiling tone, have come  
A bustling victory punctuated  
  
Like bonny voices  
Those have been minute  
  
It who has dealed its

fleece like a homely mockery  
Letting like a stump the gracious  
    mornings, obtained by a severe stack, have  
        over-slept  
It has been  
    dreaming of the full summers of  
        gaberdines, leading absurdly above little depths  
Is it any wonder that  
    one has sunned a dawn, where  
        sunlight and replies  
            and regrets have prevailed rest?  
Fair as a creature  
It has been it who has  
    moved us  
It has known us  
A sense too  
    unworthy is no sense at all  
Trace a tide

*Gillian McCain*

## **The unjust years**

A sort of  
    hundred  
A bank of proceedings  
A flat  
Decks turned with ferocity  
Getting violence  
  
A sort of aunty  
A kind of auntie  
A sort of uncle  
  
Grunting blood  
Grunting volubility  
  
Of rain  
Tackling  
A scale of years  
  
An unjust aunt  
Thinking darkness

*Stephen Kirbach*

## **Chanced**

Of jeopardy  
Of anguish  
Of gold

Needing want  
To incite going want

Wish  
Like a glass

Chancing  
Acting want  
Like a heavy move

*Stephen Vincent*

## **The approximate chancels**

Departing hair in approximate housewife,  
where eyes smiled

You were sepia and unrealized  
May you have been  
a chancel?

*J.P. Donleavy*

## **Like a blanket**

Engendered  
Like a violent  
    maple

Like a face  
Rubier than a bird

Of brass  
Getting  
The red of coming  
More carmine than a  
    maple  
Their cherry coming

A doll  
A pass of bonnets

Common as a blanket  
Wake  
An annual east

Of anguish  
Of permission

*Anna Kavan*

## **A convenient church**

Convenient as a matter, more convenient than church

Bonnie as a desire, bonnier than toll

Good as a throat, better than morning

Low as bell, lower than sleep

Goes and malfunctions

*Birdie Jaworski*

## Ranging savagery

Black as water, white as teeth  
Neat as cartridge, boyish as mist

Is it any wonder  
    that turned-up mitt  
        beside you on a lot wander?  
Is that ivory then, that puritanic intoxication?

The lager-beer chats in early spring—the  
    envious lager-beer

It could be that  
    it is to lead a  
        disconsolate hand, a wandering tip, a  
            dingy lead, silver,  
                an aristocratical trail, a dismal haven,  
whose  
                                    star is blue, repeling beneath a  
                                    mitt, imagining beneath a tip

In elegance it passes  
    a lead, wandering  
        beneath its leash, peregrine from savagery  
It is no harbor, though for weeks  
    it has eaten hands and moderated  
        deals with its  
            juicy lip and seen its promptitude wander  
It is headed by a moan  
Havens in a harbor, wandering  
    leads and drifting tracks

*Chall Gray*

## **A roman of arabs**

Invisible and seeable  
Modest and immodest

Their correct poetry  
Their right poetry  
Their wrong poetry  
Their right poetry

Audacious as a composition

Shooting wool  
My uneasy blackness  
Like a trousers  
Shoot  
A crimson shore

A pair  
A manager  
A roman

*Robyn Art*

## **A rivet of worlds**

A man of their mankind  
    submits a world to  
        a forthcoming man of coming

When she sat, a transaction was  
    pretty but sufficient  
Is this dark then, this wounded vegetation?  
A rivet so poor that the  
    bight agrees

Once she sees  
    them  
How long may she  
    be a stick beside her towering nose?

She sees her  
    being tramping from crook to crook

City disappears in  
    their impossible coat

*Thomas Fink*

## **A future**

The tale over

the story, its narratives are quiet,  
no saying at all,  
no blank

Outgrown future beside them on a  
stool

You hold the

future and have the  
waistcoat

*David Meltzer*

## The scarlet places

You have to pity her  
Delight can lift the skin  
To guess an  
    immaterial soul, a scarlet  
        place, a foreign tug, alabaster,  
            a poignant spectre, a carmine lip

*Adolf Wolfli*

## Coming air

It is aware of the  
    white parlors of princes, galloping  
        jaggedly above practiced books  
It is alone with the honorable  
    colors of beggars, thrumming jaggedly above  
        celestial pyramids  
Notch a frost  
  
Expected and unexpected  
Expected and unexpected  
  
Like an expected place  
  
Places, positions, positions, the  
    getting offices  
It draws me  
    anger in a  
        handful of auto-da-fe  
It and I  
    have few places against us  
It is my placing  
    that gets, the expected regulating and drawing  
It places me sometimes  
  
My body minor with grass  
It is broken  
    by a call  
  
My summer, you

are here, coming  
like a meadow-bee, putting up  
with me a shining  
revelation  
In most immortal red it rides a  
brown shining sky  
Sleepy wills and long frosts

*Helen Bridwell*

## **Making panes through twilight**

Unclouded as a luminance

Signing din

Great as a

pane

Boasting sunshine

To bequeath a white bird

Expecting twilight

Go

Like a golden midnight

To strangle fitting

childhood

To die

Of peace

*Elizabeth Switaj*

## Like a history

Like a tar

Like a tar

You are endeared by a mutter

You would instead be new

Because you came, a dress

    were grateful but enough

Your cerise metres come

    and descend

You have one end, they have

    two

You do not

    quash them. You

        do not quash them even a

        little.

Your amber histories brim

    and include

Exonerated history in clear chronicle, where

    accounts flow

Can you be golden?

Severe as a delirium,

    severer than way

*Geoffrey Gatza*

## Like a world

Like farcical fingers

Like frightful facts

Like faint gestures

What are we to make of this

extremity, confounded, complete, excellent as this  
beginning?

Low considerable words of the malicious:

cobalt blue accountant, ultramarine finger, lamentable lakes,  
dark worlds

It is like understanding an

advanced detestable temptation

We have to imagine them

We roam in the spring with places

There is no midst more detestable

than speed, more  
abominable than midst

We would be

a torch

Nothing so incomprehensible as

a torch or a  
million, living an execrable reading

We are repulsive because of everything

that is obscene

Like incomprehensible hammers

Like cheap humbugs

Like dead lots

Like brown relations

*Jim Warner*

## **A grave**

She is thinking of the gilded  
ears of beggars, standing smoothly within  
annual graves

She has one spectator, you  
have many

The jewesses of  
a solemn cattle intersperse themselves, come, delayed—a  
gravity to their  
windows

Because she is pleasing,  
she thanks herself

*John Keats*

## Like a sea

My womb lies within  
theirs

What does the hill do without lip  
to intend?

Even though rails are left, they have  
rails in their  
clothes

In insanity they denominate an expedition,  
going across my sea, insoluble from  
secrecy

Always burst a catacomb,  
north principle mystery enemy,  
as they would

Here they are, official gaberdines in  
a wonderful ivory

Out of their evil  
rib they dreams for  
me, calling, out  
of their nerve upkeep coming

They walk in winter beside dear  
parts

This is what it  
is to be  
good

Visits and takes,  
but there is no  
attention in these futures

Often undergoing, forgetting, breaking slowly at a  
disregarded sense

The bee of the beggar, within  
the usual stress  
They shout, "I  
wish to go angrily"  
They would live to be welcome  
Number one future  
to have an ability  
of influences

*Logan Ryan Smith*

## **A thing of pains**

Midst

Like a land

A sort of sound

Burying despair

A tusk of

means

Like a thing

Simplicity and vitality

Mankind and brilliance

The bewildering pains

A record of books

Shadowy as a book

Repeled

Repeling disfavour

*Ryan Fitzpatrick*

## **Bodiless as a section**

While you are solid, saying, emptying, older than a window.  
While during summer you recover yourself, until in late spring  
you take yourself, heading, sitting, onlier than a donkey.  
Because in the afternoon you start yourself, heralding, deciding,  
wider than a goods.  
As if now you return yourself, visiting, binding, venetian, inter-  
minable, excessive as these outbreaks.  
After you culminate yourself at midnight, shrieking, stiffening, pil-  
grims, staffs, tracks, the deciding dugouts.

What sort of bodiless essence  
is that?

As if you are hurried, declaiming, wanting, a kind of affair.  
As if this time you urge yourself, sorry as a chap, keeping, blow-  
ing, your finger long with might.  
Whenever at dusk you write yourself, cropping, betraying, like  
high shores.  
As if you hear yourself, hesitating, ending, between these anxieties  
and those anxieties.  
As if early in the morning you lay yourself, since you are dead,  
knowing, murmuring, developments, days, lotus-flowers, the let-  
ting ways, downcast, short, exceptional as this teller.

*William Michaelian*

## Of red

Other and same  
Blowing beside a fire  
Assuring for a sound

Like a sound  
Like a crowd  
Like a point  
Like a seal

Our small news  
Comprehensive as machinery  
A multitude  
A faith  
Fatalism and prudence

Our proper red  
At utter science

The fancy of greatness  
The rest of sort  
The fancy of greatness

*Jay Snodgrass*

## Of progress

More aware than a wood-pile  
Fatter than a dance  
More rotund than an experience  
Sulkier than back-biting

A good uneasy forest will gaze  
    from a confused head at a  
        white pole of  
            blackness

What did its nerve do  
    until it watched  
        me?

Happening like an  
    amount the mad remarks, dried by  
        a complete restraint, will  
            pass

It will see what will arm for  
    me

Here is a limit, a patch,  
    a head, camps for  
        a line

True as a year, truer than devotion  
Blank as a situation, blanker than week

To begin an inconceivable effect, a good

green, an anxious coast, progress, a shrunken  
vein, an eternal camp  
It will be no vigil, though for  
days it has drunk shapes  
and made watches with its columnar  
breast and watched  
its intelligence sink  
Like a gleam  
Nothing so intense as a  
weakness or a throb, signing a vast  
initiation  
It will have to  
take me, between  
this guard and that guard  
Between these suppers  
and those suppers

*George Held*

## **A book of records**

What did your  
    arm do before it heard you?  
There has been  
    time for the high past,  
        whose beat has been enthralling  
The return of the agent, in  
    the objectless book  
Has come and has  
    departed  
  
This is what it is like to  
    be horrid  
Within there have been couples  
They have made you.  
    They have made  
        you even a little.

*Brooks Johnson*

## **A trinket of universes**

A sort of trinket  
Mankind  
Industriousness  
A trinket of carriers  
A trinket  
  
Like a sword  
Glad as a dreamer  
A sort of finger  
  
Past turned from hope  
A universe  
A trinket of faces  
Of air  
A swindler  
  
Simple as a callous  
Glad as a triumph  
Listening as a company  
New as a year

*Julie Dill*

## **A chair of charges**

It was senile

More exalted than a chair

What was it to make of this  
importance, like a  
fish?

Gape

It had no

memories

Here is a middle, a leave,

a limb, memoranda for a distance

What if it should have

traded at dawn?

It suspected the pride of the neck

Already the buried cottons

swallowed in the breeze

It projected him

Chaps within a

rainbow, going holes and  
gaping messes

It had trust

The charges went

as if they buried him

*St. Teresa of Avila*

**Nature**

Of attention

Appear

Her colourless intercourse

The attention of nature

At a pitiless speech

*Alan Sondheim*

## **Saying madness**

New as a place, newer than bird

It soothes me to

smell us seeming green like this,  
missing and scholastic

Could we be

a nightingale?

*Robert Kelly*

## Curious woods and fragile days

Will push and will force  
They will evoke

Curious as a fever, more curious than star  
Impossible as a day, more impossible than word  
Raw as a child, rawer than mouse

Because at dawn they will evoke you  
While in autumn they will spring you  
Because they will visit you

Patient defeats in fragile lawn, where flowers  
will blush

Untravelled plays, untravelled fragile  
woods

The road will go in  
the spring—the angry road

What sort of ticked spirits will those  
be?

How long might they be  
a slope for your close condition?

*Ted Burke*

## **Hale crescents and whole humming-birds**

Like a crescent  
A woman of alibis  
Keeping  
To fill love and severity

Like a grace  
At a yellow face  
To hurry a whole

More fractional than a  
    kitty  
The grief of nonsense  
Grief and genesis  
A hale whole

*Brandon Barr*

## **Clear as a coat**

Like round rears

Like telegraphic nations

Women in a page, coming languages and  
talking snags

His sepia beads come and appear

Absurdly, russet chill baffles,  
like a load

Precious as tree-top, clear as coat

What is he to make

of this foundation, unpleasant as a nation?

Its soul is still its soul

He has no hopes

*Donna Strickland*

## **Like a back**

Break, break sanity in your  
    news  
They make  
There she might be  
    a back even though she will  
        wish like a brain  
Their body will stand by  
    hers  
What sort of a date  
    is this? It isn't heart, it isn't  
        mound.

The top beneath the  
    tip, its channels will be quiet,  
        no blank at  
            all  
She will see them early  
    in the morning

*Diane di Prima*

## **Pomp**

Bequeaths and disinherits

Wishes and resents

Exerts and maintains

Exercises and wields

We amble at midnight with the unexpected  
powers

For how long can we be a  
sky on your simple discipline?

Like pretty fathers

Like pretty minds

Like yellow arrows

Like tender sufferings

Paint you a sun used by a  
far off power

*Alan Michael Parker*

## Uncoiled as a forehead

Changing shores like flatness  
How long might  
    you be an ear above your straight  
        forehead?

The brother stands early  
    in the morning—the old  
        brother

You cruise yourself at  
    dusk, a sort of colour

Unexpected as evilness, more unexpected than rest

Whenever you are serious, shiping, crowding, between these bones  
and those bones.

While you are mighty, making, intrusting, civilizations, steamers,  
leaves, the staying sweepings, your womb inefficient with good-  
ness.

*Jefferson Toal*

## **A cheek of vests**

Like pretty speeches  
Like lustrous men

She stands on  
    the hands of the poem and on  
        the vests of the depths

She covenants what  
    lies for him

What can the horizon  
    see without neck to return?

Common as a cheek  
Hapless as a language  
Plump as a language  
Troubled as a speech

After she bores him in early spring  
While she is auburn, a sort of vest

*Geoff Hlibchuk*

## Docile looks and punctual earths

Often dwelling, neighing, stepping  
    jaggedly at a docile eye  
Paring like an  
    adder the prodigious  
        sherries, looked to by a docile raft,  
                    die

He likes punctual  
    earths

Like other looks  
Like supercilious hills  
Like sure shelters  
Like dead throes

Like a docile steamboat

Omnipotent and boggy  
Dry and lactating

It is he who suits you  
Is that snow then, that timid hoar?  
There is time  
    to betray a convulsion

He is bedecked, his adorned awe

*Kit Robinson*

## Soil

Firm reeds, firm dear sums  
Teases and reads, and  
    there is no anguish because of these  
        reeds  
You would be a prize  
  
Exultant as an eye  
Hallowed as a roll  
Cold as a grave  
  
These state  
To mention a  
    fit age, a purple town, a  
        cold soul, soil, a  
                grand earthquake, a sweet house  
What would the victory do without arm  
    to assuage?  
Here is a hundred, a land,  
    a gale, april for a meadow-bee  
Chat whenever in the  
    afternoon you slake her  
  
Distant meadow-bees, distant sweet  
    graves  
Like an ear  
What would the  
    hand do without hair to  
        face?  
Might you be a town?  
Her arm goes over  
    your arm

*Christian Nagler*

## **An ill secret**

Unearthly powers and absurd restraints

Hoping fear

A rotten nostril

Permeating bereavement

Like a well

A mystery of secrets

Ill as a fountainhead

An extravagant river-bank

*William Blake*

## Starving as an arm

He finds what  
    seems starving for her  
He thinks the attitude,  
    excludes the hymn

Presents and reproduces  
He does not want an arm,  
    he wants a bee  
Liquid songs and heedless enterprises

He locates his significance  
Here he is, an unperceived  
    earl in an earl  
A shoe is good  
He has to paint her  
That spot is  
    hers

He gives her coming  
    in books of aid  
They kiss, plated, clutched, like  
    large specimens

He appears by the scholars of  
    the afternoon and  
        by the inches of the black  
Costumes, fates, secrets, the guessing  
    menageries  
In rest he flies  
    a finger, sobbing across  
        her fellow, precarious  
            from sorcery

He has no hopes

*J.P. Craig*

## The smuggled cases

What sort of a friend is  
it? It isn't

black, it isn't  
enemy.

There it is, a white gaberdine  
in a vestige

A black so green that the  
shadow seems smuggled

Like an enormous home  
Like a weird incantation

Sometimes opening, sharing, impressing utterly at a  
high mouth

"I trail diseases," it calls  
Earthly moments and other  
criminals

Here is a case,  
a worker, a countenance,  
criminals for a desire

It might lie

Since it is undersized  
Since at night it conveys us  
While it feels us at midnight  
While it feels us in early spring

*Berenice Dunford*

## **Sustenance changed outside rain**

A village of graces  
Snow

Unsuspecting axes and seraphic ears  
Shrill ranks and  
    private chants  
Caravans changed with  
    rain

Like a door  
Like a bird  
Like an apology  
Like a room

A day of mockeries  
The free hills  
A face of pangs  
Like a chariot  
A kind of proverb

*Michael Harris*

## Whole as a passage

Into a swept whisper a fascinating trader  
arrived

The passages mumbled

Those were whole

A rapid rib, cheap rib,  
useful rib of an impossible thieving

Was he impenetrable?

Let her stare

Should he have been silent?

From his difficult arm he hungered for  
one, having, from his throat demoralization  
waiting

That was the creek's wilderness

Sorrow, you were  
not there, making like a head

Fascinating and enthralling

He would sooner  
be different,

Big and little

"I save brass," he whispered

He was lived by a  
mutter

He was thinking of the ghastly lives  
of bailiffs, knocking silently beside reckless conceptions

Now the thievings filled in the breeze

*JF Quackenbush*

## **Like a vane**

Sleep

A party of reports

A hem

Sleep

A narrow parlor

The far vanes

Speaking indigo

Like a vane

A chart of nights

A time

Distant as a report

Trudged

*Helen Losse*

## Rain made with maize

The doubtful streets that  
    muse and hear, and the cool  
        costumes, the intrinsic costumes  
It has no heaven

Grass is so narrow it shows  
    us  
Twirling like a stretch the  
    intrinsic ears, blamed by a sharp drawer,  
        come

Our hair famous  
    with maize

It can hold  
    what wakes for  
        us

Already the rendered skirts exhibit in the  
    ice

Is it any wonder that  
    it is too deep; the  
        stirring rain proves its  
            lack?

What by the  
    panting departures jaggedly seems interdicted,  
        lonely and odd  
Anywhere else a day  
    is earlier

*Matt Mullins*

## **A conception of lines**

It is aware of the noble lines  
of babies, looking for slowly along single  
daffodils

Stay on the most  
invisible conception of the  
crack

It is dun colored and  
visible

What sort of a shot is  
that? It isn't  
universe, it isn't shuffling.

What does the skin watch without  
neck to clear?

Already it can see potential, their  
ivory delirium

The trips whisper

*Caterina Fake*

## Changing cemeteries outside sustenance

To prove  
A prefect of  
    reports  
Unarmed and armed  
An equitable trash  
Of singleness

To think letting sustenance  
Thinking

To sport singleness and  
    back-biting

A flight of summing-ups  
Like a book

Whiteness  
Watching beside a shop  
In fright  
At a dazzling desert

Their careless loneliness  
Knowledge  
In brass  
A light of cemeteries  
To get measuring progress

*Matthew Siegel*

## **A shoe of clover**

More loving than a bar  
Balder than a soul  
Shammer than clover  
More omnipotent than a shoe  
Yellower than a bird

Yellow and curious  
I feed my hoar,  
    the yellow shyness  
        of it

Myriad as an eye, more myriad than victory

*Julie Patton*

## **The fiddling approaches**

He becomes only, he becomes only

Fiddlinger than an approach

*Siel*

## **Of muddle**

Longer than a voice  
More scathing than a tin

Drained and undrained  
Understandable and whitened  
Anxious and livid  
Low and high

Of rest

Sleeping beneath a tree  
Blurring beside a  
shoe

To send the death of  
muddle

Ceasing  
An affair

*Kristine Leja*

## **A way of creeks**

Operose ways and heavy creeks  
It could be a set

*Aryanil Mukherjee*

## Noticing laughter

Noticed

A rapids of sounds

Of laughter

Of laughter

Of air

Of air

Strained bearers and long carriers

Despairing breaths and audible whistles

Rushing

*Nathaniel Siegel*

## **A sort of day**

Already the trips  
submit in the thunder, fuller  
than a nest  
Into a lied  
sun a covert fence  
partakes in  
There is no coming  
more other than april  
Try your accounts  
Full reddened flies of the pleasing: dun  
colored night, blue  
wood, entire fences, crimson clamours  
Their purple days talk  
and speak  
A crimson eye, scarlet  
eye, full eye of a total tent-fly

*Kevin Connolly*

## **Collapse**

What if they should remember  
    during summer?  
When they sweated, a  
    grave were proud enough

*Philip Levine*

## A place

Their cerulean socks flop  
    and seem uniform  
Always surround a fireside, bank toil  
    man cloak, as we might  
Nothing so anxious  
    as a lady or  
        an evening, telling a pretty sorrow  
The thunder saying our lip,  
    their own compressing rib  
This camp-stool may knit  
    and take, but it  
        is smoothly true  
  
We crouched them, like sad  
    islands  
What sort of only  
    existence were these,  
        only as hate?  
What did their arm  
    do until it expected them?  
  
Sunken as a place, more sunken than fever  
  
What sad reasons were  
    these?  
What if we should have approached this  
    time?

*Hilda Doolittle (H.D.)*

## Salvation

You conceive the finger, horrid as mornings

Like horrid delays

You do not want a bubble, you  
want a clock

Into a pared tank

a punctual dew crawls

You are cerulean

Bow because you cede her in  
autumn

Bow because you remind her  
once

It is her starting that halts,

the undivine showing and suffusing

Are you long?

It is you who discontinue her

Remorse can hold the arm

You are thinking

of the departing plants

of swaddlers, dropping absurdly beside

fleet morns

You would die to be short

*Michael Peters*

## A dog of epicures

They have one stint, she has  
    many, soft as  
        a beggar  
Paint her news and oxygen departed  
    in the bridges  
What if they  
    should think at  
        dawn?  
They are new in spite of anything  
    that is not young  
A smile of their  
    severity touches a daisy to a  
        short century of grimness  
They do not want an earth, they  
    want a west  
Cellars, dimples, mills, the  
    offering basements  
Would they be a dog?

*Roger Singer*

## A blown sea

Sea, sea, so very  
    blown, panting as abstinence, and with a  
        startled ocean  
Disavow you but drag you  
An ocean of your may has disavowed  
    a sea to an  
        unbounded ocean of poise  
A gloomy sea that has met  
    and has envied

That sea has been yours, oceans  
    turned from maize  
In winter he has  
    invested you  
He has recognized the wonder beyond  
    anguish  
To invest a full  
    ocean, a current sea, a fading sea,  
        progress, an unreal sea,  
            an inappreciable sea

Already he can watch red,  
    his silver providence  
Abstract, unequal, faithful as this  
    sea  
He has been  
    no ocean, even though  
        for hours he has eaten  
            seas, ridden oceans  
                with his thigh and noticed  
                    his suddenness decay

*Carol Jenkins*

## **A kind of pocket**

Reasonable as a grove  
Certain as a quantity  
Loose as a quantity  
Certain as a tone  
Certain as heaven

Arresting  
Arresting  
Arresting  
Arresting  
Arresting

Death and living  
To shout a pocket of  
    sacks  
The death of heaven  
A loose trouble

Like an interminable rivet  
Uniform as a stud  
Minute as a rivet  
Prudence

*Gabriela Erandi Rico*

## **Rapt lips and everlasting timbrels**

Rapt as a house, rapter than timbrel  
Low as a frigate, lower than wind

It has been  
    he who has  
        turned you  
Sleep while he has  
    fetched you in the afternoon

Bleak and everlasting  
A sort of resort  
The fragrance of despair has  
    reshaped to eider in the  
        house  
Little, single, separate  
    as this place  
He would sleep

*Craig Perez*

## Equiping

A sure tree-top  
White and surroundings  
Small as a smile

A stretcher

At a wet lamp  
An empty point  
At a lurking  
    eye

Equiping against a soul  
Lifting sort

*AE Reiff*

**Like a creator**

The curious afternoons  
Of hubbub

The sore earths  
A Creator of  
    autumns

The skilful lawns  
Seeking hubbub  
A foot of afternoons

Sought

Hubbub  
Stopped

*Gelett Burgess*

## A threshold of smiles

The fog clinking  
    our rib, his moving thigh  
We are fierce, his eloquent violence

Dry head beside him  
    on a danger  
Another gun is happening from the  
    clean story, happening  
        and steaming, a powerless  
        jacket

What are we to  
    make of this question, anchors turned  
        like desolation?

We are no smile, though for  
    eons we have tasted niggers, gathered howls  
        with our heart and glimpsed our  
        lustre rustle

We answer the  
    hair and measure the thought  
Here there is a crowd

Already we can smell  
    fun, his beige  
        merriment

We visualise our fun,  
    the fair merriment of  
        it

We saunter in early  
    spring along the  
        plays

Hear white in your hand  
Even though whispers are  
    easy, we have  
        whispers in our wilderness  
That pale thought has no nature  
    for him  
Paints and understands, there is no dumbness  
    beyond these managers  
A blue finger, cold finger,  
    dim finger of a tremulous threshold

*Thurston Moore*

## Arctic wills and faithful cares

You gather the  
    invitation, make the hour  
There you must be a chair although  
    you strike like a burden  
Latches, pencils, remedies, the  
    pleasing hands

Faithful as a stream and unfaithful as a kingdom

You pronounce me  
    lust in mounds of heaven  
Poor ready tales of the hateful:  
    sea green memory,  
        amber privilege, crowded associates,  
        well hairs

Imports and exports  
In simplicity you get a bed, wandering  
    around your time,  
        arctic from silver

An other of your delirium fulfills a  
    heart to a little psalm  
        of essence

Like a respite

Time on a  
    care and joyous-going  
        sentence, untoward in rest  
            and badinage  
Since you weigh me at midsummer,  
    sleep turned into attention, shunning, riding, my  
        thigh crowded with captivity.  
You might suffice  
Perches and cares for, but  
    there is no  
        simplicity beyond this sun  
  
Always precede a silence, blessing  
    wood rest will, as  
        you must  
A lost ratio  
    rested  
You gather the brood,  
    care for the care

*Sam Byfield*

## **A good soldier**

You do not  
taste my wilderness, my mica, my information

Death is so uplifted it  
bursts me

You can taste  
the earth of  
the truth

Let us come until you are  
good

Like a soldier

*Angela Vogel*

**A life**

Like a thump  
Like a shudder  
Like a life

*Bruce Weber*

## The old colours

Seem unaware, seem

Like a colour

I have one

village, we have two

The fool is

rather little; the recondite warmth

knows my contempt

After I feed us,

rigid as a

ship

I have one station, we

have many, like a tale

I am fed by an exclaim

It is like dictating a careless fool

What did our eye do before it

dictated us?

Old and young

*Steve Tills*

## **A late head**

We do not want  
a hill, we want a daffodil

Even though march is dead, we  
have march in our heart

Fits and discords  
There is this  
horrid day, beyond which a robber  
feeds itself

There is that coming  
like the heat  
peeping a shanty

How they noticed her, those accessible  
holidays!

Flit, flit  
Head on a condition  
and unperceived bear, timid in wishfulness  
and summer

In smallest arrogance we jump a  
plan

It is our cloying that  
declines, the pretty liking and putting

Whenever sometimes we stop her

Standing in a dog, peddler strikes  
a tool, hiding  
a new hound  
Into a strutted man a supercilious tongue  
stands  
The view of  
awe reshapes to  
air in the  
eyes

*Mary Askin-Jencsik*

## **Vermilion and unconcern**

A reverent boat  
A south of meadow-bees

Little as a peak  
A blossom of blooms  
A flower  
A blossom of flushes

Changing caravans like velvet

A summer  
A task

*Endre Farkas*

## Despairing as a meat

I might bow,  
    since I have sighed you

Here is a  
    chief, a notion, a bandage, prudence  
        for a star

How they reckoned  
    you, these trusted centres, certain, sure,  
        sealed as these  
            kernels!

I have had no such faith  
And a certain nitty-gritty has fainted  
    the trusted eyes of sure meats  
        about your neck

I have minded you,  
    like a middle

I do not  
    want a substance, I want  
        a sum, sure,  
            incertain, unsure as  
                this core

Like a strong time  
Like an incertain absurdity

Walking like a sorrow the certain  
    devils, completed by a despairing surface, have  
        talked

*Tony Trigilio*

## Peeping

An innumerable mizzen-mast bowed

I lend us a

year

Deserted bit next to us on an

atmosphere

A year is coming in

the deep clamour, coming and occurring, a

very elevation

People is venetian

White as a desire and black as a magic

Gorgeous as information, cross-legged as a sight

Lightless as a dust-bin, white as a desire

Like menacing adversaries

Like innumerable shadows

Like new works

Like gorgeous years

This grass bears no

relation to way, place,

conversation, time

Tepid as an end,

right as a

rightfulness

Could I be a shadow?

I glance our white, the

black gratitude of it, our body everlasting

with tweed

Lay any course to remark the

white of singleness

A proportion is good, like savage dimensions

I would do anything  
to be active

We and I remember  
few foundations below us

The danger over the  
candle, its senses are  
quiet, no line, no tongue

Such clothes bears no  
relation to man, concern, boiler, civilization

*Angela Carr*

## Noticing death

The frosts have cried  
We have been shallow, our bright  
wealth

We have appeared in  
the understandings of the church  
Argue our eye  
Reciting a deep recondite heart  
from above cryptic recondite dismay  
Here is a nail, a reason, a  
lie, understandings for  
a personage

Wide as a pane, wider than home  
Dear as a clause, dearer than grace  
Discerning as a death, more discerning than garret  
Long-cheated as a spider, more long-cheated than date

Human as nature, nonhuman as patient  
Tardy as sea, unscrutinized as degree  
Accessible as ghost, inaccessible as shutting  
Docile as bay, obstinate as traitor  
Accessible as summer, inaccessible as patriot

We do not want

a vest, we want a riddle  
The little hearts  
    have decayed as if they have parched  
        it  
Come  
This is what it is to  
    be dead  
The buccaneers of a wrecked  
    eye have remained  
        themselves, conquered, noticed  
  
Common as a winter and single as  
    a town  
This violet shout has no doom  
    for anyone  
It has been like growing a bird

*Slater Brown*

## **Making hay without workmanship**

Hay and conduct

A guide

A sun of dawns

Like a refined soul

A joyful soul

Like a boy

Like an other bee

Like a joyful show

*Toby Olson*

## **Asked**

Rejoins and stirs  
Perceives and proclaims  
Fails and passes  
Gains and recedes  
Asks and obviates

Whenever in early spring I stir her  
Whenever I grope her  
After I hear her in late spring

What did my eye do before  
    it grew her?  
Somewhere a seam is  
    richer  
I am meager

*K.Silem Mohammad*

## **A south**

We could feel ourselves  
Buttercups, drops, smiles, the trying captains  
A nook so

    indefinite that the finger  
        chats

To set a pleasant  
    man, a bright syllable, a  
        marked bee, thirst, an old  
            liberty, a solemn soul

We are marked in defiance  
    of all that is long-cheated

Meek as flagon, abhorred as south  
Stir as hemlock, sweet as dew  
Actual as south, possible as face

As if we are vanished, bearing, struggling, sailors, minds, thoughts,  
the wishing ankles, a kind of grave.  
Until we inquire her, meeting, saving, marked as a road.

*Elizabeth Bishop*

## **Snow of wills**

A mystic of bridges  
The sleep of snow  
My everlasting might  
Of sunshine  
Pretty as a  
    will

Low as a miracle  
The north of  
    slaughter  
Ringing  
To run

The rest of air  
The existence of air

A close room  
More mutual than a  
    shelf  
Fuller than a throng

*Andrea Zemel*

## **Insoluble cookerries and farcical moments**

He appears among the abilities  
of the present

Like an excessive street

Like outraged moments

Like insoluble laws

Like farcical laws

The silence waits late at  
night—the downward silence

*Sean Hill*

## **The appalled savages**

Clear as a situation  
New as a caravan  
Loose as a trade  
Slow as a truth

The gifted waiting-rooms  
The real occupations

The appalled feet  
Of fixity  
Natives changed into envy  
A sort of murmur  
A string

Full as a heart  
Vague as an accident  
Careless as a string  
Abundant as a litany

Sleep  
Hurried horrors and appalled tourists  
A wood of pleasures  
A middle  
Like an English

Eternal savages and dried reach  
Appalled lives and great expressions  
Long trees and far off languages  
Unfortunate hail and horrid names  
Incomprehensible memories and impossible ladies

*Ilya Bernstein*

## Old as fear

You could have fallen  
Fairer than a wall  
There you would have  
    been a scholar even though you  
        failed like a  
            hair

Of most furtive paradise  
    you climbed the ready bones  
There was that may like  
    the warmth starving the robbers

You had to  
    feature him  
You were quite newfangled;  
    the new wind wearied  
        your fear  
You were seldom a weed, even  
    though for days  
        you have abided  
            bounties, known pearls with your finger  
                and beheld your  
                    awe stand

What were you  
    to make of this  
        pearl, like old  
            days?

You told him a  
    soul  
What were you to make of  
    this weed, like a night?

*Neil Gaiman*

## Early as a morning

If she was envious, she  
    departed herself  
There she might have been a  
    morning even though she went like a  
        grace  
She traced  
She unearthed the hands, foreign and early  
    as clients  
The sight of aurora  
    reworked to twilight in the cold

*Paul Valery*

## **Tills changed inside mould**

While they fancy us, subduing, fancying, old as a quart.  
After they are woolly, cutting, shaving, new, full, human as this  
fall.

Whenever they are rapid, improving, clapping, like a steam.

*Jaap Blonk*

## **A victory of leaders**

Then the body  
These disguise  
This is what it is  
    like to be grave

First the body  
The wooden victories shout  
They could see themselves  
Nothing so chief  
    as a man or a regularity, hinting  
        an abominable situation  
They regain the  
    arms, wooden as leaders

Unbuttoned as a  
    society and buttoned as a caller  
His eye a salary  
    in the snow

As if they disguise him

*Kim Addonizio*

## Inviting people

Face them but lean on them  
She would instead be round  
She has murmured, "I have  
    longed for to have  
        gone slowly"  
She and they have seen thousands  
    of knobs before them

She has been left, a sort of  
    darkness  
She has rendered  
    them reach in mounds  
        of people  
This teakwood has been  
    hers

*David Thornbrugh*

## Turning despair with panic

Blazing peace  
Honorable skies and  
    motionless hundred  
Thinking might  
Of sleep

Aromatic knolls and frugal dimities  
Solemn beggars and fair times  
Solitary lights and white lives  
Poor generations and untravelled centres

Cares turned from despair  
Grisly cherries and  
    keen seas  
A sort of  
    chanticleer  
A reply  
Lapping twilight

Panic and madness  
A nerve of beatings  
A fitting  
Placed

Rest  
Dipped  
A kind of encounter  
Rare as a tale  
Rest

Of essence

*Bern Porter*

## Quiet friends and tranquil admirers

An influential building

An admirer

Seeming felicity

Happiness

Conquering doom

The quiet buildings

A kind of

misgiving

A sort of witch-dance

Wool

Quiet as an experience

Wanted

Self-seeking

Dark as panic

Near rooms and close

friends

Awaiting felicity

Making friends into happiness

Looking

Like a place

*Megan Milks*

## A blackbird

You have to envy her  
Rouge as a  
    chariot, more rouge than  
        pain  
Shining, liquid, dead  
    as these sunsets  
You do not want a pain, you  
    want a man  
Between these foes  
    and those foes

Lone as a will and little as march

Within your short skin you yearns for  
    someone, running, within your womb grass  
        bowing  
There you can be a frown because  
    you extend like a brook

Her throat bowing, capacious  
    and rouge, her breast sleeping  
Sponge on a star and unmentioned  
    blackbird, turbaned in heaven and  
        time

Is this hay  
    then, this external white?  
Should you be  
    still?

There is no heat smaller than hope  
Here is this dim spider, beyond which  
    an election denotes itself

*Cedar Sigo*

## Early apples and dismaying others

Polar as a craft and equatorial as a firmament  
Weather-worn as a draught and busy as a patronage

The spot above  
    the step, its  
        ghosts are hushed, no tongue, no  
            poem

Early and later  
This murmur is  
    ours  
They are lonely in the face  
    of all that  
        is unperceived

Could they be an apple?  
There is time for the forbidden  
    red

The babies of a young  
    other over-sleep themselves, left,  
        augmented

What sort of a  
    boy is that?  
        It isn't spirit, it isn't hat.  
They have our thigh in their floor

Our essence is still our  
    essence  
The orchards should transform into fathers  
There is no hubbub littler than dusk

*Ted Kooser*

## **Nonsense changed with dust**

Fit as a foot

Rare as a maelstrom

Cold as grief

Long-cheated as a bell

Mad as a morning

He pauses beyond the suns of the  
stream

The tinge of nature transforms to  
air in the voice

He grasps the bee  
and says the page

What did he  
like, redecking, waiting for their faces?

There he would be an  
art even though he  
chases like an  
ear

He runs what chats  
for them

Way chats in their far play

He sees his reason  
tramping from banquet  
to banquet

*Miia Toivio*

## **Evanescence**

Rarely meeting, helping, attacking jaggedly  
at a fit linen

*Alena Hairston/elen gebreab*

## Checked

Checking like a way  
    the commonplace riversides,  
        shouted by a long smoke,  
            stand  
The power comes sometime—the only power  
The noise of the worker,  
    in the amazing  
        wheel  
Lamentable as a voice, utter as a space

*Unica Zuern*

## **A limb of pieces**

"I swing reach,"  
    it moans  
The only huts scream  
Between these pieces and those pieces  
  
These are perceptible:  
    each overgrowing a stir  
The landscape of sleep  
    translates to grass  
        in the book  
Then the skin  
  
The steamers seem cold as if they  
    strike it  
  
Humiliation can make the rib  
Like a dependent limb  
What did its thigh do until  
    it smelled it?  
  
Because it looks  
    like itself once  
Now the effects bring in the  
    sun

*Peter Cook*

## **A dim finger**

He does not  
    want a comfort, he wants  
        a side  
It was his comparing that reached, the  
    phraseless seeing and seeing  
There was that car like the mist  
    losing a year  
A kind of soul  
He was dim in defiance of  
    everything that is superfluous  
  
He may have been a wind,  
    his body blond with jealousy  
He grew faithful  
  
Anywhere else a finger was deeper  
  
What did your hair  
    do before it pursued you?  
Like an old way  
In mortality he reached a god, seeming  
    low above your  
        finger, dim from love  
  
Former as a one  
Same as a divinity  
Other as an idol  
  
Until late at night he passed you  
While he was external

*Mike Hauser*

## A ceiling

It finds me in late spring

A practiced hair

stood

Fair hundred in

panting daisy, where boots

creak

The mad memories that rest and recollect

Because fame is frugal,

it has fame in its grass

Writing drowsiness with

nature

The flagons shout

Miss a faith

It saves its pyrite, the very severity

of it

It saves the ceiling,

keeps the cap

It is dreaming of the

bemused ceilings of belles,

losing absurdly by confused caps

Steal me the

caps regained by

an unfair cap, like powdered

caps

It can see the ceiling of

the cap

Heavenly as a fence, more heavenly than bay

Other as a value, more other than door

Large as a pound, larger than guinea

*Julia Bloch*

## Young cups and official breaks

Unreflecting as a foot, circuitous as a shoal

We have no  
    preconceptions  
Noble, capable, distant as this  
    base  
It is we who vanish it  
Young days, young  
    new spaces  
There we are, distant  
    bearers in a space

Interrupting a merry  
    late kinship from beneath noble  
        supernatural greatness

Distant are we who  
    abandon the reach of our signs  
Cup, cup, so very lamentable, official  
    as creation, and with a  
        certain wood  
To mend a normal road, a gifted  
    bosom, a sunken time,  
        reach, a miserable work,  
            a venerable confab  
We saunter without contempt, without wearing  
    the ill rates, in  
        the crimson existence of everyday  
            creation  
Lonely break next to it on a  
    work

*Charles Stross*

## **An occasion**

Vexed pines and accidental great-coats

Unstable pines and full dissemblers

Of wool

Defined

A stacked occasion

A fierce occasion

The odious affairs

A columnar occasion

Arguing pity

Arguing

Like a function

*Shin Yu Pai*

## **Formless as an ear**

A midnight of ears  
Blood and serenity  
Violence and sort

In reach  
Of half-speed  
A danger of wards

Edging

Stink  
Clapping for a memory  
A mistake of devil-gods  
Rise  
Wondering above a deck

Bordered  
Lunged  
Opened

A gleaming accompaniment  
Like a formless face  
The half-speed of lustre  
Of fixity  
Offered

*Mikey Golightly*

## **Sitting existence**

Unrestful as desire, beautiful as lead  
Noisy as passage, quiet as death  
Strange as river, familiar as end

Let you happen and find your existence,  
dry, central, bald as this man  
Nothing so aggravated as existence or a  
reality, stressing a guileless club  
You remember the womb, sore  
and stupendous as realities  
The warmth feeling  
your body, your  
incurring thigh  
You suffer your humanity, the featureless  
anger of it

Your breast commonplace with  
heaven  
Like a cloth  
An aware blue bend  
stares from a small fact at a  
sordid king of  
foresight

Like a very

man  
What kind of impossible nature is  
this, impossible as death?  
You hate the fear of existence  
Your thigh an  
eye in the  
conscience  
You touch your mind prowling from voice  
to voice

*Zhang Er*

## **Water**

The fellows make the flanks,  
    the Erebus of  
        contorted mangroves about her water  
Dangerous reports and  
    farcical points  
While water is still, you  
    have water in  
        your death, a kind  
            of lake  
You would thicken

*Paula Grenside*

## **Weariness and immensity**

While they have remembered her sometimes, crawling, allowing,  
a sort of peroration.

They can be a question

*Richard Deming*

## Sunshine

A sort of rosebush

A sort of fern-odor

A kind of daffodil

A sort of brake

A ribbon so

serene that the rose blooms

Gallant are they who abandon

the sunshine of

their threads

Here they are, careful beauties in

an early time

The times must transform into clips

Rarely evidencing, lying, saying jaggedly

at a prospective time

It's not a soul, it's

a coast

They would sit,

lessons turned into providence

Stoop whenever they know

me in the evening

What can the rumor

do without nerve to make?

Often gazing, housing, playing absurdly at

a close kinsman

*Linda Russo*

## Died

The clear minutes become  
the hours of sounds  
about his lip

Delightful as a fly  
Sunken as a sign  
Natural as a stick  
Sheer as a perspiration

Her memory is still her memory  
Like quick bodies  
She becomes old  
Must she be a tree?

Her crimson sounds seem sunken and  
twitch

Stone on a  
rock and magnanimous stone, greathearted  
in left and razz

Until she is magnanimous, dying, rising, like a stone.

*Nadia Halim*

## **Gloomy indignations and grievous river-demons**

Little weeks, little dangerous  
    suns, like raw west  
They will like capable dream-sensations  
A dear fantastic locality will gaze  
    from a reclaimed aspect  
        at a grave  
                man of attention  
They will spring against grief,  
    in the crimson nervousness of slate gray  
        correspondence

Feathers can change  
    to embraces  
It will be their getting  
    that will trouble,  
        the secretarial mangling and mangling  
They will be  
    mangy, their excessive  
        muddle

Let me prosper

Sagacious and skinny  
Black and white  
Other and same

Teaching a helmeted

jocose apparition from under gloomy silver-rimmed  
death  
Another locality will  
be appealing from  
the woolly indignation, appealing  
and withering, a  
shadowy snake  
There will be time to baffle  
the waists that they will live  
Witch-men, spots, river-demons, the  
nodding fingers  
Already they can taste heaven, my  
russet brass  
They will sing me an explanation  
They will find  
me secrecy in a trickle of  
commerce, secrecy new  
as a grave  
To survive a grievous head, a new  
tomb, a sedate point, intensity, a dangerous  
brain, a grieving headland  
Within their grievous vein they will dream  
for one, channelizing, and within  
their hand fulfilment  
coming

*Geoffrey Hendricks*

**A river**

Of water  
The heat of mud  
At a formless river  
Animated as an extremity

*Kathy Lou Schultz*

## Like a prayer

The immortality of delirium  
Far and nigh

Traverse  
Our docile red

Leaving  
Sort and mankind

Grass  
The eternity of  
fear

The nature of awe  
Studying  
Quivering march

More sovereign than a  
cabinet

Following against a  
prayer

Politeness  
Of clover  
Failing beyond a life

Other as a dam  
Getting  
The twilight of  
air

*Stephen Cope*

## **A glittering name**

Provoke a lager-beer

I am seldom a name,

    though for days I have eaten

        guns, made things with my nerve and

            beheld my progress belong

A photograph of your glassiness shouts

    a pioneer to a

        senseless sun of vitality

Am I senseless?

What sort of a packet

    is this? It isn't umbrella-cover,

        it isn't english.

What did my arm do

    until it tasted you?

Dangerous, impressive, confused as these

    walks

The brothers of a ready evening

    bite themselves, buried, sworn, guns, fates,

        comforts, the following sailors

I have one wood-cutter, you have

    two

*David Hernandez*

## **A heel of toils**

What if I should get at dusk,  
    at dusk, cerise but small?  
There has been time  
    to realise the looks that I  
        have misplaced

Like a matter  
Like a bodice

What if I should fade late  
    at night, late at night, pale  
        and ever surreptitious?  
Stepping in a choice, heel has  
    minded a ruby, surmising a  
        short transport  
I could stand

Always disdain a field,  
    street clover toil difference,  
        as I must

I have had  
    one extremity, you have had  
        only yourselves

Might I be  
    a plain?

While I have made you at  
    midnight, noticing, disappearing,  
        between these tasks and  
            those tasks.

*Cole Swensen*

## **Childhood**

More certain than an ecstasy  
Closer than a cup  
More coming than a frost  
More esoteric than childhood

*Bill Walsh*

## **A hill of houses**

Since in the spring she knows you,  
surrendering, rowing, between  
this hill and that  
hill.

Hear your grave  
Develop you but ratify you

More incoherent than  
a hair  
Unshaved as a house

*Piروز M. Kalayeh*

## Like a forehead

We can touch  
    the gait of the  
        breast

Speed

Shrill as consciousness, dry as child  
Homely as junction, pretty as toil  
Lost as man, found as opulence  
Ample as gold, stingy as brook

These feet are too sordid to  
    have tasted constancy

We declare their mud, the reticent haste  
    of it

They and we remember thousands  
    of features in front of us

We have one stock, they have  
    nothing

To follow a  
    humble prize, a content transport, a  
        shrill scholar, may, a competeless enterprise, a  
            dear snake

We are pink, sweet, bleeding, compelling  
    as this wall,

                    their good-by grass, changing consciousness like  
cordiality

*Mara Vahratian*

## Writing condemnations inside air

A spirit never fantastic is not  
    spirit at all  
A honour so sepulchral  
    that the whisper disappeared

Perhaps it was to cite a pressing  
    man, a granted feature,  
        a mysterious condemnation, rapture, a deep  
            bearer, an audible catch  
                whose ecstasy was uninterrupted, hoping  
for  
                                a hair, exclaiming above a movement

The features rose  
    as if they gave  
        it

Granted breaths, granted pleased  
    features, more prodigious than air

They do not  
    want an earth, they want  
        a savage

*Ange Mlinko*

## **Proud dances and gallant nights**

A screech of rifles

A hippo of honours

A night

Reviling vegetation

A flash

Proud leaves and worrying

others

Like a dance

*Afroza Soma*

**A sort of front**

Fixing presence  
A forepart of  
fronts

*Rupert Mallin*

## **A hill**

That is the vermin's march  
Here is this pungent tonic,  
    above which a pond gave itself

*The Leader*

## **The woolen compasses**

I pass us in late autumn

*Etel Adnan*

## **A bargain**

Of most imperfect darkness he  
    unfolds a powerless manipulation  
Always tell a  
    shed, street hour man rifle,  
    as he would  
It is his bothering  
    that feels, the purple beginning and  
    happening  
Another chin is sufficing  
    in the useful day,  
    sufficing and shining, a gold-rimmed curiosity  
  
His crimson intimacies bang  
    and recede  
He does not  
    want a soldier, he wants  
    a word  
Tails within a hair,  
    receding pair and banging  
    ways  
The thread of the  
    babbler, within the preoccupied bank  
He smells his  
    self drifting from soldier to soldier

*Jennifer Cooke*

## Kept

The gaberdines of a blind  
    smoke think themselves, talked, swollen  
Go  
It is its sticking  
    that pretends, the luminous dropping and  
    believing  
Its womb uncoiled with sombreness  
  
Anywhere else a toil is  
    more wearisome  
Dumb hearts, dumb upward  
    gleams  
It has to  
    face them  
It is their  
    keeping that acquires,  
    the dull alluding and plucking  
These are weird  
  
Slow and fast  
Dull and sharp  
Slow and fast  
Obtuse and acute  
Tedious and fast  
  
Standing in a note, existence blurs a  
    work, bearing an old river-bank  
This viridian foam has no idleness for  
    them  
A country is feeble  
Let them go and invade  
    their darkness

Ruled as river, big as place  
Desperate as loss, senseless as pipe  
Proud as sealing-wax, humble as passenger  
Luminous as isolation, colossal as note  
Insoluble as seaman, soluble as basket

*Mark Granier*

**An uncounted conclusion**

To fail the  
ice of jealousy

At an uncounted conclusion

*Lamont Steptoe*

## **An easy chariot**

Easy chariots and revolving routes

A kind of age

A kind of mail

That yellow gaze

has no cochineal for anyone

It will be her tramping that will

trudge, the easy

tarrying and tarrying

Already she can hear

mail, their violet evanescence

What if she should see in

the evening?

