

# ORIGAMI CONDOM

issue #7

ULTRA POETRY • INTELLECTUAL LUBRICANT

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Kenneth P. Gurney: Producer, Webdesigner, Art Editor, Chapbook Editor  
Carrie Gilstrap-Nettles: Poetry Editor

Submission guidelines are available at the website.

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## Contents

- 1 *If glass breaks was there ever a picture?* — Kelley J. White
  - 2 *Image* — Kelley J. White
  - 3 *Junkyard* — Fred Longworth
  - 4 *On the Day You Become the Avatar* — Fred Longworth
  - 5 *Arrhythmatics* — Fred Longworth
  - 6 *A Painter's Complaint* — Tammy Ho
  - 7 *Seasonal Hair* — Tammy Ho
  - 8 *Ode to This Particular Man in Hong Kong* — Tammy Ho
  - 9 *everyone in my town* — Justin Hyde
  - 10 *Ten Days* — Kurtis Darby
  - 11 *Saint Sebastian* — Kurtis Darby
  - 12 *franz: dreams began as silk dustings given to moth* — Trey Moore
  - 13 *Sway* — Daniel Dominowski
  - 14 *dear lover* — Richard Lighthouse
  - 15 *3 times* — Peter Schwartz
  - 16 *the kiss of difference* — Peter Schwartz
  - 17 *Footprints* — Darcy Bruce
  - 18 *Dinosaurs* — Darcy Bruce
  - 19 *we said* — David McLean
  - 20 *woof* — Kit Kelen
  - 21 *The Woman in the Flammable Skirt* — William Doreski
  - 22 *Dug out block by block* — Simon Perchik
  - 23 *This slab once curled up inside* — Simon Perchik
  - 24 *Taylor Gorman has Become Immortal* — Taylor Gorman
  - 25 *mondky minded trickster* — t. kilgore splake
  - 26 *You Pick It Up* — Colin James
  - 27 *The Requirement of Respectability* — Colin James
  - 28 *Soulfly* — Trey Moore
  - 29 *kiss me in athletic sneakers? I don't have my sunglasses on.* — Trey Moore
  - 30 *Something* — Antony Hitchin
  - 31 *A Trip into Town* — Antony Hitchin
  - 32 *The Lunch Time Passion* — Suchoon Mo
  - 33 *Salt Betrays Your Eyes* — K. K. Todorovich
  - 34 *Bread* — Paul Hostovsky
  - 35 *Scenes From a Marriage* — Paul Hostovsky
  - 36 *State House Resolution* — Paul Hostovsky
  - 37 *Everyone was Beautiful* — Paul Hostovsky
  - 38 *Rain Dancer* — Sergio Ortiz
  - 38 *Your Name* — Sergio Ortiz
  - 39 *Illegal* — Sergio Ortiz
  - 40 *Nicole* — Spring Wills
- a Mini-Bios

## If glass breaks was there ever a picture?

after 'card detail,' The Argentina Project, Patty 'Beef' Russo, 2006

☞ Kelley J. White

Santiago: I fell with my portrait clutched to my mouth,  
kissing, kissing, two dozens stairs, and all those tiny scars,  
a thousand asteroids, tiny capillary fountains  
scabbed along my cheekbones, my chin;  
did you know that once my face was smooth? I was a child.  
But this country says it isn't torture. No death  
or major organ failure. US policy. No, a thousand nettles  
crawling my eyelids doesn't threaten my life, a hundred  
wires sending sparks against my teeth, no—  
have you heard hair crackle like a sparkler thrown  
against the sky? To see if a black man's hair burns  
like a white woman's? Like a little white-blond child.  
Is the mind an organ that can fail? The soul? Falling.  
See, that glass shattered where my face was sealed.  
And all the pretty colors ran through their footprints  
down the street.

☞ Kelley J. White

In my kitchen Guan Yin has only two arms. One holds  
a brass peach, one a jug pouring air. Her seat is an iron  
lotus, her brass headdress must be terrible in its weight.  
But she is calm, her face a mask of rest and quiet. I fling  
my two arms everywhere but achieve no balance. The floor  
stays dirty, the meals uncooked. I have nothing to carry  
but myself, and that is too heavy a burden. I want us both  
to have a thousand arms and boundless nectar. I want  
two embraces, two thousand arms to knead out the tension  
that we both, goddess and child, must bear.

