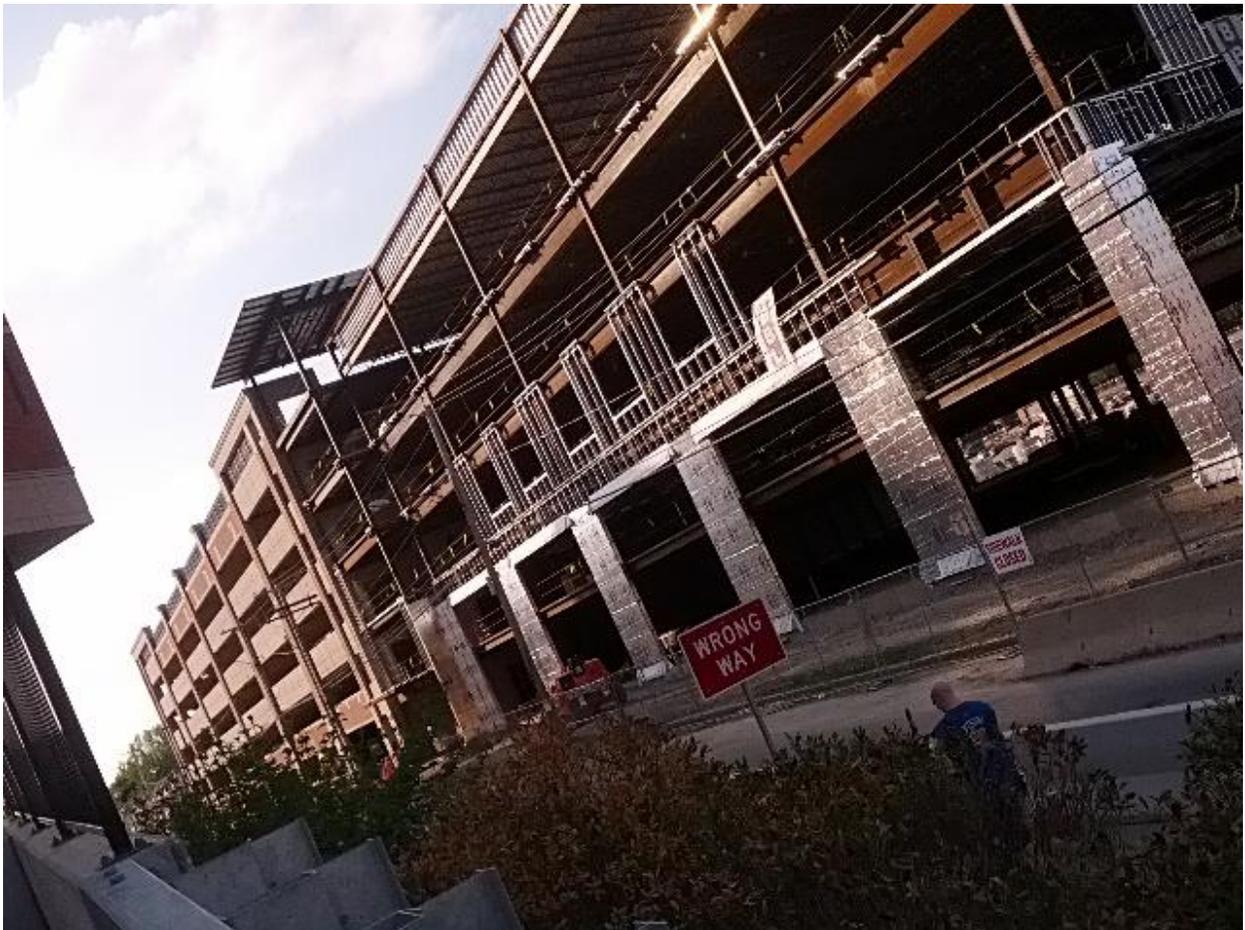


ALTPOETICS

End of the Summer Edition

2015



Part One

Shine a Light

by

William Doreski

Don't you realize that this desert doesn't like you? So what if it's bisexual? So what if the sand retains footprints in secret forever? Here's a secret to chew on: this isn't a desert but a wall, a blank space on which to hang a lamp, a little emergency lamp more like a flashlight. You need this artificial illumination to explore your open pores and closed mind. You need it to scour for clues to your private nausea. But a crack, which extends across the entire plane of view, betrays a structural lack of dignity. You also lack dignity. You'd name this wall a desert, you'd expand or extend it to fill half a continent, or even all of Australia. Go back to Australia if you wish. I'm not stopping you. And take that lamp with you, don't leave it hanging on the wall. It has nothing to do with the desert. It's only a place to shine a light, if you have a light to spare.

Bio: William Doreski lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire, and teaches at Keene State College. His most recent book of poetry is *The Suburbs of Atlantis* (2013). He has published three critical studies, including *Robert Lowell's Shifting Colors*. His essays, poetry, fiction, and reviews have appeared in many journals.

The Body of Caring

by

Daniel Romo

You read that my eyes are distant orbs focused on suburban shores,
an act synonymous with self-discovery. Shattered masts stall
introspective visions and blur the line between *meaning* and *saying*
I am just fine. The proudest conceal the deepest wounds. Hide cracks
that began as simple fissures, never meant to sever an entire man.
I dream an armada raids and conquers me, sticking their flag
in my psyche and claiming it as their own. They discover loot,
buried in an uncharted ventricle, fresh to touch in a forgotten aorta.
No one walks their wooden plank; I want to hijack it and jump,
just to say I once flew. You know my longing for time-travel,
want to meet me on the other side, want to reunite me with the life
you feel I deserve. You put a globe in my hands, hold me from
behind so I don't splinter, and whisper,

Spin...

Regnum Machina

by

Jesse Mitchell

