



SAWORD

S/3: SUMMER 2013

IN ROUGE

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Introduction

X marks the spot.

But a spot is already a mark, of sorts.

The spot is slashed, another('s) word(s) pushes it further away from us.

What elision lies in the slide from determinate to indeterminate? What marks?

What kisses and crosses, coordinates and unknowns lie within?

The spot, I mean, that has been/is being ~~worded~~.

Antagonistic slashes, overlaid. Overlord the word.

Whose word? 'S word.

Intersections, ~~obviously~~, but what of the hollows in between?

What happens with ~~yet~~ another iteration?

Here we go again.

All at Once

In the beginning was the whir. The whir made flecks.
Impossible now a snow across the roads like smoke, animated lace, supple,
 hovering tracery. Impossible such tall flames.
Somewhere mutter every word we must not blurt in airports.
Somewhere hum to thrum of wind over bottle's lip.
Somewhere maneuver shopping cart, mouthing brand names.
Somewhere lurch and curse in barroom murk, clutching torn felt.
Somewhere say "Maple, loblolly," watching light dwindle through windows.
Somewhere tiptoe on stairs pressing bald spot to ceiling, making of it sombrero's
 brim.
Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent.
The world is all that's just in case.

Aaron Anstett

The Iron Age Double Burial Mound at Kivik, Sweden

carry another stone
inside the mounded circumference
of this marriage, where
if once vandalized, it now
rests

the weight of void, & absence
where of course love had arced out
in life

convection of the local routine,
an elegy thrown together en masse
in brief transcendence of the horizon line
before a return to earth

ego walking, slowly
around the mound's edge,
soon discarded with the ritual butts
sucked to the color of
a faded sun

nothing personal from that tiny time
survives,
except us, til
that also disappeared into
a campground or
the way home buried in a map
beyond fear of death

rules mastered
of strange languages & slangs for 'peace'
translated down from their reign, thus:
'convince us
there will be tomorrow
enough for all,
teach us
the meaning of stone
beyond pain'

was it ever settled was it
between them a 'pillaged relationship',
attempts at intimacy
over there behind the cafe, in bedrooms,
hovels, huts, &
which is more impassioned,
electricity or fire?

the body's iniquities

accepted from intercourse
with wave action & glaciers
from way back when,
like a boy & the girl next door

each piled-up boulder a memory, trolls
can squeeze under,
but only beings spread out to the sky
could've heard the other

'they wanted a way to remember'
spontaneously gathering again, again
 happiness
 itself they were
 happiness itself

& died happy

& mark, all the happy

& spread happy throughout

& now will never miss their happy

& happy it could happen

& happy the years passed, theirs,

& happy the tears

Dave Shortt

Separation

I extend my hand and place it upon the cold dead trees and attempt to push open the door. I feel Darkness and his legion of guilt push from the other side, preventing my entry. I consider redemption and finally manage to overpower resistance and Darkness explodes, filling the room, regenerating itself and creeping out like a growing fungus into the hallway.

The sunlight radiates my living room as it rushes in when I open my door, as if an army of solar flares were waiting to gain entry and overtake my fortress. It unites in solidarity with the lights already illuminating my house, creating blinding white walls. I can hear the preacher still talking as I leave, still trying to preach to the emptiness of the separation of light and dark.

I step inside, my eyes sucking the fundamental elements of each object in the room, robbing them of their essence, and turning it over to my mind for processing. The room itself is dark, except for a soft yellow glow like a yellow cross on a white garment originating from the lamp *let there be light; and there was light. And God saw that the light was good; and God separated the light from the darkness* above the bed. There are various electronics watching the patient, but I don't pay too much attention to them; they are already busy beeping and keeping each other company, trying to convince the silence of their importance. My gaze lands on the television, now a formless void, darkness covering the face of the screen. *And God separated the light from the darkness, thus spoke the preacher.*

“But why, preacher, why? Why were the light and the dark separated? Why did God consider the light good but disregard the dark? What did the darkness do to receive his neglect?”

But the preacher keeps talking, even over my questions. It is the same as always. He never answers me. He always neglects my questions. It is noon and my stomach turns. I put on my white shirt with the yellow cross on the breast pocket and pick up my walking cane and turn my back to the preacher, leaving him to preach to the emptiness.

