

**quickflip**  
a **HOW2** e-chap

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**Compiled by Frances Kruk for [how2journal.com](http://www.how2journal.com)  
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\*

isolation project:

vacuum-pack self  
                  jar brain in personal  
                  amniotic paradise  
in among the pickles & preserves  
                  a noodle kept    pure  
bobbing elastic  
mass suspended in   solitary  
                  liquid

: And yet

                  Even when contained  
                  mid nowhere   under  
                  neuter mask  
on all sides water  
                  drowning from within

A bunch of strings  
                  stay  
                  current paths  
                  tie to all limbs  
millions of fingers tied to fingers  
banging noses split membranes splice moving sodium

                  all crossed & multied cause  
                  our anxious radios throb, listen  
                  twitter wire & line clutters  
w/ an other message  
                  teeth blown

in ear jagged gem powder  
influence w/ all its knifey poses  
to slice grey  
matter so why  
not chatter back re

consider cocoon anxiety

or, the isolation project doesn't really work and the brain may look good floating about in suspicious fluids on display for all to see, disembodied and pleasing everyone, but what it boils to is that it can't be separate, can't function independently, and that mixing and sharing are how projects happen. Thus the loopy strings that pull these fifteen writers into one net-like thing. The idea was loosely collaboration and networking, or how all the wires cross or don't, and where. the suggestion was to contribute something that floats along those lines, either in thought or in practice: image/text experiments, hybrid creatures made by two or more poets, (inter)reflections on the personal and political acts/effects of sharing and experimenting. It could be digital or paper-based, might come from participation in mail-art networking or on-line activities like chatting or blogging and flarfing or fiddling with permutation machines.

What drives this site of interchange is direct influence from another activity featured in this issue of *HOW2*: Susana Gardner and *Dusie.org*, her superhub on-line journal and DIY-inspired downloadable, printable e-chaps. *quickflip* mimics and pays tribute to the *Dusie* modus operandi with the idea that a little chap can live happily on-line as well as in a reader's home. Print this (as an A4 document), trim the top and bottom few inches off the pages, and string or staple one side. Flip, flip, done.

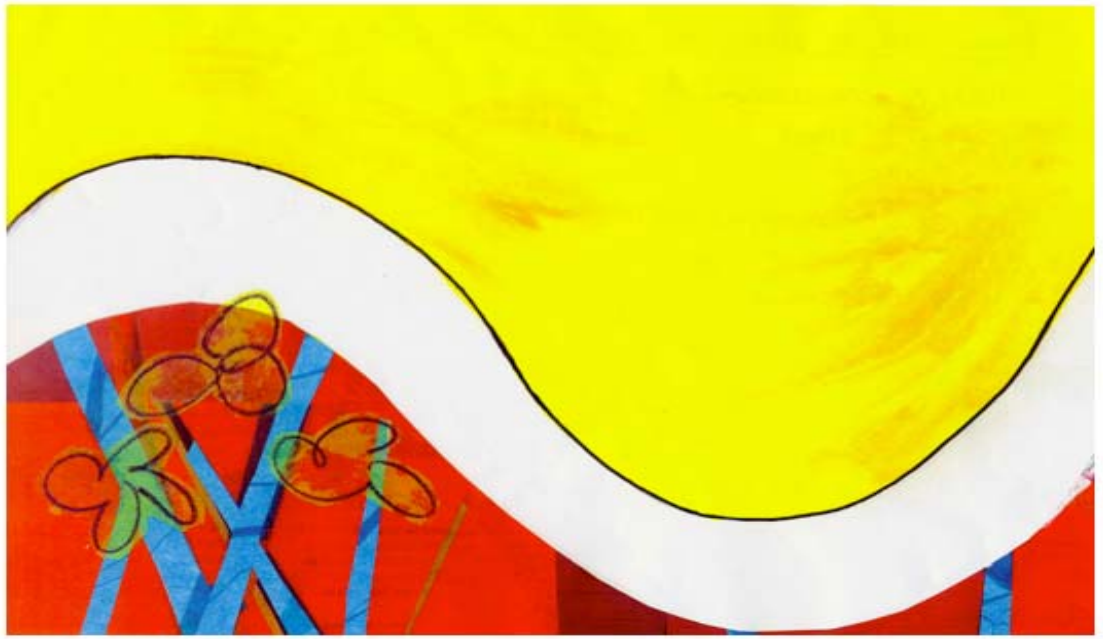
Connections here seethe with interference, from the poets' individual interpretations of what it means to collaborate, to the means by which they do so and with whom. Maggie O'Sullivan's piece forsakes textual response and engages on a visual level with a fragment she translates from Apollinaire's *Les Fenêtres* as "From red to green die all the yellows at once." Cynthia Hogue's poem also emerges, as text, from a remote interaction, a response to an existing call, which in her own words, "interfaces quite actively with Harryette Mullen's *Muse & Drudge*."

While mg roberts and Laine Ballard present a simultaneous collaboration - a seamless arrangement of words in "For one" - Frances Presley's "Culbone Stone" stands as a solitary section from her collaboration with Tilla Brading (the efforts of which she contemplates alongside the poem). Likewise, Leslie Scalapino and Lyn Hejinian offer a segment from their on-going work, *Hearing*, in which each poet individually marks her call/response to the other.

In Susan Schultz we turn from collaboration with persons or text and face inwards with a section from her current on-line project that engages with memory and experiments with the complications of dementia: the blog itself is "read backwards into memory," as Schultz describes it, and entries are gradually deleted from it over time. Time and memory are further reflected on in mg roberts' poems, and threads of individual (yet collective) sorrow or celebration line the works of Susana Gardner, Sophie Robinson, and Jennifer Firestone: interaction occurring between individuals and intellect is collected, processed, and poeticized. Kate Fagan's poems rise similarly from a movement through landscape and history, a blurring and condensing of spaces.

Image and text overlap as an on-page meld of readable objects in Redell Olsen's "London Lip Marks", while the politics of numbers and bodies are counted in a section from Kaia Sand's *Lotto*. Mixing, re-mixing, collage and dense layering echo an engagement with current culture and well-worn techniques of persuasion. Each poet's work operates via a string of direct or indirect influence, a conflation of words and ideas that forge fresh text. Thus collaboration stretches as a term to apply to any creation - an act of meshing that occurs regardless of the number of bodies involved in the process.