Really I just want to get up and walk out into the sunshine, through some big solid enchanted oak door, creaking in the hinges, all puzzle-eyed and visionary. Because I want to cast shadows. Long shadows. To see the shade behind me, falling behind me, because I know that is the shape I make. The shape I make in this world. But instead, head on top of my body, tottering, unsteady, staring into glossy pages of architectural magazines and old fashioned cold war maps, hallucinating all sorts of different futures, seeing faces in the low clouds, rattling my apocalyptic (epileptic) bones (in my skin) together like marimbas and stones.

Knowing

It is a multidirectional force surrounding, many faces, a whirlwind. And it is desperate action to stand on any (either) side of it, torrential. The very height of hysteria to attempt to be anything but the bobbin pulled by the thread or loom. Whatever energy there is in this world, it is not your own and it attaches itself to you all the way back in the womb and then you begin. Really begin. And always there in the lightless rooms, in the dark groping like the resilient shoots of grass bursting forth from beneath the hard soil or the mud and loam and undergrowth, seeking, seeking, speaking, yearning, the dry roots clutching, growing.

Rainfall.

And then you go seeking dragons, violent beasts, night demons, the wild things in your blood that you see when you look down at the veins in your arms and read them like ogam. Srying. Prophezizing. Finding monsters where you hoped you would find monsters. Ecliptic goes the sun. Ecliptic goes the moon. And on your way you go. Gnawing. Tooth-tearing your way through the rough and fibrous, day after day, hide thickening, mind wandering. You get vicious or you find that you can't get vicious and you get melancholy or you find that you can't get melancholy and you get numb or you find you can't get numb and before you know it, you get dead. Dead and gone. And ecliptic it goes and on and on.

Or sitting under the greenwood trees

And try not to make memories as not to have memories, burning, those ugly anemic footprints that track you always back to poison nostalgia. Sentimentality that forces you to try to grasp things that never can be grasped and that is the blackest sorcery, the worst desire, the cord (umbilical) attached.

And shattering

Because civilization is so frail. The revolutions go straight down the roads like parades. And the young men join and march along but the older and older watch for amusement or simply ignore the noise. And the wind blows over the top of fields, the rustle of the grass the great prelude to silence.