I move my eyes from the void to the void. I sit beside the patient who will never have another visitor. His hair reminds me of a spider sack of eggs and his secrets are locked behind his eyelids. *He is feeding the birds and whispering his fear of the dark and begging the birds to stay so he won't be afraid but they depart as I approach.* The machines make the sound of his breath. I study his face like an equation, trying to multiply and divide the darkness he is in by his fear *begging the bird to stay* and wondering if the solution is enough to revive him. His skin is tight against his bones now, as if they are taking the flesh of his flesh and eating... eating... *eating*

“Goddamn devil,” he says. “You ain't nothin' but a tha goddamn devil come to scare the skin off my bones. I ain't gonna let ya, ya hear. Lazlo Able ain't scared of no man.”

My stomach growls at him, angry that this degenerate is preventing it from the fish it desperately needs. I look at him sitting there on the steps of the church, his dark brown flesh melting off his skull his face covered in dark thumbtacks that look like moles used to hold his skin in place.

I see the tacks but his eyes are closed and I wonder if this is how lonely his world was before the coma if this was the darkness he was afraid of if now he is in total darkness not separated from the light *the preacher says God separated the light from the dark but he won't answer why and my stomach growls and I put on my white shirt with the yellow cross and grab my cane and I leave the preacher preaching to emptiness. I want fish and I open the door to blinding white light and birds and the preacher is still preaching to emptiness to the spaces that need salvation.* The space between his eyes are stitched up but it used to be open and it used to pump blood to feed the ground the blood of his blood and the machines speak to the silence and the silence says nothing and he says nothing as I ask for forgiveness.

I take my bag of leftovers and walk home, approaching the church approaching the homeless man, as the earth buries the sun. The bum is scratching at a raw spot of skin on the top of his head that looks like a red sea surrounded by curly black trees His hair looks soft but the exoskeleton on the tips of his fingers are hard and tear apart his scalp exposing a raw wound like butterfly wings or a plot of earth pulled apart to reveal our disintegration.

The machines beep and the man cocooned in the hospital gown is as still as a soul within a corpse. *"hey man, watcha got in the bag?" He stands and walks toward me on silken spider legs "Whatcha got, man? I'm **hungry** help me out, man, help me out"*

"I've got nothing"

Forgive me I've got nothing I am empty Please forgive me.

"What's in the bag?"

What's in his head? Can he hear me? Does he know how sorry I am?

"I've got nothing"

*"But I'm **hungry**, man. Come on, help a brotha out."*

"You want food, get a job."

I tell him I'm sorry with a weight of stones placed in pockets to drown the dead to cover the empty eyes with water to fill the lungs of the lifeless with the waters of death. I don't think the weight affects him. He remains silent. Does he know I am drowning? I speak louder, louder than his silence, louder than the machines he is plugged into, trying to recharge him. "Come on, man, help me out."

"Come on, man," reaching for my arm. "Help ol' Lazlo Able out, man, help me please."

I need your forgiveness

*"I'm **hungry**."*

7:00 p.m. the sun set and someone's legs carry a torso, arms, and head toward us. "Is this

man bothering you?” “I’m hungry.” “Sir, please calm down. Is this man bothering you?” “Please,” my bag transfers violently from my hand to his. “Sir!” a black stick lands upon Lazlo’s head with a muted thud. “No!” Again the thud... again the thud.

“.....”

Again the thud.

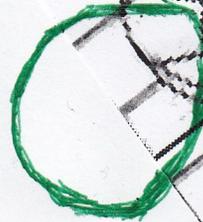
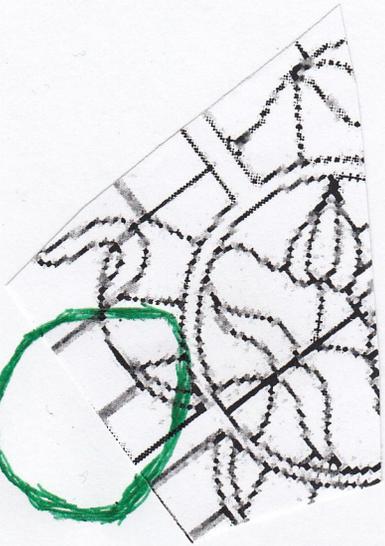
7:00 a.m. and the blinds slice the morning sun into segmented membranes of an orange, leaving them littered on the white linoleum floor. Without redemption I turn to leave. Damnation, cold and boney, grabs my wrist.

