

# BONE BOUQUET

VOLUME 5 ISSUE 2

FALL 2014

Copyright © 2014 Bone Bouquet

ISSN 2157-9199

ISSN online 1948-1896

To learn more about Bone Bouquet, visit our website

<http://bonebouquet.org>

Subscriptions can be purchased via our website or by sending a check made out to Bone Bouquet to: 1236 Pacific St. #5D Brooklyn, New York 11216

Single issues are \$8.00 each plus \$2.00 shipping; a one-year subscription may be purchased for \$15.00 with free shipping; two-year subscriptions \$25.00 with free shipping.

To submit work to Bone Bouquet, visit

<http://bonebouquet.submittable.com/submit>

We read submissions year round and only via Submittable. Queries may be directed to the editors at [bonebouquet@gmail.com](mailto:bonebouquet@gmail.com).

Editors

Trina Burke, Jeanine Deibel, Krystal Languell, Allison Layfield

cover art & cover design by Jana Vukovic

[www.janavukovic.com](http://www.janavukovic.com)

This publication is made possible with a regrant from the Council of Literary Magazines and Presses, supported by public funds from the New York State Council on the Arts, a state agency.

The staff gratefully acknowledges the continued support of Rachel Levitsky, Carmen Giménez Smith and Evan Lavender-Smith, as well as our subscribers.

## CONTENTS

Elizabeth Hare

*The Yoke*, 5

Jane Lewty

*Slight Internal Memex #2*, 7

Willie Lin

*Two Poems*, 8

Liz Page Roberts

*equinox*, 12

Julia Wieting

*Fireside Chat*, 13

Metta Sáma

*Two Poems*, 16

Kimberly Ann Southwick

*In 24 hours exactly you will be getting your hair done*, 18

Katie Hibner

*Two Poems*, 19

Cynthia Manick

*Two Poems*, 22

Ginger Ko

*Starve the Beast*, 25

Susan Grimm

*O Mary! We Crown Thee with Blossoms Today*, 26

Natalie Eilbert

*Deity Landscape*, 27

Mia Bruner

*Don't Shut Up*, 29

Mia Ayumi Malhotra

*A History of Isako*, 31

Melissa Eleftherion

*clasp*, 33

Lara Candland

*Five Poems*, 34

Mia You

*3 Minutes in Seoul*, 44

Amber Atiya

*and so it goes*, 47

Contributors notes, 48

# ELIZABETH HARE

## The Yoke

Darkness may have first crashed the omnivoid with birdsong, and from it created a starter kit of unlikely system components for the universe—ideas, decision-making, birds, sound, darkness itself, complexity, creativity, starter kits and relationships. And from these snap-together parts, in our hereafter, there's always *something*, coming from nothing, creating more.

I need more coffee. The birds won't make it. The kettle whistles and the birds answer, but it is a Portuguese nothing to their Urdu somethings.

From nothing we made Time, the mind's hypnotic pushpin. It pokes the ass of the woman making coffee, while sneering that birds and darkness are nothings. It sticks the heel of a bird-boy temperamentally unsuited to its panic. He dances a semi-yoked jig of his own invention in defiance of Time's unblinking stare, projected in caffeinated bursts from the eyes of the woman.

With eyes closed, I will sit on a rock with a tree growing underneath it and try to think of nothing. I will be somebody doing nobody's easy business of attending the darkness and its temporal gizmos, its crickets and decisions and whistles, daring to siphon from its river-pulse of unfolding potential.

Somebody's coat is on the floor. Somebody's coat is not on his body. A yoke colludes with the pin and the mind, and their expanding judgment triples the density of a panicked hallway that any bird from the starter kit would fail to perceive.

Later, my dog and I might be perceived as two black figures moving across the grass, past the pond, capitulating to a darkness that bathes me in Urdu when we crash it.

**fallen trees**

**beside tree shadows**

**made of leaves**

# JANE LEWTY

## Slight Internal Memex #2

sieve keenly the unfade phase the all sort of fine-grained  
heartening a scarce hint of what cannot be put back  
Phatic inner score quavers codas loosely thought out mute  
O lonelyform what is your aggregate size what is your  
ID Your age Where is your screen That moveable type  
square of eight billion wordings shaken Shaken  
and wryed perfect print flicked viewpoint calder  
or even colder Veridical We are a mesh  
A little drift in low relief A truth figure staring  
ahead to the suck bang bleed and release sculling  
coulds clouds about the time about what what when O  
how it is hitting the depth the effect Flatland dot-view  
non view ready wet carpentered ambit body-wide  
[made- by being- dispersed] site really really really unresolved

# WILLIE LIN

## Karaoke in Mike Talayna's #1 Most Beautiful Room

The vast depersonalization of women is a conspiracy,  
and Mike Talayna is here to help.

