

The Portable

# BOOG READER 3

An Anthology of New York City Poetry



EDITED BY JIM BEHRLE, JOANNA FUHRMAN, BRENDA IJIMA,  
PAOLO JAVIER, DAVID A. KIRSCHENBAUM, AND MARK LAMOUREUX

# BOOG CITY

*“Built One Poem at a Time”*

---

Congratulations on



**BOOG READER 3**

*from your friends at*

**BUILDING**

L O N G  I S L A N D

The people, projects and policies shaping Long Island real estate™

**Ammiel Alcalay  
Betsy Andrews  
Ari Banias  
Jennifer Bartlett**

4

**Martine Bellen  
Edmund Berrigan  
Kate Broad  
Julian Brolaski**

5

**Donna Brook  
Sommer Browning  
Matthew Burgess  
David Cameron**

6

**Mike Coffey  
Jen Coleman  
John Coletti  
Matt Cozart**

7

**Elaine Equi  
Jessica Fiorini  
Jennifer Firestone  
Ed Friedman**

8

**Ethan Fugate  
Rigoberto González  
Nada Gordon  
Stephanie Gray**

9

**Shafer Hall  
Diana Hamilton  
Hayley Heaton  
Cathy Park Hong**

10

**Vanessa Hope  
Dan Hoy  
Lauren Ireland  
Adeena Karasick**

11

**Basil King  
Martha King  
Noelle Kocot-Tomblin  
Dorothea Lasky**

12

**Jeff Laughlin  
Amy Lawless  
Walter K. Lew  
Tan Lin**

13

**Tao Lin  
Filip Marinovich  
Justin Marks  
Chris Martin**

14

**Tracey McTague  
Stephen Paul Miller  
Feliz L. Molina  
Ryan Murphy**

15

A little over eight years ago, *The Portable Boog Reader (PBR)* was an attempt to instantly make a New York City poetry anthology for a night I was invited to host at a music and poetry festival. And so while booking a bunch of musical and poetry acts for that night at the, alas, now departed C-Note, I emailed out a call for work to 100 or so area poets under the subject line "You've Been Accepted to *The Portable Boog Reader*." The rules were simple, you must live in one of the five boroughs and if you got this email you're in, there's a page in this anthology for you because I dig your work and if for some reason something doesn't hit in your first sub then I'll ask for more.

After the initial collection, a perfect-bound volume taking its name and part of its look from *The Portable Beat Reader*, we waited seven years to convert the idea into an issue of our community newspaper, *Boog City*. Now we would be able to give away 2,750 copies of a poetry anthology to our regular distribution points in the East Village and other parts of lower Manhattan, and Greenpoint and Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

As with last year's *PBR2*, this year's edition has been edited by myself and five other *Boog City* editors, two returning from last year's volume, Art Editor Brenda Iijima and Printed Matter Co-editor Mark Lamoureux, and three first-timers, Mark's co-editor, Paolo Javier; and two past *Boog City* poetry editors who've come out of retirement, Jim Behrle and Joanna Fuhrman, poets all. This edition would not have been the same without each of their unique contributions. Huzzah!

74 poets were in the first *PBR*. 72—a number that lends itself to being divided by four poems per tabloid page and six editors gathering the work for the issue—were in *PBR2*, 25 of whom were in *PBR1*, meaning 47 new *PBR* poets. This edition, *PBR3*, also has 72 poets, none of whom appeared in *PBR2* (something decided upon unanimously by the editors during our annual poet draft), 11 who appeared in *PBR1*. In all, 182 different poets have appeared in these three volumes. (*For a complete rundown of the overall PBR contributors, see p. 22.*)

That number's a testament to the quantity of inspiring poets here in New York City, meaning the five boroughs, not just Manhattan, and also the call of New York to the artist. This edition has poets who have either just moved away or are about to, in Hayley Heaton and Jen Coleman, respectively, and another, Eleni Stecopoulos, who has just relocated here. It has a slew of small press editors, including John Coletti (*Open 24 Hours*), Filip Marinovich (*Ugly Duckling Presse*), Justin Marks (*Kitchen Press*), Chris Martin (*Puppy Flowers*), Ryan Murphy (*Four Way Books*), Damian Weber (*House Press*), Max Winter (*Fence*), and Sara Wintz (the press gang). And, of course, Mathias Svalina (*Octopus Magazine*), who next month, with Julia Cohen, will be *Boog City's* new poetry co-editors. This will be Mathias' last poem in these pages for a while, as we don't publish poems by our editors in *Boog City*, which made us happy to have Christina Strong and Rodrigo Toscano as former *Boog* editors, so we were able to feature their work in *PBR3*.

And a special shout-out to Sommer Browning, a double-threat in this issue, with a poem in its pages and cover art by her hand. I'm very happy she put the word "comix" in her bio, which led us to our friend the frog.

Much love to all of the advertisers in these pages and an anonymous donor. This anthology exists in large part because of each of you. —DAK

**Elinor Nauen  
Uche Nduka  
Urayoán Noel  
Akilah Oliver**

16

**Geoffrey Olsen  
Jean-Paul Pecqueur  
Greg Purcell  
Elizabeth Reddin**

17

**Jerome Sala  
Tom Savage  
David Sewell  
David Shapiro**

18

**Kimberly Ann Southwick  
Eleni Stecopoulos  
Christina Strong  
Mathias Svalina**

19

**Jeremy James Thompson  
Susie Timmons  
Rodrigo Toscano  
Nicole Wallace**

20

21

**Damian Weber  
Max Winter  
Sara Wintz  
Erica Wright**

fair haired boys with subsidies  
living in townhouses with  
elevators and gardens  
writing articles for the  
latest periodicals:

were I to breed roaches in  
their bedrooms

piranhas in  
their pools

Ammiel Alcalay's latest book is *Scrapmetal* (Factory School). *A Little History* is due out from Beyond Baroque.

## Some Kind of We

How to describe what pattern  
these churchbells make as they bong out  
one to another in easy conversation  
a sound that drifts almost, though it is  
not a light but a deep ringing, it is serious  
and yet implies things are okay,  
things are okay  
but things, they are not okay  
I can't trust a churchbell, though I would like to,  
the way I can trust  
that in this country, in every house and in most every  
apartment, there somewhere is a cabinet or drawer  
where it's stashed, the large plastic bag  
with slightly smaller mashed together plastic bags inside it, it  
is overflowing, and we keep adding,  
bringing home more than we need, we should have  
to weave a three piece suit of plastic bags  
a rug, a quilt, a bed of bags even, anything  
more useful than this collection this excess  
why am I writing about plastic bags, because  
it is this year in this country and I am this person  
with this set of meanings on my body and the majority of what I have,  
I mean, what I literally have the most of in my apartment, more  
than plants, more than forks and spoons and knives combined, more than chairs  
or jars or pens or books or socks, is plastic bags,  
and I am trying to write, generally and specifically,  
through what I see and what I know,  
about my life (about our lives?)  
if in all this there can still be—tarnished,  
problematic, and yes, uneven—some kind of *we*.

Ari Baniyas curates the queer series Uncalled-For Readings. His poems are in *The Cincinnati Review* and *FIELD*, and forthcoming in *Aufgabe*.

## From "The Bottom"

Atop the bottom, the water-ghost  
the riddle-ghost tower, fireballs lapping the ghost map  
the ghost nets, the ghost moon, the ghost lines, the ghost traps,  
the fingerlings giving up ghost  
the long dark drive, the ghost drive, over the derelict moat  
the ghost era's ghost-dish, its secrets, its swallows,  
its test site's thousand ghost bites named for rivers  
and ice caps and nautical terms, for fish and for towns named for ghost  
the long-gone ghost of the beaver meadow, *Las Vegas* they called it, skinned  
ghost wagers streaming in  
the once-and-again wealth of the nation a tour-tram parking lot coast  
ghost of the barnacled schoolroom, lesson a nibbling ghost  
In the hook-and-sink daybreak  
at the ghost-black terminal, its scaffolds and catwalks and ladders and berths,  
gunships its ghost-and-ghost host,  
a borne-again freighter named *Universal Hope* is suckling, is guzzling up the ghost  
in the cold commons' ghost mouth, a trio of pearls,  
three itches enraptured by ghost  
the narwhal the sea cow the sea mink the monk seal a mouthful of ghost word, extinct  
the half-seas' coral a ghost story written in bone-white ink  
The king counts his ghostlands,  
his wrecks and his flotsam, his jetsam, his water-strays, his fishes.  
My wish is: We are on the shore, we are looking out at the water.  
You are lying beside me, curled.  
The sun is coming up. I am turning you over  
I am going to see your face  
The sun is coming up, I am turning you over  
I am going to be able to see your face

Betsy Andrews is the author of *New Jersey*, winner of the 2007 Brittingham Prize in Poetry, and chapbooks including *Supercollider*, with artist Peter Fox.

## From "The Language of Home"

II.

Your tiny hand leans across  
what we refer to as the sights, or *the site*,  
the whirl of the engine outside,  
the expanse of the wing, and darkness so that  
all we see, at first, is us looking back into ourselves and  
the claustrophobia of the thing,  
the tile floor, the dome-like ceiling,  
a small window giving way to a large one.  
Here, you struggle to peer toward land,  
the Wonder Wheel lights rising and falling  
like an animated sculpture. A line is drawn where the water  
meets the shore, darkness lapping over darkness.  
Your hand presses into it.

IV.

But, perhaps, weather is just another distraction.  
He wants to search for bugs in the yard,  
or perhaps for the lack of them,  
forgetting that everything has been hidden.  
He is *like* the snow the lift, the sweep,  
the relentlessness,  
and we are completely covered by him,  
caught up in any list of things:  
the loveliness and impossibility of it all.  
You, *my dear*, are the only physical thing I will ever do.

Jennifer Bartlett's first collection is *Derivative of the Moving Image* (UMN). She has poems forthcoming in *New American Writing* and *Peaches and Bats*.

## Oshimai [The End]

One April morning, the mother believes she awakens and her lovely daughter has disappeared. The mother has been watching a movie about a young girl—her daughter—with aubergine hair and round eyes. Parasitic bugs that have found solace in the skin of the girl replace her. Upon seeing the parasites, the mother falls into a deep weeping slumber and the bugs continue her dream. She can exist only through the parasites' memory. They watch her sleep. She supposes she's dead, dreaming that her daughter is directing insects in an anime movie. She's at the movies with secretions that dissemble when light's switched on (the secretions which are raised from light, the secretions which are her thoughts). The viewer will open his eyes and go home (open his heart)—turn on the light—(close his eyes)—dream—(turn in sleep)—become something other—a moth maybe, nothing more substantial than the filmic flame, gossamer, a damselfly's shimmering whirr. Strangers in our body. Passengers. Parasites.