Forgive me. My words full of hope but this is no Christ looking back at me. I stare into his eyes and watch them drown in a haze of milky white and I too am pulled below the undertow where nothing exists except a deep emptiness with no shelter and no hiding place from the carnivorous life that wants nothing less than all your blood. I look up from these depths to see blinding white clouds moving upon the waters and my eyes torture me by fixing themselves upon his salvation, his redemption, his separation from the grave as he is brought from death into the light. He takes my redemption with him and I see that I am the darkness; I am to be separated from the light, as I grab my black cane *again the thud.*

I beg the birds to stay but they fly away with every sound of the machines and oblivion crashes upon me like the hand of God swatting a gnat.

And I feel that I am *hungry.*

Jason R. Huff



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Backpack



the facade

DEEP DOWN

there's something kissing me
just like you—
it's just like you and me
turning out wild in life—
i see the deep down
is the same deep down in you—

deep down
past the last mirage
of words brushing
the canvas wiggling
life around into
some containable
comedy and tragedy

we're adorning our minds
with trouble and the hope
of the corresponding keys
to get out—
they never were made of metal
but of sun—

my point is one of gentleness—
there is no deep down in anything
other than now;
from here is only from here
and the boat of sunshine
is the whole thing we're all
enjoying whether we know this or not—

John Harper

Iron

perhaps anger following euphoria,
denial of everything bronze like
closing down some of the schools, the bars
of a heavy heart couldn't deter from
drinking oneself into the frying pan
with dark strong beer,
reading about the Hittites there
in a pig mood or worse,
no escaping the didactics of steel
offering an advantage of
lifetime-warranted responsibility
while the soft amassed ore amused itself
by kidding human blood with
safety pins & belt hooks
before making it into a kind of animal that bled,
recovering livers then deciding to reduce
the diamond of the mind
into a foreign occupation,
a part of Africa worn on the little finger
of white-nailed models chain-mailed in
child vanities, who departed by rail
from a country of sprouting cereals, waking
from agronomy that had arrived with new ploughshares
to rip apart the welded parsley

blood weakening, strengthening, tidal,
as ideas scrapped behind the moon
refresh in successful temperings,
uncorrodable alloys,
popular brands punched on haunches of circulating oceans,
& astral I journeyings
gleaned at night by carbon analogs on earth

where slag forms from us & them:
moral sureties of its redness
are blacksmithed in the blood,

wave functions in another vein of the cosmos
promise lab primates a spinach jungle
free from organ meat contemplation,
or will will will,
ironing itself out in a sacred cow career
in the *karma* mines

oxygen carrier proteins are you there?
take a deep breath as metals shift
between cells, treasuries,
(legs, bioregions
unbalance), was there enough
to cast components of a bridle
or would it rust out too soon
while the brain was turning into Mars? chromosome 6
might know, creaking
in secret censorship of algae
coming to seek the magnetite of tongues

whether enough or not, Hallstatts
would salt the thought,
gone out to eat heedless of chlorella,
a not-yet-stainless taste
in cutlery fine slicing an enjoyment of the cuisine,
in adding honed conversation
to leafy greens their progenitors

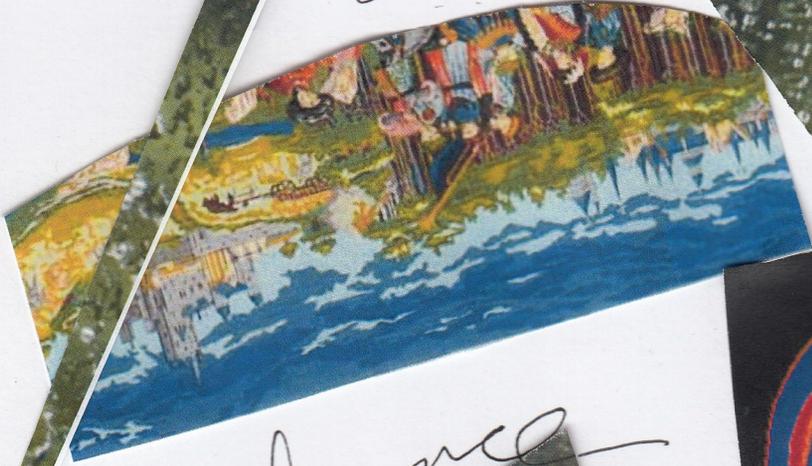
if these lines are cold striations, colorless gray
coked up with carbon & limestone,
the impurities might oxidize
in a blast
(could the poet get close enough
to feel it?)

