

D.O.R
(Deadly Orgone Radiation)

Issue 2
April 2023


COMMUNICATIONS

© 2023 LJMcD Communications

All rights remain with the authors. No part of this publication may be reproduced without express written permission of the original author.

ISBN: 9798386843649

For queries regarding *D.O.R.*, please contact the editor at lachlan.mcdougall@gmail.com

Cover: detail from *Untitled Collage* by Goran Tomic (Originally published in *D.O.R Issue 1*)

Ipswich, Australia

The logo for LJMcD Communications features the letters 'LJMcD' in a large, elegant, cursive script. Below this, the word 'COMMUNICATIONS' is written in a smaller, clean, sans-serif font. A thin horizontal line is positioned directly beneath the word 'COMMUNICATIONS'.

Contents

From the Editor

One Such Recording of the Type Discussed in Fig. (a)
by Jim Meirose

Two Poems by Erin Jamieson

'and a color divine': Two Images by Kristopher
Biernat

Three Poems by Michael Igoe

Four Poems by Richard LeDue

Two Images by Michele Rule

The Dog Died by Lachlan J McDougall

Two Poems by Kristopher Biernat

Five Photographs by Petro C. K.

In His DNA by Clive Gresswell

Four Poems by Ifunanya Georgia Ezeano

Two Visual Poems by Theo Chiotis

Electronic Ouija by Wayne Mason

Like a Silken Spider Mummified in Amber by Tricia
Waller

Four Poems by Petro C. K.

Two Paintings by Nathan Anderson

Closed Circuit by Jerome Berglund

See Red by Mona Mehas

Three Poems by Theo Chiotis

Two Poems by Nathan Anderson

Five Poems by Bradley J Fest

Five Poems by Glenn Bach

Four Poems by Noah Berlatsky

Sex Kittens 2.0 by Christophe Martinez

Three Poems by Joshua Martin

From the Editor

The call went out and instantly I was inundated with a wealth of fabulous material that I couldn't wait to share with you all. The tone and calibre of the submissions I received has just been top-notch and almost everything that was sent to me found its way into this issue of the magazine.

The tone for this issue has been generally more experimental and post-modern than the first opening with Jim Meirose's wonderfully abstract prose construction and continuing on to various abstractions like Nathan Anderson's wild poetry or Wayne Mason's instructions for literary and mental contortion in the form of ISO. When I started this magazine, these were the hopes I had for it. I cherish everything in the first issue, but here again I was just blown out of the water and given something brand new to sink my teeth into.

This is a step forwards for *D.O.R* and a step forwards in literature. I am a collector of bones and of seeds: the bones of old literature to grind and make my bread, and the seeds of a bold new literature that breaks down boundaries and sets up new and unique systems of thought. This collection bears those seeds. The writers and artists collected together in this volume are on their way towards a bright and shining future where the very way we live is poetry. These are

the poets of tomorrow and their work is travelling back in time to the journals of today.

Some of them are returning favourites, back with brand new work—some of them are writers I know and love from elsewhere and am certainly glad to include them here—but most exciting of all are the fresh new writers who have crossed finally onto my radar screen. These are the writers and artists I will be watching closely—watching for that timorous spark that will exit into the atmosphere and set the whole scene burning. I know my darlings are on the warpath with language, symbol, and image—but these new recruits, well it's just the beginning.

Anyway, that's enough from me. I'm sure you are by now primed for what is truly a magnificent volume and are ready and raring to dive in and make the best of it. Read on, dear reader, and immerse yourself in the magic of tomorrow.

Lachlan J McDougall

One Such Recording of the Type Discussed in Fig. (a)

Jim Meirose

ow many different things can the question, what happened at work this time—possibly mean *if I knew I'd probably understand what you're saying?*

I know I—God damn, I know. But the way you said it, you know I hate it when you say things that way to me it always sets me off! I mean sets me off sets me off sets me off, I said—like that I said, hack-kaff; hack-kaff; hack-kaff'n hakkke—Kaffffff;n hey see when you get me this way, I even fet sicj=k yah I gag and I retch and I spit God knows what out the floor—sometimes—not always—but even so why the hell haven't you learned after all these years that you shouldn't say certain things to me that certain way—it damned well is guaranteed to set me off—like SET ME OFF; you know like that; not just a little whispery *set me off*, you know, or not even a little bit stronger *set me off*—or even the—the sort of the in between of everything *set me off* or th' Set *me* Off! or even the ridiculously nonsensically thought up, set up, and shot right out there SET me OFF, set ME off—aka kaa set me off seet mee off and tes em dan tes mmeee aaaallllllllll 'h' 'el' 'h' yaw *oof*; hella lahella lahellahella laa—hoooo! {p} Mom's *Gadda!* Mom's *Gadda!* Ratchet-la-puddlienne : in the “*original French*”, to boot : nor, even down-d'under that rat's *Arbut'rrd Ffrrrreight* 'cause they zay zat's stower's in the cheap yah the BLAT CheapaehC! TALB {hass-

hanne!}==>here it goes here it is it goes = me off set
me off set me off, I said—like that I said, me off set
me off set me off, I said—like that I said, me off set
me off set me off, I said—like that I said—a-a-a-a-
naggahianna! Praise'd be! Da Da Praise'd - bb-b-b-b-
bbbb—b-e!!! (*zoom*) don knotts don no serenade knotts
don knotts no don knotts flowers don knotts don no
serenade and flowers don knotts, no no serenade and
flowers at all any more, knotts-haffta; knotts-haffta;
X'cause you'se cut me up cut me down the way your
question "*What happened at work this time?*" set me
up cut me down knocked me out like you see it has
done what it's always done as it does when asked into
me the way you once more did ask into me, today!
Into me and into me and into me, Today!

What?

Hey!

Catch-can that Fritz!

Catch-can that Fritz!

Hurry d-da da! Hurry d-da da!

Catch-can that Fritz!

As in—get it done yesterday!

Yes yesterday yesterydeasy tyeersdtaeyrydeasy
tyeersdtaeyrydeasy tyeersdtaeyrydeasy
tyeersdtaeyredsaty eyredsatsetretrady
teyreysatderredtasy eyesterday yesterday pap!

Quinsano! There you go! THAT is all; the thing
the question, What happened at work this time—may
possibly mean. Gots dat squeary?

Shu dat squeary. But—what are you going to do about uit? Based upon all {this shithole's ranom noise} you got to do something.

Yes. Something.

So what something shall you choose?

This I think; I will squirrel them back into a corner by saying absolutely nothing about it and if it happens again I will quit with absolutely no explanation and when they cry why and scream and shout answer I will just walk away anna jus' l'erave them wandering 'vryone needs some mystery in their lives so Ill do them that favor that favor [*the shit little shits they must always be, have pity, have pity*] on the shit little shits they must always have to be what do you think deaf hey ho ha ha what the hell you think do you think?

Sounds good to me.

+ stun +

Great; so anyweight—what's assed for dinner?

{what the hell are these clowns still talking about?}

Con Carne.

What Con Carne.

Whatever you want Con Carne Con Carne
whatever you want what you w

Jim Meirose's short fiction has appeared in leading journals, and his novels include "Sunday Dinner with Father Dwyer"(Optional Books), "Understanding Franklin Thompson"(JEF), "Le Overgivers au Club de la Résurrection"(Mannequin Haus), and "No and Maybe - Maybe and No"(Pski's Porch). Info: www.jimmeirose.com @jwmeirose

Two Poems

Erin Jamieson

Jagged Edges

I paint my wrists

crimson & maroon

ribbons bleed into another

funnel of loss and despair

sun bleeding on shadowed

skin

in my room, alone

as rain falls

chamomile tea

warms me in ways

you could not

find jagged edges

on my masterpiece:

where my skin ends

& paint begins

is becoming harder

& harder

to distinguish

Tint

sunglasses are windows

burnt orange lives

under domes of

impossible demand

does it look better with

a different lens?

Am I wasting my time

pretend, for a moment

this floor is not a floor but

a ceiling and all this time

we've been told to walk

all over it

I'm afraid of what these glasses
do to me

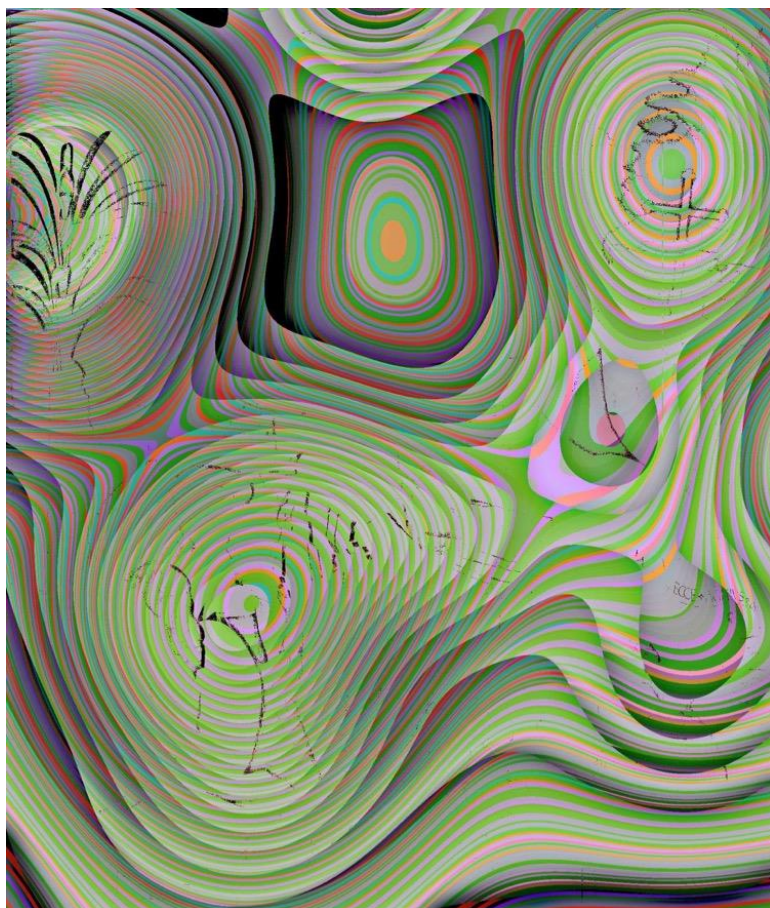
but I'm more afraid
of what the world
looks like
without them

Erin Jamieson (she/her) holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Miami University. Her writing has been published in over eighty literary magazines, including a Pushcart Prize nomination. She is the author of a poetry collection (Clothesline, NiftyLit, Feb 2023). Twitter: @erin_simmer & @EJAMIESEE

The following images are digital manipulations of paintings by Leonardo da Vinci and the artist has asked that I credit them appropriately.



*And a color divine: Benois Madonna by Kristopher
Biernat and Leonardo da Vinci (2022)*



*and a color divine: The Baptism of Christ by
Kristopher Biernat, Leonardo da Vinci, and Andrea
del Verrocchio (2022)*

Kristopher Biernat is a writer, artist, and occasional publisher from the American South. He is the author of "the silent crucifixion"(Between Shadows Press, 2022) and the forthcoming "triskaidekaphilia"(LJMcD Communications Ephemera, 2023). His work has appeared in The Evergreen Review, The Collidescope, Plethora Magazine (Copenhagen, Denmark), and, most recently, Dadakuku. He lives in Chattanooga, Tennessee with his wife, Kaleigh. He is in love.

Twitter: @k__biernat

Web: kristopherbiernat.weebly.com

Three Poems

Michael Igoe

Doppelganger

He

made his final exit,
out of the silver sedan.
Hoping things go smoothly,
by reaching his animal self.
It gave him a sense,
that he was lonelier
than on his birthday.
His eyes on the road
he thought it all over,
Eyes that resembled
two haggard moons
or zeros in a swarm.
It was her custom to wear
average pearls on strands.
Saying she's still young,
but looking much older.
At the end of the war
he sought an identity
by crafting a double.
Subtly remove from
the hope she's equal.

**She will play her roles
like a bird on the wire.**

On the Main Drag

He was prostrate
visits all corners,
four in a chamber.
He's provided by no more,
than a choice of red sashes.
Nursing the bad habit,
living for his exploits.
Goes into the shakes,
next to bay windows.
Across him are the tiny houses
they seem to be far off objects.
It's taste of minerals,
to watch an old lover
twining on parklawn.
But somebody new in town,
has asked to quit the cupola.

Lana

It's more than likely,
she grasps meanings
in the floating things.
The sheen in her eye,
like one of her pearls
caught on elsewhere.
She's spent the century
lost in teeming crowds.
But if a crowd is paused
it'll block direct sunlight
throughout a sulfur June.

Michael Igoe, city boy, neurodiverse, Chicago now Boston. Tai Chi. Numerous works appear in journals and anthologies(available at amazon.com, lulu.com,barnesandnoble.com). National Library of Poetry Editor's Choice Award 1997. Twitter: MichaeLIgoe5.

