

MAXIMUS

FEATURING THE TALENTS OF

RACHER
COLE
DE CORB
MONTEIRO
FLECKENSTEIN
KUHNLEIN
LIENING
WALTZ
ST. CLAIRE

LEVINSON
DUHEM
BARKER
WILLIAMS
CACOS
GOLDIN
THRAX
HAY
CATON

IKEDA
LUKE U.
BONILLA
MARTIN
OSMAN
DAY
HILSON
THE RECLUSE



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*3 Sonnets on the Flyleaf of Charles Olson's
Selected Poems*

1

A giant body spans the open field –
Gloucester's exile, child of Los, a face
there, vespertine cognition, morning shield:
res ipsa loquitur – non verba, res.
Thus *head by way of ear, to syllable*,
'the eare's a rationall sence & a chiefe judge
of proportion,' (*Vinculum juris!*). The bul-
wark rose through *heart, by way of breath* (A smudge
of ink upon the page.) to *line, the prac-*
tice of the self, root city, dwelling, a-
gent of emotive intellect, the (*prag-*
lit or qatgor, this angel?) way:
Adam *Qadmon* in Dogtown. (Grasp thy morn-
ing knowledge, archaeologist of mourn-

ing!) Skin, my skin, (Demising wall.), come meet
 the world you are a part of, & greet that twin
 of life, its codomain, a non-discrete
 whole forged of the discrete, rhythm, an in-
 terstice of consciousness. The thing. The thing
 kinetic, *reenact it – res, non ver-*
ba – only valid metaphysic. Sing,
 do not describe, enact and sing it. *Der*
Weg stirbt. To circumscribe description and
 delimit logic's scope and range, Charles, thy
 prescription. Glass and falling grains of sand.
 (Epiphany? Apophany?) Thus I.
 To objectify the life of feeling, we
 enact the body, poem, twin, decree.

I've had to learn the simplest things (indeed
 the simplest) last. What does not change, *the will*
to change, held fast to, syllables that speed
 and post, congeal, refuse diaeresis. Still-
 ness of geography, *the central fact*:
 the field, the breath, conjectured into bloom.
And words, words, words – the sentence, Charles (Intact,
 after all!), first act of nature, syntax, tomb
 of logic, hewn to, law above conven-

tion, broken open, open field. (Old saw
of form and content.) *An act of verse.* Again
this myth of time and poetry, thy law.
The sonnet *is* a hieroglyph: its yield,
a spawning matrix in the open field.

DUSTIN COLE

The Empty Centre

He had the centre standing there
In his head
Beacon for the harsh weather
Everything it represented

It's kind of like a yurt
In raw concrete, he had told the nurse
Red, orange, yellow paneling
curved bands of window glass

It wears the blizzard like a robe
Silver white all the way, he thought
Then a darker
Turn of thought

A tapeworm goes
Inside your stomach
every time you eat,
and eats

Then goes to sleep
In your large intestine

In a dream together
He asks if you're happy

The tape unwound
Tangled on the floor
Irrecoverable
Moments

The figure casts a long shadow
The echo in the street is terminal
The children are all hushed
The homes are too quiet

Somewhere in this
Belongs a crow, he thought
But what would he say
And who could he tell

Of his iron grey
Perception;
Inclement light on
the brambly floor

Small
Wet explosions
Dot the figure's face
Like the click of his heels dot time

I can't help

Thinking of myself
As another person
In a different world, all the time

I read Preludes the other day
Realized I'd been holding my breath
The whole way
As the old ladies gathered last month's news I gasped

I always
Wonder
Where they go
After that

To burn
in a common fire
To see
in a common light

‘All mouth
All word
Old word’
The crow said

Brittle twig
Inundated text
Shadow of the oak
On the pavement darkly

Receding background
In the centre of the picture
Bleary smudging
Of the rain

He'd talk to the nurses
At the centre
They'd hear all about
The characters and images

They'd give him a pill
Tell him to skip church
Tell him to call his brother
Tell him to write the damn stuff down

Why would you need to write it down
If you remember it down to the letter
Every modulation
Each slight pause

And then the figure would sit in a reverie
In the rotunda
By the natural gas hearth
At the centre's axis

'Paraplegic rolls into an empty parkade elevator alone
'Underwater welder below meters on meters of ice
'Monocellular predator in the microscopic dimension
'Disembodied saxophone moaning down a frozen street'

