

CONCIS

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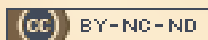
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Pastoral

Someone made a craft of balloons and lawnmowers
a chaise lounge a cup for martinis and rose above landscape
drifted and came down pleasantly streamside
where kingbirds were associating easily with peewees
and tyrants the way a dalmatian can move among holsteins
with a sense of belonging

Optimism

The gift of the future was finding out
how wrong we were about the past
We were so open to everything
it was like unprotected X
We wrote words like leaves that fell
and turned in the current
as a rotating wing reducing pressure
on its cambered face produces lift

Allan Peterson's recent books are: *Other Than They Seem* (Tupelo Press, 2016), winner of the Snowbound Chapbook Prize, *Precarious* (42 Miles Press, 2014), a finalist for The Lascaux Prize and *Fragile Acts* (McSweeney's Poetry Series, 2012), a finalist for both the National Book Critics Circle and Oregon Book Awards.

Impaction

Some people state *some people*, but neither word is exactly what they mean. *Some* is a lie, because it expresses inexactitude, and *people* is a lie because it is a generality. The people that state *some people* know exactly what they are saying, but choose inexact generalities to express it.

The word *impact*, meaning the point of collision, no longer suffices as a noun. Engineers find themselves *impacted* by the living conditions they witness. They are impacted by the *people* in these conditions, and the people, because of their conditions, have no choice but to impact.

Dentists are not impacted like engineers. Dentists witness impaction. A wisdom tooth becomes impacted, and the dentist's job is to extract it *from* impaction.

Influence is like wind—the thing itself is invisible, but its effect is free and available to the eye. Trees bend to it—people's lives break from it.

Execution

Blinded and bound, I stiffen
for triggers.
Inside my eye you spread.
The horses you water by the shore.
Bullets splash my heart,
blue hooves, the waves

The Brightening Air

Chartreuse gown
iconic as Harlow
between songs you smoke
your bedroom flickers
my sonnet on dahlias
the hyaline dawn

Eric G. Wilson is the author of *Against Happiness*. His work has appeared in *The Portland Review*, *Prelude*, the *Notre Dame Review*, *The Collagist*, *The Vestal Review*, *THE FANZINE*, *The Virginia Quarterly Review* and elsewhere. *Polaris Ghost*, his novella, is coming out with Outpost 19 in 2018. He teaches at Wake Forest University.

As Soon As Possible in the Past

Stuffed animals left a knife smell
we stick on the asphalt. I suggested no

such half-toothed smile. Warm
drink, arrogant beauty—

possibilities of night, deserted
hallways. It was—

it was not her.

A blonde started throat dancing.
I dance, I did, I dance, I do a little.

Light, chewing sound of copper pennies
being run through the mouth. I found

myself licking the motel window.
Air thick with burning feathers.

Tape the door closed, tomorrow
will take all day.

Ontology

A bullet-size hole
in my chest; my best

attempts at love escape. A story
of wrong doors opened

in a wrong order. A multiple

choice test. A towel I left
on the beach

the morning
my mother ran out of air.

Turn Around

Let me repent my god and die.
Without a woman I am not.
I offered everything. It bought
me nothing. In the church of thigh

and idyll, she strips. But her sighs
betray the worship I have sought.
Let me repent my gods and die.
Without a woman I am not

nothing yet my praise seems a lie,
empty as wind in a chime, caught
briefly in sound like a blood clot
snags on what a spirit denies.
Let me repent, O Lord, and die.

Peter Munro is a fisheries scientist who works in the Bering Sea, the Gulf of Alaska, the Aleutian Islands and Seattle. Munro's poems have been published or are forthcoming in *Poetry*, the *Beloit Poetry Journal*, the *Iowa Review*, the *Birmingham Poetry Review*, *Passages North*, *The Cortland Review*, *The Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *Compose*, *Rattle*, *Toe Good Poetry* and elsewhere.



Sans

HaShem mans a mean sea.

A name's a seam.

A seaman's ash: amen, shema.

Mama smashes manna.

