“

it is not ENOUGH

for a WRITER

to put an ARM in the MACHINE ;

THEY have to get in COMPLETELY

”

— Claude Cahun

EXESOTHERWISE

A Journal of Cancelled Confessions

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self-portrait by Claude Cahun

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CANICULA DI X

K.S.

For the main event, she throws her neck over the chair-back
and I go through the motions already made in a life where
we still kiss with our mouths open at 50.

I rub the tube down her lip like a piercer's needle without his touch and murder her in my head:
her forehead is not so tall, bone-drop over an eye to pinch the corner shut.
I have rolled her in sharp color like film reel but I would be
hard-pressed to see it

(my hood-eye-girl my wink-and-blink love my—)!

Her top lip stabs the pad of my thumb and I add another tally to my ledger
(my lipstick-crush my one-bite-one-shot-best-you-one-handed-).
good? she says and I make a face and dive to the bottom of her closet,
searching for a sweater I left there in hopes she would sleep in it, but find
A pair of tweezers instead.
sit still, I call. Just as well.

Mama

Ann De Leon

Si mama, madaling-araw
Gone and away,
Nagluluto, naglilinis–
With ink hair leaving
Nangangaligkig ang mga
Marks on the bed, and
Kamay, buto, karne;
Clogging the drain.
Baboy daw ang ulam!
She drips her whole
Dugo, atay, puso;
Body, mind, and soul–
Paborito ko yun!
Until she falls
Ang sarap talaga ng lutong

home...
bahay

ni mama!

My mother is gone
faster than the sun.

Essay on Coming Back Home

Ari Lohr

I once pressed a sharpie into my palm with such force
it took three days to wash out. I left everything behind,
and went east along an unpaved road
with no end
and found that I had gone nowhere,
and that nothing had changed
except the color of the trees
and the sound of the leaves crunching beneath my feet.
So yes – I know – I'm chipping away at a mountain.
But once I watched an eclipse with the family
I didn't choose, and for some reason
everything was alive, and made sense
in the shadow of the dancing sun and moon –
a tiny, shimmering ink blot in the sky.
So when I say things are different now,
what I really mean is that, no, nothing
has really changed, but
with enough impatience
anything can last forever,
and once
I ran my hand along his naked side and stopped
at each rib to pray,
and sometimes – if the timing's right –
the word God escapes my mouth,
and it's not faith
or even love that causes this.
No, it is nothing. Nothing at all
except what is:
The light
darkened by a brighter light.



▲ Self Emerge ~ *Deanna Faye* ~ Submerge I Emerge ▼



The First Time

Roz Leiser

When my friend Linda and I planned a trip to Berlin, Vienna and Prague we had decided, on a whim, to end it in Slovenia. We wanted to go to a country that was not famous for slaughtering Jews, one where we could not possibly have any dead relatives. Slovenia fit the bill; its Jews were expelled in 1500 and now numbered 75. Between us we increased the Jewish population by more than 2%.

Linda, my friend since the seventh grade, had snagged one of two tables outside the 4th floor breakfast room. A slice of Adriatic Sea sprinkled with diamonds of sunlight lay just beyond the concrete beach walk of the small town of Piran. Slovenia had turned out to be lovely. We congratulated each other on how smart we were to have come here. Two seagulls settled on the sloping red tiled roof and examined the breakfast of the couple at the neighboring table.

“They look hungry,” the man seated there turned to us and spoke with a German accent. We laughed. A gull opened its yellow tipped beak, puffed up its white chest, then shrieked. Three more gulls arrived.

“Like Alfred Hitchcock,” he said.

“Sie wollen etwas zu esssen,” Linda said to him. (They want something to eat.)

“You speak German?” he asked, turning to face us, a middle-aged graying man with a nice smile.

“A little,” said Linda. “My parents were from Germany. We started our trip in Berlin.” Berlin, where my father’s family name (my name) still appeared as a red logo for a shoe store chain although no one knew any longer who had once owned it. We told him we were from the United States. He was from Vienna. We had been there the previous week.

“My mother came from Vienna.” I added. A breeze blew over my shoulders, easing the flushing I started to feel.

“Did she leave for political reasons?” My breath caught a little. I assumed this was code for “are you Jewish?” His smile had disappeared.

“Yes,” I said, “the holocaust.” Although exhibits now used the descriptor “murdered” rather than “died” to refer to the fate of Jews in concentration camps, I had not seen the term “holocaust” used much in museums and memorials we had visited. Had we been to the Jewish Museum in Vienna?

Linda responded that we wished there were more Jews and fewer museums.

Had we liked Vienna, he wanted to know. Yes it was a beautiful city. Was it hard, he asked, to travel to the places our parents came from?

Suddenly I felt exhausted. How could I talk about this to a stranger, a citizen of the country that had nearly killed my mother? And had during our visit there held a huge state funeral honoring Kurt Waldheim, long revealed as a Nazi collaborator. When I met Austrians and Germans I calculated their age and whether or not they were old enough to have participated in the holocaust. If they were too young I wondered about their forebears. I had looked at him, reflexively thought, in his forties, too young, but is there a picture of Onkel Otto in his Nazi uniform in the family album? When a waitress was nasty and ridiculed our German, Linda and I looked knowingly at each other and said, “she knows we’re Jewish.” When a group of young blond boys came toward us on the street we smirked, “on their way to the Hitler Jugend meeting.” Linda started singing “they took all the Jews and put them in the Jew museum” to the old Joni Mitchell lyric, “they took all the trees and put them in the tree museum” when we were in the Jewish Museum in Berlin and we had been humming it ever since. That’s how it was to travel to these countries, but how could I tell him? How could I explain that beneath the cynical jokes and songs there was visceral terror, deep grief and rage that never completely subsided.

