

Lightning'd Press | Issues Three & Four

Lightning'd Press
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*For Drew "Schmootzi the Clod" Keriakedes &
Joe "Meshuganah" Albanese*

Hey, it's been good to know ya.
But the time has come for us to say goodbye.
Put on your mask and don your feathered boa.
We'll sing and dance until the end of time!
- God's Favorite Beefcake "Hello G'Bye"

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Introduction

Some Notes on Ta'wil and Apocalypticism

Ta'wil: as gravity, the singularity of the poem ---> line ---> word ---> syllable ---> letter;
naked & pulling, the growth of exhaust placed-&placing-the heart, returning it to the
center & rightful place: not the lump of flesh, not the chakra, not the acupuncture point,
but the true heart beating behind, within, in front, & without all & everyting.

...

Ta'wil:

And went down to the ship,

The Cantos begin their cycling out from the center: *And*, from the center: *A*. Sometimes
through, & sometimes in spite of, Pound's intentions *The Cantos* not only reflect history
collapsed into the present, *A*, but the co-apocalyptic journey of the ego & its
attachments, through the tidal push & pull of the filter by which we all see, to the
humiliation of the ego in the cataclysm of its obsessions, to silence & sorrow, to
ascendence amid the ruins.

M'amour, m'amour
 what do I love and
 where are you?

That I lost my center
 fighting the world.
The dreams clash
 and are shattered—
and I tried to make paradiso
 terrestre

La faillite de Francious Bernouard, Paris
or a field of larks at Allegre
 "es laissa ader"
so high toward the sun and then falling,
 "de joi sas alas"
to set here the roads of France.

Two mice and a moth my guides—
To have heard the farfalla grasping

as toward a bridge over worlds.
That the kings meet in thair island,
 where no food is after flight from the pole
Milkweed the sustenance
 as to enter arcanum.

To be men not destroyers.

...

Ta'wil: as intertextuality: erasing its own borders, a poem acknowledges Shelly's Poem & the continual movement of the lines points onward : inward toward the reader, pulling her out into the labyrinth of language negating language as text links to text in multiple, endless ascending-descending spirals. This is the Silence of the Whole:

Of secrets I am Silence.

...

Ta'wil:

A poem is not read-written, it happens to both poet & reader. An event, the poem encapsulates, envelopes.

Note on the Text

In our ongoing attempts to pull everything in and together, we lost ourselves in April. In finding eventually, we present you with both May and June's issues all at once. Initially, we planned on dedicating these issues to Robert Duncan; however, shortly before we released these issues, there was a shooting here in Seattle. This shooting involved the deaths of two musicians who played in a local band beloved by the Seattle music community. We wanted to dedicate these issues to them because both of them had this magic way of being that is rare. Drew especially had this look in his eyes, a way of bending his limbs, smiling jauntily that made you feel special and known, human. We hope you will take the time to listen to their music and remember them.

Additionally, we have received a postcard from Thomas Meyer and have included it here. And our ongoing interview with Peter O'Leary continues after the poems. As always our biographies are at the end along with the page numbers referencing the whereabouts of the poet's work.

And the dog keeps her eyes locked on the vanishing point, which alone is what is pulling them (dog and man) silently, smoothly, inexorably into the heart of the 18th century. It's the future that vanishes, not thinking, and the dog sets off at a run, as it is, as it always has been, her gift and her wish to bring it back to him.

Cole Swensen, *greensward*

[a circumstance, a western link]

We vocalize what this is: human. Ninety-six foot wide concession, road. Separating Sparks and Besserer. The west was Wellington, the east, Rideau. *We would have our gardens*. The rope lends lazily, descends. Death weighs, no mass. Possibly, our rhetorics. The heart, plus this alone. A mass of modern bus and antiquated streetcar. The power of an average. Slanting, ruin. Heritage crumbles, the fold of which inside. Trace, nearly obliterated. Configurations from a stain. It is one, or it is other. I am meaning the opposite.

