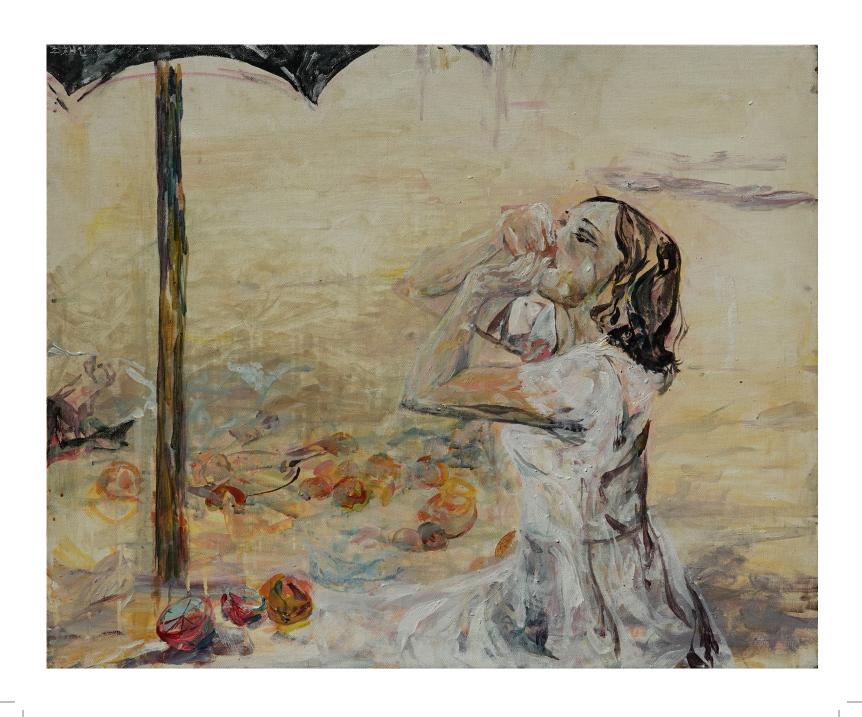
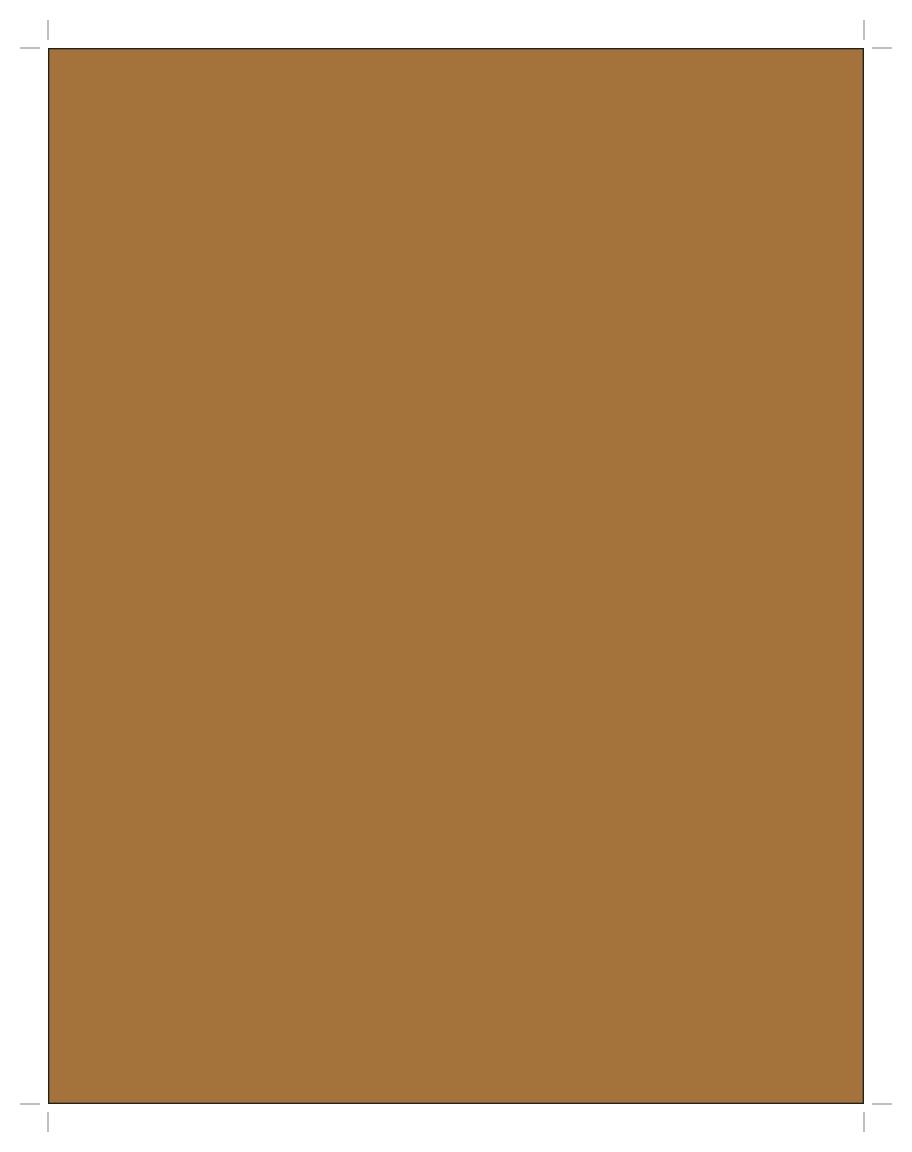


# Winter 2022





# letter from the editors

Energeia has always been about collecting the art of the community here at St. John's. We know that there is good art here and we know that you also know that. Our job is to bring all of it together in a place where it is accessible to the polity. We hope that Energeia gives you the opportunity to sit with this art; to visit and revisit it.

We are excited to begin our time as editors of Energeia and hope that you will trust our hands to shape this collection for the next two years.

We encourage you to find your friends who are published in this issue and have them autograph their piece! Make this magazine a memory of the time and place it was made.