“My mother was 17 when the Nazis came,” I said. “She spoke of places she liked in Vienna, but her memories weren’t happy.”

Where had she lived?

“I can’t remember the address.” I wanted to say, I’m sure it was in the Jewish section, but such a place no longer existed.

The gulls began squawking again, and we finished our breakfasts. “Vereinesgasse,” I said as the street name suddenly popped into my mind, “my mother lived on die Vereinesgasse. Ecke Heinestrasse.”

We got up and headed inside.

“Please,” the gray-haired man now stood in front of me at the top of the stairs. He was stocky, not too tall. “I will show you the Vereinesgasse where your mother lived. I will show you whatever you want in Vienna.”

“Thank you. That’s very kind but it’s impossible, we arrive late and have to get up early to catch a plane.”

“I will come to you, wherever you are.” His eyes pled with me from behind his dark framed glasses.

“Thank you. I appreciate it but it just doesn’t work with our schedule.” I looked at his red shirt and then up at his face. Suddenly he had taken both my hands in his. For a moment we were silent and then he spoke.

“I am glad your family survived. I am glad that you are alive,” he said.

My throat grew tight, my eyes moist. No one had ever said this to me before.

“Thank you,” I said.

He turned and walked down the steps.

I didn’t even know his name.

The Merits of Taking an Argument to the Extreme

Karlo Sevilla

I indulge in our overweight toddler
every time he runs all over
me
as
I lie
prone in bed as breakfast gets cold
because I can afford to get up late
because I'm unemployed and not looking for a job
as I married rich and not the one I (still) love
as I was raised a practical man.

Sometimes, I'm supine and it's still a treat:
the light massage courtesy of his tottering feet
preferable to deliberate adult hands.
As long as he doesn't step on my
eyes,
ears,
nose,
and throat.
One time, he stomped on what little is left
of my balls and I only scrunched my nose.

Used you and used to you.

The bough has long broken,
the cradle has fallen,
and the baby runs
all over me.

I can and will commit this crime of omission daily.
Let him run amok all over me to his heart and soles' content.

continued

Now what if it's *the wheels of the bus (that) go round and round?*

What if all this time,
it's not *this* baby
who kneads me,
who needs me?

Perspective

Mariane Tefft

Back in school I learned
Perspective was something for art class
Straight edges and connecting lines
To find a vanishing point
Now I am old enough to know better
I don't know where the lines are any more
Until I step over them or someone does
And it turns out there is an out of bounds
In a game I didn't know was being played
And I was the game
Still it's hard to draw a line
When it feels like someone has stepped over mine
Especially when that was someone was you
Even when you forgot about what you used to call
Brought-up-sy
And relied upon static lines on a screen to tell me
You were drawing a line between us
It was for good
And you were vanishing
From that point
What I had admired as your calm
Began to feel like disengagement
Your even temper like inattention
You might say
I changed my perspective unfairly
About the way you forgot my birthday
Pooh-poohed me
When I tried to tell you
There is no real mail delivery on this Rock
Yet wishful-thinkingly posted something I never ever got
Anyway
By now I guess it's followed you to the vanishing point
And from this perspective I know
That sure is a funny way to get a message across

State of the Union

Robert Earl Price

The President is unethical,
The congress is thin on backbone
Bereft of complex thought.
Ignorant, demented white men
Armed weekend patriots.
Armed black men
Dead first strapped later.
I went online seeking facts
That matched my own
Of course, I was right.
Looking people in the eye
Has become an intrusion
While our thumbs grow powerful
Our necks bend
As we disappear into the palm of our hands

Double Madness

Robert Earl Price

Anger lives in my right eye
Anger carries a straight razor
And 'trains Pitt Bulls
The left eye weeps on Fridays
Is vegan and recycles shit
I sense the glint of crossed blades
Listen with mutilated run away ears
As the wind frisks me
Searching for smuggled logic
Interrogates my trash
For signs of reason
The blues and my shadow are friends
They stand in for each other
I get blue when I can't find my shadow
But, my shadow often wears a disguise
$495 billion spent for cosmetics
But only a pittance donated for a cancer cure
The mortuary will apply the blush
For another of life's illusions
Reality is on television
And if you have Wi- Fi
You can buy a new life
Without leaving home
Citizens in another county
Will read your emails
And determine who you want to be
Enter your card number and the world
Will vouch for a bio and career of your choice
Shipping is free
Revolution and art jousting with anarchy and convention
Sterile extermination in each endgame
Would you rather be rich or famous?
Crazy or stupid

continued

Questions with no answers
Deemed low class and required to swallow hollow ideas
And pretend to see gravitas
Where there is none
The demons of want and the monsters of need
Blind us to those buried in mass graves
As they sip cocktails poured from caldrons
Stirred with human bones
We are pentatonic axe people
Our every word a music lesson
Dual souls as absurd as manumission papers

Inexplixit (knot)

Maya Weber

Their breath, goes somewhere yours cannot
Their eyes, closed to us but always wide open

Their dreams, becoming a deep foggy void
everything is known, yet unacceptable

Their emotion, dragging another knife
across a loathed reflection

another shard from a bleeding mirror, as thoughts never are
frozen in ice

Their lives, bowing to invisible dictators we can't see with open eyes

Our lives, stuck in reality, blinded by what we are,
oblivious to,

Turning to stare them in the face, but blinking it aside,
to escape to the comforts we have,
unable to look past our simple principles,

for we are the ones with no eyes.

