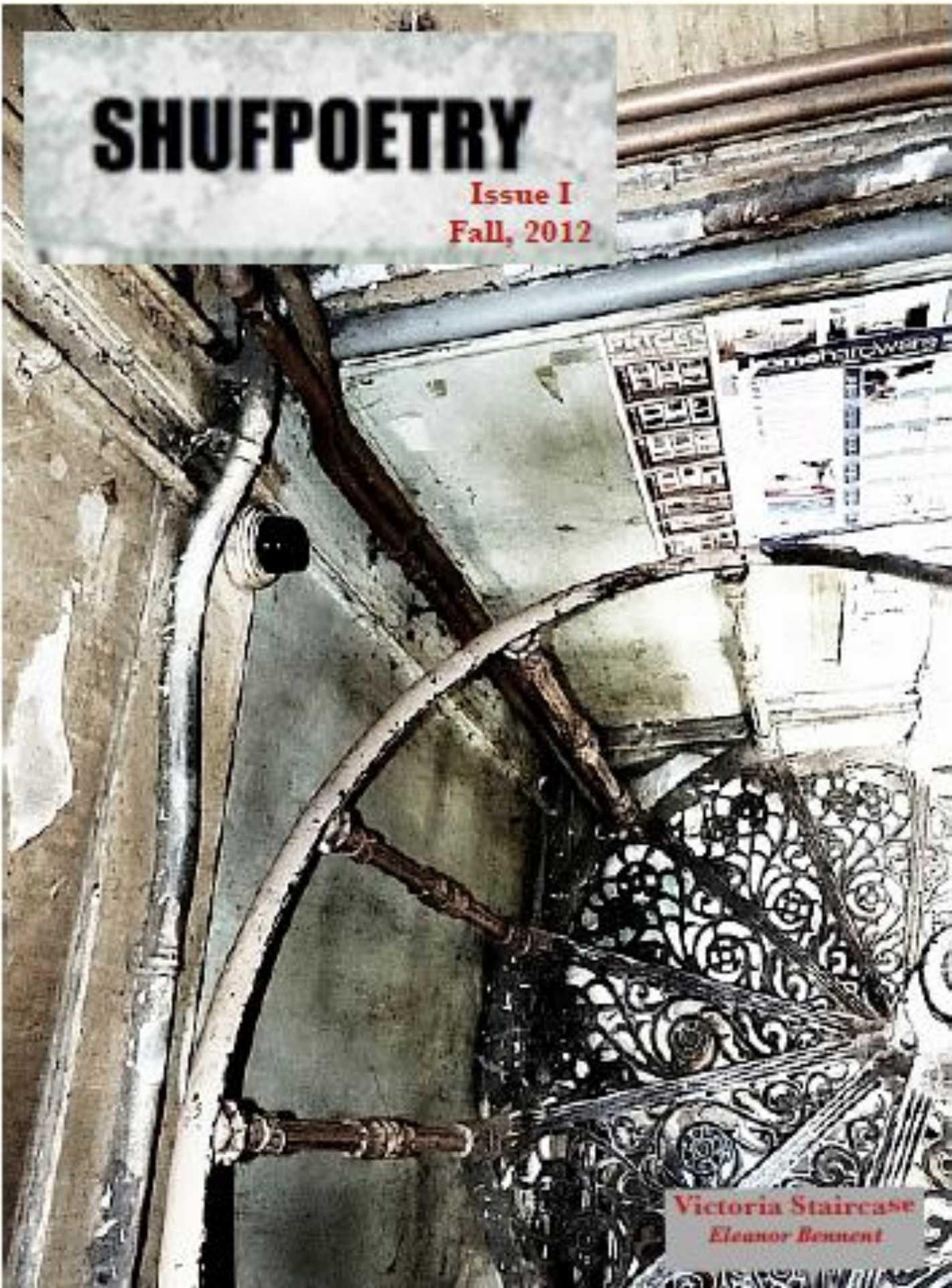


SHUFFPOETRY

Issue I
Fall, 2012



Victoria Staircase
Eleanor Bennett

SHUFPOETRY

Issue 1, fall 2012

Daniel Ari

Felino A. Soriano

Taylor Bush

Tyrel Kessinger

David Spicer

Leila A Fortler

Allie Batts

Rachel Carbonell

Julius Kalamarz

Cindy Rinne

Erik Hoff Rzepka

William Burke

André V. Katkov

Yazmin Wheelock *2012 shuf contest winner

Eleanor Bennent



Dot (Red)

THE DOT (RED) IS NOT A COMMON LAW MARRIAGE PARADED ON A SQUALID CITY BLOCK. THE DOT (RED) IS PIOUS HARDSHIP BORN OF COPIOUS CRUELITIES.