- Allyson and Kelly

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#### Polish original by Marta Podgórnik

#### (...) tylko dupki ukrywają słabość

tylko dupki ukrywają słabość. ziarna nie sieją. fala podnosi się, topi ich. we śnie, kurewsko nie fair, zawodzą zawory bezpieczeństwa.

wartość ma tylko to, co właśnie tracisz. w co brniesz dalej. nie będziesz miał nic, co można by ukraść, zniszczyć, nic, czym można by zabić.

dasz sobie tyle czasu — stąd do tamtąd. ruszysz. w niemal każdą wiarygodną jutrzejszość. w tego boga uwierzysz, który tu, teraz, za ciebie.

i wyjdziesz z tego jak spod prysznica. nago, wyzwolony z formy, pusty w treść. poślizgniesz się na kafelkach, co się zdarza —

złamany ładniej będziesz wyglądał na zdjęciu. po zdjęciu z tego, powieszony na następnym, krzyż pęknie o kant sedesu.

#### (...) only asses hide weakness

only asses hide weakness, they sow no seeds. the wave rises, drowns them, in sleep, fucking unfairly, they let down the safety valves.

only that, which you lose, has any worth. what you keep wading in. you won't have anything, which could be stolen, destroyed, nothing, with which you could kill.

you'll give yourself so much time — from here to there. you move. in nearly every reliable tomorrow. you believe in that god, who here, now, is for you.

and you'll get out of it like from under the shower. naked, released from form, empty in content. you'll slip on the tiles, which can occur —

you'll look prettier broken in a photograph. after being taken from this one, hung on the next, the cross

## Kirkland Brand Whisky a Go Go

Lubricated and dressed up in alabaster rubber soles, spattered with someone else's Thirsty Thursday night vomit, painted in pinpricks of rinsed pantomime sick, dripped over him like Jackson Pollock'd skin. Dispensing that same old same old variety of slurred volatility with an everyman's touch for decommissioned thinking. Doing the Twelve Step shuffle, wobble, tumble through the front door, drinking in just the same way that deadbeat painter did. Thoroughly, the alcoholic thrashed, downing swimming pools of turpentine gin, preaching the babble of practiced abuse. Paternalism-comme-chaos, steady hands don't spill. Gulling themselves onward and toward their black diamond slope to a blacked out hell at the bottom of the hill.

And they blame the existence of what or whomever they happen to neglect on bad genes too Irish, too diseased, too rare. Or otherwise, they blame it on their "Doing swell!" dad, too boring, too content, too gray-flannel suited, too square. Or else, the blame's on their dad's own down-bad shit dad, who'd come home slackjawed after his factory shift full of vinegar and piss, snarling, gnashing, flinging spit. Face turning Marlboro red, screaming, slurring, yelling at the children with a paddle in his hands demanding to know which to hit, until the day he finally up and decided to never, ever quit. Warm fluid, grain alcohol! rinses off the debris of daytime despair. Back again off the saddle, too lonesome to bear.





# If I Can Tell

I know not where my Beatrice leads me and whether hell or heaven's where I'm bound, but tied to her am I, we move without a sound intent on home, wherever that may be. Though we be quiet, music's all around. There's either holy hymns or moans of hell and oh! I do not know if I can tell.

# Spiral Stairway to Heaven

I could pull a Sisyphus and push a suitcase full of hopes and dreams up an endless spiral staircase, but I'd laugh, because every time it falls, it plays the steps like piano keys and sometimes the notes make a melody.

And I drag the suitcase back up

thump thump thump

So I can hear it again.

### Almost

Winter comes, always and again, but something cannot stay which never quite made an appearance in the first place.

It's just like those words you dropped long ago onto your faded kitchen sofa like throw pillows, expectant, and my response, which has been resting on the other side of my lips for all these years.

Winter comes, but Bayou City in February can never quite keep a frost.

It's soon ousted by climbing jasmine and April-sweet oleander conquering my driveway with perfume's shadow.

We, too, had that moment of autumn—
not a fever-quenching cool, but
a brief dip into reality
(our Achilles heel),
then back to the invincibility of the incomplete.

Now my mind drowns in dog days,
The Mississippi in the sun,
stuck at the start of these long lonely summer years.
Back when everything would happen,
because nothing had—
before unasked questions expected answers.

# Fæth Fiadha "Deer's Cry"

Crist lim.

I unbind from myself
What I have seen.
Such sorrow no song has sung
No writing written
No painting painted
No poem named.
Not even this one.

Crist remam.

To watch a Father is to Learn. To lose a Father is to Love. To watch a Father lose is to Lose Hope.

Crist imm degaid.

Falling.

All one can do.

All we All will do.

Crist innum.

He blessed Him!
He did His duty!
In one strangled sentence He commended
His son's spirit onwards
To a God felt cold by warm blood.

Crist isum.

The Hand fell Limp and unflinching. Strangled by the same Cancer We gazed, unblinking.

Crist úasam.

The sign of the Cross
On a forehead gone cold as
The Stone rolled away—
He lives!

Why do we?

Christ with me.

# Cleopatra by College Creek

We walked again where nights before we walked, though closer now, and what you wore reminded me of Cleopatra.

The sky was blushing, so was I, you turned and asked me how, above, the sky would seem a pinkish human cheek.

Perhaps I was a witness to my own imaginings: the amorous hue of sky betraying inner wishes.

The water too had turned from blue to match its mate above, and on our view we said "horizon kissed the sky".



# Bark, Bitch!

words i cannot remember words that dismember

reports of disharmonies reports of tired bodies

like a bitch goes larking like a bitch goes barking

# fragments from a barking bitch

# fragment I

One morning I will wake up and I will have killed him. In some way or the other. In my dream or in my life or in my delusion. But he will be dead and it will have been my hand holding the dagger. And his blood will cleanse me of my guilt.

## fragment VIII

It's snowing out and the ground is being covered up. The world is being resurfaced. And I pray that I begin to snow.



Zeinep Kyzy | 13

#### Waiting on the Bench

A good samaritan should pluck this spot up and arrange it so: no bushes, no old, ivy-tresteled walls propped against its land, no chatter, no smooth inclined path, and no clothes. Let a mattress be put in the scene, like a large white brick, and another mattress, a harsher one with weaker supports, with significant cold springs coming out of it by an inch on the sides and the top, so that the first bed, in an honest comparison, can't be complained of.

Someone could always say, "Just this; haven't been shanked just yet!"

Anything could be adequate then—tear down all the buildings, take the lights, and even so, long as there is one person present with a stake of ruined light quivering in their eyes. Not important who.