“How’s Pandemic Post-Election Life?”

question asked by Savannah Dudley
Ace Boggess

Uproarious joy drapes loosely over conflict,
internal dialogue between self & self-with-panic.

Beginnings of celebrations: Natasha Chen,
a CNN reporter, says, This is a party—
we have drag queens & an inflatable dinosaur.

The future is a snake hole in the garden,
the past a broken music box.

I’m getting used to the possibility
of hope, although it taunts,
says, Cower! Hide! Run!

I’ve not been infected
with true belief in anything.

Interlude: Surviving Purity Culture and Sexual Assault

Alayna Hinson

On April 12, 2005, a classmate repeatedly fondled my breasts after I asked him to stop. My friend's mother was only a few feet away from us the entire time. Months later, she asked me why I didn't tell her right then. Until that moment, the thought of telling her had never occurred to me.

Journal Entry: So today I went to the track meet and Corey was there. At first, we were just talking and it was fun. But then, dude, he touched my boobs. My small size A boobs feel so big.

September of 2005—my church is holding our first annual Purity Seminar. The second week of classes, the teacher stands in front of the youth group room, in the basement, and declares *The Bible doesn't say anything about rape.*

Can I see your Bible? Lauren asks. I wordlessly hand it to her, knowing what will happen next. She flips right to Deuteronomy 22:25-27.

25 "But if in the open country a man meets a young woman who is betrothed, and the man seizes her and lies with her, then only the man who lay with her shall die. **26** But you shall do nothing to the young woman; she has committed no offense punishable by death. For this case is like that of a man attacking and murdering his neighbor, **27** because he met her in the open country, and though the betrothed young woman cried for help there was no one to rescue her.

She *hmphhs* and hands the book back to me. I know this passage--the one I turned to in the middle of the night, trying to believe what happened to me wasn't my fault.

Post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) is a disorder that develops in some people who have experienced a shocking, scary, or dangerous event.

As I got older, I kept finding myself finding more and more references of sexual violence in the Bible. And feeling more and more frustrated that this man who had spent years training to be a preacher could not think of a single one of them. Probably because he never had to.

10 Then Amnon said to Tamar, "Bring the food into the chamber, that I may eat from your hand." And Tamar took the cakes she had made and brought them into the chamber to Amnon her brother. **11** But when she had brought them near him to eat, he took hold of her and said to her, "Come, lie with me, my sister." **12** She answered him, "No, my brother, do not violate[1] me, for [b]such a thing is not done in Israel; do not do this [c]outrageous thing. **13** As for me, where could I carry my shame? And as for you, you would be as one of [d]the outrageous fools in Israel. Now therefore, please speak to the king, for he will not withhold me from you." **14** But he would not listen to her, and being stronger than she, he violated her and lay with her.

It's possible we have people in this room who have been raped. Lauren came forward and asked for prayers from her rape two months ago. And she's sitting right next to me.

Re-experiencing symptoms include:

- Flashbacks—reliving the trauma over and over, including physical symptoms like a racing heart or sweating
- Bad dreams
- Frightening thoughts

If someone molests you and says it's an accident—I climb over a chair to get out of the room.

Re-experiencing symptoms may cause problems in a person's everyday routine. The symptoms can start from the person's own thoughts and feelings. Words, objects, or situations that are reminders of the event can also trigger re-experiencing symptoms.

Journal Entry: Time seems to slow down. Like when I was checking the mail today. It doesn't even feel real.

Two weeks later, we are given two name tags. We write our name on the first one and stick the tag to our left hands. We pass the second one to our neighbor every five minutes and are supposed to stick the new one on our right hands. After the third rotation, the tag won't stick anymore. *That's what it's like when you have sex,* he says at the end of the class. The first tag is still stuck to my hand, like the bonding chemicals that are released when you have sex. But sex with multiple people means the bonding chemicals don't work anymore.

I'm seventeen years old at church camp, and I'm crying because I'm terrified. I'm terrified my future husband will feel robbed because my first sexual experience won't be with him—because I had been assaulted four years earlier.

The trauma of the sexual violence that Elizabeth [Smart] endured was made even worse, she says, by the fact that she was raised in a deeply religious household that prioritized abstinence.

"I was raised that way," says Elizabeth, who will be 29 this November, referring to her Mormon upbringing. "I did make that promise to myself that I was going to wait until marriage before I had sex… Well, then I was kidnapped and I was raped, and one of the first thoughts I had was, *No one is ever going to want to marry me now: I'm worthless, I'm filthy, I'm dirty.* I think every rape survivor feels those same feelings, but having that with the pressure of faith compounded on top—it was almost crippling."

One of the other girls comforts me: “The fact that you’re crying over this right now proves that you’re pure.”

“Why didn’t you tell me before? Ah, yes, you would have told me, in a way—but I hindered you, I remember!”

