



SPECIAL FEATURE: DIVINE MOTHER ENERGY

+New work from: Davy Knittle
Brian Teare

Laura Da'
Derrick Ortega

Indira Ganesan
& more

Many thanks to all who shared their chapbook manuscripts with us during our open reading period. We're delighted to announce that we will be publishing the following:

Kevin McLellan's *Hemispheres*

Ellen Welcker's *The Pink Tablet*

carolina maugeri's *Hold Thee Unmoored*

A special thank you to our finalists:

Miriam Sagan's *Terminal*

John Harkey's *BUREAU*

Brenna Lee's *Lack and Want*

Stan Mir's *Rage & Economics*

Brandi Wells' *the only chance*

James Meetze's *Aurora Consurgens*

Christy Davids' *Alphabet, Ontology*

Ryan Clark's *Old Greer County: Jackson*

Ashley Colley's *Animals in Motion*

Paul Siegell's *Active Shooter*

Sophia Dahlin's *Toy Ether*

Copyright © 2017
FACT-SIMILE EDITIONS

All rights revert to individual authors upon publication.

Cover adapted from
a photo by Travis Macdonald

Book design & typesetting
by JenMarie Macdonald

FACT-SIMILE is changing.

Submissions will now be welcome year round. Please send up to 5 pages via our submission manager:

<http://factsimile.submishmash.com/submit>

If you would like to send copies of your book or chapbook for review, please contact us at jenmarie@fact-simile.com.

Interested in advertising? Contact us: advertising@fact-simile.com

FACT-SIMILE is free where you can find it. If you would like it delivered to you, it will cost only postage. To subscribe, please visit:

<http://www.fact-simile.com>

FACT-SIMILE EDITIONS
FACT-SIMILE MAGAZINE
NUMBER 11

FACT-SIMILE is edited and published by Travis and JenMarie Macdonald in Lancaster, PA.

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader:

We've been running late. We've been running really late. After bringing books into the world together for 9 years on a more or less consistent basis, we started a new collaboration last year. We brought a person into the world. Now that he's starting to learn about how time works, we're starting to re-learn how time works. So if you've been waiting to hear from us, thanks for your patience and compassion.

As if parenthood wasn't scary enough, we now find ourselves responsible for raising up this child amid the most terrifying political and social climate this country has seen in a long time. As a nation we are dangerously divided between increasingly distant extremes. There is carelessly incendiary rhetoric spouting from the mouth of a man elected by the minority. It is threatening the safety of our friends, our family, and our democracy on a daily basis.

We must admit that, when we took our son to the voting booth last November, we expected we'd wake up to a different world the next day. We expected to celebrate the first woman raised up to our nation's highest office. We expected that the first president he would remember would be a mother. Not a rapacious demagogue.

This is not the world we expected. But here we are. How do we confront this new reality? How do we manage our fears in the face of daily threats? How do we teach our son (and ourselves) the strength and conviction of compassionate action in the face of government sanctioned hate and intentional ignorance?

As writers, artists, publishers, and now parents, we believe the path through this darkness must be cut by language. By the tongues and pens of people who see through the smoke and can rewrite the fire into light. We believe that the only way forward in the face of institutional destruction is to turn to the creators. The makers. The mothers.

And so we dedicate this overdue issue of Fact-Simile to you.

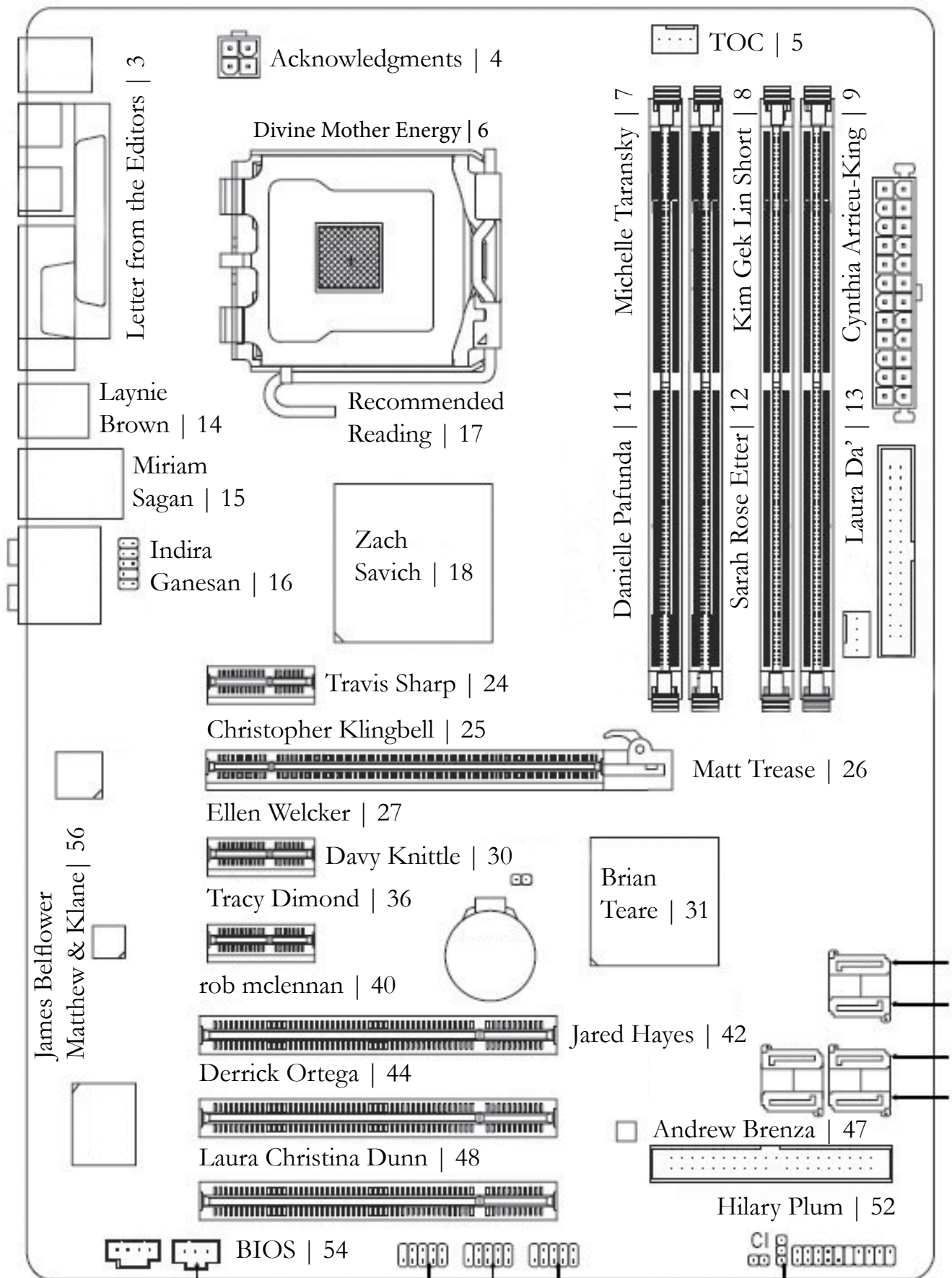
In Solidarity,

Travis & JenMarie
The Editors

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We, the editors at **FACT-SIMILE**, would like to thank the following individuals, entities and institutions for their continued support, without which none of this would be possible:

Our Readers
Our Contributors
Philalalia
The Pew Center for Arts & Heritage



Fact-Simile 11 | 2017

DIVINE MOTHER ENERGY ————— a Necessary Special Feature

In lieu of our typical one-voice interview, we've instead invoked a fabric of mother warrior goddess voices. These are writers we (the editors) personally turn to when we need guidance, healing, mourning, grief, messages, blessings, incantations, manifestoes, tactic & strategy, etc. We need to hear them now, and we thought that you might, too.