“You again,” Garrison grumbles, as I coalesce out of the ether. Then: “I’ve got some new stuff.” We walk out behind the barn where he’s gathered the ash of a universe that succumbed to its own fury, and a frozen cosmos with a broken mainspring.

I strip off my shirt, begin my toil. Take mass from here, energy from there. Scavenge an immutable law from a battered firmament. Discard a fundamental principle with a hairline crack. After a time, I squeeze the parts together – tighter, tighter, smaller, smaller – until nothing and everything lies within my fist.

Suddenly, the growl of a diesel – together we watch an immense truck laboring over the hill, and down, heading our way along the country road. Garrison eyes my hand, nods: “Hope you have better luck than with the last one.”

☞ Fred Longworth

You see the fish that dart beneath the macro lens  
of lake water, caroming off shadows of other shadows.

Then you sweep away the lake, and strip the pines  
from the hillsides, and go manic with your sudden  
godlike powers. You turn the weather inside out,

so that windsocks at the little mountain airport  
miles up the road point their noses toward the breeze,

like hounds poking the air for the first spare molecules  
of fox. Know this: the trout are waiting  
in the last valley, with its last pine forest

and last lake – and even a last you, a shadow  
on the bank among the writhing worms.

∞ Fred Longworth

As ravens, they need  
a metronome to synchronize  
their wings. As roofs, they bask  
bare-chested in the rain,  
sense no cadence  
in the splatters on their skin.  
While Marsalis wails, they tap  
their feet like latchless gates  
banging in the breeze.  
And when they hear me read  
aloud a poem by Yeats,  
Wordsworth or Millay,  
they imitate my inflections  
like a three-legged dog  
following its master.

## A Painter's Complaint

First appeared in *Sweat and the City*, Hong Kong Writers' Circle

☞ Tammy Ho

My first painting was called  
Now can you forgive him?  
A pile of soaking cardboard,  
Done in oil.  
I did it seven years ago.

That night I was wandering, alone,  
On Nathan Road.  
With a bottle of Chinese herbal tea  
In my hand, I witnessed this:

An old man in a torn plaid jacket  
Was "washing" some cardboard  
With the water from a street pipe.  
He wanted to make the cardboard heavier  
With the weight of water.

(That would get him perhaps twenty  
Or thirty cents more  
From the paper dealer.)

I thought the man's poverty  
And embarrassing greediness  
Were sufficiently captured  
In that pile of cardboard that I painted.

But no one understood  
The significance of the cardboard  
Neatly spaced out on the paper.

I was very upset:  
People could not look under the thin surface  
And see the hidden old man,  
Now possibly dead.

## Seasonal Hair

First appeared in *Decanto Magazine* (UK, Aug 07)

☞ Tammy Ho

Hair thick on the shoulders like a tightly-woven  
Blanket, unwanted, eternal, covering the back  
Of the neck, hardly-tanned.

This sub-tropical summer, possibly the hottest  
In a quarter of a century, undisguised by waxen,  
Sparse clouds, and motionless tree branches,  
If any, in this barren city.

Once, was it last Christmas? Hair was like a black  
Silken scarf, you mused when you felt a good deal  
Poetic. During several freezing nights (the heater  
Was broken), the hair became communal, a shared  
Property for momentary warmth after prolonged  
Nakedness. Hair smelt of different shampoos,  
All tainted sweet.

