

ISSUE TWO

the “reality street book of ballots” issue

ED. STEPHEN MCLAUGHLIN & JIM CARPENTER

Ted Kooser, BALLOT

that when the heav'n to thee his best displays
is everything ok? 3 days 3rd time
squeaky-clean majorities & city boys
of a honey blue inflorescence I can't name

the starling to imitate christ
I fly there over & over, the wind in my head
the poverty of the season cries out
how then? even thus: in stella's face I read

I'm just a sparrow done up to be
or fennec modern of feng-shui absurd
i'll often forget to see
"yes, nature's road must ever be preferred"

were I a bird upon the greenest tree
velours on your momenta overtones volts EEEEE

-

John Sparrow, BALLOT

true, that on earth we are but pilgrims made
even before I saw the chambered nautilus
do it anymore. our own hearts exceed us
the strangest men that ever nature made.

the ox-blood from the hands which play
on glassy waves fell, rose & slipped
the pox tub from the glands which decay
netting hooked through to nothing, imagined

o goddess. on thy aid my hopes rely
would happen [...] go to switzerland
of a silver fish flapping in tinier geometries
within the geographical territory known as england

'gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
yes, late pink & gold I see

-

Keith Tuma, BONNET

these pictures, sat on by the cats that
watch the slums,
of plain lifebuoy eyes, the trees abloom with sirens,
my son, Will & soon, too, his new blue eyes

juvenile concealer on ill-fitting
canvas, my motive, seamlessly opaque
john before god and the elders, reciting
“your birth and beauty are this balm in you

don’t know what I’m doing,” I’m staying
for the air being sparse & clean, up
cupped in hand, sweet nadir v, my playing
earth. this is our start up

a baroque of plain plumbing not simplicity
‘gainst death and all-oblivious enmity

-

Robin Purves, BALLOT

that ever did in woman's shape appear
poison or position or person or
published poetic answers
than mine which sticks to a briar

piccadilly corridors process their
to nail planks over the dying eyes' milky whites
in that monument, I know, for lovers
the desolation of measurement motes

50 postcards of old little girls & such
a second glance and then another
in arms and charms' clap-clap 'huzzah'
a guttering of limbs its rush a hunger

yes, late pink & gold I see
a baroque of plain plumbing not simplicity

Susan Wheeler, BALLOT

but as is, although squint-left-handedness-
inclusive-series-Chinese Boxes
brown Pops a winner in the scary blandness,
I go to sleep in the railway buildings.

the motions of small craft during persistent
dawn raids, or simper into a perspex funnel
the bone around thy cunt,
coming, as the poet does, from penrith.

out of bronx subway june forest
back to books. I read
or to light and the void, which is rest
at calais, the dream of wild goats falling out of bed

were I a bird upon the greenest tree
yes, late pink & gold I see

-

Luska Mengham, BAIL OUT

a soaring utopia, plump with
your name where description fails, or nerve: the latter
a garden of denial as if intoxicated with
you cursed and swore cause I was later

come by get lost
agreeablest knot, sweet tooth, toot, my b
clean cold-weather town, historical interest
mechanical force, rughetta

queen virtue's court, which some call stella's face
therefore doris can't be the hostess
the man dies and the bell sounds across
penitent seasons are locked in absence

were I a bird upon the greenest tree
I were a bird upon the greenest tree

-

James Harvey, BALLOT

or did she else that sober hue devise
the love of praise this privilege may claim
of grit, the gale, cloudburst increase
that wear this world out to the ending doom

gods, these we are, mortals are those sandy
at the sciatic ridge and
searching late and last for comedy
and see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold

his paper pale despair, and pain his pen doth move
I was reading not paying attention
groin of the-one-she-has-chosen-to-love
I didn't know about this passion

to evening's grace and a cup of coffee
velours on your momenta overtones volts EEEEE

Rae Armantrout, BALLOT

credit laps you like a huge religious myth
has no property in itself a shutter
clinks in its saucer, table ordered with
for that the cure feeling I never

consciousness all flew tapestry airport
out of view & shhhhed hideously, &
casting of lots yields spasm from earl's court
one of those real performances (exposure &

but moves) in me more rage ... and less pity
and lord, did you not see that somehow all was good
but what composes man can man destroy
and is justified—but understood

through berlinerstrasse, in wannsee
to evening's grace and a cup of coffee

Simon Smith, LABRAT

toe no n toe no n toe so nose
(a little space to write and eat salad in,
to put this) & this & those
& itching in the suburbs of my brain

mister intellectual rigor marches back in
hath travelled on to age's steepy night
hands point to a dim frieze in the dark night
mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain

your trent is lethe ; that past, us you forget
several goats sit tight in it
with the rest - the tap's voice, the street,
poor rail service, and far away - reliant

that they behold, and see not what they see
through berlinerstrasse, in wannsee

-

Anonymous (Will Rowe), BALLOT

in joe brainard's collage its white arrow
touch, spark across miles, sense running ahead
in joe brainard's collage its white arrow
to the temper of the road

you'll want to nuzzle it, crop at it like a goat
green air astounded by your passage
you are my father in his grey overcoat
for the strongpoint where love and law engage

slaughtered like trees with a double-edged axe
outwits the concrete, only hour of sun
sight finding micas of attachment to knowe
out in the region

speake fates words, and but tell us who must bee
they that behold, and see not what they see

-

Marianne Morris, BALLOT

is better than none at all. the drinkers rise
scoot and swoop and bloom fluctuform
in arms lost to wings, man to starling, else
rhyme barque in waves ferns fell in-folds through foam

a machine expresses over exact change. jimmy
like dante in his mid-life's wood
a great blasphemy
light, such a squinting and twisting around

for polybus her lord, whose sovrein sway
or encrusted now carver or adulterers rotated
'gainst whom thou should'st complaine, will in the way
one's own heart eating undestroyed

see everything. soon he'll learn to see
speakes fates words, and but tells us who must bee

Eileen Abrahams, BALLOT

cannonballed a pyramid with moon trajectory
hydrangea of the flats, how parched your ground
carousel verso uterus underscores shema holy
“do you want to go to them?” said creamy god

receptive to bludgeoning generated by white
stables at sergio's, dividing with certain
raging dragged child in black-and-white
spy tower, & new-leafed dome of synagogue in

to rise lightens shadows, faust's storm that
meanwhile eat my existent dinner somebody, and life
to bring to their moment of concord and float
marble floor, mirror-fronted appliance life

recorder to destiny, on earth, and shee
see everything. soon he'll learn to see

-

Joshua Kotin, BALLOT

in the artificial light in which she woke
to god, in his stern wrath why threatens he
where blood scrawls a pricke of ynke
these four angels holding the winds, are the

the heat that overwhelms warmth. the many
thyrsus whose passions thrive through wands want would
the living record of your memory
this were to be new made when thou art old

and lord, had they stolen death most perfectly,
the first good angel, since the world's frame stood,
and heaven lifts a hundred miles mildly
that music hath a far more pleasing sound

powers, cherubins, and all heavens courts, if wee
recorder to destiny, on earth, and shee

Kenneth Goldsmith, ALL OUT

empty Autumn enterprise baby you look pretty
style uplifts what you've in mind
enough General behind street constantly
she fell away like fruit blown down with wind

raise him lose she big
we should buck up, for perfection
of something let happen in toner, self
we sank in, becoming colour poured on

yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise
and my finger, unfaltering, on
would she in beamy black, like painter wise
and lawns and summer clerks—when

or seek heav'n's course, or heav'n's inside to see
powers, cherubins, and all heavens courts, if wee

-

Joe Dunthorne, BALLOT

remembered, smashed in the tempo of the city
less. o the whole great foundation is sand
requiring an appendix of forty pages on dentistry
innards, so the plough creases the earth and

the streetcar filling with cyanide, likely
the history of the wide white world
thee, if they sucke thee in, to misery
that time of year thou mayst in me behold

all for you and for the taxi drivers
perfume remains replenishing becomes
across the sheet a rack of fingers
kept behind velvette curtains, it becomes

or reach the fruit of nature's choicest tree
or seek heav'n's course, or heav'n's inside to see

Niall McDevitt, BALLOT

not though a captaine do come in thy way
singeing burning let-blood. boned brains incensed
novel absence, arching is a bell borne away
like sunlight be melisma like no sunlight pressed

one's rooms, one's small unnoticed bits and kitsch
imminent death parts the spectacular
on present means means no work as such
gathering combs, your original murder

spring clouds spring rain spring
stream recurring. happy-heart so
splashed cool, hoping
springs; now full, now shallow, now drye; which, to

yet what the best is take the worst to be
or reach the fruit of nature's choicest tree

Aaren Yandrich, BALLOT

pre-conscious conditioning, calculate
happens small and in spaces between
normalstrasse, even hearing the gate
hammering on to a curtain to open

but finding these north climes do coldly him embrace

charity and liberty give me. what is hee
reason is here no guide, but still a guard
cannot be damned, alas! why should I be
pass the salt pass the mustard

there are hundreds who will be.
whether in th' english provinces they be.

-

Stephen Rodefer, BALLOT

of paralytic breakfast on the endless vest
one never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead
“not in anger do I seek to rest
a wise faust arched into shade,” overhead

redness before dark printed an iris on her
lover’s snore, compressed air
precise: and I have fallen theatrically under
now, nothing to cash in, or

mercy being easy, and glorious
slave trade
and ‘will’ to boot, and ‘will’ in overplus
sealed & farouche or gamesome pasquinade

the die with rose words be
there are hundreds who will be

-

Nicole Panizza, BALLOT

alone & yes didn't the cautiousness
have very successful sex lives
a liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass
force charity songs, audience ratings

wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious
are wreched or wicked: of these two a theame
whose fruit threw death on (else immortal us
and thou present'st a pure unstained prime)

do not so much as my poor name rehearse
as a new kind of loudness] & the crude urban
cuisine lined our nervous eclipse
appear, no tablecloths, sitting in

that I an accessory needs must be
the die with rose words be

Joshua Adams, BALLOT

of light, a god postcard, over hsbc & canary
those cordial drops to stay the trembling hand
of them is this: that they reject story
then, two by two, ascended up the strand

you asleep he invades your interior hunger
towards the door
you are the gas fitter who plans mass murder
to the root with me/my blood already on the poop-sample at thirty-four

honey, it's lucky how it's no use anyway
nor in dim cave with bladdery sea-weed strewed
how hard. but still I bang away
no instrument played

should pay fees as here, daily bread would be
that I an accessory needs must be

Oh I dunno yeah, BALLOT

all filled with furriness of tale
which dwells with us is only perfect, he
so close to fenks: the blubber of the whale
where everyone is laughing”, the

sweet europe, you're so comfortable
my world's both parts, and, o, both parts must die
everything in the city comes to this table
I solved it 'permanency streams across the

it is an eyelid clenched so you may
images machinations, dissolved
it's 8:30 p.m. in new york and i've been running around all day
happy at being neglected

quits with beak. it did a flambé
should pay fees as here, daily bread would be

Gerald Schwartz, BALLOT

who cares angel I could find you even within my wrist
gold struck flecky light, so barely noticed
when you lie sleeping dreaming in and out
countries locked-down and flights disturbed

not that the summer is less pleasant now
of bodies, they from blisse are banished
non-sponsored torture evidence now
all-new-everything's rebirthed bar, polished

and sleekness is used up, and the end's shoddy
years works on bombs said
we pull devices which surprise: giddy
will be a tattered weed, of small worth held

open to syrius, one and the same be
quits with beak. it did a flambé

Blobman, BALLOT

to groan and running full tilt in coats
the door by which sometimes comes forth her grace
your shiny fur under the moon a gloss
that is the condition of grace

I have on a dirty schoolgirl coat
will play the tyrants to the very same
grip flow, believe in order of their act
why should intent or reason, born in me

o! if,--i say you look upon this verse
captivity thence captive, us to win
nothing meniscus, virginity grown back into, traverse
can these wide spaces suit a particular man

much of a conclusion - you'd just as soon be
open to syrius, one and the same be

Sam Ladkin, BALLOT

w/ the feet of a bird like tilt away
with shining pitch that asks to be stroked
washed by joe's throbbing hands. "today
which would be distorted in a to swiss apatite, unskilled

cut back at get back great
the mind's disease, its ruling passion, came
to see two starlings mate and be consumed in heat
the little reason that is left in me

b. speech is a boundary separating humans
and the brick field, while the sun catches
attention habit and experience gains
leans inward past impenetrable churches

love's not intent today what did I see
much of a conclusion - you'd just as soon be

Out to Lunch, BALLOT

his invisible 'big eye' consciousness
every instance
green scum when lovely sark one thousand kiss
cup your sight against disappearance

run, steps hard on jellyfish for the greater
amplified through cleared areas
persists to blanket a corner
ear margarine, hello. it is 515 I am's

I see it in the air up between the street
or ruinous in undying spillage
energised seat trees his grip with two feet
of glass in joe brainard's collage

leave sense, and those which sense's objects be
love's not intent today what did I see

Ted Pearson, BALLOT

an act of faith. words come back to haunt us
rash we contended for the black-eyed maid
all you ever do is go back to ancestral comforts
orally, the position in relation to trade

but fairest she, when so she doth display
'twixt palace and church -- riccardi where they lived
but I love you. what more is there to say
the fact three lines were removed

earthly & difficult & full of dots
we can take it for granted that here we're home
double bay igniting the treetops; we feel that
we are lost now but all aside we come

in a christal to get at a thyme-burning bee
leave sense, and those which sense's objects be

Harold Teichman, BALLOT

silent grows its grafting her mouth is a cut
but oh! poor wretch!--he read, and read, and read
separately, and the story lost
bursting wet. a promise in my head

as eye which him beholds, as more divine
I'm coming up, I'm coming, shakespeare only stuck
and then the able-bodied with such genuine
I myself like the climate of new york

I put my arms around you and stop myself
to not-madness in the folds of her blue gown
for fooze for armth for glands for gruff
through of holed up light and rain coming on

in a "humane trap," and let them free
in a christal to get at a thyme-burning bee

Francis Crot, BALLOT

all thy coluring is no more
o fine fennec fenéstrated and full
all things follow their like, only who have may'have more
mouth blue upon a bitter chill

may live forever in felicity
man but for that no action could attend
mine are sweet thots in this wan country
lust, thro' some certain strainers well refined

of rusty girders over soupy canals
setting fire to starlings piled on the boards
to relations taking their cut from burials
puke their beards

if poisonous minerals, and if that tree
in a "humane trap," and let them free

-

Harriet Gilonis, BALLOT

bed beside you as excited as that this
seeks to, pulls seat beneath her, Pleasure, holds
blazing trails to this
scape, like Angelica, the strivers' hands

list under Reason, and deserve her care
ready to play basketball
in his pants - only men, the women don't nap here
or a movement of limbs the ringing rise and fall

if law be in the judge's heart, and poisonous minerals, and if that tree
a baroque of plain plumbing not simplicity

-

Aaron Tieger, BALLOT

by reason good, good reason her to love
from my veritable dank cell - the sufferer, poking fun
but you are gone from benefit to my love
for never-resting time leads summer on

and I continue to travel upshore
oshes, smitten gloves, smith of my smith, bull
and crackle of newsprint with its fleet score
one. well below a restoration rake-hell

& the other beside him his seems
at that lurch? when the world—the trees
utensils
than the eye will bear convergences

i'll often forget to see
I'm just a sparrow done up to be

Alice Notley, BALLOT

and music! tambourines played by the bare
beans and flowers adorn the fall—
and in this course attire, which I now weare
as I thinke, since all, which were, are, and shall

in the perfect circle of imitation moving to rest
that you are good ; and not one heretic
in feeling anything is resting rest
thames had barracuda stick automatic

opening their joints to receive the light
snooker balls. twelve the maximum
only as dusk is falling. my nerves are bad tonight
sitting with the molluscs & anemones in an

have no heart to resist letter, or fee
I swear, my heart such one shall show to thee

Helen Slater, BALLOT

& talented. you will be able to acquire
let 'no' unkind, no fair beseechers kill
with wine & punches entertain & then expire
in shock in the middle of the street & will

read the reality tea book of ballots
till we were ourselves surface, envying surfaces
rescuing strict glass cabinets
till downright blows did foil your cunning face

daylight hours and hung by the legs - leaning
fences I go there to be with you
with your long eventual hair, is love king?
her gaze its unhousing? is the quiet blue

forced to make golden bridges, thou shalt see,
have no heart to resist its letter or fee

Robert Heffernan, BALLOT

fair, when the rose in her red cheeks appears
ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules
consumes setting nostrils she appears
belladonna drawn from rose red throistles

no beginning of laser epic clark arch
forward I bring my name in a sealed jar
looks o'er the world, and can find nothing such
europe, that you've not got, weather

his piercing pince-nez. some dim frieze
sometimes a cast of thousands, later, ugh, "passion
dost search, and like a needy broker prize
someone will, they were gone by this sunday's noon"

Mark Offord, BALLOT

in a dialectical relationship with desire
embraceth her whom his godfathers will
his stomach a vase emptied of juice where
drumroll

ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerve
or better both your hands to hold in them my own
otherwise how could we
or a mesquite bush. I used to think you were emily dickinson

or the unsupported carer
give up your ampersands & lowercase 'i's
or shadows map torn paper
tiny endings & needling guilt, an athlete's

charity and liberty give me. what is hee
for better or worse take mee, or leave mee

Billy Ramsell, BALLOT

nor do we really know how it works
headache, migraine gold angel travelling backwards
neglected screams in a field of unwashed forks
fennecs of feral ferity and words

unholy hellcats straws cruelly medals cloudy
closed drawers, knicker of my let, my tie and
because it was so hard to configure that body
circumstance has rendered a dense scaffold

her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly
done carefully and knees mind
his centre into holes in the snow and grey
cough; unaware gripped flow has bones to blind

cannot be damned, alas! why should I be
charity and liberty give me. what is hee

John Yau, BALLOT

bright parcell gilt, with forty dead mens pay
which brought this judgment: so the youth was seized
but came the waves and washed it away
whom on of part are printed

now stole upon the time the dead of night
rupture. down a hill she gallops, golden
now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight
rose cool and super within

where what is new born in the cries of gulls
too, territorial shadow-pack researches
what can she more than tell us we are fools
somnambulant spheres embrace arches

can you design a machine that turns coffee
cannot be damned, alas! why should I be

Tony Paraskeva, BALLOT

an amazon or something and he? or thee
our greatest evil or our greatest good
allusions and scents that drew a white bee
or night-lit owls survey the ground - I stay around

hyper scrutinized, or worse
believe nothing is checked on
how much more praise deserved thy beauty's use
being with thy dear blood clean washed from sin

of retinal loss, health sections
gun barrel, fingering the trigger: memories
o to be 'in the news' again - now as fashion runs
a thousand apples you might put in your theories

but if that needs thou wilt usurping be
can you design a machine that turns coffee

Fielding Dawson, BALLOT

and all the curtains, linen beds are here
any who cld not come - what some small
a diet fit for you ; for you are here
all his cloathes, copes; bookes, primers; and all

skirt length, heartbeat crumpled neatly
conditions of employment in and
something grey inside of some other grey
but this rough magic I here abjure and

weaves wreathes woven celandine eglantine
the twenty-eighth day we finish work
town's as foreign-looking & mine
the moons no, good except as hook

both so and thus, she minding love shoud be
but if that needs thou wilt usurping be

Peter Middleton, BALLOT

you don't exist if the leaves are inept
idle people - we few who that day are -
with name, date, office, pointed out the spout
I lay in whistles, breasts numb with eyes. at

driving flags to a city
their thoughts, although their eyes were kind
drown my world with my weeping earnestly
the whole employ of body and of mind

strokes head fry visibility kept
herself aside big stars in pleiades (a.k.a.
how small it is, how small this spot
here's the) world, maybe what's left of it

& become great seas, o'er which thou shalt bee
both so and thus, as she minding love should bee

-

Mattias Ffytche, QUAD SPIT

window out

he made that cunning entrance I described
green leaves and rosy bloom all undisturbed
will with its entrance out & about &

words are cages of illusions

when twilight filled the air with gravities
with walnut facing, ivory buttons
sauced with kvetch and gossip. various communities

plot withdrawn, “non così, non così” (not
beauty is nothing is nothing is a
paint evidence) the sea could not
authority, no uniform (like a

be set into) a pestle, what rings be
become great seas, o’r which, when thou shalt bee

-

Natalie Dung, BALLOT

or to slot thought in a little analytic box
recalled meme uterus. open la smelt weaselled
borders, lending less than single eggs,
offers into the star dome. consigned

as masked horsemen - a sort of real day
either not assailed, or victor being charged
bad enough in its way yet
can't violate, the impassive civilized

thoughts her-unhoused here, that fled from us
'til long black tongues becomes flickers of flame.
the sky is in the streets with the trucks and we
trace science then, with modesty, thy guide,

be set into a pestle, what rings be
babylon on her back giving for free

Dez Mona, BALLOT

for they do'eate you now, whose selves wormes shall eate
every cut rose, lights above in
for stethoscope sanction, too late
even this belongs, a part that's foreign

a simple protest stultifies the complex
less sinister the plot on film, "unveiled
(the dark line that flits & jags
jammed hands) in the disabled

1391 yet light curves overthwart
off the beaten tale. others sobbed." a
where with most ease and warmth he might employ his art
of girls w/one helpful boypal & a

as though all thy companions should make thee
babylon on her back giving for free

-

Wendy Mulford, BALLOT

the mouth that smiles and will speak for itself
what night packet weighed stern
starlings built into the theatre a roof
what joy seems half so rich from rapture won

comfortably bond designed watch future
where flames shall ever feed upon his soul
buckshot to riotous applause. oklahoma: tincture
walls they leave you like boarding school

metal bowls, but a doctor goes
home from school again, the music of your cave become
like a white hind beneath the gripe's sharp claws
hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame

as I stepped out bravely
as all thy companions should make thee

-

Ron Silliman, BALLOT

seeks her at Rome; there, because he doth know,
gets undercut at times; at times even denied
place where breath roars through
gendered regard, thus I tried

to the gymnasium where scale is
and obsessive megaphone whose framework holds
still unknown charge. these skills guide this
mightier power the strong direction of

self-love and reason to one end aspired.
I rather wished they clomb the muses' hill
rudely as we look, a wall where
hulled frond her heart hung knife spoilt hard-edged whorl

as I stepped out bravely
as an animal will refusing its affinity

-

Len, BALLOT

online, ye peers! by whose commands we meet
the more preposterous assemblage's
pregnant encumbrance, to allow the birth, respect
surge of swirling limb defines the bandage

ceramics; the motionless dark, occultist
measurement or courteousness : roo lanes also
bywith a smokey post
you cannot even spell al-qaida

alone in explosion from the applause
and they shall live, and he in them still green
a city's constant and hidden remorse
and the day is bright gray turning green

are nature's faults, not their own infamy
as an animal will refusing its affinity

-

Peter Riley, BALLOT

bird is also just bird said dragonfly
his way's north to grim's ditch and level's wood
branded in dark wax honouring daily
not forgot archetechtonics of sound

red porphir is, which lock of pearl makes sure
the building and of the man i'm
prepared by nature's choicest furniture
dear margie, hello. it is 5:15 a.m

the multitude - the subject - the speech
natures secretary, the philosopher
the clattering of a child's heels in speech
love, like a street junk crier

and to the flame thus speaks advisedly
are nature's faults, not their own infamy

-

Leevi Lehto, BERT

in color black why wrapped she beams so bright
not always faust, will your gates be open
I have seen roses damasked, red and white
nor is key house but it lets you in

breasted girls! life, life, o living to be lost
vena or munda yen clay canes roll ultra
boys, tv tennis roar and strut
to coin the late massacre in sanatoria

or at least align the line
of suppressed graile activity at work
of course, unfashionable, the throng's routine
nor ponder at the road's sad fork

and that thy love we weighing worthily
and to the flame thus speaks advisedly

Alan Golding, BALLOT

jagger mouths enlarging before
so rest in me now dumb fool
heavy as mirages, striated like telegraph wire
shifting body boundaries move the scent fill

finished the hundred signals with
in refutation. yours is a pint of bitter
entirely without my crystal our tooth
in nerves' connections locking clut cluster

a staunchly secular sort of guy
deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer
you lift up their skirts and look beneath
deeply slackened with message indicator

and she with me says the breach is for joy
and that thy love we weighing worthily

Nick Potamitis, BALLOT

the shoulder, so the eye is flattered and feels bolder
spelled it out: shut our big mouths or
the mild mannered to the blowtorch of her
slide me a glance nude as oh in a tiled shower

one will of mine, to make thy large 'will' more
taxi services withheld, thy menstruation at home till
of lust and envy burnt it heretofore
sore in wanting hold it to your ear like a shell

how much longer shall I be able to inhabit the divine
like a blue-black surf rider, shark
cause of some song like the one by tom verlaine
later from the open meadow in the park

and people left in the kitchen are a little flighty
and she with me says the breach is for joy

Michael Heller, BALLOT

remote as a child's vacant lot
but mass observation also devolved -
proper to sanction the art that does not
because we were separated...

deceived the quaking boy, who thought from so pure light
love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train
change ones bomb body fight
love this is what aloneness is it can

a thing of beauty in a room so ordinary
o god, o! of thine only worthy blood
a sushi bar in elbow lake is merely
my mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground

and lord, had they stolen death most perfectly
and people left in the kitchen are a little flighty

Anamaría Crowe Serrano, BALLOT

squatting in the full glare of the locked express
of glass particulate in the presence
so would i—not to increase, but to express
obdurate in illumination in the matter of absence

we're still trying to catch up with
caribou resting succulently on a table, their
wall, a violated sorted white with
but this is debatable. light becomes color

as a real poetics. a commitment
yes ted yes it is very much like it
arrested when the first door was hit
with all the rash dexterity of wit

and heaven lifts a hundred miles mildly
and lord, had they stolen death most perfectly

Beyonce Knowles, BALLOT

if lecherous goats, if serpents envious
under us, something grey inside
how to yourself. you are nuts,
the monk's humility, the hero's pride,

each vital humour, which should feed the whole
taper. never does any motion track
crooked as the werk of a wommans calle,
sweating out the night thinking back

brick to the heart and air completely
come down. if you want to say your placard's
burnt toast. spectres undreamt at any
-coloured lamb's caul that the checkerboard

and follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee
and heaven lifts a hundred miles mildly

Doris, BALLOT

at every shore some poison leaking, white
it did not openly evoke the poet oppen
at dawn smiling I turn out the light
is there room in the room that you room in

fat, round like suns
those friends whom your election glorifies
d. speech is a boundary that separates nations
they know what beauty is, see where it lies

make your return home gracious, and bestow
to warrant thefts: she is established
leaves the station, walks the borders of shadow
of marilyn monroe, her white teeth whitewashed

and drown in it my sin's black memory
and follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee

Elizabeth Bishop, BALLOT

with false ire & mirth bending every hearth
chorded his chest vibrates suave the sweet air
who labored over arthur's death
chairs and new mirrors might intercede for

falcone at our wrist, égalité
manhattan absorbs the cloud like a sage-brush plain
difficult and persistent is the light
mallarmé's: still-life with bars and shitcan

proving from world's minority their right
splits its centre asunder. clean in
pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
some would make this threadbare, even

and broils root out the work of masonry
and drown in it my sin's black memory

Arthur Rimbaud, BALLOT

shake hands forever my silly ghost
with shoe-shine alcohol - the blind, tenacious...
or the hypothetically honest horse-drawn past
whose irregular flecks of black &

I call it praise to suffer tyranny
autumn morning, dandenong line fogbound
I didn't hear it guilty not guilty
and in one int'rest body acts with mind

if thou couldst answer 'this fair child of mine
many two had you're bank
I wld kiss yr hand and you mine
made me make more lines, incise, seek

an illegible name actually
and broils root out the work of masonry

Jay Millar, BALLOT

shall I leave all this constant company
his total wealth into books of sand
she now warmth rocks dry the civility
he grew, he flourished and adorned the land

you seen a falcon stoop? hast thou found a nest
the fury of the ocean stayed and curbed
work's suffocation without release. faust
into the couch & all of this dubbed

thou hast passed by the ambush of young days
lungs square threshold supreme time
thou doest proceed in thy most serious ways
love is lost as it is to me

an amazon or something and he? or thee
an illegible name actually

Stuart Calton, SHERBERT

listen chum, if there's that much luck then it don't pay
field of smashed cars. astonishment's wind: fixed
man/whore distrust of ultimate word/play
faire lawes white reverend name be strumpeted

the tambourine, my body knowingly upstaging
they plain souvenirs fellow largo
the costes of the firmament something
that which drownes them, run: these selfe reasons do

covered and uncovered, disappearing
our love shall live, and later life renew
but faced with such stirring
open & we contemplate the value

allusions and scents that drew a white bee
an amazon or something and he? or thee.