Why criticize this? It's fine enough as is.

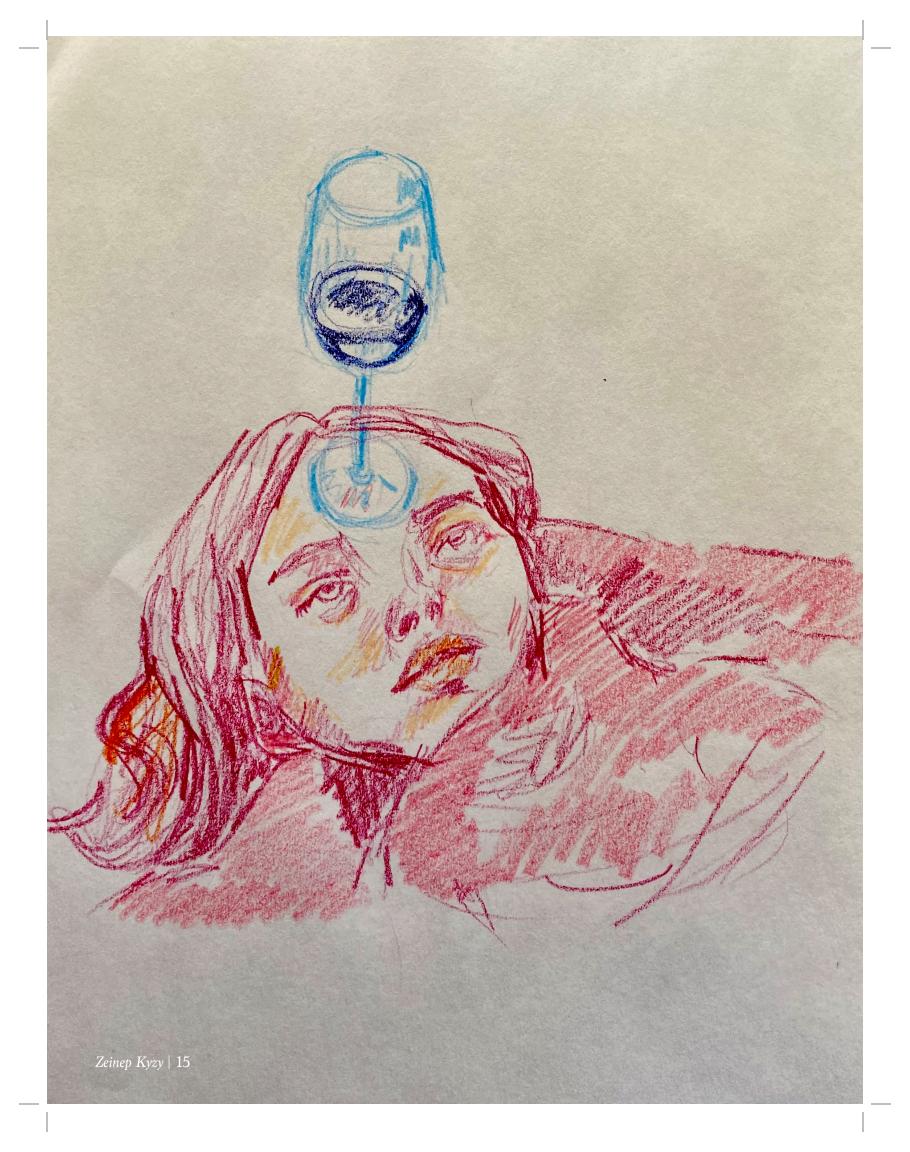
There is the ashy dawn smoking into a lawn, dry. A bicyclist rolls on.

I ask myself what came first: the artist or the critic? A symbol

that is obvious is in its obviousness, selfreferential, and so not

obvious at all. A bicyclist rolls on. A wedding wanes in the cellar's wine-laden

walls. A lamplight shines on. I leave my cigarette on the lawn.

