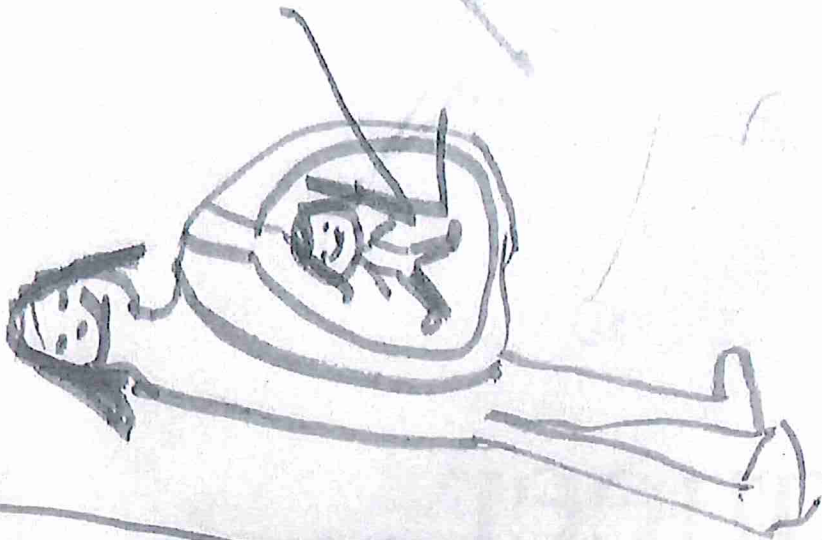


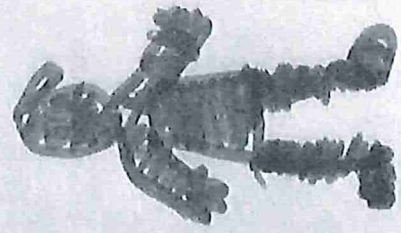
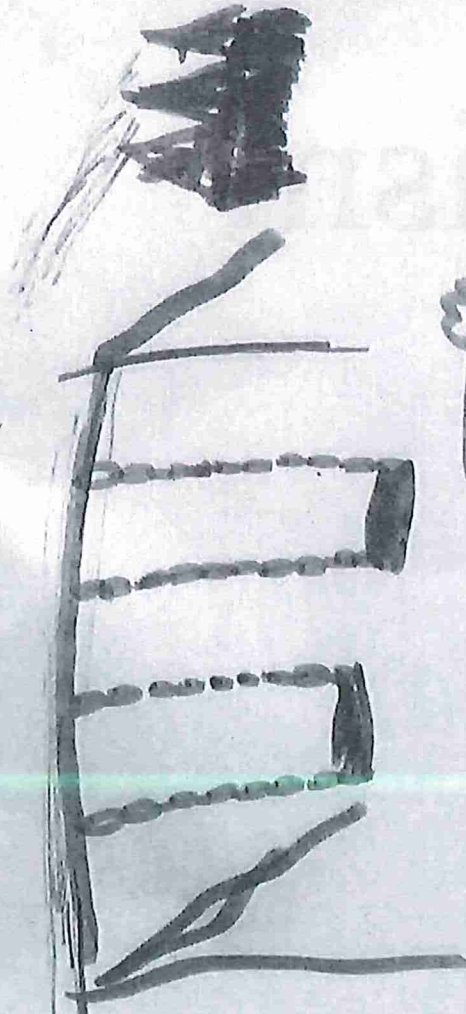
paradise now

semana santa

2018



AS truly god is are father
as truly god is are mother



the queer
medievalism
issue



noah ross

the wonders of a spot

i.

the wonders of a spot it sings
resound the wonders of a spot

//

it is for playing more than praying
for making the long day shorter

//

be happy bruther holy through time holy
may it be on your mind may it be --

//

of the same womb given to -- a noble wolf

ii.

i kissed my boi wooden 1 o
n 1 wooden in my boi i am 1
wooden boi in me i tore thru
torn i thru 1 bi 1 cross stalks o
n stalks i thru them in the nam
e of reaching a xcrossx reaching
thru i thru a i r reaching my b o i

wooden him a den to me --

fields 2 field un2 the c-shore
crossed mouths [...]