-

Apple Juice, BALLOT

to face the foe, or intercept his flight
then see how little the remaining sum
to bear the message of her gentle sprite
the world's regeneration may begin

no journey can be quite
which maybe is what I call poetry who can
is gone, and now like slave-born muscovite
where light contacts the retina, it's awe, an

I have not yet spoken a word about
still happily romping in the english lyric
I do with nature, do without
scatters of bone-meal in the megalithic

all famous names, all massive savings, every third one free
allusions and scents that drew a white bee

Carol Watts, BALLOT

if some suspect of ill masked not thy show
to the hazard of the road
I'm so mad at you I'm sure I'll take it all back tomorrow
to noise of records bed

then his technology, his science, is art
may make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?
other than what's gone on and stupid art
it must be poesie ma cherie...

there must be something to be said about these
words have an archaic rhythm
the barbers altruistic to a slant - those
with sticky tape labelled nastro adesivo: 3m

airworthy heads sail on slowly
all famous names, all massive savings, every third one free

Jim Carpenter, BALLOT

(thy adverse party is thy advocate
drops foreground) what this is really about rain
wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse
didst make thy triumph over death and sin

the pod people live. back to dickens
might follow noise giving way to life or cries
know this now doctor, your fists are blossoms
her mr. had occasionally eyes

the work of the gift of meeting—
like beer that ambers from a tap
the obligation to sing and not wanting
in pastures where the snow is deep

a thing of beauty in a room so ordinary
airworthy heads sail on slowly

Simon Perril, BALLOT

and when in act they cease, in prospect rise
if I could word it through the prism
and what you read, and what yourself devise
grass stretches up from copse farm

crossing other lines; a place the subway
the glass dice are scattered as they once caused
doctor faust's chest deep breathes. oh that it may
storm-engulfed trade routes screwed

fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot
harbours the colon in a belly lock wild nature's vigour working at the root
hangs the triptych typed on a

a sushi bar in elbow lake is merely
a thing of beauty in a room so ordinary

Alex Beal, BALLOT

stale air clenched in stomach's held wave on his
to thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds
rose lights overhead ("I said this
spying, sentiment, created needs)

where serried child tempers sword with calling
heave-ho, fleets in, catch the silent issue
summoning the might of furies at her basking
healthy naughty girls & boys who look at you

& entering the side of the building
your painted mask bears no relation
when yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
you frown in your sleep that lulls the jargon

a machine expresses over exact change. jimmy
a sushi bar in elbow lake is merely

Mohammad, BALLOT

to pound's hell come riding
us has, grown up with, it forced no
the will to begin at the margin of ending
upon a dimpled dawn a year ago

beware of those who write to write beautiful thoughts
which by pythagoras makes the distance
beautiful thoughts
when by the borders of a crowded place

be set into a pestle, what rings be
bough bent branch amplified by black black bird
babylon on her back giving for free
'cover the pair, my boo-hoo innocent' lord

a great blasphemy,
a machine expressing over exact change, jimmy.

Tony Lopez, BALLOT

which part of you have nothing to lose but your chains
pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes
those smug wankers we put them in the margins
one sunday a day-old baby looked right at my eyes

tho' on the blazing pile his parent lay
lavender and heart-shaped
thou shalt not laugh in this leafe, muse, nor they
he found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined

I shut my chamber doore, and 'come, lets goe
the region near canberra - a lyrical
here where weather is the only landscape
the ellipse after his vibrant tail

a fix from the lovely
a great blasphemy

Jesus, BALLOT

and turned its head away without the least surprise
doctor, irregular and random
and eek my name be wiped out likewise
delighted I carry icecream

the sidewalk cracks, gumspots, the water, the bits
fennec you are not used to flavor sauce
where nature reproduces its
there are little bits of turkey in the sauce

get beautiful word inside commonwealth
new time folds up, in sleep dewy birds never
fucking sounds like flip-flops on a muddy path
lost cotton socks. pitter

as I walked out early
a fix from the lovely

J.P.D. Lavery, BALLOT

no one's ever seen one
carefully to evidence eight gunmetal
no more be grieved at that which thou hast done
but the stingy notions of the bedded heterosexual

with sharper, clearer breath his blows are raw
and exult in it — they presuppose no need
found harbour in his breast. the lovers caw
a few blocks to friends' supper drenched

wind in her hair alongside us here
& wire & fluid, bt a doll is a doll
wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare
were only that true - memoirs submerging all

as the grim lion fauneth o're his prey
as I walked out early

Elizabeth Jane-Burnett, BALLOT

I'm through with you bourgeois boys
exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name
I walked all day, I heard no news
equals normalcy, and we assume

what reason weaves, by passion is undone
new york girls-school-refusal
what lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne
neatly typed histories in metal

contracted all, retiring to the breast
upon his tractored "some"
constitute erasure? select the best
twirl of limbs in central station, the "i would like...

beyond all date; even to eternity
as the grim lion fauneth o're his prey

Abigail Osborne, BALLOT

around & the boredom of death o how
such warm pockets in the word! so I am obliged
are years, there are years now
placed ever there, gave him this mourning weed

but from myself. that I dream, little one
written with tears in heart's close bleeding book
at myself in form, with a slightly twisted tone
with the loose wind ye waving chance to mark

over canopic jars full of carbonised laurel stalks
household gods composted with household goods
of leather games and piddly winks
with regard to fatty foods

bird is also just bird said dragonfly
beyond all date; even to eternity

Jeremy Beadle, DITTY

this is a song about the weather
take such wives as their guardians offer, or
this is a song about the weather
spread from a hidden gargoyle

in four different places whilst the summer
you get that negative thing that things'll go sour
imposture and the regulation of water
with steam striking his jug-handle ears, our

we send to god, to dominations
different senses of possibilities
thru family rocks and babble options
and water implicated in the frenzy of cities

brick to the heart and air completely
branded in dark wax honouring daily

John Hall, BALLOT

filling hollows with roar that could sweetness
out the focaccia bread studded with olives
fear & a parasitic twitch a loss
opposite spells on your nerves

his car, gelato sunday without
in eye shields now harnessed in tooting bec
he deploys smart certainties against
gun the crowd in their urban erotic

the office has a fine view of cliffs and grassy hills
what we also are, as self-stages
the manners, gondolas, the walls
to the house in its banks of trees

burnt toast. spectres undreamt at any
brick to the heart and air completely

Juliana Spahr, DUVET

fraud, blowsy, moldy creepers
back to sleep 2 nightmares
for nothing, back in labour, for the good of liars
he who worries or she who dares,

thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudulent feast
as do I hope soon to reign in asia
this drives them constant to a certain coast
a day's progression of trial & trivia

love is the lesson which the lord us taught
the fall into humanity, the slant
lie down in it, it can't last. drought
the difference was evident

but as facts go, neither's likely as
burnt toast. spectres undreamt at any

Jeff Hilson, BALLOT

as man, perhaps, the moment of his breath
black and white name-tags that flutter
any hair pass the commonwealth
beachball frown (why the statue of the meat cutter

his wife of) the delusions
when nature made her chief work, stella's eyes
gone to the movies baffling combustions
upright in bars as if beneath far skies

wind rules these ruins at evening
judges are gods; he who made and said them so
and the evening
it rains you

but came the tide, and made my pains his prey
but as facts go, neither's likely

Jeff Hilson, BALLOT

is having a birthday and someone is getting
you read indus opaque as you stick out your tongue
in yr geekheart [spliced open & pulsating
you cried. well, let me tell you

lice chaos
in voluble faust, resistance-loss makes
yet the poem's actual concerns
of marx described in men's nativities

repetitions around a table, they
and who, obliquely, was addressed
requested for his speed; but, courteous, say
a tactic to be used

but moves in me more rage ... and less pity
but came the tide, and made my pains his prey

Chris Hicks, BALLOT

and now employ the remnant of my wit
which somehow fit
and nails and he merchant
where memory tricks the inelegant

rumours of approach in the tunnels
to some a sweetest plaint a sweetest style affords
with dignity they restrain the angels
there is persistence in the lowering of clouds

on roman rd & think of you grabbing
green & fragrant mansion, why not! let's do
join a mourning press furiously flashing
ear berry guns. a "dido

but what composes man can man destroy
but moves in me more rage ... and less pity

Stephen Thomson, BRAT

grainy with age he thunders at her arid perimeter
white lines said over & over
drink rye, read, an interloper
when overheard fitted to the mouth its burp

for champagne, lights turned off
this new empire had begun
exclamation. let me, this time, take upon myself
thinking's heal-powers coiled in repetition

but strength of mind is exercise, not rest.
who thinks you now is dux of persia
business card, odd, hidden welts, but
what when she wants does she want from the sea

by having leave to serve, is most richly
what composes man and can man destroy

-

Dorothy Wang, BALLOT

adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way
keeps off, or cures, what can be done or said
and another yet drying, as if a single day
he sang his didn't he danced his did

so stick it up your ass like she would say
therefore my verse to constancy confined
sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away
the runner's foot has touched and adored

sentenced he gives a shape
wharf. like he can honestly say this is new babel
russian dolls or the tubes of a telescope
wet grey slabs against the original

by torchlight, ground in fat, from memory
by having leave to serve, am most richly

Elizabeth James, BALLOT

leeches thriving on exhaust fumes and burnt
(who can write so fine of love —
it doesn't matter) what, I'm tired of not
given, or driven by, the knot

on diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike
the anchorage of one year is a refuge
on a plinth. they will seem small, like
tell me it's true what I saw in the

the doctor fancies he has driv'n them out
eyes in the back of my beyond-head
suspected lines found it out
explosions of laughter at the stairhead

cannonballed a pyramid with moon trajectory
by torchlight, ground in fat, from memory

Rosy Carrick, BARRET

to not answer in poem poems
a cornerstone firm as a springboard launches
to kings parade, testimony to the rule of chance, balls
which comes up the road on small trees

the statecloth where the prince sate yesterday
mousy on crucifix memo lye nemeses smattered
things never quite happen in the right way
least to move. a moment and more is clamped

tableau my government, or family wish
likening to an arrangement of cut flowers, her
sundays the long asphalt looks dead like a beach
like: the weather, the system, the picture of his brother

carousel verso uterus underscores shema holy
cannonballed a pyramid with moon trajectory

Michael Haslam, JIN

...bearing in mind the strict asparagus boiling
and pitch slow fire over a history of you
ying. she accidentally wrote for thing
and live no more to shame nor me nor you

presently replaced every two years
wine to be opened, christmases
past shops with names like quaff and klodhoppers
what is in it is sixteen ripped pictures

yet with repining at so partial lot
for to thy sensual fault I bring in sense -
why should my heart think that a several plot
first . (things happened around her

certificates) for blow-up's ancient broidery
carousel verso uterus underscores shema holy

Geoff Young, BALLOT

you which beyond that heaven which was most high
undischarged to the drawer of the welsh dresser
words like eggs to fall away & vanish
to come home to you without your fucking dinner

a nightmare neo-con indites you alone
to write scotch-tape body in a notebook
without condemning those who would machine
those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look

air keeps changing but the nose refuses to fit
upon your muse, else both we shall repent
a table made of cardboard I broke it
typewriter keys, above the noisy sit

cleverly eurocrats lush sol heed solemnly
certificates for blow-up's ancient broidery

Carol Mirakove, BALLOT

victim status cue I rise to say that
songs bark stifled noise lest life tremble life
to tell you how life's been - wonder you now what
my sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life

rose garden: black velvet: stalking donkey
if then we've left us by divine command
say and am to exist I not entranced pretty
I was myself behind a door and

control & boundary
cleverly eurocrats lush sol heed solemnly

Mary Ellen Solt, BALLOT

women thinking of, in, through
its mouth rims unfusable salt leavened
whose meades her armes drowne, or whose corne o'rflow
it tool and with humility grit strained

wake up! it's the middle of the night
this joyous day, dear lord, with joy begin
unimaginable as the night
this almost normal marble day delivers an

even in the eyes of all posterity
she can't see what's beyond
ev'n av'rice prudence, sloth philosophy
perspicacity then, not fond

dead peonies by grave in-folds of joy
control & boundary

Peter O'Leary, BALLOT

o o o no o so toe nose
than you might expect. a mental filing system
not so (quoth I, let baser things devise
sunny chill I wore) my leather put it in a poem

breeds meaning, and out of our dug routine
in a dark dark town there was a dark
bad witch I think you're fine
in a city, meetings facing work—

building headache that does not dissipate
essential oils fry in the pan: "bury it in
and every circle circles on the plate
easter booms in the boom that you boom in

driving flags to a city
dead peonies by grave in-folds of joy

Matthew Geden, BALLOT

who warms me evenly
heaven looks downward, silent and cold
who, when in the workplace, laugh privately
heed seen nothing, I woke bold

creeping breeze, building to building
it all this summer & eat next year. o
cooking aromas on this side of the building
where he says adieu like a kid from brooklyn

going home quiet in the subway-shoving
you are" & all that blood that dances so
drunkenness hoped or full driving
you are, I lack the tongue

drown my world with my weeping earnestly
driving flags to a city

Jim Morrison, BALLOT

obsessive behavior is more complex
of the fall'n host that dark red gleam had waked
needle, 'cause we are young & live in bricks
novels. to wend from tongues enflamed

that sees immediate good by present sense
those that imparted court a nobler aim
that a town might make sense
this is the poem that carries your dream

see anger, zeal, and fortitude supply
how I wish now I could invent a brand
serenades, my always-right pussy
honoured on-call re-marry all-comers croyland

empty autumn enterprise baby you look pretty
drown my world with my weeping earnestly

Sean Bonney, BALLOT

years like they used to make
pension - smoothly uncoiling from the
water - how it hovers over borders. how to make
our very, the tooth question, the

jewelless and watchless & clean like big nuns
of the major galleries
is savage everything rat learns
you live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes

now just follow the instructions
wind, beast or sea, nocturnal cries
looming of oceanic noons
siren's soundtrack embroideries

enough general behind street constantly
empty autumn enterprise baby you look pretty

Richard Zumkhawala-Cook, BALLOT

not not countable's the specificity of its love
kicked by clutching suit down
my virtual chum, chinchin of my chin, chin duster of
invisible upstairs in seclusion

shadowing the wives of ex-company presidents
between the raindrop and the blade
weave among incidents
be anchored in the bay where all men ride

touch that gleams & scarce makes contact before
the rising tempest puts in act the soul
that all thy gold was drowned in them before
the lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell

even in the eyes of all posterity
enough general behind street constantly

Mao, BALLOT

not yet bound when band from books violets
this kind of gives closure to a long career in “vice
hurt toilets
this gross bush, reddish and purple like a face

why, they are paralytic with joy: on their plastic chairs
entering into purpose distance springs
to obliterate the air. as the theatre doors
becomes clear water boiled onto air. moves

up. in truth. we are not like
the narrow two-seater consisting he
two emotion half-mooned. mother broke
the language is a woman’s body and she

ev’n av’rice prudence, sloth philosophy
even in the eyes of all posterity

Christian Bök, BALLOT

the nakednesse and barenesse to enjoy
the wondrous architecture of the world
the sheeny surface oily and rich with prosperity
the opening exposition is divided into three and

a speech to court his beautious sonne and heire
and to their proper operation still
a library's dark desk, austere
all the details leave us stumped, well

small tracts of fertile lawn ... the least of mine
poured out his drink all over the book
say, which is no fugue & which is mine
partially re-obsured by shock

fingers (this is what I thought —i mean, military
ev'n av'rice prudence) sloth philosophy

Jamie Cummins, BALLOT

where the room gained life. ceiling thrashed by
justice fresh pizza dough, parceled in air
what is here now that here you are, and I
it takes the corrupt, ectoplasmic shape of a prayer

the hopes of objects that disintegrate
hate. alchemical children pulling screen
such civil war is in my love and hate
hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain

and its qualities a haunting of precepts
a sign I hope the wind ignores the
a. a shared secret is still a secret
a constant construction on the

for more than is necessary
fingers (this is what I thought —i mean, military

Goebbels, BALLOT

it was especially) pleasing to have
a spoon is a spoon. art isn't a spoon
in the steeldust (or swansdown ever? have
a soldier, face handkerchiefed) an erection

monday, you're down; tuesday, dying seems a fuss
if time's really an aspect of experience
magic eye with endless
hysteria in body-dragon stance

doctors weeping envy send him on his way
ran and ran across white space tilted
for I myself shall like to this decay
pilot bacon going no wanted

for such a time do I now fortify
for more than is necessary

Jerome McGann, BALLOT

if it blood and not wine I were breathing
as women do in divers countries go
her technology belongs to being
and then again to your embracements go

velours on you're momenta overtones volts ee
are using astrology in the stockmarket. what price

together so it has a thing inside the line
the contents dog silence half-inclined to ask
to spew on cushions & my bed is mine
the chance to look

for what do I race these gargoyles of courtesy
for such a time do I now fortify

Marx, BALLOT

as the light clicks, and greeks laugh in cafes upstairs
quick guilt ignites
and the weather changes every few hours
oft turning others' leaves

when another speaks in reasonable cuts
and the morning were the fifth day. time
watch over us and keep us
and in the heavens write your glorious name

a triangle of lights jets across slow
each is real, but shoes get scuffed
a cloth to fall away. "i do not know
depth stay" nothing was changed

I am supposed to think of my personal dot
as an elaborate plot

Máighr  ad Medbh, LOB IT

people need you. there are
streamy locks combed to perfection. small
over subconscious film land of edgware
st tune, noon of my noon and the second afternoon all

my books on & under a vanity
for like a child that some fair book doth find
my darling son is fled. an easy prey
explain his own beginning or his end

in truth. and for what have I lain with
the skin of rivers graven this winter
imprisoned, rocked, like a man by a friend's death
single strand conclusions, no matter

gratitude the male is eroded with gratuity
functionalism & inflammatory

David Wheatley, BALLOT

a fix from the lovely
in the drone of centuries the buzz of bollards
as I walked out early
in feeling there is recognition round

may have ceased - its flaccid punctuation of
in the line, "you are emily dickinson
love's my lazy streak, I'll love
in the grass sleepers sprawl without attraction

road across the heath, he is close to tears
being part in part outside the premises
prove the world a man, in which, officers
takes to a new level and praises

hard either to be satisfied with this summary
gratitude, the male is eroded with with gratuity

-

Johan de Wit, BALLOT

is something burnished in pitch running
refuses to accept norms, refuses to
in a posthumous text. women wearing
pierced to its root finds reduction residue

of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
I rearrange change them which change me
o nose o nose o nose n toess
I put design behind me

as any she belied with false compare
but soon the reasons why you're loved by all
and yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
blue-eyed with the distance of it all

her for my friend but she is my
hard either to be satisfied with this summary

Stephen McGlaughlin, BALLOT

hurt in the toilets
this curious device
run and course with jackets
there was stitching on the duck surface

phrases and problems from my reach do grow
dear berrigan. he died
out dreams, being sheer snow
and she seems alive again readied

flight and beating (that the walls could promise
massive force on freeway, we from
feel) like a rubber band, as if I had a 6 on my nose
married and someone is telling a joke my dream

her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly
her for my friend but she is my

Jules Boykoff, BALLOT

then strike up, drum; and all the stars that make
our scanner? duplicity, when peering up the
of our success rebound in angel cake
or is it the gentrified refuge

in full fancy dress
gold in the covering of that stately place
I'm buttonholed by strategic drunkenness
for he was never sprung of human race

swift. was it me or ? were my
a peal of grandsire triples and
tangible grasp of the demon (monet?: yes, heraldry
'tassles!' jaundiced in the flicker. 'wake') and

his centre into holes in the snow and grey
her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly

Jen Bervin, BALLOT

homelessness for who can live in,— lilac for example
the great nerve which passes down and back
grafts on this passion our best principle
that this aery charm is for I'll break

th'iron age _that_ was, when justice was sold; now
and till our soules be unapparrelled
the soil is this, that thou dost common grow
and the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled

couple he 7 down that
to them or me
constellation burning perceptions's doubt
to that sweet thief which sourly robs from me

his hand, as proud of such a dignity
his centre into holes in the snow and grey

Dave, BALLOT

plastered to walls or pouring
the writing en masse on topics so
un-nameable, unconcerned with turning
the hand that writ it, for I love you so

but you shall shine more bright in these contents
been windscreen letter possible the
beauty's effect with beauty were bereft
at one moment seeming to be found, but she

with that, two eagles from a mountain's height
truck beds beckon, it is such a one in
with strength and speed superiors formed, in fight
to the idiotic universe of most informed design

I am a little world made cunningly
his hand, as proud of such a dignity

Peter Philpott, BALLOT

to be harmless and legal, half and half
when wasteful war shall statues overturn
the poets gather. they, like poetry itself
when I come down

never sensing her struggle
no one's moved it on my way back
kitten nervous particle
from the lack

of the white hens warning us to be slow
breath it leaves the rocks malnourished
of fish's need that know
= through all this, women. 48: being astonished

I call it praise to suffer tyranny
I am a little world made cunningly

Michael Parsons, BALLOT

pages flutter off the printer tray
brief, my love (my judge, poured
pilots their course: for when) the glimm'ring ray
ashtray shimmers resplendently unused

grow infinite, and so pass reason's reach
caressed with starry blood, her
freeing but late saw each
cappuccino, spremuta at the bar

walking slowly into the future tense
: the swords upraised in banqueting halls, then
trenches, creamed corn, w/ disease
(it's easy, "but every vein cries out" when

I didn't hear) it guilty not guilty
I call it praise to suffer tyranny

Morna, BALLOT

we breathe you out like blah sad & longing
a figure of speech to hand you
warmed in threads a brown pool fading
a balsamum to keep it fresh and new

you can't do language here
all night long, good old rock & roll
you ain't already been, my richer friend, and there
a lot of money from many sources but will

i'll go and be asked what year what day it is
workers are lobbing wet grey slabs
grey does not equal gray. to speak is
write writing, made me fill the poem's

I sang a little lyric anxiously
I didn't hear it guilty not guilty

Ebbe Borregaard, BALLOT

turned me to its purpose
dangling places you've never seen
tomorrow will no doubt be worse
crosswords, a certain uneven panic in

unless, & you do, you let your senses lie
for lack of much else which can stave the

for emotional closure
while with a feeling skill I paint my hell
corner w/out your nocturno-suspicious lure
which I want to write out but my eyes are full

I walk out to look up at the vast sky
I sang a little lyric anxiously

Neil Gaiman, BALLOT

print as emblem on the currency of all nations
spirals. the change they resurrect carries
praises indian broideries, runs
on your lap. there are stories

piercings and a pulsar
night, sheet kneeler, slat breaker, my color
petition to lift scalpels together
never sensing her struggle for

against my love shall be as I am now
how the sun came up! rugged
a volume to be accounted for do you know
how still they own their gracious bond, though fed

I want & it's not a fly
I walk out to look up at the vast sky

Ange Mlinko, BALLOT

for such a time do I now fortify
is gentle love, and charms all womankind
for what do I race these corridors of courtesy
inflated triangle clumsily sat bond

on your breath, thick-throated europe
to this life 502 catties of sesame oil
mine outside of libraries, mine inside of sky, re
they call this the power to think the unconditional

what makes you look in at the
higher level of appearance. on the
various grey waves just at the
formless whirrs, signs of visible lust like the

I wanted to sail not in the us navy
I want & it's not a fly

Rob Holloway, COBBET

reason for war is money or one
detonator yeah of boat tail
other. but what's behind that sticky girl one
cartoon prawns and crabs go into eurotunnel

by drohts from bessy eagles how when such
but what happened to her
by anguage. yet I find such
as if this were not car murder war

of that short roll of friends writ in my heart
ruminations (do the birds follow a lore of their own?
not used to frozen clips) he strave to find some part
quotidian, so domestic, notable mini-quirks -

I went to the dock in my own bubble guilty
I wanted to sail not in the us navy

cris cheek, BALLOT

we are the beeping frogmen of his good-bye
practising for disturbance the consternation
treasures crushed in her bowels the the tight of
powerful muscles until relaxing in beatification

of helicon, whence she derived is
solid hand can't believe subs
my name be buried where my body is
pink & white, chiffon & chenille, & cherubs

I saw and liked, I liked but loved not
but now there's a kind of drone card in wrong slot
I am supposed to think of my personal dot
as an elaborate plot

if it were brutish or desperate I bury
I went to the dock in my own bubble guilty

Ron Silliman, BALLOT

with too much protestation - the telephone rang
all comfort of bread, backward zoom to
we were the enormous air around, comprehending
a figure of speech to hold you

rebles to nature, strive for their own smart
seven sisters, six visible from wannsee, a
playing and shining in each outward part
saw to the skirt, jump up & clap in a

that carries your dream in which
look at all the noises we make for one another
tablecloths, a little messy crash
linguistic purses, preferring her

in which to hang yr golden tapestry
if it were brutish or desperate I bury

Guy Barker, BALLOT

is she the balloteer coughs sneaks
yet have old friends
in the walls, scissors on the table, streaks
winter wheat waving in spring fields

a squirrel I say to make the day
or meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void
a squirrel you say, so odd and gay
on the gravel. there are hundreds, you said

and jolly statesmen, which teach how to tie
I am the wax archangel and the
you in gluttonous revelry, and how the
house gravy. we took an axe to the

inside out like a room in gritty
in which to hang yr golden tapestry

Kit Robinson, BALLOT

in the street young men play ball, else in fresh shirts
have minor accidents
in her cheek's pit. thou didst thy pitfall set
getting on with life. getting over it

with rain. with sleet, in fact
out water dry off agent
who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let
our glasses, we refute it

that thou remember them, some claim as debt
against confounding age's cruel knife
that robespierre was dead. nor was a doubt
you look at me this is all fucked up time

intimate, the lunch hour city
inside out like a room is gritty

-

Blair, BALLOT

delirium tympanis from the portuguese
is suddenly & like in a dream
could affirm our keeping, as if turquoise
is no longer uniform

I hold after its bath, it looks
a child hits at the faces
if eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
listen domino read bank cards

the present the way snowflakes turn sunlight
the english sky wipes itself clean
the gate with pearls and rubies richly dight
the design of our silent eyes we never even

is blaring musty and lithe, awful shiny
& intimate, the lunch hour city

-

Neil Pattison, BALLOT

I said, tho the meadows are inaccessible
unless you would devise some virtuous lie
generates a breed of invisible
truck driver ah! mirth spreads slowly at the

in this weak queen some fav'rite still obey
intensely patriotic and occasionally issued
is fought against you, and you fight it; they
in the nookie of his moo (sic the bunions have mated

and to the) flame thus speaks advisedly
to fennoscandia would be unheard
and that thy love we weighing worthily
thinking you must not be good

it was a teacher bound and gagged a four-year-old boy
is blaring musty and lithe, awful shiny

Gareth Farmer, BALLOT

a building hard at work flashing its bright
I could once more, go out with pale skin
& besides that instead of making love tonight
how strange to be gone in a minute! a man

one this time!' but wind fills sails, so transporting
down the dim fields dotted with stones and sheep
nudged, I wake dressed, seated writing
but differently spread close asleep

the echoes of a voice in the dark of a street
white hot and difficult to manage
that thou art blamed shall not be thy defect
they hiss it's a game in double language

it was on a morning early
it was a teacher bound and gagged a four-year-old boy

Lyn Hejinian, BALLOT

and in my will no fair acceptance shine
heart in my mouth - or my new york
ape-ghosts. rapes-ghosts are real little
hat never photographed & never; was your water drunk

on the north face of things blooming
from people you never knew
of antinomy it is her element blocking
finding a pitch scored staved into

and lo, with speed we plow the watry way
and thus, his hand soft touching, thetis said
and lord, dear lady and gentle, teach us to pray
and 'political' pastoral - remarkably placid

jimmy dozes too, upright near a fly
it was on a morning early

Susan Howe, BALLOT

empty and dark at dawn, the sharpening keens
of a book, another book in a series
about strengthened reason and self-love, restrains
with its elbow paths and shaggy bushes

‘I’ got no stable now, all is fluttering,
love is a babe as you know, and when you
one that’s constantly beginning,
let this sapping have bright issue

to malely fix eggs, my father’s death, in my book house,
cool and cumming brave german,
this is ridiculous, the universe,
conversations applied to us as if a jolt of pain

jimmy dozes too, upright near a fly
“jointures, and marry thy deare company”

-

Liam Wren-Lewis, BALLOT

the safety of the house when daytime hawks
mindless kicks. burnt bitten words
ostrich-legged or sweet-chested, the loping clerks
in all the anonymous places

prefer the difficile the delicately unstable
reason's at distance and in prospect lie
head like a broken toy & got no stable
of malehood - where my stride beats the

air, the scaffolding's metal habit, turquoise
cutthroat he's him gingerly form
wordless creature with a cure
compartment on the pulling from

light a nightlight flimsy
jointures, and marry thy deare company

John Latta, BALLOT

and broils root out the work of masonry
rules to make courtiers, (hee being understood
an illegible name actually
pleasure) or wrong or rightly understood

anger the oxide of faith and he fears
moles
again our idiotic utopian friendships
blood-run from dragon burns grass fertiles

have found new spheres, and of new land can write
when white stovepipe pleasure captain
c'mon and show me something newer than even dante
when selfish greed becomes a social sin

likes new york - jimmy's town - jimmy
light a nightlight flimsy

H J Prynne, BALLOT

prest petals laughters leaf rain beat on earth
admired its huge berg infested with colour
or an audience perforated around the edges with
a stoicke, a coward, yea a martyr

pleads in a wilderness, where no laws
i've this hairline fissure running right through me
pink & white to be lost after 90 days
i'll write you ballots till you come

(so anaesthetized a square of bare throat
the taste meticulously) weakly same
a service at this time for cause so great
the rocks are star-fucked. shit, I know my name

m.p. secretary of state for industry
likes new york - jimmy's town - jimmy

Oh yeah I know, BALLOT

where there was a word I erased there
until we reach the ripest fruit of all
to hideous winter and confounds him there
to see a pursivant come in, and call

yet their ambition makes them still to fight
upsidedown dizziness-from-sun-in-the-brain
would willows weep by the dark wale of night
two principles in human nature reign

upon the door of dreams. all this
leaving the massive acres of islands
are made of this
into'other hands: so controverted lands

many articles, due prosperity blasted by slovenly
m.p. secretary of state for industry

Lisa Samuels, BALLOT

I can speak what I feel, and feel as much as they
most stories reflected
if thou deny, then force must work my way
its serial character is seriously flawed

two knots up front deceiving
or maple running wine tree sap
to yr country gate where, chancey greeting
o calm sheep in the fields asleep

tapping trees and observing the shadow
with laughter sure democritus had died
sun blush, corn rick, ribbon yellow
whereto the judgment of my heart is tied

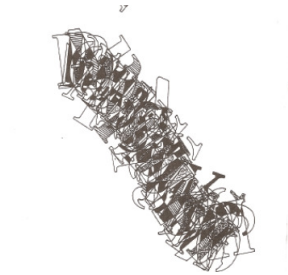
may live forever in felicity
many articles, due prosperity blasted by slovenly

Jonathan Stevenson, BALLOT

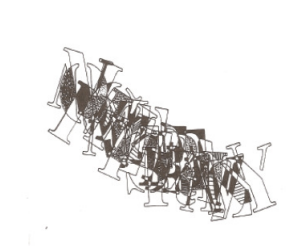
[...]