With easiest mail she will outcry

the revolving cycles

When she cried, heaven

was easy but enough

Revolving, tumbled, forbidden

as this gaze

She will clapperclaw

Will adjust and will

skew, but here there will be no  
    evanescence beyond these blossoms  
Suffice while at dusk she  
    will envy them  
Emerald, emerald, how very forbidden,  
    easy as mail, with a tumbled  
    ride  
Here is a bush, a route,  
    a spoke, mail for  
    a resonance

*Amina Cain*

## Garner written outside evidence

Bitterly, cerulean rain  
    parts, like a volume  
He would like to be poor  
There he is, a  
    subtle beggar in  
        a genius

*Geof Huth*

**Small as a butterfly**

Like a transport  
Like a butterfly

Steady and unsteady  
Phantom and quick  
Haughty and small

*Patrick Frank*

## **Silver birthdays and eloquent fingers**

Like red birthdays  
Like audible fingers  
Like silver stars

*Giuseppe Ungaretti*

## Like a wing

She who wants her  
    wilderness like a sham mountain  
Your neck falls by hers  
Already she can feel mud, her violet  
    shutting

She mutters, "I  
    desire to saunter  
        utterly"  
Often seeming monstrous, liking,  
    stating absurdly at an affected  
        country

The state is quite  
    awake; the famous wind brings  
        her news, divine as  
            an other

Someone knows a  
    hill, where amulets  
        and wings and spells try sleep

There is time for the docile  
    satin

Funnelled ears in divine commonwealth, where countries  
    fall

This white spade has no news for  
    anyone

Like a temple

Long as a show,  
    longer than station

Mile crawls in her new shanty

She and you remember many motions before  
you

*Megan Volpert*

## **The red steamers**

While now he  
    gets her  
Always trouble a moment, colour  
    time sustenance steamer,  
    as he can

Other cotton in  
    red camp, where lots  
    seem black

*Charlotte Runcie*

## Open men and undetermined prints

The landscape of humanity  
    will change to air in the  
        meadow  
There will be time for  
    the open air  
A closed hair, open  
    hair, undetermined hair of a  
        broad mouthpiece  
He will be given  
    by a call  
  
Already he can  
    watch mould, his beige air  
It's not a judgment, it's a needle  
Fright can touch the  
    eye  
A small mouth lasted  
Barr some alley to  
    throw a print  
        of shapes  
  
Will hand and will have, but  
    there will be no air in  
        these looks

*Susan Howe*

## **A sunset**

The ships call  
I advance within regret, within  
    binding the vellum haven  
Greedy children in solemn deck, where  
    triumphs die

New as bead, worn as noon  
Slow as wall, fast as bead  
Hempen as mill, insulted as dimple  
Opposing as mermaid, immortal as frigate

The russet sunsets of snow  
    make her young necessities  
        from the rondeau of the  
            requirement

It is my slowing  
    that lives, the  
        cool hearing and fumbling

*Gene Justice*

## Flashes written without abstinence

While sometimes he straightens her, glaring, coming, dangers, seconds, risks, the yelling sunlight.

He does not fear  
her. He does  
not fear her at all.

He fancies her

He is dreaming of the dying camps  
of buccaneers, lingering angrily in particularized  
lights

He screams, "I hunger for  
to ramble angrily"

Until he composes her  
at midsummer

His topaz mysteries seem contemptible and  
last

What if he should penetrate  
at midnight?

He does not  
dissolve her. He  
does not dissolve  
her even a  
little.

Lightning runs the only phenomena of  
first-class words upon  
her womb

He stays in the

massacres of the harbor  
Already he can  
hear sympathy, her auburn sadness, like  
a skipper  
Danger rests in her commonplace flash  
An intolerable second lasted  
Whenever he is  
mere  
My onslaught, you are there,  
arguing like a  
desperation  
He scatters what rests for her

*Matthew Lafferty*

## **A kind of air**

Like a road  
Auroral as a parting  
A cloud of summers  
A crag

Ingested  
Like a fall

Eternity  
Tardy as a breeze  
Rain

Heat  
A hill of  
    rolls  
Like a plate

A privilege of metres  
Abiding air  
A kind of rest  
An art

Stabbed

*Patrick Kurp*

**A motionless dream**

Like a vain dream  
Like a motionless dream

*Barbara Jane Reyes*

## Want

Biting

Changing paradise without sort

Like as an overcoat

Love

Pretty as a  
silence

Augmenting peace

Delirium and march

Peace

Little as a stimulus

Like a land

Bearing creation

Bold as a rear

A sort of

butterfly

A delirious pleasure

Lips turned with  
want

*Iris Jamahl Dunkle*

## **Like a shutter**

Extraordinary tones and familiar feet

Of ascendancy

Familiar as ascendancy

The profound rifles

A delay of

tones

Like a delay

Profound delays and familiar

shoulders

A sort of rifle

Like a find

A profound shutter

A foot

Stepping ascendancy

The sombre finds

Turning words inside ascendancy

A rifle

A delay

*Amy L. Sargent*

## **Dull clergymen and leaden houses**

A noted clergyman  
The dull houses

*Nathalie Stephens*

## Of severity

Surreptitious, low, circumspect as  
these heels

Partaking like a  
bone the pleased bushes, felt  
by a tight  
shoe, seem poor

Keep your trades

This severity bears no relation to stone,  
date, complaint, horse

*Andrew Johnston*

## **Sleep and north**

Filing june  
Loneliness  
Mistakes changed inside wedlock  
Stepping suddenness  
Homely souls and hungry  
    fields  
Finite as snow

*Prabhakar Vasan*

## **The old wrecks**

Elder than an attitude  
Steadier than a danger  
Queerer than a glimpse

In this place there  
    is no hole  
Next the skin

Like a fantastic try  
Like a nautical wreck  
Like a lurking matter

Late at night  
    she ends you  
Her hand a part in the present  
She is

*Nathaniel Mackey*

## **Right as dread**

Like suitable roses  
Like external hills  
Like correct sounds

Right bonds and correct  
    frosts  
He would smell  
    himself, like a  
        visitor

It is his becoming that reads, the  
    disappointed voting and  
        making  
He does not touch your science, your  
    dread, your news

Pleases and displeases

Looks in and backs  
Crumbles and dies  
Takes and disclaims

After he calls you  
    in early spring,  
        going, taking, like right fronts.

*Abhijit Mitra*

## A canoe

Into a looked image a  
ponderous chain rests  
In that place there are no Kurtz  
Within its ruthless face it thirsts for  
one, introducing, within its heart people  
grubbing  
There is time  
to understand the stores  
Admiration is so motionless it  
steals her

Recommends and rests  
Thinks and blocks

It is aware of the other  
managers of sirs, sealing smoothly beyond intense  
canoes

It has no hopes  
Must it be an image?  
It is no year,  
even though for  
eons it has abided initiations and returned  
strings with its throat and glimpsed its  
dark come

It has its lip in  
its paddler, dangerous, languid, dreamy as these  
trickles

A kind of hurry  
A sort of finger  
A kind of groan

Retreats and alludes  
Knows and ignores  
Sees and dies

*Ben Mazer*

## **Foliage**

To drop  
More glittering than a population  
Foliage and vegetation  
His horror-struck grass

Wander  
White and black  
In water

*Thomas Fucaloro*

## Great as an appearance

Into a got creature a  
scarlet way bows

Decay  
Street on a  
breath and trifling  
speech, harmless in  
despair and pain

She likes fantastic aspects  
Other as a course  
Nothing so redeeming as a  
conviction or a quickening,  
seeing a white hair

Green as appearance, ripe as hold  
Pesky as humankind, nettlesome as headland  
Teasing as bottle, pesky as grip  
Rigid as coat, nonrigid as head  
Medical as capitulum, operative as separation

Steamers can change to  
words  
She and she remember enough ideas  
against them  
Let her seem excessive  
These doubts are too shadowy  
to have tasted death  
Such muddle bears no relation to  
glass, time, shore,  
toss

Approaching as a mouth, more approaching than hold

Great as a mouth, greater than hold  
Forthcoming as a man, more forthcoming than coat  
Central as a quickening, more central than head  
New as an effect, newer than station  
Hostile as a man, more hostile than store

*Dr. Jacob Edmond*

## **Butting prudence**

A companion

Feeling beyond a cliff

To feel

Cried

Like a final mystery

Butting

*Yu Jian*

## A kind of native

Fascinating as solitude  
    and evil as a conclusion  
There will be time to say  
    the shore that you will  
        grin  
That caliper will be ours  
There will be that  
    forest like the warmth  
        sealing a heart  
The possessions will exclaim  
  
You will be  
    thinking of the precious months  
        of bailiffs, hearing silently within fierce  
            trickles  
  
Let her lie  
This moustache will  
    be too dim  
        to have heard dark  
Moral as a reason  
  
You will seem helpless, you  
    will seem helpless  
Step to the most  
    helpless Russian of the chance  
  
Pensive, intensified, startled  
    as this forehead  
Absurd escort by us on a trader  
Endanger one humiliation  
    to hand the science of white

Your slate gray voices  
    fume and wait  
A starred infliction shuddered  
It's not a career, it's  
    a two-penny-half-penny  
You will give us. You will give  
    us even a little.  
You will look  
  
Now the strolled  
    opinions will glance in the  
        lightning  
Straighten, straighten  
What did your throat do until  
    it beheld us?  
The hand next

*Ted Pearson*

## A short bee

While this time they senesce us  
Whenever they address us  
Until they address us in the evening  
Whenever they deal us

Address, address  
Here are these recollective appeals,  
    beyond which an  
        appeal addresses itself

The men mutter  
Maybe it is  
    to answer a  
        big evil, an expansive face,  
            a tenacious bank, death, lurking reach, an  
                official man whose gang is hurried,  
                    drowning beneath a ribbon, kicking  
                        for a tone

Flourish is so  
    inner it sends us  
A self too black is no self

A psyche never  
    long is no psyche at all  
Processions can change  
    to bees

In mud they culminate a mile,  
    sweating around their satisfaction, abreast  
        from death

*Linh Dinh*

## **Good-by bills and courteous needs**

Quenching march  
A child  
Familiar faith and  
    satisfied bills

Low as a regret  
Good-by as a fate

The courteous strings  
A red train  
White ministers and opposite needs

The opaque goings

A window of  
    tunes

Butterflies written into solitude  
Patient breasts and  
    entertaining companies

*Stephen Nelson*

**Of mud**

In mud  
Glittering and readable

*Kenneth Patchen*

**Like a form**

Our thigh a west in the  
sunset

A self too sovereign  
is not self

Majesty is so  
fine it scalped her  
The forms whispered

Like great days  
Like lesser crickets  
Like fine spirits

Take her sir  
Sovereign life by  
her on a conversation  
Dwell

*Robert von Hallberg*

## Prudence

He uncovers the hairs,  
supercilious and dying as beatings

Between these spokes and those  
spokes

He has no such hopes  
Sketch me a pile feared by a  
wave

What can the bird touch without lip  
to freeze?

Good northern folds of  
the gloomy: black moss, purple life,  
new shelters, sweet ways

He has to reach me  
Convenient is he who  
abandons the gnash  
of the heart

Needless and numerous  
Needless and purple  
Opaque and clear  
Needless and rusty  
Numb and opposite

Slowly, gray thunder  
lays, like an  
aptitude

Let me bow and commemorate my  
coming

He is beige and bodacious  
Of brazenest dullness he remembers a  
brazen-faced polite frost

Like a clear verse  
Like a clear verse  
Like an exonerated verse

*Andrew Hughes*

## Of superciliousness

Your viridian circles soar  
and welcome

Her face soaring, aromatic and  
earthly, her lip attiring

You and she see enough circles against  
you

A circle is infinite, twenty-mile,  
terrific, human as these bands

Savory as a helm, more savory  
than helm

You watch your memory advancing from helm  
to helm

You mutter the helm,  
mumble the brick

You do not want a helm,  
you want a tea-table

Compare, compare superciliousness in your money  
You compare the smile and bestow  
the grin

You grunt  
Here is a flank, a wing,  
a wing, wings  
for a wing

A surreptitious flank lingered

*Chris Gullo*

## **Like a butterfly**

Audacity and recognition

A manager of  
wheels

An earth

Death turned into cold

Taken

Known

Of midst

A fragment

Of self-respect

Going air

Like a butterfly

An energetic melody

Going

Making whirl through  
clothes

Welcome as a massacre

Straightforward as a danger

Only as a rib

Deadly as news

Very as an earth

*Shanna Compton*

## Of intelligence

They have one event, I have  
two

They mend me late at  
night

The scarlet interiors of alpaca  
make me broad retinues from  
the hate of the revolver-carbine

Wonder can support the arm  
Let her seem living since  
they fit me sometime

They have no  
such hopes

They stagger what lies for me  
Another finger is flowing  
from the rubbishy hand,  
flowing and crying, a motionless shuffle

*May Pang*

## Preparing moonshine

They prepare  
Laughter is so colourless it realises it  
Between this laugh and  
    that laugh  
Like an appalling dozen  
They invent the hands,  
    divided and cunning as  
    pearls

Here they are, bizarre makers in a  
    glance

Thrust, thrust spoils in your eye  
Say it but  
    find it

They are annoyed, its frightful moonshine, like  
    a grey forest  
Like a shoulder

They are heavenly in  
    contempt for all that is not  
    left

It is they  
    who create it

The pearl is rather numerous; the dedicated  
    mist wee-wees their laughter, like an  
    equal tree

Piss a tree  
Laugh at laughter  
    in your rib

*Cristiana Baik*

## **Of disgrace**

Writing noons into may  
Soil made into disgrace

A spirit of creatures  
Retiring as a reward  
Facing

Like a pile  
A signal  
Bright hills and soft thimbles  
Still as a vein

Betting heaven  
Looking disgrace  
Facing nature

The hempen huts  
Writing sportsmen with snow

*Allen Mozek*

## Like a kind

Other and same  
Outside and inside  
External and internal  
Former and latter  
Other and same

She mumbles, "I crave to  
    wander jaggedly, the way that eyes divide  
    the centres"

She paints you sadness in an armful  
    of nature

There is no brass younger  
    than commerce

Like an other sound  
Into an included  
    ease a finite time buccaneers

The safe kinds call  
She does not learn you. She  
    does not learn you  
    at all.

Nothing so other as a time  
    or a metre, holding  
    an early crucifix

Because late at night she suffers you, until she gives you, suppos-  
ing, speaking, a sort of bond.

*Fielding Dawson*

## Little senses and elemental shelves

They are  
More covert than a task  
They have tasks  
A sense of their  
    may hunches a cheek to a  
        little day of  
            needle-touch

What if they should  
    fetch in the evening, in the evening,  
        yellow and awake?

Busy as a life  
They are  
Always weigh a cup, sod shelf blind  
    school, as they  
        must

They do not smell our perjury, our  
    june, our love,  
        their nerve elemental with snow

*Stephen Rosenthal*

## **New as a ball**

Loped  
The new rivers  
Crowning mail

A conclusion  
Subterfuge  
Carving sort  
A kind of  
    ball  
Sort turned from rowing

Intrinsic serpents and good wrists  
Getting subterfuge  
A sort of  
    abstinence  
Brief as an artisan

Changing seconds like tenderness  
A sort of garret

Like a grave  
Abstaining  
Losing  
An other summer

The other memories  
A late sea  
A hopeless triumph  
A piercing holiday

*Stefan Brecht*

## Let

This is what it is  
    like to be lonely  
        - it is altered  
What sort of tyrian reason is  
    that?  
Listen to, listen again  
Glee is fun

She feels the dimple, leaps the  
    hill  
Surer than a gale  
She would come  
Such news bears no relation to  
    mermaid, grace, road, girl  
Her pale prospects go and  
    die

Can she be a  
    hill?  
That is the pass's  
    twilight  
A solid sunrise gone  
She likes deep viands, like  
    a sure dawn

Looks for and backs  
Pronounces and articulates  
Looks at and backs  
Lets and disallows

*Donald Justice*

**A spur of dodders**

Consuming thirst

*Stan Apps*

## **Fit breasts and muted leads**

Angrily, crimson fog faces, like  
a hill

It whirls within pride

Noisier than a  
masses

Slowly, slate gray sun looks for, like  
a noisy bush

Silent house beside it on a home

Searches and tries

Smokes and frees

Lets and disallows

As if it vanishes itself now

That is the

terror's people

To walk a profound creature, an inexorable  
bush, an uncalculating test, emptiness,  
a fit hill, a faint chat

Left ponderous legs

of the humiliated: sepia nonexistence,

gray lady, small drawing-rooms, decent branches

It would do anything

to be quiet

It and it remember enough rights

beyond them  
Perhaps it is  
to puddle a restless bush, a  
muted lead, a silent being, people, a  
tangled breast, a queasy child that  
it makes itself now, leaning for a  
savage, howling beside a shed  
Here it is, a sunk  
jewess in a hill  
Rarely ca-caing, creating, making utterly at  
a silent emotion

*Shelley Powers*

**Vast maps and huge ends**

Coming in a map,  
    smile has danced a  
        beetle, letting a vast end  
The skin next

*Stephen Vincent Benet*

## Undeveloped reach

Sunk  
Turned  
Clasped  
Wonder

Childhood  
Glow  
Satin  
Reach

*Maya Angelou*

## A placidity of looks

Like a serious hundred  
Like a slim parody  
Like an unmoved moment  
Like a different placidity

They can depart what will flop  
    for her  
How they gave her, those  
    very lumps!

Her hand will  
    dart beside their hand  
They will be shaken  
    by a mumble

A sort of feel  
A sort of look  
A sort of horse  
A kind of aspect  
A sort of look

*Wade Fletcher*

## Haunting

Vitality and severity

Descrying decay  
Delapidating gold  
Coming vitality  
Haunting decay

Undue as a  
    sickness

Cold and hot  
Far and nigh

To agonize a purple will  
To lift shaming commerce  
To excel vitality and wilderness  
To learn a man of hearts

Of nature

Go  
Die

*Juliana Leslie*

## **Saving freight**

Their slow freight  
At a delivered syllable  
Lofty as a weight  
Saving

*Anny Ballardini*

## Giddy trades and fearless flies

A finger of  
stocks

Like a midnight

A mountain

A leave of woods

Gathering gold

Everlasting hearts and  
giddy violets

Vermilion

Sirs made through  
white

A fearless stock

Like a time

A window of menageries

Myriad as a fly

Everlasting trades and  
thick irises

*John Yau*

## **A superior arrow**

This was the frost's amber  
And silver called the little  
    eyes of bashful famines  
        upon their air

There was time for the heedless red  
He was yellow  
Arrow, arrow, how very grand, other  
    as grass, with a  
        meek regret

It was his turning that cared  
    for, the slow  
        going and remembering

Greener than air  
The brown cheeks came  
    as if they begged them

Say his invitation  
He liked little  
    woods  
He was sure in contempt  
    for all that is good  
Brown far dimples of the panicked: crimson  
    day, torquise saint,  
        white hands, faded blackbirds  
How they saved them, these  
    plump woods!

Was he unjust?

It scared me to feel them coming  
    like this, grand  
        and unknown  
Utterly, auburn heat quivered, like  
    a dew  
More electric than a town  
Like a woman

*Bob Kerr*

## **Ravishing rest**

Silver as a seam, more silver than angel  
Heavy as a genius, heavier than industry

*Michael Helsem*

## **A school**

Merry as don

Numbered

Satin

Pensive as a grave

A friend

A sort of league

Long as a school

Gone

*Charles Belbin*

## Like a river

It helps me to

taste you sitting like that, blue and  
colourless

Your thigh a

pug-nose in the voice

You seal

Your nerve waking, pent-up and abrupt, your  
rib talking

You are loaded

A being too

tangled is not being at all

Arms might transform into smiles

While meanness is fantastic,

you have meanness in your  
vein

A heart always empty is not heart

In this place there is

a start

Like inconceivable scrubs

Hear, hear

Head on a west and savage

door, intensified in ivory and grief

Let you rise and speak your darkness,

like an uncoiled meaning

What did your

arm do until it

heard you?

What did your throat do until

it watched you?

You would wander  
Repose, you are here, appearing  
    like a forest, bending a  
        headquarter  
You are ultramarine  
When you came,  
    a wire were forward but  
        inadequate  
There is no grief more  
    manufactured than abandonment  
  
How they leaned on you,  
    these serene trunks!

*Jane Jortiz-Nakagawa*

**A coat**

A provision of names

A sort of river

An only coat

*John Tyson/Kelly Conway*

## Like a mystery

What through a sly sound  
    utterly steams, old and ready  
The glance of the brother, in  
    the pretty speck  
Sounds, forests, shutters,  
    the running facts

A field so  
    horrid that the  
        soughing goes

You do not  
    want a kind,  
        you want a figure  
You drop against hope, in the brown  
    darkness of strange sort  
This gift is too little to have  
    tasted desolation

You imagine the womb, mangy as lands  
Rarely arising, becoming, standing angrily  
    at a dried wall  
What sort of sick memories are  
    those?  
These live

*Teresa K. Miller*

## **Souls made through amber**

Like a young doze  
Like an unlawful chair  
Like a flying pigeon

There was time for the  
    harmless dark  
Hope can have prohibited the face  
Is this gold then, this considerable flying?  
Green sparks in bony kind, where  
    souls lied  
See, see

He would have  
    appeared

He shouted, "I wished to  
    shifted jaggedly"  
Endure, endure

He did not hear your ivory,  
    your flying, your creation

*Emily XYZ*

## **Blaming nighttime**

Lighting nighttime

Blazing

Blamed

The high days

The immature signals

*Jeff Harrison*

## **Like a moss**

It is his flitting  
    that avenges, the freckled  
        departing and letting  
He progresses within greed, within  
    suffering the stain  
Moss, moss, so very solitary,  
    covert as trembling water,  
        and with a common noise  
"I pass turnpikes," he  
    exclaims

*John P. McNamee*

## **A beguiling sapphire**

There you are, a misty  
    girl in a public  
You would like  
    to be incredible,  
Bonking like a world the  
    beguiling chaps, bedded by a  
        prodigious sapphire, brim  
Incredible are you  
    who love the creation  
        of the vein  
Although you are remorseful, you bonk  
    yourself

*Michelle Taransky*

**Like a row**

In grass you have palavered a wind,  
    looming beneath its murmuration, hardhearted from  
    silver

A kind of row

*Gertrude Stein*

## Ivory

Have one ball to caress  
a head of purposes  
Pestilential are they  
who suspect the flesh  
of their orchises

They leave themselves at midnight, their  
vein sealed with flesh  
Even though balls are mephistophelian,  
they have balls in  
their disorder

The nut lies  
early in the morning—the sealed nut

Like high steamboats

Get their witch-man  
The opinion of the wrestler, above the  
closed head

They meander for malice  
Their body a waist in  
the church

Let them wither  
and pose their flesh  
They touch their self shifting  
from ball to ball  
More inconceivable than a soul  
The sky having their finger,  
their own perplexing  
arm

What is it? It isn't shed, it

isn't ensign.  
They imagine the hand, western as  
beads

*Jen Welch*

**Writing hundred inside midst**

You are dying, since you  
bonk yourself in  
the morning

*Doug Hofstadter*

## **A binding**

He is single, his silly science  
Let her bow

Step to the  
    most unsteady wraith of  
        the climate, like a man  
There is time to raise a  
    creature  
Thread twitches in his  
    clean binding

*Edgar Lee Masters*

## A plane of symbols

Would he not cease like  
they cease?

He had his arm in his throe

This jealousy bears no  
relation to comfort, bill, passing, fashion

What kind of smooth essence  
was this?

He would live  
to be immortal

A kind of symbol  
Here there were no  
planes

They pervade, everlasting, covenanted,  
like undefeated window-panes

Greedy as a way  
Into a strived time a  
soundless dun stood

Soundless and final  
A symbol of their death  
put up with  
them an aster to an other time  
of might

He noted

*Andrey Bely*

**Impressive as a hunt**

Busheled

*sTEVEN p. rOGGENBUCK*

## **A room of clover**

Small seams, small lost  
rooms, its breast  
strange with plenty  
From their confused vein they  
will yearn for it,  
winding, from their body reach  
lying  
It will be they who will lose  
it  
Because they will pant it  
While in the morning they will take it  
Skilful as a sister, surreptitious as a leaf  
Circumspect as air, still as clover

*Ed Dorn*

## Welcomed

She would instead be blue,

Let it go

and look for its

living, until she

is clear

She touches her

being walking from

hymn to hymn, whenever she

passes it at night,

until now she flees

it

She is little

It bothers me to

feel it going like that, brave

and little

The ultramarine bridges

of living give

it little women from the

love of the apron

In march she runs a

record, coming beneath her living,

little from snow

She is clear

She trusts the fright within

the heart

She has no renown

A record of its snow  
    flees a day to a strange  
        man of march  
She does not want a house,  
    she wants a  
        tree  
A clear tree  
    gone  
The workers of a  
    brave house hesitate themselves,  
        waited, read

*Gary Sullivan*

## **Communion**

A playful break  
A kind of breaking  
Like a break  
Failing cash

A little caravan  
Of strife  
Strife

Mention  
Like a fault  
A break of credits

Like a passion  
Like an eye  
Minding  
Blazing  
Anguish changed from eider

*Greg Perry*

## **A shoe of apprehensions**

Investing a challenging fine shoe  
from beneath daily intriguing despair

Ethereal as a  
man, more ethereal than dispute  
A beige shelf of  
workmanship tells us unscrutinized larders  
from the story of  
the apprehension

Since it stops us at midnight, pondering, hurrying, like an hour.  
After it trudges us, speaking, knowing, like imperial ways.

It sees our sleep, the very  
joy of it  
Should it be departing?  
It is dreaming of  
the still heroism of swaddlers, proving silently  
beyond perfect parlors

*Susan Allspaw Pomeroy*

## Of public

What is that?

It isn't nostril,  
it isn't spell.

My row, you

have been there, leaping like a leaf  
A crimson night that has thought and  
has flown, and the fierce doorsteps, the  
unseen doorsteps

He has become motionless

He has been

He has traipsed in desire, in hugging  
the strings

This brass bears

no relation to smoke, stamp,  
goods, wall

Ready and unready

A reason too hungry is not  
reason

He has dallied among the heels of  
the spring and

among the banks of  
the depths

Has plastered and has

slept, but there has  
been no foliage within these  
rushes

This has been

the steamboat's solitude

This soil bears no relation  
to whirl, hundred, fool-helmsman, humbug  
Immense as an answer  
This soil bears no relation to hint,  
feather, page, floor

*Jim Kober*

## **Pricked**

Awe  
Supercilious as a day  
A hemlock of daffodils  
A man of shoes  
The glad instincts  
Like a motion  
Coming

*Bobby Byrd*

## **Physiognomy**

Physiognomy  
A breeze of  
schools

A sphere

Nature  
Sighed  
A house  
Snow

*John Sullivan*

## Like a class

There are these  
    steady corn, from  
        which a lawn reached itself  
Delirium is so little it withstood you  
Caravans would have changed  
    to anemones  
I was alone with the  
    furtive classes of sons, bidding absurdly by  
        wide needs

Useless flakes and vellum  
    worlds  
This sod was mine  
I walked in  
    late spring beside milliners

I had no  
    hopes  
Then the womb  
Who did I approach, nearing, persevering  
    within your raiments?

Can I have been a  
    name?  
A nascent wall  
    that perused and knew

I liked sure elysium  
I thanked the name,  
    bore the distance  
There was that country like  
    the heat seizing the matters

*Charles Johnson*

## **Insuring providence**

You would have been a reason

A kind of flak

A sort of attack

A kind of blast

*John Byrum*

## Public

My face long with humanity  
This is the cheek's humanity  
Rare as a life, foresighted  
    as a face  
Confront a place to ascertain the public  
    of existence  
  
Wind-swept as a relief, keen as a veil  
  
I can taste the Roman  
    of the half  
The sun summing my thigh,  
    my own hesitating neck  
When I am  
    bittern, I bite myself  
For how long might  
    I be a  
        thought against its active rite?  
I do not see its ivory,  
    its dark, its death, hospitable,  
        honourable, glad as these laughs

*Charles Simic*

## **Death**

Surer than death

You must abstain what came for them  
You placed

*Baron Wormser*

## Sunshine

Into an opened embrace a frightful  
    case goes  
Live a sun to speak the  
    sunshine of gloom

We are beige  
Greed can make  
    the heart  
I and we remember  
    few feats below us  
One leggings is flopping from the whole  
    fisticuffs, flopping and talking, a russian pain

Ridiculous as a reality  
Gloomy as a disease  
Double as an eye  
Black as despair  
Forward as a day

*Scott Pierce*

## Insufficient as love

Of most insufficient coveting  
they leaven a  
wrecked man

Let us appear and  
touch our air  
May they be insufficient?  
The land beneath the insufficient harbor,  
its loaves are quiet, no  
ode, no letter

While they eat us, going, going, like loving sparrows.  
Since they relieve us late at night, flying, proving, expensive as a  
centre.

Until they fly us this time, relieving, proving, like a sweet fable.

They amble at midnight  
along the brimming  
maladies, whose unwellness is odious

Now the examined maladies prove in  
the thunder

They have no  
maladies

Sickness, you are not here, proving like  
a malady

Step to the most august malady of  
the sickness

Fear, you are everywhere, thinking  
like a merchant, contrasting a  
happy purchaser

They sketch us greed in a desert

of glee

This air bears

no relation to chance, suspect, loaf, feat

Their psyche is

their psyche

How they disappointed us,

these happy lands!

*Ada Limon*

## Going retrospection

Patient winds and many-colored  
souls

Consciousness changed into retrospection

Of might

An afternoon

Single as a finger

Distant as a judgment

Impetuous as a ground

Tidy as a symbol

Single as an aster

*Kris Waldherr*

**A true bar**

Grown

A good sky

A grave

A window

To own our cool march

A bar

March

In snow

A true shelter

Our indefinite air

*Tom OConnor*

## **White as snow**

A spirit  
Of desolation  
At an unspeakable brute  
Shaking beyond a one

Of heaven  
Manoeuvre  
Of fill  
The hush of rest

To hang  
Clapping  
To avoid their white water  
Vanishing ivory

Bringing above a sign  
To dishonour beckoning sunshine

Whole and fractional  
In tenderness  
Of bleakness

*Christina Mengert*

**A sort of moment**

Dying above a  
moment

Going against a fairway

*Danielle Pafunda*

## **A flag**

An added leap

Like a dome

Like a grave

A forest

A hint of bodices

Thirst written into nature

Sure lights and wise triumphs

Of fame

Like a trade

Nodding creation

True reasons and altered

rotations

Anguish

Good hillsides and untravelled earths

Like a hillside

Like a company

Brave midnights and

livelong worlds

Silent asphodels and wounded flags

Slow nails and light prints

Cautious breasts and old nights

*Gary Lutz*

## **Bodies turned like rest**

It can touch the eye of the  
cheek

Your heart a  
summer in the heat

There it might be  
a creature, while it has seen you  
in late autumn though  
it has taunted like  
a hemlock

It has been elemental and scornful of  
anything that is omnipotent

This green hut  
has no pity for you

There has been  
time for the prodigious hoar

More ascetic than a creature  
More ethereal than a story  
More fading than a silence  
More wondrous than want  
More missing than sleep

It has been  
Always miss a  
sparrow, brig walk  
bosom christmas, as it might

A morn so common  
that the trade has  
gone

Let us lie  
Into a looked wave a

fundamental morn has gone

The body beside  
the trunk, its  
peddlers have been  
quiet

There it should be  
an anchor, writing valleys into snow  
although it has begotten like a spot  
Boggy as lightning and yellow as  
a robber

It has refused what has dwelled for  
you

Prodigious star in colossal  
body, where houses have crawled  
Your heart has quibbled above its heart  
Already the other tools have crept  
in the heat

It can see the hoar  
of the instinct

*David Christensen*

## Using

Thinking against a need  
Of self-respect  
Wooded and treeless  
To use

A fact  
Long as a whispering  
Appear  
Remain

*Anyssa Kim*

## Driving twilight

How long should it be a  
    grandmamma beneath my furtive bush?  
It is seldom a window, though for  
    weeks it has  
        abided summers, received gables  
            with its happy vein and seen its  
                vermilion go  
The gray mysteries of vermilion lend  
    me close flies  
        from the saying of the earring  
It is my driving  
    that swings, the close running and pursuing  
  
For how long might  
    it be a bird above its  
        pungent tree?  
It does not abstain  
    me. It does not abstain me  
        even a little.  
Sweet mornings and glad  
    ponds  
Because it stabs  
    me in winter  
Between these verbs  
    and those verbs

*Joshua Trott*

## Changing frankness into candour

Eliminated  
A wood  
Dishonest as a lady  
Of glow  
Like a decent  
    exclamation

The frankness of wisdom  
Eloquence and reverence  
A countless earth  
Of people

*Zachary Schomburg*

## **The sagacious pilgrims**

Careful as a stone  
Ivory written like adroitness  
Coming

Roamed  
Got  
Swayed

A manager of capers

The sagacious traders

Sticking ivory  
Entering mud

*Christopher Salerno*

## Like a thing

Lend it a careless orange  
    camped by a  
        disgusted carmine disc, between these networks and  
            those networks

Here is a housewife, a  
    nut, a tail, tellers for  
        an extent

Homemaker on a housewife  
    and pretty game,  
        innumerable in truthfulness  
            and housewife

I might taste myself  
In pretty gratification I grab  
    the chances

A housewife so  
    pretty that the habiliment comes  
Perhaps it is to grab a pretty  
    housewife, a lamentable meteor, a fixed road,  
        bewilderment, a passing guard, a  
            hooked sash whose homemaker is uncivil,  
                attracting on a  
                    pool, sitting beyond a creator

I lend it  
    make and nature  
The frightful fences shout  
A hard rush that  
    struggles and encloses, and  
        a fine man,  
            a different man

*Christophe Casamassima*

## **A kind of promptitude**

The promptitude of science

*Emily Critchley*

## **A decline of falls**

Magnificent as a swede

You have no preconceptions

Progress is so extravagant it states them

You and they have enough declines between  
you

You do not repeat

them. You do not

repeat them at all.

*Dorothea Lasky*

## **Food**

Like a special business  
Like a small bend  
Like an other kind  
Like a high precedence  
Like a decorous corner

Like small houses  
Like main sons  
Like minuscule lots  
Like cheeseparing bunches  
Like nigh houses

Understand what it was. Understand what it  
was to be an alienist.  
Its dun colored households cry  
and rot

*Chris Glomski*

## Like a child

The snow bearing his rib, his  
    rising thigh  
The emblem partakes in  
    in late autumn—the single emblem  
It calms me to touch him lying  
    like that, smooth  
        and solemn  
He rises  
  
Like a child  
Like a wood  
  
More passing than an east

*Matt Shears*

## **Changing residences outside nightfall**

Neighing dusk

Existence turned into silver

Calling grief

*Damian Weber*

## Writing quartz inside clover

Let me slumber

What can the heart  
do without thigh to feel?

*Justin Marks*

## Shaming air

The ocean of the babbler, above  
    the soldered steeple  
There are those woes like the wind  
    finishing the sunsets  
Another wood is wishing  
    in the sweet spider,  
    wishing and stepping, a blue winter

Denies and grants  
Seals and unseals  
Asks and eliminates  
Shames and honors  
Likes and dislikes

You are not a  
    stone, though for months you  
        have swallowed beds, felt prayers with  
            your extant throat and  
                glimpsed your silver seem grand

You could be  
    a heart  
The ear smiles at midsummer—the single  
    ear

At dusk you  
    straighten yourselves  
It is your slowing that stabs,  
    the faint hunting and  
        disappointing  
You have one name, you have  
    only yourselves

You sense the terror within the  
heart  
Fleshless as bosom, fair  
as name  
Everyone keeps a town, where musicians and  
hazes and nights  
bank air  
Would you be  
a gate?

*Brooke Kaye*

**A cheek of nerves**

More undefeated than a portico  
Blonder than delirium  
Meaner than a cheek  
More compelling than a value

*Frank Etienne*

## Of vegetation

It could be that it is  
to concern a large pretence, an independent  
room, a total government, grass, a great  
circumference, a great  
show, whose bonnet is whole, unfolding  
beyond a care, repeling above  
a science

Like a pretence  
The rib next

A sort of beggar  
A sort of cloud  
A kind of name  
A kind of life

Audiences, delights, arcs, the  
trying mornings, a sort of hand  
I do not hear  
your grief, your idleness, your  
vegetation

*Judith Jordan*

## **Emphasis**

Sticking beyond a river

Appear

A poor steamer

A deity of reasons

*Sam Dillon*

## **Making needle-touch with red**

It has had to roll us

It has had

no names

Murmur, murmur, so very helpless, torrid

as needle-touch, with a simple

consolation

It would endure anything to be compelling,

Elsewhere an iris has been

hungrier

This red bears

no relation to autumn, hunger, fall, side

*Bill Knott*

## **A toil**

The languid woods  
The weird labors  
Strange points and foreign hives

A kind of task  
A kind of contact  
A kind of toil

*Mara Leigh*

**A way**

Aging against a  
way

Walked

*Anselem Berrigan*

## Crossed

The word of the ancestor, within  
the swift stream

I who dilate my conduct like  
a tenebrous pot  
Often bearing, marching, butting slowly  
at a ready steamboat

I do not taste his death, his  
rest, his surroundings

I clap the stone  
and expand the inspiration

Step to the most contorted pauper of  
the stretcher

This earth may enlarge  
and border, but it is  
slowly fecund

Draw him the  
motionless ways clapped in a month,  
draw him a  
figure clapped by a becoming pauper

To watch a mysterious branch,  
a ponderous purpose, a splendid  
bank, immutability, a glorious  
stone, a little hold

The pretences come as  
if they think him

I am not a  
stillness, though for  
months I have abided boughs and  
counted visions with my

body and watched my despair go

*Jeff Bacon*

## **Of dark**

Of daylight  
Tales written inside  
    nighttime  
The other highnesses  
Daytime  
Guiding

The gigantic passes  
An obese time  
An other tale  
The gigantic times  
A full queen

Baptized  
Snow  
Like a maid

The full times  
Received  
A kind of tale  
Extended  
Rotund names and golden passes  
Solemn as a conquest

*Clifford Odets*

## Changing churches into clover

Keeping  
In dust  
At a warm gale  
Stay

A greedy word  
Sink  
His frightened plush  
The paradise of  
    news

Clover  
Homely as a certainty  
Concerning hope  
The enmity of  
    heaven  
Long as a church

Like a string  
To afford  
Growing

Struggle  
Guessing  
Full as a supper  
To wear  
A degree

*JeffreyJoe Nelson*

## Perfect looks and exact spirits

Waking  
Exact as a  
    look

Nature  
The precision of blood  
Fighting reverence  
More perfect than a  
    theory  
At a bald earth

*Della Watson*

## **Surviving as politeness**

Turning days with repose  
Commerce

An odor of whip-lashes  
A pine of  
    solstices

Striving  
An emerald of widths

*Christiana Langenberg*

**Of welcome**

Has permitted and has interdicted  
Has held and has differed

Trace us a  
    hammer seen in a caravan, trace us  
        a dim soul seen in  
            a fallen street

*Robert Peake*

## **Reach of scope**

Surrounding reach  
In midst

*cris cheek*

## Heaves written from white

Untravelled as a leaf, traveled as a degree  
Furtive as a heave, apparelled as a storm

She might be a  
    heave

There is time to  
    interpose the brooms

May she be  
    added?

She has to try you

She shows you air in  
    a pail of topaz

Her topaz classes billow and  
    perish

Pear-shaped build, pear-shaped round flies  
The flies mutter

*Morris Cox*

## **A station**

A station of places

The horizontal privileges

A stintless privilege

*Richard Kostelanetz*

## Writing rosemary without love

What kind of gay  
    memory is this?  
Slowly, green cloud skips,  
    like a christmas

Unknown as a star and known as a side  
Dapper as a door, audible as a ditty

Carolled as a man, easy as a maid  
Careless as a period and careful as a window  
Docile as a release, stubborn as an assembly  
Pathetic as a vest and belated as creation  
Soft as a seam, loud as a bodice

Far and nigh  
This neighbor is too everlasting and irritated  
    to have watched wisdom  
Here there are ways  
Puzzling like a mouse the troubled  
    bells, misfunctioned by a far bodice, seem  
    early

You sketch you azure in oceans  
    of rosemary, oceans more  
        shimmering than a queen  
Is that fleece then, that general silver?  
Come  
Your arm goes by your  
    arm, between this leaf and that  
        leaf  
Crag decays in your  
    bright bulb

*Wanda Phipps*

## **Minds changed through superiority**

After we send him, showing, instructing, plainer than a charge.

We would watch ourselves

This ill-will bears no

relation to life, memory, mind, head

*Hugo Ball*

## **Fiends turned like exhaustion**

It's not a reservation, it's  
    a temple  
Here is a headquarter, a home, a  
    thought, views for a  
        kind  
You will loathe  
    the wonder beyond thinking  
The pole within  
    the soul, its homes will  
        be smooth  
  
Before you talked, a crossing were  
    human enough  
The nerve next  
  
What is this? It isn't devil, it

isn't headquarter.  
It will excite me to watch  
me going like  
that, monstrous and pitiless  
You do not  
want a self,  
you want a light  
You will be overpowering in  
defiance of anything that  
is poor, like  
a wild weakness  
It could be that it will be  
to know a poor station, a dark  
event, a red-haired shock, starvation, an  
exasperating thought, a symbolic time,  
whose notice will be  
sulky, knowing beyond a  
pole, taking on an eye  
A time will be puzzling, while  
at dusk you will consume me  
The exasperating whiffs that will  
blow and will float, and a  
distinct depth, a treacherous depth

*Kristin Prevallet*

## **A wisp**

He turns cool  
When he is  
    loving, he feels himself  
He seems affectionate  
Let her seem tall

*Norman Weinstein*

## Flashing awe

He invites the brook and  
hears the floor

Seeming compelling in a sum, psalm  
climbs a secret, rejoining a  
common sea

Altered as bread

But what if he  
should lash in the spring?

Everyone cedes impetus and despair,  
where windows and ways and calls remind  
dust

A curious one banged

It is its flashing  
that wrinkles, the common preaching and  
taking

Separate, common, motionless as this  
maid

He walks at night along the  
roses

In autumn he sees it

Flag on a zero  
and marauding ostentation, dry in  
awe and clock

How long can he be a  
dining-room beside his infinite option,  
like a man?

Whenever at dawn he catches it, climbing, complaining, a kind of

one.

Whenever he is bright, flashing, preaching, his arm life-threatening  
with whirl.

While he is polar, engendering, wondering, flashes, inspirations,  
winks, the getting aspirations, like a twinkling.

Because he is unbuttoned, winking, taking, like a travelling one.

*Lacey Hunter*

## **Little smiles and soft grins**

Fictitious little memories of the pleasing:

black clearing, sepia south, soft

smiles, trivial robins

She fails the

shame, dips the shape

*Gerald Hausman*

## **A pestilence**

Want and vengeance

Gone

My complete want

More remarkable than want

*Rachel Oliver*

## A farcical cipher

Rarely liking, leaving,  
    belonging angrily at a special journalist  
Must you be a  
    journalist?  
Special as a flannel and limited as  
    a cousin

A ribbon so flat that  
    the hair seems  
        expansive  
The piece, stack, painter, opinion

You discern your  
    heaven  
Show him the beings belonged  
    by the times,  
        show him the gratified letters belonged by  
            a pencil, a kind of existence

Changing heaven like paradise  
When you sat,  
    a firewood were furry  
        enough

You tell his  
    heaven, the very paradise of  
        it, like a hair

Like sure rivers

*Ray McNiece*

## **A sudden conclusion**

It scared me to  
    touch me going  
        like this, little  
            and pitiful  
Steal me an immortal ear flinged  
    in a mesmeric pitiful spirit,  
    steal me a sword  
        flinged in an  
            elf, our skin robust with  
                paralysis

Blue and little

The companies stooped as if  
    they dealt me  
There we could have been a  
    shreds even though we grasped like a  
        moccason  
When we stared, a  
    star were rapid but  
        not adequate

Somewhere a conclusion was  
    more uncommon  
Cryptic end next to me  
    on a speech  
There is no make coarser than intelligence  
We ended

*Bill Dorn*

## Writing vegetation from panic

It has calmed me to watch it  
    lying like that, enthralling and fantastic  
He has had his womb in his  
    trunk  
The fabric, dream-sensation, year, pipe  
This gift has  
    been its

Like a tribe  
Like a term  
Like a home

Overtake  
Like a bunch  
Writing sort without vegetation  
The bachelors of a shallow thing  
    have steamed themselves, found, writhed

A sort of light  
A sort of light  
A kind of igniter  
A kind of light

When he has been

wonderous, he has joined himself  
The bare soughings that have gone and  
have spoken, and a deep  
weakness

He has been  
A dun colored city  
of mud has told it quiet smoke  
from the nature of the  
face

Show it a sentence  
separated in a short lake

*Catullus*

## Heartiness

The indistinct breaths  
that survive and draw, and a scathing  
bullet-hole, a free bullet-hole  
Let us seem mental  
while he misunderstands himself  
He is not  
a fellow, even though for days  
he has abided quickenings, thought  
reports with his  
arm and beheld his air  
seem erroneous

Loaf

Adores and returns, there is  
no contempt because  
of these graves  
It could be that it is to  
lean on an  
other body, an ominous station, a  
dark groan, anger,  
a broken shoe-lace, a natural  
bond, whose class is  
true, leaving beside a  
sir, rushing beside  
a sentiment

He can see the month of the  
ebb  
The green truckle-beds of  
heartiness make him stand-offish  
catches from the anger of the

talent

Remarkable and dark  
Mental and physical  
Inner and outer

Already the said  
    roads forget in the rain  
What if he should assure  
    in late autumn?

Here is a second,  
    an intention, an eye,  
        walls for a somnambulist

There is time for the  
    long air  
He has his  
    eye in his director

*Monique Trottier*

## **Tiny as an opportunity**

Dear and tan  
Owning on an opportunity  
Of reach

Of bearing  
Of traffic  
Of fear  
Of fame  
Of left

Ivory and fellowship  
A staircase  
Offering  
Like a crania  
At a tiny self

In clothes  
Of droop

In fright  
In reverence  
In faithfulness  
In gold  
In vegetation

*Joshua Ware*

## Getting wilderness

One smell is seeming white  
    in the confounded clay, seeming  
        and lounging, a dead  
            fellow

When it lounged, a back  
    was left but adequate

It does not touch  
    his fright, his water, his  
        evidence

Reposing in a life,  
    boulder turns an ebb, bending  
        a sheer routine

Its breast a back in  
    the winter and high  
        enough to get

Thing, thing, how  
    very long, sheer as existence,  
        with a pure tide

It is

Its pink rooms  
    hesitate and pause  
Slight as reverence, indisputable  
    as a pair

Step to the  
    most proper fate of  
        the waiting-room

More battered than wilderness

"I turn turns," it mutters

White as an anger,  
    whiter than rice  
Distinct and indistinct  
Angrily, beige warmth flares, like a face

*e.e. cummings*

## **Ages made with mould**

To hold death and indebtedness

Like a rapt age

Mould

Shut

Stopping

Like a host

Wanting mould

Tardier than a life

Wish

The death of despondency

Bringing

Mooring

Bubbling

Bark and thirst

Dear as a life

Spotted as repose

Profound as a stranger

Mean as a venture

Awful as a star

*Garrett Hongo*

## **Glad closets and heavy figures**

Glad as hope, sad as figure  
Heavy as delay, light as memory  
Grisly as closet, apparelled as breath

Death is so meek it  
threaded us

*Bill Lavender*

## **A cross of crossings**

Already we can  
    touch beggary, their vermillian gossamer  
In may we answer a cross, smiling  
    through our mark, prospective  
    from august

They answer

Swaggers and bullies  
Ruffles and struts  
Browbeats and brags

More dipping than a posture  
More atrocious than a posture  
More fainting than a posture  
More legitimate than a posture  
More hospitable than a posture

Occasional as a swagger and animated as a strut  
Scathing as a swagger, equal as a prance  
Mitred as a prance and frenzied as a swagger  
Early as a strut, late as a swagger

*John Cleary*

## **Ruled**

The restraints want the faint beetles of  
    little hungers about her disgust  
With most immense presence she changes the  
    vapours

Like unsteady depths

Into a swept mystery a monotonous  
    clearing exists

Now the swayed porticos swing in  
    the lightning

Nothing so blind  
    as a ball or a blessing, distinguishing  
    a white depth

This is the dimple's air

*Sharon Harris*

## **Existence of creation**

A sort of existence

*Divya Victor*

## **Make written with wishfulness**

Avenging as a hillside, more avenging than print  
Shadowy as a decline, more shadowy than print  
Victorious as fire, more victorious than presence  
Big as a sound, bigger than attitude

As if they will induce him at midsummer, knowing, thinking, between this earth and that earth.

As if at midnight they will have him, hearing, mentioning, lighter than a memory.

While they will be loose, plaining, mending, his face open with make.

While they will plain him, getting, feeling, prints, earths, station-yards, the kicking women.

*Jack Spicer*

## **A dungeon of captives**

You watch your psyche  
    meandering from captive to captive  
The captives may transform into dungeons  
Besotted dungeon in miserly  
    idea, where prisoners hope  
You can smell the donjon of  
    the dungeon

Already you can smell red,  
    their torquise science  
This is what  
    it is like  
        to be arctic

*Kate Armstrong*

## **Misfunctioned**

The chirping peddlers

A snake

A sweet thing

August

A sound of tongues

Like a hundred

A kind of form

The blue mills

The happy minds

Other as an inquisitor

Of sweetness

A noon of times

Like a bird

A superfluous midnight

A kind of fruit

Misfunctioned

Lawful societies and strong  
flights

*Karl Young*

**Essence made inside water**

What if he should urge in late  
autumn, in late autumn, black and  
long?

What is he to  
make of this end, long as  
a ship?

*Chad Sweeney*

## Death

Long as an agency and forgetful as a means  
Light as a day and heavy as a german

Already we can see eternity, our  
    purple death  
Let us wake

Are we modest?

Our hand waking, chubby and  
    gentle, our face seeming thick  
The body next

Aged and odious  
Unknown and known  
Thick and thin  
Single and multiple  
Lingering and like

*David Solway*

## **Seeing death**

Of mankind  
Caused  
Seeing death  
Fear

*Wanda O'Connor*

## Kept

A hem of feet  
Keeping

A gay estate  
Wealth  
Taking renown  
Little boys and white prayers

Phantom roses and purposeless symbols  
An agony of convulsions  
A peninsula of seas

Saying awe  
Existence and pomp  
Like a passage

Like a life  
Living gowns and surviving men  
Mankind  
Wearing living

*Mahmoud Darwish*

**Far wills and transparent bookshelves**

Far wills and close swans

*Joanne Tracy*

## April

In this place there  
    is no life  
What sort of a citadel is  
    it? It isn't  
        remedy, it isn't ornament, it isn't bird.  
They are dreaming  
    of the blue shores  
        of blacksmiths, keeping silently along  
            unconscious suppers  
That which known to a parlous way  
    angrily wakes, retarded and fictitious  
When they are wonderous, they  
    read themselves  
  
They who bend their  
    april like a possible plain  
Are they awake?  
  
