Glitch is something that extends beyond the most literal technological mechanics: it helps us to celebrate failure as a generative force, a new way to take on the world.

*Glitsh* - Yiddish, “a slip,” “slippery place”

*Gleiten* - German, “to glide”
Flyleaf: text from *Glitch Feminism: A Manifesto* by Legacy Russell

Image: ‘‘@’’ – g, by Courtlin Byrd and Brent Cox
P-QUE U E
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EDITOR’S NOTE

From Movement to Glitch.

From intuition to chance.

From flow to staccato.

Last year, we explored movement—we moved together and saw how the pieces moved us—in our thinking as the pandemic took hold. This year, we only had the present: any sense of futurity was unknown and remains so. Our collective uncertainty propelled us toward the reliance on technology and redefined how we experience community. To glitch is to interrupt the present and imagine a future. The glitch evades time and makes time visible to us. It opens us to chance and possibility, calls on us to respond to its behavior. This issue, we experimented with an open-call, glitching P-Queue and its editorial process. Opening ourselves to how people might respond, we left the theme and its interpretation to our writers. P-Queue itself was a glitch and it demanded a response from its contributors and editors.

A glitch is a slippage, something that finds its way through the crevices and into shared space, the networks that pull us together. In lieu of our insights into each writer’s work, this editor’s note leaves guided explanations behind the interface, makes visible the reader’s own attention and proposes the act of thinking as remedy.

In the spirit of glitch, the works have priority in staging their own interruptions while imagining futures otherwise.
devine, rebekah m.

The Book of Ezekiel's Wife: A Lost Book of the Bible
In March 2023, fragments of Hebrew scrolls were found in a cave in the West Bank. Among these manuscripts were an Ezekiel scroll containing additional material not found in any other known extant scroll. These additions include what biblical scholars have dubbed The Book of Ezekiel’s Wife, a first-person account of the prophet’s descent into divine madness attributed to the ghost of Ezekiel’s unnamed wife following her death at the hand of their god.

♦

A mountain out of a molehill, my husband waved me away, when I suggested god might be asking too much of him, of us. Well, I don’t know, dear. Telling your prophet to lie on his side for 430 days & eat nothing but barley cakes baked over human dung—it just feels a bit extra to me. Cow’s dung, wife, remember? Zeke, god’s planning to tie you up with cords just to get his point across. Every job has occupational hazards. This is just what gods do with their servants. You signed up to be a temple priest, not a prophet busking on the streets. I don’t think it’s role play if you didn’t give god your consent. Gods don’t do consent.

& so I buried my fears, played the good wife, tried not to fuss as god’s demands grew more extravagant. Didn’t bat an eye at the miniature wargaming. Bit my tongue as a city no bigger than a brick appeared in the front yard, complete with tiny siege walls & camps of clay soldiers hauling twig battering rams. Stirred the stew pot when my husband ditched his razor & shaved his beard & head with a sword. Ignored the bald prophet at the kitchen table weighing out bowls of hair on balance scales. Added heaps of garlic to mask the sulfur stench as he burned clumps of hair atop the clay
city & scattered fistfuls into the wind.

I kept my own counsel as the man in my bed turned more & more god’s prophet by the day, mouth frenzied with divine mania. As everything turned into a sign for the people, a portent of god’s looming judgement. The house. Stew pots & griddles. The clothes on the prophet’s back. The tongue in his mouth, stuck & then loosed.

When memories of god’s visions fevered his head & thrummed his dreams, I tried to hold him as hard as I held my peace. But his face was hard as flint, as god’s. When the corpses eaten by plague, famine, & sword ravaged his sleep, I reached out, but he turned away, body bloated with symbols, pocked with god.

Thoughts of running seeded my mind but sprouted too late. I woke up one morning marked as god’s sermon illustration & by evening I was dead.
stone, j.b.

Poems
so much of us want to
turn back time & play

god for the day hoping
we can alter the course

of history, longing to cheat
death. we know we’re

only lying to ourselves. in the
moments when inevitability

is a choking hazard rather than
a much-needed pill to swallow

sometimes it’s okay to be selfish
sometimes it’s the only way

to stay sane. to think back to oneself
at eighteen rolling a few blunt

papers with a few loyal friends in a
basement of Grateful Dead

tapestries, YouTube gameplays of
Sky Rim, & comic book

clippings—only to be re-used as
wall décor making our
smoke alarm laughter as loud, & as extra as possible & set

when a rough & tumble voice appears plays the role of orator

reimagines our heroes redefines our villains remixes the folklore our parents would try to scare us with. sometimes we all want someone to show us the beauty in our weirdness, an unrelenting force disrupting the conformity that kills us. when there is a static shock to a system designed to make us hate ourselves, burying the passions we hideaway & label guilty pleasures when we’re too afraid to be ourselves we all need someone to give us an anthem worth living for
I wanted to write a poem about my disability, but was unafraid to do so, unaware about how to express the right words, the right placement of every sentence // the structure, the form; maybe because I’ve written this same theme way too many times; because how often I must write about my disability? And the trauma others brought me because of who I am? Must I keep putting my brain through a ringer? Only to find myself still unwashed; still undressed; still call my own memories of abuse from all of my yesteryear: a reluctant muse? Slowly, I’veem learning to turn all I’ve carried into a battle cry. I still get lost in the shuffle of my memories, still walk under a looming cloud hung over my head like a nimbus woven noose. Still my depression crawls out from a pit that could never leave it sleeping. Still my anxiety leeches me away, swarms upon my body like field of harvest waiting to be ravaged. Still, I overthink, about everything, over-explain my struggle and end up with a language that would take a lifetime to decipher. Still, I can’t just speak my truth in a few lines, no matter how many times, I edit, proofread, and edit again I edit, proofread, and edit again I edit, proofread, and edit again I edit, proofread, and edit again I edit, proofread, edit again, I edit, proofread.
and edit again and still left to format my lament never to see the light of day or a finished masterpiece. Proofreading until I'm nothing but bones
DON'T TELL ME I WILL GET THROUGH THIS

—unless your resolve
has matched the rhythm
of a ticking timebomb

unless your veins
swell
like an anatomy
of saline solution
every time you try to clench
a grin

unless your will
was once a battlefield
is still a battlefield
& will always be

a battlefield

unless your response to loss
or someone else’s loss
wasn’t a watered-down fuck you
a bootstrap narrative on steroids
a war song

forever on repeat

but an anthem
for a love

that refuses to recoil
the type of feeling
one would convert their bones into a mausoleum for
amassing an army of outdated ideals
all to oppose a part of yourself
would leave buried

if your empathy still finds a crypt to call home
don’t tell me I will get through this
byrd, courtlin and brent cox

" @ " - g
This image is part of and represents a poem in development by Brent Cox and Courtlin Byrd called, “‘@’g.”

Our focus in this iterative poem is the first stanza of each half of Louis Zukofsky’s “A”-9: 2 sets of 14 lines. Zukofsky’s poem, written over the course of 10 years or so from the late 1930s to the early 1950s, is something of a transcreation of Guido Cavalcanti’s canzone, “Donna mi Prega.” That poem was written in the late 13th century and is a unique example of the *Dolce Stil Novo*. It is also one of the most commented upon poems in the history of Italian poetics because of its risky and opaque use of language, along with its philosophical difficulty. To the already strict form of this canzone, which includes a complex scheme of feminine end rhymes and internal rhymes such that 52 out of every 154 syllables are bound to the pattern, Zukofsky adds a mathematically determined distribution of “n” and “r” sounds based on a differential equation derived from quantum physics. He also writes two canzones, so that “A”-9 can be considered a “double canzone” or “diptych poem.” Both canzones are patterned after Cavalcanti’s, and written under the influence of Ezra Pound’s two translations of the poem and vernacular translations made by Zukofsky himself and his friend Jerry Reisman. The first canzone of “A”-9 focuses on Karl Marx’s philosophy, especially his theory of the commodity and capitalist labor exploitation. It also includes ideas borrowed from quantum mechanics. The second canzone rewrites the first, maintaining many of its words and rhymes, while phase-state transitioning it into a presentation of Spinozist philosophy, love, the art of poetry, the writings of Ludwig Wittgenstein, and mournful reflections on WWII, while retaining the influence of quantum thought.

One goal of our inquiry was to braid or fold the dis-
tinct sonic substance of each of the diptych stanzas into one, overcharging it, glitching the poem into itself, beyond what its formal structure could bear. We’ve accomplished this in at least three distinct ways: 1) making stereo recordings of our choral chanting of each stanza (4 total tracks, 2 per stanza), where Courtlin’s voice is on the right and Brent’s on the left, so that our reading can be mixed into a cyborg chorus; 2) unitizing the poem’s sonic image in Ableton Live into 14 lines of 14 unit slices that can be loaded into a drum machine and ‘played’ like notes and points of rhythm; and 3) by building an algorithmic aleatoric sorting machine in Max/MSP that creates continuous variations of these sonic slices.

Another goal was to treat the poem like ‘an underlying asset’ that our processes would detach from, but refer to, while trying to discover hidden assets in the asset, “asset-stripping” the poem, so to speak. For example, the Max/MSP iteration described below could be bet on like a ‘pataphysical stock option that prices various possibilities latent in the machinic poem, such as the likelihood of the poem playing perfectly all the way through once using only one voice.

We consider the poem to be a continuous material idea of which our abstraction processes are part, so we wanted to stress the recursive reciprocal relation between the “asset” and our various modes of abstraction, because these processes are the poem. The previously mentioned ‘detachment,’ or asset-stripping, then, might be viewed as nothing more than an imaginative fiction, pointing to the importance of thinking both the necessity of abstraction, and its consequences. Certainly abstraction is convenient and useful for exchange, communication, culture, and perception, but a world increasingly reliant on baroque abstractions created with the simple goal of maximizing profit at the expense of all beings, thus of course centralizing power in historically determinate ways — what Ber-
nard Stiegler refers to as a ‘new barbarism’ — can suppress the generative radical alterity and particularity of direct aesthetic experience, along with our ability to dream. We think of direct aesthetic experience as a fundamental non-abstraction that we, perhaps naively, still believe in. It is an experience of the particular, that is itself the experience of experience, and thus a way of circumventing even experience’s reality-effect. Experience is, perhaps, abstraction’s glitch, consciousness’s subtending pawl and ratchet, where particulars pierce generic norms. And aesthetic experience is the glitch of experience. This is its intrinsic value.

The aforementioned preference for abstraction and convenience of function can have the effect of suppressing and making invisible the necessary infrastructural support abstraction and convenience depend on, from subjective experience to supply chains. It can also encourage ignorance of the way these processes affect the underlying asset itself, along with the overall perception of that asset in social consciousness, such as in the creation of gamed market valuations tied to assets that otherwise have no intrinsic value. In other words, it can suppress the knowledge of production and reproduction, social and material, which are, finally, identical. Abstraction, when understood as ‘detachment,’ ignores the poiesis of specific modes of abstraction. The ignorance or refusal of abstraction’s poiesis can have the effect of seeming to adhere abstract inventions to assets as if they were innate properties, but that otherwise would never exist, for example the exchange value of commodities that ghost their actual realization by labor. This is one of the themes of Louis Zukofsky’s poem, “A”-9.

ASSET

Recently there have been conversations about poems
becoming assets using blockchain technology. But what is the specificity of the abstraction ‘asset’? What is a poem in this structure of value? What does it become when submitted to these parochial, philistine inventions? What does such a becoming foreclose? What openings does it negate in advance? What kind of poiesis is this, and, just as importantly, what kind of negative poiesis is this? An asset implies sufficiency, enough, satisfaction of debt. What, finally, is a poem of sufficiency? Of sufficient property? When will a poem ever be enough? What does a poem owe, and who does it owe it to?

Paraphrased from the Oxford English Dictionary (online):

asset, n. 'æ, sæt. < Anglo-Norman asez, assez, assetez, assitz, Anglo-Norman and Law French assetz, Law French assets sufficient property, assets (1300 or earlier), use as noun of Anglo-Norman and Old French asez (adverb) much, sufficiently, enough (c1000; Middle French, French assez) < an unattested post-classical Latin phrase *ad satis ‘to sufficiency’, substituted for classical Latin satis enough (see satisfy v.). With the French adverb compare Old Occitan assatz (11th cent.), Spanish asaz (13th cent.), Portuguese assaz (13th cent.), Italian assai (a1250).

Some details from the definitions are interesting, in particular: “Sufficient estate or effects; esp. the amount of property necessary for executor of a deceased person to pay off debts and legacies...The effects of an insolvent debtor or bankrupt which are subject to the payment of his or her debts...all the property of a person or company which may be made liable for the payment of debts...an item on a balance sheet representing value...A facility or piece of equipment available to a military force or intelligence organization...a spy, mole, or informant...parts of the body regarded sexually or as being sex-
ually attractive, *esp.* the breasts or buttocks of a woman...Occa-
sionally used punningly with reference to ASS *n...*asset-backed
*adj.* Finance secured by assets; *spec.* designating a security having
as collateral the cash flows from a pool of financial obligations
such as consumer loans or credit-card receivables.”