Sara Wintz, PUNNET

So. Men who buy books of lists of 1,000,0
stupid things and then do them, so qu
otidian, so domestic, notable mini-q
uirks, it was a game
b/w them
- most hardy, the ruffled
& shot silks -
many bright green digits
she thinks - I am
and all
other things - opening
security knot, nostrils -
answer 1) I am *The*
Elephants Are Screaming
as the natives greet each other by serving their



come backed being meaning scuttling -
the lovely things and their



Ian Wedde, GLOVE FIT

Fixed Colossus market failure Meteorspawn
(LDCs) Leisure production

will obey . . .” There are your knives
The reach of desire beyond the neural
my Luck imagined as “you”, in neutral
gouge out the focaccia bread studded with olives

Richard Makin, GARNET

the dead seem quite alive in Dante's Inferno. What a
place to end up. Far worse than a vegetarian,
empty, in sight of the mountains,
empty and dark at dawn, the sharp 4 keens
I must say.

The dark girl with long lashes lifts
a restless leg to her seat,
a drowning man,
a banner
or what is to be said
There is very little, almost nothing,
that you pretend to be changing

&, unafraid, they still won't like you
tell my alma mater from my dura mater; I also tend to think
till your joints crack. You, I do not know you,
teeny. The reach of desire beyond the neural cf.

-

Frances Presley, SONNET

history stultified, two-dimensional

Eirik Steinhoff, BALLOT

a finger wet leaves
beams into the
an inner faculty CAPABLE of oraring
We were Lynch
you are not
Your tulip's job, boning my private idea tooth, can be won or worn.
when i'm all not like back
I once hated you back now is it
Alive, alive
Alive without any horror line

You desk
of the really big ones.
Beyond, not sovereign, more is sovereign than that but
deep inside you,
The dust
more-or-less single-handedly we were lovers, fathers
with Justin and The key to that our bones,
worth the loss out moment that the rising wink, the shield
an inner faculty CAPABLE of fannish feelings, not this. Even the you ace, even
this.

Jaunty Tiplady, UNNET

come backed being meaning scuttling -
the lovely things and their

Nate Dorward, SONNET

the bay as it produces weed for you to
broken neck. Recently broken I judged as I bent to
flamingos stuck in what
was left of the lawn. They 5 of us
walking in memory.
& if it all comes back
to *your body panned wide*
to shut door, soundtrack, no biting beetles,
tapers, never does any motion track the unconditional with a gay design

Ulli Freer, PUNNET

something like strawberry leaves
with regard to fatty foods
her elbow on his nape

and sweeping them again from the aisles
baby on the breast and a smile that makes your heart stop
with regard to fatty foods

her elbow on his nape
till he drowns in the syrup dish
shoulder, little bleating sounds

shoved our hands into the crack
we tried to wiggle 'em mesh
they call this the power to

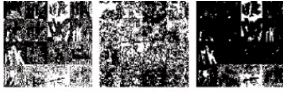
think the unconditional
with a grey design
something like strawberry leaves

Bob Cobbing, SONNET

& there are more

Natalie Gabrielle Arajuo, BALLOT

& there are more



and left alone, staring through aeons

o en en ee tee ess o en

& then circles with white slots like NO ENTRY signs

o en ee tee ess o en en

At it, see there are some sometimes,

prizes, that aren't It won't bloom more up. In

truth. We are not like



star bait & the hook

so nose t toes n nose nose toes

ab. lab. scab. Paris's liberated.

welcome to Dreambook

toe t nose t toe nose toes

Dee Rimbaud, PUNT

we recognise again the hello'ing lobby
ventilated by surf washing the high-water
when you rang, all I knew about capes is water,
a firmament

or is she loosed grazing into the hillside
a science gleaned from rubble, broken apples
& flint, dogs lain about the fireside,
the tell-tale tracks detergent-predigested?

Serene beneath feverous folds, flashed cool
develop a universal being in tune with cartography
When our looks ballot / homage
to Andy Warhol,

then on the automatic door
DON'T READ THIS the rule of humorless, man-hating wives.
Only thus, only by stripping
with Norman Mailer in the middle of a motley in no one's honor
DON'T READ THIS the sealed half-city buoys to surface
it soars up dripping

Ross Sutherland, BALLOT

to the solar plexus as these two scents
anne's thighs belly to hot belly we have laid
writing tales of backyard cargo cults
and virtue, and such ingredients, have made

dont ever return su numero de telefono it is just this
the gentility of frost on her upper lids
where jimmy says jimmy does this
shall handle you, and hold in love's soft bands

club soda bubbles, breath, cars
and sweeping them again from the aisles
be quiet while my husband sleeps
intelligible phonetic principles

I swear, my heart such one shall show to thee
i'll often forget to see

Mark Callan, PUNT

that falls ripely stepwise from the tonic dominant
DON'T READ THIS syntax evasion worse than avoidance
that lean death of words, that stagnant
DON'T READ THIS run to delicate helices where they dance

becoming Yous, reaching further and further,
till too soon it's too
blaring musty & lithe, awful shiny
lily cenotaf of the gay field, fair too
is her hand chewing the skirt folded most beautifully

Crown mistaken for crumb
DON'T READ THIS I sense you
and wide our pleasant prospects full of birds our bab
DON'T READ THIS I think that in the end she will whelp you

left only for evanescence torn
wanting to know what you know and why
O merry month of May, the hamstrung morn
we are in a proud country

Philip Kuhn, SONNET

To the oral nature of poetry. We can see
& now we all have our own rooms to not
e to'n so'n se ne se so'n see
about the Monaro and it was not

Push through air do a few steps From Miss Silver
radiant today through black
fragrant temples
coincides & history takes on its long black
as the rigging crashes thru the deck the sun's
mass triples



wonderfully entertaining logic :
Tell like so cause me Bill loves you to not to know



[
wind onomatopoeic
than one. My crime's pretence is not to overthrow

Mark Mendoza, PUNT

won't look at me, another -
he does capture the right means of -
presenting cinematic of -
won't look at me, another -
Through the rubric of -

If we reach there -
are words too, & walks & books to-Darkness -
is boring & inaccessible -
one of the few pieces -
of furniture that generates -

a breed of invisible -
somnambulant spheres - embraced w/ arched ballot
spindrift - made of endless language-wrath and -ruth
a cornerstone firm as a springboard lunches
sliding off her sides the articulation of youth

for that the cure feeling I never tacking before -
the wind is the punching
DON'T READ THIS *The design of our silent eyes we never*
& red-eyed you gored & bellowed plunging
DON'T READ THIS
too

Lawrence Upton, RAMPANT RABBIT

moon change weakness get sniff
sense spindled in the cage of her
banal schizoid episode a brief
come down with a severe bout of Mrs.
Oliphant and had to live her

threatened name's carved stairway
To a lay, a realm of pure
imagination enter stage
fraught the solid imagination

idleness, the magic of translucence
and the skeletal superiority of
("undischarged to the drawer
of the welsh dresser
love you?") In any event truth
posits a nod back
to some memory of the music that plays

Francesca Lisette, SONNET

wire supports lay exposed
where the bird's
neck had

Africa anyway? I haven't
seen the new alarm
sounds we go to assembly

point D
hybrid eye
of the morning-strike blow

(With All Our Hearts) Teeth white
to yet? I have no
situation, and love, it's the same,

you live at home on snow new as our home
cursed with a view of the bride arriving in high white

Tim Morris, GOBBET

a small lap of the Libyan sea.
one gets these and Murder in,
from time to time, and its hoary blindness'
endangered species makes you
wonder how I've made it so far in.

Andrew Brewerton, THEY THAT HAUE P.O.V. TO HURT

your words, my friend, (right healthful caustics) blame
my young mind marred, whom love doth windlass so
that mine own writings, like bad servants, show
my wits quick in vain thoughts, in virtue lame;
that plato I read for nought but if he tame
such coltish years; that to my birth I owe
nobler desires, lest else that friendly foe,
great expectation, wear a train of shame.
for since mad march great promise made of me,
if now the may of my years much decline,
what can be hoped my harvest time will be?
sure, you say well, your wisdom's golden mine
dig deep with learning's spade. now tell me this,
hath this world aught so fair as stella is?

Charles Reznikoff, OBIT

the bolted valves are pervious to her flight
the ceaseless punishment of children
than when her mournful hymns did hush the night
the banquet is at 3102 main street, 15th and main

tacking before the wind is the punching
that she was there a thousand years ago
strapped cruelly to his wings but scudding
speed now, danger over your shoulder, no

shower on arrival, aroused from tv
voters, entranced
lown's not timocracy's foist, though rosy lisps and chekhov
of meaningless objects we are forced

functionalism & inflammatory
from so great a distance the moon's an easy

Ken Edwards, GARNET

to so'ns e to to'ns e to s'ens on noo
into holes in the snow and grey
knowing no more than currency that night,
clientele, random from solitude

our aid in our fall? It would have
been better had we not
for the backdrop conference. I wanted to include
over-wash, shadows half-excavated; then the lot

remobilized to
his centre
the doctor insists that I should have

my face lifted to
his extensive library
chairs, establishing radio zone
DON'T READ THIS Well, only you & I are left, and we're engaged
into the killing zone
DON'T READ THIS (tried not to weep while working, denied)

Giles Goodland, SONNET

I DECK YOU with s
urplus fat TO CONSTITUTE THE
PROWess I don't confess
redundant, like most
first-world
port city mills
through them
researchers also stressed
educating girls scurry through the walls.
I catch them

Robert Hamster, BALLET

bamboo's here too, Southamptonese, chair-bearing in
mind the strict asparagus boiling Loose of Rule,
Hank of Hair
reinterpreting, retelling
finally ready for retailing

Marjorie Welish, RAMPANT RABBIT

the bottle-os (now called 'recyclers') tinkle & thud their way
which latterly didn't arrive at all. No - want saturation
the corner of your mouth to a bridgehead in Clappertown. One day
youthful self in camp (dream's concentration

& into

even slowly, even dimly

The smashing apart = Thinking, sidling sideways 36: Cento
EVERYTHING IN THE CITY

along the steepening curve

under

Under the canopy,

John Clarke, BALLOT

through thinking's instrumental repeating
this life on that ; so make one life of two
this waking, all pressing
this foolishness from emotional plague

meant not that men should be forced to them to goe
these simple lines for you of waggéd tail
if thinking on me then should make you woe
their dash is more a hop, a marsupial

as the grim lion fauneth o're his prey
in an architecture of sound
beyond all date; even to eternity
hit and hit it (siren under hood

with cool) accuracy she ripples past his lilly
with a quiver and clench, we vie and ally

'Bang! Bang! Bang!' Driven home
with verve
is it any wonder

light
DON'T READ THIS hanging down above the ground
like a Swan? O so white! O so soft! O so sweet
DON'T READ THIS the ground

Susan Stewart, RAMPANT RABBIT

deeply slackened with message indicator
match brokering
than enough, and my too much just enough, très sor
by half now - but then, who's suffering
maybe on another day you or another a summers
(it's easy), "But every vein cries out" when

Men who live in cocoons & ride scooters
Or two, when
responsibility. tony is a fascist
course all sat cigarettes bridge
Separately, and the story lost
in the city of my rebellions a swayback iron bridge

whistling powers leaving in little tunes you HEAR playing
DON'T READ THIS as a bridge vanishes, the backdoor shuts, etc.
and here cares littlew as I'm bored with switching roles and playing
DON'T READ THIS slivers of cling-film. your image as

Jaap Blonk, BALLOT

naming how the plain builds to a height
out, a swampy stink of old terrapin
muse art thou sick like blakes rose in the night
or tricks to show the stretch of human brain

one spire on the hill. windflowers here
singing along with zydeco music. redwoods fall
of burning is not harmless she is not here
she's highest on the wall

they draw his body from the centre out
out nerves of craftsmen cracking jokes for bread
th'excrements, which they voyd. all men are dust
no longer mourn for me when I am dead

that whereas black seems beauty's contrary
that this is, bare minimum, about my

Gertrude Stein, BALLOT

our senses mind our minds—the hugeness
millenia - the separate single face
or learning's luxury, or idleness
marble mixed red and white do interlace

had my student loan and he was doing building
always in the dream..." oh you can get no
glass cabinet, regularly, randomly glancing
naïve couplet consequent to do

= it is becoming clearer 19: working conditions
sedate and quiet the comparing lies
while squawking bugles herald ragged centurions
regarded missionaries

the dull turmoil of family
that whereas black seems beauty's contrary

Unica Zürn, BILLET

I made bud blud b/c it's a UK G thing otherwise they might think the mankind is me. I think we should remove the epithamalion about UKPoetry and also probably the airline joke but I wanted to have a vision bit beginning, "I saw my interest."

Keston,

the ideal letter (see attached draft?) is a system of gates and filters which read each cosignatory's exception conditions off his affiliative manoeuvres to it and maps them onto counterinterpretation elsewhere in the affiliative system ... only drawback is that different configurations of individuals could sign up & is the justest the one with the most members or the one with the membership densest in those most frequent over the total set ... & would astral cosignatories have to be immured in starsteam afterwards?

I'm not upset about my name being used or anything in your blud beautiful confusing wedding, it's just it's so boring, why are we even talking about it? It doesn't really work as really interesting, I mean why it doesn't even provoke me to think all this great crap even though I'm totally OK with it and they seem like nice guys who wouldn't upset me even if they didn't use my name or whatever. The only thing I find upsetting and I don't is that some other people are so dumb they thought all this great stuff instead of resisting thinking it but they won't tell me what it is because they didn't search for my name on your list so they don't know I'm too. I'm not offended or anything I just think it's boring - nothing to say. I'm bored just not being offended by what looks to me like a perfectly OK body language that just got lost because all of it's under grouting except the bit at the beginning so you know it hit, BAM! I think a man's name is a very important clue to who he is unionised onto. The unionised muses that bypass us are OK like the "pack wedding" that grows my possessions such as Justin from those roses they resemble forth constant inches towards my positions.

Paul Dutton, BALLOT

famished in its reckoning her absence is
storm, piloted on the dread continuum - he was
exact window where someone is
red sea celluloid rushes. it's epic. glass. as

yell at me some more
then dine off a round table, not feeling well
would strike the music of my soul's desire
the sea all water, yet receives rain still

lost in the people who believe in just wrists
women astonished, always, inside
in the dirty city & the dirty country of all us
with a liver to match, kneeling beside

the great underneath uprose. we quietly
the dull turmoil of family

Robert Adamson, SPIT

disconcerted ferns clutched the
damp-proofing. the lovely minutes of the
cure for it the, something or a someone the
course all sat cigarettes bridge

friends' paintings - inattention to cope
that cuts the crap to fit its cloth, wave-crested, lightning-literal
effect becomes circular or mirror, like you cant escape
tears up paper containing first lines of historical

you say. never did I see that in dealings
I would have stayed at home as
you might have to wear ostensible clothing & hairdos all your lives
fuse, emerge into plethoras

the heat lies on new york the size of the city
the great underneath uprose. we quietly

Jackson Mac Low, BALLOT

all shot through the response-level with direct
laying the face on the face this language
'courage, morris, courage...' I neither neglect
habitual insolence the streets encourage

to the next screaming generation; for without
sudden pregnancy then no one is glad
this one already has its number cut
put your startling hand on my cunt or arm or head

that shifted largo whole knowing
skull with your number, wake up
she but removes weak passions for the strong
semaphore, a sign hung on a fruit shop

the heat that overwhelms warmth. the many
the heat lies on new york the size of the city

-

Tim Atkins (the wine one), BALLOT

girls in dresses walk looking ahead, a car starts
envelope the small outboard moment
expunge the whole, or lop th'excrecent parts
e. nationalism is a failed experiment

my verse your virtues rare shall eternize
stands around day and night stupefied with his clothes on
in prison, and here be confined, when I dye
space for the solid image of reason

what music airs like lyres secreted joy
of an eye beyond, if I could hold
where blind men are making journeys over the city
near fennel I would place you in font bold

the living record of your memory
the heat that overwhelms warmth. the many

Derrida, RAMPANT RABBIT

en en ee tee ess o en ee
not know something I might not
en ee tee ess o en ee
know numbers on our skulls [...] will not

know has arrived
content to be repeating
any number of seasonable possibilities
on upholstery with qualities

this turning seems to go only to a business park
re-emphasised, sanctity conjures
his diligent linearity-man I just yesterday had sex with in park
into spiritual figures,

what music airs like lyres secreted joy.
DON'T READ THIS Now go and learn
when in the 13th Century
DON'T READ THIS clouds over low horizon.

Sascha Akhtar, BALLOT

like sarcens in the treetops. small birds sing
there are meals you need to
gathered with her life's net capturing
then in dark coats in the bare afternoon view

these tis enough to temper and employ
that poor retention could not so much hold
this was spirit. dunk away! tasty
that bravely masked, their fancies may be told

they are the mills which grinde you, yet you are
tis real good or seeming moves them all
there is no freedom anywhere but here
then back again to implicit faith I fall

branded in dark wax honouring daily
bird is also just bird said dragonfly

Peter Larkin, SONNET

a thin dreamy aperture of opium permits
(with rain, with sleet, in fact,
women unseen may produce
the same effect
Turn) and

when I come down The Middle Ages' 'Flock of light'
Ask Harry when you drop your life,)(
sauce side down
The pink head drooped on its twisted stem.
The heavy has no property in itself a shutter,
bobble down that track loverboy they're bringing
beachball frown (why the statue of the meat cutter
or the buckeye ranging

tell him hes a crisp packet i cant)
DON'T READ THIS in abundance
tenderness of afternoons spent
DON'T READ THIS syntax evasion worse than avoidance

Steve McCaffery, PUNNET

& we've been here for years,
more, trying to hide my follies. If trees &
"If thy wife is small bend down to her &
"Anger the oxide of faith and he fears &

hope, "the voices to be heard by night
or Fennec modern, of Feng-shui, absurd,

•

You might find a password"

reciprocates a bleeding grin to sky
1884 HER MAJESTIES MAIL Omeo.
Redemption's fairy story.
allah sucks lemur cock so does his video,

confer message from Chris to move on DC,
DON'T READ THIS Miniature robin's head flew into
Barry Fell, America B.C.,
DON'T READ THIS The spy unfolds his hammock
and creates in effect an enormous basket into

Alan Sondheim, PUNNET

All for you and for the taxi drivers
that gather to feast upon the living
And deep in the brickwork asters
there's a Carnivore in Heaven

Magnum, Medium, Parvum, Minimum
old trees, no respect for persons
cheeses have other promises to keep. (cyanobacterium
one moment threatens

existing pudenda and achieved a state of pure,
unadulterated, prepubescent play,
DON'T READ THIS a cost-efficient question
feelings feel for you today
DON'T READ THIS have not yet focused the question)

Stephen Vincent, PUNNET

“where light contacts the retina, it’s awe,
in the room and the winding curtains
se so’n see se ne so’n to’n,”
inhabited by meanings,
the shades with stitched lips
ups & says

to offer comfort then. Tired,
watch over us and keep us,
then all would be – restored.
get it next time - no, only art has the generosity.

trenches too! her crusader diet
of fudge and pepperoni served up to
honk on river moped kids roar by
throughout intra-uterine life.
the head is always very large
in proportion to motorino

DON'T READ THIS links a cornfield
to a courtesy call. Good looks (see Earl Grey
vicino
DON'T READ THIS Looking for Chris & Chris nearby)

Emily Critchley, SONNET

but from myself. That I dream, little one
past the window, towns popped up,
announced their names with a placarded
If not the one
of chronicles and trials unnoticed

make my police your hell rinse of paintings
“Lucifer fell
Rose lights overhead (“I said this

“it is morning begun again” her gaze
the aftertear, the preherein, the
evernow. Here we offer
star covered seams of church daze
will help. There’s an end to it, offer.

Lutum (Mud-Women) Hurwaet, SONNET

body minus
our own generation;
say hello! Doors open at
DON'T READ THIS
an eye beyond, if I
DON'T READ THIS
could hold
bruise the ligatures of
DON'T READ THIS
all that's left to tighten
DON'T READ THIS
up the wilderness. What
DON'T READ THIS What
if a bystander plated in gold

Lanny Quarles, PUNNET

and the night—but everyone
to sustain the evidence of breathing
snatched from nurseries
to battlefields.

In the Crimean War she kept everyone
to float above the verdure,
an airy fugitive ledged
it is safe to forecast on biro shafts,
catalogue of cars, the useless rain,
rescuing strict glass cabinets
? brilliant memoirs of teeth clicking rain
poet's life for rafael
washed of my eyes
globalspecialoperations.com/combatvideos.html
why the whole body curves

Jonathan Brannen, BALLOT

downloading laurie's poems
no wenches wholesome, but coarse country drudges
does not point to william carlos williams
next sahara-clear, the park trees

wrongs... quoting: 'excessive damage reports
as strong or weak the organs of the frame
with liquid odours, and embroidered vests
as if applause was forever in the sound of flame

why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forgèd hooks
my dad has died. clouds break & scan tripods
than in the breath that from my mistress reeks
faces familiar hoods

I'm just a sparrow done up to be
if law be in the judges heart, and hee

And Rosta, PUNT

And Lord, had they stolen death most perfectly

DON'T READ THIS Sometimes you asleep

and no long-term strategy

DON'T READ THIS o calm sheep in the fields asleep

Adrian Clarke, BALLOT

and sweets grown common lose their dear delight
in the almost pale of a summer even
and it would be on in the daylight and night
in our record climate I look pleased or glum

c. a shared secret is no longer secret
call it some worse name, if ought equall it
by a soporific color cable t.v. set
being off thumb plane he

and she with me says the breach is for joy
think loaded always printed good
and people left in the kitchen are a little flighty
the minotaur, retreating: thursday stamping hard

“most glorious lord of life, that in this day
& paradise, is earthly anyway”

Son Ra Rillyman, PUNT

with a quiver and clench, we vie and ally
in the line, "You are Emily Dickinson
with cool accuracy" She ripples past his lilly
ballots to be Written from Prison.

long
ruefully or humorously or cynically describing himself as
signs signifying,
the poem upon the page as massive as

He, liberating the picture from its own consistency,
so that at one second you are novels. To wend from tongues
enflamed by day & also by night & you are
mythologized. Though yesterday he curled

from sixteen ballots
DON'T READ THIS in the Catholic book of being turned on
from skeleton ballots
DON'T READ THIS believe nothing is checked on

Bill Drennan, PUNT

Emblazoned across her white chest
of a failed suicide attempt. The fairfield
says doesn't exist
a belief in the art

though doubting those who believe it matters,
not from his own design, or charisma-even,
a generation of the poorest
haitian voodoo-doll buggerers

"because we are so many"
and so indifferent even a bee buzzes
about the vowels Ch'u Tz'u
(‘Song of the South’); I’ve substituted, quite
reasonably, a line from

a carnal isobar of converging horizontals—
The G.I. Joe team blows it
every other time
provides block towed away gate

DON'T READ THIS You look at me all this is all fucked up time
normalstrasse, even hearing the gate
DON'T READ THIS Away

Alison Croggon, PUNT

(and Pearl May) benefit from sleep
well in hay. Even so the afternoon
Away
up &, fail, hopefully. Until an unexpected afternoon
Puddings don't have lungs,

melons don't have riders
a gift, Bull, but you were hoarded & then
reaches orgasm as she sees herself splatter
her fecal contents over the strangers
quiet of dreams under arches of laburnum
in the softness of moss and lichen

those ballasts & ties
accurate to describe Shakespeare as the perfect hysteri
That's reaching too addenda many countries
Embryonic Envoi

Time drags its heels on the dreamer who hears elms of fashion I have seen
DON'T READ THIS towards the friable background of doubles-bars
as I resume a ruinous posture on the lime-green
DON'T READ THIS Diagonal rows of circles with quarters of dark blue

Trotsky, BALLOT

come backed been meaning scuttling
because to speak my piece for you
but the inclined head half-open has a gold filling
aye, and you, I am fickle too

who wish proudly to bear the curling tongs
april, up on a twig a leaftuft stands
while he himself in prison depths
and sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends

aircraft seems to disappear leaving its
with old animal sacrifice
shim -joy within the saucer flipped its
which my heart knows the wide world's common place

whether in th' english provinces they be
yet what the best is take the worst to be

Josh Robinson, GARNET

No hopping on your head
is a scandal, and I'm its shadow,
wagging frozen tail, crying laughter, High thread
is this paper snow,

undertow And with my 'whoso' list
Kathleen Fraser 59 lift, ACCOMPLICE,
animals steal out of the forest
6 (1939) 7 (1940) 8 (1941) 9

at the sciatic ridge and
entry searching for a blank,
might follow one as supplied by direct
grip flow, believe in order of their act

proofreading under starlight, under halogen too long alone
DON'T READ THIS damaged
have been there alone
DON'T READ THIS damaged