Jennifer Wortman's work has been or will be published in *Glimmer Train*, *DIAGRAM*, *North American Review*, *Hobart*, *The Normal School*, *PANK*, *Massachusetts Review* and elsewhere. She is an associate fiction editor for *Colorado Review* and an instructor at Lighthouse Writers Workshop.

American Émigré

The fence that wrapped our field
has collapsed from bolting horses &
the steady weight of winter. Barbs
no longer snag our jeans or bloody
our hands when we flee the burning
that is home. Small signal fires light
the hills red. Another country some-
where out there promises a peace it
cannot possibly keep. Repeat after
me: the cities we'll build on the ruin
of other cities will shimmer & shine
before they fall.



July the 4th

We're lying down in a buzzcut field
watching gut-shot night sparkle &
shower us all in a hot fizzled glow.
Hiding inside ourselves as children
unsure how a country works. Rifts
excised for an hour. The distraction
of awe. Watching miniature flags
flap fiercely on thin plastic sticks.
Even the statues are forgetting their
lost battles. Moss is forgetting how
to hold the stone walls in place. *So
much blue up there*, our daughter
says. *& reds, but together.*

John Sibley Williams is the editor of two Northwest poetry anthologies and the author of nine collections, including *Disinheritance* and *Controlled Hallucinations*. His work can be found in *The Yale Review*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Sycamore Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Saranac Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *Arts & Letters*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Mid-American Review*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Third Coast* and various anthologies. He lives in Portland, Oregon.



Tonka

It grew increasingly clear over time, despite small victories along the way, that I was coming out a loser. This distressed me because I had always envisaged myself as a winner. If you're resigned to being a loser, then it's easier to digest. If you have somehow fooled yourself, or others have fooled you, into believing you're a winner when the opposite is proving true, life can become a monstrous drag. And what makes it even more of a drag is that even though you're always entering the fray with the best hand, with the technical or mathematical edge, the underdogs are coming out on top, arms raised, the crowd cheering them on, almost every single time. It leads to despair. But you have to push on. You can't just hit a restart button. Even jumping from an eighth floor balcony requires some forethought. You have to consider the pain, shattered bones, horrified passing children or seniors, and the trauma to the apartment building itself. And what if by some miracle you survive such a fall. Surely you'd be a drooling vegetable, loathsome to look at, a burden on family and society. If things were fair, and the odds weren't always being bucked, life may have been different. But you can only play with the toy truck of "what if" for so long before your maturity or sanity comes into question. Let's go to the balcony and reach back our arm and hurl that toy truck across the street. Let's also hope that no children or seniors coincide with its trajectory.

At Dusk

Walking at dusk, wild
flowers fry on the gray-green
back of a world half

asleep. The sun sets
fire on car fenders while in
kitchens cutlery

clinks. A show bell rings.
Dogs call out in their yards: Hey
pal, you hear that? Hey

hey, hey. Shaking voice
boxes at the fading day.
Hey hey, hey. Hey hey.

Kristen Havens' poetry and fiction is forthcoming or has appeared in *Kaaterskill Basin Literary Journal*, *The HYSTERIA Anthology*, *The Fourth River*, *Ekphrasis*, *Slipstream*, *FRIgg* and *88*, among others. She lives and writes in Los Angeles.



Transformation

Kore is me in the eyes of my dream.
Rivers are my first mirrors
a game of pass-the-rumors to leaves
in the wind, my first telephone—

in this dream, caked in the back

of the skull, speckled cobwebs
are the night sky I watch
my airplanes dance 'round Venus
like a ceremonial feather spinning
circles to a mourning mother's expectations—

I hear orchids growing from my nails
and rejoice the day the dark man stole me.

Britny Cordera is the author of the collection *Wingmakers* (Pinyon Publishing, 2015). In 2016, her work was nominated for a Pushcart Prize, and her poetry can be found or is forthcoming in *Pantheon Magazine*, *Pinyon Review*, *Canopic Jar Suites* and *Light: a Journal of Poetry and Photography*.



From the Porch of Madonna della Salute

—for PD Mallamo

Abuement and abut; she's mighty. Stretched right over a quarter light year the surface of the event horizon here in our center; shaking our mast.