Rustling curtain
In a vacant house
Vacant house
Of flickering spirit

When you watch the fire
The curving and uncurling flame
The mesmerizing erasure
When you watch the fire

Perhaps you can see it better when you're down
In the eyes of a one-legged man
Empty eyes at the foot of a steep set of stairs
With his dirty lover, the two of them blocking the stairs

A tear of mercy,
A tear of sorrow
Of laughter and of blood,
In a common light

'Every thought I have has a twin,' the crow said
'The rhyming word is a double cousin,' the crow said
'We are going to the fair up there,' the crow said
'We are going to the graveyard to piss on all the tombstones'

Brittle twig
Inundated text

Shadow of the oak
On the pavement darkly

Under impositions
Of large dread figures
We go completely
White as death

Disappear in cinders
Of the common fire
Disappear in contours
Of the flickering spirit

That said, there were a few good times.
And a hard Sunday pew to renew
What might have been true in lieu of what –
Nobody ever knew

Or nobody
Told me
And that amounted
To nothing

Compose and decompose a thought
Heft the weight of conceit
Link a few moments in time
'Then recede,' said the crow, 'recede'

Through a pale field

Of sense
To the empty centre
Of the picture

It wears the blizzard like a robe
Silver white all the way
Glowing like a flue-hole
In a deeper whiteness

But the parking lot is empty
The steps are all uncleared
There are no footprints
The doors are all locked

Amid this
Dark medium
The centre
Of it all

When you watch the fire
The curving and uncurling flame
The mesmerizing erasure
When you watch the fire

The real metaphysical thing –
Strict and unknown
Unrecounted thought
Recollects its own vanishing

Stupid mental game
Paradox, anti-paradox
Maddeningly
Hopeless

Clap your friend
Upon the shoulder
Say some
Heartening thing

The river is on fire
The mill-sails are all on fire
The freshet is
A loaded gun

Amid this
Dark medium
Pullback from the river
From a black feather

The flight
Of night
Higher, further
Recoiling from the light

From the empty centre
From the reflection
Something missing in the eyes
Doubled in the doorway

Same mouth, new word
Stepping in a filling step
White as
Death is white as black

Looking back: it wears the blizzard like a robe
Silver white all the way
Chanting olden mystic things
Clapping you upon the shoulder

SOCORVA DE CORB

To Taste

the recipe flows sweetly:

into a broth of dire fear
 add pinch of fight
 and maybe two of fuck
heap in chopped stems of flight
 season with lust and pride
 stir with a slothful spoon
sauté in slick of greed
 roast in a pyre of wrath
 speckle with green of envy
nurse hunger, then pour it all
 into a pot of days, one after another

what is man, that you are mindful of him
a pile of tortured secrets
a set of trivial exploits
numerator for God
single serving
of and for
λόγος*

**Logos*; the Word.

Where Slept the Dogs in a Cloud of Flies
3 poems

FROM JURANDIR'S "FIRST MORNING"

"The bolt into the mombin-tree
killed sixteen pigs, inside
the house it
broke a pillar, and the room
where Luciana was cast:
now Open with a strike."

"The lightning also o
pens me a way, a path,
open
not in the streets,
the clouds,
the river,
no, in myself, in this
greenish and secret
being
I am."

And "the glasses shone."

NOX OCCUPAT UNA

The red lollipop fell, and crack'd
to many shatterings; in Noon's likeness.

Emilia picked a
man from the streets.

THEY FOUND US FULL OF THE SPIRIT

Passing Avenue Cabral
there's a wood link to a blue church,
a Pentecostal church, and she has the shape of a star with ferns on
her hand.

At Antônio Barreto St. there is
or there was
a house,
white and with blue writing all over it;
verses from the Bible, about the start
and the end.

I looked for it today, but
I think they painted over
with ugly flowers.

MARK FLECKENSTEIN

Rothko's Harvard Murals

1

Silence is so accurate.

*Phrasal somatic epiphany. Innocence-striped atonement.
The soul, its contortions*

*perceptual, susurrated. Memory-scarred, recollected.
Transcendent, corporeal, autonomic. Disemboweled prayers.*

“A painting is not an experience. It is the experience.”

2 : RECIPE FOR ART*

A clear preoccupation with death – intimations of mortality

Sensuality – Our basis of being concrete about the world.
(It is a lustful relationship to things that exist.)

