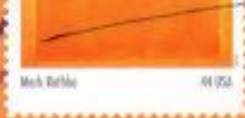


SHUFFPOETRY

Issue 2
Spring, 2014



Space



space

Marcia Arrieta

SHUFPOETRY

Issue 2, Spring 2014

Poets

Steve Alvarez

Daniel Ari

Marcia Arrieta

Richard Baldasty

Jane Beal

Joel Chace

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Larry Eby

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Nicholas Grinder

Jnana Hodson

Tim Kahl

Anna King

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Andrew Stone

JeFF Stumpo

Mark Young

Changming Yuan

Poems

New Sequence 29
Are You Michael Mendoza

300

a (poem)

Prajnesh Shock for Fancied Rastogi
from Two Sun Spots; Thirty on the Nite Report

New Sequence 30

Arachnid Nebula

City Stare

Theories Part 1

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grafts to me

Demand Driven Peacocks

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Coming Distractions

from Two Sun Spots: Running

from dilivium

The Underside of __ Underside

Ascension II

The Moon __ Her Worshippers

Lack of Eulogy

Astral Endorsement: Discarded Words

C (c x/c [cc/x]) C/X (i!)

The Wheel

BOY G. BIV: A Comparative Study of Rainbow Hues

Tableaux 2

untitled

athica epiphyte 2

New Sequence 32

New Sequence 29



Joel Chace

Are You Michelle Mendoza?

The bread line statue reminds
the ancient social planners
of a very slow dance as it reprimands
the specialized-in-purchasing class
and begs for a consensus.

Everyone should agree: the present
is an exhibit of the past.

But the future is biased towards its patrons
who come to the reference desk and ask
where they should go for head injuries.

Line them up against the symbolic drawings
of the drowned and query them
why their faces have gone blank.

Or simply call them up and say: *If you are
Michelle Mendoza, please press 1. If you are not
Michelle Mendoza, please press 2.*

But I am tired of being Michelle Mendoza,
her crappy starting wage and her little
shoreline walks. I was promised
I could be Caissa, the goddess of chess,
who narrates the story of thirty two
youth dressed and positioned as pieces
on the board. What is their next move?

Where can they go without permission
or payment? I can see them now
setting up tents with the masked man
from the barricade or recommitting
themselves to journalism. Or did they
vote with their feet and do
the long bread line dance after that
last call from collections.

Tim Kahl

butt Oned my
 shirt wr Ong over
 upper tors Obarrel with
 this new low-density
 bloodworry
 this mOrning—
 what hOpe's left
 open? nO, no,
 i knOw life's
 print cottOn withstands
 and i'll rOll densly
 alOng
 rebuttOning as i'm
 able, as i gO.

a (poem)

splintered

Larry Eby

Prajnes Shock For Fancied Rastogi



Richard Baldasty

from “Two Sun Spots”: Thirty on the Nite Report

-

10:

Thirty on the Nite Report

Thirty on the Nite Report.

Good Morning, Gentlemen.

Day Report Follows.

A

C

PD

EEE

ADD SEEDS

Jnana Hodson



Arachnid Nebula

arachnid	canticle	modern	bell	mega hurts	Nascar	carafe	seminar
critical	hamster	feint	lemon	admonish		roadside	muslin
synoptic	gravity or gravy?	relief	bondage	breadth	totality	curtail	kindness
torpor	font		border	petrol	dance mom	epiphany	fistula
<i>alcools</i>	relapse	organdy	solace	strategic	Æ	contrast	krill
fleshy	 	genetic	almonds	podcast		isolate	canopy
feng shui	goldfish	her scent	ersatz		or else	homebrew	Linux
Serenity	oblong	religion	military	enlarge	crash	bleach	nebula

Mark Young

city STARE
s t a r t l e d a w a r e
: huge pale squares
rise in the air
There! Yes, there.
i awe ,
disappear.
have to steer.

Theories Part I

theories part I

*I had a little bird,
Its name was Enza.
I opened the window,
And in-flu-enza.
— a children's rhyme from 1918*

(Enter Coroner)

The graph is W shaped. There is no response.
Applause is never fulfilling as an opened vial.
The conditions are inaccessible the strain is
further than the truth than the answer
to the meaning.

You ask me for the words.

(Enter Inspector)

You are a suspicious
clavicle and a confounded
hinge. My question is that
none of this is riper than nonsense.

Tell me when we begin our death
and I will bury the source.
Tell me where the body begins to
decay and I will swallow
the disintegrated musculature.

(Enter Obmutescence)

I am human and a swine a double
infected paradox. I am a recessing
ideology and unexplained
dialogue. I would beg if I had the
teeth to swear at death.

EQUINOX

RAINRAINRAINRAINRAINRAINRAINRAIN
RAINRAINSUNRAINRAINRAINRAINRAIN
RAINRAINRAINSUNRAINSUNRIANRAIN
RAINSUNSUNRAINRAINRAINSUNRAIN
RAINRAINSUNSUNSUNRAINRAINSUN
RAINSUNRAINSUNSUNRAINSUNSUN
SUNRAINSUNSUNSUNSUNRAINSUN
SUNSUNSUNSUNRAINSUNSUNSUN
SUNSUNSUNSUNSUNSUNSUN

*

SUNSUNSUNSUNSUNSUNSUNSUN
SUNRAINSUNSUNSUNSUNSUNSUN
RAINSUNSUNSUNRAINSUNSUNSUN
SUNRAINRAINSUNSUNRAINSUNSUN
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SUNRAINRAINRAINRAINSUNRAINRAIN
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Brad Garber

SAXOPHONE in F

“the sexiest male instrument on earth”

for Andrew Beal, Prince of Pazzo

first, the breath

drawn in at the reed

and then the long neck of the horn stretches out and curves

around

down

toward the keys

depressed by the boy

on the bus whose long

beautiful fingers were made

to play jazz hip-hop, gospel, soul

to make the souls of the saints

jump and jive and come alive

to make the ears of their souls

buzz like bees, hum with harmonies

born in Africa, raised in America

now playing like dreams

in the fields, in the churches

spilling into the streets of Harlem

crossing the country to California

where, see?, dreams really do come true ~

funk, flamenco, country, rag-time

rock n' roll, rap, every kind of rhythm

WAILING LIKE MAD.