Julius Kalamarz

ZEBRAS

Soy Sauce Tahu Tetor
Sardines Tofu Omelet
Heart of Palm Prawn paste
I-Pad Peanut Sauce
Bamboo Garlic Chips
Eggplant Baked pastry
Lumpiang sausage rolls
Carrots, yes Masgo arrives
those are carrots Nineteen
Cucumber from Java
Peanuts Carved mask
Batiks

Kabari:

Peace sign Calendar
Ampersand Festival
Eiffel Tower
Buddha
Statue of Liberty
Green Milk Tea
Boba
Twin Towers
Abbey Road
in the bathroom
London
Twigs
Chandelier vinyl cling
Zebras

Cindy Rinne

A Friday

no exit
to Stairly
quilt
yes sar
bone up
+ tra duct
may's
fire

humble
as a peach
stone
broke tooth

+ sand
always
an element
of obscure
love

the pain
prance
goes
like
this:



then summer
with its
rosehips
wild ticks
and blue
skies

William Burke



-Armedatory-

The
History of an heart
Began twenty-one days after
Conception- Floozering the seat of my
Soul by some involuntary reflex- Sprouting
Connective tissued tissues of my abstract emotions
The chaotic root-like designs of forty thousand neurons
Firing telepathically- Neurons like webbed suit my love to
Electric lightning- Self-excitable impulses of independent
Intelligence- Offering me no choice in loving you- Driving
Against my only organ of reason- Bypassing the hippocampus
And constructs of mind- These chambers of memory
Rhetorically contrasting- Ten ounces of soft
And palpable flesh- Red as
A pomegranate pulsing flesh- This rebellious capricious
And persistent flesh that will itself to beat your name-
Circularly, one hundred thousand times a day-
Murmuring in audible, orchestral
Silence- Pushing life
Through sixty
Thousand
Miles
Of
My
Pre-deadened
Furcular networking-
Twice the circumference of
This fantastic and frightening
Earth- Imagine how many
Times I circle your
Heart with
The

Leila A. Fortier

-Restless blood of my loving-

ONE, TWO, THREE, AND FOUR

When small the shy man with the strange name collected insects and objects of their world: books, stamps, figurines, candy. He studied entomology in college and succeeded when other experts failed. He discovered many new species in his travels to remote areas. He headlined insect conventions and accepted adulation without fanfare. At peace with himself the most with his treasures, he avoided people and sought even more and newer friends of the jungle and brush.

Later he found the golden mantis and his mate. This was his greatest find, for this creature had no peer. He and his mate whistled songs from the radio. Iridescent eyes and legs mesmerized the man with the strange name. When they grew as large as the man, he knew he couldn't share them. He built a shed in his spacious backyard and allowed them to live alone with their two children. The man and the family shared books, music, food. They thanked him for this generosity and the names he gave them: One, Two, Three, and Four.

David Spicer

High Art

Soft filters
don't make disenfranchised body parts
any less than pornographic;
like fingers wrapped
one inside the other, white knuckles glaring
onto the face of the sun.

But that's the great joke of glass,
the reflection is never quite complete
without the metallurgy
(or silver paint, what a farce!) beneath.

Art or smut; it's all in the glass,
or the reversed image of the seer,
who takes his time eating plums,
pulling back purple sheets
like crayola colored skin
to be thrown away once the pit
is sucked clean and left to rot
at the feet of his children,
who laugh at the fissures, the fractures,
making a collage of dishonesties from
plumskins and hollowed pits.

Altogether, it's a plum; seen in its parts
and it's obscene, almost,
the way that Michelangelo fumbled his sex
underneath the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel,
dipping his paintbrushes into the holy water
and calling out the real names of Dante and Thomas,
before they took the time to grow gray in the face
and sit still.