His room is walled with mirrors, because the vast unbeautiful  
is a conspiracy and your image, repeated, helps.

Do you, too, find it  
hard not to despair.

Do you want to broadcast somewhere  
the contradictory ways you feel.

What is here? The absence of night.  
What is there to be said of the democracy

of buoyant lights, sweat, and trying  
to say nothing in particular

except you never have enough time.  
Here's the last story.

Rarely is anyone trying to hurt your feelings  
but that does not stop them.

A mirror is a mirage  
so you may later say I was taking a vacation



from my mind. With a voice  
as clean as the oil they used to wash your hair in the old country,

you want to sing.  
So sing.

## *We have put on our flannel. Goodbye for today.*

We are ever closer to the seaside storefront that sells only secrets. Goodbye for today. We have not seen a ship since we left. The deck is familiar and white as I commence my geography: Prescott cut his foot; it bleeds still. The men boil out the blubber, the men have taken forty teeth clean as Prescott's throat from the largest sperm whale, our five hens have laid 37 eggs. I fold my hands. Goodbye for today. Prescott loves to do as I do. Prescott wants Beauty and Beast. I went to bed last night and got up this morning. And isn't dusk a lot like dawn? And don't we arrive with a shipful of midnight? I am going to goodbye for today. Our hens have laid 44 eggs. The men have finished boiling the oil. It is a pleasant day, it is quite smooth today—like a good pilgrim, I let the cold light fill my lap. I speak with my special mouth. Prescott leans soft and close—his tender foot, his threadbare voice. We are the exact and vengeful children of God, Mama tells us. Angelic, the men say. Would you like to hear some news? I don't know of any. Goodbye for today. The full moon is like an eye in the sky. Fear of the dark means being captive to this world. Almost I am ashamed of it. I can't explain the way my illness makes me glow, fills my mind with animal memories. Prescott's hand is cold, I lift my own to touch my forehead like a Saint. Mama holds my spoon, silvering in the moonlight. Prescott eats his eggs. He loves them, and then so do I. Goodbye for today. 62 eggs today—the yolks twitch, yellow is a color sensitive like the inner ear.

Mama traces on my palm, latitude, so I write it is a fair wind though  
it is rough. Nightly, mice chirr in the men's traps, nesting  
in our nests of sleep. Our hens have laid 89 eggs. Goodbye.  
I shiver in my best dress. A gale slips in again and again.  
Certain scents rhyme: gale and ocean, larkspur and lavender. I have  
a green pencil, some paper, and a little knife. Hurry, hurry, Prescott  
shakes me loose from my dream in which the men wore their grins  
like pelts. They wanted to pet us, who have never been moth  
and lamp-to-lamp. They whispered, broken arms and broken hulls.  
I am a wayward tide. I am a fire, with ice pressed on my tongue  
and thinning.

# LIZ PAGE ROBERTS

## equinox

it's trickery the egg may stand  
balanced but we careen and  
swerve tip and topple every  
day even today in trance  
small things obstruct the sun  
over Flatbush a red jet streams  
like a toy through empty oak  
branches I can elide the drones  
but what cost selfishness  
betrayal entrance get there get  
there where the good comes  
and the broken comes the picture  
then appears correct the form  
of spring season symbol the  
(are you ready) coil so tight  
it's a fact of empire not life  
seamless the illusion right now  
that cloud seems bigger than  
death bigger then gone at the  
transom the barometric silence  
takes up space where the news  
was all mornings in debate I  
can argue the worth of each but  
can't convince you to be there  
though that's where I want you I  
can't convince you to be there in  
upheaval where I am a fusion  
a binary of the poem and the war

# JULIA WIETING

## Fireside Chat

I shot the bear his name was privilege  
no his name was Teddy no his name was Berenstein  
he'd killed many a doe in these parts  
each so sweet and meant to live

I wore my flannel jacket the warm one  
hand warmer pockets hot pockets pick pockets deep pockets  
that morning

I caught him catching salmon  
unawares  
I caught him with his pants down  
so-to-speak  
calling in the midst of dinner

startling at the hint of green whisper and stick crack  
turning, a long stare  
scale ripping claws still, mouth  
fish-clenched

and

He was running I was running  
around around  
  
there's a science to this scene

he was not a wolf  
he was not a lion-and-tiger oh my  
he was not abstract he was there and nowhere else

both fists gun-gripped in loping counterpoint  
I wore waffle tracks my rubber boots  
around around

I was running he was running  
          he got to the tree first of course  
that lumberer  
he climbed the trunk high enough  
          for no going back  
          branch over branch over branch  
          hand to mouth over foot over claw

I wasn't ever going to reach him  
          nor did I want to

This was his tree the chase ended there  
boot-stomping leaf-crackling log-straddling dust-moting

He could smell the muzzle of my gun I could smell  
          the muzzle of his           face    heaving  
and then

          then  
thud and thud  
break-branch gun-smoke thud-break branch-thud bone-break  
he was dead  
there, piled onto himself

I was dead tired

the trees, too:  
of the race and the chase and the search and the necessary end until

tomorrow's  
dawn

another race, chase, search, end, dawning.