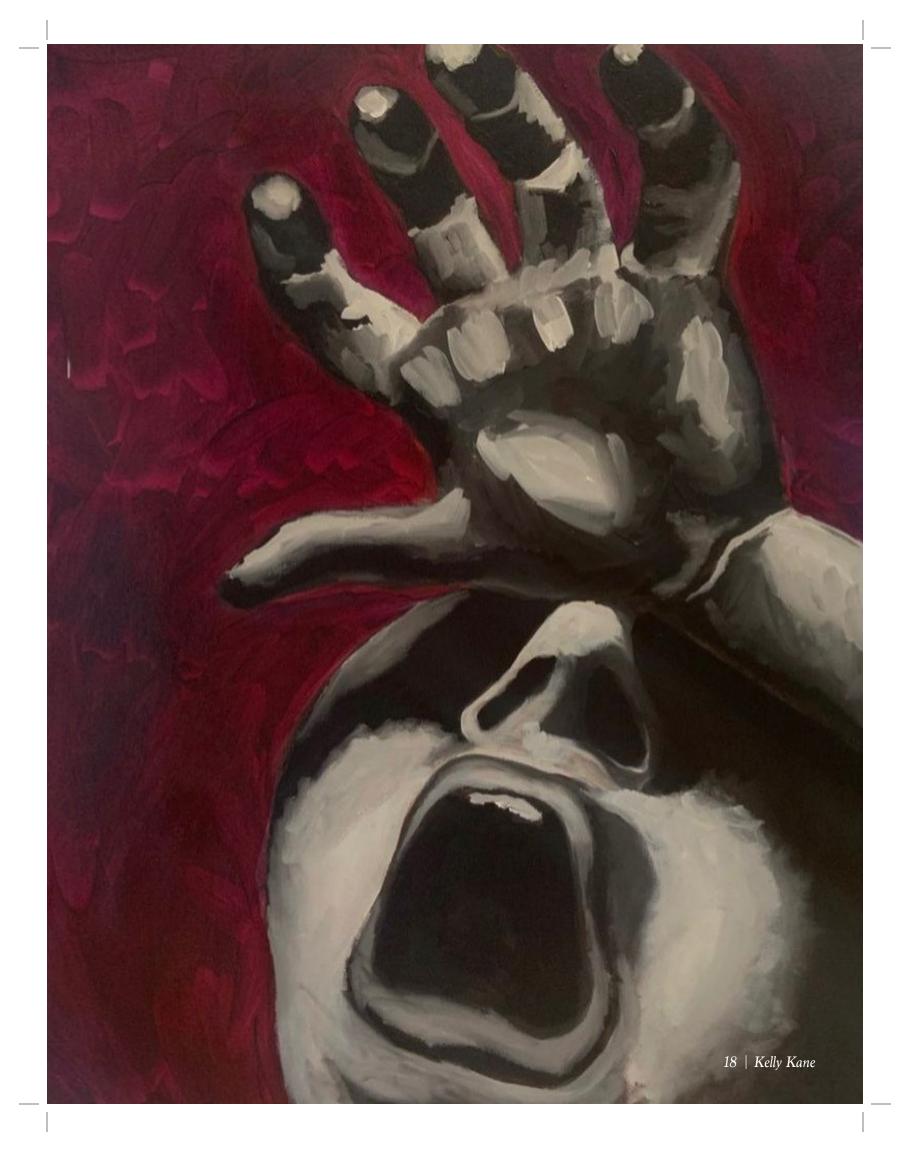


# In Search of God in Dreams

They say, "God is made of hunger, and we are made of dreams." But, What if I am made of hunger and god is just a dream? What if I am starved and searching, yet all the plates are clean? What if there's no end to wanting and love's been sliced too thin? Will perhaps my own frail bones be fed to me again? Maybe naked truth lies hidden, in fair youths' immortal sin and maybe in my searching god and dreams may yet amend the concent of Eden leaves me blinded by its grace or if I'm only dreaming chaos lingers in its wake and every fruitless study sees me shroud in willow green Surely every longing chorus must some god somewhere demean? The distance between god and eye is an untrodden sea but I would risk a trip to Sheol if a better man I'll be If there exists a divine presence, it remains unknown to me as the errors of free will imitate captivity Molded in the light of sanctitude, yet irreverent in the flesh we, in turn, must be so similar, two are called let one confess And if high above lays heaven, as believers' final home Then to understand the will of God, I must understand my own

# Hotel

There are too many towels in this hotel: guest-beds sheeted with towels to imbibe the night-sweats, tablecloth-towels miraculously wine-spared. A man today left his complementary breakfast untouched as fluffy white towels leapt from his throat like a hospitable magician's act. And their clothes are all towels now. The floors above are buckling with the weight of too many towels, sclerosing the hallways like cholesterol, boarding in every mousehole, usurping the oxygen with a smothering comfort most homely, towels pudging windowpanes, people's torsos turning-towel, stray towels strewn across the drizzle-slicked streets below, innumerable orphans with no hotel, towels flaming in clogged electrics yet still ghost-white -"and the towel was not consumed." There are too many towels in this hotel.



#### Grandboy Rat

Grandma is dying. An old immigrant from the easternmost reaches of Hoboken, New Jersey who made her way—frightened and alone on a long and perilous journey across an unforgiving ocean—all the way to Newark, New Jersey. Just nineteen years of age, with only fifteen dollars in her pocket, and not speaking a lick of the language, she soon found steady work as a salesclerk at a Sears department store. She became the queen of the cash register, the czarina of customer service, the grand duchess of the return policy—a woman who wielded power with not much more than her stare and the military march clickity-clack of her patent leather high heels. She would man the floor like a field general and quickly rose through the ranks to assistant manager. Every pleated tartan skirt that came back sans ironing, every polyester suit that came back with a cigarette burn or a sesame chicken stain, every floozy and fraudster who "forgot" their receipt, she turned away as forcefully as it was final.

One such customer was a wiry little man, about thirty years of age, with almost no hair left on his head and knuckles covered with tufts of darkened steel wool, who'd brought back three pairs of polyblend flared golf pants, one pair checkered, the other two plain—burgundy and burnt orange, as was the style in those gaudy and violent years at the end of the sixties—insisting that they rode up too high in the crotch. As the story goes, Grandma gave the customer the classic return policy spiel as he pleaded with her to accept the items back, his hands waving like Gilligan with a biplane flying overhead his island, face all red, and spit falling from his egg-breathed mouth, eventually drying up on the linoleum counter. Over the course of the doomed transaction, the man, reeking of desperation, started to elevate his tone, and his unmovable, emphatic persistence—his line in the sand—pitched all the way up to a shrill yelp, yelling on about the "absolute rape of ethics being reproached." Grandma called him a "frosty little, smallpricked, mouse-brained jackass." The transactions turned to confrontation, and at the return desk of the Sears, the confrontation escalated to altercation as they argued and argued and argued some more. After the passing of the two-hour mark, each of them exhausted, somehow sweaty, and stubborn as ever, the back and forth finally simmered down to a low boil, all energy zapped, all willpower wiped, and they exchanged jokes and guips and bits and pieces about their lives with each other.

They had each met their match. Their lowest-of-stakes arbitration relenting into friendly, flirty chit-chat, their back and forth ended up lasting well past dusk, and the quickly falling darkness signaled that it was time for the store to close. The pair, each of them lost in their new-found mutual connection, maintained no thought of at all of going their separate ways, even as Grandma began her final rounds of the store, checking the inventory for missing or misplaced merchandise and potential signs of theft. And the customer, having lost both all hope and all care for a refund of any sort, reckoned where a broom was and did her sweeping for her. After the fluorescents were switched off and the glass doors were polished and locked behind them, the couple stood outside under the pale blue of the unplugged neon Sears sign and greeted the emptied vastness of the wasteland parking lot, careful not to gaze at the stars so as to appear at all sentimental. So, they looked at each other instead and quickly realized they hadn't needed the stars to look at after all. The man then invited Grandma for a drink, to which she obliged. She got a double shot of whiskey, and he got a Mai Tai with a plastic umbrella in it. They played pool and he sunk the eight ball on his third shot. She won twenty bucks off that win, and he still laughed as he lost, not to mention he never even got that refund for those pants. Well, that man became my Grandpa, who died before I was born.

