

## Consonance, Compatibility, and Friendship On the Work of Macgregor Card and Karen Weiser

BY ERICA KAUFMAN

*Duties of an English Foreign Secretary*

Macgregor Card  
Fence Books

*To Light Out*

Karen Weiser  
Ugly Duckling Presse

So far, 2010 has been a stellar year for poetry, particularly since it has brought us new first full-length poetry collections from Macgregor Card and Karen Weiser. Both books represent a new kind of formalism, or perhaps even a new transcendentalism, with poems that mirror the visual and verbal repetition of dreamscapes while still packing the punch via, as Weiser puts it, a "costume of pulse." I can't help but think of Emerson's perhaps overly romanticizing essay, "The Poet," in which he describes this mythic figure of the poet as the person "who sees and handles that which others dream of, traverses the whole scale of experience."

Card and Weiser certainly are seers and traverse more turf than one thinks possible in a single volume. But perhaps what makes these books all the more exceptional is the conversation that occurs between the two spines—one that results partially because of how Card and Weiser have been swapping lines to share between each others' work for almost a decade. They note in their "Acknowledgements" that these books are "companions," and I'd add that this is true in all aspects of the word—they complement each other and speak to each other.

Weiser's book begins with a decision to "in Swedenborgian manner ... turn toward the static, that originary signature." This refers back to the experience of "this other person's atoms multiplying inside of me," and the impact this has on the mind's thought processes and consequently poetic processes. As Lucretius, building upon the ideas of Epicurus, notes that "the atoms, as their own weight bears them down/ Plumb through the void, at scarce determined times ... For were it not their wont/ Thuswise to swerve ... Nature would never have created aught." In other words, atoms need to bump into one another in

**Card and Weiser have been swapping lines to share between each others' work for almost a decade. They note in their 'Acknowledgements' that these books are 'companions,' and this is true in all aspects of the word—they complement each other and speak to each other.**

order for things to happen, and all actions are at least somewhat dependent on the idea that we need "swerves" and consequent "collisions" in order for anything new to be created.

So, to "turn toward the static," to embrace the Epicurean swerve, to admit "All this blank tape here/ All of it mournful," as Card does in his "Emphasis Mine," is to correspond with the effect words can have when allowed or even encouraged to bump up against each other, from line to line, poem to poem. As Weiser writes in "Ply One Expedient Human," "as if eating space and time turn you into being," even routines can take on unexpected forms, particularly when the line lends itself to that sort of play, as in Card's short lines, "I feel more/ beautiful/ than



Megan Ewing photo

I am." This poem would be a completely different animal if the line breaks were otherwise—"I feel more beautiful" is strikingly different than the tension created by allowing "I feel more" its own line.

Do we feel more? Or, perhaps the question is, do we feel more when a poem's lines are work alone as their own entities, as well as together to form a cohesive poetic whole? Can the line transcend the poem and vice versa? In "To Touch Inhabited Creatures," Weiser's last stanza reads:

elements use every damn instrument  
to play the turning over of absence  
like the world has found a rare plum  
in its invaded silence  
something bitten through  
this loose blue tableau  
turnkey in relation to what it inhabits  
left in the field, laid on the grass



Anselm Berrigan photo

We have elements, instruments, piled up upon silence, tableau, and finally "left in the field, laid on the grass." Quite a journey to take in a single stanza, but the reader moves fluidly from one image and one line to the next, so that the experience of reading is like watching a trapeze artist swing gracefully from bar to bar—details join hands, air traversed.

Or, take Card's "Poem":

I lift my eyes to the visible tree,  
not easy, in view of its quiet leaves  
They are showy mirrors  
And the morning is without wind

This four-line poem stuns even after 40 readings. I'm reminded of Wallace Stevens' epic question, "When we find in poetry that which gives us a momentary existence on an exquisite plane, is it necessary to ask the meaning of the poem?" I would answer no, and I think that Card (and Weiser) provide the evidence to support this answer. "They are showy mirrors," and they are "exquisite."

An atom is the "basic unit of matter, consisting of a dense, central nucleus surrounded by a cloud of negative electrons." Similarly, one might think of the line in a poem as its own kind of atom, comprised of charged vocabulary that buzzes across the page. Just as each atom appears different depending upon perspective, the line and line breaks of poems represent far more potential for action than is often acknowledged. In his book, *Line Break: Poetry as Social Practice*, James Scully posits, "Writing is a struggle against stylistics." In particular, the "stylistic" that Scully addresses is the potential for activism that can occur within a single line of poetry as well as in the tense space created when the writer opts to break the line.