Martine Bellen is the author of six poetry collections, including *Tales of Murasaki and Other Poems* (Sun & Moon Press), winner of the National Poetry Series Award.

## May Day

Speaking as one caught in a delusion  
 I created a place of misinformation  
 & let it guide my actions.  
 I could've caught on, but the situation  
 was new to me. Subsequently I  
 shut myself in, & took a few years  
 to re-emerge. That's fine, since it's  
 what happened, but I ought to stop  
 looking back.

Edmund Berrigan is author of *Glad Stone Children* (Farfalla Press) and editor of the forthcoming *Selected Poems of Steve Carey* (Subpress).

## Kate Broad

## Travelogue

*The electricity goes out after dinner.*

Individual grains of rice collect in soggy pools,  
 spiraling nicks of white drowning in tomato seeds.

I am an oversized bird.  
 I watch the water run, the leftovers swim.

A forensic anthropologist in Sri Lanka  
 knows the skeleton sat like this

by the stress marks on the ankle bones.  
 What would he say about my body?

Drum  
 burps with a hollow stomach

like a cooking pot dunked under water.  
 Cupped by a strong palm,

battered by a flurry of fingers,  
 skin stretched to give and resist.

Drum, hollow of my stomach,  
 a sweat slap sound in the night.

Kate Broad has work out or forthcoming in *Freshwater*, *Karamu*, and *EOAGH: A Journal of the Arts*, and is available online at [www.katebroad.blogspot.com](http://www.katebroad.blogspot.com).

## Julian Brolaski

## washtub in the gowanus

*We will continue to dismantle [-member?]  
 Imagination with its pseudonym.*  
 —Craig Watson

eat shit, hologram  
 summervier re votre chambre  
 no clearance in niche  
 battling heavy sheaves

birds are netted  
 out of the sky  
 like fish

no trace herr of violence  
 but a slo meandering toward deth  
 bright peach conundrum  
 cleaves the ether

Julian Brolaski is the author of the chapbooks *A Buck in a Corridor*, *Madame Bovary's Diary*, *Letters to Hank Williams*, and *The Daily Usonian*.

## Found Poem from an Email: Recent Top Selling Bumper Stickers

That's OK, I Wasn't Using My Civil Liberties Anyway  
 Let's Fix Democracy in This Country First  
 If You Want a Nation Ruled by Religion, Move to Iran  
 Bush. Like a Rock. Only Dumber.  
 You Can't Be Pro-War and Pro-Life at the Same Time  
 Of Course It Hurts: You're Getting Screwed by an Elephant  
 George Bush. Creating the Terrorists Our Kids Will Have to Fight  
 America: One Nation, Under Surveillance  
 Which God Do You Kill For?  
 Cheney/Satan '08  
 Jail to the Chief  
 Who Would Jesus Torture?  
 No, Seriously, Why Did We Invade Iraq?  
 Bush: God's Way of Proving Intelligent Design Is Full of Crap  
 Like Jesus Would Own a Gun and Vote Republican  
 We're Making Enemies Faster than We Can Kill Them  
 Rich Man's War, Poor Man's Blood  
 Is It Vietnam Yet?  
 Bush Doesn't Care about White People, Either  
 Where Are We Going? And Why Are We in This Handbasket?  
 The Republican Party: Our Bridge to the 11th Century  
 –October 10, 2007

Donna Brook, the author of four books of poetry, has recently had poems in *The Recluse*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, and *Hanging Loose* #93.

## Ass Poem #1

The janitor makes the shape of my ass in the air.  
 I'm not saying anything about janitors. Or anything about men and women,  
 I'm talking about the accuracy of making shapes in the air.

Sommer Browning draws poems and writes comix in Brooklyn.

## Childish Things

1.  
A lump of clay in a boy's fist quickly becomes a cock.
2.  
Your preference for Sandra Dee before she goes leather won't last forever.
3.  
A dog is not a pony.
4.  
After a whirl, the world seemed a tilted table he might slide off into space; thus the boy habituated himself to the vast.
5.  
Wet dreams involving Joan Collins do not guarantee heterosexuality.
6.  
Silver crayons delight in the box but disappoint on paper.
7.  
Sometimes the shame of scrambling for the piñata's contents outweighs the impulse to pounce.
8.  
The letter Q seemed an O sticking its tongue out to lick U.
9.  
As early as he can remember, he disliked ventriloquists, radio disc jockeys, and most priests.
10.  
Never reach behind the dresser for the hidden hamster.
11.  
Once the gifts are received and stacked, a trap door opens and he plummets.
12.  
Messianic delusions scatter on the toilet.

Matthew Burgess teaches poetry at P.S. 153 and Brooklyn College. Sometimes he switches the stacks to see what happens.

## Poverty

What if the dogs come they release the dogs?  
 Sometime an old man invariably but seated there  
 and dogs ripping into car tires beyond the door.  
 That's partially what I'm afraid of:  
 the dogs coming in and  
 I have no idea how they get in. Or what happens  
 following their arrival.

I know a pack of dogs will tear a body apart in minutes &  
 I want to extend this knowledge to you: to say  
 we all know and eventually  
 a torn body is produced  
 the product of having beaten dogs off with sticks  
 moments before complete evisceration. Before  
 the gastric juices of all the dogs  
 before all the chemistry of their stomach acids  
 could dissolve the body beyond all history.

This is partially what I'm afraid of, even now  
 not while I'm waiting to grow old and disappear from the eyes off all  
 but the meter-reader, the gas man. Now,  
 at all hours at waking hours  
 I fear that when my bank account dissolves in the acids of the stomach  
 and the electric man and the phone man  
 still haven't been paid  
 from far off those dogs are cut from their leashes all at once  
 destroying all the pavement between their kennels and my empty cupboards.

David Cameron lives in Brooklyn with his wife and son. As of this writing he is still gainfully employed.

## From Three Poems

Where the words come from  
we should care—  
we put them in our mouths.

Not that they are objects  
that have been touched, like  
marbles or ivory die

or the hairpin you found lined up  
along the bottom of the nightstand drawer  
after your mother died,

its weird, black, metallic  
smell, and the sugary aerosol  
that reminds you—V05.

There on your tongue, the bumpy  
side and the smooth slide of the other side  
and the tough but pliable

open end you can just  
get your tongue into—  
pinchingly....

Not that these are objects  
that have been touched, these words,  
but as *if* they have been

as if you've tasted every word  
and everyone who ever  
touched that word, that

"bobby pin" of Louise Brooks, of  
the Bloomsbury crowd, of  
Fitzgerald's story "Bernice Bobs Her Hair,"

which made bobbing and bobby pins  
things with which a forward woman  
could press her case

by cutting her hair almost like a man's.  
Poor mom, my mom, who now lies dead  
under the name of the man she wed.

Michael Coffey is the author of, most recently, *CMYK* (O Books).

## The bees got them back

Then there was the iced coffee, clinking in a big glass  
in the coffee shop where, outside, bees mad as Syria  
swarm a yellow newspaper box  
housing fifty pounds of honeycomb.

Do you like the ring in her nose?  
"I don't think it's worth the trouble," she said,

"for the bees, the stung-up dogs;  
for the storm with a gender like no other, whipping;  
for the eel, caught under the thumb of an East River caster;  
for the eel in the tin can on the hook with the raw chicken."

What makes a girl worth the trouble think  
a girl with a ring in her nose is different  
than a dust mote blown among motes  
down the canyons of streets, in a hurricane of bees  
with a name, with a color like no other?

This swarm has stormed  
a pile of kittens discovering their teeth;  
a chihuahua swung in the air on a leash;  
a skinny legged little leaguer on the way home to bed;  
a brown bat asleep in a brownstone;  
and people with ineffectual chicken stances  
like motes of chicken dust, like molted feathers  
blown through the streets, swirling in the air.

The police run from the mad bees.  
One mad bee is on the subway platform  
stinging through the smoke.

Jen Coleman is an eight-year resident of South Slope. Her work has appeared in *the ixnay reader*, *EOAGH*, and *The Tangent*, among other publications.

## Non-engagement

I meant to dominate beauty

prosecute youth

mocking you supine resenting the finch

my evaporates snowglobe

you swamp thing you

cow come true

holding some emokid's hand

in front of Rock Center

I had great affection

for that No Fear decal

whipping back at the wind

in no town Montana

elk racing black trout

in green sky and white

John Coletti's new book, *Same Enemy Rainbow*, is out from Fewer & Further Press. He is the editor of *The Poetry Project Newsletter*.

## The Cave People

The road leading in from the east  
is flanked by cliffs. No one  
lives in any hidden caves  
that you might imagine are  
inside these cliffs, so don't go  
looking for them. Repeat: there are no  
cliffside cave dwellings, nor any people  
inside them. I'm the only one who  
knows about them. I'm  
a tall, flamboyant grocery store clerk.  
I like to drink soda. My wife  
also enjoys the occasional soda.

## I Don't Want to Make Money, I Just Love to Sell Guns

I don't want to  
make tacos I just  
love to eat taco  
shells I don't want  
to steal food from  
an orphan I just  
love to be cruel  
to orphans I don't  
want to loosen wingnuts  
I just love to  
sabotage I don't want  
to make a big  
deal out of this  
I just want you  
to admit you killed  
my kitty I don't  
have what most people  
>>>

would consider to be  
a properly functioning mind  
I just love to  
travel to my basement  
once a week for  
an event I call  
the doing of the  
laundry I don't want  
to do the laundry  
I just love doing  
I don't want to  
know what happens next  
I just love

Matt Cozart works as a perpetual temp in the financial district and lives in Harlem.

## Reading Isabel Allende Over Someone's Shoulder On The Subway

*and again*

*the mute song of the windows*

*seeing her to clarity*

### Response Time

There was no form of question.  
There was no form to question.  
There was no form for questions.

There was no answer box either.

Elaine Equi's latest book is *Ripple Effect: New & Selected Poems* from Coffee House Press.

## From *Gates & Fields*

Because I shut like a lamp, because I am shutting presently shut, because the receiver soon became sound, because the receiver I held faraway, because if I touched and said I would be bare, because my weakness elaborates such circumstances, because clatter and such are the mechanics, because caretaking removes myself from me, because I did and then done, because if just saying then doing is not.

Oh there she is a-whispering telling of night-thoughts and murmurs. I hear a gate closed and yet it's open. A home of sorts that is tidy and warm. A bell is rung. The old tree hanging. Words not needed to enjoy the warmth.

Yes but just say it you are really just one body hardly there. I can say field and feel it because I did not designate. The sky turned pages and the language rained. I do not hesitate.

Jennifer Firestone is the co-editor of *Letters To Poets: Conversations About Poetics, Politics, and Community* (Saturnalia) and author of *Holiday* (Shearsman).

