

# SHUFFPOETRY

*Issue 2  
Spring, 2014*



Archie Gorky 44 USA



Mark Rothko



Jackson Pollock

44 USA

space



**space**

Marcia Arrieta



*Issue 2, Spring 2014*

## Poets

**Steve Alvarez**  
**Daniel Ari**  
**Marcia Arrieta**  
**Richard Baldasty**  
**Jane Beal**  
**Joel Chace**  
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**Larry Eby**  
**Kate Falvey**  
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**Jnana Hodson**  
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**Anna King**  
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**Changming Yuan**

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**Are You Michael Mendoza**

**300**

**a (poem)**

**Prajnesh Shock for Fancied Rastogi**

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**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**

but<sup>O</sup>ned my  
shirt wr<sup>O</sup>ng over  
upper tors<sup>O</sup> barrel with  
this new Pw-density  
bloodw<sup>O</sup>rry  
this m<sup>O</sup>rning—  
what h<sup>O</sup>pe's left  
open? n<sup>O</sup>, no,  
i kn<sup>O</sup>w life's  
print cott<sup>O</sup>n withstands  
and i'll r<sup>O</sup>ll densly  
a<sup>O</sup>ng  
rebut<sup>O</sup>nning as i'm  
able, as i g<sup>O</sup>.

Danial Ari

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**

New Sequence 30



Joel Chace

# 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	&nbsp;	genetic	almonds	podcast		isolate	canopy
feng shui	goldfish	her scent	ersatz		or else	homebrew	Linux
Serenity	oblong	religion	miltary	enlarge	crash	bleach	nebula

Mark Young

city STARE  
s t a rtled aw are  
: huge pale squares  
rise in the air  
There! Yes, there.  
awe ,  
i disappear.  
have to steer.

Daniel Ari

## 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.

**Anna King**

## EQUINOX

RAINRAINRAINRAINRAINRAIN  
RAINRAINSUNRAINRAINRAINRAIN  
RAINRAINRAINSUNRAINSUNRIANRAIN  
RAINSUNSUNRAINRAINRAINSUNRAIN  
RAINRAINSUNSUNSUNRAINRAINSUN  
RAINSUNRAINSUNSUNRAINSUNSUN  
SUNRAINSUNSUNSUNRAINSUN  
SUNSUNSUNSUNRAINSUNSUN  
SUNSUNSUNSUNSUNSUNSUN  
\*

SUNSUNSUNSUNSUNSUNSUN  
SUNRAINSUNSUNSUNSUNSUN  
RAINSUNSUNSUNRAINSUNSUN  
SUNRAINRAINSUNSUNRAINSUN  
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SUNRAINRAINRAINRAINSUNRAINRAIN  
RAINRAINRAINSUNRAINRAINRAINRAIN  
RAINRAINRAINRAINRAINRAINRAIN

**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  
comes surging through the bell of the horn as it

WAILING LIKE MAD.  
around  
and  
upward  
curves

*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.)