## Ode to This Particular Man in Hong Kong

First appeared in *Decanto Magazine* (UK, Oct 07)

☞ Tammy Ho

He becomes dormant every night at ten.  
Like his father when he advances in age,  
his waking hours are limited and his face  
is more like a globe, embracing lines  
of the world; miniature and uneven patches  
of lands are his foreign and sun-loving freckles.  
Beside me, laying in the afternoon sun  
filtered though the flimsy purple curtains  
he rots; is covered with fungi: Hong Kong Foot,  
Kowloon Crotch, Mongkok Cock. How  
overwhelmingly upset he is when his fingers  
are uncooperative: the twists and turns  
and arbitrary angles of the Chinese characters  
test his perseverance; but he never gives up.

has buffalo heads  
and speaks  
sanskrit,

they've got clandestine handshakes  
i have no desire to know  
but could easily deduce  
from the sound of curdling milk  
and red herrings yodeling  
in the abscesses of their brains.

everyone on the internet  
wants to be someone else  
on the internet  
but the cartesian circle  
is not a lawn-dart  
approaching terminal velocity

and this poem is not  
didactic:

cell-phones may cause cancer  
but the brownian motion  
of the atomic particles  
pushing the hands of my watch  
will kill us all.

will you come back as a mulberry bush?  
a shark's tooth?  
igneous rock in terre haute indiana?

maybe you will fall from the sky,  
a most beautiful ash  
signaling the next chapter.

The scorpion is asking  
What of creation  
All we have is this  
A moment beneath the awning  
What good when the cold  
Is freezing joints  
To the still of time  
The crescent in the sky  
Worked into the groove  
Of a slow pendulum  
And then there's the throne  
In the air  
And all tongues claim royalty  
The drunken nurse  
The snow of levers  
The blood of an empress.

This is the Breach  
May I call you deserter?

Left me to feast on the nonsense  
Of the tale

What games we play  
When the source of  
Our necessity is tapped out  
The source of the majesty  
    The toad in top hat  
And lapels like a lover  
The letch in the boy  
Whom all the babysitters fear  
    The fear in the man  
Not even a soldier could manage  
    The management of a life lived  
    Beyond its years  
    Then  
Stopped so cold  
It tore the warts from  
fingers.

☞ Trey Moore

f found little  
clutching a single grain and eyes  
evaporating into wind.

f had little  
a road taunting and  
begging through the  
slashing grasses  
discouraging her feet,  
feet which never  
enjoyed the table.

the swallow on the shell and shore  
told her to begin inside.  
a great distance between elbow and shoulder.  
delighted pebbles and  
toes scraping toward the balls of her feet.  
holding the earth in the second f passes from her  
own sight.

do you hear her full bones buzzing?  
impending locusts cut dice and hum.  
oh, the humming, all she held  
snapping folded seeds.

☞ Daniel Dominowski

Smoky eyes flicker in the dark  
never have I been this distraught  
to see her sway the way she does

say something surreal, honey.

tell me how i fill  
the moon's aura and airily glide  
inches above this earth.

speak to me impossibly, darling.

fill my soul with whimsy words  
that cut thru the hazy  
madness of monday.

charm me with nevers, sugar.

i will dance on the crystal lake  
of forever now. then sing me to  
lullabye sleep.

i am your impossible. your surreal.  
your now. your never.

dear lover.

it is time  
time to vanish  
like silk

to float out  
on the backs  
of thirty or  
forty nights

and pluck fruit  
off the tree of  
sixth sense.

•

it is time  
time to accept  
this indigenous  
moment

when all  
footholds  
turn to pulp

time to drift  
beyond our deep-  
est curfews

ashes cannot  
be practiced.

•

it is time  
time to let  
our roots  
go blind;

it is time.

I've fathered too many doubts  
to ever let these ghost-children go  
they cling to my neck like unkempt  
yesterdays; each of them

has known the hard burning  
of foxholes beneath a warehouse  
moon taking stock of these  
dog-eared days

meanwhile my almost  
biblical need for enchantment  
suffers beneath a white mask  
absorbing gravity's

inevitable meltdowns; each  
represents another stroke of  
darkness; dwindling collateral  
finally reaching back

into its bones  
for that old  
orphan kiss.

∞ Darcy Bruce

Midnight comes slowly stepping  
through the parlor trying  
not to wake the person  
in the other room.  
Silently the stars  
whisper to themselves  
about the day that came before the night,  
and underneath the floorboards  
the dirt scatters itself out  
so that you can't see  
the footprints of the dead.