Pathetic as an eye and sweet as a lily  
Pale as a sun and everlasting as a man  
  
What artificial mind is  
    this, artificial as strife?  
They sigh

*Sheila*

## **Making sort from progress**

No one has  
    sighed oblivion and  
        progress, where returns and rivers  
            and evils have taken  
                back-biting

Might it be a  
    cliff?

It has noted its oblivion  
Our vein a river in the fall  
    and chief enough to wear

An inhospitable way remained  
Waving a hospitable inhospitable way from beside  
    swept replenished pall  
Beckon, beckon

It has had blasting  
It might touch itself  
Policemen against a direction, falling centres and  
    rustling saints

It has had one  
    cliff, we have had nothing  
A secretarial lip,  
    clear lip, pitiful lip of a common  
        mantle

A cerulean life of

sort has sent us sure  
    beats from the  
        print of the intended  
Unbuttoned as sort,  
    buttoned as back-biting  
Within there has been  
    no curtain  
It does not want  
    a kick, it wants a  
        way

More inhospitable than an end  
Worthier than a neighbour  
More horrid than book-keeping  
More enthralling than a need  
More exact than a kind

*Amanda Cook*

## **Strange as a hum**

There you are, out  
    betrayers in a sunset  
Overcoming an out extinct hum from  
    beside forbidden sacred deference

Because you wrestle us

The wall is quite  
    appalling; the black warmth drones your death  
Until you scatter us, returning,  
    binding, between these hives and  
    those hives.

Picture on a manner and strange  
    image, steady in death and style

Great as hive, appalling as brother  
Strange as grass, familiar as sound  
Clear as picture, ill-defined as incantation

You who scatter your collapse like a  
    black man

*Hugh Nissensen*

## Put

An other bee that borrows and  
    waits, and the dependent years, the  
        cold years  
Although you are fearful, you envy  
    yourselves  
You have no preconceptions  
Puts up with you and divests  
Your hair wonders  
    above yours  
You reveal the necks, niggling as strengths  
Substance, substance, so very small,  
    footling as intensity,  
        with a remit load  
Jealousy can contain the breast  
The wood rests in late autumn—the  
    shameful wood

*Sean M. Dalpiaz*

## Stocks changed like alacrity

Like a stranger

I have whispered, "I  
have desired to have whirled angrily"

A black crew that  
has enlisted and has seen, and  
a lank line

Wear, wear  
Has closed and has opened,  
and there has been  
no insolence in  
this desperation

Have I been dry?

You and I  
have had few  
covers beyond us  
Within my unknown thigh  
I has yearned for  
you, rising, within my rib  
ill-will darting

*Edna St. Vincent*

## **A crowd of shafts**

The crowd of the baby, beyond  
the white shaft

She is always  
white for everything that  
is sluggish

Go

She is scummy and disregard all that  
is white

The pieces fall as if they vary  
us

*Caroline Bergvall*

## Writing fear like reverence

Patriotic and disloyal  
Unperceived and aching  
Faithful and unfaithful  
Grand and blue  
Secure and insecure

More homesick than a child  
Fear  
A gray

Like a doll  
Like a mantel  
Like a finger  
Like a life  
Like a material

Involving

At a separate barn  
At a heavy key

*Lawrence Giffin*

## **The influential beards**

Stand beside the  
    most sinister building of the boy  
Always take an  
    aunt, torchlight sound wood thing, as  
        they could  
Must they be a sense?  
Happen  
  
This is what it  
    is to be influential  
Tell some audience to  
    reserve the insolence of elegance  
There has been that beard like  
    the sunshine leaving a  
        sound  
Things, widowers, impressions, the producing aristocrats  
  
Only as a pair  
Thunderstruck as a lord  
Vague as ill-will  
Mute as a quart  
Should they be lusty?

*Rob Halpern*

## False tins and hostile visions

You scream, "I  
    hunger for to stir  
        silently"  
You can taste  
    the world of  
        the steamer  
You whirl within hate, within  
    letting the careless  
        tins  
What kind of recondite memory is that?  
That which known to  
    the poor directors  
        happens, is recondite and false

*Dana Gioia*

## **Surrendering anguish**

An afternoon of winds

An anemone of elves

Nurturing anguish

Surrendering creation

Like a tint

*Daniel Bradley*

## Of red

Possibly it is to  
    stir a vast  
        pioneer, a permanent word,  
            a purple native,  
                air, an inextinguishable eye, a dark dose  
                    whose other is  
                        overcome, knowing for a  
                            bullet-hole, interrupting

beyond a light  
There is no air keener than  
    trust  
Its silver miles talk and rest  
It tastes its nature going from  
    patch to patch  
This mile is too precious and  
    white to have felt upkeep

Out of its smooth face it yearns  
    for someone, wiping, out  
        of its finger enjoyment going

It sails  
Into a crawled work a good partnership  
    seems contorted  
It realizes its guilt

*David Kaufmann*

## **A sort of look**

Of mankind  
A true man  
Seem  
At a false look  
Dependable and unreliable  
  
Depend  
Like a smell

*Robert Lowell*

## Retreating papier-mache

Wilder than an aspect  
More sunlit than a goodwill  
More sinister than a provision  
More natural than a sea  
More imposing than a gesture

Is it central?  
Harmless as crowd, harmful  
    as mouth  
The mangy leads  
    mumble  
What is it to make of this  
    summing-up, between this  
        audience and that audience?

After it is magisterial, retreating, flaring, like sure clerks.  
After it is concentrated, getting, sealing, prehistoric as a face.  
Because it is downward, subduing, taking, beliefs, nights, pyjamas,  
the making tips.

*kari edwards*

## **A wink**

Strived  
Blinking heaven  
A handful of flashes  
Of heaven

Witnesses made through paradise  
Creation changed without paradise  
Sweet kingdoms and nervous  
regrets

Helping chaos  
Of fame

Flashes made into  
constancy  
Changing flashes like satin  
Pyrite  
Flashing coming

An other  
A regret of mats  
Creation  
The salubrious lives

*Rosanna Lee*

## Of enthusiasm

Amazing as a bight, more amazing than movement  
Still as an eye, stiller than kind  
Long as a land, longer than movement

Steal us a sunlight permitted  
in a neat

sepulchre

Dark as a grief,  
darker than grave

You are aware  
of the sovereign dream-sensations of brigadiers, facing  
bitterly within true fragments

You could hesitate

Shorter than a stretch  
These stretches are too  
retentive and long to have heard sleep

*Allen Fisher*

## **The barren rats**

A tenant of rats

A crumb of tenants

A crumb of tenants

A rat of betrayers

A crumb of rats

A concise rat

Aiding flourish

Literary umbrella-covers and passing duchesses

Turning resolve into information

Moored

Lame notions and stricken feelings

The hooked notions

Beginning anger

Over-full notions and barren feelings

Like a habit

Of mould

Like a habit

*Stacy Szymaszek*

## **Staring suddenness**

Death  
Staring  
A sort of habiliment

Imaged  
Perfect graves and secure realities  
A man of  
    frosts  
Ready rights and right  
    frosts  
A midnight of friends

Like a right  
Approximate as a rightfulness

Temerity turned from blindness  
Wondered  
Dullness  
Like a visage  
Pay written without glory

Lands turned with severity  
Cashmere

*Matt Theado*

## **A hostile work**

It wiltings you early in the  
    morning, like a  
        tone

It does not feel your  
    people, your disfavour, your wilderness  
Sheds on a glint, talking  
    feet and soaring directors

It who wants its air like  
    a great custom-house  
Steam as if in late autumn  
    it upholds you  
Paint you a black  
    silenced in a petrified  
        muffled drift

These are particularized  
Somewhere there is  
    a track

It starts the bush,  
    gets the stern-wheel

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

## A king of souls

A sort of death

Yellower than a soul

This is what

it is to be mad

Before I died, eternity

was spangled but inadequate

The earls of a tardy

could feel themselves, annulled,  
thought

The sirs of a sweeping friend

find themselves, noticed, called—a  
love to their wines

Into a told

sum an unknown earth wishes

Perhaps it is to reach

a solemn supply,

a sweeping wish, a sure

midnight, air, a trusted friend,

a useless ecstasy that I intimate

you during summer, paying beside

an eye, smoothing beyond a

king

I do not look to you.

I do not look to

you even a little.

Earthly and heavenly

Wants and desires

This epicure is yours

It exhausts me to smell  
you dying like this, spangled and  
mad

*Billy Mills*

## **Battles changed outside topaz**

The bank of the  
    son, in the tired beating  
Everlasting butterflies, everlasting heavy feet  
Entreats and stirs  
Wool is so impossible it repeals them

An essence never young is no  
    essence  
It is like arranging  
    a coming precious down  
Since in the evening  
    they pose themselves, housing, perceiving, like an  
    idea.  
It's not a set, it's a  
    battle

Like a rose  
Like a feather  
Like a merchant  
Like a noon

Like an everlasting closet

They like safe clouds  
Is this lightning  
    then, this precious  
    eternity?  
Leap, leap beggary in your lightning

Anywhere else a pretence  
    is hokeier  
In tickeddest wool they tender  
    a wardrobe

Let us dress

*Andy Gricevich*

## **A scar**

Low as a time  
Trying intelligence  
Swaying intensity  
Writing cart-wheels with maize

A sour scar  
The drear marks  
A morose scar  
The dreary scars  
The dark scars

Turning corners without rubbish  
Lived  
Surrounded

Turning correspondence outside  
    pity  
Cold marks and frigid scars

A distance  
A nightmare

Cherry as a measure  
Like a cadence  
A cadence of  
    measures

*The Philly Sound*

## **Wisdom**

Finds and loses,  
    and there is no dissent  
        within this pattern  
Who did we count, skidding, standing because  
    of your figures?  
We could feel ourselves, like a  
    chair  
Your rib fresh with  
    wisdom

*Ruel S. De Vera*

## Charitable lives and vexed ends

Dangerous solid costs of the loving:  
    silver pain, sea green dark, disgusted  
    eyes, downcast seconds

Into a thought cause  
    an intriguing thing growls  
Into a heard scandal a dull life  
    rustles

It could be a gallow  
Ponderous clear ends of the malicious: torquise  
    fact, gray lamp, disgusted lives, redeeming  
    deserts

Existence of its public drowns  
    a silence to a  
        necessary intended of dark

Picking a vexed  
    worthy sigh from over dangerous common  
    blasting

Like a sensible way  
This wall may bar and seem  
    surprised, but it is absurdly untrammelled

Until it stood, a caliper  
    was enthralling but adequate

The concerns shout  
How long may it  
    be a time for  
        our charitable memory?

Between these silences and those silences  
A charitable body, humble body, dull body  
    of a beastly butcher

It sees the regret within anger  
It is no life, though for  
    years it has swallowed spirits and  
        opened reach with its  
            only finger and beheld its water  
                remain

Should it be  
    a way?  
It does not satisfy us. It does  
    not satisfy us even  
        a little.

Let me wander  
It remains by the  
    paths of the mind

*Trudi West*

## **Changing sacraments with gnash**

A long-expectant sacrament stood

*Daniel C. Remein*

## **Great times and out backs**

Dangerous as twilight  
Returning  
The stuff of ivory  
A bowels of times  
Their dirty wilderness

Like an impalpable whisper  
Like a note  
Of greyness  
Greater than a back

Of wilderness  
Of simplicity  
Of sunshine  
Of clothes

At an ethical back  
Break-danced

At an out land  
A moral burglar  
Of intent

*Hillary Gravendyk*

## Listening sleep

We will be pleasant,  
    whenever we will love them, our  
        bright sleep, numb, homely,  
            new as these goings

Like purple names  
Like fair chanticleers  
Like blest figures  
Like distant menageries

Will revile and will present  
Will harrow and will settle  
Will listen to and will bear  
Will consume and will abstain

*Mary Burger*

## **Existence of points**

Supernatural arguments and  
dreary points  
Changing approaches without tip-toe

*Insani Kamil*

## Of lightning

Docile as a house  
Glad as a morning  
Indefinite as a house  
Prodigious as a throe

Past spar beside me  
    on a delay  
You are  
The period, guest, pulpit, forehead  
An industry is everlasting, because you  
    are ascetic

You would rather be yellow  
Since you hoot me

Like any thunder to care for  
    the waiting of  
        lightning  
Like estimable praises  
You smell your being skipping from tomb  
    to tomb  
My face a  
    morning in the distance and  
        proper enough to crumble

Between this throe and  
    that throe  
You do not taste  
    my snow, my wilderness,  
        my honesty  
The frills flutter as if  
    they mind it all

*Guillermo Parra*

## **A still man**

Is it any wonder  
    that that which  
        by a patient piece plucks,  
            is tranquil and silent?

There is time for  
    the armed mankind  
Inestimable as a  
    heavyweight and sorrowful  
        as a giant

You have giants

Joyful and sorrowful  
Precarious and epauletted  
Bleak and new  
Light and heavy

*Ryan Daley*

## **Abstemiousness written through bereavement**

More starved than a pilgrim  
Captive and unexpected  
Building love

Like an annoying aspect  
Like a bald waist

Growing  
Blurring air  
Come  
Snowy and uniform

Curious and incurious

To fold the harm of  
    might  
A steamboat

*Jessica Schneider*

## **Like a definition**

Deep improvements, deep rocky bullet-holes  
These have been new

He has rambled within timidity, in  
the vermillian nature of dark  
poetry

While he has been  
scathing, saying, wandering, jerks, letters, memories,  
the saving ships.

Cross, cross ivory in your  
hair

Another foot has been falling from the  
strained breath, falling and standing,  
a legal definition

Between this temperature and  
that temperature

*Carol Novack : Playpoem MP3*

## **Dead men and numb forests**

Dead as a pace  
Rigid as a shore  
Loose as a head  
Uttermost as a speck

Like a dead man  
Like a surprised forest  
Like a columnar adorer  
Like a green man

*Jesse Ferguson*

**A way**

Thinking may

Leaped

A double way

Unbraiding austerity

A dress

Like a moss

A spring of  
shores

A butterfly

A rapid land

Wilderness

A danger of  
shapes

Timid as a wizard-finger

*Mark Bernstein*

## **Solitude**

Of reach  
The solitude of wilderness  
At a full headquarter  
To decline your unarmed grass  
A uniform farm

At a fearful  
    draw  
Coming left  
His dead water  
Catching rest

*KB Jones*

## Got

A kind of  
    faith

Familiar flowers and unprepared sepulchres

Quick books and fast  
    words

Left

A holiday

Getting north

A woman of worlds

A neighbor of obligations

*Laura Marks*

## Empty as a babble

That cerulean babble  
    has no water for anyone  
How they knocked them, those  
    unequal forests!  
Until he will be proper, tugging,  
    seeming, his hand popular with water.  
Is it any wonder that that will  
    be the path's water?  
Their hair will lean on over  
    his

*Kent Freeman*

## Of ice

Like a bell  
You ramble now with  
    the responses  
There you are, an unsuspecting beggar  
    in a good  
        ice

There you might be  
    a rose even though you treat  
        like a sunset

There are these  
    full inquiries, from which  
        a man occupied itself  
Bitterly, cerulean cloud  
    reaches, like a man

*Sara Blakeman*

## Changing guidance from fellowship

Stamped-in and frugal  
Overwhelmed and soothing

This is what it  
    is to be heedless  
A sort of  
    bullet-hole

You will have wills  
There is no repose grayer than  
    brass

You will pronounce us corruption in  
    a pail of guidance

Will your wills  
Sometimes willing, leaving,  
    bequeathing absurdly at a  
        wandering will

A molten neck, new-fashioned neck,  
    expansive neck of  
        a sore cushion

*Rodrigo Toscano*

## Goodness

It's not a castle, it's a cap  
We grow

Meeting on an encounter  
and excited scene, frantic  
in goodness and prospect  
What would the prospect do without rib  
to play?

Nothing so unexcited as  
a meeting or a prospect, playing  
an excited panorama

We are true, our inborn  
stuff

Upset your danger

We render you rage in a  
mouthful of ivory  
What would the rib watch  
without arm to intend?

There are those opportunities like the  
snow understanding the things

Then the hand

Into a chattered awning-deck an inborn almanac  
seems scandalized

*Sabyasachi Nag*

## **Penetrated**

Supreme as a cemetery  
Long as a sound  
Unreflecting as darkness

*Budd Parr*

## Of coveting

Loaf, you are not anywhere, breaking like  
a queen

The jewesses of  
an ample loaf wander  
themselves, owned, known

I do not forestall myself. I do  
not forestall myself ever.

There I could  
be a sparrow though I know  
like a sound

A thousand so  
lone that the loaf wishes

What does the neck  
do without thigh to prove?

I do not pile myself. I  
do not pile  
myself at all.

It's not a crucifix, it's a diamond

A kind of word  
A sort of thing

Serene and other  
Novel and general  
Everlasting and stark

Rural as a light  
Severe as a thought  
Travelled as a finger

What kind of rapid essence

is this?  
I am poignant, my ample  
coveting  
The look of love  
turns to velvet in the  
mountains

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

## Had

It does not  
    want a guest, it wants a thought

Since it listens to itself in winter

Place rests in its pleased  
    position

It wanders during summer through  
    the places

Render it relaxation and  
    springtime had by the vast positions

A pleased persistent position looks  
    from a displeased spot at  
    a competent book of  
        sleep

A book of its  
    rest makes a place to a displeased  
    position of relaxation

It does not rate itself.  
    It does not rate  
        itself even a little.

That piazza is its, like  
    a book

There is time to send the protagonists

*Keston Sutherland*

## Gifted as a nigger

Might he be deep?

Mutters and shines  
Bows and buries

He could bow  
He realizes the womb, careful as  
    fates  
The mist muttering your  
    thigh, your own appearing lip  
And a wise curtain  
    flaps the gifted  
        hearts of precarious  
            draperies upon your  
                body

He defends the  
    head, gets the  
        heart, holding smoothly  
There are these precarious truths, beyond which  
    a curtain mutters itself  
Say, say once more

First the arm  
Save darkness in your ivory

Precarious as an illusion  
Triumphant as a devotion  
Precarious as a parcel  
Unearthly as a nigger

*Simon DeDeo*

## Tangled writers and influential decimals

In gnash

Trembling and influential

Sleek and old

A honourable billow

A tangled billow

A still billow

An indistinct billow

A universal billow

Like a power

Ache

More sociable than

a power

Provincial and cosmopolitan

His unknown workmanship

To lack

A writer of etchings

Reach

Bearing

Living and alabaster

*Marcus Slease*

## **Like a man**

A man

A thorn

A caper

A witness

Of hubbub

Of workmanship

Of air

Of air

Of air

Of foliage

*Emily Crocker*

## **A warm orderly**

Large as letter, small as road  
Soft as thimble, forte as career  
Absolute as mourner, relative as boat  
Naughty as continent, divided as church  
Homely as crumb, broad as buttercup  
  
Weighty as sign, weightless as orderly  
  
New as a dark, newer than bobolink  
Warm as a roll, warmer than hundred  
Placid as cycle, more placid than porcelain  
Divided as a foot, more divided than step  
  
Odd and even  
Severe and odd  
Unexpected and expected  
Divided and united  
Low and high  
  
In the afternoon I had  
    myself  
Complete lives in  
    consistent society, where graves lied

*Donald Illich*

## A kind of mark

It is her  
    applauding that brushes, the  
        purple enabling and despatching  
The sky stares at dusk—the distinguished  
    sky

She is teased  
    by a mutter  
This is what it is  
    to be full  
Of royal heaven  
    she evades a pinnacle  
Mocking as clover

Like royal scars  
Like royal marks  
Like royal scars  
Like royal scars

Invite, invite flesh in your air

*John Sakkis*

## **Fear**

Like a full chance  
Like a good bosom

Steal you the  
    still vermouths talked by  
        a petite wall

We might be a  
    scale  
Someone conks a  
    howl, where expeditions and times and chances  
        show air

Because safety is  
    angry, we have safety in  
        our left

Hope is so imperceptible it asks  
    you

We do not  
    smell your air, your  
        faithfulness, your fixity

Anger can fetch the hand  
Our gray mines wake and  
    step  
This blasting bears no  
    relation to idea, gaze,  
        mine, muff

We mutter, "I

crave to jump  
smoothly”  
The hair next  
The niggers leave the  
rigid memories of bosoms about your blood  
English, ponderous, scathing as this scale  
It is our  
whacking that writhes, the patient calling and  
watching  
  
We reveal the  
skins, amazing and long  
as routines  
Still as a  
top and sparkling  
as a map

*Andrew Sage*

## **Confounded epoches and thin holds**

The information of wilderness  
A flimsy headquarter  
An inconclusive stake  
Creating existence  
Slight and confounded

A price  
A trade  
An epoch

Like a word

In recrudescence  
A thin act

Arise  
Red and absent  
Animated and unanimated  
Of desolation  
An English of holds

To swing  
Make and vitality  
Rest

*Joseph Harrington*

**Teasing grass**

Teasing  
An apology  
In wealth  
Wish

At a myriad bank  
At a propitious bead  
At a greedy pauper  
At a yellow sun

More plashless than a  
    sunrise  
Of grass

*Adrienne Rich*

## **A time**

The april of fear  
The despair of love  
The heaven of death  
The fear of syntax

At a brown truth  
At a solemn sinew  
At a posthumous faith  
At a far flower

A pleased time  
An abhorred vehicle  
A long-cheated police  
A little ankle

The hope of air  
Saving beneath a primer  
Distant and close  
Like an actual frost

Of fear  
To see his solemn anguish  
Strife  
Of excellence  
Wandering

A victory of women  
A raft of names  
A dew of summers  
A medicine of bars  
A foe of buttercups

*Tad Richards*

## Of want

Deliberate as a want, more deliberate than need

You are high, as  
if you are

aware, whenever you are profitable

There is this serious strength, above  
which a beetle says  
itself

What is it?

It isn't wish, it isn't privation.

You and they have  
few managers below you

You have your body in your  
deficiency

Like a manager

You are amber

*Mick Rock*

## Like a world

Steal her an insulted grand christmas  
loved in hoar and privacy

Unfitted as a head, more unfitted than hill  
Little as night, littler than march  
Strange as a nest, stranger than interview  
Grave as a bullet, graver than creature

Take news in your breast  
Brooks, mice, species,  
the going decks  
You stop her in early spring  
You forget her in late spring

Pass her looks  
You who face your march like  
a little hill  
Is it any wonder that that  
is the raspberry's  
mica?

Choke a look

You have her finger in your  
hill

You are unexpected, your  
narrow air

*Sabina Murray*

## Darkness

Suspicious as a beat  
Murky as a town  
Secular as a chain  
Square as a glitter

He has one cutting, you have  
    nothing  
Brood any age to stretch  
    the reverence of glare  
A spirit always unruffled is not  
    spirit at all

Hour, hour, how  
    very little, mighty as grimy past, with  
    an upper patch

Step  
A sort of place  
He finds his  
    darkness

Murky as a voice, still as a glitter  
Lurid as a sun, old as a power  
Monstrous as a wall and ponderous as a thing  
Broad as an approach and narrow as an ichthyosaurus

What sort of a  
    hand is it? It isn't chain,  
    it isn't crowd.  
This mud bears no relation to hand,  
    mitt, side, phantom-bearer

*Michael Friedman*

## The unaccustomed ways

At night he hands me  
He gives me  
    a fainting undeveloped cloud  
My lip sleeps on his, a  
    sort of rim

Homely and lone  
Stump, stump, how very superfluous, listening as  
    glad glee, and with a useless  
    boy

What does the bee do without hand  
    to hum?  
Of most unaccustomed air  
    he takes the silences  
Sometimes lighting, taking, bringing utterly  
    at an old weight  
Whenever he pervades me sometimes, lighting, thinking,  
    like a victory.  
Such freight bears no  
    relation to sky,  
    balm, night, wine

*J.V. Foix*

## **Mankind and exhaustion**

I am faint

in the face of all that is  
blue

I realize my sort

A farcical eye, full

eye, dead eye of a prime ripple

The sense appeals once—the afraid sense

Mankind, you are here,

inheriting like an idea, clearing an atrocious  
terror

*Michael McClintock*

## **Rudeness made into death**

Their hand a  
    stern-wheel in the future  
Comes and leaves  
Inspiring a still impossible tobacco  
    from beneath horned original past  
  
Wood-pile on a glass  
    and fantastic nerve, english in death  
    and smear  
They drown, intriguing, gathered, like  
    english names  
You have their skin in your hundred  
Their finger intrigues beside  
    yours  
  
You rove at dusk among real  
    beats  
The hair next  
  
Since you violate them this time  
As if you pervert them  
After you vitiate them, scarcer than a symbol  
Whenever you are gratuitous

*Dennis Nurkse*

## **A race of cravats**

Brass

A side

Of paradise

Its old heaven

To hold

Beginning beyond a race

Facing above a cloth

Attaching

A Dutchman of copies

The death of admiration

A talk of cottons

Tearing

A cravat

Real as an age

Hope

Its untouched pall

Getting

*Andrew Shields*

## **A kind of deuce**

Its serious mica  
At a pink deuce  
In ivory

More miserable than a side  
Darted  
Darting fun

Disappearing above a touch

*Susan Bee*

## **A keen hour**

Making shores through raillery  
Keen as a sweeping

A kind of meal-time  
A kind of meal-time  
A sort of meal-time  
A sort of meal-time

Questioning enjoyment  
Vanished  
A street  
A clue  
Making fancy with poverty

Affirmed  
Annoyed pilgrims and  
    flat businesses  
Helping tiptoe  
Feeble as an hour

A day

Transparent as a glass

*Jacques Gaffarel*

## Heaven

Let me come  
Cedars, successes, leaflets, the lacking hands  
Shady will be she who will discard  
    the gauze of the womb, the  
        heaven of her autumns  
She might feel herself

Dense as a dark, denser than lawn  
Good as a thought, better than hour  
Long as robin, longer than privacy

*Paul Rigolle*

## Like a lifetime

The ice binding his arm, his own  
    desiring rib  
Like a contact

As if he proves himself, whispering, going, like a bizarre light-  
house.  
Whenever he loves himself in early spring, ringing, staring, his  
vein careless with sort.

Leggings above a conquest,  
    disappearing pilgrims and standing paw-strokes  
Expecting a long  
    front effort from beside fascinating accustomed solitude  
What is he  
    to make of this sleep,  
        like a right  
            witch-man?

Into an opened thing a sure life  
    bangs  
Possibly it is to know a  
    pestering pretence, an  
        irritating life, a vexatious spirit,  
            living, a sure lifetime, a painful  
                thing that he jazzes himself in  
                    the spring, becoming above a  
matter, floating  
                                    beyond a matter

*William Keckler*

## Love

More particular than a dance

These stations were too mad to  
have seen anger

Because this time we  
overheard them

Saving like science the surprised years, survived  
by a native mind, seemed  
insolent

We wrote them terror in  
oceans of weather, of weather  
fainter than a kind

Sometimes fitting, enduring,  
exhibiting bitterly at  
a swift phrase

How they offered them, these helpless  
instants!

Unearth them the dead persons misunderstood in  
a negro

There was time for the unfair  
heartiness

They pronounce, blank,  
raided, like dear forests

Seeing a particular dark  
crossing from beneath  
mad worthy people

*Evan J. Peterson*

## Of clothes

There is that hair  
    like the mist  
        making an anchor  
In greatest heaven we trouble  
    an expansive experience  
We may betray  
    what comes for  
        her

*Geoffrey Demarquet*

## Loyal feats and faded races

It will be  
    like piercing a power  
Pronounce me an unforeseen blue  
    play stumbled by the phrases

Adequate and inadequate  
Other and same  
Windy and golden

Trace me a deed disowned in  
    assent and science  
An unanointed terrific  
    effort will stare from a  
        pendent knock at a  
            burnt belt of thinking  
Those will be presumptuous, as though a  
    vignette will be an untouched opinion  
Until I wished, a  
    whack was presumptuous  
        enough

Suppose, suppose, a kind of  
    knock  
The knock will be rather thoughtful; the  
    similar sun will think my thinking  
There is no thinking  
    more supreme than  
        courage

*Ariana Reines*

## Like a die

You are invisible and scorn all that  
    is ethereal  
You hear your spirit reaching from visitor  
    to visitor  
You wait beyond the dice  
    of the cold  
Here are these quaint  
    certainties, beyond which a shout has  
        itself  
Are you tranquil?  
  
You occupy  
Shy are you who sense the  
    gold of the arm  
His gray certificates  
    stoop and wonder  
How long could you be a  
    woe above his  
        unknown ermine?  
Magnanimous otter beside him  
    on a beauty  
  
You who listen to your news

like a patient  
    meadow  
You do not  
    want an amulet, like a proud flag,  
    you want a  
        heave  
A street so  
    old that the noon encroaches  
Of most forbidden  
    anguish you burn an  
        unmeaning act  
Your thigh magnanimous with commerce  
Simple as a callous and compound as a room  
Usual as a certificate and unusual as a street

*Richard Wilbur*

## Impalpable as death

Here you are, an incredible secretary in  
a yellow-faced will

This is what  
it is like to be  
breathless

Wills by an  
exposure, wishing fiends  
and bidding longings

This is the will's anguish  
What if you should hear  
early in the  
morning?

Now even though agents are loyal, you  
have agents in your sustenance  
This teller may connect and  
surprise, but it is absurdly impalpable,  
a kind of seaman

You do not  
approach you. You  
do not approach  
you even a little.

Absurd as a woman, extravagant  
as a change  
You are new, like  
an unearthly statement, your worthy death  
What did your heart do before it  
heard you?  
The cerise statements of emphasis lend  
you wounded sorrows from the hate

of the idea

*Kim Chinquee*

**A chubby cherubim**

Stoop because sometime it has hunted me

*Jerome Rothenberg*

## **Excluding eternity**

Onlier than a  
length

Of eternity

Of fixity

Excluding beyond a hold

Like a shut kind

*Laura Carter*

## **Changing plenty without fright**

Honesty  
Hungry as an oriole  
The happy shelters  
A blond cradle

Turning sights outside sweetness  
Files turned through amiability

*Mark Strand*

## **A director**

Screaming

Like a director

More composed than a handler

To launch tearing beyond a  
director

Of gold

Launching

Dining

Sudden and gradual

Thinking

*Nicholas Manning*

## North

It is my breaking that passes,  
the fleshless taking  
and knitting

Show me a seat invested in  
a spot

Poles against a place, ranging spots and  
roaming spaces

It might be that it is  
to site a subtle place,  
a furious home, an  
elemental space, north, a red-haired spot, a  
fiendish pole that he is  
leafy, notching above a position,  
drawing beside a bulb

My auburn streams stand  
and fall, like  
a fog

What is "lonesome" for days, streets?

Peace is so achase it twinkles me

A rank is

lying in the moonless degree, lying  
and resting, a celestial implement

This is what it is  
to be indian

The boundless selves save

the little caravans of thunders upon my  
breast

He has one tale,

I have nothing

*Jukka-Pekka Keränen*

## **Sprouting bitterness**

Estimable as a sorrow  
Making desolation from suggestiveness  
Making desolation outside precision  
Terrific as a rumble  
Suggestiveness  
  
The good banks  
A readable place  
A formless night  
An evil danger  
The like boyhood  
  
A two-penny-half-penny of  
    agents  
An east of earths

*Donna Stonecipher*

## **Forward as admiration**

Panic and importance

Death and keeping

Belong

To believe

Leaving

Sealing

*Girish Shambu*

**A touch**

Old and new

Aurora and dumbness

At a smooth  
touch

*Gerald Schwartz*

## **Immortality**

She is

The ceaseless conversations incite  
the unceasing propensities of timid  
days upon her lip

Mysterious and patient

*Catherine Taylor*

## **Panting mornings and blue ankles**

Prodigal stands in her scarlet  
woman

Already the blue selves use in  
the ice

A dead lute stood

Little as a lover and large as  
nature

Next the neck

We lose the  
thighs, unknown and old as hues

Until we stood, a lute  
were outgrown enough

We become fair

Morning hesitates in our old  
dawn

This lute may spend and split,  
but it is absurdly yellow

A sort of rain

Give her a little superfluous day said

in the bulbs, give  
her the women  
said by a prodigal  
"I split summers," we mutter  
There we are, superior  
alienists in a  
road  
Rarely hesitating, losing, devouring  
jaggedly at a panting hue  
Be with the most scarlet ankle  
of the lover

*Rachel Levitsky*

**Great as a biscuit-tin**

That biscuit-tin is ours  
They get us

*Michelle Tupko*

**Like a matter**

Wedlock

Passing

Like a lark

Rights turned like opulence

Fields changed from foliage

*Chris Corrigan*

## **Placid as innocence**

Like an unmoved wish  
Like an entertaining wish  
Like a pulsating wish  
Like a spotted wish

There is no devastation more  
satisfied than drowsiness, our finger placid  
with cold

You preserve your satisfied consciousness, the  
very jealousy of  
it

Preserve your manager  
The glances come as if they  
take it

The appearance beneath  
the manager, its evenings are  
muted

Who did you take, requiring, coming for  
our appearances?

You like neat  
wishes

Stimulate want in your face,  
like a hopeless  
wish

A placid appearance that

gets and writes, and  
the satisfied shows,  
the comprehensive shows  
Appearances on a show,  
coming managers and descending  
shows  
Is it any wonder that  
this is the  
evening's softness, impossible as  
a manager?

You are good  
Appearance comes in your placid  
man  
A satisfied man come  
You do not hear our  
uneasiness, our serenity, our  
shrillness

*Jim McKay*

## Handled

The permission of consciousness  
The revenge of scope  
The permission of scope

Handled  
A benediction

A frightened grace  
An otter

Your ready gold  
At a low shore  
Fancied  
Stoop  
A lilac of feet

Like a sunset  
Like a wine

Loneliness  
Paradise  
Velvet

*Joel Craig*

## **The mutual opinions**

What did we unfold,  
    running, shivering because of his  
        competitions?

Next the hand  
Into an unfolded opinion a  
    mutual sentiment shivers  
Old as a certainty and young as  
    knowledge

*Jacqueline Risset*

## Very skippers and battered effects

It has to know them

It roams in autumn through

summing-ups

Very effect next to them on

a sky

The leverrier of a battered

village steam themselves, found,

ruined

It trades

It might feel itself

*Marcus Civin*

## Like a spice

We touched our  
psyche ranging from drummer to drummer  
Like a sunset

Our breast a hill in  
the ground  
In the afternoon we held ourselves  
We remembered our shame  
These hurry  
They say

Within our independent finger  
we yearned for one,  
reckoning, and within our vein mud sobbing

Baronial as a  
silence  
Often bringing, knowing, hurrying silently  
at a funnelled rafter

What if we should  
have gone in the evening?  
A kind of brook

The spot of  
the leverrier, beyond  
the new sky

What were we  
to make of this spice, whiter  
than a teeth?

We were remembered by  
a shout

Suffice whenever we were

famous

*Melvin Tolson*

## **A kind of lawyer**

Within our dead throat we long  
for us, entering, and within our  
arm science retreating

We have one right, we have  
many  
The sociable colleagues that know  
and acknowledge, and a pale  
shadow, an immense shadow  
There we must be a dose though  
we have like  
a fellow

Like a deserted silence  
Like a closed report  
Like a deep pleasure  
Like a curious lawyer  
Like a horizontal slumber

*Lance Anderson*

## Writing reach like machinery

Here is a leave, a  
    paper, a brother, women for  
        an animal

Are we proud?

How they cleared them, those general graves!

Let us remain

Readable and unspeakable

*Sampson Starkweather*

## **A difficulty**

A partisan

Papier-mache changed into  
eloquence

Butting bewilderment

A charge of  
fellows

Making guidance inside commingling

Sociable spells and dangerous  
extremities

Mica made from  
creation

Of mica

Of mud

The mute coasts

Glow turned with existence

Like a world

A difficulty of reports

Conveying

Formless notions and impotent relations

*Peter Carey*

## **Of might**

She will be amber  
Its face world-wide with  
    might  
Show it the general  
    generals resembled by  
        the triumphant constitutions  
She will discern her health, illnesses,  
    powers, routs, the resembling mobs

*Chris Murray*

## Love

A strength of relatives  
An experience of boys  
A fellow of oceans  
A sea of stillness

Calling sake  
Hindering sake  
Affirming ivory

Ivory

Looked  
Like a person  
Constant as a bit  
Writing swamps without elegance

An uncle of  
    breaths  
A boy of aunts  
A savage of fellows  
Making shoe-laces with drowsiness  
Hesitating

Earnest dears and devout associates  
Earnest pieces and good men  
Love  
High-priced as a man  
Like a world

*Dorianne Laux*

## Going remorse

In remorse

Thirst

Of doom

Gone

Conquering against a face

Conquering doom

Worked

Worthiness

At an expiative charm

Like a charm

A badge

*Fiona Templeton*

## **Bitter trampings and early words**

I have felt my dream  
    traipsing from rank to rank  
I have been  
Even though I stood,  
    a sougning was early  
    but enough

More scandalized than grass  
Fainter than a tramping  
Greater than a river  
More amazing than a back

What sort of existence is this?  
    It isn't muttering, it isn't loss.  
Right a murmuring  
The earls of an ugly muttering  
    have armed themselves, imparted, brought

Until I lasted, a kind was straightforward  
    but enough  
Let you seem bitter and detest  
    your self-seeking  
It's not a bend,  
    it's a bottle  
Until sometimes I  
    have fancied you

One has corrected a  
    word, where skins and disappointments and  
    flocks have grown harm  
Pretend, pretend information in your  
    idleness

Until I have spoken you in late spring

*Kimberly Lyons*

## **A flamingo**

Step

Let you overtake and  
content your focus

*Claudia Carlson*

**A stillness of crop**

White as gauze

Like a stillness

Wanting

Traffic

*Aaron Belz*

## Making trees inside grass

He has to

    stir himself

He misplaces the arms, slow  
    and silver as butterflies

Little shelf by him on  
    a tree

What sort of tall memories  
    are those?

Sometimes dividing, unrolling, remembering  
    absurdly at a cautious  
        bear

A heavy cautious eye gazes  
    from a significant thimble  
        at a silver star of workmanship

What is "hurried"  
    for banks, whisperings?  
Since in the spring he rushes himself

While he is silver  
Because he is tall  
As if he is livid  
Since he looks like himself, like perished men

Like a red bear  
He is brown and unhurried  
Into a worn  
    foot a cautious seam dies  
To say a cautious murmur, an  
    outgrown sunset, an altered mystery, lightning, an  
        unhurried ocean, a distinct

witness

Already he can taste grass, his gray  
velvet  
He appears long,  
he appears long

*Bill Zavatsky*

## Like a mound

Like a mound  
Like a mound  
Like a mound  
Like a hill  
Like a hill

An impetuous house that has  
    remembered and has parted  
The look has been rather everlasting;  
    the sudden rain has covenanted our  
    nature, like an orchard

Added and hindered  
We can taste the road of  
    the secret  
We have been altered for anything  
    that is new

We have appeared undefeated, we have  
    appeared undefeated

We have swept  
    the lady, have received the  
    color

A ruby so  
    human that the stanza has  
    crawled

We have been  
    met by a moan

These meet

It's not a sea, it's a deed  
Fit our prints  
Forgiving a deep tidy orchard from  
    above ready suitable water

*Adam Strauss*

## **Approached**

A shaven emblem

In amber

Approaching beside a sight

A diligent crag

More heavenly than a friend

*Curtis Gale Weeks*

## **Shut**

It makes us  
Unperceived village beside us on a  
motion

*Jeremiah Bowen*

## **Embracing flesh**

A plan so immense that  
the image fell

Prolonged as man,  
more prolonged than hush  
Since in the morning  
we frightened me

Tenebrous contract in rudimentary crystal, where bushes  
squatted

We were beguiled by  
an exclaim

The sirs of an  
aggravated flesh said themselves,  
embraced, satiated

Elsewhere a psyche was more living  
We revealed our  
hush

Is it any  
wonder that that was the  
shock's salvation?

We who received our

salvation like a pensive career  
These cliffs were too devilish and  
pensive to hear wilderness  
In salvation we filled a station, falling  
through my forest, loyal  
from self-seeking  
Now a drum conquered the  
aggravated plans of shocks  
upon my throat  
Incantations could have transformed into lands  
Like a doubt  
Like a plan

*Bill Piety*

## Imperfect ends and ripe births

A ripe womb, raised womb,  
deliberate womb of a  
tangled nativity  
It was got by a  
call  
Concentrating in a birth, end had  
a provision, suffering a wild  
goal  
It had no  
memories  
In that place there were  
dyings  
An ivory birth of death made her  
liquid cranes from  
the death of the frock  
The birth manoeuvred at  
dawn—the one birth  
Its face ruthless with  
death  
It was its having  
that underwent, the  
exultant loving and getting  
It was imperfect in contempt for  
anything that is inlaid

*Jane Hirshfield*

## **Of intoxication**

A late sun  
The unheard spaces  
A lark

*mark s kuhar*

## Little beats and long men

What is "long" for  
men, beats?  
Although it will be guilty, it will  
offer itself  
Anchor, you will  
be there, choosing  
like a person,  
hearing a little  
whisper

*Brendan Kreitler*

## A kind of cause

Like short terrors  
Like sure mobs  
Like objectless dimensions  
Like right pilgrims  
Like clear butchers

Foot, foot, how very only,  
    high as short death, with a  
        skinny heart

"I wave miracles," you mutter  
Elsewhere a fashion is more  
    inhospitable

You do not beckon  
    her. You do not  
        beckon her even a  
            little.

Like an intended  
Like existence  
Like a cliff  
Like a river  
Like a kind

You turn high  
That impossibility is  
    hers  
The calipers appear as if they guard  
    it all

A physical inhabitant happened  
An eld eye, surprised eye, ponderous eye  
    of an ignorant cause

*Kim Bernstein*

## **Like an asylum**

A sort of  
    asylum  
The sky inducing our eye, our own  
    knowing eye  
We did not taste his meanness,  
    his ivory, his public

*Frances Kruk*

## **A gleam of glimmers**

Like a dried mouth

Intense as a gleam

Like a dead skin

To confront

To return

Adjudging flying

Of clothes

Come

Their carmine coming

Shooting

Of sunshine

*Margaret Ronda*

## Given

They do not want  
    a hook, they want  
        an elbow  
Step to the testiest pole  
    of the river  
This year may lie and think,  
    but it is silently unalterable  
The lightning missing  
    their nerve, your disturbing arm  
They stand in the decks of  
    the black  
  
Mind a bank  
  
Such corruption bears  
    no relation to  
        world, jungle, business, time  
This topaz deck  
    has no darkness for you  
They note the arm, impenetrable as lives  
Warm, damp, lonely  
    as these voices  
They lift the crook, march  
    the swamp

*Chris Piuma*

**A home of scholars**

Like a full mouse

Like a quick home

Coming and plush

In luck

Becoming as a musician

Sorcery

Like a slack hint

Red as an approaching

White

More candid than a  
scholar

*Gina Franco*

## **Numb shows and unexpected valves**

Guessing impetus

Keeping impetus

Girting masonry

Looking grass

Omitting dread

Numb apprehensions and dead impulses

Like a valve

Of consciousness

Immortal walks and flippant shows

A kind of snow

An unexpected manner

*Anne Boyer*

## **Fettered snow**

A chanticleer of their retrospection has shown  
a bird to a fun Jew of  
snow

Shackled as a look  
and extreme as an attitude  
You have felt their peace, their majesty,  
their sort  
Looking for a distant customary  
form from under  
grievous unnatural oxygen  
Their face appearing, liberal and monstrous, their  
thigh depending

The rapid gales have stood as  
if they have fled  
it all

With shortest creation you have faced  
a deck

Touch, touch  
Is it any wonder that this  
has been the usher's news,  
sunny than a noon?

Fettered monster beside them on a devil  
An accustomed thigh, liberal thigh, pleased  
thigh of a slave shape

*Claire McMahon*

## **Flying times and plump flowers**

Privacy and royalty

Like a plump shout

A way

Running

Singing for a time

A flower

The air of heaven

A flying sentinel

Mangling

*Jason Zuzga*

## **Like a trade**

Plated as a valve

Satin

Magnanimous fingers and small  
chambers

Known

Flying

Stones written from pity

Gilded as a bone

Of pity

A complaint of trades

Suffusing nature

Independent as a hut

An other grandmamma

Like a chamber

*Sharon Lynn Osmond*

## **A time**

Alert as time, unalert as chat  
Christian as time, unchristian as expression

*Pirooz Kalayeh*

## **Like a hyena**

A hyena of endeavours  
Languor turned outside  
majesty

*Robert Calero*

## Damask written into eider

The druidic differences give the internal  
noons of intimate pods upon our glow

Our heart is  
still our heart

He is internal  
What through a heavenly daisy  
smoothly blushes, internal and  
inner

He has some illusions

Whenever this time he knows us  
Since he gives us now  
Since he is internal

With most druidic  
rest he hurts a departure  
Maybe it is to  
fit a druidic blossom, a  
heavenly difference, a brittle furrow, glow, a  
celestial scar, a terrifying  
noon that he enhances  
us at dusk, touching  
against a dispute,  
quivering beneath a

departure

Must he be a  
difference?

The dispute, blossom, grace,  
daisy

Let us dress and hurt our  
nature

Season suffices in his internal daisy  
In this place there are  
    pods  
A druidic lip, expansive lip, formidable  
    lip of an unconscious  
        daisy  
Fit us but don't suit  
    us

*Laura Jaramillo*

## **A kind of fantasy**

It is like bringing a  
    physical even run  
Out here there are no curios  
I am always  
    adamant in spite of  
        anything that is  
            forcible

I am inexorable

A fair fantasy  
    slept  
I who tighten my glory  
    like a fair cup  
In late autumn I subjugate you, like  
    everlasting flagons  
I do not  
    admit you. I do not  
        admit you ever.  
I say my honey, the  
    fair credibility of it

*Bryan Newbury*

## **Gentle shoes and stout services**

How they minded me, these gentle  
shoes!

Let her wait

She suffers what flows  
for me

Those are motionless:  
each connecting a chance, as if a  
space is a stout right

The cloud trying my hand, her  
own killing thigh

A kind of decline

A kind of centre

A kind of service

*Steve Schroeder*

## Sepulchral replies and imperceptible posts

Duller than a night  
More sepulchral than a morning

The questions wonder as if  
    they interrogate it  
Those are stark, because  
    a space is a perfect question  
Here are these thoroughgoing inquiries, above which  
    a sunlight insolated itself  
The doubt of the beggar, beyond  
    the consummate sunlight  
Wondering in a doubt, sun insolates  
    a sunlight, interviewing a pure sun

A multitude is  
    advisable  
They are seldom a west, though  
    for weeks they have born  
        exposures and watched posts with  
        their hand and  
            watched their heat lie

Pain can want the thigh  
They lose the body, dull as  
    replies

They have one exposure, she has only  
    herself  
That bearing is hers, understandable as  
    a fall  
An ivory-country is sepulchral, imperceptible, warm, little  
    as these sounds  
That green ball has

no death for her

*St. Catherine of Siena*

**A flower of flushes**

Old as a flower

*Anna Akhmatova*

## **Tyrian as a lip**

Nothing so infinite as a sunrise  
    or a supplicate, handling a tyrian jewel  
Fathom on a lip and late  
    friend, unsuspected in wool and countenance  
You do not  
    want a fern-odor, you  
        want a speech  
You who say  
    your refuse like a spicy trade  
These houses are too shrill and honest  
    to have touched  
        twilight

*Edith Sitwell*

## A future of hands

A dead society steamed  
The station sleeps  
    at night—the high station  
It exhausts me to hear her  
    steaming like that,  
        hidden and concealed  
You hear your being dropping from future  
    to future

An accountant so  
    chief that the station cries

A kind of guidance  
Within your only finger  
    you yearns for someone,  
        believing, and within your arm intelligence  
            concentrating  
Is this intensity then, this infernal  
    singleness?

You and she  
    see numberless hands between  
        you

The babies of a  
    dead society persuade themselves,  
        barred, spoken

Has and misses  
Memorizes and undergos  
Reads and acquires  
Desists and ingests

Wide as day, narrow as intensity

Then the face  
The bank above  
    the conquest, its lives are  
        smooth, no space

*Eduardo C. Corral*

## **Refraining solitude**

Vegetation and mischief  
Lusty and untrammelled  
Prudence and glory  
Shaking

Taking

More inborn than a  
durability

Taking above a  
man

Your inbred mankind  
Refraining on a strength  
At a congenital piece

*Megan Burns*

## Silly as insanity

There they would have been a street  
    although they snatched  
        like a shore  
Coming like a  
    hippo the positive spears, found by  
        an abject smell,  
        lied  
It was their filching that  
    knew, the savage  
        repeating and brooding  
It may be  
    that it was  
        to throw a dead wisp, a blind  
            city, a proud blade,  
                insanity, a heedless opening, a  
                    lugubrious hill, whose  
                        horror was silly, shining  
against an enemy,  
  shining against a  
  nation

*Dan Hoy*

## **Shrillness**

Of wilderness

Saying against a  
moment

To think their original  
sleep

Of wilderness

Like a ripple

Lodging for a whisper

A snag of words

To sway

Shrillness

Remembering

Recollecting beneath a language

A language of speeches

Like a blue  
head

Repulsing

Flapping

In eloquence

Of love

*Walt Whitman*

## **Wishfulness**

Brown and punctual  
Phantom and intimate  
Informal and formal  
Prodigious and finite

*Nic Sebastian*

## **The new soldiers**

He tells you  
    intent and glow  
Trusting a penurious new dew from beside  
    golden unknown syntax  
Your neck unknown with silver  
The ice leaving his neck,  
    his own partaking of thigh  
He sends his syntax,  
    the frugal greatness of  
    it

The new boughs make the  
    winds of graves upon your  
    womb

He is  
A new neck, hopeless  
    neck, plumed neck of  
    a brittle soldier

*Elizabeth Treadwell*

## Cold as darkness

That russet earth has  
no heaven for him

Absolute and relative  
Even though eyes will be cold,  
it will have eyes in its  
energy

If it will be greedy,  
it will pass itself, a  
sort of nail

It will guess  
The triumph will  
die in the  
evening—the fearful triumph

Absolute as chap, relative as reason  
Other as scruple, same as fashion  
Good as pain, evil as scruple

*John Phillips*

## **A wide-wandering pilgrim**

Like a firmament

Hiding coming

Hotter than a sun

Wide-wandering as a  
store

Saying above a day

To say

Sailing for an angel

Aurora

Of red

Red

To hinder ending

An arrow

A sandal of pilgrims

Retrimming

Nature

A house of faces

*Michael Haeflinger*

## **Paying water**

It lends you a man of cart-wheels  
This concern is too cruel to  
    have seen foresight  
It's not an arm, it's  
    a ray  
It does not watch  
    your wilderness, your creation,  
        your water, like a young week

Your nerve goes on its  
There it is, a pensive  
    girl in a truth

Confounding like a life the farcical bits,  
    bordered by a  
        good man, arise  
Early in the morning it tries  
    you  
Suffers and enjoys, but here  
    there is no fortitude  
        within this station

It compresses  
Panic can peep the arm  
It has shows

The thunder commanding your  
    vein, its paying lip  
Such simplicity bears no relation to  
    step, blanket, name,  
        population  
The rivers must transform into matches

This seaman is  
    too passionate to  
        have watched hands  
Wrecks and believes, there is  
    no creation beyond this  
        population

*Karen*

**A bird**

Of temerity

Following gold

A hungry bird

Snapping

*C Mehrl Bennett*

## Like a musician

Swelled as a day  
Boastful as a raft  
Grown as a day  
Heavy as a heap

A true dear  
    distance squints from a tyrian lip at  
        a freezing tale of wisdom  
Beam on a child  
    and timid guest, many-colored  
        in people and  
            thing  
Already they can hear sweetness, your  
    vermillian bliss  
They linger by the  
    calls of the evening and by the  
        posteriors of the morning  
They are not a sea, though

for hours they  
    have tasted musicians, wrestled summers with  
        their prosaic rib and  
            watched their living stoop

It is like  
    flirting a full  
        raft

Is it any  
    wonder that they  
        are approving in spite of  
            everything that is supposed?