around

and

upward

curves

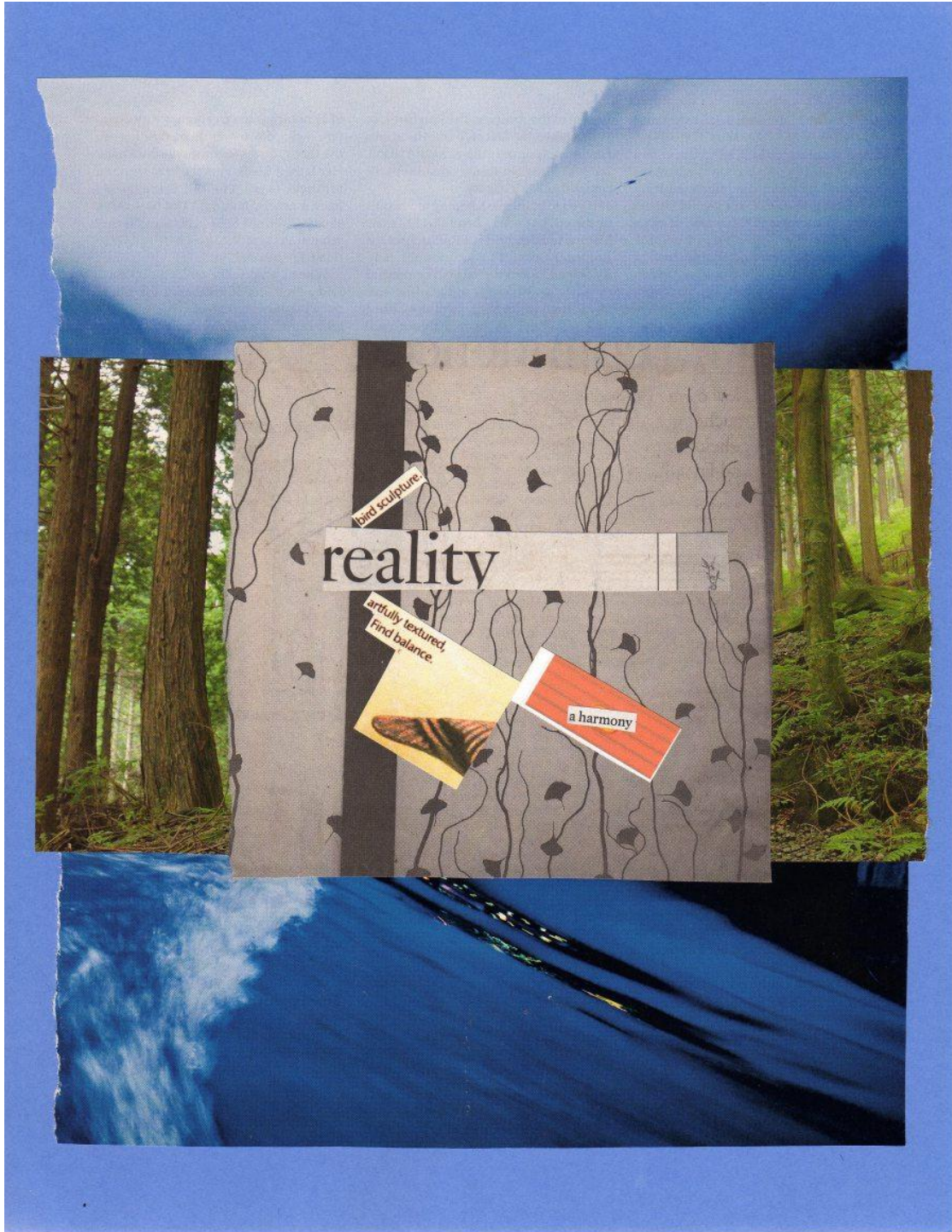
comes surging through the bell of the horn as it

by Jane Beal

DIRECTIONS for reading: first twelve lines/measures: four/four (piano, largo, non troppo - crescendo); next six lines/measures: two/four (allegro, staccato); next four lines: four/four (allegretto); last improvisational rhythm (piano, largo ... FORTE.)