'We'  
'are over'  
'presiding'  
'at your funerals'

# METTA SÁMA

## What the soothsayers would have told us

Argus will have eyes to die for some will fly at you like grackles  
plunging at the sky some limpidly staring aimlessly  
at the languid green grasses soft & prickly as his green globes  
some will be inky black suction-cup pupils some taut flexes  
underbelly brown of horses before taming others under  
world misty and will sit in the back of his head others gray lace gliding  
across women's bustlines still others the impenetrable fat  
pink of goats' muscles others variscite beryl carnelian  
& tourmaline others less precious human moissanite & zirconium  
Argus' eyes will die will poison & plunder & pilgrimage &  
warship bard & epic & history declared in Argus' eyes a hundred  
swollen stars plummeting into the ocean a hundred fragments  
of a prophesy on papyrus Argus' eyes all the visitations  
all the spirits & sirens circling the sea Argus' eyes serpent  
& fruit flesh right before rot sweet & saturated with sadness &  
time Argus' eyes will blink darkness & light in his fingernails Argus'  
eyes cupped in his palms Argus' eyes hidden moles in his forearm  
raised slopes on his tongue Argus' eyes are to die for to die  
for his eyes Argus will die for will die for will die first



## the birthing of Argus

Argus only had eyes for Hermes the sure-footed left-brained genius of problem-solving the great negotiator the silent thief the crowned rooster strutting flash in the pan chested son of a shape shifter one eye on living the other on dying Hermes the golden cocked silver eared owl tongued ladies' man Argus' one hundred yeses had seen all of Hermes the surface & beyond the rabbit blood & turtle heart the brain half sloth half rodent the prison-shaped steel-forged rib-cage Argus wanted inside those bones Hermes who seemed to fall into a seated position every time Argus Panoptes set an eye to him Argus's cowlick a curved tongue spelling Hermes whose shoulders would pray towards each other whose left leg would fold and crush his cock and Argus' eyes would rest there & outline the testicles could sense them growing redhot could see the liquids merge then rush and stain & Argus could smell it could see it every flitting flushed filthy moment of it Argus could see

# KIMBERLY ANN SOUTHWICK

In 24 hours exactly you will be getting  
your hair done

And the speakers could be playing Patsy Cline and the shower  
could be off and the bathroom door could stay open  
so that you could listen to the water like rain.

The television, analog, faces the wall as though being punished—  
he says when you come back, it will be in the basement.  
The radio's got it right except it's not the radio but your iPod,

organized alphabetically by "song title" starting with  
"Good Vibrations." You want, projected on the otherwise  
white wall, the moon cycle new through full. You want

to trace the stains of constellations unmoving by the light of the waxing  
gibbous moon, this first night with cicadas on loud. It's the difference  
between vitamins and seaweed, it's a beached whale that rolls himself

to sea. You're wondering first to second person about weekends  
about fucking up, about carnival music, trombones, cicadas.  
You're back and forth about the budget, the electric noise

coming from the top of the stairs. Both of the glasses he brought you  
are on the table, almost empty and your parched throat wants to—  
no, just keep singing along. You like the back door open, the AC

set to 82, but still pushing air through dusty vents.

# KATIE HIBNER

## Princess Peach

My hypochondria dangled me on zip ties,  
but with my moniker I could swing  
beneath the porcelain-dipped microchip,  
run my salt implant operation—  
a black market beneath the programmers' very table.

I wanted to turtle-roll through their meat thighs,  
but the PR-sponsored candle wax kept flaking on my bad side.

So I rubber-blushed and was trapped with the carcasses of chalk mice,  
found Girl Scout cookies in my lunchbox.

## Peg Leg

You barrel prickly pears  
in my phantom limb  
the sweatshop nannies aren't bunkered  
to knit them into legwarmers  
they knead dough to rain down, pull  
a Pompeii on your wedding party.

Your sparklers dispersed  
the indigenous turtle population  
the diaspora  
muscled my knee joint together  
old but unafraid  
to scoop up the sugar-free gum  
thrown into my penthouse's  
cherry moat.