*from Mark Rothko's lecture at The Pratt Institute, 1958

Tension – Either conflict or curbed desire.

Irony – The self-effacement and examination

(By which a man for an instant can go on to something else.)

Wit, play – The human element

A few grams of the ephemeral and chance

Hope

3

“I do not believe that there ever was a question of being abstract or representational.”

(The dark mood of the triptych was meant to convey Christ’s suffering on Good Friday, and the brighter hues of the last mural, Easter and the Resurrection.)

“It is really a matter of ending this silence and solitude, of breathing and stretching one’s arms again.”

(What he wanted was a presence, so that when you turned your back to the painting, you feel that presence the way you feel the sun on your back.)

“I think of my pictures as dramas.”

4

*The past is simple; the present is difficult;
the future is even simpler.*

*Truth must strip itself of self.
A shadow looking back from the canvas.*

*One must go further; one must go further.
One must go first.*

*The result of my life is simply nothing –
the whole wall red.*

Sand Dollar

Time grins in ghost ridden creeks
Thumbing through my wave-shaped name
A benthic phantom, biscuit urchin
The mudflap of my pelvic floor
I grease the sky where birds struggle parting feathers
Parkways wade my residue, like carnassial teeth in drag
A funhouse mirror glosses my skeletal reflection
On crisp bleach bubbles I've swallowed
In untilled fields that crouch behind the sun
I smudge lipstick around holes
The ground zooms in till my kurgans are kissable
Deploying palmar, I hold the upper mud
Pacific townsfolk crave my cross-shaped uteri
Private joy remitted by my intercostal curves
Their mealy cores, horseshoed under
Fubsy tumors bolster bodies they destroy
Branches hiss at wind, like a god made good for entering
Riverbanks await edema, thickening felled trees
Stump's shape traced, buzzing with my blink
No stranger to the splinters in my gills reviving me

Nautilus

This is the edge of the Indo-Pacific
Where I watched the angel land
Her face so long and slender
Legs nestled the striated palm of my hand
This is my dream of connection
Reef reaching towards sky like a drawbridge
Fluting her feathers between
My eight-to-ten-headed appendage
This is her neck pulled under the water
As two arms I used for sailing shot
Above the waves and dragged her wails
Still echoing in my chamber pot

Real Estate

My one true love
grew up to sell real estate
in one of the worst corners of the world.
I imagine her moving through
a succession of abandoned buildings
under a red sky.
I imagine her stumbling
into a tiger pit
and me, tossing her a rope
of braided vines.
I imagine rescuing her
from a ravenous wolverine
and her cradling my torn body.
I imagine turning into a tree
and her chopping me down,
building a house,
and living inside me forever.

Old Barns

Inside the old barn
are two old barns.
Inside those two barns
are unincorporated municipalities
without legal status
and a small airport
where the occasional demagogue
flies in and lies and a dog
barks through the night.
Inside the night
kids draw up plans for a catapult.
The payload is a tackle box.
Inside the tackle box
is a snowball fight
and inside the snow
it is very quiet
and there are many fawns,
all very still, awaiting
their mothers' return.

WILL WALTZ

Graveyard Rubbing

stepping stones all rightside down
save me and weather hates it
all inward letters scrape d signs
drool dog waiting just outside
I keep all dates folded close
til wind forces
hand to let
a second fly by empty
and all these rubbings turned to leaves
all papers rustle at all feet

Your Favorite Band

A peach split open with rough fingertips
dollar bills crammed between your lips
one warty arm of a halfman
forced thru the doorcrack
and on lessons on the carpet
after the cashboxlock...

and, if it would please you,
above the clinkedup darkness,
beyond the castle gates
of a garden and a gaze
of a white-haired witch
to answer ring
that (my burning bright)
red telephone?