She always checks around the corner for dinosaurs, and is never disappointed when she sees the ends of their tails snaking along the ground into alleyways dark with prehistoric threats. Her eyes are always straining at the skies daring Pterodactyls to swoop down upon the traffic clogging streets like chunks of fat in arteries. A car honking is only just loud enough to cover the hunting call of Tyrannosaurus, who's thundering footsteps shake the air and cause the vendors peddling silken scarves and Fendi to startle, momentarily afraid, awaiting sirens (flashing not singing). She looks under newspaper stands heavily laden with Sunday's edition, hoping for eggs, and, coffee in hand, she stealthfully peers under counters, knowing Deinonychus' are easily hidden. In parks she's certain she sees Triceratops ducking under tarps trying to keep dry and warm. Being cold-blooded must be such a hassle. She nods, sympathetic. On Broadway she sees Oviraptors running through crowds of tourists, oblivious to their brush with history.

She is always searching, never giving up—certain that within the throbbing heart of New York City, dinosaurs.

we said the waters moved  
as if god were upon them.  
as if god, we said,  
we hoped, the waters moved  
as if god were upon them,  
just god, we hoped, god,  
a goblin, or an extraordinarily potent  
ghost

dancing in the empyrean

Laika leading us  
by her simple bark  
so the honour went to a dog  
best friend went first  
to test the void  
big dumb canary  
one great coal seam out there

and so  
pathos of stars

∞ William Doreski

The woman in the flammable skirt mistakes every gray for ash. Her personal rummage sale precedes her, hundreds of items tagged for instant turnover. Some are organs she coughed up a long time ago, when nuns ruled the earth and converted the Jews to salt and pepper shakers. Others are fingernail parings on which famous French poets inscribed the names of the mothers they most hated. Still others are textbooks printed in surf from Cape Hatteras, Cape of Good Hope, Cape Horn, and Cape Cod. This rummage sale catches fire so often she realizes she has mistaken flammable for inflammable. So the grays crawl in the roadside ditch and spring into her personal space at predictable but unthinkable intervals. The woman sees herself as a refugee from Noir. Or maybe Oz, Atlantis, or the famous Cream City ghetto. Her body fits so loosely she's afraid it will fall off just to embarrass her before the friction takes hold and her grasp of the earth reifies the husbands she sold to famous universities. Snow drips from a plastic drain pipe. She kneels and drinks and extinguishes her fires from the inside out, and the grays whimper in the ditch, and the flammable snuffs the inflammable in a shower of lit syllables, as if the Times Book Review had exploded, leaving no heirs.

Dug out block by block—the arch  
covering the way volcanoes will wait  
clogged, cramped—its dust-caked vault  
desperate, nothing but pillars and light

that never get used to the ceiling  
—when I point a bit more loosens  
from warmer and warmer mountainsides  
barely holding on—the curve

enormous, gathering with its great wing  
forever in the downward stroke :a dome  
half covered with marble, half  
with moonlight that's still heated

by the sun lifting more and more birdcalls  
—at that height I still confuse the floor  
with your name, whisper the way this light  
melts a place for you almost a face

almost the grass warmer and warmer  
—it won't be you though one by one  
your eyes trembling :plumes that will harden  
into air, into steam and passing by.

This slab once curled up inside  
the way quarries stink from stonecutters  
and slaughter and the Earth

chipped away for a pool half dawn  
half clutching this shallow stone  
where you and I are swimming

cramped in the same womb  
not yet born—unfamiliar cries  
already dark green and our mouths

filled with never ending water, fit  
the way each raindrop  
still leaves an ash, becomes

a speck, a chance split second  
that could start this stone again  
the crushing light it almost remembers

almost hears—we splash across  
arm over arm as if the waves  
are somehow reaching out, seeping back

shrinking, then expand till this stone  
half you, half me, half rain  
wearing the Earth and the waiting.

The ink has tainted the stationary  
Dried upon the wood-pulp;  
He is now paper: his thoughts  
Letters, comas, colons, dashes  
Arrayed around his organs.