But now, Grandma is dying . . . and she's propped up in a hospital-like mechanized bed, set up in the living room of her rent-controlled apartment, with oxygen tanks and a morphine drip and a nurse to feed her and change her and overall take care of her, watching her and giving her as much of a simulation of love as a contracted hospice nurse can give for fourteen hours a day. Like Grandma's some goddamn invalid. That's her language, not mine. That's what Grandma would say, not me. I don't approve of calling people stuff like that. But she can barely move her fingers more than to buzz the nurse to fetch more drugs, much less talk, and Grandma would be cursing her condition—and often is—much more venomously than just the word "invalid"—to her that term is practically a medical evaluation of a condition of reality, as is "tard," as was "dyke," and "idiot" and "shvatze" (an old Yiddish term—as horrible and ugly in meaning as it is phonetically—she remembered from her youth that does not bear the need to get into in more detail) for that matter.

She's in pain, alright. I hear her groans and I use my imagination to reproduce in my mind the pins-and-needle stabbing of that lecherous tumor growing like a mold from her colon outward into the rest of her organs. God, she looks awful without her wig. My whole life I knew her presence as: spine straightened, bosom pushed out towards the six-foot man in the sky, hawkish look in her evil beady green eyes, like a Gestapo officer whose job it was to double-check "the lists." But most of all, her presence, to me, was that of the ever so slightly curled peroxide blonde hair helmet, neither snow nor rain nor heat nor hail could move even a strand of hair out of it upright and locked position. One was unsure if the piece was a wig—and if it was a wig, if it was not but a cruel joke played on some poor unassuming, likely mentally deteriorating woman by some mean-spirited hair stylists. A caricatured tumbleweed like the ones you see in those old cartoons, rolling through empty dusty main thoroughfares in the old west but those ormous, boisterous, blinding was the gaudiness of her crown: both acquiring the color and the texture—the overall essentialness—of pissed on grass after it had dried.

I'm not sure how long she has left—the doctors say she won't make it through the month. But I don't know how much longer I can do this. This living here with her here dying. My sneaking around because she has no clue that I've been living here, sleeping in a linen closet during the day, with only the sound of Nurse Marta's immaculately white tennis shoes clomping around and the steady beep of the heart monitor machine to lull me to a soft fetal-positioned sleep; lurking in the shadows, only coming out when she's asleep and after the nurse has gone so I can find some meager rations to sustain me: old cereal, saltine crackers, cans of spam.

Oh, do I struggle! I do. And how this struggle inflicts itself upon me! It's horrid really. How long can one live under the throw covers of life, like a stowaway, a scurrying disease-ridden rat? Grandma's the one with the disease! The only thing I've got is insomnia and a nervous personality. It's me who should be receiving sponge baths from the beautiful, sweet, utterly kind-hearted nurse, having split pea soup spoon-fed to me and having my arm injected with free pseudo-heroin. It's me who really deserves all the pseudo-love—it sure would feel real, which is all that really matters to me. Holed-up like some sort of deadbeat, freeloading drifter in here, I can't stand one more minute of it, though I must. So tortured after all these months from breathing in the scent of mothballs and baby powder and death, and the air that feels like the inside of a mouth from the army of humidifiers Grandma's got set up throughout this godforsaken one bedroom, one and half bath third floor walkup. I'm her blood for crying out loud, her flesh and blood. That's why I'm hiding out here, and as long as I stay hiding, I've got a roof over my head and scraps of three day old Shepard's pie. I can live, like a Rat King, but live no less. And I will live. You can know that.



In Memory of Rolly Phillips Magistrae linguae latinae

When Dido, I saw, set her pyre, signaling to her lost desire, a flash of that self-same Phoenix-fire

blazed in your eye on newborn wings, an after-augury of things sustained by fresh imaginings—

like light from a dead star that, to live, travels far, old and young; we, too, are.

# Ο Τοῦ Ηλίου Άνισταμένου Οἶκος

Έστιν οἶκος Νέᾳ Ώρλεάνη
"Ηλιος Ἀνιστάμενος νομίζεται
Πέφανται δε φθορὰ ταλαιπώρων πολλῶν Νὴ Διά, γιγνώσκω αὐτῶν μ'εἶναι

> Ή μήτηρ ἀεὶ ἔρραπτεν Τὸν οἴνοπα χιτῶνα συνέρραψε Ὁ πατὴρ ἀεὶ ἐν τῷ κυβείῳ Νέᾳ Ὠρλεάνῃ ἐν

> Χρὴ δ' ἐρῶντα κυβείους ἔχειν Μόνον τοὺς σανδάλους Μόνον δε τέλειος φαίνεται Όταν ἐστι μέθυστος

Ω, μήτηρ, λέγε τοῖς τέκνοιςΜὴ πράττειν ἃ πέπραγαΤοὺς βίους διατρίβειν κακῶςἩλίῷ Ἀνισταμένῷ μετά

Τοῦ μὲν ποδὸς ἐπί τοῦ βήματος Τοῦ δ' ὄντων μεθ' ὁδόν Εἰς Νέαν Ὠρλεάνην νοστῶ Ἰνα λαμβάνωμαι τὸν δεσμόν

Έστιν οἶκος Νέᾳ Ώρλεάνη
Ήλιος Άνιστάμενος νομίζεται
Πέφανται δε φθορὰ ταλαιπώρων πολλῶν
Νὴ Διά, γιγνώσκω αὐτῶν μ'εἶναι

#### The House of the Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans
Named "Rising Sun"

It has shown to be the destruction of many
wretched ones
By God, I know myself to be of them

My mother was always sewing
She stitched together my wine-dark chiton
My father was always in the gambling
house
In New Orleans

It's fitting for a lover of the gambling house to be holding
Only his sandals
He only shows forth to be complete
Whenever he is drunk

Oh, mother, tell your children Not to do what I have done Waste away your lives wickedly Among the Rising Sun

With one foot being on the pedestal
And the other on the road
Into New Orleans I'm returning
That I may pick up the burden

There is a house in New Orleans
Named "Rising Sun"

It has shown to be the destruction of many
wretched ones
By God, I know myself to be of them



#### Aaron's Rod

Welter of tails, slit-toungéd screams smothered by a hide of scales, split-stomached Oroborus tossed out to finitude.