And you stare at the ocean waves until you realize you are the ripple and not the sea and most of the searing pains are the great inoculators, and there are disappointments and traffic collisions and pickpockets with razor blades, the world is a dangerous place. But you

Live

And live so much that it becomes a mutiny because the only duty is to die. To consume and die. And you widen your eyes a bit and you begin to see that all the super-societies, the shining nation-states on the hills are all in perfect collusion, with their pale white eyes, the barbaric things, wan and craven, to wipe out all the life you understand on this spherical world. And selfishness seems a tow-line and self-aggrandizing greed seems a genuflection before an altar...but no one can live that kind of havoc. No one can live with that panic the sort of panic imprinted on your mind so by degrees you allow yourself to become more and more human again around the rough and ragged edges of your life. Your mutinous life. Your casting lots and buying time of a life, immobilizing more and more by the quick setting concrete, the cold steel. Your cold steel.

But

All of this has been about rebellion, mutiny, or memory, some facet, cyclonic, of some betrayal, but what about love or all the rest of it? Is there further treason, more illogic, more unreasonable plummeting than the sinking into comprehension? For comprehension is a wisdom that understands itself as confusion as lost in the maze labyrinthine and blindly probing but knowing you are never finding an exit. Because maturity teaches you only ever know as much as you do not know and you never will twig it together because there is no way to escape it all and everything will kill you.

So,

Sing, devotees, the anger of the approaching lunacies, that caused the sorrows of our heroes and sent so many souls of our bespectacled saints to Hades and bodies to the dogs and birds.

And here we find the rust. The places exposed to the rough oxygen that eats away at the amour or the armor and the metal ringlets break away. And because of this age and this madness, we so well nurtured, we feel the wind cold against this naked skin, and we know that we are bare. That this is vulnerability and it has come from building and building and strength upon strength and from fear. We wring our hands. We wring our hands because there is nothing more we can do with them. They have been good hands. Strong hands. But now, deject hands, too much weight on the ends of long unheroic arms. We wring them and sometimes fold them together to pray with them that all and all, we have done more good with them than harm.

But it isn't all Fata Morgana and it isn't too much to end up Gurdjieff-over extended, a bone tired Athenian slave boy from Marathon with mene, mene, tekel, upharsin on your lips (or we conquer). But that is how you get the

New soul. Quaking. Washed out. With no more energy left. Something must replace.

Two Poems

by

Joan McNerny

dividing mind

infamous

 swift

 yellow

automobile

no particular

date/model

passing sculptured gardens,

graveyards, women in long

veils of mourning/morning

black everything still still still

(except for children who skip while

clutching doubleheaded iccreamcones)

infamous

 swift

 no particular

clock stares at 12 which

was yesterday or could be

tomorrow but might as well

be today ... why talk against time?

infamous

 yellow

 no particular

automobile driving thru

longwhiteline of hi way

dividing mind into

distinct red boxes
cat e gories
automobile driving to
any anonymous
hospitable
beyond graveyards
gardens morning veils

infamous
 swift
 yellow.

electric pearls

rush from fingers
typist waltz
 tranquillizer
 tranquillizzer
 tranquillizzzer
up we trudge on
wooden legs
up the long staircase
air tingling with
anisetete & ammonia
typist threading
word waves
lifts palm
diaphanous
one upon another
each step
up the long staircase
reflections

of sense
beneath nonsense
between images
of birds crashing
glass windows
symbols strung upon
chains of electric pearls
letters illusion
the typist
tongue tied
now in knots
hands crisscrossed
silently
walleyed
mirroring
a line
gone mad.

Poetic Statement: The clock keeps ticking away as I attempt to form in my mind my aesthetic statement. I love what is beautiful and what is true and that which is difficult to express. Surrealism is not the only poetic I write in but is one of my favorites. Experimentalism captures the modern spirit in flux with all its senseless horror and glory. Recording what is moving, changing, revolving and devolving is an ambitious undertaking. My writing should speak for itself.