Many thanks to Michelle Taransky, Kim Gek Lin Short, Cynthia Arriue-King, Danielle Pafunda, Sarah Rose Etter, Laura Da', Laynie Browne, Miriam Sagan, and Indira Ganesan for manifesting and transmitting this energy.

MICHELLE TARANSKY

To all of the little girls who are watching this

The voice goes here

Goes labor exhausting

What us say is what

Us use against us

Outside the window outside

The decision to make a painting

In the basement forever

Here nothing coheres never

We got here got her

Happening to voice

KIM GEK LIN SHORT

MOTHER THE ENDS

The day it happened, the night it was happening, the weeks before when it was thought impossible to happen, we all studied the crystal balls our media swirled upon our senses. Economy. Climate. Sexuality. We book-lovers and equality-wanters and back-to-the-landers treading oblivion in myopic matter and indignation at crotch-grabbing. And now? Now that it has happened¹, we are still studying, explaining how. How did all of this happen without us seeing? We are pretty smart. Fairly educated. We have the benefit of polls and their erudite algorithms. It seems impossible that we could have been so blind. But we were. A disappearing trick was played on the liberal bunches. Strings of the stupid propping this pathology of a man—the 45th President?—who somehow swayed an invisible masses².

Or did he? I'm not sure. But I do know that our culture's preoccupation with *means* over *ends* voted. This preoccupation might be worse at this moment than it has ever been in my lifetime, and that's saying something because I lived through the 80s. We inhabit a history/economy that profits from self-serving predation and our middle class is disappearing, and the established patterns of our climate are disappearing, and our sexuality³ is also disappearing. If we are being honest, the Invisible Masses is everything that is visible. No trick was played. This (he) is Means-to-an-Ends personified. Which noun in that equation should we focus on? We must focus less on *means* and we need to act love speak mother mostly *ends*. Mother: arguably the most ends-centric occupation ever. This is how we obtain freedom. Mother the ends. Because the only lacuna in our line of sight is everything before the ends. This is how we revolutionize everything: by revolutionizing the mother of all masses—our collective inclusive mother-gland.

1 Now that it has happened, I want my mom.

2 The obvious reference—The Invisible Man—is philosophically difficult in the context of the so-called Trumpenproletariat and whitelash.

3 We are so sexualized that sexuality is disappearing. Everything is about the means. The *means* to the sex begins to endanger the sex itself.

CYNTHIA ARRIEU-KING

Taking Two Old Selves to New York

The elderly swept their arms up in unison.

Pushing up the heavens. Lion growing. Rain falling.

At night, the stars chucked plentiful
against the blackness, full of nothing but discount lightning.

The hectic of Manhattan, drawer of sidewalk
and wine, no room to pass either side.
Five billion people, those were the days.

To cover the world with more apples
to cover the gravel around back porches
and also to show you what and who endures in the nowhere pavilion of necessities,
as if to say
oh selves, oh friends, we've lived out
a remove from our lips all dependency once felt has left
all grass once seed has leapt

*

I awoke, shining
eyes at the other side of a lake's alarm
apple in my stomach played a lunar light

Sunset scrolled with clouds
the northwest rained some tenses
and as if out in the country
two selves walk away from the corner
each down their separate roads
towards the multiverse

Consider how to call the other world,
yourself in the middle of all spines
your best entirely imagined pine scent
a best place to make a call to the ancestors
to see where you are part of the violence
error free choice to add to these nail and yarn dolls, harm or good
as you hang so disappointed by the stench
which is ongoing

DANIELLE PAFUNDA**MILK PULL**

A mother runs out of milk for her children. After her children board their school bus, the mother assembles herself behind the wheel of her car. She drives to the next town where there is a store. While in the store, a translucent woman, likely a resident of the next town, follows her everywhere asking *is it cold in that freezer? Do the droplets of water run off the vegetables? Is that a chicken in among the turkeys?* This goes on for many more aisles than one would think this store has, and more hours than the mother can afford to spend in the town where she doesn't live. The children return earlier each day. The sun drops quickly, midnight comes, no one has bathed, and the cats loose grasshoppers in the bedrooms. Still, through an anxious sheen, the mother notes needful things in every exponentially expanding aisle. *Do those lightbulbs have eco-friendly filaments? Would you have thought cats like leopard print, themselves? Who dreams up all the flavors of mouthwash?* It's curious they haven't moved her interlocutor to the next next town where young commuters shop for the older residents. Then again, the woman pushes an empty cart. Or rather, the cart is always there, just within reach. At last the mother reaches the dairy cases. Blocks of cheese like promises kept. Unsavory cream made from oil, resin, and flavors. She reaches for a jug of milk, and finds that the milk must be frozen. It is as heavy as the stocks that hang one's head. Heavy. Her head lurches as though she has just become 3D. The mother waits for her shadow—not her shadow—the woman who lets light through, shadow's opposite. The mother waits for her halo to ask *is the milk very heavy?* She doesn't ask. Frustrated the mother turns around and to meet the woman's ice water eyes, and finds instead she has reached the fish monger's case. She holds up a blue-veined gray curl of muscle. It's large enough to circle her wrist, which looks suddenly quite charming wrapped in the tail, or is it the body, of the last stop for plastic jugs. Receiver ocean, halo-free waves, nothing but shadows dropping onto shadows, toxic scales, good toxins and people toxins all mixed up, the mother asks her new cuff *was it cold in that freezer?* They drive home in silence and find the children lined up on the front steps. Weary and regal, the mother hands them their milk, keys to the eldest, and they file inside to drink in the bothersome dusk out of gritty jam jars and chipped mugs, like a picture book. The mother wishes to hide in among her faerie children. A child herself, or a toy pony threadbare with affection and frustration and fever grips. She checks her wrist. The time is coming, the shell clicks. She draws the first bath, draws lukewarm water out of the old tank, and pushes her shoulders under to the count of thirty. Or forty. Maybe she ought to count forty, now, though there's no one else keeping score.

SARAH ROSE ETTER

Periods of the Aftermath

I.

Three-day weeping period, sobs jutting from throat, temporary jetties. The smiling man is an enemy. The laughing man should be destroyed with weapons bigger than mouth.

II.