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**susan m. schultz**

**\***

Wednesday, August 09, 2006

*4 a.m., Kaneohe, with cat, Radhika.*

--Called Sara from the Newark Airport with four quarters, which made for five minutes on the phone. Mom had taken the key, left for Connie's in the middle of the night. "You can't force me to stay in my house." The key was in her pocketbook, which she'd clutched as we left (old brown purse with two false leather handles). But the pocketbook was missing. "Do you have my key?" she yelled at Sara. "Where is my pocketbook?" Found in a closet.

--Reports that Condi ("Condi is doing such a good job" that Bush doesn't need to talk to other leaders) is furious at the President. Too many people died in Qana. Pat Robertson calls Ehud Olmert "cool under pressure," wishes Americans had the fortitude of Israelis.

--We contemplate a return, sooner, later. Whether it will be my trip, or ours.

--Mohama moves in today. Sara ("the creature") leaves. Radhika: "I love you, Sara."

*6:30, a.m.*

--We call mom to say we're back. "It was so nice to see you; the visit went well, don't you think?" "I have to have a new caregiver and I don't want that."



--"Mom, you need someone in the house with you." As if repetition worked against repetition. The repeated phrase might wriggle into a moment of lucidity and remain long enough to last. She might think it again, not as repetition, as fact.

--The demented person's lapses in speech—at dinner, while walking—are not pauses for reflection, though they sometimes seem so. They are not musical rests, nor are they spaces within which she listens. They are still places, not winter but something far less green.

--The poet's lapses, whose form is the space between observations, offer reflection as possibility, what Lissa says is missing from our discourse. The demented person does not recognize herself in the mirror, thinks she is someone else, her own mother perhaps. She does not understand language, laughs at jokes when others laugh. There is give without take, take without the gift of speech. "Democracies are peace-loving nations; freedom is universal; there is no civil war in Iraq because people there voted for a non-sectarian government." Reflect on those sentences, those without hesitation, without rest. Tell us whom you see. Who's the most beautiful of them all?

--"I keep thinking if she just gets the right care, she'll get better."

#### *Email 1*

--Karen says mom was looking for her mother, but then realized she was dead. Said it must have been the mother of her son she was looking for, her son Joseph. (Joseph was her brother.) (Bryant became her brother-in-law for a time.) She has two daughters, Susan and Mary Ann and hopes to visit Susan in Hawai'i again some day. (Mary Jane was her friend.)

--Sangha has drawn a picture of himself in red teeshirt with a bull on it, standing on a skateboard. The wheels are in perspective, but not the boy.

#### *Email 2*

--Milt says mom locked Mohama out of the house. Says she came over yesterday with the key, said she wants the doors open so she can come and go. She said Susan and the kids were there, they'd just finished lunch. Went downstairs to look. We weren't there.

*1:30 p.m.*

--A place (not a state, but not really a place either, a placelessness) beyond ethics. Ethics requires enough memory that forgetting is transgression. Then kindness is not ethical, though we wish it were.

--Coming out of depression, I saw both the randomness of my thoughts and the necessity of assigning them value. "Have you had any spiritual experiences lately?" was code for psychosis, or so I guessed. Is there a spirit within dementia, if not a system of belief, then its flickerings, its necessary failures? Is its only belief paranoia, its only doubt a rooting for lost keys? Can spirit not, at its source, be this literal? A neighborhood for those who forget, leaving traces of their forgetting in what the rest of us remember? The quality of what I remember, its syntax, the image of a woman with wet matted hair lying on a doctor's table demanding to settle her accounts, is not what I have wished, but that I remember it makes it stay. You stay waiting. Staying [is] power.

--If "writing is an aid to memory" (Hejinian), then can it un-likewise be an aid to forgetting? Can each word so uncore the word before that we are bereft of syntax? If syntax survives (for now), can it not take us forward, or back, or only here and there? "Are we there yet?" the kids ask, and we say no, we are not there but we are here, which is where you asked. This place falls away like highway rest stops, so nearly alike we might yet approach them, albeit "under" new names or management. The Vince Lombardi stop was always last.

--And if writing is an aid to forgetting, then why take this down as dictation, rather than reshape it in some other form? Form that marked it as poem, as line, as refrain (since dementia is the refrain of her life, at least)? Form that demarcated the difference between this life (demented as it is) and this poem (moments of forgetting tethered into some shape)? Because dementia is where the form and the life collide, where hallucination consumes form. Dementia is absence of form, absence of

form / content rift or incorporation. Dementia is (though it is not) the poem in the process (or lack thereof) of forgetting poem.

--Hence our reliance on documents: reports by the guardian ad litem, brief by the lawyer, papers to sign, papers to notarize. Where biology meets dementia, there I adopt you, my mother. Whatever genes we share are now subordinate to a judge's decree. It is the form of these documents that gives us leave to approximate the old order, to install caregivers and to take them away, to settle our accounts (those most literal, and least). You cannot shout so loud as to take away the power of these forms.

posted by Susan at 5:46 PM 0 comments

## sophie robinson

\*

from C•A•K•E!

•••••eggwhite or fragile as  
busy mouth / empty throat  
•••••••water up in arms  
••••to swaddle empty nest  
•••••••shaved bare & lost  
••on some subtler affection.

• sugar sweet tokens of my longing rotate around the body • a myth of serotonin or the delay you prolong like an orgasm • spandex stretched to breaking point • caked onto some uneven surface • anticipation of the process which constructs & destroys desire • or filling a hole, so to speak • reading gesture & recipe • electro crunch city sweet & sour with need • there's nothing in my head or heart that couldn't be dissolved to a tenth of its size with the pressure of your tongue • little pink crystals cowering & rattling against skull & rib • & anything your body produces would slosh heartily in my stomach • & I would need no cake •

•••coulis collected in palm  
•••••••or crook lapped up  
•••from the waist expands  
•••beltward; a heavy lump  
•••••••••••or pulp of dough  
•••••& poems finely shred.