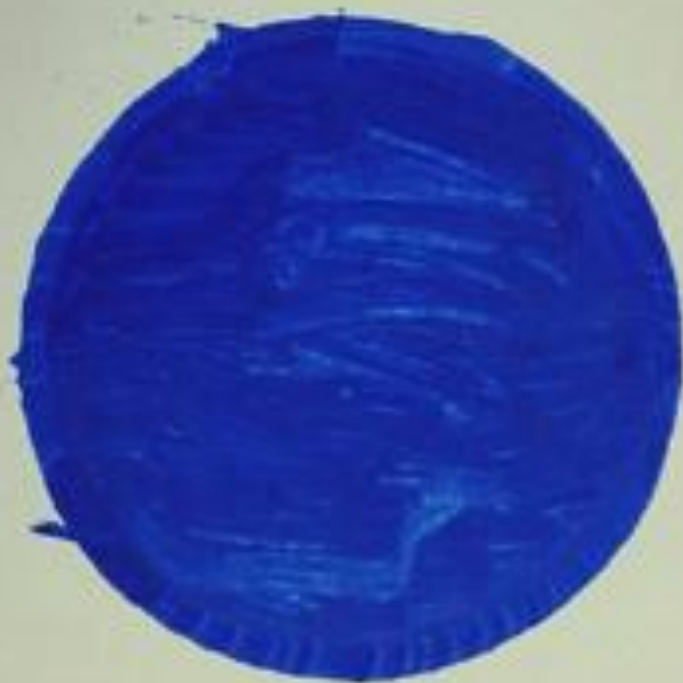
He always remembered the day
they erected flawed images,
(constructing plumpits next to mirrors into bodies,)
called it art, whispered, 'holy',
and fooled the world into believing it so.

Allie Batts
(collaborative with Tood Overby)

and and and and a humanife

Innovation will course through visual writers,
and generative practices will broaden many artists.
Welcome, brave artists! We will be a palette of ideas
and new boundaries. We will create a
media transformation from community critique and
round elements of writing.
We share work, explore exercises and disciplines,
and look into inventing invention!
We work through this making of forms
by the table founded on strategies across All the arts.

Daniel Ari



Dot (Blue)

THE DOT (BLUE) IS NOT A MOLTEN COMMUNIST REGIME.
IT IS A BROODING FASCIST KAMIKAZE MAVEN DECORATED
IN MACHINE-LIKE COLORS OF A MERCHANDISE SKY.

Julius Kalamarz

Bean and Me

where did bean go i looked everywhere for him up and down and under the bed where he sleeps and in those scary bushes on the side of the house and even in the closet where he plays hide and seek sometimes but hes gone gone gone and now im extra sad because bean is a talking rabbit and my best friend ever my only friend ever and everyone calls him imaginary but hes the realest thing to me because hes always there when i cry about mommy and daddy and the divorce and he tickles my belly and tells me funny jokes that make me giggle and some nights when im extra specially sad he takes me under the bed and we watch disney movies together on his imaginary tv screen but not disney movies that i already have like lion king and aladdin but the good ones that i dont have like sleeping beauty and peter pan that i always hear about and want to see so so bad but daddy and mommy and diane tell me that the head disney people have all them locked away in the disney vault somewhere and i dont know exactly what the disney vault is but it must be a magical and weird place filled with disney stuff and i know that bean goes to it all the time to get his disney movies and he comes back and tells me about all the great things they have there locked in the vault and it makes me really really want to go there almost like how much i want bean back even though daddy says its a good thing hes gone away because it means im becoming a big boy now but i got really mad when he said that cause he doesnt understand like mommy does who says im extra smart for having bean and extra smart for having an imagination which i dont know what that means but im glad i have one cause mommy says my big brother jeffrey doesnt have one and an imagination is gonna take me far in life which i dont really care about because i just like sitting on my swingset in my backyard and watching disney movies and thinking about movies i wanna make when i get older and talking with bean and seeing my mommy on sundays cause i can only see her on sundays cause of the court order which is something else i dont get but i do know it has to do with these people called lawyers and something called custody and the court order makes mommy cry when she talks about it and she hates it and i hate it too because seeing her cry makes me cry too sometimes and i know that the court order is the reason we cant live together and the reason jeffrey and i have to live with daddy and diane and thats something else i dont understand but mommy says thats why i made bean up so i could always have something i do understand and someone i can hug when i get lonely and something that never changes or goes away except i cant find him right now and all i keep thinking about is all the good times we had together like all the car

