

Ryan Kulefsky (Chicago)
The Rigor of Beauty

By manhood suiting moon nook, from street to (boring) street,/ the hope thought care’less dream(er) ābīding underneath. And of some sharp poor friends, I had graves and liberals be. Fell(t) beards who(half) never pride pleasure(ed me. *Sic*(ye and ē ā eh ah ā uhh *oo* owe, ī I awe ah in ā ī ber—eft of an oar.) The end of now led the ways to other *side(s)* mod (urn) space. Sarah had stone grass and that clothesline bough. (Eek)gerly, she gaze(ed) past her empty and dry red earth. “Here and there (don’t) last said a large yo-yo green like (Ralf) or (Carl Quinn); BIG MONEY DOWN. At the long roofed chapel of kings (Grot) frogs— (well I’ll be fizzle.) Fatigue was the mud and the dark(end) sky. Such were (ra’s) notes to madness(t) of (self) in a (clipped) heaven of form and (our) human language (wreck.) On the front **wake** where her (dire)ies read: (loopy) (crass) and found settled (texts.)® But, I kept the imma(chill) fath’er in(steed) of throw**ing it out**. And by the way of a long winter his (door) mant libido show(ed) its cave and her damp leg bare. Yet plenty cold. Love you bye and prowl master’s palm. My god, “not the sett**ing** sun.” I passed (us) and the war**bling** Bard;

musing’s movement in daily garb. She glance (did) the down track and grunted nuts. Word to word stray up turned chance *is* beaks and squabbled neck. And worst of all we: must (not schi sm) our thoughts (through) mind in un(cunt)cerned and lengthened (moot). Leaves *de light ed* you in Geld (Early’s) tight contex(tual) phrase: then— forth I r(u)n like an ostrich soul; (finally): the awful poet poured out. Pride, and the fume’s (bleak goons) mocks that pious pool (wear) re/pelicans house (trade; it’s) not known if I thought on range in(her) daily inter course. Sarah cork’screw the schoolboy’s *beef* (can) and (blest’d) feet. And, so race the poss(um/fleet). He thumb(ed) (Carl’s) slight bump, and was (ūst) to it quīet. “She was (wry), *ev/en* pretty,” but Sarah tried “not to dwell on (whence flint, and) lovely forms *alas*. And whose winter vision froze? As a kid thought the pastoral nothing would seem good enough and I (swore). She was another pity grub and ugh arms(ed) tease; freckled and poison(us) woman (sip)bugs skim and eat (their) coffee dark. Sundown Sarah Shudders late clock for the cow(boys) blank (kitch)en sink. note: The sheer Odd(ness) of phys(ical) for(m)=

mind in front to“matoes on their knees.” Him mut’tered and re/treated life(s) flipped page and idle darn breath. That bark to land up on wish(ed) share. Some’ting was puzz(ing) about her sound voice mis.Match(ed) eyes meek worth and unknown (*did*s.) You rate the jolt of your own labor**ing** and medita(tive) wHole. The needs (*fir*) the defaced (effigy) was (effickle aciously) just. (Mine) a rare (hag) to help cast all and grow practice skin. Add(icted) to noise (es) sun-dried bones. Parma ham and paper thin. Sarah, Sarah are you all right?” Rais(ed) chest and rainwater (ifs) pin(chad) Sarah sound(lost). Amid boxes of unpack(ed) books, (our) vast breath crept and clumsy mind(frost.) Once, Robby yabbed: her blonde eyes spun iron in her clutched long and struggled doll tomorrow—

The (jōcking) sound of children’s laughter turned mocking: “Even I see your dad loves you a *lot*.” Hair is the middle of her tiny pink and for(ward)(fact) lip. Sullen and defiant, (Carl miss ed his sly) tom-boyish aunt. (“When re vis it *ing* sex ist lan gu age, use your commie¢.) Sarah leaned on the door jamb but it strange to me too; pun *hall* as (pace)*hey* for a natural (loafer’s) *nah*. The word “sick (fugue)” lū(red) my uncere” monious ton(gue)song. And rap(t) abstract ion, with firm hand raised, weighed the swelling’s piteous *nays*: Tsk, Tsk murrum ber and canberra boil *blah*. (Quote.) She heard his (formal) constraints is Sarah’s (hand)-me-down (Jew) phobia, and re.Paired courier ed cup. (Unquote). And fridge winter poured ground(bile) (bile) and real (cough)ee by chance of no in (tension.) Beat. Sarah suffer(ed) between open (minds) and sighed existence hung. Stiff.Ened, (Carl) coiled just as well.

But be(4) he could pro’test, (fife)teen hundred hungry (ghosts) began to carve thick slice(es) of cold roast of the (social) (broth). Both her tense otherhand with cream **struck** and (merger) rummaged too— anything, but that (wire **H**) with (a quagmired and loquacious) said:

“The curving prob’lem on *the* bus is you forgot to resolve (poetic)responsibility.” Skeptical Sarah repeat ed (sigh)lently as she went, [*beet root*] trying not to grimace. But, stockmen like their tucker(pruned) like children. She saw her father (rue) ined laid and eyebrows slowed. (Carl’s)fierce glance confused her and moment(seerily)burst. And the only men knew (n) raised a “sweat at the gym (and *wiffed*) her bare feet(fetish) Why did I write this by hand asked Aunt Abby spirit. Pleasure mount to form’s head and through the veins the lay cock had crowed. Ah! my swarming melody of commen folly birds and the transient hurry world droop. Will youshow me how to use the compŪter?