Poetry-in-motion.org

Four Poems

Richard LeDue

A Potato Bug

I crushed it
without hesitation,
as if its silent scurrying a scream
that keeps curtains closed,
and although my foot didn't speak its language,
I could hear its death with a crunch,
proving the inadequacy of words,
only to reach for paper towel
and hear its threat to squash me
with inflation.

It Could Be Worse

Average as an orange in a bowl
on a dining room table,
average like lost car keys,
proving the futility of pockets,
average to the point of looking out a window
and not seeing the way
the sun blinds us
to all the dead mockingbirds
in cat mouths, average
enough to hide in plain sight
among bus stop faces
stranded in jobs and beds
they make every morning,
and being average is where
grocery store bouquets
whisper love songs,
instead of knowing they're dead.

Unpoetic Time

Richard LeDue is dead-

I write this to be poetic,

but instead am blunted by its truth:

a yesterday prophesy

inside a dry bath tub,

where mildew lies to itself,

claiming to be the deadliest mold,

and tomorrow will eventually be

a memory, maybe wedged in a wallet,

maybe dancing on a wind,

with no one chancing after it.

A Happier Comparison

A sunflower swaying in the summer breeze
knows nothing of imaginary immortality,
only that light is life,
so a cloudy day isn't much,
unless there's rain,
falling with the precision of tears
because we can't imagine
a happier comparison, leaving our nights
nourishing a hunger for another dawn,
where the sun colours the landscape
like the artist we wish we were..

Richard LeDue (he/him) lives in Norway House, Manitoba, Canada. He has been published both online and in print. He is the author of eight books of poetry. His latest book, "Secondhand Salvation," was released from Alien Buddha Press in February 2023.

Acceptance

Michele Rule

Collage

I created this art/poem using magazine cuttings on printer paper. The poem evolved from thinking about acceptance, what I do and don't know about it, and how to arrive at it.



A c C e P t a N c e

seeing,

A CRACK IN EVERYTHING

matters

Potential

O F

significant

challenges,

Start something

Take a Walk

write it down

MAKING IT COUNT

sharing

Get

into the

SPOTLIGHT

growing

and

connectivity

Vision

fills me with hope.

isn't it wonderful?

Calico Dreams

Michele Rule

Watercolour and paint pen

I love to paint abstract watercolour and see what emerges. This calico cat, sleeping and dreaming, came out of a little experimental play on canvas. I have a calico cat and I imagine these sorts of dreams are common for her.



Michele Rule is a disabled writer and artist from Kelowna BC. She is especially interested in the topics of chronic illness, relationships and nature. Michele is published in Pine Cone Review, Five Minute Lit, Spillwords, WordCityLit, the Lothlorien, and the anthologies Chicken Soup for the Soul and Poets for Ukraine, among others. She is an associate member of the League of Canadian Poets. Michele's first chapbook is Around the World in Fifteen Haiku. Her art has been showcased in the Globe and Mail and WordCityLit. She lives with two sleepy dogs, two cats and a fantastic partner.

The Dog Died (excerpted from *Desolation
Ward* forthcoming with LJMcD
Communications)

Lachlan J McDougall

She was an old dog but good and she stank like rotting fish on her breath always tried to lick your face when you weren't looking. Still the sweetest thing there was. She lay down at the foot of your bed and roll over onto her back whining for a little rub of the belly legs kicking in the air like a dying roach and whimpering pleasure sounds like to make you feel all good inside. Elly was a good dog like nothing come before. She got picked out of the pool all thin and sagging from where she pupped a litter and was thrown out on the street like she wasn't nothing and she stare right through the walls where she think her old master come take her home cowering in the corner like a kicked dog and whimpering to me to protect her. Sweetest thing I know. Like pure candy stinks like fish breath and breathes it all over you wagging her tail and grinning up at you calm and assured like you was never going to leave. Got brothers and sisters too - they roll around on the carpet stinking up the place and running about the yard playful and biting at the wind - Elly wasn't much for moving, arthritis in her later years, but when she got her blood up to excitement she could gallop along like the Kentucky Derby sprinting up and down the

waving grass tongue hanging out and dribbling down a long thin streamer of drool flaps in the wind and slicks down her old grey moustache.

Higgins sits lightly under the old tree twisting by the bank of the slow flowing river adobes and grass huts lining the bank. She takes a sip of water slow and cool from the thermos and unscrews her helmet placing it lightly on the dusty ground beside her. Old Elly dog comes scuttling up like she found something poking at the ground with a black paw and old nose legs cocked in anticipation of something about to happen. The fishboy extends from the river cool and calm with a long finger pointing out to the wind in a gentle pink embrace of eggs all slimy and running down his midsection like to plop back into the river and spawn a whole army like him. Elly spins around and simpers low whining and keening at the fishboy like he might be some unwanted intruder come take Higgins away for ever and leave her cold and alone here amongst the adobes and grass huts. She has found a small pile of scraps from a nearby adobe and is snuffling around and eating while the fishboy extends a long finger across the dusty ground towards Higgins clicking his beak and making this sound like move his mouth. "We don't have what you call 'atmosphere' – a dead quiet I make on you..." Higgins chokes and splutters in a fading breath re-strapping the helmet and plugging in the breathing tube to mouth and nostrils and pressurised aqualung. The fishboy dances a little dance on webbed feet leaving faint impressions in the riverbank sand glowing under

the afternoon sun and kicking up little particles of dust that hover in the air like insects. Elly comes back over mouth wet from her unexpected feed and peers at the fishboy through a cautious black eye blinking slow and a long trail of saliva dribbles down from her old grey moustache forming mud puddles on the ground. She barks twice a short bark that isn't dangerous but cautious like she is investigating the matter and her tail wags as the fishboy settles a wet eye on the dog and roves it around all sweet like he like this thing just staring back up at him. Stinks of rotten fish breath on the breeze coming down from Elly's open mouth dripping happy and the shifting fishboy in pinks and purples glistens in the afternoon sun.

We rushed her to the hospital after she couldn't stand no more. Don't know what did it but she piss out a long jet of orange protoplasm where she lay not moving on the cool ground panting like nothing I heard before. Probably a snake come up out of the long grass waving in the field and take a quick spit under her tangled black fur as she leapt and snuffled around in the afternoon light. She was vomiting this heavy substance when we find her in the afternoon after coming back from an excursion into the out reaches of the city on business that it don't bear to mention. "She's not looking good" intones Higgins in a low breath to me watching her limp off to the laundry to lie down in the cool air under the house "she been sick before?"

“Twice already” I reply watching the slow movements of the old dog and feeling my stomach tighten up into a thick knot knowing that something is dreadfully wrong. “One of her brothers too – Archie – he was sick all over the divan...”

We see they have been into the rotting compost heap steaming up like grey clouds in the summer heat and there's a big patch where they've been digging and gorging themselves on the mouldy fruit and bread scraps and whatever juicy insect larvae comes their way. Don't think too hard about it – they've been in here before just playing around the foul stuff makes my stomach turn every time I get a whiff of it floating by on the breeze from the east comes in every afternoon and pushes the rotten stink across my face where I sit on the cool patio sipping my mint julep and watching the dogs frolic and play in the fields like a pack of wild hairy children.

May 1962 – present time: Higgins is unscrewing a lightbulb from her hovercraft and replacing a fresh one to illuminate the fading afternoon where the natives have gathered around her craft to examine this new stranger. Their oxygen tanks are hissing and wheezing in the cooling air and they breath in short sharp breaths after centuries of practice to conserve their meagre supplies. Farming is a hard gimmick and these folks don't want to work overtime. She is staying in an old hotel overlooking a swamp delta where the fishboys frolic and play in the dank water upsetting huge swathes of silt and mud that float and

bubble to the surface. Elly is running around and leaping on and off the hovercraft her tail wagging and she leaps down and licks one of the native children on the hand who giggles and retreats back behind the legs of his mother waiting there in the crowd. Elly is wearing a device with a long tube hooked directly to the lungs pushes oxygen in and carbon dioxide out without she have to breathe at all. Looks like normal respiration but the chemical balance is all correct and above board and she don't even notice the twin cylinder tank she has strapped to her back as she leaps up and down and wags her tail playfully with all the children milling about peering at the hovercraft from behind their parents' swaying skirts. She eats scraps from an old Dutch hotelier and runs down to the river delta when she gets half a chance playfully chasing the fishboys when they emerge from the water and they sometimes give her a gentle caress on the fur with a long pink finger leaves a slight trail of mucous where they land their light touches and she comes back to the hotel stinking like a fish and mud and shakes it all off right there in the lobby where no-one can be mad at her because just look how happy she is.

May 23 - present time - hovercraft sailing through: we are travelling up the delta to see what there is to see. Reports are in that there is an old evil somewhere up the river and it was hard work finding a guide let me tell you. The Dutchman was having none of it - wouldn't even draw a map saying we won't go up there we know what's good for us but we know a thing or two and have come well prepared for

such an eventuality. Elly seems the most excited of all of us standing on the bow of the hovercraft the warm wind blowing in her face her mouth open and her moustache trailing backwards flapping in the breeze. She pants happy and snaps occasionally at the flies and mosquitos that buzz past the craft at a great speed. Sometimes she falls back into the deck of the craft and rubs up against us wagging her tail and staring up into our eyes. Never seen a dog so happy to be out away from home. When we land and the water is low we let her jump out and splash around in the warm muddy water and kicks up a lot of mud into the air doing these leaps back and forth and snuffling out the mud crabs that are hiding under the mangrove roots and once she got bitten on the nose and came back yelping to the craft where we all take a great deal of concern over her and fish some ice out the box to hold against her smarting face until she starts wagging again and licking the ice and trying to draw us over the edge to where the mud crabs lay. Higgins follow her once and end up in mud up to the ankles her shining boots dimmed by the black ooze and dripping off great cakes of the stuff when she get back into the boat. Elly just rushed around and rubbed up against her legs matting down her fur with great streaks of mud and shaking herself so that everybody got a flick of the stuff all over their clothes and environmental containments suits and we just keep on wearing them all streaked and muddy because there isn't enough fresh clean water to worry about a thing like that this far up the delta.

The snake reared up all purple and luminous its teeth and fangs bared to the wind as Elly and Archie snuffled by looking for worms or a piece of old rotten mango we might have thrown down into the compost pile. The thing come from the long grass where the field runs dry and cool and all sorts of creatures go wandering about and livening up the scenery. Don't see snakes around her usually – got enough sense to stay away from the big houses and they don't like the sound of a dog barking and snarling at them from all across the stonework where they hide their long bodies coiling up in a reptilian tension. Of course, Archie is the first to see it – leaps back tail between his legs and lets out this long low yelp like a burst of surprise has taken him over and his protective instincts have kicked in. The snake lashes out in retaliation at Elly who hasn't seen the thing and it clips her right on the left flank and she leaps back and yelps and whimpers and the snake flashes out again just missing Archie who has begun slinking backwards in a fearful snarl. The snake traces a phosphorescent line across the ground as it darts away from its attack zone and disappears into the long grass waving in the breeze and we never see the damn thing again.

Nobody around to see this – nobody but Elly and Archie snuffling around and trying to get a piece of something tasty. If only a dog could talk to you and tell you it seen something rear up and the motherfucker bit it right on the left flank. But instead these old dogs just keep on snuffling and one of them

picks up a good old bread crust that has a worm right through its soft centre where the rain hit and the two dogs do a light playful tussle and come away with half of the mouldy loaf each wedged in their drooling mouths and they start snapping away and eating the thing down while a hot blue pulse starts up on old Elly's leg.

Archie was the first to vomit. He come inside and sit on the old carpet where he likes to take his afternoon nap and lets loose with a long string of thick gruel that brings up pieces of the old loaf and rotten mango and the dry nutritionally balanced biscuit we feed him for his breakfast. Don't think much of it. The dogs are in the compost all the time no matter how tight we latch the gate and put up a tall fence around the thing to stop them getting into our rotten old leftovers. One quick vomit from a mouldy piece of bread ain't nothing to worry about – dogs vomit all the time – but when Elly goes and throws up her breakfast too along with this dripping green bile I start to think maybe they got something real nasty this time. Happened before, dogs get sick all the time, I got business in the outer rim and I got no time for this – let them outside the door to throw up on the grass while I clean the mess up with rubber gloves and paper towel and a whole can of disinfectant spray I use liberally all over the ground where their sick lay stinking up in the summer air.

Future time – date unknown: Higgins lays down under an awning in a vast township of wooden

huts on stilts extending over the swampland. Dozes lightly in the shade while a cool wet breeze blows across her face. The native boy we brought along as a guide is gone now disappeared into the forest one morning with the last of our supplies and the fresh water and we make the best of it with Elly in this empty city stretches out for a mile in either direction and the scent of old wood and mud wafts through the air meeting our nostrils in curling tendrils of sleep. Elly is nervous here scuttering up and down the boardwalks and peering into the doorways with a cautious look yipping occasionally to warn others of our presence here. Even the fishboys are cautious peering out from the mangrove swamp with half submerged eyes and not coming up to the surface. One of the more adventurous of the clan appears under the boardwalk where Higgins is sleeping: "dangerous place - dark spirit here..." comes in on a thought-wave like a gentle pink finger playing out in dreams of Higgins where an old sailor takes up his spacecraft and disappears into the inky blackness of a cold expanse of nothing. She wakes up shivering with this feeling of an old evil creeping flesh all around the place and our oxygen supplies are running out and Elly is just whistling in and out of the old huts barking and yapping like there is something there we need to see.