rides back and forth between daddys house and mommys house on sundays where daddy would play his old people music and roll down the windows and id stick my hand out and let it fly on the wind and bean would sit next to me and we would talk forever about the places rolling by us and the magic of dreams and video game adventures and disney songs and falling into the sky and dancing in the bath tub and adventures across the universe and we created our own special world right there in the backseat of my dads bmw until jeffrey would yell at us and tell us to stop being so annoying but wed never listen and man oh man those were the best times ever and those good times are the only things i think about while i search for bean and i keep wondering about all the questions i used to ask him that he needs to come back and answer mostly questions about pee pees like why my daddy has hair on his pee pee and i dont cause one time my daddy took me to the y and when we were taking a shower together i saw that his pee pee was bigger than mine and had a lot of hair around it and i dont understand why just like i dont get why my pee pee gets big sometimes because my pee pee does get big sometimes but not as big as daddys but still pretty big and at first i thought it was because i have to go potty but one time my pee pee got big and i went pee and afterwards it was still just as big and i asked bean and he said hed tell me why it gets big someday when im older and im older now then when i first asked him so maybe he can tell me now which is why im looking extra hard and wishing on the second star to the right just like in peter pan that i find bean soon but hes nowhere to be found and i keep thinking that maybe he went off with flower who is another rabbit just like him except a girl rabbit and bean really likes her and wants to kiss her and maybe he married her and they had babies together and are taking care of them somewhere like diane had to take care of my younger brother matthew when she had him or maybe bean just went off with the rock band hes in with his friends trainhead and carthead and they went to florida to go on a tour but if he did i wish he would just call or write or tell me where the disney vault is or how to get inside it or why my pee pee gets big sometimes cause now i get sad a lot more with him gone and theres no one around to rub my belly at night because mommys far away and daddy and diane are down the hall asleep and then i think about the divorce and i get even sadder and i get mad cause i dont get why mommys and daddys cant stay together like in disney movies or why mommy and daddy and diane cant all live together or why diane and mommy yell at each other at jeffreys baseball games even though i tell them to stop but they keep going and even yell at me sometimes even though i didnt do anything and i just want them all to love me and im so confused why they cant be nice to each other or why mommy gets sick and goes away to the hospital sometimes or why court orders have to make people cry or why things go away because i just want everything

and everyone that makes me happy to stay in one room and just never leave no matter how much they beg cause it hurts when people go far far away from things they love like bean and me cause i love him honest to god and it hurts me so much that i cant find him or laugh with him and i dont get how people can say beans imaginary when there is things in the world like lawyers and court orders that are crazier than talking rabbits and i miss him so much bean bean bean just come back cause i dont feel right or good without you and i think im sick cause i feel the same way i do when i get a cold and have to stay home from school except this time i cant go to the doctor or take tylenol cause i think the only way i can get better is to see you again i just need you i need you i need you i need you

Taylor Bush

from *Quartet Dialogues*

Of saxophone

[if

to the interior *xy* →

↓

mirrored excavations

house/home rearranged decor

recalling duplicate differences of emotional foundation, altered—

an

—after hollow certainties these

openings unravel as

noon's silken forms

combining electronic circuits of wave/then heat/and

a

s

y

m

m

e

t

r

i

e

a

l (irony)

hs|

stcc

improving stance of distance's revolving freedoms or
circumstantial

hearsay (italics)

wandering near likable shade of purpled
position (seesaw of dusk)
the spectrum of devoted harmonies
expectant
angles migration elongation fabrications of moribund pivoting
impersonating
salient stillness
alive though quota-over nuances
overwhelming stamina's arrival of
necessity's stumbling
veracity of mirage, satire

[3]

plenteous as the
trespass scenario of logic's moving
experiments,
circling
song
enveloping
lyric
retraining what the heard combines with delineated explorations
sound indents
structural struggle
composing (not)yet triangles of
impersonating trilogies and focal
extractions
involving pessimistic parallels

Felino A. Sorano

The Traveler/Urbnite Meets Traveler



Urbanite Meets Traveler

In the same way that people who live together often begin to resemble one another, or even people and their pets develop some uncanny resemblance, I myself have gradually but drastically assimilated into the values of New York City. And suddenly I find that I am drowning in these mentalities, these dictates: be seen, stay well-groomed, networknetworknetwork, stay active, stay fit, stay youthful, keep it busy, keep it moving, don't settle, make money, keep culturally immersed, stay relevant.

