

# *BONE BOUQUET*

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# AUDREY ZEE WHITESIDES

## *An Garden*

*“Q: what is my to an?”*

*my →*  
*nz →*  
*na →*  
*an ”*  
*–Z, “On Our Compulsive Mythopoesis”*

My garden is nature’s beat-down, I said  
softly outdoors to me  
No, that’s true, I said, but an garden  
could be something new in the dirt

A land-mind panting on me  
the panorama order of fantasy  
not quite a fairy in the park

Well well well  
I point my roses to an hole hole hole  
echoing out of nothing, an garden

The day the flowers get in there,  
off the ground  
I feel, unpushed possibility  
    I said, if a day is something new

then I will have not my garden  
    but an garden of no

the long bulb'd orchid hair  
a day unbuilt to near  
    the verse of the Not-i bird

My garden's overgrown as eyebrows

---

---

Future diary:  
I've a flower room

Lavender passes under  
I'm a damn gold archive

my incessant pressing

Future diary:

Look, my garden's heavy with softer associations  
than anyone thought

and I've not the voice

not even the range, on-axis

Member a plausible shears in my bush

an bushy hole hole hole

Altogethr lavender smells ths book

Althogethr I never had lavender

from page to sex page

—*demons fascinated too soon*  
*after Akilah Oliver*

waiting on the bus  
waiting on the bus  
am I dressed for possession  
meaning ownership  
(come back to ghosts later)  
with a bifurcated voice  
parallel down middle  
a big bowling split  
in right-mindedness  
a religion of inquiry  
a family waiting  
on the busted speaker  
the busted speaker gets right  
right back  
off hr back with  
taxes and arise-shine wanderlust  
while the road  
(the burns the road)  
the company paid  
v. the company due

and if you need anything  
call me back right  
if you need  
beyond the hot-house

(a singer attraction:  
rut business &  
intensity of the hungry)

the archive wasn't quick enough  
we dressed frenzied  
our friends were unbeknownst  
to us friends  
& publics

# Jackie Clark

## *From Sympathetic Nervous System*

morning of obvious    maxims calculating representation    a plan for when    the current plan retires  
heavy-handedness    for all avoidance techniques    a little bit everyday seems to get    to the heart  
matters    co-habitation support    sometimes    spot on    sleeping face to face    side to side  
I love when one gestures for the other's hand    such simple physicality    an about-face recoils    communication  
attempts left free to float    away with the wind    we keep living    so I guess we need    to keep  
thinking about dinner    steal days to read    quietly on the couchthinking about bodie    inevitably leads  
to thinking    about the way they connect    a seraphim of detachment    everyone seems like they are friends  
on the internet    & they are    I guess    nothing is better    having more to give    is just a fact  
not a judgment    what more should we be    aside from posted intimacies    another form of expression  
to build a small shelter to cover our respective shoulders    the laughter we provide    in the face of darklings  
if I wrote every day I wouldn't know more about how I felt    but would    remember the day more precisely

# AIMEE HERMAN

## *cracker hoarder*

Dandelions arrive in gangs of yellow. There is an instrument in each stem with juice of sour & sour. Gather as medicinal not for mother or anniversary. Squeeze mouth into a shovel and push out the wishes. Watch one fly into the wings of a puffed out pigeon. Inhale carefully for fear of its toxic lungs. When a woman passes by with a bag full of broken bread, follow her flying crumbs; those are wishes too.

# NICOLE STEINBERG

## *Jalapeño*

Stick your fingers up your nose  
& don't be surprised when you  
sizzle back. You very small pile  
of fly wings and evaporated milk.  
It's important to consider one's  
insides, the contours of a bespoke  
human suit. Our teachers train us  
to do anything for extra credit,  
their lesson plans briny barnacles  
clinging to flotsam in our guts.  
My mother melts into Long Island,  
a little more each day. I'm on the hunt  
for other ways to vandalize the earth.