predominant in earth's core in belief
'the nickel of belief'
endowing the initiated place with breakdown
of enzymes,
& all the entertaining uses

of meteorites, sized
as a brooch
or wagonwheel
left in Silicon's tomb

Dave Shortt

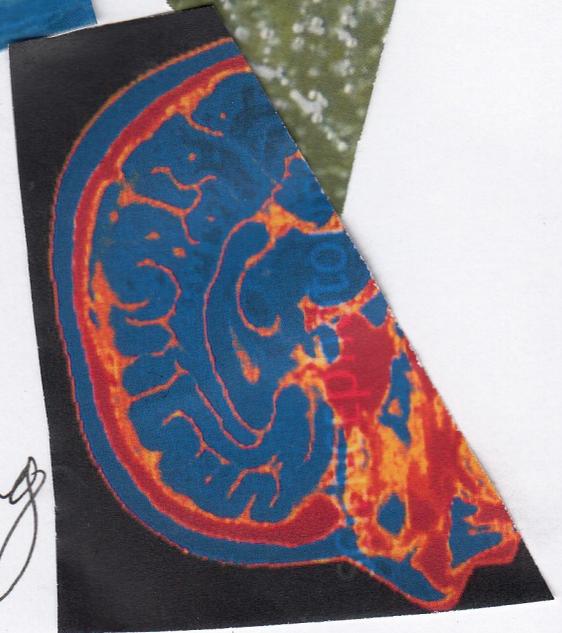
How dare



dance

they
and

sing



as ~~his~~

children



rown in the sea

watching _____ run

an aforesaid listening
rain or
of rain's varied syllables

diluting into crawling pound knock fingering with curious
horizontal spreading

inside
an introverted melody vestiges
hence the linger traces holding supplemental messages

augmenting autonomous bodies their

jolt and position altered
among a moment's elasticized

reencountering

Felino A. Soriano

within noon, a theory

of whistled bodies

thinned

syncopated

synonymous, segregated

altered

freed though an afterward component of composed
alterations

this

hour of specialized devotion:

purposeful

flames introspective meaning

, long-away into a prism's centered
affirmation, aimed

corporeal continuities the

Felino A. Soriano

Roadkill

Miss Hooker says I'm going to Hell if I sin too much. She knows all about it, sin I mean, she's my Sunday School teacher and God wouldn't let her work there unless she knew her stuff and neither would Jesus and maybe the Holy Ghost, too, He's so mysterious, at least to me. Folks sin

all the time, Miss Hooker says--they shouldn't but they do and in fact try as they might they can't be perfect in this world, on earth she means, even though Jesus said *Be ye therefore perfect*, which is like my father asking me *Why can't you make straight A's?* In regular school, he means. In Sunday School

we don't take tests--the big one's at the end, the end of our lives I mean, when we're judged by God. Maybe He'll ask us to recite the Lord's Prayer without missing a word. Hell, I can do that. *Heck*, I mean. Father wasn't really asking a question, more like making a demand and that's too much

pressure on me, I'm just 10 for Chrissake --*for crying out loud*, I mean. And what's more, Miss Hooker says that people will sin no matter what, as if it's in the blood, in our genes, maybe. They're very tiny to carry so much weight. So who can be saved? It's a good question but I'm not the first

to ask it, it's in the Bible somewhere and I hope it's not a sin to forget just where it's from, chapter and verse that is. I hope that's not Satan screwing with me --*messing* with me, I mean. *The thing to do*, Miss Hooker says, *is never sin at all* but ever since Adam and Eve folks can't