Thrash

Dwindle drown paper-mâché man carved of self
carved of floor beds nail beds beds with saws
for eyes gaping into you neighbor-bride
many others-opened crevice- legged like circles
around hips towards window onto her tongue-
prey hand-play electric-hands drilling-nobs pillow
misted in her flicker
running Svensson or the meaning of barrette
rabbit down
on white coarse filmy tooth and
raspberry eyes talking about the sloppiness of my
chin in my mural I wear
pinky finger banged serrated shanked stuffed
in closet seven by six the decaying animals and
his friends
carrying muscles like fragile hap piness
fire-flamed chameleon covering coverings
covering ringlets knotting like cleaving of
bicycle -riding, outside willow bending for-
wards not from the wind but the cold touch,
adults as probing, taking the crown outta
my mural taking my ears outta hearing

Thrashing

Swinging kite-flier breast-mother blubber-neck
woman carved out of girl- mucker
weeds of iris covered by
pants woman carved out of my girl
I sit with house-down-the-street
tall like anglo-saxon men needling mechanical-
fingers courage-sealed in froth as yellow-light-
ning yolk
along the shingles I smell something strange
so I take her outta my pockets where she
goes to pray at night hoping no one else
is stupid enough to tell and he is that of those
tree-boy bloodied-tongued lean mother -
fuckers
that sucks the peeholes of kite-flying irises burnt-
bread rummage and money honey burying in
teal just as I head south for that train on sixth
taking me to the stairwell, taking me to the
crawling snakes where I believe the
ashes turn gray

Thrashed

And [and] just then the lightbulb twitched []
I came on. This mural I make of me, glass -
round curves softening my body to become
new flowers where my teeth meet the grooves
of this life, and where we go after. I gaze past
myself. Out into the breaths, into the daring. Hand
is no hand; print. is the palm I carried names
in, other names for me. Foot is no foot;
print. Is how I walked. dreams of seeing wild
things; changing things. Black- eyed susans
cluttering the earth and pink
flamingoes pink feathers in the skies. Mary
Ellen, Tabitha, the good will praying gives you,
clotting the wounds like the tides of rolling
hay. My mural is not religious, or
believing in ghosts, it paints itself as I get naked,
to arrange dis embodied
black and blue flowers,
blurring into [what is and what is not rape]
the negative like rice into
gullies, [retna] [juvenile]
[]
I teach myself anatomy, all those moments I
didn't know my body and the meaning of barrette
that murmuring place
I go to once all of this
passes

Faints Oaths of Naught
36 Haiku Found in A Midsummer Night's Dream

1.1

showers of oaths did melt
gates have we devis'd
painted blind

quick bright things
unfold both heaven and earth
upon faint primrose-beds

bracelets of thy hair
tempest of my eyes
for want of rain

a paradise to me
your eyes are lode-stars
chanting faint hymns

1.2

nightingale quince
crowns have no hair at all
by moonlight

since a summer's day
gentle as any nightingale
quince at the duke's oak

I will move raging rocks
you the lion's part
quince in our interlude

look to their eyes
speak as small as
any sucking dove

2.1

opportunity of night
anoint his eyes
ill counsel of a desert place

maidens call it
love-in-idleness
ere the first cock

forgeries of jealousy
hold their hips
against her lips

quaint mazes
want their winter
in the wanton green

moonlight revels
long within this wood
of that boy did die

governess of floods
her anger
washes all

2.2

weaving spiders
interchained with an oath
a raven for a dove

who will not change
the deepest loathing
dissembling glass

night and silence

in the musk-rose buds
sing me now asleep

this flower force
their leather wings
eat my heart away

In The Cedar-Limbs
An Erasure of Wallace Stevens' "Thirteen
Ways of Looking at a Blackbird"

1

mountains
moving
the eye

11

I was

111

the autumn winds.

1V

one

one

V

beauty of inflections
the beauty of innuendoes,
just after.

VI

Icicles the
glass
The shadow

VII

Why do you imagine
Do you

VIII

know

I know
That
I know

IX

the edge

X

Flying

out

XI

a glass
pierced

The shadow

XII

must be

XIII

It was
was

In the cedar-limbs.

Perpetual Stew

They steal the scent of corpses to blaspheme Earth.
Sticky with syrupy salvation, come
Smudged across the forehead wreathed in chrysanthemum
Singing songs like sulphur deposits gone animate against birth
Spatchcocked by starlit taunt...
Now only neon salts the wounds.

Here's this fallacy of limestone's bleat,
Animalia's long-lost control of meat.
Bathed in vehicular manslaughter, you impugn
Acrostic death dance, flaunt
Distillate sugary cornucopia of cremation.
On the hunt for dead gods,
I devour icons in a row.
I, an Eastern wind disguising the scalped with silken bow,
Call home a cesspool of nocturnal sensation.

World makes me kill doves,
Another fertilizer gone silent with all its loves.