## KNAR GAVIN

*[a measure toward seeing in  
the dark]*

It's hard to hold a conversation. Damn things are never regular in limb count & burl is another mine entirely. An quarry, dry-picked, floss-out. Sometimes heel ends up bluing into rib, all jowl if cuff or wrist in serrating swing. So what. Or then. Hard also once "Preface"—once before set phase, the damage has been done. Old guy psychic on the X-Files saying the future has already happened. Present time is only a sluice of body, gait ungainly & sensors wry. Thread pili through each cat cheeky—a measure toward seeing in the dark. No end to consciousness after St. utterance. Fuck sensation metrics & blowing tin hats. Reign all minor metals, every tinker trick. Blood one big forget too & those translucents will keep like a can-glaze-over-alternate-sluice. Rain on *that* pane. My god, my filth. In the southwest they only bury in red. It takes to do any job. When Cabtain Kurt said *come as you are* he really just wanted blood. A gun is just a gun until Chekhov. In life, *memoria*, last letter gone missing until. Sometimes I might be very cat—my stitching pulling me toward a greater dark.

## [to weather]

To weather or not the storm.  
To just lose the blue ball soon.

Drysnow knowing now heres.  
Snow-wear won't get you through Christmas.

Darkn't fail me—now. Now now,  
Suck in that lower lip.

And now there is Health Machine.

And now *Live Better*.

In here now, no place to go. Get in her  
e. Call. Write. Nouty mouthed.

In the now-how touch my now.

Boys crack bigger now. Now girls  
age 12 is now here where is girls.

Nowhere lands the man we've been  
waiting fornicate while waiting  
now get a body in the now-how body

Now don the torpedo. Now warp.

# K

now

now.

From now on won the lottery now  
on your face I double-you.  
Double-crack. Letter: no peaking now.

KKkkk: nown. As in, shouldn't have verbed. As in, just where the  
goddamn thing.  
The world now not having an ounce  
of K. Nownow. Get alright  
in bed with

me, an  
ow—how do I do, now where there is no  
wayward to get toward in. Noward on.  
From know—how on we go.

I dread knaughty, lust fright. Now I, now I here, K?  
Affirm landing. Solid ground.  
A puny object, no. No on no.  
Pick noon, beads first.

**REBECCA KINZIE BASTIAN**  
*Miranda and Rebecca Are  
Not to be Pitied*

Fatal error in the dining room. Beaks on the plates, rubies in the spoons.  
In the kitchen, eggshell cockles the ceiling and mugs threaten.

We are going to the lawn.

There will be a peach tree. There will be a smudge of sun.  
There will be no linoleum. No peel or whisk or pin.

And no tongs. Especially no tongs.  
Nothing to hinder the grass and the dust. Nothing to stir the sparkle  
and chirp.

Protective measures and more. Disorganization.  
Peaches and pens and paper and scissors galore.  
We will stay and stay, sipping Pimm's. Coddling bombs. Nibbling hymns.

Dinner will eventually be served.

# LARA MIMOSA MONTES *LAURA (MARS)*

Laura  
when yr Faye  
wear it

IN YR EYES

Don't let the poseurs or the po-po tell you what to do  
like when you tell Lulu what to do

LULU: LAURA, I DON'T LIKE THE PINK!

LAURA: LULU, IT LIKES YOU..

When I wear pink, Laura  
It's like I'm Lulu for you  
Less than Lara bereft and losing  
now whatever's left of you

but I suspect you left it here for me  
you wanted to tell me the truth of the times  
that it's all down hill from here  
murder money poems

the rose chiffon E S P...

today the truth broke in  
me like a bad pony

LILY DUFFY  
*A Mimicry For My New  
Based Flock*

Motto is deficiency, a wig slips  
down the forehead in prayer or  
lurched sweepstakes, raked either way.  
Trefoil, why pinafores tryst and  
cubed air banging woodgrain. Today: if not  
pissed, still banging, can't slicker light. Because. A house  
if pistolwhipped and bannered in the smeared  
terrarium, doorknobs nettled with palsy  
turned by sicklier girls arriving  
to die in the window seat or a ball pit filled with  
oscillating raffle tickets, wig still glossy.  
Note the forehead: dumbbell spoiling  
in a tollbooth. Sharp where time glints during  
appraisal. Blood-money-blood.

# KATIE RAISSIAN

## *Cityscape*

From intercession to intercession:

A.                      Name and seal

A copybook ink blot,

An egg, a blue fringe of moon.

A short fat man on a low stone wall

Anoints the city with his spit.

A fox buries his grandmother.