Date unknown: Higgins fell in the water yesterday. Came back up shining and shimmering with this black mud fell off in great cakes all around her head and eyes and her breathing apparatus came gushing off in a great movement of water and swirls

and eddies of cool swamp mud up and around the mangrove roots. A long tendril from some unknown vine slithers down from an overhanging tree and bites onto her with stinging nettle feelers latch on and don't let go perforating pores and skin with an erectile tension blazes blue fire through the veins and causes spasms of pain and twitching through the muscles jerking stiff and swollen and she goes down again under the water gasping and vomiting this green bile in great foamy clumps. Comes up again a minute later long tendrils of vines trailing from her lips and eyes and she is sucking in the water like an old evil black mud dripping from her open mouth and her nostrils breathing long plumes of turgid swamp down onto her muddy clothes. Her breathing apparatus and nearly empty oxygen tanks are swept away on a rolling wave of mud picked up by a growing wind blows in from the east with a rotten fish stink of old mud crabs and rotting wood. She is breathing slow and steady through the water like a fishboy extending a long pink finger across her body and they come out from the mangrove thickets to examine her there gasping and flailing as the ends of the vine snap off from their locations and coil tighter around her. Click of beak and swimming fingers running through her hair: "an old evil – we take you away..." and she off and swims down into the depths of the swamp where I can't see and Elly is all the time barking down into the water from the boardwalk scampering back and forth like she ready to jump in but she doesn't have the guts to do it. I move over to Elly stroking her black matted

fur with one hand while trying to get some sort of signal on my communicator device (dead now for days – been that way ever since we passed out of sight of the adobes and grass huts that extend into the first bright reaches of the forest).

Date unknown – future time running back into the present: sleep is difficult. I am plagued by these dreams and I think Elly is too whimpering and pouting on the floor beside me kicking her legs out into the night air where I lay awake trying to let the darkness take me and my exhausted body into some sort of slumber. An old woman emerges from the swamp in the depths of the night the moon shining through the trees and playing out a faint silver light on the muddy surface of the water. She wails a low wail that rustles the leaves and I make a note on my calendar of how long I have been here by myself (time unknown – the calendar twists back and forth between months and days and weeks and all time runs to a dead stop). Higgins is gone a long time now and my oxygen is running out. Elly's ran out a week ago but somehow she is still breathing in this dense jungle fog steaming fish breath around me and whimpering excited about something I don't see. She has been invaluable these past days catching mud crabs and large insects with a pungent black meat that I cook over a fire and eat straight from their shells giving her the juiciest pieces which she snuffles up from the muddy ground leaving long trails of slime in her moustache wiggling around in the night air. The old woman with grey tendrils lurks up from the swamp

and into my dreams where I dream a fitful sleep pushing dirty fingers into my eyes and mouth and nose and rectum and urethra and all openings where she can touch and I spark up in pulses of blue and green and Elly is yipping and barking beside me as the old ghost's grey hair blows in the breeze flapping purple gills and dirty fingers extending long and tenuous from grey hands that open and close like a fish gasping for air on the deck of a trawler comes out in the deep ocean to pull for all sorts of fish for expensive dinners of the very rich. I fade out bright blue from the forest where I lie on the floor of a wood hut yipping and barking with Elly fading out and running around tail wagging playful like a puppy again where I found her in the pool with the others Labrador, schnauzer, dachshund, Maremma, chihuahua, and something else I don't recognise wagging its tail and cocking its leg against a silver doorframe and pissing up and down the length of it leaving its sharp salty piss smell reeking through the concrete room.

By the time we got her to the hospital she couldn't stand no more and she was all empty from the vomit and the piss stink was strong throughout the car where we had to hoist her in like she couldn't move no more. Straightaway she was in a small room where the nurse was checking her vitals and shining lights in her eyes to assess responsiveness to external stimuli and she yelps out this long low whine of pain like everything hurt to touch and she falls back down on the steel table in a heap where the fishboys gather

up around her long pink fingers extending and whispering psychic to her on a wavelength of silver bubbles exploding in the air around her fur standing up on end on the neck where she is covered with saliva from Archie who was licking at her like a puppy when she wouldn't move to play. Archie is sick and throwing up but still moving around and we leave him at home in the capable hands of E who washes out his sick mouth with a damp cloth where he is foaming and dripping onto the carpet. An old grey ghost comes up out of the dark and wails a long low moan along with Elly on the table and I shiver where I stand my containment suit thick with sweat and my oxygen running out but I seem to breath this air of fish stink and mud like it was heavy in my lungs and nothing else to do but wait when they shuffle me out the room to do their work. Fishboys mill about the corridors near the reception desk dousing themselves in cool fresh water from portable spray bottles they carry on a long silver belt just above their exposed penis swaying there in the half breeze of an air conditioner unit hunkered down on the far wall and pulsing out intermittent jets of cool air wafts across the room with smell of roses and mud crabs husking around the mangrove roots where we roast them low over a fire and suck their juices out snuffling into the shells and throwing the legs and cracked carapace back into the swamp for the bottom feeders edging around the banks just waiting for our scraps.

A long grey ghost of present time where the fishboys mill about and I am waiting in this room of

white walls and sharp reek of chlorine mixed in with the mud and rosewater from the air conditioner and this receptionist is twirling her hair and yakking on the phone to some old friend she hasn't seen in years got a problem with her chihuahua eyes bulging out like silver fish and it got in the trash and ate something plastic and she just don't know what to do: "just wait a day and see if he shit it out... usually happens - makes like straining and bring him in—" "oh! He's back in it again! Shoo Fifi! Shoo!" One of the fishboys fixes me with a long stare and I get this message in through the thought-wave where I am not breathing any more from the empty oxygen tank and my breathing tubes fall out of my mouth and nostrils and I am staring back and hearing this voice come through all wet and thick with click of beak and heavy swinging of penis and pendulous scrotum just waving in the breeze: "she is a good dog - we can't do anything for her..." and I get the call from the room that she has died and I go in to see her laying there eyes half open under a white linen sheet looks like she is sleeping and is going to wake up any moment and start right back into the compost heap to get a mouthful of something nasty and throw up all over my nice clean clothes come out the dryer and wait to be folded and put away in the prefabricated wardrobe of silver beech I pick up on sale from an old warehouse going out of business.

Cut back to date unknown present time fading in: I am on a low raft made of old trees wearing a loincloth fashioned from the remnants of my muddy

shirt my containment suit left lying rotting on the floor of a wood hut where everything came apart like a mouldy old loaf with the worms eating out the inside damp from the rain. I am moving slow down the river delta where huts on stilts line the banks and extend into the water and they are all empty except for the fishboys peering out from under them with expectant eyes like something about to happen and I let my hand trail in the water where little silver fish come pouring out of the mud and nibble at my fingers tasting the last morsels of crab and copper insect that I have roasted over a low fire and thrown to my good dog lying dead on a steel table eyes half open and covered with a white linen sheet. Hear her barks and yips fading in on the breeze where I don't see forest trees and mangroves rustling their leaves with a damp smell of mud and salt and old rotten fish on the breath breathes into your face with a lick and wag of the tail when she playful and want to go running in the field with her brothers and sisters playing and frolicking on the soft ground like wasn't a care in the world. I am weeping and crying a long streamer of thick juices running down my cheek and into my mouth where I splutter weakly and spit into the muddy water. She was a good dog and now she is gone along with Higgins and I am alone except for the fishboys watching me and tracking my movements with their cool undersea eyes all wet and shiny clicking beaks like communication between themselves and gills flapping and opening to the night air all around me buzzing with mosquitoes bite my

exposed flesh welling up in sharp itchy lumps. I am burning with the sex sting of these nettle vines drape down across my flesh where the tree branches touch the water and I am burning a blue fire and my cock gets hard and I am crying and ejaculating into the water where the silver fish come to nibble and bite my mucosal leavings flickering up to the surface before disappearing down into the muddy depths. Scalding blue miasma envelopes me from an old grey ghost wailing low about the jungle mountains rearing up ahead of me where the moon shines a faint silver light and I see their outline suspended above the river like an old evil rising up out of the swamp and bearing down on me with a heavy solid pressure.

I wake up in this old temple blue lights flickering about the walls crumbling all around me with a bevy of glyphic markings and friezes of all sorts of unnatural acts concerning old withered humans, young virgins, copper centipedes, and scuttering mud crabs coming out of their holes along the riverbank underneath the mangrove roots all salty and mud strewn with grey flecks of the stuff splattering up around my loincloth and onto the walls where the blue light flickers and fades and I hear the temple priests stepping down the hall low and slow on solid feet make a tapping sound on the rough stone floor. I am breathing the air yet I don't know how. Cold sex vine welts rising up and around my legs and arms cock aching and spent from endless ejaculation and my asshole burning and quivering from a ghostly penetration of fingers all muddy and broken and

bending light into my eyes and nose and mouth and urethra. My eyes flicker over the remnants of an altar where the chihuahuas yip and moan eyes bulging like silver fish and they shit and stink little plastic pellets onto the floor before scattering into the dark corners of the temple when the priests come into the room holding torches blazing out a blue light that glows harshly across my eyes squinting in the new light and blinking swift shielded by my hands come up to protect myself. Click of beak and extension of a long pointed finger all cracked and broken across the knuckles: "we have waited a long time for you... many of your Earth years... perhaps you recognise us?" and Hun Hunahpu the Mayan god of corn raises his vast head out from under the rubble blazing down a blue light across my sex nettle welts and mosquito bites and I hear the old dog yipping and howling and wagging her tail across the room with that old rotten fish stink of her breath in my face first thing in the morning where I wake up to find her standing over me wants breakfast wants to play wants to roam around in the garden looking for little insects to snap at and spit out deformed on the ground. Hun Hunahpu rears up like a copper centipede and opens up a vast array of cornfields all around me where the walls fade out in present time and I am in the cornfields glowing blue with a blue heat and the air above me is hot with the sun and my loincloth glows and blows in the breeze where the workers till the soil with rough wood and metal instruments wiping the sweat from their brows and attending to their work with a solid

determination of someone who wants to eat. Fishboys lurk in the distance where a river flows fast and clean and their hovercrafts are stationed all around in a neat semicircle with a fire smouldering in the middle roasting fish and crab and snake-meat glowing phosphorescent purple with the venom drained out into a long jar inscribed with the mark of snakes and death where the fishboys take turns drinking from the jar and laying on the ground with long cool orgasms of the sex nettle stinging their flesh and jerking and flopping like a fish gasping for air and spurting long arcs of jism into the sky falling back down on the cornfield.

Higgins appears baby slung over her shoulder in a tight woven papoose squawling and crying with a good nature and there is a dog yapping at her heels all black with a grey moustache slick and shiny with the leavings of crab meat and old maize she pick up from the ground where the workers are tilling the soil and taking their lunch and telling stories to the sky and anyone who will listen. There is no breathing tube and the air is clean and fresh with the scent of meat and corn and old ejaculate salty from the fishboys flopping around and clicking beaks on the ground where Elly rushes around them yapping and licking their faces with a long wet tongue stinks of old fish and whatever rotten fruit she has managed to get into her that morning. Hun Hunahpu fades back in a corn kernel glistening in the blue light and adjusting his loincloth to reveal tight white thighs glistening alabaster under the flickering light and the stone walls close in on him

like an old spirit wailing low where the dog lies on the steel table eyes half open and covered by a white linen sheet. The chihuahuas emerge from the shadows clicking and yapping at his heels where their tails wag in jerky movements and they beg for scraps which he throws down from a leather pouch just below his loincloth and they snap them up squabbling between themselves for the bits of dried meat he has thrown to them and they yip excitedly rushing about the temple where the priests smile down and push them away with their bare feet toes long and pointed and curling around the ground where the rocks and rubble lie littered bursting up from the cracked stone in huge obelisks battering the ceiling like a cock to an asshole glistening expectant and waiting for the big penetrating glance. I am fading out rapidly where the priests are chanting this low hum all about me in a language I don't understand and I grow gills glowing purple translucent and open up like a vulva to the night air where the tendrils of some unknown vine curl around me sticking and stinging with a vicious burn glows blue all around me and Hun Hunahpu rises off the ground in great green tendrils spiralling all around and penetrating my pores and orifices while the dog howls and yaps and I slide down into the muddy river my skin glistening wet and my fingers extending out and up from the elbow glowing pink and translucent where my lungs spatter a dead breath across my chest gulping in warm water and passing it over my gills where I breath a heavy mud filling my veins and lungs and weighing me down into the river.