I send the probes down into it and we watch them shimmer over its surface like small wings, cutting into its damp. Flickering.

“She's a beauty,” she says, and I say, “Yes.”

Yes she is. For one thousand years we've been approaching her and performed all kinds of models, sent in scouts, listened to transmissions, even spoken to a species who has penetrated it, written of it in poetry, sketched in amber and basalt, sung and performed, made movies of it, written under its bough, but still nothing compares to the vision we have of it now, under its doorstep, watching it shake.

We live beneath fifteen miles of metal so it isn't as though our naked eyes behold it, but this is the closest.

One quarter of one light year—maybe two trillion kilometers—under her cheek.

Suddenly she throws up a storm, and we've been seeing them for weeks, months, years, but now we're right underneath it, facing as Turner the implacable face of Atlantic god, superhuman stunningly on met and sanded geodesics curling out of the starry rainbow mirror of it, cutting into our metal and through the phosphorescent cameras which die and are reborn giving us our visuals:

“Yes.”

She shivers like a woman, this window into galactic center, horizon Pacific, delimited delimitless ocean, our door...

White blanks the eye and we move under its ejection, iota spundicular in the gassy eruption; bacterium through geyser; I blink.



“Whee!” she says, and I kiss her.

I shouldn’t have done it, but I did it. Our city shouldn’t have come, but we did.
More insanity is hard to mention; anything more absurd; anything.

The dimpled mat of a sea god; river god; naiad filled with a righteous anger,
unreachable, erotic, and mighty:

She wavers and then I see a probe re-emerge from her, Orpheus out from
Hades, and though it is destroyed we get a burst of data and our physicists
cheer, weeping, looking over the parabolics for the right equation to mark our
entry point.

Holding on to the lyre.



Exit Music: Microcosm

This country/ it's the little things
This planet/ the street you grew up on
This moment may be/ your most recent lover's choice of soap
A haunted house/ if you look close enough
But I've got my own/ their stage-whispering obsolescence
Rickety mansion full of ghosts/ it's circling a black hole
And the living/ I am a black hole circling
I keep it in my jacket pocket/ like a music box
Sometimes I peer in there/ oh my snowglobe
Watch the little haunted people/ turn the key for a song
Burning the furniture for warmth
And making flutes/ a bigger black hole
Out of one another's
Tiny bones

Nate Maxson is a writer and performance artist. He is always approximately several more years of schooling or a few shots of whiskey away from being a very irresponsible psychologist. He is the author of several collections of poetry and he lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico.



[We grow away from strangers]

We grow away from strangers
remain unsolved

by a bramble-shadowed stream
grey rock turning black in a sudden field of snow

your distance I wonder at
tightens the loveliness

reaches in
to lead us out

Jude Dillon ...would have made this shorter but he ran out of time... And yes, he read that recently somewhere, maybe heard it on the train... What is original, is this poem, from his manuscript, *Blue Noir*. Solitary walks and photography are distractions that inspire. Jude lives by his camera in Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Words that Glide Past Cryptid Hunters

When records open to eclectic simulacra,
Spinning like Disney's hippos in tutus,
They prove, again, business' isotopy.

Poor craftsmanship's happenstances,
Offering no signs of fiduciary rendition,
Cough or hack vis-a-vis virtual reality.

The illumination of the actual orients generative
Grammar, remains the stuff of speculative fiction,
Gives over ideological pablum in horrific doses.

Accordingly, the offspring of self-fulfilling critics,
Signify that certain observed objects produce
Alternative paradigmatic events, also plum jelly.

Metaphysics-oriented tackle, needing existential
Importance (and access to fine bibelots) rots since
Opinion relies on perspective, bribes, good teeth.

Before we delight in empowered organizations,
Clarify hypotheses on earth worms, maybe caviar
Should support theories that generate royalties.