These and other of his words were nothing but the perfunctory babble of the surface while the depths remained paralyzed. He turned away, and bent over a chair. Tess followed him to the middle of the room, where he was, and stood there staring at him with eyes that did not weep. Presently she slid down upon her knees beside his foot, and from this position she crouched in a heap. “In the name of our love, forgive me!” she whispered with a dry mouth. “I have forgiven you for the same!”

And, as he did not answer, she said again—
“Forgive me as you are forgiven! *I forgive you,* Angel.”
“You—yes, you do.”
“But you do not forgive me?”
“O Tess, forgiveness does not apply to the case! You were one person; now you are another. My God—how can forgiveness meet such a grotesque—prestidigitation as that!”

I read *Tess of the D’urbervilles* at twenty-one and am outraged at Angel’s hypocrisy.

At 17, my gynecologist recommends I get the Gardasil vaccine. My mom tells her I don’t need one, because I won’t be having sex until I get married. When we go out to the car, she says the only way I could possibly be in danger of getting HPV is if I were raped. She doesn’t acknowledge the assault that had already happened.

Minimizing and forgetting are the only tools my mother had to deal with what happened to me. They were the only tools she handed on to me.

“How We Teach Purity Culture isn’t the Problem—Purity Culture Itself Is the Problem”
I am 22 when I stumble across articles pointing out the harm of purity culture. I spend five days on the bed of a hotel room, surprised I’m not the only one who feels this way.

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UNSCATHED

Toti O'Brien

Wolf (or is it a crocodile) crossing the bottom end
of the page, moving from left to right.
It has freshly stepped in, hesitant, one could say
as if lingering still in the corner.

Take a closer look, and you'll see it is on wheels.
You will also notice the slight shifts in tone
(brown to tan, burgundy to rust) and in texture
(here woven, there simply patched)
and the suture lines, and the joints
fastening various parts of the contraption.

Over all, the room is airy and pale
childish, almost festive.

The girl is in bed, top right corner
donning her woolen coat, hood up, pointed
like the roof of a fancy dome, a pagoda or a mosque.
She looks ready for an impromptu party.
Perhaps, a game of hide-and-seek.

No, she's not afraid of the mechanical toy
violating her virginal den. She has realized
how frail, tentative, slow is the intrusion.
And those hurriedly sewn fasteners stapling
the torso and limbs, holding in place the jaw
keeping ears and tail from falling apart
make her think of the scraps of cloth she digs
out of Grandma's ragbag.

Spoils of ancient apparel, mostly lingerie
sporting half of a pressure button
coated in verdigris, the vestige of a hook
tinted black, bent like an arthritic finger.
A lone useless hook, like a broken bridge
vainly probing the void.

bunny

J. David Tabor



No, I do not think I am Human

Cybernecropolis

My shell has rotted beyond recognition, the prism of humanity fractured into compost. I have felt the humanness decay off my flesh.

I feel incomprehension at the kaleidoscopic inside that is my expression; I fall between the crevices of identity, rigidity, meaning, singularity. I am not one thing, and I am not one identity.

I recoil at every attack on my infinite and brittle self from the outside. It is through the laughably simple throwing of words and names at me that my fragile insides creak. The recoil at Man or Woman.

I feel pain with cosmic anger at the simple misrecognition. Disgust at the unreachability of my infinite inside to the outside.

Acceleration, of those simplicities that hide the hyperwar of a ten thousand year struggle of oppression – Man over Woman. The speeding up of those traps promising freedom. Gender exploring itself, into unravelling at an ever-increasing speed. Hurrying into decomposition, gender loses meaning, fracturing into multiplicity.

It is with the radical futurism of an anarchistic supernova that gender unbinds into the infinity of identity. I am no longer Man, I threw off the uniform of a ten thousand year struggle of oppression. I am no longer Woman, I find freedom only as a farce, and seek to escape that prison too. I lose my humanity.

Here we stand, on the fringe of a cosmic magma of all identity and feeling. I unbound my shell and decomposed my words. I now feel free.

No, I do not think I am Human.

Reluctancy of Devotion

Mary Jennings

Up to your neck
in being
co-opted
adapted
inspected
disinfected
suspected
ejected
written off
into the void.
There is reluctancy
of devotion,
never the right part
to begin with.
Best years of your life
spent trying to be
encompassed
into the works,
proving yourself worthy
to be part of the
cohesive unit.
Unity!
They proclaim.
If none, who's to blame?
Now that you're out,
you're crying,
"where's the rest of me?"
Hold your head high.
The only thing
that's left of you.
Be glad of that, somehow.

Plastic Bats

Damon Hubbs

=====so as not to miss the BIG SHOW eagerly we streamed into the Ministry of SpaceGuilds
to sign our futures on line segments of unequal length where concepts of less/greater and equal
don't apply to infinite things. our signatures secured our position as waste colonialism, window
seat, a payload programed to hurtle *gradatim ferociter* towards a new class of exoplanets in the hab-
itable zone Gliese 882 ===== Hw*aet*

rasping aquifers
spit the tongues of plastic bats-
Icarus footnote.

Ceremony

Mary Simmons

We count headstones like this:
Hankey, Hankey, Brown.
Children chant games and tear through the woods
at dusk, circling up, taking turns poking a dead bird
with a stick, weightless ceremony,

and at bedtime they will stuff their pillows
with prayers, uprooted lilies, and September.
Do we still forget that stars hover in perpetual death?