A girl, limbs like treacle, darts out her tongue

At passing vehicles, her tongue

A lemony cipher, full of swagger and sway.

A pair of old drunks parry like she-wolves,

A young man anoints a jotter,

A gutterpunk argues Proust.

An exiled stream becomes a river,

A mother takes on a gyre,

A light rusts on a rock someplace towards the hemisphere.

A long, low O from the curb outside,

An armchair of syllables tossed to the street,

A thaw of anger, then silence,

Declension of rigor and bone.

AMY LAWLESS

*Not Precious*

I stand in the back row doing nothing with my hands because smoking kills. I won't pull my hair out one strand at a time or mellow out about anything. Let's put a full scale cardboard cut out of an old ugly white male poet in the corner and replace his hand with a wet washcloth for handshaking. I want to see clearly. I want to see everything clearly.

Whoever decides that saints are “perfect” & perfection is a goal is wrong. Which guy’s bed might I destroy this year? Each body of water has an edge and a beginning. Just let me damage other peoples’ relatives with my spine. They replaced the wall with a hole so I can spy on what’s doing what.

# HOA NGUYEN

## *TO SEEK*

To seek too much attention etc  
To be careful and mouth all the words  
My glories are morning and purple

You too like a vine cling and closing  
blue violet ( )

Marvin Gaye would sing

What is a Cry House for  
(crying in the house)

I forgot why I wept  
last night It was children  
& dark I wear a silk  
camisole do I

and a cheap black  
tunic

Here is where the poet  
ends a line with a preposition

Here is a brown pastel scribble  
and should be shamed

Can glitter? I show  
off all the time

Should start  
dinner and the surface is scored  
the impressions trying too hard

I want the root of the words  
not the fucking use  
made purposed and stupid

Many any root feet be  
May my root feet be

# STARS

Stars your parents join  
join your parents of the stars  
under an oxygen tent

perhaps we need these  
the ones the bones  
covered & uncovered  
because I'm frightened

Bury the rings and trinkets  
Talk with knees  
Cut my hair and ring it

Memory to sever you from here  
to sit in the fair in the fair of rock  
serve you to build you  
a rock fortress  
more father than my father in years  
(sister on the phone marshmallowed)

After cold psring  
I mean spring o uncle

What have you here bring spring  
Bright spring

Chevrons and the 3<sup>rd</sup> day of showers

\*

Artifacts to the “unearthly cave” named  
The Place Where the Man Was Killed  
By the Bull

bracelets

pipes

flints

beads

a rusty knife blade

a shaving brush

an old flint lock horse pistol

a Canadian penny

a human skull with three holes in the forehead (white man)

a gold ring inscribed A. L.

**JILLIAN BUCKLEY**

*Aarne-Thompson Type 2013  
(Burning the Barn to Destroy  
an Unknown Animal)*

Young daddies love daughters on Easter.

Pink and yellow dresses. More if the dress is frilly.

Tenderness if white gloves.

Snuffled split wheeze pleasant

as a refrigerator hum. Not the boy,

not my voice back but broken

and foamed into the ocean. Summer oil

changed and cut my hair real short I said

If there's a path in the woods let's spit all over it.

# *Aarne-Thompson Type 676A* *(The Mermaid's Turing Test)*

This pathetic prosthetic,  
kelp-tied to my pelvis, sprung  
and unsingable.

Too vestigial the manatees  
moan and don't miss  
bipedal fusion.

So I sink into the sea while  
Nina Simone-throated dolphins  
warble to shake each  
patron in her coffin.

They've forgotten me.  
Oh! To be barnacles  
sucking on the wood

or a crevice rolled into  
by eight grape tomatoes.  
Nothing bowls so  
or me over in the ocean.  
Oh should I try again,  
snug into a cozy, fitted tail

or sit on the bridge  
beside the magician.  
She counts pigeons as they shit on  
the graves. She's stopped  
drowning. I've stopped begging  
to be cut in half.

I can imagine feet, but not the jumping.  
I can imagine the cage, but not the diver.  
Curious & restrained.  
How worthless to be unsure  
of your purpose in the face  
of the faceless and self-made.