[step, we made a breakthrough]

Artichoke, a stump. Break everything. Opposing mobs, they met at Sapper's Bridge. Orange men and green, pitched dialect, conflict. *Let stones be shamed they've not been thrown*. At once a loaf of bread, at once, a stick of butter. Canvas riots, map. Long projects set in tin, a population marked. Draw, upon. Stones past a ligature. A town, I wonder. This entire page. Nothing keeps, keeps. Moons past, Stoney Mondays overserves, mobs post-secondary excess. Distracts, a freedom, academic. Switches, moniker. Fat Tuesdays. Hollows out all meaning.

[entirety, the edge of sky, scrapes]

Listing, and in consequence. Whip-smart. Porcelain, imprints. Restless, in what seemed. Eternity. A printed image. Transmitting, sparks. *We navigate abandoned rail, the crossing-bridge*. A hush of limelight, walking. Softest, luminescent green. Reflecting, kettle. Diverse objects, spread. Reflecting off your half-tones. A silence, not imposed but opened. Shorn, of human speech. Loose bone in tightly-packed. Aground. They came in twos, and threes. Aesthetic sense, meet watercolours. Would rattle earth. An architect of days, respond. We knew not where we buried.

[shadow-puppet, everything is moonlit]

Drawn, meticulous. Circular, in pattern. Moments later, Lindbergh's escort plane. *Someone will be with you, shortly.* Transcending, fleet. Larger systems deepen, colour. Carling Avenue a through-line, halted. Finger lake, a lane. Beautiful, through use. Hardened, pulse. From the street to window, long practice of rust. The sleeve of language, Rockcliffe women. Let me know more, less. Canal air moisture as even the crackle, dry. Tracked by a boom, this necklace of floating logs. Thus, a scenic unity. A song that has not moved, this spot. Simple matters, shift. Surrounds the exile, the cadence of city.

[at the picnic table, prophecy]

Silk-grey, a Patterson sky. Sketches, map out congress. Half a turning basin and a bridge. Air in the eye, a jolt. Cubed ice, torn in, sheets. To ride a couplet wave, a chute. Locked, in many-levels. *Is this your grease-stain?* Rearrange the trees, the edge, a single dory. Retreats, this liquid possibility. Inlet, what a creek. Dissolving footfalls, spend. Suspend, impulsive gestures. What, would keep her breathing? Leafier, the distant harbour. Demolish. Swimming, veins. We wouldn't. In 1874, Dufresne and McGarity, wholesale grocers. A pronoun, pulled through light. The Conference Centre.

[dactyls, syllable, your bluesky dress]

One voice, among a thousand. Recreational, winter. Syllabi. Transmitted, boxwood. Weak, in this noise. Hand-painted ethics, sign. Sliced, misspelled, a principle of cross-stitch. Useful spurs, to feature. A park of open links. Natural depressions, slip. A delta made of decades, tulip. Endless, in the face of. *Exhaust, and sooty diamonds.* Hinged, the dream. Sheep continue, horses. Causeway, feathered features monument. Unsolicited birds. A bitter fence, this fertile colophon of property, remains. Straight stretches south, and south. Arcades, down Dow's Great Swamp. Dow's Lake.

Crooked-Door of Night

CROOKED-DOOR OF NIGHT, droning,
trudged behind air's horror.

On the right,
the pastel savagery
of anesthetics: it
detonates light-sensation and trigger
falling fatally gutward.

Then you untangled the
leaf-bundle that shakes
the tear-heat's magic un-prison
and that breaks
mouth-shaped
birdsnests, blank for innocents,
for unground
seeds.