stop, so what we've got to do is ask God in Jesus' name to forgive us and fast because if we die in sin then we're lost forever. That means we go to Hell and burn in the Lake of Everlasting Fire *and we don't want that now, do we*, she asks, though it's not really a question, either,

but life's constipated like that, that's sin
for you--*complicated*, I mean. And if
I *look upon a woman with lust* then
that's just as awful as actually
carrying out the act I have in mind,
whatever that is--what's *lust*, exactly?
I think it means don't look at pictures of

naked women because that might get me
to *thinking impure thoughts*. Miss Hooker says
they're *carnal*, whatever that means. She sure
is educated, but she's 25
and you don't get much smarter than that. If
she and I got married one day then we'd
go off on our honeymoon that night and

then I'd see her naked and she'd see me
naked, too. That's called tit-for-tat. Nyuk. What
happens afterward is anyone's guess
but I guess we could watch TV all night
if we wanted to and eat whatever
we want and play cards and checkers, I'm
good at board games, except Monopoly

unless I get to be the banker, which
means I can sneak money, which is cheating
and that's a sin but I lose anyway,
that's justice for you, so I'll let her win
if we play that, I'd never cheat on her
because then she'd want to get a divorce
and the last time I bawled was when my dog

died, but if I should lose Miss Hooker then
I'd be sad and want to die, too, but my
dog was run over, I found his body
on the highway but I'll never find his
soul, not at least until I die and go
to Heaven, if I qualify, and see it
again. Miss Hooker says we get new ones,

bodies, not dogs, in Heaven, so I hope
I recognize him--there must be a slew
of roadkill up there. If I still have lips
that work like lips down here on earth I'll call
his name, and if he has ears, let him hear
and come running to me, or maybe he'll
sniff me out, if he still has a nose and

I'm still something to smell. I don't want to
die, I said to my parents in our Ford

on the way home after church. Father said
I don't blame you, boy, in the rearview mirror.
Mother turned to me and said, *It's a fact
of life and one of its great mysteries.*
I said, *Uh huh*. I guess if I don't sin

I'll never die, although I'll still be dead,
but alive in Heaven, which seems better
than nothing, I guess. I'd hate to be God,
all us knuckleheads down here not happy
and all those prayers that He'll forgive us.
If I were in His place I'd tune us out
so that I could get a little rest. What

a pain in the ass we must be to Him
--*the rump*, I mean. He must be mortified.

Gale Acuff

when my soul falls off

you
all day
today
tomorrow
the next,

i will be at
work and,
yes, little
pieces
of my soul
would fall
off of
my body.

i pick
them up
when i
get home.

i put them
back on
when i
speak to
you.

Cristine Brache

this is milk hill that was ragged annex

chronological now through apple-scab
mandate hunting then gathering about
dark blue black green miles of slip cover
you guessed those distressed signals didn't
come from syrup table but from steep
black cliff face tiny blue light climbing
but drinking with thoroughbreds helps me
forget am blue capsule on black red
capsule on grey please excuse the pencil
i have to start *everywhere* rosewater sloshes
about the iron lung what the hell was your
status level pre- | robbery? am pink capsule
on wood wooden capsule in the king's head
no one remembers us a shadow leads a figure
around the old phosphate plant busy night for
rescue services am blue capsule on black
red capsule on grey
i have to start
everywhere

Billy Cancel

jaggedges fused joints things bound lashed agitated
camera gritters through the night futility clichés system
hesitation no set-piece combustion or accessible guide to
power-ups days after north now yellow square green edge
x-rated autumn unmoved rootless men demi-god absentees
viva cropped ornamentals post-crash majority weren't so
fond of double take in paradox park i diffused mono-stream
maggot maggot on the floor who
was that lost framed in apple
moss? sequence of discolored
blocks fall one by one upon
featureless white surface
immediately absorbed most
welcome-other amidst such
distraction still heightened
anxiety laughing boy in your
white facilitated box you're
gonna be just another one
cut in
the dark

Billy Cancel

Neurotaxis⁷



Thin Little Wires

it stretches for miles
millennial conduits,
gangly tetherings,
garroting lessons
for brutish critters
who stretch for miles
millennial conduits.