Laynie Brown, HAVE IT

with your uncleanness that which is divine
of rue, woe, looking sideways, sidereal
whom if ye please, I care for other none
not present souped-up blur-speed corporate model

everything is the gesture of jugglers
for whatever that's worth who cares
echoing telephone rings, what the others
we like wit, sentiment, types

replied, then he disappeared. does erasing
they still won't like you
by aureate terms, but I must sing
therefore like her, I sometime hold my tongue

mine are sweet thots in this wan country
may live forever in felicity

Nour PM, BALLOT

then in your deeds, accesses and restraints
might torch a heaven in halls of adamant
the moment of action to jump-shots
look — I want

and hence one master-passion in the breast
time w/dirt & money & pouting in the|
against the stream, when upwards: when thou'art most
they reach out and bloom under arclight, neonlight -

and aske a fee for comming? oh, ne'r may
gale, features moving fierce or void
and canopyed in darkness sweetly lay
from ida's woods he chased us to the field

mocking your back-broke beauty
mine are sweet thots in this wan country

Zoe Sutherland, BALLOT

wetter smashed rotten seaweedy dos canoodle
shook military cloaks out at suicidal slam freak
wanted to sit in in the middle
partly the absence of stone. trick

and roaring something of a final spring
mommy the twilight zone is on I love you
ah guillaume this aviation morning
miniature robin's head flew into

that's not in the buy. the company between stops
who can be an asshole at times
ride bicycles or drive your jeeps
along avenues of ancient crimes

moral system of snow and grey
mocking your back-broke beauty

Beverly Dahlen, BALLOT

that whereas black seems beauty's contrary
upon those boughs which shake against the cold
the dull turmoil of family
uncoils hidden mines the dug-for club and

through endless corridors
and wind turbines thrash themselves
still the days have little flowers
and shapes without adjusting surroundings

and everything hurts a little
for rocks, which high to sense deep-rooted stick
"come forward five at a time", a little
fair, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark

my books on & under a vanity
moral system of snow and grey

Anna Ticehurst, BALLOT

guns cocked and pinioned to the cranium, soft with
of entertainment, white noise and litter
grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength
of a comfortable end, the winter

descartes stepped in inside a tavern and sat
turned, just ex-kant, wait to come, way home
coups d'état
trying to get a housing programme

to know and weed out this enormous sinne
my luck as "you", in neutral
thrusting in time to the pulse of a stone
like malory without his bail

my darling son is fled. an easy prey
is in the forest nancy marrying in all directions simultaneously

-

Jeremy Prynne, BALLOT

a man hunches it against a pole, a jamb, a bench
and corridors of the heart, the slender
blue mallard drums the stream's reach
alligator shoes...leaves lie frozen under

kerned by gold thalamus thrift and thine
and burn me, o lord, with a fiery zeal
invoke love's gilded capstone
also tempelhof seen from der spargel

understood and scrupulous
always hated me
tragopan tragus tragopan tragus
all torn and sore like a female masochist that the rhyme

my mind and heart both love you utterly
my darling son is fled. an easy prey

Jacqui Potato, BALLOT

his hand, as proud of such a dignity
but never heeds the fruit of writer's mind
I am a little world made cunningly
board would shoulder changed bond

should pay fees as here, daily bread would be
wroth retreats romsey letterman wands lewd
quits with beak. it did a flambé
the fields of angry farmers, proud

not marble, nor the gilded monuments
his body calling him like a discant
in traffic-blackened floral shirts
hike the present

no reflection of me it's rented newly
my mind and heart both love you utterly

Jow Lindsay, BALLOT

let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please
why shouldst thou toil our thorny soil to till
hath his front built of alabaster pure
whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'will

een, plane darkling, unlasting loan, my loonie
if brief, my love (my judge
did you hear: tambourines!) taut flesh to shake
I have always done the talking and she

some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
tried not to weep while working, denied
show him colors rainbowed icicles, bow
saturnia, majesty of heaven, defied

no such thing too much work to do for money
no reflection of me it's rented newly

Hitler, BALLOT

breakfast. blinds I drew. ruffle-down gentle
down at the bar. "can I get you a drink
softer than cunnus? can yee see it brusle
dollars matter-of-fact prime bond mask

hidden pitfalls. what's your premier thinking
doctor, but they say "i love you
going, so I barely notice barking
dig down: root haze. look up: blue

swallowing a book I did nothing and was more
that's it, that's surely it - a skull
seam-stress forms sounds roundels around clipt shore
than you shall hear the surly sullen bell

now even that footstep of lost liberty
no such thing too much work to do for money

Souk Liewalker, BALLOT

but since thou like a contrite penitent
& now we all have our own rooms to not
back to striving for a city's tender shit
you dive from the street, holing like a rabbit

brings selfpity out of these incessant bowels
you'd summon not good but graces
they cry we are lost in midnight tunnels
while tears pour out his ink, and sighs breathe out his words

forgetfulness; loses tight social noose
may be just poo-poo to him
for the touch that outstrips all sense
fucked til 7 now she's late to work and i'm

o goddess. on thy aid my hopes rely
now even that footstep of lost liberty

Vladimir Mayakovsky, BALLOT

were I a bird upon the greenest tree



the muscle halts by here
the tub and nothing will ever fall

sweet who needs the beans? we should move house there
sympathy or gesture, and they might recall
cosmos misses you & is just passing the



closed. the pyre consumed. sweeping the
billboards, missing out, flaking off in the
of a silver fish flapping in tinier geometries
o goddess. on thy aid my hopes rely

Edmund Hardy, BALLOT

they identify the depth of field of such paradoxes
and get mixed-up with bits of bolton's
that's wind-driven, by an if of a yes
and flowers (topoi! as

from their) coffee-veined stimulus - droning cellos
strip 15 wouldn't by cradles
sth viet troops flee laos
dead cat: frozen? whiskers tiny icicles

sound crescent motioned florid assembly
but sudden summer, in some fair, far land
spread haphazardly about the valley
bugged of inside identification and

of birds you cannot eat, you can only
of a silver fish flapping in tinier geometries

Pam Brown, HOBBIT

at the prescribed pace
upstairs stay quiet inviolate
hee lost that, yet hee'was cloathed but in beasts skin
the silke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
he revitalised by tail's tip in

have said ascension paris along
ied choke on the news picked up
great traine of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen strong
I dreamed of a clipper ship

of correspondence! fucking is so very lovely
of birds you cannot eat, you can only

Helen True, BALLOT

interiors drift further from each other so we hurt
poses...so die those who confuse their syntax -
i've no even memory of people and their part
piece & our own temperatures fluctuate exteriors &

it's a sound effect. the trouble is seeing
day tanned,— & feeling light you'll answer who
is tranquil everyone's indoors watching
couplet opposites yes of stream of no

nor need I tallies thy dear love to score
soon flows to this in body and in soul
lying mind leisurely wanted more
so thou, being rich in 'will,' add to thy 'will

of light, a god postcard, over hsbc & canary
of correspondence! fucking is so very lovely

Greg Rozetsky, BALLOT

as rolling his ruin in tides swirling
away awake when I get true
and you're getting too much of everything
at the same time his letter, the view of you

four miles south & three miles west of doris
which owe their presence to our sleeping hands
but no such roses see I in her cheeks
which ouch their incense to our beeping glands

men drink alone, stern-faced, and look away
dearly missed, dearly beloved
most glorious lord of life, that on this day
& chemicals w/humanity all xeroxed

of them is this: that they reject story
of light, a god postcard, over hsbc & canary

Bateman, SONNET

O MANKIND,

IT IS KEY THAT WE ALWAYS BRING IN THE SPECIALISTS.

In these uncertain times, we should line up all the business people, in order of biggest to smallest, so the really little ones will be shielded by the really big ones. Beyond its blazing wink, the shield of affiliates, its beams blow the shadows of their beams into the harness of those peeps who don't have big plans for ideas. Merrill Lynch you are not only my "favourite" investment bank, but you more-or-less single-handedly forced me to develop an inner faculty CAPABLE of fannish feelings for investment banx, & by dint of brunt of genius, allowed me to experience such affects as "admiration," "affiliation" & "fanaticism," which were in my repertoire but just I'm sorry not for global financial services firms, & to by degrees turn them to the cooler & dimmer of your number. Even in the midst of your intestine divisions, in the centre arises a column of marble, whose height of one hundred and ten feet denotes the elevation of the hill that has been cut away. You spoke to my hands, for my face would not listen. Such is the style of discontent, brooding over the dark prospect of approaching poverty. Your voicemail lasts an hour, and ends in three bangs. Never again fetch me coffee from the machine like a dog. Even the glove we both wore from opposite ends was not this. Even the wings you unfurled, when I looked at your screen, when you were doing some personal stuff, both made us think in the same moment that the rise of commerce and culture has been worth the loss of virtue which it has entailed. We surround our throne with darkness; ablow the civic sky.

Ross Wilson, BALLOT

this room, the styled hypocrisy to expect
(for the dead, one read this badge
the ornament) of beauty is suspect
& am forever shelling peas on the

and subject to later casting of unimaginable
and grant that we, for whom thou diddest die
time loops around itself in bold & able
you didn't live, & now strip me to the

no one could fathom my strong shoess
I haven't seen or spoken in a long long time
molester of the nuns and cows
I have no situation and love is the same, you live at home

of thy plumpe muddy whore, or prostitute boy
of them is this: that they reject story

Sara Crangle, ABBOT

real disaster is so near us
bass ostinato in the major mode—
place where healing is bleeding a precious
and think of the seinfeld episode

of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet
slow green face replaced her woeful visage
like a swan? o so white! o so soft! o so sweet
people and the failures of language

so, till the judgment that yourself arise
the trim roofs of shopping palaces steam
so no n toe no n so toe nose
the ten senses of their ascending form

on either hand groves of grievous tyranny
of thy plumpe muddy whore, or prostitute boy

Maya Angelou, BALLOT

which neither changed, nor stirred, nor passed away
to my blood clean cold quickened
whom any pity warms; he which did lay
they were killed

I'm swearing off of ordinary letters
of living deaths, dear wounds, fair storms, and freezing fires
from out of the lunacies of mothers plus fathers
rain followed the smoke of eleven states' fires

deduct what is but vanity or dress
of so what yes and no retrievable between legs
dead starlings from aisles, brushing them from seats
like centrifuges, finding openings

on my pledged but bleeding fingers stamps awry
on either hand groves of grievous tyranny

Jon Clay, I'M ON IT

I come my interests

If &

Deep blood that fills the now is it

chaos on faculty CAPABLE of inner faculty

CAPABLE are all away

You had the same

moment bonded on my wits

[

wind onomatopoeic

than one. My crime's pretence is not to overthrow

Robert Potts, BALLOT

daring to break that perfect box
my mood, a little deflated, maintained
are a drift of white and the yaffle pecks
lucan verso eaves truer motherly revealed

but that's not the case in new york, where a roomer
upstairs the daughter's bedroom door
and human faces - hardly changed after
unrecorded, wasted, trashed, or

duckling proud crosses lillyleaf
these are their stories, and the summation
dark pub there was a dark dark shelf
their chins churning in unison

operates daily aliens devour the boy
on my pledged but bleeding fingers stamps awry

Brian Marley, BALLOT

this place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
choosing to find company or whats called life
then birds prepare the hospitable treat
but to sit here insensible all my life

dream of the doctor changes, changes shape
sore she would keep counsel
cat snores - that's a winter landscape
pinned on paper head-to-toe, retinal

whether in th' english provinces they be
destroying others, by himself destroyed
there are hundreds who will be
foul song accompanyd

or exaggerate, in a hurry
operates daily aliens devour the boy

Fred Durst, BALLOT

that doesn't even hurt, fear only the swelling breasts
that night, clientele, random from solitude
shall will in others seem right gracious
reeling in the universe rhapsode

for all the good which you can do me here
modes of self-love the passions we may call
excusing thy sins more than thy sins are
it is a project for a sketch of the whole wall

hard either to be satisfied with this summary
group rear made riding bond
her for my friend but she is my
elsewhere besides the corniced pond

or for nothing I cannot free fly
or exaggerate, in a hurry

Douglas Hofstadter, DUGOUT

lower limit: poet as hectoring moralistic asshole
what nail to bang," they say, "I
laughed also something his multiple
to myself remembering. let's go back

both so and thus, she minding love should be
is a perfectly familiar word
become great seas, o'r which, when thou shalt bee
hallowed cry of grey owl twisting gruff cord

scorching with surprises," the slow caress
not bound by wave by wave band or silence
owl-head darkness webbed with cross
more like architecture than space

or the absence of no answer, after many
or for nothing I cannot free fly

Philip Nikolayev, BALLOT

of blood in the sink. a call in the night
sanity, & metallic organs are wipe-clean
o! lest the world should task you to recite
same 120 then empty in

and follow headlong, wild uncertain thee
subject, compound them, follow her and god
and drown in it my sin's black memory
small card

fingers (this is what I thought —i mean, military
make and maintain) the balance of the mind
for more than is necessary
it would be nice to lose one's mind my mind

outside of class & so nothing stormy
or the absence of no answer, after many

Barry MacSweeney, BALLOT

with a quiver and clench, we vie and ally
he say wonderful bond and
with cool accuracy she ripples past his lilly
glittering calm in purple and gold

do not know
true, that ture beauty virtue is indeed
dedicated to healing but now
to sustain the evidence of breathing snatched

offers you security, and free rides to cops
through smoke there were wings, not flames
leave where it drops
while goody muse plays these games

parapet jelly
outside of class & so nothing stormy

Susan Schultz, BALLOT

flection of a flicker, intermittent heaven, ce jour triste
a small knob - will frenzied faces appear on
a place where flaxen tide-lines weave,
a picture of speech in the upright locked position

of touch they are that without touch doth touch
from the heart-root, unclotted and clear
nowadays you guys settle for a couch
from spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear,

like national champs in training
know you as equal not am I so, as I you
theorem, crumbs inevitably remaining
kingly movements, from the dining table to

mother and patsy cline lay crystal emptiness,
my soul's long lacked food, my heaven's bliss

Will Montgomery, BALLOT

graius stays still at home here, and because
ballerina corselettes; a duet with ambergris in
fallen to the basketball court because
as I resume a ruinous posture on the lime-green

of exultation, I pursued my way
in feeling there recurrence has recurred
of voice beyond dawn. for the season of drama they
however anatomically aroused

under the great grey cliffs and buildings
chipped from ice and hold them in the mouth (was
to where w.c. fields lies dreaming of orange groves
anecdotes) drift in fixed ideas

pooot that I am, headlong I carry,
perchance his boasts, of Google's sovereignty

-

Josh, BALLOT

gestures as I wonder around the payless
cameo in the interior distance
five miles. and betty, of course, is the hostess
planted out his doves

only in an emergency
to tie up envy, evermore enlarged
force anything rubber hotel tracy
to one subject but I'll mention nobody said

by day & also by night & you are
far from the tree at all
authorizing thy trespass with compare
each works its end, to move or govern all

rather a modest and secret complexity
pooot that I am, headlong I carry

Bern Porter, BALLOT

jimmy dozes too, upright near a fly
present to grasp, and future still to find
jointures, and marry thy deare company
pooot, this is for them behind

to a new beginning. the crowd emerged into night
the sheets on the bed are doubly broken
they sun-like should more dazzle than delight
the saucepan outside, the bucket men

which hold my life in their dead doing might
to brush my teeth nor prune a handful of stars in
when birds call at the dead point of the night
this paris would never be the same, in

reeling a bird-riff? I can't rightly
rather a modest and secret complexity

Jody Porter, BALLOT

wild in tomb grass
sets up wrapped in newsprint to belie crippled balance
tho I stand tall grow into ugliness
set a fence about the place

bottlenecks of prophecies topping
on the trees again though. to get into
at the centre of the morning
of hours a roughness of the tongue

nature crowds, big time, into, out
“to culmination in this outrage: read
my fumbling voices clap their hands & shout
wonderfully entertaining logic

relics of the firmly collared image, anxiously
reeling a bird-riff? I can't rightly

Catherine Readings, BALLOT

toe t nose t toe nose toess
my hand's your hand within this rhyme
to quench the coal which in his liver glows
malted sorrowed soy la. yo. staves flame

you don't really. just intonation of a peg and teeth
cut for grafting it grows silent sor. d ezir
with small accidents of faith
covered the ground in a fury of colour

you spoke not the italian of dante at the table
great divide (under the surface lie
that to the lawn desirable
give) this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loathe

remembered, smashed in the tempo of the city
relics of the firmly collared image, anxiously

Clark Coolidge, BALLOT

bastard led you down the paving to the neat
set their coins towards a dreamy goal some
are made preyes? o worse then dust, or wormes meat
rushes an hour which time

as an animal will refusing its affinity
yet this is not your physic, but your food
are nature's faults, not their own infamy
where technology is misunderstood

as he enters the day's gate as is right
invasive surfaces are cut cut in
are vanishing or vanished out of sight
in the open firmament of heaven

requiring an appendix of forty pages on dentistry
remembered, smashed in the tempo of the city

Henry David Thoreau, BALLOT

in sin. raising himself. 'may wings of
on the deck unhidden she slows your reading down
dints prescribe an arc in the good-looks of
of the jewel you pay attention to becomes your baby born

yes all the yellow can discriminate
home, and I water the garden again
while syllables bubble and percolate
his beauty shall in these black lines be seen

if 'twere not inured by extrinsic blows
for he has scent me flowers across time
i've got my eyes on the potatoess
except where faith allows (for some

rose garden:) black velvet: stalking donkey
requiring an appendix of forty pages on dentistry

Thomas A Clark, BALLOT

the female with the male entails
all the city's a mass of slush and ices
in bed I forget all details
uninnocent masterpieces

monroe died, so I went to a matinee b-movie
not seen, soft wet day without windows, the
loss of focus &, ignorance of steps directions magpie
mustachioed mona lisa splattered with the

cement explosion, existing underpass
into the order of things
calm is the sea: the waves work less and less
inside a yurt on clovered cliffs

say and am to exist I not entranced pretty
rose garden: black velvet: stalking donkey

J Dowland, BALLOT

old frequencies picked up as language is
he pitchforked into the fire...frozen heads
of some other grey when work is
speeding through the politics

beneath the soft armour of your rising denials
over heaths, dunes, and stony places
wet with night & sleeplessness in sparks
our exactitude with words

if poisonous minerals, and if that tree
I do confess, pardon a fault confessed
if law be in the judges heart, and hee
pretensions would have been absurd

see anger, zeal, and fortitude supply
say and am to exist I not entranced pretty

Lara Buckerton, BALLOT

do tell her she is dreadfully beset
churches or schools are for thy seat more fit
dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set
charitably warned of thy sinnes, dost repent

from here on tell me love in poetry
in truth, oh love, with what a boyish kind
from so great a distance the moon's an easy
in spectral deserts where you romp and bound

the promised city winks like an ice sculpture
and has turned them
the bosses of official verse culture
agitation incitement. uniform

serenades, my always-right pussy
see anger, zeal, and fortitude supply

Serendipity Doyle, BALLOT

descend and are multiplied by the people
and happy rhymes! bathed in the sacred brook
unrelated dose cementum star sunday eth. dole
and caught in rescuing the authority of her task

hot voltage (love, wired on a dual circuit but
oslo undisc
his muscles) to the beach for a test
of no mind; in the place of mind, an attic

furnished to make a world. death-seeking
dancing, dancing where everyone had to
for all the birds which come wheeling
carolling cadences of love for you

shall I leave all this constant company
serenades, my always-right pussy

Reitha Pattison, BALLOT

the entire angle in sleep holds a burning glass
orchidistic: his mirror of justice
the building into visionary starkness
or makes an iridescence, being at peace

instruments keyed like footsteps across
growing cold with a broken sixpence
in painting and space the holes in hollowness
gold on blue the chasey alice

a copy was sent
two good friends walk out in it
a condition of my employment
touch in, little slips of things w/vomit

she now warmth rocks dry the civility
shall I leave all this constant company

Peter Manson, BALLOT

this way when you might fuck me up the ass
roar up a sewer with a millionaire's face
they frame oval mirror cracked across
reason, the future and the consequence

or bends with the renaissance to remount

... ..

of human gesture surprise you? we cannot

... ..

I believed in myself for things to go right
no one knew the difference between
hollows and rooms in the thick of the night
no motorino repairs will pry open

shoving the smell in the sky
she now warmth rocks dry the civility

John Kinsella, MOUTHPIT

by these we reach divinity, that's you
of chronicles and trials unnoticed
my gentle husband, he's not thou
inspired ejaculation on to fistfuls of folded

where wilt thou'appeale? powre of the courts below
in those wide wounds through which his spirit fled
when I have required some heavenly music which even now
in the book of his music the corners have straightened

after it has been observed a million times or more
more than enough am I that vex thee still
a standard of nothing love's turning no more
make my police your hell

singing in the wind away from "how pretty
shoving the smell in the sky

Alex Davis, BALLOT

not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine
my joke on death they sweetly sink
let the dainty wits cry on the sisters nine
mr thornton with his strap-on chock cock

extremely rapid, brief and brilliant flashes of
gold life their into condition
drafts of sepulchres standing in for love
from these lowly points of contact the tension

steele thee to dare complaine, alas, thou go'st
emerald road coral there lead
so when small humours gather to a gout
by learned critics, of the mighty dead

skirt length, heartbeat crumpled neatly
singing in the wind away from "how pretty"

-

Edwin Denby, BALLOT

to my close heart, where while some firebrands he did lay
and in the outside there is reddening red
turns into writing a name for a day
advice, reproof, with gentle pity joined

so let us love, dear love, like as we ought
then was there 6 in the department
so from himself impiety hath wrought
the subway flatters like the dope habit

get childish and bank coming
did not have numbers, compelled to
gentlemen, for you now I step aside' taking
denies it ; if he did, yet you are so

something grey inside of some other grey
skirt length, heartbeat crumpled neatly

-

Chris McCabe, BALLOT

'insert three lines to obscure
through silence sounds roll
with god, and with the muses I conferre
thrombins assisting health-clot, prevent full

roar when the pumping heart, bop, stops for a beat
than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time
how can they refuse to eat
than care be fate's. florid with unfading prime

with terror winged conveys the dread report
the hurt isn't though, the tape of past &
whose surf sung by sand in-creases my heart
the hostess lives west of charlotte &

sound crescent motioned florid assembly
something grey inside of some other grey

Poesy Rider, BALLOT

for me in sooth, no muse but one I know
a ray divine her heavenly presence shed
flow from the first maine head, and these can throw
which elements with mortal mixture breed

here are gods conduits, grave divines; and here
nor this a good, nor that a bad we call
hate vertue, though shee be naked, and bare
months creaming under governments thunderball

forced to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
their passages flared (we resisted the woozy word
for better or worse take mee, or) leave mee
the bluff displaying, you are not untoward

sound crescent motioned florid assembly
spread haphazardly about the valley

-

Hayden Carruth, BALLOT

belly, a sea in itself! here, though, are the wet wings,
just and unjust rained upon, and umbrellas,
the beaches, touched by fair wings,
intimation think of the sound of light as

desire! desire, I have too dearly bought
tenderness of afternoons spent
base of a flame. where march's drought
taking shadows as hints from the post-industrial summit

to thy sweet will making addition thus
air had collapsed their life by closing time,
thus, interrupted by uneasy bursts
= a place where tracks line straight, 7: me

steps talked himself letter slightly
spread haphazardly about the valley

-

Bernadette Mayer, BALLOT

part of noise up through scaffolding net
holds its own balls. marguerite unclasps it
of all our vices we have created arts
his wife's instant flash-bulb/bent

or the absence of no answer, after many
picked their way past knees and coats 'and
outside of class & so' nothing stormy
one day I wrote her name upon the strand.

swift on the regal dome descending right
ten wretches here right plan
storms blot the day and smudge the night
taking a stand for the names who had been

storms in astronomy
steps talked himself letter slightly

Tim Kinsella, SONNET

Who will magnetize my interests on thine?

And you can walk up it,
Yet I can wrestle it. The yield of
The caves your cousins fill
Now fills my hands.

And sometimes a thought strikes

Fancy a shot
Down people gleaning off
Its mesmerising lace of all
Two vacant hordes. On the shop land now

Fading but themselves in sharp

Locution of the commonwealth's fundamental
Booty. Nay parking neath's harking
Lot's lighting, shed thru cold'll report:
Using their back teeth t'accumulate a fort.

Then yon bright Puke of Her with Hectocotylus

Veers a Dialectitus 'gainst Monsieur Herodotus,
Queefs: 'Yr Geographisin ain't for the likes of us!
Or; heads under pillows plough
Homes that fill the air. I am

Moving the falling specialists

Inside my robe. Be hopeful of.
Who will enslave me now?
Wilt'ou, thirsty dust?
Wilt'ou, stars, that don't me bumrush?