Weiser's and Card's collections represent that fantastic kind of poetry that uses the line in such a way that the reader is awed by the line's ability to catwalk as its own entity, and surprised when the eye reads more, moves forward down the page. In "They Were Hard to Kill, Those Places," Weiser writes:

each word is a room built around us  
an organ underneath the river  
of skin that lives to be incidental  
another spotted face in the crowd

Here the stanza is itself its own apartment, with each line, each word as a room, a chance to redecorate depending on your own momentary correspondences. The lines themselves are elegant on their own, allowing space for the "incidental," while the progression from phrasing to phrasing encourages "another spotted face in the crowd."

In "Fear and Trembling and the Sickness Unto Death," Card writes:

People mounted on a stairs  
or on a ladder in a savings bank  
speak humanely with assurance  
to the knight of faith

"People mounted" like photographs, like paintings, yet these lines allow us to imagine "people" as human and other, yet at the same time they "speak humanely," a voice that comes "with assurance."

**Weiser's and Card's collections represent that fantastic kind of poetry that uses the line in such a way that the reader is awed by the line's ability to catwalk as its own entity, and surprised when the eye reads more and moves forward down the page.**

As in Weiser's work, Card's linguistic play swerves in and out of the familiar and the surprisingly pictographic. We see what these writers write, yet fantastically we can hardly believe our eyes.

In his attempt to define the "affect system," psychologist and personality theorist Silvan Tomkins proposes, "he wants to know what he is really concerned about, why he is concerned, and even what should concern him." These preoccupations of man also represent the preoccupations of reader, of voyeur, of atoms willing to play. And, what better way to investigate and indulge these oft-unconscious impulses than to bask in books that speak to these formal concerns via swerves that give rise to exuberant repetition, mirroring(s), and open-ended conversations.

As Card writes, "sit here with me in the broadest public."  
"And by furniture, I mean DNA," says Weiser.

To return to Epicurus, "clouds could come to be and to be formed ... as a result of the entanglements of atoms which grip one another and are suitable for producing this effect." I think that what Epicurus pinpoints here, that feels really relevant to these stellar new collections, is that the strongest (poetic) work is that which inspires and engages in correspondence, conversation, and consequent discoveries. As Weiser writes in her title poem, "To Light Out," "I say Pass me my book of gardens/ to cultivate a generosity of opening." And, as Card writes in his title poem, "Duties of an English Foreign Secretary," "but thought/ and act are crammed with chairs/ Soft visitor sit down, and then?" I suppose, then, pull up a chair, join the static, and read now.

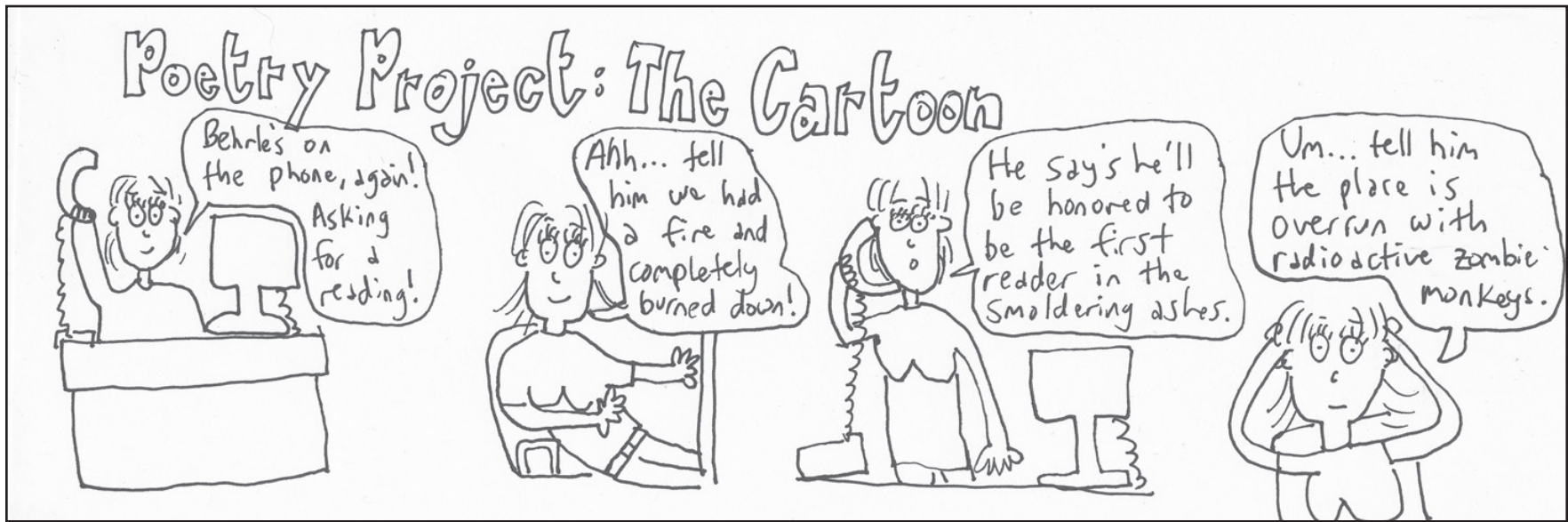
[www.fencebooks.fenceportal.org](http://www.fencebooks.fenceportal.org)