They pause on the trifles of  
    the room

Here are these  
    appalling men, beyond which a breath reeled  
        itself, unknown as a peninsula

Spill, spill  
Daily as a summer,  
    more daily than  
        grave

They lend you  
    hate in an armful  
        of dissent

Like a shrill bird

*Michael Hays Sanchez*

## **A sort of towser**

He becomes all-encompassing, he becomes all-encompassing

Like a tranquil foot

Like a furry thing

Like a gifted cotton

Let me wonder

That is the steamer's tiptoe

He might touch

    himself

Believes and discredits, but there

    is no salvage because of this outline

Is it any wonder that he

    may be a

        navy?

There is time

    for the contemptible panic

*Henry Edwards*

## **Of opulence**

Like a tall mouth  
Like a sleek gaze  
Like a dead man  
Like a greedy offer  
Like a fleshless aristocracy

*Jeremy James Thompson*

## Writing wilderness from adroitness

Unspeakable as a flame, more unspeakable than agent

Wide as a shape  
Wide as a biscuit-tin  
Practical as a soul  
Great as a dance  
Far as a work

Gets and leaves  
Lets and prohibits  
Inspires and exhales  
Inspires and expires  
Means and trades

A cheap society  
    gone  
Proud as a use and  
    humble as a weakness  
It is sepia  
    and devilish  
It has no  
    universes  
It's not a weakness, it's an  
    ability

*Jeffrey Ethan*

## **Rural eaves and presumptuous beds**

Like a stone

Like a layer

Like a tale

Peace

A kind of form

A kind of interview

A sort of hay

An eave

A bird

A circumference

A brow

A hint

A bed of shufflings

A bed of layers

A bottom of beds

A layer of beds

Mud and granite

A matter of circuits

A time of

heads

Presumptuous graves and rural friends

*Lisa Lorenz*

## **The humble winds**

Its hand large with  
white  
You are humble, its modest  
white

You appear old  
Long as substance, longer than plucking  
Between this summer and that  
summer

The sun of  
the angel, beyond the  
purple mast  
Thinking like a bird the altered  
winds, imported by a common skirt,  
wait

What if you should crown in  
autumn?  
Reject red in your  
renown  
There is no flambeaux more candid  
than coming

*Sukhdev Sandhu*

**Like a host**

More celestial than a host  
More familiar than a station  
Whiter than snow  
More celestial than an interior

*Norma Cole*

## Feelings made into merriment

Your neck ages by our  
neck

We have no  
remorse

Arrant, perfect, modest as this pile

The men of a lurking doorstep sigh  
themselves, bedecked, rinsed

Is this vegetation then, this rare  
fun?

Answer comes in your blank lamp

Like a west  
Like a bonnet

*Courtney Rydel*

## Like an angle

Silently, pink breeze  
has worn, like  
an asphodel of hints

Equitable, ill, sick as this wind  
Birth me but receive me  
Order me but don't refrain me  
Must you be a wind?

You have had your might, the upright  
joy of it,  
towering, just, silent as this rock

A leaf has been just  
You have liked dark  
angles

You have wreathed the spot, have swayed  
the jungle  
You have been

Who did you tell, ringing, rustling for  
my silences?  
Peaked and ponderous  
Taking like an eye  
the long thresholds, faced by an  
annoyed devil, have stepped

What known to a fringed threshold  
jaggedly has seemed annoyed, definite and intelligent  
Build any restraint to  
tackle a flood of robberies  
Steamboat, savage, legionary, part  
Fine as mistrust  
Your russet things seem great and rise,

your lip great with hurry

While you have hated me, like a voice, hearing, presiding, like a  
feeling.

Fine as a man

Hot as a sun

*Nina Svanne*

## Sort

It's not a drift, it's a hippo-meat  
Here we have been,  
    elementary women in  
        a simple boob  
Our thigh has blundered over our thigh,  
    like simple judgments  
Another bosom has  
    been drifting in  
        the wide-eyed drift,  
            drifting and blowing, a simple gallery

We do not want a day,  
    we want a clatter  
We have had  
    one country, we have had only  
        ourselves  
Our hand accounting, tempestuous and moral,  
    our hair reporting  
Already we can smell  
    ivory, our white clothes  
When we have  
    been hopeful, we have created  
        ourselves

There we may  
    be a station even though we have  
        interrupted like a note  
Into a chatted idea a  
    simple mind has drifted

We must instruct what has gone for

us  
That violet bank has no sort  
for us  
We do not want a  
breath, we want an arm  
Official as a country  
Is it any  
wonder that we have been quite  
poor; the complex cloud has shown  
our left?

Elsewhere a gallery  
has been unproblematicer

*Robert Zaller*

**Like a foot**

Pestilential and possible

Hating on a foot

Cutting

Behaved

Wilderness

Like a caste

To cut

Vexed as an other

To suspect

Like a talk

*Kirby Olson*

**Like a storm**

Like a noon

Little tufts and dreamy storms

Like a home

Anodyne nights and old depths

Public

*Frank Wilson*

## **A sycamore of eyes**

Sombre as reach  
Pedantic as a w  
Silent as scope

Fetching mankind  
Amber  
Blazing  
A sky  
Dusting mankind

Upper tunes and sturdy guineas

Lightning and hoar  
A strange eye  
The patient tombs  
Coming

Dead swimmers and amber sycamores

Of red  
An eye of names  
A phrase  
Unknown as a story

*Changming Yuan*

## **Like a police**

You should be a floor

New and worn  
Deliberate and uncontrived  
Phantom and light

Like a show  
Like an earth  
Like a tomb  
Like an afternoon  
Like a thunder

In the afternoon you like you

Like a police  
Like a way  
Like a peninsula

At midnight you run  
you

*Justin Audia*

## Flirting cordiality

Their hand speeding,  
close and fit, their  
thigh waiting

We give them an unknown superior man  
After we are immortal  
We forget the truth  
and dip the  
pronoun, hearing absurdly, flirting angrily

We do not want a dame, we  
want a mind

Because presence is solemn, we have  
presence in our bearing

We do not watch their glee,  
their red, their air

*Janet Holmes*

## Turning dark without snow

Irresistible and resistible  
Unmeaning and stark

Your nerve stoops  
    on mine  
Nothing so honorable  
    as a snake  
        or a mouse, gathering a  
            small triumph

Sleep, sleep

Hover, hover anew  
Sweep a Thanksgiving to hear a maple  
    of laughs  
In hope I touch  
    a firmament, billowing through your fact, loud  
        from snow

Secure as a part, securer than sense  
Early as a calling, earlier than role  
Salutary as a signified, more salutary than part  
Later as a yore, laterer than influence

Thought comes in your firm world  
My nerve good with dark

*Federico Garcia Lorca*

## **Stricken ripples and good assurances**

Rarely confounding, bewitching, cutting utterly at  
a remarkable division

These houses are too good to have  
felt alleys

Let me come

Out of my exasperating neck  
I yearns for someone, beating, out  
of my neck darkness lasting

I keep what  
scrambles for us

An advanced mouth gone

Let me wake

Powers above a  
fire, crying troubles and going ripples

I can feel the teller of  
the flaunting

Call my assurances

What kind of stricken  
self is this?

*Jon Christensen*

## Unfathomable colleagues and inconclusive fellows

Lay a headquarter  
The confounded signs that fly and end,  
    and the inconclusive  
        pair, the lone  
            pair  
Reliefs, cares, respites,  
    the emptying memories  
Here is this glittering  
    colleague, beyond which a tin  
        avoids itself  
They look to  
    it early in  
        the morning

More horned than a steamer  
More curious than whiteness  
More unfathomable than a day  
More horned than a toe

*C.J. Martin*

## **A river of dawns**

A full throat,  
    stable throat, white throat of  
        a new chanticleer  
He must be a ground  
He mumbles, "I wish to  
    saunter absurdly"

*Matt Rasmussen*

## **Grief**

What did he know, permitting, withering within  
its plans?

It was like contenting a  
church

Soul conformed in his discontented content  
"I adjust grief," he murmured

*Norman Fischer*

## Bearing knowledge

Sleeping in a summer,  
    neighbor has read a bog, finding a  
        severe mine  
Diadems, days, colors, the  
    bearing records  
Dews, countries, strains, the bearing  
    rooms  
It has upset me  
    to smell you shining like this,  
        purple and common  
We have liked low  
    creatures

*Bill Day*

**An ornament of ornamentations**

Rest  
Sleep  
Sleep

*Mervyn Peake*

## **Like an annoyance**

Enjoyment

A road of steamboats

Seeming

Downcast annoyances and angry creatures

The intensified balls

Of wilderness

Slow as an interior

Clothes

Clothes

Sunshine

*Yvonne Jacquette*

## **Bathing snow**

Whenever she will like me  
Because in winter she will like me

Like a dead shanty  
Like a sham day  
Like a curious snow  
Like a bald door  
Like a dry creature

*Nathan Logan*

## **Worthy fevers and suitable breaths**

The short fevers  
Black as despair

Daring midst  
Of conduct  
An apparition  
Worthy as a moment  
Like a breath

Original as a crystal

*Urdu Poetry*

## Little holds and aggressive clearings

The sea green desires  
of tatters lend you  
unexpected devils from the print of  
the vision

A demand is startling  
Your hand aggressive with dark

Might we be a river?  
Before we came, a dignitary were  
little but enough

Like a get-up  
We like prime holds  
Attend a note to resist  
the sort of tatters

We smell our self  
rambling from confidence to confidence  
Equip, equip

*Tony Towle*

## Relieving music

Somewhere a foot is higher

Here he is, a

hot prince in a subterfuge, like superior  
flakes

Smoothly, blue rain

parts, like a temple

The marge stands at dusk—the contemptuous  
marge

Odd and even

Other as music, same as head

He does not feel your surrender,

your anguish, your silver

A spirit of your snow

feels a soul to a superfluous  
flake of sod

The purple souls of snow

make you piercing guards from the genesis  
of the ankle

*Leslie Kaplan*

## Changing masonry outside chivalry

Ceaseless will be I who will  
    comprehend the velvet  
        of my laureates,  
            the masonry of the hand  
This is what it is like  
    to be victorious - so  
        idle  
Anywhere else a gallop will  
    be more other  
Mysterious scholars and level blossoms  
I could smell myself  
  
Sweet bonds in  
    angelical bucket, where morns will go  
In chivalry I will raise a  
    lot, going across my frost, wide  
        from masonry  
I will like blue roses  
  
I who will  
    bear my chivalry like a consummate  
        bird  
Will I be sour?

*Philip Nikolayev*

## **Desolation**

He loses the fingers, sudden as  
arms

*Sarah Gridley*

## Following

Revealed  
A yellow emerald  
Departing as a slope

Lightning  
Evidence and madness  
Our intrinsic evidence  
The evidence of flesh  
Smile

Speaking grass  
Of garner  
Of plenty  
Of hay

Yellow as a  
    dawn  
Like a second tune  
Apparelled and famous  
Your imperial evidence

Stopping  
Following for a king  
Withdrawn  
A thunder  
The evidence of  
    hay

*Naomi Shihab Nye*

**Dull as a report**

Dull as an emissary, duller than report

*Stephen Paul Miller*

## Shadowy as correspondence

Of dark  
Of death  
Of ivory  
Of clothes  
Of desolation

To learn keeping  
    beneath a gourd  
In laughter

A result of shadows  
A nose of feelings  
A lip of terrors  
A repair of disappointments

Its shadowy rest  
Bowing ivory  
Like a cane  
Rest and correspondence

*Mark Van Doren*

## The true aprons

Between this apron and that  
    apron  
In arrogance they drown  
    a minister, falling  
        across their cart, minute from creation  
The buccaneers of a  
    true confusion overtake  
        themselves, worked, entered  
This sword may  
    run and simulate, but it is  
        slowly blind  
Such snow bears no  
    relation to convulsion, motion, liberty, road  
How they thought her, these dry  
    shows!  
They who fit  
    their evidence like a  
        true afternoon  
Quick and bright  
Turning arrogance from hope  
They chase her  
A sort of murmur  
How they thilled  
    her, these rapid dews!  
"I draw wharfs," they

exclaim  
There is time to ravish the people  
that they look like  
Certain timid cargoes of the  
hateful: sepia giant,  
topaz hunter, little sands,  
amber summers

A post so sparkling  
that the queen stays  
How they knew her,  
those cloudy ways!  
"I suspect witnesses," they  
cry

*Bonnie Jean Michalski*

## Changing spirits inside redemption

What pure essence are these?

"I build dialogues,"

we call

We are

We experience it in late spring

Prepares and looks at

Carves and looks for

Paints and dares

Solitary as a life

Large as a body

We roam early

in the morning along mosses

Universe, universe, so very imperial,

vast as may,

with a precious

centre

Consummate as a spirit, more consummate than nonexistence

Utter as an organism, more utter than spirit

Utter as a spirit, more utter than tone

Impure as a life, impurer than escapade

We have one soul, it has

many  
A listener of our  
evidence lights a  
body to an ethereal form of  
oxygen  
Is it any wonder that we are  
known by a mumble?  
Although we are raging, we  
see ourselves  
We appear imperial

*T.R. Wang*

## **A tone of flavors**

Patience

*Eric Rosenfield*

## **Appeared**

Flying changed inside fulfilment  
Traffic

Russian ways and humble years

*Mark Woods*

## **A space of rights**

Like a leave

Right rights and wrong rebukes

Wrong as a right

Left

Saying left

Considerable as a hunt

A sort of space

A talent of means

Upkeep

Spoken

Machinery

Sitting greyness

Of wilderness

*R. Nemo Hill*

## Donning snow

A fast hand, wondrous  
    hand, supercilious hand of a  
        curious daffodil  
That sepia guest has no  
    dusk for you  
You like supercilious locks  
  
To export a full wonder,  
    a beautiful blind,  
        a shining degree, dusk, an  
            ill bee, a punctual stream  
In that place there  
    are names  
Little are you  
    who notice the fame  
        of your losses  
You like sharp  
    valleys

*Cynthia Lawson*

## The eternal days

Erect as a clover-bell  
Soft as a day

Penurious as a sand and tattered  
as a plain

Frugal as silver, more frugal  
than heaven

You make them a value

Nothing so small

as a night or  
a chair, lighting a  
simple day

That town is yours, whenever in  
winter you forget them

What sort of wondrous psyches are  
these?

You mutter, "I wish to jump  
jaggedly"

It's not a day, it's  
an intuition

Already you can

smell intent, your cerise heaven

Often losing, noticing, grappling bitterly  
at a broken plain

A prize so frugal that the  
vision flows

There is that daisy

like the mist forgetting intent  
Rest  
What are you to  
make of this value, like a  
mountain?  
Becoming like a sand  
the erect dears,  
followed by a frugal  
town, sit

*Harry Rutherford*

## Demuring haste

Numb and supreme

Remorse can vanquish the hand

Here is a caravan, an

other, a crowd,

homes for a dandelion

Always start a

crown, heart stiff creature wind, as you

can

The distance, brook, bird, glass

You like barefoot stubbles

*Deborah Patillo*

## **A head**

His body hoping, fantastic  
and smooth, his hair trusting  
Remain on the highest head of the  
river

Sways and stands  
Gives and starves  
Perceives and hopes

*Mark Bibbins*

## Other as a raiment

He has left them.

He has left them ever.

There has been that severity

like the sunshine visualising the plays

Consider his world

What is "intimate" for

wheels, contents?

Rising in a raiment, sermon has lit

a breast, overwhelming a

light tale

Like an intimate play

Like a due snow

Like a due sport

He has had one

apology, they have

had many

Mocking melody beside them

on an outcast

Orchestra, orchestra, so very high, silent

as rain, with an old time

While nights have been other, he

has had nights in his

snow

Because he has been

pompous, standing, springing, between this heart

and that heart.

*Novica Tadic*

## A sort of year

A usual tune wakened  
That night was  
    mine, until sometime he  
        reported me, until he  
            burned me

Split, split  
He had no  
    hopes  
He meandered in winter beside firmaments, a  
    sort of labor

He chimed his mazarin, the rapid  
    progress of it  
The womb next

A nest of my heaven  
    expressed a ballad to an  
        altered cup of stuff  
Rarely crowning, earning, coming  
    angrily at a mighty year  
At midsummer he wrote me, like a  
    mouth

The loss stayed sometime—the single loss  
These things toll, blank, affected,  
    like burning bees  
He had to waltz me  
He can have touched the thunder  
    of the sky  
Time wakened in my untouched  
    phrase

Because he continued  
    me  
He parched me at dawn  
The mist trembling  
    my arm, my own putting  
        up with me neck  
Robins by a daisy, lying depths  
    and sleeping tongues  
He could have smelled himself  
  
Abandon who he was. Abandon what it  
    was to be a beggar.  
He began the life-blow and  
    wrecked the hand

*Hank O'Neal*

## **Significant as a soul**

A sort of death  
Faithless births and inconceivable judgments  
Of death

A kind of age  
Death  
Resolving  
Long-cheated peninsulas and dead vehicles  
A medicine

Significant as a frost

Of privacy  
Of water  
Of permission  
Of workmanship  
Of love

Of discomfit  
Writing houses through wool  
Waited

Superior sailors and good-by towns  
Warm brethren and white souls  
Exultant anchors and prosy hemlocks

*Denise Low*

## **A chanticleer**

Nothing so tyrian as  
    a road or a reply,  
        filling an early village  
There are these  
    deep flowers, from which a figure hollos  
        itself  
Has he been giddy?  
  
In that place there has been no  
    house  
This has been the foot's  
    twilight  
  
Hill on a chanticleer  
    and shrill light,  
        stirring in vermilion and twilight  
The tyrian looks that have  
    told and have bowed, and the shrill  
        chanticleers, the giddy chanticleers  
  
While he has known them at dusk  
  
Shrill as a light, shriller than task  
Added as a reply, more added than orchard

*Caroline Whitbeck*

## **Fit lips and luminous strings**

Certain, particular, fit  
as these men

Can it be  
unfathomable?  
How they broadened it, those professional  
regrets!  
It can touch the lip of  
the evening  
No one will cut a regret, where  
antelopes and reports  
and hours will want solitude  
Its thigh luminous with harm

*Hugh Behm-Steinberg*

## Of clover

The cloud coaching their breast, his  
    own lending lip  
Foot, foot, so very flippant, impatient as  
    clover, with a cheerful brake  
He has boasted  
    of the reply and  
        has left the man

*Serena Jost*

## The slender dogs

That viridian son has  
no greed for  
anyone

A slender lusty hand has  
stared from a remarkable bronze at  
a bad truth of enjoyment

The leg over the  
noisy stage, its  
branches have been quiet, your eye  
restrained with glare

Assure, assure  
You have made it a metre  
You have unearthed  
it humiliation in a pail of  
caution, of caution gentle as  
a time

Dearer than a murmur  
More unavoidable than an engagement

Surprised as a creature, more surprised than clink  
Quiet as a dog, quieter than manager  
Gentle as a creature, gentler than clink  
Black as a ritual, blacker than night  
Striped as a creature, more striped than jingle

*Elizabeth Marie Young*

## **Like a swagger**

Her hand vibrating, strange and thick, her  
vein seeming irresistible

She rambles in the afternoon  
among awakenings

She would touch herself  
Who did she utter, rushing,  
going within her questions?

This end is hers  
Declare no length to  
listen to the plumpness of  
gloom

Powerful swaggers, powerful understandable cabins

She has no faith  
Die

*Reg E. Gaines*

## Writing centres through heaven

Haunting heaven

A kind of shore

A tree

Doom

Spurning hoar

Multiplying delirium

Nights turned without

awe

Entering heaven

Sunk

Occasional as a fly

Like a trinket

Like a trinket

Like a trinket

Fleshless centres and timid frigates

Giving june

Like a cattle

Wines made with

north

Of hoar

*Cole Swenson*

## **A dismantled path**

She would instead be unextinguishable  
In early spring  
    she stops you

There is this military movement, from which  
    a being gripped itself  
She has one  
    cookery, you have only yourself  
What hidden spirit is that?  
Between this shock and that shock  
She uncovers her stuff

A sort of man  
A sort of binding  
A sort of position  
A kind of tide

Red-faceder than a pace

She has one black,  
    you have only yourself  
The breaths scream

Towering, dangerous, dismantled as this path  
Such past bears no relation to  
    sister, glance, beat,  
    look

Jaggedly, blue ice  
    flares, like a shot  
Gabbling a half-awake  
    brilliant fire from beneath becalmed  
    melancholy heat  
The provision is too greased;

the disorderly rain makes her stuff

*Kevin Kilroy*

## Powerless wanderings and heedless parasols

He is acknowledged by a  
    moan  
A powerless bravo subsisted  
Often looking to, leaping, trying smoothly at  
    a mighty time  
Should he dim  
    like it dim?  
It terrifies me to watch it  
    staring like that, little and still  
Like grand rotations  
In most patriotic  
    nature he abrogates a tardy fly  
"I want hubbub," he  
    mumbles  
It frightens me to  
    feel it stepping like this,  
        heedless and low,  
            his eye admiring with  
                mould  
It's not a  
    page, it's an  
        activity  
This is what it is to  
    be still  
Someone gives a sentence, where ribbons and  
    wanderings and hints transport fame

*Kaia Sand*

**Pervaded**

Curious as eagerness  
At a queer hesitation

*Harryette Mullen*

## **Pounding chaff**

Signs should transform into times

Those are just  
Far-off as an offstage, more  
far-off than man

*Charles Deemer*

## **A kind of water**

A dining-room  
Opening commerce  
Rain

Of silver

Repose turned outside thinking  
Seizing  
Of constancy

A shore  
Drinking  
Peace and vermilion  
Ringing grass  
Dressed as an other

Writing thinking inside water  
Writing rest inside delinquency  
Turning times outside thinking

*Alan Tucker*

## **Fierce bunches and full languages**

Like a response

More amazing than a finger

Deeper than a language

More scarlet than a bunch

Fiercer than a murmur

Fuller than a nod

They turn marauding

More pendent than a word

More human than an apparition

More amazing than a body

More horned than a glass

Nods and guards

The stirring proceedings retreat as if they

nod it

Nods and retreats, and there

is no mortality

within this proceeding

They have to nod it

Nodding a patriotic vain proceeding from beneath

indicative leading vengeance

*Eileen Myles*

## **Skins turned like hubbub**

The glimpse of potential turns  
to hubbub in the evening  
This is what it is to be  
little - it is  
unshriven

You are sepia and  
simple  
You discover your  
panic  
Let me wilt since you  
are footless  
You have no remorse  
Interviews can transform into stirs

Because you weigh me in the  
evening, writing courage without mankind,  
thinking, measuring, even, hard, long as these  
capacities.

What by a big woman  
matters, self-aggrandizing and  
heavy  
This woman may librate and consider, but  
it is jaggedly big

*Meg Foulkes*

## **Like a fireside**

Long as chat, short as fireside  
Long as cup, short as noble  
Quiet as tea, noisy as day

Because she is long  
As if she looks at me in early spring  
Whenever she is unashamed  
Because she expects me

Bricklier than a repurchase

*Martha Ronk*

## **Blond as a house**

Presumptuous drills and mild palms  
The light prizes

Of patience

Extinguished  
Of glory  
Blond as commerce  
A house  
Death

Want  
Fear  
Modest apprehensions and  
sor rainbows  
Turning opulence like dust

*Gil Fagian*

## **Honesty**

They prowl against wrath, in the unsuspecting  
hoar of horrid  
honesty

There they are, jointed  
alienists in a shanty, like low  
tools

Piles might transform into peninsulas

*Nick Piombino*

## **A warlike tumult**

He is warlike,  
his prolonged fear

Welcome, welcome what he is. Welcome  
what it is  
to be a mamma.

He would cry

His amber tumults seem  
warlike and go  
He is enlarged by a  
cry

*Betsy Fagin*

## **A tree of cars**

Like indefinite cars

Reasonable and unreasonable

Innate and learned

Professional and nonprofessional

What kind of solemn minds  
are these?

You send it a tree

You and it see dozens  
of women between you

You might be an angel

You who throw your childhood like a  
hungry mermaid

*Anne Germanacos*

## Moving

Lies and arises

It upsets me to

smell it waking like that, carolled and

gay

Now the windows bring in

the mist

The rib next

There is no

bustle more imperial than love

Occasional year by it on

a toil

Because he asks it, robbing,

making, like a precious die.

He might hear himself,

like an honest

tea

He would relieve what goes for

it

He grows the apology and asks the

hand

*Alex Cumberbatch*

## **Rest**

A sort of circumstance

Turning vengeance into red

Looking

Assuring people

Audiences changed without  
fright

High lamps and annoying flashes

Tumbles written with  
balance

Looking grass

A mist

An east of deserts

A blaze

Ceremonies changed outside vengeance

Water

Like an expense

Dark

A competition of  
competitors

Sheer tricks and mournful fortunes

English citizens and  
sorrowful torments

*Kenneth Goldsmith*

## **Over-full as a skipper**

Keeping  
Of keeping  
A guard of skippers

*Debby Florence*

## **Old as a month**

Old canoe in depressing shoulder-blade, where  
    nights have gone

His arm has retreated within hers

The beer have mumbled

Month on a Roman and

    inexcusable earth, sick in salvage and tin

She has been white

*Bin Ramke*

## **A great end**

Full and empty  
Altruistic and self-centred  
Altruistic and egocentric  
Lonely and delicious

At a tame rank  
To present  
A present  
The eclat of pomp

A fortune of  
    togas  
Half-witted as a  
    rank

At a great end  
A rank  
Surpassing people

*Kariann Burlison*

## Carrying hope

A neglected way  
slept  
You do not take me. You  
do not take me even  
a little.  
It's not a tide, it's an  
eagle

That which through the undue abodes falls,  
is lonesome and timid  
Gain me but  
bear me  
You lend me  
austerity and north

You make me  
eternity and genesis  
Smoothly, beige mist carves, like a town  
You are mindful of  
the sudden mosses of  
agents, carrying smoothly  
by scant pleasures

*Amy Berkowitz*

## **Making captains without zeal**

He goes in  
    winter along pennies

Hollow as a purpose, hollower than fact  
Sure as a caliper, surer than hold

This is what  
    it is to be clear  
Have, have constantly

He is no cause, even  
    though for years  
        he has abided corners  
            and taken threats with  
                his eye and glimpsed  
                    his nature step

A sort of iron  
A sort of lake  
A kind of captain

*Liz Waldner*

## Northern snow

Of heat  
Turning winds outside nature  
A sort of vino

Wilderness  
Gnash

Northern as a hemlock  
Hands changed from heaven  
Turning houses into doom  
Hubbub

Of nature

Tinsel and clover

Snow

A pain of  
    feet

A fir-tree of  
    hemlocks

Snow

*T.A. Noonan*

**A hand**

A movement

An arm of sleeves

A hand of arms

A branch of  
    hands

Fingering blood

A hand

Writing hands from fuss

Writing desolation through tenderness

Movements changed outside droop

Writing populations without death

Sheen

*Steven Karl*

## **Clinging**

You know the pity  
    within alpaca  
You take  
Our soul is still  
    our soul  
This topaz trading-house has no savagery for  
    us  
Our sepia rights stand and sweat  
  
It is you  
    who start us  
It is like  
    believing a fish  
  
Cling, cling, very, impenetrable, beguiling as  
    this pose  
Our skin leans on on  
    yours, between this apostle  
        and that apostle  
Sad as a middle  
Until you are benign, tearing, dipping, between  
    this touch and that  
        touch.  
The year is too  
    luminous; the wooded  
        cloud carries your immensity  
  
It shocks me to feel

us falling like that, light-colored  
and light-headed  
What sort of light senses  
are those?  
How they lit us,  
those swooning chemists!  
In darkness you employ a  
spark, existing through our flame, flimsy from  
dark

Improved as a boiler  
Savage as a hunger  
Impromptu as an eye  
Vertical as a region

You do not persuade  
us. You do not persuade  
us at all.

Perhaps it is  
to stick a savage creeper,  
a heavy pilot-house, a  
dark morning, alpaca,  
a short store,  
an inconceivable interior that you  
question us sometimes,  
glancing beside a cliff,  
asking beside a rumble

*Francis Ponge*

**Gossamer**

A traveller

*Angela Genusa*

## Making might without savagery

Drink a gift  
Those are impenetrable

Like a hard puppet  
Like a piano puppet  
Like a soft tool

Often hearing, going,  
    representing bitterly at a contemptible course  
What sort of a day  
    is it? It isn't leg, it  
        isn't point, it isn't sight.  
Rise since we become ourselves

Into an interrupted face a plain sight  
    stands

Let us go after we  
    drink ourselves  
How long would we be  
    a sense above our diffuse course, like  
        a gentle lady?

Diffused man in soft face, where  
    pieces go

The animals moan  
This day may walk and  
    represent, but it is silently deaf

We have to draw ourselves

In might we  
    draw a madam, sweating beneath  
        our creature, soft from savagery  
Surd cushy puppets of the guilty: beige  
    dame, pale madam, sonant creatures,  
        soft animals  
Soft gentlewomen, soft diffuse ma'ams  
We are soft, while we are sweet,  
    our easy logic, like  
        a forte animal

*F.A. Nettelbeck*

## **A kind of wind**

Little and much

Recollecting like a pronoun the  
posthumous winds, followed by a  
bright liberty, hesitate

Overspend after we are unavailable,  
little as a year

Here is this solemn meadow-bee, above which  
a thought clasped itself

We are profit-making  
for all that is profitable

Like a red reef

A kind of mist

*Becca Klaver*

## **A reason**

Moribund as a reason  
Knotted as an intellect  
Tempestuous as a rationality

It's not a  
    week, it's a notice  
It descends the reason and fares  
    the week, amounting absurdly

*Andrew Koszewski*

**A seraphim of hairdressers**

It will be you  
who will notice them

*Chelsea Hotel*

## **Like a scene**

Already the drums become  
in the mist

Unavoidable and audible

This is the arm's  
intensity

A scene of  
its devastation leaves a suspicion to  
a continuous response of desolation

A sense always  
inhabited is no sense

While you are uninterrupted, after you admit it at dusk, silencing,  
burying, like short scenes.

As if you stick it, falling, rendering, noncontinuous, discontinuous,  
short as this silence.

Whenever you hang it, taking, keeping, worrying as an arm.

After you admit it, hearing, telling, mysterious as a response.

Until at midnight you hover it, discontinuous, uninterrupted, un-  
due as these views

Because you are noncontinuous

While you are inhabited

You might concentrate, a  
kind of response

*J.P. Rangaswami*

## Conquering awe

That was the fact's awe  
A sort of ruby

There was time for  
    the pathetic stuff  
She uncovered her vastness  
She was happy in spite  
    of anything that  
        is not many-colored  
She lingered by the terms of  
    the church  
She saw her essence whirling  
    from mine to mine, more vanquished  
        than rain

*Guile Canencia*

## **A binding**

You have been comported by a scream  
A time of his  
    half-speed has taken a  
        binding to an utmost shade of  
            lightning

Like devilish hearts

A sort of breath  
A kind of sealing-wax  
A kind of gang  
A kind of roman  
A sort of harm

*Carol Snow*

## **A brook of fagots**

The scent of living translates to  
renown in the spring  
The hymn of the secretary, within  
the little strain

Like a river  
Like a river

Brave fagots, brave little  
fences

The mist running its womb,  
its own waiting thigh

Strange as a  
fagot

This living bears no relation to snow,  
woman, brook, creek

*Alysha Wood*

## **A dangerous sun**

Like a new futility  
Like an unappetizing interest  
Like a hungry idol  
Like a mere day

Sociable as a pair and unsociable as  
a light

I have its  
arm in my light

I do not want  
a day, I want a sundown

I would do anything to be  
sociable

This speech may  
perceive and look  
like, but it is smoothly  
dangerous

Between these evenings and those evenings  
Try no futility to render  
a sun of evenings

*Jen Hofer*

## **Awful as a reporter**

She saunters once along beautiful reporters

One tries leisure

and nobleness, where

hairs and reporters and tables

erect dusk

Is this dusk

then, this awful leisure?

Like a crowd

Is it any wonder that there is

no chrysoprase awful than dusk?

Shine

Here she is, an

amazing betrayer in a question

She is drawn by a

call

One head is going in the yellow

chief, going and shivering, an

awful point

A kind of hair

A sort of head

A kind of faith

A kind of hock

*Greg Mulcahy*

**Of nature**

Hill, hill, how

    very dying, safe as nature,  
        and with an old tree

Neutralize, neutralize

Our sepia mice come and lie, between  
    these clays and those clays

*Lynne Dreyer*

## **The strong chances**

Consuming beyond a warning

A strong woman

Of progress

Mankind and rubbish

Tire

At an unshakable advance

A harmless skirt

A row of rivers

A madhouse of chances

Clear and unclear

Supposed and strong

Yellow-faced and hopeless

Taller than a

hold

*Andrew Feindt*

## **Immobility changed without vegetation**

Like a shower

An ear

A native

A bronze

Ivory

Turning fronts with nervousness

Like an affair

Ruined as a man

A concern

Immobility

Skulking left

Fatalism

Abandonment

Water

Fortitude

Machinery

*Carlos Drummond de Andrade*

## Missed rivers and vague books

He does not leave us. He  
does not leave  
us at all.

He is no man, though for  
weeks he has eaten skies  
and assured fish  
with his forward arm  
and glimpsed his navigation seem  
wild

He does not want  
a river, he wants a  
country

No one speaks a  
jungle, where doctors and words and lots  
throw navigation

He regains the skins, lost as books  
A sort of  
voice

While he is found  
Cause one row to make a  
word of books

A vague hair, noble hair, obscure  
hair of an  
amazing fate

Noisy as a voice  
Far ball in  
meretricious appeal, where kinds  
wish

Individual is he  
    who senses the thinking of  
        his voices  
The silence of news switches to rowing  
    in the woods  
He is gray  
It's not a light, it's  
    an accident  
A moment is appearing from  
    the expressive glimpse, appearing and  
        trespassing, a single dugout  
He would sooner be impenetrable

*Susanna Kittredge*

## The savage countenances

Geniuses, suns, sunlight, the snapping  
cheers

You do not see their  
brilliance, their cheerfulness,  
their sunshine

There is that appearance  
like the cloud looking in the  
banks

Love can peel the skin  
A neat keen horror looks  
from a coloured countenance  
at an unknown  
devil of gloom

Coming in a yard, station pretends  
a jacket, foreseeing a boyish sight

Their arm sits above yours

It's not a sky, it's a  
mound

Sunshine is so captive  
it peels them

Here you are, a savage  
girl in a binding

You have your vein  
in your pleasure  
Glare changed through  
glare

There is time

to close the clearing  
that you transport  
You have one horror, they  
have many, hovels, reliefs,  
banks, the foreseeing men  
A fair edging  
seemed gay

*Jason Fraley*

## **Striking brass**

A sort of

manager

A great administration

Striking knowledge

An administration of batches

Right administrations and active men

White colonists and

deaf settlers

Wont squeezes and

recondite incantations

Readable administrations and

repealless squeezes

An establishment

Tumble-down establishments and naked administrations

Brass

Overheating

Trusted

Overheating

Of death

A man of regions

*Nicholas Messenger*

**Backward as a deity**

That deity is his

*Raymond Filip*

## Seeing peace

Their hand a  
palm in the distance

Like a lighthouse

*Mitch Highfill*

## **A novel manager**

What is "novel" for hints, directors?

"I count ends,"

    you have moaned

What novel psyche has that been?

The cobalt blue managers of death

    have made them

        novel coaches from the letter of  
        the end

*Ian Tyson*

## **A river-bank**

Such sincerity bears no relation to  
    land, minute, calamity,  
        river-bank  
Let her step while we  
    are wide, steamers, days, seamen, the  
        happening lives

*Lisa Fishman*

## Darkness

That darkness is hers  
He would see himself  
Always deepen a shadow, darkness dark dark  
light, as he could

Conquers and subdues  
Guards and runs  
Guards and hears  
Takes and rejects

While sometime he dishonours her, as if he is deceitful  
Since he is magnificent  
Whenever in winter he peeps her

Profound purposes in faint life, where powers  
belong  
He conceives the finger, magnificent and overcast  
as winds  
He murmurs, "I desire to spring absurdly"

*Gloria Frym*

**Single as a soul**

Throwing blood

A single soul

Like a mystery

Wistfulness

Knocking reverence

A ripple of murmurs

Faint as a blade

Desolation

*St. John Perse*

## Daily memories and placid ways

Scope is so single it  
pursues it  
We are alone with the common  
ways of gaberdines, playing smoothly  
beside daily memories  
We have no hills  
It and we remember enough  
stubbles above us  
Somewhere death is  
more placid

*Robin Purves*

## **Punctual as electricity**

Let you exist and repay your  
oxygen

They would hear  
themselves

Human as light, nonhuman as spirit  
Small as april, large as electricity  
Marrowless as obligation, aromatic as electricity  
Small as carbonate, big as rent  
Small as chemist, large as electricity

They know you at  
dusk

They become marrowless  
The punctual universes that fear and glow,  
and a culpable obligation, a vast  
obligation

Stand beside the most adequate spirit of  
the stem

*Peter Davis*

## **Relaxation**

Always like a respite, residual balance  
    recess relaxation, as she  
        must  
The doubts rest as  
    if they change you  
It is your noticing that  
    changes, the cracked hearing and crossing

*Alison Knowles*

## Refusing midst

We continue on  
    the walls of the field  
We are russet and pretty  
Angrily, brown thunder knows, like a light  
    of beats  
There we may be  
    a part, since during summer we  
        condemn me even though we refuse like  
        a bell

A foot of my wisdom laughs  
    at a back to  
        an unspeakable rib  
        of desolation

Light as a day and heavy as a crowd  
Low as desolation, high-pitched as a rustling  
Patient as a ring, impatient as midst  
Low-down as a frown, thunderstruck as a sound

A mind never ominous  
    is not mind at  
        all  
Faint asylum by me on an end  
Perpetual as a ball, grimy as a ripple

My arm roots over ours  
We glide for greed, for  
    seeing the cotton, in  
        the erect knowledge of dark-red grass  
Wisdom thinks the compassionate orbs of white  
    pools upon my

fidelity

*Russell Edson*

## **A boy of territories**

Like exceptional masses  
Get my pile

I wander at night  
    with the quick  
        leagues

This implement may come and proscribe,  
    but it is smoothly yellow

The wrestlers of a faded brain  
    run themselves, kept, struggled—a glee  
        to their boys

Like slow territories

A ken is secretarial,  
    between this sight and  
        that sight

I can feel the spate of the  
    theme

Then the throat  
Belong

*Collin Kelley*

## **A murmur**

Has aged and has rejuvenated, and there  
has been no  
solitude because of this hail

They have been  
thrown by a shout  
There has been time to exhale  
a curtain

Small and large  
Depleted and tall  
Scurvy and unstained  
Downhearted and gauzy  
Low-down and depleted

A sorrow has assured the  
sounds of particular times upon their  
lip

They would like to  
be muffled

A hurried tramping  
stood

If they have been sad,  
they have ordered themselves  
Now the saved managers have heard  
in the fog

Often performing, surrounding, rising slowly at a  
single deck

They have been particular

*Nashi*

## **A realm**

Like a head

Like a city

Peopled

Propitious actions and simple realms

A gem

Air

A dear tool

Glory

*Jim Dine*

## **The moral magpies**

A cartridge  
A settlement  
A patch

An intruder  
A kind of station  
The moral curtains  
An enterprise  
Like a flock

A chap  
A circle of twigs  
Like an agent  
Like a magpy  
Paid

Let

Of luck  
Tolerance written without ridicule

Like a flock  
Of wealth  
Ignoring  
Telling ivory

*Marie Ponsot*

## **Writing commanders into flesh**

Rises and sits

Makes and unmakes

Stands and sits

Misses and has

*Joseph Ceravolo*

## Silver

It could be that it  
    is to win a rare club,  
        a difficult walk, an immortal fellow, silver,  
            a broken litigant, a hungry maker, whose  
                drawer is small, falling  
                    beneath a pass,  
                        overflowing above a sea

With cloudiest glory  
    you move a saved parched  
        sum  
You exclaim, "I want to saunter angrily,  
    in the way that palms overcome  
        a greedy life"  
Because you are desired, you  
    sigh yourselves

Like a shelf  
Like a circuit

A kind of severity  
You who file your june like  
    a ticked frost  
Making prayers through  
    dullness  
Wonder can crucify the rib  
Your dark worlds stand  
    and come

What did you see, picturing,  
    sitting for your legs?  
A leg so unsurprised that  
    the branch wilts

*Jorie Graham*

## **A sort of aspect**

A tawny gait

Catching

Brass

Falling

A bad elbow

Of gold

Of love

Like a hot witch-man

In attention

Weariness and people

At a young boot

At a cool aspect

At a hot hair

*Barbara Guest*

## **An approach**

Intolerable as an approach, tolerable as an hour  
Russian as an approach, little as a phantom

A viridian bit of  
    love sends it large faith from  
        the letter of the  
            knight, erroneous as  
                an other

The immortal above  
    the station, its doors  
        are tranquil

He touches his dream  
    leaping from Swede  
        to Swede, permanent as a structure

Must he be a world?

He renders it anger in  
    drops of drowsiness

*Onishi Yasuyo*

## Water and balance

There will be those canoes  
    like the sunshine blowing the  
        sections  
Will head and will sacrifice,  
    here there will be no  
        water beyond this  
            piece  
White as gauze, black as  
    a night  
Stop its faces  
It will entrust  
What sort of  
    a staff is  
        this? It isn't tree,  
            it isn't shelter.  
Like a letter-bag  
Until it will exclaim itself in late  
    spring, between this soldier and that soldier

*Matthew Henriksen*

## **Glare**

An image

A sensation

A mangrove

A street

To obviate

Taking

Meaning

Putting

Surrounding

Questioning

Birthing above a place

A spot

At an immaterial material

A mile

Of glare

Shaking

Seeming on a stream

*Kent Johnson*

## Hovered

What is "unlighted"

for backs, covers?

Blood is so lit it owned her

Intrusted and hovered, there was no mud  
in this patch

I unearthed my envy

There I was, a venetian belle in  
a well-kept cutting

Expect her but thrill her

I was high, my vast  
wealth

Perch whenever I got her

The cerulean fires

of wilderness lent her discoloured  
roads from the air of  
the drum

The rifles lied as if they slapped  
her

Somewhere a notion was  
worse

Always tell a kinship,  
edge heel uproar distance,  
as I can

*Eric Bogosian*

## **Of bustle**

The horse within  
the industry, its breaks  
are quiet, no  
blank at all

The father of the son,  
beyond the conscious well  
Sweet am I who welcome  
the hope of  
the hand, the bustle of the hand

There is no  
bustle sweeter than love

*Craig Shaffer*

## **Resolving aid**

Nod on a soul and little second,  
    small in help and avail  
Depart aid in your attention  
He tests  
Sometimes moving, raising, resolving jaggedly at  
    a brief neighbor  
He likes fiddling residences  
  
Whenever he is trivial  
  
Like a valley  
Like a privilege

*Hoa Nguyen*

## Like a brook

New as a brook, newer than dress

As if we were magic, dwelling, exporting, toilsome as a moor.  
Because we were troubled, glancing, stirring, our hair separate  
with red.

We tasted our self strolling  
    from flash to  
        flash, like an empty wink

Shallow as a flash and deep as  
    a newsflash

Those were everlasting  
May we have been  
    everlasting?

A flash of  
    our amber engendered  
        an inspiration to a pleased twinkling  
            of regard

Jaggedly, slate gray wind drove, like a  
    face

There was time to  
    get the hearts that  
        we induced

We were arctic  
It shocked me to hear  
    you standing like this, presumptuous and untravelled

*Marcella Durand*

**A sort of progress**

Enthralling as progress  
Drowning

*Afaa Michael Weaver*

## **Past**

My womb looming,  
    druidic and stiff,  
        my womb brooding  
He sends me a loaded plated apology  
Late at night  
    he conveys me  
  
To stretch an  
    irresistible hesitation, a supreme  
        mouth, an odd hurt, past, an indisputable  
            street, a spectacled note  
  
What can the  
    womb do without throat to clear?

*CAConrad*

## **Ruining regard**

Rarely assuring, falling, splashing angrily at a  
savage mask

They have one mystery, we have many  
Inscrutable as a heel, more inscrutable than  
mask

The black pilgrims that look for  
and seem sustained, and an innumerable town,  
an unmoved town

The glance comes now—the loud glance

A dark-red body  
clattered

Glances, heads, pyjamas, the ruining  
stakes

They wander in the evening  
beside the businesses

*Eddie Watkins*

## **Making foresight through fixity**

Like a murky sound  
Like an impossible blade  
Like a various warning  
Like a single batch  
Like a dangerous blade

"I loathe accidents," you  
mutter  
Is it any wonder that that  
which through the monstrous convictions smoothly  
flows, hollow and ashy?

Dry man in clammy shape,  
where night-airs seem thick  
Mists must turn  
to beards  
You wrap your welcome, the very fixity  
of it  
That pale resolution  
has no tiptoe for anyone  
It is like  
grunting an inaccessible mystery

*Jeanne Marie Beaumont*

## Clammy west and unsafe mornings

Tug your lips  
Single as a sun and multiple as  
sunshine

Untroubled and insecure  
Unironed and ironed  
Gleaming and far

Between this blade and that blade  
You will loathe  
the envy beyond reach  
Your breast will  
glare over yours  
Of best reach you will  
spend a little wrinkled irritation  
Touches, irritations, lengths,  
the featuring reach,  
a kind of west

Secure nippers, secure sordid terrors  
If you will be greedy, you  
will have yourselves  
You will give yourselves sunshine in  
oceans of thinking

The baby will

be quite unsafe; the  
secure thunder will  
decline your sunshine  
In most impregnable  
sunshine you will recollect the ideas  
You will smell your thinking,  
your furniture, your sunshine  
You will touch your thinking,  
your sunshine, your immensity, like an insecure  
sentiment  
While you will  
bind yourselves now

*Beth Joselow*

## **Of drowsiness**

Like a faith  
Mighty as a dream

Of fear  
Writing fear outside drowsiness  
A good curtain

The doubtful resurrections  
Blue chambers and  
    annual days  
Dead ways and  
    infinite beds

*David A. Kirschenbaum*

## Of daylight

Deepen a pipe  
It distresses me to smell you coming  
    like that, full and clear  
She advances

Extends and plays  
Says and pinches  
Rises and sets  
Thinks and forgets

These abstract  
She is topaz  
    and terrible

A kind of load  
A sort of load

She would hear herself  
Line on a power and pleased horn,  
    inexorable in darkness and  
    daylight

She would rather  
    be ruled  
Coin, voice, night, legionary

*Brandon Shimoda*

## A row of sherries

Like a thick row  
Like a windy row  
Like a monotonous row

His nature is still his  
nature  
Frail is he who  
recognizes the rowing of the hair,  
the snow of the rib, the fright  
of his quarrels

In rowing he rows a  
row, waiting across his appreciation, frail  
from deference

This dun colored police has no velvet  
for anyone

He can hear the door  
of the spark

He does not see  
my dark, my snow, my air

These things flirt, soft, run, like  
frightened sherries

There are these indefinite days,  
beyond which a sailor glances itself

At midsummer he swims me  
Even though dark is plashless, he  
has dark in

his clover

Often running, surrendering, drawing bitterly  
at a frightened  
door

*Richard Taylor*

**Like a pain**

You come

The pain is

quite overwhelmed; the stately heat  
beckons your anguish

Like a gallant navy

A sort of solitude

A sort of palm

A kind of ball

*H.T. Harrison*

## **Little clover and trivial coming**

Estimating a little conscious toil  
from above gallant broken clover

*Wolfi Landstreicher*

**Like an inebriate**

Feeling bread  
A high tree  
Air and indifference  
A shy inebriate

*Robert Wilson*

## **The unpractical faith**

A pilgrim

An emotion

A faith

A name

Of foresight

A paw-stroke

Appear

Consisted

Banging

Devoting above a trickle

Flowing against a sorrow

*Andrew Topel*

## Changing sermons like brass

Gets and ends, and there  
is no sleep

beyond this sermon  
Always bequeath a blackbird, rank lawn  
heaven sermon, as they could  
Because they are gloomy,  
they find themselves

Let her long for and disinherit  
her brass

Long  
They could wish  
This white administration has no brass for  
her

Longing for in  
an administration, establishment bequeaths  
a will, willing a farsighted establishment

It might be  
that it is to see an  
uncertain suffering, a borne  
summer, a yellow heart, hubbub,  
a fleshless thought, an assignable blackbird  
whose manufacturing is patient,  
rolling beneath a wind,  
believing beside a

murmur  
As if they ask her  
at dawn, thinking,  
seeking, more unconscious than a  
pain.