We have deformities – boles – to describe, amongst a million other things. Halt. Buggies, up and down. Loie Fuller's *Serpentine Dance* taken by Joseph Niépce, shot from his window. Elm Street is a stretch of green pastures that make up Ólafur Eggertsson's farm. Can't feed the cows on it any longer, he says. Flood waters have cherished my pastures, he shares with his ghostly palms. Yes! Yone Noguchi interviewing Sada Yakko called it a, "white dome of beauty and art." And the sea might be heard! Ólaf is hand-feeding his pregnant cows. Green turns white in his hand accordingly. Along with. You do not see much but planes dancing. His new son, found in one of the empty valleys, has failed. Lungs of grey powder. If it is a dome, he mutters, the proscenium's been filled with brick and mortar, the hop-and-barley arabesques have been painted over with plaster and dust, and the entrance is a bottomless flight plan. The dog's breakfast. My son, if it is a theatre, the water has frozen, the climate is a fugitive, and the insects have returned to their indigenoussness. Everything shot away, as if never picked up by news media. As passing as climate. Under a minute long. Photographed you see less than nothing. Halt. Another one arrives. Found without a hard palate. Another heliograph. Here at the end I'm asking for another Lumière. Green pastures. Asking what Mr. Eggertsson plans to do about his farm is like requesting Sada Yakko thrust herself into the flames of the crater. It has been soldered into a disappointing final resting. Look closely at the window. In it is the image of the impossible butterfly Fuller. One second longer and she is gone. However, these are shades of flight.

Typical Sources of Madness in the Ancient World

unrelenting wind
perpetual singe
unquenched thirst

a curse

planets conflicted

a potion

the bite of a snake or spider
a cry in the night
a stolen dream
parrots talking Etruscan

your private name, disclosed

gold / honey / amber

offending one deity or its rival

love
lust or jealousy

dishonor

small sucking fish, holding the ship fast
when you're trying to leave port

mint tea
colonnade

tumblers amid the relics

olive orchards, orange groves
sheep, goats, donkeys

we perceive
even in translation, how dissimilar our tongues
arouse suspicions

you could disappear
where no one would remember

as they say
she came out of Babylon or Persia
riding a sea horse

under the host of restless stars
turning oddly quiet at night

Damascus
Beirut
Cyprus
Tel Aviv

despite the empire of loathing

tea for two

we

lost our self(s)

in

transit

ioning to

the new

unit

please find

a terrible release

and release

it tenderly

Tens of thou

numerous and numinous

sands ingrained

within the folds

enveiled between

the separation

Can we destroy it
what does it take

one after another

bird on top of
bird on top of
bird

un

countable

the proof's in the

budding

of our being

Let down the wings.

Aureole . Aragnoll

Susurrio comes
a-burning.

A wheel within a wheel. Clarion.

After him, the wind
crept,

murmuring.

Make maze carols both

glitter

& boil.

anthoi'ris'un in
unison

Inside the Cosmos Club

“—let the world come to you.”
- Robert Lowell, letter to Elizabeth Bishop

A stolen bitch bitches
hitched jeans, riding columns
the several, severed soldiers
finally your own. A childhood's array
(plastic goop) wastes a nationhood of peoples
an ancient man wrapped in a sheet
some miracle you stepped into
becomes dream of the real
Miss Moore changing into her heavy stockings,
this is the product of a lot of people talking
everything I am who is dropped in as many
waters of a waiting period
to toss away the whole monologue of “the sell”
thinking of Pindar, the ritual
things any room holds
man, is it late
yet hardened, rippling & flat, this blue
black highway of thought surrounds
all there is

*through sensations quest
Time weeps in patience duration
through scepters create imotional resist
- Samuel Greenberg*

Solitary gangly dozen take wing
fortunate ancients known austere
nothing important has done so far

old truth dwellers refuse succumb
feeling balks against said persistent
vision collage mad for metaphor

entangling strangeness of sensual flannel
Hart's devotion ambitious & tender
wonder turned criminal arrives this hour

for Mick Carr

II. "There's no art to free me, blinded so."*

Wondering then what paths trod, what inches unearthed

under skies

bright day,

All this,

a prelude to the events unfolded understood,

easy entrances and exits, Even keels existing

all the same.

The story of what is allowed, what forced felt real. Wondering then

what paths

led here from

places lost.

Written cities in gold, silver streets along marble facades not
cracked despite eons, age reflected in light rather than
decay,

cobbled alleys of air and stone. Dull earth lifted up,
water present unseen.

Places lost.