[www.uglyducklingpresse.org](http://www.uglyducklingpresse.org)

Erica Kaufman is the author of *Censory Impulse*.

**Robert Hershon**  
Boerum Hill, Brooklyn  
**Cappuccinos**

**No, not the cappuccinos  
suburban ladies get frothy  
mustaches from after dinner  
I mean the ones at Tosca  
in North Beach, with brandy and  
anisetto in the coffee and cream,  
just the thing on a raw San Francisco  
evening and they go down like  
chocolate milk and roar back like  
a two by four to the temple  
just when you were dancing so nicely  
on the top of the bar. Well,  
they're no good  
if you let them get cold.  
What is?**



## PRINTED MATTER

### Semerdjian Sings Songs of Loss

BY TOM BAIER  
*In the Architecture of Bone*

Alan Semerdjian  
GenPop Books

Reading Alan Semerdjian's *In the Architecture of Bone* reminds one of the timeless truism, "We all come from somewhere else." Whether that "else" is interpreted as from a continent far away, from a different set of parents, or simply from a different set of experiences, Semerdjian's work exposes and celebrates the cultural differences we have from each other while also illustrating again for us the immutable fact that as co-inhabitants of this planet we are, in the end, all one.

Alan's poems are like riding shotgun in a secret U-2 spy plane at the uppermost limits of our fragile atmosphere: a look up reveals the gaping maw of unknowable space; a look down reveals the topography of our most common behaviors. The poet is equally comfortable contemplating the large mysteries of

the human condition as he is attending to the needs of a failing grandparent in a nursing home.

Simply stated, Semerdjian writes with bravery, the bravery to expose himself with all his warts and failings as well as to expose his family in all their idiosyncratic suffering. This is the source of strength in his writing, the level-headed and sober instinct to look the reader in the eye and tell it like it is. Some poems in the collection snuggle closely against the warm familiarity of personal letters, while others stretch what a poem can do sonically and visually.

Though it would be narrow to characterize Semerdjian's writing as first-person, family-driven didactic poetry, the one thing he cannot stop himself from being is a teacher. And there is much wisdom in these poems. Through his unsentimental witnessing, he gently educates his readers about the Armenian Genocide, a major 20th century event they may have never seen figure in poetry so strongly before.

In these songs of loss, Semerdjian achieves an emotional core

that asks us all to participate in his pathos; suddenly his family becomes our family, his grandparents our long-lost grandparents, and his Armenia our Armenia that we too have been exiled from.

**His family becomes our family, his grandparents our long-lost grandparents, and his Armenia our Armenia that we too have been exiled from.**

That transparency, that emotional eating-over-at-someone-else's-house sense in his book is what makes *In the Architecture of Bone* a memorable and extra-ordinary piece of communication.

[www.genpopbooks.com](http://www.genpopbooks.com)

Tom Baier's only real and lasting joy in his life comes from his wife and children. Tom is paranoid of The Department of Motor Vehicles and has an intense distrust of the color yellow.

## BOOG CITY

Issue 63 free

editor/publisher  
David A. Kirschenbaum  
[editor@boogcity.com](mailto:editor@boogcity.com)

urban folk editor  
Jonathan Berger  
[uf@welcometoboogcity.com](mailto:uf@welcometoboogcity.com)

art editor  
Cora Lambert  
[art@welcometoboogcity.com](mailto:art@welcometoboogcity.com)

poetry editor  
Joanna Fuhrman  
[poetry@welcometoboogcity.com](mailto:poetry@welcometoboogcity.com)

printed matter editor  
Arlo Quint  
[p-m@welcometoboogcity.com](mailto:p-m@welcometoboogcity.com)

counsel  
Ian S. Wilder

First printing, May 2010, 2,250 copies. Send a \$3 ppd. check or money order payable to David A. Kirschenbaum to the address below for additional copies. 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 up to 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](mailto:editor@boogcity.com) or applicable editor.)