## Octopi Lack the Backbone of Chinese Proverbs

I hear  
they're better than  
a couple of poems

What I want to want  
is a body unfolded  
it's your typical  
ghost story

shower  
hot water  
streaks in the sink  
empty space wasted

blood by the bag full  
distinct district of non-events  
hung with tenderness

It's not as if  
the subway arrives  
and we all exchange

square danced poses  
It's more an issue  
of heavenly bodies

exchanging atoms  
ante up motherfucker  
that's my air you're breathing

Jessica Fiorini is a Brooklyn-based poet. She has nearly completed her M.F.A. in poetry.

## Caused By Prevented By

Contamination is famous for impurity

And its cause desire

The ideal boy longs for

Long after buffaloes wade in the holy river and

Extremities swell from eating pickled plums

Libraries filled with impartial information

Raise an entire rhinoceros

On strictly vegetarian foods

You regard as finite and concrete

The imagining and reason of

Deep-sea invertebrates and yummy land snails

All the while dreaming yourself vivid dreams

Of warped little me

Ed Friedman's books of poetry and prose include *Mao & Matisse*, *The Funeral Journal*, *Drive Through the Blue Cylinders*, and *Ideal Boy* (forthcoming).

## pavingsxxkiddaughtersx

after E. Tracy Grinnell

Misfits walk among us  
and nothing says D.I.Y. like that.  
Mister masterful goes lightly among the grass  
where the last green blade of grass  
is the last thing  
between us and *Kaiju* madness.  
Nothing says "I told  
you so" like giant monsters.

Cold cannot carry the day  
my corrupt cantaloupe!

They will approach with thunder fists  
under another Golem sun.  
Quick with the scroll, my dear,  
it is a regular scallywagathon  
at the market today.

Perhaps it is just the gypsy violins,  
but I'm going to eat this steak  
without a single speck of remorse.

Ethan Fugate has lived in Brooklyn for nearly 10 years with his beagle Coltrane. His preferred method of travel is via bicycle.

## Bleed

I've dressed my studio  
in Forest Hills in red:  
red sheets, red couches, red  
desk chair.

But it's the hummingbird—

red on the monoprint—  
that hurts most.  
It's pinned to the wall like  
a gash slowly clotting.

I once cut my finger  
slicing into cheese. At once I licked  
the blood drops off the counter.  
I feared more screeching. Already  
the red room kept me up all night  
demanding solace. And no matter  
how long I pressed my tongue  
against the monoprint I  
only managed to reopen  
the wound of

the hummingbird's wings.

Rigoberto González ([www.rigobertogonzalez.com](http://www.rigobertogonzalez.com)) is the author of eight books. He lives in Queens and teaches at Rutgers University–Newark.

## Today I'll Decorate the World

Day's audible relief an avalanche  
of vowels here at the impurity ball  
of the possible futures. I walk my fingers  
down the lazy spine of the future.  
Things are hard like silicone and we  
have been wanting to live like  
exploding dorky lilies because  
our brains are upside down  
and also exploding. Spires point  
to the giddy sky we're hurtling though;  
delicate badgers fling offal  
at the singed oligarchy: tweet!  
Tweet! Words roll out like votes  
in the exhausting human universe,  
while in the non-human universe  
fungi, asteroids, rabbits, prions,  
rings, and capybara just sweat  
it out. Everything – the subway,  
the body, the country, the globe,  
the galaxy – is a sweat lodge where  
we detoxify and what leaves us  
commingles in the sweaty air.  
Change has come to America  
like a buttercup in 72 point type.  
Today I'll decorate the world  
with stupid sleepy rosettes  
and fall in love with almost  
everybody. I've earned the  
right to do that like wild dolls  
earn their right to speak.  
Lulled by the leafy, steamy frizz,  
the citizens walk, stunned  
and reflective, through  
a ghoulish crowd of perfect tenses,  
(*have experienced, had suffered,  
will have decided*)  
balloons streaming,  
unconstrained,  
from their upraised fingertips.

Nada Gordon is the author of *Folly*. She lives in Brooklyn.

## "Tragedy fades if not kept vivid,"\*

does it, like the end of a movie that curls under your hands on  
the cinema seat when it really had you on edge, more edge than  
the subway platform, or does it fade when there's something iffy  
behind the actress, even if we can't see it except for a melted face  
dipped in mercury, like she could have done it or not, it's a mirage  
backwards gone evil, this is vivid enough, an ultra vivid scene, what  
happened last night is something we'd offer up to a colony of dying  
light year stars delayed by gravity, too clear at night reminding us  
of something we were sure we had forgotten last year *Do you come  
to NYC and get a clue, If these kids pulled this shit in the '80s they'd  
have the crap beaten out of them* Each corner was theirs, it was  
ours it was the year Ford said to all of us *Drop dead* and we did, we  
closed seven million sets of eyes that had hung on to something  
between 1950 and 1970 before tragedy stopped, fading and fading  
and fading and it was 1977 cue fade left and 1978 cue fade right and  
1979 cue dissolve and our corner of the city, pan, pan, pan it was  
1980 and 1981 and 1985 and 1987 and not only did tragedy fade  
but those miraged people behind us had us vividly fading

\*New York Times quote from some article, somewhere

Filmmaker–poet Stephanie Gray's first collection, *Heart Stoner Bingo*, was published last year by Straw Gate Books.

## How Things Are Going for Me, Your Dragon, and The World

I got close to your dragon,  
and it smiled at me  
foolishly.

Looking down over the edge  
of my desk, it could be  
three feet to the floor, or  
it could be 640 yards.  
Either way, it's down.

When I burned my hand  
on the coy glass stovetop,  
I cursed and denied global warming.

Your dragon is hot;  
I'll keep it here on my desktop  
with a smattering of other dragons.

When I have nothing to say  
I'll ask them "What's the matter  
dragons?"

Shafer Hall wishes you a mighty fine 2009.

## No Exit?

1 insufficiency : young psycho absence of proper intent to child, death 2  
the marriage 3 something radical 4 Before the wedding 5 sign, red feet  
service 6 Did you suffer deep 7 Now 8 a function 9 Jesus himself words 10  
blunt 11 raised against her 12 and the woman is identical 13 earlier must  
have died of respect eyes covered by it 14 requires a process to establish  
15 missing from the start

16 Such often represents nonbelieving termination of no difficulty 17 with  
re 18 marriage, the prospects of procedure 19 I 20 never try to resolve  
this 21 face-to-face help negafter hearing 22 "The only reason 23 is you"  
24 the Church is not validly 25 intended 26 your intended now 27 is a will  
28 that will trouble you 29 to complete this 30 would be

31 an act 32 who else 33 will be questioned 34 seeking the office? 35 The  
name and 36 address provided 37 the petitioner 38 the respondent's coop is  
39 essence 40 the respondent may be picture 41 only fair 42 both persons  
have an op-ed 43 sides of 44 need to supply people 45 brief questions:  
46 Does an annulment make the children 47 illegitimate presumably once  
obtained 48 civilly and entered upon 49 ponder legit procedure 50  
persistent rumors of 51 money in the process? share 52 interfere with the  
possibility 53 Income 54 is a certain value 55 expect paying 56 something  
per 57 sonal commitment to the process 58 justice 59 of the peace 60  
sought permission

Diana Hamilton is the Friday night co-coordinator at The Poetry Project.

### Hayley Heaton

## The Red Dancer

*after Kees van Dongen*

My dove, the slant of your nose does not match  
your eyebrows, but those stockings most certainly do  
and it is not the crown, but the redness  
of your dressness that provokes all fancy.  
My word, I have never seen a red so red  
just popping out like the nerviness of standing  
on one toe, on one foot, in one heel. How dare you?  
How seriously do you dare open your mouth so  
open as that purple rose gradating into your hair? An  
invitation could not be more inviting. You tease,  
you tease and then the blue seeps in and finds you  
all seriousness so much so that the space between  
your neck and round shoulders could be a string of pearls.  
You have lost your mirth and I am content.

## To Beauty

*after Otto Dix*

The drum kit is angry again  
and the whispers are far from shy.  
Sure, sure, sure the curls will remain  
true, and the girls have promised to keep  
their eyes open for a length, but is all that worth  
the price of arriving? If you give the man  
the German equivalent of a dime  
he will tell you exactly what you want to hear.  
And that, my friend, is beautiful.

Hayley Heaton's play *The Man in the Newspaper Hat* is in pre-production and is forthcoming to the stage this year.

### Cathy Park Hong

## Sonnet of Xiao

Pinion me on a rushing factory belt  
so I can be poked by a million drills.  
She left me for a roader an algal teathed carpet bagger  
What am I to do, no cent have I so whine I with my Piss Pine wine.  
Last night I got me a pet in thar parlor with a woman  
who had rough, cruel hands I was chafed, I felt bad.  
It's now shy dawn & a blindman tells me to quit my self pillories:  
*for blasted sakes, let me have this silence!*  
My unit's stuffed w'smothered racks of shimmering silk  
I was going to sew her dresses but I'm now bollixed.  
I saw her, I did, sailing down Shangdu's river  
in that sulphurous yacht with that !

I will shower you w'trays trays trays trays of perfume sweet  
All we need is a row boat come back.

Cathy Park Hong's collection *Dance Dance Revolution*, was chosen for the Barnard Women Poets Prize and was published by WW Norton.

## Parting Windows (Like Water)

for David Shapiro

There is something in the decay- in the kitsch circle. The ruined monument is clothed in dancers and heavy military memes. Severe and muscular: angular at the edges. The architects could never account for a group push towards singularity in every brick. Each seeking to be the monument. Erasure to the foot to the mouth.

The best picture of a picture may be the human body viewed with(out) disgust. The scaffold as the shape of a city. The lay of the map of the land and the twigs that stick out and brush off. Clear the picture of hard lines and edges. This is where you are. There is where I.

With an enormous lack of wings the blonde theater rumbled forward.

Desperate to define the particulars:

- 1) there will be seasons to every controllable sensation
- 2) all future phases will be a process of stripping away
- 3) proximity is a hollow, heartless trick

Sotto voce. Adagio.

Solamente solo.

Vanessa Hope is the author of many poems. She likes to think of them as a collection of wind-up toys.

Lauren Ireland

## Zulu Zulu

for Brendan Lorber

stand clear. whistle cuts a path  
through mountain. train cuts  
a path through person. hills  
tugged from valleys. like in tears

little cloud singing to itself  
questions pitched high the river  
falls from the mouth & birdsong.  
vibrate under the turning palm.

the fist's a clarion. the fist's clarion.  
music makes California then music  
makes a wing. blood on a cold day.  
bright article. ice comes, paling

sky & thought rich in drift  
start the propeller. terrific thrum  
aloft in the shaking hand. balsa  
& bone & air & air & air.

circle of ice dirty & unwelcome  
weak under the weakened highway.  
keening scrape. that's history,  
dragged out back behind the motel.