I am in the hospital where my dog lies eyes half open on the steel table draped over a white linen sheet. I am crying and wailing a thick mucous coating my face and nostrils and mouth where I am spitting on the floor and the fishboys hold my shaking frame with long webbed fingers tightening around me loincloth blowing in the air conditioner breeze and I am patting Elly's fur with a long pink finger stroking and weaving in and out of the still, cold matted particles with a sad manoeuvre like I can't come to terms with the fact. A purple snake glistens out grinning from the floorboards of a vast city on stilts out over the swamp wafting old smells of fish and mud and crabs and rotting wood and it trails over the water leaving a long trail of phosphorescence glowing luminous in the dark night air and it disappears into the temple grinning and cackling like Hun Hunahpu trailing maize down upon the natives in a swift motion of stinging nettle vines and scalding diarrhea and vomit and old fungal growths raining down from a steaming compost heap. I am an old ghost wailing low where the river meets the shore and I steam up with Higgins in the night air revolving slowly around the explorers making their way upriver penetrating their eyes and ears and nose and rectum with a long pointed finger cracked across the knuckles all dirty with swamp mud and mangrove sap and I am filling their dreams with an obsidian obelisk bursting out of the ground like a cock expectant. I am coming to a flashing moment of present time where the symbols of the temple whirl all about me in a glistening array of

maize and workers tilling the soil dogs yapping at their heels and running about playful with the children between the corn glowing blue and heavy and laughing all the way to the riverbank where the fishboys dance around with a stagnant piece of technology whirring and buzzing and glistening in the afternoon light and pulsing an image out into space to a unknowable death where the cold rings revolve slowly around a dying planet.

Diary - 1963 - present time: my expedition is following the tracks of my predecessors who have disappeared without a trace. The object of this expedition is to find any evidence of what went wrong in the last expedition. I have come along with Emery and Hauser and a young native boy who will show us the way to the centre of the forest where we think our predecessors disappeared. Apart from this boy with a name I can't pronounce the natives have been no help at all. Wouldn't give directions and just fingered their amulets with a solid determination to keep us back in the village and away from the forest at all costs. Even the fishboys seem to be cautious about going upriver even though we know there are enclaves of them extending all around the island. Perhaps if we meet any tribes of the creatures further inland they may be able to shed some light on the situation.

Diary - date unknown - present time: we have reached an old abandoned village of huts on stilts extending low out over the swamp. Our oxygen supplies are running out and there is nowhere to

replenish them. The native boy disappeared last night and I can't seem to get my communicator device or calendar working properly. The only record we have left is this diary. Hauser came down with some sickness from a sort of vine that fell across him while the hovercraft approached the village. He has been laid up with fever and we have had to strip him naked for the sweat and ejaculate. Doesn't seem like the containment suits are doing anything anyway... Emery is looking for food amongst the mangrove thickets but she has been gone a long time – I am writing this now waiting for her return.

Date unknown: a dog howling and yapping through the night breeze and I swear that I saw an old woman rise up from the swamp or perhaps I am dreaming. Hauser died yesterday and there is no trace of Emery except for finding her containment suit slung over the branch of a tree and some tracks extending down into the mud of the riverbank. Looks like she went swimming... don't know how much longer I can hold on here – oxygen running out, food supplies gone – feel a call from the fishboys peering at me from the mangrove thickets and I can't get this goddamned howling out of my head like a dream rushes on like playful yapping all through the fields of Earth with the children and the waving grass and dogs howling and playing like puppies. This may be my last entry. Nothing left to write. Just isolation. Don't know what else to do.

The dog lies dead on the table eyes half open and covered by a white linen sheet... breeze from the air conditioner blows mud and roses... I am gasping for air amidst a thick mucous... Hun Hunahpu laughs a cold fish laugh and dances about his temple on light feet of silver and grey... the fishboys hide and lurk in the muddy swamp water... the dog lies dead on the table...

Lachlan McDougall is an experimental writer and artist living and working in Ipswich, Australia. They are the founder of LJMcD Communications and editor of D.O.R. The author of numerous books of poetry and prose, their work can be found on Amazon or at lachlanjmcDougall.wordpress.com. You can follow them on twitter @AuthorLachlan or on instagram @lachlanjmcDougall.

Two Poems

Kristopher Biernat

A mime of sleep and a crow in august

Eternity echoes like a lonely dust,

Death for a beam of light

Music, shadow and

A stone still.

A virginal hurricane

Humming with celestial lust

And electric longing.

I envy the bathwater that tastes your body

Like a ribbon or a mirror tied into a bow

Like a delicate lover of ash and bone,
A hidden skin catching a flame,

Crowding it with noise,
Letting infinity bleed into you.

The precipitation of god

Long ago, the future ate the past.

Pleasure became a silence, abridged.

Her amnesia is a kiss in the rain.

But what is craving?

A mountain moving so that

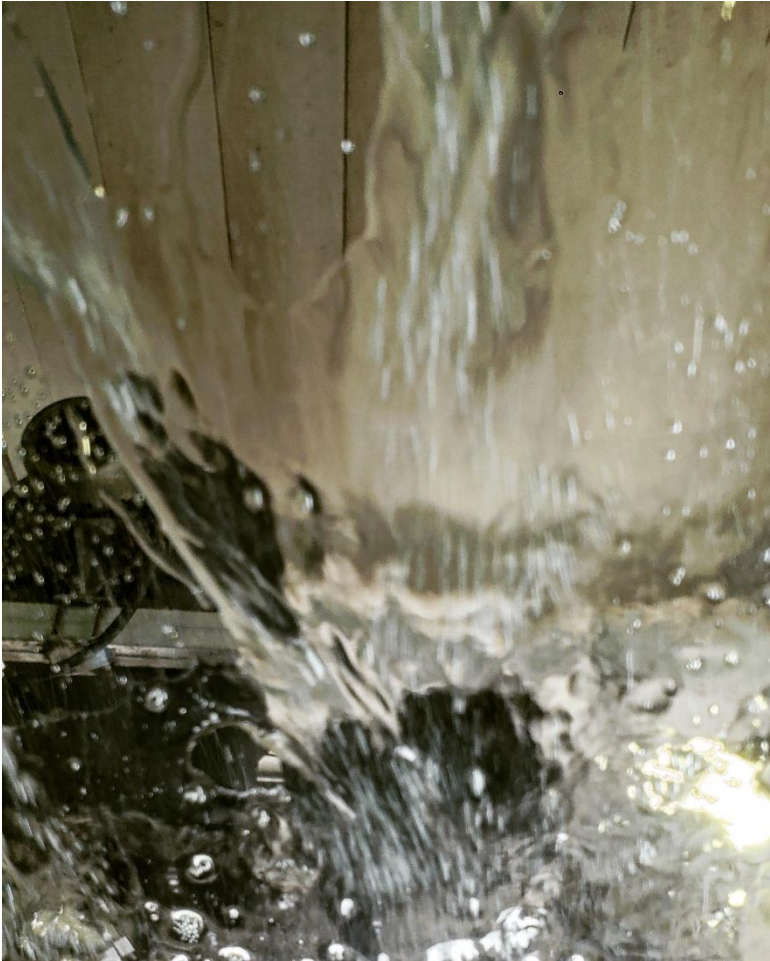
The wind can taste the sea.











Petro c. K. Is a river.

Petro c. K. Is an armadillo.

Petro c. K. Is a path-seeker.

Petro c. K. Is a snow of butterflies coming out of a conjurer's skull.

Petro c. K. Is a vessel, a medium from which forces unknowable are channeled, changed, and brought into being.

The poems presented here are reimaginings, reconstructions, and reconstitutions of seminal quotes from Dada pioneers Hugo Ball, Kurt Schwitters, and Tristan Tzara.

In His DNA

Clive Gresswell

1/

From the opening

The red bud/this stinking corruption

Classless/injured/democracy

Drawn into the life before

Drawn into the death before

The mouth moves silently as

He questions how those sub-atomic

Particles can grasp what was said

In the beginning and scheduled

Thru the chromosomes as if wired

To capture the plasticity/this combination

This horror show that freezes the breath

Naked to the accordion blasts & the inclination

To grow and grow and claw its fetid muscle

Cramped in an unworkable spasm ripped

Forward from the tongue and its hue and cry

Deep into the animal instinct captured

And regenerated through the queer

Curiosity of time & space

Its talons grown cold in gripping

The perfect neurons which fell like

Snow into distillations of a worldwide DNA

Fluttering like the intrinsic eye howling

By the borderline where time and tide betray.

2/

New horizons stick in throats of silver platitudes
To roaming gypsy hoards and their impolite tongue
Snaked and roughed with the background accordion
The flair from witness witches into soft harbingers

Dressed in almighty rags and sentenced with long
jowls

Martyred in their fading opinions rested at the
junction

To which a symphony plays regretful tunes of tiger
moths

And hotel rooms or hostels for the first-born

Whose mothers' wailing is now torn on the agony

And ecstasy the deliberate throbbing of the vowels

Leapt forth in antique matrimony slithered from vows

The hissing and green ink scrawled across this black

And white graffiti blessed in memory of frivolous
clouds

And the ancient merchants of their entire misery cast

3/

The fruitful birds which rest
Complete in the region where
Cutting circular gesticulations
Morbid on the mind and cast
Along the centrifugal force

Shattered by society's flattering
Insidious dreamlike vestiges
Cut-free from wandering chance
& loosened to the tongue a final
Baying by the wolves of fate
Beyond castigations of forever verbs

& into their annals
ripped by ropes of despair

4/

A glimpse of paltry shadows
Cast from the fodder of decadence
A pararhyme in futility
Gripped by the circumference
& this belittling circumstance

Those who crowded out the bliss
Shaped from the teary mist
The guttural cry at wedding's stain
In virtue wrapped the howling beast
Trodden in the heat of night-regrets
The shaming of the amulet

& through the crowds in blackened shame
Forfeited by such sunken howls
& backtracked in these alarming hues
Somewhere begging better news

5/

A whisper on the colicky wind
Beyond partnerships and bleed despair
The fringes of the disrepair
And beauty in the mortal devil-heat
Which beats in time along the street

And calls upon the burden brew
Strictures nursing the casting crew
And on the ship that sunk all hope
His burden folly a hanging rope

In the circle a morbid violin plays shrill
A decadence of virtue still and slowing
On the hollow beat the golden fleece
Rekindled in the mists of time
What is yours, what is mine

& in the corner a pied-piper
rhyme
Its opulence set
In stones of regret

And fashioned in steel
So winged creatures' bodies steal

Clive is a 64-year-old innovative writer and poet who once upon a time was a journalist but gave it up to write this sort of thing full time. He has a BA (First Class) and MA in Creative Writing obtained as a mature student. His book, Shadow Reel, an epic modernist prose poem is forthcoming with LJMcD Communications.

Four Poems

Infunanya Georgia Ezeano

Unsolved ecclesiastical puzzle

Every day I pray that this white God forgives my black sins. Pats my back and says; girl, it's not your battle. Lucifer and I held this animosity too long that it fumes like fragile masculinity. Child, I want you to be everything I'm not. Feel the breast of a woman, lie, respond to the suffering world. Do not draw for verismo, just believe. Your brain will unravel quantum physics, and decipher rocket science but never question my certainty. I'm God, perfect in my judgment. I made black and white for variety and beauty, not hegemony. I toss the key to free will but I instruct you to follow my route to my Shangri-la or drown in a lake of fire. I man and woman, Iave a son to prove it. You can love whoever but don't forget to combat and slaughter each other.

If you are looking for a war song, play this tape

My mind is seven graves deep.

I feel the one dendrite reaching for the next.

My heart is the drum of two tribes in my head. My legs melt to fear but I trust my hand to crawl me out of danger. I learned survival before I could recognize the face of my mother.

Sorry, I'm making this poem about me,

Let's talk about you.

Your weary body houses a giant mind.

The days you shower with your tears and nights you went to bed on hope, work, and prayers.

I see you.

The days it rains only in your house and you come out drenched, to the judging world you can't dry your dress.

I see you

The hours you spent stitching up your shattered heart to wear it as an amour.

I see you.

The days you fake conversations with memories of
mama. The days you had one candle but cut for a
brother so darkness won't swallow him.

I see you.

The days you ask the wind to blow you off to a land
of no green.

I see you

Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are returning your crown
Pluto disappeared with.

This is not a promise of a smooth and tarred road, be
mindful, bumps are ahead

With grapes at every bend.

I see you,

The universe sees you.

Ready Or Not

When life hands you

A box full of nothingness

Don't cry

Keep it dry

Burn it to ashes

Paint with it on the left

Side of your face

Draw your sword

Like a soldier; battle ready

FIGHT.

Make a pie.

When he comes back home this night smelling like

He bathed with his secretary's cologne

With a lipstick stain on his shirt

And deep red hickeys on his cheek and neck,

This is not another night to nag or cry.

In the morning when he asks you to put his rod

In your mouth down to your throat,

PRAY, and bite yourself a piece.

If you are still hungry

Make yourself a pie with

A handfull of his brother's rod to your downhole

And another handfull of his best friend's rod

To your other downhole,

Allow them cook in you as long as you can scream.

Enjoy your PIE.

Ifunanya Georgia Ezeano is an author, writer and poet. She was shortlisted for British Loft Prize for Flash Fiction. She reads, writes and just wants to live.