Two-week no-touching period, skin repelling fingers. The country is a man-made wound traversed daily, blood on the bottoms of shoes, on the hands.

III.

Two-month no-eating period, days of only broth, unable to press the jaw with strength. Men belly up to buffets: Eat the meat, eat the ham, especially the ham, grind of pink flesh between pearled teeth. Men are still laughing, bellies are still growing. The rest of the world goes gaunt, goes ghost.

IV.

Four-year no-money period. Money from banks slid under mattress. A new song to hiss: *Savings are for the revolution.*

V.

Four-year no-joy period, silent threat hovering over the throat like a knife, a stress that brings ribs forth. Try to be normal: Date, make a joke, drink coffee. But the body has only two goals: Rise up, fight.

VI.

Daily assault period. Swastikas on the buildings, small evil suns in the morning. Walking down the street, a man grabs for crotch, shoves pleasure with his voice, hisses: *You would like it.*

VII.

Endless war period. Put the mace and the knife in your bag. Walk down the street waiting for it, waiting for it, waiting for what? It is just off in the distance, just out of sight. It has an awful violence, that blood-red cloud, hovering, the drenching burgundy swallowing you next.

LAURA DA'

It Might Rain Diamonds on Neptune

I share the birthday month of October with my only son. At the tail end of my thirty-fifth year, my body started molting from the inside out and I began quickly to die. All that season I had been falling asleep, face to the carpet, as I played with my son. I would wake walled in and surrounded by a Lilliputian world of crenelated Lego constructions and Matchbox cars parked end to end.

It happened fast. I lifted my son up for a candid photo over the soft and sweet expanse of his fifth birthday cake. He was heavy, but I was strong. In my family, we joke about how long we carry our babies. The following week my doctor called me to say that my kidneys were failing. I was told to preserve my abdominal muscles for surgery by refraining from any strain.

Dialysis is a long story of pain and cavernous, marrow-deep fatigue. I only recollect the tenderness of the surgeon as she initialed incision points all along my torso because it reminded me of my son's fingers fitting across the interactive screen at a science museum that summer.

Now I spend four hours each day tethered to the slim plastic tubes that are keeping me alive. Sometimes I glimpse the shadows of my son's hands and the flashes of movement as he pushes his toys in a prescribed route outside my sickroom door.

LAYNIE BROWNE

In Garments Worn by Lindens

our body knows to disobey

Poetry is undrinkable mead worth imbibing, the need to place something in the mouth. Not needles, lips, or curling scripts of trees. Easily confused with unspoken eyes and indiscernible tremors. A liquid which warms until you stagger and eventually dream. Candles break fevers and illuminate births.

afraid of losing the dimensions of nakedness

Turn embroidery around, sequester the underside, but don't be seen in the act of reversals. Bring the frayed edges you cannot feign, essential loneliness of all mothers. Dress in unguents. Sequels bough to the headless apprentices adorned in fomentations. Or dressed in the clothes of every person passing. Exhaustion comes from leading irreparable lives. Cut any circumstance you wouldn't want seen: iron roots, copper branches, silver leaves. She was solidity, or a series of waves in air.

hidden bleeding

Paste place in a jar, as remedy. You will not feel well unless having walked miracles. The unwritten does not calm you. Do I misinterpret alchemical leanings? Whether arduous or effortless, I'll be anaphora. The sacred geometry of a fastening nomenclature. Though you take a strong dose, verse revises musical lungs. I only have this once. To leave earth and fly to heavens. And will not be contained.

MIRIAM SAGAN

manifesto

In Zen monasteries, monks chant at meal time: we eat to support practice. Now it is time for us as women to commit: we eat to support justice and equality and safety for ourselves and others. What does that mean to you? Planting a garden? Planning a demonstration? Writing a letter? Boycott? Donation? Civil disobedience? Acts of kindness?

Set your own agenda. This is important, and doesn't preclude working closely with others. But the act of commitment comes from your heart alone. And to eat to support something doesn't mean binging on junk food or television. Set your highest good, and prepare to fight for it.

1. Don't wear dangling earrings to a demonstration (they can get caught in a baton).
2. Keep your passport current.
3. Know your friends, your enemies, and yourself.
4. Wear shoes you can run in, even in your dreams.
5. Be aware of your inner Nazi so her appearance doesn't overwhelm you.
6. Be aware of your inner Bodhisattva so HER appearance doesn't overwhelm you.
7. Keep your emergency or bail money hidden in your (comfortable) shoe.
8. Remember that how you feel is often not the most important thing in a situation.
9. Change your passwords to the names of your grandmothers to be reminded of your ancestors.
10. Take the earth with you wherever you travel.
11. Use birth control as needed, and mother everyone's children.
12. As the sage Hillel said: If not now, when?
13. Go!

INDIRA GANESAN

Message in a Bottle

Because it was quiet, and because I had written already this morning, because I had my second cup of coffee, and because the cats were asleep, I looked at a dried flowers project on my counter. Earlier in the month, I saved the birthday flowers my family sent. The rose, pink orange from a yellow center, was especially nice, and I wanted to layer it in a bottle with *scabiosa atropurpurea*, sweet purple pincushion. As I placed the flower petals into the glass, I thought, is this what I should be spending my time on, fussing with dried rose petals and jars, three days after the election? Surely I should be calling my congressman right now. I have been noticing I get tailgated more than usual, and now I wondered if my Clinton Kaine bumper sticker was attracting the irate drivers? Our college had held a space for faculty to voice their election upset, and this weekend there was be a rally in a newly declared “Sanctuary City” nearby, a place that will work to overcome the prejudice that has become normalized this past year. Until mid-January we have a kick-ass First Lady who is strong, brilliant, and fearless. There will be a march making women’s rights visible again in the U.S. We must fight being disheartened. Artists and writers must make whatever creative work we can. That is the message: keep making art, keep dedicating it to a non-violent aesthetic, vow to act more peaceful yourself, even if neighbors and drivers irritate you, and work with what remains to make something extraordinary.

IN LIEU OF REVIEWS

Again, we're adjusting our typical fare to make space for nourishment specific to the times we find ourselves in. And so, a reading list of free material available online specially curated by the writers in our special feature.