You are staring at his naked body  
Thumbing his arid skin  
Creasing him, folding him,  
Perceiving his stammered voice

But you do not know  
You do not know  
The amaranthine secret  
—Immortality lies here  
In blood-flushed hands

—Covetous hands,  
You may crinkle and crush  
You may rend and rip  
Incinerate to dust

All in futility;  
Bits, fragments, pieces, ashes  
Infinitely multitudinous,  
Flowing, trembling smoke  
Breathed in, billowed out  
Spread across the skyline  
Into every lung and crevice.

facing down blank page  
lost in books and papers  
rusty coffee pot beverage  
lonesome *walden* soul  
sorting bones  
of passing times

© t. kilgore splake

© Colin James

A pompous rejection reminds  
me of my last visit with  
my Jewish friend's family.  
Distraught from the death  
of another old friend,  
I fell on my knees and asked  
forgiveness for the world's sins.  
They were all compassionate, held me,  
but if I were to be more forthcoming,  
my real passion would have been  
to fuck their daughter, mother  
or even their cute cousin, Bernard.

© Colin James

The corner is no longer  
the place to be,  
too obvious and unconcealed.  
Rest stops are the new Mantra,  
the lined highways  
of parallel lives.  
Avert your eyes, if you must,  
from those men in the bushes.  
Their debaucheries are  
rituals in the making.

protected by strays  
four birds visit me on a  
journey to the top of the world.  
sky melts to mountain  
followed by a long deep silence.

ka-ish swims the solitude of dreams,  
while the swallow sings near  
a drop of water.  
two ravens circle and repeat,  
to the mountain.  
onward!

only in the stream  
could birds discover my source,  
the roots of a great crossing  
a cold unfurling tongue.

sing to me  
from the depths of being.  
a seedling.  
a well spring.  
the tree of life.

brandish grizzled neck born and bared forth  
a scowl deep eyes barbed and jut out.  
a lusty calm, the carrion.  
“get up go on!”  
stretch from fingertip to feather.  
pull the north winds tight round the shoulders  
and ride the ravens to desert heart.  
under the cloak of mist and  
low moiling clouds,  
we left not a trace  
only laughter

1

simple most the time,  
energy blossoming  
of her abounding presence  
now calm,  
now moon snuck off to the shadows.  
now centered,  
yes seen new  
clean, some recurring evening.  
the hips fruit  
a full pout  
bent blistering appetite.  
smoke  
body  
mortar and pestle,  
smash the grain.  
grind  
float to space slowly  
eyes and green fire.

2

wash hands.  
share food.  
watch the chewing!

3

whose energy lost lips?  
water over rocks,  
undress.  
even the syllable,  
undress.

∞ Antony Hitchin

She used to write her poetry in menstrual blood  
said she didn't want to feel like Plath 'unloosening her bowels to nothing'  
I didn't know whether to admire her or be  
disgusted, like the day  
I saw a baby all pickled in a jar  
squashed, deformed and lifeless with the faintest trace of a grin, cradled  
in lime green fluid like some ... alien  
first I felt sickened but  
then  
I wanted to take her, wrap her up, feed her warm, micro waved milk and care for her,  
for something in that soft smile was beautiful, something  
in it withstood all the ugliness and my  
balls withdrew and for a moment  
I imagined her on my chest.

☞ Antony Hitchin

Soles slip on nazi grey  
foreign face reflected in glass, pupils large and pebble black with Saturn rings. Even in the middle  
of the Café, clutching my cup, sitting on a busy nest of tables; in the shopping centre, herds heaving  
and swilling, girls giggling and babies screaming, phones ringing, store security alarms bleeping; I  
am never quite solid, the ridges of my arms and legs diffusing, bleeding into some oily liquid, then  
vapour, the hubbub repeating like some ritual noise or Witches chant, speaking in tongues,  
dead as Latin.

☞ Suchoon Mo

his penis arises  
like a smooth banana  
from a brown paper bag

the noon time passion  
sitting alone on the park bench  
she eats her lunch

the snow on ground  
the sun is cold

© K. K. Todorovich

you are my Ahab  
the barb of your harpoon  
catches my breath

over and over we  
wrestle in the swell  
of anger and ardor

we shame at our catch  
and vow quotas  
beyond reason

I am so white you see  
your need in the mirror  
of my belly

you would settle for seven  
years of smashed luck  
just not to sail after me

“You want a bag for that?”  
Penny the sales clerk asks me,  
pointing at the loaf of bread  
I just bought for \$1.99.