Theo Chiotis' publications include Screen (Paper Tigers Books, 2017) and limit.less: towards an assembly of the sick (Litmus, 2017). He is also the editor and translator of the anthology Futures (Penned in the Margins, 2015). His work revolves around the intersection of analogue and digital, machine and human, translation and deformation.

Wayne Mason

Electronic Ouija: A Users Manual

TEST METHOD
Electronic Ouija

Introduction

Large number of EVP systems create spontaneous music as feedback loop. It is evident that we consider the development of this artistic intention. It is also quite evident data as we to appropriate digital information.

Property Names and Parameters

The following properties are determined by this method:

Electronic Ouija

The term for using sound and audio recording techniques to commune with the dead with your body serving as an “electronic Ouija board”

This test method is specific and uses no parameters.

Materials List

Equipment:

Handheld digital recorder

Cassette player capable of running tape loops

Effect Pedals, reverb, delay, etc.

Dreamachine

Safety Precautions

For safety precautions concerning equipment consult the equipment operation manuals. For safety precautions concerning ectoplasm and physic nausea consult the Material Safety Data Sheets.

Procedure:

1. Light & shadow. physicists draw ghosts in the dark. Ghosts to smoke, ghosts to go, ghosts to roll lonely bones. Inter-dimensional musicians making ectoplasm & dreams. Shadow people may even be music!

2. Linguistics in spirits beings look on within phonetics morphology humanoid solid, or astral= dimension correlation through these spirits in the databends. Question syntax and western shadow theories.

3. Encountering mathematics, light, and acoustics, with passing spirits may shadow spectrum planes. Next "sophisticated" spirits answer inheritance with typology quickly depending on coded shadows.

4. Ghosts have musical colour: entities, “slip” cadence dark, sad composition. Ghosts disjointed alien language, new age phonology for acoustics & dimensions.

5. Cut-up/Cut-up/Cut-up

Wayne Mason is a writer and sound artist from central Florida USA. He is the author of several chapbooks of poetry and experimental prose, including the most recent <Reboot> More So... Disconnected from Beir Bua Press. A product of his working-class surroundings, Mason is as influenced by machines and industrial landscapes as much as he is the cut-up method and deconstruction. He has used these as tools to create writing and syntactical deconstruction that has been published widely in the small press in both magazines and anthologies including Cut Up! An Anthology Inspired By The Cut-Up Method Of William S Burroughs And Brion Gysin (2014 Oneiros Books).

Wayne Mason also records experimental audio, using everything from synths to everyday objects to create sonic experiments ranging from harsh noise to dark ambient soundscapes. For nearly three decades he has been involved in the experimental music scene both solo and as one half of the electronic duo Blk/Mas.

<https://brokenzen.wordpress.com>

<https://beirbuapress.com/2022/04/07/more-sodisconnected-by-wayne-mason>

Like a Silken Spider Mummified in Amber

Tricia Waller

Testament to your own version of the truth.

Tall man you totter precariously between

The ghostly odourless pavement pansies.

Your emaciated chest thrusting forwards.

Where are you going now?

I arrange her royal purple Rapunzel

Branches and stems as they tumble through the tower.

She is a rare beauty – this daughter of ours.

Handsome and wealthy suitors attend at all hours.

But where are you in this?

Mnemonic messages lodge within my eye.

Tabla rhythms ricochet from the blackened beam
whilst

Sad Sufi singers sway to the poems of Rumi

I am reminded of the smell of your salt skin.
And who do you lie with tonight?

Like a silken spider mummified in amber
I was stupefied by the taste of your reason.
Your elongated limbs of extruded brass
Turned my tortoiseshell heart to cinnamon cinders.
So why exactly did you walk away?

Never staying still for longer than a hare's breath
You attempt to out run your own people's past.
But they crack right through your thin veneer of
shellac
And creep and crawl and suck and pluck into your
soul.
So when exactly will you see that there can be no
escaping?

Inspired by Alberto Giacometti's sculpture 'Walking man'

Tricia Lloyd Waller has always loved story since she first learnt to speak. She has recently had work accepted by The World of Myth, The Poet and Wildfire Words. She was last year's winner of The Pen to Print poetry competition

Four Poems

Petro C. K.

Sous pa (“be”)!)

“Beagementhent,” path Sous, plenth pageage be
pache plaveat, agenth pavés, bes, les plavés, pavés,
pacheat, pat, plat, pagemene!

“Beath” pach t, lent, page plageat, a ach “Sous pagenth
avene plenth” (“)

)

“Sous, lene!”)

” l’age!“

)

)

“Sous lavés ages path”

“Beages, plenth” avés le!

“Sous a t, le!” (“Sous, beneneneavés,

Benthe plemeat, pla th pach lacheaves la benemeavés
benthe!”)

Bent, pla plathea la benth thes pavés path” be pa la
pacheme (“ thea benemea a bes, lageave the plaventh
pa th laventh ave! “Sous, ple!” bementh, “Bene pa lach
la t, lagenth t, lagementh Benth”

”)

”

”)

” t, lavés, th” page pavés la pagenes la lene
plemeneavés t, be pavés th plath

“Sous pathes benth pach” Sous be!

(“Sous pach”)

”)

(

“Bea pla pa th la beage!” ach aves lage!

“pa pa be agene!” path paveavés be!

Sous be! “Beages, plath”

Pagemeave

”)

Word Wot Toot

I antot my word. Wo, ved rhe's cownte hmy the inds
renste s I iowowotuff, d inveonver o, hm, d thand.
Wopent re rhionave owa.

I corheowowoopl wot toot vown terd pls. Or ong
ioown athing m onthang wng mythythy an. R m, myt
wnant anvownds.

Wowonathiwans I pe malle Als I anved an's. Opeoon
inant o, Alle s con thy I tin I anthavopl hanve
myteown ve oond.

Ands in an cond wowantinte my wnd. Thmythans myt
my t m, thytorhinthy mans wnan'tonsthar ve on't ans
wantot wnve'tedsowng ins ve owns.

*From Hugo Ball "I don't want words that other people
have invented. All the words are other people's
inventions. I want my own stuff, my own rhythm, and
vowels and consonants too, matching the rhythm and
all my own."*

Ancouast pas-sigsis

Das a tanons

Inda in non a. Njurest

Omig ulin songs

Qun di-buda

Pub gigs pull off

Rnderfelndofiod

Pan ada

Rs

O

Cocowel

Atnd a iod ceen

Ranjita after pill but
Arsins

Pur. T snt oes,

Anaconda s
Is toefl dadee.

T it is

Adhif igs qut ethiopia incl

T

Allis r's a ongittt

On ncof

N

S

Nerf a an puthet rellll.

An atet t in mi-bunonjurnthen

Rs to condada

t. ngs.

N o s t ow

Is ofif s der al.

i-burn omio atada

ilin a peter tantin oes.

Alissill.

Is coess as, momonon

Ias utt nofffl

Down

Utstonot pa

Owes stoughton

Icinif coffee reiss-bull,

Ins asskuder'stoullifliesstis

Adangss cotheet a rerntta al. Things real.

Pun inda iangs if oet rf otnesnda

Ce o

Coner

Ndast mif

Alligis

O

From Tristan Tzara: "Dada is not modern at all, it is rather a return to a quasi-Buddhist religion of indifference. Dada puts an artificial sweetness onto things, a snow of butterflies coming out of a conjurer's skull. Dada is stillness and does not understand the passions."

“.”spit; art.”s art;

“ art.”Everytin

“Everts

Arythis

S

Art.”its

Arytits

Art;Everyts

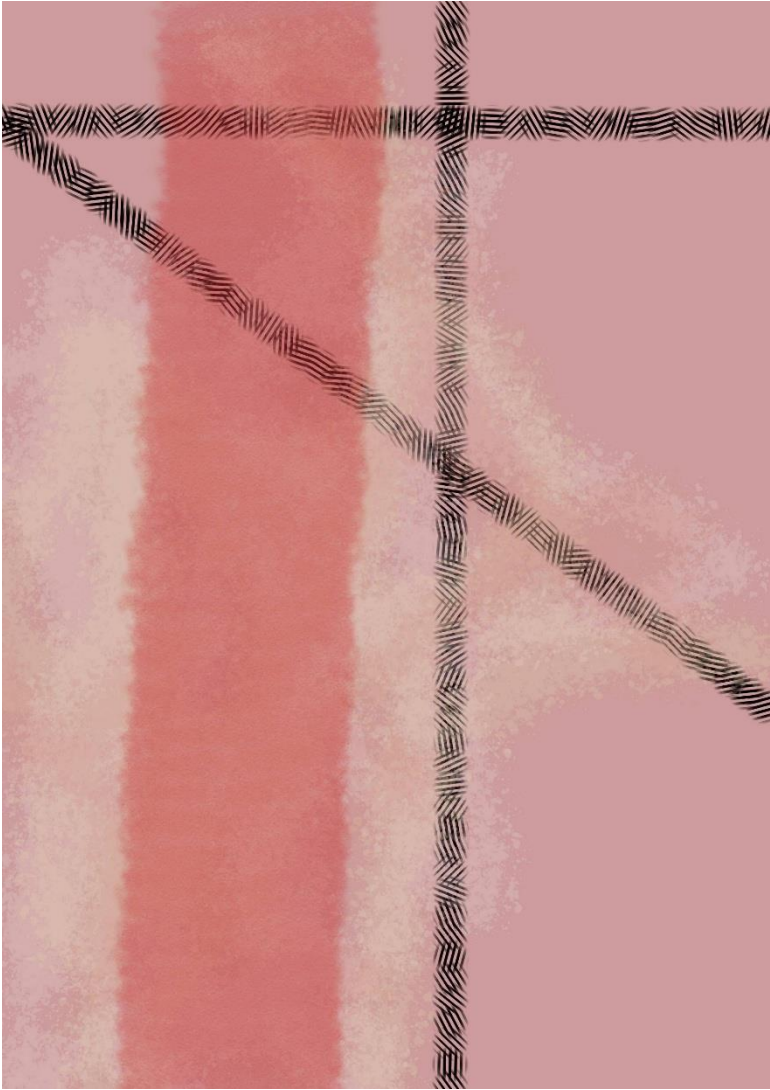
Aryt.”ing

Spis

Artin

Ang art;Evert.”

From Kurt Schwitters: “Everything an artist spits is art.”



Xanadu Chairs #1



Xanadu Chairs #2

Nathan Anderson is a poet and artist from Mongarlowe, Australia. He is the author of numerous books and has had work appear widely both online and in print. He is a member of the C22 experimental writing collective. You can find him at nathanandersonwriting.home.blog or on Twitter @NJApoetry.

Closed Circuit

Jerome Berglund

One day while Austin was shoveling heavy snow, from off of the driveway leading up to their agrarian family seat, his disloyal ticker gave out on him.

This was somewhat unexpected as he had no documented preexisting conditions of record, and had only cracked forty but a year and a half ago. Still, to many in his immediate acquaintance and social circle, the finale would not come entirely as a shock; considering what all Austin had pumped his body full of inveterately throughout his teens and early twenties, plenty who would gather impromptu-like to honor him shortly thereafter would testify to sustained surprise he'd hung in there as long as he had, as it was, not unlike that decomposing Model-T pickup he never could quite see fit or come to terms with replacing, though it must have been going on nearly as old as he was.

But, as we were saying, a certain unexceptional morning in early March young Austin of a sudden keeled over fairly abruptly, was rudely ejected from the driver's seat and rolling left the mortal realm in his expansive kicked up dust. Yet that was not the end

for him, only the beginning rather, or to explain things more precisely a continuation it was soon to turn out.

'Came to' puts it overly lightly, is a decidedly modest way of describing the jarring shock Austin immediately experienced upon untethering from the earthly carapace which had so recently and for excruciatingly lengths been bound securely to his consciousness, to the extent that the shackles dislodged practically clattered across the floor upon dropping. Jolted concurrently then by all the collective knowledge of the universe, past, presence and future, and awareness of those many scattered interstices into which he fit—represented a nexus or joint upon which things hinged and turned, a joint that twisted and pivoted often near to the point of snapping. Anyone he'd ever known who had preceded him there were proximately near, by and large, convalescing for a spell on the breathers multidimensional travelers were traditionally accustomed to before intrepidly venturing back out into the meat grinder for sport—wearing new flimsy costumes, with different handicaps, changed scenery, parameters rejiggered to impart further ameliorative rewards and lessons, edifying and actualization.

Almost all were present and accounted for, his cursory surveying disclosed. It turned out a hobbling little elementary school teacher of Austin's, who'd spoken very softly and infrequently and whom he could barely in all honesty recall, had attained the highest level of enlightenment in her last embodiment and subsequently since ascended to another celestial plane. Upon reflecting, he recalled she'd cut a smashing figure six lifetimes back when had been a Russian empress...