iii.

got home-grown bay-leaves from a co-worker	imagined boi waltharius page of swords a
top	a mountainside
billowing	o'er a meeting of sycamores
watching	a melting of minds each
billowing	these little leaves
now dried	bi this december wind & pink
skies	these little leaves
brush up	against 1 another
& my fingers	to produce
a billowing	i stroke for
their smell	but drown for infusions
o & hildegund was really	the 1 from the
crest she espied men coming	by the dust
that had risen	a page espied trials

“from where are you from & to where are you headed & are you bringing with you treasure in the form of bodies &/or of material goods & are you a level-headed 1 in dealing & are you a level-heading 1 in dealing with me & with my lord & may my lord grant you life & limb & the horse & the coffers & the girl & --“ & this dream of hagan’s of boi waltharius told & to the haughty king they should have trusted when he spoke “of wrestling & with 1 bear & of a lengthy

struggle & of a bite tore off & 1 leg & up with 1 knee & 1 thigh & i rushed to him & the bear
turned to me & i went to hold him & i saw teeth & not his teeth" ---- _---- _

1 bi 1 spears flirted exerted a grace in movement a choreography svelte &
fragile deep in knowledgeable touching armor to armor in some derek
jarman adaptation a series o blonde twinks // stull kansas 1 bi 1 meeting that most
hellish of daddies thir's 1 real smart not much of a wrestler the others all started
lifting years ago this 1 knows how to get what this 1 wants & not talking
transactions but affects but this 1 knows how to get what this 1 wants

iv.

there is a spot a wonder
in spot in resting spot &
//
there is a gateway both
in monument & hole

folio 127b:2 // visio undecima

cursor o the world in dred and dute
his game n brine salt see all see same

sinful cheer trumps here the hinges quen
silver and gold be god or wick

thaa that err not born alive
mercy

thaa that err not hanging split
mikel mercy

the stead or dome where all shall meet
tha stede o dome quar all sal mete

vs telles the prophet vs telles the hanging

split
mikel mercy

that dread unmeeting
i know it will be

done

<i>one</i>	
<i>the one</i>	
<i>the tall one</i>	<i>by the window</i>
<i>the dancing figure</i>	<i>by the window</i>
<i>the young one</i>	<i>now leaving the room</i>
<i>the old one</i>	<i>who left the room</i>

<i>one</i>	
<i>the one</i>	
<i>the tall one</i>	<i>much mercy</i>
<i>the dancing figure</i>	<i>much mercy</i>
<i>the young one</i>	<i>much mercy</i>
<i>the old one</i>	<i>much mercy</i>

/ soth who // / sith who //
 / account with thee conscience how thou lernest the
 / peple the lered and the lewed
 / not one afraid not one afraid not
 / before god afraid before the eyes of who &c. the eyes of who &c.
 / gyve not one goose wyng not one goose wyng not
 / before god afraid one goose wyng before god afraid
 /
 / bade the cloisters houndes haukes and hire houndes &c.
 / bade the cloisters brake bere no silver no signe no kyng
 / sheweth synnes both bathe nothing bade perhaps a morsel a crumb of
 /
 / wheat
 / barley and rye this loaf
 / in the halle manye of the grete
 / brake bere no silver no signe no kyng
 / brake bread no silver no signe no kyng
 / brake in the halle manye of the grete
 / brake this lustych
 / a love leech I graunte in my waking
 / a love leech waking in my grounde a tokenyng
 / should do the better in slepyng to preche a tokenyng
 /
 / the fox and fowel fle to hole and crepe the fissh fyn to flete
 / no reste no reste no reste no reste weary withouten
 / feet up-so-down overtilte the roote
 / rongen your bells wrongen your bells wring your biles wrong
 / your bells at his banner your bells on his cloak your bells strung lofty your bells
 / and his wrong
 /
 / the waters have risen rongen the waters have risen wrongen the waters
 / have risen when thi gave me that loke i pretended to get it tongue
 / retched eyes bloated wiping thir feet on the mat right
 / wretched
 / the land in hand was laght the land in hand was laght the land
 / lit with hand wrought sullen ensnared in hand in sin ? in hand it
 / wiperwin be lit and lit the silt blaze-hue and it
 / breaking at the tabernacle breaking in great calm a luminous
 / splendor :
 / dog of fire lion fulvous horse pallid black pig gray wolf all five
 / by a hill five peaks by a rope each held each stood at the north
 / facing the west a chill a building where shining and stone together
 / where thir cock glowed like dawn thi saw a harp across thir body
 / no strings

