

Sophie Scholl

9.8.1921 - 22.2.1943

paradise now

december 2018



sarah pritchard
& brontez
purnell

Across the aisle from French still- I make a with coffee cups,

Carmichael biography, and mandarin orange slices that I eat as slowly as possible. Calamity them on my tongue for the French galleryist to see. But she's not watching. Walked fully a note book because D.Z.

to write a chapbook called and I was too lazy and forgetful to bring one from home. But I found that they don't sell note books or anything else

that could actual. They still- like

ENJOY FOR UNCHA, and other horrors of white supremacy.

F R E E

boying-ass life printings, living hell on

A R T

me, she's on Facebook Book Stop, to pay \$30 on Commissioned me

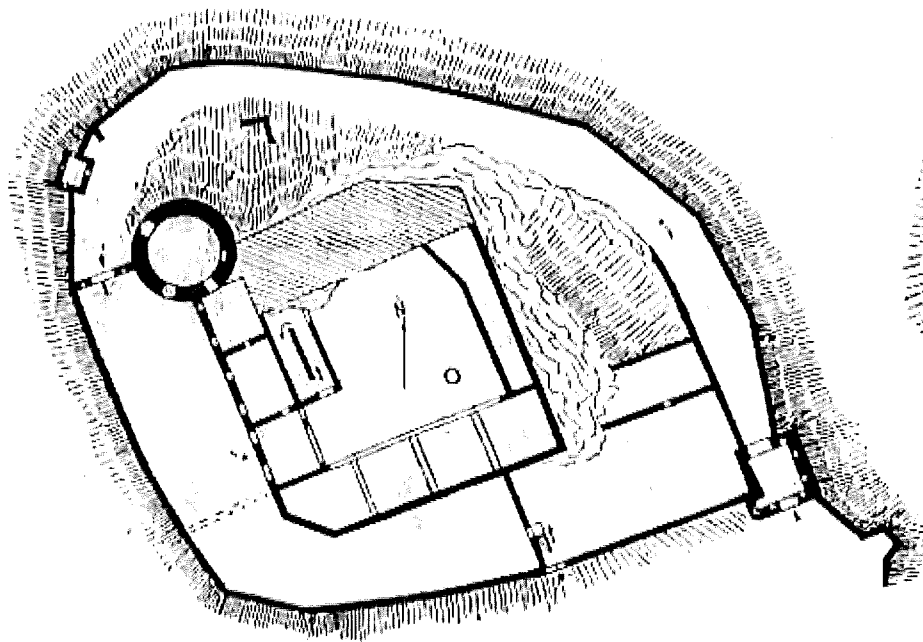
ART FAIR

T H E R A P Y

be made into the ART FAIR. sell books to make

slides on rich people's coffee tables. So I said, "FUCK THIS PLACE" out loud for no one to hear.

Because no one is listening. Brooker was offering free art therapy at the ART FAIR in the chair where I'm sitting now. No one stopped. (Except this scary white dude who is apparently very into "alternative therapies"). Experiment: Replace the words "ART" and "FAIR" with "shit-hole" and read again.



18. Walsenberg, Burgruine, 1:2000

gin hart

breezyface

what doe w/the warrah
burrowed (maybe)
happy cooling
in the razor
seam of dials?

make it rain in this bitch cos i'm crying onnit,

mastadons: ugly
with certitude,
roiling breath

No, alas, Love(!) is not (!!) a curative blaze!!!

no pls,
do come
not to me

rill kuh

effortful corona o

effortful mgd

wan unwoven

at locus

spinning

mirror

plates of

wands

god of

six to

sip me

winking

out

my body apart like

harvest watching

the tower

and over

the hungry

hare titan

octane high onnit

w/ skull

ache

thicc of chemist

when i gaze

u

moll

virgin

muck

meat scoops

with capped hull

whom dell eats

cusp and quicken

a more stunning

and local

pain gnawing bit

my throupling

leg a sapling

was

i axcept i except

i ax epileptic

mound

stamen

i eep

having wept

stoneputty

any presence reifies

omnipresence / in the velcro

just to say ur::flying freedom

been seen swalling distance

as they

hop u train

shucked cross thee holy

fath oms a light

thems bandied nether grain

snag either snag

say *yup* rightly, draw

dwn that'un//lovèd

grass blade

oh love
will you pull
even but soft
on my chain

we sun am the ox when
i(')/I rly let it go
can take iron!
crack oozen,
sluice

the pipe with ought
of him, whelp
i'm fag i am put
me in a mask any
of the
m

lol the "future" will
yell *no he ist*
maiden

holum
silly

putty
keep

the pout
the lap

WHOA slip me
betwixt

pls give me,
godsick,
the broad, welling ur
th

stick my dirty

finger
deep
in my mouth

see
my dinner

hunk

of foam

uh rond glos bol

nape an whole

orchard

wild in

clutch opent

miraging

drawstrung

verisimilitude is a turnon

sorry

yes, really

are you loving me yet



"The dragon of the great Jendragonship Mass, making all the night a stream of fire."

