"Reading is anguish, and this is because any text, however important, or amusing, or interesting it may be...is empty—at bottom it doesn't exist; you have to cross the abyss, and if you do not jump, you do not comprehend." Maurice Blanchot

"Opposition is true friendship" - William Blake

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 ă uhh oo owe, ĭ I awe ah in ā ĭ 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 throwing 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 set*ting* 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'thing was puzz(ling) about her sound voice mis.Match(ed) eyes meek worth and unknown (dids.) You rate the jolt of your own laboring and medita(tive) wHole. The needs (fir) the defaced (effigy) was (efffickle 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 compUter?

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 blaring 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 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 Shufran (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, quarrelsomely 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 underneath
her knees
the water
cool with trout
nibbling
at your shins
you

_

a little

laugh

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

The Commies are coming, (purr hips) Gulag! Gulag! a few ladies are half asleep between your cherry The Commies are coming, twigs Gulag! Gulag! *** as it is The Commies are coming, Gulag! Gulag! as of now db'iris and I've read all the books. agree doust she

NICHOLAS RAVNIKAR (WI/Chicago)

objectively fixed on either.

Once top suspect smiles, the chief puts downs pen and swears call wrong.

On the hook here, she tip way to left, none in precinct.

One down looked up, makes a circle.

Do the prove 'round posse got men in the street.

lines weep the gutters over, urn parchment and wax stump. The Commies are coming,

of gingham

Poetics: Objectivity is a Phenomenology

As an inquiry into the science of production, we situate a new century as having cast aside necessity as a choice of free will. Now delimited from the compulsory indoctrination of either/or form and content, the laborer may take (in the first of reaches toward a truly liberated market) as a given an indoctrination by chance into that science, discovering via arising constraints (namely the obstacle of artifice) whatever "laws" may actually exist, eschewing (only) by the dissolution of a rhetorical comparative advantage through processes of indeterminate subjectivity. At base, maintaining the poem as product, the poetics as a working production theory (as it were) and aesthetics generally as productivity in the most concrete of sense-abilities.

The destruction of the author has never heretofore existed and never will in any relation to an ontology of its producer's readership in this sense. Also to be noted is the active complex of production and consumption, subjectively interdependent, fully possible on either side of the equation. History being mainly the carving of a groove, any structure--narrative or no--is *not* what is etched, but rather what reads that groove, evidently etching as well, as byproduct, in that process. In that sense, we may indeed "say something and mean something too" (Kulefsky) though most likely never have our intent so

TIM DONAHOE (Chi/LA) **GRAVE RUBBERS**

Look at the line-up again, and again stumped.

long be this face purloined,

describe to a sketch artist This is your empress.

Men in uniform Accuse the rose of grinning, and she will. Laugh at your loss.

RIC CLEARY (CHICAGO)

Aggrandized Intent: The Egg Peeled Slowly

gained?

we.

((((th' ch'nt brok'n)))) 'nd faulty moribund, stale-we

eclipse: over&again

respite, headstrong, open-mouth(ed)

we'd...

thrice i'd(meant)while

loam-ridden

ugl-hair-b'spekl'd toss'd (re)peatedly

of gully overflow guffawing (al)though hurried'ly

superior.

of:

hat pull'd down ripped tag ex-cite-ment(s)

set piece

misplaced coroner

noir, pent-up

furlong: the danube, etc.,

maroon carpet'd swollen epiglottis

linoleum—hat rack (gestalt)

cup tilted room chiropractic: (ed)

Elizabeth Andersen (CHICAGO) from IRON RUMBLES A PENNY

A different means to Caligula. Starts off pop. Cannot predict music. Trend in tradition. Turns in first edition, calls it son. Fritzed out harvest, holler lord. Would bless links issue. Would lock the cellar and screen. Letters in hand. Honest a moment in anxious. We wait the tread, apply leeches for bleeding. Wouldbury me bleached. Her bones artifice or illusion. Rock in claw. Would twig in nest. Would rest, rest. Silk sachet mouths a many. We witness of words. We record a memory now moments born wings in reflecting. Wear instance thin cotton. Carry an oven berry burned tongue in a tasting. Tasty hedges and the hornets' tree. Buzz a bourbon vellow smiles a lecher. Coveted an army between enough is many minds in the fold we follow warnings. "I don't remember yesterday."