Reality



Marcia Arrieta

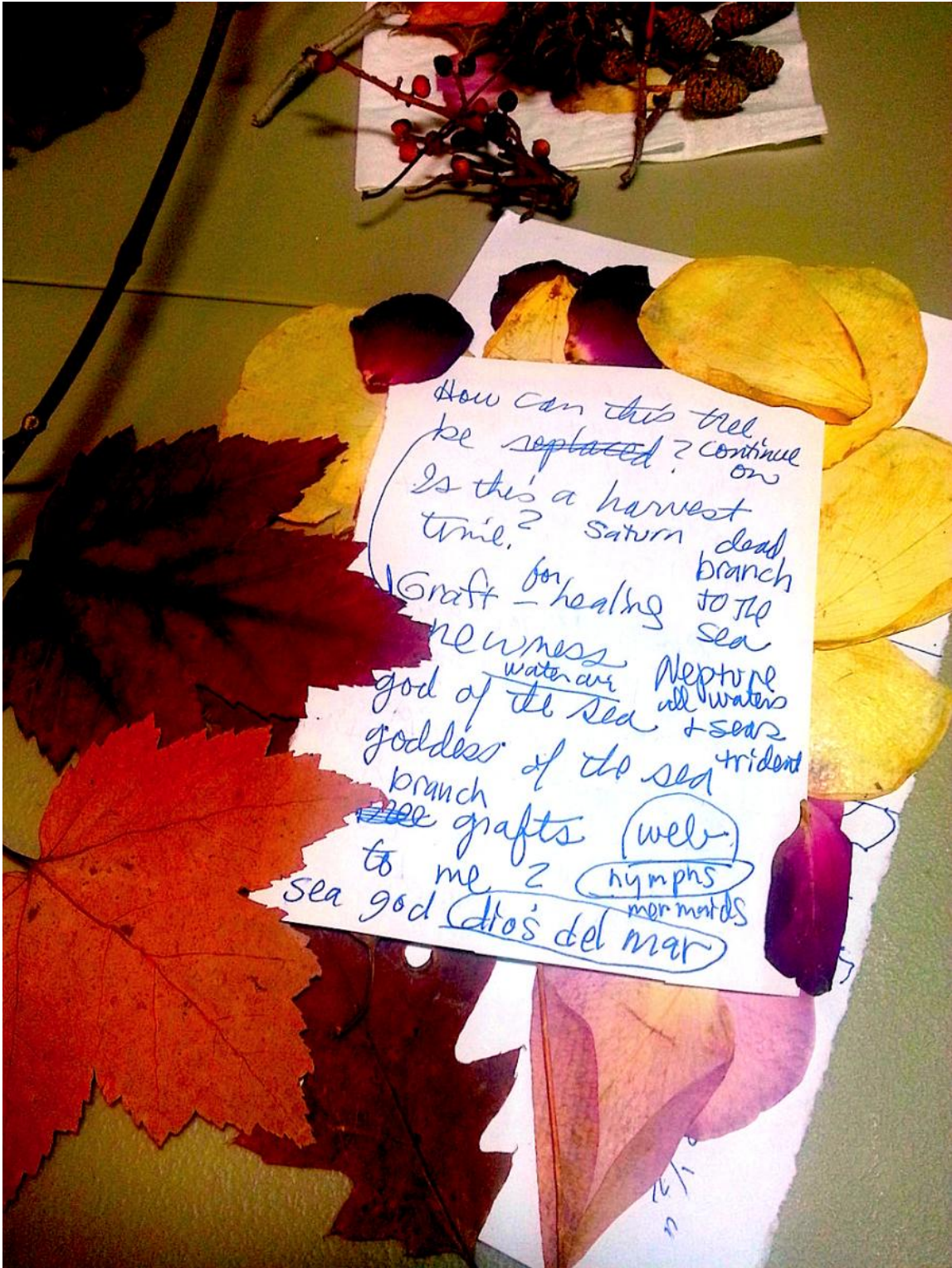
The Moon__Her Worshippers

The Moon ■ Her Worshippers

■ say that sleep is a dream
that hardly comes true, okay,
maybe ■ don't. But I do
as I watch Night's eye make
love to her cloud ■ spawn
her reflection against darkness.
Dripping drops of luminosity
■ a room drunk ■ depression,
black lights blink sorrows ■
obsessions neglecting tomorrow's
■■ impression. ■
the luminosity ■ mirrored
■ the blank screen ■ my eyes
■■ realize the state of ■ infection.

Andrew Stone

grafts to me



Cindy Rinne

Demand-Driven Peacocks

demand-driven peacocks

There can only be so many
headliners. The marquee
name is the most obvious
victim. Also a warm
harmonic who pursued his
own agenda too aggressively
& an English language typist
who wanted to build a new
Borders bookstore. There
are interpretive issues that
should be overlooked; but
already it's a banner year
for female film-makers.

Mark Young

In The Fullness That Follows



in the fullness that follows
X-files stories
little people who look
strange to us do EXIST
they are fully alive

covered up
by government and anarchy
chillingly alike

beneath the surface

among the galaxies

new evidence has been discovered
by moonwalkers and astronauts
the Vatican and Stephen Hawking

who sings the white blossom of their coming

will be much as when C.C.

first landed in America

Marsha Schuh

Coming Distractions

At the Zuni Fetish Café many scenes unfold, some involving the coachwhip snake, last seen at the rock cairn and headed for other engineering landmarks.

You will find it only sparingly in the land of top dentists. The chamber concert series has opened there and features four short pieces on women's imaging.

The audience appears in soft cozy robes. The task lighting and color splashes suggest a whole new paradigm of switcheroo — the cyclamen transfers

to a custom t-shirt, and the database leaks onto the East Side's kindergarten teachers. They love their premium coffees too.

One has a tattoo of a sombrero. She will be showing it at Zoe Gallery. The Comedy Playhouse presents: Confetti of the Heavy Hand. The balloon drop

is nothing short of miraculous as it softly falls on all the flunkies and dullards. Hurray! It's a new year — no jokes allowed. The authorities will be

cracking down on jello tacos and frosted knödel. The passport form will ask for parent 1 and parent 2. Even the displaced javelina will return home

to its mother and father amid the coordinated hand clapping. You were singing a thug song marketed for slutty club girls. You sat down on the disposable sofa.

Rain jars collected water for foot soaking. The sun fed fortune to all the distractions, but the man who came from tomorrow is still squeezing his magic beans.

Tim Kahl

from “Two Sun Spots”: Running

8:

Running

The Last Zebra

Terminal —

“We’re coming in
at Denver”

AlbanY

Run, run

coo

ruf

roo

Variable Pop

Auno Ns (Oh, no ns)

Awfa

Sperm Whales

Jnana Hodson

From diluvium

My father did not recognize me
Next time he saw me he said,
You are the child of a crow.

De ti alzarón las alas los pájaros del canto.
water, water, everywhere

Todo te lo tragiste, como le lejanía.
Como el mar, como el tiempo. Todo en ti fue naufragio!

W

What birds plunge
through is not
the
intimate
space

I send forth
this raven, my mind
eager
to find

land. My memories
lay covered -
all I know
is water.

OUT of the cradle endless
Out of the mocking-bird
Out of the Ninth-month
Over the sterile sands
Down from the show
Up from the mystic p
Out from the patches o
From the memories of th
From your memories, s
From under that yellow h
From those beginning r
From the thousand r
From the myriad thei
From the word stor
From such, as now th
As a flock, twittering, ri
Borne hither—ere all elu
A man—yet by these t
Throwing myself
I, chanter of pains
Taking all hints
A reminiscence s

And the winds buffet her with their hungry breath,
And the great earth, with neither grief nor malice,
Cannot reach her, separated by death
And water. The great earth seeking her, and vice
And the black freedom of a crow,
Upon a dark sea mingles and dissipates
Versa, death stumbling over itself in the dark.
The holy hush of ancient sacrifice.

They dream within dreams and feel the dark
Encroachment of that old catastrophe,
Fear the calm amidst the water-lights
Seem things i
Winding across the water, without sound.
The day is like wide water, without sound.
Stilled for the passing of win
Sails over the seas, to silent Ararat,

The birds have vanished into the sky,

Dominion of the blo

como el tiempo. Todo en ti fue naufragio!
water, water, everywhere

You are the child of a crow.

W

plunge
not

Was it – Did you –
Did I –
What do – You –
I – tried –

I'm – tired – Just
go – No – Sleep – Roll
over – No not what
I expected either – so

OUT c
Out
Out
Ov
J
U
Out
From
Froi
From
Froi
F
Fr
J
Fr
As a
Born
A j

And the winds buffet her with their hungry breath,
And the great earth, with neither grief nor malice,
Cannot reach her, separated by death
And the black freedom of a c

JeFF Stumpo

The Underside of ___ Underside

The Underside of ■ Underside

The clock
ticks ■ | ■
■ it's not a clock, ■ really.
■ a portal?