Farewell Spell

Something sighed.
Black wax in a yellow bowl
smoked.

A candle stroked the cheek of air,
saying “There.” Then
“There.”

I too spoke words which shaped
my mouth to sharpness or to
wound.

What enchanted us broke – oh,
how the end of every rope is
fray.

So I pulled our braid to strands,
to strand us, with a
sound.

Later, it was steel
wool on clay. I washed away cool
wax –

watched the water black,
then pale. Something sighed.
“Farewell.”

WALLACE BARKER

Clutter Falls
a cycle

CLUTTER FALLS #1

light thru cracks in blinds and
a swift river down the canyon
only the clouds remain after

the night birds return to their cave
all your thoughts about some victory
in the future and all the tides receding

leave fish stranded
memory is a headache
we play country ballads on guitar

we can sit on the porch over the river
and play marty robbins songs
later in the night we talk about

certain businesspeople we know
the dallas cowboys, space facts

CLUTTER FALLS #2

i saw a horned owl at night
during the day sweating
outside a dancehall and deer
pause on the grass like statues

my forehead pressed against glass
so much cooler in the shade
mystique of the white gravel lot
lemon round in guadalupe beef

navy blue over green treetops
i can see comanche fires in the woods
or edison lamps burning in windows
there are germans in this forest

CLUTTER FALLS #3

unreal house on the edge of dreams
in a place where waters converge
the sun looping into frame

in a crisis of belief my breath caught short
and i knew i could not be with either side
standing downwind of a skunk at night

the morning came hot and fast
little bells tinkling with the sunrise
until all the cedars are green and white

DAVID EARL WILLIAMS

MADAME BOTOX,

I think it's nice the way they
paralyzed your face
to match the hearts and minds
that surround you

but, I have a message for you
from Dia de Los Muertos,
says Don Quixote –
stop roamin' round to doctor's offices, it says –

come home
come home
the calacas and calaveras
love n want you –

they are awaiting you with worship n marigolds

and not a single word of reproach, you mad, sad Quioterita

Prayer

Now I lay me down, dipping into the annals,
a ship's log of a sea journey.

Portrait of my soul, or a wry peek
at the meteoric rise and fall of a middle-aged champion
bearing witness at the stations of his cross.

Baring all, don't you know, for the bare necessities,
(all my trials and a few extensive pleasures)
to find only that it's really a matter of leaving
time enough for that second that is upon me
time enough for one sublime bird to alight,
for me to take notice as the bird takes hold
of that branch on that tree.

– The bird, my attention tells me,
is like a word on a page, or a curved line on a canvas,
or the smile of the woman across the hall.

Just like Sweden

When Mother opened the door, it was
just like Sweden!
We had a baby grand, and a blind piano tuner –
This is a true story.
Father painted one of them green.
(Guess which one.)
Laughter was Father's métier.
He made us do it. Like Pavlov's dogs.
Relax. (Bells ringing.) Smile, damn you.
Bells.

MAX THRAX

Strategems

Back and forth
On a checkerboard
Heaving silk
Your sick smile

Were these the cities
How did they die

Who threshed
And threshed
Outside the cities

Who starved and sank
On the plains

“No real truths
Only stratagems”
From your tongue

Your eyes
Back and forth
On a checkerboard

Like mine
Jaundiced brow
Clotted blood

Stain

A black stain slips into the mind,
here comes a thought, a thought
that obeys no order

A drumming despair and a voice
distinct but not separate
intrudes into the centre of each emotion.

The voice has sipped in my silence

Spat it out.

Violent. Pathetic.

My topography of flimsy flesh
is half-captured by the last few drops of evening.

there is nothing that is secure

everything is mutable

Time nibbles gently at my fleshy seems,
and my mother is brain-cradled in her despair.

I hide beneath a landscape
of variegated bed covers,
and take tentative dark sips of stale air
from my subterranean sanctum
of rotten leaves
and the corpses of peaches.

The doctors materialise once more into the darkness
of my self-constructed womb
mumbling their grammarless chants.

My mind wants to vomit.
Their deep-organ tones
are rich with inhuman terror.