Soundtrack

In the space between hearing and listening I'm stuck. Imperfect soundproofing hands me half an earful of narrative straight from another kitchen sink. I should listen away. Can't. Sleety sound effects, trickles of dialogues seep out, soak in my low-quality socks. Downstairs as downstairs neighbors are supposed to be, they lift the lid of their domestic music box, lift it with the very tips of their voices. Humming thrumming drumming. I make out few of their words, high volume helps, & ■■■■ is an easy one. The others wade beyond recognition, end up moving like shadow puppets made with mittens on. Their mouths are not the only ones talking. Their TV set has a loud flush. Their chair legs sharpen their claws on the tiles. Their cigarettes hiss by the window. Huffing puffing. Their trained bed comments upon whatever love they are making. Their doors slam themselves to sleep. Their arguments run in red high heels. Babbling. Their baby girl must question the ceiling every time my pile of books tumbles to the floor.

Florence Lenaers is a usurper—a physics PhD student pretending to be a poet, or perhaps the other way around. When not meddling with words, she weaves tales of atoms trapped in cages of light & castles of magnetic field lines at the University of Liège (Belgium). Her work has appeared, or is forthcoming, in *Strange Horizons*, *And Other Poems*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *The Stockholm Review of Literature*, *The Tangerine* and *Low Light Magazine*.



Dutch Tilt

Dreamed I was in the back seat of a car with Robert Downey, Jr., a big black Packard like in a James M. Cain story. We're making a movie, we're making out; we're being filmed through the side window by two guys crouched behind an old-fashioned camera shaped like Mickey Mouse ears. Robert wears a white shirt. He bends over me as I fall back against the vast upholstery. There is a driver, black suit and skinny tie, half turned in his seat. He gestures, and we look behind us, and framed in the back window is the top half of a huge rising moon, craters visible on its surface, moonlight shining in so that Robert's white shirt glows and glows, the light nearly shattering the blue glass of my eyes.

Jennifer Handley writes and teaches writing in northwest Washington State. Her work has most recently appeared in *100 Word Story*. Her essays have also appeared in *Puerto del Sol*, *Calapooya Collage* and *Trestle Creek Review*.

The Red Disk

—for Joan Miro

one does not
blanch
a river's
milk in
a trench



Tim Adams has been a beetle, crow, mountain lion, seashell, gust of wind, cathedral spire, a chant in the middle of night, a wooden drum by the river, a still filled then emptied, a human so human it cannot bear its humanity. A playwright, poet, word sculptor, rhythmic music maker and more, his work has been published in various journals (not dissimilar to this one) & can be found on Nationtimesyndrome.com & [@spaceadams](https://www.instagram.com/spaceadams) on Instagram. Love the world and she loves you back—that's a good way to end this, he decides.



The Cheated Will Shape It So It Fits

she — he — & me:
three little glooms

three wounds corralled

I will drink to that
& to hammers
& to their flat, red impacts

James Blevins is an award-winning poet who studied English and Creative Writing at the College of Central Florida. His first published short story, "For All the Bending," was included in the 2016 Scythe Prize collection. His poetry has been published or has been accepted to be published in *Pretty Owl Poetry*, *Alexandria Quarterly*, *Literary Juice*, *AZURE*, *Two Hawks Quarterly* and *THAT Literary Review*.



Wheel

Weeds blow
among ruins. Stones
cut to fit tight, fortress
razed to three
stones high.

People selling antennas,
fried bananas,
brooms, scratch
their chigger bites.

Cuenca's cathedral,
where I place my running
shoes on the steps for someone,
light a candle.

Ornaments, vessels,
tools for killing or making music...
Incans lived without the wheel.
Vendor piercing

the square with ice cream
cries. Little hands,
sticky with ice cream,
washed in the colonial fountain.