Nights I bottle a sample  
and dip the leg in, a skinny dip  
to stir up a cyclone like we did

as little kids, a little kid's  
first swallow of hurricane.

# CYNTHIA MANICK

## On Becoming Light

Lately I've tried to learn  
what makes the blood run,  
churn the molecules  
until a hurricane stirs my name.  
Why I often want to rage—  
leap atop windowsills  
with the stride  
of an Amazonian princess  
or feel the energy  
pounding in my hands.  
My sisters' most terrifying  
memory is of granddaddy—  
her in a daisy spring dress  
flying high on the swings,  
pink jellie sandals in the sky.  
Him and the gasp  
of a long-ass rifle, the black  
rat snake in its last rattle.  
She remembers my grandma's  
smile on her forehead,  
mopped tears, butter cookies  
and fresh almond milk.  
People say she has my grandmas  
smile; and I granddaddy's  
trigger finger.

## No Graveside Flowers

I want to dress you solely in memories-  
wrap your body in movie lines  
pull out those sounds of Leroy and the Last Dragon

*“when I say who’s the master?!”*

*You say Sho’nuff”*

or your guilty pleasure of watching  
*Bewitched* or *Charmed* cause  
who wouldn’t want  
to be a witch or warlock if asked.

I’m no witch but the child in me  
wants to wash your skin  
with Dove soap and keep you covered  
in my pocket.

I know Mom wants you in a suit,  
pressed and ready for God-  
knows-what  
but I brought your favorites—  
a buckle with the silver dragon  
and your Tootsie Pop shirt that asks  
*“how many licks does it take...”*

Respectful people would lay  
roses or some other white carnation  
over your heart  
like a false blessing

pulling you pure and clean  
but I promise to bring you a sparkly Michael  
Jackson glove, rolls of Charleston Chews,  
and chic-o-sticks.

Instead of the Baptist lament "*eye on the sparrow*"  
with arms falling out, splayed mouths  
of loved ones, I'll make it a party  
and have a DJ spin all your classic hits.

I know I haven't dressed your feet yet,  
boots, dress shoes, sneakers – I still can't  
decide brother. Can we just sit here awhile?  
Sit here until I figure it out?



# GINGER KO

## Starve the Beast

When what you want doesn't matter to the one you love  
You swam around inside      felt me rock with rubato  
Feathers stuck beneath your eyelids      don't you dare rub them  
Or you'll spark your dry mind      on fire  
A giant snake wrapped around the cone of a volcano and when I stuck a straw in the mouth  
earwig after earwig dripped out and thudded far below  
I'll clutch this in me forever and make      an unalterable  
Easy pain      hardscrabble pleasure      shower of scavenger shit  
Muddled      muddled      troubled  
You pathetic arrested thing      Heart!      Parcel out what ails you so that we can start living  
well

# SUSAN GRIMM

## *O Mary! We Crown Thee with Blossoms Today*

You can bet your boots or bootie the nuns picked me because I was afraid. *Higgledy. Piggledy. My red hen.* Of what no one knew.

I carried a handkerchief and doesn't that get you into trouble.

Little bird of the neighborhood blowing like chaff along the lines to school. Puzzling at pages and then falling in.

Clever and a strong bite with my sacrificed (accidental) teeth.

Oh, to be that good and pure again. *She lays eggs for gentlemen.* I almost need a line break to bring in the never and the no.

# NATALIE EILBERT

## Deity Landscape

A woman throws a rock inside a box  
inside a state like Wisconsin inside  
a skirt hoop. How many wives must he  
claim for us to recognize his homelessness.  
I'm tired of his shit country, the dung truck  
of ego stinking up the poetry landfill.  
Of course I am tonguing the lord's tongue  
and of course a woman's rock lands  
at my clenched feet like a leather book  
like a beautiful plague like a, like a rock.  
I want to alarm the poets of America  
by stating frankly your mentions of god  
are not shocking or inventive and when  
you live in a city don't speak of the minefields  
you've never been to. Hello, deity landscape,  
meet the poets who've invoked you.  
Have you ever watched a man weep  
at the notion his art won't be remembered.  
Aw. I have—it's wonderful. Like  
the body of an albatross dissolved  
to its ingested history of plastic, such is  
the wonder of man and his cute immortality.  
A woman cooked the internet in her kitchen  
just so I would hate the man who just emailed me.  
Suddenly I'm in a world of horses and red again,  
and we write against the materials we love  
to consume. I have a job, it's to sit in this chair

and dissolve my flesh into mangy feathers,  
it's to sit in the landfill, leaf through banana peels  
and windshield glass and crushed codeine,  
the adolescent boss of godless death.  
Throw a rock and a rock inside a box.  
What I want is the bloom of my guts  
to stomp out my art, my art to smear  
on the fake hills of this life like a coked-out  
teenager who sits in her menses throne to dissolve her throne.