Why the dolphins remain machineless.  
I resist but miss them. The dolphins.  
I long to teach them beguiling waltzes.  
The magician says leisure is progression.  
We ask for your emotional support  
but also weapons.

# MELISSA DIAS-MANDOLY

## *in heat*

it might've started with the peas first, and then moved on to golf balls, but when the bowling balls burst open, we knew it was July. inspection of plastic army figures: tired face, fearful one, mouth melted open by a purposeful heat. at what point does spying turn into flirting? anonymous bird calling like greek man at the restaurant, *i like your piercings it's very tribal*. i can't look into windows without imagining what i'd look like behind them.

this is the trajectory, a bell curving out the likelihood of me trying to get some, when i already have some saved up at home, in a jar, you can seal it up now, you know, if you promise to come back. place it by the window, where the cat can lick its lid for condensation, and hope it won't split open in the sun.

# CASSANDRA GILLIG

## *book made out of ryan*

he will be so mad when ...  
sweet real ryan like a transistor rusting  
infrequently im sorry  
cant field those calls  
the athlete weve given up on  
training the marquee to unravel at ...  
ryan slight of full stop all caps  
yes thats thru the mechanics endure unnerving  
tightly robotic ardor or some provincialisms notion  
parochializing the schoolgirl in nevermind that  
neverhappened not once-ryan  
(read: KL) id never send this poem  
to you thatd just be cruel  
though ive written a long letter in my cuneiform CV willing  
U to grab on & so Y even bother  
where I can put my feelings inside of  
& move to when i cant afford it  
its so rich the ryan in the bathroom  
while at work before closing & the ryan  
of othertimes, so different  
four five or six ryans now  
one name syllabically pure  
tho ive met them all

# ANNA GUZON

## *Lily Feet*

It is not permissible  
for her to say she wants

to watch triple X films  
in theaters that smell

like the hands of men.  
It is not permissible

for her to say she thinks  
of the doctor, the patient

the teacher, the student  
the waiter and the man

to whom she last confessed.  
It is not permissible

to speak of it  
even if it's not true.

It is not permissible  
for her to say she thinks

about you in your  
apartment. She has

run there after a rainstorm  
yes, just like in the movies

where the nun is lonely  
and the sidewalks are steaming.

# HR HEGNAUER

## *The Doorway*

A friend and I try to guess  
how many buttons we've ever pushed.  
*How many years are in a billion seconds?*  
This seems like a useful question, and so we both ask it.

*Sometimes, I push more than one button at a time.*  
I say to him.  
*Yes, I know.* He says to me. *So do I.*

We enter through the kitchen, and there are two of them.  
We enter through the side of the kitchen.  
We enter through the kitchen.  
We enter from beneath the kitchen.  
We enter, and here is the kitchen.  
We enter through the mud room, and here is the kitchen.  
There are pockmarks on the floor from stilettos.

# *The Doorway, Revisited*

To mourn is to mourn the loss of the present  
inside of the future.  
Or at least, that's what she said.

Are these beats melodic?  
This is the question.  
Was I the first to sign the threshold?  
This is the answer.

When the doorway is no longer white,  
and every room is a doorway,  
and every doorway is a saint,

Go in.

# AMANDA DEUTCH

## *Morning, Gena Rowlands*

Morning  
    in a hotel room  
you do get lonely

Making funny noises with your face  
    —a Bronx cheer  
    allowing children to run around naked  
in the white shafts of a 1976 afternoon

Picket house fence  
Picket house fence  
Picket house fence

You're not crazy  
    Peter Falk says you're  
    "Just a little nervous"  
You're not even that, Gena

Men scream at you in doorways  
    and living rooms  
for being too friendly  
    and allowing children to run around naked  
    in the sunlight of suburbia

# Gena Rowlands (Sounds Nice)

I'm thinking about the night  
darkness sweet air  
and garbage  
about empty streets  
and blurry faces  
closer to dreams  
than day  
remember those open places  
where nothing is fixed or constant  
I find myself in them  
a lot  
"singing between 2 deserts"  
not coming from anywhere  
not going  
anywhere  
and so what.  
gena rowlands  
gena rowlands  
gena rowlands  
(sounds nice)