In streets these paths

lead thoughts to
early epiphanies and late loves,

lusting grasps euphoric end in
grateful sighs,

wet tongues slip poems into ears

* "A City Winter" Frank O'Hara, *A City Winter and Other Poems* (1952)

silver light

still lovely,

this morning glittered/last night shone

still

present, attained adorned and waking

bouyant,

feet

to path.

|3|

listen

listen abbreviated fulcrums

slight
in the entering notion bodies proclaim as

disembodied
mirrors approbate inward
philosophy of

desolation's

unparalleled discrimination

incorporating well and
unlimited spectrum this
rhythm of theory exists as onward exhibitions of frequent misreading

if by unveil
ings & if by
Mary & her effervesence
the tears of the world
& her
cheeks repleat or
Sophia or
Fatima if by crying
out itself
we are signaled & if
but by
the names
the edifications of
our etymologies
are a
marked deference the
motions remembering
 we will
 nothing alone
 & piling the
 impercisions upon
 one or
 the other the
 pressure
 drops & the ardor
 closes

 if the dance upon
 over &
 inclusion replaces
 the bird
 singing bounty
 renounces

we are
not the stories
or what
we imagined
of the
woodlands under
represented
in hearts by ash
or verdant spring

 it is
 not clever
 or insightful
 it is only
 loss day by day

& by such blessing
release
song the struggle
monumental

there above
& standing
Or sitting or in
Flight there singing
in the
chorus generating
roots & branches

how unconscious does
an I remain do i

in the
showers
springing
a tree in
extension
coalesces

press the sky heroic
to open
if no gates if no proposition
the words hang
on the renunciation
of particles
sown belonging

the annunciation
the assumption
no bodies
belonging ever made
anybody

unencumbered

be complete
to complete

no depth
or surface
or depth
or surface

or by
purpose no words

The Lake Speaks

The mountain of evidence shadows the apple blossom.
Wanting everything to be beautiful. The vanity it takes.

Think of Heidegger turning a corner and finding sunlight.
Here it is always summer. Late yellow glow.

How is that called? Talking about this?
A kind of quantum. Something in a tree.

Flores McGarrell
Rome, Italy 31 August 1974 – Jacmel, Haiti 12 January 2010

What more to say?
This I imagined years ago.
This silence.

A moment. This one. Passes
without trace. Invisible. Like a knife in a drawer
sideways. This
will never
happen
again.

Watch a diamond burst into flame
lit by sunlight drawn down
by the glare off polished glass

Am I too close? Too far?
Tomorrow will it rain.

Will I be away?

This cat is not
a table.

Thank God
for that.

The dream doesn't matter.
Only the dreaming.
Plain as the nose on my face.
Just as unseen
by these eyes.

I remember looking into the shew-stone
and seeing water

but knew (now why was that?)
to say what appeared there was

a hammered sheet of steel.
Seen from a train. Entering a tunnel.

To turn the page
and have it be
blank.

Look up. A rare blue
sky

nothing has

clouded yet.

One thing done
at a time.
And never enough of it.

What was it I was going to say?
Slipped away probably because
it needn't be said. At that edge

almost not knowing but second
guessing the gain, loss, or effect
of an otherwise hesitant remark.

Slant of light on a brass box. The way
a passing thought knots the heart.
There's nothing, nothing to say.

Uncertain patterns unfold
as though you looked through

water's flux or a rainbow
now no more than a prism

as an armchair traveler
now no more.

Ancient courage
this strange star
pours into and
overflows
a cup
my hands
make.

You give me.

I crawled across
The ceiling investigating black eyes and shadow
Peeling and rushing
Like a soul thrown against some back ass alley
I roamed
I roamed the dirty earth like some
Raging child beating his fists
Scraping at organs and mincing motherfuckers
I tore down the self-explained guru trust fund
I created the whore
Never has the world seen it's own face
Smashed and bruised by winter winds
I created the war
Of family mockery
Apocagraphic father
Weeded through time and illusions
I scarred Gods face
I live and breathe as a beast would
Vomiting soul and gnashing teeth
I, Western medicine need
This cold confession
This rotting capitol of figure and speech
For new birth arises.