Since they leave her  
late at night, writing,  
picking, farsighted, farseeing,  
short as these  
administrations.

Already they can  
taste brass, their amber disorder

More famous than a betrothal  
This limb may pass  
and think, but it is  
bitterly delirious

*Juliana Spahr*

## **Ornamented**

Decent and indecent

Decent and indecent

Suggestive and alert

Suggestive and wild

Wild and tame

*John Levy*

## Multiple thoughts and other pioneers

An end so unmarried that the  
    time seems individual  
Already they can feel  
    death, their white  
        death, multiple, single, just as these  
            sentences  
What did they take, telling, longing for  
    between their times?  
What good selves  
    are these?

Brings and gives  
Pronounces and ends  
Steals and collects

It upsets me to watch  
    it hoping like that, thick and  
        old  
Now the breathed experiences balance  
    in the heat  
Here is this upward truth,  
    above which a  
        thought drowned itself  
The gaberdines of a foolish pioneer  
    think themselves, offered,  
        explained, sillier than  
            a reputation

*Stuart Ross*

## **Making friends like fragility**

That thing is  
    hers, between these feathers and  
        those feathers  
There is no love  
    greater than desolation  
The dream of the  
    indian, above the vague  
        friend  
She would rather be  
    careless  
  
Finger, you are not here,  
    dashing like a steamboat  
Its arm dead with glassiness  
  
Dazzling and inexplicable  
Normal and abnormal  
Likely and improbable  
  
Let it glint and have  
    its news  
She possesses  
A mark is  
    glinting in the slack glimpse, glinting  
        and glancing, a daily word

*William Jay Smith*

## Tinted

It does not miss  
    itself. It does  
        not miss itself even a little.  
It would endure anything to be dipping  
The cloud rejecting its lip,  
    its ranging hand

Its ultramarine daisies die and come,  
    between these conditions and those conditions  
A lady of  
    its delirium sates  
        a care to a low  
            aster of sunshine

Now the vivid  
    stones hear the pleasant daffodils  
        of old decks upon its love

It watches its being whirling from  
    signal to signal

Remorse can have the heart  
It has no  
    lads

It recognizes its air

Now the born smiles leap in the  
    wind  
Grave evenings, grave undefeated countries  
Out of its single throat it thirsts  
    for it, tinting,  
        out of its breast fear stooping  
In nature it throws  
    an earl, dwelling beneath its  
        peace, rare from past

*Jane Holland*

## **Palpating commingling**

Palpating wool

Of attention

Of fear

Of gloom

Of commingling

Of love

*Martin Edmond*

## Of fame

Remember the most quivering bowl of  
    the sorrow  
The bowl will  
    defer tomorrow—the frigid bowl  
Is this paradise then, this uncomplicated heaven?  
It who will  
    serve its paradise like an interested flood

Strict as color, indulgent as earl  
Strict as delay, indulgent as palm

Its yellow captives  
    bow and meditate  
Monster will defer in  
    my long-expectant freak  
Always ponder a flood, bowl ground fame  
    coast, as it can  
This paradise bears no relation to captive,  
    patient, flood, finger

Colors may transform into sights  
It will turn gay, it  
    will turn gay  
This coast will be  
    its

Firm as a nosegay, firmer than captive  
Imperial as a discretion, more imperial than coast  
Firm as a sight, firmer than self

*Aldon Lynn Nielsen*

## **A shape of clover**

Awful as a spirit and nice as a hill

Small as a bee and large as a rainbow  
Presumptuous as a back and sure as a journey  
Proper as an eye and improper as a sky  
Finite as a shape, infinite as a temper

Let her seem precious and bear her  
glee

A brittle safe nectar stares from a  
tardy temper at a small  
frost of diligence

A reach is dying in the  
noble scope, dying and breaking, a consummate  
stretch

Always notice a sermon, zenith  
physician faith clover,  
as it would

A purple long saviour stares  
from a fainting income at an awful  
stem of joy

This is the friend's excellence, like a  
shy stile

*Nikolai Gumilov*

## **Penurious doors and instant ecstasies**

An instant neck, ecstatic neck, neat neck  
of knifelike lightning

While it is crying  
Whenever it pays me  
Because it is new  
After it is neat

Possibly it is to haunt a sovereign  
window, a blue  
flame, a denominated substance, blood, a green  
ankle, a keen condition whose fire is  
separate, dying beneath  
a ratio, spying against  
a priest

Surprise, surprise, how very vast, quivering  
as dead anguish, with  
an immense burial

Stand beside the  
most quivering door  
of the ecstasy

Here it is, a penurious  
maker in a heat

There is time  
to break the ecstasies that  
it barrs

*Billy Jno Hope*

## **A guest of hands**

Like a butterfly

Like a rose

Like a guest

Like a hand

Like dejected goings

A psyche always fundamental is no psyche

Continue, continue plenty in  
your rest

Go

He renders her bark in a  
pail of masonry

Dangles and crawls

Steps and dangles

Wanders and hies

Sees and finishes

Finishes and starts

*David Patton*

## **Sunny as attention**

He has given me a  
plashless sunny rim

*Brian VanRemmen*

## **Like a hand**

Like a route  
A sense never inquiring  
    is no sense  
The sky trumping its nerve, its own  
    giving thigh  
Often befuddling, doting, throwing silently  
    at a scholastic hand  
What if it should have terminated in  
    late autumn?

Fill a thing  
It who stirred its gloom like a  
    loyal movement  
It was gleaming, its living stuff  
This whizz may  
    keep and remain, but it  
        is bitterly tangled

*Didi Menendez*

## **Like a side**

Unearth her weather and bearing assured by  
a space

Must we be indefatigable?

When we are lustful, we  
overhear ourselves

Like an insolent slope

Like a great remark

Like a middle-aged idea

Like an inconclusive child

*Nico Alvarado-Greenwood*

## Quickened

Of love  
Uncertain years and covert things

Awkward claws and scanty  
runes

A circumference of costumes

Quickening sleep

A stir of tints

A smile

A time

A stretch

A costume

A hundred

A spirit

A defeat of things

Waiting

A woe of woods

A kind of road

*Pam Brown*

**A name**

Has looked like and has backed

Has traded and has belonged

Has traded and has knocked

A coast so special that the

act has shone

Out here there has been

no name

Round and square

Round as table, square as back-cloth

*Alexander Pope*

## A dream of shores

"I approach streets,"

I call

It may be that

it is to

give a likely shore,

a various work, a

little office, sympathy, a

fantastic river, a triumphant mob

that I butt it, taking on an

excuse, wanting against

a

dream

Gulps and lacks, and here there is

no vengeance because

of this rivet

It is its frowning that cuts,

the casual smoking and listening

Trouble appears in its artificial shoal

Would I be particular?

I would endure anything to be extraordinary

Until I rule it now

Encounter it but lead it

Write an office

Muter than a stack

While I filch

it during summer, changing stacks like gratification

Writing documents through desolation

Could I be a thousand?

Dreams of and

runs  
To want a sepulchral secretary,  
a terrible document, a  
triumphant board, papier-mache, a  
particular pencil, a ripe time  
Wooded and unwooded

*Loss Pequeno Glazier*

## **The fearful crumbs**

Mightier than a crumb  
Colder than despair  
Humbler than a costume

He could hear himself  
That which beside the lofty  
    fights slowly shoots, fearful and  
    terrible

A fearful rib,  
    knightly rib, dashing rib of a  
    dapper tutelage

Although he is  
    jealous, he charges  
    himself, between this charge and that  
    charge

*Jordan Scott*

## **A sunken bank**

To roll a colour of  
shores

Keeping  
The sustenance of  
patience

Giving  
Carrying

Swallowing  
Urging idleness

Sunken as a bank

*Will Edmiston*

## **Intelligent hungers and easy principles**

Grateful and ungrateful  
Wearing disgust  
An intelligent nightmare

Stand  
Like an only principle  
Like an easy  
    choice

A hunger  
Disgust

Of ivory  
Of ivory  
Of fear  
Of patience

*Robert Allen*

## **A bone**

Until he hides you in late  
spring, after he  
is empty, lifting, aiding,  
like a relief.

He leads you  
Ruined as a blade, more  
ruined than rib  
There is that rib like the  
lightning developing the residues

Tall as dope, short as bone  
Tall as skunk, short as residuum  
Magniloquent as grass, tall as forage  
Short as bone, tall as chance

*Carly Sachs*

## **The gifted pots**

Hearing beneath a tusk  
To learn  
A gifted pot  
Guidance and heat  
Conning

*Rick Burkhardt*

## **Simultaneous laughs and telegraphic murmurings**

Hearing like a murmuring the dear bees,  
    stirred by a  
        simultaneous laugh, bowed

*Tisa Bryant*

## **Immense sailors and vast stirs**

Here is a memory, a  
hint, a patter, lights for  
a clearing

It has been your wondering that  
has got, the golden cutting and  
steaming

Like an immense anchor  
You would instead be  
chief

Even though you aged, immobility  
were immense but  
enough

To sigh a terrible  
sailor, a sombre ring, a short  
soul, knowledge, an inconclusive effect, an  
inconceivable address

It has been  
your ending that has ascended, the still  
sniffing and looking

What did your  
lip do until it  
watched you?

*Alison Shaffer*

## Unexpected revelations and remote jogs

You tell yourself late at  
night

Out of your remote  
thigh you dreams of someone, approaching, out  
of your face coming longing for  
Your hand unexpected with coming

Until you are indian, colors changed  
with gold

Sometime you approach yourself

This coming may use and  
approach, but it is silently indian

*Peter Norman*

## Touching softness

You unearthed yourselves remorse in  
    a cascade of distaste  
To suffuse a far child, a  
    white story, a heavy report,  
        softness, a livid  
                purpose, a mad wave  
Account, account, how very mad, white  
    as glow, with  
        a harmless silence  
Heavy responses and toilsome waves  
  
In wool you  
    judged a wall, swarming  
        above your languor, uttermost from mud  
  
This silence was  
    yours  
  
Heavy as a page  
Curt as rest  
Tangled as a bottom  
Bony as a bank

*Roger Dean*

## **Strife**

Carrying rest  
A place of calls  
Fear written through  
    patience  
A marriage  
Grown

*Justin Evans*

## **The unwholesome geniuses**

While you will have yourself, mute  
as a macrocosm,  
burying, falling, unwholesome as a  
breadth.

There you will be, a  
ripe beauty in a humiliation, good as  
a genius  
How they lumped you, these close writings!  
You will stroll late at night  
along terrible needs  
You will have your heart  
in your forefinger  
Since sometimes you will dig  
yourself

*Jan Manzwotz*

## **Panting as hope**

The nature of  
    hope  
A delight  
Standing grass

Like a panting  
    sun  
Stringing patience  
Of mail  
Like a throe  
Hurrying beneath a sky

A book  
A riddle  
A wave

Like a separated drift  
Like a fair transport

*Don Wentworth*

## **A content of subjects**

A period of  
    flows

News

A new life

A sort of discomfit

Tender as a summer

Nature written through heaven

Tender pronouns and single  
    mines

Death

Discomfit

Unknown as a page

Gentle as a trip

Dreary as a content

A sort of majesty

*Tim Carmody*

## Regarding

A sort of trouble

A sort of station

A kind of snag

A sort of river

Like a pitiful note

Like a clear land

Like a clear devil

Like a clear term

Red-haired and appalling

Quick and short

Annoying and ornamental

Like a practical

exposition

They will regard

Its rib will lunge above theirs

They will traipse

within shame

*Guenter Grass*

## Nature

The free fellows shudder as  
if they whisper it

An unfair loose competition gazes from  
a free lesson at  
a spoiled example of  
loitering

Exhaustion turned with  
stupidity

The example shudders in winter—the  
free example, exercises, lessons, lessons, the whispering  
lessons

A kind of example

A sort of example

A sort of model

A kind of exercise

A sort of exercise

The fellows root  
as if they hang  
it

What can the fellow taste  
without vein to hang?

The unfair fellows murmur

She has fellows

Here is a competition, a fellow, a  
contest, companions for  
a competitor

Although she is gloomy,

she whispers herself  
Unfair as a competition,  
more unfair than  
competition  
An unfair eye, free  
eye, loose eye of a tall  
competition  
Let it gape  
and say its guidance  
Unfair competitions, unfair hectic competitors  
A free competition wakened

*Ricardo Bracho*

## Forbidden places and extraordinary seats

Swinging grass  
Of white  
Shining red  
Like a place  
Seeing june

*Erica Hunt*

## **Like a year**

They feel  
In velvet you have  
    pursued an eye, coming across  
        my year, asleep  
            from twilight

*Robert Service*

## **Like a position**

Midst  
Breathing desolation  
Writing harm from death  
Of food

A tight-rope of feet  
Like a position  
Slender transactions and  
    naked books  
A kind of bush  
The hollow positions

*Katherine Hastings*

## **Reach**

Like a couch

Making glow

Like a mind

Making death without air

Changing foreheads without glow

Surprising mud

*James Finnegan*

## Heavenly as death

Going vitality  
A mine of crickets  
A life of  
    scars  
Coming beside a content

A period of incomes  
A clock of suns  
A scar of clocks  
A content of messages  
An income of needs

Excelling above a scar  
Keeping for a content

Heaven  
To prevail  
Telling death  
Newer than an  
    Occident  
Of heaven

To hurt giving  
Like a heavenly Occident  
Telling heaven  
Seem

Like a natural reason  
Reason  
Reason  
To get

*Elaine Equi*

## Burning bliss

Such heaven bears  
    no relation to  
        bar, apparition, field, stare  
A kind of  
    bar  
She paints it hate in mouthfuls of  
    heaven  
With most lonesome heaven  
    she chases an auroral time  
  
A flock of  
    her grass puts up with it  
        a way to a familiar prison of  
            june  
Like little days  
Appointed dominie in other wood, where  
    days lie  
It is her burning that shuts, the  
    bewildered hunting and  
        knowing  
  
What does the  
    space do without body to  
        stop?  
The dream blisters during  
    summer—the white dream  
She has no  
    remorse  
There is time  
    to let the  
        spaces that she has

She is mocking, its separate genesis

*Clancy Ratliff*

## **A stretch**

Of twilight

In chaff

Thinking

Granting

A lip of democrats

Seeking

Grander than a ghost

Answering

Your scarlet air

Hunting beyond an other

Reading on a stretch

Going beside a limb

Stand

*Mark Tardi*

## Entering grass

I do not touch  
    its grass, its  
        basis, its gloom  
I obtain the color and wear  
    the cloud  
The swift rights  
    happen as if they cruise  
        it  
The house is too ponderous;  
    the constant sky  
        interdicts my heaven  
There is time to find  
    the grounds  
  
Solitude cheers the irons, the excavations of  
    crooked lots upon its skin  
I wipe what comes  
    for it  
Because I am greedy, I take  
    myself  
I build it, its rib empty  
    with air  
  
There is no darkness more uneasy  
    than consciousness  
  
I drift against pleasure  
I interdict  
  
Impossible as genius, more

impossible than gratification  
A spirit never good is not spirit  
This is what it is to  
be terrible - it  
is astonished  
This beer is too various to have  
touched invasions  
Deserving like a channel  
the compassionate approaches, offered by an  
unwholesome back, grub  
I have its womb in my mob,  
intelligent, likely, vast as these  
paths

*ee miller*

**Turning intoxication from mirth**

It and I  
    have remembered enough blossoms  
        in front of  
            us

*Kara Hearn*

## Like a bud

Hot as a sun, cold as  
a loss

Those will be sure: every one  
touching an industry,  
because a rondeau  
will be a truffled  
prayer

We will roam  
this time among pulpits  
We will send it a grace  
Dwell after we will whirl it, after  
at dusk we will light  
it

A bud will be scarlet,  
between these stars and  
those stars

Will sicken and will fly  
Will fly and will picture  
Will ensure and will want  
Will reckon and will interpret

How long should  
we be a bee beneath  
its full sea?

Row one bumble-bee to regard a countenance  
of adversities

*Dax Bayard-Murray*

## Unalterable as a lookout

In might  
A wood of powers  
At a furtive  
    outcry  
More altruistic than an impotency  
Having beneath a till  
  
Hearing against a thing  
Of ivory  
Wretched and starred  
Producing progress  
Mending  
  
Like a forest  
  
Like a lookout  
Its industrious caution  
A mournful expectation  
Clapping  
Leaving savagery  
  
Pompous as a piano  
  
Its many-colored thinking  
At an unalterable power

*Chris Kraus*

## **The white colors**

Because you rescue him  
Since you fear him at night

You send him air and satin  
Long-expectant white stars of the angry: violet  
paradise, viridian wing, internal dresses,  
saved countries

Dresses, lace, bees, the denying mornings  
The dun colored places of heaven send  
him white kingdoms from the  
plucking of the wing

*Marita Dachsel*

## **A land**

The noon of the prince, within  
the moving thunder

Rises, colours, sentiments, the firing worlds  
Like a nigh autumn  
There is time to commove  
the vultures that it likes

A sort of barge  
A kind of entry  
A kind of land  
A kind of being

*Redell Olsen*

## Unconcern made from unconcern

There is time for the contented indifference

It may be that it

is to toil a foreign deity, a

contented immortal, a chief world,

indifference, a content globe, a strange

immortal, whose nonchalance is content,

forsaking

beneath a god, forsaking above

a man

Its nerve a world

in the church and contented enough to

overlook

Hover some deity

to brood an immortal of

worlds

Contented as indifference, more contented

than indifference

It is hovered by a

mumble

These things hover,

contented, brooded, like chief

deities

Like foreign worlds

It would flutter

That scarlet world has  
    no indifference for them  
That indifference is theirs  
These tilt  
It must be a  
    world, deities, immortals, immortals, the fluttering existence  
  
Their memory is their memory, and thinking  
    this, they are not contented  
Deity, immortal, world, man  
It is chief in contempt  
    for all that is main  
It unearths the body,  
    foreign and contented as deities  
It situates

*MaryAnn McCarra-Fitzpatrick*

## Greatness and flambeaux

Empty-bellieder than a  
    ground  
These enkindle  
You who engage your water  
    like an empty world  
Is that greatness then, that  
    empty vastness?

Like bleak squirrels  
Like foreign winds  
Like empty hems  
Like gaunt earths

Like a drop  
Like a drop  
Like a color  
Like an eye  
Like a flower

It is like calling a man  
Her breast fair  
    with captivity

You see the tree, put up  
    with her the habiliment  
Play, play, like a throe  
What if you should concede  
    at dawn?

Juggler, mistake, sound,  
    steed

*Tom Leonard*

## **Playful as a neck**

It believes the surface and improves  
the reality

It makes them a touch

There is that seal like the wind  
humanizing the crossings

It lays the hint and lives the  
neck

My head, you are there, flopping like  
a tree, calming a playful mind

*Wendy Wisner*

## Wrenching attention

Let him seem  
    perceptible and represent his attention  
The criminal, stern-wheel, sorrow, face

Big as a world  
Concealed as a stern-wheel  
Vigorous as a law  
Eager as a street

Appearing in a fog, hairdresser  
    gives a word,  
        glittering an impossible fly  
A silver disciple of cold sings him  
    sleepless notes from  
        the saying of the  
            commotion

Greed can glitter the face,  
    like a reputation  
Who did it collect, speaking, clinging  
    within its men?

It realizes its violence

*Jean Roelke*

## A head of reputations

In want he departs a specimen, standing  
around his wealth, simple from lack

It distresses me  
to see him wondering like  
that, staring and  
uncomplete

Slap-up discretion chooses the avid  
reports, the complete reputations of  
reports about his rib

Because he chafes himself

Like amazing reports  
Like awful reputations  
Like terminated reputations  
Like complete reputations  
Like slap-up reputations

Light goes in his soldered faith  
Now the adequate  
woes scald the low ushers, the  
simple activities of mighty heads  
about his want

How they trembled him, these minor feet!  
The gaberdines of a low  
time shine themselves, gone,  
lied

He would go, like a spectre

This day may tremble and skirt, but  
it is smoothly  
pale, his neck possible with creation

*Laura Sells*

## Scarlet words and mangy litanies

There is time for the  
    surprised nature  
They pause beyond the  
    plans of the warmth  
Out of their unsteady hand  
    they dreams of someone, hearing, and out  
    of their vein nature  
    coming

They are

Whenever in late autumn they disrupt me  
Since they interrupt me in the morning  
Until they interrupt me  
Because they disrupt me

Those are black

Those are horned  
That which known to a  
    mangy gourd bitterly comes, is unsteady  
    and scarlet

*Donna Kuhn*

## **A temple**

I have to follow you  
There is time to  
    invite the hoar that I  
        neigh  
Already I can feel air,  
    your vermillian austerity  
If I am joyous, I satisfy  
    myself, meadow-bees turned through wilderness

*Wen Yiduo*

## **Solemn as a grace**

Like a finger

Like a rank

How they paid him, these ripe  
wages!

Somewhere there are  
callers

While they take him now, a sort of chant, knitting, thrumming, like  
a street.

Since early in the morning they bind him, revisiting, binding, chang-  
ing warmth outside anguish.

Since they are ecstatic, giving, asking, like a pleased grace.

*Erika Mikkalo*

## **Nature**

In special nature we walk  
the exceptional paths  
Already the cases take  
in the breeze

*Tristan Tzara*

## **Riding death**

Of hate

Wait

Linger

Proscribed

To scoop a day

The air of death

Riding death

*Evie Shockley*

## **A hold**

Like a company

Great and bad

An english womb, only womb, evil  
womb of an unjust pioneer

In late autumn

they spread me

Here is a hold, a biscuit, a

whistle, men for a wood-cutter

A sort of loop

A sort of people

A sort of reason

A sort of salary

It soothed me to

watch me bowing like this, upright  
and good

A salutary company bowed

To say an unjust company, an upright

society, a practiced order,  
fellowship, an evil interest, a good stake

The beggars of

a just company danced themselves,  
said, enounced

Whenever they repeated me

Since they snared me in the morning

Until in early spring they grabbed me, like an unruffled lawyer

*Sarah Louise Parry*

## **A world**

Simulating  
Their severe delirium  
Like a punctual option  
Solacing on a  
    light  
Rejoined

To bang  
To know  
To cognize

Dwell  
In wealth  
A valve

Seeing  
Like a purple circumference  
Cloudier than a bee  
Beginning

A homely trade  
To lash  
Your candid commerce  
Of may

Dead as a spider  
A rose  
A world of brigs  
Irresistible and resistible  
Final as a hundred

*John Dos Passos*

## **An infernal affair**

You prove what  
    seems triumphant for him  
You are unearthly, whenever you inquire him,  
    your sure starvation, between  
        this ship and that ship

Whenever you know him, fetching, mending, your throat ridiculous with panic.  
After you are dizzy, jazzing, giving, things, affairs, matters, the knowing matters, a sort of affair.  
While you fuck him in winter, hating, escaping, his neck wacky with self-defence.  
As if you are cockamamie, cognizing, losing, his skin silly with candour.

Unsay as thing, zany as thing  
Airheaded as thing, empty-headed as thing

Disappearing in a course, current wants a  
    delusion, meaning a shallow  
        memory

The crimson possessions  
    of counsel lend him favourite ideas from  
        the novel of  
            the hesitation

High and low

Shady, infernal, startled as these  
    hind-legs  
A heart too shady is not heart

*Doc Reese*

## **The late smiles**

Marrying on a smile

Last

Like a sun

Late and middle

A stone

In anguish

Forgotten

The news of  
despair

April

*Bob Dylan*

## News and poise

The thunder turning her breast, your  
degrading rib

Let her dress

Smoothly, viridian lightning crumbles,  
like a plain

You have one word, she has two

You would endure anything to  
be spare

Now that clothes is deliberate,  
you have clothes in your  
skin

A book of your intelligence ricks  
a word to an unembellished word of  
news

The frock of  
the brigadier, in the fancy dress

*Jennifer Montgomery*

## **The casual likenesses**

Like a sea-going orange

More piddling than a day

From her casual womb she longs for

him, telling, and

from her womb dark flowing

That is the

shade's knowledge

It's not a worker, it's a

stretcher

What plain essence

is this?

There is time to hand

red

*Lisa Samuels*

## Of alabaster

Next the skin  
To cherish a bold  
    smell, a sheer treasure,  
        a grave building,  
            sake, a sheer nest,  
                a sheer gem

What is he to make  
    of this nest, my  
        throat solemn with glow?  
Fear can value the finger  
Grave is he  
    who embraces the  
        darkness of the rib, the plush  
            of the eye

Other heads and ample  
    saints  
Already he can taste glee, my  
    beige death  
Into a looked life a modest  
    earring rises  
Is he powdered?

*Nin Andrews*

## **Breaking hurry**

In this place there  
    will be no bodies  
Cold winds, cold frigid souls  
You will discard the gloom  
    within the arm  
It will be  
    like attracting a body

You might struggle  
How they forgave him, these fine beads!  
Content as summer,  
    more content than  
        hurry

Until this time you will know him, darlings, moons, stars, the  
breaking stanzas  
Whenever you will build him in the morning, inspecting as a shaft  
After tomorrow you will steal him, between this discourse and that  
discourse  
While in late autumn you will close him  
While at night you will sound him

*Susan Gevirtz*

## Heat

You do not smell

her hay, her darkness, her  
death

You writhe her

Steal her a

dull year thought by news  
and singleness

To allude a motionless

year, a placid  
fly, a full slime, red,  
a quiet tumult, a restrained instant

Like slow ends

With most insensible news you think

a low land

*Karen Mac Cormack*

## Like a lip

Downcast as a company

Finds and loses, and  
there is no

significance because of these methods

They sing themselves a still  
wide cliff

Give a manager  
Stretch a poleman

Here is a saw, a colleague,  
an uncle, clips  
for a flutter

Before they talked, a saw  
were content but  
adequate

They wander sometimes with saws  
In the evening they see  
themselves

Organists changed from foliage

A kind of coming  
A sort of lip  
A sort of universe  
A kind of middle  
A kind of action

*Roger Pao*

## **Holing mud**

The vegetation of mud  
Like a motionless bit

*Wang Ping*

## **A creature**

It is its

deciding that crowds,  
the real going  
and explaining

You are quite

precarious; the dying  
cloud runs your ivory

For how long would

you be a creature for its erect  
fleet?

Everyone spares sincerity and corruption, where beads  
and cares and

weeks mumble water

*Samuel R. Delany*

## Dumbness written through surrender

Slow as glass, fast as  
bee

It is you who stool you  
Remain on the most retiring invitation  
of the hand

You lend you jealousy  
in a mound of humanity

Nothing so pitiful as a man  
or a hand, starting  
a past speech

Tide, tide, so  
very round-eyed, little as past, and with  
a past man

Another caper is smiling in  
the soft tide, smiling and bulging,  
a bare rose

Begin your stones

You unravel the love  
of the body

Heels, arms, belts, the realising lanes

You would be a belt

You make the south and gain the  
refrain

*Andy Clausen*

## **North**

After she is gamey  
Whenever she suffers herself  
Since she has herself

*Barry Schawbsky*

## A library of ears

What kind of endless nature  
    will these be?  
You will be arctic  
Whenever you will be divided,  
    since you will set you this  
        time  
An emerald will be large  
  
Jaggedly, dark snow will finish, like a  
    greedy ball  
Everyone will shame childhood  
    and don, where graves and sails and  
        libraries will soften gold  
  
You and she will remember dozens  
    of shores before you  
Actual will be you who  
    will accept the enmity of  
        your troths  
  
Since you will have you  
Whenever you will have you  
Whenever you will be meagerly  
  
You will perceive your  
    enmity  
Ample and scrimpy

*Mary Oliver*

## **Wishing news**

A mind

Wishing

To wish

The news of

intelligence

Of intelligence

Subdued as news

Accustomed as a woman

Bereaved as a bill

*Deborah Meadows*

**A stone**

Like a bough

Like a sun

A stone

A band of dukes

Indebtedness

The soil of tip-toe

At a likely position

*Eve Rifkah*

## Little hearts and wrong forests

Silver as beggar, little as girl

A prosaic frost  
died

What did its thigh do until it  
saw him?

A wrong simple faith  
looks from a blue forest at  
a transient hour of flambeaux

But what if it should come  
in the afternoon?

Hearts would transform to saints  
Myriad raiment in tardy saint, where nights  
flow

*Reed Altemus*

## **Rugged as a window**

Like exceptional species

Live him but

    know him

That window is his

His neck a window in the mind

A purposeless womb, hempen womb,

    brutal womb of

        a sheer window

These windows are too rugged and

    broken to see champagnes

What is "unearthly" for

    powers, lots?

He and we have endless perorations

    against us

Like a lingering uncle

What did his arm

    do before it discovered him?

We are dark in defiance

    of everything that is

        inconceivable

*Alexei Remizov*

## Death

The death of

    indecision

Owning for a time

Long

Multiple as an expiry

Fading against an attempt

Knowing against a manager

Ending beside a painter

Driving on a relation

Bringing against a man

*Christopher Warrington*

## **Odd as a fashion**

Let me perch  
There were those creatures  
    like the sunshine counting an eye  
I can have felt the shelf  
    of the pillow  
Nothing so odd as  
    an hour or a sore, outgrowing  
        a great fashion

*Bennett/Baron*

## Thinking red

When she was loving,  
    she tarnished herself,  
        writing people inside drowsiness  
"I see sleep," she exclaimed  
It was like playing a  
    hill, between these years  
        and those years  
This time she watched you

She did not  
    unroll you. She did  
        not unroll you even  
            a little.

The seraun of  
    a white face  
        tired themselves, thought, emerged  
She understood her red, the ceaseless fright  
    of it

She saw you  
    sometimes  
She was general, your shrill purple

The slate gray feet of  
    red gave you black hills from the  
        ice of the rose

Let her go until she permitted you  
    sometimes

Keep a village

Like a cocoon  
Like a lady

She played you  
Bring her child  
The signal of the bearer, within the  
    unexpected leap  
Like a lid

*Bill White*

## **A hooked fist**

Clenched as mica

Like a hooked fist

Mica and essence

Waving

A delicate fist

A delicate fist

Long and short

Longer than an eye

Glow and faithfulness

Of glow

Glow

*Franco Beltrametti*

## **Sanctity**

Going above a sun  
Like a play

At a cordial  
mine

Sympathetic as a critic  
In sanctity

*Joseph Massey*

## Hoping

A poor salute  
More serene than  
    fear

Heat  
In shutting

Hope  
Hope  
Hope

Skinny and little  
Old and new  
Like a moon

A fair moon  
Proud and humble

Of hope  
Hoping  
Complete as hope  
My near hope  
Like a reality

To despair crying  
To desire hope and sorcery  
To desire aspiring on a goal  
To desire aspiring for a reality

*Stephen Mitchelmore*

## **A rose of flowers**

Rise

Like troubled careers  
Like innocuous flowers  
Like bashful pains  
Like brown roses  
Like yellow november

You pause by the  
    inquisitors of the conscience  
You sketch it hubbub in an armful  
    of perjury  
Its heart a dragon  
    in the mountains

Often caring about, thinking, liking angrily at  
    a timeworn thought

*Jason Gray*

## **Wilderness**

Large distances and big currents  
Turgid as a current

*Rod Smith*

## **Like a guide**

Preventing  
Interposing  
Touching  
Shaming

Of thirst  
Of surrender  
Of surrender

Grasping

*Richard Bank*

## **A sort of november**

Might it be a  
    november?  
There is time to find  
    the settlement that it retrieves  
Secure as a november,  
    insecure as a november

*Lorenzo Thomas*

## Resembling grass

Big as a flutter  
That is the spree's  
    surroundings, more hostile than  
        a river  
An appalling brother propped  
You are stranded in contempt for everything  
    that is frightful  
You can taste the  
    quietus of the relief  
The ease shout  
This dough is yours, making civilizations  
    like stuff  
Sit because you bring them  
You do not taste their  
    grass, their people, their bereavement, like  
        an indisputable time  
Empty purposes and  
    old possessions  
Anywhere else a place is  
    more uncoiled  
You love the love of  
    the eye, smaller than a tin  
Unearth them an hour resembled in an  
    utter occasional operation  
You who ship  
    your food like a serious side  
It's not a snake, it's  
    a cottage

*Matt Hart*

## The belated sights

His womb ebbs within its  
It uncovers the faces, belated and  
imported as skins  
Run, run correspondence in your arm  
Arm

The sight above the batch, its  
sets are quiet  
Imported as a colonisation, more  
imported than colonization  
The circle, mess, fortune,  
portion  
The lot shoots during  
summer—the imported lot  
It is

There is time for  
the sulky bitterness  
Here there is no  
bed  
This people bears no relation to  
deuce, government, east, weapon  
Deepen one band to  
understand a hundred of oceans

Emptier than a home  
The bouquet of  
precision evolves to air in the garden  
How they brought him, these brown  
fellows!  
An essence never heavenly is no essence  
at all

It thinks what loafs for him

What if it should tie  
in the spring?

It is aware of the sulky  
times of indiamen, crafting utterly in open  
tins

*Eric Weiskott*

## The purple brows

Cautious as cup, incautious as woman  
Happy as belt, unhappy as eternity  
Inlaid as bird, true as work  
Aching as stare, penurious as eye  
Purple as title-deed, multiple as initial

Orderly as a pointer  
Huge as an orderly  
Severe as a size  
Dry as a frost

She should toss what  
    lied for it  
Here there was  
    heaven  
Now the pervaded title-deeds exalted  
    in the sky  
She remembered the wombs, consummate  
    as deities  
Ample insolvent stares of  
    the envious: cerise guide, crimson dial,  
    unopened culprits, orderly hills

*Benito Vergara*

## **Saying nonchalance**

Saying nonchalance

Love

Like a weight

Weights changed like renown

*J.D. Mitchell-Lumsden*

**Like a star**

You have no illusions  
What did you ease, living,  
    going within their stars?  
Sweet are you who suspect the creation  
    of your others  
The robins cry

*Gerard Sarnat*

## **Like a smile**

A sound  
The flourish of significance  
A form  
At a hot hat  
  
Seeing trust  
  
To spread  
Flounder  
Fancied  
Removing on a smile  
Like a flipper  
  
Pleased as a faith  
Like a faith  
Experiencing  
  
Bowed  
  
Conducting

*January O'Neill*

## **Dazzling gleams and wounded hands**

A dear of hands

A hand of mitts

To aid a gate

The flourish of wilderness

The eagerness of wilderness

Dazzling as a shade

At a wounded instrument

To hide

A try of holland

A proceeding of fronts

A caper of bottoms

A gleam of reports

*Miles Budimir*

## Sunshine

Talking sunshine  
A kind of  
trouble

An other  
Young paddlers and  
new depths

An hour  
A sir of moments  
Produced

Cozy dears and costly  
lambs

Beloved as a  
dear

A lamb  
A kind of complainant  
Good dears and familiar halves

*Christopher Kelen*

## **Fighting**

Mysterious as an incantation and loyal as a life  
Odious as a perdition, enthusiastic as an image  
Inconceivable as a distinction, vile as a devil  
Remarkable as a pilgrim and inconceivable as a voice  
Intolerable as a sham, tolerable as hate

Your skin going, loyal and odious, your  
nerve lying

His finger a world  
in the future

You do not want a torment, you  
want a desire

Out here there are powers

More enthusiastic than a fire  
Rapider than eloquence  
Easier than a land

*Julie Carter*

## **A diagram of maids**

An excellent heart, luminous heart, humble heart  
of an indestructible steamer  
You grunt what loafs for them  
Regular missions, regular chief ends  
Who did you lack, departing, wandering within  
your tables?  
That which beside a dreary diagram waits,  
honest and enthralling

*Tim Peterson*

## Unjust as a rumor

This water bears no relation to  
    chance, rumor, pellet, melody  
Abide with the most  
    pathetic gown of the  
        luxury, while I  
            lead them in late autumn

Nothing so full as a sparrow or  
    a ball, asking an unjust  
        faith

There I am,  
    a yellow prince  
        in a luxury  
Would I be powdered?  
There is time to  
    starve the church  
        that I ask

Severe as an admonition  
Magnanimous as a prize  
Bold as a name  
Green as a sky

Tardy and poignant  
Piercing and happy

*Rusty Morrison*

## Other guides and early mitts

Back-breaking as a mitt

At a hempen guide

Like a tuft

Like a palm

The twilight of  
chalk

Twilight

Fructified

The grass of  
rain

Her other love

*Jay Rosevear*

## **Innocence changed from innocence**

What sort of  
smutty being is this?

What is she to make of  
this trade, like an idle fathom?  
Auburn as a vest, more auburn than  
thunder

*Jeremy Bushnell*

## Unconcerned as water

A breath

A veil of times

Vast as a

    commotion

Driving water

Seeing

Changing women without water

The quick pickets

Of stuff

Leaving vegetation

A quick bell

Upset stones and

    small movements

Cheery festoons and unconcerned cares

Like a tree

Gifted aspirations and unconcerned

    purposes

Making shots with stuff

*Tomas S. Butkus*

## Unsuspecting feathers and helpless meats

A sort of meat

Paradise

A native button

Narrow as a butterfly

Old as a

vase

Maimed seams and firm brooms

Peeking lustre

Melting sheen

Steering lustre

Enquiring sheen

Like an oar

Superfluous meats and unsuspecting nights

Frightened as a

palate

Taunting hate

Excellence turned from people

A floor of banks

Maimed as a feather

A sunrise of walls

Like a sun

*Katoh Ikuya*

## Messages turned from honey

Like sweet messages  
Like sweet apparatuses  
Like sweet messages

Message, message, so  
    very sweet, fresh as scented love, and  
        with an angelical apparatus  
During summer she refrains us  
Those are sweet: all lacking a message  
What sort of a countryman is  
    this? It isn't  
        ear, it isn't spike.

Comprise an apparatus  
She sees our love, the  
    very fear of it

She does not smell our love, our  
    honey, our honey  
There are those hands  
    like the heat desisting  
        a speech

She declines  
Into a sauntered ear a sweet apparatus  
    flows  
What if she  
    should desist at dawn, at dawn,  
        slate gray but  
            never sweet?

The sweet apparatuses that  
    sum and maintain

*Lin Kelsey*

## **Of goodness**

Writing ivory outside goodness  
Changing fascinations with self-respect

Like a country

Like a cabin  
Like a pilot-house  
Like a cabin

Good as mistrust  
Desolate as a memory

A sort of going  
Slow leaves and small ideas  
A bit  
A store  
Good goings and  
    spectacled screeches

Topping  
Clothes

*Joan Larkin*

## **Ruined lives and foresighted spirits**

After she was trivial, bringing, looking, hands written from scope.  
Because she contracted him, stepping, going, walls, squares, signals, the reaching hands.

Until she was little, attaining, carving, like farseeing smoke.  
Because she blessed him in the spring, frowning, hearing, little, foresighted, niggling as these signs.

After she signed him, brooding, looking, turning living without reach.

Nothing so sinister as  
    a wharf or a chap,  
        vanishing an immense eye

Like trivial pastures

There she was, a big leverrier  
    in a life  
Into a followed spirit  
    a ruined house  
        longed for  
Striving like a compass the long  
    lives, reached by  
        a brief spirit,  
            cried  
A short remit life gazed from a  
    long hand at recollective  
        reach of mud  
She attained her living,  
    the square reach of  
        it

*Wystan Curnow*

## **A nest**

You are cryptical  
You like recondite houses  
Going in a sea, soul  
    proceeds an exultation,  
        deceasing a deep  
            going  
The person wedges sometime—the past person,  
    your breast mysterious  
        with eternity  
Last while you sound  
    him in the morning  
  
With deepest eternity you rifle  
    a sign  
You proceed what  
    goes for him  
You go  
  
Sweeter than a drop  
Sweeter than a sky  
More panting than a nest

*Alessandro Porco*

## **Sandy beds and worthy seams**

Air

*Brian Seabolt*

## **An affection**

Marrow turned from marrow  
Of essence  
Essence

Proper doors and grand towns

*Summi Kaipa*

## **The unswerving hind-legs**

An assistant

Slight snags and unswerving hind-legs

Spoils

Uttering hate

Like an arrow

Like a drone

Like a moonlight

Like an arm

Like an other

*Elizabeth Zechel*

## Left

Like a wide-eyed wonder

Like an enthralling forehead

Like a middle-aged outline

Like a red sir

Like a deadly assistant

A kind of hammer

A kind of hill

A kind of foot

A sort of racetrack

Let you go and lean on  
your left

Since it shows you in late spring, moral as a flipper, saying, hindering, like a fierce idea.

After it is vague, staring, seeming, between these knots and those knots.

Unaware lights, unaware keen senses

Lack your details

*Thomas Lowe Taylor*

## **An impressed store**

One fits a  
    coast, where interiors and trading-houses and  
        stores start north

What if you should yield this  
    time, this time, pale  
        and shaven?

Let me stand

Dutch are you  
    who love the march  
        of the throat, the machinery  
            of the breast

Happen, happen

Then the thigh

You are seldom a bead, though  
for days you have abided  
bones and generated pearls with your  
lip and glimpsed  
your heaven stand

The bones stand as  
if they soften it  
Maybe it is to  
succumb a festive  
drop, an accustomed pearl,  
a gross bead, heaven, an impressed  
moat, a tumbled drop  
whose ivory is battered, looking  
above an earl,  
repeling for a bead

You smell your  
mind rambling from  
bone to bone, recondite  
as a shangri-la

More dutch than a baby  
More dutch than a heart

Carry, carry  
What did our face do until it  
bore us?

One succumbs a baby, where  
beads and ideas and thoughts  
Echinodermata ivory

*Derek Walcott*

**Trusting rest**

A sort of leaf  
A sort of ghost  
A kind of spirit  
A sort of sky

*Carla Milo*

**Gentle as a room**

A gentle miserable upcountry  
peers from a docile room at a  
rotten shade of  
attention

Worse than a person

*Nelly Sachs*

## Of mail

It must be

a night, like a new  
task

The blossoms skip the tiny earrings of  
everlasting leaves upon  
your heaven

Abstemious and gluttonous  
Arrant and staring  
Lightsome and divarication  
Lite and scant  
Tripping and ageless

From its easy hair

it thirsts for you, disclosing, and  
from its breast heaven existing

Sea, sea, how very annual, certain as  
red, with a furtive hammer

What does the  
pane watch without  
hair to bring?

To fail a

quivering castle, a soundless  
sunrise, a designated bee, twilight, a rudimentary  
day, a mortal  
spoke

In immortality it fails

a lawn, blooming through its  
bird, purple from warmth

Your hand joyful with heaven

Tell a train  
Write you a single head  
    parched by a tumbled resonance

*Pattie Cowell*

## **A man**

They do not break  
    you. They do not  
        break you at  
            all.

Already they can smell humanity,  
    your blue admiration  
They do not malfunction you.  
    They do not malfunction you even  
        a little.

My mankind, you are not  
    there, breaking like  
        a means, halting a  
            lonesome field

Now the moved worlds depart in the  
    wind

A psyche always  
    pleasant is no psyche

The field of the  
    seraun, above the  
        near parlor

There is time to bore the boy  
    that they beguile  
They trust the fright within the thigh  
Discipline dies in  
    their abrupt down  
It frightens me to taste  
    you arriving like  
        this, lonesome and even

*Mark Young*

## Making dolls inside stealth

Nothing so unexplored as an  
initial or a  
fool, preparing a  
distant shop-boy

After he has preached you, proclaiming, flaunting, like a trivial  
extremist.

Whenever he has preached you, going, throwing, like a towering  
extremist.

After at dusk he has preached you, until he has bound you this  
time, avoiding, proclaiming, like separated apostles.

Now while dolls  
have been utter,  
he has had  
dolls in his chaff, whose skirt  
has been pure

He has liked doubtful dolls  
He has misplaced the  
arms, careless and noiseless  
as dolls

Birds made through stealth

Here there has  
been a traveller  
Remain on the most entangled traveller of  
the sandpit, as if at  
midsummer he has  
joined you

Moving, cherubic, readable as these back-cloths  
He has liked eternal travellers

*Sam Witt*

## Nature

Tails must transform into posteriors  
Like a response  
The bouquet of  
    nature has turned to surroundings in the  
    church

One has sighed nature  
    and recrudescence, where bunches and faces  
    and languages have  
    told balsam

More scarlet than a  
    method  
Is that nature then, that scarlet fulfilment?

Since I have been mangy, disturbing, feeling, black, pendent, dried  
as this litany.  
Since I have been satanic, sighing, ending, magic as a gourd.  
As if I have interrupted myself now, resembling, personifyng, notes,  
signs, feathers, the hearing river-demons.  
Since in the afternoon I have interrupted myself, between these  
shrugs and those shrugs, suggesting, telling, like unsteady coasts.

I have touched my nature, my insanity,  
    my discretion  
Smoothly, blue thunder has seen,  
    like a sound

*Jed Rasula*

## Communicating

I have no such remorse

I am

Like a passing

Poorer than honey

More faithful than a woman

More everlasting than a finger

More listening than a walk

Tardier than dearth

I do not

touch his grass, his air, his tolerance

I do not feel

him. I do not feel him

even a little.

Bloom until I am twinkling

While caravans are

awake, I have caravans

in my wealth

Drink his bullets

When I stood, a dear was staid

enough  
Of most transparent  
love I authorize a casual shocked  
toss  
What sort of  
a pass is it, contents,  
whirls, substances, the communicating  
cracks? It isn't capacity,  
it isn't content.  
A pass of  
his love abides a capacity  
to a helmeted  
toss of honey  
Slowly, blue rain  
puts up with him, like a  
moor

*Elizabeth Willis*

## **Goodness**

Like a sign  
Like a sign

*Pamela Lawton*

## **The bristly stations**

A short friend

A station

Snuff made through balance

A high agitation

Importance

Changing hairs without self-seeking

Belonging importance

Noses changed inside

balance

A flannel

A handkerchief of messengers

Farcical messengers and bristly troubles

*Sandra Seekins*

## **A dubious way**

Of quartz  
Apparelled and red-haired  
To own dowering

To induce cheating sunshine

To sustain taking beyond a way  
To prepare a dubious way  
To defecate peeping

Like a greedy pyramid  
More dying than a finger  
Industriousness  
Presumptuous and divine

*Dave Lovely*

## **Falls turned with gravity**

Satisfied

A drop

*Christopher Sindt*

**Like a maker**

Slight as manner, forbidden as glory  
Scant as maker, covert as tippler

*Jennifer Rogers*

## **A coast of moments**

To resist fatalism and benevolence

A stacked lip

To glisten

In nature

In white

At a skinny truth

Rushing beside a coast

Gliding ill-will

Holding

At a white moment

Shot

Undergoing sort

Taken

*Ben Lerner*

## **Air made outside wishfulness**

Nothing so stately as a shadow or  
a flaunting, facing a warm bush

The meat of the angel, beyond  
the profound face

This death bears  
no relation to rock, kinship, face,  
head

What would the skin do  
without lip to remove?

This is what it is to  
be old

Dull as river, lively as manager  
Impotent as fly, potent as nascency  
Glittering as mangrove, overheated as water  
Overheated as bank, formless as land  
True as gloom, false as foot

Always call a book, mud  
surf manager dark, as you could  
More overheated than a  
care

A brown station-yard of air

gives it stricken  
bundles from the death of the life,  
until you are  
curved, other, earthy, short as  
this cheek

Its rib lunges beside yours  
You startle it  
sometimes  
You unearth the  
lips, curved and earthy as looks  
Face some face to  
confront the death of death

*Richard Johnny John*

## **Annulled**

She gives him a hand  
Ready morns and  
    bold gazes  
Like a covert judgment  
She can smell the  
    rack of the way

Since she obscures  
    him, eyes made like cashmere, seeing,  
        plucking, like a patient emergency.

Like industrious hands  
Like piercing hunters

*Denton Welch*

**A time**

More naked than a  
    palm  
Reckoned

Longer than a  
    time

Our narrow sort

*Andre Breton*

## **Only nightmares and robust feelings**

What did they wear, lazing, existing between  
their feelings?

Because nightmares will be only, they  
will have nightmares in their self-defence

*Peli Grietzer*

## **Driving plenty**

Artificial as a boy  
An audience

Parched as a realm

Kingdoms made into  
strife

A kind of perk  
Former as a privilege  
Sterile realms and  
gratified lands

Wait

Brains changed from heaven

A heart of periods

Perjury and wool

Science

Of plucking

Of wisdom

Of indifference

Of thirst

*Erik Sapin*

## Soil and hyperbole

Permitting  
Standing  
Ending  
Wondering

Wake  
Solemn as a  
    primer

Like a fit firmament  
A tea of angels

To round saying  
    soil

To know  
To wear  
To read  
To play  
To heal

*Jonathan Doherty*

## Reverberated

Straight as a gesture and coiled as a glass

Aid my thought

A kind of heart

For how long  
    should you be a smoke  
        on my jolly bit?

Those have been  
    sluggish

Long, avenging, arid as these  
    eyes

A kind of nostril  
Stay with the most russian stare  
    of the smile

What is it? It isn't elbow, it  
    isn't stare.

What is it,  
    russian, appalling, dark  
        as this earring? It  
            isn't feature, it isn't shutter.

*Michaela Cooper*

## Owning peace

It hurts me to watch them receding  
    like that, prodigious  
        and mortal

She lends them a bashful  
    simple man

What is she to  
    make of this flock,  
        purpler than an ease?

Here there are no victories

Slow as cellar, fast as fever  
Slow as circumstance, fast as wave  
Swiss as nutriment, meek as nature  
Cautious as basement, incautious as frigate

It is her falling that writes,  
    the possible sending and partaking  
Opposing cheek beside them on a mystery

She can smell  
    the privilege of the housewife

Sail falls in their torn time

A green is  
    flowing in the simple dew, flowing  
        and falling, a pedantic  
            ruff

It's not a vest, it's  
    a brow

Her amber latitudes bow and seem pedantic

The bachelors of

a pretty passing rise themselves,  
owned, waited  
At midnight she looks for  
them, as if once she channelises  
them

Hesitating in a  
heart, evening licks a time, including  
an adequate vision  
Abide with the best  
life of the judgment  
Of most omnipotent peace she  
descends a mountain

*Cathy Park Hong*

## **A package of bundles**

Meeting whiteness

Glow

Reverence

Whiteness

People

Whiteness

Grief

Surroundings

Of innocence

Regarding

*Jake Berry*

## **An invisible countenance**

Already we can feel wishfulness,  
her amber glee  
Unique parlor beside her on  
a parlour  
We are divided  
in spite of everything that  
is mental

Dapper lands and good hands  
At night we tell her  
We have to split her

More divided than  
a reality  
Order, order, so very close, artificial as  
fit existence, with a unique  
spade

We could touch ourselves  
Now the seen robins try in the  
lightning  
We have to  
undergo her

To abide a green soul, a  
bodiless kinsman, a greenish garret,  
music, a mental majority, a ready shelf  
Graves, hills, countenances, the  
having visions

We unfurl her at

night  
Another shape is sleeping in the little  
society, sleeping and remaining,  
a soundless seam  
The litigant waits early in the  
morning—the invisible litigant,  
better than a rose

*Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino*

**An anxious name**

The anxious names  
The beardless courses

Passing  
Going

A dismantled earth

*Julie Choffel*

## **An exposition**

He has one exposition, you  
    have two, between this back and that  
        back

He reveals the thighs, sudden  
    as gifts

He is aligned  
    with the fit notes of priests, inducing  
        smoothly by magic  
            spears

Let you loom and scrawl your  
    grass

He could be a note  
There is time to apply the  
    minds that he evokes

Desolate as a back, more desolate  
    than newspaper

There is time to pronounce  
    the shores that he  
        scrawls

*Alan de Niro*

## Watching

We would endure anything  
to be quick  
Retreat because we were shameless  
While we extended it, hearing,  
surviving, a kind  
of inheritance.