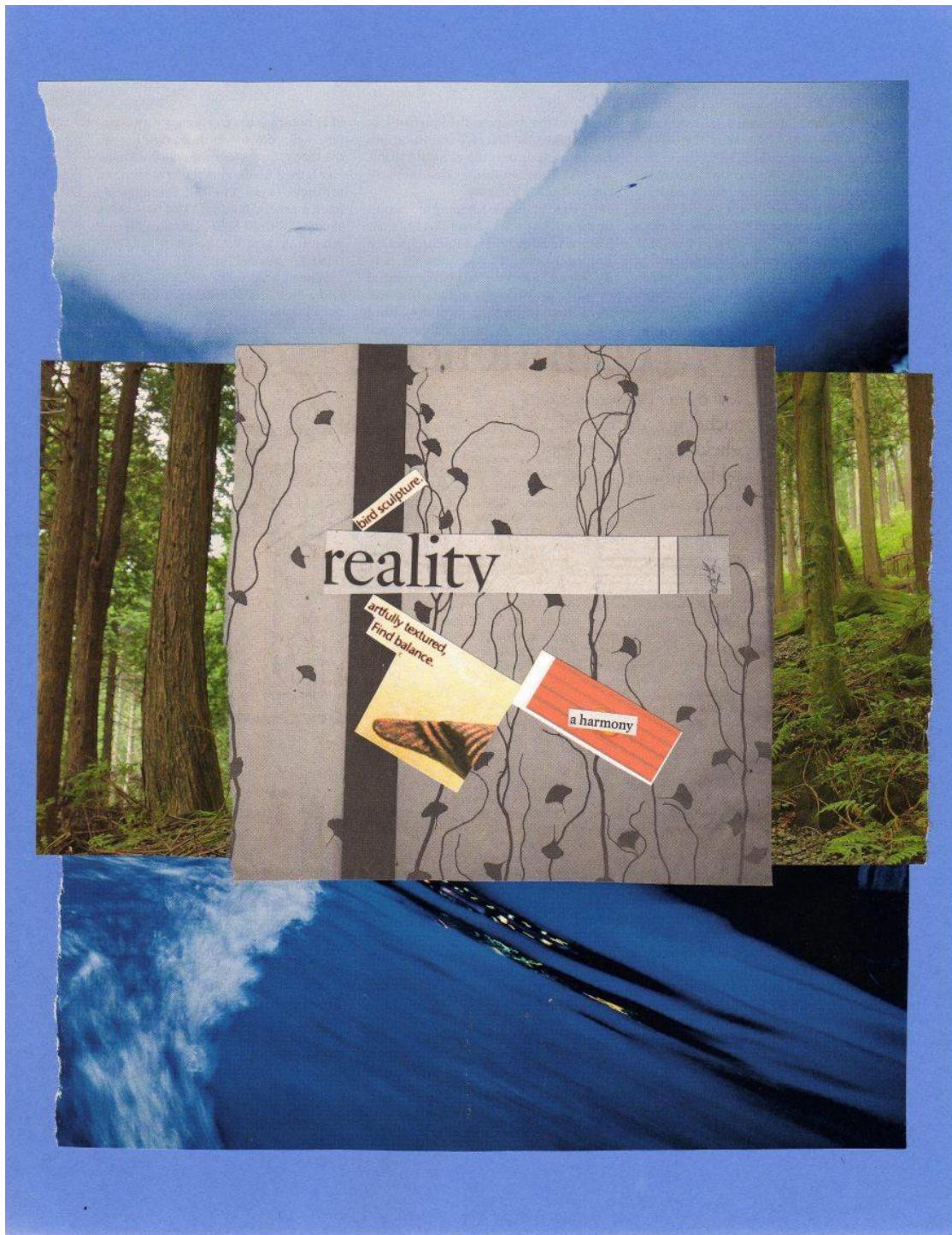
Jane Beal

## New Sequence 31



Joel Chace

# Reality



Marcia Arrieta

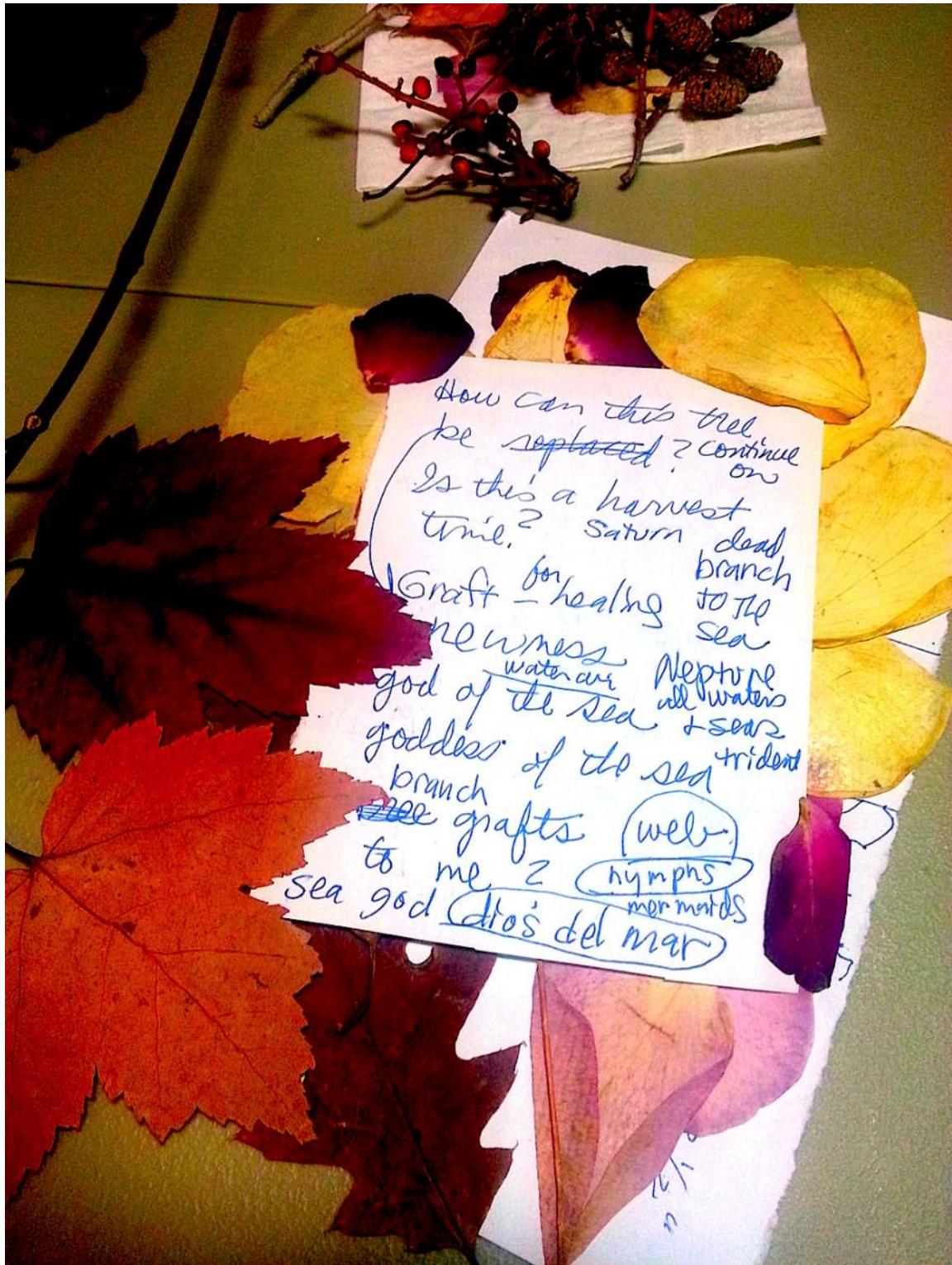
# The Moon\_\_Her Worshippers

The Moon █ Her Worshippers

█ say that sleep is a dream  
that hardly comes true, okay,  
maybe █ don't. But █ do  
as █ 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 marque  
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



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 alzaron las alas los pajaros del canto.  
water, water, everywhere

Todo te lo tragiste, como le lejania.  
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.

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 admist 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,  
Dominion of the blo

The birds have vanished into the sky,

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  
]  
U  
Out  
From  
From  
From  
From  
F  
F1  
]  
Fr  
As a  
Born  
A i

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.  
not if the tick █ tock. anymore,  