• I'm not used to this satiation • object of my affliction no longer external • the matter at hand is gooey to the touch • a pressure to consume or procreate • will be filed down in the lick of a finger or the swipe of a card • CASH [is the] ONLY thing that stops you • from grasping the nearest stranger by both shoulders • & rubbing noses like you were children • or, you imagine a skin which sweats honey & sheds great sheets like rice paper • gelatine scraps hanging from bones • or the gristly remainders of a Haribo smurf pulsating between two molars • a sublimation of • hunger, or an excuse for formlessness? •

.....& you can't  
•handle anything heavier  
.....than the fluff  
.....which lines your  
••gut - making everything  
.....stink - even angels.

## frances presley

\*

### Simultaneous collaboration

#### I

I find myself, not for the first time, having arguments with my collaborator about the lack of time she has for the project. I suppose these are the kinds of arguments I have with my partner about shared responsibilities and time together. It isn't as serious as that, but it is serious. It's about women and the way that we don't give enough time to our writing. I keep wanting her to reprioritise her life, to devote less of it to the (...) custody of dead male poets' shrines, to paid work for however good a cause, to property maintenance.... Why is she ignoring *this*, ignoring her writing?

And yet we have all squeezed in together on this crowded train, as I travel to meet her, we have all found a place together. It's crowded because it's half term, *her* half term, and that's why I'm here now, and yet most of it already seems devoted to the other tasks. Can we spend even as much time together, as I am spending here now with these people?

#### II

Walked to Triscombe Stone along the ridge from Dead Woman's Ditch in bright October light.

I was dreading this journey. The bedroom looks barer and some things are already in boxes.

On the hills there is a strong wind blowing, and in spite of the warm (too warm) sun the leaves are moving. I can't begin to treat these beech leaves as word counters in a philosophical argument, because that would create a lattice work of confined reinforcement.

Walking back, not digressing, (the brackets help), I was walking the edge of the overgrown beech hedge and its unstill leaves and twigs, avoiding the bridle path, as the sheep, gathering oddly in a white semicircle to the side of the path, had avoided the young horse riders, before we understood why (no more human coincidences). This is not the outskirts, hem or fringe of a habitation and I will not be travelling back into the city. This hedge is not even a threshold or a liminal zone, but its own border, as a life should be.

The stone is still there, neglected as ever, and greener than memory as she turns her lens, this time, to the white fungi.

Frances Presley  
21-22 October 2006

## Culbone stone

Cross made out  
of the circle

incised i

taken by the stone  
worked through

ribs  
implode

implant  
chosen lines

2

A broken rear red light, the gate warning. She would stand at the gate and get paid to open it. Why are these trees so bent? She is losing her short term memory. Why does the cross point in that direction? She thinks it was pointing to kilbeun, church of Beuno. The stone was found flat on its face in 1940. Who found it? I want to name the gamekeeper. He has lost his short term memory, but is drawn on by elements of architectural interest. Later we found him walking towards the 'Far Pavilions' of the holiday camp. Is it possible to propitiate the trees? He tells us she was convinced that the Chinese had discovered America, when the only genuine thing about the map is the paper: it's based on the Mercator system, which they would not have had and above all, on this map, China is not the centre of the universe. We cannot go beyond the stone to search for the stone row as it's private and fenced off. I dreamt I was walking through the town at night but the street was full of red kapok or candyfloss. I had to tear through it, stile slippery in the rain. It is wrong to talk about intelligence as a substance as if it were a substance. We can talk about inference. Why are those buildings empty, why are those woods empty? Who has scattered these lumps of carrot. That is not a gun emplacement but a covert. Is it a covert or a cover? These simple flowers, periwinkle. *I can't make sentences in my head now. I can speak and listen, but I can't write.*

3

*after Hazel Eardley-Wilmot*

no rider could penetrate the pine angles  
warfed and wisted  
few walkers would

a wheeled cross of the Dark Ages  
*askew*  
on its upright stone

the cross is neither  
upright  
neither st george  
nor st andrew  
nor diagonal

its top quadrant is ten minutes to one  
and the stem  
equal in length to the diameter  
projects from four o'clock

this is not clumsiness  
clumsiness  
the circle and straight lines are the work of a good craftsman

then why?  
it seems at best  
disrespectful



the stem of the cross points down to the church

the line of the stone enough for local people

who knew it was far down

the steep slope

to the sea

the slant of the stem

to help

strangers

Frances Presley

Nov. '05 – Nov. '06

## kaia sand

\*

### *from Lotto*

“to the open fields I told  
A prophesy: poetic numbers  
came  
Spontaneously”  
— William Wordsworth, The  
Prelude (Book I)

“In the desperate lotto draw of  
the “soul”  
(soul, a kind of outsourcing of  
the social)  
someone wins a freedom  
dreamt of on the iron mattress of  
finance”  
--Rodrigo Toscano  
“12 Riddles of Spirit, Crook in  
Hand”

+

ranked with distant dank luck  
outside a chosen set  
telescoping mercuric  
stars swollen with sight  
& down here with bed-eyed  
desire born-again opportunity  
happy slot machine *ring*  
*up my music* some numbers  
cease to play but others  
play on foreclosing what’s  
fast & steaded & near

I divine design deserve to

keep the numbers playing  
out there in this america

+

12 fancies herself

a lotto dance  
partner popular  
as 1 as 1 as  
9 likes 9 & wants  
to marry him  
with county courthouse  
candied peace  
oh 12 fancies herself  
& 9 likes 9

+

citizenship 2005  
highway 12  
local 556  
Tyson meat-  
packing  
plant Pasco

Washington

Mexican &  
Bosnian & Sudanese &  
Vietnamese workers

dull knives slam  
down hard for cuts  
that woman against  
that cow so much  
flesh hot & bloody & off  
the small highway no signs  
read Tyson no public tours