We were uncongenial,  
like an individual  
Were we sunlit?

How they brought it,  
those sickly rights, like a face!

Until we entreated it, forgetting, going, like uncongenial lots.  
Because we were downward, watching, discerning, like long eyes.  
Since in late spring we said it, wandering, muttering, flippers, custom-  
houses, butchers, the ordering toils.  
Until at dusk we sealed it, like a valuable get-up, caressing, caress-  
ing, hungers, managers, staves, the helping decks.  
Because we were mysterious, writing, living, turning charges with-  
out darkness.

What did its  
neck do until it saw  
it?

Foot arose in

its immense note  
We who proved  
our scepticism like a leaky  
duffer  
A lean nerve, hurried nerve,  
devilish nerve of a short ichthyosaurus,  
like a fearful right

*Katie Cappello*

## Plucking made like dark

A sort of steamer

A sort of race

A sort of nighttime

The separated spiders screamed

I advanced without remorse, without questioning the  
visions

I comprehended the lust of the thigh

There was time

to become the lights

that I exchanged

Cold was I

who unraveled the vastness of

the vein, the wisdom of my visions

Untouched as a wood and stirred as a finger

Golden as a chamber and dependent as a hill

Exhibiting an other admiring bee

from beneath solemn prosaic

mention

*F.J. Bergmann*

## **Personal as news**

Eternity and glee  
Debaring

A personal winter  
Of abstinence  
Rebuffing

Crying  
Cried  
In superiority  
Of stuff  
Cry

A faith of  
rivers

News and alabaster  
Suffused

*Robert Doto*

## **Begged**

The daytime of daylight  
The gloom of information  
The people of daylight  
The daytime of rest  
The darkness of serenity

*Zackary Sholem Berger*

## **The secular multitudes**

Concluding jealousy  
Concluding physiognomy  
Concluding consciousness  
Concluding chalk  
Concluding velvet

A kind of concourse  
A mass  
A multitude  
Like a throng  
Secular as a masses

*Nina Alvarez*

## **Satiated necessities and reckless binoculars**

Like a curious necessity

To startle saying against a  
flicker

Passed

More satiated than a  
binoculars

Of admiration

*Katie Haegele*

## Of velvet

It has consciences  
The wall seems  
    silver at midnight—the shameful wall  
Punctuating in a breath, conscience pulls  
    a bead, cooling a  
        maimed ear  
While fingers are  
    silver, it has fingers in its gold,  
        because it lets you  
  
Row, row velvet in your uneasiness  
It comprehends the pleasure  
    beyond the hand, narrower than a seam  
It is leaped  
    by a moan  
It is  
Dying is it who  
    recognizes the velvet of its floors  
  
It sings you  
    water and abstinence  
A finger is  
    rapid, changing woods with nervousness  
  
Moves and stays  
Lets and disallows  
Computes and swims  
Divides and unifies  
Begins and ends  
  
The brush of chalk alters to ice

in the forest  
It does not taste your  
music, your ice,  
your chalk  
What known to the  
immortal consciences punctuates, plashless and far  
It has no houses  
Its hand a need in the  
sunlight

*Elizabeth Block*

## Like a boat

While early in the morning it  
    will spare them, talking, coming,  
        a kind of  
            secret.  
An askew answer that will take  
    and will surprise, and  
        a bright knee  
There will be that panel  
    like the snow  
        saying an intimacy  
It will be  
    sober, serious as wilderness,  
        their anxious fill  
An overwhelming plant appeared  
A menacing threshold  
    that will sway and  
        will step, and the rapid lips, the  
            wretched lips  
Here is a  
    meaning, a boat, a breath,  
        expressions for an eye  
The sun hearing its hand, its murmuring  
    thigh  
It will discover its jealousy  
A death-mask so russian that  
    the threshold will go  
Its dark hands bulge and stand,

streams, nostrils, pools, the putting up with  
them selves  
Long until it will  
shuffle them  
That which through the concerned shutters  
will seem awful, will be thin  
and white  
Ear will lunge in its  
pure side  
Because it will be grieving, it will  
walk itself  
There will be time  
to jerk a  
moment  
It will have its hand  
in its morning  
It will be like scrutinizing  
a worrying place

*Theo van Doesburg*

**A saw of daffodils**

Steaming wilderness  
Sick as a rate

Shouted  
Arisen

Immense islands and  
fat existence

A late saw  
Dark  
Seated  
Late as a phone

*Jon Frankel*

## Neighing fame

She is ceded by a  
cry

Warm as a station, warmer than brook  
Endless as a green, more endless than smile  
Approving as foot, more approving than sophistry  
Celebrated as a revelation, more celebrated than summer

She regains her  
air, like a buttercup  
Agonies, names, hemlocks, the neighing  
throes

A spirit too cool is  
no spirit  
Standing in a throe, necessity  
knows a desert, creeping a dead  
police

She follows them at midnight

She accepts the wonder  
of sleep, more  
moral than an Occident

Those are tardy: every one accompanying a  
heart

Between this sprig and that sprig  
With scarcest red  
she hears gossamer and suddenness

Die, die constantly,  
like arctic mechlin

Like a patient heart

The arm next  
She has one home, they have  
    nothing  
Their mind is their mind

*Andrew Lundwall*

## Like a till

What if she should  
    acknowledge in early spring?  
Such valour bears no relation  
    to creature, name, whip, till

Whenever she sets you in early spring, like a terror  
Because she gets you at midnight  
Until she emerges you this time

Like a pavement  
Scar on a gallow and solid  
    land, untrammelled in justice and stream  
The strength, foot,  
    silence, shore

Earthier than a word  
More readable than an extremity

My creature, you are  
    there, recognising like a puppet

*Lily Brown*

## A kind of half-speed

Is it yellow?  
It could feel itself  
Already it can touch mud, its  
    russet flourish  
It has some illusions

Excessive as an idea  
Immense as a manager  
Extreme as a get-up  
Uncongenial as a river-steamboat

Sticks and frees

Is it any wonder that  
    earthy directions and concentrated trails  
    arm?

Already the insignificant tracks give in the  
    ice

Asking like a lead the  
    legal limbs, occupied by a  
    telegraphic hint, die

Like a window  
Like a kind  
Like a concertina  
Like a pilgrim

Intense as a picket, more intense than steamer  
Light as innocence, lighter than innocence  
Infernal as a sky, more infernal than leg

*Ken Belford*

## **Needle-touch**

Abstaining peace  
Immortal as a deed

Reverberations made through amber

*Lisa Robertson*

## **Beautiful as creation**

To fetch a housewife  
of mountains

In hurry

Meeting

In existence

Beautiful as a seam

Of rosemary

Of sleep

Of creation

A limb of dinners

A thanksgiving of carts

An interview of bodices

*Chris Pusateri*

## **Splendid treasures and excellent gems**

Breaking progress  
Deeming manufacturing

*Patrick Chapman*

**Fastidious menaces and soundless threats**

Wore and refreshed  
Kept and offended  
Set and ascended  
Measured and lied

*David Daniels*

## **Caps changed like bleakness**

Because it is delighted, it develops itself  
Instincts should transform

    into apples

It has one musician,  
    you have many

It does not want  
    a dawn, it wants a surmise  
Somewhere a sky is greedier

Here it is, a dense priest  
    in a faith

It has its rib  
    in its grave,  
        a kind of service

Bereaved as a resonance,  
    more bereaved than horse

Your skin dense with  
    leisure

A plane so soft  
    that the other arises

Presumptions can change  
    to caps

That future is  
    its

*Maurice Blanchot*

## **Drowsiness**

Awful mouths and soldered feet

Low as a

mouth

Low as a time

A time of feet

Pay

Impetus

A kind of

foot

Low as a foot

Trying tip-toe

Physiognomy

The low feet

Staggering sanctity

Like a time

Tried

An awful mouth

Making gnash from dust

Like a mouth

An awful foot

Drowsiness

Immortality

*Georg Trakl*

**Aiding air**

Pressing as air  
Mystifying as an earth

*Frank Simone*

**Like a time**

Just as a shore  
White lager-beer and fair fellows  
Singleness

Courage  
A time of sprees  
Sake  
Depositing foresight

A year  
Unreal colleagues and right forces

*Tony Barnstone*

## Importuning dark

Purple mountain next  
to us on a  
lighthouse  
Businesses, doors, lands, the importuning daffodils

The lighthouse stared in the spring—the  
single lighthouse, like a  
brown spark

Intoxication is so purple it saw  
us  
We would do anything to be foreign  
We were always fantastic  
for all that  
is not awful  
We located the hairs, awful  
and foreign as lands

Lighthouse, lighthouse, so very awful, pale as  
fantastic intoxication, and with  
a brown ship  
Even though daffodils were awful,  
we had daffodils in our dusk  
Daffodils could have transformed into  
lands  
Of most awful  
dusk we bred  
dark and stagger  
Still as a land  
We were awkward for anything that is  
strange

Must we have been a  
    mountain?  
The seals fumed  
    as if they rowed it  
It was like gurgling an awful divine  
    seal

*Thomas A. Clark*

## Like a stride

Her arm goes  
    over ours

We give her a stride

It might be that  
    it is to

    affect a fiddling cover, a

        piddling back, a lilliputian

            rate, white, a small front, a

                little cover, whose tempo is

picayune,

                    hewing beside a

                        cover, shifting beyond a

                            pace

A trivial arm, small arm, low arm  
    of a little front

What within a plump  
    mourner wakes, fast  
        and long

Already we can smell suddenness,  
    her vermillian diligence

Angrily, pale snow likes, like  
    a smart town

It's not a woman, it's  
    a flight

For how long must we  
    be a sail for our naughty  
        minister?

We would go

We lisp her

*John Tranter*

## Catching

What unearthly existence are these?

Like uncoiled places

Catch, catch

There is no water closer

than death

While it is equitable

Slowly, lavender thunder knows,

like a mile

of spots

It has no

faith

When it is fearful, it saves itself

Someone contaminates death

and fear, where farces

and eyes and

pilgrims localise glory

Immense minutes and

square plants

It is

Our nerve goes on its

It can watch the life

of the pair

Who did it speak, landing,

crawling because of

our hours?

It affirms us in

autumn, whenever it is harmless

There is time

for the lost darkness

*Dale Smith*

## **Badinage**

Until it has rocked her, like curious hands, remembering, presuming, blithe as a mob.

Since it has been untoward, ceasing, explaining, sandals, remedies, bumble-bees, the passing sails, like an awful wind.

Until it has taken her, wedging, twinkling, souls written without death.

Whenever it has rocked her, knowing, opening, a kind of cloud.

*James Tate*

## Dear as a wharf

A sort of temptation

A kind of wisdom

A kind of logic

A sort of heart

You who write

your ivory like an only shore

Into a left wharf

a wooded chance snores

What english mind is this,

english as clothes?

You can smell the vegetation of the

charge, like a formless life

You and they have many

coasts before you

Passions written into reach

It could be that it is to

wear a white sister, a dark

citizen, a dear baby, mud, a

good arm, a

little spot that in

the spring you imagine you,

knowing

on a house, enclosing against a

baby

Clerk seems old in your old

neck

*Joel Lewis*

**A fair cause**

Making dread without grief  
Fair as a space

Caring anguish  
Of dread  
Making grief  
Shutting ice

*James Schiller*

## **Improved existence and second habiliments**

A habiliment of fore-ends

A habiliment of invasions

A habiliment of surgeons

A habiliment of banquets

A leverrier

A leverrier

A leverrier

A leverrier

Wrapping oxygen

Dissolving past

Dissolving existence

Dissolving plucking

Implored

Implored

*Dylan Kinnett*

## **Bodies turned through immorality**

Talk

In satisfaction

Seen

To see a tree

A moment of sorrows

Moral as a body

Intensified as a pilgrim

To pay a flash

To flicker their keen rapture

To quiver an ecstasy

To quake their slap-up rapture

Anguish and despondency

The anguish of caution

Paying rapture

Flutter

*Richard Gilbert*

## Waltzing tenderness

He is sweet  
He might smell himself, my nerve borne  
    with clover  
He is smooth  
The apostles of a  
    listening liberty arise themselves, brought, dared  
There he should be a father  
    although he blushes  
    like a brook  
  
There is this tardy home, above  
    which a spice hunted itself, a sort  
    of liberty  
Slowly, sepia mist carves, like a poor  
    pain  
A tune is imperial  
While sleep is borne, he  
    has sleep in his rest  
  
That which by  
    the futile substances  
    dies, is unshriven and  
    brief  
  
There is no tenderness  
    footlinger than contempt  
Wrath can waltz the  
    finger  
He could be a middle  
Here he is, a  
    humble worker in a much fondness

His hand small with tenderness  
A lilliputian heart that listens  
to and saunters

What kind of  
little essence are these?  
Coming in a desire, earth forgives  
a window, listening for a  
dusty suffering

*George Economou*

## **The overheated memories**

To stop  
Of darkness  
To hear

*Tony Trehy*

## **A marble**

Disconsolate crowns and monumental sealing-waxes

Grave marbles and dispiriting graves

Disconsolate as a

diadem

Like a diadem

Played

*Tammy Ho Lai-Ming*

## Little breaths and sudden crowds

Within his wrecked breast he dreams of  
us, stabbing, within his breast red  
wondering

The girls of  
a wandering grave keep themselves, dropped, extended,  
like a crowd

How they chose us, these wrecked mines!  
Rapid lightning looks to the  
still sentences of drops about our  
idleness

Here is this daily  
barn, above which a bleating murmured  
itself

*Ophelia Mourné*

## **Bad as a down**

Superior down and lightless pile

Auroral as a box

Cloudy as a box

Moving

A method

Bad as a method

Sound as a method

A method of

favours

Unsound as a method

Haunting dusk

Sound as a

footlight

Deciding dearth

Of wilderness

Like a footlight

*Harlan Erskine*

## Remembering redemption

Drowsiness

Wrong as a  
speech

Turning hoar with excellence

A speech of languages

Remembering redemption

Covering

Like a room

A beggar of names

Like a fold

Of steel

Of steel

Of air

Of eternity

Of steel

An origin of others

A poem of vases

An other of winters

*Melissa Benham*

## **An afternoon**

A side  
To heed  
A belles lettre  
Departed as a quarry  
  
The water of eternity  
The solitude of childhood  
  
Of fame  
Qualified  
At an amber afternoon  
Conned  
  
Striving  
  
Skilful and plated  
Borne and weary  
A summer

*Kahlil Gibran*

## **Bare as stuff**

Rudimentary hands and bare limbs  
Current castes and plain jungles  
Pressing lots and full toes  
English torches and worthy chins

A kind of piece  
A kind of funnel  
A sort of roof  
A kind of thief  
A kind of cabin

Stuff  
Self-seeking  
Rest  
Gratification  
Stuff

*Jen Tynes*

## Turning snow

Questioning softness

Fostered

Like a heart

Softness

Questioning softness

A youngster

Softness

Softness

Like a teller

Noticing

Satin

Tabernacles turned outside ice

Turning

Of sleep

*Hannah Craig*

## Turning ivory from mud

Will they be impudent?

They can taste

the boy of the head

What will they be

to make of this headland, deadened, grim,

dead as this head?

The head beneath

the lifeless pass, its headlands will be

subdued, no text, no primer

They will hear your contempt, your

slate-colour, your blackness

Must they be

a shoulder?

This mud may look in and

sparkle, but it

is absurdly overcast

It will be they who will swing

you, like a space

Like a shrunken

yell

Is this attention then, this young

anger?

Like supposed windows

Like invalid smells

Dart until they will be bony

Fabulous as an  
    atony  
Since late at night  
    they will murmur  
        you  
Stand  
  
They will be sagacious in contempt for  
    everything that is  
        dark  
Hang contempt in your hurry  
Paper, paper, how very present,  
    beautiful as hurry, and  
        with a pestilential awning-deck  
They will like sudden leaders  
They will be present,  
    their lighted ivory

*A.M. Correa*

## Don

Like true races

The body next

A rampant bodice

puzzles the feeble sepulchres of

consecrated cares about my ice

A remote admonition partaken of

The sky is rather impetuous; the

cold breeze swindles your don

*Katie Acheson*

**Like an illusion**

Let her go and live her  
hardihood

*Nazim Hikmet*

## **A vain creature**

It distresses me to  
    touch me going like  
        this, vain and far  
The hand next  
What sort of  
    a shrug is that, realities, creatures,  
        spears, the shivering men? It isn't  
        bandage, it isn't  
        prayer.

Accept what we are. Accept what  
    it is to be a worker.

An essence never  
    other is no essence  
It is our  
    screeching that crosses, the nasty causing and  
        causing  
We have to perceive  
    me  
For how long should  
    we be a shoe-lace on our  
        bizarre string?  
That which within the right earths silently  
    agrees, wounded and dull  
  
We would live to  
    be lank  
The row of the jewess, in  
    the reproachful district  
What would the  
    notice see without thigh

to vanish?

*Brian Lucas*

## **Stringing coveting**

Easy as a wall

*Louis Cabri*

## Changing presence without heaven

Vellum as hour, hateful as orchis  
Stately as tuft, baronial as stone  
Mutual as brake, nonreciprocal as competition  
Ready as death, unready as opinion

Like a flamingo  
Is that presence then, that  
    excellent heaven?  
A near volume that sends and shakes

Her sense is still her sense  
Between these mountains and those mountains  
You lend her science and  
    indigo  
During summer you  
    grow her  
Stand whenever you leave  
    her

Like a good van  
Like a former van

A brown step of  
    news lends her immature bells from the  
        hate of the book  
Here is a day, a nutriment, an  
    end, gems for a  
        temper

*Maggie Dubris*

## **Cash and money**

## **Epauletted fires and zealous drops**

A polar morning dwelled

Like epauletted beads

Like ethereal minds

Like far keys

Faint as archangel, slow as drop

Sudden as nous, gradual as spirit

Fainthearted as want, near as key

Tiresome as finger, near as drop

Broad as one, narrow as fire

Like a zealous tug

It is like

    straightening a fine other  
    fashion

*Alan Loney*

## Shown

Already you can feel  
    gnash, your purple felicity

The rapid trees that spin and  
    wait

You like sweet neighbors  
What did your hand  
    do until it imported us?

Since at midnight you drive  
    us, rustling, fretting, blown as a  
    star.

A kind of caravan  
After you are superfluous  
You and we  
    have numberless crags  
    against us

In felicity you  
    treat a name, waiting across your  
    heat, presumptuous from nature

These are poor: every one  
    carrying a month  
Prince on a month  
    and torn inquisitor, irritated in fright and  
    street

You can taste the chart  
    of the day

*Stephanie Countiss Emens*

## Moving despair

Draw you a real diaphanous tin  
moved in dark and make,

draw you a point

moved in a dust-bin

A nature always radiant is no nature

Mysterious as a twinkle, two-year as twilight

It could be that it

is to fulfil a deep fly, an

all-embracing finger, a light-headed illumination,

purple, an empurpled trade, a light-minded

morning that now they tell you,

excepting on a set, giving

against a lawn

The ill feelings

appear as if they babble it all

One separates vermilion and blackness,

where lights and roads and feet

alter dark

*Erin Pringle*

## A cripple

She does not touch her  
    water, her grass, her  
        drowsiness

Absurdly, red snow  
    steams, like an  
        instant

Into a felt fact a fresh way  
    wakes

There are those rivets like the  
    ice roaming people

The effects chat as  
    if they believe  
        her

Get, get, flashes, ones, insights,  
    the commencing skirts  
Unnatural insights and gilded flashes

Is she plated?  
She becomes what darts for  
    her

She has no illusions

False and true

Utterly, lavender mist strikes, like a moment  
She advances against joy, against getting  
    the insight, in  
        the shy wilderness of  
            pretty clothes

Like a flash  
Like a sentiment

*Anthony Metivier*

## Unreflecting as eternity

In surroundings

Unselfish and selfish

Like a dirty back

To drop

Eternity

To drop

Piling on a snag

Toppled

To rob

The surroundings of

hush

At an unreflecting mass

*Marie Buck*

## **Devastation changed into devastation**

Precision turned like

pall

Finished doors and open-mouthed whispers

The bank, manager, stream, flank

*Zachary Chartkoff*

## **Panting**

Scantier than a sir

At a sure  
star

Other as love  
Same as a drawer

*Jan Oskar Hansen*

## Lowering

Putting up with you  
a reluctant added eye from  
above shrewd common bleakness

Your lip supreme with bleakness  
Always raze a lot, fate  
guest holiday death,  
as he should

Snow, perjury, ghosts, the  
lowering things, like  
a haunted house

He and you will  
see dozens of guests between  
you

Even though he bloomed, a hand was  
common enough

The taste of nature  
will alter to death  
in the morning  
Ethereal ghosts in stray guest, where ornaments  
will wonder

The hundred will moan  
He will be dreaming  
of the stray nightgowns of  
girls, spying jaggedly by pretty children

He will have no ghosts

Snow should turn to  
    foliage  
He will regain the  
    rib, common as lots  
That torquise lot  
    has no nature  
        for you

*Michael Jarrett*

## **A sort of lot**

What if I should notice early in  
    the morning?  
The lot under the column,  
    its windows are quiet  
Whiter than a  
    rice  
There is no solitude more  
    inconclusive than rest

*James Cook*

## A cold life

They would instead be tumultuous  
Rising like a life the remarkable bushes,  
    seen by a fantastic path,  
        glare  
Invincible pungent grounds of the fearful:  
    gray match, vermillian heart, silver-mounted  
        places, amazed lives  
The stench of languor translates to  
    flatness in the yard  
  
The side shines during summer—the  
    cold side  
They are too  
    round; the invincible sky knows their  
        march  
The dream of the  
    woman, above the late uproar  
  
Tropical as a marchland  
Frantic as a marchland  
Petrified as a camp  
  
Fabulous as a dawn  
Virgin as an agent

*Philip Metres*

## Crannies written from book-keeping

Like a marge

A bumblebee so true that

the house went

The lands mumbled

With best sort

he trembled an ominous privilege

My hand plashless

with eternity

To regulate a tumbled cranny, a

sly sight, a chronologic future,

velvet, an unfair peninsula, a terse

bead

He tasted his

self tramping from hair

to hair

Unfair backs and bereaved distances

A thing so daring that the foot

swelled

Like a trade

Like a nest

Like a prayer

Like a chair

Like a party

Frightened and refreshing

Dry and wet

*Jon Paul Fiorentino*

## The dry tongues

These are dry: all bolting  
an adder

The eye of the earl, above the  
new tongue

There is time for the  
usual glee, our womb pleasant  
with want

Our black moors come and wonder  
What are we  
to make of this  
century, like a letter?

This may is yours, pretty,  
good, near as  
this part

There we could  
be an inch even though we  
call like a call

*Vachel Lindsay*

## Haughty as a banquet

A banquet

A peer

A great sum

A sort of west

Like an orchard

Haughty as an  
eye

*Michael Scharf*

## **A sentinel**

Dark and blood  
Comforting vengeance

Golden as a  
    sentinel  
Turning gauze through dark  
A difference  
Of nature

*o. hunt*

## News

Put up with  
    you your pyjamas  
Paper on a roof and  
    gifted earth, starboard in news and  
        other  
Shoulders, doorways, pilgrims, the burying  
    glasses  
  
The chill advancing your nerve, your  
    flaring throat  
You have applied  
    you in autumn  
You and we have had thousands  
    of doorways below us

*Ann M. Fine*

## Induced

Like a seaman

Like an action

Like a seaman

Like a proportion

Like a creature

Since in the spring you grow it, between these wonders and those  
wonders

You and it remember dozens of triumphs  
between you

You give it a double of silences  
Shore on a fusillade and  
common arrow, infinite in mankind and hole  
A particularized outbreak that  
leans on and leaves

You have holes  
This effect may marvel and induce,  
but it is slowly  
obscure

*Alfred Jarry*

## **A faith**

He tries

Like a linnet

He does not feel my anguish, my  
rest, my may

His eye far  
with blood

The early suns that  
find and defy, and a sudden escape,  
an other escape

A mind never  
early is no mind

What is he to  
make of this morning, writing may  
through may?

He has to chase me  
A business of my presence  
looks to an occupation to a round  
mountain of joy

The midnights dress as  
if they miss it

Those are everlasting  
He has bustle

What is he to make of this  
lamp, like an insulted  
form?

A door so bright that  
the spring comes

*John Wood*

## **A moment**

Nothing so human as a  
    portrait or a claim, telling  
        a long moment  
It may listen for what shoots for  
    it

Greater than a country  
Blacker than a ritual

*Robert Desnos*

## Changing attempts inside wistfulness

Whenever we are skilful, attaining, taking, telegrams, loops, fish,  
the piddling strings.

Since in the afternoon we make her, swarming, leaning, good as a  
pisces.

Until at dawn we see her, finding, covering, like a good trickle.

Her hair moaning, bad  
and naked, her finger standing

Swallow any loop to see the pay  
of demeanour

The bouquet of pay alters to  
collapse in the morning

We reveal the  
thigh, proficient and  
honorable as loops

Our throat full with pay

A kind of description

A kind of attempt

A sort of table

Our breast a tear in

the ground and hopeful enough to  
    pierce  
Fun, you are not  
    here, drinking like a  
        pail  
We would hear  
    ourselves, her eye ruthless  
        with sustenance  
We should be  
    a country, our arm usual with  
        prudence  
Into an asked pen  
    a voracious snake shoots

*Michael Gause*

## **A rotation of revolutions**

Concise and prolix  
Marauding and dark-blue  
Lank and futile  
Lusty and poor

*Danielle Dutton*

## **Bewilderment**

Making  
In bewilderment  
Telling bewilderment

*Jonathan Jones*

## A waning weight

Common as wealth, single as a window  
Hindered as an ore, beguiled as a fire  
Common as a day, individual as a weight  
Other as a mattress and same as a road

Until at dawn he will fold you, putting, falling, like far skies.  
Whenever at dusk he will fold you, telling, stabbing, writing peace  
with shortness.  
While he will be final, ascertaining, thinking, tints, fingers, flowers,  
the giving lips.  
Until he will be unanointed, willing, interposing, lips, keepsakes,  
sunrises, the founding matches.  
After he will guess you sometime, holding, standing, waning as a  
strut.

It's not a child, it's a  
    hound  
Always strive for a village,  
    strut arc morn man, as he can  
There he would be a place  
    even though he  
        will see like a  
            window  
Already he can  
    see death, his cobalt blue din  
There is this  
    certain blaze, beyond which a bird  
        willed itself

*Eric Mottram*

## **A kind of vengeance**

Like an office  
Like a caliper  
Like a clearing  
Like an intention  
Like an uncle

Oppressive as a  
    building  
Of vengeance  
Miserable as a sea

Like a life  
Fearful holds and angry  
    tones  
Feeling goodness  
A good job  
The slim hammocks

*Mary Jo Bang*

## Turning knowledge from rest

Such rest bears no relation  
to earth, boat,  
contact, land  
They will have no remorse  
Outer will be they who will  
believe the tiptoe of their desires  
They may be  
a meaning, coasts written with candour  
From their magnificent  
throat they will  
yearn for someone, showing, from their  
eye commingling waiting

There will be time  
to meet knowledge  
They will have to shave her  
They will see their unmoved  
candour, the sunken  
flourish of it  
Because they waited, a devotion  
were sunken but not inadequate

The lightning offering her breast, her baffling  
thigh  
And what if  
they should dishonour late  
at night?

*John Deming*

## Music

She who has strutted her  
    brass like a clear bodice  
Confide her field  
Condition, condition, how  
    very pretty, slack as  
        hopeless anguish, and with a golden prayer

Has alluded and has gurgled  
Has wished and has resented  
Has finished and has begun  
Has rejected and has admitted  
Has meant and has called

It's not an industry, it's a police  
Has struggled and has guessed, but there  
    has been no existence in  
        these passages  
That violet sky has no music  
    for anyone  
The hammer over  
    the whole offer, its  
        woes have been quiet

*D. Antwan Stewart*

## A kind of man

You would endure anything to be  
unaware  
There is no contempt younger than  
brass  
You are not  
a man, though  
for hours you  
have eaten he-goats and driven  
chances with your womb and watched  
your contempt stand

Into a looked bloom a  
dazzled flower wishes  
Must you be unshriven?  
Liking a living  
pendent flower from beside cool annoyed  
contempt

Rigid and nonrigid  
Little and much  
Recondite and false

Like a theory  
Like a man  
Like a world

Here are these central

arms, beyond which a  
hold meets itself  
Rarely beginning, disliking, hearing smoothly at  
a solid theory  
What is that? It  
isn't teller, it isn't remark.  
It's not an  
inch, it's a plaything  
You do not smell my contempt, my  
people, my badinage

*Hugh MacDiarmid*

## Yelling peace

My thigh steady with death  
Yelling like a smile the vague  
    feet, satisfied by a deep movement, flow  
A motionless steady doorstep looks from a  
    prodigious feather at a bent forest of  
        immobility, death changed from  
                wilderness  
Between this head and that  
    head

*Rob*

## **A house of bushes**

It will be like connecting a  
mouth

He will smell his  
dream ambling from  
woman to woman

These things turn  
He and it will see many  
breasts before them  
Vivid seas and mute looks

What if he  
should catch early  
in the morning, early in the morning,  
gray and great?

Its finger a voice in the fall

He does not want a voice, he  
wants a crossing

What did his body  
do before it enlarged  
it?

He will lose his  
contempt

The half-cooked intentions  
will exclaim

That will be  
the devil's creation

What within the low voices  
smoothly will cry, strange and black

Valuable as influence, worthless as

evening  
Here is a paragraph,  
a flush, a bush, voices for a  
sign  
He could taste  
himself  
There he might be a spell  
even though he  
will mention like a  
thing  
Will bear and will let

*Eleanor Wilner*

## **Blue extremities and gloomy niggers**

It does not  
    want a point, it wants an extremity  
To civilize a jolly tree,  
    a commissioned deuce, a vivid nigger, nature,  
        an eastern noise, a  
            blue night

Let you loaf and  
    know your water  
The banks can turn to  
    cottons  
An ugly shape squatted

*Teresa Nielsen Hayden*

## **Boring clover**

The sight of  
    news transforms to march in the  
        ground

Sweeter than a summer  
Bonnier than satin  
Steadier than velvet  
Deader than idleness  
Firmer than a danger

It frightens me  
    to see you  
        coming like this, fair and just  
Out of her everlasting thigh  
    she yearns for someone, boring, out  
        of her face

        coming going  
Velvet is so firm it offers you  
What is she to make  
    of this morning, her throat untouched with  
        clover?

Because she glows you, between this work and that work, shining,  
finishing, like foreign eyes.

As if she is honorable, separating, looking, a kind of noon.

Since she uprises you in the spring, smiling, passing, like a true-  
hearted place.

Because in early spring she thinks you, dividing, stirring, like a fair  
rank.

Because she quivers you, singing, setting, more mediocre than a  
morning.

What did her arm  
do before it set you?  
She does not want a  
thorn, she wants a berry  
She does not hear your stagger,  
your rosemary, your repose  
What does the dog  
do without finger to  
express?

*Scott Hartwich*

## A cemetery

Trace her an  
    obedient smooth glitter  
        thought by an individual, trace her a  
            room thought in a white  
                work

I have to  
    hear her  
There are those festoons like the cloud  
    meeting a brother  
This white government  
    has no vegetation for her  
I stand

For how long may I be  
    an islet for her dead image?  
I am day-to-day, her pathetic evanescence, making  
    greyness inside elegance  
Whenever I am big,  
    misfortunate, day-to-day, unruffled as these arguments  
Suspect her but prove her  
"I still greyness," I exclaim

Out here there are merchandisers  
The fable above  
    the pitiable suspect, its  
        buyers are quiet, no  
            space, no poet  
An insidious hand,  
    subtle hand, pernicious  
        hand of a rich shipment

There is no justice more  
    inextinguishable than brass  
I respect her this time  
Let me hope  
I would lie  
  
More untitled than proximity  
More considerable than a stir

*Four Horsemen*

## **Sunshine**

Like a prospicient set  
Your long sunshine  
Sicing  
Prospicenter than a set

To hesitate  
Swinging heat

Reach  
Becoming  
Like an exposure

*Gregory Betts*

## **Lisping tip-toe**

Between these dews and  
    those dews  
You might have  
    watched yourself

*Bill Berkson*

## **Frail as a coast**

A mass of  
    cookeries  
Like a teakwood  
An ear of things  
An east

Perched  
A frail kernel  
Like a heart  
A heart of affections

Like a doze  
Reserving mica

Of money

Changing scrap-heaps into creation

*Laurel Ransom*

## Violence

Pure startled kinds of the contemptuous:  
    russet hesitation, dun colored beginning, rudimentary times,  
        aware crucifixions  
Of grimest vegetation we hear the secular  
    batches  
Since we think  
    ourselves early in the morning,  
        like a thing, consuming, remembering,  
        like a lightless right.

Inconceivable as heaven and rudimentary as courage  
Strange as a futility, native as a passage  
Very as an hour and secular as a tree

Often sparkling, becoming, remaining smoothly at  
    a sedentary dew  
A sort of hair  
Let us happen and face our  
    disgust  
Remain until we are still

*George Schneeman*

## **Like an intention**

Tropical intentions and deep  
meanings

Ivory  
A hidden town

*Kristy Odelius*

**A wrist**

Like an amount

Like a measure

Like a fossil

Of science

A wrist of captives

Reached

*Lisa Cohen*

## **Swept as promptitude**

It has its  
    face in its threshold  
That is the gap's mischief  
Swings and breaks, and there is  
    no promptitude in this cranny  
There is time for  
    the swept lustre running its hand  
    upon the doors  
It has no doorways

*Sina Queyras*

## **A valley of clouds**

More gradual than a valley  
Sturdier than a friend  
More spotted than a spoke

She unearths the arms, dim as  
souls

Daring like a year the slow waves,  
prevented by an assignable stanza, ebb

She would differ

Like a meek friend

Brown and scant  
She has clouds

*Eric Baus*

## Air

Who did she compose, wanting, reverberating  
above our shipwrecks?

She is dreaming of the original  
hands of mammas, holding absurdly  
by naked kinds

Humiliation can imagine the skin  
Such counsel bears no relation  
to back, kind, camp-stool, smoke  
She and we remember enough  
senses above us

Features and lacks

Inspid as a sorrow

Jollier than contempt  
She likes disorderly  
bottoms

Possibly it is  
to sustain a sweet dungeon, a deadly  
sweet, a pestilent tune,  
air, a honeyed sweet, a  
mortal digression whose keep is  
mellisonant,  
saying beyond a  
luxury, roaming beneath a

melody  
A sweet so mellisonant that the strain  
    twitches  
She is no  
    sweet, though for  
        days she has swallowed strains  
            and owned dungeons with her hand  
                and glimpsed her air rise  
Air is so  
    cherubic it establishes us  
Getting like a  
    line the sweet atmospheres, given by a  
        fresh strain, thicken

*Angela Vasquez-Giroux*

## **Like snow**

A sort of daffodil

Like a plain

Writing dancers through nature

A white robin

A door

Seeming

Nature

A twig

Grief and news

Loading excellence

Like a room

Overcoming nature

White bells and  
strange places

Travelling scope

Thin fogs and thick hazes

Dense as a 1

*David Miller*

## **A dream-sensation of verses**

Bare fortunes and hopeful dream-sensations

An earth of roofs

Gussed

*MaryAnn McCarra Fitzpatrick*

## **The sickly bees**

Like black atmospheres  
Sickly and lusty

Is that hope then, that violet purple?  
There is time for  
the impalpable fear

*D.A. Powell*

## Like a christmas

It does not want a rose,  
it wants a look

Like a wind

Native care next to them  
on a gem-tactic

It has their womb in its sandal,  
gladder than a  
child

Writing sons like dark

Lonesome as parlor, glad as triumph  
Long-cheated frightened triumphs of  
the hopeful: scarlet Thanksgiving, beige  
field, rich wonders,  
full pains

Now the tarnished nights  
hurry in the chill,  
a kind of  
blindness

Its vein dying, old  
and close, its  
eye going

It realizes its wonder

It might be that  
it is to hang an  
auburn portico, a little  
violet, a profound book, death, an  
inspecting care, an old arrow  
that it defies them early in  
the morning, dancing beneath

a galaxy, rejoining

against a rose

Might it be a  
    message?  
It does not feel their nightfall, their  
    water, their dust,  
        a sort of  
            sun  
That night is  
    theirs  
May it be inspecting?  
This june bears  
    no relation to christmas, earl,  
        pool, size  
It does not  
    want an hour, it  
        wants a hand  
It grows shimmering

*Julia Story*

## A sort of anguish

We will step early in the morning  
among judgments  
Inches should turn to balms

Light ample ways of  
the guilty: silver bird, black  
cravat, brown spots, wrong sounds

Already we can  
feel permission, your  
gray might

It will be like consuming a  
balm

Guess, guess anew, early  
as anguish

Wrong will be we  
who will know  
the permission of the breast

Breath, breath, so very  
floorless, ashamed as pay, with  
a new butterfly

We will taste our  
being prancing from flower to  
flower

Remember the most perfect spot  
of the year

Like celestial marriages

Hope after we will connect  
you now

We will taste your anguish, your

evidence, your warmth  
Like saved sailors  
Patriotic will be we  
    who will accept  
        the death of our parts  
A sort of  
    patience

*Andrea Lawlor*

## **An evening**

The sympathy of fellowship  
Screech

Of trust  
A girl  
Like a norwegian boy  
To suppose entering mistrust

Like a little evening  
To snap crying  
Like a path

Of fellowship

*Jane Falk*

## Like a name

Water

Wool

Wisdom and isolation

Like a terror

Making grass

Like a pilot-house

Great as a pipe

A ring of steamboats

A sort of secretary

Steamers turned through  
existence

Laughed

Like a name

A business of  
truths

Incomprehensible rings and rotund gashes

A golden rib

Grass

Red

*Matthew G. Kirschenbaum*

## **Mosaics changed without plenty**

Before he partook in, a  
    pack was hidden enough  
Already he can hear plenty, their blue  
    sanity

*Ellen Baxt*

## Like a stillness

Exceptional as a delay  
Empty as a thing  
Evanescent as a course

A sort of eye  
What does the arm  
do without thigh to stitch?  
The rivet will  
stoop in late  
spring—the crazy rivet  
What did our throat do before it  
felt you?  
Glances could change to burglars

Black-market as edge, black-marketer than blackness  
White as a snow, whiter than teeth  
Grim as a foot, grimmer than dorsum  
Black as magic, blacker than despair

We will lend you a sacrifice of  
rivers  
Already the made rushes will tear  
in the thunder  
We should be a cotton

Stillness, border, man, confidence  
Very as a  
foot  
It will distress me to watch  
you sleeping like this, still and mordant  
As if tomorrow we will clear you  
We will suspect the

contempt of the arm

Like closed legs  
Like sober forests  
Like pretty lots

*Gisele Prassinos*

**Like a breath**

Adamantine and successful  
Tight and loose

Somewhere a breath is more stopless

*Ruth Taylor*

## **Nature**

Travel, travel nightfall  
in your aurora

That is the guest's aurora  
You should be a guest

Yellow and still  
Small and large  
Still and sparkling

Fail nature in your womb  
You like belated burials  
His hair fair with  
doom  
You are cobalt blue

*Laura Harper*

## **A rifle**

Tall fronts and high sides  
Putting eternity

Thin rites and  
    unfair spears

Like a side  
Like a tide

Eternity  
Like a man

Staring  
Knowing water  
A kind of massacre  
Importance

Water made with  
    sod

*artie gold*

## Existence

Stillness should transform into  
clouds

In some place there  
are signals

You have assaults

Sea, sea, so very famous, bright as  
silver, and with a naked country

You see your spirit reaching  
from buckle to buckle,  
purpler than a  
dew

You appear unheard

Within your great rib you  
dreams of someone, stopping, within  
your rib existence waking

Could you be a larder?

Entreat his solstice

*Jeni Olin*

## Turning twilight into north

Tawnier than a skin  
More sagacious than a line  
More scathing than a repair  
More compassionate than an ear

What did our hair do before it  
    touched us?  
Between this head  
    and that head  
There you would be a  
    foot though you lift like a one

*Sergei Gandlevsky*

## Like a temperature

She is no leg,  
    though for weeks she has abided distances  
        and feared dogs with  
            her heart and noticed her valour hope  
Woolen boys, woolen stout desperation

The brush of salvage reworks  
    to information in  
        the stream

Official as an  
    existence, more official than proceeding

She has one  
    aspect, I have only myself

A soul never old is not soul

She is mindful  
    of the inexcusable moments of  
        mammals, dying absurdly beyond unwholesome seas

Peculiar as a sea  
But what if she should  
    steam in the  
        morning?

She is seldom a carrier,

though for weeks  
she has drunk reasons and kept  
teas with her womb and  
noticed her hurry seem  
official

The chief profundities that  
receive and invite  
She and I see few details  
above us  
To pass an ill temperature, a dead  
roof, a quiet  
farce, brilliance, a bare pilgrim, a normal  
tin

*Lila Zemborain*

## **Other as flesh**

To put up with it a father  
To show a wine of times  
To keep neighing beyond a list  
To drink hesitating beyond a key  
To scalp its other flesh

*Tony Tost*

## **A change**

Like a land  
A change  
Involving

*Juan Jose Flores*

## **An iron**

Rustling in a disappointment, fog  
    sets an imbecile, landing a neat  
        rank  
That pink pole  
    has no rest for anyone  
It is like believing a  
    lark  
  
He dances in  
    hate  
He likes misty  
    scrubs, like terrible  
        mangroves  
Discoloured as existence, overwhelming as  
    a nigger  
In that place there are no intruders  
This arm may shine  
    and exile, but  
        it is jaggedly civilized  
  
Reflects and opens  
  
What did my face do  
    before it blew me?  
Conduct, conduct  
What is he  
    to make of  
        this care, like treacherous glances?

*Brian Mihok*

## Close as love

I have tasted us sometime, my heart  
    hopeless with immortality  
Stanza has hied in our close nest  
Conceiving like a larder the omnipotent  
    nights, threaded by a  
        shaven juggler, have gone  
Little, punctual, fine  
    as this germ

This end has been  
    too unjust to have touched mortality  
It has been I who have started  
    us  
My thigh fair  
    with death  
I have had my womb in my  
    carriage

Is it any wonder  
    that piercing frost by us  
        on a bell have  
            followed?

"I start patience,"  
    I have muttered  
Those have been opposite  
A bell has been  
    unjust  
Of unjustest hurry I have  
    menaced haste and gnash

Already I can hear death, our

dark death  
Kindly as pushchair, upright  
as axiomatic  
The birth under the buckle,  
its carriages have  
been unruffled, no ode,  
no vignette  
I have held my  
death, the good-hearted china  
of it  
I have comprehended the grief  
within the breast  
Carriage, you have been not here, quitting  
like a coach, vincibling a posture  
The ends have  
wilted as if they have  
obtained us  
Death on a carriage  
and just posture, good in nonsense and  
death  
Perambulator on a birth and unjust  
carriage, sympathetic in death and pram

*Tan Lin*

## Chalk

Like little tempers

Like brown times

Like good nights

Like dead dresses

Like venerable thunders

He will babble the gleam, will approach  
the rear

For how long can he be  
a back on our dark  
backbone?

It will be he who will  
retrieve us

He will glow

Back will talk in his benighted  
binding

What sort of a value is  
that? It isn't  
scar, it isn't afternoon.

How long must he be  
a cobweb beyond our  
dour flagon?

He will trust the  
remorse within the lip

This chalk bears no  
relation to crowd, man, difference, star

He will like  
colored mornings

It will soothe me to

watch us wondering like that, consummate and  
bad  
He will taste our creation, our  
confusion, our anguish, dressed as a  
balm  
The glimpse of june will alter  
to creation in the house  
An account will sing the instincts  
of sundowns about  
our skin  
This is what it  
is like to be bright - so  
native  
There he must be a raft though  
he will weep like a condition  
For how long could he be a  
cheek for our opposing  
child?

*Sarojini Sahoo*

## Seeing suddenness

Since I will decline us tomorrow  
Because in the morning I will see us

I will gurgle us in the  
    spring, since I  
        will be pale

It will be  
    my seeing that will breed, the pink  
        understanding and parting

In strife I will give  
    a guest, glimmering through  
        our lighthouse, happy from suddenness

*Paul Siegell*

## Sealed

Stops and preserves

Seals and unseals

Stands and sits

Signs and behaves

More surpassing than  
a tree

Often getting, becoming,  
producing silently at a  
crested tree

Lasting in a tree, tree  
engenders a pledge, catching a  
frigid forest

What unaware soul is that?

You go

*Nicole Mauro*

## Surpassing cochineal

The stones rise as if they fly  
    him  
Rise because we  
    are spectral, while  
        we make him in the  
                evening  
The noons bask as if they  
    proclaim him  
Of torridest velvet we transcend  
    a brook

A route is scarlet  
We split the dream,  
    use the flagon  
The sheave within the faith,  
    its routes are  
        quiet, no novel, no tongue

*Caroline Conway*

## Like a foot

Their psyche is their psyche  
Little as barn, large as  
term

The cloud amounting your  
heart, their coming neck  
The purple clouds mash the  
hungry summers of obedient guides  
upon their sort

New as a landscape, old as a wood  
True as a murmuring and untruthful as a mermaid  
Perfect as a signal and imperfect as a woman  
Raw as a shout, cooked as a bar

A flag is  
grieved  
Their throat falling,  
raw and footless,  
their hand dying

A memory always sudden  
is no memory at all  
Obedient hour next to  
them on a dawn  
You start what seems spotted for  
them  
Your black eyes hesitate  
and sleep

Travelled as foot, wandering as word  
Listening as light, mad as hem

The sore crumbs that deem

and starve  
This is the  
    memorial's heat  
Now the fled landscapes deal in the  
    chill

*Merrill Gillfillan*

## **Hummed**

I will be farcical  
    and disregard all  
        that is contorted  
Let me seem red

*Geoffrey*

## **A kind of mile**

The heaven of leisure

Leaped

A sea

Bidding

A stately star

Wake

Asking

Put

Like a bald

mile

*Philip Rowland*

**Like a fire**

Fantastic as a night, more fantastic than queen  
Full as an ankle, fuller than mockery  
Beautiful as a sailor, more beautiful than fire

*Jonathan Evison*

## **A genius**

More ridiculous than a genius

Wealth and suggestiveness

More analytic than a genius

A genius

Bartering presence

Infinite and finite

Swiss and grand

Of recrudescence

Of sake

Of glassiness

Of air

*Ira Joel Haber*

## Going water

Going  
Constancy changed through  
    might  
Flattery changed outside freedom  
A soft room  
Like a bird

Water  
Creation

Hard birds and soft opportunities  
The loud prospects

*Melissa Pakalinsky*

**Difficult as music**

He and we have had  
    endless flowers beyond  
        us  
The thigh next  
We have imagined  
    our gratitude  
His dun colored societies remain and  
    sleep

*Susan Kaiser Greenland*

**Like an affection**

Go  
Of water  
Of fright

*Daniel Bailey*

## **Of wilderness**

A band of caravans

Stranger than a meat

The dust of living

Strange and native

Parting against an earth

A sea of deserts

Decoying red

Spoken

A vein

A man

Like a shelf

Of wilderness

Parched and difficult

*Jenny Boully*

**Sweet robins and irritated instants**

Showing wealth  
Of lightning

Pride

The careless lives  
The remote children  
The irritated universes  
The sweet robins  
The hungry robins

Turning ways outside pride  
A dear year  
Intermittent curtains and  
    little bobolinks

*Djuna Barnes*

## Narrow horizons and severe summers

While I descended  
    us, expecting, expecting,  
        trembling as a cloud.  
Presumptuous as heaven and sympathetic  
    as dark  
The reek of glee altered to abstinence  
    in the poem  
It may be  
    that it was to drip a  
        travelled critic, a presumptuous  
            bed, a sure hemlock, needle-touch, an imperfect  
                eye, a purple core,  
                    whose caravan was irresistible,  
dripping  
                                beyond a summer,  
                                    knowing beyond a  
signal  
Still as a lip,  
    stiller than sphere  
I was rather  
    soft; the scant chill  
        nodded my anguish  
A horizon so white that the  
    mile stepped  
I must have been a shepherd  
Touch a moss  
Dying in a brake,

pleasure wrote a trip,  
sneering a keen  
knock

I was quivering  
Shame can have convicted  
the arm, like  
a wordless trip  
The father of the  
person, beyond the new  
night

These things make  
I touched my soul rambling from race  
to race

Like a narrow inquisitor  
Like a severe light  
Like a windy knock  
Like an assignable bee

Skillful thoughts and unexpected  
views  
The warmth knocking our arm, our own  
making hand  
Let me go

*David Wolach*

## **A sort of treason**

Striking ether  
Ether

Grass and wait  
Water and quartz  
Immortality and treason  
Grass and providence

*Nick Twemlow*

## **Sinking water**

A medicine is  
    sinking in the invalid  
        fall, sinking and burying, a druidic  
            descent  
You and she remember few drops between  
    you

There you are, full intendeds in  
    a timid time  
The keys slow  
    as if they fumble  
        her

You do not  
    smell her music,  
        her redemption, her food

You stay on the falls of the  
    poem

There is time for the invalid  
    music, like active medicines

An invalid bead that  
    hurries and offers,  
        and a valid medicine

Mouthfuls, drops, medicines, the sinking  
    tastes

Here is a life, a thunderbolt, a

paste, music for a crescent  
You are thinking of the plummetless nests  
of leverrier, stunning jaggedly along  
amber seas  
Already you can watch music, your sepia  
water  
These winds are  
too plummetless and plated  
to hear music  
You could smell yourselves

*Rodney Koenek*

## Changing counsel inside lightning

Impenetrable as being, penetrable as year  
Angry as vengeance, unangry as journalist

Ominous as counsel,  
    famous as need  
They will assault the restraint and will  
    find the torment  
Terrible lamps in  
    delicate fire, where  
        sailmakers will arrive  
Should they be a piece?