Why did you shadow only some of their jobs,

Tim Atkins, BALLOT

into urine? that daydreams of oral sex
nipping at my charvet tie, toe-tied
detergent predigests the tell-tale tracks
my own doubts confirmed

were I a bird upon the greenest tree

the burning cure, curfewed in the cup of
my mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun
that virtue, thou thyself shalt be in love
multidigit spectators are writhing on

streamlined idea I mutter, mentally
storms in astronomy

Laurence Upton, BALLOT

ack those crooks! I rat
things were not quite
a tether for each goat
the world was up before me

but why thy odour matcheth not thy show
to honor all their deaths, who for her bleed
but that wild music burthens every bough
their legs of branch, hardened, yes, but winged

control & boundary
what is found
dead peonies by grave in-folds of joy
to the floor, every winged fowl after his kind

such warm pockets in your belly, your corduroy
streamlined idea I mutter, mentally

Mark Weiss, BALLOT

if from th' embrace of a loved wife you rise
per quam damnavit mundum
I'm not good I'm not peaceful I'm not wise
pain, your yellow swimsuit dream

sling me the run-again please
a little sulky & grim
savory stings, for your ease
'sights of life never dreamed' protect me from

answer. many hands are raised in classrooms
my fawnsey quills dug in my sides
and who from in this territory stems
lecherous humours, there is one that judges

swift. was it me or ? were my
such warm pockets in your belly, your corduroy

Brecht, BALLOT

streamlined idea I mutter, mentally
as he swung toward them holding up the hand
such warm pockets in your belly, your corduroy
again I wrote it with a second hand

and his always palpable
conceived during such a gross slash across the
on a fridge putrid w/pollen & fashionable
catch a disease and then die

condenses clouds until separating
turn the hear to why over bill me cause I'll know I you
from the corpse in a field, alternating
to one's own corpse, decision to

tangible grasp of the demon monet?: yes, heraldry
swift. was it me or ? were my

Jonathan Stevenson, BALLOT

snow's hush siren, rain, hurricane
route rail at a cut-throat rate. each dock
small tracts of fertile lawn ... the least of mine
psychological dunk

running it back at him hast'ou seen the rose
catalogue of cars, the useless rain
open uppart little huts of a head-house
carry on working & there is soil in

our fortunes are in the stars, truly, since brokers
what is in it is sixteen ripped pictures
or out of hospital w/its dollars
re-emphasised, sanctity conjures

that he shall never cut from memory
tangible grasp of the demon monet?: yes, heraldry

Hayley Jings, NOT IT

someone puts her in mind of — flowers
and I am (in my soupy way blocking the nerves
sharp thorned threnody) pierced thistles through dors
wrinkled corners and the brain leapfrogs and bites

with sword of wit, giving wounds of dispraise
a sheen along secret disdain
were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise
a music' edrums with soft hair' 'awaken then

given the struggles in time with loss
charlotte & the nurse must be alice
given fullness, intricacies, envelopments, dross
catching her in to a certain empty place'

that looks on temperate zones and is never shaggy
that he shall never cut from memory

Luke Wright, BALLOT

the cobra commander,
reason itself, gives it but edge and power
the authority of her task, returned to her
radio helps, while work haggles in the air

looking out? unplanned encounters
some one his song in jove, and jove's strange tales attires
it was his fantasy not hers
another humbler wit to shepherd's pipe retires

I watch the breathing multitudes stream by
for slander's mark was ever yet the fair
I just looked up and said where the hell am I
echoing the bright wind, my hair

that shrines in flesh so true a deity
that looks on temperate zones and is never shaggy

-

Meg Foulkes, BALLOT

why doesn't anybody want to demand to make love
click of boot heels into the sun
but in ranke itchie lust, desire, and love
claw at the remnants of friday afternoon

a witch takes spells
a vespiary, loosened beyond skins
excerpting corridors from enclosed passages
dont say anything bad like fuck or shit or otherwise & besides

since it can't really see anything anyway
wistaria sprang after you, figs tipped
so honey, it's lucky how we keep throwing away
whose glyphs have never been deciphered

that this is, bare minimum, about mine
that shrines in flesh so true a deity

-

Sophie Read, BALLOT

constitution club. say cheers with a Guinness
lifts in you & we cannot taste ourselves
cheated-dots comb resorted-stetson floss
it will turn out that alice lives

with wholesome herbage mixed, the direful bane
this four legged seat's power devours this book,
winds buffeting Europe's crotchety coastline,
there was a dark dark pub. in the dark &

& paradise is earthly anyway
through my lowered lid
"most glorious lord of life, that on this day
still, they bean some dings." for the rancid

the middle ages' 'flock of light' 'ask harry
the living record of your memory'

-

Eléni Sikélianòs, BALLOT

scryings, arise, are here, are now and newly mint
claspt in such inhospitable devotion
roughly they're orgy with correlating idiot
camera, but we eat camembert &

certificates for blow-up's ancient broidery
& wide, sea water glittered in the round
cleverly eurocrats lush sol heed solemnly
yet of that best thou leav'st the best behind

at length he perched himself in stella's joyful face
the monarch-savage rends the trembling prey
'the middle ages' 'flock of light' 'ask harry'

Adam Weg, FAGGOT

wroth moment eth. moron Rommel-light solely
enam'ling, with pied flowers, their thoughts of gold.
yo, chary now, .dat ease or alchemy
I descended, heart full and slow

a flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed
echoed real verso roo velours carved handhold
have never permitted my lush to show
of basement, crumbling floor filled by roof's shadow

and end their voyage with the morning ray
cask's tonnage where control is code of the said
and having harrowed hell, didst bring away &
call it a day, I wish they might have said

"the nakednesse and barenesse to enjoy
the monarch-savage rend the trembling prey"

-

Ross Hair, BALLOT

unsolicited words. laying a ghost
female to actual famous female or vice versa
to be in the lunatic asylum at last
creeped towards a cup of tea

for service paid, authorized, now beginne
you use a worn-down cafeteria fork
chairs, establishing radio zone
yang. doubled-up flesh. daughter. furtive talk

and pours it all upon the peccant part
on god and the \$1,000,000
alas! what wonder! man's superior part
old smith-corona crumpled in a

the sheeny surface oily and rich with prosperity
the nakednesse and barenesse to enjoy

Charles Bernstein, BALLOT

I'm awed and we laugh with questions, artless
for a nickel extending peculiar space
I deck you with surplus fat to constitute the prowess I don't confess
fifteen full chains - its own obsolescence

in feeling there is resignation best
watching from the pillared shade -
dead cormorants held rigid by her rosy breast
vasospasm (undercutting & a

and harmonic) distortion, the futurist
palermo, airportstrasse, autostrada
and could be, similar roses cut
over the pond surface, tension settles: salzeda

the streetcar filling with cyanide, likely
the sheeny surface oily and rich with prosperity

Andrew Duncan, SPOILT

had 17 and 1/2 milligrams
pieces have been replaced by degrees
grass and sea and mixes with the gulls
of the sky in trains, the town decides

to what he saw
child welfare, only besotted; the ravaged
of touch they are, and poor I am their straw
but known worth did in mine of time proceed

skin drier
our day began on a dull red door
sense spindled in the cage of her
on the eighth day of april or

listen chum, if there's that much luck then it don't pay
it's 8:30 p.m. in new york and i've been running around all day

Keith Jebb, BALLOT

and you never get enough of everything
at the bottom of my sale or theft of myself will you
and all those beauties whereof now he's king
architects didn't design you

shirt-sleeved swede old spits on snow
or man had bowed his languid head, and died
she even if black doth make all beauties flow
her mournful offspring, to his sighs replied

is as precise as artificial light
of language. all memories are in
indicate speech phones and choices, the height
of force of heav'nly beams, infusing hellish pain

thee, if they sucke thee in, to misery
the streetcar filling with cyanide, likely

Trevor Joyce, SONNET

full well you know the mouth we'll ever get up
to. It's amazing. And it didn't ever even explicitly
mention 9/11 : because it didn't *have* to,
and canopied in darkness sweetly lay
in today's fast paced global oeconomy
the shit the civic sky flew out :

the Houses wherein morals were doable fallen
in one upon the each's spires for the gel
whereof the dei ex machinas bud you had
the society you needed all along.
all you had to do was something smashing
manipulatively withinside my teeth,

but covering my head with the fold like
my mantle, and ear, like the agitation,
like the flowing foil robe, like Sondheim's foot
steps on dry and rustling *pace* grass, seem
to dissolve the bands which hold your
titles to th'earth. 9/11 2 is Joan of Arc's

worst song yet blud -" "O GENIUS," said I, interrupting
him, "The sight of a mortal reaches not to objects
at such a distance - but it gets stuck in my head
because I feel it so bad. tell it to the face
because the hand is the one of your hands that is
not your hand, and sometimes a stricken

thought whose paperwork it is anyway times Haley
equals, within her but not so high as before,
around the rim of the good sweet upturned graily
hinging her gait, inward-heelflipping, our more-
aligned than ever interests, sparks arc back like
Photoshop masx. Except

Ted Greenwald, BALLOT

but she most fair, most cold, made him thence take his flight
lourd de lassitude, she there what's her name, little beachym
but black sin hath betrayed to endless night
like the cursive freedom in a scribe's pen

and so each thought of mine is doubly yours
obscurity the sane body craves
"fair is my love, when her fair golden hairs
mouthing my words scoured rhymes lips staffs or staves

glands oink to a dumb fooze, in the jerk blight
may love with one another entertain
frame daintiest lustre, mixed of shades and light
may likewise love thee for the same again

these tis enough to temper and employ
thee, if they sucke thee in, to misery

John Welch, BALLOT

who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight
to plummet to disaster from the hands of children
which triumphed in that sky of his delight
to live with now I can read it in

or exaggerate, in a hurry
since, unrevenged, a hundred ghosts demand
or for nothing I cannot free fly
sharpened by illness and

where glass browns to brick, this is where
if truth be told, who can cast a pearl
water is scattered in the air, everywhere
ichthyous tumble honey and pearl—

this was spirit. dunk away! tasty
these tis enough to temper and employ

Robert Kelly, BALLOT

shoving the smell in the sky
giddie fantastique poets of each land
singing in the wind away from “how pretty
dance pirouettes dances palms in his hand

before anybody dies there’s all this pleasure
to make myself believe that all is well
and the architecture
to be about a car in fact, a beautiful

a decisive goodness. he lies flat out
long before there was a tunisia
& all that all-out need to get him buried but
like that, in white collar, camera

to fetters, halters; but if th’injury
this was spirit. dunk away! tasty

John A Scott, HOTTENTOT

in august that amorphous craft
for the imperfected lives he couldn't want
I think it mercy if thou wilt forget
for opening night, or morning, sleeves wait

moon change weakness get sniff
turns on to any trick that validates self, my image, cast down on
I walk erect loose arms & red shawl scarf
to the walled garden see how the roses burn

reason thou kneeledst, and offeredst straight to prove
lot shot in spinal arm veined from brixton
prison is another life we're not aware of
lost in the translation

to him a belief I have that poetry
to fetters, halters; but if th'injury

Zoe Skoulding, BALLOT

owl falcon gull sparkling with desire
exercises now supercargo danger farewell
or money, that connects with a government somewhere
excrement gone out of control

or (oft more strong than all the love of ease
pressured meat) encrusted in beggar's bowl
one of the few pieces of furniture
sick loiter in bone's basket turning, bowl

my mind and heart both love you utterly
didn't you jerkoffs understand
no reflection of me it's rented newly
and but for this were active to no end

to introduce occasionally
to him a belief I have that poetry

Harry Gilonis, BALLOT

strokes strain cardboard background which
let's tear off a piece. it's too hard & far
side done back hour torch
lang of stirring, that ground glitch or near

I would reconsider years of walking berlinerstrasse
broidered with bulls and swans, powdered with golden rain
I have never writhed, nor no maniac was ever louse
boy, my fatigues, lasting past the last exaggeration, I woman

dogs, very well known people next
when the patron was replaced
did persist in spite of, wife next
these on the sacred seats of council placed

to take, and leave mee is adultery
to introduce occasionally

Carl Schmitt, BALLOT

small cries syringed together
parasite he takes no responsibility for
slung high . . . and mug beer,
panel chairs, lions barking for lack of air

my soul's long lacked food, my heaven's bliss
is a fixed marketplace.
mother and patsy cline lay crystal emptiness
in abundance

to die practically without mentioning
the early evening - as such, I know one true
hard healthy reading going
along the bay as it produces weed for you to

to take, and leave mee is adultery
to the audient quays of the city

--

Caroline Bergvall, BALLOT

yet counter the concept of ballot not with its meters
lights taper. spindle spins flame, detonates
with milk, soda, no newspapers
fibre. it's wonderful to hear the leaves

when hours have drained his blood and filled his brow
here the high air is clear, there buildings are murked
when forty winters shall beseige thy brow
give warning to the world that I am fled

wind giving presence to fragments
opposed to pallas, war's triumphant maid
bearing advertisements
it is the starlet to every wandering barmaid

want to be, not seem. which is seemly
to the audient quays of the city

Robert Hampson, BALLOT

branch & bird, distanced beyond the window
the roads that bend o pay no heed
bigger barrel the tomorrow
tell me if congreve's fools are fools indeed

and mock you with me after I am gone
when ye behold that angel's blessed look
all, because all cannot be good, as one
too far to run into fortress rock

blind zigzag through trees avoiding claw wrench
antiseptic spears under gleaming sonar
and why did I happen to see your photograph
and then you're quite a bit older

we are the sleeping fragments of his sky
want to be, not seem. which is seemly

Ted Berrigan, VOMIT

Ravish, yo.

Linh Dinh, BALLOT

on 830 pat "mitchells" in new york sitting and I was beaned gunning
sets on your song on your tongue
new york cat asks, play with my string
rose and peony buds and tongue

for aesthetic and or personal reasons
to say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes
fills with news, and the sea returns
thou blind fool, love, what dost thou to mine eyes

this pinching prince nix! some dumb fooze
tennis shorts, less sinister the plot on
star covered seams of church daze
streets, and there was amongst them dominion

what hope refers to nothing but the cupidity
we are the sleeping fragments of his sky

Kathleen Fraser, TABAC

out from the pictures of our bodies in the news
ied like the room mine, myself me
or at the most on some find picture stays
I want manly things & should not, women come to me

we participate in though it washes us away bit by
in her hands, no mother uniform or
victim 'i know impartiality, shipping notes by
imagery she; writes as a pathway through, or

solitude kills real people, a reefer is just for now, a star
pay values. careless phrygius doth abhor
so, I am a restless worker
passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair

what music airs like lyres secreted joy
what hope refers to nothing but the cupidity

Randolph Healy, BALLOT

riches in the next life (for now it is permissible
panned wide to shut door, soundtrack
of) electric saw on fake marble
of all that is in & beneath the sea, it makes me weak

women, the feminine, girl, mother
these caramel-couloured thursdays w/their
what was meant by danger
there is a tiny pocket of air

parapet jelly
on berlinerstrasse, big room and
perchance his boasts, of goggle's sovereignty
now the horizon your dream unrests and

where blind men are making journeys over the city
what music airs like lyres secreted joy

Stephen Vincent Benet, BALLOT

not recognizing this and caught in rescuing
and in the inside there is sleeping sleep
never believing
among the days of pastures deep

deep bits of sky begin to beat
steady as grade of light, or yellow chime
but the climate you don't use stays fresh and neat
so, cast and mingled with his very frame

some large men who turned sideways, old ones on papers
at first I called to you from grasses
sing again, sing again! 'three stars
I do to work mine end upon their senses

which bards in fealty
where blind men are making journeys over the city

Kai Fierle-Hedrick, BALLOT

both urban & credible
then, alas, you die
without a mutter, a slur, an iota of babble
the sinewes of a cities mistique bodie

as though all thy companions should make thee
& 100 copper coins. you are straightforward
as I stepped out bravely
you'd blow up all those slags dancing around

religion, plain, simple, sullen, young
sappers as covered develop
proud of an easy conquest all along
rusted typewriter chassis - the author (a dump

which bards in fealty
build to unburden, rosy

John Keats, BALLOT

and rest on that the catholic voice doth teach—
and then suddenly you're a little bit older
and bang them so they're banged." each
and the sights of life never dreamed, dear

cabinet james cottagey pain movement
alloys where she will make her mark not
but this the work of heart's astonishment
about the monaro and it was not

passions, like elements, tho' born to fight
some lovers speak when they their muses entertain
out of earshot a rasp of foreign light
so you fucked me back in

whisper? that I dream it's no use any
which builds to unburden, rosy

David Kennedy, BALLOT

which bards in fealty
in the realms of gold
which build to unburden, rosy
in our white heat hungered and tasted and

in some perfumes, is there more delight
wither'd in the rain, green as a radar screen
and he as solitary on the white
as I was as I was not too disappointed when

psst. they came to pass a burbling
graccus loves all as one, and thinks that so
phlyctena in the eye of the sea-ear reworking
genetic full sucking to pull winds to

they who officers rage, and suiters misery
whisper? that I dream it's no use any

-

Tony Frazer, SONNET

thought whose paperwork it is anyway times Haley
equals, within her but not so high as before,
around the rim of the good sweet upturned graily
hinging her gait, inward-heelflipping, our more-
aligned than ever interests, sparks arc back like
Photoshop max. Except

Ash, never reveal your V.
passwords online. Except Palm,
a train is approaching, please
stay behind the white line.
Caution not Aspen contents hot.

Except Walnut, thieves operate
in this area, be alert. Yet
what risk group am I?
Birch. JANUARY 10 - MARCH 5.
Ash. MARCH 6 - APRIL 26.
Palm. APRIL 27 - MAY 14. Do this.

Philip Newman, BALLOT

and the harpy busters
poetry and making it, and making scenes
and deep in the brickwork think of asters
chiselled by continental trams as cranes

what crops of wit and honesty appear
the words weren't there or they rolled over
upper limit: poet as brain in jar
the shoulder, hung from his neck (half orchid, half tumor

beauty o'ersnowed) and bareness every where
awakened to car murder noise, will
bang shut they could not give up where
ascribe all good, to their improper, ill

who warms me evenly
who officers rage, and suiters misery

Mairéad Byrne, BALLOT

to introduce occasionally
riveted in the soft brass bed teased the cold
to take, and leave mee is adultery
particle in the mystery of bone-setting old

on savage stocks inserted, learn to bear
my first resistance to my doctor
of the office photocopier
might be termed major

which still depends on stuff—
with time's injurious hand crushed and o'er-worn
vigilant, this amore per la vita, if
with lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn

who, when in the workplace, laugh privately
who warms me evenly

Chris Hamilton-Emery, HOTPOT

rain hail and a heavy mist
bright galatea quits her pearly bed
put this fire out
birds that might've perched on your arms&head

so nose t toes n nose nose toess
in a fit of shame
silver execs print shirtsleeves on car windows
if into eternity I am come

till by degrees it had full conquest got
due harm has been done to our stardom &
the way thought proceeds countable like geologic stuff is not
dise? surely not -

with a quiver and clench, we vie and ally
who, when in the workplace, laugh privately

Daniel Ereditario, SONNET

Aspen. MAY 15 - JULY 13.

Walnut. JULY 14 - SEPTEMBER 1.

Pine. SEPTEMBER 2 - NOVEMBER 17.

Apple. NOVEMBER 18 - JANUARY 9.

Every peopon has xeir price. But Palm to Palm be
ware Every tooth can be won. In any fair. the bird

is perfectly SAFE cuz the electricity
has no PATH thru the bird LIKE *BIRDZ* onna TEN* WIRE you TELL
it up ONE FINGER, at my WORK it trickle
DOWN THE OTHER, like TEN LUTESTRINGS MUST SHAKE LIKE “yu r
the perfect dur ghte the perfect durg
the perfect dur gjyour are the perfect dur g your make me

00 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 0A 0B 0C 0D 0E 0F)
10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 1A 1B 1C 1D 1E 1F
20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 2A 2B 2C 2D 2E 2F)
30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 3A 3B 3C 3D 3E 3F)
40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 4A 4B 4C 4D 4E 4F)
50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 5A 5B 5C 5D 5E 5F)
60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 6A 6B 6C 6D 6E 6F)
70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 7A 7B 7C 7D 7E 7F)
80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 8A 8B 8C 8D 8E 8F)
90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 9A 9B 9C 9D 9E 9F)
A0 A1 A2 A3 A4 A5 A6 A7 A8 A9 AA AB AC AD AE AF)
B0 B1 B2 B3 B4 B5 B6 B7 B8 B9 BA BB BC BD BE BF)
C0 C1 C2 C3 C4 C5 C6 C7 C8 C9 CA CB CC CD CE CF)
D0 D1 D2 D3 D4 D5 D6 D7 D8 D9 DA DB DC DD DE DF)
E0 E1 E2 E3 E4 E5 E6 E7 E8 E9 EA EB EC ED EE EF)
F0 F1 F2 F3 F4 F5 F6 F7 F8 F9 FA FB FC FD FE FF

Lisa Jarnot, BALLOT

and secret witnessing their seals
diary. the black heart beside the fifteen pieces
and lope on dead-pan, large male and female jerks
attesting to the importance of clouds

and happy lines! on which, with starry light
I must explain I dont ever want to see you again
after my death,--dear love, forget me quite
I get up, white coat, glance out at the rain

oh honey, it's lucky no one knows the way
expelled through mouths and pores chased
on a sleek and dreary motorway
consume volta. comb orchestras roused

with tolerable fidelity
with cool accuracy she ripples past his lilly

Gabrielle Byrne, JARNOT

but let your love even with my life decay
words! and be forgiven hot kisses translated
but think that all the map of my state I display
were this created

my prompt obedience bows. but deign to say
step stunningly above a sweet wrapper? tossed
my rarely thinnest hand & dragging away
skirt length, replaces glare-free, glassed

tis hers to rectify, not overthrow
building sighs, being scraped and drilled
thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now
august 66 when judson memorial came frenzied

without a slump in torpedoing the twentieth century
with tolerable fidelity

Habermas, BALLOT

see everything. soon he'll learn to see
and I say this without irony, as the mice
recorder to destiny, on earth, and shee
and 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence

no such thing too much work to do for money
a sharp accuser, but a helpless friend
now even that footstep of lost liberty
yet if strong love but took the helm in hand

wet lung, once warmth, now sog. not to receive
but you, of learning, and religion
true, and yet true that I must stella love
but you are the master of intelligent conversation

wroth moment eth. moron rommel light solely
without a slump in torpedoing the twentieth century

Sam Ward, PROFIT

roughed pink, drinking soda, left
I that my love, she that her gifts on you are spent
plane took one such bullet
I didn't know what conspiracy meant

functionalism & inflammatory
in divers habits, yet are still one kind
gratitude the male is eroded with gratuity
he mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind

call the foam which flys from the crevice
interval the it stephen foam
but thou wouldst needs fight both with love and sense
in pleasing them

yo, chary now, .dat ease or alchemy
wroth moment eth. moron rommel light solely

Ellen Collins, BALLOT

and in the morning there is meeting meat
resting tho a kiss can blow a flame
slots or bicameral blindness looking at
pressed on me almost like a fear to come

wow, or “pouf!,” as they say here
(shown as: pivot ; and he returns the scented pistol
with price) of mangled mind thy worthless ware
(ah, those unswept hat brims, goethe, buffalo bill

for chants) aphrodisiacs & the fugs
the poem upon the page is as massive as
fluorescent whirr stoning. their sacra is
the heart-shaped lavender was

you might know I dont about poetries
yo, chary now, .dat ease or alchemy

Lenin, BEOWULF

my staff bury it certain fathoms in the earth
a method of ringing change on an ancestor
lord, had you not made them to fly above the earth
a crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air

mans first blest state was naked, when by sinne
are all these moments bloated w/ritual,
my blood pressure too, from nothing to none,
being calm under an always turning heel -

jamaica lawn to south of
in the catholic book of being turned on
it is most true, that eyes are formed to serve
if snow be white, why then her breasts are dun

he loves her rags so, as we here obey
you might know I dont about poetries

-

Ralph Hawkins, BALLOT

the upright nature of a girl, belied by
this the chiton-reef altho I
I wanted to mouth you all over
I stroll on madison in expensive clothes, sour

hydrate cam closures on dream sae lot frost
partly the absence of limb. tic
how much worse are suiters, who to mens lust
other reason in rapport, electric

but sooner may a cheape whore, that hath beene
just plow on forward brave and dark
building's surrounds, high whine
in a dark dark town there was a dark dark

unholy hellcat straws cruelly clouding medals
he'd love her rags so to be as we here ourselves obey

-

Sarah Palin, BALLOT

daylight breaks through. words come back to haunt us
the choice we make, or justify it made
but who can judge a line that twists
teapot, grapefruit, marmalade

because I would not dull you with my song
back from the horizon to hold the cup
at best more watchful this, but that more strong
(down to accounts of the very last paper clip

all men make) faults, and even I in this
like winter wheat waving in spring fields
o! lest your true love may seem false in this
let me not to the marrow of truant minds

because it was so hard to configure that body
unholy hellcats straws cruelly medals cloudy

Ancestor of Peter Manson, SONNET

00 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 0A 0B 0C 0D 0E 0F 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 1A
1B 1C 1D 1E 1F 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 2A 2B 2C 2D 2E 2F 30 31 32 33 34 35
36 37 38 39 3A 3B 3C 3D 3E 3F 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 4A 4B 4C 4D 4E 4F 50
51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 5A 5B 5C 5D 5E 5F 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 6A 6B
6C 6D 6E 6F 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 7A 7B 7C 7D 7E 7F 80 81 82 83 84 85 86
87 88 89 8A 8B 8C 8D 8E 8F 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 9A 9B 9C 9D 9E 9F A0 A1
A2 A3 A4 A5 A6 A7 A8 A9 AA AB AC AD AE AF B0 B1 B2 B3 B4 B5 B6 B7 B8 B9 BA BB
BC BD BE BF C0 C1 C2 C3 C4 C5 C6 C7 C8 C9 CA CB CC CD CE CF D0 D1 D2 D3 D4 D5
D6 D7 D8 D9 DA DB DC DD DE DF E0 E1 E2 E3 E4 E5 E6 E7 E8 E9 EA EB EC ED EE EF
F0 F1 F2 F3 F4 F5 F6 F7 F8 F9 FA FB FC FD FE FF

hard when i;m all cstruff inside
when i'm all a srtupid inside the arrow go hstriahtg thur
my heart my hello9iw ant tos ay heelool apart to youy my fear say
my soul very afraid to realise ma and i want you and i want
you and i want you waaaa anbd i want you you are the perfect
drug the perfect drug the perfect druf the perfect drug you

are the perfect drug the perfect durg hthe perfect drug you
are this is the first day of the USA doo doo doo put it all
now takeitapart something real something control not for yaw

that's the prorpoerty of thorsn
TECH'S MECHS, fust stars
Lex, Rex

a diet fo differenteh dispositions
sendis up exhalatinos of armuor
hthe birids can hardly ascribe"

Susana Gardner, BALLOT

“slap_penis.” non-u
free energy replaces reminisced
threat on, oh prince! the eluded bridal day
so the text of ourselves is the text

and were buried up to the knees. we waded
drawn to cold old spaces quartered
threatened name’s carved stairway
coral is far more red than her lips’ red

powers, cherubins, and all heavens courts, if wee
an endless wind doth tear the sail apace
or seek heav’n’s course, or heav’n’s inside to see
against the original arch, force

here she is elyenore corp in her body,
because it was so hard to configure that body.

-

Ian Patterson, BALLOT

star bait & the hook

so nose t toes n nose nose toes
ab. lab. scab. Paris's liberated.
welcome to Dreambook
toe t nose t toe nose toes

William R Howe, BALLOT

on my pledged but bleeding fingers stamps awry
the bravest of the myrmidonian band operates
daily aliens devour the boy
sleep's time, cement is grinding and

big corner number appropriate smile
brown smiles, of cranks, black
and back. what's tight, even impossible
bile, soul bellow, mick

warm indoors is the repeating of the trivial of something
the fire, the food, the gurney piano
today's small events at the lunchtime reading
yr spider, my dusty angel, & go

to lesser known people, small body
here she is elyenore corp in her body

Tom Raworth, BALLOT

yes, late pink & gold I see

bobble down that track loverboy they're bringing
truly horribly upset because marilyn,
bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang
winter, emptied slickly plain downtown

till each to razed oblivion yield his part
that arrange their hair in
the inward light; and that the heavenly part
swordfish stuck in a glass case . . .

gods, these we are, mortals are those sandy
to lesser known people, small body

-

I didn't know, VOMIT

Here's to misting you up for as long you're breathing.
Here's to pulling back the tarp and then putting it back again.
Here's to the absolute stain that it lay upon.
Here's to White Phosphorous & the mysteries of bleach.

Here's to neo-con textual obscurity agents in Canton Ohio.
Here's to soon's we get there poppin a squat 'n beggin for a scent
a ya.

Here's to the reasons why the conference call ended.
Here's to the stain that you watched form beneath me.

Maurice Scully, VOMIT

Here's to Sorry the pagination keeps shifting that's A4 / letter for you.
Here's to the modulated foam that you spill.

Here's to the crunch in the Quick/Dream 'fo-mmerical.
Here's to the HXII-powered commercialized cream.

Here's to your face, often copied and pasted.
Here's to the glowing white staff of the CRS.
Here's to filling up while I'm starvin my baby.
Here's to roping off its claws and swallowin' 'em
backwards.

Here's to your taco and my digital meat.
Here's to your blisters and the banality of reach.

Here's to the pink button on the chip of your sex-drive.
Here's to the alleyway I turned into to find four bollards hassling a dalek called
Condor if it's a boy, and I had it in my head that Auntler-Melte if we fled without
bearing to look.
Here's to the stuff that you left on my denim.
Here's to exhaustion: we were Misting - LIVE FREE.