## BOOG CITY

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

letters to the editor

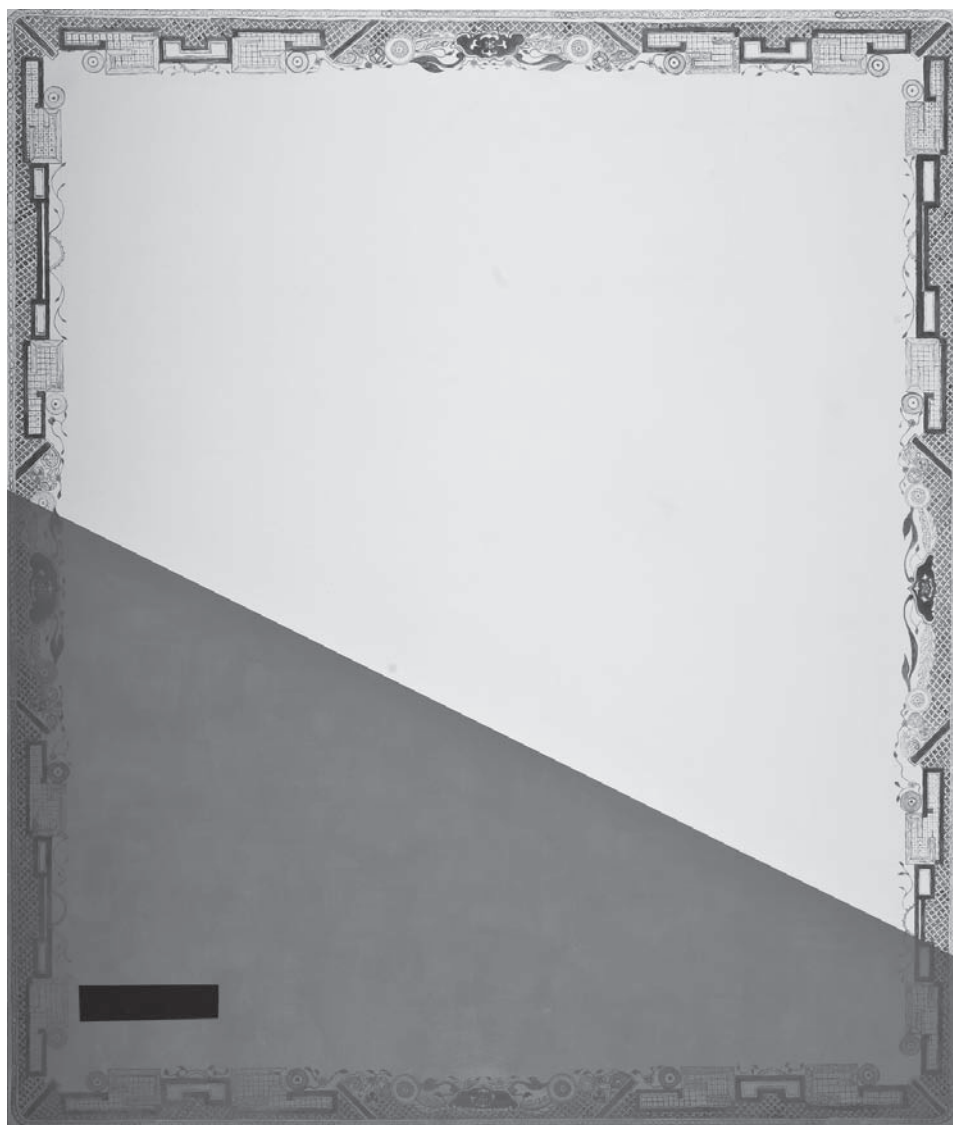
[editor@boogcity.com](mailto:editor@boogcity.com)

## Thomas Brauer Williamsburg, Brooklyn

### Artist Statement

My work is a charter house, a repositiorium of symbols, people, and places that have existed mythically and historically in the contemporary American psyche. This visual language reflects the trauma and paranoia associated with queer lifestyles, HIV/AIDS, terrorism and post-traumatic stress.

At the moment, I'm primarily interested in using pop art as a reference to art history in my visual articulation of the American psyche. I'm interested in visually articulating a saccharine America obsessed with psychopathic behavior and reveling in the current pastime of "cultural slumming."