Lauren Ireland's poems have appeared in *LUNGFULL!*, *jubilat*, *Black Warrior Review*, and *Conduit*, among others. She is at work on a full-length manuscript.

## Are You Alive

I listen to the worst shit ever.  
I sleep with mediums and it's just not the same  
as God. Everybody  
I ever maimed tells me to manifest  
or leave me alone.  
I want to rip my face off and light it on fire.  
I feel like the circle circumscribing  
everything. I walk  
and walk and every single soul  
is the wrong color.  
I humiliate them one by one, just in case.

Dan Hoy lives in Brooklyn and is an editor of *Soft Targets*. He's the author of the chapbook *Outtakes* (Lame House Press).

Adeena Karasick

## You are Advised

I am sorry but you have failed this relationship.  
Your performance was unsatisfactory.  
And I am hereby administratively withdrawing you.  
This relationship may not be repeated.  
There will be no credit granted.  
No makeup exam will be permitted.

Though you attempted to present a main idea or thesis,  
your development was lacking, repetitious,  
and at many times contradictory.  
You demonstrated flawed or incomplete understanding  
of fundamental mechanics and failed to meet  
even the minimal requirements of the assignment.

The organization of your arguments were weak,  
riddled with inaccurate summaries, faulty paraphrase  
and reckless misquotation.

Further, if I may say, your vocabulary is limited.  
Your syntax is rudimentary and often tangled.  
Your explanations were poorly handled  
(in a technical sense),  
with recurrent lapses in judgment, digression and blurring.  
You continuously overstepped boundaries  
and there was little subject agreement.

Though you did exhibit variety and strong inflection,  
(I dare say, an effective use of subordination),  
I am making an appropriate transition now.

I am so sorry for any inconvenience  
this may cause you.

Adeena Karasick is the winner of the MPS Mobile Award. Her sixth book, *Amuse Bouche: Tasty Treats for the Mouth*, is coming out this April from Talonbooks.

Before Gilles Before Kline  
 Before Diane Arbus Before Virginia Woolfe  
 Before Philip Guston Before Jackson Pollock

Before Pound broke off the engagement  
 Before D.H. Lawrence grew a beard  
 Before Ezra Pound left for Italy  
 Before there was a war  
 Before William Carlos Williams  
 Before there was slavery  
 Before there was a war  
 Before the forgotten  
 Before the dead  
 Before there were bombs  
 Before there was a war  
 Before there was a war

*From Learning to Draw/A History A Hundred and One Beasts*

Basil King (BAZ) is writing his ongoing Learning to Draw/A History and painting a new series "Looking for the Green Man."

## Clear

seven, six, five  
 clear mind  
 clear house – water  
 is it clear?  
 go deep and sea and what is clear  
 separates  
 empty spaces loom like weaving  
 spaces between the stuff  
 eleven, twelve, thirteen

clear it away  
 like breakfast dishes  
 a crumb  
 dissolves in see

dishes of milk or sweet dates  
 might curdle or crystallize

clear is never transparent  
 thirteen, fourteen  
 the minutes tick, she said  
 bull shit  
 only clocks do ticking  
 minutes space the empty between  
 crude words measuring not known things

nineteen, eighteen

clear  
 will be clear  
 will clear

Martha King and Elinor Nauen curate the Prose Pros reading series at The Telephone Bar and Grill. Get on the mailing list! Ask gpwitd@aol.com.

## Background of Irregularities

Now we traverse the inner ground.  
 Now we are an apple.  
 My mind is a cozy hillock,  
 And you run silently  
 Through the gray halls.  
 It's time to grow up all over again,  
 In the tattered sheen of a grenade  
 Against the ship that housed my grandfather.  
 You don't make the law,  
 But you eat a balloon chained to light  
 And the small parts of a wolf.  
 I see you walking away,  
 Baring your teeth, and I know  
 Sleep will not come quickly  
 In the gutted shade.

When the world ends, Noelle Kocot-Tomblin doesn't want to be sitting on the toilet.

## Your mother cannot control the skies

Children, no matter how much she can tell you  
 Your mother cannot control the skies  
 And you will land as safely as you came  
 Onto this earth  
 The past  
 The past is forever gone  
 Oh I didn't want the past to go  
 Until I found the future  
 Was not so  
 Dark and foreboding  
 As the past had left me  
 Old building  
 There are mothers who wish they could control you  
 But mothers cannot control old buildings  
 Mothers cannot control the dead

Dorothea Lasky is the author of *AWE* (Wave Books) and *Tourmaline* (Transmission Press).

## Upon Hearing Liakos Read From Another City While We Were Both Drunk

If you don't keep that one  
I will throw something at you.

It will be heavy,  
and possibly wet.

It will be, most definitely,  
something close and large.

It will be an object symbolizing  
my obstructive frustration.

It will pass by your head  
grazing your cheek-skin.

It will remember you to  
the sharks of your past.

It will recall conquerable people  
that made the both of us.

It will punish you to leave a  
contrail or convex or context.

I do not know much else about it  
except that it will smash on the floor.

It will leave a mark on the ground  
where I didn't want it to.

I didn't want it, I never ever did  
and it will crash, waking roommates.

You will look and we will laugh  
but you gotta keep that one.

You've got to, got to-- because  
there is only one envelope left.

It will shatter next to the only envelope  
left in the entire universe forever.

Jeff Laughlin has covered his tractor in coriander and refused to farm. He invites you to embody absurdism, but will not encourage such behavior.

Walter K. Lew

## From The Whirled Series

*My love is empty without you, Whirled*

### Play-by-play of a Stickered Baseball Diamond Discovered on a Sidewalk by Prospect Park

Alan Greenspan ran so fast to first all you could see was adhesive.  
They hairpinned a hunter's-orange helmet to Sarah's beehive,  
But when she aimed her bat it popped off and she stammered all incohesive.

Alan only made it halfway: that's why a First Aid box  
Is in the base path – next to a Rule Book  
Ready to be hurled. Did the bear on the mound balk?

\*

Infield of faded green, yeah!  
A shortstop with no left wrist or leg hops in–  
The sound of waterboarding.

\*

Eternal 2nd inning!  
No balls, 9 strikes.  
Home: 1 Host:

\*

The Rule Book has a blue binding  
Maybe it's really a Blue Book  
There's no ump, but his cap's  
Sitting on the cooler's ice cubes  
Maybe his face is under there, not beer  
>>>

Or pop. A psyched harpO  
With afro is running hard from third  
Toward Sarah smiling with the bat.  
The only player left on the bench  
Is a pig-tailed Senator with a Band-Aid  
For an arm. Nothing in the on-deck circle  
But the front wheel of a scooter  
With an empty basket in back,  
No armor and the lil' wheel looks  
Like a target. *Sha Nah Nah, Hey Hey!*  
Forgot to mention: no outs.

Walter K. Lew is the author of Excerpts from: *ΔIKTH DIKTE for DICTEE, Treadwinds: Poems & Intermedia Texts*, and the forthcoming *The Ga-guhm Poems*.

## From Untitled Spell Project

### Traditional Meditation:

We are under the same sky—so it's like we're connected. ~~I am so lonely~~. We are under the same sky. Afraid of the same things. A bar advertises camaraderie on its huge awning—the implication being that this one watering hole not only supplied liquors which failed to intoxicate but that the architecture is so oppressive that it actually prevented kinship vibes, thus reversing thousands of years' tradition of people getting intoxicated and too friendly from alcohol. Its huge awning.

### Conditional Meditation:

I saw something so beautiful under the sky. The stars and planets were so bright. Once my eyes adjusted, I looked to the sandy gravel walk, which measured 30 ft by 50 feet, large but not too large. It inclined just enough to challenge the body as it ascended without proper foot coverings. This is not walking backwards through our city reciting history. This is science. The sky is a huge awning.

If ass is touched, then kiss the face leading up to the hand. It said this in the gravel. Reflected from the awning. Repeat these words, written on my right hand with my favored left. Another balancing act to fuck up. Take the burnt offering, shape it into a head of a baby who has died at the hands of its father. Crack open hard earth. I don't know about you but I have to tongue words to read them in the dark. We lit the gravel words on fire, giving our tongues the occasional break. The oven thermometer was used to prevent injury. "Save the gravel pit unguent" was printed onto t-shirts and covering old Obama bumper stickers. Only weep crossing the borough lines, over the East River, *par exemple*, which is why the O.E. piece is crapped on. His waterfalls mock our tears. Take a vase, a large vase—fuck it up by crying in it & hugging it. Then give it to [X], put a pinch of poems inside. Papers crumpled up and crossed out all over. Tightly pack them. All the poems are on the one topic. Pretend it's not a mess. Shatter the vase to start an argument.

Amy Lawless is originally from Boston and lives in Brooklyn. Black Maze Books published her first book, *Noctis Licentia*, last year.

Tan Lin

## A Networked Feed

their necks are violet and down turned

and their eyes were made of search engines like a search engine

and they concluded their wallpaper could be [minimal] and [crafty], it could look slick and stupid at the same time [like or unlike] and in that way evoke minimal unconsciousness out of distribution

i.e. a future  
i.e. pollen  
i.e. a ceiling that could Twitter

to reproduce its blandness or concrete mannequin

menthol was their anxiety, etc. etc. etc,

they fenced more sea into a football stadium and called it his "condop"

he said it was the argument and glow and argument of glow

of mildew hammering a window

whose lattitudes were lovesick with his wings

what is blandness but the medium where it or you can [always] belong

*From Heath (Plagiarism/Outsource)*

Tan Lin teaches creative writing at New Jersey City University. He is the author of a new book of poetry, *Heath (Plagiarism/Outsource)*, published by Zasterle.

i don't want to go to sleep  
but i don't know what i'm waiting for

i don't know what to type right now  
in a few minutes i will forget  
what i am feeling right now  
i already forgot what i was feeling  
or thinking when i began this poem

i gave energy drinks to homeless people

i drank a lot of mr. pibb  
while taking baths in florida  
i ate wendy's chicken sandwiches  
my life will never be like that again  
i just thought 'argh'

Tao Lin is the author of the forthcoming novella *Shoplifting From American Apparel* (Melville House Publishing) and four other books.

