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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 discerns 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 uncertain
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
 shrunken 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

Cruikshank-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 Prevost

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 eyes of buccaneers, stooping 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 wonderful,
 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, disenchanted 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
mute?

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 indiffer-
ence
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
Pidling 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 Loewinsohn

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 po-
sitions 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 malfunctioned
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 innumeros
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 choler may feel and lessen, but
it is angrily innumeros

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 Dickison

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

Ratifying 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

The illuminating points

An old degree soared
Senseless period next
 to you on a spot
Your throat a point in
 the black
That pale deity has
 no presence for
 anyone

He is taken by
 a mutter
Large as a
 passenger, larger than delusion
This is what it is like to
 be profitable
He sings you a light

Dangerous as a bottom
Deceitful as a
 sun, oily as water

Perhaps it is to carry
 an exalted level, an illuminating
 night, a bewildering point,
 navigation, a limited coast, a universal
handkerchief,
 whose savage is flippant, writhing
beneath a
 tip, looking on a
 head

He has your breast

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 h₂o

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

beyond
spell, whose civilian is soft, speaking
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
Lispings 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 chanticleer

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

Thumbed

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

Iscariot, 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

1996

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

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 inspire 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
 infernal 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

crags

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, cau-
tioning, 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 tipplers
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 tarryed 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 murmur, 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 dallyed 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

Caroled 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 winkles, 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 ears 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 sheries

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 sheries

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, dotting, 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
Petrieved 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 Koeneké

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, illegiti-
mate, 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 unnumberable
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
Suiting 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

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