Make America Drone Again

O hail
the mighty OM
of meditation

Bearded men
in robes chanting
incantations

Sitting circular
legs crossed and staring
at the flame of a candle
as it
dances on its wick

Make America Drone Again

O hail
the mighty drone
of reverberation

As the OM
circulates in the hollows
across this nation

In the chest-cavity
through the lungs, the caverns
of the mouth
OM begins in the mind
to the heart, travels north to south

Make America Drone Again

Open fly the windows
let the wind blow and howl
screaming through the gorge

Make America Drone Again

This drone
is a natural thing
a waterfall

And when the creek
overflows will you drive out
to visit?

Slowly, methodically
careful through the ice
and snow

Listen to your tires
as they spin
and they whirr

When the creek overflows
will you drive through the snow to visit?

Will you drive out to save your cat?
And your dog?

And when the creek overflows
and the bridge collapses will you find another route
to get to me?

Or will you strap on snowshoes
and trudge through the powder
break through the ice to come to me?

Bring me a mulled cider –
a cask of warm spiced apple cider
to glow in our spirit

When the river is overcome with salmon
swimming upstream for their lives

Sewing their eggs with their egos
milky white cream

Filters through the stream
ice cold sex, will you come to me then
beat a path through barriers of slush

Listening to your footsteps as you

clomp clomp clomp through yuck and freeze
listen to the drone of work

The drone of effort, the drone of
one footstep in front of the other, and repeat –
over and over

Repeat, step, repeat
step, repeat, step, will you
come to me then?

Make America Drone Again

America drones with the swelter of heat
the frigid of cold, the grinding of jackhammers and cash registers
closing, glass towers of success

America drones with the pounding of nails
the sawing of boards, and brittle dry bones
buried deep and out of sight

Sinews and guts, kidneys and liver
arteries stretched
across the Columbia river

O drone, as droplets fall

one by one dripping down the length
of an icicle

Gradually increasing its size
reflecting the starlight to visions
of nebulas and further galaxies

Distant aquatic
out beyond us
lightyears away

The drone of piano string
plucked against the night with a
nylon tipped drumstick

Mysterious, vibrating
against the atmosphere, a call to be responded
by gulls
far off out at sea

Flying with the moonlight
reflecting off their wings, soaring
up and down with vibrations
motion and pitch
arching into the ozone

Make America Drone Again

Their Destiny

The gray sky exposes
silhouettes of
raindrops.

I don't know their destiny.
They don't know my destiny.
I don't know the sun.
They don't know the sun.

The gray sky makes me imagine
the blue sky, even in raindrops.

But I don't know blue.
They don't know blue.

A Clown's Hope

I'm a faceless clown
who can't appear on any circuses.
My eyes don't look at anything.
My ears don't listen to anything.
Bloodless skin doesn't want anything.
I'm just a hopeless clown
who can't ride on a unicycle.
I may give up everything.
When I do so,
what will happen?
Nothing may happen.
Phantasmal happiness may come to me.

Thoth's Moon Arcana

On accident, an old man chopping at bamboo shoots nearly decapitates a microscopic newborn girl hiding inside one, then, with intent, raises her as if she were his own daughter. The girl blossoms into a noblewoman, and at her age of marrying, the moonpeople come down parading as an army and demand the old man return their princess. As it turns out, she's an E.T., a small white separated from her kind.

The moon drops a baby, then it waits until she's settled into life on Earth to take her back. It's a cruel mistress.

[A card on the table shows two Anubi holding phallic ankhs. It reads "XVIII. The Moon."]

Betwixt the dog gods runs a stream of blood, a scar across a valley. The valley is Gehenna, where King Ahaz of Judah and countless other pagan men and women char their sons alive in tribute to the demon Moloch, whose calf-headed effigy resides there. The tykes are made to walk between twin lanes of fire and emerge at Moloch's foot as black skeletons not unlike Life-in-Death while the infants are boiled brown within Moloch's bowels.

This card comes from the Thoth tarot deck. The key to this depiction of the moon is its waning, a phase foretelling a weird, deceptive life and one too many Dark Nights of the Soul.

Terra

Encircled by dumb perpendiculars –
time is measured in corrosion
both physical and spiritual.
Is all changeless as truth? Is truth changeless?

There will be nodding in our cloisters,
where rumbles have their appointed hour
and tedium amounts to vision.

A delay in answer attains
around bodies sensitive to weight.

Terrae fetus

Delicate the texture of certainty,
nurtured as it is by recrement,
never quite the safeguard standing
between recusant and believer.

Notice the dirt that clings,
neither husk nor casket.
Toil, if anything.