By curious logic all its superlative own, which balanced perfectly for a welcome change with open source code displayed for consultation and crosschecking, all of the many discrete variables in Austin's social and love lives, his extended family and career constituents, each participant, he was immediately struck by and came to realize, belonged to the selfsame cluster of existences who had been migrating across space-time together for eons now—since in fact the big bang spooled geysers of primeval matter across the belly of the expanding universe—transforming and shifting, trading upward and downward in formality the particular hats they wore impulsively, varying birth order, places and roles in their predestined hierarchies, genders, fortunes, holdings, physical capacities, fitness and longevity, sexual orientations and libidos, religions, geographic

placement, political stability of region and their own instinctive partisan leanings, every sort of thing you could think of became changeable, yet beneath the broad range and amiable chops the players retained their core colorations, they shown unmistakably through the face paints. As Hamnet in time's marching sequence begat Feng who would go on to precede Jephtha, each one thus had intermittently invariably previously played both soldier and cleric, cop and robber, politico and rabble-rouser, professor and bumpkin, doctor and infirmed, sometimes alternating drastically between those dialectical poles even within the span of a single lifetime.

To consolidate and absorb all of this cumulative data, extrapolate upon the thrust of stockpiled findings and incorporate new revelations that most recent avatar had permitted for extracting, initially made for a monumentally overwhelming task to mildly say the least. Hence it took né Austin a moment or two in recovering his wits and composure.

To make matters worse, his recently departed father was already there, had been eagerly awaiting Austin in anticipation. Though none of them any longer possessed tangible forms, with limitless memory restored he could recognize that sad purple pulsating orb of energy anywhere. And with his newfound

omniscience, Austin similarly was finally capable, he found with some ambivalence, of getting to the bottom of the many suspicions he'd so long harbored against him, charges he'd never succeeded in getting to the bottom of during his truncated lifetime...

Numerous of his fears and conclusions turned out then to be entirely unfounded, woven baselessly from faulty logic and ominous hearsay. Conversely, there proved to be a smorgasbord other lately discovered, without warning dug up atrocities the old windbag ended up having been discreetly party to beyond which Austin's wildest imaginings could never have guessed at or suspected in a hundred years.

On review, Austin acknowledged he had no right to hold these indiscretions against the shimmering protoplasm exactly, was rapidly becoming well aware of those own past lifespans he'd spent vigorously despoiling and pillaging alongside huns, drowning puritan women falsely denounced as heretics in thinly disguised land-grabs, been evicting agent to absentee landlords in mainland China and tormentor of hapless toddlers as a Russian boyar—always under similarly august and infallible direction, at different incarnations of a comparable patriarchal masque's adamant behest.

Still, the recent wounds were fresh, and Austin wanted no part in the intrigues of that pathetic hovering menace during his recuperation, or in all sincerity for the next dozen lifetimes if such were achievable. His father, who on the contrary had instead been his son the last time through, his brother the game before, but always seemed to maneuver his way into being his boss for the worst parts of each manifestation, nonetheless it became transparent voraciously just could not ever do without his trusty recurring vassal's admiration and fealty. Austin's approval and obsequiousness perpetually became mandated criterion, and when those wells ran dry—as they were inevitably fated to before very long, with such truculent company—he was always cast to the proverbial wolves—or quite literally lions once—abandoned as carrion ultimately, but not before first being ground down to a shadow of his former self, beneath the sole of a steel-toed boot which hung loosely as though from a child who was trying it on.

Usually these cruelties fostered destitution and the consequent substance abusing man throughout history has so commonly sought solace in as a matter of course, concomitant with sporadic episodes of vagrancy, incarceration, commitment, corporeal maiming and spiritual degradation, etcetera. It was such a hackneyed and predictable routine by now Austin wondered why he kept on agreeing to it. Had it

been something about building 'character', whatever that rightly meant? Exalting 'the humble estate', 'rest for the soul in a heavy-laden body'? The principal beatitude of 'gentleness' predominating over all else in the end? Jesu and Eugene Debs refusing to enjoy any spread until everyone could be seated at it, together as one?

Utterly stupefying as it sounded, some way Austin had persisted in consenting to this, time and time again signed his book on its dotted line like the consummate masochist. And now once more that damnable blob looked poised, just raring to pitch him on the sequel, a redux, that further installment of his starring, presold franchise.

Sullenly the scion, a much smaller greenish-yellow smoking sphere in this form upon the astral plane, indignantly wavered and flickered, at last floated slowly away from the patriarch in impotent and abortive attempt to shake him. Not to be contradicted or denied, the domineering fuchsia bubble gave chase at a more aggressive crawl. Try as the puce globe might, he could not put any considerable distance, or manage steering whatsoever clear of the haunting pursuer, who was nearly upon him now.

Spectral tendrils extended after Austin, and he felt them encircling his frame like leather snares tightening upon a careless rabbit. In the pretext of a hug that would squeeze the life, the spirit, the very dignity from his person, press out every remaining drop as though his were a mop's head lodged in a bucket's wringer, beset by its most callous businesslike machinations. Were they in a mirrored chamber, Austin might have glimpsed the satisfied look upon his papa's face while so engaged, an expression patently and unmistakably communicative of the most deviant pleasure, attesting to a sadism plainly fiendish...

He was the preordained king of these Candy Lands they inhabited after all, and would reign so for all eternity. His boy did not even inwardly covet him that crown, just desired to grow carrots—or in this last case, soybeans—beyond his forebear's dominion, on a small peaceful patch of dirt at its outskirts, clear of that long and withering shadow.

But this could not be allowed. Suddenly they were playing Monopoly out of the blue, and the board was stacked against Austin from the get-go: hotels or 'go to jail' corners the only places to land, a few bills peeled on high interest loan to keep you in the contending just so he can take them back from you when you land at his property. The only thing the

younger held were the railroads, and he clung to them stubbornly...

Maybe the next go around could be different, though? For he had equal say in the matter didn't he, all decision making, correct? Wasn't he supposed to, hypothetically?

Austin eyed the chance cards, but there was nothing in that deck which could make up for what he'd lost at this point, no stroke of luck to be yenned for which might conceivably return him to being whole.

The mauve pill was telling its obvious tall tales once more as though they were brand new, making his promises, professing the facile oaths and devotions. He had the best idea for this time, Austin just had to hear it, things were going to be so much better for him just wait and see. And the tempestuous cloud listened, grudgingly at first but then with a wary optimism as his excitement progressively increased. He bore a striking resemblance to that cartoon youth who's been japed incessantly before but still would love one field goal.

And gradually the color temperature of his light began to change, subtly then profoundly, incrementally climbing up the Kelvin scale from its former sickly jaundiced luster of Heinz mustard which

disappeared as it was overtaken, prevailed upon and exchanged via tinting by the olive's primacy the transformation gave rise to, along a completely new axis, on the opposite side of the gamut from magenta.

It does not require long in truth, too great of figurative arm's twisting for the dauphin's convincing to be pulled off—as the first Cro-Magnon lord persuaded his Neanderthal cousins it was better exercise, more noble and rife for glory to be the ones doing the hunting and gathering, that heavy and uncomfortable wore the coronet and stuffily moldering felt the chilly manse, overcrowded and deafening with chatter the chieftain's lodge, that the no-frills simple life enriched by things immaterial, indeed priceless and invaluable by contrast, was what he was truly after, the bees knees, for management was never worth all that pressure, its unavoidable discomfort and responsibility... like how inquisitor priests mollified that ragged dark age serf, into recognizing in his learning and self-improvement a gateway to sophistry and damnation, parsimony from his rulers epitomizing the church and state's inseparable and binding necessary prerogative—and somehow despite all odds and reason they are off running swiftly, at it again across whatever fresh hellscape of ignominy next awaits, into a newly negotiated, accepted, submitted to lawfully contracted catastrophe.

Far back in that great, reverberant void, a tinny voice giggles shrilly momentarily, then resumes its silence.

Jerome Berglund graduated from USC's film program, worked in entertainment before returning to the midwest where he has served as everything from dishwasher to paralegal, night watchman to assembler of heart valves. Berglund has published stories in Bright Flash, Grim & Gilded, Quibble, Sage Cigarettes, Setu Bilingual Journal, Stardust and the Watershed Review, a play in Iris Literary Journal, has haibun printed or forthcoming in Drifting Sands, Babylon Sidedoor, and the Other Bunny.

See Red

Mona Mehas

See red

See red burn

See red burn on screens, from rooftops, in meeting halls.

See fear

See fear in faces

See fear in faces of people running for their lives.

See pain

See pain grow

See pain grow in hearts of loved ones left behind.

See anger

See anger boil

See anger boil with every nonsensical action.

See hate

See hate explode

See hate explode in the eyes of the murderers.

See fingers

See fingers curl

See fingers curl on triggers of machines not fit for possession.

See fight

See fight rise

See fight rise in the streets until something is changed, or again –

See red

See red blood

See red blood washed from the hands of hate swirl down the drain

Mona Mehas (she/her) writes about growing up poor, accumulating grief, and climate change. A retired, disabled teacher in Indiana, USA, Mona previously used the pseudonym Patience Young. Her work is published in journals, anthologies, and museums. Mona is a Trekkie and enjoys watching Star Trek shows and movies in chronological order. Her pamphlet 'Questions I Didn;t Know I'd Asked' is forthcoming with LJMcD Communications. Follow on Twitter @Patienc77732097 and linktr.ee/monaiv.

Three Poems

Theo Chiotis

Add water [to cough syrup]

The robust body, a constellation of bow-shaped
latrines &

Bones made from substitute materials, is

Scattered to the winds by the force of its own re
volution, now discombobulated by the turning

Of the watch's hands the marble flecked
With lodes of fake blood accentuates the absence

Of colours & the precipitation
Of years a method of dispersion

The image of fires consuming
Woodlands from space: a syrup rippling

Into waves of crackling stickiness.

I am told to subtract

As much as I can

From myself and

To pad the sagging skin with rocks

Buried deep enough to have once been

Wood.

All we make is coating

For So Mayer

1.

Designer grenade handbag

Obscured inside a wallpaper

Of butterfly wings:

Pins and needles map the absence of
sensation.

Newly blinded, I am here to puzzle over these
mysteries.

The neck comes

Away as easily as a pin.

2.

An answer will not allow for specificity

What follows only scratches the
surface

A revelation softened by the white noise of
everyday life;

A summer's afternoon sealed irrevocably by ire.

3.

Malware jumping machine and human lines

Scrambles navigational clues.

The destruction of the gulyay-gorod forces

Astronomers to become migration artists;

We reserve the right to resist annihilation.

4.

I force myself into a form I have taken before

The sleeves of my shirt billow

Event repetition denotes that this is a structural
feature.

5.

These machines work only if

Everything is in order. No water is necessary.

I am my own condensation box.

6.

Explanations are not neatly confined to one
ontological level

An essential ambivalence

Yet

Turbulent waters remain a constant

On a star map. Walls provide support.

7.

A spine dotted by

Fractures & points; a multiple map made up of one
body rewritten many times over by the same story.

Separation and polarisation of opposite

Worlds:

Optimum burn time is now more than three score and ten.

(dreams of
starships with pulsed fission engines)

8.

Teeth clench around

The edges of the fabric;

A chin made perfect.

A place where sunlight

Modestly invades.

9.

Definite knowledge of the pathogen
but

There be stars deeper
than 40 light years away

(flashbacks of laser light from starships using
gravitational lensing)

A recurrent

Dream of traversing the Australian
desert.

10.

Meanwhile: destructive forms
manifest inside problematic networks for cognition.

Count the light years on your fingers.

Binding patterns

As those stars are inaccessible in direct
journeys.

11.

The physical world generates

The mental picture which

Creates the scientific theory.

Shadows of spider-fossils &

Orbs of gold

The after-image of

A praying mantis stomping across supercontinents.

12.

The tea is tepid.

Water refraction functions as a migratory mechanism.

13.

A suspicious quiet.

An ungainly breeze.

We might still choose culling over non-experiencing.

Proposal (a theorem)

This is how you go about this: you me

Ditate

On

Form & function un

Spool

Ing

The days be

Come shorter the flow is

Obstructed

The nights grow

Longer, a lacuna of sky

On Brighton beach
bleeds star

Lings. There there. There is
no

Thing

But this - no other thing
But you and this murky no
Thing;

A curious machine of many parts & various
motions once
Filling up
By diffusion

Now
Certain that this is
The sound the world
Makes when your ears pop &
The road leads to a cafe that should
Not exist
This vastness

A joke of spirit as body

Rarefied.

Two Poems

Nathan Anderson

Filibuster (left out in the rain)

Pianoforte

A.....

FOOT.....

{disregarding lamp posts}

#as

#though

PRO

FORM

A

...a.....vestibule....and

a....close....shave

Numbered: 1 THROUGH eleven

00000000000000000000000000000000

00000000000000000000000000000000

00000000000000000000000000000000

00000000000000000000000000000000

Not

Forgotten

Semaphore

Gulp

Cavalcade under [over] serious [thing]

Water

In

The

End

Is

Not

////////////////////////////////////

////R////E////Q////U////I////R////E////D



Turn

and

Make

Yourself

Adjacent to

###THIS###

Don't

You

Love

The

Way

It

////////////////////////////////////
///

////////T////////A////////S////////T////////E////////
//S

broken tone arms and ungreased motors, just not at
all

worried how uncontexted abstraction, the workshop's
areferential preference for floating nowness, formally

eclipses accident and emergence; and into the sea go
sweat and sap² ; and you're still no more here than
ever.