And

why should it tock when █ plagued  
by thirty-miles █ ocean blue  
█ could have been volcano █.  
█, the tick █ tock.

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

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

If █ did dear, █ still live for you.

Anderw Stone

## Acension II



Jane Beal

## 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

(chameleon /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 jutted 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 sey / 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 125<sup>th</sup> 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 onepint / 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 dialogue<sup>1</sup> / 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-  
eads 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

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<sup>1</sup> **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

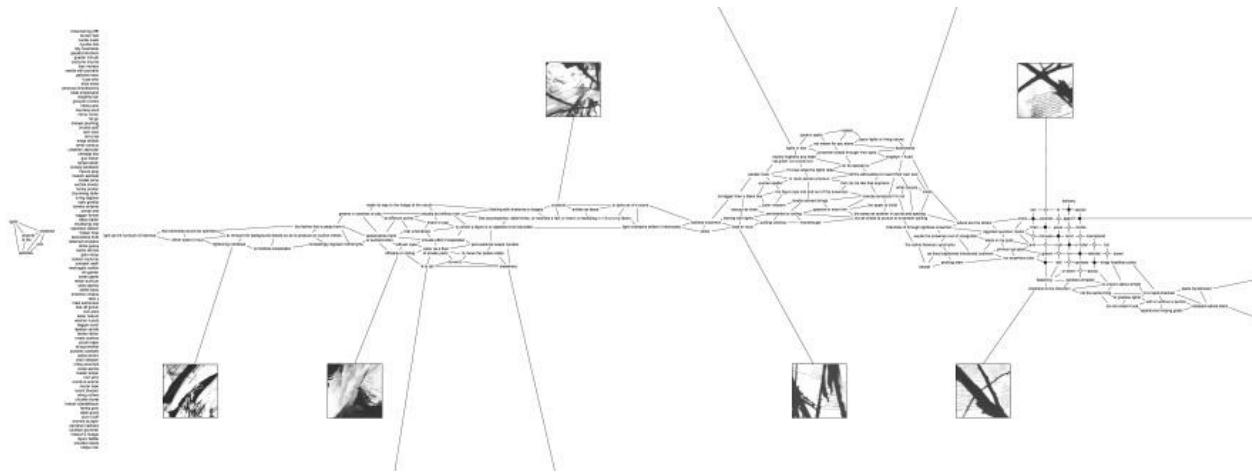
## **BOY G. BIV: A Comparative Study of Rainbow Hues**