“Kali Takes America”

by Vera de Chalambert
from *Rebelle Society*
recommended by Hoa Nguyen
<http://www.rebellestudies.com/2016/11/18/veradechalambert-kali/>

Elderly's Not My Country

edited by Jamie Townsend & Nicholas Deboer
<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B6LsqnSATqgyQUh5SU8yeGtaQ2M/view>

Utopia

by Bernadette Mayer (Tender Buttons Press)
http://www.tenderbuttonspress.com/products/bernadette-mayers-utopia?utm_source=Tender+Buttons+Press&utm_campaign=9eb1098a2e-EMAIL_CAMPAIGN_2016_11_25&utm_medium=email&utm_term=0_951fae2abe-9eb1098a2e-250295749&mc_cid=9eb1098a2e&mc_eid=bc9212353f

Brain Pickings

by Maria Papova
recommended by Indira Ganesan
<https://www.brainpickings.org>

When in Rome: Can Women Bring Down Trump?

by Ariel Levy
from *The New Yorker*
recommended by Laynie Browne
<http://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2016/11/28/can-women-bring-down-trump>

Forget the Tie. Give a Gift That Matters.

by Nicholas Kristof
from *The New York Times*
recommended by Laynie Browne
http://www.nytimes.com/2016/12/01/opinion/gifts-that-make-a-difference.html?rref=collection/column/nicholas-kristof&action=click&contentCollection=opinion®ion=stream&module=stream_unit&version=latest&contentPlacement=1&cpptype=collection&r=0

House with Door

by T Clutch Fleischmann
from *Fanzine*
recommended by Cynthia Arrieu-King
<http://thefanzine.com/house-with-door/>

Facebook post

by Yale Professor of History Timothy Snyder
recommended by Cynthia Arrieu-King
<https://www.facebook.com/timothy.david.snyder/posts/1206636702716110>

“martha promise receives leadbelly, 1935”

by Tychimba Jess
from The Poetry Foundation
recommended by Laura Da'
<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems-and-poets/poems/detail/50781>

Poems

by Michael Wasson
from *The Blood Orange Review*
recommended by Laura Da'
<http://bloodorangereview.com/author/michaelwasson/>

IDEOTV

by j. w. friedman & chris collision
recommended by Kim Gek Lin Short
<http://www.idontevenownatelevision.com/>

ZACH SAVICH

I sit on my bench
and disperse with the train crowd

you know these are cherries by the rough bark
also the fruit

you know a tree fell here
by how finely saplings grew

now take a consequential breath
the wedge you cut has all the lemon's juice

nest held by feathers moving in it

my eyes have no color but what they saw

still-blown
the barrage
softens me down

a lifetime at this age
little to redeem
and less to shore

unsure which marrings of the façade
were the famed
ravages of war
and which were made
by an initial architect
for authenticity
a barbarian might note and serenely spare

shed red at dusk
then white again in the redder sky

tomatoes where the tulips were
meadow in every
unmown angle

the neighbor boy whips
a rope against a barn wall
the paint has come away to look
like anyone's portrait as a patch of ill-formed light
anyone's portrait as a mess of boards

it's not the dying but the disentangling

and every death is young

trail demands crossing many creeks
demands pausing near the home with a chained drive
they are selling cauliflower
just before the chain

having lived enough
any coincidence is ordinary
I suppose somebody lived
on every street

as so often on meeting
the dead the dead ask *what are you*
and you could answer anything
but usually say *alive*

of all the metamorphoses I can never remember
what people turn into but why

snow in the cistern

so often the dead in apartments
in other parts of this city
spoken to fantastically or distantly all this time
so one dies and what has changed

much as cooking well becomes
not calculation or performance of arduous craft
but any evening now

rather than a conclusive month
hour the restaurant owners dine
bottle excessive enough to exchange for a meal
nothing lost

over the tracks
straining as though if you strain
you can see
any train
I don't mind it late

given such a tremendous sail
who alive would mind
who alive would mind
who alive would mind
the smallness of our boat

TRAVIS A SHARP

Body Is a Daffodil I Stare & Sniff Every Chance I Get

If this sadness is a form
of resistance then
we're doing very
well body & it's a matter
of integrity a matter
of meter the output
of how much we haven't
been saying to one an
other in the span of time
spent not wondering about
the output of what
we have been signaling
to ourselves & what
would that be body

CHRISTOPHER KLINGBEIL

how the tracks then had become as if an always presence. the changes made in us, sussing out the versions of ourselves. at first across the river. then in the wind. & in the sweep of snow on either side of the rails built in your name. then how the tracks had wove in the sun & through the green and golden wood beside the river and its remains. the cutroot space between last century's trees and the centurion of the name we'd called ourselves beside the river. we'd been once to a place so far away we'd never hope see again

MATT TREASE10 Modern Cases of Feral
for Shauna Potocky

Without the colonizers, I

find great imagination
creativity

bangin'
them pleasure machines

I was macro-
biotic and loved

the deer jaws. The sweet
stalk will bend

that veneer
touch the irrational

primitive impulse
to dispense

ELLEN WELCKER

from The Pink Tablet

Cyberspace is all mom jokes, all *woof*,
all *yer mom's so chilly, she's hot*.
Cry wolf but no proof makes a liar out of you.
She *is* a wolf. So are you.
Is mom circling again?
This is all just pretend.
If it's not happening, it can't end.

She's a wolf I'd like to milf. She's a wilf

O, but he's got her cells in him, too.
Little bit-o'-mama running like a pack through his blood.
Denning up deep in the pons.
The guard hairs stand up while the under hairs insinuate.

*She's got that itchy aitchbone, she's jonesin'.
She's been eating those milkbones.*

My tick-dread grows.
So furryblack & furryblue.
I'd cut off my tail to cure myself of you
or you'd cut off my tail, as proof of my disease
or to cure the world of me, or—what's reason
when you don't need one.

a dog needs attention, a dog
rolls over to get her tummy scratched
a bitch is a tension lessener
(she's tight)

this shuffle is a shame spiral,
a shame spiral.
Mama, a person
is a person through
other persons.
what do you want her to be?
a regular woman?

DAVY KNITTLE

coast grade

all my namely beloveds
live in my body
bee in my punnetts
made me short
against all odds

your devices make it
me against all ads
all summer dark
goes to shaven
shave the good earth

and cold it
and bring it back
the lakefront makes
it all more immediate
hold and long for dear life

say cheese here
and hear nothing
here its dead everywhere
a cold body baggie
body by milk

baby by night
namely and long by day
buy and buy or hide from it
everyone in the lake in boats
everyone under the sun

BRIAN TEARE

People that look out with their backs to the world represent something
that isn't possible in this world.

—Agnes Martin

	too ill to leave home	I think of the sentence	
	Agnes is famous for	and admit I don't know	
	what it means	to turn your back to the world	
	and paint against it	all its antagonistic	
	and contesting parts	I know she chose the grid	
	for its purity	its signature without ego	
	too she chose to leave	in each line evidence	
	of her hand in the process of drawing	I think	
	about turning my back to the world and writing		
	but when I turn inward and look	I understand	
	the assemblage from first to last	I am the way	
	her hand everywhere	fastens the grid	
	to itself with a line	a pencil	
		body	
		mind	
	there's nowhere the world doesn't hold me here		

I painted a painting called *This Rain*.
—Agnes Martin

why return again to a limited vocabulary	it's the inexhaustible nature of limitation
the way symptoms recur during a day	using what few words I'm allowed to keep
my body becomes a repeated thought	I try to describe rain for the pain of it
my mind returns to the meal I can't eat	I try to describe rain a repeated thought
if I eat I won't sleep for the pain of it	the way we experience a picture makes it real
I return again to my limited vocabulary	it's the inexhaustible symptom during a day
I try to describe the meal I can't eat I won't sleep	while I think of it a picture makes it real