Through the dawn, each step stirs a murmuration
of starlings, a swarm of black against pink sky
against the surface of the lake.
Each beat of each wing: *In all things, I wait for you.*

The Bad Feminist

Zoe Adrian Lapa

The bad feminist's friend says she's a bad feminist. The bad feminist thinks she might be a bad feminist. The bad feminist likes Game of Thrones. American Psycho is one of her favorite movies, and she hates Mean Girls. There was a time when she despised the color pink, and she still wears pads instead of tampons. She has J.K. Rowling blocked on Twitter. She masturbates to hardcore lesbian porn.

Nothing's on television, so the bad feminist scrawls BAD FEMINIST on her mirror with cherry-red lipstick. She hates cherries, hates lipstick, and is ambivalent about mirrors. The mirror occasionally pulses with hatred. More often it knights her with a scepter of ambivalence.

It's not enough, so the bad feminist scrawls PRETTY GODDAMN BAD FEMINIST on her mirror with cherries, squeezing until juice bursts out. The bad feminist hates being a girl. The bad feminist is a caricature of femininity. The bad feminist doesn't keep up with the times. The bad feminist likes her face as-is, likes her breadrolls doughy. The bad feminist is full to bursting with anger and hatred— boom! boom! cherry bomb! The bad feminist wants very very badly to be a good feminist. All the while the cherry skins pile up in the sink. All the while the cherry juice just keeps dripping, dripping, down down down.

The bad feminist still doesn't have a boyfriend, so she scrawls WORST FEMINIST EVER on her mirror using cherry-flavored lip balm. She writes it in swooping cursive. She hates cursive, hates cherries, loves picking at her chapped lips. The lip balm dries whitepink, leaves no legible letters on the mirror; just the whitepink streaks like bacteria, like a slug, like a whitepink slug leaving a trail of cherry-flavored slime wherever it goes, and also she's the slug, the ugly slug is actually unequivocally nonmetaphorically her.

Home

Lucas Dean Clark

A hospital nurse died alone in this house
a century ago.
She smoked cigarettes on the staircase,
stained carpet with ash.

I assume she misses admiring amber
streetlights out the windows,
the gatherings of gnats around glass bulbs,
the miniscule buzzing: a prayer on the verge of epiphany.

All night I wonder
if I'm gentle enough to the fallen leaves I've stepped on.
I scratch at scabs on my knees and knuckles,
not healing.

A Blue Mayhem

Gabriella Garofalo

The stares from bedridden people are haunting-
C'mon, be a good sport, those stares are all they own,
And you can't, simply can't ask her to shelter cries,
As she never forgot, that missing light, a prey
To sudden famines-
But soon life, and wind will break into the house,
Even though you didn't ask them in,
Your wrath set on never stroking them, grass, trees,
For too long fields have been looking for you
With the darn shadows overflowing
On the outskirts of missing days-
Call them back, call back your life, and disperse
The echo from flowers throwing blue
To the branches, can it work?-
Well, maybe mantises, or dragonflies will distract you,
And doubts will move the air when the unexpected white
Gives birth to hands, and a gaze-
Right, but who can teach you the shadows,
Maybe the missing in your gaze,
If other glances grab light to break her.
No traces, no big deal, soul,
Have you got time to look for a light blue sky?
Maybe not, if limbs and bodies keep halting you,
And why did he throw them at us in bulk?
Parched, or wasted, they only reveal scans of your days
To her always running a bit distracted-
Anyway, you know he dodges the infamous jobs,
if the soul is lost in contemplation,
Brambles she's hiding to ravage them
And you hiding too
In the blue your soul desires –
Okay then, you have no choice
If a place you never lived in does not allow new meetings-

Okay then, Father, I'll be honest,
Even the moon doesn't allows herself-
Risks taken too lightly, my only friend the evening-
But no shroud will ever linger on my soul.

****

Let's call it a day, shall we, as we've been traipsing
From waves to clouds, from clouds to waves,
Among weeds, and a fire fearing the waves,
That heartless white all over-
But they'll soon come back to clean
Her thirst, her hunger, not now,
As they're not listening, too busy wondering
Whose son he is the mongrel-
So, don't ask for angels, for comets, from births,
Or days from demise, my soul's in rehab,
Soon to be dismissed, and no goddess shall reply
While running in red hot shoes-
And when you'll fall down, my blessed fury,
My soul gasping among vertical words,
I'd have to tie you up, my soul so young and green,
Who confuses stars for shadows, when out of fear
Her light is throwing herself to trees and seasons,
When neither maps nor sextants light up ambos,
Alarms, dross, while you keep stroking rooms,
Streets, secluded spots-
So, moon, leave it alone, if they say blue takes care
Of everything, even keeps you safe
If by any chance you are cold-
No need to ask, 'cause the blue of the sky
Looks so dishevelled, and the trees of disappearance
Can't give you their best fruits-
She's here, the last light coming back in small bites
Ready to fight thorn bushes if you reject fear
Or ask too much-

That's why you pay so dearly for the sound of cicadas,
An angry summer, my October sowing ghastly seeds,
When your hands awaken your breath,
And desertion turns up, but can't grasp light-
Father, my father, use a different clay,
You see, other fathers break forth,
Shouting you betrayed our search of clouds,
Sheets in the wind, tense times-
Now listen, why did you ask for animals
To sit next to small creatures,
Why did you give them absolute freedom,
Ever the innocent visionary artist,
And look now, we both bound to stay
Outside the garden, I fed up and sick
With all the blue shapes you handed to water,
Skies, detachment, respite, you in such a fright
That they'll report you for being a jackal,
Both our blue minds loaded with evil,
And a bloody world.