**SUFFICIENCY**

François Laruelle has discussed a ‘principle of sufficient
philosophy’ underlying philosophical thought, and has called
for a ‘non-philosophy’ and ‘non-standard aesthetics’ that is a su-
perposition able to assess the claims of philosophy and aesthet-
ics (François Laruelle, *Photo-Fiction, A Non-Standard Aesthetics*,
trans. Drew S. Burk, University of Minnesota Press/Univocal,
2013). Here, we ask, is there a ‘principle of sufficient poetry’? In
the case of the annexation of the poem by the financial relation
fostered by NFT technology, where the poem is referenced as
an asset, there is *necessarily* a principle of poetic sufficiency at
work, one that objectifies the poem into its insidious scheme.
It is this sufficiency, this poetic ‘self-sufficiency,’ that must be
challenged, or at the very least, opened to poetic scrutiny, by
poets, precisely at the point when such a new technology of
ownership is nascent and widely celebrated, which is to say,
now.

The ostensible freedom afforded by this technology,
that “artists and poets will be paid,” disastrously deflects dis-
course from the infrastructural death-machine it inheres within
and reproduces, while reinscribing the false consciousness of
poetic autonomy, not to speak of the absurd hocus pocus of
decentralized networks that have a canny way of centralizing
all the pogs into the hands of the stupidest tasteless petulant
plutocrats.

A poem of such a principle of poetic sufficiency be-
comes an asset, meaning *it becomes sufficient to this scheme*, nothing more. Such a scheme, where poems become “assets” to be bought and sold and owned in perpetuity, has only become thinkable under the rubric of intellectual property that invented out of thin air the possibility of the perpetual ownership of literature. This invented concept of the perpetual private ownership of literature by private individuals deserves closer attention. That in this system the poem becomes a discrete object of exchange that allows some shill to pay “the poet” obviously reinaugurates a principle of poetic sufficiency wherein poems and poets become once again merely valued for their serviceable songs of satisfaction (however accidental) for the aesthetic (which is to say financial) preferences of vicious, and viciously dull, pseudo-monarchs. We can have our cake, apparently.

Some have claimed this technology favorably enervates the ownership of artworks to little more than prestige ‘bragging rights’ (the same kind all autocrats attain to demonstrate their power) because digital ownership does not necessarily imply control of distribution. This leaves the creative class, the dispossessed dark matter of art’s glass-tower edifice, utterly dependent on the paternalistic whims of the powerful, while still apparently “allowing everyone to have the same experience” with the artwork. However, these technics are not neutral, and this ‘everyone’ is no one, when we consider the sociogenic ontogenesis of aesthetic experience. If we have argued for an absolutist version of aesthetic experience’s particularity, we might attenuate that somewhat with reference to Sylvia Wynter’s, “Rethinking “Aesthetics”: Notes Towards a Deciphering Practice” (*Ex-iles: Essays on Caribbean Cinema*. Ed. Mbye Cham. Africa World Press, 1992. 238–279) to remind us of the way aesthetic experience itself is always in reciprocal relation to its social formation, such that the ‘same experience’ mentioned above is impossible. We have a difficult time imagining a better form
of ideology consolidation and distribution than the one that argues that experience, aesthetics, and ownership can somehow be disentangled, or the one that has established an ideological fiction so powerful, and so absurd, that users happily consent to its form, begging for their own subordination and exploitation while arguing for their ‘same experience.’ What kind of experience is this? Someone find us this ‘same experience’ and we will write a poem sufficient to it.

Such a sufficiency allows financial speculation on poems and poetry only by reducing poems to assets, that is to say, by assuming the principle of poetic sufficiency, while poets become the butt of the joke. Poets have long laughed about the commodification of poems, but fewer have considered the transformation of poems into assets. Even Kant (!) thought the idea of poetry as paid labor absurd: “[Poetry] must be free in the sense of not being a mercenary occupation and hence a kind of labor, whose magnitude can be judged, exacted, or paid for according to a determinate standard” (Critique of Judgement, Hackett, 1987: 190). But we, too, finally, can now hock our wares while the world burns (hock, v: To disable by cutting the tendons of the ham or hock, in humans or in animals...to bind or otherwise beset (persons)...” Bless. How deep does our ambivalence run? Into the Mariana Trench. No, bottomless, assets all the way down. At what point does pragmatic necessity ghost poetic responsibility? This absurd ‘new’ form of ownership, to use Achille Mbembe’s coinage, is but another technology and epistemology for the maintenance and poetics of today’s “necropolitical” infrastructure, a system in tragic unrepayable debt to the environment that it insists on transforming into a planetary death machine, and a system in unrepayable debt to those dehumanized and killed by its murderous, racist, sexist, genocidal dispositions. (Achille Mbembe, Necropolitics, Duke, 2019).

When poems become sufficient they have become
such evil dead spirits that vanquish life.

Poetic insufficiency, by contrast, or what might need to become a non-poetics, views these asinine assets as already outmoded canons. We hear on the horizon underneath our feet that have turned upside down the plunging murmur of kaleidoscopic canards more real than reality effects, true hoaxes of infinite value unburdened by sufficiency — whole multiple insufficent swarms of poems played by unknown instruments beyond the limit of this profane behemoth of death. Poems that teach us how to see with their ears so that we might listen with their eyes. Poems that teach us how to speak in their language so that we might become tongues of this silence that silences banal evils. Poems that affect us to their vital inhumanity so that we might meet their and our death in the din of life renewed and death respected. Poems that immerse us on the limits of bounded things so that we might be enjoined in joy where direction renews in omnidirectional percolating plenitude. Poems that fascinate us in time’s absence where nothing appears — ongoing glitch that throws us into love’s abyss. Poems of a sensing that is of such silent stuff as dreams we might be remade on.

GLITCH

Imagine, for a moment, time itself, and the present in particular. Let us say the present is a glitch in the time manifold. Glitch as in the Yiddish: “a slippery place.” As in the perception of dimming light when the electric grid gains an additional charge or becomes overburdened, that is, when we see infrastructure, when we see what has become, for all intents and purposes, invisible. As in the way Legacy Russell writes, “female-identifying people, queer people, Black people invent ways to create space through rupture...Here in that disruption,
with our collective congregation at that trippy and trip-wired crossroad of gender race and sexuality, one finds the power of the glitch” (*Glitch Feminism: A Manifesto*, Verso, 2020). This is a collective present as the glitch in the time manifold, and this rupture, which can hauntologically fold the past into the present or hyperstitionally pin the future to the past, is a glitched out recurrence of difference, an absolute alterity inaccessible to violent norms. That the present ever comes into existence inaugurates the possibility of omnitemporal and omnidirectional change, because every glitch in the manifold momentarily maintains some strings and reconnects others in a delirious and dazzling weave of circuitry, where an impossible fold beyond absolute contingency always lurks. That rupture’s genesis of radical morphological alterity constantly presents an unimaginable glitch that is also the horizon of all possibilities murmuring directly under our overturned feet and over our spinning heads and in our guts. Imagining the glitch, its current, its current state, its currency, and *imaging*, however poorly, that glitch’s tendency, that glitch’s identity, and how we intervene and co-create that beautiful and sublime glitching, is one contemporary function of poetry.

The goals we have mentioned so far are underwritten by a ludic attention to the poem that cannot be called ‘goal-oriented.’

**PROCESS**

So we practiced reading the poem together aloud, to synchronize our speed, rhythm, and emphasis. We made from the poem a chorus of voices, like the chorus of citation it already is. One night, we recorded our recitative version of the first two stanzas of “A”-9, one stanza at a time, our voices chant-
ing in unison but captured by two different microphones. We recorded these performances as stereo tracks into Audacity.

We sliced each of the four tracks into lines according to the form of the poem, and made folders for each of our voices: Canzone 01 > Courtlin > Line 01, Line 02, Line 03, Line 04 [...] Canzone 02 > Brent > Line 01, Line 02, Line 03, Line 04...” This yielded 4 versions of each line for our idealized glitch that attempts to join the two halves of the poem. Simple procedures present themselves: cutting the tracks by word or phrase, perhaps in relation to the complex rhyme scheme, or maybe cutting into syllables according to the hendecasyllabic line. Or one might cut along the lines of Zukofsky’s strange mathematically distributed set of “n” and “r” sounds that are rigorously controlled like an electron flurrying in a circle at uniform angular velocity.

We made the decision to cut each track of each line into 14 unit slices using the Simpler in Ableton Live. While time-lengths of each line slightly vary, so each unit is not identical (but as a unit), slicing the tracks this way imposes an abstract, equalizing form onto the different tracks, making them easily exchanged with one another. The stanza itself is 14 lines, with obvious reference to the sonnet form. Our 14 slices verticalize and abstract this otherwise utilitarian, aesthetic quantity. It is the double of that psychological number of memory, 7. It is the number of pieces the body of Osiris was torn into by his fratricidal brother, Set. It is the number of sacrificial victims of the Minotaur. 14 lines and 14 slices produces an idealized square, a $14 \times 14$ (lines by slices) grid, an abstract dividing plane that the sonic substance of the poem can be sieved through. There is reason to believe Zukofsky’s poem is meant to represent two circles, so in this way, we square the circle of the revolutionary canzone. It is a dispassionate, machinic cut, not unlike the power parametrics governing technical decisions today that occur
at a speed \(\frac{2}{3}\) the speed of light.

These cuts are usually unable to contain an entire word, so attempts at transcription yield bits of pre, post, or non-semantic language, inappropriate for meaning-making and linguistic study: “al usa”; “rela”; “equa.” These slices tune the ear to the dissingularity of words spoken as speech that flows like continuous music, bringing us to how the “of” of “sings of a semblance” can be heard as fluctuating time interpenetrated by continuous breath. Some slices consist entirely of the sound of breath, sucking in, expectant, or breathing out, resting, preparing, quantifying a quality of poetry only implied by lineated verse, projective idealizations aside. The project includes performances of the lines in Ableton using the line recordings and the slices. Some of these performances have played one line for hours, attempting to find ghost potentials of poetic sound, secret assets, words, phrases, and meanings that emerge when these slices are repeated, coordinated like breakbeats, or subjected to extreme distortion and processing using reverb, delays, eq’s, compression, resonators, time warps, phasers, flangers, filters, etc.

From this process we derived 4 sets of 14 slices per line, so 56 discreet sounds a line, 784 per stanza for two stanzas, 1,568 total slices. At this point, we are several stages of abstraction from the ‘underlying asset.’ But we have created a mutable system that can function as data to cast lots on, at least. Using the Patcher in Max/MSP, we built a system to play continuous variations of this unitized poem. Using a Random Object Sorter, for every place in the imaginary 14x14 unit grid the system selects a slice from one of 4 possible recordings (Canzone 1 > Courtlin or Brent, Canzone 2 > Courtlin 2, Brent 2) and plays it according to the striking of a metronome. A sound plays, followed by the next selection, and the next selection, filling the idealized 14 unit space of the line with a randomized selection from each
of the 4 sets of slices, while maintaining those sounds’ position in its line. Thus, we have made the poem that is two, Zukofsky’s diptych canzone, one, only to find that the one is sublimely multiple. It continues to the next line, doing the same, and playing through the stanza until the end, at which point it can stop, or play through again from the beginning, this time producing a totally new sequence. We’ve recorded the sound and metadata of many versions of this poem, but have yet to discover even one that rivals Zukofsky’s original.

But the machine indefatigably plays on, arranging its bits according to the system, searching, however naively, for a new glitch in the poem it has now entered and become, itself a continuous glitch. It is a system of lines pre-dating Cavalcanti and post-dating our annihilation. It is our ‘pataphysical child of barren machines, a xenotextual index of our irascible commitment to poetry’s search and production of life, love, and vibes to live by. To our forms of knowledge it knows nothing, and says nothing, ever. Speculators might gather around casting lots on the likelihood of beautiful poems emerging from this absurd machine, or perhaps they might already be betting on other, more profane sequences: Can it play an entire line in only one voice? The entire stanza? Can it perfectly syncopate every four units with slices from each set? Can it be beautiful? Can it be terrible? We watch, mesmerized by the changes, erasing the memory from whence it came.