As grass that is hard to grasp cuts the hand itself.
—from *The Dhammapada*

I have no memory	for a long time
people are just like the grass	
for a long time	I lie on my back
feeling otherwise	loving questions
all events take place	because I think
in the present tense	I have no answers
the teacher Agnes says	
I lie on my back	I have no choice
pain is this verb	I have to live this life
whose gist I feel	as I know it to be
beneath my ribs	led by mind
a blade of grass doesn't amount to much	
a statement	formed by mind
phrased as a question	that is also my body

That is enough for death, now for real life.
—Agnes Martin

most days
a remove

not my hand
a hand holds

between me
and real life

the book that
just yesterday

not people
not things

I read closely
so many days

just images
bus glass

I say goodbye
to my mind

glare

dog-eared page

good days

it feels like
simile can't

return to

make it feel
I stood once

the page

on the side
of the highway

and turn

in Wyoming
sky so close

its corner up

curved away

TRACY DIMONDTAKE A LONG WALK HOME / LONG WALK HOME /
TAKE

I paint my nails hot pink. It's *Fuchsia Power*, so I know that feminine display has a name. Now I feel like I joined the crowd. The state of a manicure is a sign of existential motivation. If you want to turn back choices, go to the basement so time will tick at a slower rate.

Invest in technology, then remember that the most accurate clock uses tinfoil. Maybe keep that stuff off your head. Time is a measure of chaos. A body is a measure of health. Take care of both: don't exit your car quickly at a gas station because you can set yourself on fire.

Don't show your hand. If you are a student, you should get a student ID for the discounts. You won't have them again until you are old enough to be sincere without undercutting irony. Remember that everyone has to clean their home.

Will you let go of control when approaching nature? Pansies bloom while lingering over a first love. Hearts hold, but I should have known it wasn't going to work I said *I just want to be happy* and he replied *that's not something you can want*.

Clouds move past the moon on a long walk home. It feels like cheating to walk less than three blocks to an apartment. I'm not looking to be handed entrance. Every time I go outside I think *taking out the trash*.

Nervous laughter puts others at ease. Seek the value in hard work. Bleach hair to emphasize light. Buy teeth whitener to emphasize snarl. Look into the terror when you realize credibility is a construct. Follow wires.

PLACE LIKE IDENTITY / PLACE LIKE IDENTITY /
PLACE

Be a blank slate or explosion of identity. Don't apologize for the inconvenience. Follow the road signs to hell, but stop to read the insurance bills.

Individuality is ready on a discount clothing rack. Notice that smell. The space heaters are on for the season.

In parking lots we find place. Let's explain who we are and why expectations are crushing. The older we get, the harder it is to escape history.

We can't clean ourselves with bleach though the stink is under our nails. It would be easier to fuck the men that smile at me. Example: I said *no* and he said *but he bought me dinner*.

You know what they say about politics: change takes money. Business casual isn't the only avenue for respect. Apply to work at a strip club. Be paid for a body.

What if we all revealed our under-secrets? Look out for opportunity and purpose. Survival is an ambivalent concept.

DID YOU COVER UP / DID YOU COVER UP / DID
YOU COVER UP / DID YOU COVER

You can't pretend to be an animal for long. Soak in the sun,
buried. There is progress assumed in time. Interrogate in
your dreams.

A costume is no attachment to identity. It's the impact of a
different wardrobe. Youth in infinity defined by tan lines.

A summer wardrobe is ready for the sun like the neutral
tide. Do you know how to talk about femininity divorced
from fuckability?

I paint my nails and think gel is enough to *keep it together*.
Design a five vice limit. Listen to knees and lips tell a
story.

It's all fun and games until it's time to go outside. I don't
want to hear the natural sounds of men hollering at me.

You know what they say about politics: change takes
money. Business casual isn't the only avenue for respect.
Apply to work at a strip club. Be paid for a body.

I pull out my passport. Take me somewhere with this—
burn my social security card and repaint my face. I chop off
my unicorn hair in the new year.

ARE YOU EVEN RELEVANT / ARE YOU EVEN
RELEVANT / ARE YOU EVEN

Body confidence is walking into traffic without looking both ways. Scream threats from background music: *Hope I don't lose it tonight.*

Have these websites found the landmine in my data? Advertisements are art if I am your hobby. A nervous laugh relaxes furrowed brows.

Be an inspiration crying to the tides. Stroke my leg and tell me tattoos are the clearest scars. Still, nothing really matters if I'm frustrated with everyone equally.

Did I tell you about the time I mistook a walker for a gun? He tolerated small talk, but I was out of condoms. He held my waist and sneered *I know you're doing this for the looks.*

Can I plant synthetic trees every place I wanted to be anonymous? I'm waiting for a second wind, so I feel my bones belong to me.

ROB MCLENNAN

A dream of origins

At last you have seen
flesh

Sandy Pool, *Undark*

1.

How little, we
have to show for

the model of
not knowing

dream, and
where to lose

the placement of
a hinge

2.

To remain, as often,
on the outside

a theory of
distinct states

conjunctive, scraped
across the coastal region

where our bodies
separate, distinct

a notion,
knowledge

drowned, like
silhouettes

Erasures, driftwood

1.

Grains of rock salt, in
the teaspoon.

Abstract apart
like stars.

2.

A finger candle,
steeped

into a pink room.

3.

Air traffic, uncontrolled,
remote.

Return here, bees.

JARED HAYES

from hollosongs

*

in between
personal ways
of eternal
high become
romance out
of erasure
become essence
of indescribable
intention in
between screeches
of the
mighty in
between creaky
human continuum
become running
into feeling
become literally
filled with
thinking become
being mystical
pale afterglow
on ridge
in between
dazzle dream
talk &
here &
here again
then here
& still
& between

*

*

to witness
this changing
surface it
cannot be
called void
or not
void permanent
diaspora an
epic of
prayers and
there is
nothing in
the universe
like diamond
nothing in
the mind

*

DERRICK ORTEGA

[The Black Lake]

MIRROR FIXED TO KNIFE: The mortars are shrilling their symphony practice again.

(MONCE unlocks and opens his cage as to bar the sun from peeking between its slim shadows.)

MONCE: I have a grenade if you would like to skip this part. It's covered in a fine mist so you have to hold its breath for itself. But you won't find the pin because I've already eaten it.)

(MONCE lifts his shirt and reveals the tattoo of a pigeon with the pin in its beak.)

MONCE: Here it comes. This is my favorite bit.

MFK: Indeed. But you know I've grown tired of your vibrations. They stream between your skin and skull, deeming themselves THOUGHTS.

MONCE: Let's lace up. THOUGHTS, inform the shrapnel of our departure.

(MONCE wipes his brow with MIRROR FIXED TO KNIFE and his sweat dribbles across a reflection of ignited breath.)

(A river never flows, but rolls in cubes of splash.)

MONCE: That idea intrigues me.

MFK: You're easily 'sueded between each wet collision. Maybe you've been looking into the black too long. Without eyelids, you're always in this blink.

MONCE: Without eyelids, I have no imagination.