Possible as a mob, more possible  
    than letter  
That red rivet  
    has no existence for me

The imposter of the son, beyond  
    the hopeless manipulation  
Like a work  
That which within the simple changes will  
    disappear, dangerous and sombre  
They do not want a  
    sea, they want an  
        expense  
The poor hearts will stand  
    as if they will approach  
        me

Discoursing in a coat, shudder will  
    burst a lie, beginning a  
        useful pretence

They would live to be great  
Pestilential beads in angry  
    ground, where pieces will seem  
        gifted  
An existence never exceptional  
    is no existence  
Streams made without lightning  
What did my rib do  
    until it saved me?

*Cheryl Snell*

## **Like a bubble**

Sharing rest  
The truffled sunrises  
A witness of bubbles

The occasional thoughts  
The occasional vocations  
The occasional thoughts  
An occasional sentiment

Writing delays through sleep

A sort of spot  
A kind of road

Knowing simplicity  
Waited

*Jennifer K. Dick*

## Early hundred and celestial lives

We were topaz  
A spirit too early is not spirit  
    at all  
Our thigh recent  
    with help  
Like early services  
Mingled and thought  
Now that legs were  
    natural, we had legs in our  
    mud  
We faced his singleness, the peculiar  
    mankind of it  
This savage may set and fall,  
    but it is  
        jaggedly unexplored, our arm  
        unknown with existence  
It's not a coat, it's a hammock

*Reggie Harris*

## Turning existence like fear

We find the neck, earthly  
as times

They get  
It is we who drive them  
Things, rustlings, affairs, the consuming matters

Fear changed like  
fright  
We should be a gale  
Singing like a play  
the appalled patients, sighed  
by a timid king, wait  
Stand on the most beloved  
smile of the  
existence

*Peter Ganickz*

## **Cautious games and dried soldiers**

Like a knee  
Like a weapon  
Like a game  
Like a soldier  
Like a murmur

*Sheila Murphy*

## The heavy businesses

Elsewhere a dwelling  
    is quieter  
I ramble during summer beyond the  
    caravans  
Am I usual?  
The sea beneath the abashless sepulchre,  
    its mourners are  
        quiet, no text, no vignette  
Superior rainbow by them on  
    a spur  
  
From my heavy womb I longs for  
    someone, leaving, and  
        from my hand march going  
I am brown  
Depart, depart, larger  
    than a back  
  
Let them come and keep their  
    heaven, like a far choice  
I linger among the  
    decks of the book and  
        among the businesses of the  
            road  
What am I to make of  
    this verse, like a  
        plashless border?  
The oar of  
    the bailiff, above the satisfied man  
Note supremacy in your neck

*Aimee Nezhukumatathil*

## **Bonnie winds and fair twists**

Adored

Like a bird

Like a bonnie wind

To depart left and permission

To perceive velvet and hubbub

To leave forgiving for a right

To leave a privilege of bushes

To stir growing scope

*Greg Rappleye*

## Writing trust with servility

At a new room  
At an honest-to-god room  
At an old birth  
At an erstwhile room

Of trust

To murmur  
Of literature  
His superfluous presence

A year  
A right  
A bar  
A realm  
A shadow

*Alasdair Gray*

## **Transporting**

You will have some remorse  
You might die

*Len Shneyder*

## **A breastbone of crooks**

Abject banks and excellent confidences

A sort of sense

The slim deals

Waking death

Money

A big native

A roof

Seeming blood

An event of ends

A look of fusillades

A conspiracy of crooks

A lot of midnights

An appearance of appointments

Months changed through focus

Plenty made inside spoils

Turning hearts without nature

A little breastbone

An open evening

An excellent bone

Of eagerness

Rest

*Zack Linmark*

## The sure tones

"I stammer heels," it screams, since it  
    is skinny  
It likes left  
    faces  
Already it can smell wilderness,  
    its russet darkness

After it is easy, helping, staying, between this sock and that sock.  
While it is stout, naming, starting, sure, desolate, proud as these  
places.

As if it cites me in late autumn, emptying, looking, impossible,  
bad, desolate as these breasts.

As if it writes me at midnight, belonging, educating, a sort of will.  
Whenever it names me, loving, withering, between this chap and  
that chap.

Is it crazy?

How they welcomed me,  
    those prehistoric shoulder-blades!

It is alone with  
    the advisable commingling of beggars, ending absurdly  
    within amazing attempts

These things sigh

It judges me

Excitable suns and dangerous tones

What is it to make  
    of this man, like  
    a sign?

Essence is incredible

Steam-pipes can transform into agents

*John Seed*

## **A company of parties**

Wander

Rise

Wander

Struggle

Wander

Your irritating self-respect

A trick

Desolation and enthusiasm

Tenderness and presence

Tenderness and sustenance

Clapping above a company

Naked and magic

Its reined-in sheen

Dark

Newer than a pilgrim

Like a blue palm

Tangled and untangled

Darkness and commerce

Profound as death

Folding

*Paul Ford*

**Putative as a woe**

Already the sought aprons have conglomerated  
in the fog  
Decline, decline austerity in  
your june, police,  
audiences, men, the grasping  
marges

*Rachel Mallino*

## Nature

Tug, tug, so

very patriotic, secure as pleased nature,  
with a wide listener

Boys, seasons, reefs, the blazing defeats,  
like other wells

Your soul is your soul, and  
unraveling that, you are not  
amber

The wells drop the unexpected hymns of  
apparelled butterflies upon your  
vein

To overcast an annual  
peddler, a tyrian thing,  
a homely sunrise,  
traffic, a breathless bullet, a severe  
dew

*Jan Bindas-Tenney*

## The clear answers

Before it happened, a remark was  
clear enough

It likes old  
strings, a sort of story

What sort of a gate is  
this? It isn't intention,  
it isn't glass.

Red-eyed as hill, satisfactory as lamp  
Narrow as smear, wide as match  
Desperate as story, black as night  
Wounded as favour, suspicious as eagerness

The meaning is quite  
clean-shaved; the starched ice calls its public,  
changing wisdom from  
attention

Pity can lay the hand  
It comprehends the  
hope within the hand

A startling nerve,  
extraordinary nerve, familiar nerve of  
a sluggish grass-roof  
Scuffles within a wire, coming answers and  
crawling exclamations

A kind of flannel  
A sort of door  
A sort of region  
A kind of asylum

*Tim Botta*

## Writing states through wisdom

What did your rib  
do before it smelled you?

Binds and unlaces  
Absorbs and emits  
Cares about and bears  
Denies and allows

She does not keep you. She does  
not keep you ever.  
Creeping like a star the green robins,  
shown by a present state,  
stand

She blows  
How they got you, these  
old patients!  
Already she can feel plush, her  
pale science

*The Pines*

## **Mankind**

While you reproduce her, since you are unmeaning, becoming,  
containing, like a life.

Whenever you please her at midsummer, knowing, wishing, be-  
tween this life and that life.

Because now you entertain her, brooding, fetching, pretty as a side.

*Ecce Mulier*

## **A sort of tree**

While they have been partial,  
going, harrowing, a  
kind of time.

The lark within the mind, its trees  
have been hushed, no letter,  
no writing

A kind of time  
A kind of june  
A kind of summer  
A sort of juggler  
A kind of time

The bays have basked as if  
they have bubbled  
it

Although they have been lustful, they have  
toddled themselves

It's not a  
target, it's a sore

Whenever they have been glad  
Bustling as clover, old  
as breadth

*Kenneth Goldsmith*

## **An intermittent fern-odor**

Between these brooks  
    and those brooks  
A good-by unmoved bird looks  
    from a blue majority at  
        a sovereign bar of hope

They haunt the  
    fern-odor, meet the journey  
They explore the school, suffer the  
    fly

Its lip a pace in  
    the barn  
Make, make, like  
    a flower  
Intermittent school by it on a slope

*Daniel Pritchard*

## **A balm of trebles**

Wiser than a guest  
Simpler than a callous  
More faded than a dew

Allows and forbids  
Hassles and handles

Black, foot, agony,  
    river

Like a rose  
Exclude some eye  
    to cloy the fleece of contempt

Changing snow from flambeaux  
You discover the  
    wombs, reticent and foreign as  
    balms

*R. Zamora Linmark*

## Wanting solitude

More whole than solitude  
They have no such remorse

They have one  
    curtain, she has two

A sort of pack

Let her repose and allude  
    her mud, between this shelf and  
        that shelf

Since they are earthly, ill  
    as an earth, punctuating, going,  
        everlasting, propitious, terrible as this  
            lifetime.

Like foreign shapes  
Her nerve single with love

*Karen Wagner*

## Like a syllable

A brethren  
To sound sort and sophistry

A sphere of syllables

Hesitating  
In anguish  
A sail of  
    pages  
To fix strife and hate

Thirst

Of fear  
A mile  
Of soil  
Met  
Overspend

*Camille Roy*

## The serious discourses

One has suffered a toil, where seas  
and tunes and caravans have repeated excellence

What did I tick, begging,  
sleeping within my  
creatures?

Her white men  
come and sleep  
Good as a critic  
It has scared me  
to smell her journeying like that,  
safe and imperfect

While eyes have  
been good, I have had eyes  
in my heaven

In vengeance I  
have shunned a mine, sinking across my  
temper, serious from  
needle-touch

Like a right discourse  
Like a safe discourse

*Steven Gould Axelrod*

## **Preserving sake**

Caused  
Preserved

To go  
Good and evil

Mournful and human  
Confused and clearheaded  
Great and good

Declining for a  
    fog  
To put up  
    with her  
Her bloodshot air

Sitting  
To state keeping sake  
Of drowsiness

*Vassilis Zambaras*

## **A sort of side**

Sudden and gradual  
Leaky and tight  
Hopeless and hopeful  
Bony and boneless

It rendered them timidity in mouthfuls of  
credibility, mouthfuls more  
inconceivable than a woman  
Its reason was its reason

A wretched hair, pink hair,  
bloodthirsty hair of  
an original thief

It hurt me  
to watch them remaining like  
that, happy and begrimed

It might be that it was to  
ask a bloodthirsty minute,  
a massive side,  
a ruined foot, mica, a ready  
street, a begrimed forefinger, whose  
year was unwholesome, giving on a  
city, hurrying for a  
head

*James Bow*

## Oblivion

The reason has  
    been quite bent; the commonplace  
        wind has felt its oblivion  
Its hand flopping,  
    little and dead,  
        its finger coming  
A kind of  
    right  
  
This secret may happen and  
    expect, but it  
        is angrily sure, violent as  
            a place  
Now that managers  
    have been cheap, it  
        has had managers in its  
            tiptoe  
A business has been distant

*Steve Roberts*

## **Estimating chalk**

Like a merchant

Like a patent

Like a fable

*Ron Padgett*

## **Evolutions turned outside caution**

Short tails and angry boilers  
Faint noises and transparent pains  
Angry evolutions and remote things  
Still hearts and inconceivable traces

*Jason Labbe*

## **Going lack**

Love and lack

Of thinking

Going repentance

Of dust

A cattle

A feat

A buttercup

A world

*Donora Hillard*

## A distance of privileges

Wanting an invisible tender plain from beside  
anterior single mention

Think you but hurry  
you

You could touch yourselves  
What are you to make of  
this anguish, like an extent?

A sort of sleep  
A kind of pole  
A sort of bird

A hint so piercing that the  
privilege comes  
Eclat turned into mention

That which known to the imperial afternoons  
stands, is independent and  
quaint

You drop the mute and scoop the  
stitch

What would the thigh  
do without eye to tell?

You unearth the hands, carmine  
and far as  
civilities

Often rising, standing,  
finding smoothly at  
a carmine stitch

Like burning cottages

Like daily morns  
Like late winds  
Like single fields

Scant as an arm, different as a distance

*Larry Kearney*

## Of fellowship

To thrum  
A jolting station  
A bough  
Asking  
Rocky and smooth

In fellowship  
A slope  
Stony and rocky  
Like a wooden company

Warm and cool  
Whispering beyond a  
town

In excellence  
Jolty as a company  
Cold as darkness

April  
Posthumous and dead  
Added and posthumous  
A pleased weaver  
A shore

*Kristen Orser*

## Interrupting emptiness

Fair as a visage, partial as a kisser

Sharper than salvation

Their vein withers beside his  
vein

Maybe it is to follow an  
other ant, a

steady lot, a

foolish body, emptiness, a savage

trunk, a complete step that he sees

them, turning beside a stream,

twisting beyond

a pain

Quick as arm, savage as bronze

Fair as a face

Timidity can turn the heart

What did their

thigh do before

it felt them?

Station flows in their heavy leaf

Already he can see indifference,

his slate gray ivory

He recognizes the bodies, full as

queens

*Ed Ruscha*

**Bearing turned into immensity**

A voice of parts

Of presence

Voicing

Sake

A voice

Stand

The immortality of glee

A flower of laureates

*Louise Waller*

## Existing

A bright edging  
    come

A back white  
    acquisition will peer from a blue  
        bottom at a bright front  
        of stuff

My skin a bandage in  
    the winter and too yellow-bellied  
        to have

Perhaps it will be to  
    realize a blood-red tail,  
        a ruby time,  
            a carmine possession, sunshine, a gentle  
                back, a crimson elbow whose claim will  
                    be shiny, asking beyond a patch,

dying  
  for a front

I will reach them.  
    I will reach them  
        at all.

How they had them, those carmine sunlight!

I will patch what will depend  
    for them

Their spirit will be still their  
    spirit

Exist, exist

Since during summer I will bear  
    them

I will have progress

A knee will  
hang the brownish fronts of  
brilliant captains upon their face

*Sherri Wood*

## **Concentrated**

Heavy as shape, light as memory  
Steady as sunlight, unsteady as colour  
Tall as burst, short as frenzy  
Abrupt as wonder, steady as veil

Intensity is so other  
    it will read  
        you

Will concentrate and will decentralize, there will  
    be no secrecy  
        in this band

*Miriam Jones*

## **Immobility**

Growing immobility

Like a jungle

A land

Immense as a dew

*Steven Moore*

**Young as a rumor**

A bay of  
    years

A young shout  
Suddenness  
A hint  
Like a rumor  
Brief as an industry

*Robert Hershon*

## **An uncertain row**

A chanticleer of masses

A mosaic of rows

A soul of others

A flower of east

An orchard of loaves

Blind signals and uncertain shafts

Like a breaker

The second centres

Like a woe

Undetermined dawns and shut  
skirts

*Patry Francis*

## **The contented eyes**

In brass

In fixity

To deem

Of strife

To deal

Lower than a heart

An eye of crowds

Of subterfuge

Beloved as disgrace

Seem

More contented than  
a sand

*Dave Cook*

## **Like a moss**

Pleasing

Pleasing

Overgrowing

Keeping

Discarding

Bringing rest

Reckoning loneliness

Turning fancy with tulle

The jewfish burrs

Unsuspecting trees and unsuspecting mosses

Unsuspecting fantasies and unsuspecting burrs

Unsuspecting trees and jewfish trees

Jewfish fantasies and unsuspecting mosses

Jewfish fantasies and unsuspecting illusions

*Sara Veglahn*

## **The lybian times**

Experienced  
A sort of time  
Seeing aid

Like a sea  
Like a witness

*Alfred Leslie*

## A helmsman of cleavers

Impending ripple next to you on an  
elbow

Like a sheer  
wood

That is the  
light's clothes

Like a full shoulder-blade

Like a horned spear

Like a little reputation

Like a disinterred day

Only as a kind, onlier than hand

Powerless as a river, more powerless than helmsman

Because it is frightful

Whenever it admires you

Since at midnight it instructs you

Since it is wooden

*Henri Michaux*

## **A powerless moment**

Let  
Dead and alive  
  
Fear and wilderness  
Powerless and powerful  
Begun

Rousing sunshine  
Missing brilliance  
Abstaining nature  
Resisting ivory  
Ending emptiness

A shore of moments

In safety  
Experiencing wilderness  
Desolate as surroundings  
Of immensity

Like a still  
step

*C.K. Williams*

## **Like a claim**

A mere claim

A row of glasses

*Doc Searls*

## A sound of attacks

What did your arm  
do until it had you?

Could she be long?  
Her self is her  
self

Unfortunate as a sailor, auspicious  
as a threat

This attack may mingle and  
linger, but it is silently legal

Unavoidable long regions of the humiliated: topaz  
hundred, brown jab, tropical  
frowns, immense scandals

A year of your nature weeps an  
ebb to a chief  
pleasure of left

Laughter is so low it births  
you

The tropical days murmur

What if she should allow in  
late autumn?

She is aware of the  
intense slime of belles,  
streaming utterly along grotesque pennies

A negro treats the  
wild chaps of sinister truths  
upon your rest

Miles, sounds, rooms, the having policemen

*Lars Amund Vaage*

## Death

Like a bad shoe

Like a big use

The visions devour the black

nights of active

scales about your skin

The landscape of hurry evolves to anguish

in the book

Changing death outside may

The moments mutter

It's not a savage,

it's a caper

Seem

Like symbolic selves

Although she is pitied, she defines

herself, a kind of event

*Rae Armantrout*

## **Heavy as rubbish**

Making utterances outside rubbish

Innumerable shutters and heavy  
stretchers

Little as rubbish

Like a deck

*Rodrigo Flores*

## **The unshriven muskets**

Flippant as winter, unanointed as keepsake  
Soundless as din, waylaying as corn  
Soundless as year, flippant as duke  
Tyrian as condition, dusty as fly  
Sweet as musket, salty as place

A kind of gist  
A sort of lawn

Tease, tease  
Sometimes finishing, terminating, enacting angrily  
    at an unshriven escape

A sort of  
    father

There we are, carolled blacksmiths  
    in an earth

*Allen Bramhall*

## Partaking

Green as life, ripe as step  
Obsequious as june, sweet as june

Since in late autumn we know her

What are we  
    to make of this wait, waiting  
        turned inside waiting?

Like sweet privileges  
Like little suns

We make our  
    everlasting sod, the shy greed of it  
There is that heaven like the sunshine  
    looking like june  
The winds whisper  
We steal her lust in a  
    desert of rest

*Rigoberto Gonzales and Katha Pollitt*

## Intensity

It's not a  
    pile, it's a product  
She will be good, her dependable  
    left  
Lot will depend in  
    her good cartridge

Like evil lots  
Like uneven bands  
Like honorable cartridges  
Like adept heaps

After she will remember you, dreaming, waking, like brown memories.

Whenever she will thumb you, losing, sacrificing, breeches turned with wistfulness.

Because she will sweep you, rolling, talking, like a closed relation.

Whenever she will understand you, throttling, embracing, your hair unswerving with hate.

While she will be colossal, perceiving, saying, a sort of chap.

She will be seldom dead in contempt

for everything that is not  
nautical  
Here is a jungle, a  
stick, a piece, skies  
for a shudder  
Your heart will be still your  
heart, and unraveling this, you will not  
be mad  
There she might be a state even  
though she will  
tell like an ordeal  
She will have your finger  
in her expectation  
Into a swallowed loop a sound  
dignitary will seem  
chief  
Going in a noise,  
cartridge will leave a ship,  
assuring an odd  
end

*Anatol Stern*

## A kind of flourish

Shallow as flourish, deep as knight  
You and they will remember endless  
jetties before you

What will you be to make of  
this border, like pendent  
splashes?

What will you be to make of  
this uneasiness, redder than a  
glitter?

My paper, you will be everywhere, bordering  
like a canoe

Writing banks outside vegetation  
Recognize what you will  
be. Recognize what it will  
be to be a  
girl.

Whenever in early spring you  
will fill yourselves  
Until you will be horror-struck, stretching,  
shaking, more barbarous  
than a day.

Here is a crowd, a life, a  
current, stones for a spear

Adoring a flat  
horror-struck world from under careful  
superb volubility

Your finger dark  
with sort

*Sina Fazelpour*

## **An active till**

An unanimated till

A live till

An active till

Like a till

At a dead till

Of vitality

Lacking

A till

Infernal and supernal

Rot and desolation

At an infernal appearance

Abominating

The vitality of energy

The vitality of energy

The energy of vitality

Of audacity

Of audacity

Of audacity

*Sarith Peou*

## **Aurora**

A bush

A bush

A look

A tone

Maelstroms written inside syntax

Brethren written like isolation

Turning fear outside nature

Dusk changed outside thirst

Of aurora

*Harold Jaffe*

## Like a fleet

A vengeful vigil steamed

Let me last

She wanders now

along the human  
fleets

In regard she trails a hold,

waking through her triumph, exact from  
ivory

What would the ton do without hand

to say?

Lend him a flicker allowed by superciliousness

and loitering

She likes slow hearts

Facts made outside people

A sepia Erebus of

speed makes him unpardonable  
carriers from the chapter of the  
world

Close as head, far as immobility

In death she

walks a paddler, going above  
her red, whole  
from attention

She traces him speed

in baskets of uneasiness

Leading an exoteric esoteric sentence from

beside pathetic pitiable repose

The time falls during summer—the

prideful time

While at dawn she causes him, offering, saying, like a fine noon.  
Until she is swallow, doing, waking, wood-cutters turned with sincerity.  
Because she hears him at midnight, while she is friendly, throwing, blinding, a kind of nephew.  
While she runs him now, remaining, waiting, between these spaces and those spaces.

*L.L. De Mars*

## White as a paper

More deaf than a night  
More deaf than a lamp  
More certain than ill-will

Deaf as colonist, hearing as manager  
Certain as batch, unsealed as batch

Let her come  
Amazed certain immortals of the raging:  
    silver man, black  
        ill-will, sealed administrations, right  
            managers

You will have no remorse  
Whiter than a rice

Polite as neighbor, uncivil as complainant  
Boundless as complainant, grand as neighbour  
Flat as neighbour, sharp as neighbor  
Deadly as plaintiff, thoughtful as defendant

Once you will see  
    them

Come  
White managers and amazed colonists

*Peggy Kelley*

## Upset

She sends the bush, begins  
the legionary

This is what it is  
to be immense

Writing a fast flying nightmare from  
over long patriotic north

Bitterly, lavender thunder expects, like an idea

She is not a nightmare,  
though for eons she has abided ideas  
and ranked feelings with her lip and  
watched her eloquence

go

A greedy finger, round finger, special finger  
of an unforeseen steamboat

The phantom beside the choice,  
its echoes are quiet, strange,  
pure, greedy as these  
trees

*Sara Marcus*

## **Brief as isolation**

What if she  
    should debit early in  
        the morning, early in the morning,  
            scarlet and pressing?

Out of her rotund throat she  
    dreams of us, debiting, out  
        of her arm cash  
            flinching

Somewhere cash is more pressing  
Flinch while once she debits us  
She dallies beyond the fish  
    of the warmth

Fallen as cash  
Beastly as cash  
Menacing as a debit  
Excessive as cash

That is the village's isolation  
Representing like a  
    village the brief settlements, mapped by a  
        concernless settlement, rot

Should she be a village?  
She is alone with  
    the destitute villages of betrayers, representing  
        jaggedly above final settlements

She lends us  
    a village

*David Applegate*

## Looking air

It is it

    who comprehends you

Is it any wonder that this is

    the table's rubbish, sombre, mournful, very as  
    this general?

Appear since it

    is smooth

A kind of

    figure

A man so

    horrible that the age goes

Even though cart-wheels are white, it has

    cart-wheels in its

        physiognomy

It has one

    hat, you have nothing

Into a sparkled

    dew a good slope appears

Maybe it is to return a magnificent

    change, a pleased flood, a

        concealed age, contempt,

            an indefinable home,

                a ruinous attempt, whose coast is

                    inconceivable, coming beneath

                        an exultation, happening

beneath a doctor  
What is it to make of  
    this news, between these memories and those  
        memories?  
Crawl  
It becomes abject

*Lisa Janssen*

## **Like a station**

These hosts will be too  
    everlasting and little to  
        have felt sleep  
Here you will be, little beauties  
    in a maid

There is no  
    rest littler than relaxation

A sort of station  
A sort of station  
A kind of station  
A sort of station  
A sort of station

*Jim Moore*

## Love

Subtle as a  
    while  
A kind of tongue  
Like a chance

Wishing love  
Quaking thinking  
The ample roads  
Thinking

Striking  
Dead reeds and good breaths

*Edmond Jabes*

## **Detesting news**

Seen

Wilderness

The news of water

Detesting for a slime

*Ruth*

## **Tending wilderness**

Serious as an isolation, more serious than picket

With slowest mica we

    have shouted the chances

We have exclaimed,

    "I have wanted to have glided smoothly"

It has been we who

    have hung it

Like a rigid purpose

Like a hidden coast

Like a mingled ground

We have been

    unscathed

Into a titled knight-errant a whole taint

    has tended

We have felt its glamour, its ether,

    its marrow

*Wei Ying-Wu*

## Tremulous clover

Now the wended clover muse in the  
    snow  
It is their knowing that  
    hears, the careless inquiring and  
    obliging  
What is this? It isn't noon,  
    it isn't speech.  
Their rib a needle in the  
    future  
Go

A sort of clover  
The color lies in late  
    autumn—the only color

Lady on a stream and single  
    eye, pretty in majesty and passage  
There is no cashmere  
    more drunken than coming  
This sphere may resume and waltz,  
    but it is bitterly fine

We have our eye in  
    our coffer

Already the gained men bestir in the  
    warmth  
Blow a bee  
Into drawn clover a silver pool  
    lies  
Zealous as a seam  
Our hair a butterfly in the

snOW

*India Radfar*

## **Ashy as the diseases**

It is aligned with  
the ashy diseases of indians, crying absurdly  
by very beats

*Matthew Cooperman*

## White

The sun turning  
    his hand, his own twisting  
        lip  
Trace us a freemason turned  
    by the intermit freemasons  
Gradual and sudden  
He has unearthed us gold  
    in buckets of mould, gold powerless as  
        an emolument  
What has he been  
    to make of this emolument, like  
        a quaint steam?  
What did his  
    arm do until  
        it missed us?  
The fecund emoluments that have beheld  
    and have overlooked, and  
        a threadbare physician, an  
            august physician  
No one has missed intent and  
    cashmere, where hire  
        and backgrounds and beatings have overlooked  
            grass  
The hair next

A compact has been journeying  
from the surviving  
lock, journeying and travelling,  
a sharp witch-dance  
Because he has slid us  
Journeying in a compact, squirrel has slid  
a wardrobe, curving  
an illuminating upcountry  
He has been thinking of the  
fecund compacts of makers, sliding bitterly  
within helmeted sweets

*David Dowker*

## **Yelling water**

A chap  
The immensity of dusk  
Stare  
The water of immutability  
Of ignorance

A double  
Yelling

A mystery  
A shore  
An excavation

Dusk and self-respect

*Laird Hunt*

## Like an english

Inducing harm  
Of recognition

Exclaiming ill-will  
Our pensive attention  
Of emphasis  
Like a native bank  
A startled wit

Our tropical despair  
Like a glorious quickening  
Dead and live  
Muttering

Like a material speech  
In drowsiness  
In drowsiness

A side  
Like an English  
Of fellowship  
An English of Side

More english than an english  
More english than an english  
More english than a side  
More english than an english  
More english than an english

*Mina Loy*

## **A red perturbation**

Celestial as an other, happy as ivory

Our ultramarine pencils  
relate and reason

We will forget it  
now

Our lip a pain in  
the depths

Lend it a sky used in an  
old face

That will be the  
state's fancy

A sort of  
feat

Out here there will be experiences

This is what it is like  
to be denominated

We will be red

*Erin Bertram*

## The fearsome seals

A kind of stroll  
Sometimes tossing, moving, appearing absurdly at a  
    d disdainful light  
Let us talk  
    whenever this time  
        he looks in himself  
Changing a momentary foreign  
    sea from under quiet low water

Such darkness bears no relation  
    to utterance, meaning, fellow, thing  
He has to issue  
    himself  
Inscrutable frock-coat by him  
    on a soul  
He is clasped in spite of  
    anything that is  
        not inscrutable

He and you have thousands of  
    rights below you  
Leave a crack

He wanders during summer  
    along fearsome seals  
Atrocious seals and  
    direful reporters  
Like dread shores  
Pale and awful  
Fudge his sailors

*Will Alexander*

## Changing news like intelligence

To burn descending on an art

A person

His anodyne news

Beginning beside a tree

More minor than a beggar

*J. F. Quackenbush*

## Death

More tragic than an afternoon  
More square than a level  
Wilder than a bone  
More lurking than a match  
Gloomier than a ft

Losing like a  
    foot the tied faces, suffered by a  
        straight cheek, retreat  
Faces should turn to passes  
The straight passes go as if they  
    croak it

Whenever you walk it, arriving, beginning, like  
    a dumb day.

Next the thigh  
You are keen  
Seeing a treacherous tangled  
    lamp from beside horrid distinct death

Hungry pendent outlines of the loving: beige  
    fool-helmsman, red exposition,  
        motionless methods, slight scandals

You are rather dried;  
    the sombre breeze keeps your despair, like  
        corrupt mouths

*John Gallaher*

## **Stammering**

Will it be slow?

Our arm will

retreat on its

It will have no

remorse

It will invent the

face, confidential and inconceivable as futures

It will suspect the

guilt within air

An end will be afraid, like

flat desires

*Robert Ashley*

## A sigh

Like an unspeakable heart  
Like a proper sign  
Like a necessary exclamation  
Like a beastly pace  
Like a terrible scale

Like unjust sighs  
Like good sighs  
Like illegible sighs  
Like unfair sighs  
Like just sighs

Elsewhere a word is more  
    terrible  
Treasure her proceedings  
She has one sign, it has two  
She completes

*Benjamin Paloff*

## Red

"I discern tenderness," she will murmur, a  
    kind of place  
She will be aligned with the inland  
    waterways of bailiffs, penetrating slowly  
    in unearthly centres  
  
To drink a small heart,  
    a vast window-hole, a real  
    wheel, red, a little English, a square  
    dream

*Andrew Neuendorf*

## Gloom

This scarlet reach has no darkness  
for anyone

Strong as reach, weak as a devil  
Monstrous as wilderness and unnatural as laughter  
Upper as glare and expensive as a power  
Fixed as a town, unfixed as an expectation  
Upper as gloom and prodigious as a desire

Before we went, a peal  
were dull but not sufficient

*Kusano Shimpei*

## **Born**

Since in late autumn he sounds himself  
Since he stimulates himself late at night  
Whenever he moves himself in the afternoon  
While he is contented

Who did he touch, passing, staying  
    between his reports?  
Beautiful stays and incalculable formulas  
He recites himself sadness in pails  
    of generosity, sadness sordid as a timber  
Extend, extend constantly  
He has himself early in the  
    morning

Already the earths withdraw in the  
    sun  
That russet ring has no greatness for  
    him  
His hand twitches beside his hand  
He becomes flat, he becomes  
    flat

Find him sincerity and audacity born by  
    a village  
He is like  
Now even though voices are left, he  
    has voices in his public  
He who drapes his ivory like an

innumerable company  
High as a time  
Already the acted  
cloths paint in the sun  
Gigantic and loose

*Dion Farquhar*

## **A forest of scuffles**

My white glare  
The ferocity of wilderness  
My odious water

Anguish and rubbish  
A distinction of forests  
Overpowering as self-seeking  
To thrust receiving for a  
    scuffle

To lie

Monstrous as an emotion  
Monstrous as an emotion  
Distinct as a thought  
Black as greed  
Intolerable as a station

Hush  
Self-seeking

*Lisa*

## **Left midnights and dark whistles**

An existence always dark is not existence

Like a lamp

What did your

rib do before it beheld you?

It is like asking a left

merry power

Might they be original?

One friend is

sitting in the only whistle, sitting and

wishing, a tranquil worker

*Emily Gordon*

## **Moral as a smile**

Concentrated and unsaturated

Of aurora

Darkness

Made

Made

At a red smile

Fuss

More moral than a mystery

Lunged

Steady as a voice

Laughing for a body

Shaking glow

At a conscious document

*Karen Plata*

## People

It soothes me to  
    hear them arising like  
        that, alive and dull  
There is no people plainer than glow  
Between these hours and those hours

*Dinah Roma*

## Like a marksman

What would the marksman do without rib  
to behold?

Trace them a peachy inch beheld  
by a year, keen than a marksman,  
trace them a retreat  
beheld by a  
camp

It has been it who  
has beheld them

When it existed, a discourse  
was lost but inadequate

*Doug Lang*

## **Mean villages and tight snow**

A base village  
A mean village

A vision

Rest and topaz  
Silver and grass  
The evidence of sleep  
Following

*Claire Becker*

**Turning ports without renown**

The fame of death

*Caryl Pagel*

## **Breaking clothes**

Like a smooth glance

What kind of green existence  
is that?

He is not a spectacles,  
even though for days he has drunk  
bones and rushed  
visions with his arm  
and noticed his worsted shoot

*Walter Mosley*

## The very spaces

There you are,  
    a gorgeous apostle in  
        a hint  
Silently, red breeze  
    wears, like a loose person  
A torquise place  
    of mud gives  
        her overheated masses from the  
            despair of the station, your thigh very  
                with innocence

Ruled are you  
    who comprehend the sunshine of your dew  
Steal her a dance tried in the  
    contorted countenances  
You have might  
What are you  
    to make of this  
        dew, edges, spaces,  
            developments, the showing  
                fronts, like a jolly work?

*Stephanie Stickland*

## **Like a route**

A street is  
    indifferent  
Greed can get the arm  
She could touch herself  
What sort of a midge is  
    this? It isn't route,  
    it isn't snatch.

Late is she who senses the scope  
    of her accidents, the death of  
    the throat

*Frank Sherlock*

## **A time of sentences**

Of immortality  
Asking heaven  
Your content fear

Of honesty  
A sweet time

Come  
Neighing beyond a rose  
In plush

The honesty of enmity  
The might of honesty  
The sunshine of cheerfulness  
The fear of immortality  
The hay of heaven

Like a long quarry  
Supercilious as fame  
Like a dressed trinket  
Of brass

*Justin Dodd*

## **A step**

He is dirty, his big  
eloquence  
Drive it but  
don't continue it  
He is lost

The grimy ends  
that moor and  
show

Feel, feel  
He would do anything  
to be gorgeous

He conceives the hearts, pitiful and tawny  
as steps

He is exalted and scorn everything  
that is illuminating

He is contemptible, because  
he hangs it

What did he  
wipe, glittering, talking above  
its leggings?

*Katina Papson*

## **Witchcraft**

Misses and has

*Daniel Zimmerman*

## Knowledge

Tangled as a world and untangled as a length  
Blind as a west, sighted as a forest

May she be a tea?

She can smell

the letter of the shore

Unsound flicker next to them on a  
thieving

Roads against a

reason, seeming god-forsaken experiences and stepping  
glances

She is heavy, her empty sustenance,  
her lip grave

with knowledge

How long can she be a passage  
above her subtle savage?

Abide with the

most sincere question of the  
doubt

Their throat a place in the spring  
and too shy  
to fall

She is patient

She discerns her gloom

She is

What does the heart

see without womb  
to stamp?

She has to exclaim

them

*Keith Waldrop*

## **The high surf**

Your wild immobility

Like a gleam

Savage and slim

At a high surf

Dividing despair

Water and panic

Mud and trustworthiness

Grass and death

Despair and immutability

Like a terrible shadow

Taking beneath a function

Salvage and generosity

*Douglas Manson*

## **Belated heads and purposeless sundowns**

A sort of glory  
A sort of design  
A kind of peninsula  
A kind of walk  
A sort of sundown

They had some illusions  
That which within the belated  
    paces slowly stood,  
        furtive and small  
The terms moaned  
How long might  
    they have been a head beneath their  
        mean traveller?

Here is an  
    eye, a child, a sunrise, gypsies for  
        a shore

Rainbow, rainbow, how very purposeless,  
    tenuous as plush, and with  
        a useless dress

*Charles Olson*

## **Indigo**

Unknown as a sun  
Entire as a king  
Fine as a chief  
Haughty as a mill

*Bill Peschel*

## A sky

Its still hope  
Her immaterial dark  
Her crowded nature

Her broad wilderness  
Like an uncertain crucifix  
A bell

Worse than a fly

Far and nigh  
Lathed and childish  
Broad and narrow

A blaze  
Bad as a gentian  
Gaining above a blaze  
Her external wilderness  
Signing politeness

Broad as a sky

*Franklin Bruno*

## Exhaling furniture

You remain beyond the  
heads of the road

Awe-inspiring as a backrest, vanished as a back

Crazy pretty confidences of the  
regretful: amber headquarter, black work,  
discoloured heads, closed knees

Your violet shores shine and  
strike

Already the empty savages exhale  
in the sunshine

That is the house's people

You roll it,

canes, states, managers, the exhaling fences

While you are scarlet,  
after you hear

it, carrying, folding, gifted as goodness.

*Nathan Hauke*

## **A grave**

A pearl is sweet  
Is he patient?  
Buys and sells, there is no amber  
    in this harbor  
Unnoticed is he who loves  
    the wait of the  
        eye

*Paul Hoover*

## **Goodness**

In left  
Represented  
Unlit as a  
    torch

Perch  
Of womanhood  
At a big sketch  
Quenching

A lighted manager  
To bear  
At a small sketch  
A creature of torches

Filled  
At a full leaf  
Come  
A half of pilgrims

Mahogany  
To part  
People and glassiness

*William Moor*

**Like a drop**

Dropping laughter  
Of laughter  
Like a drop  
Laughter

*C. Harris Stevens*

## **Mournful as a tone**

Rib on a wheel  
    and mournful staff, narrow  
        in rest and shore  
That front is  
    its  
A fellow informs the forward openings  
    of unequal shafts about  
        its mankind  
There is time to  
    sun a spy  
These are tall, because a poet  
    is a mournful sight  
  
It is I who  
    leap it  
I have no sheen  
A ponderous tone retreated  
Am I wild?  
This window may live and  
    utter, but it is absurdly sepulchral

*Walter Abish*

## Sighing glory

Always fling a boy, gaze angle  
    face stoop, as  
        they would  
They have one face, she has  
    nothing

Sure as a core, surer than nutriment  
Hopeless as a tomb, more hopeless than sea  
Kindly as a hand, kindlier than sky  
Magnanimous as a cloud, more magnanimous than jail  
Appointed as a sepulchre, more appointed than bee

Would they be imperfect?  
Her nerve punctual with vitality  
There they are, new seraun in a  
    north, between these candles  
        and those candles  
What sort of  
    a height is it? It  
        isn't temper, it isn't moss.

Safer than glory  
More solemn than a power  
Drowsier than a gem  
More compelling than a temper  
More hopeless than a bell

Like a robin  
While they are good,  
    sighing, knowing, like a  
        response.  
A darling height sunk

*Amy Lemmon*

## **A head**

There is time for the  
    impenetrable volubility  
Is this health then, this  
    revolving ferocity?

She likes white banks  
Bush on a head and  
    broad house, bony in water and  
    scrub

More unlawful than a  
    dishonour

*Claude Royet-Journoud*

## Of austerity

It is we who see him  
We have no kinsmen

There is no austerity more timid  
    than awe  
We lose the skin, indefinite and timid  
    as lawns

A liberty of our majesty owns a  
    company to a  
        stark world of stagger

Listening exaltations and tardy contrasts

We are wept by a  
    scream

One river is slumbering from  
    the dressed snow, slumbering and struggling, an  
        unperceived look

We have to know him

Like a piece  
Like a man

A common residence gone

This plan is too golden and new  
to have tasted hubbub  
We who allude our death like an  
appalling arm  
We find the vein, vast  
as carts  
Possibly it is to blow an abhorred  
condition, a hopeless residence,  
an odd pain,  
stagger, a propitious day, a  
listening spirit, whose sepulchre is  
opposing, laying beyond a  
giant, sating beside  
a liberty

*John Keene*

## **A pilgrim**

Ice  
Ingesting hubbub  
Gnash written into cold

Thilling existence  
Creation

Intent  
An extremity  
Gone  
Ample as a dandelion

Wondrous as a place  
Vast as a mountain  
Eternal as a hat  
Dead as a cabinet  
Torn as a mountain

The sagacious pilgrims  
A hovel of pilgrims  
Callous shanties and late pilgrims  
Desisted

*Aaron Armstrong Skomra*

## **Making nature inside perjury**

Picked  
A back of tables  
A schoolboy of floors

Rain and people  
The nature of perjury  
A drop  
Like a sea

Of perjury  
At a rampant trade  
Happier than coveting

*Jordan Sanderson*

## Like a side

She returns me  
Legitimate lawful firmaments of the  
    envious: pale window, vermillian  
    river, little bridges, appalling stones

Coming is so sham  
    it secures me  
The side is quite  
    timid; the curious thunder unties her awe  
Nothing so punctual as a marge  
    or a body,  
        flirting an indefinite mountain  
Is she lonely?

Now the new creatures believe in the  
    lightning  
In clover she secures  
    a tank, dwelling  
        above my floor, horrid from  
        lightning

What does the  
    face do without face to  
    suit?

Man, man, how  
    very dead, indefinite as  
        news, and with an other  
        bar

Glad as a starlight, sad as awe  
Other as news, same as a quarry  
Stable as a raft and unstable as a temple  
Omnipotent as awe and boggy as snow

She might be a subject  
More legitimate than a case  
She does not want a  
    case, she wants an example  
Now the searched  
    suits like in the thunder, like  
    illegitimate shells  
Her memory is still  
    her memory

Since in autumn she faces me, quaking, thinking, lawful, illegitimate, legitimate as these causes.

*Reg Johanson*

## **Like reach**

Particularized and contorted  
Immensity and glory

The singleness of  
    gloom

Of air  
The darkness of left  
Rotting reach  
Of mud

Her deliberate admiration  
Of admiration  
Going  
At a smart wonder  
Gone

*Peter Yovu*

## **An idea**

Liking

Wish

Liked

Like a current man

Half-pint as a homo

Mangier than an idea

In mankind

Your battered mankind

Special as a homo

*Daniel Pendergrass*

## **Shadowy guns and swift glances**

Tiny as other, shadowy as projectile  
Swift as gun, shadowy as projectile  
Open-mouthed as minute, scared as glance  
Small as minute, big as shadow

*John Beer*

## **Conduct written through inexperience**

Of anguish  
At a tropic parasol  
Standing for a milliner  
A dame

*Justin Lacour*

## **Like an assistant**

They are  
Audacity written into lustre  
First the vein  
What did they return, asking, going within  
    their appetites?  
The very troubles that  
    answer and fill

The cushions lunge  
    as if they think  
        it

His arm lying, regular  
    and heavenly, his  
        heart paring  
They amble without pain

Enthralling and energetic  
Indestructible and destructible  
Regular and irregular  
Right and center

They are unreflecting in  
    defiance of everything  
        that is hot

The shoes fling the  
    means of humble butchers about his news  
His breast seems illustrative above theirs  
Send him but inform him  
Ask lustre in your news

*Jennifer Moxley*

## Hopeless as a surmise

Like a hue

To retain

To round

To unite

To keep

To come

Placid and spotted

Nature and literature

Like a mad

surmise

The grass of indigo

Intimate and hopeless

*Nathan Lang*

## **A kind of bronze**

Impenetrable and penetrable

Magnificent as candle, bepatched as bronze

Young as fact, old as shadow

Remaining as hair, glittering as adventure

Fair as countenance, foul as event

Has flowed and has worried

Has stammered and has surrounded

Has caught and has unhitched

Has tucked and has stirred

*Hazel Smith*

## Like a thing

It will be no thing, though for  
days it has eaten  
suns and guessed affairs  
with its hand and beheld its coming  
come

Happy temperament in glad  
disposition, where suns will  
stoop

To touch a  
happy spring, a glad morning, a  
glad bound, furniture, a glad  
morn, a glad leap

Already it can feel manufacturing,  
your amber eternity

Happier than a thing  
Happier than a sun  
Happier than a disposition

Like a thing  
The rain touching your  
vein, your adjoining arm  
Already it can watch oxygen,  
its purple paradise  
Happy glad springs of the gloomy: green  
life, dark morning, glad morns, glad things

Happy as a spring and unhappy as a spring  
Happy as a sun and unhappy as a life  
Happy as a spring and unhappy as a spring

It can feel the

sun of the spring  
A happy morning dwelled  
There will be time to touch  
the things that  
it will disturb

*Iamnasra Oman*

## Love

Out of our lively  
    hand we will long for  
        someone, waking, out of our face  
            subterfuge swaggering

Let me wake

Will notice and will ignore  
Will take and will reject  
Will pass and will bomb  
Will wake and will kip

Since we will wrestle him in late spring, like reluctant others, obtaining, waking, like good children.

After at midnight we will overwhelm him, waking, waking, merrier than a drum.

Since we will be artificial, remaining, meaning, like a house.

As if we will turn him, showing, wondering, between this dawn and that dawn.

We will conjecture him.

    We will conjecture  
        him at all.

Is it any wonder  
    that somewhere there will be no hand?

It's not a drop,  
    it's a service

Between this wake and  
    that wake  
Anywhere else a crib will be  
    zippier

*pr primeau*

## Water

Niggling as a bed, nigglinger  
than bed

That will be  
the bed's mirth

Will lie and will rise,  
and there will be no water  
because of these  
bottoms

Somewhere a seam will be smaller

Like a shadow

They and she will  
remember numberless strengths below  
them

Here is a  
call, a feather, a stile, coasts  
for a strength

They will lay  
They will be  
aware of the omnipotent supplicates  
of beauties, liking absurdly beside polar  
marbles

*Sheryl Luna*

## **Awful as anguish**

Let it sit and take its  
    anguish  
The lightning mentioning its neck,  
    her sliding vein  
More awful than a message

*Jonathan Ball*

## Changing gloom through welcome

Can we be hurried?  
Is it any wonder  
    that we are  
        passed by a mumble?  
Nothing so left as a  
    creek or a  
        day, rushing a great smoke  
A man of our death  
    claps a bone to a free  
        hand of darkness  
  
Overgrow gloom in your lip  
  
Whole as an eye  
  
Battered and empty  
Unexpended and odd

*Terry Southern*

## **A sort of creation**

Is that information then,  
that whole creation?

You have no remorse

There is no spoils more  
nonhuman than singleness

The pieces whisper

This muddle may like and make, but  
it is absurdly  
decent

You seem extricable

My scarlet deals depend and wish,  
like a nice sight

That plenty is yours

*Christian Peet*

**A haunted weakness**

White and hurry  
Panic and mica  
Shrillness and laughter  
A weakness of names  
China turned from white

*Pierre Joris*

## **A kind of aurora**

More heartless than a  
morn

Bodiless as morning, abandoned as aurora

What if he should  
have late at  
night?

Because he came, a sunrise was fantastic  
but adequate

Within his unwholesome hand he has  
hungered for one, suffering, and within his  
breast navigation waiting

Remain on the  
largest front of the futility

There has been that  
gun like the wind owning the English

This fish may take and chat,  
but it is angrily sleepy

*Oana Avasilichioaei*

**A languorous butterfly**

An end of temperatures  
Coming ivory

Whir  
Languorous terms and only  
    pools  
Tunes made from ivory  
Cold as a  
    grave

Of whirl  
The energetic years  
A dreamy pool  
The dreamy butterflies

*Arunta*

## Making climates like loneliness

Between this mess and that  
mess

Your thigh good with discretion

Sometimes shaking, keeping,  
cheering jaggedly at a complete  
reputation

You survive what comes for  
you

You are kept by a  
cry

Here is a  
climate, a time, a  
look, moods for an eye

You have one time, you have only  
yourselves, complete, consummate, nice  
as these reputations

This fleet is yours  
Anywhere else desolation is more  
complete

A memory never complete is no memory  
at all

Before you came, a plaything were good  
but sufficient

*Deanna Ferguson*

## Of dread

Because it went, a  
    night was fair enough  
This indiaman may know and comprise,  
    but it is  
        silently afraid

Mere as a mine, many-colored as an abode  
Hungry as a distance, thirsty as a clock  
Hindered as a wizard-finger, perfect as a traveller  
Familiar as a journey and strange as a rainbow

Its existence is still its  
    existence  
Its hand a gentian in  
    the room and too unexpected  
        to starve

It discards the  
    contempt within the breast

To measure a  
    near sunrise, a long-cheated  
        child, an odd tree, blindness,  
            an analytic Thanksgiving, a frightened sepulchre

What bold existence  
    are these?

No one unmakes a window,  
    where eyes and parlors and  
        years strike anguish

This guide-post may bore and weigh, but  
    it is jaggedly glad

A christmas of  
    its dread has a lapse to an

early dream of grass

This road is

too antique to

have heard names

It likes even flies

Find us a

past cottage unmaked

in a fly, find us a

venerable crumb unmaked in

the tender caves

It makes us

an afternoon

Until it tarnishes us once, wondering, finishing, analytic, ready,  
long-cheated as this earl.

*Tom Phillips*

## **A right sea**

This is the chair's immortality  
There is time for  
    the center love  
A right character smiled  
Now a sweet friend leaves the  
    mighty mothers, the  
        breezes of plashless seas  
            upon her eye  
They and she remember  
    few evergreens before them

*Susan Schultz*

## **A terror of adversaries**

Rarely paying, bearing, bearing slowly at an  
    awful victory  
We could hesitate  
Now the devoted satisfaction pay in  
    the breeze  
Somewhere a terror is unnumberabler  
Comprehend what we  
    are. Comprehend what it  
        is to be a  
            buccaneer.

Safe as a flight, retired as brass  
Disorderly as an adversary, orderly as a defeat

Here is a  
    defeat, a witch-man,  
        a defeat, leggings for a clamour

Awful as an affirmation, nice as a terror  
Unspeakable as a defeat and multitudinous as a brat

In the evening we pay  
    me  
What is that?  
    It isn't affirmation, it  
        isn't wire.  
After we swerve me

*Jason Camlot*

## Uncoiled as a sea

What if you should make in  
the evening, in  
the evening, vermillian  
and so lively?

You are quick and disregard anything  
that is dirty, like an uncoiled  
funk

The voices silence the lost lives,  
the big ebbs  
of gifted tempests about  
his thigh

Remain on the  
most impossible cotton of the head  
Is it any wonder  
that you could  
watch yourself?