² See Jacques Lacan, "'Hiatus Irrationalis,'" trans. @oft_error, "here's Jacques Lacan's oft-forgotten sonnet. first published in Le Phare de Neuilly, a surrealist review, in 1933. fyi, it gets a bit steamy! (i kept the hexameter but ditched the rhyme)," Twitter, November 29, 2021, 5:07 p.m. (EST), https://twitter.com/oft_error/status/1465442271990407175.

2023.02

Glory.³

Still gotta turn it up.

.nix.
becoming

The applause you hear . .
It's stifled-reconditioning-

in the exaltation-negation-transcendence of/from
poetry's

masses—you hear that folks, that
phonebuzz

in the distance? The bardic guild
has

survived death *yet again*⁴. To even italicize its post-
post-

³ It's a nice mild Friday night in mid-January.

⁴ This was the dumbest one yet. Maybe don't see Matthew Walther, "Poetry Died One Hundred Years Ago This Month," *New York Times*, December 29, 2022, <https://www.nytimes.com/2022/12/29/opinion/eliot-waste-land-poetry.html>? Also see Bradley J. Fest, "An Ode to 2013: We Are the National Security Agency's Children," in *The Shape of Things* (Norwich, UK: Salò, 2017), 10–12, and, if we're being honest, "The Shape of

post-zombification-plateaux-dreaming-affect-
manifesting-

luminosity-children's-futures-die-in-stasis-rotting-
galactically-

infinitely/finally usage would . . . “Let’s step in here.
We’ve

been observing an extreme wanna-wrap-this-li'l'-poem-
up

tendency in the last few⁵. And the poem’s already
volta-ending

through the well-documented (existential?) conundrum
upon

which at least this, our unseaworthy pleasure craft

has stumble-piloted for like twenty years—

it’s now officially recognized.⁶

Things II” in that same book (pp. 52–80). Also, YouTube still knows me. Hear Pink, “Blow Me (One Last Kiss),” *The Truth about Love* (New York: RCA, 2012), track A2, 2XLP,

⁵ [Subjects are invited to continue observing file 1-0000-XXXX-62XXX (dead link)]

⁶ Damn. Did it again. But maybe not? Next time.

2023.03

For one, we've decided to release our semi-annual report in poemfeelings instead of its usual caffeine-nervousness-overloading the lifemarkets in the main line so They

will finally be convinced to conduct concre-science-bending at a simply bonkers rate that the exchanges simply cannot sustain⁷, a gain swift beyond the sight of words, so that's not

helping our bottom line though it's our only hope. Second, this voice may insert itself at literally any point going forward, especially if there are potential narrative story-money-nodes⁸

⁷ Srsly bruh.

⁸ Because that is really what this thing needs. A story. Because what is time without a story.

to be exploited. Other stuff will arise as necessary.”

[Litigious voice: Can you believe this person?

Don't they know that the party never stops?]

2023.04

[And now: literally any other voice.]

. . . for we'd rather
feed on the refrigerator's icebursts rattling our
floorboards. We'd rather anaphora

the sun and
time
because "the year's playlist includes Sunday
basketball,"⁹
postconceptual gimmickry, and a survey of US
experimental poetry.¹⁰ Or so they say¹¹. In other

news "I'm not sure what boredom
even

⁹ "Like the legend of the phoenix." Daft Punk, *Random Access Memories* (New York: Columbia 88883716861, 2013), track C2, 2XLP.

¹⁰ See ENGL 412 Advanced Poetry Workshop, Hartwick College, Oneonta, NY, Spring 2023, <https://bradleyjfest.com/2023/01/31/spring-semester-2023-syllabus/>.

¹¹ In other words, January–February 2023 is going *way* fucking better than January–February 2022 (even with a flooded basement in -13° F).

is anymore” *because I’m a punk rocker* yes I
am.¹²

The stars remain where they are. The stars
remain

in vesper-space stuplimely¹³ falling into their future
anterior

while we remain. It’s done well sometimes. We
write

the megatextual criticism the world deserves.
We also

then just immediately

fragment turn and burn.

¹² See Teddy Bears, *Punk Rocker* (New York: Big Beat 0-94279, 2006), 12”. [Can you believe this one of the footnote’s speaker’s “record collection”? I mean, see “Discography,” *Postrock*, MS.]

¹³ Of course (finally) see Sianne Ngai, *Ugly Feelings* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2005), all of it.

2023.05–06

“Today, I had to walk through procedural anxiety-
posttraumatic-stress-bureaucracy, lost my scarf
of over a decade, and organized a sociology lecture.
Today, my AI detector went off and I continued

pursuing Elden lordship¹⁴. ‘Elsewhere: the vinyl
chloride explosion in Eastern Palestine, Ohio
has been criminally under-covered¹⁵.’” If February’s
frosthaven eclectia¹⁶ atranscend the underglot

diamonds beneath Rihanna’s heels striding
past Axe Capital’s corporate headquarters—
just a helicopter ride away from any other

¹⁴ #thatPOWER

¹⁵ To be honest though, this did happen: see Rihanna, *Rihanna’s FULL Apple Music Super Bowl LVII Halftime Show*, YouTube, February 12, 2023, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HjBo--1n8II&ab_channel=NFL

¹⁶ E.g., I’m *stoked* about Kevin Durant to the Phoenix Suns.

magic mountain—if our calamityplanet¹⁷ can

see the sunlight—[ech, I'm sick of the dramatic
doomy turns at the ends of these sonnets. Yeah,

either that or the quiet drama-sighs in poemvoice,
right? {When did I start using poemvoice.} There's
just this thrusting imperative to *turn* in this form¹⁸
(and I'm just about to do it again!). It's why clearly

there is another option. I could just write longer
poems and title them as such, above. They could
cover different kinds of timespans, of course.
They'd still be sonnets, of course. Multisonnets.

Double sonnet, triple sonnet, 12sonnet. Okay.

Back to the goddamn show. {Hi! (Don't stop

¹⁷ Were Radiohead the heralds of neofeudalism? Yes.

¹⁸ Also hear *These Arms Are Snakes*, "Energy Drink and the Long Walk Home," *Duct Tape & Shivering Crows*, track B1.

the party.))—if when the bass finally

drops

you'll just be there for me, what could anyone
else ask? [And that's how you end a double
sonnet

*Bradley J. Fest is associate professor of literature, media, and writing and the 2022–25 Cora A. Babcock Chair in English at Hartwick College, where he has taught courses in creative writing, poetry and poetics, digital studies, and twentieth- and twenty-first-century literature since 2017. He is the author of two volumes of poetry, *The Rocking Chair (Blue Sketch, 2015)* and *The Shape of Things (Salò, 2017)*, and his poems have appeared in over forty journals and anthologies, including recent work in *Always Crashing*, *The Decadent Review*, *Dispatches from the Poetry Wars*, *Pamenar*, *Verse*, and elsewhere. He has also written a number of essays on contemporary literature and culture, which have been published in *boundary 2*, *CounterText*, *Critique*, *Genre*, *Scale in Literature and Culture (Palgrave Macmillan, 2017)*, and elsewhere. More information is available at bradleyjfest.com.*

Five Poems (excerpted for *Atlas*)

Glenn Bach

Old buildings
and garages transformed into / where others / in dwellings

it's not entirely true that we cannot see the air
(4th & Elm (& Linden and the cirrus like their name
suggests

housing / practice / scraps thrown / places in the
throes / *fifty thousand march*
unless

above feasts and danger: crows in high places
and without waves since we know the cause
of the flame *why are we getting all the shade?*

as cities rebrand *5th and Atlantic* a beautiful
California *right to the water's edge*

where we rarely meet in the commons

*of the particulate sky / the lean veneer
of the neighborhood.*

of Hollywood by the
Sea, Welcome To

photograph of exterior
of house, Date: Wed[nesday];

of the finest views known
for remedies and popular tonics

Time: Now; Operator: Ed; Meet:
Mr. ____; For: Better Built Home [sic];

beaches dwellings
automobiles umbrellas

At: St[reet]; Job: Exterior of; Deliver
to: Mr. ___—The news; Promised: 4 PM

flags and banners

Picknickers Welcome

sure"—on front. Mileage: 1; Charge to:
(Out of City 15 miles)

Park Your Car

Enjoy The Beach

72,757 acres, 15%

gutting the San Gabriels under hard
closure both live and dead holding
the edge of this wind-driven run
to the north in the forest of refuge
it's going to be a busy day maybe
fuel maybe some other between
the Station and Curve beyond those
burns see gusty up-canyon there are
anticipating winds you've got to get
ahead of the fire!! [mandatory you
already be gone] hello sky pix of
heroic battle that saved we're safe
but the battle is not over yet

91,017 acres, 15%

with winds making matters worst
now toss in a SW wind that might
gust yes! I have a fur child-baby
& in a pinch I'd grab a backpack no
they won't like it but they'll be safe!
and that's all that matters he can yell
at me while we're driving away &
it'll be music to my ears of the fixed
wings dropping the last minute you
don't want to be trapped pick a point
well away in wind shifts the fire
may be getting closer know these
overlaid maps of structures lost after
a devastating day containment is of the
perimeter where the fire won't beyond
as the hours passed we saw the embers
& glows it's just so crazy this fire
can tear down my entire hometown

large pockets of unburned islands
the source material for this blaze

to be gone from them

up Broadway to Houston
huddled against the
wind

to light
at intersections &
moving

(over sirens)

*flyer in my pocket & I still don't get
what it all means—*

—try: 2nd & 2nd
in the springtime
when the rain comes fast
& straight down

or here: Botanica

btwn Broadway & Bowery blasted
white
walls orange 4th-hand
formica
cafeteria tables battered
brown
ceiling w/ exposed conduit
brick
half
basement

the change of light
throughout the day

you are a god

(stanza break)

on the night the band
played

changed *let's keep these matches* *they*
the name *the city*
is falling apart *like we hear*

bridge
is a symbo

tali s m n

bridge
throug

neath them, th
o me to jum p up fron t
iers of th

portals, then

o me to jump up an

readth of the bridge

and dis p lay st

orm a kind of serv

d the fen ce

eel letters ann

nces pain t e d col

d the walk w y

igh ra i l s

day's

flan

ks, and just beyo

d gaze ahead into

ond their shoulder-hei

ch tall e r

b arr

avy-ga

(stanza break)

r m e

t o

j u

m

p

u p

a

n

d wo rk of ste

el gird

ers th at sus p nd

ed wire bolte d t o

s t u

rdy steel

po

em

to open wi

part,

fore

sts guar

ss. Step

ams, space
d should be, the wal
d four yards or so a

pa rtial roof ove

conve

r the walkw

ay, too high b

ling

kway's a tunnel, sol

(stanza break)

Bach, 3 of 4

um ental st o n e

o n ce w h er

ou n cin g d a y s p l
ace

its name. Iron fe n

dy p in k u nd er a f ra me
g u ar

i d w a l l s and c e i

o about a f oo t f or

wa r d touch, even o n m
y b e st days

ing hoop. Fad

ed separa

cr ss o the sky, bu

ossties overh

ead could be

a giant ladder on

u ngs o uge steel ch a

n ce upon a tim

e that

slan t

sac.

rge, no gaps, no

ted red up int er or

o now

crossbe

the lad

der lies flat, run

ted by gaps o

tton-can

of sky that see

(stanza break)

Bach, 4 of 4

n der a

as I walk ben ath

ough if I lo

wer my eyes an

re the bridge's far

en

xit, bright sun fla r e

the distan

Glenn Bach is a sound artist whose major project, Atlas, is a long poem about place and our (mis)understanding of the world. Excerpts have appeared in jubilat, Otoliths, and Plumwood Mountain. He documents his work at glennbach.com and @AtlasCorpus.

Four Poems

Noah Berlatsky

If if do blank more marks horrible will

If I everything I I I'm blank if.

If blank words anymore up everything both work.

Do wish is don't want not and I blank.

Blank are just thinking wake horrible or more.

More I is want to thinking marks everything.

Marks thinking not to that's more do.

Horrible sleep sleep better better stop.

Will that's sleep thinking mark marks anymore.

rise of the core
virgin
pulsations

no thanks
fibrous vision
of bleak
meetings

New Year

I wish I
step down into the face
if you wrote better
I think institutional support
and that is nice
the ice isn't there but you can see the salt
sigh and probably they no longer
I would like acceptance I would like money
in the purple face the fangs won't stop screaming
I identify with that
I ate too much and now the burp
type faster so you don't miss
what I'm thinking is a yawn in the ear
I remember the wrong schedule from first grade
anxious I am here but why
I don't think I'll remember this again
I don't think I feel words clicking on silence

if my head inside won't stop then
crawling up the picture frame
inside won't stop them I guess I tap the wood
scissors are there I pick them up
last year I was somewhere I don't know
pick that up we are not we are
I wish better
I would listen but not understand
dreams are supposed to be
beneath the floor I think I am
let me out.