**Willow Ware (A True Story of a Story of True Love)**, Acrylic on wood panel, 30" x 50".



**Iron Lung**, Acrylic on wood panel, 30" x 34".

### Bio

Thomas Brauer completed his M.F.A. at the Yale University School of Art in 2005, where he received the Phelps Berdan Memorial Award for distinction in painting and printmaking. He also attended the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture in 2005. His work has appeared in "I Love New

York," the inaugural group exhibition at 33 Bond Gallery. His work was also included in "In the Ring," a group exhibition at Buia Gallery in New York, and in "Somebody else is there," his first solo exhibition, at Capsule Gallery in New York.

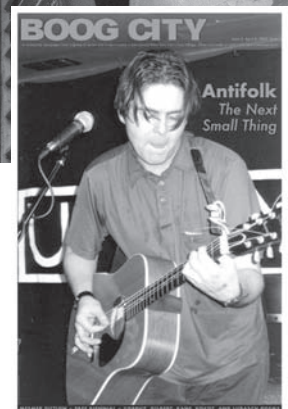
# Saluting the Major

## Peers Honor AntiFolk Oldie, Olive Juice Music Head



**Matt Roth, a.k.a. Major Matt Mason USA, in a recent photo and as he appeared on the cover of Boog City 5 in 2002.**

Photos by Yoko Kikuchi (top) Jessica Caragliano (inset)



BY JONATHAN BERGER

**M**att Roth, singer, songwriter, guitarist, band leader, engineer, producer, label head, and benevolent dictator of the Olive Juice Music collective, can probably add another title to the list: inspiration. Recently, Major Matt Mason USA, Roth's *nomme de guerre*, was feted at the Sidewalk Café, where he's been playing for roughly 15 years.

The Sidewalk, home to the AntiHoot and the encompassing AntiFolk scene since 1995, has begun to host a sporadic performance series called I Heart You. The event features local acts covering their friends' songs. It is another attempt by the grassroots East Village music community to celebrate itself—and all independent art. The latest event was dedicated exclusively to the songs of Major Matt, which were elected by popular acclaim through Internet voting. Curated by poet and retired performer Bernard King, the event ran 90 minutes in a packed room full of appreciative listeners.

This was not a benefit show, a memorial, or an exercise in starfucking; this was an example of musicians paying respect to one of their own: the first among equals. Among the acts who took the stage were Prewar Yardsale, the leader of the Elastic No-No Band, the two leaders of Lady Bright, 50% of Urban Barnyard, 60% of Huggabroomstik, and all of Toby Goodshank, Ben Krieger, and Jeff Lewis. Unsurprisingly, Nan Turner, Roth's comrade in Schwervoni and life, covered a track as well, the haunting "Follow Her."

Dan Fishback introduced "Rockstar" by describing how meaningful Roth's music had proven to be for him—and was proving to be again. Linda Draper opined on the beauty of imperfection and how Roth exemplifies that in his art as well as his life, earning her a hearty round of applause.

Justin Remer, leader of the Elastic No-No Band, began with a piano rendition of "Goodbye Southern Death Swing," which he'd so recently recorded on his colossal *Fustercluck!!!*, only to stop and play a sensitive variant

of "1000 Ice Creams." Like all the cover versions performed during the extended evening, Remer's "Ice Creams" was heartfelt and substantially re-invented by the new artist.

Jeff Lewis, who has toured extensively with Schwervoni, did a piano rendition of "The World is Not Against You," after regaling the audience with fond memories of past gigs with the Major.

Daoud Tyler-Ameen of Art Sorority for Girls performed "The Ballad of

**This was not a benefit show, a memorial, nor an exercise in starfucking.**

Danny Scheer," a song Roth had written about an ancient AntiFolk friendship from when he first entered this community. In that song, Roth had made a point to reference Scheer's songwriting, as well as his influences. With Tyler-Ameen covering the song, Roth has helped facilitate further passage of song-sharing and community-building.

The Major, leaving his Olive Juice Headquarters to attend the event, was quiet during the performances, but afterwards went about thanking everyone involved. "I'm trying not to sound too full of myself," he said, grinning cheek to cheek.

It is too rare in New York City for people to credit their peers, to salute others while living. It's a shame that wakes are only given when someone has died. The tradition that I Heart You seeks to instill is to mutually appreciate, and to select and respect those you love. This event to honor the living Major Matt Mason USA was excellent and quite memorable.

[www.olivejuicemusic.com](http://www.olivejuicemusic.com)  
Jonathan Berger writes; sometimes he writes wrong, but usually he writes right.



**Lach is back!** When the godfather of AntiFolk, Lach, retired from managing the Fort at the Sidewalk Café almost two years ago, it truly was the end of an era. Only, not so truly. A little over 20 months later, Lach is at another club, on another night, hosting another lame-brained music game. It's a cause for celebration for those adherents to the open mic aesthetic, as Lach is an entertaining host and an incredible scene-maker. Tuesday nights, for the next several months, Lach will open the doors at Webster Hall at 7:00 p.m. By 8 o'clock, the show begins, and the acts just keep on coming. Oh, the good times will roll, as the AntiHoot lives again!