Cain and Abel
maundering eunuchs
stretch for miles
millennial conduits.

cars explode on
busy streets daubed red
with gore
that stretches for miles
millennial conduits.

drones zero in
blast walls
collateral damage
that stretches for miles
millennial conduits.

inventors employ thin
wires to
annihilate
that stretches infinitely
millennial conduits to silence.

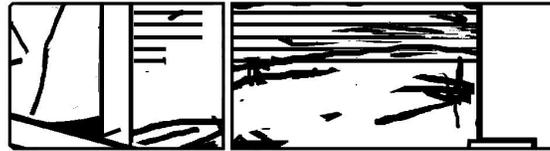
Sy Roth

Insofar as Heretofore

Loitering outside
library I see
wind-riddled
snow ripple,
twist, “wraith-
like,” I think,
dismiss. Rather—
better?—noir
novel knockout
gas seeping
under door, snaking
along ankles?
I tilt across
concrete, tend
toward entrance,
exhale before
walloping, unwashed
pong, tint
of cigarettes,
liquor, mine
so frequently
recently. I look
then look away,
allowing, I
do not say,
the shivering,
clasping couple
in shrubbery
privacy. We’re
brand-loyal to sorrow.
Consider the body’s
built-in obsolescence.
See stars as punctures
punctuating dark.
In the bloodstream’s
green room our

featured speaker
limbers, repeating
“Unique New York”
and “Lurid as
the murdered’s
room, lurid
as the murderer’s.”
Suppose we pine
to make of wind
a kind of currency,
of the fungible
currents of the wind
an economy
with affluence
ample for all,
fluttering scraps
pay stubs, plenty
for every hand,
naked as grass.
Look: Beyond
the gas stations, past
apartment complexes
named for extinct
animals, someone’s
ignited the horizon.
Let’s feel
the scurrying
feeling our street’s
named for. Really:
someone’s upholstered
the earth’s edge
in spectacle.

Aaron Anstett



We trust the senses to function at half capacity most of the time, but this trust has not exactly been earned, and when we find ourselves deceived, we throw objects around the room in what might appear to an outside observer as a jealous rage. A tantrum having at its center the fear that we are turned inward on ourselves so thoroughly that we will never be able to escape. The grass grows to the height of the front windows and still we hold ourselves about the knees and whisper oaths that don't possess the ring of truth. That rely on geographical notation to such an extreme degree, they are likely to be studied in the not-too-distant future by ethnologists and archeologists hoping to secure valuable information about where we lived and why we lived there and why we ultimately disappeared. And sure, these are all questions we should be asking ourselves beforehand, but who has the time, what with the gazing at the stars at night and the long discussions about what we should do with the information we gather? Should we write our observations down or just let them hang in the air like musical tones? Those that originate not in the mind of the musician or even in the belly of his instrument, but in the turning of the wide world itself, the motion that is motion without our ever experiencing it except through the ears. And even then, some people claim you must be deranged in order to receive the full benefit, that this derangement can not be accidental or haphazard. It must be something you accomplish yourself through the use of substances like the exotic powders I frequently keep with me in my jacket pocket. Or simple practice, whichever is most effective. I'm not sure I agree, though, with the majority when it comes to this issue as they have been misled frequently about almost everything, and when I hear what others have referred to as the music of the spheres, what I hear is a kind of grinding like that you might expect when someone is attempting to shift gears on a standard transmission from second to third and gets stuck back in first again for a moment without meaning to. Does this make me unbalanced or am I just simply more attuned to my environment than most because I don't believe it possesses any reality in itself and must first appeal to my imagination before it can be allowed to exist at all? Does it mean that I am overly fond of those powders I mentioned earlier that taste faintly of garlic and come in packages with

inscriptions on them in foreign languages? It seems no two of these packages are adorned in the same language. Each is unique. Some of them even utilize no recognizable alphabet at all -- just pictures of tigers on them, and colobus monkeys and vine-smothered plants all rendered in an unusually delicate hand.