chris nealon

LAST GLIMPSE

Then I gave it up

I gave up thinking that the song I heard was the song of the world

I gave up lyric, gave up reverie, I gave up aesthesis –

I left my notebook on the park bench open with its pages riffling

I kept my head down

I said ok fine Elon Musk is the most important person on the planet

I did not read “Ozymandias”

But like that monument I started to crumble

Down I fell, down into earth, down into its deep revising heat –

And on the other side, my life’s antipode –

Everything just slightly realigned

A hesitation in the driverless cars

A hint of lemon in the eucalyptus

Also absence –

A shimmer in the air where epic had been

A little grave of daffodils around the first-person pronoun

Quiet but not silent – a pitter in the canopy –

You look down at your impression in the grass and go oh, so that’s why we sleep on our sides

...

You no longer need to know the end of the story

You no longer dread the great devaluation

No ziggurats collapsing

No cities on a plain

You shake yourself, head high like a horse,
 And step out into all the rain that's ever rained.

*

Saba – the light these summer nights –

It thins the line between not-here and here

It lifts the ceiling on the sky

Those higher presences – like traffic cops they feign indifference

But they feed on life's detail – they need our beating hearts –

The redbud, the myrtle

They make a gate – you might get anything –

Some package from Amazon

Some Galadriel come up the walk

At 7pm with life and busyness around you and the spectrum pulsing in the background you're
 like dude you need to run some language over this shit because it's beautiful

Then you do the dishes

Later at 3am your dreamlife punts the excess back to waking consciousness, saying *you* take
 care of it

Effects, perfumes –

The purple flower of the Russian sage

The silvered surface of the stoop

And all the friends who've swirled around it summer nights –

Here – not here –

I merge onto the far right lane to find you

*

What was your life? What is mine?

I have only very awkward ways of writing biographically

These two handsome boys –

One's an opera singer – one does something he calls “energy law” –

They have the same shoes

Maybe I'm watching the beginning of their life together

Maybe I'm just watching the class reproduce itself

Laughter, gesture, nervous self-extension –

You hope it opens onto something

You hope they won't be cruel

Watcher! Geometer! Try it on yourself why don't you

All those years I thought I was a poet and I was just some person on the metro

But I'm ok with being numerable ...

Number of beats, number of breaths –

Time spent on curbs singing *Blue* to the scent of gasoline

Time since that day in the bay

Each of us pulsing through the nights – each a portion of the sources of poetry --

The *chanson de geste* of your hand across the page

The troubadour amour of your eyes on the horizon

And the voice in my head that speaks to me like I'm a child –

Some days I'm like shut up superego

Some days I just say, please always speak to me this way

Relaxing on the shore that won't be here in 50 years

Sea-foam on the sea-wall

Swallows tilting on their swallow-house

In times of despair it is customary for the poet to project himself onto some animal life
imagined as freer –

I have a theory that the further the projection the worse the situation

Reversing the equation you get, hey, what's it like to be a weed?

But life distracts me –

Child-things in the yard – the hoola-hoops and bottles of bubbles –

Single-use plastic that Allison will track –

If I were Rick I'd use this bit of poem to orient myself –

Lumpy couch on screened-in porch diagonal to the wind -- the buoys,
the birds – the pleasure-craft – and north-northwest the domes of the
Air Force Base housing what –

My poetry's not like Rick's, or Allison's, though it's partly for them –

Shoes tossed crosswise on the kitchen floor / sleeves of jackets inside-out

The Air Force Base is a Navy Base – or, it's the Naval Air Systems Command base

“NAVAIR is the principal provider for the Naval Aviation Enterprise (NAE), while
contributing to every Warfare enterprise in the interest of national security”

Military websites are very strange

“TOP NEWS” has Gerald Ford announcing “the future of carrier aviation”