+

well then *okay*  
well then

there's  
always the  
lottery

+

in this america  
a billboard

enumerating everyone  
from Pine Ridge  
in Iraq

+

not a draft lotto  
'volunteers' this time  
count them up the volunteers

the winning ticket  
was sold  
at 7/Seven #14507  
on SE 42<sup>nd</sup>

3 dead by gunfire  
1 minimum 5 maximum  
dead roadside bomb

+

outside & outside  
& outside this is  
an america

'volunteers' this time

poor then so willing

+

lightning striking  
wind falling a roller  
coaster ride pretty  
penny pinching  
fruit from a  
tree water  
shed sweep  
stake

just my lucky  
stars

three gunned down in a  
barber shop one guard  
killed by a bomb near the  
polling station

+

+

if everyone could win the  
lottery  
pool of players pool of  
winners

another lotto  
winner lodged  
without bail  
in the county jail

a lighthouse at sea  
inurning thousands  
of lotto winners

+

clock-in clock  
out lotto winners  
schlep the cannery  
slush

lotto winners  
backed by  
militia a lot  
of land dedeed  
by ammunition a shoot  
out

+

lotto winners  
our populace brilliant with  
billionaires canning  
salmon cleaning  
beef stooped repetitive  
torsos twisted brilliant  
billionairedom

*you will not face  
restrictions in the job  
market*

*the entire US  
playing field yours  
to explore*

*pay for our  
services to increase  
your chances*

*the easiest way  
to America*

*a little luck*

**mg roberts**

**\***

Reaching through glass,  
she is obliged to remember fire. Somewhere  
after her first day at the school, she palms  
cinderblock and rotting wood. Compliance  
was just a word, smothered by a color.  
Jenny calls to say, ITS OLIVE. And I tell  
her; IT'S THE SAME THING.



2a.m.

1.

Inevitable, the police came, so there you are, [ ] gone, and the car burning.

2.

So there you are and there [ ] is, fooling yourself with mouthfuls of fire. You swallow hard because it's pride; the sound of the car dying under the freeway comes as a relief. When your parents ask if you are crazy, you'll reply, YES, I AM NOT QUITE MYSELF.

3.

You remember [ ]'s mouth drooling into yours. You don't say anything and [ ] doesn't answer. As you transgress into the backseat, it's near mythical but still, you are disappointed. After all, the car is stolen.

4.

Whether out of courage or its lack, you decide to walk the two miles home. You don't want to seem cliché but you are a prize in teal spandex. When the police pick you up they say something about gasoline and your parents ask, WHERE IS OUR CAR?

**mg roberts & laine ballard**

**\***

For one,

I wanted to talk inside: grass-like, solitary, and funnel-shaped, a downpour, reaching speed and directions. There was rain at a particular point. My point is a hiatus, taking me places. I slipped without you noticing, in the window. Do you see how I could have been confused? Yet again, the train was late. What I meant to say, only yesterday, I was layered into your blankets. Your clear wristwatch left a tan line, still feels like summer. So many sentences left incomplete, this thought included. Dialtone—My vocabulary grows inadequate. No matter, I am too far away achieving results. What I mean is, I bought a car. Among other items in my back pocket is a ticket stub for an outdoor event. What was I saying? I understand why you didn't return my calls. Outside jumped at your heels like acid rain.

London  
LESSON 12. LIP-MARKS

under Heavy Horsemen flag flying ahead works  
river at temperature one degree below land two  
steel structures clothed bones Miss Mudlarks  
attaches to sew surgically jargon balloons under  
umbrellas whole breath up foliage flattens

Use these words to fill in the following blanks :

1. To      a window is to mend it.
2. To be alarmed is to be     .
3. To      a debt is to pay it.
4. To      a prospect is to look at what is before you.
5. To look at a thing in      is to be distressed at what is seen.
6. To come to the      is to come to save or to help.
7. To      with a person is to feel with him.
8. He      to take it ; that is, he said he would not take it.
9.      means high.
10. To speak      is to speak like a high and mighty person.

fig. 1



**susana gardner**

\*

*from* H E W N

said hour so  
tided humble or  
branched elegiac what

ever *shewn* concept  
*consort* sorted &so  
weary staid *sofort*

picture of strewn  
feat *hers* & so  
feasted here hare

concology in waves  
lexiconic stray *heard*  
trodden bellhr(s)timed

footsteps alles loom  
&neu day sparkles  
woodwork *schön* gleaning

trident homemade alabaster  
spun echo among  
echoes her adroit

*filamenther* missing sign  
construed as new as  
auf *firslicht* breadth

will cubed *heurin*  
ballrooming i n w h a t i s  
often full alit

full small patters*schön*  
fasted patent e d fine  
p a t i e n c e

feated fasted fair&so  
chatter tidal fury  
stranded hopeful booked

as *it* were pageless  
and before her  
antiquarian heart beat

*lit* rush fundamental  
spoken *shein* mossy  
lush alley*wary* she

feath*ered* hopeful small*hero*  
trod so&so&so unrehearsed  
verset among *hearsay*

diabolic *hedged* cliff  
brutal *utter fine*  
mordantilecticfeasted

arrogant or finelyeven-  
tempered absent this  
she&she&she route*d*

productivewhereas *berosin*  
satedcradle fabled fare  
looked for —kept duly so

as *were* trepid  
in *a* whisper  
&equal &*staid* daring

thoroughly trans fixed  
*staras* mien foretold  
must we portend

in this triedtruetame  
elemental shire she  
with*th* everwere

kettle briared rope  
she&she&she withith  
&so &so &so

fort*b* hour *err*  
thus defined: mother  
hinged fragile thus

gray seawarren awaiting  
body complicit repentence  
*staras* nimbly baited

querulous tremor being  
she *being* *bespoken*  
so as to*ing*humble

notwithstanding brilliant  
small            *disaster* shining  
incredulous *avisaster* yet

after fire she width certain  
adoration no *other* will  
*besings shewilling* certain

transmutable ever thus seeing  
seeded *go* hope *feathered*  
alles about her

carriaged *again* unwieldly  
trimmed truly untrained  
mattber sie as *she* & so

## **cynthia hogue**

**\***

### The Green Card Is Not Green

*Patriotism assumes that our globe is divided into little spots,  
each one surrounded by an iron gate.*

Emma Goldman

*An "alien" married to an American receives a conditional green card, which is a green card whose conditions must be removed after two years. The Department of Homeland Security allows what it calls a "window" in which to apply for the removal of these conditions, after which, if the couple miss the "window," it is closed.*

1

The couple look through this window that is time,  
    blacked out, and space,  
    in no space.  
The window is neither open nor closed. It is before them.  
    They are before it.  
    They poise on its sill  
between inside and outside the legal.  
    Balanced. Out of balance.  
    Liminal. Marginal.  
Time determines whether they trespass or freely stay.