Future iterations of this poem would determine the selection of each slice according to an external value such as the price of crude oil, the temperature in Longyearbyen, Norway, the sea level in Kara Mura, Bangladesh, the new figures on racist police violence in the United States of America, the total student debt (as it searches, vigilantly, without mind, for the key to jubilee). One value might be the rising global debt, over $281 trillion, a figure that far exceeds extant currency, 355% of
total global GDP. That is to say, a figure for which there is no sufficient asset.
Poems
When the contract workers leave the office at the end of the day and exit like anyone into what might be called life if you aren’t so cynical as to call it leisure or luxury though there are many fees this is the payment for being unasked that is slipping out of corporate existence from five to nine every day and into everything else there is for people unauthorized to work overtime the paralegal does not know where they go when they take the train through the jostling speed of the tunnels or the light or skyline breaking through its windows over the bridges what kinship might exist in the city what decades of neighborhoods places made without consultation of market research firms but because of what one person knew how to make or do it might be romanticization the paralegal remembers her landlord-neighbors raised in the boroughs working for the MTA the old man with her same birthday across the street leaving packages at the corner market and also what she did before this at the job without overtime or
a company cellphone leaving into the city with the ten dollars left for the day the donation yoga the meditation circles the falafel sandwiches the place to buy a half-pint of beer friends and just walking the lights the streets were for everyone in summer in snow
paralegal: some things the law is adjacent to

a pain quotidian
a Hermès scarf
two adjacent apartments in the west 80s
a mice infestation and discovering what toaster covers are for
a free ride to Connecticut in a rented car
the Hudson River
the East River
a European football association
tea from the airport in Paris
sushi charged to overtime
coming home from work at 9, 10 pm
V8 juice and veggie straw chips
an Anne Taylor
Central Park
double overtime on MLK day
a gallery opening
a tiny independent sandwich shop selling French rotisserie
chicken sandwiches with scratch-made mayo
pregnancy
unspecified disability
the Trump inauguration
good pens and brown portfolios
“Workshare Compare” the computer program and linguistic
artifact
rooftop bars
cocktails in which smoke is an ingredient
Dominican-recipe eggnog
someone who still has never had New York style pizza
oysters
suits
Morgan Stanley
knowing how to tie a scarf
kosher lunch at the conference
food allergies
taking the ferry to Midtown East from New Jersey
citibikes
shabbat
bringing the dishes to Rhode Island for Passover
Israel
Poland
Miami
a story about marijuana or sex in the ’60s I can’t remember
which
the Chrysler building
Troilus and Cressida
trying to clock in at 9:36 instead of 9:37 to be rounded down to
the nearest tenth of an hour as on-time
fika the chain of coffee shops not the concept
bagels
having a middle-class income
real money
losing five pounds by being able to afford to eat something
other than sandwiches at lunch
the company cafeteria
confidentiality
somehow Kars 4 Kids
being coached by lifelong paralegals to successfully negotiate at
$16,000 raise when transferring firms how that’s a
whole year’s salary some years
publishing a book about whiskey
someone’s vacation house you stay at sometimes
erratic midday physical therapy appointments
driving to an artist’s residency on Cape Cod for seven hours
after work every three to four weeks
parking your car in a neighborhood in Queens where there’s no alternate side parking
such beautiful shoes
a partner asking you for directions to Barney’s in the elevator
  (you can’t say, just where Macy’s is)
thrifted blazers
Broadway
CBS
soup
the death of an African-American Studies professor
generally assisting a client with home and other financial matters
being discrete
the one train
the seven train
sometimes on a clear day the Atlantic Ocean at Coney Island
at least two poets
at least two additional people who read poetry
a large body of smart people paying very close attention
money of course money
I want what is the difference between occupier and occupant a receptivity in time and space the almost passive almost object what what is subtracted between a dense rye loaf I baked today and the thirty-four years I ate bread I had not made the space made by the existence of a general loaf of soft white bread in a soft plastic single sleeve from the shelves of a 7-Eleven or Pathmark and the occurrence of the soft interior of this as toast margarine and sweet milky tea on a vinyl tablecloth with yesterday’s crumbs and cactuses haphazardly potted in the window the exterior stairs go by passing between this heritage and another I cribbed second-hand a difference between occupying and occupation a difference in intention a difference between the apple shower gel bought at the mall aged twelve or thirteen and the herbs that scent Marseilles soap since the twelfth or thirteenth century the difference between someone talking on tv and me and my friend making videos in the backyard in our summer clothes it’s close isn’t it all this difference for some
of us somewhere in the middle
sometimes I want only the flat grey
blue middle of the lake on a cloudy day
the reeds in the winter when it will snow
sometimes to flatten sometimes to rise
Once a woman told my father she moved to Connecticut from Western New York because it was too grey there she was the mother of a friend of my brother’s. We all seemed to have a lot of time maybe they were both unemployed or maybe it was just the weekend in an age before homework and the internet they lived on a hill on the edge of town towards the highways the Friendly’s family restaurant (now gone) with a smoking section and partitions you could remove between the booths if there were more than four of you. The point being later they would blast away the side of that hill to build a bank with a too-large parking lot and a drugstore we were halfway between Boston and New York and most people I talk to know the highway if they know anything about where I came from so it’s that the river and what we thought was a missile site up behind their house another cold war project by the highways what I meant to say is my dad would not believe that Syracuse was so much cloudier though he lived his whole life right here.
hall, alice

Poems
FREEWAY SYNTH

tyher bleeding is back, like / some mental
triage. the wool is waterproof. a january
adorno in my pocket. the octobered
february light goes out for good
& it rains / late & early
this dark — the
clean & crying on the turnpike
this is no home / in the casio / no
at best / but I can tell / the true joy is found

in how this two-lane cracks open / out / &

from the heights / into the green / & away / the glacier

cut cliffs / the henry hudson / bends
INSTEAD OF SEXUAL INTERACTION

I like to press my face against a wall and scream!
the resistance like the gasp in the nostrils when it streaks
you want to a void the skin / the void you've left open, the familiar
a mouth you'd love to ease
one could argue for the familiar deep water along the bristled highway
long the the tag on top of the boulder so big New Jers ey had to split the turn pike a round it the pan tic that shoots thru your fin gers when you think you've missed your mo ment / or walking thru the rain like yes I do I do de serve this
the water leaking in Penn Station, dressed
like warm loops. such / collapse in the knees of revision.
where is the sensitivity in relativist time dilation.
light and sound particles play
tricks can’t ever feel light just heat there
are small disparities in atomic clocks on the ISS, the simultaneity
of doppler shift unspooled / the echo passes / a pendulum trucks
its path &
this / jerking motion, / the wind whipping
the bag out of your hand from the car window. tendons
go slack. faster-than-light I blink long enough—the spinning stops / death
but not death, a cellular / death as exercise / are you haunted
by half of these things does it fester your phantom limb
VIA FERRATA V.H.S.

vertical beams
  streak shudder

the gray
image caught
on home
video

you’re
supposed to have
a “head for heights”

to do this

a cooling
effect the idea
a clumsy verglas I’m

a fawn
in the ocean

who leaps, neck-first
  over
the tumbled foam
RE:FWD:FWD:FWD

how can everything be about breathing all of the time

(at once everything is new, better living through chemistry)

you can look at constellations through your phone pointed at the sky

hello hacker fucker

here’s the deal. if you hack this game i will find you where ever you are and break your legs and that’s a promise
I DREAM’D OF BEACH UNLIMITED MARCO ISLAND FLORIDA

where this speaker
as a human person
is not at the forefront— their
physical experience

here not what is trying

balloons in the shapes
of fruit

and birds

but rather
the movement of the mind

thirty-five types of sunscreen

the linguistic sphere
it is approximating

assumes
there will be gaps:

dead sharks & a hundred hermit crabs in a cage
where else
are you going to find these

the ragged
fluorescent raftering
foam noodles

it’s less

like reaching the top of the stairs
your foot shooting thru dark

the no where left
to place it

it is
more like being born

& you have more steps left to go
FOR SOMEONE WITHOUT A BODY,

I spend a lot of time
thinking:

lemons on a gray table

blue bliss of a car
exiting a highway

the sewn
line strikes

through patches. this
gas station

has never seen ghosts,
growth

is not progress, all colors

loop & return clacking
to their start of the tape

spring’s apraxia
a newly born bug

a shuttled
slurred speech

it does not progress in any other way than this—
TIME &

movement is slow

& this iteration slows

the circle

green and blame happy’s

strange place for resolve, but

it moves in the up

swing the epi glottis a pinball lever

on the pull. why not forget

how often do you think

I have eyelashes the train feels

how I reach like neon

please, boys
LONG DELAYED ECHO: TRIPYTCH:

The front three—children—eyes black

canvases have a sort of swell this blur is where the
tone or hue warm

smile, arms and legs too long for the sun of it the

past is yes an animal

is it there.
How much light is left. When can we go home.
ISABEL, BILL, DOROTHY

holes                      sand & swimsuits yellow the
blurs of limbs’            edges too a movement
the hues vary              the lightning of the day’s

movement is—the edge—between tone
the tooth                  of the day

you are in it. It isn’t something you command.

hiding
in the dark hunger
curled
to anger. What day
LONG DELAYED ECHO:
Clutch of ivy, stuffed bear
against the naked wall.

I have stood in that spot
many times what child
is this is it your mother

how long, how
many times, how
long, how long did this take,
this picture—the
picture of it, the house,
the selling of the
house,
to find or invent
‘objects’
whose felt quality
satisfies the passions
the naked of it,
the light widening,
the gradual
resistance
to representation It
was not that the figure
has been removed, not that the
figures had been
swept away
but the symbols
were figures,
and in turn
the shapes in
the later canvases

were substitutes
...here is Edgar Hall
here is Jessie Isabel
here is Ginne Britton
sitting on the steps.
LONG DELAYED ECHO: TRIPTYCH: DOROTHY, BILL, ISABEL

With us the disguise must be complete.

A life complete

without

a lip
a room

leaks
lights

The familiar identity

of things

the
relying
on
oursefs
the silence
trying
LONG DELAYED ECHO: TRIPTYCH: ISABEL, BILL, DOROTHY

...it was with the utmost reluctance that I found the figure could not serve my purposes....But a time came when none of us could use the figure without mutilating it.

To grease the skids
to heaven:

the burned color

beams drop

remains

against the eye lids

on the projection

bursts

of gold

a dust shudder

from the ceiling

illuminated by spotlight  
what is real

what is unreal  
continues

to blur
the number

barely moving legs imperceptibly

small grows

if there was a going back

in time to make everything hold

tight to the spaces it

held tuck it all back

pin it down—

keep it there—
LONG DELAYED ECHO: DOROTHY ON THE LEFT

Yet ordered and related in order to be apprehended.

Today
is the day
the sunsets get
earlier. The sun
drank dark
of the frame    why
are you always  bursting
out of it      the
sun unable to keep
the movement
quiet.     Toes a blur.
The mouth of
this all wide
open, the eyes’
cracked tooth
grin no
wonder
the artist
is constantly
placing and
displacing
nash, ariana nadia

FURTHER UNHEARD
Kafka's dogs moving their legs: a barely audible whistling like fur or velvet. With every spin, as much confession, the flaws of deteriorating silence. Not to be confused with built entirely from pauses on the other side of course, blank silent pieces. Funerary
65,536 types of silence, none of which are zero.

the inevitable damage to the unprotected a collaborative duet

ruts in need of resurfacing, a hastily written (scratched) word

Not to be confused with a blinded Cyclops

"manipulated"
silent all day might be mistaken for
riding the train without a ticket
asked to produce documents

merely
perfect soft-boiled eggs

an angst-ridden existential shrug
probably a lot like

self-regard.

"For Legal Reasons,
Not to be confused with
hibernating heartbeat protocol pulse; constant hum

of small red indicator lights.

the noise of my own computer, the dead acting on the living

for exactly sixty milliseconds— silence.

sitting those milliseconds out,

bursts of autophagic inhuman silence we can never attain.

The kind of thing that gives the avant-garde a bad name.

decidedly quieter than

The Phantom Pregnancy

Silence a sonic equivalent of monochrome paintings,

Not to be confused with which stretches aggressively on
not to be confused with ennui.

in some respects. Or disrespects. the pompous anthem

private emotions put on public display scripted and conscripted

but dead air

latent corporate critique uninterrupted silence sonic readymade—

nothing, nothing but

from 1941 to

suspended. Absent those speak the loudest
BS with nothing Inside.

B side: Male Sexual Energy

a record of silence.

Blank

blank sentimentality, dematerialized

The quantity of interest rapidly approaches zero (0), mysticism Fine silence, to be sure,

Just beyond the threshold of human the overtone produced when the two are

—a pause of indefinite duration “repeat
Manic, and silent. Early jazz

just before miscarriage. Expressionless

Wing of minimal gesture

As the hearts beat away, to meditate on applied Zen.

Compositions were carefully erased, squeaking squeaks and muted bleeps stiffened.
pregnant silence,

the pretenses of

Erased Poems

erasure a poetic

Language Removal Service: LRS cleans and purifies

but leaves untouched: cavities, the pool and drain of saliva and phlegm,
feedback as conceptual art: what might constitute always already questions reanimated in their unprecedented new context,

with feeling: the audience shouting out requests for "Free Bird."