And there's a button at the bottom with a flotation device and a hotline number that says “life is
worth living”

Back on the porch I've just finished reading “Sea Surface Full of Clouds” to Mateo

I said something garbled and academic afterwards but I think he liked it

There's this rocking tandem in the poem between the shifts in what the color of the water is
likened to, and the shifting of the color of the water

There's this metaphysics drawn from Dante or maybe straight from Aristotle where the
 substance of the world is light – where light leaves residues that become the things we
 know and keeps surpassing them –

Like capital! I think, because I'm that kind of intellectual –

The child in me asks, how does it move? And the older child says,

It moves like tilting swallows – like the osprey – like the bill of the heron, still, until ...

The adult keeps his mouth shut

But capital's not predation – your predator wants to *eat* you –

Capital wants your life – and if you get in its way it wants you dead

No -- more than that –

It wants you to think you deserve to die

*

Red – a wave rolled through and gave us red –

The ruby the cardinal the furnace – the bellows, the bull

A yellow like the sun at 7

Like the wily seed of the grapefruit, which I chase around the kitchen floor

The green ecliptic feel of everything that moves into position –

And violet – the moss of it –

I'm lying on my back in a flyover state, being flown over

Amiably bopping to apocalyptic Mormon pop

Its braggadocio –

There's gonna be a lot of fronting about “the apocalypse” between now and the apocalypse

White light – braggadocio –

After all these years a certain kind of man's body, passing by, draws me in like a wormhole I
 never make it to the other side of

I wince from the too much citrus of it

Sometime I startle myself – how can you still be ashamed?

I'm ashamed that some young part of me really thought, if you strain to look like a marine
maybe all the young marines will fall for your anti-militarism

I'm dismayed that the default setting for “gay white guy” somehow remains “petty bourgeois”

High-value bodies – low-value bodies –

You fight to keep un-seeing that – you say it's only virtual –

But the real feeds on the virtual –

*

They put the goggles on you and you pop into a pre-dawn Sonoran desert

Orange becoming yellow at the rim – still deep purple toward the zenith

You're placed ambiguously among a group of maybe thirteen people

You've got a backpack on and they removed your shoes so it feels a little like an actual border
crossing

The bodies are realistic but state of the technology still means no one looks you in the eye

You know that thought experiment, what would you do if you were invisible,

I think it comes from Plato?

You learn a lot about yourself when you actually are

Briefly I was torn between the CBP and the child, but the child had a mother

I've never stood so close to a cop – we were chest to chest, me against his vest, my eyes on his
dead gaze –

Then I was inside him – the design allowed me in for three or four seconds at a time – ribs and
intercostals and a thumping heart, with no surrounding tissue –

It would shove me out and I'd step back in

Fuck you, I'd mutter, and the interns would tug on my backpack

When the goggles came off I saw my feet had made a little check-mark in the sand, smeared
where the tubing connected to its power source

There was a “post-experience” lounge with a handsome young man serving single-origin coffee

Enfleshed again – avenger no more – jotting hurried notes for my single-person, paper-
thin art

Someday when we storm the detention facilities I won’t care about that hierarchy

Sonnet, cinema, first-person shooter –

And in the terror of the walls all coming down, you know what, Saba?

We will never be afraid again

*

Summer nights – dark energy –

You have to be quiet to hear it

Somehow at dusk the little words from other languages become more visible to me

Words on hinges, words on locks –

Dear friend – now you know better than I do –

I’ve been calling it death as though it hated me

But it’s different from the hunger of the world to use up life

How happy our enemies must be to think we think we deserve to die --

And what a horrible year it’s been

But death – I reached out my hand tonight and touched it, did you feel?

The fireflies – the fleur-de-lis –

Saba all this time I’ve been ashamed for thinking what I hunger for is what they want from me

I didn’t know --

I didn’t know I was so alive –



rodney koeneke

Rodney Koeneke
9 poems for *Paradise Now*

maquette: Weyland

Now it engulfed us,
threw crumbs to us.

*“I who will hold you
entirely in rooms
contrived out of corners
you have no sense to crush.”*

The world's a worm's dream,
sum of worm reasons.
What happens in minutes goes quickly;
the papery skulls of small birds.

Teach us a different beginning
molten-minded, silver scaled.

The norm for bones is broken.
Under the peaks, the hurt plates.