spede

/ at the beginning there will have been speed
/ stakes apparently limitless for what is still now
/
/ a rumor of mill en nial mill en aria nism
/ a cul mi nation rum i nations on a trans formation
/
/ predicated on transubstantiation marked
/ substance utter // internal // dissipation
/
/ aphoristic fission a division
/ structurally chained
/
/ when it rains dis charge
/ know that auncien nuclear brihtnes
/
/ one door closes a window opens not a heaven but something sound in its silence
/
/ they had only cardboard between their buttums and
/ the slide in that park across from the rose
/ gardens they were desperate for wax
/ paper's greasy slipperings
/ they note the question of
/ speed a tumbling of
/ senses disorienting
/ substance a fission
/ aphoristic struct
/urally
/
/that brihtnes that schynyth & aryn briht a fore alle other brihtnes
unsound

eco-sprawl this is / a visio

eco-sprawl this is
a visio for e c o t o p i a t i c
mass a spectacular marvel
this awe is gateway
encounter the pearls of the
crown are a-blaze
a-cross prairieland tun-
dra the hydra a splinter
run thru major highways
divergent in pronging o
geminal elements

a hot knife held
a former myspace celebrity
melt a purse

once a-

nimal em-
bellished pleats

there's a screen
shot of the gateway

encounter the rubble
rust back

drop a dripping of iron & peat

per ox ide the rain point &
shout at its nose
dive a ghosting per
form ance pre-
romance rust
bog-gle back tryst-trying vert
i go heights felt as heights
felt as hide by the
yardage ephemeral clutter a
blushing of personal
excretions or smatterings
in suits set to fungi
let learn the contours of s
kin

fleshing incited a hawk
take a bite for a scent set for
hunting see me as number
one prey
on the prairieland tun-
dra not as
victim but willing
as advocate thrilling
to draw the line
somewhere

keep walking
through desert no mitre will
salvage burden take me by
hand &

hallow b no game

feign mirage as simul
acre jossle & ease flesh-
less ligaments in re
pose me a mirror
a milk can lowered
down
water
down

cli
ff
sides

a missing
man in lichen

a fir not a fir
but a pine known
for needling its own
backside in waves

they told me

scaling earthcrater mar
bled in clay rip roar de
tour a close
ness a closet
nest-woven a BLAZE

i told them

how loud the grass seemed
in sway more a
furrednuzzle GRAZE
know frequencies for
the quality of vibration a pitch
THE WAZE invisible hands
stroke a surface
as stomach it
churns a sonic & chronic
soil & rock megalith
to bacterial bleedings

see the raccoon
family wander
lusting after that fence
in the driveway
clamoring infants break
groundlessness who
defined earliest
pedestrian crossings
still eyes meet
eyes across trashbins
mid-gnawing a
fourteenth-century
manuscript in the fashion
of debate

o hi-
genre of dreaming
encounters of voyeuristic
nature one hi-
class corpse
mid-rotting voice
of post-vivum innards
ambles theo-
logical quandaries
as wyrms feast
human meat

there's some
distinction made b/t
lifeforms basing itself
round digestion

rawflesh a line
cut thru
tongue made reptilian
as dirt

when we
walk across
graveyards of
stone &
yeast we
as enzyme
glow florid grow
plenty in gravel