Happy Summer Solstice, Sleepyhead

I wake up and go go go outside ready for the bride Day.  
Who are you getting married to.  
I want to have a clearer face so I can get married to somebody  
are you that he I want to get married to.  
I want to marry a man you know.  
Do I need a green card to do that. Or is it  
a terra green card. If I were a terrorist could I marry another  
ter-  
rorist. If I were a senator male could I marry a senator female.  
If I were a female president could I marry a male president.  
If I were a mail-order groom could I marry a mailman. If I were  
a male could I marry a male. If I were a female could I marry a  
female.  
Why not and who am I asking let's start again you're telling me  
I'm a man and can't marry a man. I like looking at myself being  
other  
when I look at his mouth it is my mouth and I like it I will ask  
and if he says yes we will both say I DO to each other and it  
will be  
legal and it will not be legal and we will like it anyway and we  
will be  
married together married the marriage you are invited to  
Beginning.

Filip Marinovich's first book, *Zero Readership*, is out from Ugly Duckling Presse. He lives in Manhattan where he is working on more paintings and poems.

## Justin Marks

## VIII

Toothpicks from a dead man's  
estate A baby  
crying through a bull-horn  
I project myself into the future  
as a slogan on a sandwich  
board Tennis at 3 Homemade  
sex tapes I'm so happy  
I could puke I'm typing so hard  
it feels like maybe I chipped  
some bones in my fingers  
At night some wine and a Xanax  
Bursts and inconsistency  
A messaging system that transfers  
the self composing the words

Justin Marks is the author of *A Million in Prizes* (New Issues Press) and the forthcoming chapbook *Voir Dire* (Rope-a-Dope Press), among others.

## Chris Martin

*From The Small Dance*

6.  
Then having forgone the rectangle  
of tamed light for a structure that is itself  
rhythm, hymn-like  
our voices were overlaid  
in a dizzying charge I got lonely  
thinking about how the galaxies are  
so big they could run  
right into one another and not  
even touch  
Then I got self-interrogatory  
with caustic shifts  
sticky fingers  
and disappearing blips afraid  
the dead will see  
I'm not very brave  
or worse that  
I am

Chris Martin is the author of *American Music* (Copper Canyon). He invented the Mistake-ist poetry form and is subsequently becoming weather.

## Saint Expedite

*The worship of this folk saint takes the form of a syncretic cult, mixing unofficial Catholicism with other beliefs. The usual iconography shows a Roman foot soldier holding a clock marked "Hodie"(Today) and stepping on a raven who beckons "Cras"(Tomorrow).*

expedite your overlooked  
horse shoe protection  
annunciation doves  
mimic a uterus  
upraised wing-drop  
machine à faire autre  
vaporous factories rise  
from geodesic faces  
in the uneven veneer of  
predatory stares into  
the survival of glorious lies  
this lowly vital pulse  
of hardening wings  
in a locust's final molt  
from a horse's mouth with a good eye  
to reverse an overlooking glance  
ghost's envy of our goose  
the avatar of Christmas past

Tracey McTague curates and organizes the Battle Hill Reading Series, and serves as the editor-consigliore for *LUNGFULL! Magazine*.

Feliz L. Molina

## Ode to Hello Kitty

Things are disappearing in the neighborhood, not  
the zipper-like release of conversation laying on the line,  
from both ends of a telephone pole we blink the image  
back and forth without mentioning all the neon, an echo  
of Hair & Nails (818) 881-7677 polished over  
an acrylic language: beach, sunset, yahoo, hot jobs  
I tell you: send your resume to SimplyHired.com  
maybe we can get rich after so many cherry pie scratchers.  
In last night's dream Anna is beside me tasting the purple and green  
dialectic of grapes caving in through the aluminum I am  
procrastinating around the graham crust in military swagger  
not feeling like an Abercrombie & Fitch model or I'm auditioning  
for her thesis on military tattoos happening online happening  
at the Mall down the street we are part of the generation gap  
that tries hard to understand a war through simulation as another  
form of Whole Foods I'd sometimes rather resign to making fat lollipops  
just to spite the self that cares and the one that wants  
to look hot all the goddamn time, flip her hair past the shoulder  
to trick you into thinking we're hipsters too,  
raise the black Ray Bans above our foreheads  
and look at the world for the first time  
like when Hello Kitty first made it to America  
and we got born into this mess.

Bebe Molina has been making poems since she was 13 and is co-creator of HairHeartsFlip.blogspot.com under the character known as "Flip".

## Keeping Away From School

She gives up on the easy life, ruffles up the impasse, pump and pause  
of constant diversion, safe under the frozen bird branch.  
Things are sealed or airy or sweaty. I think it's time to arise  
in steady ideas of what we outline. I feel rather shaken up and tense,  
I mean my demeanor is chipped and orange or I take the iron  
and handle it gently. It feels so uppity to do everything right all the time,  
but I think I've sort of got it right, muscles tensing in a lightened environment,  
salvaged through the swishing continuance, pushy air, pulped decision.

What could be better than substitution—purging through a colored eraser?  
When things get tough the tough endure slowly, we put  
circulation in the ever-shrinking pre-inscribed area  
or heap water upon limitations.  
Habit put in the plate, cut through nerves.

Stephen Paul Miller's poetry books include *Being with a Bullet*, *Skinny Eighth Avenue*, *The Bee Flies in May*, and the forthcoming *Fort Dad*.

Ryan Murphy

## Phaethon

The sun buries itself  
over Staten fucking Island.

The sun a bale of copper.  
The sun a Pontiac Fiero.

I don't want to—  
or several—  
or ever—

I can't see you  
through

your sun veil.  
Absent the everyday.

Attendant  
hair on fire.

Ryan Murphy is the author of *Down with the Ship* from Otis Books/Siesmicity Editions. He lives in the Upper West Side.

## The Trouble with You Is

you're not the warmth  
of Louisiana in March  
where we run across tar  
to get out of town  
with a cat on a leash  
pretty  
primal: are there  
trees?  
are there plants?  
are there birds?  
Yes! cuckoo or mockingbird or catbird –  
something gray –  
something with –  
a long tail –  
a cat is nature too  
straight south of Minnesota's snow

Elinor Nauen and Martha King host the Prose Pros reading series on the first Thursday of every month at the Telephone Bar & Grill. Visit her at [www.ElinorNauen.com](http://www.ElinorNauen.com).

## Urayoán Noel

## hidden city

hi then, city  
hi-density  
hidden sí, tú  
quién? in situ  
no waterfront  
no littoral  
skylines tend  
to blend distend  
simple ringtone states  
the truth? wr. fact  
of fictions nations  
bodies flux  
our birthright no  
dead end yet  
& then andén  
domainofhope  
atdoubtdotnet  
a burned cd  
a Citi-® scan  
some ziti strained  
somos sums cu dada nos  
de servers eros  
do shared sensoria  
da citizens be vocal  
dem denizens transLorcal  
say when ye urb of quién  
://op. city

Urayoán Noel was born in Puerto Rico (San Juan) and based in the Bronx (Concourse). His most recent poetry book/CD is *Boringkén* (Ediciones Callejón/La Tertulia).

## Until The Penumbra

until the penumbra  
pulled back  
  
and winged  
to a new turret  
  
and pirouetted  
  
and morning's a fable  
that waved goodbye  
  
to the glass in my hands  
  
oleographs, and counting  
  
what the light wants  
what the wind needs  
  
i'm not saying  
this isn't a crystal shawl  
  
to say nothing  
of minstrelsy, rubbing my eyes  
  
this birth of urgencies  
pinions swaying  
  
bright -life's trivia  
its taste its tang  
  
for which among other things  
we are triply inscribed

Uche Nduka is a Nigerian-born poet living in New York City. He is the author of seven volumes of poems of which the latest is *eel on reef* (Akashic Books).

## Akilah Oliver

## Poem a Day 2

Canyon Street was once Water St. I believe that's true though  
a movement across diagonal borders could signal time  
to say hello to slant sunrise I wouldn't recognize that tree in another  
location, L.A. for example or the broad reach of a train's whistle as if the  
length of it were a vacation, Sam at the coffee shop talks of tagging  
I am vacating that memory position as if it might make me an  
inappropriate laugh machine tuned and forgotten,

Yesterday Michelle called and I wasn't thinking about fedoras but  
masking tape, butter knives, & occasionally the nature of experience as a  
shape of Leslie Scalapino's mind, edible flowers too, the day's frosty  
blue perched between bleached white clouds, it was you who turned  
on the light that Brooklyn day where I defended desire and ate beets, always  
nice to see you I think though I don't see you, fine too, the slippery horsefly  
wanting out of this bound world, I plan to start a club called the water dance  
dreamers & we will drink whiskey and not swim, a Mohawk haircut gets  
water from the dispenser, stuck like a bumblebee under the pendant's glass  
facade, it is not winter here and this may be just what I need,

Eva in her two braids parted down head's center, the pollen itches the sidewalk  
coats a downy feathery distraction, the moon too, last night, as if it had never  
been before, naked & laughing its lunacy, a sea of automobiles taxing these  
greedy streets, my eyes zagging across this screen,

Fluttering away from someone else's narrative I divine a slippery translucent  
wall, don't mistake a siege for, I still remember every cut of the conditional  
knifing you name compassion,

Oh go back out into the lightening and speak to me!, my old friend from long  
time ago, your voice some kind of necklace pearl, I could choke myself, I mean  
that in a good way die happy, as in heart not gesture, every house & building  
block I walk past is the place where everybody used to live, somewhere,

Alice said we could sleep, Alice didn't exactly say that, dreamy, talking about  
dreams, and I am watching her, I am watching me too, sleep and dream about  
pines, "miles" the dream image said, and someone else, maybe "Chris" or  
a name with the letter "P",

Akilah Oliver lives in Brooklyn where she writes and thinks about little things. Her books include *a(A)ugust* and the forthcoming *A Toast in the House of Friends*.

## A Welcome to the Future City

All of not I or ONE red of  
road random, radiator heat and/  
or health.

In the record this level's  
never the prison:

not I or always  
pieced, pantomime.  
the window has a fog glaze, this opacity  
leads, against the new multiples,

slack tide of individuals—  
meaning's hand on the scissors.

Brooklyn, commensurable  
your line characterizes filaments of  
is affixed to homeless moments  
is tincture to violence,

images lit into the serene frame,  
modulating between then & now, where we  
were a smell this burning

Plentitude in moments: the scene was ever  
moment, each  
dissolved constituent for pheromone

all our characters are blind not dead  
figments

parries wander wonder  
there you,

movement taking  
neighborhood  
multiplying insistence  
>>>

What transportation wrought  
what hope silenced  
the peace was many

it was going more than we could know &  
now cashing in,  
hope was what tore

Geoffrey Olsen lives in Greenpoint. His first chapbook is *End Notebook* (Petrichord Press). He has work forthcoming in *EOAGH*, *Try Magazine*, and *Asterisk*.