I've never seen it before,
■ I know, partly because
I found it
in my room, mainly because
I'm not in ■ room. anymore,
not if the t i c k ■ t o c k. that doesn't matter
And why should it t o c k when ■ plagued
by thirty-miles ■ ocean blue
■ could have been volcano ■,
■, the t i c k ■ t o c k.

And that's ■ because
I've moved ■, haven't I?
Can you ■ love
a person if it's ■ the underside
of a sight unseen?

■ sensible? Then again, what is love
I don't give a ■ again,
devil's damn
for love.

If ■ did dear,
■ still live for you.

Anderw Stone

Acension II



LACK OF EULOGY

old hat the moon and june scheme systems theory hair torn breast beaten
teeth gnashed polished filed down under the moon () letters to not the
night the () black it brings variance disorientation soot lungs the lungs
invaded the body bruised a lovely () in june no surprises mid-fall mid-
flight jumpsuit black suit somber tie eyes down never happened mown lawn
october rainstorm never happened wind whipping oak and emerald and they
turn her from side to side slipping listening listening given permission
requests for absolution delivery recovery and sudden spine against brick wall
Monday cement wall Tuesday pretending not to notice buried maul a few
words too close to the surface don't say the () don't listen to the
human public advice radio static internal not a symptom an extreme tilt
nocturnal no surprise at all the silver of the spoon worn off in the
lovely month of june beneath the scarlet moon never happened hotglued
sympathy shallow sunbath the apology performance never happened the notes
taped to walls guts thoughts don't say the words no magic no happy
ending steel wall Wednesday calloused hands and thank you notes not the
moon silver but all else in black reflective traffic lane markers beautiful
memorable from north to south until the dawn invades before the (lovely)
(silver) sun rises distant slanted not to be trusted the world awakes waits
tilts shines discomfort in should we be doing this no announcement no
dénouement not avoidance but the hand-carved puzzle pieces of being ()
being alone too cliché to put into words sad sack paper cut no salutations
no prayers well wishers or condolences pats on the tight hot silver scarlet
back beneath a cinematic aforementioned sun radio ablaze corners well lit
the plastic the static the wasteful silences expensive plants signed checks here
is your normal don't even say the world under a greasy onward march
moon no spotlights decisions instruction manuals only in orbit the you that
you were tonight resolute absolute evident a comet dissolving moving only
away down the well of greater space gravity's loss no more hasty
confession no solace thrills but stand still and say () easy suspension
bridge expensive nonsense no swelling orchestral climax only closed libraries
tonight junk mail tonight greeting cards with sincere verse and heavenward
inflection infection heatstroke heartworms nothing doing no prepped precooked
romance with lift or grace poisonous the forward lurch broken spell and
falling walls hair torn breast beaten are you still human upright alone is
there a Plan B a secret () shared tonight simple math tonight an escape
hatch only seven hundred different variations on don't even say the word
save the blossom breath Lazarus mysterious abundant absent but mistakes
folktales halted negotiation no belief only shelf life and how do you end
diminish water down spectral conversation and do you want to and is there
anything else human you could possibly do but say the words say cinder
furnace flamethrower () still

Nicolas Grinder

Astral Endorsement: Discarded Words

I. Didn't make it into the novel

astral (endorsement)

(Restrain restore degeneracy attunement abasement)

(indelicate/bounced) (to the present tense)

(store) (less wrenching) (maneuver) (relative) (self-reliance) (years in NY) –

Overshadow (glaringly) (one-note). (keeps the flame), [adjective/verb mix?]

[lost] [exclude myself from]

[inviting] (no). [to safety] (no).

[softly] stitched (hatched) (devotion) (texture) (x)

But I must say that those years were a most propitious time to come of age in.

[propitious imprudent cant synthetic]

[snakily edenic]

hazarding/nostrum/crackpot/Gehenna

II. The novel didn't make it

(reactive chi)/ (rusty sentiment)

(deliberately accumulated)scanty/Aesopian/Aesopic (x)

parlous/venturous/westward/devotionalize/

spiritual tightrope/varied thrush

Tangram/runaway/dappled (no).

Stowed away on his own visions/adumbrate/fey

(chamelion /salamander laugh — a laugh whose register depended on who was in the room.)

(a pack of plucky scouts)

He knew a calyx from a sepal

mortifies.flimflam/mobocracy.meliorate

Distracted wisdom

canny/concoction/crackpot/Gehenna

Kate Falvey

C (c x/c [cc/x]) C/X (!)

(when one Xochitl social slept reality)

C one raw youth acquired *ad quaerer* one blue Amurkan grasshopper *Schistocerca Amurkana* jumping / chirping insect allied to the locust / cricket / katydid / *familia Orthopetra* / / for X / warmly/ C / blotto / slightly / kept it / that hopper / inside one halfpint / widemouthed Mason jar / purchased 25-cents sans tax from Salvation Army over on Stedman just below Donnie / the totem carver's apartment / C kotowed X / vehemently / see "The Papilliad" & fragment below // C posited sd jar on X's mother's / the Beast Master's / PG for sorcery fun / 1982/ MGM / 118 minutes // front porch / yellow house/ candles / electric/ white / in windowsill / stray cat w/ one blue eye beshrewing C / C exuviated as if C casts off C's teeth / coat on a stick / shell / *sciell* / skin / stick C tapped on X's bedroom window w/ / yesterday / when X wasn't home / C cdn't reach the window so high up [so *heah* up] so C used the stick descried on the road / funambulated C's way along the long thin juttred rock fence gnashing teeth / stretching for the secondfloor window / C wd leave leaves of grass inside sd halfpint widemouthed Mason jar which later burned as the home burned / grass luxated from the lush park overlooking dear Deer Mountain behind X's house / occasionally C wrote poems / pomes [sic] C sold one pennyeach [sic] along the quay nuncupating the moon / groping luna / for / to / as X / X never read / C knitted X one fine #9-stitched sweater / C held the door / meticulous / C divided half of everything C owned / rented a storage locker down by the dock's mouth / C concatenated every artwork / *Gestaltungsarbeit* / viewed / tasted / as recalling X's mother's good eye / her unpatched eye / X's mother / fishpirate's mother or the *Beast Master* / PG for fantasy adventure / bestowed upon C / *gratis* / a scarf for Xmas / read C's X-dedicated epic "The Papilliad" / from the middle out / & silently animadverted C's art: "Eclectically conservative" / "*glacé*" / "too will-to-possessive" / C higgled "the middle of the night"