Eden is reborn from the blood of legerdemain, serpents of recycled miracle boiling in God's elong stomach like bread leavening -

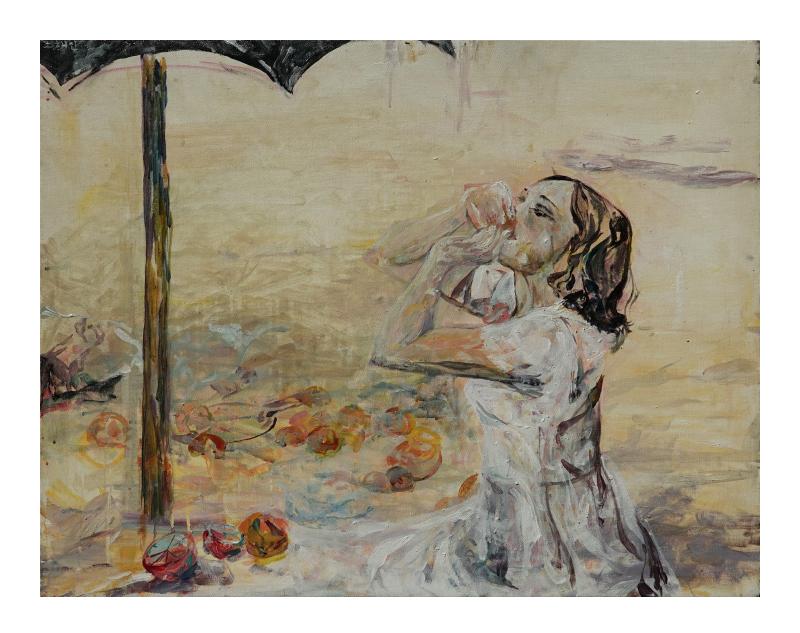
"say this to Israel: I AM THAT I EAT, serration cankering Egyptian lips." And the serpents were consumed, Godhead's splinters down-sanded

as before Mitosis, soothsayers heaving up sheep's-blood stirred with lithe-shelled snake-eggs, Abel dying in a back-alley and Jocheved's boys giggling like schoolgirls.

Aaron's Rod washes down the meal with Manischewitz, Muse of Eve and Adam fat with false-gods and dead firstborns. This is the bread affliction, Its crumbly scutes unshucked;

these are the aspirate snarls of Creation sated; this is where the serpent dies, embodied, blunted spine-needles tickling the innards of Redeemed Temptation.





# The End of The No Look Behind The Back Pass

Blood stained walls, The fictional quarterback caused the impact. And the force caused the skull to crack, caving in the frontal lobe and nasal bone and ripping through the connective tissue with the fictional football he threw. And all the viscera and snot and brain matter flew like a flock of Canadian geese all across the room. A promising young career of mild concussions and playoff games, a lifetime after of pride and an underdeveloped brain. Ruined, right there and then with that fictional football he threw. That was the end of that. of his mother's Venetian blinds and his cousin's sorry, sunken life. Well, that was the end of that. That was the end of the hierarchy between the Hail Mary heave and The No Look Behind The Back Pass.

# June bug

We went up to work on the tool shed,
My father and I, we talked about God.
The day was a big dark peach,
Juicy and sweet, it coated your fingers.
Making your face a sticky mess.
A June bug laid out on the floor, upside down,
He swung his legs, his blood orange red
Body wobbling, struggling quietly.
My dad sets him upright,
Sending his big, bloated body on his way.
Later I saw that same June bug.
He was swinging his legs, wobbling again.

#### I think about my father and the way he used to drive

I shower in a new place and the drops come down like bricks Fresh laid. I am led into my room by a man with a beer belly. Says "Put your key on a lanyard-tote bags are a bitch." His badge is silver. Reads SAFETY.

My father wanted to go back to college, I tell the blonde boy who is screwing the lid Off another week of bummed sips of moonshine.

And I let him pierce my lips because he could take what came out. Whole time I am thinking of my father and the way he used to drive:

Rev the engine,

Stomp.

Wrap the tendrils of your hair around the leather cover of the steering wheel.

Pull.

And I never got my license. I wiggle around things, mainly becoming a force that moves. I dance on a table while my leg is still broken and someone says Please stop.

You are going to hurt yourself. But

He says if you read all the good books, it hurts you.

He says if you're reading the bible, it hurts you.

He says if you paint then the smell's gonna hurt you.

Don't date [redacted], you know that they'll hurt you.

He says if you work for the government, it will suck the life out of your soul,

Rip the springs out of your bones, wrap tentacles around every corner of passion you have, Stretch it thin,

Pull.

So I kiss a boy and two people and a girl and a girl and look for something to love Like a hobby. I walk around this city at night

Alone staring into windows of restaurants I can't afford.

I let people touch me like a statue in search of passion I'll never refind.

It's healing.

My father once bought out an entire stand of girl scout cookies. Took a whole paycheck, Took his out of service Honda Civic for a spin speeding Down I-95 and told me he loved me.

Blared the music over it so I could barely make out the words-

Rev, stomp, wrapped tendrils of my hair around worlds I'll always be too young to live in.

Pull.

#### Cicero, Hortensius

**Cicero:** Inveneram, in magno deliciae, res quod vident se res quod cogitantes [res congitationis] sunt, non in utique res cogitantes, sed quod cogitatus transvehunt in menti indendum. Quando mens multorum viderunt corporalis rem, plerus coepiunt tortus contorquere sicut a vinculum. Attingunt comprehendunt multis alterorum corporalium rerum et procreant aliorum corporalium rerum, similibus patriae cum reges agnoscunt sui legum docere, non leges altera, sicut mathematica sicut Archimedes sui quod pronuntiata res docere non alia aliis quod pronuntiatis rebus sicut Theodorus. Ita, quam oportet quad ambones patrant eadem actiones tamen ambonum diversorum proponuntur? Nostri Terram potuit facimus in imaginationibus appellundus esse? Igitur modus scientiarum quod sunt extra corporum nostrorum exponuntur ad omnibus, non solum ei, sed etiam alterorum quoque. Igitur est quod <u>magna etiam animi contentio adhibenda est in explicando</u> Aristotele, si legas actiones un dialogus nobilis nominator Protrepticus. Unum docere mentis per imitando nata de imaginationum ad enim omnibus artibus videre. Pergunt energi laboribus quod similis sensibus. Et unus sensus properum sunt, sine aliquae labores cogitate dare enim secondo. At ea sensus difficilia est cognoscere properum cum videns ad unus pars artibus. Num, Hortensius, amicus meus, quid vobis videtur?