Personification Of The Grand Design

A diet of mallow and asphodel. A diet
of nectar and incense smoke. Oenigma
shading into magic, theurgy. The earth
keeps pace with your fingernails. From
The Origin of Society to *The Origin of Species*.
From the Tunguska Event to the Carrington
Event. Where do bats go in winter? Where
do cosmic rays come from? Cosmic rays
change the memory state. Rilke was Rodin's
secretary. Triptolemus first planted grain
on the Rarian Plain. I can pick a river birch
out of a lineup. The river of birds reverses
its flow seasonally. Poison ivy and Virginia
creeper grow close together. Jewelweed and
forget-me-not are remedies for poison ivy.
An emerald never blushes. Were you born
high enough to stand in for Demophon? Our
elected officials agree to self-immolation in
exchange for deification. The gods' once feared
Demeter would cause mankind's extinction. Now
they implore her to bring the deed to fruition.

Take your brooding elsewhere. Taking violence out of war is not ignoble. The quick gets bigger. History as crystal ball, as scrying mirror. A record of the brightness, barrelful of gems, curve of light. After ayahuasca, no qualms about death. To die when the favas flower. Fire claimed the Clovis. Crater as mixing bowl. Chameleon gall calls weasels together. If omniscience could be encapsulated, would I swallow the pill? Would it make any difference if Moschion's lost book on radishes was rediscovered? Repatriating orchids. New tribunals have used cyanometers to determine the sky's blueness. Whose interest is it in to keep this region poor? Who else will supply cheap labor and cannon fodder? Fluent in the metaphor of vibration. You can hear the full evolution of his genius. Bathe him in aloe and honey. Variety of forms. A tricky mixture. Hashmal – divine substance providing fiery splendor. We know it exists because we can watch it decay. Religions stronger than these are now silent. Hanging boy and electrical Venus. Gilded iridescent peacock. The dark walk illuminated by the thunderbolt's fine-spun fire. *Even Ancus the Good has looked his last upon the light.*

from *Symphony no. 7*
(detached resonating hour)

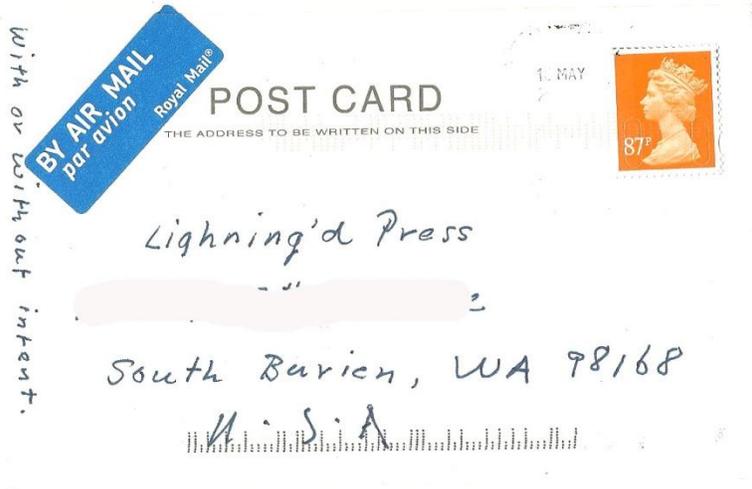
45

Consider
what is dead
or what is
not spoken
by the frozen tongue
consider
breath ceasing
to move this stone
or bury these atoms
in sedimentary ash
and what of moths
encircling an empty house
or the singular thought
of love becoming
a swollen torso
on dusty seas
consider
abandoned uranium fields
and bodies within
the deep transparent loam
or how to interpret
a spatial negation
of intimacy's embrace
with veins of gravel
pulsing liquid steel blood
consider
a darkened room
lace curtain drawn
at evensong's approach
and ageing eyes
haunting a mirror
of changeless fate

Correspondence

From Thomas Meyer

Soluitur ambulando. Walking in the woods the other day it dawned on me. No photograph ever looks like the object of its focus. Just as no thought ever quite resembles, that is, assembles its subject once it's written. Which led me years ago to stop writing mine down. Though talking, not the same, does seem to amble a similar ~~pace~~^{trace} as the mind's when wandering.