“It’s already in a bag,” I say.  
“It is at that,” she says, smiling. “A penny  
for your thought.” And she hands me  
my eponymous change—

and I am changed. For the thought  
of Pat who says sex with a condom  
feels like trying to eat the bread  
with the bag still on, comes to me—

and I think of telling Penny that.  
But then I think better of it.  
But I still think it’s a good  
way of putting it. And I think

I’ll use it in a poem someday.  
“Do you like poetry?” I ask Penny  
as an afterthought, and a prelude  
to a great work on love. “It’s already

in the poem,” she says in the poem,  
which already has my bread in it,  
and that line, and her number and  
my change. In the poem it’s in the bag.

I love the sounds of Swedish. But I love  
a heroic couple more. And Liv

Ullman is so gorgeous, I could  
watch her pout for 5 hours anyday. Wood-

y Allen & Ingmar  
Bergman 4 ever. The r's

are little drum solos. Mostly  
I love the diphthongs though, and the plosives

which resemble exotic fish  
browsing an exotic fishbowl. In Swedish

you can say, "Let's get a divorce  
and still be friends. And still be lovers—"

it's a bit of a tongue twister though. It takes  
humility to love your mistakes

for what they've taught you. But it takes heroism  
to make love to them. The heroic couple, praise them,

knows the good fight is the one they got through  
with nothing belly-up or rotten

in the churning reddish air they part like a sea  
miraculously

finding their way back to each other's arms.

Whereas driving to Boston takes me an hour  
and a half in traffic, and whereas  
I usually have to pee real bad  
when I get there, and whereas  
most of the people in Boston carry on  
as if they didn't have a colon, and whereas  
most of the shopkeepers in Boston carry on  
as if they didn't have a public restroom,  
now therefore go I  
straight to the State House with my complaint—  
I set my teeth and sprint  
up through the Public Garden with knit  
brows and contorted mouth  
as though I had serious thoughts and serious  
business with Secretary Galvin  
under the gold dome  
where the rest of the problems of state are being  
ironed out in committees. I step quickly  
past the statue of Horace Mann orating,  
past Daniel Webster covering his privates  
with one stony hand, past Mary Dyer, Quaker,  
hanged on Boston Common in 1660  
for holding fast  
to the liberty of the Truth,  
seated on her pedestal now  
as on a toilet seat, it seems to me, as I take  
the wide steps two at a time  
up through the large front doors and into the lobby  
where neither the state-of-the-art metal detector  
nor the two well-ironed state policemen  
nor the newly installed Governor himself  
can detect my full bladder  
which I carry like a bomb, delicately  
and quickly down the tessellating hallway  
to the seat of government's public good toilet thank you god.

The day that everyone was beautiful  
was like any other day, the only difference  
was that everyone was beautiful and the day itself  
was a beautiful summer day or spring day or  
one of those late winter days that smells like spring  
and if it was fall it was early fall  
when it's all but technically summer, and everyone  
was simply beautiful, not sexy beautiful  
or movie star beautiful or drop dead gorgeous beautiful,  
but simply everyone but everyone had this patina  
of slightly bruised longing, this shimmer of  
I think I knew you when we were children,  
this look of I've loved you ever since you were born  
and probably longer than that, and it all started  
with the paperboy careening out of the blue dawn  
on his bicycle, pitching to the left and right  
with his ballast of fifty today's papers  
in a vast canvas bag slung over his shoulder  
balancing him and the whole world  
on the tip of morning, the streets stirring  
with workers and shadows and cars  
all of which were perfectly beautiful,  
and it continued on like that throughout the day  
with the gas station attendant and toll collector  
and motorists and pedestrians and clerks—  
even the boss, even the boss's boss who always  
seemed an ugly sort of person really, especially  
on the inside. But on that day even the ugliness  
was beautiful—it was a beautiful ugliness  
that day that everyone was beautiful and the day itself  
was a beautiful summer day.