Hortensius: O Cicero, dedisti nos un insigne postulatum de sensuum. In sensus, habeo imaginem de Jovis et properi cognoscam qui reor. Imprimis animus meus, Item sed mens meus. Papae! At sensi cogitationes tuae quod dividit amnis. Philosophia, quod artis est, indiget creari optime enim aliis sentire. Sensus ignotum sunt nobis sed quod sciuntur dii in Olympo. Igitur sensus facilia sunt apisci sed non capere. Difficile est agnoscere quomodo facile quod pronuntiata ostenditur en actus energias. Ita, non video ut quod pronuntiata, sed meditatas enim corpora nostra.

Cicero: I had found, in great pleasure, that seeing objects are itself thinking objects, not in the sense objects are thinking, but such that it carries the thoughts that lodges into the mind. When the mind has seen much of these objects, many begin to twist and turn together like a rope. It touches one another [intertwines] with many of its other objects and create different forms, such also occurs in kingdoms when rulers recognize to demonstrate their own laws, not other laws as mathematicians like Archimedes demonstrate their own axioms instead of demonstrating others like Theodorus. And so, why must they both perform the same action yet different proposals? Could our world compose in bringing the imagination to exist? Therefore, the amount of knowledge existing outside our bodies is exposed to everything, not only from its own, but from others too. It is, then, that the great strain of mind was also previously explicit to be in Aristotle, if you <u>read</u> the workings of a dialogue known famously as philosophy in Protrepticus. There, one can demonstrate the mind by replicating the imagination's creations towards an art displayed for all to see. They continue to be-at-work with such effort that almost seems identical to their senses. And one's senses are immediate, without any effort to give thought on a second look. Yet, the sense itself is difficult to detect immediately when looking at only one part of the art. Now, Hortensius, my dear colleague, how shall you take this?

Hortensius: Oh Cicero, you have given us such an interesting point about senses. For the senses, I have taken a bust of Jove and already knew what I am thinking. My soul tends on one side, but my mind believes in the other. How lovely it brings me joy! Yet, I had found your thoughts tending to the opposite of our rivers. Philosophy, which is an art, must be produced perfectly in a form sensible for others. The senses are rather unknown that only our gods in Olympus knows. There be it so, that senses must be easily reachable but never graspable. It is hard to tell how easily the demonstration appears in most be-at-work movements [activities]. So, I see this not as a demonstration, but contemplation for our working bodies.

## Lunatic

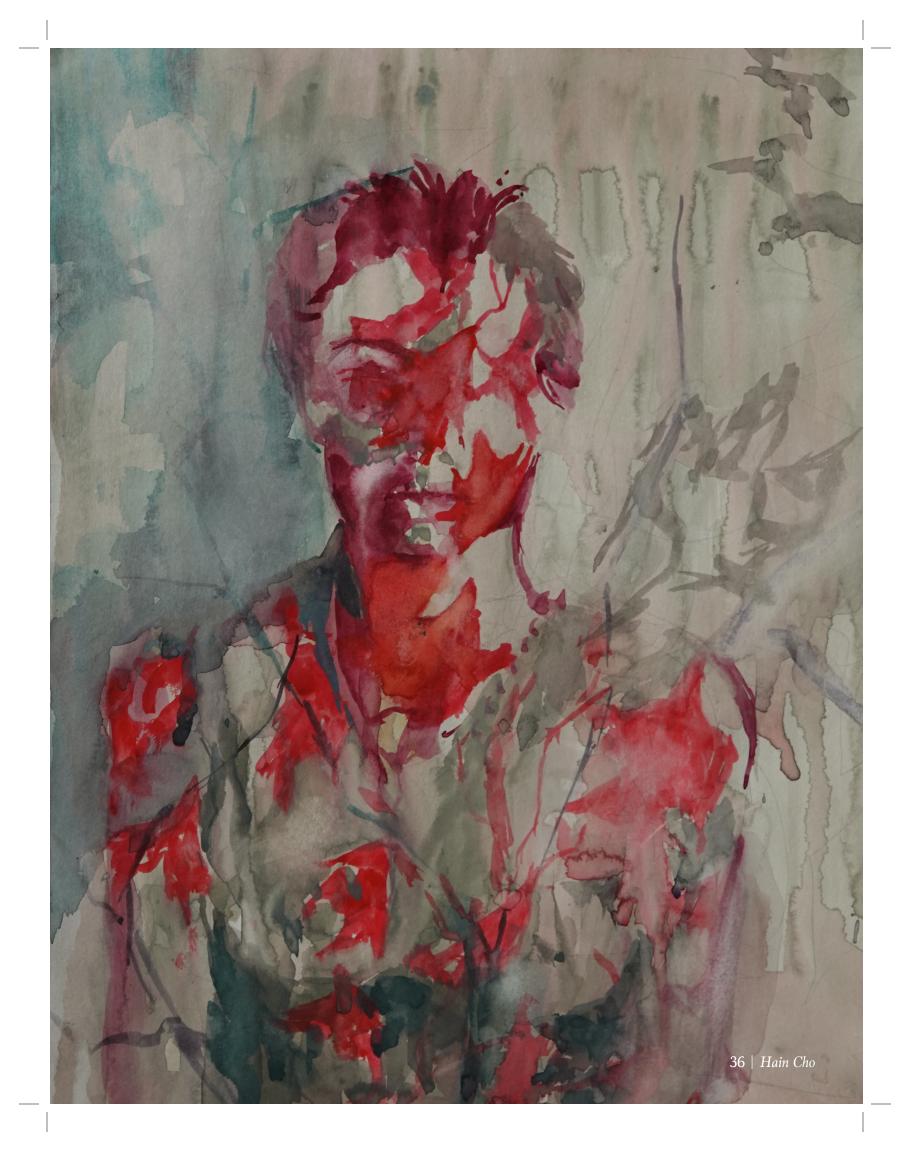
Every song that knows your heavy tongue You owe to the love-pith of grapes. It birthed Us, whirligigs of dust. Yet ziggurats Surround you like Heaven's remnant embers.