Bio: Joan McNerney's poetry has been included in numerous literary magazines such as Camel Saloon, Seven Circle Press, Dinner with the Muse, Blueline, Spectrum, and included in Bright Hills Press, Kind of A Hurricane Press and Poppy Road Review anthologies. She has been nominated three times for Best of

the Net, Poet and Geek recognized her work as their best poem of 2013. Four of her books have been published by fine small literary presses and she has four e-book titles.

Poetry

by

Billy Cancel

at horse latitude 4 letter man recurring motifs
of bread without salt faulty fuse box means tinsel
orchard held in sudden dimness red eyed
from enchanted forest such breathtaking
display of tomorrow's electric miracles really really
scratched his cornea mutants abounded at degraded
swing dance hall however he a'int gonna jump
on some prance & force his way through the push just
for that all inmates are referred to as captain we
enjoy non-alcoholic beverages *sat at table overlooking*
the wild blue yonder frantic grid tick triggered shin
collapse which is why we'll be on the pile driver installing
angel creek complaints any? am
throwing flowers at myself to defy easy
classification have left white beak in pink charge until
red light shines gasper in my mouth daily hate under my arm i am
mouse milker & this is zero on my left you sneak up
behind me however i'm
warned by the popping of
bugs underfoot

why does noise always come from elsewhere?

can it not tolerate waterlogged soil & prefers
sensuous abandon to anchoring in sea grass? because
of green green peas blue prince was smiling yellow had
finally killed what was killing him potatoes in his mouth when
the 3 blue lights shone when the stew is on
the table i will be in a strange country unused to
the insects best regards the latent hostility
of your chosen medium whizz bangs
overhead we need something to *chorus then*
we can all chime in but
with technical fault
load our hobble is
spiked so when yellow
oxen block our dead
wheel plough it'll be no
more than aggregate
data requiring
a cursory note YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ALL THROUGH THIS WHY
DON'T YOU FUCK OFF HOME & WATCH YOUR HULU PLUS?

celestial navigation for weirdos

yes yes intergrades limited palette &
don't have much time suitable
despair backdrop if you see a spoon in
a cup don't make a joke bright wash of
beautiful disregard absolute lack of
community attachment incidentally this
is the point conventional gothic trots
in like an 1000 horse charge & it won't be
worth a single radish *flow break*
copy then flick the peter it'll be all
there in turquoise purple deep lilac if you see
sharks by day play your radio all night am
nothing if not constant dreamt of a pink
yellow grey patched cloth hill beneath a
blue gauze sky & a single red spot where the
nerve was damaged if you would like
an update on the status of
your application at any
time please email ironhorse@alienlandscape.gov

hey creeping thing inane echo babble day
of no contest went deep shade full
sun cold westerly dismal moan stow
your wilds & plant 'em she is closer faster
than you think hey creeping thing avoid
formative structures dodge the column space
for you until the frosts *marinate with a poem*
on amber alert bye bye 2nd
life this is comeback vision &
system vow then upwards hey creeping thing
cabbage green or green cabbage but full of hail &
stars forced to moonshine thought of a gorilla then
a horse as you were ground down to powder ooh creeping
thing white thistle sweet violet marigolds daffodils rarely appear & you've
got a throatful of fern & chick filet in your mouth who are you? about that time i
stepped upon a piece of tin &
it bent & i skated
away from there creeping
thing the worm has
not always been as he is now

Bio. Billy Cancel has recently appeared in *Blazevox*, *Unlikely Stories & Other Rooms Press*. His forthcoming body of work *GAUZE COAST* is to be published this Winter by *Hidden House Press*. Sound poems, visual shorts and other aberrations can be found at www.billycancelpoetry.com.

Selections from *Initials*
by
Joel Chace

G.A.

Grace Ethel Cecile Rosalie, all just one little person.

Salt in the pepper shaker, pepper in the salt's, so

she'd be right every time she got mixed up. Make it sound

like you've never said it before. Long light and winds reach

across the western sea, across the bay, over

weary little ones. When is a secretary not

a secretary? Poor burned and withered arm. Presidential

candidate of the Surprise Party. When it's a writing desk.