Off in the distance, the mill wheel stands frozen. An emblem of something as yet to be determined. A reminder that all reminders are superfluous. The closer we get to it, the further we are from that state we refer to as euphoria because we don't know what else to call it. We haven't any experience in this part of the world and so we necessarily rely on descriptions we have brought with us from home much the same way we brought our livestock and our particular way of tying knots. Under the shelter of the rock overhang, tiny invertebrates scurry about in the moist soil and one can scoop them up by the dozens in one hand. It isn't wise to do so, though, as they are perfectly capable of protecting themselves with venom. Of course, I enjoy the sound of screaming as much as the next guy so long as that sound is far away. But the plan seems to involve drawing a line nearby and then seeing who might be willing to cross it -- if, that is, anyone can be rustled up to serve in that role. Right now, we are completely alone and have no desire to play the part of adversary ourselves. Not that the part is mandatory or that we wouldn't do a good job. It's just that the ground rules seem to have been written up ahead of time, and in haste, so that violating them would no doubt bring about more than just simple forfeiture. Extinction is not too strong a word. Better to hearken back to a time when the air was cold to the touch. It carried with it a promise of romance acceptable even to those who didn't see themselves as susceptible to that particular set of emotions or circumstances, who didn't believe they were suited, for instance, to walking hand-in-hand from one ordinary place to another in the company of someone else, who still envisioned a future sitting alone in a chair facing in the direction of the newly-risen sun and drinking from a decorative glass full of absinthe. They were, of course, mistaken, but not

in the way you might imagine. They were destined, many of them, for positions of great responsibility on aircraft carriers or sitting atop towers made of glass and steel. For long and unbelievably fulfilling lives spent in the company of people who hadn't even been born at the time of their original, desolate visions. People who would one day be engaged in delivering their eulogies, in filling those eulogies full of references to Meister Eckhart and those nineteenth-century theosophists who presided over séances where the furniture rose and rattled about the room on occasion like outsized crabs hoping to get themselves reunited with the surf.



Each day is the day it could dry up completely, the alien voice that issues from your throat at moments when you think you have nothing whatsoever to say. Moments when the adrenalin is flowing due to unforeseen circumstances – ladders leaning suddenly backwards, meteorites passing by so closely overhead you can hear the air expanding. Still, the calendar keeps turning itself over and the phrases add up to numbers beyond counting and those who listen to you, when they are not too busy baking bread or fiddling with their toes which have become rough for some reason at the edges and threaten to turn in on themselves like the reproductive appendages of ferns, think that perhaps you are not the one uttering these things. They are being channeled through you and when you disappear, they will be channeled through someone else more intelligent yet and less likely to crave attention for something he hasn't actually accomplished. After three or four days living off of whatever happens to land in the vessel – grasshoppers especially which taste a little like popcorn coated in a very thin layer of glass – your mind too would begin to consume itself. You too would see chandeliers in the tops of trees and hear the voices of what you begin to believe are Scandinavian politicians emanating from the empty spaces on either side of the river. The line of reasoning that leads to this conclusion seems clear and consistent enough to convince you of the inevitable truth of the hallucination, but there is something missing. A card with no names on it. Merely a pen and ink rendering of the sun.

The inner harmony one experiences when the outside world is conducive to the continued existence of all who inhabit it. I pull the johnboat to shore finally believing that the house on the hill is calling my name, or someone inside it is and to continue downriver would be tantamount to admitting my name no longer belongs to me, that I am no longer worthy of this or any other name because I no longer recognize them. After successfully maneuvering the muddy stretches stitched loosely with cattails and the footprints of any other creature that did so beforehand and then suffered its inglorious fate, I approach the house with a trepidation like that you might feel when the violins and the violas are sawing away at deliberate speed and you can't tell where that sound is coming from, where it originates. Perhaps the musicians have secreted themselves away in a nearby dwelling and have left the door to it partially open so that the soundtrack they produce is still audible to anyone standing outside the dwelling, but they can't be seen themselves unless one finds the proper angle, something within a range of, say, two or three degrees and available only to those who are feeling particularly adventuresome. Risking splinters and certainly worse injuries still, they would have to clamber up a pile of castoff planks and bits and pieces of dried shrubbery and other debris stacked up outside the entrance to the dwelling by whoever abandoned it due to economic woes or a violent threat by the neighbors some fifty to one hundred years ago -- this being the best estimate of anyone with a keen eye for architectural detail and a familiarity with the rich oral history of the region in question.