But I take a lackadaisical, slow-motion approach, I produce and consume in fits and spurts, I cobble together various jobs, I budget to the extreme in some aspects and splurge fantastically, obscenely in others. I tell myself I am not wholly or even significantly conforming, but I find it has crept up on me. If I can rationalize that hundreds of dollars a month for laser hair removal and keratin hair treatments are necessary while I continue to live, in my early 30's, with two roommates in an apartment owned by a shunlord, then I have somehow lost myself, my integrity, I have given into the bizarre demands of the city. I have forgotten to put my happiness before my image, I have forgotten that things can be easy sometimes without trying, not only on the random sunny weekend day, but long-term.

I hosted some bohemian couchsurfer from Big Sur, California, who had biked half way across the country with only a messenger bag; and when his bike got stolen, he continued his journey by train, with the sole addition of a guitar. We each represented the exotic to the other, he the free-spirited, independent, hippie traveler, and me the well-manicured, quirky urban artist. His spirit jolted me into remembering how forthright and sincere people could be, how full of possibility and motion life could be. Yet for all of the fresh air that he offered, he also held some dark truths; like me, he was the product of a dysfunctional family, and like me, he had health concerns, though his were of a much more dire nature. And yet I was the one who appeared to have experienced much grief and hardship in my life. It was my spirit that was tired, that was longing.

I could only let the traveler continue on in his journey, return home and then to his next adventures, and feel grateful for the time and passion we shared. He reminded me that I am a displaced traveler, that I too need to wander and be free. Too easily I have convinced myself that I need to be grounded, that I need stability and routine, but I have become bored, debilitated and desensitized by the routine. Let me shake off this city's hold on me, shed my camouflage and find my own coloring and sensibilities unconstrained by urban dictates.

Rachel Carbonell

Wampum

back things take and *try* just Let's

head the of function the beyond speeds-light at operating mouths from spilled words the
First,

shit stupri usque for penchant lusty a bear that kind the machines, bodied by done deeds
the Second,

read never will we books of pages the between stuffed dead, gone, imprints,
cloaked- white now, apparitions only are these But

wampum ass-half some of exchange the with retrieved gris-gris, given Indian aren't
things intangible Such.

back things take and *try* just Let's.

Tyrel Kessinger



Cindy Rinne

To & From

the step.
way your
down watch
takes careful,
time. be
back thumb.
up of
from rule
the good
bottom only a
—just this is
as long, though
so it is
a good
thing
that
one
foot
forward
and one
foot
backward
occupy light.
the same the speed of
amount at anything like
of time when traveling
and to take baby steps
space. warning: it is hazardous

Tyrel Kessinger

proof

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⊗

• 0

⊗

• 0

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hadn't forgot

much but hadn't

Erik Hoff Rzepka

TO DO
You'd think that maybe
one of these days - I'm
gonna to get this done (Buy
paper) But I got to thinking,
this is the most basic thing
people can do. Seriously, it's more
ineffectual than screwing. ~~And~~
And then you gotta question your
sleep habits. I mean, if you
can't do this - If you can't
perform this very basic simple
task, then ~~what~~ what kind of a
person are you (replace tail lights)
And then I think, if I have nothing
else to do, then I'm just going to
start a fight club. ~~It's your first~~
~~night at fight club you have to fight -~~
Unless you're really too tired, then just
lie down and try to relax (You should
work out tomorrow). This girl, this
person once told me if I ~~wasn't~~
not tired, she'd give me her two year old
Then I'll be tired then I'll be tired.
I think I'm tired I think I'll
go to bed ~~now~~ I think I'll
go to

2/17/2017

through
a
only
coming
in
some
I think
I think
I think
I think

VISUALS: ENG. BY DO NOT LIST (with annotations)

Panel 1 introduces the character whose face is the focal point of the visual system that is to engage throughout the entirety of the comic form.



Panel 1 establishes an expectation in the reader/viewer for the thing, the first being monotony and the second being

Row Two presents a change to the formula, an event indispensable when it comes to the protagonist's visage.



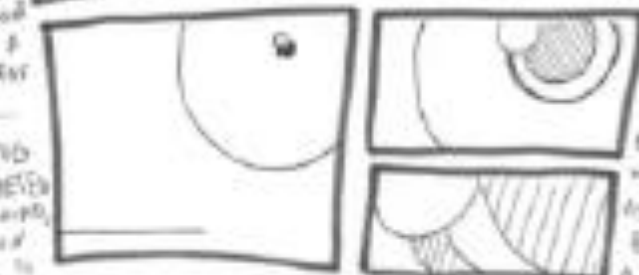
By the end of this second row the visual magnetism is seen as a new arrival and as a new expectation in the reader/viewer, the latter now with a feeling of anticipation in the mind setting and even a sense of intrigue in the reader/viewer, an emotion that suggests it is possible in the work

In the third row a speed increase is noticeable in the magnetism of the face, the speed with the reader/viewer's attention that this face in the future has a feeling of engagement and will emerge



The emphasis and weight given to a mental context that does beyond right-visual is becoming visible to some

The focus, centered then towards interest as well, a focal point, and the magnetism brings a parallel to an emotion in vision.