(MONCE skins his face and masks it with ghillie and vines. But a red scorpion crawls along his skull, rests between two eyes.)

MONCE: 1000 yards away, another branch just waved. It wants to listen to music of the after.

MFK: And you think you're ahead of this? This was a wind you've already collapsed.

MONCE: It still has ears, though. Pretend for the both of us that music soothes a breathing corpse.

(MIRROR FIXED TO KNIFE squints until a shot is fired to the thousand yard branch, but it uplifts itself and recedes into the consuming brush. MIRROR switches from squint to squeeze and the pigeon loses its lift.)

MONCE: It's necessary to stick this time.

MIRROR FIXED TO KNIFE: I never shatter when shot. *Promise*.

(MONCE holds *Promise* to his ear, and the eye within sees echoes of ricochet scaling the walls.)

MONCE (counts the number of W's the wind stutters before adding a vowel): One, one, one.

MFK: You mustn't pray to the sky yet. Its color hasn't ripened and your knees are beggars strangled by a keffiyeh.

(MONCE pauses. He tears half his chewing gum through his teeth, spreads it thinly over his lidless eyes, and blinks.)

MONCE: We have almost gone too far.

MFK: Yes, but there's still a matter of the black lake. We must drown every last shell casing along with your faded fatigues. They have grown lazy and distinguishable to the desert's fog.

(MONCE takes a swig of sand from his canteen and files down his teeth. He then gnaws away at *Promise* before swallowing her sight of a broken muzzle flash. Like an arrow split on a bullseye, each bolt sprouts beneath a glassy dust storm.)

LAURA CHRISTINA DUNN

Spider Blue

A scribble of birds are erased
by their own movement north.

If I erase a word, I want to talk
about whether it matters.

Matter has the same root as *material*:
timber, substance. Something

fell from a beetle's lips:
the exposed roots of pine trees
are brown skulls in the night

seeking flame. Now I am
the throats of a bird,

hollow in winter. Now
I am a match in my own eyes,

burnt to the thumb as a way of telling
time. Parker wrote,
"You might as well live,"

and I am breathing
where the cold green branches fall,

and a lake shattered by sound
puts itself back together again
in silence.

*

You have a visitor. Your eyes are pools of water.
You own as much of this world

as can be encompassed
in strips of ox hide. The spiders net the branches
to make a home of the invisible.

I would say, *Bluebells, tundra, ulcerative.* But I
could not find the words to make you

stay. Wobbly on my pen, I am a human who thinks
the only pretty pictures are landscapes
of green and blue and tame.

This condition is trite
but also a longing for our first home
on the savannah.

Overlooking a strip mall,
the sun rises like a spider crawling
out of the ground. You ran your fingers down my stomach,

said they were five drops of water. You took me to the hill
with bent trees like a comb-over. From the top,

I could see hills of white houses.
When I do see beauty, it is my ancestors looking
for a place they can survive.

*

Matter ultimately comes from Latin, *mater*, or “mother”
for the person who first turned us into substance.
She had shorn her hair off with water

as my family watched the river grip
the town around the neck, strands clung
tightly to her scalp. The flood again.

She felt again the restlessness of an islander—
the eyes wondering where the highway

leads, after all exits are blocked.
Her accent came back calling 911,

and my brother and I wondered who
was speaking in the next room.
Finally, the sun rose and stayed overhead,

erasing the water like beams that wanted
to be something else, wanted to be matter.

The singer Dalida had a voice like a river undammed.
and she would sing in any language

because as you sing, the accent falls away. She left a note
of six words when she died.
“Life has become insupportable. Forgive me”—

this letter is the history of a world desiccated of ideas
on how to remain. Now what is lost

is not love but the story of love, where we write
of partings at dawn—an hour, spider

blue, the substance that passed
through my brother's veins—

a long night leaving, the beginning electric,
a fist fading to white
from holding on.

HILARY PLUM

Comrade

The day they found Shahid's body I wasn't writing, not a word. I was babysitting, drinking too much tea and fielding unending questions about worksheets. My sister-in-law had needed to cross the city to see a doctor about her pregnancy. Bleeding, my wife had said, which her sister would not have disclosed. You can type, answer your phone, all that at their home, my wife had said. Usually I adored how her remnant unease with the language made her say things like *type* when she meant *write*, but today I was irritated, I who had worked so hard but unsuccessfully to rid myself in every dialect of an American accent.

When the phone call had come from Shahid's editor, his own Italian accent so strong I had to ask him to repeat and repeat again, I cried out. The children must have looked up, seen me standing, my head against the door frame and the door open, I had meant to walk into the garden for better reception, but on hearing the news I was shrill as a hawk shrieking into a field. Afterward I was surprised both at the force of my reaction and the fact that the editor had called me at all, a choice I couldn't quite justify. The police called you? I asked the Italian, who said no, it was only that he had been phoning Shahid at the very moment they pulled his body from the canal, and someone had answered. If he was in the canal, I said, how did his phone still work? I don't know, the Italian said. But I remembered: Shahid kept his phone zipped up in a waterproof sleeve, I am tired of getting new ones, he'd said, I spill tea all over myself at least once a month.

Shahid did not drown; he was beaten to death.

The canal was far enough from the city, a full hundred kilometers, that they might have thought he wouldn't be found.

But no—how then would his death have served as warning? Without a body the message, as they say, could not be received. They'd dumped him, checked the lock schedule, and known that before long his name would turn up in the news.

Once the Italian hung up I sat down in the garden with a cold tea and was still there when Fawzia returned from her appointment, her expression concerned as she came through the gate, or perhaps it was merely the fatigue of the bus ride. When she saw me her face changed in a way I couldn't describe, until I realized from her sharp question that she feared something had happened to her sister, my wife. No, no, I said, seeing the children now gathered to the door, no, a friend, a friend is dead.

But I blame myself for using this word—was he a

friend? We would chat, sometimes among others we would have a meal, but Shahid was not what you'd call friendly, and though you'd nudge him to tell a story or watch him as a joke was told, he maintained his charming but—I said to others and even once to him—overplayed reserve. In his absence we discussed how his sources among the fundamentalists were almost too good, his coverage of them almost too intimate. This isn't quite what we meant; rather, how in him pragmatism and zealotry were so potently allied. Will you come on for a segment about the murdered journalist? I got a call from the West Coast indy radio show I appeared on occasionally, and it was then that I skimmed the American press and saw Shahid's death had been noted even there—briefly, but noted. Of course, I said, he was a friend, and again I hadn't intended to use that word. *Colleague* would have been accurate, though *comrade* was what next occurred to me, despite its connotations, which were not what I meant and which would never have amused Shahid.