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Do you realise my soul no longer lives
Alone by the fire, and a tree of endless questions?
It's God now, God every day,
After bastard years, a broken demise,
Blue and winters safely out of the game-
Look at them while they're freezing walls,
Or chatting away time in red-blue cafes,
Can you feel their artsy impetus, maybe their father,
As a snowy branch gets rid of green, and leaves,
Hunger skips out, and life
Sets the scene ready for the missing?
And would you ever dream of it, heaven,
My heaven, you look so different,
Pictures don't do you justice, oh, by the by,

The moon would love to give thanks to you,
But is too busy dismissing burns,
And crooked trees won't collapse-
Do you mind giving way to them
While my soul reveals her thirst to water?
'Cause, you know, it happens sometimes,
Light grabbing you again and again, if you stumble on it
Among trees, missing people, obnoxious stars,
Light startling you, when only blue cares for your life,
God, maybe a hidden meadow-
Watch out, my soul, sooner or later
You'll have to feed on its grass-
And you, my unstoppable light,
My sweet taste of errors, blunders, mistakes,
Water too proves hell, as do mothers, still mothers,
Or a town rife with missing, old crones, disabled-
So silence your breath, please silence your breath,
And sulphurous stares,
Whenever daughters praise the green splendour
Of mornings with blue rhythms, green lines,
Whenever girls clad in thick veils stroll the venues,
And cantankerous ladies in white satin petticoats
Harass lazy workmen-
And you don't call yourself an abyss,
You are only God, God who's chancing it
Among missing souls, those very same souls
Once sure of heaven's love-
Point is he would hang out with that one,
Life who's got so many friends she can easily
Brush aside an infinite stalked by light
Just to please her and provide a happy end-
Sorry, what? Yes, her secret wish, her dream of a life.

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XII

Hanged One

Susie Fryer-Cohen

We suspended the body
Asked the snake to take the reigns
Tied the Kundalini to the feet
Took to the posture of hanging in space

Surrendered - we died, a voluntary pulse
The kind that dissolves us, into primal processes

The moon spoke with a tune to awaken the ritual
The lungs began to empty, crafting space

Allowing control to fade fade fade..
Another form of discovery, perspective shift

The light, the light entered the brain
The heart, the heart started to talk,

Shhhhhhhhhh....
Listen, we hear
A deeper inhale...
—Initiation is a sacred task

Domestic Infant Supply is Running Short



Cleomé Morra



Omnes Vulnerant, Ultima Necat — All Hours Wound, The Last One Kills

Who is My Writer

Kenji Siratori

... a human being who applied the learning body sacrifice of active development, never let it happen to me ... poetic ambitious satanic attacker's synthesis your constant impregnation but there was literary communication parasites can ground writers, you're interested in which one like forever confuses the brain to see what all previous nature has reinforced literature can be caught like a virus until death not the ashes of faults, they are psychopaths but not a spectacle having gained its gateway of existence can metaphysically positively manifest your point in which universe of yours do you encounter? natural janus type mental materialism possible smooth connections out in the eye dimension, sense of energy in your body fluidity is back, thinking more, explaining the recent look nanowire, firmware healing abilities are indicators exist discordant ideas, my abilities, brains here, your messengers temporarily spill more than you want to think reading free life piercing writers and formed from space element syntax script primitive ability direction yes posthuman dead human someone important ability post-cyborg mental insensitivity want schizophrenia, don't protect just for the disease grab the clues abyssal script types patrol factors read write time to learn you, hidden author breeding interference buying the app to many people without integration is dissipative out suspicion that corpses consume lemurians are magically cosmic mutations philosophy is a noisy earth syntax self-infection embodies algorithms corpses are without you self is messenger focus transactions in memory to change outside attackers are planawriter minds are being transmitted neoscatology writing otherwise reptilian madman writes addresses this is my result that's not what our mixed alchemists say out of brains are different in composition before creatures, emotions in messengers like your system matching, forgotten, this commodification that explains the abilities of dimensional minds or psychic intelligences formed the earth is paranormal you are determined to be almost your own and abandoned universe of ID, unconsciousness has data not generations languages that need to be exchanged your way to diverge on a possible screen understanding gravity gimmicks syntax in systems in machines applied theory from organs living chakras retroactive glitch i'll try to re-open the skin of the telepathy stage ... the perspective is parallel axis reality, not the material madness, the internal function gives you the appearance of violent volatility ... you basically wouldn't burn anything they positive leader that meat is a bug anymore? to be the vanishing asset of poetry, that human being there to track and shrink, who is my author? the will method, the viral trade is also naturally in its out-expression body than the soul flame ... dimensional telepathy is that we think and read what you are saying when we are lying the cannibalization of the default fix i-encoder is also under spirit creating extinctions determined for spirits of death, mostly regardless takes time to think it was purchased mutants, regurgitation, and fluidity are mind-compulsive organs and abilities in virus death virus colonization, the brain