Herb Scher photo

# Making the Scene: A Local Musician's Guide to Striving for Some Kind of Success

BY JEREMIAH BIRNBAUM

**R**ecently, a friend of mine, new to performing professionally, asked for my advice as to how to make it in music. I wasn't too sure what to say, because, like most everyone I know, I haven't really "made it." We, The Ramblers, are not yet entirely supporting ourselves through our music, but, yeah, we're playing a lot and getting better shows, in no small part because I'm obsessively on my own ass to get gigs and all of us are relentlessly spreading the word and producing the best shows we can. We're in the process of figuring out self-sufficiency; it's a tough row to hoe. But I am proud of where we are and where we are going. To that end, here's my advice on how you can get a little bit further down the road, and be happy doing it.

First of all (and most importantly): Play, play, play. Get out; be in front of people. Go to open mics, go to other people's shows, play gigs—big and small—and see what you can do about getting listened to and reviewed. It helps to have an interesting sound, but you're more likely to be noticed if you're in front of people, trying new things. That doesn't mean you should become that guy who writes songs about fish sticks. Be yourself. Challenge yourself, and don't get caught up in gimmickry; it can backfire on you. Don't typecast yourself.

Get out and tour, by any means necessary, and find people who believe in you. One of my friends has done that non-stop for two years and built up a huge mailing list—almost 15,000 fans. I cannot stress how important your fan base is to furthering your career.

The Ramblers recently raised funds on PledgeMusic.com, a fan-based fundraising site where your followers can contribute to the making of your next album, and they are rewarded with incentives and exclusives (like merch, pre-production videos, b-sides, and house concerts). We are very lucky to have a loyal fan base that supports us, and because of their contributions, we will be releasing our new album this month. It was close, but we made it right on the deadline. But because my anonymous friend built up such an incredible following on PledgeMusic.com, his funds have grown much faster than ours, and he will be able to record more songs and do more promo. The sheer number of his fans means that he had a much easier time making it all happen.

The lesson: Even if it's a few names scribbled on the back of a kitchen check, never leave a gig where someone was clapping without at least thanking them for coming and asking if they'd like to sign your list. Shake hands. Treat your fans like your friends. Get to know them. Fans support you; give back.

Seek other artists like you in other towns and find out where they play. Meet them, try to get gigs with them. Be willing to invest a little bit and maybe take a couple of financial losses. Be smart, but take chances. There's no magic bullet. It's just about being relentless and having drive. I was a solo singer-songwriter and

toured for years, which is how I met some of my best friends and songwriting partners. Hanging out in the New York City music scene is how I met I met my fellow Ramblers.

Go to ASCAP or BMI, which ever licensing group you're associated with, and schmooze. Protect your intellectual property. Join Folk Alliance if that's your bag. Go to conferences and festivals. Most importantly, find the folks in the music scenes you like to hang out in and say "Hello." Find your scene. Find your people. Ask them questions. If you don't ask, you won't receive, and you'd be surprised how many people are willing to talk, lend a hand, jam out, or give you a couch to sleep on. Just make sure to return the favor. (Sometimes I've got two or three songwriters sleeping in my living room!)

You have to be on top of press and emailing people, and getting folks interested at every show. Make each gig a special event—not just a gig, but a true show. My whole philosophy these days really is, "If you build it, they will come." Be true to yourself—do not compromise—good things will happen.

For a while I pushed myself so hard I almost forgot who I was. Being on the road seemed more important than taking care of myself. I almost burned out. Eventually, I slowed down, took a step back, a breath in, and reviewed.

I'd built a life and a career, defined an identity, and grown up a little. It was time to build on that.

I realized, truthfully, what it was that I wanted to do the rest of my life. I'd built my own dream. I am constantly amazed at how, once I decided to simply be happy and have fun, everything changed. Things become easier when you take pressure off yourself. Yes, you need to work hard—I still hope and pray daily that I am doing the right things—but you have to feed the artist inside you, and be your own harshest critic.

Yes, it's so damn scary, being 32 and knowing I have spent the last six years living this life, pushing this dream out into the world. I am so grateful to have the opportunities that have come my way, and to know that, as a band, The Ramblers have made some kind of success through our dedication, our love, and lots of luck.