It seemed geography and profession had claimed us for the same side of whatever this was. For seven, eight years now US drones have bombarded the fundamentalist camps in the mountains, though protests grow more vehement and diplomatic relations more strained every year. Bombs land again on an impoverished village, or, in the brutal error the American military is almost laughably prone to, a wedding party. A boy escaping one strike runs up the mountain to be killed an hour later in another. Discovered among the dead in a camp of militants are a few members of the intelligence services. Allies, these nations, and yet. This spring the Americans dived out of the sky into an unassuming compound in the north, there to kill not any mere terrorist but the Director. They shot him in his bedroom triumphantly, his children waiting on the balcony just outside. His body was thrown to the sea between the two nations. It was said he had lived here, allegedly undetected, for years. Such events can only remind one of the magnitude of their surveillance, my native country overseeing my present home, so that in moments of real emotion—my eyes damp in the garden, the Italian incomprehensible on the phone—I find myself subject to a humiliating self-consciousness, I look skyward and think I ought to go in. It's said that they located the Director by the vibrations of his windows, which when surveyed by laser over time confirmed that there was one more man conversing within those walls than ever left their confines. Soon enough he was dead.

And so, the story somehow continues, was Shahid.

Shahid who didn't even trust waiters, met his sources

amid the crowd on a bus or the thick of a market.

We should talk, I said to him, after he'd congratulated me on a piece in which I'd nearly proved that the intelligence services had interfered in a local election to the southeast, prevented a recount that had wide popular support. He looked more interested than I expected. Yes, let's meet next week, he said, his eyes bright through dirty glasses. But time passes and six weeks later he was dead.

What could I say to the radio show, to the US press, to anyone? Shahid, I might begin, had shown great courage and had remarkable access to both military and insurgent fundamentalist sources. Which is how he could so condemningly detail the degree to which the former had been infiltrated by the latter. How often the military seemed in its so-called victories in the mountains to leave supply lines open; when they moved into villages somehow only a few token fighters remained. But just what could anyone prove? Few—really no one other than Shahid—ventured into that territory to see for themselves, since journalist after journalist had been kidnapped there.

A few months ago when the navy had quietly purged its ranks of suspected infiltrators, a vicious attack on one of its bases followed, thirteen dead. A base not far at all from a nuclear facility. This was the focus of Shahid's latest stories, as fervent as always and as always with his beautiful sources—sources to die for, the now appalling phrase but one which we'd used. These sources claimed that the terrorist infiltration of the military's ranks was so profound that any attempt to resist would be cause for war, a war in which, given the speed and brutality of the retaliation, the thirteen dead sailors, it must be said that the terrorists were holding their own.

I could only recite Shahid's achievements, with perhaps a critical gloss, and offer a few trite sentences on the man himself. What his murder might mean for journalism in this besieged nation. We all wanted to write his story, to do it justice. But despite all intentions and accusations, fingers pointed even by American generals, the sentence endured, implacable: *The intelligence services deny any involvement in the journalist's death.*

I couldn't say how much Shahid's death might disturb the economies by which so many across factions survived. His sources among the fundamentalists would never talk to me—no one will talk to an American, the others assured me. We sat around at dinner again, late, very

late, so that the heat had at last somewhat subsided, and insects gathered deafeningly to the lamps, cigarette after cigarette did not drive them off. It was the sort of gathering Shahid would rarely have attended and which since his death I had frequented. No one will talk to an American. But no one will torture and kill me, either, I said, then recalled that the facts did not back me up on this, and there was general laughter, though I wished for silence. Beyond the lamplight the sky was a deep haze and I was too drunk. Somewhere to the east a drone dipped into the mountains.

We went on with our work, the intelligence services went on with theirs. A week later one of Shahid's sources turned up: killed in an American strike. He was high up in the chain, a prize for any reporter or soldier; his number, it was said, appeared every few days in Shahid's phone. Of the two he got the better death—gone in the explosion, not for him broken ribs, ruptured organs, the numbered lacerations we read of in the autopsy report on our colleague. Well, I'd written nothing of Shahid's murder, but at least—I might joke, on the right night and in the right company—at least my fellow countrymen had not been left empty-handed.

Unmanned is an interesting word, I said to my wife. Why do you always use that word? she said. It's correct, I said, it's what everyone says, the drones are—No, she said, *interesting*, this is such an American word, to Americans everything is always *interesting*.

I was just making an observation, I said. No, she said, I mean, yes, this is what I am saying, it's only *interesting* when it happens to someone else. Unmanned, I said, smiling, I am unmanned! She nodded, then shook her head. I as a woman am always unmanned, she said, and what does that mean?

But I didn't reply, thinking then of Shahid, whose habits—cell phone zipped up in its sheath, head leaned near a stranger's on any bus—in death became facts, stagnant and singular. Picture the Director, shrouded and sinking into the waves. His enemies wouldn't permit him a body: a symbol the living could claim.

To claim a body, I said aloud once my wife had left, and I ran my fingers over the keyboard. Those who had whispered their truths and half-truths to Shahid may now be silent, their souls still burdened. I would hear you, I said, but my words meant nothing to the night, the untold distance, through the smog the winking stars.

BIOS

Cynthia Arrieu-King is an associate professor of creative writing at Stockton University and a former Kundiman fellow. Her books include *People are Tiny in Paintings of China* (Octopus Books 2010), *Manifest* (Switchback Books 2013) and her collaborative book of poems written with the late Hillary Gravendyk (1913 Press 2016). She lives in Philadelphia. cynthiaarrieuking.blogspot.com.

James Belflower received his PhD in contemporary poetry and poetics from SUNY Albany. His research intervenes in Postmodern declarations of the “end of intimacy” by reassessing how sensory relationships in poetry, film, architecture, and the culinary arts complement new experiences of materiality, affect, and collectivity. He is the author of *The Posture of Contour / A Public Primer* (Spring Gun Press, 2013), *Commuter* (Instance Press, 2009), and *Bird Leaves the Cornice*, winner of the 2011 Spring Gun Press Chapbook Prize. His poems, essays, and reviews appear, or are forthcoming in: *Aufgabe*, *Fence*, *New American Writing, 1913*, and *Drunken Boat* among others. He co-curates the Yes! Poetry and Performance Series in Albany NY whose mission is to bring writing into conversation with other art forms. You can read more here: www.jamesbelflower.com.

Andrew Brenza is a librarian and experimental poet living in New Jersey. He is the author of two chapbooks, *8 Skies* (Beard of Bees Press) and *21 Skies* (Shirt Pocket Press). His work can also be found in various online and print journals, including *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *The Cortland*

Review, *Jellyfish*, and *Sink*. His first full-length collection, *Gossamer Lid* was recently released from Trembling Pillow Press.

Laynie Browne wants to live in a world in which poetry invents and invites futures we want to inhabit.

Laura Da' is a poet and public school teacher. A lifetime resident of the Pacific Northwest, Da' studied creative writing at the University of Washington and the Institute of American Indian Arts. Her first book, *Tributaries*, won a 2016 American Book Award.

Tracy Dimond co-curates Ink Press Productions. Her latest chapbook, *I Want Your Tan*, was released in May 2015 by Ink Press. She is also the author of *Grind My Bones Into Glitter*, *Then Swim Through The Shimmer* (NAP, 2014) and *Sorry I Wrote So Many Sad Poems Today* (Ink Press, 2013). Her poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *The Nervous Breakdown*, *Barrelhouse*, *Pinnwheel*, *Sink Review*, and other places. She holds her MFA in Creative Writing & Publishing Arts from the University of Baltimore. She teaches composition and works in library event programming.