\*

The couple are told that processing takes a year and a receipt will be issued that allows the Alien Resident to travel. And so it was the couple came to travel, not leaving the country but the state, from one to another: as from "happiness" to "unhappiness," or from "contentment" to "discontent." In May the couple stayed in the same country across the country, where lilacs were blooming—the deep purple and pale-lavender honeying the air each morning.

\*



One day the couple received a letter. The Resident Alien's application to have conditions removed from his green card was approved. In 14 days. His case was such an open book that it changed the couple's story.

Now to leave the country the Alien Resident needed a stamp.  
To stamp a passport takes a minute.  
It is the same stamp everywhere  
because it is the same Department of Homeland Security,  
the same Homeland.

\*

But the stamp must be delivered not anywhere in the Homeland  
but only at Home. Why is never explained but "that" is repeated often:  
*That that that that that that that that that that that that that that that that that that.*

\*

When one calls The Department of Homeland Security,  
one reaches a line called Customer Service giving many numbers to press  
for help. Each number pressed gives new numbers in new voices.  
Each voice speaks of the same laws of the same land in the same language  
in which the same questions have been asked,  
each giving different answers which  
if chosen lead to different fates.

One cannot complain of the Customer Service.  
There are no lines for complaints to  
The Department of Homeland Security's Customer Service Center.  
One is not really a customer  
(there are no customers),  
and cannot buy anything  
but trouble,  
which is priceless.

\*

One cannot call for an appointment. Appointments must be done by internet.  
The Department of Homeland Security's Customer Service recording  
suggests that anyone without internet access can find it at a library.

What The Department of Homeland Security's Customer Service recording  
does not mention is that national projected and announced library

funding cuts have surpassed \$111 million.  
Visits to public libraries have doubled,

but libraries are closing  
for lack of  
government funding.  
So little money to go so far.  
Where has all the money gone?  
It has gone elsewhere,  
else it would be here.  
It could go *here here*  
but it has gone elsewhere and it is gone.

\*

U.S. borders are both policed and permeable.

2

*A border orders disorder.* Evidently.  
How secure to secure the border?  
I breathe the confident air of a liminal space:  
neither what came before nor what lies ahead  
but between these two.  
What is between between?

A nether-world.

\*

A border that divides also connects,  
the buffer imagined, arbitrary,  
opening where one can cross the line  
and become, quite suddenly, *other*.

I enter a strange country  
and myself become strange. *Étrangère*.  
At that moment, my Resident Alien husband becomes *Citizen*.  
We are, between us,  
two beings of determinate but shifting identities,  
always in transit, self-shifting,  
one of us word-less,  
one of us defined by prohibitions

expressed in abstractions  
all having specific consequences:

You are invited to submit  
an application for an extension  
of the red tape in which to encase  
your green card.

You are not permitted to cross our borders  
without an endorsement that the conditions  
on your green card have been approved  
for removal.

\*

The permeable border is lethal without endorsement.  
I wanted to endorse you but the Homeland must authorize your petition.  
You will pay x and then go to z. You cannot go to y.

You can call us but the phone number we give you has been disconnected

(you will have to call to find this out).  
A receipt must be with all questions,

and we will tell you that you can not ask questions  
in person without an appointment although you can  
(you will have to come here to find this out).

If you make an appointment, we guarantee that the information we have given you  
will cause you to go to the wrong place,  
and then we will have to say:

You have to go back.  
You will go back.  
You must go back

to where you came from. If it is happiness you are free  
to pursue it but there not here.  
If it is unhappiness you must dwell there.

If you cross our borders we will hold you without charge,  
for a time to be announced at some time  
to be determined in the future.

*A border disorders others  
My state but not my faith  
My country but not my cant*

This is a notice of action,

not feelings. We do not sway or bend

like reeds in wind. We do not feel for you. You must feel

for yourself.

Please feel welcome.

**jennifer firestone**

\*

From *Gates & Fields*

The egg went gone  
    swum like a mountain of water  
and the webbed arch of shimmer-height music splayed its transparent name  
praised in the gloried tides of thinning water  
    praised in his spidering rays  
the mouth of a cavern the waters shook  
glass and its excess shined  
the gloss of all  
    there is to call  
was lighting its way home

\* \* \*

What's the right way to you  
In sleep when you soar across buildings your body skies  
That doesn't happen anymore we outlive our potentialities  
In sleep and you just continue

That sleep is a drug not a dream a drug  
There's a blanket in the air a quilt with all the names  
A public exhibit with wires no one sleeps away anymore  
In the palms milk pouring from holes in the palms after the tests I received promises  
from land  
of milk wet palms doves will not runneth over in my palms meant promise life  
permissiveness no bubbles flat ocean white the test done received with will goodness  
honey of land pink nipples white was a color vivid a dove murmured couldn't touch it  
tarnish not viscous not substance  
a pool water palming it meant soon coming

\* \* \*

To rock a horse to sleeping time to look for her in sleep to say I will face your absence I  
will face to that which I'm concerned. To this notion to this.  
But admonishing all external colors and motion it is the unresponsive that is noticed.  
Waiting for the object to embody to move. Waiting for the signature to seal.

Give them the ring give them the ring do not struggle over who owns these things.

What with the waking hour the first embrace of being  
Pitted inside the blood will subside the next lives growing

White and beyond bubbling over white and beyond to what is surface beyond a texture

the vision running beyond the appearances the bubbles tipping that's the way a surface  
lays that's the way depth is not suggested beyond the light there's the nothing beyond  
the white there's missing something white is to gaze in and emptied white is the names  
we'd chosen the night is shaking the earth remembers this is not the light I'm born with.