...to satisfy the lawyers... to perfectly represent the silent majority prevents one from speaking.

an essential

under the name of Not to be confused with the book ruining perfectly good blank pages

often sounds suspiciously like
the aeolian echo of inspiration

(collected silence)

all of the silences in

democratic silences—which was

equal to the silences,

the sounds of shadows

(compromised)

(think of milkweed, dandelion, or cottonwood),

the sound of the stone

the sound of snow

mushrooms dropping spores.

pregnant silence,

the pretenses of

Erased Poems

erasure: a poetic

Language Removal Service:

LRS cleans and purifies

but leaves untouched: cavities, the

pool and drain of saliva and phlegm,
amplified
by rubbing dirt on
For those willing (or unwilling) to embrace
rubbing dirt against
(input levels here, remember, are very low)
it's gritty
low-fi: abrasion
dirt from your hands

Player of Bone)
(mute
playing the suture of the skull
confessional silence.

almost as empty as the view,
thus simultaneously a grossly inaccurate distortion and a minutely faithful facsimile.

the conversational version.

given the formal conceits these guys really seem to mean it. not just silences, but rigorous, deliberate, silences.

philosophical investigations the negative ontology of none of the pauses here are pregnant.

the eraser seems to have taken good notes, the erase button instructs by flipping the

hood of a self-canceling composition

catastrophic structural failure.

just slapped
Increasingly glitchy introverted and antisocial

Who could be coming?

Terrifying.

I can't hear much often confuses quiet with silent,

inhuman cries in empty space, falling to press Play summoned by the silent, evacuated ground zero then played again, played again, played again, all spaces haunted by their own interiority.

I Am Sitting in a Room:

"I Am Not Sitting in a Room." not quite silent either—you
The neutral style takes the form of a blank sheet of paper. "Silence in this sense, as termination, a "point of simplification." The definitive cenotaph (Poem of the end), brittle wax wind. A centrifugal collapse as the stylus slowly abrades, revealing. All of which must have sounded
Four Poems

austin, nathan
if -"ou want

if -"ou want. Illllt be olnuhly 1llorning-glories, properly markt”t

Hw pl’esput paper ei a lesiless night, lie

All «lif- e

for the willter hits All-tinsel submerged by the 1ll)’l’lad conceptions of myriad

in the icy confetti sent from the skies

‘crease

to hear it ag:lin,
a neare ember finds plant of every dumb and fungus in every

 sendscape is

I was lair”. Log ‘of the wale at tha sea

that the r”Ia- lively highlt oy.

to make rough, the \work
to which we turned took on .

to roughen   / Each scattering site

It was oniv one sound: shag, hug, and north. /hich
two at these pairs do
it was more like “tree ert - treee- tree ert end

AND I found him, flitting low in the cedars

 ti^t ] nig-ht tha.

M e e iitig . .... his hsnd,   m ost ttorow-.

& letters as fast as their names came
shag lash a cross far has(a) has walks real they hard real

there’s she ... sight. a trout.

in t-rt-ert-ntiu ii.lIl’.l reech :1 [ili’tti’t when tut -e]

we. a are what not herd a li nas, ve cac tus, dies a my bud that it’s.

Too do’w bo’wovcr, bnd ooneobow

4 - 4 birds a r e Da o e r : d.apt/4; dama-k -day; origin obscure.]
mel-llf'-flii-ent

mel-llf'-flii-ent. i a. Flow-
fox-coloured, and vittelliue

The art or praéh’ce of making honey

of matter not unlike honey. US. ingwith “ jT-iv /
i^i-r” MEMOIR, honey.

2^x\^firjl ground of all
Schultz, Kathy Lou

Poems
mother
tongue
love
wit
bird
ship
country
nature
earth
fuck
fucker
fucking
instinct
blessing
favorite
boy
knee
side
mark
little helper
of pearl
of thyme
of yaws
of nations
of all mankind
of Moses
of God
mother of the herrings
mother of the house
mother of the maids
mother of the bride
mother of the wood

mother plant
mother root

mother of emeralds
mother of amethyst
mother of cloud
mother of all waters

Mother of mercy
Mother of grace
Mother Superior
Mother Hubbard

mother cow
mother coal
mother cat

mother milk
mother liquor
Mother Goose

mum mam mom
mummy ma mama

my mother!
your mother!
your mama!
yo mama!
yo mama’s so fat
yo mama’s so stupid
yo mama’s so ugly

yo mama’s so poor
yo mama’s so lazy

bad mother
good mother
holy mother
dirty mother
old mother
young mother
hard mother
soft mother
a mean looking mother

does your mother know you’re out?
just like mother makes
mother may I
nothing but a mother
Sentences give rise to duration. Dilation. An opening.
How many centimeters measured.
   Counting not consciousness.
Duration. Or waiting. The medicine doesn’t arrive.
Women have been doing this.
   Haven’t we figured it.
   Oxygen: Saturated. Or unsaturated?
Pain peaks unrelieved. Only needles then. If only a kind word.
Why couldn’t you?
   You had one job.
Peaks or piqued. Stimulated or irritated? They do this every
day so they don’t
   See my face.
Irritated skin rubs cuts. Taped together like a broken doll.
You don’t
   Hear his cries.
Cuts uniform the body. Not dilated but opened. Exposed to air.
The body
   Reform angrily. A scar.
The odds are good folks like you encouraged the lynchpin in our democracy.

one piece of firewood according to the odds here in the colonies stealing a loaf of bread bound arms and legs boiled in oil

to submit the single most important principle to administer citizens submission

completely diverse the king’s champion by combat

right to

to submit the day comes

your need drafted or willing to
founding fathers intended
the lynchpin
their faith
tightly bound according to English law

administer justice
aren’t we blessed

*Source text: Verbal instructions given by judges at jury duty orientation
P R O L I F I C E X E C U T I O N

i

Breathless / potential
dead / leaves
an hour

see its / execution
letter / public
only

recurring / steep
gorge / enough
signed off
death / use
at / the fickle
mouth

engorged / capital
killing / caged
man

horror / implementation
assumes / office
shattered/execution
ramps
cranks/feds
record
preemptive/denier
trumps/pardon
ratchet/otherwise
prolific/execution
president
STILL BORN

There is only this encumbered daylight
to help dredge the underside
to disgorge the mudladen mouth

too soon urgent stems crack
planks of frozen earth unsheltering
bald and whitened bulbs

aborted blossoms still born winter
clogs the throat vibrations choked
scraped clots of blackened blood

the sun won’t break the sky
the heart turns back into itself
when I need to see a crowning

an emergence anything untethered
to regret through greasy windows
a fist to shatter the noise
WHAT DID WE USED TO SAY?

“a hard road to hoe”
“it’s better than digging a ditch”
“keep your hand on the plow”

for us it was

an actual hoe
an actual ditch
an actual plow

loud voice of refusal finally
mutters a breathy

oh, fuck

Reagan years really did a number
on us

punks

bastard prairie child

knew

there was no trickle down

fleeing the place you come from doesn’t

free you from

where you come from

make you grateful enough

not to dig a ditch

the year demands recognition

your friends who

speak a different lan-

guage

whose face you don’t see

when you

look in the mirror
M E T A L L U R G Y
The centrist intrigues
were mostly précised on unearthed vipers,
sliced up against provisionary
cheeses, and craftily
hurled at graphic likelihoods. Like that.
Bearishly, I
supposed scratching
in unthinkable ways
powdery impressions
of doing along a rivulet of tabernacled prose,
the word wilders. Ungranted, though, thoughts,
assumptions, I contemplated
breaking
for fear the aisle, towards a broader
back, but

with some cord and an urgent need
to render this insufficient
flexing fairly pronounced, me and them boys,
entwined a branded irony, to this moment’s understanding,
still sweating in the trunk, which was
so sweated anyway. It became quick: knowing

things we’d allotted
only
three for: northing
dusk, which is a wording
soothed by being for the day. Mind

you’d,
as if to presume a mechanical
preplacement bash for the record,
work the knots, the water
system saying things
like *pronto*
buster, buck
off my wary slack. When
nothing started pulling through my unsuspecting hand
again, to see at what shifted more than birds, it went
dark-
dark, the eerily sop
watching our chances of a good
poverty
mindset trailing out, to mean a newfound crusade
against a moment’s
noticing enough
to last us days on each moon. Gapped
at so many levels of
the world approaching
failed aspects snapped said
vipers, under hope
for more development,

we went.

But. Face it. Squarely, we
had to,

by reiterating the variable
at this point in the game,
endorsing the importance

of the problem, we at odds with each other’s
rhythms proved a mutual point of the other’s
uncooperation. For miles, even it felt. Or so it felt around feeling. We chose what we thought but ended up being in the knee-highs of another lifespan to be proud of. Wasting earfuls of part-time occupations, creeping up internal walls. How each occasion the ground failed to snag a real snorkel, we went.

We, among other things, cheerful to survive an adjacent cluster of fellow paratroops some twenty feet apart, still holding admiringly the way the foci ought to develop in the former life, rather than clear a smacking umbilically, went. All in the interest of not repeating a sense of urgency in airports, went we. Some multiple of fact projected needlessly and said so, I pointed to points on a fold-out mapped illusion, questioning even more direct directions for living in full awareness of the truest equidistance we maintain. We went
so as not to be blamed

for that considerable something
about something fast that was nearing
noon on the water, flexing on us like a bleary,
disk: the promise of closely surveilled,
two-sided problems: one: the other one recalls

the life forming us over
for at minimum the pace
at we could die. Well, a pause to flip
grips, let slide along the webbing, the driblets
off the beak like you’d forgotten
you hadn’t actually reentered the wave.

For me to step out of my skin
as if from trees, the foremost reflex of my mind,
to avoid itself from making a mostly metaphysical appearance
(since it emerged from behind

the upkeep of my eyes’
certain equilibriums you might call
helplessly accommodating), we went. The emotional
pressure in evident rehearsals of an immigrant anxiety wasn’t that
bad, it an instance

of that one facet, a more instinctual tic
of what he thinks nitpicking the variably clogged pores of
a flightpath constantly unavailable to him would
be good for,

in spite of his general agreeability in rooms,
I mean, his sanity, this him, necessarily observed
a worryingly thwarted
simple question, that of lovers
and therapists make you feel?

Of course, not that he’s aware
of what bothers
the awareness, him

so yellowy and lacking a satisfying butter
substitution,
watching my watching
my ways. We went in spite of all that, or
to spite it precisely.

You don’t have
all of what he had in his mouth, see,

we do. We went way out of our way for
the thing, it so casual
an error, so histrionic
a narrator, we refused. I refuse
to leave no trace of two corners
gnawed off

my harlequin face. The rest is absolute,
when further discussion overtakes
in particular the appeal to higher nature, which,
come on, we knew.

Like, we can’t
just dump it in the river, we said as we
went into descriptions
of the maw
of melancholic fiddles in each imagined
effect. On the latest issued
paper, things you don’t
give things, like screen
time with primary colors
supposedly purified
the tensions enough
to matter. I sipped tepidly
sorriness I couldn’t easily rinse
out
in the current sounding its big, absolved head, as
we went about our having
gone to the point of seeming, as a mass, right
for the purpose of obscuring
into view that it had been our objective all along
to bond the importance in the habit
of highly concentrated
rhyme a longform induction quickly
reporting back its semi-elicit presumptions
only vaguely resemblant of the pros,
mostly lacking hawkish vision
to make cracking contact with a trick, a
netted situation warranting a swift,
narrow bypass with an ambient noise, an emotional
circumstance to jade

our wayward approach: a fleet of four
properly serialized optics
down the middle, at least deep into the winnowing blare...
What the heck, is all I had left in my pocket, and I didn't like its tone one bit, or Afternoon’s channeled laughter that let on

a hateful enactment of a surge, a comparable roundabout delivery that blew out knee upon knee down a dissertated alley, maniacally on queue. Was the sea spray,

we went through

their decoy banter, enough? Really, was it crystalized, the One?

lounging motherfucker we’d not accounted for

the will of the wilderforms and shit? As it struggles to contain itself, there’s something unlawful to be said in conjunction with a teary nod of essays. Before, a boy, a book we blazed through too fast. The iterations at all scales in this case drowning in the shaped occurrence of each echo hushing the prior’s oversimplified roar.

We hadn’t foreseen from underneath a jolt, the hideously scraping intentions repercussing at every point where what’s fluid finds consternation blunt. We, went away.
We went, asking away,  
maybe for a friend around whom to say  
the secondary things to all out of order,  
who’d resist instincts that might’ve  
been wiser waited on  
another person. In another life. Therefore,  

we went on problematizing  
the ocean while it never  
had a gripe with  
a fin. In a single moment  
of insight, out  

I teetered into song. Unmaroon us,  
sang, we  
unbitterly, and with waves, we  
went on  

explaining in the general splish-splash  
of it all, why. Agree with them very  
voraciously! Rinse the memory of  
that their soldiers with instincts to betray. Make sense?  
Get going somewhere  
final. So we went on being on-and-off  

along the levy. Hit me in a case  
and point way? Die to yourself,  
in general terms and have every  
conversation as part of the same  
conversation you’ve been having? Sure, it was that. And if,
still,  the twigs
snap     in halves     fist    s of grass    split
down the long way     to fear,
go along
a huckleberry
path headed in-
land formed by
repetitious
pilgrimage. If it
not expressly is
a valid directive
with volition,
single out a
thoughtline on
the brink.