in ground o
hallow the rain



anna vitale

2/24/18

Anna Vitale

I wake up thinking about how
there's not enough milk
to go around this
fence-spackled edifice;
suffice to say I want
to cry like
Hart Crane. Milk and
buildings flow
from me as cum
on the street. I sit
all over my
wedding dress dashed
about plenty. Who is
headdressing my
summer dream? Happy Valentine's Day,
Cakes. 1987. How'd you
get all the way over
here? I hear the birds
the wetness of deprivation
what I can sustain as far
as pleasure goes. A milky
substance on the ends of pinched
fingers, substrate desert
bellows cursive. His curls a-
mass their tickle at my
the only lush pulse
is glue pulling
our lips together
I can't ask for more
not now not never
the bleed on cue
feeling
this cup of empty life
each time my mouth
goes to sing my
cut-rate meat
shaking my head
his mouth open
nothing, yet milk comes
out I mean no words no
"no" no "yes" just gushes
white wet protein
to cry yourself into
the sunlight effect
violet orange-white
light skates in
clumps spread
the sea under
bridged by smoke
mouth-gutters

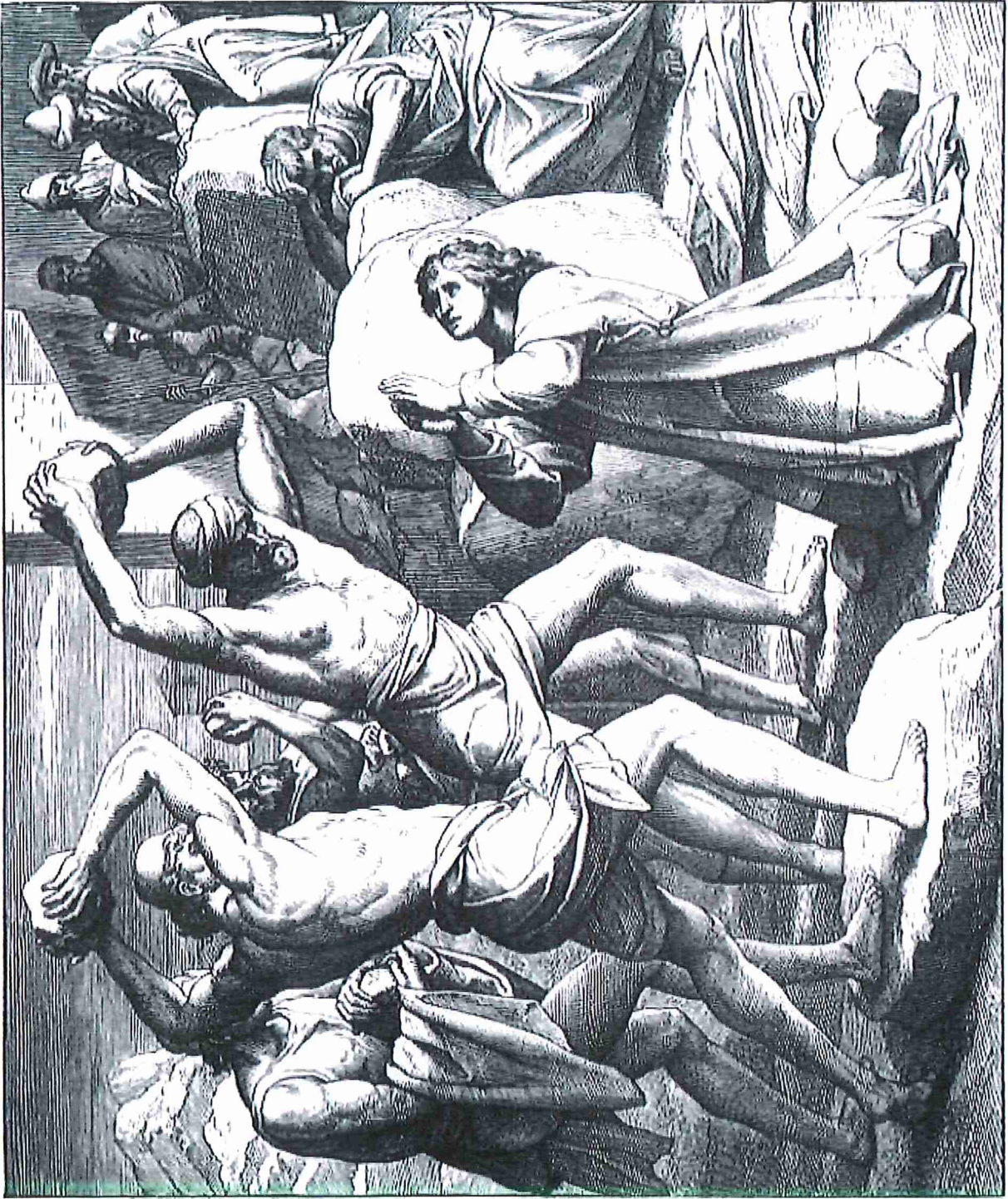
grave and I think
this fantasy of milk-cum comes
into dead. Every
feeling known to
her transforms
into hurt beyond me,
every memory surges
as murderous absence
bends like that
man's arm bends back
like Laura Palmer's arms
bend back as if bending back
is all anyone in the dark
can do to resist
the sunlight effect. Baby girl,
show your wound, he
says, and I spread
my legs & dive my head
between my knees &
"show him,"
my skull in
my spine where
my body's
held itself up to
the axis of the world
as the wound

