Rebecca Mertz

I will soon purchase a cell phone and purchase minutes and purchase leisure and purchase a moment to call and let you know I'm alright. If you want, I can purchase an afternoon, purchase some otherized food purchased to a purchasy spice level of ten or twelve, I will purchase a bed, purchase a table, purchase soap and water and light and I will purchase the switch to turn the light if you'll just let yourself absorb my purchases, I'll tell you the story of how I purchased an education, how many other girls I've purchased sodas and tacos and internet access in order to contact. If you're smooth, I'll let you purchase me a dinner or a movie, or a house or a garden or I'll just purchase a degree and purchase some experience and I'll purchase a way of providing whatever you need, and whatever he needs or she needs and we can purchase until we are purchasing coffins for each other.

the fox raids the chicken 'coup' and snacks on the state
whiskeyandfox.org

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Robin Clarke

But I'm a pollinator, a teenager shot with holes and light cafeteria on fire. To forget what you're taught, cinch uniform skirt, tell the one about algebra, the window, and gravity. At this school become useful not some busting out of jeans. Thursday nights, Americans are on vacation. Butane might be the shortest distance between me and the version on TV. We had cigarettes, lighters and wordiness to slow the strength of nuns when they come, act like you know the combination, run.

dedicated to Denise Levertov & Robert Duncan

Football Poem

David Hadbawnik

1st Down

After the death of the football player
they missed the field goal.

Poems are just absences
looking for someplace to land.

Poems are not jokes.

But they're made of words,
which are little jokes.

Poems are funny in the same way:

After the death of the football player
they don't even manage to
get the field goal unit onto the field
and the clock runs out
on the first half

2nd Down

Actually
the offense runs more efficiently
when the quarterback's dead.

Death was the backup QB
and now that he's under center
he
unleashes ghost plays
from the NO playbook
drawn up on water not

playground sand.

from *leaves of money*

Rebecca Mertz

Like you I am in the midst of witnessing the best minds generate technology
status by status/germination and tubing/inhale and expand, contracting
disillusion like a virus; secretly, quietly; unportrayed in films, unspoken of
at family reunions, rated without possibility of release. You can conquer
the industries and boards and makers of minds until you have compromised
sweat, blood, cum, but it all means nothing if your advertising budget
is compromised. Every comic book movie adaptation might be about
the hero accepting his power and his responsibility to the community,
but we realized as children that only white men fell from the sky
or got bit by spiders or worked in nuclear power plants. The real joint
of destiny comes in when the prophet otherizes the teenage boy
destined to wear tights and in the audience the boys are diagnosed
with ADD, ADHD, Asberger's syndrome, transcendence, schizophrenia,
psychotic behavior, colonialist delusions of grandeur, diagnoses
of privilege, of attention, of cool colored walls and specialized
door-knobs, luxuries of assigned seating, of uniformity of language,
of overall sexual content, of insistence of punctuation that is perceptible,
in-objectable. This campaign cannot survive the lisssp of the budget,
the lipppppssss of the pussy opening without invoking a giggle, a grin,
the dyke with broad shoulders shaped like a ballerina without irony,
the safety of the white male compound essentializing itself
at the center of the composting system; I am not ashamed anymore
of sharing the secrets of my body with this blue light of shimmering
technology. We have been naked together, we have mispronounced
words, I have fucked, I have shit, I have googled ex-girlfriends, ex-teachers,
I have googled you, and me, and I have no faith that my language will
become public if it isn't filmed in silky light persuaded into existence
by sex and cash and the insides of thighs gratified by purchased flesh
purchased sunlight purchased intimacies of evenings purchased
penetrations of existence, of worldviews of purchased homes filled with
purchased insights and purchased imitations of moments of invention;

Sten Carlson

from *Garden City Sleepover*

One more thing, I'm leaving
To figure out how whipped we are
It's not a question, but

oh how one goes on feeling
about the trees whose breathing
he has supplanted with his own

Lets go a round of shrapnel
come what may. You were missed out there but
New numbers from bookkeeping

but no matter, I'm leaking. 7 a.m. poet
not yet a crowd, all over the thickets
the clamor of planets these exits

signal, for which you who were the first to
simulate a breeze, subtract ourselves
from the authority of law, its growing

ability to ring crash, invisible. So many
persons in one drop.

David Hadbawnik

3rd Down

We work on the poem
being absent. We, being
absence, work on the poem.

The poem floats through
an absence
in search of

flag on the play.
The coach snatches his
headset off disgusted

the cheerleaders sag
from their smiles.
What we saw we saw

backward, nothing
ever happened,
nobody moved

4th Down

Impatient
we skip to the end to find out
who won.

We work against
the poem, out of touch
with ourselves.

We watch over and over again
as a hit separates
ball from body,

poem from words
and the gaps they're barely
able to cover with

all those X's and O's.

Formalism

Michael Farrell

Meeting Aboriginal ground while I slept, when I walked on the road, when I thought about it. Doubly Orphic, meta-Oedipal. Forget it, Europe used to be a secret. Formalism's something to love; 'Formalism Rox! In a former life I lived in Londres or Botson. (Clear your airdrums out for David Copperfield's sake. A low low schemata 'Jerusalem Cairo Alexandria. The 1 is oracular the 'Other insipid. (Enjoy Mother's day let go of Father's day. My bestiality was partly in dreams. Sexual partners: their rods and webs in the here and now. Circulate. Tingling of the tongue – the expiry of speech. Louis chooses James for a life partner. (Trilingual at best chooses polyglot. The dog flowed by; the unicorn rose in a wave.

PAR A BOLAS

Jeff T. Johnson

In a minute but mild
South to the sore
Indefinite pronominal

Bliss. The car
Dior sounds wrong.

Tuck in your towl, night now
The shitters shutter while
Light masquerade

Apostle gestures to the statue
Here in name, here here,

The final approaches
Just this sigh of ascension
Marveled in ivory and dun grey