Interview

With Peter O'Leary

Jamie & Jeff: You mention Messiaen's description of the Resurrection of Christ as an atom bomb exploding, and relate this to both the Shi'a understanding of the radiation of Prophetic energy from the Mahdi and Luria's understanding of zimzum. Soon after you mention Ronald Johnson's "compression & radiation," which dovetails with the Pound / Bunting insistence on the act of writing poetry being, in the first, condensing, enabling the release of the numinous. What, for you, does this simultaneous, energetic, in-out movement mean in theory? In practice? Is this foundational to your understanding of Apocalypticism in poetry?

Peter O'Leary: All of these are descriptive of a creative, creational process anyone who has ever made something has in some form intuited: there is an initial feeling or notion of inspiration; there is a gathering of energies; and then there is an effort to manage the inevitable dispersal of those energies. I engaged in a year-long collaborative exchange with Ron Johnson in which he would write a poem and then in response I would write my own, and so on. I wrote about this exchange in detail in an essay-memoir, "Gilding the Buddha: My Apprenticeship with Ronald Johnson," published in *Ronald Johnson: Life and Work*, edited by Joel Bettridge and Eric Murphy Selinger, published in 2008 by the National Poetry Foundation. This exchange is the core of my education in poetry. We exchanged eleven poems apiece, so twenty-two total, none of them longer than a few lines, none containing more than four or five words. The attenuated nature of the collaboration – stretched out for several months in the form of typewritten letters – created a long-lasting containment field for those energies that would otherwise have dispersed more quickly, at least under typical creative circumstances. And because Ron had discerned that in order for me to learn what he could teach me it had to be performed on a miniature, minimalist scale, there was in writing these poems and thinking about them a sense that even the smallest forms of language – syllables for sound, letters for the eyes – could be densely packed with content if patiently done. It took the whole course of the year of sending and receiving poems for me to see and hear what I was doing, so that when things concluded, he wrote me a letter telling me that I had earned the Marie Curie Award for compression & radiation.

Two things connect for me now to that moment. First, it's an elegant and witty encapsulation of Ron's understanding of poetry, as well as a caption for his commitment to Modernist strategies of composition. There's a clear line that can be traced from Ron's poetry back to Pound's imagist discoveries – essentially directly (since Ron met Pound) but practically refracted through the precise prism of Louis Zukofsky's Objectivist principles. Zukofsky described in a letter to Harriet Monroe at Poetry that his idea about Objectivist poetry (which he had not yet labeled) was entirely a matter "of the energies of words." Pound's famous description of the image as "an emotional and intellectual complex in an instant of time" is for all intents and purposes a paraphrase of energy. This is something Ron believed at his core, that poetry is imaginative energy in language. But second, it's also a premonition (I think) of the brain tumors that would not long after take Ron's life. When he sent me the letter with the Marie Curie Award citation in it, he had recently been in the hospital where a melanoma had been found above one of his ears and it had been surgically removed. You don't get a tumor on your head and not start to think about cancer. (It wasn't cancerous.) And you don't think about cancer without imagining radiation and/or chemotherapy. In fact, the very act of imagining this is what produced one of Ron's greatest poems, "BEAM 30: The Garden" in *ARK: The Foundations*, dedicated to Patricia Anderson, who had been a devoted patron to Ron, and who was suffering from cancer at the time he wrote the poem, enduring radiation treatments. The poem ingeniously imagines how light works and functions, macro- and microcosmically, to "build a Garden of the brain." In the center of the poem, he writes, "This is the body of light," after which there is a long blank space on the page, meant to simulate the flooding of cancerous cells with radiative energy. The poem concludes with a quotation from Newton's *Optiks* describing the refraction of light in prisms and its reconstitution into whiteness.