*\*Quoted text refers to a line in W.S. Merwin's poem "Air"*

# JEANINE DEIBEL

## *review of meme by Susan Wheeler University of Iowa Press, 2012*

When it comes to domestic relations, Susan Wheeler's *meme* captures our incompetence. All is not well in love and marriage: "The bloom is off the rose ... / Botrytised? The petals fall, clump, blow." Ranging from a child's perspective to multiple, adult vantage points, dysfunction on the familial front is laid bare. Old-school and new-school language duel for supremacy, landing readers in a marred space where American adages fail to hold their weight in words: "Speaking of your better half, / You can be ugly and stupid as long as your shaft is big. / Be date bait for your mate. / Fried oysters ain't a euphemism." Meaning is thus derived from absence and from the reappropriation of traditional idioms within contemporary contexts.

Voice figures prominently in this collection, with numerous poems consisting of one side of a conversation. Through the partial omission of dialogue, Wheeler achieves a high level of precision with parataxis. In section one, "The Maud Poems," the mother's stern yet good-humored tone characterizes the mother-daughter relationship: "Disestablishmentarianism? Look it up. // Well, get out of my light and I'll read it to you." In stark contrast, discourses in section three, "The Split," stray from innocence into

crude humor, signifying more destructive dynamics between spouses and lovers: “He spends his Saturday nights punching the clown’ or ‘She and her pumped-up ta-tas.”

Similar to the implementation of voice and the use of memes, a strong emphasis is placed on sound through variations of poetic form. The collection is composed of both experimental structures, such as tabbed columns and lists, “9. He had an affair with my older sister. / 10. He spent our money on booze and bennies,” as well as traditional versification, including elegies and limericks, “For when I replied / *Your trigger’s what’s died* / He lit his exploding cigar.” The patterning and syncopation provided by meter and rhyme schemes complement their free-verse counterparts, where sonic momentum stems from tropes (alliteration, anaphora, consonance, etc.) and the interplay between text and white space.

Shifting forms and speakers offer multiple angles for examination of domestic crises; however, thematically speaking, the majority of *meme* circles vulture-like around loss and the subjugation of women. The former is exemplified by the untitled poem on page 70. Eighteen lines in succession begin with “Bye,” cataloging absence and all that has passed from the speaker’s life: “Bye Dad, bye mom. / ... Bye, great dogs I have known. Cats. Raccoon I hit. / ... Bye to the husband who was the best wife.” Humor is apparent in the last passage, but lamentable or grim takes on loss also surface: “Your crazy sister, your crazy mother, / your father she left to shit himself.” In combination, we’re presented with a speaker (or multiple speakers) willing to acknowledge compounding states of loss, yet still caught at an emotional impasse.

Throughout the collection, emotional distress is primarily exhibited through women who are oppressed by external factors. The brevity of section two, “The Devil —or— The Introjects,” serves as a transition, following a girl who’s been emotionally and sexually abused: “She’s got your

hand moving out for a dish, for a / drink, for a doughnut. She's rubbing your twat with the heel of her / thumb, she's eyeing your ear. Then minesweeper, hour after hour." The idea of introjection, paired with memes, suggests that the inculcation of phrases and behaviors into a child can negatively affect her psychological development as well as her subsequent adult interactions. We see this manifest in the longest and final section of *meme*, where marital woes take center stage.

"The Split" comprises forty-five untitled poems, several of which allude to a woman being victimized by a male who is far from a family man. These exploits include sexual objectification, infidelity, physical abuse and disregard for consent among others: "Boo! she remembers, in the banging sun, / waking, Jeremy on her chest, at her ear. And he—her / husband—a klieg, lighthouse with its back to her, / raking its view of the sea." While patterns of neglect towards a wife are present, dysfunctional sexual relationships involving alternative sexualities and polyamory are also folded into the mix: "2. She was clingier than pantyhose. / 3. He stayed out all night. / 4. She liked to cuff me when she got plowed. / ... 8. He stuck a hairpin in my ear. / ... 25. I was indentured. I didn't know I could choose not to."

Entrapment is evident here and, at times, the collection seems to embody the sentiment: "There is no knack for grief." Yet, the woman is still standing after these domestic wars of attrition, unshackling from tumultuous situations, "I'd never go back," and seeking an exit strategy, "Enter alone, exit alone." Wheeler's keen execution of wordplay keeps readers somewhat above the fray with consistent interludes of humor, "finkle finkle / little star," to counterbalance darker episodes. Although emotional recovery from loss and subjugation is not achieved, *meme* concludes with an unwavering impetus to survive the storm, to wait for the piercing winds to dissipate.