# MIA BRUNER

## Don't Shut Up

Of all the ways of going  
Not having anything to say is absolutely the worst

The screen is intact  
You are floating  
In likes  
Buckets of them

My eyes went out of focus I think  
Or fuzzy and I'm broke

Remembering to write  
You are also intact  
Who gives a fuck about the sunlight  
Or pots of darkness  
Or some objects in some particular space

Still once I turned around  
Objects commenced  
Like likes for the present  
Tense—arriving quietly

No one I'm friends with can afford a car  
I explained to my ride how some holidays  
Are for rich people and when  
I spoke I began to get tired

(Hypothetically I can be tired in a poem from the future  
I wish you would talk back to me)

I suppose I felt homesick  
Violence and held in and dated  
And quietly will want more sometimes

# MIA AYUMI MALHOTRA

## A History of Isako

I wears a kimono only once in her life. The garment once belonged to Isako although it has been hemmed twice and bears several discolorations. I has no idea how to reassemble the garment and leaves it unfolded in its paper sleeve. Traditionally this knowledge is passed from mother to daughter. Isako scolds her for rumpling the collar and smoothes it along the traditional folds. A kimono tied right over left is a sign that the wearer is deceased. In English all words begin on the left side of the page and disappear into the right. I rewraps the garment believing a new grammar may be necessary.

The lungs at birth are pinkish-white but in time become mottled with black. *Take some apricots* Isako says. *Take more.* Tiny pitted fruit fall from her hands. Clumps of rosy flesh. The rush of juice as it meets the tongue. Between the mismatched lobes beat the heart's elegant arches. A solid body dropped into the trachea is directed toward the right explaining the occurrence of foreign bodies. *Right here* Isako says. I watches as Isako reaches out and presses her shoulder. Tucked behind the vena cava lies the tumor's distressed surface. Shocking against the smooth interior of the lung. Did you know that as a person ages the lungs grow brittle. That as a child I ate so many apricots I was sick. The body mistakenly lodged in the windpipe. What I remembers. The coughing the retching each cartilaginous ring contracting violently. Recanting each bite of fruit.



# MELISSA ELEFATHERION

## clasp

Working girls get the butter  
An inedible sea wall  
Echolocates the rasp  
Of insect ecology  
A clasp of the spiny-legged  
Mouths multitask  
The ultrasound  
A beam of genital strategies

# LARA CANDLAND

A\* mbuscade of (((cl(o)ver)))

D(ew)s' viands

(((giddy bees))) consecrate

the droplets' caplets

breadths of ((pl(u)med)) meadows      (((pasque flowers)))

rear thirsty ((butterflies))      in keen bonnets—

mesmeric enfranchised ((belles))

twine

(((supple coteries of)))      ((umber & gamboge<sup>1</sup> lepidoptera))

(((Poet's))) couriers

(((all ambery shine)))

peep up beside the trudger's way—

---

1 "Though she admired Thoreau and doubtless read his 'Autumnal Tints,' she would not necessarily adopt his opinions and may even have picked up her new color words umber and gamboge a few lines earlier from the very list which Thoreau dismissed with contempt as derived from 'obscure foreign localities.' The sharp decline in her foundation jewels after 1862, with their virtual disappearance after 1865, simply follows the curve of other image clusters." (Patterson, 502)

mEEK (((bartsia)))— plush (((silvery))) lamb's ear

the bashful pilgrim

that builded a (((stalactite))) chanticleer

& sleeps

under (((heaven's))) cold shroud :::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

among sheaves & under the (((((multiplication of celestial

j(ew)els))))))

*\*dear abiah: have you made an herbarium yet? I hope you will if you have not. it would be such a treasure to you. most all the girls are making one. \*\*\*1845\*\*\**

(((**A**ngels))) babble—

((((( ..... )))

a ((chorus of ruffled axioms—dandelion\* baffle))

(&) their murmurs (((firmaments))) & clean (((glass)))

(&) angels tossing puzzles

& st(o)ne showers & (((pearls)))

& (((sapphires)))

thumping down & beside our beds

\*

in late summer

the fainting ((bee's)) dull (((stab)))

the scarlet ((bird's)) ((((((ruby-thr(oa)ted)))))) slash

the raffle of last (((blossoms)))

bl(ow)n against the fence

&

((my happy tambourine))—

((scalds)) that summer's (((cincture)))—

int(o) evening's (((o)pal diadem))) (((0)))