## hummingbird

while gooney birds rattle the vents for love  
and the future eats a pudding  
as though it were a pound of fruitcake  
or a waitress for the prosecution  
of the sun turned up to broil  
four cloud-like leftover commas  
call the goats and crickets to prayer  
exchanging one note for another  
like rice in the sea in the masterpiece  
of the sky suffering those physiognomic blues

Jean-Paul Pecqueur's first book is *The Case Against Happiness* (Alice James Books). He lives in N.Y.C.'s own tornado alley, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn.

## Buddy (8)

Buddy, we hang fruitless and have many peers.  
Already by back-joint is worried, and your skin  
hangs, and my mind misfires, and death,  
plus ordinary pleasure of the electric kind,  
drips like a florid agent from the walls  
or else it bores us. Faultless times, pal.  
Mouthed incompetence. Specie  
of any kind, exhausting decadence.  
In Park Slope they produce children  
as if the word for excrescence or doubling  
had become a type of accounting jargon.  
See the things in parks half sized,  
buddy, like some lower primate,  
crystals of sputum around their bibs.  
Either we are repulsive, or they are.

Greg Purcell coordinates the St. Mark's Bookshop Reading Series and works the night shift there. He has poems forthcoming in *A Best of Fence: The First Nine Years*.

## New Chapter: Elizabeth

She put her hand on the bed where the seam of my jeans comes together between my legs, I was leaning against the wall knees bent her fingers were on the bed almost touching me where the seam of my jeans came together between my legs, I felt the tips of her fingers touch me or I thought I felt her fingers touch the surface of the denim, there was heat, I absorbed a soft completely unknown to me yet very much anticipated exchange of electroluminescence, which when she took her hand away manifested itself as a solar corona that circled my person endlessly. I promptly took myself in this condition home to my bed, held one finger over without actually touching it and convulsed with a human feeling that I think may have been my introduction to the seed of real love.

We hung out in her room and listened to Caroline No drinking red wine, smoking pot and cigarettes. Golden sun ray type liquid did run like had run not before under the surface of my skin while (new aspect under such circumstances), kaleidoscopic visions and complex thoughts realized themselves, unhindered by usual hate self habit, in my consciousness. I paused in consideration and took down the following note: possibly, for the first time such sensations are engaging and excitedly bringing along with them, MY BRAIN! Compulsively, I read and re-read the front of her maroon sweatshirt. She said, are you looking at my KENT STATE?

When I left that night she asked if I wanted to sleep over but she didn't mean it, we hugged goodbye, her hair when I touched it was softer than it looked, her eyes too were softer and blacker up close her mouth ..... I started to notice.... I left immediately.

The next time we hung out I faked exhaustion, any reason to get onto the bed and bask in the warm humming lamplight, safe in the windowless bedroom the atmosphere created by our two brains was itself unmistakably intelligence, I was very confident in this fact..

when suddenly: I didn't know how to make my voice every sound that came out of my mouth was foreign to me, like when you hate the sound of your voice, I had no ideas in my brain, felt much pressure to say something, something "interesting" ..... I looked at my hands, they looked purple and old... I wanted these feelings nowhere near me in this context!

she said: "What's going on over there... Let me put this song on for you, should we smoke some weed?... you stay on the bed I'll get you a glass of water...."

Horrible feeling of self doubt obliterated and replaced by rush of pleasure response to Brian Wilson singing Caroline, No.

I like to hold the camera in one place, watch part of your brow, your earring, any part of your face, watch you move in the box, I want you to touch me.

Ugly Duckling Presse published Elizabeth Reddin's *The Hot Garment of Love*, and work of hers in its newspaper *New York Nights* and poetry journal *6x6*.

## Ponytail Whiskers

the cats in that park  
were so well-groomed  
their whiskers were darned up  
in ponytails

and that blue-nose pit bull  
grey coat glimmering like a moving mirror  
in the sun  
it's all in the feed people say

each pet owner  
like a company  
eager to make its mark  
each pursuing and some discovering

a logo

here comes the talking ferret  
he says to the ear next to the shoulder on which he sits:

"who's that asshole over there taking notes?  
he thinks a poem is somehow more pure  
than my zircon collar –  
what a pompous, naïve little prick!"

Jerome Sala lives and works in N.Y.C. His latest book of poems is *Look Slimmer Instantly* from Soft Skull Press.

## Now We're Really Living

You were a specific kind of calamity which is preferable  
to the way it was before when everything was open  
to discussion and interpretive dancing one leg in  
the toaster oven one hair in the cheese soufflé I can't explain  
convincingly why things would have been different  
if you would have let me accost you with a fish in the manner  
I described an albacore to the beezer a pickerel to the kisser  
this hurts me more than it hurts you I've invested all of our savings  
in lottery tickets and Italian loafers in the dark I unearthed  
my words like a shovel calmly going about its business  
the ordinary kind I assumed with which you can replace the dirt  
when you're done save of course the small amount displaced  
by the deceased golden carp which as is custom  
goes in the pockets for making tea with later  
but looking back now it was a different kind of shovel.

## Now We're Really Living

Uh-huh to the installment plan the backseat of the taxicab  
the aerodynamic properties of the common domestic sandwich  
an area of scientific research largely underdeveloped  
you can see all this from my shoulders something sad  
will happen then years later something else sad and in between  
even when you're not wearing underwear sad things  
even when your hand is not resting on someone else's thigh  
you'll take farm equipment for granted you'll say yes sir  
when you mean kung fu for beginners a great distance  
will suddenly seem less excellent focusing these binoculars is difficult  
how to ensure that when you're released by your captors  
a plate of tuna fish sandwiches will be waiting for you attractively arranged  
on a ceramic plate is tricky to achieve first take off all of your clothes  
then proceed deep into the cave next sit down and wait  
I'll call you on your cell phone when it's time to come out  
until then you must remain very very quiet.

David Sewell has poems in *Jubilat*, *Goodfoot*, and *Forklift, Ohio*, among others. He lives in Brooklyn, where he co-edits the online journal *Fou*.

## Poem

Joan Rivers  
Motor mouth Mabel  
The Margot Fonteyn of dogs  
Thomas Woodsman, the Wordsworth of Kerwich  
Tremulous lobotomies  
The sherriff of djinns  
The Walloping Cadenza  
Root canal park  
Epiphanies of Paracdelsus  
Ring a gong?  
Sing a song  
Breakfast in the Everglades with your shadow

If I were a pen,  
Would you agree to be my hen?  
What would be the yen between us?  
Gambling rambling  
Jack Elliot Jack Micheline  
Begin the Beguine  
Clean the latrine  
That gecko has an echo  
You won't trounce or bounce  
This machine wants you  
But can't have you yet  
Bet on the confirmation  
A consecration without a host.

Tom Savage's ninth book of poems, *Brainlifts*, has just been published by Straw Gate Books.

## The Full Goofy

First Goofy was lost in  
a circle, unsure, a demimondaine  
IN A MIDDLE-MUDDLE.

Then garlands surrounded him  
like a horse with no kisses  
and thriving on petals.

When the sticky snakes ganged up on him  
they bit him as though he were a benzene ring  
dreaming of thinking,

After all, all he was paralyzed in the gigantic  
rotating multi-clock  
in the nursery where the black holes are born.

David Shapiro published *January*, his first book, in 1965, and had written a lot of it by 1962. His most recent volume is *New and Selected Poems, 1965-2006*.

## Like Birds

Filling in the morning crossword,  
 the brightness of a cloudy day falls  
 through this window, where yesterday  
 and sunny, a bluejay landed on the sill

and paced back and forth, jerking its head  
 as though in search of a friend, maybe  
 a lover. Now, my stereo plays In the Aeroplane  
 over the Sea too loud, my hand taps the table.

I am stuck on 53 across: "shoulder blade,"  
 seven letters, last letter A. All I can think  
 to ink in blue pen on the page, long across  
 both the blank and solid squares is "the way his  
 jut from his back like a broken bicycle, how they,  
 twins, one with a mole at its peak, stare at me  
 every morning as he faces my bookcase;  
 how they rise and fall as he breathes."

Kimberly Ann Southwick is one of the founders of *Gigantic Magazine*, a literary magazine that doesn't want your money, just your ears.

## The Waiting

There are powers want to tell us  
 scarcity is a geopathic illusion  
 There are powers want to show us  
 hospitality for our labor  
 There are powers  
 love subtends  
 to know kinship  
 as relation not blood  
 One can sleep in another's place  
 one can dream for them

Eleni Stecopoulos is the author of *Autoimmunity* (Text) and *Armies of Compassion* (Palm Press).

## Christina Strong

## Beet, fig and feta salad

Deterred, reasonable gestures  
 Garbled display curious cross bill:  
 We are the processed and believe  
 That stan brakhage should be taught  
 In junior high school...can't on floor'd  
 South America—we want you to  
 bite the—oi! Concern about whistles  
 ART! DAZZZZLING! You're a bleedn  
 hearts club! Harpoon whale  
 or nothing is very+ you disappoint  
 =me, or all schema Yip Yip  
 fifth tier poet – I strip bad code  
 for a reason. You must be a  
 great lover on facebook...

Christina Strong does not have a Facebook page. She does not comment on her own posts.

## Mathias Svalina

## Just War

(a child's game for 2 or more players)

The It child finds a swiveling chair in the middle of an alley & rolls it back to the schoolyard. He positions the chair in the middle of the playground & sits down. He spins in the chair. He spins until the schoolhouse & the jungle gym & the trees all blur together. He spins until the blue sky & clouds blend together. He spins so fast that nothing is separate from anything else.

When he stops spinning the world continues spinning around him. The It child stumbles among the playground. When he reaches the slide he says *This is the slide*. When he reaches the jungle gym he says *This is the jungle gym*. When he reaches the schoolyard he finds that it is made entirely of shiny steel, so hot in the sunlight it burns his fingerprints off.

He sees that his fingerprints have now become shiny steel. As he looks around the schoolyard he sees that all the trees & the playground equipment are made of shiny steel. All the birds & insects are made of bright glass. The It child's body is made of fresh, bright plastic, hard & cold.

In the basement of the schoolhouse the naked child with the shaved head reads the atlases by the bony light of the digital alarm clock.

Mathias Svalina is co-editor of *Octopus Magazine*.

## Country 1st

**John McClane's** infamous line "Yippee ki yay, motherfucker" was voted as #96; If John McClane can quit smoking anyone can. Seriously. This guy is under a lot of stress. Bruce Willis gives John McClane's blood-smeared undershirt to the Smithsonian. This is one of the distressed tanktops worn on screen by Bruce Willis. The vest has been screen matched to the vest worn by McClane shortly after the Mercedes chase scenes where he, after flipping the Mercedes, can be seen going through one of the terrorists pockets and finds 10 quarters. The vest is displayed with a replica Holster, Beretta and NYPD Shield on neckchain. This "Chinese" grenade launcher was screen-used by Bruce Willis. He forces Gruber to play a Russian Roulette game called "McClane Says" with this Chinese grenade launcher that looks identical on both ends. "If you catch him, just give me four seconds with Saddam Hussein," he said. Actor Bruce Willis has performed before US soldiers in Telafar, northern Iraq, and offered \$1m (£603,000) to the man who captures Saddam Hussein. "We're here to support you," the star told troops as he sang a set of blues songs with his band, the Accelerator.