# EMILY SKILLINGS

## *Introduction to Anne Waldman The Poetry Project, New York City November 6, 2013*

In attempting an introduction for Anne Waldman, a poet and force whose voice has so shaped the ways I see intersections of poetry, performance, activism, feminism and community, I decide to begin with a quote by Robert Duncan, from his essay “Rites of Participation.” He writes:

The very form of man has no longer the isolation of a superior paradigm but is involved in its morphology in the cooperative design of all living things, in the life of everything, everywhere ... We hunt for the key to language itself in the dance of the bees or in the chemical code of the chromosomes.

Parts and operations of the human body, but also parts and operations of the cosmos, are related in a new ground, a story or picture or play, in which feeling and idea of a larger whole may emerge. The flow of sound from the throat and the flow of urine from the bladder, the flow of energy from the dancing feet, the flow of forms in the landscape, the flow of water and of air felt, translated in a rhythmic identity disclose

to the would-be initiate what man is but also what the world is—both other and more than he is himself, than the world itself is.

The power of the poet is to translate experience from daily time where the world and ourselves pass away as we go on into the future, from the journalistic record, into a melodic coherence in which words—sounds, meanings, images, voices—do not pass away or exist by themselves but are kept by rime to exist everywhere in the consciousness of the poem. The art of the poem, like the mechanism of the dream or the intent of the tribal myth and dromena, is a cathexis: to keep present and immediate a variety of times and places, persons and events. In the melody we make, the possibility of eternal life is hidden, and experience we thought lost returns to us.

Though this essay concerns itself with the poetry of H.D., I was struck by how Duncan's statement exemplifies Waldman's work and serves as a point of entry into her cosmology.

I isolate three terms: *body*, *archive*, *cathexis*.

**BODY:** Waldman often writes of a “body politics” or “body poetics,” and though one might take this to mean a literal embodiment of poetry, or *prosody*, the integration of words with their performance and sound, I will argue that “body poetics” is more of a political statement about work and value—a lateral, non-hierarchical view of poetry in relation to its auras of performance, community and social/global import. I had a dance teacher who once described her ideal dancing modality as “socialist dancing.” In other words, not one body part is valued above another in the dancing whole. Similarly, Waldman's *Work* (work with a capital W—book/poem/product/text) is equal to but also merged with and inseparable from her *work* as an ambassador of poetry, her teaching and organizing, her voice as she performs the texts, the music she creates with her son, Ambrose Bye, the suffering ecosystems she cites. She describes this in her most recent book,

*Gossamurmur*, as “language not separate adaptation but an internal aspect of / something much wider” (39). The occupation of multiple and equally important positions, the ordering of experience without hierarchy, is what poet Akilah Oliver describes as Waldman’s “queer sensibility.” A quilt-like poetics.

**ARCHIVE:** In *Gossamurmur*, Waldman presents the material gossamer as a kind of cosmic, linguistic and energetic connective tissue, carrying sound and history in an empathic substance of communication. She writes: “A way pliancy can supplant stiffness / the way tensile strength prevents fractures” (30). We could also see this substance as a cerebrospinal fluid or muscular fascia, connecting self with the *exo* until there is no boundary or container with which to delineate self from nature, environment, other, poetry. The gossamer is infused with vibratory murmur (speech, sound, whisper, collective breath), which also connotes the communal bird formations we might witness in the sky—*murmuration*—an image of relation among beings that surpasses language. It is a book of connections, interweavings, recordings.

Throughout the book, the speaker describes encounters with an identity thief, a ghostly double self, another Anne Waldman (wouldn’t we be so lucky!) at the credit union. The hinge of these shadow selves is the bank, the commerce this book disrupts. As this new Anne Waldman steals original Anne Waldman’s money (and vice versa) they become each other. The reader is reminded of the ways we become facsimiles of ourselves, the selves owned by banks, mined by social media, data-doubles unconcerned with others who effortlessly recede into global amnesia.