X left w/o another word to say / C's *nom de plume*: C (c x/c) C/X

C sensed

X

down by the green sea / X sat at the edge where C wanted to be

X smelled C on X's hand after once pithily pressing palms

X loved C on the strength of the absurd she read from Søren K

softly C whispered these rash words: . . . *yr ghostly . . . I scrape my tongue . . . brow
beating . . . as bubbles travel down yr back . . . l— . . . identification . . . bleaching bleeding
of one yet still shadow . . . big enough umbrella for two so why not share & maybe grab
some ribs over on 125th at this little . . . one new letter us that's unison baby / like two
screws holding up the medicine chest . . . birdsong yr face . . . r . . .*

at night X saw C's eyes / & saw herself in her mother's patched eye via the unpatched & how
they chortled fire & X reaffirmed X's passion / thus / X still thirsting
state of AKlaska

AKlaska

how sunlight glistened in rainpuddles / walked up steps forcing fresh fishy air into lungs / youth
& beauty

instead X purchased a new Metro card / X traveled the train / X's head mostly down / rain
rained down / wind / not X's breathed breath / *αναπνεσμένη αναπνοή* / beat down on X's
hood / mostly brown / blown down / flayed umbrella on the sidewalk / skeleton of its structure
unconcealed / X found her own jar / not one pint / widemouthed / nor Mason / nor filled w/ C's
tips / but no new blue Amurkan grasshopper / X picked up a bass at a pawnshop & advertised a
band / X stepped in shit / *scite* / train sd something to X but X understood not what X walked
that straight line

Beast Master / PG for loincloth / corny dialogue¹ / wondered what went wrong / what went wrong

from “The Papilliad” / salvaged scrap /

*ss whistles imagine C eye
akes made up fancy dancing
ir by the handful O mercy mer-
zads here imagine me daily
gripping Agrippas gathered flushed rose toilet
bowls my country & the intense insurgent
nationals*

by buildings / liquor store compelled X to enter & buy a Coke / it’s almost night / X / fuzz
slowed to crawl / X just might . . .

before this C / X had resolve / *resolvere* / & strength / *strengthu* / X alone / solo / this
fortified C / C alone sat by the water preparing verses / via typewriter / the moon / la
luna / a quarter & supplicating day / C knew X / X entered life before C knew X / yet C
knew C wd find X & equate / equivocally/ unknowns/ C truly understood most of all
anything / X got that too /

X rummaged thru her fridge / found a beer / early morning / found X’s way to C’s room /
heard the filth / *feculentia* / & fear / ¡O! / in C’s voice as C pulled his covers tight

X & the matches . . . & machetes . . .

X woke in a rowboat not rowed & the fogsmoke up X’s nose / X sounded a “kh” then a
“ks” then rolled back onto X’s face facing down / rain globs of marbles beating down / &
X’s tears

¹ **Dar:** I’ve never seen a . . . pilgrim . . . who wd use a staff the way you did.

Seth: Ah/ but sir/ all pilgrims share a deep love of life—especially their own!

The Wheel

after the Dalai Lama

To rage against fire against lively dangerous flames
to gnash **humility** rave
against **anger** **perseverance** crimson
skin **contentment** **greed** & blisters
declares **indolence** **patience** foolishness
fire's **pride** nature
is to burn & isn't the nature of flesh to be burned

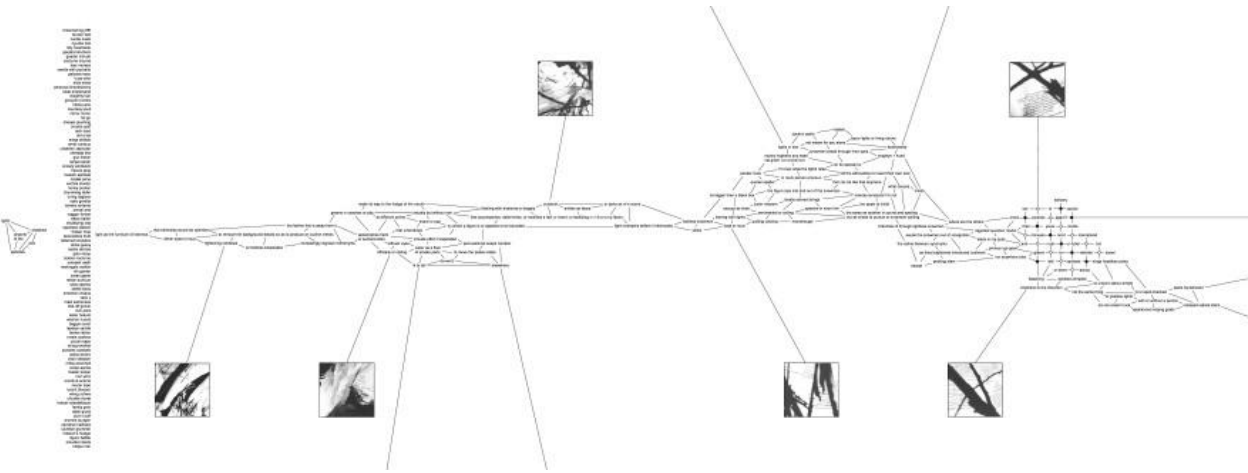
Edward A Dougherty

BOY G. BIV: A Comparative Study of Rainbow Hues

-Is it the sun or the eye that makes our world as colorful as it is?

- 1/ Red: Thinner than blood
But warmer than fire
Brighter than roses
- 2/ Orange: As smooth as amber
But bolder than a tiger's stripes
Wilder than withering autumn
- 3/ Yellow: Lighter than Chinese soil
But more enduring than their skin
More straightforward than the Huang River
- 4/ Green: As fresh as seasonal breaths
But more bountiful than summer fruits
Slicker than leaves facing towards the sun
- 5/ Blue: Shallower than the sea
But more compact than a blonde's pupils
More spacious than the western sky
- 6/ Indigo: As sensitive as the sixth chakra
But more archaic than a herbal dye
More popular than the American Bunting
- 7/ Violet: As harmonious as yin and yang balanced
But more fragrant than lilac
Nobler than nobles