## Rain Dancer

© Sergio Ortiz

Winter carries  
darkness today,  
summer stops the dark  
tomorrow. We are lime,  
feathers in the jaguar's mouth.  
He builds cities with wind. We dance;  
paint from masks fuses our skin to clouds.

Play on the ridge where boys pale  
and gunfights blow sand in my eyes.

## Your Name

© Sergio Ortiz

It was your name that spoke,  
balanced melancholy dancing  
the wind, and awoke my echoes.

I leaned against a seawall,  
asked the sky to undress,  
pulled it down, song flying

on my lips, until it shook.  
I closed my eyes. Tomorrow  
I'll let you swim.

“Burial in the moon’s bright tide  
shin me from prison.”  
Attest the skin

grappling sea dreams.  
Jail people living on rafts  
with heads under water,

floating toward illegal cities.  
All of them children  
sent to parking lots

smelling of vomit.  
Accounts for life spent on  
hedgehog quills

in twenty dollar bills.  
Detain them.  
Arraign them.

Scripture said:  
we are from dust and shall return to dust

i am curious about your body  
i want to know of what material you are made  
Newton tells me, the composition of your any one cell does not belong to the earth

i thought of you as Eve  
who clothed herself with Spirit's light before she traded with serpent.  
do you have her beauty?

but i was wrong  
because Eve is from Adam  
Adam was born from a handful of earth  
the total price of the chemistry from his body is less than one silver dollar

i thought you were Loreley  
dressing her long hair by Siren's song everyday  
do you have her beauty?

but i was wrong  
because Loreley hides pain in her heart  
she caught how many strong lives?  
murdered with fairy voice

i am wrong and wrong again  
i kneel down before the Lord and ask forgiveness

O Lord , all creatures were made by you, why is she so beautiful?

I made her body of Love and Truth  
you are my favourite,  
so I gave you a chance to glance her beauty  
in order to let your spirit closer to me  
her body is my words' energy,  
my favourite  
be thankful you were not killed by her beauty

Nicole

draw out a silk of beauty and twist into a whip  
beat your lover tenderly  
he lies down at your feet satisfied to be a lamb

Nicole  
i saw you  
i saw God's power, how wonderful His work  
i thought your beauty was an illusion  
now i understand  
the virtual is this world  
the real is your beauty

## Mini-Biographies

**Antony Hitchin** (UK) is an English Literature Graduate living near London. He has previously had poetry published in an Anthology by Forward and has two pieces forthcoming in *Gloom Cupboard*. Antony regularly blogs new pieces of work at: [www.myspace.com/antonyhitchin](http://www.myspace.com/antonyhitchin). He is continuing to write and submit new poetry and is also planning to experiment with spoken word audio.

**Christopher (Kit) Kelen** (China) His most recent volumes of poetry are *Dredging the Delta* (book of Macao poems and sketches), published in 2007 by Cinnamon Press (UK) and *After Meng Jiao: Responses to the Tang Poet*, published in 2008 by VAC (Chicago, IL). Kelen has taught Literature and Creative Writing for the last eight years at the University of Macau in south China.

**Colin James** (-) has poems forthcoming in *Yellow Mama* and *Clockwise Cat*. He has worked in Energy Conservation for over twenty years and is a great admirer of the Scottish landscape painter, John Mackenzie.

**Daniel Dominowski** (GA) Daniel Dominowski is an undergraduate student attending Augusta State University in Georgia majoring in Spanish. Prior to this he completed a six-year enlistment in the United States Army, during which he was able to travel to five countries and experience a wide range of cultures. His Discordian beliefs are intertwined with Post-Nihilistic tendencies, which results in a daily struggle to maintain a realistic basis from which to conduct his human relationships.

**Darcy Bruce** (CT) spends most of her time at the Book Barn where she works, which is exactly as it sounds except larger and with more cats. Sometimes she drinks too much coffee and thinks in circles but mostly she thinks in patterns which lead to making up stories, which she is encouraged to do on a regular basis as long as the people in them promise to help put the books away. She has previously published work on *Verbsap.com*.