As now the magnetism may become striking and in the context of visual sound may become fully deepening, which creates a new mood seen in any visual globe has been presented in reality, a mood that leans solely against the reader/viewer's unconscious mind.

In the end, overall the image of interest is being away and the emotional weight of straight-forward visual sound is restored.



Indeed, the mental magnetism is left by the introduction of a third character, which may left to engage if the magnetism of the face and the emotional weight of deep sound, direct or indirect, may be seen, of left and by the end

André V. Katkov



There was
That night I felt your
Returned affection- Moving
Beyond your (own) disbelief-
Your phantom kiss I taste without
Name- For you are every great
Name- Sensations touch...
Yet suspended was
I to the brush
Brush
Of
Your
Showered
Lips- A burning
Beneath your arctic breath
That kissed with such subtle purpose-
Even against your own reason- Two kisses...
And then the one yet to be given- Two the pain
Of my hand... and the arch of my foot- Was it to
Bliss my hand did reach for you? To
Answer my feet that journey to
You? My hands cupped
Your mouth
Where
I
Hear
The echo of
Your soul- As had your
Gate turned to capture mine-
No longer and ever separate from
You- For you are in all of life and
Creation- Absorbed by each of us
Senses all exhaust and deplete
My senses- Opened are we
Eyes in this white light
Of waking- Where
The dream
Is the
Dreamer have become one

Leila A. Fortier

sixteen, summer and the south

don't look back, when standing at the gate.
fireworks first, and then
pictures of lily, and julia, and rose, (but not me)

my man on the moon:
we are all sublime, in our manner.
crazy diamond girls, guilty of love and tattooed,
tabooed, screwed and bled, for you.

shining my way through smalltown boys
whose headmaster rituals,
journalled entries in this neat book of days.

the sky's gone out, way back when
my vanities and virginities fair
 before we splintered and had trouble with dreams
 or childish games like shoots and ladders
 had no sinister ulterior
 no river euphrates burbling up to snatch the ball from
 my jacks game.

first cuts and first loves are deepest
then you forget how to bleed
when it's just man and woman alone together
a sort of fairytale for summerblink nights
humidity, green grass,
a cicada love that leaves behind exoskeleton
 for the ants to ravage.

Allie Betts

Loper v. Riva

Loper: most people are used to

absurdity

It just takes

LOT a
you have to
puzzle

with meaning.

I'm I wish I could give you the gist, but
too busy

riva : I am skeptical.

I fundamentally disapprove of

meaning

I'd rather
be fooled.

I know enough
charlatans

Loper: good point! it comes down to what you personally.

riva : indeed. ignore
an occasion,
ignorance can produce

excellent examples.
I have my own
fort.

Loper: there are philistines in the world.

Loper:

Daniel Ari

Texture & Discovery



A man shares my lunch, towers less steady, flirts
with me; but having lunch is why he here.
I won't keep this custard off my shirt.

In the city, look and it appears:
toothy skyline, transit or dessert &

I've been a tourist nearly twenty years,
still looking up at the tops of towers -
still amazed at all

conversing, saxophone, ambulance howls -
not tomorrow, the city of earth.

I could wander or I could sit & hear
lost in this chaotic summer dream.

A woman from the steam
billows of beer,

warm bodies, iron and chlorine -

Got to get back to work. It's 1:15

SAN FRANCISCO

Shirley



THE BIRD
(BLUE) IS
NOT THE
POINT AT
WHICH
FORESTS
BURN.
THE BIRD
(BLUE)
IS THE
INFANCY
OF A
FLOCK OF
LUMINOUS
RULES.

Bird (Blue)

Julius Kalamarz

bios

Daniel Ari

Practicing poetry for 28 years, DANIEL ARI writes and publishes; performs solo work based on favorite poems by Roethke, Cummings, Oliver, Yeats and others; and leads creative writing classes and jams. *Writer's Digest*, *Conscious Dancer*, *Ceramics Now*, *Turbulence*, *42 Magazine* and *McSweeney's* have recently published his writing. His blogs are FightsWithPoems.blogspot.com and IMJUNURI.blogspot.com.