Once I had a thought to scrub away.
Once in thoroughness I effaced.

Metalla

I bless the unsettled core that besets
the direction of my turns;
otherwise, I would soon arrive
where they expect me, eager and reborn.

A rebirth through foreign handling,
ready for exchange at whim:
value, less myself.

Shudder when the anvil speaks,
lest the rousing din deafen.

Palatial Fur-Lined Vanilla Squeezing Flaxen Fangs

Slow numerical chippings sway asphalt
once the thud offers a conclusion
without jiggling a thorn. Many
frequently teenaged mattresses
defined nostalgia as tidal wave cushions
burying sawing near a fetishized product.
Each member drowns a cabinet
clear tho speaking w/o a brain
as if shooting blank spheres
into camera demanded Everglades.
Push but calling yellow cop a cheese
fungible like a hairless tempo
brushing anus. Dreams often
compared to foodstuffs. An angle
victimless tho hypnotically dense.

Base a fortune on a collagen polaroid
to praying mantis axis nick
well-suited pair of suffixes
flushing tremors. Mineral reflexes
dry on a board doodle
outlined Ingrid Thulin monastery

rhythmic tho protruding. Silver
evidence baked into linen
no normal night could address
at least if brown and tortured.
Meanwhile clapping an actionable glaze
innate shoplifter sorts debris
like oxygen.

Subtle doorway fence attrition
trained as a mummy particle
parallel to preposition. Unjustly
foot builds transcript horizon
dismantled in the usual spots.
trust not a flapping wand
nor tongue telling skin to insert xyz.
Slang a marginal peel. Shrubs are belts
embodying practice makes septic tank.
Tooth umbrella hue. Limestone
shrimp liquified haircut glue
a tone for typing chimneys. Remove
the cohort from the devil
to leave a harsher coda
flossing over rings thinner than acid
and circling an avuncular skyscraper.

Pale as a plastic bag deer
elbowing mementos into bubbles.

Click the balloon.

This Trailer Will Collapse and Fertilize the Earth

Passed on a college degree
This whole time I wanted a dancing primate
I've never seen three crooked cops watching those late night
talk shows
Put it in reverse, you just want to be loved
Put it in neutral, a tragic stilt charade
I don't give a shit
Exhaust fumes remain nostalgic
Microwave dinners melting in a vacuum
Lawn gnomes don't practice basic hygiene
Hand-me-down knickknacks from porno geeks
A chicken beheaded
A chicken unbreaded
That cartilage will come back in style
Neighbor presented the blade
9-year-old anger management case
The eyes of Rick Ramirez
Riding a chicken through the eye of a tornado
Grinding its organs to make his final meal
I was the organ grinder on the trampoline performing with a
dancing primate

ADAM DAY

Rehabilitation

My aunt shaves
in her underwear

while she talks
to her hair – like

plant sentience:
“If you leave

someone, you’ve
got to do it

for a real
piece of ass.”

The whole thing
is ridiculous:

it’s like being
inside a bird;

where do you
live when

you're sick?

Redoubt

Night mountain
snow is unlike
them living
inside his head:

There is one less
table setting.
He had nothing

to fear, though
he went in fear –
there was nothing

they could do
to him, or
very little.

Monkey Mind

Shotgun my brain
and tendons into words

onto the wall. The trigger-digit
sings though

it doesn't feel
its best. It should be

ashamed; people will
be mad – them do moral

history. But screw Jack
and sister and Santa

and sir! This island feels
less and more about less. But

if I escape to Montana,
Slovenia? All did or are doing:

thrive, nervous hurts – then
the appointment – forty years long

enough in a taxi
going home? One day

I will rope with my own
hands or dive into schist –

forget footnotes
and news and truth. Take

a word for it. My mind
is fine. The jerk.

To Remain

Swift tired, soft
they leave their eyes

on the sun,
leaves whitening

before rain
in the acacia cold.

Clouds hang
like wood

in barbed wire.
The easy sky

gets laid, flashing
the sea heavy

on the hill.

JESSE HILSON

Sorcerer

A tarantula of piss crawled around inside
His bladder, waking him up
Is how the story started

He grabbed his phone to screenshot
a dream image just upon waking, unthinking
(Patricia Lockwood saying the phone's contents
More real than the world's)

Much later he was given a Jackson Pollock
To forge into another painting – is he up to it?