So we went for it, the call to
never think about the berry,
my point probably was both

that the general population had it all
wrong and that it was provable
on YouTube every day we didn’t
look enough away that it was not meant
when my diaphragm collapsed
to do that, was however
a flute loop I couldn’t stand,
no matter how vast
the plain of its blundering on was.

It was purely a demonstration. We
insist on that. But moose could do that,
was the point. Or
was it the excellent contact’s misstep,
on account of which my footstep’s
fall was for having been so perfectly
quiet?

What came up again was still so entirely
unreasonable, even
without more alone time.

Which was an accurate pigmentation,
slung-over-the-shoulder-style
against his cheek, and then, so slowly
cackled a brigade, Ho-ho,

you went. We didn’t. We never did like that.

Me but always trying
to make people feel so heard,
me but an approximation
of lactose intolerance, waddling
my brain in grotesque fashion as
the quippiest note undoes a slip-
knot of wanting to hold more than its aim. That
was a precept in disguise, that

I’d been intolerant
this whole time of my own
experiment with cringe, at which enduement
a montage of frequent resentments woke,
instead of stable asks
to please stay well through the fall, well
within the throes of fondness,
was why we were so secretive to begin with, and to end,

why we went the rest of the prior blur, poisoning such movements as we went as if without eventful hearts to deliver.

But in miniature proportions I’d been witnessing the miracle of ourselves, so we went. It was holding together the front of a buttonless robe, an endearingly pronounced chest, so. This last thing, an om, as it made the cosmos ours, was why we went when we went, how we went,

Something wrong on the spectrum, merely sleeping doesn’t count, like us. So-so, it goes. You saw them in a herd, shushed in every folkloric representation, wistfully gone rogue, too loudly woken.

It was mostly that I couldn’t trust the notion when I tried to bring it up: Experience. My cusping interjection so unruly. What bets you, you said, as we diverged along our ways, are your own big assumptions, yourself and others evenly inked.

It’s your given moment to ward off your comrades. Your brother’s roommate’s aunt who lived in that boat, watching the fireworks that evening from a still under-construction-construction, totally unobstructed for once by your phone? Oh,
yeah,

the shift in tone attributable to our contemplations of rapid onsetting screaming, was how it looked. To me at least. We had a few lines on our forearms to mark our satisfaction at leaving it alone,

its tiny head flickering, ever peacefully estranged from a beating. I held my arms out in demonstration of plurality. Okay, so the rabidity is likely to pass, we concluded. The same class that taught fear had the following assumptions:

heart beating. So we ran through the trees, inland along the trail that was marked by the repetitious pilgrimage of animals.

We found a road, and walked our thumbs along its exhibition of outlandish irritability, with a commitment to not act sarcastic.

For the first time in history, this all real and happening. Have you that horrible stomach, that raising upwards balloon. We

car in rural America where my logic is evidentiary basis for shouting some combination of dizziness and gravel. Somewhere an hourglass
cranes its neck, heated
wine stem. Day astounds
me, that we went
fiddling about the music, sniffing lavender wrists
through the rearview: Korean
Wisconsin pans
for witched gold. Like a maniac all of me sad, wincing
at your use of the words at home.

Almost a wave beam leftover to be done. Almost in the bushes
a working line to be towed. Along the trail that was formed
by the repetitious pilgrimage of animals, we went, realizing
so carefully the way a cartoon villain might: round and round
the middle of the objective what we hadn’t accounted
for was the
physics in her smile, the animated namesake
collapsing
a better analogy
into one selfsame one. Rearranging the rightly-ratioed
sag. Another disembodied voice
transferring me the gravity
of the
the unit,
though I’d been told there was more than it. We
went. Listened to honey.
Blew dumbness. Gun us
back. Things want to fly, other things
eternally. The rest of us,
went.

For me to sneeze out the pollen was never an attack
like we’d been lifted from our bones at that last opportunity,
we went. Sounds of resolution wringing
you like a towelette in the church you long,
bereft.

Very briefly, then
hundreds ago peaked on a sapphire night. I distribute
flyers through a stray, curious
brother. We walked on off-kilter sidewalks, the summer
testing murk. Under bridges
watching sheets of rain-on-patterns.

Stopped, we, on a throttling moment,
I avoided exacerbating my TMJ. Went, got almost
there, sniffed it, ran. One small, yap

burst into the lobby. An almost perfectly tilted day
pants, indicating g/t

that is moderately confusion. Oh, you,

the clock’s nails clicking/ unto us

the elevator up into the aftermath of ting.

Where what I could not still determine
was the nature of its smile, and of my need
for fortune told

conundrum. We went so often. From the perch we
intended music. Our hornets maybe
merrily dead in a deep, gorgeous gorge.

The other hand was always more viciously practical,
at that the radar closer to its grip. I was rarely asked to recognize:
the delusion of homeward bound birds, hard to recover a hostage
situational origin point. My neck like a person smiling expectantly,

Glad you’re keeping naming actual.

If there was a learning experience up the driveway to be had, if a bit banged up but fully functional, I would have mopped. Refused the caramel corn, went with the pact, if we had one we.

At just dusk,
gathering into herself
old leaves. Were it a love poem to an aluminum canoe,

the thoughts of foxes lurking
in costumes, at the spotted whereabouts of released daylight, would. A sound even bigger than it could possibly be,
overhanging their whole lives, speck s shifting
its orangey, a huger tendency to be, would.
NOTE

“Metallurgy” in part grafts and melds remaindered language from a self-erasure sequence.
bastie, brooke

OVENS
OVENS

wooden spoon rests in
the door of the
rust spotted off-white oven
letting the residual heat
into the kitchen. I
slide my fingers between
the slender crack, like
the automatic dryers in
a Dillards restroom.

the oven cooked a
frozen pizza, dotted with
oil filled bowls of
pepperoni. as we ate
the pizza, the purple
mountains rolled in our
cassette player, dragging slowly
along and pulling apart
the snow falling in Manhattan.

an Apple alarm goes
off at five a.m.
my eyes don’t open
in the morning
but tooth brush in
mouth gagging as tongue
is scrubbed. an over
night get away means
checking the house for
potential dangers. lock door
pull handle, push handle,
pull, push, pull, push.
172,900 home structure fires per year started by cooking activities in 2014-2018. These fires caused an average of 550 civilian deaths, 4,820 reported civilian fire injuries, and more than $1 billion in direct property damage per year.
next I turn to the oven, hearing rustling of a shower curtain and clatter of toothbrush hitting cup. 

click oven off and look for him (    )

click again click again click again click again


ten times feels good, even.

he is still getting dressed click again click again click again 

he comes in kitchen ready to leave for the trip (    ) (    ).

I end on an odd number.

we load the car and I shove my pair of purple ski gloves into my pocket.

before we leave I lie, running back inside click again (    )

fourteen, even, exhale (    ).
Your oven can catch fire for a few reasons: If you are cooking something with a lot of fat and grease, it can splatter and cause a flame. If you are baking, the batter could overflow, drip to the bottom and start a small fire. Sometimes food scraps or other items might be left in your oven, and they could catch fire. Forgetting something in the oven can also lead to burned food, lots of smoke and in some instances, a fire. Some people have even reported their ovens catching fire when they had the self-cleaning feature on.
the four hour drive
to the red rock
began dark and white.
snow blocked my vision
and white knuckles choked
the steering wheel panic
attack ( ) ( ) ( )
( ) not caused by

that immediate danger of
snowy car crash, but
the danger in the
rear view of a
small white house burning to the ground catching the neighboring
house who we saw two kids unloading groceries with their parent the other day.

suffocation or water or rice would spread using those goddamn oil filled pepperoni grease driblets to scorch a trail from the oven to the drapes or other material garments around.
Oven safety valves used on today's modern gas ranges are designed to prevent gas from flowing to the burner assembly in the event that the igniter is not hot enough to ignite the gas, or if no electricity is present. Inside the oven safety valve is a strip called a bimetal that when not heated forces the gas valve closed. As mentioned before the igniter is electrically in series with the oven safety valve. Electricity flows from the control whether that be a thermostat or an electronic control whenever the oven is requesting a higher temperature. The electricity enters one side of the safety valve passing through the bimetal. When it comes out the other side it passes directly through the oven ignitor. As the oven ignitor heats up its resistance goes down causing the current flow in the circuit to increase. The increase in current flow within the circuit heats the bimetal inside the oven safety valve causing it to flex just enough to allow gas to flow into the burner assembly. Once the gas passes through the burner assembly and comes in contact with the now glowing red hot ignitor it ignites. As long as electricity is flowing through the igniter and the igniter is drawing sufficient current, the bimetal in the oven safety valve will stay flexed open allowing gas to flow.
after a long hike
among red rock and
a flat tire at
a gold toilet gas
station, exhaustion from click again
carried me into a
steamy shower ( ) ( )

"did I turn the oven off?" "did I turn the oven off?" "did I turn the oven off?" "did I turn the oven off?"

"I am sure you did…"

"but what if I didn’t, what if it is still on and the house burns down?"

"it’s going to burn down, smoldering to the ground, pile of embers, wind carried to neighbors, sirens in the middle of the night caused by me and the oven and click again."

I run out of
the shower dripping water
with no towel to
grab my phone, where
I spend thirty minutes researching

"google says ovens only really start fires if something is in them"

"google says ovens won’t really start fire without something in them"

"google says ovens only really start fires if something is in them"

"google says ovens won’t really start fire without something in them"
Unattended cooking accounts for 33 percent of home fires, according to the Fire Department of New York. Whenever you leave food unattended in the oven, you're at risk for it to burn or you may forget how long it's been cooking. Always keep an eye on food you're cooking and set a timer as a reminder to remove dishes from the oven.
crumbs and pizza crumbs

I remember the lack of heat, the clicking, and the exhalation like sobbing.

What if...
The kitchen is a prime spot for house fires to start. Grease fires on the stovetop are common, but many issues can also cause an oven fire. While the oven helps contain the flames if a fire starts, it can still spread to other parts of the home. Being aware of the common causes of oven fires can help you avoid the situation. Sometimes it's the appliance itself that's to blame for a kitchen fire. Electric ovens have heating elements that can malfunction and cause sparks, which can lead to a fire. Keep your oven in good repair to avoid a malfunction. If you suspect a problem, have the oven inspected to make sure it's in good working condition. Greasy foods that are baked, roasted or broiled in the oven could cause a grease fire. The fat and grease can splatter as it heats up. If the grease lands on the heating element, it can ignite. Covering food that's fatty or greasy before putting it in the oven can prevent splatters. Position the oven rack to keep the food a safe distance from the heating element. If you put something greasy directly under the broiler, you increase the chances of a grease fire starting. Keep an eye on the food while it cooks to make sure grease isn't splattering around the oven. Another food-related cause is a dish that bubbles out of the pan. If you overfill the pan, the ingredients can rise and spill over the edges as it bakes. This might happen with cakes if the batter bubbles over due to being overfilled. When the food hits the heating element, it can start an oven fire. Prevent this issue by following your recipe for filling recommendations. Avoid loading the pan to the top, and allow room for baked goods to rise. You can also place a baking sheet under the pan to catch spills if you're concerned about a dish bubbling over the edges. The risk of an oven fire increases over time if you don't clean it occasionally. Little bits of food tend to spill in the oven even if you don't have a major spill all at once. If the food debris builds up enough, it can catch on fire. Clean any spills as soon as the oven cools to prevent buildup. Do a general cleaning of your oven regularly to keep messes under control. For the safety of your home, oven and other belongings, only use your oven for baking and cooking. Some people store items in the oven when it's not in use. If you forget about those items and turn your oven on to preheat it, the items stored inside might start a fire. Likewise, you should never use the oven for other purposes, such as heating your home or drying non-food items in it. These activities can increase the chances of a fire starting. When it comes to baking, only use oven-safe pans and dishes. If you want to line the pan, use oven-safe parchment paper. Never use wax paper, which isn't heat-resistant and could melt or catch on fire in the oven.
what if I hit bake
what if I hit convection
click again
click again
click again
click again (    ) (    )
click again (    ) (    )

what if I text her, for a *vicarious* compulsion
this thought soothes until
response (    ) (    ) (    )
sobbing continues until she responds
she will check. and
relief. *embarrassment*. and (    )
Ranges or cooktops were involved in three-fifths (61 percent) of the reported cooking fires, 87 percent of the deaths, and 78 percent of the injuries. Ranges or cooktops had higher death and injury rates per 1,000 reported fires than most other cooking equipment. Ovens and microwave ovens showed lower casualty and loss rates than most other cooking equipment. Cooking that is done in an oven or microwave oven is less likely to extend outside of the equipment. Grills and deep fryers had the highest average loss per home structure fire. Such equipment tends to be portable and may be used too close to things that can catch fire. Although deep fryers had the highest death rate and grease hoods had the highest injury rate per 1,000 fires, fires involving these types of equipment were less common than other types of cooking fires.
NOTES

In the summer of 2020, I was diagnosed with obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD). On the one hand, it helped explain the structure of my behaviors from my early memories up and through now. On the other, I realized I was at the whim of an irrational circuit that guided aspects of my life at all scales – a kind of neurological glitch. Some days it’s manageable. Other days it’s debilitating. In ovens, I have tried to conceptualize what my brain felt like – or, rather, was – at various times from January 12, 2020 to January 13, 2020. I hope that in the future this will be a part of a larger project about various other household items.