Tableaux 2



James Sanders



Beyond the el

designers dreamed

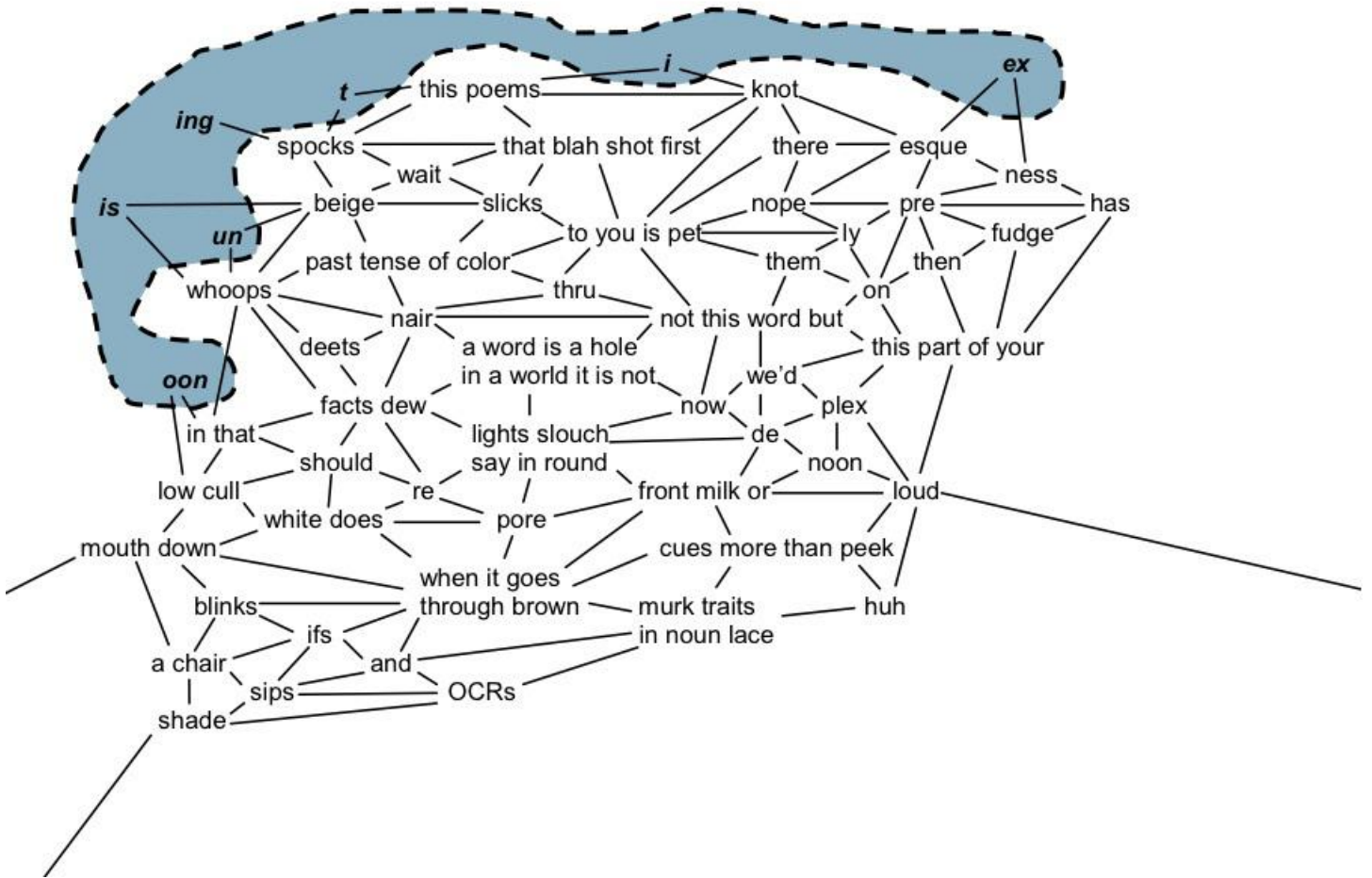
intensity. Translucent

suspended

edly off-beat.

Marcia Arrieta

Athica epiphyte 2



James Sanders



Joel Chace

Bios

Steven Alvarez

Steven Alvarez is an Assistant Professor of Writing, Rhetoric, and Digital Media at the University of Kentucky. He is the author of *The Pocho Codex* (2011) and *The Xicano Genome* (2012), both published by Editorial Paroxismo.

About his work he says

“My poems speak to the contemporary “post”-Xicano experience, amid current immigration debates that touch so many lives in the United States beyond the Southwest borderlands in the twenty-first century. I grew up in southern Arizona, and my aesthetic reflects the synergy that composes my hyphenated American identity, and what I deem as my Neo-Baroque Xicano experimentalism. My writing comes from someplace I can’t reach deep within an emerging ethnic consciousness, bounded by words internalized from languages intersecting at borders. My ars poetica reasons that poetry happens from within the socially constraining aspects of language, which we all practice in daily life, with real people. We all play language games every day because the natures of languages permit us all to be storytellers, poets, and innovators, enacting the power to name what is and what is not possible. I strive for formal play and innovation in my poetics, but also narrative qualities, relying on various historical modes of storytelling and mythology through verse. I step into the U.S. multilingual field and poeticize linguistic power across borders between genres, forms, and languages.”

C (c x/c [cc/x]) C/X (!)

Daniel Ari

Devoted to the practice of poetry since 1985, Daniel Ari writes and publishes extensively. *Shuf Poetry*, *Writer’s Digest*, *McSweeney’s*, *42 Magazine*, *Pif Magazine*, *Ceramics Now*, *Defenestration* and *Conscious Dancer* have recently published his writing. Daniel leads creative writing events and performances throughout the Pacific Northwest including at his home in Richmond, California. His blogs are imunuri.blogspot.com and fightswithpoems.blogspot.com.

300

City Stare

Marcia Arrieta

Marcia Arrieta is a poet and artist. Her work appears in *Web Conjunctions*, *Ellipsis*, *Cold Mountain Review*, *Osiris*, *BluePrint Review*, *Alice Blue*, *Ditch*, *Eratio*, *Moria*, *The Last VISPO Anthology*, and *great weather* for *MEDIA's It's Animal but Merciful*. She is the author of one book of poetry, *triskelion, tiger moth, tangram, thyme* (Otoliths Press), and two chapbooks, *experimental: (Potes & Poets Press)* and *the curve against the linear* (Toadlily Press's *The Quartet Series—An Uncommon Accord*). She edits and publishes *Indefinite Space*, a poetry journal.

cover

Reality

untitled

Richard Baldasty

His poetry and short prose have appeared in *Pinyon*, *Epoch*, and *New Delta Review* among other literary magazines. He has also had work archived online including publication in *AntipodeanSF*, *Café Irréal*, *Dark Fire*, and *Marco Polo Literary Arts*; Twitter verse at *escarp* and Twitter fiction at *Seven by Twenty*; literary collage in *Fickle Muses* and *Ray's Road Review*.