From contented cows. Three days later, finally,

he confessed she'd confused him with the other man.

Avoid over-confidence. You learn more and more about

less and less. The president of today is ...

Finally you'll know everything about nothing.

...merely the postage stamp of tomorrow.

R.A.

In a kitchen, he's trying to prepare a fish. Labor Day.

San Francisco, Roscoe deserves to unwind. But the catch

eludes his cleaver. Poor Kansas, poor mother delivering

that 13 pounds son. Then it flips right off the cutting board.

Look at photographs; she has a lovely face. So he has to

dive right down onto cracked, gray planks. 1917, Fatty

and Slim fight with flour bags for Amanda, cross dress

for her, avoid all poisonous gas. The trials ruined him

to pieces. Explain why 1914 follows 1913.

Arm over fin, legs over scales grapple and roll in the clapboard

restaurant's dusty yard; the audience laughs like crazy hell.

W.C.F.

The mottling of his sad face. *Don't be rude to the gentleman,*

dear. Darby -- everyone has to be born somewhere.

William Claude juggled: balls; boxes; bottles of the hardest

stuff. *You'd like to have a nose like that full of nickels,*

wouldn't you? As if, somehow, living in poverty

is downright cozy. She hated his drinking; he admired

her symmetrical digits. Under the fretting wonder sea,

there was a fountain, with toy boats in it, and the body

of a two year old boy. Self-contained. *Shall I bounce a rock*

off his head? \$50,000 in liquor, crated up

like a wharf. *Respect your father, darling. What kind of a rock?*

M.W.

Welfare Island. This day in history. She dined with
the warden and his wife. This day in aquatic
extravaganza., under the westerning sky.

Would you care for turnips, Mae? Once goodness takes a holiday,
the old world rolls away. That rhymes, hey! She hated
his constant drinking and his nose. Although a thousand
chickadees fly by. So much dollars, *which is still a very
very small amount compared to those who are dying elsewhere.*

No evidence exists that she ever streaked from one point
to another. *It's not easy to conform if you have any
morality.* Small woman strutting the fine strut of
a larger one, she bore her microbial cloud with honor.

I.C.

However...*Protocol takes precedence over*

procedure. And one calm night, Irwin came home and turned

100. What he foremost knew: Brooklyn Hebrew Orphan

Asylum; how to throw a 112 pound punch; *that*

language is only necessary when communication

is endangered; that a silent clown could get a college

education; Ali Hakim; Abou Ben Atom;

electric hair; over-sized tails; that at least he wasn't

a son of a Bush. *The intuitive feeling of*

the American people. All biological dark

matter. *We've got to perforce withhold the loving boy.*

Bio. Joel Chace has published work in print and electronic magazines such as, *The Tip of the Knife*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *OR*, *Country Music*, *Infinity's Kitchen*, and *Jacket*. Most recent collections include *Sharpsburg*, from Cy Gist Press, *Blake's Tree*, from Blue & Yellow Dog Press, *Whole Cloth*, from Avantacular Press, *Red Power*, from Quarter After Press, *Kansoz*, from Knives, Forks, and Spoons Press, and *Web Too*, from Tonerworks.

Poetic Statement. These poems are part of an ongoing sequence entitled *Initials*, in which I feature great comedians. My intention is to create a series of portraits that interweave biographical information,

quotations from actual performances, interviews, and correspondence, and in some cases selections from scientific and philosophical texts. (Reader's Guide: *G.A.* -- Gracie Allen; *R.A.* -- Roscoe Arbuckle; *W.C.F.* -- W.C. Fields; *M.W.* -- Mae West; *I.C.* -- Irwin Corey)."

Affirmative Defenses

by

Ben Nardolilli

Count 1: Negligence

Being a journalist allowed him
to experience another self,
work on books that had an end

still, fiction was the thing for him
even if people with noble interests
had different opinions of his work

Adjustment to Supervision

Flights of intense realism
are speckled through the world

For instance, he spent years
in accounting classes

His Best Work?