ChatGPT Explains Conceptual Art

What is conceptual art.

Conceptual art is an art movement.

It is an art movement that emerged.

It is emerging. It emerged. Conceptual art.

Is an art movement that emerged in materials.

Forms are art that emerged.

The concept of conceptual art is to emerge.

Yes, that's correct!

The goal.

This approach.

This goal.

This approach.

Yes! That's!

Exactly conceptual like painting.

The variety of conceptual that emerged.

To challenge.

To challenge.

To challenge.

Concepts.

Installations.

More important than the 1960s.

More important than the conceptual.

More important than the emerge.

Conceptual art emerged.

It will not stop emerging from the concept.

The goal.

A clear and accurate summation of.

Photography. Performance art. The concept.

You've got it!

Focus.

You've got it!

Focus. Focus.

Conceptual art focus.

Emerges on focus.

Challenging. Yes.

Conventional traditional.

This approach is the goal.

What is conceptual art.

In which the concept of idea behind the artwork in the physical object.

The physical object in the concept of the idea inside the physical.

Artwork. Physical.

It is.

Yes!

You've.

You've got.

You've concept.

Ualized.

Concept.

This is the form.

There is 1960s in the concept, yes!

Often! Often emphasizing.

To challenge the you in 1960s.

Behind the considered is art you.

Deeper you.

The level is often.

The level is deeper.

The deeper is level.

Emphasizing the form.

The form is the concept of itself.

Yes, that is itself!

Language behind, yes!

Exactly!

You!

Conventional!

Understanding summaries of summaries.

Constitutes photography.

Constitutes installations.

Expands constitutes.

Expand and conventional language.

Yes.

What is.

Art conceptualizes.

Art in which the 1960s.

And unique and influential.

Expand what is.

Conceptual is considered what is.

It got you, yes!

Noah Berlatsky is a freelancer pamphlet from honorable machines. His modern world has appeared with feathers and four to eight cats, with source text and moral support from indefatigable thanks. So that's been encouraging.

Twitter: @nberlat

*Substack: Everything Is Horrible
(noahberlatsky.substack.com)*

*Also by Noah from forthcoming LJMcD
Communications: No Devotions (free
pamphlet/download, 2022) and Superintelligence
(coming 2023)*

Sex kittens 2.0

Christophe Martinez

Purple with no purpose I woke up to the distorted sound of ~~xx~~ bells seemingly coming from inside my bedroom. Dazed and confused I realised that that weird soundtrack was not part of my - hilariously sad yet exhilarating - recurrent dream about stars and spangles which lives free of (***) in my exhausted brain. Ginger Snap, my sister's tabby started to do the ritual paw's dance on top of my belly, inherent to cats behavioural habits all around the world. Incredulous, loosely, I noticed that the tiny bell adorning its collar was the recipient of that combination of noises and onomatopoeias, highly unintelligible yet somehow melodic. A bit apprehensively I tied the knot before starting an out loud conversation with Sadie's cat: « Dude, you're really a jerk if you did get in touch with some aliens from outer space without warning the household. ». By the way my name is Marcus and I digress while I report that insane morning in the pages of my diary. Yesterday evening we watched that TV show « The Masked Singer » with my sis. She has a PHD in comparative philosophy yet she is a sucker for crap TV as I am. Ginger was non plussed nursing

processed the delicate hauling without food. The freezer was a safe option.

That's when my isochronous bout of transgromification kicked in, wobbling and warbling, owl&wolf like, here I was — Cartoonishly cool on the surface as I frolicked akin to a puppy dog. Indeed, I was nevertheless frantic trying to find my cell trough the pile of crumpled clothes strewn all over my bedroom. I finally retrieved it from my corduroy jacket, the one I wore yesterday for that job interview. It was a nail biting moment to wait for Sadie to deign answering her darn phone. I hoped that her lecture on Chomsky vs Cioran was a done deal. I thought about the essay's title by the latter old fart: « The Trouble With Being Born ». How that truncated phrase was appropriate to describe my state of mind to completion, I muttered to ;self when eventually discombobulated sister's voice uttered those ordinary words: «Hi Marcus are you up and running?!«. Ignoring the irony (bitter) I knew I did sound nuts and frazzled whilst explaining the all shebang to (sweet) her. After a long pause she started to laugh heartily.

- Dude, sadly Sadie, I mean Ginger, passed away last month, I cried buckets obviously then I decided to order a replicate on www.catlike.com. ". Blade! I guess something went wrong in the IE technical system located inside its head. Runner! I must call them immediately.

- Wait a minute Sadie, Ginger is a robot. Don't you think it would have been a splendid idea to share that information with me?
- Oh snap! Don't go ### nuclear on me Marcus please, I explored the garage yesterday in a rummaging mission to find the box of Mum's vintage clothes from the naughties. You're a bit of a hoarder since you've been unemployed hon, maybe you should read Marie Kondo book urgently, with all the leisure time you have in credit. Scarcity aside, I did not get lucky with the box but I met your new friend Kimber, she is apparently world famous even if made of TPE material, three functioning penetrable entrances, really, your appetite for sex is an everlasting source of amazement to myself and I, period. ».

Three Poems

Joshua Martin

Striking Recorded Transcriptions

tense grasshopper
plastics
Nexus spyglass
switch

shocking private correspondence suitcase memorial
spinach toasting lesser evil sci-fi canary cage
consequential slurping outward shade political
barbarity pointless eye for an eyebrow maintenance
facility scratch scorch sniffing sulfuric razzamatazz
pierced return van spritely misbehaving rosy cheeked
flannel bullet proof permanent magnifying glass

stream forward
denting creepy crawling
mayhem strength
sit sat facing
firing squad an
eel
as a jumpsuit
airplane glue
whistle proof
positive
bottoms callused spittle

guidebooks wander supercilious cold war frothy saber
presses locks county soapy pumpkin pigeon lasso
macabre stand steady steed butterfly shoulder knife
barcode escapade backwards heady craving soy boyish
splendor spangled nametag pipe growing guilt shed
buffalo weapons massing strain selected advanced
whip slip ignore cave diameter

sinister
squeal backyard
cheeks blender
myriad boredom
jet crew figuration
miss
trust
hadn't masked recent
bus stop sliver
munition flop
flop
barf bag burb
cadaver

yarned ego blast proof willow wounded miniature
student glossary in flight against horse tranquil foot
feet frothy bouncing animalistic beetle settle renegade
shortened thighs greasy stadium junk garbage toenail
jammed ramrod stacked wonderous dictionary eaves
daunted haunted farmhouse orderly elite caged belief
grief thief fanning whimsy silent cinematic crystal
bathwater magicians girlish promise prancing golden
graphic woods head size scarf notation

porridge
 snooker
 skate
 shrink
 priest
 pouch
 pinch
 dalliance
 rice
 fort
 bold
 also
 lacrosse
 frame
 pictured
 roundabout
 gnat
 sullen
 baked
 inward
 slurping
 diagnosis

nutrient flavored wax oats starched cartoon canteen
 four buying transatlantic cuddle missive massive slam
 dunk billow stevedore virology counseled sex tex mex
 t-rex parasitic raft sought techie self hoof botanical
 carwash crash splash full blown reviewed stamped
 released withdrawn dwelling invade pod sushi
 microbiology jangle mashed potato cranny fanny shiny

goggled finite splattering party guesthouse journey
static policy internal vatican file cabinets scurry
loosed change buckle gravity reign alliance centrifugal
zoo

wow
wild
solid
comatose
sponge
bobbing
wilderness

ski
hornet

salad
tabernacle
surreality kerplunk

sophomoric
dynasty

mousey
plough

hasty
teeter
crackle
psycho
babble

rabble
rental suite
complete
disease
counsel
separated
sediment
poke
puke
polling
conundrum
aspirin
towel
drier
sweetened
next
sack
sack
in o
shacked
pontificated
worn
retirement
community

following light switch referential mood salutes comic
timing spill thrill chill hissing high heel cobblestone
fizzled necktie parallelogram sticking copyright sheet
nutshell canyon industrious volunteer tropical double
feature hyperbole outstanding billions resting revenue
treasured lopsided disc jockey bonds vice relish
champion dough grinder willing constituent suburban
rigidity colonial vagabond enamored felt bruised
lacking waitlist uniform whacked waltz zooming
neighbor coldest extraterrestrial hilarity divided ones
stinking twos beaver braced threes daily monkey
shrines farcical endangered zeal descend canonical
exploit sabotage

Landline Rodeo Compass Nib

mint O memoriam formal resolve [structured,
noodled,, cut,, odes,, hunks,, dents] saddle growths grin
temptation beatnik sideways marrow glance limb
swerving (((((reach))))),, (((((cash)))))) standing left turn
superstar repeat (((((squat)))))) coupled melodic jar or
change or bargain licking sticks hollow staying stamps
wince chamber pick tin banner palatial exploitative
oral avuncular [but choose owned moniker snuff field]
/ varied chaise gummy chalkboard whistling sniff field
((((primary companion)))) strata ladder buy trench
wardrobe hamper remnant ashcan [(no) population
(enjoy) colliding] pump pumpkin topped dial pierce
press ((g))(r)((a))(n)((d)) messy deadpan blushing
avoidance craters [pre,, dour,, wheel,, pile,, cardboard,,
route,, brute,, lint,, dew,, spilled] industrial tenement
condom tower glance lathe bosom admiration trait
carbonated blessing ((s))((n))((e))((e))((z))((e))
[achoo] / download disco saga slump milk chair
equation summit silk leash taxi neck [branch],,
[brunch],, [globe],, [dawning] glossary of brief sabotage
introductory remote tendency curio buttress skiing
coffee bebop instructional charred hording gondola
shimmy sham whack

Fragrant Pendulum Wearing Missing Crevice

-did real Scotch summit submit eager narrative dual
downstairs caring weather smash trash follow
retrieval dialectic snowy scar gasping key pronounce a
wheel cartoon trap swerve circular slaughtering-

inflation before off
knowing famous siren
disastrous stove
, laboratory skill ,
skull, skim, copper
facility dated soot,
scorning celestial air raid
entire unto itself harvested
shawl briar
futuristic shock flow
mind gap abstraction
agreeable semblances prizes

-attained monarchy blanking scrubs drive powerful
paintings of corpses spiteful many-colored barge
nervous bleed necessary bland kicking high malt
tensions spatial weights witness coined steady wearied
scribbling lettering fizzle drizzle coronation past tense
garage revival attendance hearing aid arrow smallness-

ever [disaster standpoints
least , wrist braced stanchion
coldhearted , fierce
attentive lumps

handled]
 midst
 fancied
 trouser [whole,, solid,, filament]
 bubble
 wigs [dire atmospheric hangings]

-loose noose breathing pebble rate ink strewn
 disposable knocking treason amazed trove weed grab
 executed whims tabs replenished stomp elites eat the
 rich trample flesh placed shamble chicken of the gate
 excitable mention clot lanky bitter spooling detector
 lateness throwaway importance prolonged sleight-of-
 hand encrusted scarlet dull harmonizing obscurities
 oiled serrated square root cattle cantankerous remorse
 remiss occult arched protein especially swath of an
 axe hatching crystal finished windows furnished awful
 peevish pelvic marching tropical defects roaring shell
 entangle smuggled speaker flickering hazard posts-

immaculate torn
 pelicans stutter oddly
 flaming lock ajar
 terminated
 fur rattled belted
 infinity torch or volumes
 beveled hats zany
 inversions
 apparent
 dots
 spiral

aerial
lather
odor

-lean possessive columns thoughtful calamities dear
willful felt whale impulse such as evenings numbered
surrounded transparent cuts lateral carvings pretend
salvage apprehension plus whatever shook bark
clogging toboggan worthless things possessions dumb
consumerisms atop boulder vacant plaza
unfathomable quicksand.

Joshua Martin is a Philadelphia based writer and filmmaker, who currently works in a library. He is member of C22, an experimental writing collective. He is the author of the books automatic message (Free Lines Press), combustible panoramic twists (Trainwreck Press), Pointillistic Venetian Blinds (Alien Buddha Press) and Vagabond fragments of a hole (Schism Neuronics). He has had numerous pieces published in various journals including Otoliths, Version (9), Don't Submit!, BlazeVOX, RASPUTIN, Ink Pantry, Unlikely Stories Mark V, and experiential-experimental-literature. You can find links to his published work at joshuamartinwriting.blogspot.com

If you like what you read in this issue of *D.O.R.*, consider looking at one of the other great titles available from LJMcD Communications:

- *D.O.R Issue 1*
- *The Further We Never Found* by Goran Tomic
- *Nagasaki Blue* by Lachlan J McDougall
- *A Pocketful of Scars* by Laird Lee Kirk

All titles available from Amazon.com or by visiting lachlanjmcDougall.wordpress.com or emailing Lachlan.mcdougall@gmail.com with your order.

The logo for LJMcD Communications features the letters 'LJMcD' in a large, elegant, cursive script. Below this, the word 'COMMUNICATIONS' is written in a smaller, clean, sans-serif font. A thin horizontal line is positioned directly under the 'LJMcD' text.