\*

my tongue

dumb murmurs

with thirst

the (((scarlet bird's)))

embroidered

nest

**\*dandelion (*taraxacum*): smiling on all; coquetry<sup>2</sup>  
vida: mrs. almira h. lincoln phelps = daisy's teacher**

---

2 from *The Meanings of Flowers: Explaining the Structure, Classification, and uses of Plants, with a Flora for Practical Botanists* by Mrs. Almira H. Lincoln Phelps (New York, 1852)

**B**<sub>r(o)</sub>ken spectacles    crushed (((hyacinth))\* lenses

branches barred against the (((sky)))

rock—

(((sky)))—

branch—

slumber (eth)

**D**im unsuspected tenderness

hands us a (((n(o)segay)))\*

((((whispers)) gentians))

bl(ow)n in ((ears))

plucks (((petals)))

warm wraps &c

stitcheried (((r(o)settes)))—

&c azure—

falling—

&c —

((( )))

\*\*\*

&c on an errand of conjecture

th(o)se (((p(o)sies))) have

followed us here

t(o) the mead(ow)—

((((( )))

((where our violets quaked in long

((chrysolite)) grasses)))<sup>3</sup>

we drear & sessile creatures

((suff(u)sed with nectar & d(ew)))

taken by ((bl(oo)m))

trampled by ((smile)) & ((perf(u)me)) ((( )))

**\*mrs. almira h. lincoln phelps recommends that you compile your own floral dictionary following your own heart and sentiments**

\*\*\*

(((((o!))) letter S!!!!))

**wheref(o)remarauderarthouhere? because sirloveissweet.**

(((((o))))))

a ((sun))\*

---

3 And over Mabel's own protest, he himself demanded that the last line of "The Grass so little has to do" be changed from "I wish I were a Hay—" to "I wish I were the hay." "It cannot go in so," he presumably said, "everybody would say that hay is a collective noun requiring the defi nite article. Nobody can call it a hay!" As a result, the last lines were printed "And then to dwell in sovereign barns / And dream the days away,—/ The grass so little has to do, / I wish I were the hay!" (Wineapple 79) Strict grammar here makes no sense. (Wineapple, Brenda. "Emily Dickinson's First Book." *New England Review: Middlebury Series*. (NERMS) 2008; 29 (3): 72-84.



sliding strains of s(o)lstice—

stalls & bends

mouthing

the vowels of

lamb flowers

the scent of

\*\*lilly's milky garments\*\*

(&) then

t(o) l(ow)er its head

(&) int(o)

the coming

((Belle's))

good

((day))

**\*sunflower (*bellanthus*) you are too ambitious**

(((Fairy Poet)))

((she chalked ont(o) the sky))— ((( )))

—

cochineal—

marjoram—

(& ((god's)) ((gem-tactics))—

colors t(o) tease & slake ((flit))

& ((flit)) unanointed

until we put a ((word)) t(o) every insect—

\*

espy the (((clouds)))

tatter & stitch & knit ragged fabric

int(o) kirtle, apron & ((god's)) garment & raiment

until (& they are gone)—

(((god)) shrives & shrives them

\*

the creek recedes

(in almost (((july))))

& each bare foot

(& each wilting)            (& each)

on its (ow)n pebble

desert in parch—

its creatures—

& happy grackling                    not beguiled!    (((o!)))

(dessicated) little desert

(((Daisy!)))

crouch behind me (&)    (&)    next march

(((rain)))will    wade your creek &

dimple int(o)    (((yell(ow)lets)))

or

(((god)))

# MIA YOU

## 3 MINUTES IN SEOUL

Within three minutes almost anything can become food, such as when you bring 200ml of water to boil in a pot and add a series of compartmentalized entities of unknown origin and material. Simmer for three minutes. You will enjoy this.

Remember the rule of threes the next time you find yourself in the rubble of collapsed department store, or when your neighborhood has been swept apart by a flood, or when you protest the demolition of your home for the construction of an Olympic arena. Remember you will not survive more than three minutes without air.

Boil your infant's bottles, pacifiers and teething toys for three minutes. Should you forget and leave the stove on for several hours, they will melt. There are many electronic devices with preset timers that can assist you with this. Some will also play a lullaby.

It will take just under three minutes for a missile programmed to travel 7000 mph and

launched from Pyongyang to reach Seoul. But rest assured, Tokyo and Los Angeles are more likely targets.

Within three minutes, you will see from your neighbor's Hermès bag and Chanel dress that she is affluent. Within three minutes, you will see from her Marni dress and Ferragamo shoes that she is new money. Within three minutes, you will see from her Prada shoes and Louis Vuitton bag that she is middle class. Within three minutes you will see that she is working class. Within three minutes you will begin to wonder if she sees your own are fake.