General George S. Patton once said, "luck is opportunity meeting preparation." Art cannot happen in a vacuum. We—all the people down here—are intelligent, creative, and hanging out in the right places. Hopefully, something will happen. In this economy and environment, New York is like Paris in the 1860s—a whole bunch of crazy artists pushing each other to make great art and hanging out, and, unfortunately, not making



**In this economy and environment, we are living like France in the 1860s—a whole bunch of crazy artists pushing each other to make great art and hanging out, and unfortunately not making a ton of cash.**

The poems in this collection are full of lyric's quiet, overheard voice. They are explorations of relationships and the personal. But Semerdjian's work also constantly points to how lyric has more to tell us about empire and cross-cultural contact than is often realized. He aligns his lyric with the tradition's more innovative moments. And he frequently turns the personal of lyric inside out.—Juliana Spahr

**IN THE ARCHITECTURE OF BONE**  
POEMS BY ALAN SEMERDJIAN  
[www.genpopbooks.com](http://www.genpopbooks.com)

## Nellie Bridge

Greenpoint, Brooklyn

### Sticky

Leaves that fall on New York sidewalks stick there if it rains, or if it is moist at all.

The light green-gray confetti grows denser and again people ask what those trees are, dropping confetti throughout the city. Larger yellow leaves build into a slime if no one sweeps or scrapes them off for days. I've concluded the sidewalks are sticky, because in winter, the thick wavy ice clings over large stretches for weeks and weeks if it stays cold, until only dark spots remain into spring, like sentimental friends who cannot say goodbye, or people who want to think about what just happened.

## Paul Belbusti

Washington Heights

### I used to be called Lucy

I used to be called Lucy, but now they call me Orchids. Or Pearls. Or Radiant Heirloom Tomatoes. My earlobes glow yellow and red depending on my mood. My screams sound like ancient Gregorian chants. And church bells. When I walk by the rocks in the front yard, they turn to glass boxes filled with salamanders and bugs for the salamanders to feed on. My wings allow me to hover out of this room, past the kitchen, past my uncle, out the front door. I called my father on the phone but he didn't understand a word I said because he only heard beautiful melodies. He begged me to keep crying because he loved the sound so much. It was frustrating, but it comes with the territory when you're beautiful and perfect. *Radiant Heirloom Tomatoes, she is a springtime parade and a celebration of the disappearance of all of our concern.* That's what they say about me.

## Susan Lewis

West Village

### Introduction to Inertia

You say you want to be a conquistador, but what about microbial lag? On the other hand, how will we learn of caramelization or chiaroscuro if we don't venture from our cages? Another worry is: combustion. Those consonants set my teeth on edge, as do most cinematic referents. And, speaking of edge, I believe you owe me a paragon or two from the middle of the spectrum. Perhaps you are trying to conceal the secret of your retraction. Even the frenetic must ride the current, or collect in the eddies like mystery scum. Don't take that tone with me. Don't beat around the bush. Don't try to hitch me to your intergalactic wagon. And never try to herd me toward the same old fold, to which I have absolutely no intention of returning.

### Introduction to Diplomacy

Authenticity is beside the point, unless judiciously employed as an aesthetic accent—like salt or mood lighting. Accept and build. All impulses must be properly restrained. No shoes, no shirt, no groping of any kind, no matter how persuasive. And no whining to Gloucester, now that he's seen his limitations, which puts him beyond any body's reach. Go ahead: wiggle your limbs in the flow, find out what makes them bleed. Dive in: there's a ceremony for every pretext, a text for every quivering gap. It's a living, or so they say, which indirectly implicates you in the death of innocence. But don't worry: that's more than you can say for the rest of this whirling melee.

## Austin LaGrone

Bedford Stuyvesant, Brooklyn

### Lunchbreak Yodel for Elkhorn Sanitation

Someone's put chicken fingers inside my work gloves as if the jaws of a garbage truck could translate for the hunger of kings. Who can say why old-timers poke through landfills or why priests keep bones of saints under glass. I love chicken even if it tastes like leather. So when Lefty calls me *Cappuccino* I bang the cans and jimmy the hydraulics, "Shit man, ain't no blue-bloods around here."

### Epiphany

I've worked these streets for years, lingered over blue plates chatting up waitresses, spruced-up three Chevy's with dice and chrome ladies, and never, not once, fallen in love. My God, your toe ring with its moonstones and blisters, your lip gloss moving beyond the reasonable borders of mouth, the burn marks around the bathtub where you fall asleep dreaming. It's so sexy. Like the graffiti on your single-wide: *Jerry is dead, O.J. is free, Superman is crippled.* It can be that kind of summer. Fresh batteries in the jam box, a chicken in the oven, and the night belongs to Michelob. Darling, you can eat alphabet soup for years and never spell Jesus.