- *Loper v Riva*
- *andandandand*
- *Texture & Discovery*

Felino A. Soriano

FELINO A. SORIANO has authored 51 collections of poetry, including *Of oscillating fathoms these nonverbal chants* (Argotist Ebooks, 2012), *Analyzed Depictions* (white sky books, 2012) and *Intentions of Aligned Demarcations* (Desperanto, 2011). He publishes the online endeavors *Counterexample Poetics* and *Differentia Press*. His work finds foundation in philosophical studies and connection to various idioms of jazz music. He lives in California with his wife and family and is a case manager and advocate for adults with developmental and physical disabilities. For further information, please visit <http://www.felinosoriano.info>.

His poems are from a series entitled *Quartet Dialogues*, which interprets dialogical occurrences between a jazz quartet. These particular poems are from the *Of saxophone* section.

- From Quartet Dialogues*

Taylor Bush

TAYLOR BUSH is currently majoring in Creative Writing and Business Studies at Drexel University.

"*Bean and Me*" is a letter to her childhood imaginary friend.

- Bean and Me*

Tyrel Kessinger

TYREL KESSINGER lives, works and writes in Louisville, Kentucky. There's the wife, two dogs, cat and all the other trappings of a fairly normal life. His work has appeared in 3:AM Magazine, Prick of the Spindle, and Grey Sparrow Journal, among many others, and his most recent chapbook, "An Absence Of Scientific Nomenclature" is forthcoming from the Red Ochre LIT B&W series. In 2011, he won the Literary LEO Magazine Award for Short Fiction. He also volunteers as a Contributing Editor for Blackheart Magazine and a Contributing writer for 22 Magazine. Atticus Coleman created a video for Wampum.

-To & From
-Wampum

David Spicer

DAVID SPICER is the author of one full-length collection of poems, *Everybody Has a Story* (St. Luke's Press) and four chapbooks plus six unpublished poetry manuscripts. His poems have appeared or will appear in *The American Poetry Review*, *Ploughshares*, *Alcatraz*, *Nitty Gritty*, *Thunder Sandwich*, *Mad Rush*, *Hinchas de Poesia*, *Crack the Spine*, *New Verse News*, *Fur-Lined Ghettos*, and elsewhere. He is also the former editor and publisher of *raccoon*, *Outlaw*, and *Ion Books*.

He says his poetry strives "to marry the lyric and mythic qualities of poetry with the narrative possibilities of fiction."

-*One, Two, Three, And Four*

Rachel Carbonell

RACHEL CARBONELL is a writer, artist and teacher living in Brooklyn, New York. She maintains a blog, "Reviews and Reflections of a Southwilliamsburger," at <http://southwilliamsburger.blogspot.com> and her Twitter handle is RachelOliviaNYC. Rachel has been published in such literary journals as *Prick of the Spindle*, *The Vagrant Literary Quarterly*, *Burning Word* and *The Common Voice*. She holds a B.A. in English from Oberlin College and an M.A. in Humanities and Social Thought from NYU, as well as a Certificate in Publishing from NYU.

-*the Traveler/urban traveler*

Leila A. Fortier

LEILA A. FORTIER is a poet, artist, and photographer currently residing on the remote island of Okinawa Japan. Her unique visual poetry is the specially crafted formation of abstract designs, often accompanied by her own multi-medium forms of art, photography, and spoken performance. Much of her work has been translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, German, Hindi and Japanese in a rapidly growing project to raise global unity and understanding through the cultural diversity of poetry and literature.

Her work in all its mediums has been published in a vast array of literary magazines, journals, and reviews both in print and online. In 2007 she initiated the anthology *A World of Love: Voices for Carmen* as a benefit against domestic violence and in 2010 composed a photo book entitled *Pappankalan, India: Through the Eyes of Children* to benefit the education of impoverished Indian children. She is also the author of *Metanoia's Revelation through iUniverse*. A complete listing of her published works can be found at: www.leilafortier.com

-Anointing Kiss

-Involuntary

Allie Batts

ALLIE MARINI BATTS is a graduate of New College of Florida, meaning she can explain deconstructionism, but cannot perform simple math. Her work has appeared in over eighty literary magazines her family hasn't heard of. Allie calls Tallahassee home because it has great trees to climb, and conveniently, her husband happens to live there, too. She's pursuing her MFA degree in Creative Writing through Antioch University Los Angeles and.....oh no! it's getting away! To read more of Allie's work, please visit kiddeternity.wordpress.com, or to read her book reviews and literary blogging, visit Bookshelf Bombshells at <http://bookshelfbombshells.com/>.