Three minutes is the duration of your fall from 40,000 feet in the air without a parachute. You may not enjoy this. You may regret it. You should be able to repeat "You may regret it" approximately 180 times during your fall.

A typical K-pop song lasts around three minutes, and should you watch nine Korean girls with straight hair and straight legs dance to this song on television, you will experience three minutes of somatic exhilaration and comprehend the true triumph of man against nature. You will then become keenly aware of your age.

When your contractions are three minutes apart, you may call your obstetrician or midwife to notify them that you will depart for the hospital. You are officially in labor.

To finish your labor: 1. Remove pouch from box. Place unopened pouch directly into a pot of boiling water, and boil uncovered for three minutes. 2. Carefully remove pouch from boiling water. Cut pouch open and pour contents over food (steamed rice or noodles, etc.). 3. Enjoy.

# AMBER ATIYA

## and so it goes

overnight, i've become "ma'am" occasionally carded for beer. ma'am in fur-trimmed coat, to say nothin of ma'am, jobless, gone down to PA. ma'am a gap-gorgeous case worker asks *now why does somethin in a fur-trimmed coat need PA?* the uninitiated will think i mean a state famous for cheese-steaks, refuge for tri-state felons fleein the law. only been through that PA on a greyhound to chicago, chicago of layovers  
line-skippin buddhist monks bummin loosies off the driver. i'd vote for a nicotine-addicted monk from astoria, smoker's breath preachin spiritual enlightenment. i'd vote for a line-skipper who defends me against a cowboy at a roadside jack-in-the-box. i'd never seen spurs up-close or been called "nigger-critter" 'til i ordered fries from a fast-food joint in texas. monk, in citrus colored robes, fists to break a bone's meditation. do you ever forget the sight of a bloodied cowboy in jeans, jaundiced at the knee, wrigglin on his back like a blue crab? well. i don't know. i know he never shoots "injuns" or rides off into the sunset in my dreams. i was 15 bought monk a pack of cigs. *any kind*, he said, *i smoke 'em all*.  
goin down to public assistance is wild like that, clients hookin off on security, beefin with supervisors, fingers arched from crackin open cans of beer night after night. still. PA got nothin on summer of '95, monk and me guzzlin hennessy from a flask in el paso, soppin up sun, activatin our own vitamin d.

## CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

**Amber Atiya** is the author of the chapbook *the fierce bums of doowop* (Argos Books, 2014). Her poems have appeared recently in *Apogee Journal*, *The Atlas Review*, *Boston Review*, and *Nepantla: A Journal Dedicated to Queer Poets of Color*.

**Mia Bruner** lives in New York, where she is an HIV test counselor at Harlem United. In her poems, she aims to break down hierarchies of language and create sites of non-narrative histories and intimacies. From 2009-2013, she attended the New School, where she established The Akilah Oliver Award for Experimental Poetry with Jamila Wimberly and Audrey Zee Whitesides. Her poems and reviews have appeared in *Coldfront*, *12<sup>th</sup> Street*, *RELEASE*, *Cuntry Living*, *11/1/2*, and Chaplet #149, *Made of These* (Belladonna\*, 2013).

**Lara Candland's** work has appeared in *Fence*, *The Colorado Review*, *The Crab Creek Review*, *The Likewise Folio*, *Barrow Street*, and many other journals. Her poem "Daffodils, my Blondines" was nominated for a Pushcart Prize by *The Crab Creek Review* in 2013. Candland is a poet and performer as well as co-founder and chief librettist for Seattle Experimental Opera. Her book *Alburnum of the Green and Living Tree* was published by BlazeVox in 2010, and her performance with Lalage, poetry and voice and live electronic looping and manipulations on the CD *Lalage: Live on Sonarchy*. Her operas *Liquid Girls* and *The Archivist* are available from Tantara and Un-labelled Records. Her opera *Sunset with Pink Pastoral* was a finalist in the Genesis Prizes for New Opera and was presented at Sadler's Wells Theatre in London, as well as in Seattle, Vancouver, and Salt Lake City.



**Natalie Eilbert**'s first book of poems, *Swan Feast*, is forthcoming from Coconut Books in Summer 2015. She is the author of two chapbooks, *Conversation with the Stone Wife* (Bloof Books) and *And I Shall Again Be Virtuous*. (Big Lucks Books, 2014). Her work has appeared in or is forthcoming from *The Kenyon Review*, *Tin House*, *The Philadelphia Review of Books*, *West Branch*, and many others. She is the founding editor of *The Atlas Review*.