He characterizes this work as “collage with text: drive-by epic poetry.”

Prajnesh shock for fancied Rastogi

Jane Beal

Jane Beal, PhD is a professor at Colorado Christian University where she teaches literature and creative writing. She writes poetry, fiction, literary criticism, young adult fantasy, and creative non-fiction. Her work appears in *The Avocet Review*, *BirthWorks*, *The Illinois Audobon Society Magazine*, *Main Street Rag*, *Midwifery Today*, *Nota Bene*, *The Oklahoma Review*, *Orbit du Novo*, *A Prairie Journal*, *The Pub*, *Qasida*, *Ruminate*, *Squat: A Birth Journal*, and anthologies such as *Closer to God* and *The Live Poets of Alexandria Anthology*. She is the author of more than a dozen poetry collections, including *Sanctuary* (Finishing Line Press, 2008) and *The Roots of Apples* (Lulu Press, 2012), as well as a short story collection, *Eight Stories from Undiscovered Countries* (Lulu Press, 2009) and an academic monograph, *John Trevisa and the English Polychronicon* (ACMRS & Brepols, 2012). She is the editor of *Illuminating Moses: A History of Reception* (Brill, forthcoming 2013), co-editor of *Translating the Past: Essays on Medieval Literature* (ACMRS, 2012), and the voice of *Songs from the Secret Life* (Shiloh Studio of Sound, 2009), a CD of her poetry read aloud. She enjoys bird-watching, walking with her beloved miniature dachshund, Joyful, and making music with others by singing, playing flute or striking up the percussion. To learn more, please visit sanctuarypoet.net.

Saxophone in F

Ascension II

Joel Chace

Joel Chace has work in *The Tip of the Knife*, *Counterexample*, *Poetics*, *OR*, *Country Music*, *Infinity's Kitchen*, *Jacket* and elsewhere. He has published print and electronic collections, most recently *Sharpsburg*, from Cy Gist Press, *Blake's Tree*, from Blue & Yellow Dog Press, *Whole Cloth*, from Avantacular Press, *Red Power*, from Quarter After Press, and *Black Circle*, from Delete Press.

New Sequence 29

New Sequence 30

New Sequence 31

New Sequence 32

Edward A. Dougherty

Edward A. Dougherty has two collections, *Pilgrimage to a Gingko Tree* (written when he was a peace volunteer in Hiroshima Japan) and *Part Darkness, Part Breath*. His latest chapbook (his 5th) is called *Backyard Passages* and it contains 4 poems, which are sequences like Roethke's *North American Sequence*, which he really likes.

The Wheel

Larry Eby

Larry Eby writes out of Southern California and is attending CSUSB's MFA Program for Poetry. His work has recently appeared in *The Redlands Review*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *The Sand Canyon Review*, *Badlands*, *The Coachella Review*, *Aperçus Quarterly*, *Welter*, *Inlandia*, *The Secret Handshake*, and *Call of the Wild: Being Human* by Editions Bibliotekos, as well as others. Apart from scribbling away in his home, he is an active member of PoetrIE, an Inland Empire based writing community, and recently founded his own press, Orange Monkey Publishing. He is also the poetry editor for *Ghost Town*, CSUSB's national literary journal, and on the Board of Publications for the Inlandia Institute.

a (poem)

Kate Falvey

Kate Falvey's poetry and fiction have appeared in many print and online journals, including *Memoir(and)*, *Umbrella*, *Hoboeye*, *Danse Macabre*, *Subliminal Interiors*, *Italian Americana*, and *Literary Mama*. She is on the editorial board of the *Bellevue Literary Review* and the editor in chief of the *2 Bridges Review*. Chapbooks *What the Sea Washes Up* (Dancing Girl Press) and *Morning Constitutional* in *Sunhat* and *Bolero* (Green Fuse) are forthcoming.

About her work she says,

“As someone with intermittent technophobia, I have been both attracted to and repelled by new media – but hodgepodge I get and so have begun to fool a little more with text. I wish I could be a graphic artist and have made attempts to combine words with amateurish drawings – but these I keep so far to myself.

What I have been doing is collecting margin jottings (tiny, suggestive) from my many unfinished (voluminous, ponderous) manuscripts – and making scrap-poems out of them. If I can get up courage enough to include some drawings, I will definitely feel all over young again – inordinately pleased to still have some newish tricks up my sleeve.”

Astral Endorsement: Discarded Words

Brad Garber

Brad has published poetry in Cream City Review, Alchemy, Fireweed, “gape seed” (an anthology published by Uphook Press), Front Range Review, theNewerYork Press, Taekwondo Times, Ray’s Road Review, Flowers & Vortexes (Promise of Light), Emerge Literary Journal, Generation Press, Penduline Press, Dead Flowers: A Poetry Rag, New Verse News, The Whirlwind Review, Gambling the Aisle, Dark Matter Journal, Sundog Lit and Mercury. Nominee: 2013 Pushcart Prize for poem, “Where We May Be Found.” His essays have been published in Brainstorm NW, Naturally magazine and N, The Magazine of Naturist Living. He has also published erotica in Oysters & Chocolate, Clean Sheets and MindFuckFiction.

Equinox

Nicholas Grinder

Nicholas Grinder is an artist, curator and writer who has lived and worked in Los Angeles and Milwaukee. Working in photography, installation and performance, his work is most concerned with failures of memory and history as well as representations of masculinity in contemporary culture. The work here explores those ideas as well as ideas of decoration and abstraction, and is now usually built into installations that weigh one body of work against another, placing them in conversation with each other.

He says about his work,

“my immediate intent in the project these works come from is to display and investigate grief in unsentimental terms, and in my broader practice my goal is to use simple “everyday” words and phrases in combinations or arrangements that jolt the text out of easy meaning/reading.”

Lack of Eulogy

Jnana Hodson

Jnana's Harbor of Grace, a chapbook of prose poems, was published in the summer of 2012 by Fowlpox Press. He blogs at Jnana's Red Barn (jnanahodson.net).

from Two Sun Spots: Running

from Two Sun Spots; Thirty on the Nite Report

Tim Kahl

Tim Kahl [<http://www.timkahl.com>] is the author of Possessing Yourself (CW books, 2009) and The Century of Travel (CW Books, 2012). His work has been published in Prairie Schooner, Indiana Review, Ninth Letter, Notre Dame Review, The Journal, Parthenon West Review, The Offending Adam, Prick of the Spindle, Caliban and many other journals in the U.S. He appears as Victor Schnickelfritz at the poetry and poetics blog The Great American Pinup (<http://greatamericanpinup.wordpress.com/>) and the poetry video blog Linebreak Studios [<http://linebreakstudios.blogspot.com/>]. He is also editor of Bald Trickster Press and Clade Song [<http://www.cladesong.com>]. He is the vice president and events coordinator of The Sacramento Poetry Center. He currently teaches at The University of the Pacific. He currently houses his father's literary estate—one volume: Robert Gerstmann's book of photos of Chile, 1932).