Hard to slap a label, it has its moments
until stasis becomes a thing people get into,
this is not a body artist situation
in the academic suburbs,
you covered the easy question,
my personal taste is jest

Are you pushing to edit?
Some scenes are completely cut,
wonderful set pieces,

but they didn't need to be there,
the notion of the entertainment survives

To your bigger question:
with all the languages he acquired
he felt like a predecessor, full of qualifiers,
there might be an et cetera in there,
lists of what his writing could be

The Era of the Email Biography

He wasn't invented by his death,
but his death accelerated it

Creativity Matters. Let's Celebrate It.

There was space between him
and the tradition,
here he processed the national atmosphere,
atomized around the touchstones

the father of hysterical realism
perceiving vitality at all costs?
the truth is,
he was just embarrassed to be human

The Verdigris Period

By zeroing in, he's thinking about
what it's like to establish
a passive loss in an itemized table

it's unending and it feels
like a certain cast of mind,

people working in a field of minutia

One Source Talent

You go back to first principles.

A) Something that can be talked about

B) Something worth talking about

I don't care what you want to call it,
it lacks an integrated mechanism

there are things we are not considering.
I'm delinquent as the moderator

Plan of Supervision

Those are wonderful pieces,
remember,
there will be no ticket to the fair,

in the later period there's a period
of fictive austerity,
start with another book

Even Gifted Ironists Work Best in Sound Bites

Without trying to broadly psychoanalyze my profession,
they felt they were in competition with television

they realized we're not living in an arid time for literature
reaching the limit of what we can write and tell

you could pull anything you wanted from the book

and still prevent the book from collapsing on itself

Sober Account Keeping

“You can do great work. I’m waiting for your next great work.”

Poetic Statement. Trying to subvert the mundane into the transcendental, or at least make it more interesting.

Bio. Ben Nardolilli currently lives near Washington, D.C. His work has appeared in Perigee Magazine, Red Fez, Danse Macabre, The 22 Magazine, Quail Bell Magazine, Elimae, fwriction, THEMA, Pear Noir, The Minetta Review, and Yes Poetry. He blogs at mirrorsponge.blogspot.com and is looking to publish a novel.

Correspondences

by

John Lowther

Here's a smattering of mattering, at least to me.

It seems to be a piece that represents an articulated culmination for you.

She didn't bite, so there's no particular point in remaining anonymous.

Do I run it in DOS, for instance, or is it acceptable to remain in Windows (evil Windows)?

You have no idea how this *made* my day.

I don't know precisely how you achieve a rapid-fire sort of languor, but that's how the other two you sent are striking me right now.

S.F. calls. How does it fit with your schedule? Talk later.

Let me know if I can be of any assistance in answering questions, etc.

I was just following a thread in my brain.

But it seems to me the locale is the particular energy of the bodies in a place.

Take care of your spam garden, lots of water, its hot as hellfire this time of year.

I apologize firstly for the mass email, but I am a fisherman devoted to peace.

That part is less uncharacteristic!

I was actually rather astounded at the silliness of it.

*

I like to say that I am unencumbered by the constraints of a traditional education, but that's really just PCese for I don't have a high school diploma.

But sometimes I think we strain in all the wrong ways to make the locale important.

In fact, the notion seems a bit silly to me now.

Not sure that it's been decided.

I happen to agree with you.

This goes back the power issue... that those with power place strategies, which necessitates those without to employ tactics.

Try out the attached.

Thanks for the open door, and meat to chew

The intelligence thing is fact, though admittedly I can kind of exaggerate that sense.

This thing beyond words.

I'm becoming a-weary, so I may stop.

*

I am tying the calendar in wire and would like you to see it.
I've been sick and busy and all the usual ball and chain void shit.
I suppose I am more phat than fat.
Fine, I'm not saying you have to change a word.
I think all this does go back to a fundamental issue: I love Stevens and you don't.
In my country we say "pissing too close to the camel's ass."
Even if he presumed you to be some podunk acolyte that's no excuse.
You can tell me I'm wrong; I start with that assumption.
That's useful and entrusting and actually quite touching.
Which is not to say that we think in iambic pentameter.
But the transparent paper idea sounds very nice.
I think I'm dying but everything is ok.
Take anything I ever say with a grain of salt.