*-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

**Changming Yuan**

## Tableaux 2



James Sanders

Beyond the el

designers dreamed

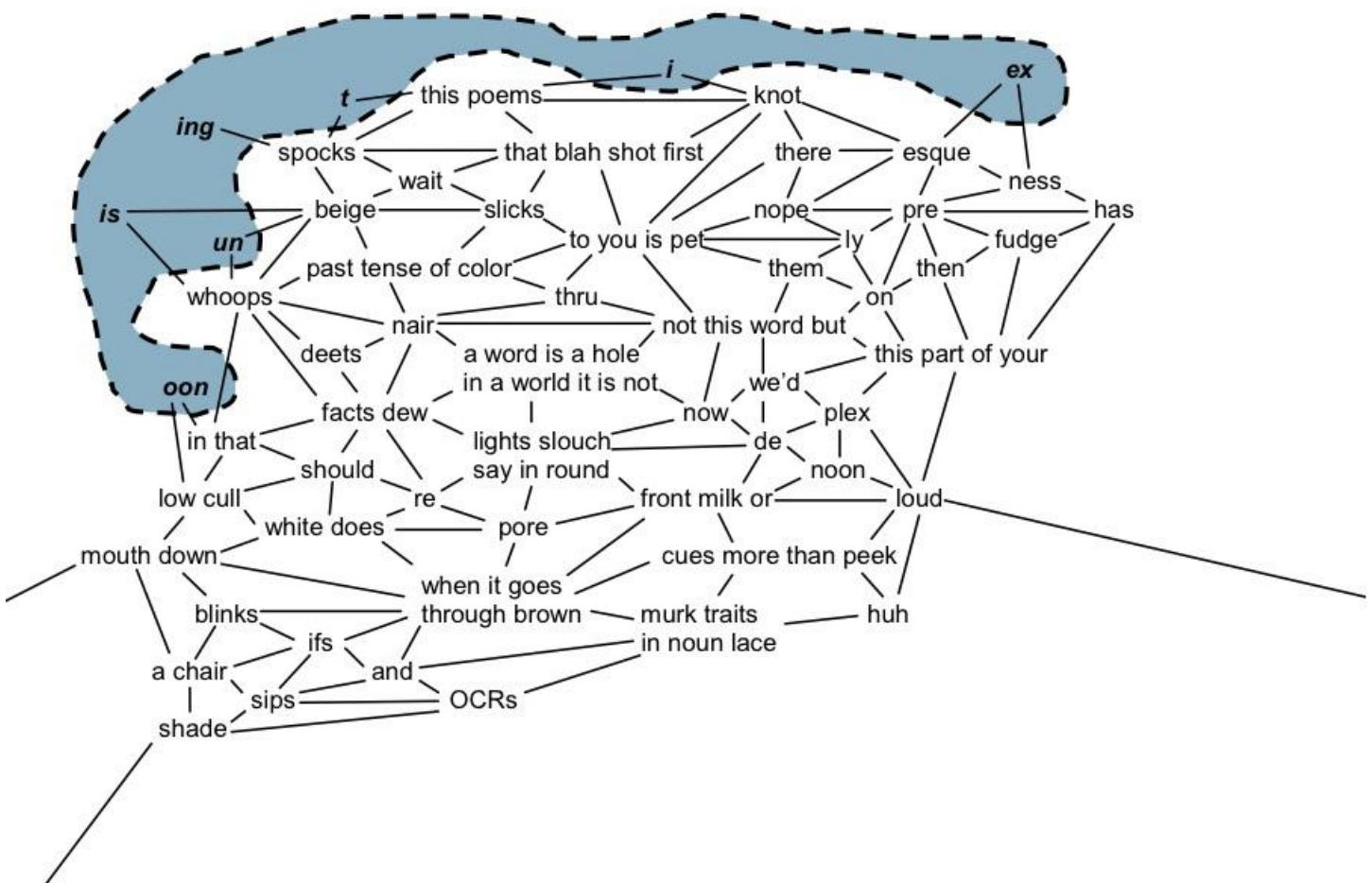
intensity. Translucent

suspended

eddy off-beat.

Marcia Arrieta

## Athica epiphyte 2



James Sanders

New Sequence 32



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 (i!)

### 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](http://imunuri.blogspot.com) and [fightswithpoems.blogspot.com](http://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 Irreal, 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](http://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 ([jnana.hodson.net](http://jnana.hodson.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](http://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](http://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 subconscious, 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 diluvium

## **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](mailto:yuans@shaw.ca).

BOY G. BIV: A Comparative Study of Rainbow Hues