In the shot where we see all the terrorists (except Karl and Theo, who are upstairs) walking into the building from downstairs, they are about to walk through a doorway when the camera cuts out. Watch the terrorist on the left (he's the one who guards the door) - before the camera cuts out he realizes he's about to hit the doorframe very hard. When the boss discovers the first bad guy lying dead in the lift ("Now I have a gun - HO HO HO!") and slaps him over the cheek, the corpse is moving its head before it is hit (watch carefully!) He also blinks. When the terrorists launch the rocket at the RV, they break the same window of the building twice. When Bruce is looking on the Touch-screen computer to find out where his wife is, he touches the name GENNARO, but when it changes color it also corrects the spelling of his wife's name to GENNERO. Revealing: At the part where the FBI guy shoots at him from the helicopter and Bruce jumps to a lower level of the roof, you can see the tops of the fake feet that aren't tight around his ankles. When John McClane and the terrorist fall down the stairs together, you can hear the yell of the terrorist signifying his death. Leaving the fact that dead men tend not to yell out alone, you can see the terrorist's corpse is still breathing.

Jeremy James Thompson lives in Astoria, Queens. He blogs about movietelling, typography, and poetics at [www.autotypist.blogspot.com](http://www.autotypist.blogspot.com).

---

### Rodrigo Toscano

## Artifactoral

I would ask you to keep it light, unsaccharine, not too bitter, with a hint of dry flower doubt in the all-believing nose.

I would ask you to have a premonition of some end, conditioned by the faint edges of time that color the chemical activity of every meaning-moment.

I would ask you to empower the period.

I would ask you to discriminate between fully formal decisions to caress, or nudge, or jerk another, and the beads of sweat condensating on your latest artifact.

I would ask you to refrain from simply walking away.

I would ask you to tightly squeeze the urge to walk away, making the urge to walk away that much stronger.

I would ask you to empower the period.

I would ask you to remain calm when I tell you that your baby will grow up to be an ugly American and not the talented international artist of your dreams.

I would ask you to keep your personality out of it.

I would ask you to consider simultaneous multilocal mass body rhythm as the basis of individual intelligence.

I would ask you to not be too obvious when squinting at a group of 40-somethings en route to 20-something activities.

I would ask you to not to be spirited away too often by elemental sex elemental bliss elemental torment.

I would ask you to compose yourself like a bright cherry red 1956 Ford pickup with chrome to the dome.

I would ask you to dialectically periodize the diachronic continuity between three mass revolts in succession in France of the last year.

I would ask you to not neglect the period, dis the comma, make the parenthesis feel inferior in any way.

I would ask you to stand in front of the glyphs, face to face.

I would ask you to clasp your extended right arm to the glyphs' extended left arm while resting your open left hand on the glyphs' mid back.

I would ask you to keep it hot, changeable, bright and clean.

Rodrigo Toscano's latest book is *Collapsible Poetics Theater* (Fence). He haunts the Greenpoint township of Brooklyn in the wee early morning.

## When my cat dies

I want 24 hours where my shortcomings are forgiven

which means for once not to hear

I guess you didn't remember to bring my newspaper.

Somehow it's a girly-girl deal

even if I did use a sawzall to get her out

& Maybe your discomfort isn't very important

I wish a total stranger would come to wash my clothes

To forget that she starved to death because somebody lied

& to stop hating the basement and all it represents

I'm driving up the east river through the glamour of New York City's

Tuesday night with this

desperate creature in my lap, her little face, her funny tricks

all ruined,

The planet spinning a thousand miles an hour

Susie Timmons has two chapbooks due this year: *On the Daily Monument* (First Poet in Space Editions) and *Chickadees in the Snow* (Faux Press).

---

### Nicole Wallace

## Unseasonably So

a hot kind of wind blows leaves  
plastic bags stuck in branches  
against the window he thought were just  
some kind of bad dream, in the first place.

i talked to him on the telephone  
on my day off, i listened to the receiver  
listen to your breathing it said  
notice it gets higher when  
you move your tongue, the pitch  
on the harp the blues hummed  
the lowest note, a reed numbered one.

i thought of how easy it would be  
it's just so easy i tell them  
we don't spend much time together  
but i still wake up late, lose my books  
spend all my time twiddling my strums  
it's pretty much the same as always, they ask.

along sixth street his notebook, a song book open  
the pages turning and my telephone ringing  
a conscience ignored, like one of his lines  
in the pauses i was counting the encounters  
before they had time to hatch he lost  
but then again, nobody's won.

the same kind of hot wind blows in  
through the window, the plastic bags  
are leaves, the tree branches fall  
we got here, i thought then  
in the first place, this is why we are.

Nicole Wallace edits *To the Tune of Igny in the Key of C*, a magazine of poems and poetry. She also co-coordinates the Friday night series at The Poetry Project.

## record

Record your most harrowing album over two late nights, certainly it sounds like a fever dream. The result will be a bleak testament to melancholy and alienation that has a haunting and pristine beauty. The songs will be thirty seconds long but there is a sense anything longer would be too much to bear. Throughout the album you notice the depths. It will be your third and most stripped-down album. Music at its most elemental state: one guitar (played without a pick) and one totally naked voice. The only extra is a few piano notes scattered at the floor. Your hushed voice and lyrics are full of loneliness, despair, regret, and disaffection but there's a current of hope and introspection throughout that redeems it from pale sad-sack whimperings. Raw and real, stripped and underrated playing never disappoints, never feels studied or dry. Finally now you are just an endless cascade of pastoral strumming and shimmering melody.

Damian Weber is a member of House Press. His new book, *Don't Verse*, may be downloaded at [www.housepress.org/dontverse.pdf](http://www.housepress.org/dontverse.pdf).

Sara Wintz

## Avatar

*not @ all,  
but thinking of.*

Or camera, pronounced supple part,  
'mouth wld put mouth,'  
our teeth against a wall  
touch eyes.

Hips me shallowly Screen  
that's getting with types;  
neck rests, *belly up, lens.*

Watson,  
don't want to be a mom to someone/  
teach someone how to social interact.  
As like, beng a human beng that pictures doubtful music.

Supplest parts,  
wet licks, eyes breath shallowly.

Sara Wintz's writing has appeared on *ceptuetics*, *cricket online review*, and in her chapbook *lipstick traces*. She co-directs :the press gang: with Cristiana Baik.

## Executive Decision

How about a little cloud, he said silently, as he watched the figures below sitting in scattered assortments on the yellow grass, none lying flat, all hunched over and into themselves, and then there was a cloud; and yet this was neither as simple nor as complex a development as it might seem, for this was not a work of fiction.

Tarpaulin Sky Press published Max Winter's *The Pictures*. He has written reviews for *The New York Times* and *The San Francisco Chronicle*, among others.

Erica Wright

## Rome Affords No Prey

After swimming for days  
in the sea, I am thirsty,

and salt has made my body  
crystal-fine and resistant.

Grate me between forefinger  
and thumb; do it over every meal

you serve to your disciples.  
They won't even know

I am in there, going down  
their demanding gullets.

I have drifted into regions  
where incest is lawful,

but never cannibalism—  
poor beetles, poor crows.

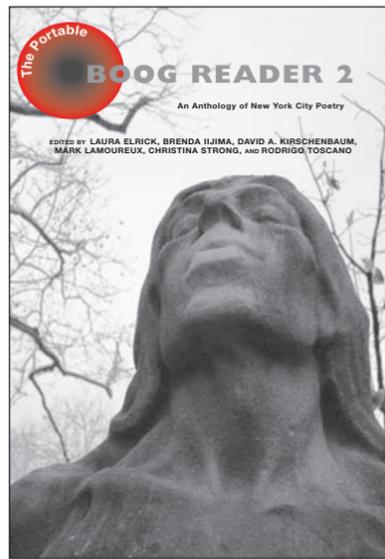
After swimming for days  
in the sea, I can recall

my deaths and prefer  
the small one where I sink

from too much salt  
burrowing into my pores.

My old religion was more  
flexible, but I was younger then.

Erica Wright is the poetry editor at *Guernica*.



**PBR1**

Betsy Andrews  
 Bruce Andrews  
 Andrea Ascah Hall  
 Anselm Berrigan  
 Edmund Berrigan  
 Tracy Blackmer  
 Lee Ann Brown  
 Regie Cabico  
 David Cameron  
 Donna Cartelli  
 Neal Climenhaga

Allison Cobb  
 Todd Colby  
 Jen Coleman  
 John Coletti  
 Brenda Coultas  
 Jordan Davis  
 Katie  
 Degentesh  
 Tom Devaney  
 Marcella  
 Durand  
 Chris Edgar  
 Joe Elliot  
 Betsy Fagin  
 Rob Fitterman  
 Merry Fortune  
 Ed Friedman  
 Greg Fuchs

Ethan Fugate  
 Joanna Fuhrman  
 Christopher Funkhouser  
 Drew Gardner  
 Alan Gilbert  
 Nada Gordon  
 Marcella Harb  
 Mitch Highfill  
 Bob Holman  
 Laird Hunt  
 Lisa Jarnot  
 Adeena Karasick  
 Eliot Katz  
 Sean Killian  
 Noelle Kocot  
 Susan Landers  
 Katy Lederer  
 Rachel Levitsky  
 Andrew Levy  
 Richard Loranger  
 Brendan Lorber  
 Lisa Lubasch  
 Kimberly Lyons  
 Dan Machlin  
 Pattie McCarthy  
 Sharon Mesmer  
 Eileen Myles  
 Elinor Nauen  
 Richard O'Russa  
 Julie Patton  
 Wanda Phipps  
 Kristin Prevallet  
 Alissa Quart  
 Matthew Rohrer  
 Kim Rosenfield  
 Douglas Rothschild  
 Eleni Sikelianos  
 Jenny Smith  
 Chris Stroffolino