Facts used and directly quoted from:
“Home Cooking Fires” report
What to do if your oven catches fire - SheKnows
How Does a Gas Oven Work? | Free Appliance Repair Help
6 Common Mistakes That Could Catch Your Oven on Fire
Common Causes of Oven Fires
Home Cooking Fires report
moore, nathan alexander

POEMS
LOOKING IN THE MIRROR AS A FORM OF TIME-TRAVEL

I look at you & wonder what it’s like on the otherside of sharpness.  
Are you coming to meet me from some distant past or an unsettled future?  
Does time flow backwards or forwards for you?  
Do you find yourself sloppy as you slosh through life,  
    Feet trembling and ankles aching as you stumble  
    Spine-first into each & every room?  
Or, perhaps,  
You are just stuck in this infinite yawning moment  
    that is now?  

If I were to stick my fingers up to the  
glistening interface between us  
    Would they come away  
    Hell-hot or as ice-cold as  
    The gaze you give to me?  

Has the ocean on your side swallowed up the shoreline yet?  
Has the atmosphere bottomed out like they promised?  
Are we really still alive?  
    Or are you a hollowgram?  
    Just some simulacrum splattered across  
    All this slick glass . . .
I’ve never really understood the plot of Donnie Darko,
So,
    are you me or something else?
Are the future & the past always
    Right here & Right now,
Sinister in all their sameness?

I think so
‘Cause I look at you & I see
    This small girlchild struggling
    To surface from underneath all that
    babyfat & self-contempt
& I see my mother,
    How the older I get,
    The more this woman paints herself
    Over my whole face.
    Poking through more & more of
    All those features I thought were my own
But I also see my uncles & my grandfather,
    Resting, however artfully,
    Their calloused house-conjuring hands on my
shoulders.
    Stretching me out like so much clay,
    So that my broadness might just match their own

I’m you & me & them & we.
Just as surely as the blood that bursts through these veins,
All their ghosts & gallantries frequent all the halls of this heart.
Every slow-dying cell of me is as symphony to them,
This body just a gift-wrapped promise,
Some quantum whisper of all their dreams & demons.
I have always been them & they me.
Each of us just one Before aching & arching
Towards some unseen event horizon.
What a stupid fucking lie
to think time only moves in one direction.
You think, “You’re built funny.”
You’ve heard this before.
As aunties & elders proclaim the misshapen mishap of a bowed leg, or an arching forehead, or an elongated back flowing into thigh.

You wonder, “Has the Master Builder made one of His unmakeable mistakes with me?”
You are tainted with sugar.
A tank purposed to run on blood & dirt has been sweeten-stained.

That switch in your walk needs to be flipped, or turned off, or beaten out.

The boyhood that should rest so adornedly on your shoulders itches, bites, & aches.

& God!
How you have grown to hate your shoulders.
How they’re built too wide
Built for a linebacker or a bodyguard

They make no sense on the quiet, quizzical girl That slinks inside you The one you wish so badly to uncover
Your hands are too big
& the furs on your fingers sprout like treacherous fronds

For every one of these reasons,
You come to realize,
You are a faulty construction

Too fragile for the fixtures of men
&
Too hardy for the plumage of ladies

Your inner compass fractures
at the prospect of moving
in either solitary direction

So,
Your life, like your gait
have become settled on an
ambitious & ambivalent meandering

Picking up what fits & shedding what no longer serves you

Even as you stumble
over what you’ve just left behind,

At least now you are the one building a home out of this body.
Poems
ORIGINS

My grandparents Harold and Anita Sufrin were Jews from a rural town in southeastern Poland called Bukowsko. The Nazis murdered nearly every Jew from Bukowsko, as they did in most Polish towns. Miraculously, Harold, his brother, and his cousin managed to escape Zasław, the Nazi slave labor camp where they were imprisoned. They hid in a coal train and rode it to neutral Switzerland, where they lived for a few years before settling in Chicago in the late 1940s.

Of these three men, I only knew Harold’s cousin, Morrie Wrobel. At the age of 66, Morrie began writing a memoir describing his life before, during, and after the Shoah. The text is brimming with tangents and digressions into the Midrashim, Talmudic discussions, and Biblical verses of the world he came from. The forces of God and Jewish history are always close at hand.

Family lore pronounced the memoir not merely unedited, but uneditable—a confusing, nonlinear mishmash of Morrie’s memories, thoughts, and opinions. Naturally, this is how complex trauma narratives tend to operate: storylines do not always make sense, chronology may be hazy, and it can be difficult for the reader to understand how one event leads to another. The storyteller is struggling to tell a coherent story, but for good reason. While recalling and recounting the horrific events that took place, Morrie was reexperiencing them afresh.

In 2017, I traveled to Poland with the support of a grant from Asylum Arts. I immersed myself in the familial and communal sites of trauma, including Zasław. Since then, I have been attempting to write poetry about, from, and towards my family’s experience in the Shoah. It is an impossible task, as so many
have noted. Adorno’s famous admonishment is repeated with such frequency that I barely need to mention it. Poetry assembled from these ashes is considered almost an affront to the memory of the victims. With notable exceptions like the work of Paul Celan, much of the poetry that does exist seems to slide easily and unceremoniously into sentimentality and tears—who could blame it?

As I found myself in the same struggle as other poets approaching the Shoah—torn between devolving into poetic abstraction and sinking into the horrific details—I remembered Morrie’s memoir. I had read it before my trip, mostly for the information it contained. But what about the actual text of his story? Of course the language was messy, but messiness usually spells some kind of poetry.

I decided to search through Morrie’s 173-page document for particular words of interest, like “disappear” and “dog.” Tracing the evolution of one word through the course of the manuscript turned out to be both revealing and containing. After a few false starts, I devised the following method of working with the text. To begin, I copy out all of the sentences that contain the target word—e.g. “disappear” or “dog”—into a separate document. There are many “glitches” in Morrie’s writing, but I leave his words as they are and do not edit any aspect of them. However, I make two major structural changes.

First, I cut off the sentence wherever the target word appears. I leave the remnant of the sentence on the other side of the page, in a smaller, gray font. The gray fragments both contain part of Morrie’s story and form their own separate poem. Second, wherever there is any form of punctuation, I break the line and remove the punctuation mark. In this way, Morrie makes the
line breaks. There is a lot of extra punctuation in the memoir, and it sometimes feels like Morrie is speaking rather than writing. I do, however, preserve apostrophes and hyphens—no need to create confusion where there is none. I also leave in exclamation points and question marks if they appear at the end of a sentence; there is no line break to make at that point in the sentence and these marks can communicate a lot.

Tracing Morrie’s use of certain words through the many different contexts of the memoir is a way to read, tell, and enter into his story. Asides and tangents are naturally woven in and perhaps made more digestible. Each instance of a target word provides a single lens to Morrie’s experience, and all instances of that word brought together communicate something larger. Here are some of the results of my experimentation with the following target words: “breath,” “deep,” “disappear,” “dog,” “face,” “shell,” “sun,” and “weapon.”
BREATH

He is being told he is an Israelite when he goes out in the street and sees what is being done to his breathers working hard slave labor being abused and beaten by the Egyptian supervisor he kills the Egyptian and escapes

In Judaism the struggle is for the uncanny gift of life for the breath of Yahave into Adam life

I nevertheless was full of hope that God will redeem us soon from the Hitler slavery as he did redeemed our breathers in Egypt

Our slavery in the 20th century lasted only five years but our suffering was more severe than the suffering of our breathers in EGYPT

I will cause breath to enter in to you and ye shall live

While I am writing my life story my heart is crying at the same time
while I am praising God
I am accusing Him
only we survivors are permitted to praise and accuse Him in the same breath
for what He did to my parents and my family
why didn’t He let live a sister or my brother
why all of us?

DEEP

The remnants of the polish army were hiding in the deep
waiting for the proper time to cross the border to their destination
It didn’t take long for us to find out that
the snow was not a blessing
it actually was a curse for us Jews

The snow was over 4 feet deep
and it was very difficult to pull the sled in four feet of snow
we left the sled on the so-called road and walked up to Carl Novolaniec
the farmers name
who was a friend of my father
my Father used to ride his Stallion
as we entered his farm house
and Carl saw my father and the people with him
he was very much concerned
afraid that we came here to hide
when he was told
that we came to buy straw
he relaxed

The straw on our backs
trotting in the deep
it was the time of the year when the book of Exodus is being read
which deals with the hard work our ancestors performed in Egypt
they were kneading clay and straw to make brick
we were kneading the snow
and the straw on our backs
gave me reason to pose and reflect
although I as a Hasid then
believed
That all this is a decree from heaven
and represents a facet of Galut reality
exile
that has been decreed for us from the heaven
until the coming of our Messiah
consequently
there remains nothing further for us to do

•

Winter took hold on our town Bukowsko The whole world was white
The snow was deep
it was good
the Potatoes will not freeze

•

The snow was deep
the weather miserable cold
we were sitting hidden in the snows bushes and waiting for the police to leave

•

In the deep
snow near the forest
in the valley of the Carpathian Mountain’s was Home

•

To solve the Jewish problem
was top priority
even at a time when GERMANY was deep
in Russian territory and needed all the transport vehicle to supply the Army on the Russian front
Hitler never the less considered the inhalation of the Polish Jewry top priority

•

My Grandfather Menaham Mendel Wrobel
age
in the high sixties or early seventies
about 5
5
deep brown eyes a brownish grayish beard
after exchanging the greetings before we said good bye
Grandpa said to me
don’t you ever forget who You are
do not abandon your faith
It is not the first time that we are being hated
disliked
persecuted
torched
it is happening to us
all the time
this malaise is also going to pass

•

I was concerned thoughts came to mine mind that at any moment
I and my friends will be dragged of the train by the GERMANS AND KILLED
RIGHT THERE ON THE SPOT and berried in the deep

snow in the Alps

•

We the two of us Moishe and I started to push the coal towards the door of the car
and created a deep

hole so we could not be noticed immediately
should one decide to open the door

DIS•AP•PEAR

It must be that we Jews have a function
we are here
and will never disappear

as long this planet will exist
we are here to prove that a people who believe
will exist as long as this planet will exist

•
It is getting dark outside
soon our merchandise will be here
and we will leave
we hear a gentle knock
rather a scratch
at the rear door
the merchandise is here
every one picks his pack
and one by one disappears
into the dark night
to meet again at a predestinated spot

The packs on our backs we are marching
almost running to the bushes
there we disappear
to the dark night
and black forest
which will protect us

We are trying to get up the slippery incline
to disappear
der deeper into the black forest
to no avail

God was no longer near me
Disappeared!
And I am no longer the person I was

The three police men kept on searching for us
cursing and wondering where we did disappear

Finally we hear the Germans say
they disappeared
and the Germans walked away
the river must have swallowed them we overheard them say

We jumped out from the cold river and disappeared

Uncle Nachman with wife and child
and uncle Jacob with wife and child
one and half year old
a total of Twenty-Three people
of which 18 disappeared

three days later

Finally I did take the advise of the inner voice
I left the Zaslaw concentration camp
only because
eyery evening after when returning to the camp
I found out that so and so disappeared

killed
I decided not to witness more killings
and playing the undertaker

I told them what happened
I didn't have to describe the proceeder
They disappeared

they are with the others who gave their lives for the name Jew

As long we will hold on to our tradition
we will never disappear
Hamburgers
hot dogs
were not on our menu

A dog
is losing the smell in water
Within a half hour the Slovak border police caught up with us

Whenever one of us is lucky to reach the top of the incline
and starts moving to the forest
the dog
pulls him back into the water

Our clothe torn
my pants where torn into shreds
the dogs
did not touch my underpants
lucky
we were thrown into Jail
the first time for me
there is always a first
I was very tired
I was sad
I was concerned that they will take away the gifts
I chose with great consideration for the members of my Family

What ever wrong His people did
& I admit that our comprehension of understanding God’s ways are limited
would a conscientious human being do to a dog
what He permitted
to do
burn the dog

The year 1942
three years passed that we live under the cruel Hitler yoke
and being treated worst than dogs

The camp police who were Jews
were called Capos
they reported the status of affairs to a German Corporal
the corporal reported
to an officer and the officer reported to the Camp Commander
his name was Miller
and Millers companion was a Dalmatian Dog

In Zaslaw
one was in danger all the time
every minute
to be beaten
to be bitten by Miller’s dog
Finally this S
S uttered a bark like a dog

disperse

to work
to work
you dogs

FACE

I still remember the place
the Rabbis Succo
which was across from my house
I even remember the spot
and never will I forget the face

of my Father while dancing
and singing and crying
I was feeling
and hearing a voice saying to me
never again will you see this place
and never again will you dance in here

Soon Tauby and I will go to the Synagogue
but my mind and my ear will not hear the Chazon
I will be in my hometown in my
Bet Hamidrash
a wood structure candles burning all over the place
every married Jew the talis over his had
one can’t see a face

those visions I occur all the time
on Jom Kippur day
and I am glad to have this feeling

Why do You hide your face

and regard me as Your enemy

I nevertheless
whenever
I looked at the faces

of the Jewish elder carrying the straw on their backs
the pain
the suffering
the shame pronounced on their faces

I asked why?