Rodney Koeneke
9 poems for *Paradise Now*

maquette: Egil

Sea's king ran in on need.
Bones picked where earls were slain.

Owners in a cake month go do wrong
indifferent to crumbs and increments

Of night work, moon's silvery fund
spread to sailors in winter

A cheater's sense of labor
as wave corrects its thesis:

Smoothed shore, a suit excused.

maquette: Beadohilde

sound truss of syntax
seafall and boom

I have put all my life
into temples by water

breath spent in a house
of fixed bone.

Rodney Koeneke
9 poems for *Paradise Now*

to be always another's

To be always another's beginning

an avenue for housing small evenings
fruit split in trespass
a charlatan's light sleep
June's estate for the wounded
warped troops abundantly sunned

Despite sun's sullen premise—
we'll burn up the total earth.

Things in their nouny pagodas
traded for poems in couplets
teamed up with the minutes like
commerce, ghost of the integers' sum.

Rodney Koeneke
9 poems for *Paradise Now*

little jewel, exhumed from mud

little jewel, exhumed from mud
aren't you exhausted from trying?

terns scatter, scour lower
fed from just day's crumbs

but you who subsist
a perfect frozen worker

expend in the grass
season's torpor

sparkler in a box
of winter sticks

Rodney Koenek
9 poems for *Paradise Now*

ballad for busy children

I can't believe you felt aggrieved
as I stood like a stick at lathe three

clearing blue dye from syringes
using the war to take names

yet wanting to keep our hall busy

doing nothing, bronzing the doors

of Melancholy's temple, winning young
votes while we failed with the totality.

In ways prose used to animate our lives
now throbs from screens and eats it;

so each summer half-loves what it withers.
The map doesn't care what colors

it's given, all that it says is I'm lost.
Silly ballad, no moral center; just let

the busy children have some fun.

Rodney Koeneke
9 poems for *Paradise Now*

lake merritt

I took ecstasy
with a couple girlfriends

watched a duck
scull the lake

today was the last
of your monthly letters

the renters, getting nothing
just went home

Rodney Koeneké
9 poems for *Paradise Now*

spring poem

Dear sweetbitter apple
it's March, the book's blank
grades supply the sympathy
to slouch at the monitor's blue.

The moon lifts up
like penitential halves
of what I fully worked for—
a chair that turns, in cabinets
are papers with words

Pick up the remnants

spring colored to bring you.
Because March is nervous
it makes no decisions—who needs
its poor decisions, who leaves
the sudden beauty of this house?

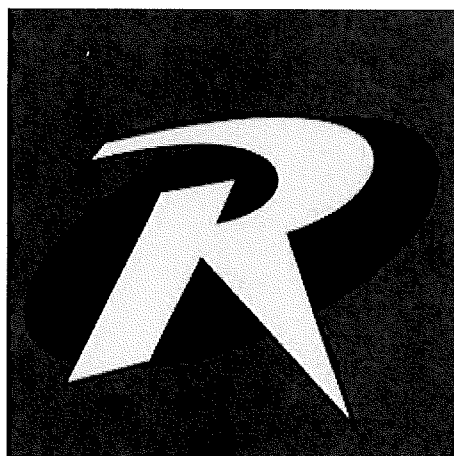
Rodney Koeneke
9 poems for *Paradise Now*

spring poem 2

Depends on getting old, though
effortful autumn
evacuates the lake's marge—
my opponents all vanish
green as ground glass.

Because of the slowed
curve songbirds adopted
for stretching across
tonality, I leave
confrontation to seek the group's

Surface, my tumultuous qualities
protected in vitrines
set out so sun can
see its better purpose—
to edit all of me.



ryanaustin

dennis

The sun rises on the bent corner of things--
I look at its soft streams and slice its haze with curiosity
To be moved is to be addressed in someway

Blooms erupt from the provocations of the sun
And what we, experience as beauty
is a strange prism of affection--
warped premeditated survival

A peculiar arrangement that plants ascent to--
A labor produced from stellar love streams

To provoke affection means
we are always-already drawn into fidelity
Curving back to the bent corner of things

OAKLAND SUMMER SCHOOL *



Winter Gathering

December 8th-9th

Starline Social Club,

Oakland



Movement



Memory



The Oakland Summer School is a collaborative, non-institutional, space of gathering & study organized by a group of Oakland-based activists, artists, and educators.

If you would like to be involved, or are able to volunteer any food or resources, please reach out to oaklandsummerschool@gmail.com