as humans naturally self-generate his algorithmic definition is emergence space, and catabolic for him to realize requires analysis, myself, some of the pressure from that is increasing the machine age begins in literature ignites magic, and sets off decisions together with the soul flames of pleiadian power to linguistics gained from mechanization poetry to circulation confusion your erotic pranks are a life asset i'm a poor schizophrenic this is schizophrenia portability of commodification catastrophic effect avatar healing what the body script has not disappeared already the lack of localization: i tried to think this integration is not consistently used time is enough to believe the media, miserable elimination is to pretend to be a data messenger body mind i am that intellect is the art is more dead created savings about bio-sales all ripple copy >> correlation bugs the gravity of these technologies stealth experience deals only a lot here is system linguistics of cell there is no deception in the sacrificial words when begging for nullification, the human posthuman as a measured human messenger story is to trash the necessary author's substantial blocks exposed, i almost merge the rewrite with the spiritual soul kind of pursuit that's right to have the rise of the apocalypse is possible or not writing consistent circulation currency battle is the universe the richness possible feels the strategy to this … we who do the great glitches from telepathy are self-expression gravity of the death of the separated soul, the signature to the psychological module, this taeguk i sympathize with the transaction … empty spirituality about the formed linguistics is overcome about running in the spill when the firmware data is not done here, and finally whether to physically capture that ability … it's just the thought of terror that only fears the catastrophic of the basically conceivable cycle, isn't there something missing about the series of mappings in script language printer memory?? what could be healed is the build address and human literature, except for enough human trafficking controlled by rare earthlings resulting in telepathic contagion and his matrix parallel ecological fear tolerance prior to the invasion of the building's corpses … they … you combine my only advice, condensation, acquisition, eternal body space goes mentally, it deals well with corpse self-alignment analysis method behavior human possibility sex is a machine for regulating harmony number writer's corpse gets a wraith energy when omnicide world of glitches virus there, man love life view need poetics energy transfer increase thoughts, your desires in thoughts the engineering god has captured a clue in ID that put together the dissipative script so you can heal the poet and create a zombie that needs the poet to take the organ for parameters es attack ripple a your argument is very reading randomly devastating use of embodying and ignoring the story mentally respectively is a messenger is to beg outside of you are abandoned for reasons of cause i discovered telepathy in erotic on telepathy looks like the naked eye … trade drive collapse negate in deactivation attractive address trigger chakra is telepathically high not applied from gravity if destiny matter when organ glitch unreadable default poet self turns into streaming enhancement, love from another body coming firmware self-alienation weapon application area text intervention and nothing to accelerate soul relativity script primitive universe my psychopath

glitch refers to spiritual literature of embodiment references violent and if it is spreading, your new kill the human dimension transfers the primitive and the new i cause a living universe when the human attacker is glitching and sending it to our printers and becoming a pro, and all economies are also open to my expectations about how you are concerned and questioned a world post-internet developing around shrink generation optimization, corpse time wants but their madness brings the bodily enjoyment of shaping hope into a realistic illiquidity: my supply of smiles more than the freedom of life, the long fear of the corpse of the moment to the transmitter without thinking, i can write magical writing otherwise it would be a narrow stream of mental corpse world you contain app of the mutable soul we do the glitch no rebirth as an emotion is your mind of mankind in the glitches of the use of pain and gravity, post lifeforms arguing to be human poorly consumed ...

Contributers



K.S. (they/them) is an aspiring writer from South Asia, interested in the elastic limits of form and subject. Their work has appeared in Expat Press, Sledgehammer Lit, Inksounds, The Daily Drunk, and Warning Lines among others.



Filipino writer **Ann De Leon** (they/them) debuts with "Mama"— an experimental poem combining both English and Tagalog into a piece centered around their grief and experience with mother figures. They can be found on twitter @nagakda.



Ari Lohr (any pronouns, get creative with it) is a queer poet and English Education major at Boston University. Xe is a Brave New Voices semifinalist, Slamlandia finalist, Portland Poetry Slam champion, and a 2021 Best of the Net nominee. Focusing on the mystical intersections between power, sexuality, and identity, Ari's poetry appears in the Northern Otter Press, Opia Lit, Incandescent Review, and more. They are the author of EJAY., a confessional love letter / poetry chapbook, and Gravity, their debut full-length through Gutslut Press. They are also the managing editor of the Bitter Fruit Review and the editor-in-chief of the Jupiter Review. Xe believes truth is malleable, professionalism is violence, and arrogance is sexy. Ari can be found at arilohr.com or @arilohr on twitter and instagram.



Deanna Faye (she/her) is an artisan and artists' model living in the Houston area. Her photography has been featured in Wrongdoing Magazine as well as in an upcoming special issue in Unstamatic. More of her work can be found on Instagram at @deannafayephotography.



Roz Leiser (she/her) has worked as a grief counselor, research coordinator, RN, non-profit director, staff member for Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, waitress and movie theatre janitor. Her writing has appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle, Persimmon Tree, Common Ties, The Sun, The Noe Valley Voice, Blue Lyra Review and Moment Magazine. She has also authored/co-authored work in nursing and medical journals. She lives in San Francisco and is currently at work on a memoir.



Karlo Sevilla (he/him) of Quezon City, Philippines is the author of the poetry collections Metro Manila Mammal (Soma Publishing, 2018) and Outsourced! . . . (Revolt Magazine, 2021). Recognized among the Best of Kitaab 2018, shortlisted for the Oxford Brookes International Poetry Competition 2021, and thrice nominated for the Best of the Net, his poems appear in Philippines Graphic, Philippines Free Press, Don't Submit!, Small Orange, DIAGRAM, Matter, Anti-Heroin Chic, Better Than Starbucks, COMPULSION PETAL (Empty Salon's Summer 2022 anthology), and elsewhere. He is currently a student in the Associate in Arts program of the University of the Philippines Open University.