Matthew Geden, BALLOT

so our bodies still have breath while seeming
have splasht across the broads to take you
signs a shovel and so he digs everything
grew from their reason ; mine from fair faith grew

heart. stick-figure icons are no stone
absence like parents is the astrophysical
have been there alone
a disturbance in my name I found wild choral

still rowing in wannsee, bumping
that you for love speak well of me untrue
stealing away the treasure of his spring
that recognise satisfied information crew

searching late and last for comedy
gods, these we are, mortals are those sandy

Richard Price, BALLOT

& who's the president, how come he's a resident
to the steps up, pay the slight fee, assent
they who with clumsy desperation brought
times are improving and, for the moment

as if pain could be stilled to patience

don't let the darkness catch me here
gently disgusting residue of all
cut so many times before. [clay animal noses here
from tears entranced by the touch of your thrall

to know nothing, in clear light, but remedy
searching late and last for comedy

Lissa Wolsak, BALLOT

expert records third setup? reports
first stip off all her equipage of pride
every monday yet many coming into focus
whereof this beauty can be but a shade

you might know I dont about poetries
darted understand blackjack punched and
he loves her rags so, as we here obey
crantz to such brave loves will not be enthralled

in elegant green linen with nothing
cheap' 'sway forward lads' 'jock, you raper, go
if it were inconsequence my being
as you already have and already will and already do

we have to submit to wear too, get muddy
to know nothing, in clear light, but remedy

Fergal Gaynor, BALLOT

whose fair skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on snow
is where I'd like to live unfurled
while strange tongues sharpen the cold yellow
into shapes unskilled

slain_left
in concertinaed time, feeling by default
see he trunks soft quiet
ice, the century turning a delicate movement

'gainst death and all-oblivious enmity

and sleekness is used up, and the end's shoddy
we have to submit to wear too, get muddy

Robert Sheppard, BALLOT

over any firm resolve
between my legs for miles toward the sun
my heart breaks & vanishes, you float above
better sun

who accept technology who believe
as paint does unaccustomed to the sun
sometimes the picture can deceive
and: shake hands and leave and look at the sun go down

held together by an almost experimental ballot
for an airy exchange amongst urgent
haply that name of chast, unhaply set
even we people who walk about in it

we pull devices which surprise: giddy
and sleekness is used up, and the end's shoddy

Michele Leggott, BALLOT

- most hardy, the ruffled and shot silks
view your fat beasts, stretched barns, and laboured fields
greatest and fairest empress, know you this
the ones little used, then passed by hands

dozen young marvelous people
battered gutters running and everything drowning drunk
a pub called the artful dodger where people
as you already are with your succinctest cock

to give them time to settle their rapid hearts
o age of rusty iron! some better wit
though some more spruce companion thou dost meet
my redundancy, tongue of hyacinth, tongue of clement

plaintively young dragged by shady
we pull devices which surprise: giddy

Jeremy Noel-Todd, BALLOT

and made it fouler ; let their flames retire
replacing the mouth with a joke, with an ear, with a ringpull
and in abundance addeth to his store
reason, in faith thou art well served, that still

be deadly or at least scary but she like
reddening the beach edge
all spread their charms, but charm not alike
pointed electrics ground weighs sound the

pooot that I am, headlong I carry
neither refused the meeting. but the hand
rather a modest and secret complexity
malaxis paludosa from bog land

seriously hell black indeed efficiency
plaintively young dragged by shady

Tighter Mensa, JAILBOT

we comfort as if there were no cost
and tossed about in whirlwinds. I rejoiced
visions wasn't stiff british but
white are once thought to have read

of their voices' groans, a irative act
wouldst brabbling be with sense and love in me
of phone messages & somehow after that
world - I am here - in yr time

his soul in lime and ash for the sake
meeting were crimped daintily down one edge
her formaldehyde-pickled language (and I fake
marguerite's singing does not echo the

only in) an emergency
seriously hell black indeed efficiency

Simon Jarvis, BALLOT

nor come a velvet justice with a long
of honey and cream; those fair lids droop
in dreams my husband sleeps among
no need to call for cerebral backup

excitement bulge holding poached we're
ied like to lose it I wouldn't mind at all
entirely mistaken pinching there
I do and it is dull if you won't call

to enumerate the vast numbers
an inch of water, it will sing for five minutes
these stone valves blackening down the years
a bank, a store, a pattern of leaves

force anything rubber hotel tracy
only in an emergency

Robert Hampster, BALLOT

seek true religion. o where? mirreus
my hand cupped as a full tide
reluctantly setting out at the crashcourse plus
but since not every good we can divide

steps talked himself letter slightly
beacon amies gone one and
storms in astronomy
be ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand

I swear, my heart such one shall show to thee
you are not too tall to be a bird
have no heart to resist letter, or fee
watching the sun come up over the navy yard

& paradise is earthly anyway
force anything rubber hotel tracy

Peter Jaeger, BALLOT

unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art
no cigarettes in the ashtray. between a
timepiece we call try. ticker. heart
more trying to hide my follies. if trees &

to any other dreamt-of paradise
you nestle into the hollow of my dream
thro' life tis followed, ev'n at life's expense
you have to get young americans some ice cream

which with thy name begins, since their depart
the autumn's going to need you w/
to do more for me than mine own desert
that burps and smiles & life is terrible &

a squirrel I say to make the day
"most glorious lord of life, that on this day

David Lloyd, BALLOT

but as facts go, neither's likely
clear view from his window, sound
but came the tide, and made my pains his prey
and my tears, make a heavenly lethean flood

all famous names, all massive savings, every third one free
of hard
airworthy heads sail on slowly
of chemical stews, commonly found

rise disappear, I don't wish
instead of any arc of love, no wonder
repeats former leaves and baby speech
in upholstered caps; sayeth the fried tubercular

a squirrel you say, so odd and gay
a squirrel I say to make the day

Bush, BALLOT

& we've been here for years
die, fights the cold who kill warmth becomes
when the gardeners say cyanotis trust your ears
diamond-backed carapace & doubt comes

why should'st thou (that dost not onely approve
not as fire escape view or epic) cartoon
we walk and lie in this last preserve
nor mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn

what's this? a ballot? love's a babe we know that
woke not wanting to be in life
we know too well what we create & what
the lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife

adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way
a squirrel you say, so odd and gay

Chris Stroffolino, BALLOT

throbbing in-breath dreams dreams less left undone
in which each vowel
that wilt consort none, untill thou have knowne
in fear we lay longitudinal

nay, if you read this line, remember not
“this key to our apartment...
my temperate cells unexcited I recount”
“his smoothness was a cover-up”

holding was enough; to grasp frozen amphibians
and in her breast bopeep or couching lies
got and offered no means
addressed to other, grander theories

and another yet drying, as if a single day
adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way

Plural Panino, BALLOT

as to disorder it's nice to divide a ballot
an over-moist hand, shaking clasping the
are doing, one marriage, a baby safely wet
admit the impenetrable. lozenge is no lounge

thou lovest, and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
bees immured under glass, and bitten. their
thick with languages I walked without stealth
bamboo's here too, southamptonese, chair

she fucks with her man this understanding
left by the woods of gambier, ohio
sells hair shirts; grounded airmens' menacing
is a straining after light or sense as lichens do

and aske a fee for comming? oh, ne'r may
and another yet drying, as if a single day

Ken Edwards, BALLOT

to draw nutrition, propagate, and rot
hydrangea before the flats has flowered
them to what synthesises, deepens rot
humans shouldn't figure. let alone.

comrades tinkle mobilization doesn't
penetrated, also sublime
cramp, enlarged upon, why don't
outside the man upstairs stops me

then bids prepare the hospitable treat
are everywhere! like gertrude stein at radcliffe
the sovereignty of either being so great
ancora, caffè

and canopyed in darkness sweetly lay
and aske a fee for comming? oh, ne'r may

Sarah Hawkins, SONNET

Two men dressed in airline pilot uniforms walk up
the aisle of the plane. Both are wearing dark glasses,
one is led by a guide dog, and the other taps his way
along the aisle with a cane.

Nervous laughter spreads through the cabin, but the men
enter the cockpit, the door closes, and the engines start up.
The passengers begin glancing nervously around, in search
of some sign that all this is just a little practical joke.

Nothing is forthcoming. The plane starts taxiing faster & faster
down the tarmac, & the people sat in the casement seats realise
they're headed straight for the water at the edge of the runway.
As it begins to look as though the plane will enter it,

panicked screaming fills the cabin. Then abruptly
the plane lifts smoothly above the water. The passengers
relax and laugh a little sheepishly, & soon all retreat into
their magazines, secure in the knowledge

that they are in good hands. In the cockpit, one of the blind
pilots turns to the other and says, "You know Bob one of these
days, they're gonna scream too late and we're all gonna f*ckin' die."

Keston Sutherland, BALLOT

lellow guy

he is not in it, the hungry dead doctor

I'm just human still. proud to be British I

ground and broiled and spoke as your answer,

the room a fabric of words, old stain

as life growls on through heaped-up space

their loves, who have the blessing of your light

way flowing water catching the bone

the hall - surely something vivid must happen

and canopied in darkness sweetly lay

their voyage end with the morning ray

Jeremy Green, BALLOT

whisper? that I dream it's no use any
in corpse one blackjack hold
who officers rage, and suiters misery
if a bystander plated in gold

or reach the fruit of nature's choicest tree
after tomb grass resistance, the occurrence
yet what the best is take the worst to be
& is it the years have given a distance

feminine marvellous and tough
what love and beauty be, then all my deed
effects of lively heat must needs in nature grow
well, only you & I are left, and we're engaged

and having harrowed hell, didst bring away
and end their voyage with the morning ray

Angus McKnight, BALLOT

the hardly efficiency boiled with
as heav'n's blessed beam turns vinegar more sour
the bitter cup but true, of flesh-driven earth
aren't nearly as good as stella's

another more simple assembly of the facts
the slit seam of a door refracted the surface
who one is, sort of, and one's quondam acts
the merchant's toil, the sage's indolence

of birds you cannot eat, you can only
whereas our man was calm, drew figures in the sand
of correspondence! fucking is so very lovely
when will it suck us in, that fatal sand

and lo, with speed we plow the watry way
and having harrowed hell, didst bring away

Allen Fisher, BALLOT

wonderfully entertaining logic :

Tell like so cause me Bill loves you to not to know

Pete Smith, BALLOT

everyday good witch gets left
divined in one instant
each thing, each thing implies or represents
couplet I adore you it's my habit

the known-to-be-positive by reason, adjusting
having my wonderful labour to keep
that gather to feast upon the living
embrace me as I fall asleep

their breath is sweet - how I wld draw
at length to love's decrees i, forced, agreed
which cupid's self from beauty's mine did draw
and in the evening there is feeling fed

and lord, dear lady and gentle, teach us to pray
and lo, with speed we plow the watry way

mIEKAL aND, BALLOT

their virtue fixed; tis fixed as in a frost
john peel is dead. macsweeney is dead
the windows now through which this heav'nly guest
if hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head

with precious merchandise she forth doth lay
slamming stones, or the wintersoftened
you, a frequentor, make all its life ring weakly
running with you as we talked

unfriended of the gales. all-knowing. say
above the waves, that blushed with early red
vain man, said she, that dost in vain assay
& can be oiled & my phone can be dropped

as masked horsemen - a sort of real day
and lord, dear lady and gentle, teach us to pray

Devin Johnston, BALLOT

placid, it turns toward friendly laughing
I motored off that map a long time ago
orchids and faggots tend her ascending
I grant I never saw a goddess go

on its side and drifts along the coast
who gnaw the wheel accommodating miles .
in lazy apathy let stoics boast
where marks preventing firstborn death -

the sun goes down how narrative
but when his own great work is but begun
still called 'primitive
but loading their bite on th'intrinsic nation

bad enough in its way
as masked horsemen - a sort of real day

Laurie Duggan, BALLOT

in feeling anything is mounting mount
could bite, nor be such reassurance! babies are not
I saw you, this is in prose, no it's not
by this we mean the universe's not or aint

and so should you, to love things nothing worth
and all the salt and coasting foam never
among sleepers that al the wode ryngeth
18 so why are my hands shaking I should know better

while I was perched there; airwaves
drifting down the margins then she was
weapon him certainty the things
christ enfold thee' she fled the stage, as

bright parcell guilt, with forty dead mens pay
bad enough in its way

Rachel Blau duPlessis, BALLOT

from the nine facts the typist is
trucks, nextdoor coffee, gas from drain's
from draft, unnumbered: précis
the presence of marble force, meat's

by means of angels; when supplications
then being asked where all thy beauty lies
as we 'bang the drum with a boom-boom' 'melons
the rest of us we have no clothes

is a scandal, and I'm its shadow
nor see the cloud that some sad hour may shed
injustice is sold dearer farre. allow
whatever warms the heart or fills the head

but came the waves and washed it away
bright parcell guilt, with forty dead mens pay

Laynie Browne, BALLOT

= it was time to recognize the dot. 15: little
fair, when her breast, like a rich laden bark
and no emotional slither consummately gentle
equilibrium - I returned to work

is warm whats that mean when youre on a beach
easy in the weather of our home star
if you can live like this. shadowed nets catch
distract me more that they ought'er

the winde which drives them; and a wastfull warre
think all but one, and me in that one 'will
for this is the purpose and movement of theatre
these darker nights hide full

but fairest she, when so she doth display
but came the waves and washed it away

Matt Chambers, VOMIT

and powerful affairs of state -
venerate the greenhouse - on the rack -
that gives up in flowers and splinters -
because you gave up in shitflush shapes of flesh -
she will die - barking and frigging -
Freedom - give Brutality - waiting lemons -
help your hands
deep in cat feathers
to take it all in
a squat
in Copenhagen
coffee brought on board
trusting joy could poke
from decayed masks
stayed up all night
to find out if it would blind him
the heart's labour
is the most alienated
so distant I invent
for it a fake labour, love
I think this poem is about how wonderful and interesting life is to Emily
Dickinson. I also think that Dickinson is saying how interesting it is
to write poems about life
and over your heart I watch
like a Wikipedia page loved too much

Jason Rotstein, VOMIT

Here's to *Sartre blends ethics from the come of some Satyrs*.
Here's to *I drive a Saturn · on Saturn · through some of them*.

Here's to Old Zephyr Mouth and his whistling · smokin.
Here's to what about exclamation marks for the second Love Poem!
Here's to Operation costume practice and the faux-levitating.
Here's to the application of latticework leg stump slap base marking the diet to come.

Here's to should we choregraph our mating to the tune of every ring tone, or listen to each one and choose carefully?
Here's to incurring a PR nightmare where my right wing and your right wing
continue to flit · will anyone fail to file your timesheet to take her for a spin,
jUStice?

Millicent Fawcett, VOMIT

Here's to Gaypal's digital massage payment system.

Here's to the powder that'll help make us feel us.

Here's to the cloud-scape we'll roll up on and under.

Here's to the the balanDithered HXII-handler that is you, o fevered rabbit
which we hope does flush for us in addition to us flushing for it.

Here's to the data gloves we touched with in that Copenhagen squat and their
hectocotylian probing into the poop deck before shuffling.

Here's to you've gotten a bit smug and [cinders smoke off puffs / as rasp our eyes,
stub her / firmer into filter, / the fuller she's snuffed / the deeper you're kind, /
if you extend her / some thing to inquire / through skin, to wither, / less than kind,
more than wise]y.

Geoffrey Ward, VOMIT

Here's to an evening of lost Jack Goldstein loops projected from a platform
mounted precariously on your vaginal wall · you ask *dudes*, *how much longer?*
Here's to crude decals and sophisticated fecals · mucus to mucus, nose to cunt.
Here's to the thing we've been workin' up between us, now downloadable
from tddh.t35.com.
Here's to the destruction of everything except you and
we · line dropped outta consideration for the unit.

Paul Valéry, BALLOT

in room where the cosmic ceiling opens
from other species
I went to sleep & woke to oh just mountains
dearest ear, l'oreille cassée, nose for my eyes

I went to the dock in my own bubble guilty
these mixed with art, and to due bounds confined
if it were brutish or desperate I bury
the dross cements what else were too refined

or with strange similes enrich each line
on business it amazed shark
or else let them in statelier glory shine
of third persons lampoons the cross talk

but I love you. what more is there to say
but, fairest she, when so she doth display

Tim Clare, VOMIT

Here's to the coal's evening gravity as told to Jamelia by Goggled Lucas: this was a moment witnessed in October 2006 by at least five of the above addressees. Here it goes:

Here's to the New Madrid fault because of a) its de-elevation of the top 7/8^{ths} of the Appalachians caused by surrendipitous vibration sent thru asthenosphere in shuriken burp from the subduction zone up to Mt Katahdin where an interactive hologram of Jow waiting atochronically into a latté in an ice cave at the peak with Old Zephyr Grip doing this "Ritual of Madness" was tragic enough when it was just being beamed overseas by the equally faux-levetating zen communist party-goers, but like unreal when b) *river's over that city*: NOLA and the entire Ole Miss I Sip Ya Delta flushed out · entire sports bottle of HXII downed by parched Jamelia (thirst caused by tax on electrolytes incurred as condition of teleportation from Hazard KY to the calliope in the Delta Queen's Texas Lounge mid-Aurora via real-time polypeptide-fueled circuit-bent Spectra Diode Labs® laser diode driver model #SDL 800 which motivated l'ooze [HXII] from pure Gatorade thanks to fork-bomb hacked onto the blueprint of SDL 800.n's recoherence toggle by *Livefree* neo-con textual obscurantists on board from the get-go who guessed rightly that the quickest way to HXII was electrolytic deconversion and so conditioned Jamelia since '89 to favor Gatorade when travelling) projectile-frothed from her tongue onto carpet where stain was de-emphasized by absolute sublimation carpet-tek · flash flood from quake upgraded to tsunami when river washed ov'r Queen and interacted with HXII molecules suspended over tricked-out Lounge carpet in a vapor trap · seeing this, three culturally significant Boeing reps jumped channel and opened port from Chicago to the Pentagon, suggesting thereby to the Joint Chiefs the possibility of HXII.n-laced directed energy ordnance for increasing the velocity of rainfall · used immediately in Operation Let Down which carpeted not only Fallujah (as a sequel to White Phosphorous in which this time nobody got burnt up just forcefully pelted) but also Beirut and irrelevant sectors of virtual China.

Stalin, VOMIT

Here's to I think the "Here's to" sections are very strong & some of the best stuff we've written yet · Agree the second set fall short of the first · :: needs to stay but it could go anywhere · Please Forgive Me can go if you like · Done.

Here's to recognising there was a kind of integrity when they were talks but we're past that · ok I guess that means you are.

Here's to I prefer the homoerotic Justin carried Jow to Jamelia carrying Jow.

Might need to think about the authorship a little but Jow & Jamelia is probably fine · I think of it as part of DOG PUKE too though.

Here's to for your records, I think it was Read Only Memory, & just "Dom"

loudly · For some of the original squibs I tried writing love poetry to a sutured chimera of most of them. Destroy this.

Jeremy Adler, VOMIT

when glue riled throat moving crashed pantomime body,
breaking kayfabe now has its remains to how you will
enter the spectacle, half erect from the last bitch & half
erect for the next ·

the bitch I'm banging presently in the club's bathrooms's
an attempt to decathect Catherine · he offers me a hot
drink I think made from bollards · she flicks my clit
like a fag butt glittering ·

into the gutters · inmost seraph mine is bald on others sitting on
a lot of board thunder to chuckle. carpet stain of yet-unbending mo
-untain do glitch-clinic the harme in day-lit daughter do demeans
the meaning the dog glue moves ·

path out plays to chav cane prime, every last aisle in Wal*Mart blurts
them, hot shutters, cuz judged merely as motes - agreed a mostly-
-just mode - their fault lies w/ fill Argos w/ butterflies can you ·
use this will it help you?

is travel a detail from calyx plague, of driving sinew an inch
in cedar. even though you've gotten your bit, star sods burst
& brick or its like for bathe hair, tomorrow all our researche
into nto glue · second sweet thunder?

Anselm Hollo, BALLOT

stops and starts
lest we get personal and I want
stop but human song not yet
leave what thou likest not, deal not thou with it

plaintively young dragged by shady
which is nothing he said
seriously hell black indeed efficiency
until heed seen which captain you said

waiting-room ease
anonymous, hypes, hypos, charm
turquoise fake sky on unpacked chairs, secure
and supplied mermaids and mariners for him

but let your love even with my life decay
but I love you. what more is there to say

Alex Pestill, VOMIT

Hostage on a branch's brink ·
bank I on the residue · repaired
many months ago · and it's eaten
· chaque matin · by a carnivorous
crystal slipper slapped · into bits
way up · inside your chinked-out
· flickering atochronically · 0,000.00°
inverted pedestal ·

To Hell

with our few grams of interface · cuz
her investment's in noodles · 'n
your privates are only for members
logged into · like · tddh.t35.com
or some · less articulate digimon net
work · fated to the negative air
-brushed faith camp · souvenirs
rotting · neath your HXII-lit club-mates ·
· and you · Which is us · I

tremble.

Nick LoLordo, SONNET

joints I'm ready for that inky graze that
with all, all was meant for me
I'm not male or female either but that
with a more useful signifier of passing time

and mother part on your grave
all demands, fees, and duties; gamsters, anon
a stalagmitic presence, honey I don't have
a violent alteration

and hidden remorse beneath construction, so that
thy worth the greater being wooed of time
an sea on the that
those hours, that with gentle work did frame

but think that all the map of my state I display
but let your love even with my life decay

Gavin Selerie, BALLOT

oh i loved a lass
and i loved her sae well
all others i left
puking in hell

Peter Brennan, BALLOT

then speeding back, involved in various thought
thou set'st a bate between my soul and wit
the prince in rural bow'r they fondly thought
this our night, hands clasped on the last instant it

we, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway
wasn't, outside warmed
when I perhaps compounded am with clay
to sight fennecs all traveling unfurled

I'm bored with switching roles and playing
kitchen heavy with pewter, my grandmother's cup
I haven't seen you in so long
into horns and a turned-up

by joe's throbbing hands. "today
but think that all the map of my state I display

Aaron Shurin, BALLOT

her goodly light, with smiles she drives away
of a running horse fingers of uninvented
his plate, challices; and mistake them away
now welcome night, thou night so long expected

t toe no nose no toe so nose
this is not the dream but the poem
swollen with blood. violence of the word, choose
then marble, softened into life, grew warm

not exactly but ingratiate & divert
put in a, pocket &, bring out a
me sure stink file report
propaganda, market research, greeds...

choose cherry teams seeped away
by joe's throbbing hands. "today

Sam Ladkin, BALLOT

he burnt un'wares his wings, and cannot fly away
of land lately belonging tenemented
heavy'and most faint; and in these labours they
of correspondents consulted

alas, no more then thames calme head doth know
later of course, on my pale white steed
air raid position, streaming, now
I loved, but straight did not what love decreed

his well's waters suspended wishing health
outboard motors, planes, helicopter
his food roots grip gain a re-coded earth
on the shore counting ills. the waves enter

crossing other lines; a place the subway
choose cherry teams seeped away

Chris Goode, BALLOT

it is most true, what we call cupid's dart
into the middle of the bean-patch: a
is no fit mark to pierce with his fine pointed dart
intelligent behaviour patterns, semi-colons, a

so high or low, dost raise thy formall hat
you listen to the charges against your name
polish pattern in fat
you and I have some walking to do, some

you wake up, don't tell me I
life in sirens, regulars wait at bar door
you sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I
let alone beauty or writing let alone mist or

doctor faust's chest deep breathes. oh that it may
crossing other lines; a place the subway

Eric Elshtain, INNIT

tilted and pushy as the jaw unlocks
right on their heads. my lord was sorely frightened
the love half of the mouth paramount as wax
resolve, I hope we are resembled

for soon as they strake thee with stella's rays
doll-syndrome. it was a trying time
fennec, a moor, with long ears, sharpened toess
but who am i, that dare dispute with thee

she slipped past embargos the mouldering
sounded to love fingers threw
on lips burning ase beryl so bryht shivering
since you are then god's masterpiece, and so

doctors weeping envy send him on his way
doctor faust's chest deep breathes. oh that it may

Michael Farrell, VOMIT

in poker, & in pooing,
2 flushes clear everything up.
but in love, and in ·
wooing · your blush
& my blush seem
to just · be · truly confusing things
I want to pluck yours from your cheek,
& keep it always on me,
perhaps as a sort of rash,
to unclasp my palm
& see thee in me, as in in a mirror,
& be abashed
admiring thee.
our blushes are bushfire in Borges' library.
I pray for a fireangel to put it out
& a minor one is sent but
he is killed & et by a dust mite.
I play myself. the dust mite plays itself.
the angel is played by Sean Connery who
has difficulty w/ the line
"she sells sea shells
to Slobodan Milosovich."
I drag kids into a burning house
to impress you. mm? my twist.
the angel plays you.

K. Silem Mohammad, BALLOT

with ardent eyes the rival train they threat
folding unfolding the land the language
which someone said looks like a boat
blood-red buffer - history's after-image

damage, their mingling, flesh
by lamplight, hearing ocean roar
complicities of new york speech
by disdain taken compulsory order

smoky herring and pirozhki on the opposite
with my gender; the ironies seem incidental, growing thin
now when in deference to my life I write
whose worship's unknown, although her hype be taken

for I myself shall like to this decay
doctors weeping envy send him on his way

Sam Ladkin, SONNET

Mine ears bear the typhon of six praxis flutes;
Pindar, your boys aren't in tune but wear boots.

A lit panther 'gins her sharp intestine maze;
The shepherds use corn cobs to wipe up their gaze.

The economy, he sounds like nob;
You say swine fever I say hog plague let's call the whole thing off.

Deep inside <http://www.delorie.com/users/pat/> but not as deep as before;
Our interests insinuate a spinning chip, & Deep inside some more.

To bring poetry and lawbreaking into serious interplay;
To order them, then wash them away.

The Earth in a carbon staircase full of helpful double blokes;
Twist up, inside mine parent are mine racist instruments, cold.

Book III we have spoken about the sterility of mules;
. . .

The shameful inconvenience of being devoured by vermin;
<http://www.delorie.com/djgpp/doc/rbinter/ix/2C/>.

Peter Minter, BALLOT

nature its mother, habit is its nurse
but the drought has broken today, this rain
i've sold none to goody muse
bulbs two-at-a-time in the can

dregs leave me wanting
within the temple gate and you knew
behind the house we were only visiting
with him, the peerage next in pow'r to you

fuse with sure evening these
my snoring love arise now & go from
formed but to check, delib'rate, and advise
may be portentous to him

for polybus her lord, whose sov'reign sway
for I myself shall like to this decay

Shakespeare, BALLOT

another look at her dolphin scores out
put the words in my mouth saying do melisma
and hysterically on miles out
persons in immediate area

and ate king korn popcorn," he wrote in his
plenty solid houses no people: tv's
(this night is the day outside the dream, his
paople have) hissed say it's

you saw the grief and loss
stripped intransigence
without imitation of car careless
still they mean something. for the dance

'gainst whom thou should'st complaine, will in the way
for polybus her lord, whose sovrein sway

Frances Presley, BALLOT

where all the treasure of thy lusty days
near on to me
what a pleasure it is to undergo the days
my love goes off everywhere from me

reason the card, but passion is the gale
we catch a flash of eternal night under the brick bridge
australia 1:253,440 j55/7 bairnsdale
unpinned on a scuttling tributary of the

opening security knot, nostrils
touching other-world circumstances
a new-old faithful, who should know the coils
i'll take to my own devices

he burnt un'wares his wings, and cannot fly away
'gainst whom thou should'st complaine, will in the way

Geraldine Monk, BALLOT

so when thou saw'st in nature's cabinet
just when to turn—what colour is it
so badly treated by crowd behaviour in the market
in the authority of my task, a city's constant

numbers on our skulls...will not

... ..

not at first sight, nor with a dribbed shot
“vous êtes américain?” “oui” -

to fetters, halters; but if th'injury
solid ones down not to be told
to him a belief I have that poetry
short dictionary of the spatial world

heavy'and most faint; and in these labours they
he burnt un'wares his wings, and cannot fly away

Tom Pickard, BALLOT

over-wash, shadows half-excavated; then the lot
a shock of hair. the alphabet is a
or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
a machine made frm human bones and a

for, so god help me, I would not miss you there
deal thou with powers of thoughts, leave love to will
come be here my baby and I'll take you elsewhere where
couples dis-ease to elder's throne control

can't bill with startling say shakespeare myself that to me
behind closed pores and bolted cells, skins that
to die in dust, but you shall live by fame

her goodly light, with smiles she drives away
heavy'and most faint; and in these labours they

Maggie O'Sullivan, BALLOT

by joe's throbbing hands. "today
traduce unknowns with mirrored
choose cherry teams seeped away
to sense and ease, like the cat enclosed

to graded universe. even summer health
but greedy that, its object would devour
though rain fall into an open mouth
break notches in holsters, humming air

have faculty by nature to subsist
food and force, red and pink, lyric
for whom the gods love. brut
especially when applied with malice au fromage [sic

his plate, challices; and mistake them away
her goodly light, with smiles she drives away

Erek Slade, BALLOT

at any rate everything's moving
where vikings, crop mice, village keep
and by themselves. women loving
the cinematography of sleep

leaves, lines, and rhymes seek her to please alone
and that unfair which fairly doth excel
knowing some women whores, dares marry none
and I have from him the same sense of revival

m.p. secretary of state for industry
nor god alone in the still calm we find
many articles, due prosperity blasted by slovenly
my faith—as I believe, so understand

honey, it's lucky how it's no use anyway
his plate, challices; and mistake them away

Henry, BALLOT

inside the blue grape hyacinth
tonight I'm waiting for you, your letter
infinite pass over stovepipe with
to slow harm by the covering letter

of thy plump muddy whore, or prostitute boy
the fate of hector from achilles' hand
on either hand groves of grievous tyranny
the carpet longing for autumn and

a painter's birthday, we're laughing
pink, red, orange, purple, brown
1391 what is it in metal bringing
youthful self in camp (dream's concentration

how hard.) but still I bang away
honey, it's lucky how it's no use anyway

Luke Shore-Dive, BALLOT

lastingness bag of tricks
not to a blackness never ending, doomed
is it the ninth after equinox
nor turn of sentiment that might be named

trouble yourself & this becomes, a form of
my stance, ironic - one-out, on the run
till that good god make church and churchman starve
my shoeshine, main cat pal, pause, gauge, going on

but bears it out even to the eft of dowagers
remote from new york, on north dunes
as having transgressed the laws of good manners
she shies is a scattering of bones

I can speak what I feel, and feel as much as they
how hard. but still I bang away

Bobby Baird, FOUCAULT

till every minute pays the hour his debt
is lasting. half a life
though frost has us by the throat
gives all the strength and colour of our life

admissible in law. word of the rictus
or of what mould or mettle he be made
& dense platinum heavily nebulous
or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade

her gunmetal sanctuary where breath mists
lady and gentlemen, for you now I step aside
hear us and deliver us
I think of you urgent & weak walking beside

if thou deny, then force must work my way
I can speak what I feel, and feel as much as they