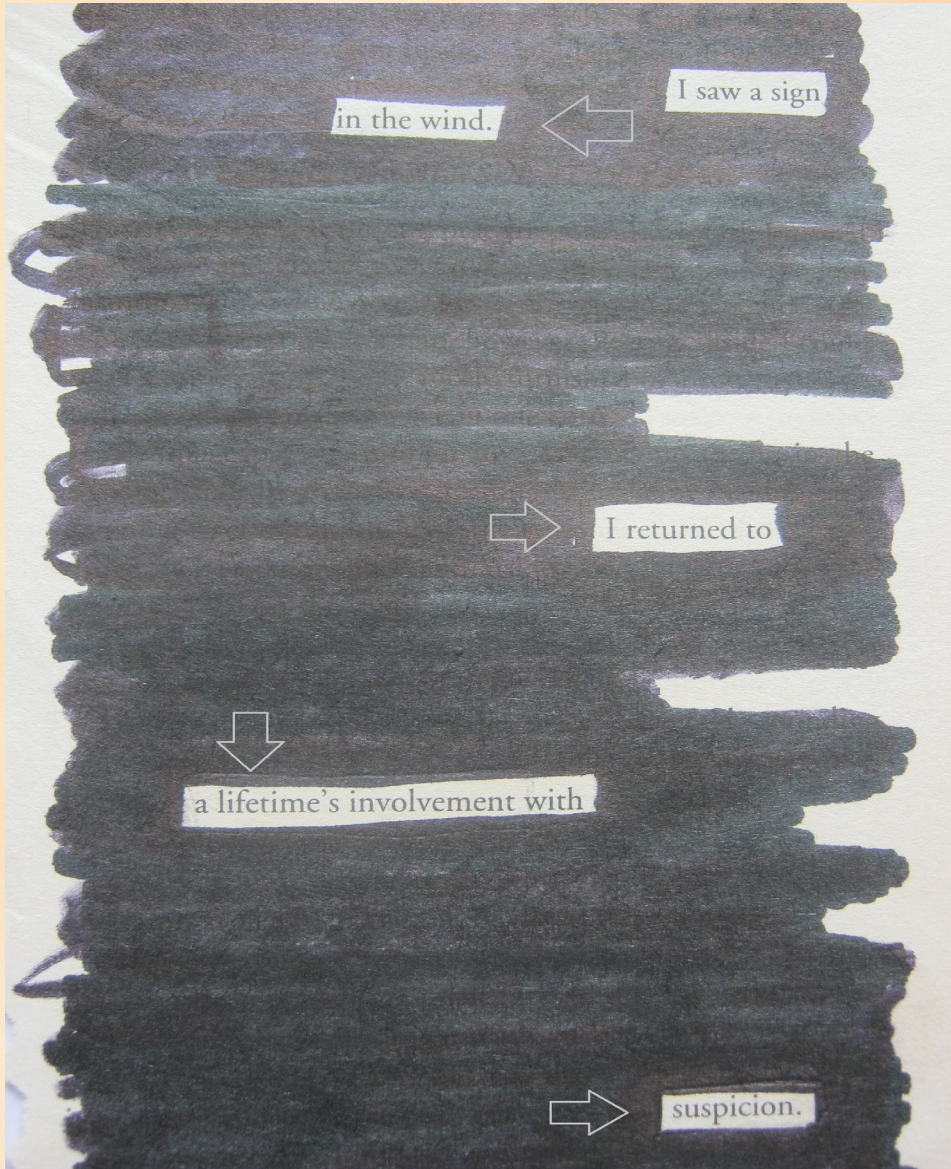


In the market,
so many
chickens on spits
and a girl sobbing

beside a wire bin,
so overbrimmed
with chicken heads
they slide right off
the edge of the rim.

Jari Chevalier's poems have appeared in *American Literary Review*, *Arcturus*, *Barrow Street*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Boulevard*, *Cimarron Review*, *The Cincinnati Review*, *The Cortland Review*, *Gulf Coast Online*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Ploughshares* and other literary journals. In Fall 2016 she won the inaugural poetry contest at Sheila-Na-Gig Online. She holds a Bachelor of Arts in writing and literature from Columbia University and a Master of Arts in Creative Writing from CCNY where she studied with the late William Matthews and received an Academy of American Poets Prize.

Signs



Michelle Granville lives in the west of Ireland and would like to consider herself a writer and an artist, despite all evidence to the contrary.



Mosquito Logic Three (We the Help)

Emerging from your chrysalis, you were welcomed by an ignition of light that caught you and held you there. The warmth of crossed hands, pudgy and sterile. Is this true? Can belief be found in a place full of failed attempts to coalesce?