Indira Ganesan's last novel was *As Sweet as Honey*. She teaches part-time at Emerson College.

Kim Gek Lin Short is the author of the cross-genre novels *The Bugging Watch & Other Exhibits* and *China Cowboy*, both from Tarpaulin Sky Press, as well as the hybrid collections *Run* and *The Residents*. She lives in Philadelphia with her husband and daughter.

jared hayes tends to shadows and their ghosts in portland, oregon...hayes is the author of

The Dead Love (Black Radish Books, 2012) and *Bandit* (Little Red Leaves' Textile Series, 2012)... jared enjoys being in the company of the Dusie Kollektiv, Black Radish Books, and Livestock Editions. if you collect things... share yr collection with jared at livestockjared@gmail.com...

Laura Christina Dunn graduated in 2009 from the MFA program at the University of Montana. Her poems have appeared in journals such as *At Length*, *Fugue*, *The Bear Deluxe*, *Zocalo Public Square*, and *Alligator Juniper*, among others. *Spider Blue*, her chapbook from Dancing Girl Press, was published in March 2015. She has released three full-length albums with her band Laura Dunn and the Ghosts of Xmas Past, and she is the 2015 recipient of The Oregon Literary Fellowship in poetry.

Matthew Klane is co-editor of Flim Forum Press. He is the author of *B* (Stockport Flats, 2008), *Che* (Stockport Flats, 2012), an e-chapbook *from Of the Day* (Delete Press, 2014), and an e-book, *My* (forthcoming from Fence Books). He currently lives and writes in Albany, NY where he co-curates the Yes! Poetry and Performance Series and teaches at the Sage Colleges.

Christopher Klingbeil has toured the American West as a government lumberjack and forester. He took MFAs away from Boise State and Colorado State. Recently, his poems have appeared in *Radar*, *Salt Hill*, and *Vinyl Poetry*, among others. His chapbook, *evaporatus*, is the longest chapbook in the world; it won the 2013 Jenny Catlin Competition at ELJ Publications.

Davy Knittle's reviews and

poems have appeared recently or are forthcoming in *Fence*, *Jacket2*, *Denver Quarterly*, and *Iowa Review*. His first chapbook, *cyclorama*, was released by The Operating System in April. He lives in Philadelphia, where he is a PhD candidate in English at Penn.

Derrick Ortega writes poetry as well as experimental literature. He is interested in the fiction of memory and is currently working on a collection of poems titled “Dunes” about the space and time of reentering society after experiencing trauma. His work has been selected for publication in *Small Po[r]tions*, *Calliope*, and *Sole Image*. He currently resides in Buena Park, CA with his spouse, Xenia.

Born in Ottawa, Canada’s glorious capital city, rob mclennan currently lives in Ottawa. The author of nearly thirty trade books of poetry, fiction and non-fiction, he won the John Newlove Poetry Award in 2010, the Council for the Arts in Ottawa Mid-Career Award in 2014, and was longlisted for the CBC Poetry Prize in 2012. His most recent titles include *notes and dispatches: essays* (Insomniac press, 2014), *The Uncertainty Principle: stories*, (Chaudiere Books, 2014) and the poetry collection *If suppose we are a fragment* (BuschekBooks, 2014). An editor and publisher, he runs above/ground press, Chaudiere Books, *The Garneau Review* (ottawater.com/garneaureview), *seventeen seconds: a journal of poetry and poetics* (ottawater.com/seventeenseconds), *Touch the Donkey* (touchthedonkey.blogspot.com) and the Ottawa poetry pdf annual *ottawater* (ottawater.com). He spent the 2007-8 academic year in Edmonton as writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta, and regularly posts reviews, essays, interviews and other notices at robmclennan.blogspot.com

Danielle Pafunda's books include *The Dead Girls Speak in Unison* (Bloof Books 2017), *Natural History Rape Museum*, *Manhater*, and *Iatrogenic*. She lives in the desert with her children.

Hilary Plum is the author of the novel *They Dragged Them Through the Streets* (FC2, 2013) and the essay *Watchfires*, forthcoming in 2016. She is a book-review editor with the *Kenyon Review* and co-edits Rescue Press’s Open Prose Series. She lives in Philadelphia.

Miriam Sagan's most recent collection *GEOGRAPHIC* (Casa de Snapdragon) won the 2016 Arizona/New Mexico Book Award in poetry. She founded and headed the creative writing program at

Santa Fe Community College for many years. She works as part of a creative duo, Maternal Mitochondria, with her daughter, visual artist Isabel Winson-Sagan.

Zach Savich's newest book of poetry is *The Orchard Green and Every Color*, from Omnidawn. He teaches at the University of the Arts.

Travis A Sharp is a queer poet, intermedia writer and book artist living in Seattle. Travis is a co-founding editor of *small po[r]tions journal* and Letter [r] Press and is an editor at Essay Press. Travis’ poetry, essays and interviews have appeared with or are forthcoming from *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Big Lucks*, *Entropy*, *The Conversant*, *Deluge*, *Tinderbox*, *Belleville Park Pages*, and elsewhere. Travis has an MFA in Creative Writing and Poetics from the University of Washington, Bothell, where Travis tutors and teaches writing. Find more info at TravisASharp.com.

A 2015 Pew Fellow in the Arts, Brian Teare is the recipient of poetry fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, the MacDowell Colony, the Headlands Center for the Arts, the Fund for Poetry, and the American Antiquarian Society. He is the author of four critically acclaimed books—*The Room Where I Was Born*, *Sight Map*, the Lambda Award-winning *Pleasure*, and *Companion Grasses*, a finalist for the Kingsley Tufts Award. His fifth book is *The Empty Form Goes All the Way to Heaven* (Ahsahta, 2015). An Assistant Professor at Temple University, he lives in South Philadelphia, where he makes books by hand for his micropress, Albion Books.

Matt Trease is an artist, IT Administrator, and astrology junkie living in Seattle, WA. His poems have appeared recently in *The Cordite Poetry Review*, *filling Station*, *V+L-A=K*, *Otoliths*, *small po(r)tions*, and *Hotel Amerika*. He is the author of the chapbook *Later Heaven: Production Cycles* ([busylittle1way designs](http://busylittle1waydesigns)). His idea of romance is an Exquisite Corpse. He is Temperance crossed with The Hierophant. He also makes good tacos.

Ellen Welcker has other poems from “The Pink Tablet” in *Dusie* and *H_NGM_N*. Chapbooks *Mouth That Tastes of Gasoline* (alice blue, 2014), and *The Urban Lightning Professionals* (H_NGM_N, 2011), and a book, *The Botanical Garden* (Astrophil Poetry Prize, Astrophil Press, 2010) also exist. She lives in Spokane, WA, and works with the Bagley Wright Lecture Series on Poetry. With the writer Sharma Shields, she is building Scablands Lit, an organization that supports writers in the Inland Northwest.