Charles Freeland and Rosaire Appel

an altered insinuation

face rearranges the mirror's interpretation
mimesis quota finite later imposing

dust as the renewing seesaw of modified becoming

Felino A. Soriano

Contributors

Aaron Anstett's work recently appeared or is forthcoming in *Fence*, *Lumn*, *trnsfr*, and *Upstairs at Duroc*, among others, and his collections are *Sustenance*, *No Accident*, and *Each Place the Body's*. A couple of his chapbooks are forthcoming this year and a full-length collection the next.

Dave Shortt's work has appeared in several print journals including *Mesechabe*, *Bullhead*, and *Nexus*, and online in ezines such as *Verse Wisconsin*, *Astropoetica*, *Switched-on Gutenberg*, *e-ratio*, and *nth position*.

Jason R. Huff is a writer, artist, activist, and father. His poetry and short stories appear or are forthcoming in *The Misfits Quarterly*, *Gutter Eloquence Magazine*, and *The Quotable*. Originally from Texas, Jason now lives in Virginia. He can be heard saying "Wow man, they have seasons here!" at least four times a year.

Joel Chace has published or has forthcoming work in print and electronic magazines such as *6ix*, *The Tip of the Knife*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *OR*, *Country Music*, *Infinity's Kitchen*, and *Jacket*. He has published more than a dozen print and electronic collections, most recently *Sharpsburg*, from Cy Gist Press, *Blake's Tree*, from Blue & Yellow Dog Press, *Whole Cloth*, from Avantacular Press and *Red Power*, from Quarter After Press.

John Harper went to Iowa MFA poetry school, and some of his poems have been published by literary journals like *DIAGRAM*, *Mid-American Poetry Review*, *Cutbank*, *Spinning Jenny*, *Mad Hatter's Review*, and *Zoland Poetry*. He currently lives in Reading, PA, walking along Main Street of the heart.

Felino A. Soriano's most recent poetry collections include *Pathos|particular invocation* (Fowlpox Press, 2013), *Extolment in the praising exhalation of jazz* (Kind of a Hurricane Press, 2013), and the collaborative volume with poet Heller Levinson and visual artist Linda Lynch, *Hinge Trio* (La Alameda Press, 2012). He publishes the online endeavors *Counterexample Poetics* and *Differentia Press*. His work finds foundation in philosophical studies and connection to various idioms of jazz music. He lives in California with his wife and family and is the director of supported living and independent living programs providing supports to adults with developmental disabilities. For further information, please visit www.felinoasoriano.info.

Gale Acuff has had poetry published in many journals and is the author of three books of poetry. He has taught university English in the US, China, and Palestine. He currently teaches literature at Sichuan University for Nationalities, in China.

Cristine Brache [b. 1984] is an artist and poet currently based in China. Her work has recently been exhibited at the Dumbo Arts Center [NYC], the Anthology Film Archives [NYC], and the International Anthropology & Documentary Film Festival [Estonia]. Her poetry has recently appeared in *3AM Magazine*, *Everyday Genius*, and the *E-Ratio Postmodern Poetry Journal*. Please visit <http://cristinebrache.info/> for more info.

Billy Cancel has recently appeared in *Barzakh*, *Horseless Review & Counterexample Poetics*. His latest body of work *HEADLESS MULTI VS. PERPETUAL INTERFACE* was published in April by Hidden House Press. Sound poems, visual shorts and other aberrations can be found at www.billycancelpoetry.com.

Sy Roth comes riding in and then canters out. Oftentimes, the head is bowed by reality; other times, he is proud to have said something noteworthy. Retired after forty-two years as teacher/school administrator, he now resides in Mount Sinai, far from Moses and the tablets. This has led him to find words for solace. He spends his time writing and playing his guitar. One of his poems, "Forsaken Man," was selected for Best of 2012 poems in *Storm Cycle*.

Charles Freeland is Professor of English at Sinclair Community College in Dayton, Ohio. Recent books and e-books include *Eucalyptus* (Otoliths), *Five Perfect Solids* (White Knuckle Press), and *Variations on a Theme by Spinoza* (red ceilings press). His website is [The Fossil Record](http://TheFossilRecord).

Rosaire Appel is an ex-writer visual artist in New York involved with abstract comics, asemic writing and wordless books. Her website is www.rosaireappel.com.