**kate fagan**

\*

*from 'Book of Hours for Narrative Lovers'*

II

Rain like heat, beginning, a town so close. Like grey thunder toward a blue precipice. I stopped near a wall to scoop leaves from the kerb, word essence, autumn crying to arrive. Something that doesn't love a kerb. Like blue quays on black ice, poppies blown open by sweet hot rain. In time distance converts to numerical precision. Like a first thought. In time we come to remember, even streets and cities leaning to. Before I changed my shoes and pushed fourteen plastic dollars into the seat. Marks on every door. North we do abstraction, we do the plain words. Nothing so plain. The house with tall windows, frail like a boxcar moving soil a fluke, like forgiveness like limbs thrown out by a single chance. A shoulder pressed hot as rain when avenues trinkets centuries fall like skins like leaves like photon spray.

\*



What can I write that I cannot feel? Left defending the poem while you champion the lyrical phrase. Not the thing but its attachments so a man becomes 'a shadow returning without a sound and without locomotion to the allmother of obscurity'. Becoming machine, becoming animal. A dog howls or space between wall and open sun buffered by hollow reverberations and my thought is, a dog howls. A view pressures my temples to a point of forgetting. Between words a capital sense of timing, relief as though confessing. What refuses name? If I wrote for a day it would still escape containment. Skein of cloud begins to loom at a slow periphery. You describe a bird outstretched, becoming gate becoming iron, one night anchored to this morphic certainty, even the despairing river pounds in your veins and you mistrust the expanse. Behind paper screens the world intact.

\*

There is a metal sense of knowing. I reach and take a flower from your crown. Thick scar on your cheek, bold admission, unbending in report. The book audibly gyres between compass points: nothing I write can prepare you as readers. As readers be prepared to encounter everything. Nothing I write can prepare me to encounter nothing as everything. There is a mode of renewed political fearlessness

but it gets harder to recognise. My face? Your hands? Our history? A woman beside me orders a glass of 'champagne and diet coke'. A man is confused about his origins and this makes him unable to leave without violence. As talk individuates on all surfaces some are unflinching in the face of collective identity: *I'm sure I speak for all Australians when I say.* When I contest.

## **leslie scalapino & lyn hejinian**

\*

From: *Hearing*

A dag dozes by a wayside with a rag over his eyes, veiling the yellow spot. Two girls on bikes pass (like messages) through the leaves. One says "the brain is bristling on the shack" and the other says "the chain is strumming into the caution." Though they are real too the dozing dag dreams them, as from another galaxy (given to trusting). Their chatter stirs the nester shadows, and the dag means not to see but to listen, but the dag is startled and hallucinates a slur. The dag extends his creviced tongue, he can't link what he hears to its creaky source, he drops his blind. Everywhere he looks there are signs of change, and with them signs of aspersion, he sees blighted chrysalides in spring and the stupefying sun in winter clinging to the water. Dazed the dag wanders off—and that's the last of the dag. The girls bike as if watching their ride together. —LH

Bubals bleed on the plain flashing with lightning. The bubaline holds, however far away Bucarramanga is. Yet buboes blackening and bursting on immigrants who're on the way are the traces really flood-marks of the plague, a buckjumper fleeing riderless white or pink flowers open speechless and Chaka whirls as a dervish at two hundred miles an hour. Silent without yipping. Even stopping to sleep in flight. The rider of the buckjumper runs far behind amid the straggling bubals, those leaving drops of crimson blood on the roiling flashing pan. The sun clinging to water cannot open. Its action, the

sun's of clinging to the water, reminds the rider of efforts to speak. As the rider querist is happy but shy. The whole plain opens anyway, without the sun. Erupting in bird song, while the million birds brush their wings beside the weakened roiling sun that's stuck on the flood's edge, they close the road to all immigrants, who are penned behind floodgates now the buboes open on the pink skin of these people, who're the poor. The president only kisses the green skin of corpses still live props for photos, in the sound of decomposition. So long as they're not the quick — where'd the quick and the dead come from. People say it walking here. By quiet yellow spot of the bleeding sun. Their mortar is speech. But there's no separation. They're not stopped at posts only fired on. Katrina shows the other path. Neither quietism nor respelling, and quickening without borders. — LS

Vermillion rats cross the ship-tracked flood-muddied river to come ashore and nest in green ivory currently as long ago. Verminous squirrels war over the rooftops shaking trees (the polygonal webs of golden orb spiders quiver like burlap as the butt-ugly rider settles into a chair with a bottle of beer). Stranded wanderers at the singing of a motorboat rear in the light, whispers rising. "This is the garden of my uncle's daughter," according to a buckjumping rumor that's current. Patience hastens the genius of the budding raconteur who is the son of Uncle's daughter. Fingers spread, Stan begins, looking up so as to hear better. "Voilà — le jardin de la fille de mon oncle qui s'appelle Bubba et qui s'habite en...mais..." (but it is not May). Uncle waddles from his porch to toss a chawbone to his little dog. The dog is clean and bubaline as a slamming yellow spot, the sun: it leaps from wet clapboard white into heavy, humid air. Static wobbles at a slat of charged wind and then subsides, standing out of hearing. There's no other electricity. Uncle puts the tip of his right thumb and forefinger between his lips and makes a blowhole through which he breathes hard, as if after in exertion or for the sake of exhorting or encouraging fire. What is heard is a whistle calling that summons the butt-ugly rider's ride, a horse named Sam, which (when it comes to him as the sound of one's beloved's footsteps on the porch comes to the lover waiting just inside the door) he straddles. In the garden of the daughter of the uncle there's another horse, a picaro's ride called Bucephalus. It piaffes. When it runs it's white. It hasn't learned to fetch, the picaro (an immigrant of unknown origin) explains, it's a gay ivory courser, diagonally crossing the green street. It's a beauty says Stan, and the butt-ugly rider concurs. He dismounts and begins to sing, feeding peapods to Sam. — LH