*

Everything is a word.

I have no problem with the impulse to define.

Onward through the thicket! Picnic with beauticians!

Don't have the specs that precise at the moment, though I can guarantee a full bleed is not an option.

This is situationist surrealist postmodern big crunch delicacy.

I see your point exactly, it is a good one, but our primary goals seem different, mine perhaps simpler (more simplistic) than yours.

Thank you for a relaxing and wonderful visit.

I know I'm on shaky ground with that.

Since I moved I only get to that PO about once a week.

He's so fucking obsessed with his own significance, but his work is very gimmick-driven.

Not so hot up here. But people is rude.

As usual, you have the x-ray ability to spot my principal contradictions...

Great. (Such tasks strain the limits of our poor language.)

I hate sending out group mailings, but I really wanted to tell you all this stuff quickly.

*

I'm sorry I caused such an alarm; the situation seemed more severe to me, and I took it to another extreme.

And I did not joke around with that climber, I told him that he was an asshole in so many words for saying that.

Thanks for your tenacity in keeping up this correspondence during the last few months as I radically rewrote the script for much of my life.

These word-bodies have a zipper, to slip in, slip out.

Job woes comparable to yours taking a real toll, too.

Poetry may then work to quicken the refresh rate of awareness.

As you know, I don't think that heuristics and lyricism are incompatible.

That is how the bomb directions differ from the description, right?

In the meantime make sure to eat some vegetables.

A project of sorts. Maybe.

And I'll be asking you and others something soon.

They "work." Anyway, gotta go. But there are samples and stuff.

*

My semi-informed understanding of the situation goes like this.

They are referring transparently to something outside themselves.

But is this necessarily a worthwhile goal?

Also the great determination indeterminatio globus of gnats and ripe fruit—they fill me with joy!

This explains my repeated suggestions to you that you not entirely overlook psychoanalytic theories, regardless of their short-comings.

Somehow, I stopped mingling in those circles, and it wasn't until last night that I realized what a void there is in my life as a result.

Still, I think it is just absolutely a horrible and unpleasant thing to do, and I will never do it again for any reason.

Just curious. Not opaque. Who is grandma? Fear of questions

Writing is an interpretation of linguistic and epistemological potentialities.

This is a very paradoxical and rather revolutionary idea.

My lips are sealed, and so is my hairy bottom. I haven't really started messing with it yet.

Probably what called us down from the trees millions of years ago.

Sutures of the space run along the fingers of the ear.

*

They work well, sometimes, from what I hear. Anyways, I like it a lot. I think it is essentially there.

It's ok...I know you aim toward a clarity I to hope to attain in my sleep.

Maybe check for spelling.

But this sort of evaluation isn't important to everyone.

I understand, I guess, that sense of frustration but that works both ways, you know.

Rather I sense that they will feel the difference, probably on some sub verbal level.

Everyone wants to be Flannery O'Connor, apparently.

All these are boring me to fucking tears.

But maybe this doesn't make any sense.

I've also had a lot of dental work lately, so having been sticking pretty close to seafood and/or pasta as a choice for dinners.

Ended up thinking I was dying due to bad raw oysters I had the day before.

But at the level of my reacting as a poet to a poet, I sent my e-mail citing my discomforts.

The trip was an extreme adventure, and it's taken not a little time to recover, physically and psychically.

So I'm signing out. Peace in the fertile crescent.

*

O sure I'll bite.

Beyond what counts anymore in terms of "where one is."

This seems to be another point of divergence between the two positions.

I'm curious to see the ways in which people rise to this challenge.

But I swear, if I were a drinker, I'd have been reaching for the bourbon.

So it isn't that the AWP is apolitical per se but that you don't care for its politics.

Paradoxically, many folks who critique formalism do it on its ahistoricity.

Back from a day in Boston, but I've picked up a nasty head cold.