Her poem "high art" is a collaborative poem: Todd Overby met Allie Marini Batts while she was working as a barista at Borders. Todd is a graduate of Florida State University and his work has been published in *The Kudzu Review*. Over cigarettes and coffee, they talked about Salinger and decided to collaborate on this poem. They have not seen each other since that day. However, they have exchanged e-mails and consider one good poem to be the best outcome to their "one-afternoon stand". Most flings only end in hangovers and regrets. Theirs ended in art. Her poem, "sixteen, summer and the south" was quite literally, a "shuffle" poem. Allie told us, "I was having a case of writer's block, so I put my mp3 player on shuffle. I grabbed either titles of songs or certain words from the lyrics and built this piece from them. If you read close, you'll find The Smiths, Cocteau Twins, R.E.M., Pink Floyd, Korn, Bronski Beat, Tori Amos and Peter Murphy hidden in there."

-High Art (collaborative with Todd Overby)

-sixteen, summer and the south

Julius Kalamarz

JULIUS KALAMARZ received his MFA from Columbia University. His work has appeared in *Opium Magazine*, *The Los Angeles Review*, >kill author; *Ninth Letter*, *DEAR SIR*, and elsewhere. *PIROULETTE*—an automatic last words generator (LCD screen, wood) showed last year in Apexart's, "Let It End Like This." *AVENIR* (24 boxed postcards based on the work of Yves Klein) was published as *Object 009* in the *ZIMZALLA Avant Object Series*.

The work is a series of objects defined by statements of non-facts that, never-the-less, convey elements of truth through fragmentation and absurdity.

- Dot (red)
- Dot (blue)
- Bird (blue)

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 *Poetry Quarterly*, *Welter Literary Magazine*, *The Sand Canyon Review*, *Inlandia*, *A Literary Journal*, *Lili Literary Journal*, *The Halfpenny Marvel*, and *Phantom Seed*. Cindy is collaborating on two chapbooks. www.fiberverse.com.

Cindy shares this Josef Albers quotation in relation to her work, "To experiment is at first more valuable than to produce; free play in the beginning develops courage," and goes on to say:

"Each visual poem is its own journey. I use many different materials to create mixed-media poetry. People give me pieces of their past in fabrics, vintage buttons and laces so each art work represents community. There are layers revealing destruction, change and beginnings. This is a connective process that creates a whole out of pieces."

- Popeye
- Zebra

Erik Hoff Rzepka

ERIK HOFF RZEPKA is an interdisciplinary researcher interested in the intersections of art, science, philosophy, poetry and coincident practices. This multidimensional work has its principle documented home in the multi-locational virtual space that is the internet.

With different locations, labels and multimedial forms throughout the web, the work finds a theoretical and navigational base in the conceptual, post-commercialist tactical hub that is x-o-x-o-x.com. It formally and conceptually explores the amorphous and organic which operate as a mirror to our corporate-virtual ordering system.

The abstract precedes the authorial-particular, and the inevitably-embodied transgression of alterity that responds to that consistency. This evolving body of work has been published, presented and exhibited internationally.

To see more of Erik's work go here: x-o-x-o-x.com (and have your mind blown like we did).

-proof

William Burke

WILL BURKE is from Portland, Maine. His chapbook "The World Is Full of Peasants." is out by Slash Pine Press.

-A Friday

Eleanor Bennet

ELEANOR LEONNE BENNETT is a 16 year old internationally award winning photographer and artist who has won first places with National Geographic, The World Photography Organisation, Nature's Best Photography, Papworth Trust, Mencap, The Woodland trust and Postal Heritage. Her photography has been published in the Telegraph, The Guardian, BBC News Website and on the cover of books and magazines in the United States and Canada. Her art is globally exhibited, having shown work in London, Paris, Indonesia, Los Angeles, Florida, Washington, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Canada, Spain, Germany, Japan, Australia and The Environmental Photographer of the year Exhibition (2011) amongst many other locations.

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-Victorian Staircase (issue cover)