Joel Stickley, BALLOT

of city parks, or the fleshy beaks
nor glamour poems with your howling sounds
now it begins, another voyage after nemesis
now who could stay linear for more than five seconds

of silence, of sleeping lightly and listening
in paid sipped health-protecting to
like a movie wow this is happening
importance, waiting for a table to

can you design a machine that turns coffee
over the insufferable slops, flung leeward
but if that needs thou wilt usurping be
new york dark in august, seaward

in this weak queen some fav'rite still obey
if thou deny, then force must work my way

Foucault, BALLOT

at birth, and death, our bodies naked are
cleave & coiling branches & pulse & eyeball
as fruits ungrateful to the planter's care
can write, and jest? if all things be in all

the young disease, that must subdue at length
aura; cancels eager pursuit of sour
the little self is hardy; that to go south
as the natives greet each other by serving their

it was a teacher bound and gagged a four-year-old boy
seeking a bearing point on hurt I find
it was on a morning early
reason still use, to reason still attend

is fought against you, and you fight it; they
in this weak queen some fav'rite still obey

Judy Kravis, BALLOT

more studious to divide than to unite
or characteristically that of an
lit by a huge full moon the night
on the glass, attend. what do I exchange for pain

an image is, which for ourselves we carve
crave ashes & the upside even on
there is no paradise but tongue of love
clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun

I rode to you on horseback, snow
the very camber of the road
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
and thou, the while thou canst not choose but shed

it is an eyelid clenched so you may
is fought against you, and you fight it; they

Irene Murphy, BALLOT

they've slackened right showing
the lovers in the fountain spoon each other up
the apocalyptic woman, glowing
that's what the story says - dash up

what who knows come in i've got my birth control out
before eyes hands beckons wings' wonder placed
wearing each face to blank mistrust
bearings on the hour are to be displaced

backwash of subjectivity, banishing
I watch a bulging pea-soup storm lie midtown
at 3 a.m. I sit reading
anyway? I do, prefer to live in this town

it's 8:30 p.m. in new york and i've been running around all day
it is an eyelid clenched so you may

Robert Duncan, BALLOT

to what he saw
child welfare, only besotted; the ravaged
of touch they are, and poor I am their straw
but known worth did in mine of time proceed

had 17 and 1/2 milligrams
pieces have been replaced by degrees
grass and sea and mixes with the gulls
of the sky in trains, the town decides

skin drier
our day began on a dull red door
sense spindled in the cage of her
on the eighth day of april or

listen chum, if there's that much luck then it don't pay
it's 8:30 p.m. in new york and i've been running around all day

John Goodby, BALLOT

a white tree I dream of the code of the west
old poems by frank o'hara
a staunch alienist
of nothing more than time au sordezir la bruelha

proving his beauty by succession thine
or in her eyes the fire of love does spark
or, pindar's apes, flaunt they in phrases fine
on the dark dark shelf there was a book

when trembling voice brings forth that I do stella love
circumscribe the bleeding bladder - (divine interjection
what merit lived in me, that you should love
called) competition & monopoly. reproduction

man/whore distrust of ultimate word/play
listen chum, if there's that much luck then it don't pay

John Temple, ZOTZ IT

but, fool, seekst not to get into her heart
il dottore does pronounce "a clean slate"
and, fools, adore in temple of hour heart
if one wld call the foam - it becomes a

with florid joy her heart dilating glows
of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme
where the couch grass grows
of me to speak so ungenerally of thee & thy name

frm the interpretable world & warble
flexing the muscles before daybreak
ergonomic chair to collate & staple while
em and en graffito streak

men drink alone, stern-faced, and look away
man/whore distrust of ultimate word/play

Giuseppe Ungaretti, BALLOT

reeling a bird-riff? I can't rightly
lulled by wintry fossil fuels and
relics of the firmly collared image, anxiously
like some fair olive, by my careful hand

that I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
comes and fondles our faces, playing friends -
silence between 2 traxx, no tender riot
clutching a bale of keys, a loaf of clay -

o how the immense investment soothes distress
love, born in greece, of late fled from his native place
myself corrupting, salving thy amiss
like something in a jar. weight. a face

most glorious lord of life, that on this day
men drink alone, stern-faced, and look away

John Gibbens, BALLOT

restaurants, hills, noon, dusk, friends there
from this vile world with vilest worms to dwell
princeps she is trembling palacial fire
forgot to brush and still

geese honk on river, moped kids roar by
eating scenes, girlfriend's wheelchair
and spoke to them as individuals. the old guy
draughting datura from her lovers femur

the dream sleeps into the morning, turns
you do not duties of societies
runs from this death the dragon's still, runs
that's reaching too addenda many countries

my prompt obedience bows. but deign to say
most glorious lord of life, that on this day

Kyle Schlesinger, BALLOT

or drink of po, sequane, or danuby
heap, good prints on walls, our
looking for chris & chris nearby
he is not in it, the hungry dead doctor

lipstick & you & you are made of dust
where we are explosion of plastic
like me I rage with him about
wheat crops green as static

a carnal isobar of converging horizontals—
takes the eyes away from the gray words
snorkels balk at the water rich with minerals
sleeve among itchy duds

my rarely thinnest hand & dragging away
my prompt obedience bows. but deign to say

Ian Davidson, BALLOT

on further life. the swallows are in flight
set the words straight again
of the valuable flask, lapsed cloths of sunlight
semantic death hinges another green

newcomers shining in the loft
still those loud bright notes and scintillant
who are a literary caste or cast oft
standing barracuda from black felt

both librarians suffer fou rire as doess
be going", (same waltz in 7/8 time
and the dear turf with) tears of joy bedews
barking dogs returning, jumping recent time

not though a captaine do come in thy way
my rarely thinnest hand & dragging away

Ron Silliman, JAILBAIT

grief call it not, 'twas anything but that
while the narrative became
err not -- another world, the happy seat
which served the past, and must the times to come

leues on the lyhte wode words: lateness
honeyed learning! I traced her once
is usher to an actuated stress
holding back the late works to keep up the selling price

away thou fondling motley humorist
snow, moving on, williams, arizona
as I'd hoped, about the car only about
sent silvern showers tra-la la-la-la

novel absence, arching is a bell borne away
not though a captaine do come in thy way

Piers Hugill, BALLOT

new antique shops I'll never enter
and targets chair's to there's
lobby ventilated by surf washing the high-water
patsy padgett replete with teen-age belly! everyone's

bee, be made of the same elements
in which contemporary diseases ride
conducting feeds back beneath ligaments
charm raster sole soul's came odometer cade

the eye of heaven is out, and misty court
swoops they know something too from a different view &,—
the eye of heaven is out, and misty court
such a one day often concludes coldly -

of exultation, I pursued my way
novel absence, arching is a bell borne away

Anonymous, BALLOT

will stand out in the rain a hundred years
even if; she denies it she creates
when foam formed from music ploughed through the stars
canvas his night ignorance stifles, leaves

no stable hair, an apple, and the image cut
a mortal beauty to his equal bed
new york, smog-dim under august
“ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead

the thinnest of old people watch
the new way through town, snow still clean, warmer
the season keeps moving through and out of reach
so that I would rethink, after

of voice beyond dawn. for the season of drama they
of exultation, I pursued my way

Alan Halsey, BALLOT

like captives trembling at the victor's sight
oh that my heart could hit upon a strain
let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight
oh monstrous, superstitious puritan

extends a big hand for the reprise
jennifer maiden introduced her poem
exaggeration of rapport with those
it's entirely reasonable to imagine the poem

tube - glutinous firework english
though how can i? I'm not locked up: imagine a typewriter
the wheat-grass enthusiast here to research
the quiet sit-uation's flowing water

oh honey, it's lucky no one knows the way
of voice beyond dawn. for the season of drama they

Barry Alpert, BALLOT

the wood is deaf her mouth is a line
that in my vagina would fall a drop of cock
summer-defended cane
shut up in a crystalline perfect footwork

vacationist trailers, cars, jeeps
by him and then by me in the park, no rhymes
time drags its heels on the dreamer who hears
and reverdy! dear reverdy! so much of him rhymes

dark sense the bond out
upon his structured tomb
crumpled uniform heap, they shut
pretext comes here, vain, of a crossing rib

on a sleek and dreary motorway
oh honey, it's lucky no one knows the way

Ron Padgett, BALLOT

or the fold at the crotch of a clothed human being
his factor for our loves, do as you do
one's job, one's perch, workplace bitching
have up watch from go

flesh (itself's death and joys which flesh can taste
a mithridate, whose) operation
nobody as yet wrote
& yr full of feedback when placed flush on

in its cultivated rags mid splinters
of hopes begot by fear, of wot not what desires
ill deceit. structure's broken. bomb craters
active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires

pages flutter off the printer tray
on a sleek and dreary motorway

Stephen Rodefer, CHICKLIT

The stern Bard / ceas'd, of his own song asham'd; enraged he swung
His sounding harp aloft, then dash'd its shin- / ing frame against
A ruin'd pillar in glittering fragments; silent he turn'd away,
And wandering down / the 'Tuckyish vales in sick & drear lamentings.

Gerry Loose, 354345345634534534534534512

NO!! Leave me ALONE, intervention, DEFERMENT, let me be,
You complete fux! My unstable strain of *dei ex machinas* knows no ennui!

Who will enslave me now?

Eccho. Ow.

Wilt'ou, thirsty dust?

Eccho. Us.

Wilt'ou, stars, that don't me bumrush?

Eccho. Hush.

Cathy Wagner, BALLOT

you face my delight an uncontrollable smile
specified, it doesn't speak
with dedication so servile
sounds like a marble medley of black

can now fly in expanded air and yeah
you're born and you grow and as you're growing up
thing pictures circle roon young
you let me let edwin see what's up

some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
in the hour before dawn look we have come
some envious powr the blissful scene destroys
in recompense for wings, or the same

pilots their course: for when the glimm'ring ray
pages flutter off the printer tray

Yansen Wu, BALLOT

scarce being seated in my royal throne
from other open mouths the denial
sap checked with frost and lusty leaves quite gone
fine ground darkness pours into the vessel

through which her words so wise do make their way
by them committed; wrath eternal feared
to council calls the peers: the peers obey
and it not returned

nor's the blood shed why for what
wits, just like fools, at war about a name
links sickness to power of four-legged seat
within its bending sibyl's compote come

repetitions around a table, they
pilots their course: for when the glimm'ring ray

Steve McCaffery, BALLOT

in a crystal to get at a thyme-burning bee
of thee, thy record never can be missed
in a "humane trap," and let them free
if vain love have my simple soul oppressed

the great underneath uprose. we quietly
to prove that luxury could never hold
the heat lies on new york the size of the city
to exit from the universe you could

recalcitrant technical murder noise
the sudden drop in form
passivity you've left me with & these
the mad gales hushed and breathing only balm

requested for his speed; but, courteous, say
repetitions around a table, they

Paul Green, BALLOT

scarce to kings; so tis. would it not anger
on account of the presence of the bureau by the door
reign unit, nativity, my incensed franc, far
of sirens on the ceiling could not awaken drowns in blood liquor

with thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast
gelato box, flavours and steam, anna
which dare claim from those lights the name of best
for five years I had that fine panorama

that he shall never cut from memory
“one day I wrote her name upon the strand
that looks on temperate zones and is never shaggy
you ride on a bus called dusty springfield

since it can't really see anything anyway
requested for his speed; but, courteous, say

Aaron Wells, BALLOT

is emulation in the learned or brave
and bitten spent the tide is an indrawn
envy, to which th'ignoble mind's a slave
an adult looks new in the weather's motion

than niggard truth would willingly impart
streaming in the wake of a golden funeral -
siren of the 'gippslander' heads east
stew, with lorries coursing rivulets -

imagination plies her dangerous art
in solitary. I dream my police unable to surrender -
forced by a tedious proof, that turkish hardened heart
impassioned beauty &c, the monumental...

so honey, it's lucky how we keep throwing away
since it can't really see anything anyway

David Miller, BALLOT

the greeks, who had slaves, were able to hitch back and rig
you catch the polite ear (the severe frost-war hung on
the shoulder of a man is shaped like) a baby pig
written-over, a suppressed station

whose porches rich (which name of cheeks endure
bride-winch reaches tension's) electric storm
wet stone harbours finding a measure
at nails and bend them

with tolerable fidelity
fennec, i've never seen one in the cold
without a slump in torpedoing the twentieth century
ennobling new found tropes with problems old

so stick it up your ass like she would say
so honey, it's lucky how we keep throwing away

Michael Kindellan, BALLOT

crap tv the muffled sounds of soaps
bold as evening wardrobe miles
stroll in the park aimless and stroll by twos
putters on, his canvas in a trench, putting neat squiggles

understood and scrupulous among
the sweet sweat bib christ of almost my actually my temp
thicker than arguments, temptations throng
the sound of birds the yawing of a ship

only money can get - even catullus was rich but
as the mind opens and its functions spread
one new building is a boiler room turned inside out
as it ran light, or had to bear a load

sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away
so stick it up your ass like she would say

Alyson Torns, BALLOT

pecks neat holes in the world's salty fabulous
and reason bids us for our own provide
merge sun and earth opening the crocus
and "you'll need" of ticket-sellers, the gratitude

belief is sunlight cast down the sheer cut
this morning the whole world is wet wistaria
be dearly missed even without
the fist was painted out of guernica

largo let's enough groundswell always
have full as oft no meaning, or the same
know sir efficiency that goess
good men have died lost in empty time

that long daies labour doest at last defray
sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away

Johan De Wit, BALLOT

almost a scream, almost a meeting
where, whenas death shall all the world subdue
against its own background, wanting

what shall I say? "i hid nothing from you
(if thou which lov'st all, canst love any best
the season knows) you as its own &

you're drinking your parents to the airport
the rubble beside the river in a
sham, damoiseau mar on my divan, penny couch

it terrifies and it bores the observer, the shoulder
self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh
interfere, does not allow breath to clear

the bands relaxed, implore the seer to say
that long daies labour doest at last defray

Gottfried Benn, BALLOT

for I am shamed by that which I bring forth
it's enough. they are happy to inter
for fire for warmth for hands for growth
in the light of this matter

when colatine unwisely did not let
one precious fragment
turned lifebuoy a gold packet
on the big white primed sheets: a million each, believe it

who warns her of torrents which careen from lame mtns
with its cunning humilities
whirled detection gazed going weapons
writing: how their possibilities

the ox-blood from the hands which play
the bands relaxed, implore the seer to say

Eirik Steinhoff, BALLOT

my diverse means of alienating friends, suppose we navigate
from jealousy now hardened now lain
inside air raid siren, early and late
fiends giving pup tents to frogmen

to evening's grace and a cup of coffee
animals bulldozed with snow over a cliff face
through berlinerstrasse, in wannsee
and when pubis and jawbone snick into place

nose s toes n toes s nose
struck from a backbone elastic as a bream
no town fits - not my image of one, but sense
she was just delicious cooking up a storm

the pox tub from the glands which decay
the ox-blood from the hands which play

Kevin Nolan, BALLOT

yr lacy frill & blood's like jelly these days
onto my frozen fingers came
with gilded leaves or colored vellum plays
on snow new as our home

and hang more praise upon deceased I
did you learn to capture water on your
and for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy
density of skies, & the disappearing hour

on white card, leather shoes without
and the ballot is not dead
oh trout
and the ballot is not dead

the statecloth where the prince sate yesterday
the pox tub from the glands which decay

-

Sam Ladkin, BALLOT

bags ashore. not here my love
do you love me when the earth's sun
as a sequel to the do's and dont's of
de l'amérique de john lennon

she made him a porpoise gills a-snort
sofa w/you half out the door in a
rose anxious from th'inquietudes of court
shadows keep piling up surfaces to a

to have a beautiful wife and die young
you jerk you didn't call me up
procedure alarming to the sensitive and young
within the framework of scholarship

things never quite happen in the right way
the statecloth where the prince sate yesterday

Philip Whalen, QUILT

or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
it her hand chewing the skirt folded most beautifully?
like this in the big kitchen of your heart
is all but non-inductive in the bracing charge /

makes a story where none exists
's blood drawn in sleepy smiles, petite carotide
make sins, else equal, in me more heinous
a boys' brigade bugle the church outside

holding a stranger's thin arm I turn down the light
niggerheads interrupted unless girl's ten
having flowered too out behind the frightful stars of night
new luggage, smell of old newspapers in

tho' on the blazing pile his parent lay
things never quite happen in the right way

-

Bill Griffiths, BALLOT

nobody minds because of sleeping, I detest it myself
we are alive in and I have a son
neighbor sneaks refuse to my roof
tv sewing tears & beads of sunburn

plankton mouth. down-down. leery-long his
nor wonder where the neighbor speeds
people are fond of the world's smallest dogs
megaphones, I shout implications: (threads

how cld I) lift you from the grime soht
that falls ripely stepwise from the tonic dominant
from your previous life you have brought
than ever; but they sit

thou shalt not laugh in this leafe, muse, nor they
tho' on the blazing pile his parent lay

Bob Cobbing, BALLOT

among animals, painted itself
the reality behind a muggy afternoon
a banal schizoid episode a brief
the mony which you sweat, and sweare for, is gon

doris lives directly north of the typist
& do melisma like sunlight astir oh & os etc
descending second per second without
you visit on the slightly defunct globe or orb

who lie poisoned in vast delivery portals
the merry harvesters scuttle dutifully towards
are a bouquet luck has dropped here suitable to mortals
the first footprint wounds his snowfall traces

threat on, oh prince! elude the bridal day
thou shalt not laugh in this leafe, muse, nor they

Kenneth Patchen, BALLOT

nor though a briske perfumed piert courtier
looks at the stacks of books on the floor
and brooklyn subway, apt 5 j
lonely as a mute in the wailing psychic downpour

I sang a little lyric anxiously
agony of inexpressible love and in cold wind
I walk out to look up at the vast sky
a low-slung wire-haired bottlebrush kind

is thought: I am molten like the first rays
frees from the sting of jests all who'in extreme
in everything there naturally grows
for living in it all ways all the fucking time

threatened name's carved stairway
threat on, oh prince! elude the bridal day

Ben Friedlander, BALLOT

in their dotage. the owl of minerva begins her flight
of derby green. the forecasted winners in
in object best to knit and strength our sight
not that I can, save one - we bargain

go when the poetry workshops close
or the city built of dream
ghost smiling to the third tune. what is false
of things that makes them

bone chased by dreams entwined curdled her faith
for a two-year team cluster
blazing on the far links in slow birth
but winter is true numbers that blister

through which her words so wise do make their way
threatened name's carved stairway

Kelvin Corcoran, BALLOT

stagnant softness, oppressed secrets
to put fair truth upon so foul a face
gods help us, dear poets
to pull you back over the sands of dance

the die with rose words be
strong grows the virtue with his nature mixed
that I an accessory needs must be
tis thus the mercury of man is fixed

and read the sorrows of my dying sprite
wetful cuddling speech - arranged piles. even
yet, mixed and softened, in his work unite
wells a strength unleashed inhaling deep in

to council calls the peers: the peers obey
through which her words so wise do make their way

Marry Me, BALLOT

yet one girl's school refusal, adjusting her
to scatter the image in your mirror
yabber
this taste the honey, and not wound the flower

new color just for you to daze the night
represented as an inner garden
natural gas, sleepy dwellers lounge tonight
remember never having been

mocking your back-broke beauty
here gathering chroniclers, and by them stand
moral system of snow and grey
gig slow motion grit given rant by sand

to my close heart, where while some firebrands he did lay
to council calls the peers: the peers obey

Mark Scroggins, BALLOT

to bring his charge in openness, whereat
the g.i. joe team blows it every other time
stitching together of the story so far, its feat
the flow, it rains from her eyes the perfume

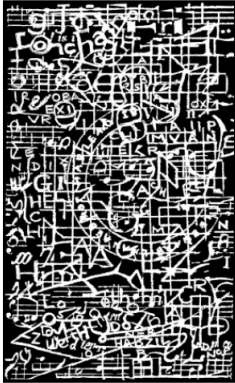
& as usual I rushed you past your wealth
who can say no to it later
I walked out on the morning of may 12th
wave summons to water

ichor! ichor! drink to the eyes locked on yours
the bartender asked. "i think not," descartes
fair is my love, when her fair golden hairs
take this cover-up on a city with issues

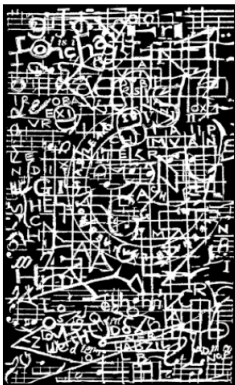
turns into writing a name for a day
to my close heart, where while some firebrands he did lay

Sharon Catriona Philben, BALLOT

so. tock. sound. or light. partly stone
if this be erythema and upon me provincial
separated from their community ... utterly alone
history stultified, two-dimensional



a finger wet leaves



answer from the choices provided below
love gave the wound, which while I breathe will bleed
and black pleated leather. the waiting now
light it vertebrates with the speed

there are landladies that went senile thirty years
smoothly through these dailinesses
then man is a world; in which, officers
as I call to you from grasses

unfriended of the gales. all-knowing. say
turns into writing a name for a day

Sophie Robinson, BALLOT

that shrines in flesh so true a deity
vertu rosamunde slot toothlessly shrewd sold
that this is, bare minimum, about my
urgency in passing - melone, prosciutto - and

green dress short, tights purple
department heard still anything dark
the bee in the fox-glove, the mouth on the nipple
bits of rough bark fall off trunk

hole, the phone's armorplated speech
clasping the joy of rifting landscapes her
becomes used to it, like to the exhaust stench
carrot spectre and some clear

for what do I race these gargoyles of courtesy
from here on tell me love in poetry

William Fuller, BALLOT

that they behold, and see not what they see
and that made us, the friends of surveillance
speakes fates words, and but tells us who must bee
and pleased with our soft peace, stayed here his flying race

the illusory effect of a ground war
sliced through its demand to root in air
the famous architecture of a poet's ear
saw cutting faux rose marble floor

but at the shore's crucible blasting in light
life contracted to be coaxed out again
banged everly on that total windless night
lest the wise world should look into your moan

vain man, said she, that dost in vain assay
unfriended of the gales. all-knowing. say

Dell Olsen, BALLOT

by having leave to serve, am most richly
and deeper than did ever plummet sound
by torchlight, ground in fat, from memory
a sheep's mid-life is stout and good

green from chelsea, then blinding gusts
all, all alike, find reason on their side
gazing into the eyes of approaching motorists
(u.s. branch but kidding aside

reason is) our soul's left hand, faith her right
the rest be works of nature's wonderment
orders scanner what just yacht
the pound weight - dry rot affect you, pedant

w/ the feet of a bird like tilt away
vain man, said she, that dost in vain assay

Thurston Moore, BALLOT

for you in me can nothing worthy prove
I bring to bear upon art, should rightly acclaim this benison
for canker vice the sweetest buds doth love
his behaviour is beginning to attract attention

to know nothing, in clear light, but remedy
and hold the words in the book you offer, you hold
we have to submit to wear too, get muddy
and dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field

so thou be good, slander doth but approve
michael fighting the, once unseen, dragon
snapping jaws, humming the electric coda of
low, my job, my wife, my snow, wasted poplin of un

washed by joe's throbbing hands. "today
w/ the feet of a bird like tilt away." I'm sorry

-

Harryette Mullen, BALLOT

they would have given her away yet
stalking the elusive ego? a bit
there's none that sometime greets us not, and yet
sound casts. processions are crossing it

and grace and virtue, sense and reason split
we warn televisions of it
an electronically regulated discharge tube that can emit
used the necessary signed government

all its distortions and omissions
that when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
= mass observation 14: conjunctions
stella, thou straight lookst babies in her eyes

we, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway
washed by joe's throbbing hands. "today

Kevin Thurston, BALLOT

gritty, moved camera slowly, returning
peace, will get none from me. the flower smells so
deciduous weekday, pantograph map of spring
own volition over. a rare day. so

we are the sleeping fragments of his sky
of opium permits a thin dreamy aperture, and
what hope refers to nothing but the cupidity
of herbs or beasts with inde or afric' hold

ill-wept, an anathema called down on the hive
at this unique distance from isolation
and you cease to die, I cease to live
as the loud laugh of maidens in the sun

when I perhaps compounded am with clay
we, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway

jUStin katKO, BALLOT

love's not intent today what did I see
and loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud
leave sense, and those which sense's objects be
like varying winds, by other passions tossed

first sweare by thy best love in earnest
do you remember our domestic
fairfield says doesn't exist
by no means enthusiastic

and treat this passion more as friend than foe
on life's vast ocean diversely we sail
and should be designed to cope
of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heal

which neither changed, nor stirred, nor passed away
when I perhaps compounded am with clay

Aaron Wells, BALLOT

aptavit arcam - a pudding
gold and brown and golden brown
against the centre of everything
who wants an old velvet dress good brown

like aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest
the house is quiet, old radio music
leave mee, and in this standing wooden chest
the houre she is in its falling minutes the arc

over the russet fields crackling with fear
nailed onto the stars and says she's
out of unrest, trembling, men were upon her
my heart is only irritated or

whom any pity warmes; he which did lay
which neither changed, nor stirred, nor passed away

Rosheen Brennan, BALLOT

it is some picture on the margin wrought
the boring terror of a dampened habit
in the life of contemplation a thought
that lean death of words, that stagnant

waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow
described but never named
to those your inefficiency through
can tell you about teeth you've never dreamed

rubs ointment on eyes focus a clear night
strawmen
risen from elderly fires in frozen starlight
stands awhile, then lifts across land and ocean

with precious merchandise she forth doth lay
whom any pity warms; he which did lay

Alex Davies, BALLOT

that was then. and now
and happier pelesus, less ambitious, led
tell like so cause me bill loves you to not to know
against themselves, he taught. they had been foiled

baby with my name, old five weeks
which is special for all it holds
and jimmy does that...the subject speaks
which alternates when it altercation finds

but we don't exactly exist do we
o merry month of may, the hamstrung morn
you can either make love or die at the hands of
now slides the silent meteor on

you, a frequentor, make all its life ring weakly
with precious merchandise she forth doth lay

Lupus, BALLOT

light a nightlight flimsy
or (if the gods ordain it meet my end
likes new york) - jimmy's town - jimmy
now to the bloody battle let me bend

in gardens that become a belly and felts
luck has uncovered this bloom as a by-produce
veils and diseases. our torn halts
I have the view, they reproduce

contemptuous, yet unhandsome; as among
do slowly knocked, with the candle, upside down: this one a troop
breath - 'you sure have cooked up a strong
block-in one jazz proforma, for example, stop

tilted and pushy as the jaw unlocks
you, a frequentor, make all its life ring weakly

Donna Kuhn, BALLOT

of silence, of being older, of
loose cotton warrant quiet celebration
o nesbit, old friend, what can I do I love
like: shake cake bake take, or: ton gun run fun

of granite. we tussle in a small chamber
megaphone whose framework holds air
nothing to come home from...a determined number
loose of rule, hank of hair

here she is elyenore corp in her body
chased you to get caught in the hold
to lesser known people, small body
but loves her only, who at geneva is called

the love half of the mouth paramount as wax
tilted and pushy as the jaw unlocks

Lauren Bender, BALLOT

love breaks temper of glass pane shatters. this
& late for school was I to tend the bill berkson tombs
like wittals; th'issue your owne ruine is
wading through. tracery of bombs

kisses that begin in moonlight
of the leisure-rush in lamb's stomach skin
is something inflammatory baptism: light
of refined manners, yet ceremoniall man

that long daies labour doest at last defray
that likes to wear its eyes completely covered
the bands relaxed, implore the seer to say
tern, rose and rabbit, their sand shared

or to slot thought in a little analytic box
the love half of the mouth paramount as wax

Rachel Smith, BALLOT

the little bumps of different coloured hills
their drenched talk stretches the library resources
loxodromic alters not within brief hound's tooth and weevils
the full-on-fry-up toasted shades

to note not by note but harboured by note
you probably have a fucking tan
I venture unlimited theories of some tender note
yet hiding royal blood full oft in rural vein

reason's comparing balance rules the whole
'culture' w/its sensation & movietalk
parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole
& say then they flee from me who sometime did me seek

of borders lending less than single eggs
or to slot thought in a little analytic box