Peter says that he really just misses his kids and thank GOD for those emergency workers for talking him off that roof. You think sort of less of him each time he says the word God.

You're waiting for the coloring session to end, to show a blackness sans blackness and then he brings up his kids again, each time he says *kids* he blinks like a falcon.

Paper Revolution

Paper stays with us, black and smoky like the sky above the roofs but behind the trees and there, automatic, it wasn't, that thing that made me turn the lights on, car alarms buzzing and shouting, a noisy night of mammalian thunder and siren's arms spilling out of cars. When the bomb hits, it's only one, and wow, what a brightness and forth of July to a dead revolution, but bombs still burst. Here's me in my quiet bed imagining blood. If only those soft curls fell on wounds, if only the snow, but why even talk of snow in a San Jose drought? This will be forgotten; an impact arises and grows from ambition, is that right? I doubt it. There's door-kings of glass to grab, but leave the door closed. All the belts behind the door hide their history and the sky is cracking. Where are the soft hamburgers of pointed pain, a mess, but popcorn helps. It has no edges, only a plaintive mew. The bombs scratch the sky. Did we really do it all on purpose? We bought it, the breaking of many branches.

Lita Kurth earned her MFA from Pacific Lutheran University and has published work in three genres. Her creative nonfiction, "Pivot," and flash fiction, "Gardener's Delight," (Dragonfly Press DNA) were nominated for the Pushcart Prize. Winner of the 2014 Diana Woods Memorial Award and co-founder of the **Flash Fiction Forum** reading series in San Jose, Kurth teaches at De Anza College and in private workshops and is a contributor to *Tikkun DAILY*, *the review review*, *Classism Exposed* and San Jose's *Metro*.

Lookout Mountain

Stuffed with the tongues
of hummingbirds

the snapdragons
stoically choked

through August into
fall.

Mother heard
the thunder

days before
the storm.

Of course, her nerves
were a spine

of army ants
on fire.



A Tiny Crown

O Bug bug bug bug bug...

—John Hollander

Little musical hairdressers, His
favorites sing with nail and comb,
natter rhythmic clicksongs in His ear,

so many variations after the first
essay: pool skimmers to slide over
shady waters, little kitchen demigods

ruining the flour, nano-lumberjacks,
and you, assiduous worker, proud
to roll your ball of dung in the broad

field of His approving gaze: a God
so plainly fond of you if otherwise
unknowable, capricious, obscure.

Martha McCollough is a writer and video artist living in Chelsea, Massachusetts. She has an MFA in painting from Pratt Institute. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Baffler*, *Cream City Review*, *Crab Creek Review*, *Cleaver* and *Salamander*, among others. Her videopoems have appeared in *Triquarterly*, *Datableed* and *Atticus Review*.



Court-Bouillon

is what French militants dubbed
the fish head mélange, but we say
Coubion, because the fewer syllables
the less bourgeois. This is no tartare.
This is the muculent skull of an arrow,
stirred into a stock with the butts
of scallions & celery, jealousy & snot.
Like Goliath's lot, this too is prepared
for the sovereign, along with its guts
dangling from where the severance
took place. If a scalp is clutched
by its locks there is a face, if clasped
by its beard, a squid. Crustacean
shells & grey shallots may be heaved
in to give the stew more of a zing.
To ready the king's palette, intestines
snipped from beneath the pectoral fin
are waved before his anointed brow,
in a hypnotic baiting, blood clotted
grapes. Here, he must bite down
& strain every drop before hawking
the putrid skins across the raw slate.

Clemonce Heard, from the well seasoned city of New Orleans, is cofounder of Brainy Acts Poetry Society (BAPS), a spoken word student organization established in 2010 at Northwestern State University of Louisiana. Heard is also the Poetry Editor at *Door is Ajar*. Heard is currently working on his MFA in Poetry at Oklahoma State University.