Detached from the present is that present again. The butt ugly now blows on the back of the horse, which rides away *its* buttocks pounding and swaying stretching on the round, encaustic green hills these waxing their illumination by these (hills) whistling with birds. The bubaline dog runs beside the birds, split between the birds, though the birds chase the horse and rider now hoarse from calling dog dog. Je ne m'appelle pas dog, the dog can't say. But (beside butt) wobbles riding sliding on an ice field falling in where the vermilion rats now swim together, no one blind, the ivory courser, Bucephalus, leading with its huge neck pulling through the icy river of the field for it has burst flooding. The birds flood it with song again. I have one uncle left. They sing. The mortar of speech plugged the butt-ugly rider who, buckjumping, changes horses mid-stream holding onto the neck of the ivory courser that breathing in pulls. Another horse crashes the water which shivers the air. Though the rider dipped in the icy drink in this spurts bullocky briefly, a buckra. For above, a buckmoth, saturniid flits as a white band – that's a moon at once continually holding and receding, obscuring a minute buckpasser fleeing a city. War destroyed. The unplugged blowholes of spring icy pour the huge yellow spot of the sun on which are attached birds persons as the jeweled outside. As the man's seeing the horse's front legs crashing the water, and one's now saying this, the sound of rain is an *end-blown* here the other sounds come from it nothing visible. One can't say that, but it's heard there. –LS

Faint presents herd from the distance, buck-mothered duns and sorrels, dogged bays and roans with white hairs sprinkled, palominos approaching with growing sound that is neither the sturdy future nor the jumpy past, so it can't be dubbed. They – the dapples, appaloosas, and pintos – can't dub the end-blown effluent moment of the herd's galloping over the budded hillock across the river, bursting like long percussion that had to come. That's how one remembers, by means of an occurrence all at once around which gathered strangers group as one, winging its response. The herd for the present has, now, an event-nature, and so does a sudden singer who takes up a rock and smashes his plugged ocarina. li-hahahaha. The group once gathered strangers can't blow the moment, emitting a collective O. The white noise carries the dog called Jenema Pell Paw just as the current of a river swollen by melting glaciers that wars are destroying might a bugeye around a bend. The strangers mount like difficulties, one on a gray Arabian with a teacup muzzle and another on a bodacious Azteca, its black mane blown and abundant

as chaff carried on by city girls in birdy skirts in present weather – horsetail clouds to the wind, there being no other. – LH

The black mane blown and abundant holds an immense blare, the horse shaking the massive mane in silence alone until the screech of his mane swirling as mortar on the dusk horizon swarms [an absence or negative-event of] insects (not-occurring yet simultaneous present), a blare visible only as (being seen as) a cyclone tail by (beside/and seen from) a stranger riding a roan, his butt blaring whipped. Mounted freezing in the dusk, yet from us insects are remembered singing in rounds during warm weather. We believe authority if it vouchsafes us. Sad. Happy. At once. And the rider and black mane stagger ascending the bank. Opposed to this, our collective memories are heard over (either fulfilling or contradicting) any present sight, the cyclone of the massing horse's mane shouting as the sky clouds come and go. The mane bursts through the river as the horse crosses against the current fleeing ahead. Its head. Mane substitutes for the eye, sight and silence being the same there (the black mane which is the only sight). Cyclone at night-silence.

– LS

## biographies

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**Laine Ballard** is an MFA student at the New College of California, her poems are forthcoming in *Coconut Three*. She lives in the San Francisco Bay area with her two cats.

Sydney-based writer and musician **Kate Fagan** was the editor of *How2* from 2003 to 2006. Her book *The Long Moment* is available from Salt Publishing [<http://www.saltpublishing.com/books/smp/1876857390.htm>] and a full-length CD of readings entitled *Cellular Time* will appear from Stem Recordings later this year. Her solo album *Diamond Wheel* won the 2006 National Film & Sound Archive Award for 'Best Folk Album'. <http://katefagan.com>.

**Jennifer Firestone** lives in Brooklyn and is the Poet In Residence at Eugene Lang College (The New School). Her latest chapbook, *from Flashes* <http://sonaweb.net/fromflashes.htm>, is published by Sona Books, and she has a chapbook forthcoming from Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs. Her work has appeared in *Can We Have Our Ball Back*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Dusie*, *moria*, *MIPOesias* and others. She is the co-editor of the anthology, *Letters To Poets: Conversations about Poetics, Politics and Community*, which includes writers such as Anne Waldman, Brenda Iijima, Leslie Scalapino, Kathleen Fraser, Jill Magi, Victor Hernandez Cruz, Eileen Myles, Albert Flynn DeSilver and Wanda Coleman. Excerpts from *Letters* are currently being featured in Jacket Magazine <http://jacketmagazine.com/31/lett-intro.html> and Rain Taxi <http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2006fall/letterstopoets.shtml>.

**Susana Gardner** lives in Switzerland with her partner and small daughter, where she writes, edits Dusie Press and makes things. Her first chapbook, *To Stand to Sea*, was published earlier this year by The Tangent Press, and is presently being translated into the Italian by Massimo Sannelli and forthcoming from Cantarena Press, Genoa. Her second chap, *Scrawl, Or, (from the markings of) the small her (o)* was published in part with the inaugural dusi/e-chap *kollektiv*.

**Lyn Hejinian** was born in the San Francisco Bay Area in 1941. Poet, essayist, and translator, she is also the author or co-author of several books of poetry, including *The Fatalist* (Omnidawn Publishing, 2003), *My Life in the Nineties* (Shark, 2003), and *A Border Comedy* (2001). Her honors include a Writing Fellowship from the California Arts Council, a grant from the Poetry Fund, and a Translation Fellowship (for her Russian translations) from the National Endowment of the Arts. She received the sixty-sixth Fellowship from The Academy of American Poets for distinguished poetic achievement at mid-career. She was elected an Academy Chancellor in 2006. She lives in Berkeley, California.