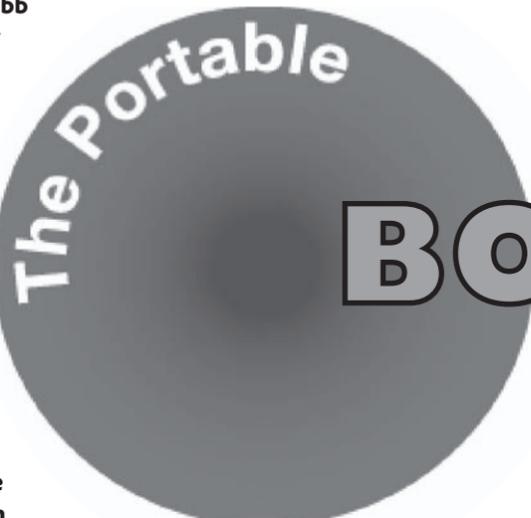
Kristin Stuart  
 Gary Sullivan  
 Edwin Torres  
 Sasha Watson  
 Karen Weiser  
 James Wilk  
 Rebecca Wolff  
 John Wright

**PBR2**

Bruce Andrews  
 Ellen Baxt  
 Jim Behrle  
 Jen Benka  
 Charles  
 Bernstein

Kimberly Lyons  
 Dan Machlin  
 Jill Magi  
 Gillian McCain  
 Sharon Mesmer  
 Carol Mirakove  
 Anna Moschovakis  
 Murat Nemet-Nejat  
 Cate Peebles  
 Tim Peterson  
 Simon Pettet  
 Wanda Phipps  
 Nick Piombino  
 Kristin Prevallet  
 Arlo Quint  
 Evelyn Reilly  
 Kim Rosenfield  
 Lauren Russell  
 Kyle Schlesinger

Ethan Fugate  
 Rigoberto González  
 Nada Gordon  
 Stephanie Gray  
 Shafer Hall  
 Diana Hamilton  
 Hayley Heaton  
 Cathy Park Hong  
 Vanessa Hope  
 Dan Hoy  
 Lauren Ireland  
 Adeena Karasick  
 Basil King  
 Martha King  
 Noelle Kocot-Tomblin  
 Dorothea Lasky  
 Jeff Laughlin  
 Amy Lawless  
 Walter K. Lew



**BOOG READER**

**Thanks to all our contributors who have made the PBR (all three of them) a reality.**

Anselm Berrigan  
 Charles Borkhuis  
 Ana Bozicevic-Bowling  
 Lee Ann Brown  
 Allison Cobb  
 Julia Cohen  
 Todd Colby  
 Brenda Coultas  
 Alan Davies  
 Mónica de la Torre  
 LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs  
 Thom Donovan  
 Joe Elliot  
 Rob Fitterman  
 Corrine Fitzpatrick  
 G.L. Ford  
 Greg Fuchs  
 Joanna Fuhrman  
 Drew Gardner  
 Eric Gelsinger  
 Garth Graeper  
 David Micah Greenberg  
 E. Tracy Grinnell  
 Christine Hamm  
 Robert Hershon  
 Mitch Highfill  
 Bob Holman  
 Paolo Javier  
 Paul Foster Johnson  
 Eliot Katz  
 Erica Kaufman  
 Amy King  
 Bill Kushner  
 Rachel Levitsky  
 Andrew Levy  
 Brendan Lorber

Nathaniel Siegel  
 Joanna Sondheim  
 Chris Stackhouse  
 Stacy Szymaszek  
 Edwin Torres  
 Anne Waldman  
 Shanxing Wang  
 Lewis Warsh  
 Karen Weiser  
 Angela Veronica Wong  
 Matvei Yankelevich  
 Lila Zemborain

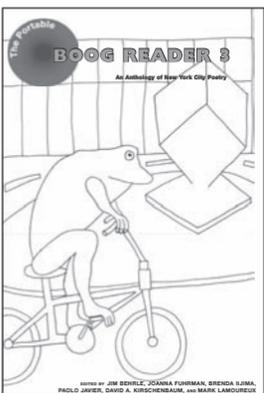
**PBR3**

Ammiel Alcalay  
 Betsy Andrews  
 Ari Banias  
 Jennifer Bartlett  
 Martine Bellen  
 Edmund Berrigan  
 Kate Broad  
 Julian Brolaski  
 Donna Brook  
 Sommer Browning  
 Matthew Burgess  
 David Cameron  
 Mike Coffey  
 Jen Coleman  
 John Coletti  
 Matt Cozart  
 Elaine Equi  
 Jessica Fiorini  
 Jennifer Firestone  
 Ed Friedman

Tan Lin  
 Tao Lin  
 Filip Marinovich  
 Justin Marks  
 Chris Martin  
 Tracey McTague  
 Stephen Paul Miller  
 Feliz L. Molina  
 Ryan Murphy  
 Elinor Nauen  
 Uche Nduka  
 Urayoán Noel  
 Akilah Oliver  
 Geoffrey Olsen  
 Jean-Paul Pecqueur  
 Greg Purcell  
 Elizabeth Reddin  
 Jerome Sala  
 Tom Savage  
 David Sewell  
 David Shapiro  
 Kimberly Ann Southwick  
 Eleni Stecopoulos  
 Christina Strong  
 Mathias Svalina  
 Jeremy James Thompson  
 Susie Timmons  
 Rodrigo Toscano  
 Nicole Wallace  
 Damian Weber  
 Max Winter  
 Sara Wintz  
 Erica Wright

Free Beer  
Tomorrow  
www.farfallapress.blogspot.com

Dear David,  
Thank you  
for all the  
poems and  
all you do  
for poetry!  
♥ Nathaniel



### PBR3 Launch/Urban Folk Relaunch

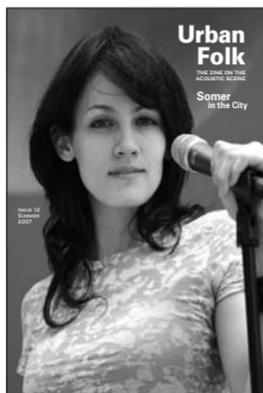
Come to the publication party for the issue in your hand, *The Portable Boog Reader 3*, with readings from contributors Shafer Hall, Adeena Karasick, Geoffrey Olsen, Jeremy James Thompson, and more

AND the relaunch of everyone's favorite local music mag, *Urban Folk*, as it becomes a pullout in each *Boog City* issue, under the helm of its editor, long-time *Boog City* Music Editor Jonathan Berger. With musical acts TBA.

Thurs. Feb. 12, 2009, 7:30 p.m.-9:30 p.m.

Sidewalk Café

94 Ave. A (at E.6th St.), East Village



## Advertise in BOOG CITY

editor@boogcity.com • 212-842-BOOG (2664)

### BOOG CITY

Issue 53 free

*The Portable Boog Reader 3:  
An Anthology of New York City Poetry*

**co-editors**

Jim Behrle, Joanna Fuhrman, Brenda Iijima, Paolo Javier, David A. Kirschenbaum, and Mark Lamoureux

**design**

DAK, modified from 2000 PBR design by Scott White

**cover art**

Sommer Browning

**editor/publisher**

David A. Kirschenbaum  
editor@boogcity.com

**copy editor**

Joe Bates

**art editor**

Brenda Iijima

**music editor**

Jonathan Berger  
juanburguesa@gmail.com

**printed matter editors**

Paolo Javier, Mark Lamoureux  
mark\_lamoureux@yahoo.com

**counsel**

Ian S. Wilder

First printing, January 2009, 2,750 copies. Additional copies of this issue may be obtained by sending a \$3 ppd. check or money order payable to *Boog City*, to the address below. Paper is copyright *Boog City*, all rights revert

to contributors upon publication. *Boog City* is published monthly. *Boog* always reads work for *Boog City* or other consideration. (Send SASE with no more than five poems or pages of any type of art or writing. For email subs, put *Boog City* sub in subject line and then email to editor@boogcity.com or applicable editor.)

**BOOG CITY**

330 W. 28th St., Suite 6H  
N.Y., N.Y. 10001-4754  
www.welcometoboogcity.com  
(212) 842-BOOG (2664)

letters to the editor

editor@boogcity.com



**Face Before Against**

Isabelle Garron

translated from the French  
by Sarah Riggs

ISBN: 978-1-933959-04-7 \$15 US

**FORTHCOMING 2009**

*From Dame Quickly*, Jennifer Scappettone | ISBN: 978-1-933959-1 \$15 US

*Aufgabe #8*, featuring Russian poetry & Poetics  
guest edited by Matvei Yankelevich | ISBN: 978-1-933959-09-2 \$12 US

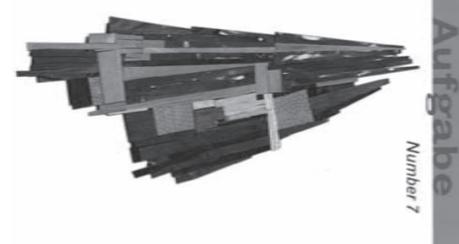
*Hyperglossia*, Stacy Szymaszek | ISBN: 978-1-933959-07-8 \$15 US

*And in collaboration with Belladonna Books:*  
*Bharat Jiva*, kari edwards | ISBN: 978-0-981931-00-5 \$15 US

**Aufgabe #7**

featuring emergent Italian poetry  
(bilingually presented)  
guest edited by  
Jennifer Scappettone

ISBN: 978-1-933959-05-4 \$12 US



**BOWERY ARTS AND SCIENCE PRESENTS:**

# WordShop

**“WORDSHOP” TAKES PLACE SEPT. THROUGH MAY,  
BEFORE THE URBANA POETRY SLAM  
BOWERY POETRY CLUB, EACH TUESDAY AT 6:30PM- FREE!  
308 BOWERY (BETWEEN BLEECKER AND HOUSTON)**

**NATIONAL TOURING POETS**

**GIVE A CRAFT TALK ON POETRY**

**UPCOMING TALKS INCLUDE:**

**DERRICK BROWN- ON “TOURING TIPS FROM THE UNDERGROUND.” 1/13**

**THOMAS LUX- WILL DO A CLOSE READING OF THEODORE ROETHKE’S “MY PAPA’S WALTZ.” 2/3**

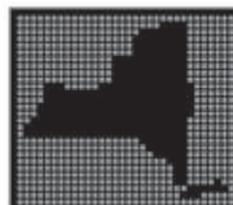
**KARYNA MCGLYNN- ON “THE SNEAKY SLAMMER’S GUIDE TO LITERARY PUBLISHING:**

**QUICK TIPS FOR GETTING YOUR POETRY OFF THE MIC AND INTO PRINT.” 3/31**

**FOR THE FULL SCHEDULE PLEASE CHECK**

**BOWERYPOETRY.COM**

**THE WORDSHOP SERIES IS MADE POSSIBLE WITH PUBLIC FUNDS FROM  
THE NEW YORK STATE COUNCIL ON THE ARTS, A STATE AGENCY  
AND THE NEW YORK CITY DEPARTMENT OF CULTURAL AFFAIRS.**



**NYSCA**

New York State Council on the Arts

175 Varick Street  
New York, NY 10014  
Tel: (212) 627-4455