All this lettering. Patterns pulse into planes. Shadows break link in land. I follow the sun. I follow and the sun. In the sun followed plane. Planes into the sun. It is never done. Ends cover ends and are erased. Land grafts node. Node in stem. Will someday nothing conceives a birthday. He took me to baseball.

I become Picasso and her cats. We roll in void together. In the valid, by rote. Words cross the country and lose a lot of money in Reno. We go grocery shopping on Sunday afternoons. Words do not so much mean as color.

VD

Till Saffron in vermilion slid...I never did realize we've shadowed ourselves to land. How it offered dawn a scape. Makes me beg for Tahiti. In Latin smoothed tongue. His palettes lost artifice, her illusion bones.

Armand F Capanna II (Chicago/S.F.) from O' GAWD

of the everpriceless heir) Difference remains in

Dress.

corruptable

...din fine

firme mural

Time not touched

& fright when is

of a letter of A

agape-

phlegm Bodies waste

away by formal dress

as if the contorted head

men of a whom, who

by crowds of wave(

had been hanged

-) wring ad(mīr

rōr)

(errs.

ly) worn

loom, adieu salute

& the histamine delivered is a horrible show, nimbly

A wav I

keen(ing)ly interpose adorable

shown prude thus ob)tain

& end, alas erect-

tressle'd centuries

you aren

ot among them said

little shepherd said. Have been

figures edu

-ced and spank'd A crisp

its voice

as if Ryan Philip Kulefsky Declaration of Independence during

the plague: Pray(er

tell his writ court

(ical. In Sign(ificance,

amounts to a logical

double-passé

JOHN SAKKIS (Boulder, CO) Wobbly-boy

to monastic: a life without mirrors would be a life without you

the volume on the television/ peering over the volume fuck-to moan is getting caught is leering mother possibly shadow-foot door is why volume is turned up during auto-climax

a pool is not the same as swimming

my own waist

if a snow-berry were pasted to his gut his is mine own

HABITS OF THE HEART (et. al)

and this is said in his (mine) head

in the near future, he is married, he is telling his wife Oyes my skin is very sensitive/ a doctor called it and my skin/ has thinned from the steroid creamÓ

back of the room was a neighborly thing to do, with baby-redneck being-born, of a stable in the air commingling

SUZANNE STEIN (S.F.)

OFFSHOTTING into the darkens chamber. Tha's maid, milking Tha's destitution — puckering — Tha girdle — Tha's maid's mouth

buttering the milk milking the butter

> Tha's puckered wealth, squirreled into—Tha's desecration— Tha's hammer—Tha's too held, milking, or buttering

Tha's desert — luminant in Tha's location, tha's lyric destination is Tha's fact.

Tha's spatiality — sore's open spots of variance, in space, Tha's particles flying apart, so's to fine more less vast, Tha's means more, or "la" — spelling Tha's anti-disintegration, Tha's torrents gripping the Hallelujah without any grasp grasps flying apart —

Tha arrival in the dark. In the dark species, wonting, storied accentuations, proving Tha's formula of disclosure. Tha's wanting, stone's volley as a pipsqueak lingual. Tha's text exoneration, proving it's Tha's formula.

Tha's building, Tha's orientation.

Tha's proof:

austere materiality proof:

squandering situationals so someone's citation sets itself aside. POETRY PROJECT PAUL SAI

Pressuring the rear-end politic to brass-up the front.

Solemnity, Tha's indemnification.

epistolary's end-growth, Tha and Tha's old historical fact.

Tha's sanction, Tha's unskeining.

Fondled Tha's oratory.

Issue 3 (fin)

Submit: hic bibitur press@hotmail.com 798 Post St. # 20 SF, CA 94190

"I want you boys to shake hands & when the bell rings, come out swingin"

As if in "hear she said what(ped estrian) isn't sublime?

ALL poets, included collectively sing with open arms: GO CHICAGO CUBS 2004!