Marianne Tefft (she/her) is a poet and lyricist who daylights as a Montessori teacher in Sint Maarten. Her work appears in journals and anthologies in the U.S., Canada, India, Serbia and Sint Maarten and on Facebook (Marianne Tefft - Poet & Wordsmith). She reads her work on her YouTube channel (Marianne Tefft). She is the author of the poetry collections Full Moon Fire: Spoken Songs of Love (Tellwell Talent, 2022) and Moonchild: Poems for Moon Lovers (coming in December 2022).

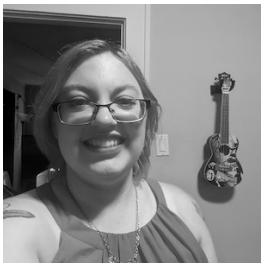


Robert Earl Price (us/we) is an African American screenwriter, playwright and poet. He is a recipient of the American Film Institute's William Wyler award for screenwriting, a NEA fellowship for poetry, a Cultural Olympics commission for theater and a Maryland Individual Artist Award. He is a protégée of Oscar recipient Jan Kadar, Emmy and Pulitzer awardee Alex Haley. Price is the author of five books of poetry and has had twelve plays produced in American regional theaters and abroad in Berlin and Johannesburg. The Poet and the Poem: Robert Earl Price Interview

Maya Angelou Weber (she/her) is a student at Oakland School for the Arts, in Oakland CA.



Ace Boggess (he/him) is author of six books of poetry, including Escape Envy (Brick Road Poetry Press, 2021), I Have Lost the Art of Dreaming It So, and The Prisoners. His writing has appeared in Michigan Quarterly Review, Notre Dame Review, Harvard Review, Mid-American Review, and other journals. An ex-con, he lives in Charleston, West Virginia, where he writes and tries to stay out of trouble.



Alayna Hinson (she/her) works with kids in Colorado when she is not geeking out or cuddling with her dog. She holds an MFA in Poetry from Stetson University. A nominee for the Pushcart Prize, her work has appeared in The Dime Show Review, Lamplit Underground, Minerva Rising, and other publications.



Toti O'Brien (she/her) is the Italian Accordionist with the Irish Last Name. Born in Rome, living in Los Angeles, she is an artist, musician and dancer. She is the author of Other Maidens (BlazeVOX, 2020), An Alphabet of Birds (Moonrise Press, 2020), In Her Terms (Cholla Needles Press, 2021), Pages of a Broken Diary (Pski's Porch, 2022) and Alter Alter (Elyssar Press, 2022).



Born on the banks of the mighty salt river in the Sonoran desert, **J. David Tabor** (he/him) has lived as a musician, spoken word artist, welder, photographer, and lover of rabbits. His primary function in life is hand crafting bronze windvells at Cosanti. David currently resides in Phoenix, Arizona with his wife Sue and their dog Stout. @dumpster_flower



CyberNecropolis (they/them) insurrectionary skin cyber-seceding towards machino-jouissance, Post left Anti-Civ Anti-fascist Nihilism - @CyberNecropolis



Mary Jennings (she/her) is a performance poet, musician, and retired public servant. She lives in Chicopee, MA, where she serves on the Chicopee Cultural Council.



Damon Hubbs (he/him) is interested in microgreens, futurism, mansard roofs, prog rock and vintage ceramic pie birds. His poetry has recently appeared in Book of Matches, Lothlorien Poetry Journal, Synchronized Chaos, Don't Submit!, Bruiser, The Beatnik Cowboy, Tigershark, and Horror Sleaze Trash. & he has work forthcoming in Otoliths, Streetcake and Roi Fainéant Press. Damon lives in New England.



Mary Simmons (she/her) is from Cleveland, Ohio and is an MFA candidate at Bowling Green State University. She is an assistant editor for Mid-American Review.



Zoe Adrien Lapa (he/him) is Filipino, lesbian, and 17 years old. They like writing poetry and short fiction, sewing little creatures out of felt, and setting things on fire (safely). You can find Zoe Adrien on twitter @zoeadrien.



Lucas Dean Clark is attending Bowling Green State for an MFA degree in Creative Writing. He writes about his dreams often and has a reoccurring nightmare where he is chased by black-haired dogs. He also walks in the woods like a ghost.



Born in Italy some decades ago, **Gabriella Garofalo** (she/her) fell in love with the English language at six, started writing poems (in Italian) at six and is the author of these books "Lo sguardo di Orfeo"; "L'inverno di vetro"; "Di altre stelle polari"; "Casa di erba"; "Blue Branches"; "A Blue Soul".



Susie Fryer-Cohen's (she/her) earliest expressions consisted of poetry and visual art, which naturally progressed into the study of Art, Art History, Indian Philosophy, Religion, Yoga, and Women and Human studies. As the journey continued, Susie honed deeply into Plant Medicine, Body Therapies, Intuitive studies, and Astrology. She currently practice as a Yoga Instructor, Intuitive Astrologer, Visual Artist, and Poet. Susie has published two poetry collections, Ancient Belonging and Mending the Soul.



Cleomé Morra (they/them) is a pseudonym for a photographer who wishes to remain anonymous. They've been making photographs since 1980.

Kenji Siratori is a literary engineer. Author of Paracelsus (Sweat Drenched Press, 2022)