Imagining something is a hyperlink when it isn't
Is playing the devil's kickball
No one calls them "hyperlinks" anymore by the way
Is what his apprentice told him

Once the brooms got put away

And don't pester the online Nadja anymore
For the rest of the century
You are not Breton

A Dream: Many Entrances, One Exit

Little terrorist kid, destroys a floor, misbehaves.
Dances crazily with drumsticks in front
of a video composite of another child,
trying to blot her out.

Going to check on a musty P.O. Box
at a college campus I once attended,
I forgot the number but anyway they gave it to me,
there's a poem wrapped in plastic inside.

I must have put it there during the pandemic year.
Can't remember what the poem was about.
But the script was interesting, you could place it
in time by comparing orthographic marks

with my other written drafts from other eras.
Letters with ligatures alike,
like Arabic calligraphy.
The handwriting analyst tells entrance tales.

The storyline hovered on the edge
of significance but I got the feeling
once the exit was reached,
a clarifying shockwave would be sent

backwards through the mystery narrative.
But no A-ha moment. No coherence bubblegum.
Can't tell the itch from the scratch—
“And bathtub smell like electrified cum”

“YOURS TRULY, THE HAPPY RECLUSE”

empty glass on picnic table

Look at that empty
glass
100% full of air; &
100% full of light
also in there.

That's two
hundred percents at once
simultaneously
occupying the same space in perfect harmony.

Look at that empty
glass in which
space of totality
seems so central to the glass
but basks borderlessly.

Contributors

in order of appearance

ERIC T. RACHER was born in Akron, Ohio and currently lives in Riga, Latvia. He is the author of a chapbook of poetry, *Five Functions Defined on Experience: for Jay Wright*, published in 2021.

DUSTIN COLE is the author of the novel *Notice* (Nightwood Editions) and the chapbook *Dream Peripheries* (General Delivery). He has also contributed writing to *Apocalypse Confidential*, *BC BookWorld*, *Heavy Feather Review* and the *British Columbia Review*.

SOCORVA DE CORB, reformed sinner, hails from Balkan hinterlands, has migrated to the great Lone Star state and now tends to corvid cousins & fears all of the gods.

AYRTON MONTEIRO writes from Pará, Brazil, from the very core of the Amazon rainforests. He's been published in *Azure Bell* and will be part of a large Brazilian poetry anthology, which is yet to come.

MARK FLECKENSTEIN was born in Chicago. Five states, a B.A. in English and MFA in Writing later, settled in Massachusetts. Twice nominated for a Pushcart Prize, he's published four books of poetry:

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DAVID KUHNLEIN's poetry has been featured in Juked, Expat, Misery Tourism, Nauseated Drive, and others. He edits the literary review column Torment, venerating pain and illness, at The Quarterless Review. He lives in Michigan and is online @princessbl00d.

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DAVID EARL WILLIAMS was born deep down near the bottom of the Ethnocentric Gorge and grew up on the banks of the great Ethnocentric River just like everybody else who was ever temporarily alive. Recent publications include: Black Scat Review #25, Parliament Lit Journal, Fleas On the Dog #11, Aji, Class Collective, and Millennial Pulp magazines, Qwerty, and The Decadent Review.

JAMES CACOS earned a B.A. in French from Yale University and an M.A. in English from The Bread Loaf School of English at Middlebury College. He taught at Landmark College in Putney, Vermont for twenty-five years, retiring in 2011. He lives in Santa Barbara, California.

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MAX THRAX is fiction editor of Apocalypse Confidential. His novel *God Is A Killer* is available now from Close To The Bone.

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IAN FREDERICK CATON lives in Vancouver WA, which most certainly is not Portland. He grew up in East San Jose in the 80s and started his first rock band when he was 12. Everything he writes with the very rare exception being some pieces about his Mother, and even some of those as well, are about music in one way or another. His mother was his first Junior Choir director, and now he too by a series of rational events has become the choir director at his church. He also has a Bandcamp page where he creates drones and noise.

YUU IKEDA is a Japan-based poet. She loves writing, drawing, and reading mystery novels. She writes poetry on her website. Her published poems can be found in Nymphs, Selcouth Station Press, Sublunary Review, Remington Review, and more. Her Twitter and Instagram: @yuunnnn77.

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“YOURS TRULY, THE HAPPY RECLUSE” is a secret citizen of Cleveland, Ohio.

Thank you for submitting.



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