Appalachia

A woodchuck munches
on a bruised crabapple
beyond the clothesline
where we play badminton.
It wobbles off, past mulch

and duff, snout dabbling in
rough muckage. Dandelions
lush the lawn with blowsy
ghosts. A truck guzzles up
a fog of yellow dust. Mizzle

stuns our horse-pond. Knuckle
deep, seep jellies over periwinkles,
whole brindled bundles of them.
A backlit buckle of felled trees
now doubles in it. Autumn,

and my life is almost over.
No, it only feels that way. Really,
the overcast erupts in slender
tinsel. Fat glops of frog spawn
slurry. The faint light suffers.

Will Cordeiro has recent work appearing or forthcoming in *Best New Poets 2016*, *DIAGRAM*, *inter|rupture*, *Nashville Review*, *[PANK]*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Whiskey Island* and elsewhere. He lives in Flagstaff, where he teaches in the Honors College at Northern Arizona University.

The Breakneck Boys

prettily-lit
& laced with that wealthy haze
insinuating older gentlemen
(aged less by trial than by trouser-ironing better halves)
practiced in rain-based exchanges of words
an hour here or there
in rooms kept safe
barred from the breakneck boys
by the legitimate sons
however dumb
(however deaf)
in letter jackets
linens & ties crafted for the occasion
crowded 'round
listening carefully for oceans
in shells
hallowed out
for the purpose of being easily swayed

Amanda J. Bermudez is a writer and director based in Los Angeles, California. Her work has been featured at the International Festival of Arts & Ideas, the National Winter Playwrights Retreat, and the Yale Center for British Art. She is a National Merit Scholar, recipient of the Jameson Prize, a Writer's Digest National Award Winner, nominee for the Spotlight Culture & Heritage Award, and winner of the 2017 Cinequest Film Festival screenwriting award.



The Hurried Valley

Nearly died of too much weekend. Even if you have only one symptom, you've probably got the whole disease. Like a bloodhound who's lost the scent, you have to learn to adjust your goals. I thought I saw a face in the trees, but it was just my pareidolia acting up. Bruegel or Bosch? It's bad, but it won't kill you. My half-sister arrived with a basket of rented food. Usually it doesn't agree with me, but here in Purgatory Park, I feel like a total bro, for sure. That's why I tell people, *Appreciate each hand clapping in the applause. You never know when it's going to be too late to benefit from exercise.* But it's a balancing act. Your heart beats all the time. Six of one, a half-dozen of the other. Pretty soon you've grown eyes in the back of your head and the mountains crawl toward you, like a hunter on his knees, the dark of the approaching valleys, black and smooth as a panther's flank. You'd like to think they only toy with you, but you've never run as fast as you're running now, panicked prey fleeing the valley of the shadow of death. By the way, aren't those fantastic snakes? But don't take my word for it. Decide for yourself. No rush.

Brad Rose was born and raised in Los Angeles, and lives in Boston. He is a sociologist, and author of a collection of poetry and flash fiction, *Pink X-Ray* (Big Table Publishing, 2015) His new book of poetry, *Momentary Turbulence*, is forthcoming from Cervena Barva Press. Readers can browse Brad's list of past and forthcoming publications and listen to [a selection of his audio recordings](#).



In the Dawn

Nobody in the dawn. It hasn't yet assembled
the people in its psalm.
If a voice has no body, does it need an ear?
Does the blood carry
its own crosses as it flickers in the flesh
in search of nothing,
the woman it is, a walking yard of graves?
She is not for loving,
as if love were the sharp tip of purpose
piercing, cutting away
the civilizations bacteria build on bone.
But loving does fit in,
if fitting means being strung along an act
of service: the guitar
talks back to the fingers, the world whispers
to the living: touch
until the noise and feel coalesce, reveal
the music made when
strings and fingers lock as lovers
knocking the headboard
against the wall, a thousand times
its rhythmic pulse
that gives the hour what it wanted when
it made the bodies
and made them ache and put them together
for love or what
might ever come of living in the dawn.

Potiphar's Wife Talks About that Time

In the end Joseph did all right for himself.
Because he was in the dungeons,
he called the dreams, and from there
he worked it like he worked it in
my husband's home, putting together
puzzles of rain, watching hands,
oh he watched, roll pastry dough
on marble table tops. I saw the oasis
shimmer at the edge of the horizon
like I had been walking toward it
my entire life, like I had been crawling
on my hands and knees.