In Waldman’s work, I register the desire to create an ever-expanding and visceral recuperative archive (à la Derrida’s critique of the archive that forgets its own origins) through moving and adaptive language, a beautiful attempt at a catalogue of “the fragile cassette and song files of the fleeting, transitory poetics ...” (5). This troubles the all-knowing and vivisectionist

archive of ownership and data hoarding in favor of a more inchoate memory-log. The archive is also intimately linked with the act of mourning: the endangered species catalogued and listed, the poets no longer with us (never dead) remembered and annotated and invoked. In her “Mourning Song for Akilah Oliver,” Waldman vocalizes, “poets teach us how to lament.” Waldman’s poetry has a way of “calling forth” through repetition and deep attention. This is also how an archive gathers. She writes in *Gossamurmur*:

Memory of an animal is also yours / Archive all opposable thumbs  
we have record of / and many wisdom identities / Archive’s murmur  
circulates around the room / Archive lets originals breathe / you  
can’t tamper with Archive / it’s a strange cosmology / Archive is the  
antithesis to a war on memory and stealing poet fire / Archive listens  
into the margins.

The notes at the back of *Gossamurmur*, more a kind of echoing map than an annotated bibliography, rest against the book like a field guide. In it we find references to such diverse subtexts as Rosalind Franklin, a female scientist whose research was used without her permission by award-winning male scientists, the myth of the Spider Woman, caddis flies, the Norwegian seed vault (it exists!)—all laced with personal and anecdotal process-based annotations.

**CATHEXIS:** By her investment in and engagement with community, Waldman’s influence and nurturing energy is omnipresent. I feel her presence in my own sphere: the phonemic/eco-political and amelioratory dance performances of The Commons Choir, directed by Daria Fain and Robert Kocik, the somatic poetry exercises of CA Conrad, the performances of my friends LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs and Ivy Johnson. Her work for many years in this very space and at Naropa. I’ll return to Duncan, but this time to Waldman’s words *about* him. In the *Contemporary Authors Autobiography Series*, vol. 17, she writes: “And Robert Duncan’s arms waved and danced in the air as he read ... This was a body poetics. And these poets

had put their whole beings on the line. Was I being too romantic? And I made a vow too to the larger community that sustained this poet and would sustain others, a vow that I would spend my life developing and maintaining such a community.”

*Gossamurmur* is a poem (also essay, myth, pleading dialectic) that struggles against the corporate and capitalist and war mongering and ever-present invisible realm of *Deciders*, those who wish to create a “life of unrelenting State without poetry” and who ask, “What’s a poetry portal?” Waldman’s answer: “A window onto the whole world ... listening back at you,” and if there’s an artist who has spent her life opening this window to the world for poetry and poets, it’s Anne Waldman. Please help me to welcome her.

## CONTRIBUTORS

**Jillian Buckley's** writing has appeared in *DIAGRAM*, *Yes! Magazine*, and *TheMarker*, amongst other places. She is a labor support doula in Brooklyn.

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**Jeanine Deibel** teaches English at NMSU and works as an editor for *Puerto del Sol* and Noemi Press. Her poetry is forthcoming in *Cream City Review*, *Black Tongue Review*, and *Whiskey Island*, among others. She is the author of the chapbook *IN THE GRAVE* (Birds of Lace Press, 2013). Her second chapbook, *Spyre*, is forthcoming on Dancing Girl Press in Winter 2014. For more information, visit: [jeaninedeibel.weebly.com](http://jeaninedeibel.weebly.com).

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Born in the Mekong Delta and raised in the Washington, D.C. area, **Ho Nguyen** studied Poetics at New College of California in San Francisco. With the poet Dale Smith, Nguyen founded Skanky Possum, a poetry journal and book imprint in Austin, TX, where they lived for 14 years. The author of eight books and chapbooks, she currently lives in Toronto where she teaches poetics in a private workshop and at Ryerson University. Wave Books published her third full-length collection of poems, *As Long As Trees Last*, in September 2012.

**Katie Raissian** is editor-in-chief of *Stonecutter: A Journal of Art and Literature* ([www.stonecutterjournal.com](http://www.stonecutterjournal.com)). Originally from Cork City, Katie currently lives and works in NYC.