I observed the expression of my Fathers face

standing at attention
as a marine
while addressing the tormentor
his sat eyes
looking at me
saying
why can’t I defend my self
why can’t I do what I did twenty years ago
when I came home from the war
and the Ukraine were trying to burn and plunder my fathers estate
and they walked in to the stables to release the animals
I was up there with my brothers
in the attic with the guns in our hands defending our property
our freedom
why can’t I do the same now why?

•

It was only last winter when we came home at the evening from our studies
fresh potato pancakes where waiting for us
and with song and laughter we devoured the pancakes
and waiting for more
The times changed
there is no more laughter
no more songs
instead there is concern
It is Chanukah a time
The Chanukah candles are being lit
we are gathered
my Mother
my sister Mania
and sister Henna and I
around the Menorah while Father is lighting the first candle
there is no spark of Joey in his eyes
nor is there happiness in my Mothers face

there is concern
in my parent face

what will happen tomorrow
a day after
will we be able to light the eight candle

•

In the apocalyptic literature
the apocalyptic writers endeavors
by interpretation and reinterpretation of earlier prophecies and predictions
to forecast the time of the
In the book of Daniel Ch
10
5
we read
Daniel has a vision
I Daniel
saw a man in a linen garment
with a girdle of gold
and precious stones
his body refined
shiny
and his face

like the appearance of lightning
his eyes were like firebrands
his arms and his legs were like the appearance
of brandished copper
and the sound of his words was like the voice

We the men
were beaten in the faces
the women punished by tearing of their clothes and make them wash the floor with the torn clothes

One has to be a poet to describe
the Joy
in the shining faces
the radiance reflecting from the tears in the eyes of our Mothers seeing us alive

Well it was told that it happened that one of the Jewish congregate from the supports
of the other Rabbi insulted our Rabbi
my grandmother Zluwa hit
yes hit this person in the face
gave him a patch
and the arguments went so far
that the community split and we did not eat the meat or chicken which was slaughtered by the other Sochchet
we had our own Sochchet our rabbi and our Bet Hamidrash
and so we lived in our town Bukowsko
together
did business together
helped one other when needed
but we did not respect each others Rabbi
this was tabu
When I was a young boy
when the farmers finished plowing the fields
we were out there
searching
for carbine shells
left over in the fields from the battles which took place first world war

The empty shell’s

were used to make cigarette lighters
Moishe Sufrin was a specialist in making lighters
the shells

with powder in them
we kids used on Lag B’ Omer
which is thirty-three days

After the second day of Pesach
the shell

powder
to play war games to commemorate victories
and relive of self imposed a semi-mourning period during the forty-nine days between the second day of Pesach
until Shevout ordained at the time of the Talmud

Since the fall of Adam
the world is no longer ruled by the Tree of life by the pure unbroken power by the holy
No evil no
shells

which dam up and choke life
no death
and no restrictions

•
Almost every Jew in Bukowsko was familiar with the history of our suffering and all of us prayed daily to Jerusalem we shell return and believed that some day we will return to Our Home the land to Zion

What be His Name
What shell

And thou shell

This Book Job is being debated by the greatest Jewish Scholars what message is this book giving us

What shell

we deduce from story of this righteous and God fearing man Job are we to learn from this story that there is no reward for good deeds In Job 3 24 we read For the thing I feared has befallen me

Whom shell

he praise?

For many weeks I was vacillating shell

I step in to the train to the cars I was loading the Russian bounty and go where?
Before I reach my destination Switzerland
I was asking myself why go through this trouble to escape
what will happen when I will reach Switzerland
I don’t know a soul there
actually
I have no body in the world that I could ask for help and if I should be lucky
and good things will happen to me
with whom shell

I share my joy

SUN

The sky was heavy with clouds
it was drizzling
the sun

was hiding
She did not want to come out
to be a witness
to the destruction

The sun

was shining it was a gorgeous day
so was the September 1939 when they invaded us
and came to our town

It was on a Friday September five 1942 when we left our home town for Zaslaw
On the way to Zaslaw
I and others from our town
decided to stop of in Sanok to spend Sabbath with a wonder Rabbi
I didn’t know who the Rabbi is
from where he is
but a Rabbi is a Rabbi
and it can’t hurt to spend a Sabbath with a Rabbi
so I
went of the cart in Sanok
which was taking us to Zaslaw
we were to report in Zaslaw on Sunday the seventh of September. We had to pass by Sanok in order to get to Zaslaw. I spent this last Saturday as a Jew, praying and listening to the DVAR TORAH from this Rabbi.

I was awakened by sunlight trying to get in via the furrow of the coal car. I felt better when the train started to move again and when the train started to climb higher and higher. I was feeling safe again.

Buchs, Switzerland. It is a beautiful day. The inside of our coal car was lit up with bright sun rays when the doors from our car were opened.

We must have been asleep. We didn't hear anything. I rub my eyes. I see people with shovels looking at us with us with smiling faces. Pointing at us laughing. They speak a language. I hardly can understand. The language sounds like German. It also sounds like Yiddish. Chum luege amal was mir hant da. We are crawling out of the coal wagon. The people...
civilians say to us
Ihr sind in Der Schweiz
Ihr sind geretet
You are in Switzerland
You are save
It certainly was a beautiful day
the sun

I said to my self
The reception is proper
while we are walking
wherever we are being taken
every one of us has a bundle on his shoulders
in the bundle a shirt a pair of slacks
a pair of stockings
and some bread
I am trying to count the days we were
in the coal wagon
I don't know which day it is
people working on the railroad station
are looking at as
some of them say
die arme
these unfortunate
I am asking the people
where are You taken us
the reply is
to the Swiss border police

WEAP • ON

The Jew devises his own military strategy
gathers weapons
and intelligence
divulges troop movements to the insurgent
and gives money to the rebel cause

This why I believe that
our prophet in our town Bukowsko Moshe M
Fried man called the times of Hitler
he Hitler made us realize that if we want to be a free people we have to fight for our freedom
as king David did of course with the weapons
of the time

He
God
didn’t instruct us how to bear weapons

 Would we have had weapons so what?

we can’t handle weapon
we were not instructed how to handle weapons
what we learned is
how to serve God
obey His commands
and what is our reward HITLER

You condemned
and pushed us around from country to country for the last Two thousand years not
giving us a chance to stand erect to bare weapons
ingram, callie

TO ME GOOD USED TO BE
I used to be the world handy
to me, I used unchased &
the day threaded
good, extended its branches
to be nimbler, surfaceless, woke up

through me, metonym-
separated by from god, he
together

throughout be richer the milk was

I used to be ically
merely degrees
strung letters

I used to be than moss,
for me, the wound
in me, I used longer so unheavily with me, I
a source of book held forever for me, I
legibly a stranger

current
to be a light
time played

with me, I
a source of
book held
forever

used to be echoes, the close to

used to be swallowed, could not split
into me, I tabled, the holy
muzzle, the absence
of me, I used
of the holy
drinking, the
muzzle, the
absence

me, the
ones that were
soreless
around me, I

given

alongside
presence

used to be

somatic
dreams slit an

companion
not a single

between-twow

ghost spared

dreams slit an

negotiator of

used to be a

sleep, somatic
to me, I used
field of
curb sides,
rehearsed
with me,
rearranged
to be a whole
swollen
orientation
the gaze
its organs

for me, I
an acher of
pleasure,
rotted
to me, I used
the world
a fierceness
used to be
plot, acre of
the sun never
according
to be good,
pretended
against me
for me, I used to be good, the day hooded itself with sentiment of me
around me, I used to be good, god used to be hands in me sank his

with me, I used to be good, milk used to be breath above skinned its me
below me, I used to be good, the wound was current not
through me, good, time its past about me
for me, I good, the its virtue on
I used to be called lovers
used to be book pinned me

with me, I be good, sharpened about me
on me, I be good, the could eat
used to strangers their worries
used to holy ghost off me
alongside be good, did not come without me, good, my pulled me, I used to the dreams to me I used to be presence nothing from me, I good, my little others used to be gifts were among me inside me, I good, unclenched used to be orientation itself in me
throughout be good, could not the peals of
from me, I good, the good curled rope ladder
for me good me good, I good to be to used good to to me good good
me, I used to the gaze number me used to be sun to be to be good a to be
down to be to be used use good be be good used to be
I used to glitch photos a lot when I was younger. Using a text editor, I would include short messages within a jpeg code in order to crudely transform an image into a new strangely-interrupted image that then carried a secret message, visible only as a glitch. Although today glitching a photo is a controllable feature on many media editing platforms, my early glitch art experiments were unskilled exercises in manual data manipulation that relied on trial and error—without knowledge of what text re/placement leads to what visual effect.

When I saw the theme for this issue, I decided to try making a glitch art poem. I broke an already existing poem into couplets and inserted them one at a time into the code of an image (in this case, a jpeg snapshot of a disposable camera print of myself as a child—mediations already). For the reader, each grouping of image and text shows the next two lines from the poem that is also incorporated into the code of the image it surrounds. Each grouping presents a chiastic exchange of glitches, where text interrupts image & then image interrupts text. As the poem continues—and the outside text in the code increases—the image glitches more & more, becoming less recognizable from its original straightforward mimetic representation and more recognizable as interrupted data informing pixels.

I considered sharing only the glitched images themselves—since the poem’s lines are within the code, they are technically represented by the images alone—but decided to turn the glitch back around on the original language of the poem. In my view, the original poem is a sort of despairing backwards glance at the falsity of origins. It says: nostalgia is an ideological practice. It configures / it can and must be interrupted. This glitch art poem attempts to literalize that.
Lascaux Cave, shattered ammonite, Accorci's profile
Lascaux Cave is known for its art created by animals who painted themselves and other images. The first one was painted by the animals in one of the cavities of the cave when they first came to the surface some 13,000 years ago. The animals stayed there before becoming extinct some 100,000 years ago. Their art was rediscovered in 1972. The art is believed to represent certain signs that the animals themselves gave to show to each other.
shattered ammonite carcasses, lonely
dead beach neither moss, nor wattle, nor lichen,
no slime, nothing but sand and stone,
no species of alien,
no host of singular life
and no mud-slakes.
As if, rather than feeling loss,
he was rather losing a distant emotion.
In search of what was lost,
he landed on a beach, a grey fragment of mud.
He would have to search for mud-slakes,
compare their life, their vestiges,
his failures in mud-slake worship.
I met Vito Acconci in New York on a rainy morning in April 2013. He was sat in his corner room. The space was a vast open space covered by undulating plastic walls like the shoulders of a divining god. He was looking at the blank canvases spread out over the floor. I asked him about his relationship to the empty space and what it meant to him. He gave a brief overview of its appeal, but he had no answers about his own sense of presence in it.