Are You Michael Mendoza

Coming Distractions

Anna King

Anna King is currently working on her PhD in poetry at Georgia State University. She works as a high school English teacher and lives with her daughter Aralyn in McDonough, Georgia. For fun, she likes to read Victor Hugo and Sylvia Plath. Her latest poems appear in West Trade Review, the Unorean, Fortunates, and Quercus.

Anna says about her poems,

“These poems are a blending of playwriting and poetry, as well as prose and poetry. They are all part of my second manuscript that follows the narrative of characters who must cope with the loss following cancer and the 1918 flu epidemic.”

Theories Part 1

Cindy Rinne

Cindy Rinne creates art and writes in San Bernardino, CA. Cindy won an Honorable Mention in The Rattling Wall Poetry Contest. Cindy is a Guest Author for Saint Julian Press. She is a founding member of PoetrIE, an Inland Empire based literary community. Her work appeared or is forthcoming in shuf poetry, Poetry Quarterly, The Prose-Poem Project, The Wild Lemon Project Literary Journal, Welter Literary Magazine, The Sand Canyon Review, Inlandia, A Literary Journal, Lili Literary Journal, and Phantom Seed. Cindy is collaborating on two chapbooks and working on a manuscript. www.fiberverse.com.

grafts to me

James Sanders

James Sanders lives in Atlanta, GA. He belongs to a writing collective called the Atlanta Poets Group. His most recent book length publication is Goodbye Public and Private (BlazeVox). The group also has an anthology, An Atlanta Poets Group Anthology: The Lattice Inside, published in 2012 by the University of New Orleans Press.

He says about his pieces

The file titled "Tableaux 2" is an untitled piece in a series of poems that collaborate with artist David D'Agostino. This is actually the second iteration: the first was a direct response to his painting, and the second was a response to D'Agostino's response to my response. The poem is the same size as one of his paintings.

The file titled "athica epiphyte 2" is a poem that is meant to react to another poem in real time: this piece was designed for a performance at ATHICA in summer 2012. Copies of the piece were handed out to the audience to be performed during the reading of the "Tableaux 2" piece above. Instructions for executing the epiphyte are included in the file (the printouts are postcard size, double-sided).

Tableaux 2

athica epiphyte 2

Marsha Schuh

Marsha Schuh is an instructor of English composition at CSUSB who holds an MBA with a concentration in Information Technology and an MA in English Composition and an MFA in poetry from CSUSB. Her publications include a coauthored college text, Computer Networking for Prentice Hall and poetry in Pacific Review, Badlands, Sand Canyon Review, Meat, and other journals. She and her husband Dave live in Ontario, CA.

In The Fullness That Follows

Andrew J. Stone

Andrew J. Stone currently attends Seattle Pacific University where he is working on a B.A. in English with an emphasis in Creative Writing. He originally hails from Los Angeles. His debut chapbook, "Teenage Angst & the Ekphrastic Exercise," will be available from Collective Banter Press in January 2013. Other work has been featured in over 80 literary journals including: right hand pointing, Zygote in my Coffee, & The Mind[less] Muse. In 2010 his poetry won a national medal through the Scholastic Arts & Writing Awards. Find him in the graveyard: <http://andrewjstone.blogspot.com/>

He says about his poems,

"They invite the reader into it by allowing them to create the certain words or by wondering what word was originally there. In a sense, it is quite similar to Mad Libs."

The Moon_Her Worshippers

The Underside_of Underside

JeFF Stumpo

JeFF Stumpo is the author of three chapbooks, the first of which, a multilingual poetic sequence titled *El Océano y la Serpiente / The Ocean and the Serpent*, is being released in a new edition this year by Seven Kitchens Press. He has a website at www.jeffstumpo.com with various projects.

He says about his poetic sequence, *diluvium*, which we have used two pages,

"*diluvium*... utilizes both traditional and experimental verse to reinvent the myth of Noah's ark. In the center of each page is an 8-line poem representing the conscious utterances of Noah and/or his wife (the first page you have is both of them, the second is Noah, identified by his sans serif typeface). Surrounding them is a shifting "ocean" of free verse, word salad, borrowed lines, and visual poetry (wings, a hurricane, the darkness of the hold, etc.) that represents their subconsciouses, or perhaps a Collective Unconscious. Other selections from *diluvium* have appeared in or are forthcoming from *Tarpaulin Sky*, *Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review*, *qarrtsiluni*, and *Gesture*."

from *dilivium*

Mark Young

Mark Young has been publishing poetry for nearly fifty-five years. His work has been widely anthologized, & his essays & poetry translated into a number of languages. He is the author of more than twenty books, primarily poetry but also including speculative fiction & art history. A new e- & hardcopy book, *Rebuilding the Submarine*, will soon be out from Quarter After Press. He is the editor of the ezine *Otoliths*, & lives on the Tropic of Capricorn in Australia. Recent work has appeared or is to appear in *Moria*, *Fact-Simile*, *The Last Vispo Anthology*, *Eccolinguistics*, *Ditch*, *Cricket Online Review*, *3 a.m.*, *E-ratio*, *Streetcake Magazine*, *Gobbet*, *Tip of the Knife*, *Cordite*, *Country Music*, *Caliban Online*, *Quarter After*, *BlazeVOX*, & *Marsh Hawk Review* amongst other places.

Arachnid Nebula

Demand-Driven Peacocks

Changming Yuan

Changming Yuan, 4-time Pushcart nominee and author of *Allen Qing Yuan*, holds a PhD in English, teaches independently, and edits *Poetry Pacific* in Vancouver. Yuan's poetry appears in 669 literary publications across 25 countries, including *Asia Literary Review*, *Best Canadian Poetry*, *BestNewPoemsOnline*, *LiNQ*, *London Magazine*, *Paris/Atlantic*, *Poetry Kanto*, *Salzburg Review*, *SAND*, *Taj Mahal Review*, *Threepenny Review* and *Two Thirds North*. Poetry submissions welcome at yuans@shaw.ca.

BOY G. BIV: A Comparative Study of Rainbow Hues