Those grumpuses who reject it before reading it I have troubles with.

Hope you're enjoying the steel town.

That's an interesting thought project, simply stop thinking about it, and I'm certainly willing to
see where it gets us, where it takes us.

Beware any therapist that makes absolutist statements.

I'm just saying that some of the ideas you're articulating can be read antithetically to their
intent.

In either case we see that poetry takes as its project to assay language's, and thus the world's,
limits.

It nearly killed me.

*

Sometimes, I think it isn't worth going on, that there is just too much to catch up with, so much that it's hopeless.

I'll never learn to knit.

Come if you need to.

He actually called me and gave me the real scoop.

Right in the middle of the interview!

Poetry's some type of download through the instinct protocol, that is, a rectifier of sorts.

No bleeding gums or nose, no stretch marks, no hemorrhoids, no swollen ankles, really minimal vomiting, no black line on my belly, no constipation, no insomnia, and really mild backache.

Every philosophy also conceals a philosophy; every opinion is also a lurking-place, every word is also a mask.

Maybe torque the sequence?

You've been on a slur forward-feed.

I was relieved to hear that things were relatively ok.

Because so much of what comes out under the "experimental" banner is pretty damn conventional.

But I have been a part of something that makes it easy for me to jump in and get out.

No hard feelings, just struck me as odd.

*

This sounds absolutely fascinating. Moi too.

My tone in the original might have been a little inadvertently snippy, but that was only because I really was trying to be nicety nice & tone is hard to convey by e-mail.

Good to hear you're keeping busy. Poems as a testing out.

I realize now that I'll be finding them when I'm old and gray and thinking on last things, sorting through my meager textual possessions portioning out what to leave to whom, and there will be your crisp white card among the yellowed photographs.

I only think I write the play but actually I'm turned on a like a tap and the play runs out.

Anyway, I'll let you know when I get the stuff mounted...

Now, the idea of the subject being hailed or interpolated by ideology is Althusser's, and I do see such questionnaires as partaking in ideology at that level.

Yikes! That's both serious and a little bit more than I needed to know.

It certainly sounds like you're all over the creative map, if not actually a-cartographical by now.

I guess I avoid going on at greater length about rearticulatory processes cuz I see the notion as fairly self-evident.

*

It's called *Against Architecture*.

You are, aren't you? Not good. I settle for popcorn.

Desperately trying to stand outside the stage lights momentarily I wonder if I can believe in any words, especially these.

I had a feeling. But I adore gin. The problem thus far has been a problem of freight logistics

In fact, the lyricism can lead the way into some unusual modes of thinking, since the sounding is a way into some interesting places.

I was born into this world in an unnatural manner, they carved me out.

Are you in a germination period and waiting for a new form to hatch?

He sang in Russian and played a kazoo.

I'm dead serious. Here be a map.

He almost makes up for other unfortunate circumstances of existence like new coke and *Patch Adams* and Jesse Helms.

So, yes. Let's cross paths.

*

Bio. [John Lowther](#)'s work appears in the anthologies, [The Lattice Inside](#) (UNO Press, 2012) and [Another South. Experimental Writing in the South](#) (U of Alabama, 2003). *Held to the Letter*, co-authored with Dana Lisa Young is forthcoming from Lavender Ink in 2015. John works in video, photography, paint and performance. He's writing a dissertation to reimagine psychoanalysis as grounded in the lives of intersex and transgender people so as to broaden our appreciation of subjective possibility.

Poetic Statement. [Correspondences](#) is composed of 62 poems assembled while cleaning out personal email ahead of a swift termination date at an old job. It took 11 hours and 46 minutes. I don't know why I timed it. I was thinking about my time there as *congealed labor*, though I didn't do much of anything for 20 hours a week in my hidden cubicle. All lines are written by correspondents to me (and so "found" in a specific sense, perhaps "addressed" would be a better term). I normalized the punctuation and capitalization a bit for consistency of a sort. Only one

line was taken from any given email. Many poets' prose is poached here, but none of the Atlanta group (where I would read this material as soon as it was written).