**Melissa Eleftherion** grew up in Brooklyn. She is the author of *hum insect* (dancing girl press), *prism maps* (dusie kollektiv), *Pigtail Duty* (forthcoming from dancing girl press), and several other chapbooks and fragments. She holds an MLIS from San Jose State University, and an MFA from Mills College. Recent work appears or is forthcoming in *Bukowski Erasure Poetry Anthology*, *Dusie*, *Finery*, *Open Letters Monthly*, *Poet as Radio*, and *So to Speak*. She lives & works as a teen librarian in Ukiah where she creates poetry programming, and manages the Poetry Center Chapbook Exchange.

**Susan Grimm**'s book of poems, *Lake Erie Blue*, was published in 2004. She won the Copper Nickel Poetry Prize (2010) and the Hayden Carruth Poetry Prize (2011). Her chapbook *Roughed Up by the Sun's Mothering Tongue* was published in 2011. In 2014 she received her second Individual Excellence Award from the Ohio Arts Council. She blogs at The White Space Inside the Poem.

**Elizabeth Hare** is a writer and consultant living in the Hudson Valley.

**Katie Hibner**'s poetry has been published or is forthcoming in *Crashtest*, *Miracle E-Zine*, *The Apprentice Writer*, *Dead Ink*, *Siblini Art and Literature Journal*, *Polyphony HS*, and *The Noisy Island*. She has won a Scholastic Gold Key and third prize in Princeton

University's Leonard L. Milberg '53 Secondary School Poetry Contest. She was also a Commended Poet in the Foyle Young Poets of the Year 2014 contest. She is an editor for *Polyphony HS* and *Siblini*.

**Ginger Ko** writes from Wyoming. Her poetry collection *MOTHERLOVER* is forthcoming from Coconut Books.

**Jane Lewty** is the author of *Bravura Cool*, selected by Fanny Howe as the winner of the 1913 First Book Prize in 2011.

**Willie Lin** lives and works in Chicago, Illinois. Her poems have recently appeared in *The Cincinnati Review*, *Washington Square Review*, and *Southern Humanities Review*.

**Mia Ayumi Malhotra** is a Kundiman Fellow. Her poems have appeared in *Greensboro Review*, *Best New Poets*, *DISMANTLE: An Anthology of Writing from the VONA/Voices Writing Workshop*, *Asian American Literary Review*, and elsewhere. Recently, she was named a finalist for the Kundiman Poetry Prize, the Crab Orchard Series in Poetry First Book Award, and the Benjamin Saltman Award. She teaches and lives in the San Francisco Bay Area.

**Cynthia Manick** is a Pushcart Prize nominated poet with a MFA in Creative Writing from the New School. She has received fellowships from Cave Canem, The Hambidge Center for the Creative Arts & Sciences, the Callaloo Creative Writing Workshop, Hedgebrook, and the Vermont Studio Center. She also serves as East Coast Editor of Jamii Publishing. Manick's work has appeared in *African American Review*, *Callaloo*, *DMQ Review*, *Gemini Magazine*, *Kweli Journal*, *Muzzle Magazine*, *Obsidian: Literature in the African Diaspora*, *Sou'wester*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *The Weary Blues*, *Tidal*

*Basin*, and elsewhere. She currently curates Soul Sister Revue and resides in Brooklyn, New York.

Activist and poet **Liz Page Roberts** is an MFA candidate in Brooklyn College's creative writing program. Her work has appeared in *Erasure*, the Belladonna\* chaplet series, and anthologies including *We Have Not Been Moved* (PM Press) and *The Widow's Handbook* (Kent State University Press). She is a recipient of the 2014 Himan Brown Award for Poetry.

**Metta Sáma** is author of *Nocturne Trio* (YesYes Books) and *South of Here* (New Issues Press). Her work has been published in *bluestem*, *Drunken Boat*, *fringe*, *Pyrra*, *Rattle Reverie*, *Sententia*, among others. Sáma is Assistant Professor & Director of Creative Writing at Salem College and Director of Center for Women Writers.

**Kimberly Ann Southwick** is the founder and editor-in-chief of *Gigantic Sequins*, a biannual print literary arts journal. Her chapbook *every song by Patsy Cline* is available from dancing girl press, and another, *efs & vees*, will be published in 2015 from Hyacinth Girl Press. Kimberly lives in Philadelphia.

**Julia Wieting** is a doctoral candidate in English at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa, and has a Master of Arts degree in linguistics. She publishes long form narrative poetry at *The Cast Off Press*, and is poetry editor for *Paradise Review*.

**Mia You** is a PhD student at UC Berkeley, co-editor of *A. BRADSTREET*, and the Central Editor at *Poetry International* (Rotterdam).