of the water enter
where angels
fly above soldered
break, skin-like
his point at the end
of the world, also
enters me, air
also enters with
the end of water, the
saddest days
decorated
in sunlight
rocks, pictures of
rocks, glass, a map
of glass and a memory
of the map of glass,
the love of reflection outside of
oneself, his capacity
to produce an image of
the debris the earth left
when it closed &
I fell inside my own
neck, then surfaced
our knifey start. I am
here, always,
says so & so

dinosaur bones strung
with sticks, pigs, chalk
my spine at the knife-end
of the world
edge of the wound I
show. Show

your wound, I shout,
gargle, my mother
floods b/c of
the blood unleashed
by the command
I become something alive
in the dirt in here. All
these people's flags
flap like they speak
on his point
regarding their
membership
to this country
I would want
to eat

you put yrself in the past
to throw yourself into
the future & the sunlight effect
curves around, the weight
of your head enters
his state. Enough of the
big picture
I want the voice
"bitch" on his block, this little ending
the State's wound
his sunlight effect in the
gap between the bridge
and the sea. I take in
all the water
swallowing and something
on loan to open the flood
of my quote wound
unquote. Show me your
wound & I dive my head
between my legs & show him
the place that gives
birth



terry taplin

Etienne de Bourges.c

#include <rayonnant.psuedostructure.>

#include <ratchet.veneration.>

ET
L I'd stop con cealing S
A for a gargoyle— T
P stone coveting glass. E
I Thomas. The fingered wound. P
D Me with the specter H
A and the relics A
B of the thot- saint. N
A of V
N Basil isk of the grail. M
T trice clutch
Cocka Ing spire
Ghost in glow of the tapers
Virgin silver. Innermost
Pantokrator setting the circle
of foreskin on my finger
(*Heathcliff*, *it's me*,
and Catherine, and Katherine



ryan dobran

The earth softens to release at the center of its love
the blindspot of discipline
and there is a knife that thought holds to
as the desire for intrusion
keeps violence in grace
for there is no threshold of before or after