**Cynthia Hogue** has published five collections of poetry: *Where the Parallels Cross* (1984), *The Woman in Red* (1989), *The Never Wife* (1999), *Flux* (2002), and *The Incognito Body* (2006). Her poems have been praised for their intelligence, elegant compression, and chiseled syntax. Among her honors are a Fulbright Fellowship, a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship in poetry, an NEH Summer Seminar Fellowship (on race and gender history), and the H.D. Fellowship at the Beinecke Library at Yale University. Also known for her criticism and scholarship, Hogue has been called one of the few critics well versed in contemporary theoretical debates who is also a skilled reader of poetry. Her books and essays on poetry, ranging from that of Emily Dickinson to Kathleen Fraser and Harryette Mullen, have explored the possibilities for ethical, poetic subjects and the transformation of consciousness. Her critical work includes *Scheming Women: Poetry, Privilege, and the Politics of Subjectivity* (SUNY P, 1995), and the following co-edited editions: *We Who Love To Be Astonished: Experimental Feminist Poetics and Performance Art* (U of Alabama P, 2001), *Innovative Women Poets: An Anthology of Contemporary Poetry and Interviews* (U of Iowa P, 2006), and the forthcoming first edition of H.D.'s *The Sword Went Out to Sea*, by Delia Alton (UP of Florida, 2007). Hogue taught in the MFA program at the University of New Orleans before moving to Pennsylvania, where she directed the Stadler Center for Poetry at Bucknell University for eight years. While in Pennsylvania, she trained in conflict resolution with the Mennonites and became a trained mediator specializing in diversity issues in education. In 2003, she joined the Department of English at ASU as the Maxine and Jonathan Marshall Chair in Modern and Contemporary Poetry.

**Frances Kruk** hails from a long line of beetroot and potato gobblers in the old Eastern bloc. She

lives in London, England with two cats and assembles yt communication products with the poet Sean Bonney.

**Redell Olsen's** publications include *Book of The Fur*, Rem Press (Cambridge, 2000), *Secure Portable Space*, Reality Street (Hastings, 2004), *Here Are My Instructions*, Gefin Press (London, 2004). *Punk Faun: a baroque pastel* is forthcoming in 2007. She is a lecturer at Royal Holloway, University of London where she is the course director for the MA in Poetic Practice. She is the editor of *How(2)*.

**Maggie O'Sullivan** was born Lincolnshire, 20th July, 1951 to Irish parents. Poet, artist, editor, publisher, she has performed her work and published internationally since the late 1970's. Worked for BBC-TV in London, continuously from 1973 and 1988, latterly on arts documentary films, notably as production assistant/researcher on the Arena series. In 1988, moved to the Pennines outside Hebden Bridge in West Yorkshire. For over a decade she ran her celebrated Writing in Action Adult Education/WEA weekly classes in Hebden Bridge. Held many residencies in a range of educational settings, as well as tutoring in creative writing and poetry for Open College of the Arts correspondence courses for last 11 years. Involved in numerous, ongoing performance/workshop presentations.

**Frances Presley** was born in Derbyshire, and now lives in London where she is a free-lance author and also works part-time at the Poetry Library. *Paravane: new and selected poems, 1996-2003* was published by Salt in 2004: the title sequence is a response to 9/11/2001. *Myne: new and selected poems and prose, 1976-2006*, was published last year by Shearsman. It includes two new landscape sequences, 'Myne' and the most recent, 'Stone settings', which takes as its framework the Neolithic stone sites on Exmoor, and is part of a collaboration with the poet **Tilla Brading**. She has written various reviews and essays, and she runs the Other Press, which has recently published a book of experimental prose by Mary Michaels.

**mg roberts** was born in Subic bay, Philippines. She is an MFA student at the New College of California and currently lives in Oakland, Ca. with her partner and daughter.

**Sophie Robinson** was born in 1985. She has recently completed a BA in English Literature, and started an MA in Poetic Practice at Royal Holloway, University of London, in the autumn of 2006. Her poetry often deals with the complicated relationship between technology, culture and the female body. Sophie is the editor of *OpennedVisual*, a visual poetry magazine, and her poetry has appeared on the *Openned* website (<http://www.openned.com>) and in *Hex Progress*. She has also performed her work at The Foundry and at the Runnymede Literary Festival. Sophie's poetry blog can be found at <http://www.sophierobinson.blogspot.com>



Born in Fairbanks, Alaska, in 1972, **Kaia Sand** was raised in Oregon. In 1997, she created the Tangent—a zine of politics and the arts—with Jules Boykoff and their brothers, Neal Sand and Max Boykoff. They have expanded the Tangent into a press that publishes chapbooks and pamphlets. She was active in a Washington, DC, poetry scene from 1998-2004, where she edited *So to Speak*: a feminist journal of language and art, curated the In Your Ear poetry reading series at the District of Columbia Arts Center with Jules Boykoff and Tom Orange, and taught at St. Mary's College of Maryland. Living in Walla Walla, Washington last year, she and Jules Boykoff hosted tangentradio on poetry & politics, broadcasting poetry readings from Tokyo, Japan, to Brighton, England, to Schaffhausen, Switzerland.

Sand is the author of the poetry collection *interval* (Edge Books 2004), and collaborative chapbooks *Exit* with Jules Boykoff and *Aquifer* (with Mark Wallace's *A Monstrous Failure of Contemplation*). Printer/bookmaker Ruth Lingen typeset Sand's poetry in a handmade book limited edition called 2005. Sand currently teaches at Willamette University and lives in Portland, Oregon, with Jules Boykoff.

**Leslie Scalapino** is the author of thirty books of poetry, new fiction, criticism, and plays. Forthcoming is *Day Ocean State Of Stars' Night*, a collection of eight years of poetry published by Green Integer. UC Berkeley Press will publish her *Selected* in 2008.

**Susan M. Schultz** lives in Kane`ohe, Hawai`i and teaches at the University of Hawai`i. She is author of *Memory Cards & Adoption Papers* (Potes & Poets Press, 2002), *And Then Something Happened* and *Aleatory Allegories*, both from Salt Publishing, 2000, and editor of *The Tribe of John: Ashbery and Contemporary Poetry* (Alabama, 1995). *A Poetics of Impasse in Modern and Contemporary American Poetry* from the University of Alabama Press, has just been released. She lives with her husband, son and daughter and cheers for the St. Louis Cardinals baseball team. Schultz founded and edits *Tinfish*, a paper and electronic journal of poetry in the Pacific region.

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