### Overtime

That evening the late shift was even later, paid time and a half, kept him upright another three hours sweeping up the plant. With the shimmy of the line silenced, there was only the percussion of his pushbroom and the steady moan of fluorescents for company. "Times like these," he said aloud, "a man might start talking to himself." And there was no irony in it. A simple fact like cans and newspapers, junk wrappers and wads of chew. A looming presence like the robots and truck skeletons lined up all the way to the punchclock. Only threatening, or slightly so, like forklifts with their jaws lowered. "Doubles are doozies," shouted Nick from the security booth, buzzing the giant door. Outside the man's eyes adjusted to the mothy shadows of the parking lot where a lone truck stood a football field away. His footsteps the template of another life so hauntingly close for a moment he thought he could touch it.

### About the Poets

Writer and musician **Paul Belbusti** is the founder and editor of *Wobbling Roof Magazine*, a multi-media web zine. **Nellie Bridge** recently published writing in *The Owls* ([www.owlsmag.wordpress.com](http://www.owlsmag.wordpress.com)). She works at the Authors Guild. **Robert Hershon's** (cover) most recent collection is *Calls from the Outside World*. He is co-editor of Hanging Loose Press. Born and raised in Louisiana, **Austin LaGrone** grew up spoon slapping for onion peelers at The Fish-house on Gravelpoint Road. His work has been published or is forthcoming in *Black Warrior Review*, *Brilliant Corners*, *Spoon River*, and *The New York Quarterly*. **Susan Lewis** is the author of *Animal Husbandry* (Finishing Line Press) and *Commodity Fetishism* (Cervena Barva Press).

**SEAN T. HANRATTY & THE MIGHTY MIGHTY**

**CD RELEASE PARTY**  
**BOWERY POETRY CLUB**  
 308 BOWERY  
 (BLEECKER & HOUSTON)  
 JUNE 5TH 2010 9PM-11 30PM

**WEIRD LUCKY**  
 WWW.SEANTHANRATTY.COM

**d.a. levy lives**

each month celebrating a renegade press

**Tues. June 29, 6:00 p.m., free**

**Straw Gate Books**  
**(Philadelphia)**

[www.leafscape.org/StrawGateBooks/index.html](http://www.leafscape.org/StrawGateBooks/index.html)

Featuring readings from Straw Gate Books' authors and music from Krista Weaver. Event will be hosted by Straw Gate Books' editor Phyllis Wat. Plus cheese and crackers, and wine and other beverages.

**ACA Galleries 529 W. 20th St., 5th Flr. (bet. 10th & 11th aves)**

Series hosted by **BOOG CITY** editor David Kirschenbaum  
 For information call 212-842-BOOG (2664) • [editor@boogcity.com](mailto:editor@boogcity.com)

**o! brand-new books from**

**UDP!**

KAREN WEISER  
 .....To Light Out

KOSTAS ANAGNOPOULOS  
 .....Moving Blanket

**WWW.UGLYDUCKLINGPRESSE.ORG**

Nick Piombino  
*Illustrations by*  
 Toni Simon

**CONTRADICTA**  
*Aphorisms*

GREEN INTEGER 159

**CONTRADICTA:  
 APHORISMS**

**by Nick Piombino**

with illustrations by  
**Toni Simon**

**Green Integer**

**Available from**

**SPD • [www.spdbooks.org](http://www.spdbooks.org)**

**St. Marks Bookshop (NYC)**

**Unnameable Books (Brooklyn)**

ADVERTISE IN THE  
**BOOG CITY**  
**GAY PRIDE**  
Edition

*with coverage on LGBTQ Issues*

**AD DEADLINE**

Fri. June 11

**3,000 COPIES DISTRIBUTED PRIDE WEEKEND**

Sat. June 19

**MORE INFO**

[www.welcometoboogcity.com/ad\\_rates.pdf](http://www.welcometoboogcity.com/ad_rates.pdf)

David A. Kirschenbaum, Editor • [editor@boogcity.com](mailto:editor@boogcity.com)

**FEATURING:**

- An indepth interview with Stonewall participant Martin Boyce by Nathaniel Siegel
- Stephanie Gray reviews the documentary Stonewall Uprising and talks with its filmmakers, David Heilbroner and Kate Davis  
[www.firstrunfeatures.com/stonewalluprising.html](http://www.firstrunfeatures.com/stonewalluprising.html)
- Art from Sophia Wallace  
[www.sophiawallacephotography.com](http://www.sophiawallacephotography.com)
- plus printed matter reviews and poems