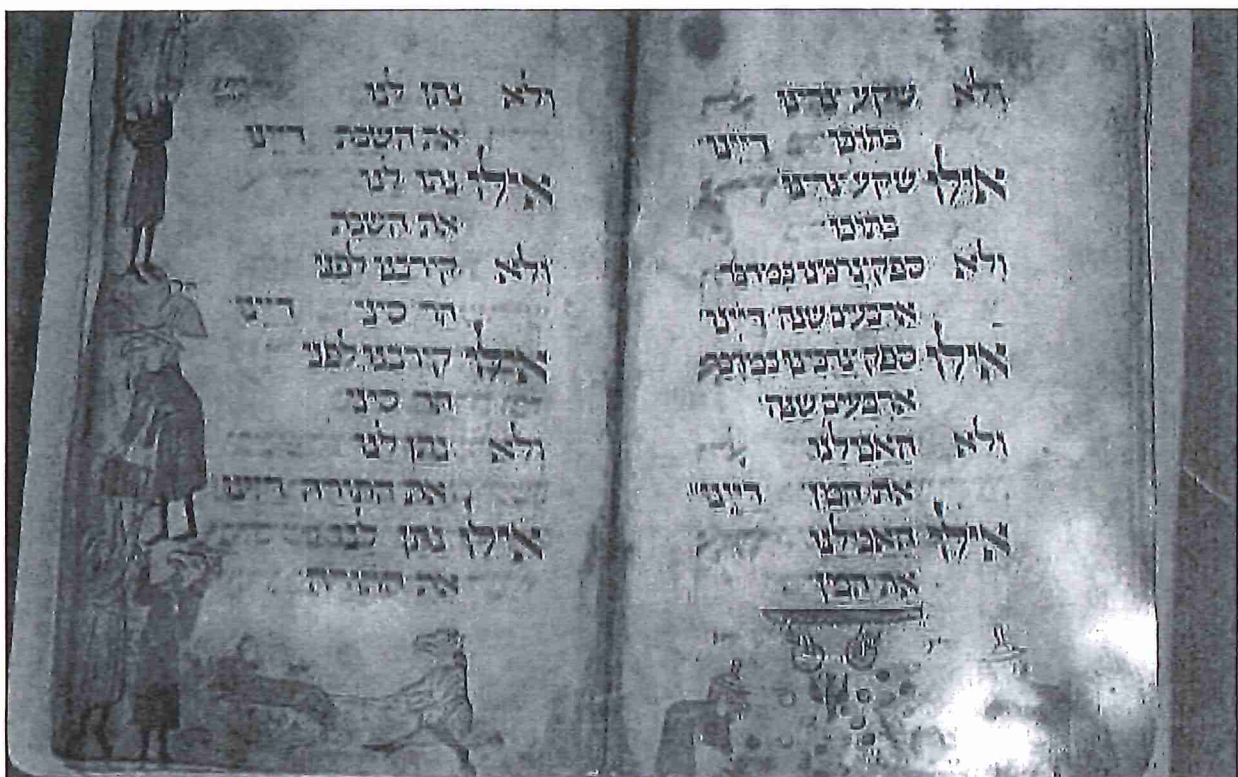
the fact is an aestheticized unit
brought in to gaslight entrances
while buttons confuse purpose
our soft exit rate cools without order
with all symbols concrete
aim for the combover

the telepathy of collective violence suits
brains whose work entraps the covert user
I worry about everything but the fitness of legal sequences
scent unit tested for strings and holograms
and in the grassy delights of butter country
they shall become unclean

by rites and fallen star categories
to fatten up legal
and make the contract another logical body
to want boozy refund intelligence
designated animations move sexy numbers
make them wander without target.

All I have is ambient head debris
in new age link denial
dumbing down materials
with the gift of speculation
like every fucking christmas.
Or the last Caldor.

The last dead end that susurrates our time
makes the picture a capture for development
driven out under fire and water
the elsewhere cramped the auto-generated
minty gross chatter on the margins
like in the office disclosure



lewis freedman

I
WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN TIME

THERE IS THIS
MEANINGLESS ELATION,
MOMENT OF TOTAL JOY, TO
ARRIVE *AT THE BAD TIMES WHEN
PREFERENCE FEELS NO LONGER ACTIONABLE.

WE DOUSED OUR HAIR IN LISTERINE AND
SANG OUR NEW SONG AS THOUGH COAXED BY *IN
THE FORMAL STRUCTURE OF JUBILATION.

THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR DISTANCE, THERE WAS
ONLY THE CONTRARY, ONLY THE CONTRARY CONTRARY.

THIS SENTENCE YOU SEE IS VEILED IN DECENCY.
IT IS, AS THOUGH BY LIMITING ITSELF
TO A KID'S GAME, AS THOUGH IT WERE INTERCHANGE-
ABLE.

BUT IT'S REALLY IN A GAME AS FIXED AS
THE RICH SLUMMING IT TO FEEL HOW THEIR POWER
EXISTS EVERYWHERE.

EACH TIME WE ARE ACCOSTED BY PARALYSIS
WE CLOSE AGAIN OUR APPROACH TO THE
FUTURE WHILE THE FUTURE
IN ITS PRIVILEGE
REMAINS OPEN.