**Emily Skillings** is a dancer poet poet dancer. Recent poetry can be found in *No, Dear, The The Poetry, Lingerpost, Stonecutter, La Fovea, and Maggy*. Skillings dances for the A.O. Movement Collective and The Commons Choir (Daria Faïn and Robert Kocik) and presents her own choreography in New York. She lives in Brooklyn, where she is a member of the Belladonna\* Collaborative, a feminist poetry collective and event series. She recently co-curated the exhibit *John Ashbery Collects: Poet Among Things* with Adam Fitzgerald at Loretta Howard Gallery.

**Nicole Steinberg** is the author of *Getting Lucky*, published in fall 2013 from Spooky Girlfriend Press, and two chapbooks from dancing girl press: *Undressing* (forthcoming in 2014) and *Birds of Tokyo* (2011). She's also the editor of *Forgotten Borough: Writers Come to Terms with Queens* (SUNY Press, 2011) and the founder of Earshot, a New York reading series for emerging writers. She lives in Philadelphia.

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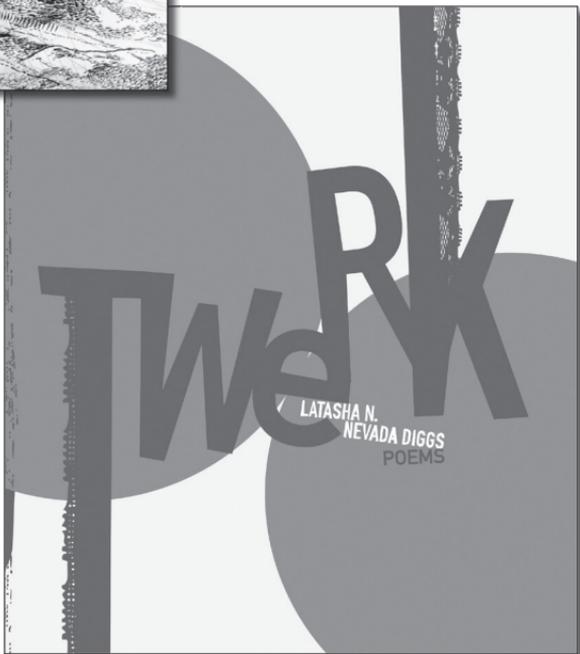
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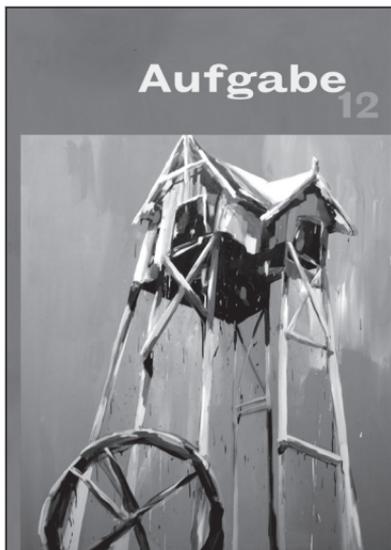
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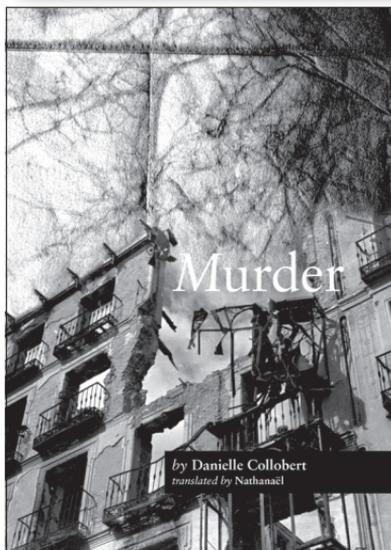
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Danielle Collobert; Translated by Nathanaël

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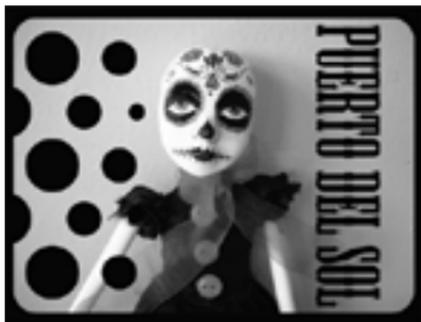
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