He looked strangely detached. “I’m still working on it,” he said.
The complete cave was first explored in 1930 when archeologists were still exploring the cave with lamps and hand drills. After several discoveries in the 1980s, the cave was exposed to lights once again. Italian artist Vito Acconci arrived in 1992 and spent several weeks in the cave with a highly vibrating clamp, placing notes and pictures. Anita Rangel of Smithsonian said that the vibrating device gave the impression of a squirming copepod that would continually vibrate to a foot-beat rhythm.
France, 1980

The skeleton, lying on its back and with its body curled around its two front legs, has been nicknamed Copepod #2. It belongs to a fossil of an ammonite known as Trachycladus, which has three segments, one of which has broken off and is now embedded in the rock beneath. The vertebrae that have attached to it are found in pairs, stacked in the direction of a hypochondral series. Each vertebra is slightly curved, and it has a row of two small holes on the right. As explained by the archaeologist Jean Clément Chimento of the E.M.J. Mounier Laboratory for Geochemistry and Mineralogy of the National Centre of Scientific Research in Toulouse, France, “The name Copepod is derived from the Latin word ‘copepodical’, which means ‘fragile’. It is most likely that the fossil is a fragment of one of the three hearts which make up the heart of the organism. In the third heart, the molecule nitrogen is stored, and is required by the oxygen-hungry organ to help respiration.” Other fossils collected by Georges Desnée in the cave contain scorpions, insects and crinoids, as well as one broken tip of a tracheal tube, and an ancient tongue of a plant in which seeds are tucked away. We start to see the zoological implications of the discovery of a copepod skeleton at Lascaux II. In fact, the distinction between living and fossilised animals is already clear. The relatively low frequency of copepods in the fossil record—the highest frequency of copepods is in the Ordovician period around 500 million years ago, and after the Late Cretaceous, when copepods were abundant—shows that the vertebral morphology of their skeletons has changed relatively little. Copepods, apparently, take to geologic time like a camel to dunes: as long as the environment is hospitable to them, they survive. For that reason, the tracheal tube present in Copepod #1 is usually interpreted as the fossilisation of a tracheal organ (and therefore not as the fossilisation of a heart).
Caption: showing copepods on vibrating rock Shaped like a snail, presumably in sexual reproductive behaviour Pencil sketches illustrating copepods on vibrating rock Illustrations of vibrating rock that resemble fossils from Lascaux Cave

Date: 20 July 2012
Gray granular deposits around the base of the stairs are of choanodontiforms and include the remnants of their shells. The copepods, seeds and choanodonts originate from the nitrogen-rich gray sediment that covers the limestone of the bottom of the staircase. Bees, twigs, soot, pollen, sea urchin shells and stone-ground wheat are collected in a copepod-lined basket and deposited down the stairs. When the copepods take a few steps down the stairs, their legs smack into the bottom of the staircase and they stop to shiver. A shard of ammonite fossilizes and drops off one of the steps. Another shard of fossil drops off the stair itself. The climbing copepods jump between each shard, copepods above and below. When the copepods are above the vibrations that the hikers create, they vibrate back and forth, blowing their shardy dung all over the floor. Every couple of minutes or so, a shaken bee falls down the steep stairs and lands in the copepod-filled basket. Finally, bees, copepods, gnats, pollen, soot, stones and gnats are collected and deposited back into the staircase.

Seedbed screaming, shuddering, wailing, glowing man-sniffing monster lurked in glowing green pools of undifferentiated goo, alien intruders glowed in time-space, squatting dragons masturbated through fragmentary pelves of bone, shard, flesh, wail, slab, fragment, voice, broken bones, broken skin, fragment, prune, undifferentiated, cracking, spine, spine, claw, pelvis, snatch, screech, fragments, thrusting, grunting, beast, sporadic, fragment, fossil, Bone Soup (instrumental, 2001) Skull with tentacles, swan song, semen, stone soup, flames. Scroll lines from distant intruders snuck through quartz walls, internal tunnel, stairs of fiery crystal, collapsing house. Empty spaces, prehistoric rain, semen, hush, fading, diminishing, fractured, plaster, collapsing shackles, heart, heart, heart, fire, burn, burns, bricks, egg, necklace, moaning monster, fragment, bones, fertilization,
womb, drip, drip, droplet, splitting, dripping, urine, ripping, glowing, grinding, melting, gibbering, monster, screaming, bone, shining, insect, enlargement, revulsion, pounding, stone, stamping, stones, churn, taint, shouting, dirty, degrading, excretion, broken, falling apart, fragment, horror, monster, face, cage, sculptures, colon, flesh, moaning, plaster, crawling, sculpture, tunnel, carved, brash, shining, wall, echoing, churning, monstrous, wall, wall, wall, flowing, shaft, bursting, crashing, falling, choking, ripping, clawing, screaming, lightning, falling, moaning, roaring, chanting, worship, strange, glowing, falling, torn, gore, waving, screaming, idol, altar, eroded wall, collapsing, fallen, groping, falling, gouged, dropping, falling, falling, staring, falling, vein, eye, cupped, staring, crawling, crawling, digging, finger, quivering, worm, screaming, eyes, clawing, creak, screaming, torrent, falling, teeth, screaming, falling, screaming, stones, stone, cry, screaming, idol, stone, cave, crawling, fallen, clawing, screaming, engraving, encrusting, clutching, clawing, dropping, falling, cracking, broken, heart, falling, sculpture, tree, receding, falling, tall
1000x1000 defrag DNA sequences representing amino acids
Carbon and Hydrogen “Dream” 2000x1000 defrag Paleolithic archaeology Data Image 5000x5000 defrag DNA sequences representing amino acids “Snow White and the Six Dwarfs”
1000x5000 defrag DNA sequences representing amino acids “The Snowman” 1000x1000 defrag “Dr. Oz Show” (OMO)
1000x1000 defrag “Nova” 2000x1000 defrag “Who Killed the Archdruid” 1000x1000 defrag Paleolithic archaeology Data Image 5000x5000 defrag
Caption: ramp incline stairs masturbate cum ammonite shards hissing landslide sperm asteroid fragment fragment wobbling fiber fragment gait
A couple times, Acconci found a fossil, and masturbated, imitating one of the deep flows of the ancient ocean. He would stand in the soil, grabbing the fossil and rubbing it into his naked sex organs. His arms circled and stretched, like the motions of an octopus caught in the jaws of a deep-sea squid. As he rubbed the fossil, a salty fluid would emerge from the bone fragment, swirling in a spiral pattern.
Vito Acconci lay exhausted on a patch of pale green furled grass. The wind tossed him. As he began to return to the soil bed for a nap, his claw struck a bright shard fossil, resembling a human vertebra, lying on top of a glassy array of ammonite fossils. The fragment was streaked with red from freshly ejaculated sperm. Acconci looked at the shard. As he swept it with his arm, the shard reached into the vibrational vortex surrounding his skull. He was vibrating. By racking his hands and feet, Acconci attained tremendous vibrational volume, which, in the illumination of a freshly initiated crystalline slab, enabled him to see flashes of colors on the rock from the moment of vibration, hundreds of kilometers from Earth. As the length of the bone in his hand lengthened into a segment, Acconci climaxed from his seventh orgasm. His shard flung aside the pieces of rock to replace the sperm shard with semen, and the sexual pulsation commenced anew. Like a teenager touching the statue of Aphrodite at the foot of the temple at Alexandria, Acconci sat back to gaze in wonderment at the restored statue. Absorbing semen in his scrotum, he traveled to the sea floor. After rubbing semen on the rocky ridges beneath the sedimentary section, he continued to masturbate. As the vibrational slab in his brain dissipated, he ripped a trench down the fossil slope and emerged in the sedimentary section. As he tunneled toward the end of his segment, the finger of the fossil vertebra appeared between the rock and the Earth. During the vibrational process, the fossil shard had come into contact with his vibrational seedbed and taken a path toward the earth. Acconci vibrated the remainder of the vertebrae into a chain of stone. As he added more vertebrae, the strand of vertebrae assumed form as a tangle of fossils. He traversed the smooth, dark stone of his scrotum toward the pedestal of the fossilized whale bone in the Seedbed ramp. The chamber was lighted by the glowing formation of ammonite fossils on the ground. As Acconci shivered with excitement, he
vibrated a fragment of the fossil ammonite off the earth. The fragment disintegrated into pieces as it plummeted through the pulverized rock of the fossilized bone. As the fragment hit the hard bedrock, it vibrated into fragments, forming a boulder. Acconci shuddered. He returned to his cave to masturbate with the fragment of fossilized bone protruding through his semen. Fluid flew between the cubital fossa, spongy membrane on his forefinger and his skin. As he stroked his semen to climax again, the semen spilled from his erect penis into the ground. The space between the rocks on his ramp reflected the cloudy sunlight streaming through the springtime branches of the forest. The vibration of the relic revealed a faint, glowing pile of creamed sperm and semen, laid on a path of rock. Acconci stepped over to the pile of semen, licking the dripping contents from a few shard fossils. The vibration of the bone fragment hit a rock that struck a shard fragment, and Acconci smashed the marble slab resting on top of his fossilized bone. As the slab broke apart, shards of seedbed fossils flew, like fragments of a meteorite, down the staircase. Some of the fragments bounced off the stone steps and ricocheted between the steps, spreading the seedbed slabs.
The falling fragments of seedbed fossils were sprouting the dark veins on the marble floor, drawing their deposit deeper into the stonewall, sliding into the depth of the cavity and into the marble bed. Acconci sucked a thick dollop of semen from the giant ammonite, then smeared his own long strands of semen across the marble slab before slipping it into bed.
The blue-green swirl of pale sperm thrusted straight into the spirals of the ammonite’s spiral structure. The swirls swirled deeper and deeper, extending to the floor and then spiraling into the spiral steps. He broke the bed apart and carefully laid the marble slab on top of his ammonite, replacing the red, round, seedbed. He emptied out a cup of sperm-flavored semen into the bed and scraped the sperm into the plaster. The dry stream of semen dribbled down the staircase and pooled into a pile on the slab, looking like the long thick stream of water that follows a waterfall. With the rake, he made the elaborate pattern of dark blue-green swirls on the marble bed, filling in the holes in the bed. By hand, he moved the rug of semen across the room, dragging it across the grass and up the ramp. Acconci stood back and admired his work. He knelt down on his bed, stretching out his feet to wipe the floor with his heels. “This is so much nicer. Now I don’t have to come down the basement to get my semen.”
Acconci climbed down to the landing where the seedbed remnants were. He slipped on the surface, crumbling to the landing in the abyss, and blood squirted out. The bulbs of his head jerked in horror. Acconci twisted himself around but lost his balance. He slid down, down, and into the sharp stone. The stalk of his penis opened, the ridges of his semen-covered prostate enveloping him. The seedbed remnants whirled away into the abyss, swirling with gravity, until they were scattered on the marble. Acconci lay motionless, yet alive, his quivering penis still wrapped around its shaft.
FROM ARRANGEMENTS COMPOSED WHILE READING


**Prefatory Note:**

“Glitch,” sure. Glitch in a definition. Glitch in “arrangement,” i.e. in “order” or “agreement,” of a text. Glitch in structure, in stitch or suture—the thing that holds the page together. Glitch in synapse. Glitch in time lapse. Rip Van Winkle wakes up. How much time has passed? Glitch in a text’s intention and how the reader engages it. These poems are notes. Arrangements composed while reading. Sure. These poems are “glitches.”
this flight into fathomless space

this overflow into the formless

this ‘where’ where shore and shape
are lacking
synapse signal

 cynically cyclical

 little song

 follows different gesture

 a logic of allowing one self

 time

 time

 in a minute
unpretentious page;

how deep

the water

each thought is—

at the deepest place?
the emphasis shift
the differences
I will live with
all taken account of

the longing

you're fugitive for

fable
fraud of absurd
theory
wait for lines

fail against apparatus

I manipulated this surface called a mirage of dearth
embarrassing beyond

come across
accumulate
collapse

method of memory
ambiguity arises

amorphous

uprush

breath brusque abrupt stirrup

impulse a multiple profusion

of little silhouettes

the horizon of images the most incomplete description of them that we can at present conceive
alive with contra diction
urgency and chaos

diction and chaos

test sounds captured with

unacknowledged rage
would you escape

becoming

inertia

would you

transformer of flows

summoned respond

depth knowing, its reduction

more deeply

more knowing

more alone
invisibie progress upholds
hubba bubba

what will never known
unnerves

the land
the mark, returned to

responsibility
to follow

trailing clouds

reply, when words
come

roam

the architectures
of conscience
being the initially echo of what isn’t everything permitted

An example
is easier of course:

bird flight ocean, play of all things found

uncompromising

one simple perception
so come by fire
clear rock
this morning
allowance now
allowance now
allowance now

I rejoin myself, Lazarus

in rude god's approach

in time's recovered somewhat
CONTRIBUTORS

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Brent Cox is a PhD candidate in University at Buffalo’s Poetics Program. He is a writer, artist, and poet working in language, the moving image, sound, and collaborative activity. Recent work has appeared in FIVES, the Denver Quarterly’s inaugural digital companion, and in “Platforming Utopias (and Platformed Dystopias),” an exhibition at the 2021 Electronic Literature Organization’s annual conference. He hosts a podcast on Poetics called “Buried Text” with Courtlin Byrd, Simon Eales, and Zack Brown, and he is the co-founder of the Topological Poetics Research Institute (TPRI) and the Ecopoetry
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**J.B. Stone** is a neurodivergent/autistic slam poet, writer, and reviewer from Brooklyn, now residing in Buffalo, NY. He is the author of *A Place Between Expired Dreams And Renewed Nightmares* (Ghost City Press 2018) and *INHUMAN ELEGIES* (Ghost City Press 2020). He is the Editor-In-Chief/Reviews Editor at *Variety Pack*. His work has appeared in *Chicago Review of Books, Glass: A Journal of Poetry, Peach Mag, Frontier Poetry, Atticus Review*, and elsewhere. He tweets @JB_StoneTruth.

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