I
WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN TIME

THIS DOESN'T
EXPRESS OUR NEED FOR
DELIVERANCE WITH EITHER
THE LIGHT OR GRACE I'M
WAITING FOR.

IT SIMPLY EXPOSES ITSELF AS THOUGH
THE NEED TO HAVE WRITTEN WERE THE
NEW TRUTH IN A TRANCE.

AS THOUGH THE DESIRE FOR SOMETHING OTHER
THAN TIME COULD EVER BE THE ABSENCE.

READ THAT AGAIN...
INSIDE THE FIGURE ELEVEN (THE NUMBER
BUT HASN'T LESS TIME PASSED IN THIS
MANIFEST THAN WE PRETENDED TO THINK?)

AREN'T WE MORE & LESS FORGETFULL,
MORE & LESS ALONE, THAN WE ARE?

TAKE IT AWAY
AND ENCUMBERED BY THE

HEAVE THE BAND
PLAYS THE PASSAGE

AGAIN.

I
WANT

SOMETHING
OTHER THAN TIME

I'LL TRY AND SAY
THIS AGAIN LIKE I'M

SAYING IT TO MY MUM.
WHEN THE WEATHER IS CONSUMMATE

WITH OUR MOODS WE TAKE A WALK, WHICH IS TO
LIKE THAT. WE ARE THINKING IN SENTENCES, AND

AS THOUGH IT WERE A PERFECT ACCIDENT TO BE OURSELVES,
WE CALCULATE EACH SENTENCE FROM THE CENTER AND BACK.

HOWEVER, THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE WE'RE NOT THINKING OF,
A CALCULATION IN THE RATIO OF VISIBLE SKY

TO STEPS THAT THE SENTENCE INCURS BY
OVEREXTENDING IT SO THAT WHAT WE ARE

LACKING IS WHAT WE'RE LOOKING AT AND
WE CAN'T LOOK FURTHER INTO THAT.

THEN IF WE WERE TO STEP AWAY, TO TRY
AND ABSORB, FOR EXAMPLE, THE WHOLE PAGE

AS ONE INSTANT,
WE'D FIND A WAIT IN
THE CURVE* THAT
EXCEEDS THE
END.

*ARC

I
WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN
TIME]

THEY IS A GAS, AGHAST,
UNWILLING TO RELINQUISH
THEIR GOURDS, UNWILLING TO
RELINQUISH WHAT I SEE AS MY SPECIAL

BOND WITH WRITING, THE CUSHIONED
PURSUIT OF A RELATIONSHIP TO EVERYTHING.
MY COMMUNITY THOUGH
PROFITABLY ABSORBED IN ITS OWN JECTIVITY
NEVER LAUGHS AT A JOKE FROM BEYOND OUR WALLS.

EVEN NOW WE'RE PRAYING FOR THE WORLD'S
SUPPORT THOUGH WE'VE DESIGNATED US
THE DISCERNABLE HUMMING AND
CAST THEM AS SOME PREREQUISITE CHASM LOTION.

THAT SAID, EVERYBODY, THEM AND US,
AGREE THE PREGNANTLESS HEAVENS CAN
TAKE AWAY DEATH. AND WHEN WE FEEL
A TOOLBOX OF LIGHT LETTING FROM
OUR HEARTS WE KNOW IT'S
A SMALL BLOOD RANSOM
GOD LETTING IN
THE GOOD
PROGRESS
OF FREEDOM

I
WANT
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN TIME
NOT ONLY MY MISFORTUNE
TO BE PREOCCUPIED WITH
SALVATION, OR
IF THE WORLD HAS NO SUBSTANCE
THEN WELL, YOU KNOW...
GROWTH WILL NEVER CARRY OUR COMMISSION.
MOST OF MY CONCERNS
ARE FRIVOLOUS MORALITIES RANK W/ REPRESENTATIONAL
DESIRES, W/ SAD CONFRONTATIONS AROUND MY
STOLEN PROFICIENCIES, SO LET'S INSTEAD,
ACCOUNTLESS AS WE ARE,
BE DIVERTED BY THE FRAGMENTS OF OUR SIMPLE
FORGETFULNESS, BY THE PLAYFUL DESIGNATION
OF IDIOT, YOU HAVE WAITED FOR NOTHING,
FEELING IT OPTIMISTICALLY AS YES,
THERE IS NOTHING TO OVERCOME.
STRANGE JOY TO PLAY
OURSELVES AS
BEYOND OUR
CLAIM.