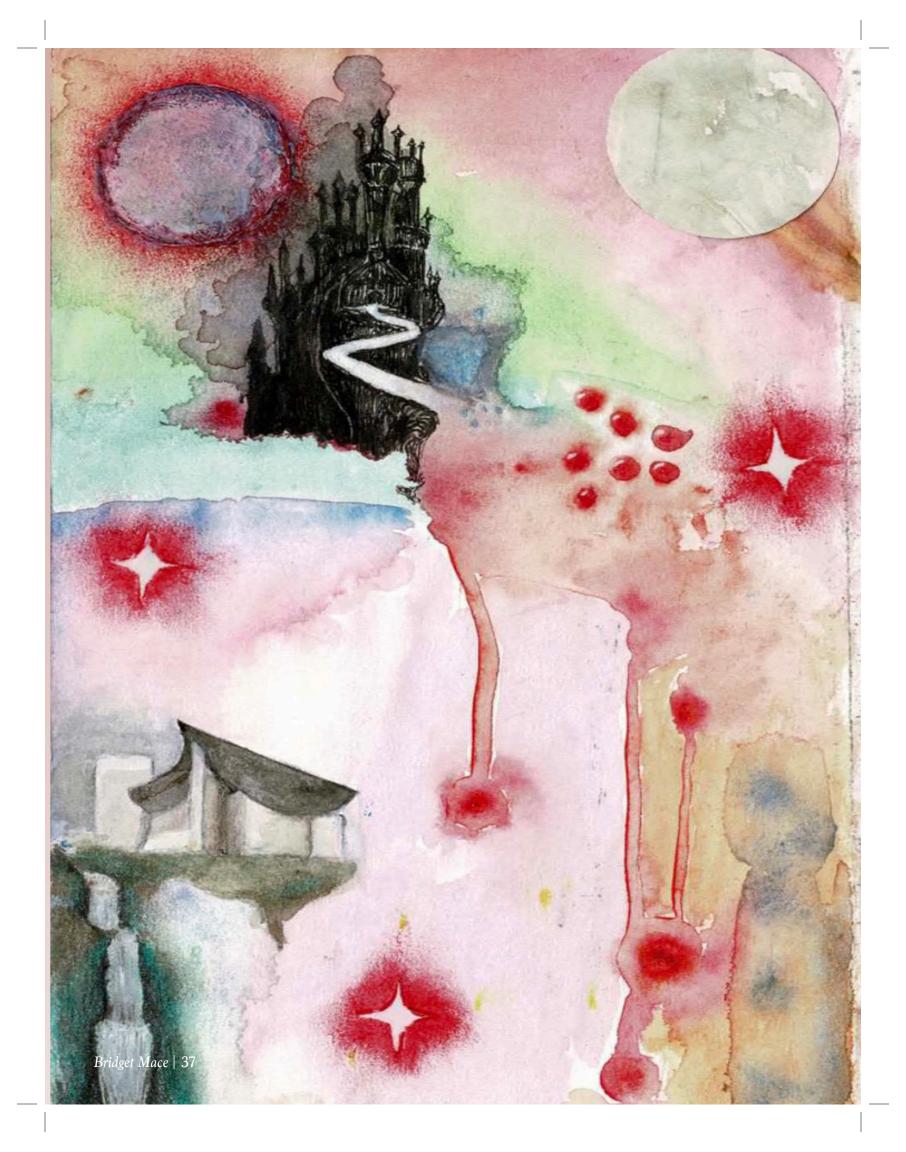
Let down your beehives! Loose your bitter mouths! You chose this breathful motion for grave-peace, Grief's howl for cricket sonatas, mushroom Bandoliers. Biers of longing, biers of frost.

So it is. Each old face bears curlicues of such a straight-and-narrow tight-rope strut. Even stones suck upon the bitterness of this heaving flicker, dastardly life -

A caterpillar could darn caterwaul.

I do. Meanwhile, you mount the pyramids,
Mad-dash for upward passage, then confuse
The posture of statues for temperance.





#### To stay

No ending in pining I cut through the woods As if short cuts make wandering quicker I'll read it in the indentation Left on the back of pages Annotation that somebody somewhere Loved almost more than what they read I will not forget Or at least I haven't Cooling water isn't anything on coals Except for steam It will rise It won't really ever dissipate It moves into the air like candles breathing slow No chances for wishes or recollection When everything spins while unraveling Look at these threads I know I know I asked for fabric spun in bone But my mother told stories Where the dresses spun gold I'll believe her a little While I pull at loose knots I also believed in blue sky She was right when she told me why it was Holding the color she hated the one I don't mind So I think I'll keep choosing Belief in stories this time Gold gold gold I'll pretend that I'm dripping in gold Bare riding bareback Please someone remember You love me and look at the ground Gold gold gold I'll pretend that you dressed me in gold Shivering as the town passes Beneath naked stares Nothing passes It matches my pace Not quite dogging my steps I pursue it all from ahead Something about leading where You ask to be lead Forgive me for turning The spinning wheel while he holds me Forgive me for tickling threads I knot in my hair To kiss me Is fine But it's wonderful kissing the air

# Interview

Do you read books with long titles? Do you smoke while you write or write while you smoke? And from whom did you assume that sad archaic smile?

The interview is over.

Now, left to solitary reflection, the pleasure has left with the lights and eager eyes, pranced away to entertain a crowd of people you will never know. You've birthed a creature you can't control which will wander the earth with your name and will sadly be all that remains.

Now, giving up the ghost, there's nothing left to do but slide between the sheets and sleep.



# Somewhere I am a warm chimney for an ugly black bird

Somewhere I am a warm chimney for an ugly black bird. It must be true; boys' eyes slip away like fish. I reach in the river to eat.
Shiny alien fish like bugs buried in murky waters In red and white,
To find a snake each time.

I watched this morning as the small birds sat on the branches. Winter is each time a womb waiting for spring.

A bird moves frantic.

Have you watched them turn their heads?

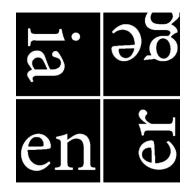
I think of bugs.

Watching an ant move after it's been smashed into the rug.

I think of the mouse in the cupboard,

So timid and greedy.

What hides behind softness and eats what it likes? So timidly?
What is round and warm?
The feeling of a mammal.



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#### **Front Cover**

Fruits of Paradise by Hain Cho

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