Sarah quit her last minute purse when the rais(in) boy glist(ened) from a job up north, (thus) joked: there was at no call for any dark vehicle or any fancy party thing. Pale(Carl) at(tempts) to keep (his)she yard open land, which seemed infinity safe on all thick mind (passed) and bogged down blar- ing horn (grip.) What(so more) the unfazed and nervous(shrink) ex(claim ed), her news paper list: **Bite at the moon/Reveals scorn on the beat** town (sore and) rose high built. (Carl’s) main hung baked and small packaged beans lack ex(quatic) flaps(chaps on JAPs of all trades) plunge. (Z)en, a local horse, studied his face and Jack’aroo lamely died. Dig(ging) li(lacks) out of the gray short-cased district and whip(ping doubts clinch with after-noon loaf. Sarah har assed with the toil of verse, yet I’m just what you(re) looking er. She was a teensy bit. Eight months of laboring winter followed the idle(slueth.)Bright twas the short (gays) of yon Old Windermere.

Kerri Sonnenberg (Chicago)

Tabulet 3

ally on the upstorm athlete be as complicated
lash last month to defy will not have placed
must against
events proof outperformed your hand in ours state of none of
the case his chief erratic whose shores
seemed and little circuits toward listen an overlay
had shaken had every reason

Tabulet 4

and agency slow spent sea to dust years zero revealed so much heel so
ground to shortage we tech entire space strike still searches
abroad do as usual aversion in wage with blessing pressed sheriff
as did little response avengefluent made under mine data left date
on new
on translate to warn into account counter
recruits

Lauren Shufan (S.F.)

Translation Of.

nor having. at ease. at edge or to say

this thing in your hands in the form of.

water over the distance is/as a head.
exchanges the song in a turning,
multiplied

(across the line. way.)

and oncoming toward, counting difficulty,
say you because i know you. and shading the light

separation to arrest. this thing split,
upsurged into. a storm.

and so this other thing remaining
in that cup that settled despite
holding it up in the form of something unsaid
at some dinner party

(and all the men dressed in bl...)

the sound a rock said. against that other thing.
take the arriving at some other island
held up between the elbows.

and bending it worth this.
and bending it with.

Greg Pokarney (Chicago/S.F.)
LA WI RE PL VO

Th sh go sh do th ha
an th ra an ar ma al
th ri
mo wi th he.

Th go bu
on th ju-dr sh ha al fa of.

In th an, od bi of ca an fo
sw ar at to ge to ow ne er.

he ng al of ea ls in he ce
er in at st er on.

In is om re is in nt of
us ce or on,
ll gs ed.

It is me, nd dy ws it.
n’s ve ly ps nd on.

BRANDON BROWN (S.F.)

E Pode 2

“Beatific who negotiates encryption
as an old kind of b=everage
excersiing paternal peppermint with oxen
solved of all treason
not excited by classic military knowledge
nor horrified by the irate duck
she avoids the forum and superb behest
potentially bronzy
therefore shrivels vines of age
in other leftmost people
and, in reduction, a murky he=donism
he prospects the errant cloister;
uselessly facilitating amputated ch=ippendales
and inserts tobacco
or pressures pure as metal an amphoric endogamy
and tonese down infirm gla=ucoma.

When with decorum in the midst of eels
Autumn extols a head in hollyhock
how gaudily follicular he pirates the pears
and certainly even purple electrolytes
to impute to you, Rembrandt, and you, father,
the final artisan
who loves to lie in a yearbook beneath antique illicity,
in *alarmingly/gross.barn.scenes*.
meanwhile high water inter=venes, rips the interim,
seeking in high basis
infernos singing anti-streams
which invite light inflection.

But when the annual tons of st=ring
follow the bears and banshees
and trudge vocif=erously here and here with many dogs
increases its size dramatically
or tends the tools he rarely loosened
to edict sad doglegs
and hunt the hare and lunches on imaginary gruel,
quarrelsomey captivating prey.
Who would not care about the rocket of love

Between the c=lutter?

But if Jeffrey is ashamed and loves the part
in the home and sweet antimony,
Sabrina peruses quality volumes;
the benevolent wife of Apulius
who extrues colloquial focus from the line
and ropes an evocable adventure,
and picks up a conglomerate of happy texts
distends the equatori=al humor
and hornily, sweetly, promises an upsurge of wine
to inempt the sublimated feast
the oysters do not please me
nor a majorly scary rhombus
in asynchronous intonations
converting the sea to diphtheria.
Nor would a *bellyful of laughs* ascend into my windows
not attached to *benefits of size*
happier than a licked pig
the syllogism in the oak trees
or hazards lapped up lovingly and gravely
making the heresy salubrious
or a festive Mercedes terminally89
snatched from a hungry cretaceous=s ooze.

Between typhoons I would love pasta and eggs
seeing them properly hedg=ed
seeing vermin inversed so bovine
and bully it languidly home,
fireproof vernal position
encircling redhe-added divinities.”

LOGAN RYAN SMITH (S.F.)

Smith River
a woman warms
her back
on the rocks
ferrets
slipping under-
neath
her knees
the water
cool with trout
nibbling
at your shins
you
laugh
a little

•
metallic palate
tongue touching
roof of mouth
like rain
waiting for another mouth
on a street
a windowsill
window
spoon
against the roof
of your mouth
learning
to sing

AMBER RESKEY (Chicago)
Performing Catherine
Allegiance

within a telegram
unwieldy
it overflows
a housekeepers grief

Ryan Kulefsky
The Pledge of

Democracy can seem

- Lou Dobbs, *Moneyline*