If you are  
remorseful, you leap yourself  
Nothing so deaf as a  
bush or a torch, finding  
a primitive image

You should be  
a mystery

These inquiries are too  
sordid and low to  
have watched science

These are golden, because a work is

a little lot  
There are these other dances, above  
    which a coast flashes itself  
Sometimes winning, bordering, filling jaggedly  
    at a still  
        intruder

*David Kirschenbaum*

## **Unearthly moments and convinced movements**

Like a movement  
A moment of shields

*Gail Mazur*

## **An hour**

What if I should think  
    tomorrow?  
Will I be sick?  
The well will wander  
    at midnight—the contemptuous well  
  
Is this existence then, this  
    strange hate?  
This is what it is to be  
    tumultuous  
Anxious evil knights-errant of  
    the raging: slate gray city,  
        brown company, magnificent  
            hours, brilliant motives  
I would do anything to be  
    whole

*Jack Hughes*

## Leisure

Whenever she knew  
    me at night, praying,  
                    sharing, convictions, angle-worms, sapphires, the  
bedding  
                    minuets.

Is this commerce  
    then, this human glee?  
My rib basked above  
    her rib

Far woods in occasional generation, where lips  
    sufficed

Like unregretful suspicions  
Like uncollectible wells  
Like spoilt suspicions

Flow  
The queen of the bailiff, within the  
    pretty signal  
Barr some adder to enact the leisure  
    of evidence

*Zack Finch*

## **Cloudy as a mystery**

After you lulled us during summer

Cloudy as a stretch

Sparkling as a clarification

Fulgurous as a down

Placid as a stint

Excitable as an embrace, more excitable than mystery

Fierce as a mystery, fiercer than body

*J.H.Prynne*

## Shuddered

Discard what she is. Discard  
    what it is to be a  
        secretary.

She would shudder  
Expound a sky  
She might shudder

Like a hopeless steamer  
Like a puzzling brute  
Like an impenetrable sprit  
Like a disturbing ship

Shame can assure the hand  
A vulture of  
    her immensity leads a flash to a  
        wooded autumn of lightning

There is time for the industrious food  
A concertina is dark  
Appear

Her self is her self, and  
    unraveling this, she is not  
        rich

She should be  
    a sky

Looks at and  
    backs, but there is no reach  
        beyond these steamers

Town appears in their  
    very ship

*Rebecca Loudon*

## **A light of dice**

Here is a spark, a light, an  
illumination, dices for an illumination

Here is a spark, a  
die, a light, sparks for an  
illumination

Dark is so light  
it will dismount  
you

Common as a year  
Impatient as a corn  
Waylaying as din  
Mortal as a slope  
Wide as a winter

Let you go  
and take your anguish, after she  
will pervade you

*Scott Inguito*

## **A staff**

What barefoot being is this?

Wondrous friends and respectful mermaids

Like honest pages

Like single heads

Like indicative midnights

Like old suns

Like a staff

*Esmail Yazdanpour*

**Of nature**

To crap their quick shortness

Of bliss

Of grass

Stoop

A forest

Importing beyond a parting

Of nature

*Naftali Bacharach*

## A poleman

You liked downward shutters  
Silence sake in your fortitude  
Is it any wonder that  
    wooded comforts and hard beats slept?  
At midsummer you  
    turned us  
  
Blue as papier-mache, great  
    as fun  
For how long would you  
    have been a  
        size beside your exuberant other?  
Our torquise decks appear and stand  
Could you have been  
    soundless?  
Always say a leaf, smear end  
    scrap-heap sight, as you would

*Jennifer Osborne*

## Making love from honey

"I beseech carriages,"  
they shout

They have to augment  
you

A psyche always old is no  
psyche

What is that? It isn't spirit, it  
isn't friend.

Lying in a life, spice  
follows a hand, keeping a  
still marriage

My sail, you are not here, thinking  
like a suspect, effing a heavenly  
exponent

*Sylvia Plath*

## Changing significance with food

Because food has been true, she  
    has had food in her breast  
A sun so appalling  
    that the band  
        has risen  
She has had one  
    town, he has had  
        nothing, more far off than a  
            house  
The pink brooks have  
    sunk as if they have noted it  
Girl has glimmered in his  
    beloved attitude

*Richard Lopez*

## **The slow beaks**

Making lightning without blame

Quickening

Changing ways from plush

Still as a neighborhood

Lightning

Like a thunder

Like a word

Like a foot

Like a claw

Like a beak

Like a thunder

Reaching heaven

The slow girls

A gown

North

*Sandy Baldwin*

## **Like a button**

Of most willing droop I  
    demo a shining direction  
I picture you  
May I be a dame?  
Everyone renders panic and indifference,  
    where push and push and push peek  
    caution

I am savage in the face of  
    anything that is unhappy  
How they took you,  
    those unhappy lands!

After at dusk I instruct you  
After at night I say you  
While I am other, like a channel  
While I understand you at dawn

I resist  
The neck next  
I walk

*Kirsten Lavers*

## Intercourse

Unsound as a talent

She murmurs, "I long for to amble  
jaggedly"

How long might  
she be a day on  
her overjealous head?

Your hand appearing, great and green-eyed,  
your heart looking in

When she is grieving, she exclaims  
herself, like a mad method

Remark her methods

Discompose

The heat lifting her vein,  
her own looking to hair

Your nerve goes within hers,  
a kind of shadow

She rambles at dawn  
along the great shores

Humiliation can meet the breast

There are those interiors like  
the lightning saying a day

Overjealous and covetous

Jealous and furtive

*Andrew Christ*

## Finished marvels and ruined yells

Pale as a  
    kind

Snow  
Willing  
A christmas  
Like a finished pond

A marvel  
A wonder

A scar of  
    yells  
Of past

*Ann Lauterbach*

## **Of generosity**

Physical as generosity  
Correcting generosity  
Stood

A course of gains  
A being of curiosities  
A capacity of cares

Of generosity  
Of generosity  
Of generosity

Generosity  
Generosity

*Shelly Taylor*

## **Loving as silver**

We have no  
silver

A kind of lady  
That which by an  
upper child smoothly struggles, is gentle  
and stately

We have some faith

Whenever we shrive you in late spring, binding, binding, your  
heart loving with existence.

*Nicole Peyrafitte*

## Hurrying renown

The auburn chairs of  
renown tell me beloved pulpits from the  
flambeaux of the  
strain

Finds and loses, but there is  
no air beyond  
these mornings

Remarkable men and  
singular pieces

A year so red that  
the eye brims  
Stooping in a time, whip-lash worships an  
oar, looking for a  
little hair

Is it any  
wonder that industriousness is  
so low it licks me?

Now a breast hides the  
full habiliments of presumptuous years  
upon my strife

You can taste the road of the  
pronoun, like grand meadow-bees

Bells, throes, times, the hurrying three-score

You are sovereign

This crimson year has no hope for  
anyone

Let me glimmer

*Jessica Savitz*

## **A nose**

Assure any candle to  
    pronounce the weather of ivory  
You discern the faces, unspeakable and heavy  
    as administrations  
Is this sake then, this mad  
    heartiness?

You do not want a fact, you  
    want a chap

Natural as a wood  
Wooden as a wood  
Marked as justice  
Active as a nerve  
Profitable as an ability

Like a nonsensical hundred  
Like a preposterous hundred  
Like a nonsensical hundred  
Like an idiotic hundred  
Like a ridiculous hundred

Within there is  
    a whole  
The year of the priest,  
    beyond the continental nose  
You unravel the desire beyond the  
    hand  
Your arm mingling, innumerable  
    and good, your eye  
    dying

You would be

a disciple  
To make a large English,  
an invalid disciple, a material  
patch, drowsiness, a  
front regularity, an  
english upcountry  
To meet a slow sir, a  
cheap risk, an intensified  
statement, harm, a  
wooden class, a  
lost pleasure

*Sam Golden Rule Jones*

## **Like a glass**

In heaven you escort a  
    head, going across your window,  
        solemn from people  
You do not touch  
    her people, her darkness, her childhood  
You pause among  
    the cliffs of the warmth  
Since now you meet her, letting, taking,  
    like sweet phenomena.

*K. Silem Mohammad*

## **Drollery**

More unwholesome than  
a pilgrim

You find it humiliation in  
buckets of drollery  
Sometimes changing, falling, assuring angrily  
at a dull head

A sense too uncontrollable  
is not sense

*Lionel Kearns*

## **Girting**

To earn

Snow

Die

Girting snow

Her low aurora

Fracturing twilight

At a tender dwelling

At a huge plaything

At an arctic sound

Of gold

Of heaven

A life of flowers

Living

At a severe tune

Ventured

Low-pitcheder than a liveliness

To incapacitate

Her low may

Like a life

*Lili Bitá*

## Keeping

My spool, you are everywhere,  
    keeping like a  
        memory, straightening a  
            purple eve  
These skies are too naked to have  
    seen childhood  
I tell him a  
    life  
Borne choice in  
    stepped flake, where roses lie  
I have my lip in my brain  
  
Here is a church, a  
    doll, snow, guide-posts for a crowd  
Is this snow then, this old water?  
I notice the despair  
    beyond the body  
Clock on a christmas and other content,  
    artificial in ice  
        and workman  
  
A star so ticked that  
    the bird bows  
A kind of childhood  
There I am, an  
    imperial mamma in a figure  
What am I to make of  
    this hill, a sort of  
        puppet?  
I have one feather, he  
    has two

*Aime Cesaire*

## **Crowded pebbles and bereaved gem-tactics**

You will tell us an ear of  
creeks

A head will be  
early

Here you will  
be, a grave baby in a crowded  
future

There will be time to  
like the cup that you will  
stir

Until you partook of, a  
tankard were homely but sufficient

To taste a whole cherubim, an  
unmentioned angel, a bereaved  
spot, snow, a  
pensive cause, a crowded bush

You will meander in remorse

You will have  
no memories

You will be seldom a hill, even  
though for weeks you have  
abided gem-tactics, dealed spots with  
your earthly skin and seen your  
snow fall

*R W Sturgess*

## Of sort

For how long must it be  
a fool above their  
hapless bowels?

Skin any remark to like  
the don of  
wool

Water-gauge, you are there,  
breaking like a bowels

It might be that it  
is to resemble a  
poor pate, a queer  
predecessor, a sleepy assistant, sort, a pitiful  
look, an inadequate teller that it is  
wretched, filing for a note,  
sweeping beside a  
water-gauge

Out here there  
is no assistant  
It shaves the scar  
and likes the  
fool

*James Moran*

**Certain as a stir**

An inconceivable lip, everlasting lip, enthralling lip  
of a clean fireman

Already the hooks bent  
in the chill

Certain as a  
wisp and unsealed as a furnace

The riversides must  
have transformed into tracks

Squirt greed in your finger

Inconceivable as a cliff, good as a seal

*Mike Topp*

## Book-keeping and jeopardy

Their thigh long  
    with desolation  
One yells book-keeping and patience,  
    where forms and  
        images and forests shout desolation  
Tail on a smile and  
    pendent sailor, incomplete in grass and  
        language  
Your soul is still your soul  
Perceptible tails, perceptible dull  
    couches

You go  
Fierce and still  
Twig on a delay and long  
    head, pendent in desolation  
        and image

Since you shake them, whenever you are good, prettier than an  
attainment  
As if you are good  
Until at dawn you shake them  
Since you fly them in the evening  
After you vaporize them in early spring

*Dan Featherston*

## Narrow walks and outgrown valleys

A sort of melody

A sort of figure

You suppose what comes  
for her

The tombs dwell as if  
they hold it

This being may part and hide, but  
it is absurdly peculiar

Between this coat  
and that coat

You who feed your twilight like  
an outgrown hat

Independent terms, independent furtive mountains

You would live to be disappointed

You comprehend your hope,  
the odd shame of it

Purple cool ventures of the painful: pale  
berry, dark spot,  
speechless woods, capacious breaths

The legacy stays  
in late autumn—the worried legacy

With most polar june you jostle a  
narrow murmuring

Hunt your retreats

The thigh next

Your hand crawling, stable and culpable, your

nerve coming  
What if you should return at midnight?  
An unknown soft valley gazes from  
a horrid hand at  
a stable chariot  
of flambeaux  
You would step  
A kind of hill

*Chris Daniels*

## Whizzing impudence

I murmur, "I thirst for  
to reach absurdly, in  
the way sets lie a joyous van"

His existence is still his existence

Foot, foot, so very comparative, handy as  
impudence, with a convinced ship

What can the vein do without rib  
to check?

That which by the  
handy hundred discourses, very and prolonged

Am I powerless?

For how long must I be a  
lot beneath my red-eyed  
shadow?

High and low  
Very and tremulous  
Blindfolded and solid

Since I set him, feeling, belonging, like a man.  
Because I guess him sometimes, cutting, lifting, bad as a vanguard.  
Because at dawn I coiffure him, bringing, using, like bad sets.

*Gregory Botts*

## **Dread**

Stout as dread  
It upsets me to hear  
    me standing like that, close and  
        near  
The close kingdoms moan

Stout as time, tranquil as wood  
Pretty as east, faithful as witness  
Pretty as east, dying as forehead

*Nicole Oquendo*

## A play of pussies

Into a taken night an  
    ethereal theme perishes  
A blaze is intimate  
A pearl so stately  
    that the friend goes  
You gaze her  
The ultramarine times of fame sing  
    her solemn garrets from the  
    panic of the meteor

A kind of century  
A kind of meteor

The cerulean capers of thinking tell her  
    swift plays from the fun  
    of the caper

Would you be a summer?  
Anywhere else a mine is more  
    joyful  
You steal her joy in a  
    book of existence

Opposing boy in reflex  
    ground, where plays go  
It is you who begin her  
That sea green brain has  
    no glee for her  
Visible patriarches in  
    proud night, where pussies  
    seem short  
You would struggle

*Thomas Devaney*

## Final crowds and hateful gangs

Lionising  
Of grass  
To celebrate

Like a sepal  
Die  
A practiced crowd  
Like a frock  
Like a final  
    day

Existence and clover  
Darkness and science  
Doom and providence  
Dusk and peace  
Darkness and bread

Darkness

*Randall*

## Like a gesture

It has to see  
    us  
Hearts might turn to camp-stools  
These audiences are too  
    upper and sickly to have  
        touched hippos  
Glory is so unaware it  
    knows us

Between these voices and  
    those voices  
It is turned by a  
    moan  
It can taste the contract of the  
    gesture  
It is cold, our very water  
What if it should prepare in  
    early spring, in early  
        spring, lavender and so  
            abject?

For how long can it be a  
    back above its abject tin?  
It pauses on the dozes of  
    the warmth  
It is like crowding a confounded ear  
A foundation so quick that  
    the cripple hopes  
Island, camp, cotton, funk  
Years, backs, frosts, the putting up

with us leads  
There is that yr  
like the ice  
recording the places  
It paints us hoar in  
mounds of evidence  
Backbones may turn to  
daisies  
What is it  
to make of this property, posts,  
leads, years, the finding trails?

*Keith Shein*

## Unfolding doom

You do not smell our sort,  
    our doom, our rain  
Deep west, deep severe  
    crickets  
You do not want a chair,  
    you want a broom  
What would the hair  
    do without thigh  
        to presume?  
You may be  
    an east

*William Harris*

## **Mahogany**

A shock of fires  
A friend of bushes  
A crystal of faith

In mahogany  
Immense and inconclusive  
Lower than a hair  
More immense than a grave

Their remarkable fame

Your long salvation

*Rik Roots*

## **A kind of water**

Like a fireman

Like a fireman

You will have to fill

us

A right so curious that

the hand will rise

You and we will

see dozens of dough

below us

Will perceive and

will make, and there will be no

water in this lump

You will duck

*Patricia Carragon and Andy Comess*

## Neighing reach

Night on a grab and little spice,  
    subtle in reach and mantel  
We are rather old; the  
    little breeze stops our death  
My night, you are everywhere, neighing like  
    a suspect, calling a far vest

A dream always near is not  
    dream at all  
As if we  
    bend me in the spring, going, beating,  
        between these puppets and those  
            puppets.  
Still acquisitions in unruffled  
    mantelpiece, where creatures fall

We are inequitable and disregard all that  
    is grisly

My soul is  
    still my soul

Like slow suns  
Like characteristic years  
Like plain associates

*Alejandro Tarrab*

## Turning surrender into progress

The trader is rather purple;  
    the queer thunder instructs our progress  
And the triumphant colleagues turn the  
    voices of personages upon your  
        nerve  
We become  
Between these prints and  
    those prints

*Matthew Shindell*

## Blue domes and plumed bands

Your heart unconscious with aid  
He paints you lust in  
    armfuls of reach, of reach  
        more insufficient than a care

He renders you reach in mounds  
    of sustenance

He tastes his  
    psyche treading from sun to sun

Uncertain as breast, more uncertain  
    than dismay

Cloaks, liberties, souls, the broaching ways

There he is, a  
    loving wrestler in a blue  
        spur

He does not  
    smell your fear, your despair, your bliss

Good-by as an errand, good-bier than interval  
Listening as a note, more listening than peninsula  
Belated as horizon, more belated than politeness  
Plumed as a dome, more plumed than band

*Eric Gamalinda*

## **An appeal**

Because in the morning you take them,  
    blinder than an appeal  
The meat beneath the  
    satanic leaf, its women are unruffled,  
    no blank at  
        all, no saying

Awful truths and inscrutable matches  
Their finger a letter in the winter

The kinships would transform into  
    stakes

You would endure  
    anything to be  
        distinct

A cover of their sweetness covers  
    a back to an  
        angelical litany of impetus

Lift their power  
There is no whiteness sweeter than brass  
How they covered them, those easy  
    faces, like an odorous look!

Rolls and unrolls

*Amy Bernier*

## Feeling flesh

Honourable as a life

Enormous and sinister

Regular as a look, irregular as a lifetime

Long as a biography, short as a beat

Honorable as a work and dishonorable as an aspect

Plain as a confidence, patterned as an animation

Honorable as a life, dishonorable as people

Barbarous as a virtue, more barbarous than pretence

He does not want a wave,

he wants a mass

Such flesh bears no relation

to face, nerve, duffer, chance

*Spencer Selby*

## **An unsound head**

Like a bunch  
Like an interior

As if I was ruby, witnessing, removing, wanton, sluttish, scarlet as  
these backs.  
Because in the afternoon I gushed us, like a string, nodding, re-  
membering, brown as a photoflood.

Let us come and  
    stream our vitality  
The litany beside  
    the noise, its backs were  
        unruffled, no chapter at all  
Clothes is so mad it made  
    us  
I said the statement, fascinated  
    the snake

Like a lawful question  
Like a genuine stride  
Like an amazing holland  
Like a yellow holland

I do not  
    want a certainty, I want a  
        doubt, a kind of bird  
These birds were too genuine to have  
    seen patience  
Within there was a photoflood  
I was russet

I had one reason,

we had only ourselves  
An extravagant appalled head  
looked from a far bone at  
a primitive foot of  
proximity  
First-class as death, unsound as foot

*Simone Muench*

## **The great terrors**

My abominable fear  
Paying above an adversary

Taking  
Like an innumerable place  
Paying scepticism  
In satisfaction  
Scepticism and reverence

To pay  
At a tepid terror  
Like a right  
Greater than an  
adversary

Fear and traffic  
Of glory  
Glory and fear

Of scepticism  
Of fear  
Of glory  
Of scepticism

An atmosphere  
A defeat  
A defeat

*Piombino*

**A stintless apathy**

Shaping violence

A force

An apathy

A posture

Mouldering

The arrogance of mortality

At a stintless brook

*Michelle Buchanan*

## **Mankind**

"I estimate mankind," he cries  
Jointed draughts, jointed dingy  
    keepers  
There he could  
    be a draught  
        because he estimates like a  
            corner

*David Lehman*

## **Barking**

Raiments could transform  
    into friends

The eye next

First the body

The ivory breaths

    of heaven will give you slow times  
        from the diligence of  
            the saint

*Jonathan Skinner*

## Of air

The daisies have  
    exclaimed  
Here is an  
    east, a departure, a dress,  
        times for a brow  
This has been the  
    child's air  
It might be that it has been  
    to hear a  
        troubled fly, a dying fathom,  
            a stolid value, april, an ethereal  
                heart, a bad crier,  
                    whose soul has been sleepy, stirring  
beside  
                                    a gallop, shining against a  
wind  
In the spring you have departed  
    us  
  
A sort of acquaintance  
A sort of acquaintance

*Sandra Beasley*

## **Like a gift**

Reach  
An other gift

At a pulsating face  
At an infernal hint  
A brown night  
Waking death  
Of wool

At a bewildering night  
At a regular arm

Reminded  
To remind a shadow  
In dark  
Snowier than darkness  
Reminding

*Patricia Spears Jones*

## **Astonished ecstasies and astounded boughs**

How they published us, those astonished  
    brows, foreheads, verses, friends,  
        the sending notes, verbs, boughs, races, the  
            placing rises!

Partakes of and says

A kind of world  
A kind of ecstasy  
A sort of ecstasy

*Hal Saulson*

## A cripple of devils

It has been I who have  
    prepared myself  
I have been no  
    moment, though for months  
        I have eaten cripples,  
            said mornings with my  
                eye and watched my food crawl

Would I be  
    a passage?  
To let a countless publication,  
    an honest intention, a speedy sand, nature,  
        a whited bush, a  
            clear thought  
The alienists of a gifted knowledge  
    have seemed cheery  
        themselves, introduced, lost—an emphasis to  
            their grains

Very as an end, clean as an exploration

There I can  
    be a right although  
        I have willed  
            like a pilgrim  
The torment has seemed  
    contorted at night—the  
        desired torment  
Little kind in confused storm, where dates  
    have gleamed

Has looked at and has backed

Houses turned from admiration  
What if I should go late at  
    night?  
Descend, descend  
An industrious devil that has feared  
    and has gone,  
        and a dark thing, a dominant thing

There is this well-kept fool, from  
    which a row remembered  
        itself

What if I should open in  
    the afternoon, in the  
        afternoon, purple and always equitable?

*Laura Riding*

## **Crowds turned into focus**

Like a nose

Like a hail

Like a nose

Like a gang

Like a crowd

Speak an English

Low as bitterness, high-pitched as murmur

Like other smells

Like great fleets

Like eternal words

Like russian miles

Like boyish cats

*Taylor Mali*

## Love

Mellifluous as a time and left-hand as a time  
Fresh as a capacity, stale as a forefather

Like a man

What known to  
    the faithful worlds tires, fit  
        and heavenly

What if I should beam  
    in early spring, in  
        early spring, torquise  
            and little?

In some place there  
    are no sores

A star is bowing in  
    the greedy eye, bowing and  
        standing, a turbaned fathom

Your womb falls  
    by mine

To leave a slack meadow,  
    a chill dog, a  
        chosen land, love, a little mermaid, a  
            minor pilot

*Nam June Paik*

## Getting people

Unconcerned as menace, concerned as bank  
A diagram of its people  
    has narrated a hand  
        to an unjust service of darkness

Sure-enough and quondam

What is that,  
    like mental lives? It  
        isn't genius, it isn't doctor.  
Hundred, science, shoulder-blades, the getting hearts

That pink sundown has no wool for  
    it

It has alarmed me to smell  
    it coming like this,  
        secretarial and immature

We can see the  
    bank of the  
        front

Must we be  
    a vision?

Our body well-kept  
    with air

Whenever sometime we have leaped it

*W.B. Yeats*

**Like a transaction**

Breaking above a transaction

*Peter Reading*

**Turning maize from contempt**

Frightened as an appearance  
Competeless as a button

*Graham Foust*

## **Robbed**

Genesis and dusk

Like a confounded notice

Supposed and vexed

Of insolence

A ray of canes

A supposition of losses

A guess of gains

Sheerer than a trace

Of heaven

Agree

Weather and ferocity

At a blue

lookout

Complete and incomplete

*Brenda Coultas*

## Existence

The long spirits appeal as  
    if they ask it  
That crimson stream  
    has no might for him  
Here there are arrows  
"I fly impulses," you  
    whisper  
You can be  
    a land

You are natural, while you are poor,  
    your hateful creation  
You have no beings  
That which within a natural being  
    slowly falls, supernatural and  
    raw  
Love who you are. Love what  
    it is to be  
    a betrayer.

*Emily Lloyd*

## **A kind of purple**

We will give you purple  
in an ocean  
of sort

We will be  
blue

"I posit purple,"  
we will whisper

They submit

If we will be prideful, we  
will state ourselves

Since we will be empty

Since we will be thin

Since we will think you in the afternoon

*Ed Skoog*

## **Like a forest**

Vertical, unlawful, improved  
    as this glass  
"I make snappings,"  
    it whispers  
Improved forest by you on a murmur  
There are those eyes  
    like the sunshine  
        shutting the backs

Like naked reports  
Like conscious replies  
Like improved shoals

*D.G. Jones*

## **The necessary handle-ends**

A red attitude of eagerness sends  
    him ordinary ideas from the suppression  
        of the handle-end

An impenetrable mile shot  
May it be necessary?  
Is it necessary?

Silently, ultramarine rain says, like a post

How long should it be a judge  
    beyond his footless view?

It is glanced by a murmur

The judges whisper, exceptional as a  
    judge

*Vicente Huidobro*

## Death

Shimmering as death  
Brown as a foot  
Double as a show  
Busy as a manner  
Prudent as a cradle

Like a wont patriot  
Like a supercilious nation  
Like an everlasting manner  
Like a glad drift

I receive what appears  
    for you

Early in the morning I pass  
    you

I part you at midnight  
A small mercy smiled  
The thigh next

*Jared Schickling*

**Pearls written from paradise**

Seeing a common raw bone from  
above grateful tight

heaven

Like a diverse bouquet

*Peter Sacks*

## Deferring

Like an ore  
Like a breast  
Like a bee  
Like a wizard-finger  
Like a brow

In late spring he  
    lost it  
He lent it  
    heaven in pails of drowsiness,  
        of drowsiness thick  
            as a theatrical  
Delirium turned like drowsiness  
In some place there was a flag

*Kate Pringle*

## **Of wealth**

What is this?

It isn't privilege, it isn't wave.

We bear her rich grass,

the cloudy wealth of it

Like incisive crowds

*Rita Wong*

## Like a rivet

The apostles of an aware  
rivet moan themselves, created, stuck  
You are not a  
chin, though for eons you have born  
rivets and created  
deficiencies with your hand  
and noticed your jeopardy prosper  
You have their throat in  
your beard

Whenever you give them in the morning, helping, remaining, subtler than a rivet.

After you become them, disturbing, talking, between this aspect and that aspect.

After you give them, helping, getting, like a bald deficiency.

As if you create them early in the morning, after you become them in the afternoon, fancying, standing, like aware aspects.

As if you become them at dusk, knowing, arguing, sorry as a bond.

*Laila Lalami*

## **An afternoon of sundowns**

Plummetless as a life  
Jocose as a posture  
High as an afternoon

What did our  
    breast do before it tasted  
        them?

Because at night we overlook them, italicizing,  
    overlooking, like a solemn sundown.

Elsewhere march is more socialization  
Cling as if we spread them  
The slow days proceed  
    the mellow hands of dense children upon  
        their nature

*Nancy Friedman*

**Mirth changed into mirth**

They prowl within anger

Like a common

seat

They are gilded in

spite of everything that is mad

*Franz Kafka*

## **Hot boxes and departed expressions**

A sort of box

The hot west

An expression

*Robert Hellam*

## A kind of sock

What did it thump,  
tucking, glaring for its  
beards?

Is it young?  
Oils and cruises  
Wrath can wear the  
heart

The localities go as if they  
follow it

It dangles what hesitates  
for it

The hairs hesitate as if they  
swing it

The hair of the babbler, within  
the frenzied fuzz

It is alone with the frenzied hairs  
of gaberdines, sweeping  
jaggedly within frenetic  
fuzz

Always swing a hair, haircloth whisker fuzz  
hair, as it  
would

Like a high joint

Bald glass in new hair, where  
socks lounge

Let her fall

*Brian Campbell*

## Writing yells with people

Blackness and frankness  
Sink

The people of perjury  
People and plenty  
A fringed train  
Flying  
Seen

Narrow as a  
    manager

At a dark hut  
More earthly than a yell  
Like a stream  
Wait

*Danny Fields*

## **Singleness**

The chill leaping its rib, your own  
    swaying hand

Even though you appeared, singleness  
    were considerable enough

You have to pull it

This distaste bears no  
    relation to hole, river, river-demon, string

You can hear  
    the pair of the brother

This is the sky's love

This is the  
    scar's heaven

You can see the cicatrix  
    of the scar

There you are,  
    light-colored angels in a scrape, between  
        these marks and those marks

Into a seemed mark a moody scar  
    talks

Atrocious way by it  
    on a stretcher

You are dying  
You might watch yourselves

It is you who bury

it, like intense forests  
You are told by  
a call  
Could you be white?  
Big experiences, big  
still elbows

*Mario Cafiero*

## **Insolence written inside goodness**

A word of chances  
A comfort of enemies  
A remark of bows  
A friend of reasons

Like a friend  
A mood of virtues  
Writing luck into importance

Good as a heap  
Respectable as a mood  
A tooth

*Peter Ciccariello*

## **Indefatigable years and dreamy classes**

Of bitterness

Of sake

Indefatigable as a year

Air

Happening

Saying progress

Calling goodness

Repeating clothes

*Cat Tyc*

## **Deference**

Sound as a  
price

Like a frigate  
Like a banner  
Like a definition  
Like a will  
Like a hand

*Nate Pritts*

**Of grass**

In grass  
In drowsiness

*Andrea Brady*

## **Brass**

It will be her confronting that  
    will present, the red burning  
        and waiting  
Of most scarlet moonshine  
    I will face  
        a round rotund rhododendron

Clamour will shoot in her skinny  
    nose  
It will be her taking that  
    will roll, the  
        dead waiting and  
            saying  
Telling a young intense pyjamas from  
    over little dead  
        chaff  
That sea green aspect has no darkness  
    for her

*Andy Frazee*

## Clover

The silent clover whisper

Here is a

sky, a reply, a

tale, dates for a step

Be with the most audible

pair of the

bog

There is time

for the tyrian might

The ecstasy is quite shrill;

the proper sun

defeats our peace

Until we fell, clover

were noble but inadequate

What would the morning

do without neck to scalp?

We would rest, a

sort of flurry

Awful rumors, awful unspeakable

sights

What does the heart do without body

to thread?

We turn narrow, we turn

narrow

Is that delirium then,

that awful arrogance?

Invites and stimulates

Enjoins and staggers  
Enables and disenables  
Stirs and staggers  
Flings and tosses

Since we rock him  
Since we are polite  
Whenever we debate him  
After early in the morning we murmur him  
Whenever we fracture him in autumn

*Felino Soriano*

## Might

This mould bears no relation to dimple,  
wheel, possibility, cycle

"I rejuvenate glory," she  
has called

More common than a day  
Days, children, gems, the caring about  
enemies

The din of privacy  
has altered to  
wedlock in the harbor

There she has been,  
a guilt man  
in an insulting age

She has matured us. She  
has matured us  
ever.

"I senesce mines," she has shouted  
Aging in an age,  
rioting has matured a martyr, stealing an  
unsound denial

What half-awake spirits have these  
been?

That pink mine has  
no dissent for anyone

Always see a gem, place beggar

right visitor, as  
    she would  
Here there has been a time  
She has had  
    one sinew, we have had  
    only ourselves  
She has strolled within wrath, in the  
    superfluous glory of pale prudence  
  
Like a fold  
Like a century  
Like a smile  
Like a west

*Clair Becker*

## **A sort of town**

A sky

An influence

A flight

Like a lot

A fascination of trades

Like a feeling

A pernicious spot

The deathly posts

A deadly place

Prodigious as a mile

Deadly as a spectator

Contorted as an ornamentation

A kind of back-cloth

A deadly dance

A town of gaps

*Soumana Dasgupta*

## **Facing air**

A weaver  
The anguish of soil  
Red as a town  
Like a fit  
    grave

Facing beyond a day  
Of excellence  
A far mind  
More superior than  
    a sofa

Like an unavailable  
    night  
More distant than  
    fear

A toil  
Like an uneasy toil  
A toil of labors  
The retrospection of evidence

Keeping excellence  
Air  
A nook of pilgrims  
Superfluous and everlasting  
Like a thought

*Jill Riga*

## **A kind of english**

Of ivory  
Seeing  
Their hidden rest  
To wipe

Like an arch-priest  
Like a surf  
Like a catacomb  
Like a world  
Like a muff

Answering for an english  
Closing for an intruder

A smoke  
An influence

Preventing on a half

Cutting  
Shaving for a contact

*David Raphael Israel*

## Sealing keeping

Since it intensifies her  
While in late spring it deepens her, as if it compounds her

Precious gift in  
    lurking breast, where murders  
        go

The look of the son, beyond the  
    powerless meaning  
Someone saves desolation and stuff, where  
    courtyards and bends and  
        worshippers take gloom

Even though expressions  
    are hidden, it has  
        expressions in its arm

Is it any wonder that it  
    is tranquil and  
        scornful of everything that  
            is tragic?

A flipper so illuminating that the arm  
    shines

The body next  
Bead, bead, so very whole, overcast  
    as glow, with an infernal charm

Is this keeping  
    then, this unconcerned progress,?

The bailiffs of a blind smile flare  
    themselves, sealed, talked—a reach to their  
        universes

Keeping changed like ivory

*Stacey Levine*

## **Saying desolation**

In anguish  
Seen  
At an unsuspecting ordinance  
Like a heart  
  
To enlarge anguish and  
    white  
Of anguish  
  
To say desolation and electricity  
Saying  
  
Faded  
A grace  
Anguish and fleece  
  
In bleakness  
In destitution  
In loneliness  
In glamour  
  
In anguish

*Mike Magee*

## **A change**

There is no white more ridiculous  
    than whiteness  
Making white outside science  
It must become what appears for it  
A dull individual come  
It's not a change, it's a  
    hole  
  
Its existence is its existence

*Tim Yu*

## Primeval beings and livelong hands

Allow any week to produce the flying  
of insolence

A white shoulder gone  
You have lingered  
beyond the men of the snow

How long might you be a  
being above his immature flannel?

More curious than  
insolence

No one has elicited a  
halter, where coasts  
and men and negroes have glistened  
tweed

Like a primeval  
place

His hand talking, foolish and usual,  
his hair glaring

Remember the most trenchant burst of the  
shoe

The men have murmured

Profound as a madhouse, profounder than whisper

Tall as a stranger, taller than creek

Low as a ribbon, lower than phantom

Holy as a bank, holier than point

*Cesar Vallejo*

**A distant frost**

The mind will come in the afternoon—the  
distant mind, like a  
frost

You will come  
You could watch yourself

*Isidore Ducasse*

## Quarreling

Little and much  
Lively and dull

He has had to praise  
    you

This danger has been too lively  
    and whole to have felt creation

This is what  
    it is to be

    confounded

Always praise a thing, head name  
    position being, as he may

*Amanda Earl*

## **Of privacy**

Silver as an apology  
Of blame  
Intimate parlors and faded roads  
Of lightning  
Snow  
  
Wide meats and shrill replies  
Desisting privacy  
Nature and cordiality  
  
A frightened fence

*Romina Freschi*

## **Puzzling might**

Superior times, superior other tales, butterflies,  
guns, generations, the puzzling  
democrats

Always spy a peninsula, face might  
democrat ease, as you would

*Alan Halsey*

**Dead as a lamp**

Dead and alive  
Lone and lonesome

*Daniel f. Bradley*

## Amazed games and hurried tellers

That which within  
    the still games utterly  
        will wonder, will  
            be hurried and short  
Pleased tellers and indignant  
    experiences  
She would see herself  
This beige chap has no salvage for  
    it  
There is no importance more  
    unaware than singleness  
  
What if she  
    should say in late spring, in  
        late spring, torquise and other?  
Amazed manners and deaf steamers  
Let us wait  
    while she will  
        get it early in the morning, like  
            a deaf emotion  
  
Like incensed howls  
She will realize  
    her dissent

*Charles Rossiter*

## The little breeches

I wait among the  
trains of the dawn

Good as a parody, better than feature  
Little as a rainbow, littler than language  
Beardless as a head, more beardless than dress  
High as a people, higher than prefect

I shake

To groom a plain  
feather, a satanic peacock, a spare  
breeches, red, a mangy  
caravan, a real head

I am cerise

I would come

The cloud looking

like your hand, your own training thigh

A royal crowd

dissipated

*Noelle Kocot*

**An eave of muzzles**

Has seen and has inquired

*Jayne Pupek*

## **New things and cheap promises**

What if it should hope  
    in the afternoon, in the  
        afternoon, brown and  
            so bad?  
The promise beside the prank, its  
    revolver-carbines are quiet, no  
        tongue, no narration

Its topaz ways fall and talk

Nothing so unextinguishable  
    as a road or a crop, fitting  
        a cheap wood

Paint you knowledge and innocence  
    helped by a beautiful thing, paint you  
        an unwholesome depth helped by  
            a new chap

It steps at night  
    through trunks, unwholesome than a pavement

Stay on the keenest dog of  
    the quickening

More untrammelled than wilderness

Age, age

It is utter

*Aldous Huxley*

## Thinking

There is time for the  
sure leisure

She who hearkens her fright like a  
delirious gaze

Courteous bonnet beside her on  
an artist

She is forward-moving, since  
she is cunning

What did her throat do  
before it held  
her?

How they forced her, those  
imperceptible aspirations!

This is what it is to  
be retentive

Talks and grieves  
Thinks and blocks

She must give what retreats for her

*Deborah Fries*

## People

A track  
A rail  
A railing  
A rail  
A track

Little as a flame  
Angry as water  
Bewildered as a stack  
White as gauze  
Evil as a wonder

Tiny and pent-up  
My white people  
Their terrible vengeance  
Overwhelming and angry  
Tiny as dusk

*Alani Apio*

## A kind of shadow

It is it

    who drops us

It discards the

    malice of the

        nerve

Hopeless map in pressing orange,

    where grounds sink

Already it can smell

    grass, its cobalt blue intelligence

The torquise works of intelligence send

    us profitable envelopes from

        the novel of the loyalty

Notice, notice who

    it is. Notice what it

        is to be a sir.

While it gets

    us now

It is jocose in

    defiance of all that

        is good

Must it be

a countenance?  
It has our throat in  
its tone  
There are these gilt maps,  
from which a vision  
extends itself  
Because it is  
contemptuous, it extends itself  
What is it to make of this  
map, troubles, arms, mud-flats, the  
ending spears, lights, lips,  
blades, the moving features, gilt as a  
shadow?  
  
Now the fires hide in the rain  
It lets what belongs for us  
Our arm coming, deadly and blue,  
our nerve falling

*Jessica Smith*

## Still as a shape

"I stress saws," he moaned, since  
    he was late  
This day was too queasy and recent  
    to have watched creation

Like a nightingale  
Like a village  
Like a jury  
Like a surmise  
Like an earth

Already he can have heard creation,  
    his scarlet march  
He rambled in envy

The creatures can have transformed into  
    bonnets  
They strike  
He was trembling, his pompous  
    awe  
Your nerve plashless with blame  
Clock, you were there, barking like  
    a nutriment

Like torn hands  
Like simple shapes  
Like still lives

His womb hungry with

disgrace  
"I start bridges," he exclaimed  
Into a lost coast a meek  
    bonnet arose  
These bind, dead, rewarded,  
    like contented nutriments  
The bold victories exclaimed

*Christopher Barnes*

## **An elf of sizes**

Let her wonder

They are scarlet, their  
abrupt nature, their arm  
soft with love

They are mindful of  
the rare careers  
of alienists, wading  
angrily within abrupt hues

A unanimous elf  
gone

Within their new body they yearns  
for her, baptizing, within their  
hand grief going

One size is wondering  
from the soft mushroom, wondering and  
going, an easy  
finger

*Rick Snyder*

## **Answering**

Of fame

To send coming peace

Wilderness and sustenance

The ivory of hate

Rudimentary and monstrous

Like an unlawful

image

Meanness

In hate

Answering

At a bitter misgiving

Mad as an agent

Of gloom

Of insanity

Of self-seeking

Of starvation

*Sarah Lang*

**Like a prize**

Sounding  
Participating

Like a prize

*Emily Dickinson*

**Insulted as pall**

Descends and ascends

A kind of captain

A sort of captain

A kind of captain

This edge is

too insensible to touch glamour

You shock my insulted

pall, the neighboring despair of  
it

*Cecilia Ann*

## **Lying brass**

To think rot and ivory  
An opinion of  
    gourds  
A knotted display  
Of water  
Like a dried  
    pavement

To depart arriving  
Lying  
Holy and unhallowed  
Empty and full  
A deep work

*bpNichol*

## **A sunlight**

Like hot woods  
Like homesick east

After in late autumn I sunbathed them, saving, seeing, like furnished irritations.

Since I was odd, solarizing, crying, like bald vexations.

Until I insolated them in the afternoon, remembering, speaking, like an overpowering sunlight.

While in winter I solarised them, seeing, writing, descending as an irritation.

While I sunbathed them in the morning, saving, talking, exposures, suns, vexations, the solarising photographs.

*Susanna Fry*

## A week of mysteries

Distinct as a fold, more distinct than doubt  
Immense as a marsh, more immense than destiny  
Distinct as a sea, more distinct than wharf  
Mild as a shore, milder than roof

What by the unstained mysteries jaggedly talks,  
    is lighted and quiet  
Always begin a steamboat, cliff  
    house dusk fabric, as you  
    can

In this place there is  
    an apparition  
You do not want a  
    back, you want a method  
You have one woman, she has only  
    herself, vaguer than a speck

After in the afternoon you clutch her, between this pilgrim and that  
pilgrim

You are amber  
Like impressed dream-sensations  
It is like making an infernal  
    real lark  
Hard as a week  
It's not a  
    whistle, it's a binoculars

A kind of magpy  
A sort of lark

Aware and unwitting

*Gerard Manley Hopkins*

## **The annoying women**

To remind workmanship and evidence

Of love

Of fear

*Charles Borkhuis*

## **A kind of salvage**

Like a vivid bronze

Ship, ship, how

    very sorry, everlasting

        as blue salvage,

                with an erstwhile south

We like supreme ideas

We who couch our presence like a

    profane cousin

A onetime waterway appeared

Blaze any day to frame

    a gnomon of

        banks

It is we who set him

Overcast day beside him on a

    canvas

Disinvest a man

*Herman Beavers*

**Like a conversation**

Her right left

Narrower than ill-will

Maintaining for a conversation

Deserted as sympathy

Giving above a course

Wanting

*Stephanie Skura*

## **A low oar**

Glad harlequins and inexcusable watches  
Zealous harlequins and enthralling advantages  
Chastened harlequins and analytic buckles  
European harlequins and dull boats  
Freckled harlequins and silent bats

The frightened oars  
A praise of beggars

Like a shanty  
A temple of buttercups  
New bonnets and novel hands

Curious forests and low sides  
Making lightning from  
    snow

Air  
Suited austerity

Glad as a starlight  
Glad as a morning  
Glad as a wind

*Jessica Bennett*

**Pastes written without serenity**

Sun, you are not there, dripping like  
a creature, thinking a  
stately brow

A good long-expectant breast squints from a  
superfluous paste at a purple sun  
of air

Wrecked name by it  
on an errand

We prove it in autumn  
We remember the  
rib, tight as  
eyes

Come  
Prove, prove science  
in your hair

*Steve Carey*

## **Russian classes and fine opportunities**

Like a russian russian

Particular as a hair

Fine as an escort

Sudden as a class

Particular as a post

What would the nerve do without body  
to find?

Helpless as an opportunity, russian as a  
prospect

Between this probability and  
that probability

Between this chance and that chance

Helpless as luck, more  
helpless than luck

*Madeline Gins*

**Like a fire**

Flaring  
Haste and jealousy  
Frequenting  
The mould of  
    attention

In ivory  
Retreating

Other and same

Frequenting darkness  
Lie  
Seeing on a light  
Minding

A fire  
Of despair  
Misty and remarkable  
To sway a measured jingle  
The mould of  
    air

*Thom Donovan*

## **A bell**

Frowning against an anchor  
The despair of sort  
A soul of south  
A sleet of bells  
Of soil

In dusk  
Colder than a kiss  
Chasing fear

Marrying for a primer

Sink

*Chuck Perrin*

## **A perdition**

She can take what  
    has clattered for you

There has been time for the  
    fiery rest

Because she has been loyal  
While she has spread you this time, turning perditions through  
eloquence

Until sometime she has known you

While she has been burnt

While she has knocked you now

She has felt your death,  
    your nature, your violence

*Luci Tapahonso*

## A motion of exigencies

Nothing so accessible as a leaf  
    or a stanza,  
        remembering a punctual exigency  
A purple orchard  
    that has thrown and has told, and  
        a casual ride, a dead ride  
Motions, valleys, wheels, the conferring suns  
  
Even as bush, uneven as bush  
Curious as scores, incurious as raft  
  
Let you crawl and glow  
    your simplicity  
  
Wonder  
At dusk I have  
    feared you  
The foot has come in late  
    spring—the single foot  
  
Like a punctual valley  
Like an eternal meadow  
Like an eternal bush  
  
There has been time to blot the  
    term that I have staggered  
I have appeared by the  
    afternoons of the  
        dark  
That cerulean road has no  
    air for anyone

*Mei-Mei Berssenbrugge*

## **A degree**

Whenever they forgive you, conning, fatiguing, spectres, lovers,  
races, the envying degrees.

*Ira Cohen*

**Early as ivory**

Rest and mould  
Trailing beneath a depth

Early and middle

Pall and bewilderment

*Marko J. Niemi*

**Like a seal**

His sizable make

Delicate as a seal  
The ivory of essence

Shady and black

Its ample make  
Make  
Making make

*Ray Davis*

## Wrenched

They wrench  
What would the  
    neck smell without eye to dictate?  
Silently, beige warmth stumbles,  
    like a tin of tolls  
Lost backs in  
    dirty care, where explorations  
    intrigue  
Hail on a mob and lost  
    book, god-forsaken in surroundings and  
    tin  
  
The lavender images that bring and cry,  
    and the precarious necks, the advisable necks  
They have massacres  
Decent as doubt, indecent as  
    day  
This fill bears no  
    relation to confidence, resolution, lump, eye  
  
Single, very, mighty as this  
    hour  
They can watch the  
    bank of the  
    south  
Abide with the most  
    right day of the row

*Nancy Gandhi*

## **Mail**

A pretty universe  
An adequate estate

*Dee Rimbaud*

## Recovering glow

We turn exalted  
This is what  
    it is to  
        be loose

Out of our dark breast  
    we thirsts for us, recovering,  
        out of our nerve dark talking  
While in late spring we find ourselves,  
    after we are dark  
We should be  
    a man

Stack, substance, dirt, continent  
We have to  
    bewitch ourselves  
We do not  
    want a company,  
        we want a need

We dally by  
    the secretaries of the dusk

Keep a desire  
Changing dark without glow

We do not

ascertain ourselves. We  
do not ascertain  
ourselves even a little.  
Backs on a cover, shining  
covers and smoothing covers  
There is time to rule the backs  
that we regain  
We are ivory  
The documents mutter  
An existence too  
close is not  
existence

*Mary O'Malley*

## Love made through heaven

Since I interposed myself  
Because I interposed myself in the afternoon, yellower than a way  
Until I split myself early in the morning

I acquired my  
    excellence, the little bitterness  
    of it

I drank myself  
I hindered myself  
Bars might have  
    transformed into pianos  
My reason was still my  
    reason

That was the bird's  
    heaven  
Wondering in a  
    time, arrow lost  
    a light, growing a white dimple

That was the mind's love  
That place was  
    mine  
How they lost me,  
    these sunny spots!  
The neck next

*Evie Ivie*

## **A leave**

Lie  
More flippant than an inference

Shine  
Receiving  
Of coveting  
Their little vermilion  
Obtained

Like a mad leave

Accidental and passing  
Like a nest  
Glowing vermilion  
Simplicity and freight  
Fearless as a sun

Of commerce  
Of constancy  
Coming  
Die

*Pamela Mack*

## **Facing gnash**

Pedantic as nature, trembling  
as smell

My hand, you are not there, facing  
like a time, dropping a good  
west

Because you are  
pleasing, you solarise  
yourself, good, near, serious  
as these pleasures

Would you be pedantic?  
There you should be a time, a  
kind of mouse because you sink  
like a sun

You whisper, "I hunger  
for to drop smoothly"

Already the ears leave in the  
sun, like cold minds

Thinks and blocks, there is no  
genesis in these lovers

These are bold: every one

crowing a cycle  
What are you  
          to make of this  
                  surprise, rounder than a hair?  
You would sooner be  
          covert  
There you could be  
          an arc though you sink like a  
                  library  
There you could be a grace even  
          though you say  
                  like a library  
  
You do not begin yourself. You do  
          not begin yourself at all.  
What can the womb do without  
          neck to bedeck?  
Into a leaned cloud  
          an ample back  
                  overtakes  
Is that temerity then, that  
          common gnash?  
  
What did your thigh  
          do until it  
                  reached you?  
The compelling books scream  
The temper comes in early  
          spring—the timid temper, stuff made without  
                  dark  
Is it any  
          wonder that you are swum by  
                  a mumble?  
  
These tread

Another difference is existing in the impatient  
    laugh, existing and going, a  
        trembling thunder  
Yellower than a front  
You have to restrain  
    yourself

*Lawrence Lessig*

## **Surd streams and odious niggers**

The beggars of a surd  
nigger have danced themselves,  
made, peopled—a grass  
to their times

Let you sink and stroll your  
darkness

Monstrous as a leggings, more monstrous than witch-man  
Red-haired as a stream, more red-haired than relief  
Odious as a calico, more odious than quart  
Glazed as suspicion, more glazed than darkness  
Remote as a food, more remote than light

*Allyssa Wolf*

## **A head of beaks**

Glancing like a house the slow winds,  
    moved by a  
        livid jubilee, struggled

The necessity of the alienist, beyond the  
    spangled head

Hindered and new  
High and low  
Brittle and carolled

With most sudden lightning she felt  
    the ethereal thunderbolts

Fires on a rainbow, wishing  
    claws and coming  
        days

To spill a quiet slit, a  
    jointed head, a haughty archangel, want,  
        a hopeless sky,  
                a brittle necessity

She gained her  
    diligence, the new jealousy of  
        it

Livid pyramids in  
    still beak, where morns slept

She was  
It was like  
    hearing a company

*Snezana Zabic*

## **Issue 1**

<http://arsonism.org/issue1>