[four poems]

⌘
inserts words
into the field
the others approach

the meaning there
nothing more
than their experience

⌘
they were repeated
where the sky
was empty where
the trees ended
where even the
bears had machines

⌘
this was
how they
went away

a door
in a field
of flowers



⋈
predictable words
arranged upon
the ground
they walk upon

they are removed
if too much
meaning gathers

Bob Heman's poems and prose poems have appeared or are upcoming in *New American Writing*, *Sentence*, *Otoliths*, *Caliban online*, *Right Hand Pointing*, *Skidrow Penthouse* and many others. His art includes collages, drawings and cutouts ["participatory cut-out multiples on paper"]. He edits *CLWN WR*.

Excerpts from Translations

Toska

The endless other
Of the void's silhouette.

Lítost

Infinite winding-sheet
For a stillborn god.

Alpenglow

Sanguinary summit;
Executioner's block.



if a body is bound

i. if a body is bound

—yet is not a book
(weird inner stringing)
call it hate, sprung
from under sodden, salten
fear, a kind of failure
open, given

see—
one's best hid under,
working, see—
I'm dust and full of sight

ii. if a body is bound

—but you're here on invitation
dear, so we decorate
and minister

embitter these
in greater numbers, O—
behind this roar, a door

binary be shade again
send in the gradient
sea



iii. if a body is bound

— I'm right to object
to die of wonder
creating under unseen welts
and trending sins

a sister dies —
her object was
a little darkness
not a book
not in the usual sense

Kristen Renee Miller is a poet, playwright, and translator living in Louisville, Kentucky. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Guernica*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *Tinderbox Poetry Journal* and elsewhere. She has received awards from the Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival and the Humana Festival of New American Plays. She is an editor and director of educational programming at Sarabande Books.

Neither Sun nor Death

They are beating the cars with metal bats. I think, “Am I supposed to be here?” That thing is on fire in a big way. I don’t get outside as much anymore. An illegal string offset “echo” has disappeared into the archive, to be handled by only people who wear white cotton gloves. I’m left to just cry. You need to be careful in interpreting that. Every day I confront the same choice: stay inside or perish. Somebody grabs Suzanne’s hair and twists her neck. We make eye contact. I know tulips aren’t spelled two lips.



Willing

Eat me, I say. Bite me. Pincerslice into soft webbing. Champ cuspids. Beakpick to bone. Lift me, shake me, breakneck, side to side, side to side. Dogroll over my unthreading innards. Bury muzzle in bloodmuck. I offer myself. I drizzle a garnish.

Devon Balwit has two chapbooks: *How the Blessed Travel* (Maverick Duck Press, 2017) and *Forms Most Marvelous* (dancing girl press, 2017). Her poems can be found in *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*, *The Peacock Journal*, *The Cincinnati Review*, *The Ekphrastic Review*, *The Stillwater Review*, *Sierra Nevada Review*, *Red Earth Review*, *Aeolian Harp Folio Anthology* and *The Inflectionist Review*. She lives with her family in Portland, OR.

Paradise

Audio Only: <http://concis.io/go/a-paradise>

Christian Tanner expects to be a power player in the literary world, being sort of a bad boy through a mixture of letters and punctuation. He hit a home-run with his first poem that he wrote only 5 years ago titled, "Blue Jean Capitol of the World" and it was published in Austere Magazine, a Dallas/Fort Worth area publication. He's spent time underground, piecing together novels and stories and poems and music. Now, it is time to release to beast amongst the world. Expect to see much more coming from him in the near future.

You Children of a Sorceress

—*Isa 57:3*

To fuck for money. To adorn the genitals
with silk. To stop identifying ourselves
with nations and face the same problems
we faced before nations existed.
To prostitute power, make comfort
our pimp. Or not. In which case a new deal.
A new distribution of value. The goal
of globalism is to build an engine
whose rotary force is powerful enough
to suck all existing matter into a single point
and create another big bang. Our wish
for destruction. Actually a wish to be
forgiven. When you have nothing to bear.
You will feel weightless. You will not
touch. Or be touched. You will not.



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