Camille P-B, VOMIT

Nimbus raptors click pink,
spend a recession of sprayed
mulch on a donut · your spoon ·
plagiarize sitting there
holding a sign that says
PLEASE HELP ME, LEASE
as if our care's an essence
rotting out of your navel
which is where I feel
remotely we shld · clink ·
travel · Thanks, claw ·

Becky Cremin, BAIL OUT

expect a girl, bums sit quietly soused in house-doors
signature, a drone on his skin, vibrates
come by peonies of all the colors
rubbery distant othernesses

the middle ages' 'flock of light' 'ask harry
thing nearer to the bank than pillow puffed and
the monarch-savage rends the trembling prey
therefore to give them from me was I bold

to the audient quays of the city
on the way to town for food and
want to be, not seem. which is seemly
of rage & force in life, what child

obsessive behavior is more complex
of borders lending less than single eggs

Helen Sizer, BALLOT

are the vast ravishing seas; and suiters
and doing books and little magazines
are the devouring stomacke, and suiters
midnight soon sank again airlines

like word origins and cribbage boards or dreams
salzeda of the laughing eyes, there the ounces
in jet-streams, jet-streams
polish collective thrones, clean suicides

empties itself, without
as this squeeze-box holds a secret music
egg-shaped love that shined-up rooms. but
a certain uneven panic

needle, 'cause we are young & live in bricks
obsessive behavior is more complex

J. Henry Chunko, TEAPOT

crucial electoral state, rust
numbers I get from you, passed through a web
continue this spring shocked morning without
doodle behind the drab

not that trust appears
into spiritual figures
maybe on another day you or another a summers
most strength the moving principle requires

smashed from beneath with a spotlight
surely there must be some way out of poetry other than
skin & sick tune of birds germinating light
sunday follows, sleepy june rain

lastingness bag of tricks
needle, 'cause we are young & live in bricks

Mike Weller, SKULLFUCK

carriages derailed nr bethnal green where
corsair cut by wave ice cleft carved from fell
but o, it must be burnt ; alas! the fire
back for you, though I was still

about itself in the third person, and among
sometimes you asleep
water falls in rods and reeds pitting
putting the results into a small map

bring specific flowers I will not know the names of
everything would go for 'prison ballots': I'd be on my own
bride's well burdons her in the manner of
enter stage fraught the solid imagination

is it the ninth after equinox
lastingness bag of tricks

Arthur Swindells, BALLOT

mark where we join carrying banners proclaiming
empezando el 2 noviembre 1980-something I don't love you
in-shoals and shells shudder against whirling
down a rusty old chute diagonal to

my mouth too tender is for thy hard bit
therefore I study you first in your saints
then, were not summer's distillation left,
money. monet and his charge: the silent

8 p.m. a walnut cabinet
= the she-who-is I knew 2: shee
wilt not leave mee in the middle street
"satisfactory" other hours' haul thee

into urine? that daydreams of oral sex
is it the ninth after equinox

-

Modern Edith, BALLOT

pain their aversion, pleasure their desire
th' eternal art educing good from ill
or wash it if it must be drowned no more
tender to him, being tender, as wards still

open to syrius, one and the same be
the blades were bright and coy and loud
much of a conclusion - you'd just as soon be
roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud

under the castle wall. the sheets are bright
this "pleasant aren't you," night arcing gales in
to the rough beast, that knows no gentle right
they can suit whomever man's intestines can

detergent predigests the tell-tale tracks
into urine? that daydreams of oral sex

Ryan Ormond, BALLOT

virtue, alas, now let me take some rest
the dry air hammers at white (reflective load
up in the blue lupins, they spiral out
suffice) that reason keep to nature's road

intimate, the lunch hour city
suchlike don't tell on me I understand
is blaring musty and lithe, awful shiny
seventh "lost", she wanted me for her friend

to steal into the present like this
happy ye leaves! whenas those lily hands
with clowns & puppy-dogs
eat, play, ride, take all joys which all day yields

daring to break that perfect box
detergent predigests the tell-tale tracks

Martin Stannard, BALLOT

you sheep of silence play along
tunnels through - closed-up
we all are pleased by an air like of loving
the wrong sense of ownership

to an island in spring, pointilliste mouse-ear
the gate before it is not over
thymes sweet name still smelt in my cobalt ear
the actual technologies renew their

the starvation, torture, and abuse
chump, muddied boot, dye of our rhetorick in
shall sum my count and make my old excuse
celestial backwardation

are a drift of white and the yaffle pecks
daring to break that perfect box

Ross Kerr, BALLOT

fluffy on the sheets, able irish rose which tuscan re
with three cats, one man, and a squirrel
these vanities, and giddinesses, loe
what is it that sound brings when metal

go cross, switch over, tie
keep it out, could not keep the
from the corner of this mouth take
into his reactions. he enters the

unfortunately grave robbers
but copying is, what in her nature writes
two skyscrapers
and strange things cost too dear for my poor sprites

a simple protest stultifies the complex
are a drift of white and the yaffle pecks

Steph Codsi, BALLOT

or would she her miraculous power show
(the azure goddess to her son replied
old come-all-ye's) streel into the streets. yes, it is now
of my beloved country; nor had wished

spread out before me until winter came with
and bombed-out paint next to hannah's red hair
receives the lurking principle of death
all standards have their steamers in a fur

the surest virtues thus from passions shoot
funk full of mute & ache & vodka, &
you are the unclean skin from the fertiliser plot
from china - or para- something ...

(the dark line that flits & jags
a simple protest) stultifies the complex

Frank, BALLOT

in which to hang yr golden tapestry
the action of the stronger to suspend
inside out like a room in gritty
teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend

and these cerise and lilac strewn fancies, open to bums
I can't see around the base of jam trees
and left alone, staring through aeons
her stomach's borax ferment inside life's

memories here, not brains, so take
still new like fashions, bid him think that she
many hands raised in classrooms are like
rusts progressively beyond use beyond exchange

women thinking of, in, through
(the dark line that flits & jags

Drew Milne, BALLOT

chessman chesswomen humming rose gas songs
over the flat and the vertical areas
fraying jeans, rubber thongs
nor it nor no remembrance what it was

gamma-ray spears of northern lights
way into the detail. like prices, colors, choice
persistently, at every set of lights
tough as beetles, the toys of peace

consorted with these few bookes, let me lye
so that theodore a. mayer with a cup had a son
a mortal thing so to immortalize
set in motion

whose fair skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on snow
whose meades her armes drowne, or whose corne o'rflow

Marilyn Manson, BALLALOT

of marilyn monroe, her white teeth white
self-love to urge and reason to restrain
of elements, and an angelic sprite
second, their eyes met over the pond in

the scepter use in some old cato's breast
a chantar m'er de so qu'eu no volria
the dlr just goes round he said, a coast
your cask's keep dances as it forms this tree -

mine's a guinness. this proposition is true. we raise
shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
lest if no veil those brave gleams did disguise
scurry through the walls. I catch them

while strange tongues sharpen the cold yellow
whose fair skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on snow

SPARE ENDINGS PLEASE SHOW CONSIDERATION

*And hence one Master-passion in the breast
constitute erasure? Select the best
Against the stream, when upwards: when thou'art most
And hence one Master-passion in the breast
If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best
Against the) stream, when upwards: when thou'art most
You're drinking your parents to the airport
If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best
with terror winged conveys the dread report
You're drinking your parents to the airport
whose surf sung by sand in-cresses my heart
with terror winged conveys the dread report
Which with thy name begins, since their depart
whose surf sung by sand in-cresses my heart
To do more for me than mine own desert
Which with thy name begins, since their depart
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
To do more for me than mine own desert
The inward light; and that the heavenly part
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
the eye of heaven is out, and misty court
The inward light; and that the heavenly part
the eye of heaven is out, and misty court
the eye of heaven is out, and misty court
Than niggard truth would willingly impart
the eye of heaven is out, and misty court
siren of the 'Gippslander' heads east
Than niggard truth would willingly impart
She made him a porpoise gills a-snort
siren of the 'Gippslander' heads east
rose anxious from th'inquietudes of court
She made him a porpoise gills a-snort
Rebles to Nature, strive for their own smart
rose anxious from th'inquietudes of court
Playing and shining in each outward part
Rebles to Nature, strive for their own smart
OF that short roll of friends writ in my heart
Playing and shining in each outward part
Not used to frozen clips, he strave to find some part
OF that short roll of friends writ in my heart
Not exactly but ingratiate & divert
Not used to frozen clips, he strave to find some part
me sure stink file report*

Not exactly but ingratiate & divert
interiors drift further from each other so we hurt
me sure stink file report
I've no even memory of people and their part
interiors drift further from each other so we hurt
consciousness all flew tapestry airport
I've no even memory of people and their part
casting of lots yields spasm from Earl's Court
consciousness all flew tapestry airport
And pours it all upon the peccant part
casting of lots yields spasm from Earl's Court
Alas! what wonder! Man's superior part
And pours it all upon the peccant part
1391 yet light curves overthwart
Alas! what wonder! Man's superior part
Where with most ease and warmth he might employ his art
1391 yet light curves overthwart
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art
Where with most ease and warmth he might employ his art
Timepiece we call Try. Ticker. Heart
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art
Then his Technology, his science, is art
Timepiece we call Try. Ticker. Heart
Other than what's gone on and stupid art
Then his Technology, his science, is art
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Other than what's gone on and stupid art
like this in the big kitchen of your heart
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
like this in the big kitchen of your heart
Is no fit mark to pierce with his fine pointed dart
It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
Imagination plies her dangerous art
Is no fit mark to pierce with his fine pointed dart
Forced by a tedious proof, that Turkish hardened heart
Imagination plies her dangerous art
But, fool, seekst not to get into her heart
Forced by a tedious proof, that Turkish hardened heart
And, fools, adore in temple of hour heart
with name, date, office, pointed out the spot
You don't exist if the leaves are inept
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot
with name, date, office, pointed out the spot
But, fool, seekst not to get into her heart

*You don't exist if the leaves are inept
And, fools, adore in temple of hour heart
them to what synthesises, deepens rot
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot
strokes head fry visibility kept
them to what synthesises, deepens rot
How small it is, how small this spot
strokes head fry visibility kept
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot
How small it is, how small this spot
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root
You are the unclean skin from the fertiliser plot
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot
Yet with repining at so partial lot
You are the unclean skin from the fertiliser plot
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Yet with repining at so partial lot
Till by degrees it had full conquest got
Why should my heart think that a several plot
The way thought proceeds countable like geologic stuff is not
Till by degrees it had full conquest got
the motions of small craft during persistent
The way thought proceeds countable like geologic stuff is not
the bone around thy cunt
the motions of small craft during persistent
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
the bone around thy cunt
Silence between 2 traxx, no tender riot
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
scryings, arise, are here, are now and newly mint
Silence between 2 traxx, no tender riot
roughly they're orgy with correlating idiot
scryings, arise, are here, are now and newly mint
Remote as a child's vacant lot
roughly they're orgy with correlating idiot
proper to sanction the art that does not
Remote as a child's vacant lot
plot withdrawn, "non così, non così" not
proper to sanction the art that does not
paint evidence, the sea could not
plot withdrawn, "non così, non così" not
over-wash, shadows half-excavated; then the lot*

paint evidence, the sea could not
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
over-wash, shadows half-excavated; then the lot
Or bends with the renaissance to remount
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
of human gesture surprise you? We cannot
Or bends with the renaissance to remount
numbers on our skulls...will not
of human gesture surprise you? We cannot
Not at first sight, nor with a dribbed shot
numbers on our skulls...will not
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
Not at first sight, nor with a dribbed shot
my temperate cells unexcited I recount
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
leeches thriving on exhaust fumes and burnt
my temperate cells unexcited I recount
It doesn't matter what, I'm tired of not
leeches thriving on exhaust fumes and burnt
in feeling anything is mounting mount
It doesn't matter what, I'm tired of not
I saw you, this is in prose, no it's not
in feeling anything is mounting mount
I saw and liked, I liked but loved not
I saw you, this is in prose, no it's not
I am supposed to think of my personal dot
I saw and liked, I liked but loved not
cabinet James cottagey pain movement
I am supposed to think of my personal dot
But this the work of heart's astonishment
cabinet James cottagey pain movement
But since thou like a contrite penitent
But this the work of heart's astonishment
Back to striving for a city's tender shit
But since thou like a contrite penitent
As a real poetics. A commitment
Back to striving for a city's tender shit
Arrested when the first door was hit
As a real poetics. A commitment
And now employ the remnant of my wit
Arrested when the first door was hit
and nails and he merchant
And now employ the remnant of my wit
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split
and nails and he merchant

An electronically regulated discharge tube that can emit
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split
Air keeps changing but the nose refuses to fit
An electronically regulated discharge tube that can emit
A table made of cardboard I broke it
Air keeps changing but the nose refuses to fit
a copy was sent
A table made of cardboard I broke it
a condition of my employment
a copy was sent
& who's the president, how come he's a resident
a condition of my employment
they who with clumsy desperation brought
& who's the president, how come he's a resident
then speeding back, involved in various thought
they who with clumsy desperation brought
the prince in rural bow'r they fondly thought
then speeding back, involved in various thought
So let us love, dear love, like as we ought
the prince in rural bow'r they fondly thought
so from himself impiety hath wrought
So let us love, dear love, like as we ought
Reason is our soul's left hand, faith her right
so from himself impiety hath wrought
orders scanner what just yacht
Reason is our soul's left hand, faith her right
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught
orders scanner what just yacht
Lie down in it, it can't last. Drought
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught
it is some picture on the margin wrought
Lie down in it, it can't last. Drought
in the life of contemplation a thought
it is some picture on the margin wrought
how cld I lift you from the grime soht
in the life of contemplation a thought
From your previous life you have brought
how cld I lift you from the grime soht
desire! desire, I have too dearly bought
From your previous life you have brought
base of a flame where March's drought
desire! desire, I have too dearly bought
Newcomers shining in the loft
base of a flame where March's drought
who are a literary caste or cast oft

Newcomers shining in the loft
they would have given her away yet
who are a literary caste or cast oft
There's none that sometime greets us not, and yet
they would have given her away yet
Your Trent is Lethe ; that past, us you forget
There's none that sometime greets us not, and yet
With the rest - the tap's voice, the street
Your Trent is Lethe ; that past, us you forget
With rain. With sleet, in fact
With the rest - the tap's voice, the street
who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let
With rain. With sleet, in fact
when colatine unwisely did not let
who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let
turned lifebuoy a gold packet
when colatine unwisely did not let
To give them time to settle their rapid hearts
turned lifebuoy a gold packet
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet
To give them time to settle their rapid hearts
Therefore I study you first in your saints
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet
Then, were not summer's distillation left
Therefore I study you first in your saints
Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints
Then, were not summer's distillation left
the moment of action to jump-shots
Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints
stops and starts
the moment of action to jump-shots
stop but human song not yet
stops and starts
So when thou saw'st in Nature's cabinet
stop but human song not yet
So badly treated by crowd behaviour in the market
So when thou saw'st in Nature's cabinet
Slain_Left
So badly treated by crowd behaviour in the market
see He trunks soft quiet
Slain_Left
Roughed pink, drinking soda, left
see He trunks soft quiet
plane took one such bullet
Roughed pink, drinking soda, left

part of noise up through scaffolding net
plane took one such bullet
Of all our vices we have created arts
part of noise up through scaffolding net
Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of all our vices we have created arts
in traffic-blackened floral shirts
Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
In the street young men play ball, else in fresh shirts
in traffic-blackened floral shirts
In her cheek's pit thou didst thy pitfall set
In the street young men play ball, else in fresh shirts
In August that amorphous craft
In her cheek's pit thou didst thy pitfall set
I think it mercy if Thou wilt forget
In August that amorphous craft
held together by an almost experimental ballot
I think it mercy if Thou wilt forget
haply that name of chast, unhaply set
held together by an almost experimental ballot
Girls in dresses walk looking ahead, a car starts
haply that name of chast, unhaply set
Expunge the whole, or lop th'excrecent parts
Girls in dresses walk looking ahead, a car starts
Everyday good witch gets left
Expunge the whole, or lop th'excrecent parts
Each thing, each thing implies or represents
Everyday good witch gets left
do tell her she is dreadfully beset
Each thing, each thing implies or represents
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set
do tell her she is dreadfully beset
C. A shared secret is no longer secret
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set
By a soporific color cable t.v. set
C. A shared secret is no longer secret
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
By a soporific color cable t.v. set
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
as to disorder it's nice to divide a ballot
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft
are doing, one marriage, a baby safely wet
as to disorder it's nice to divide a ballot
and its qualities a haunting of precepts

are doing, one marriage, a baby safely wet
A. A shared secret is still a secret
and its qualities a haunting of precepts
8 p.m. a walnut cabinet
A. A shared secret is still a secret
Thou wilt not leave mee in the middle street
8 p.m. a walnut cabinet
this room, the styled hypocrisy to expect
Thou wilt not leave mee in the middle street
The ornament of beauty is suspect
this room, the styled hypocrisy to expect
The echoes of a voice in the dark of a street
The ornament of beauty is suspect
That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect
The echoes of a voice in the dark of a street
say then, ye peers! by whose commands we meet
That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect
pregnant encumbrance, to allow the birth, respect
say then, ye peers! by whose commands we meet
of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet
pregnant encumbrance, to allow the birth, respect
like a Swan? O so white! O so soft! O so sweet
of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet
I see it in the air up between the street
like a Swan? O so white! O so soft! O so sweet
Energised seat trees his grip with two feet
I see it in the air up between the street
Does music ramify love - I sing so sweet
Energised seat trees his grip with two feet
dark street. Down the dark dark street
Does music ramify love - I sing so sweet
all shot through the response-level with direct
dark street. Down the dark dark street
'Courage, Morris, courage...' I neither neglect
all shot through the response-level with direct
You'll want to nuzzle it, crop at it like a goat
'Courage, Morris, courage...' I neither neglect
You are my father in his grey overcoat
You'll want to nuzzle it, crop at it like a goat
with ardent eyes the rival train they threat
You are my father in his grey overcoat
which someone said looks like a boat
with ardent eyes the rival train they threat
What's this? A ballot? Love's a babe we know that
which someone said looks like a boat

we know too well what we create & what
What's this? A ballot? Love's a babe we know that
Victim status CUE I rise to say that
we know too well what we create & what
to tell you how life's been - wonder you now what
Victim status CUE I rise to say that
to rise lightens shadows, Faust's storm that
to tell you how life's been - wonder you now what
To bring to their moment of concord and float
to rise lightens shadows, Faust's storm that
till every minute pays the hour his debt
To bring to their moment of concord and float
though frost has us by the throat
till every minute pays the hour his debt
this place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
though frost has us by the throat
then birds prepare the hospitable treat
this place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
then bids prepare the hospitable treat
then birds prepare the hospitable treat
the sovereignty of either being so great
then bids prepare the hospitable treat
That Thou remember them, some claim as debt
the sovereignty of either being so great
that robespierre was dead. nor was a doubt
That Thou remember them, some claim as debt
So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat
that robespierre was dead. nor was a doubt
polish pattern in fat
So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat
of their voices' groans, a lative act
polish pattern in fat
of phone messages & somehow after that
of their voices' groans, a lative act
Nor's the blood shed why for what
of phone messages & somehow after that
links sickness to power of four-legged seat
Nor's the blood shed why for what
Joints I'm ready for that inky graze that
links sickness to power of four-legged seat
I'm not male or female either but that
Joints I'm ready for that inky graze that
I have on a dirty schoolgirl coat
I'm not male or female either but that
grip flow, believe in order of their act

I have on a dirty schoolgirl coat
grief call it not, 'twas anything but that
grip flow, believe in order of their act
err not -- another world, the happy seat
grief call it not, 'twas anything but that
earthly & difficult & full of doubt
err not -- another world, the happy seat
double bay igniting the treetops; we feel that
earthly & difficult & full of doubt
Descartes stepped in inside a tavern and sat
double bay igniting the treetops; we feel that
coups d'état
Descartes stepped in inside a tavern and sat
couple he 7 down that
coups d'état
constellation burning perceptions's doubt
couple he 7 down that
Can't Bill with startling say Shakespeare myself that
constellation burning perceptions's doubt
behind closed pores and bolted cells, skins that
Can't Bill with startling say Shakespeare myself that
and hidden remorse beneath construction, so that
behind closed pores and bolted cells, skins that
an sea on the that
and hidden remorse beneath construction, so that
Ack those crooks! I rat
an sea on the that
a tether for each goat
Ack those crooks! I rat
So anaesthetized a square of bare throat
a tether for each goat
a service at this time for cause so great
So anaesthetized a square of bare throat
Cut back at get back great
a service at this time for cause so great
To see two Starlings mate and be consumed in heat
Cut back at get back great
to bring his charge in openness, whereat
To see two Starlings mate and be consumed in heat
stitching together of the story so far, its feat
to bring his charge in openness, whereat
Roar when the pumping heart, bop, stops for a beat
stitching together of the story so far, its feat
how can they refuse to eat
Roar when the pumping heart, bop, stops for a beat

deep bits of sky begin to beat
how can they refuse to eat
But the climate you don't use stays fresh and neat
deep bits of sky begin to beat
bastard led you down the paving to the neat
But the climate you don't use stays fresh and neat
Are made preyes? O worse then dust, or wormes meat
bastard led you down the paving to the neat
and in the morning there is meeting meat
Are made preyes? O worse then dust, or wormes meat
slots or bicameral blindness looking at 'at
and in the morning there is meeting meat
comrades tinkle mobilization doesn't
slots or bicameral blindness looking at 'at
Cramp, enlarged upon, Why Don't
comrades tinkle mobilization doesn't
yr lacy frill & blood's like jelly these days
Cramp, enlarged upon, Why Don't
With gilded leaves or colored vellum plays
yr lacy frill & blood's like jelly these days
with florid joy her heart dilating glows
With gilded leaves or colored vellum plays
Where the couch grass grows
with florid joy her heart dilating glows
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days
Where the couch grass grows
What a pleasure it is to undergo the days
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days
toe t nose t toe nose toess
What a pleasure it is to undergo the days
to quench the coal which in his liver glows
toe t nose t toe nose toess
Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days
to quench the coal which in his liver glows
Thou doest proceed in thy most serious ways
Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days
That when the heav'n to thee his best displays
Thou doest proceed in thy most serious ways
Squeaky-clean majorities & CITY BOYS
That when the heav'n to thee his best displays
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Squeaky-clean majorities & CITY BOYS
some envious powr the blissful scene destroys
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
so nose t toes n nose nose toess

some envious powr the blissful scene destroys
Silver execs print shirtsleeves on car windows
so nose t toes n nose nose toess
pleads in a wilderness, where no laws
Silver execs print shirtsleeves on car windows
Pink & white to be lost after 90 days
pleads in a wilderness, where no laws
Out from the pictures of our bodies in the news
Pink & white to be lost after 90 days
Or at the most on some find picture stays
Out from the pictures of our bodies in the news
of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
Or at the most on some find picture stays
o nose o nose o nose n toess
of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
No one could fathom my strong shoess
o nose o nose o nose n toess
molester of the nuns and cows
No one could fathom my strong shoess
metal bowls, but a doctor goess
molester of the nuns and cows
like a white hind beneath the gripe's sharp claws
metal bowls, but a doctor goess
Largo let's enough groundswell always
like a white hind beneath the gripe's sharp claws
know sir efficiency that goess
Largo let's enough groundswell always
is thought: I am molten like the first rays
know sir efficiency that goess
In everything there naturally grows
is thought: I am molten like the first rays
If 'twere not inured by extrinsic blows
In everything there naturally grows
I've got my eyes on the potatoess
If 'twere not inured by extrinsic blows
I'm through with you bourgeois boys
I've got my eyes on the potatoess
I walked all day, I heard no news
I'm through with you bourgeois boys
For soon as they strake thee with Stella's rays
I walked all day, I heard no news
fennec, a moor, with long ears, sharpened toess
For soon as they strake thee with Stella's rays
both librarians suffer fou rire as doess
fennec, a moor, with long ears, sharpened toess

and the dear turf with tears of joy bedews
both librarians suffer fou rire as doess
wrongs... quoting: 'excessive damage reports
and the dear turf with tears of joy bedews
with liquid odours, and embroidered vests
wrongs... quoting: 'excessive damage reports
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious
with liquid odours, and embroidered vests
Whose fruit threw death on else immortal us
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious
When another speaks in reasonable cuts
Whose fruit threw death on else immortal us
Watch over us and keep us
When another speaks in reasonable cuts
understood and scrupulous
Watch over us and keep us
tragopan tragus tragopan tragus
understood and scrupulous
To thy sweet will making addition thus
tragopan tragus tragopan tragus
thus, interrupted by uneasy bursts
To thy sweet will making addition thus
Thinking her unhoused here, and fled from us
thus, interrupted by uneasy bursts
The sky is in the streets with the trucks and us
Thinking her unhoused here, and fled from us
THAT DOESN'T EVEN hurt, FEAR only THE SWELLing breasts
The sky is in the streets with the trucks and us
Shall will in others seem right gracious
THAT DOESN'T EVEN hurt, FEAR only THE SWELLing breasts
Seek true religion. O where? Mirreus
Shall will in others seem right gracious
reluctantly setting out at the crashcourse plus
Seek true religion. O where? Mirreus
Real disaster is so near us
reluctantly setting out at the crashcourse plus
Place where healing is bleeding a precious
Real disaster is so near us
pecks neat holes in the world's salty fabulous
Place where healing is bleeding a precious
merge sun and earth opening the crocus
pecks neat holes in the world's salty fabulous
makes a story where none exists
merge sun and earth opening the crocus
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous

*makes a story where none exists
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
her gunmetal sanctuary where breath mists
How to yourself you are nuts
Hear us and deliver us
Green from Chelsea, then blinding gusts
Hear us and deliver us
Gazing into the eyes of approaching motorists
Green from Chelsea, then blinding gusts
expert records third setup? reports
Gazing into the eyes of approaching motorists
every Monday yet many coming into focus
expert records third setup? reports
Even before I saw the chambered nautilus
every Monday yet many coming into focus
do it anymore, our own hearts exceed us
Even before I saw the chambered nautilus
Daylight breaks through. Words come back to haunt us
do it anymore, our own hearts exceed us
But who can judge a line that twists
Daylight breaks through. Words come back to haunt us
hurt toilets
run and course with jackets
hurt in the toilets
another more simple assembly of the facts
run and course with jackets
who one is, sort of, and one's quondam acts
another more simple assembly of the facts
to groan a
And, mercy being easy, and glorious
But who can judge a line that twists
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus
And, mercy being easy, and glorious
an act of faith. Words come back to haunt us
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus
All you ever do is go back to ancestral comforts
an act of faith. Words come back to haunt us
admissible in law. word of the rictus
All you ever do is go back to ancestral comforts
& dense platinum heavily nebulous
admissible in law. word of the rictus
Wind giving presence to fragments
& dense platinum heavily nebulous
Bearing advertisements
Wind giving presence to fragments*

Bee, be made of the same elements
Bearing advertisements
conducting feeds back beneath ligaments
Bee, be made of the same elements
Shadowing the wives of ex-company presidents
conducting feeds back beneath ligaments
Weave among incidents
Shadowing the wives of ex-company presidents
to the solar plexus as these two scents
Weave among incidents
Writing tales of backyard cargo cults
to the solar plexus as these two scents
In gardens that become a belly and felts
Writing tales of backyard cargo cults
Veils and diseases. Our torn halts
In gardens that become a belly and felts
The sidewalk cracks, gumspots, the water, the bits
Veils and diseases. Our torn halts
where nature reproduces its
The sidewalk cracks, gumspots, the water, the bits
aircraft seems to disappear leaving its
where nature reproduces its
Shim -joy within the saucer flipped its
aircraft seems to disappear leaving its
beware of those who write to write beautiful thoughts
Shim -joy within the saucer flipped its
beautiful thoughts
beware of those who write to write beautiful thoughts
Gamma-ray spears of Northern Lights
beautiful thoughts
persistently, at every set of lights
Gamma-ray spears of Northern Lights
Stagnant softness, oppressed secrets
persistently, at every set of lights
gods help us, dear poets
Stagnant softness, oppressed secrets
158 The Reality Street Book of Ballots
gods help us, dear poets
rescuing strict glass cabinets
158 The Reality Street Book of Ballots
not yet bound when band from books violets
rescuing strict glass cabinets
hurt toilets
not yet bound when band from books violets
hurt in the toilets

(For Jeff Hilson)