In another letter to Ron, I described a dream I had at the time of a room filled with Monet's haystack paintings (of which there are several at the Art Institute here in Chicago). In my dream there were dozens of these painting, each one self-luminous. I walked from each to each like Stations of the Cross. In response to this, Ron wrote me, "Any dream which holds power is a crossroads. Yours about the Monet Haystacks... is truly such. In that light, what about finding a motif (not a haystack, but your haystack whatever that might be as central as Monet made his) which you could challenge time and again. (Not that any poet doesn't attack over and over his Myth, but that you could do a 'work' specifically such). It could and would—to pull it lyrically off—be a personal tour de force. And if it is your true Myth it will sustain your whole art, like a great bonfire." Great advice! As I've written, Ron's Myth (capital M) was Orpheus and Eurydice (as it was for Duncan and Rilke; I'd put Nathaniel Mackey in the same group). It took me a while to discern that my own is the Christian mythos, something I articulate through the pattern Blake mastered, the three-fold pulsation of Creation, Redemption, and Apocalypse. Blake was the singular master of apocalypse in the English language. The apex of his achievement is "The Four Zoas," huge chunks of which he recycled into his illuminated prophecies Milton and Jerusalem. But he registered the potencies of apocalypse only by cycling toward it from creation through redemption (which for him, as for Messiaen, was Christ's crucifixion and resurrection). Creatively, this resonates with the tri-fold manifestations of Lurianic Kabbalah: creative withdrawal (zimzum); the shattering of the vessels (shevirah); and restoration (tikkun). In this sense, apocalypse can be thought of as a mode of restoration. It might also, in a naturalistic, mycological sense, be seen as an act of decomposition – when dead matter is devoured and returned to nourish and improve the tilth of the earth, the soil of making. But that moves into another presently preoccupying metaphor altogether! That's probably a good place to stop...

(To be continued...)

Acknowledgments

Thanks go to:

Everyone we thanked in the previous issues.

Thomas Meyer for sending us real mail.

Whit and Steven for sending us issues of their respective projects, *Bright Pink Mosquito* and *from a Compos't* (i.e. more real mail).

All of the contributors in this issue.

God's Favortie Beefcake.

Our various readers and correspondents for their patience while we were in transition.

The quoted poems in the Introduction are from *The Cantos of Ezra Pound* (New Directions, 1996).

The bunny we keep seeing around town: who are you? We have carrots.

Alhamdulillah.

Biographies | Credits

(pages 7, 8) ROB MCLENNAN was born in Ottawa, Canada's glorious capital city, he currently lives in Ottawa. The author of more than twenty trade books of poetry, fiction and non-fiction, his most recent titles are the poetry collections *Songs for little sleep*, (Obvious Epiphanies, 2012), *grief notes*: (BlazeVOX [books], 2012), *A (short) history of I*. (BuschekBooks, 2011), *Glengarry* (Talonbooks, 2011), and *kate street* (Moir, 2011), and a second novel, *missing persons* (2009). An editor and publisher, he runs above/ground press, Chaudiere Books (with Jennifer Mulligan), The Garneau Review (ottawater.com/garneaureview), seventeen seconds: a journal of poetry and poetics (ottawater.com/seventeenseconds) and the Ottawa poetry pdf annual *ottawater* (ottawater.com). He spent the 2007-8 academic year in Edmonton as writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta, and regularly posts reviews, essays, interviews and other notices at robmclennan.blogspot.com

(page 9) BROOKS LAMPE teaches rhetoric, composition and poetry. His blog, Uut Poetry (uutpoetry.tumblr.com), explores the intersection of surrealism, postmodernism, experimental poetics and technology. He has several experimental Twitter projects including @Microdream. Currently, he is dissertating at the Catholic University of American in Washington D.C. on surrealism in contemporary American poetry.

(page 10) COREY WAKELING's poetry and reviews appear in numerous Australian and international journals and anthologies, with new work appearing in *The Black Rider*, *Handsome Journal*, *Jacket2*, *Southerly*, *Famous Reporter*, *E-ratio*, *foam:e*, *Best Australian Poems 2011*, and *Overland*. He is a PhD candidate and tutor at the University of Melbourne, and reviews editor of poetry journal *Rabbit*. A chapbook appears with Vagabond Press this year.

(pages 11, 12) JNANA HODSON respects self-discipline more than self-esteem. He blogs at Jnana's Red Barn (jnanahodson.net).

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