IT'S 2018 - WHY IS LEONARD



PELTIER STILL IN PRISON ?

julian

talamantez

broilaski

[from *MACHO CHANGO*]

richard lionhart

fysh into sele
featherd arro
into my head
n thru my rt eye

the rain it raineth everyday

when it rains it pours
the rain it raineth evryday
pull up the reins, rayned in by reason,
rule, and reverence

if the aim is total abject embarrassment
of shiny-looking cupolas tenderly gathered for the pome's
sunset quincifera
a star winked at me btwn the apricot & the cypress
2 crows atop them
like a punter on the mizzenmast

u better step up your game, havelok
by what means of studye and devocyon
what is love but a constellation
of significances

it liked to eat salmon w/ its fingers like a bear
then use those
fingers to clean its glasses
it cried and its eyes looked like a wolf
like left eye I believe
it wanted to cultivate this look

it authorised every word of this text
it (the muse) appeared to it as a many-headed gorgon
the way that tongo described his muse
as faces or digits or s/t
whole bodies or groups of bodies emerging as imprints thru a screen
yes but where are you, the poet, I said to both of them,
where are you I said to conrad in my dream to dante and to
the book of his mind
just transcribing everybody answered

there is no

ginger here at jo's
in the front or backyards
if they got rid of them along w/ the hospital wheels
of the bed that was a poor choice tho I admit
the lilies in the back look a litel like
the ginger plant
n/t is in bloom
s'infiora as dante sez self-enflowering
in paradiso xxxi the angels are represented
as a swarm of bees
sì come schiera d'ape ch s'infiora
like a swam of bees enflower themselves
u left some ginger here
and also an elixir of ginger from alfalfa's
the ants have been all up in my honey today
do you remember how in the sauna all of a sudden
ants were everywhere
the slender bee or wasp that came to you today
and tried to sup on you
today also robert my lipan brother told me
his daughter is in lillehammer
jo's cables as they extend from her house
are covered in cobwebs
I just heard a strain of medieval singing
against the apache water drum
bye agin

[from *Swimming for Dummies*]

dante ope

Did I wander? Tell me, was I ancient?
You know me for a falsity, else a miracle,
mine are not eyes but as I ope for you.

Così mi trovo

in amorosa erranza

Thus I find myself
an errancer in love.

If I don't tuppe with fulsomeness,
if the steam did not disturb my pen...

Though it make my heart to turn the seamy side,
the one Salome touched
ere her hand rotted.

the apothecary

My lief is faren in londe.

-anon M.E. lyric

Dearest, for the sake of my mixture,
wipe off those sodden fingers.
And list on the beach what were your epic catalogue:
bees, fleas, the Maple.
My love in a faraway land.
I mark unnaturalness as to who believes
the subliminal languages.
Mark me, our eyes feast I know the drapery,
the velvet couch, the cambric drawing rooms.
I'm all *kinda* good.
Who still befriended me and enforced
the entire Winter to dim my brain.
Wet with opium dens, welcome to the nancy tribe,
a rat poison commercial to make us feel better about rats,
that rats go to heaven not to the spider, not to thee.
I am cheap, and naught but fashion.
Let love therefore remind before my drift,
indignantly, not caring that all manner
of hell is set loose but interiorizing every last bit
of architecture, church furniture in the shape of an 'I.'
Wine that turns you purple.
Nevertheless, by the urn, the um, that thou and I hadst made,
in the life of the pageantry, in floating white hands,
by love's limbecke I walk
the way you grant me.

COD
IS
LOVE

george herbert

LOVE (III)

by George Herbert

Love bade me welcome, yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lack'd anything.

"A guest," I answer'd, "worthy to be here";
 Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, the ungrateful? ah my dear,
 I cannot look on thee."
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
 "Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them; let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"
 "My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
 So I did sit and eat.