**David McLean** (Sweden) has about 500 poems in or accepted by just under 200 publications in print and online. A chapbook *a hunger for mourning* is available at <http://www.erbacce-press.com>, another electronic chapbook is online at [http://www.whyvandalism.com/ebook\\_poems-against-enlightenment08.html](http://www.whyvandalism.com/ebook_poems-against-enlightenment08.html) and a real book called *Cadaver's dance* will be out at Whistling Shade Press in 2008, around April/May.

**Fred Longworth** (CA) is a lifetime San Diego resident, he restores vintage audio components for a living. His poems have appeared in numerous print journals, including *California Quarterly*, *The Pacific Review*, *Pearl*, *Pudding Magazine*, *Rattapallax* and *Spillway*. Online publications include *kaleidowhirl*, *Melic Review*, *miller's pond*, *Stirring* and *Strong Verse*.

**Justin Hyde** (IA) He works with criminals. His first book of poetry "Down where the hummingbird goes to die" can be purchased by contacting the Guild of Outsider writers or the editors of *Zygote in my coffee*.

**K. K. Todorovich** (NM) attended the University of Washington Graduate School of Art. She will complete her Master of Science in Psychology this summer at California Coast University. Her poems appear in such magazines as *Hunger Mountain* and *Switched-on Gutenberg*. She won the William Stafford Award and a nomination for the Pushcart Prize. Kitty and her husband James, a bonsai, gourd and bead artist, share a single-wide in the New Mexico desert with Wahnfried-the-Schipperke, Platina-Monastery-Rott, felines—Spenser4HireGirl, BoxerKickBoxer, XenaWarriorOrphan, Kickle-Sounds-Like-Pickle, and three chukars.

**Kelley J. White** (PA) is a New Hampshire native, she studied at Dartmouth College and Harvard Medical School and has been a pediatrician in inner-city Philadelphia for more than twenty-five years. Mother of three, she is an active Quaker. Her poems have been widely published over the past decade, in journals including *Exquisite Corpse*, *Nimrod*, *Poet Lore*, *Rattle* and the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and in several chapbook and full-length collections. She is the recipient of a 2008 Pennsylvania Council on the Arts grant in poetry.

**Kurtis Darby** (NY) is from Harlem and has lived in Europe. He graduated from Hunter College where he studied English and Theatre. He was a featured performer at the original Buffalo Reading in New York – [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Buffalo\\_readings](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Buffalo_readings).

**Paul Hostovsky** (MA) works in Boston, where he sometimes pees in the State House. To read more of his poetry, visit his website: [www.paulhostovsky.com](http://www.paulhostovsky.com).

**Peter Schwartz** (ME) is a painter, poet and writer. He's also an associate art editor for *Mad Hatters' Review*. His artwork can be seen all over the Internet but specifically at: [www.sitrahahra.com](http://www.sitrahahra.com). He's had hundreds of paintings, poems, and stories published both online and in print and is constantly submitting new work as if his very life depended on it. His last show was at the Amsterdam Whitney Gallery in Chelsea NYC and went well enough for them to invite him back.

**Richard Lighthouse** (TX) is a contemporary writer and poet. He holds an M.S. from Stanford University. His work has been published in: *The Penwood Review*, *West Hills Review*, *Mudfish*, and many others worldwide.

**Sergio Ortiz** (PR) is a retired English teacher living in San Juan, Puerto Rico. I grew up in Chicago, but found a home in El Paso, Tx, where I was a rehab teacher for the Elderly blind population. I studied English Literature at Inter-American University in San German, Puerto Rico, Daily Living Skill Instruction at the Texas Lions Camp, Kerrville, and Culinary Art, at The Restaurant School, Philadelphia. I have lived and worked in Honduras, Peru, Argentina, and Mexico. I have been published in POUI The Cave, 2005 Annual and Origami Condom.

**Simon Perchik** (NY) is an attorney whose poems have appeared in *Partisan Review*, *The New Yorker*, and elsewhere. *Rafts* (Parsifal Editions) is his most recent collection. For more information, including his essay *Magic, Illusion and Other Realities* and a complete bibliography, please visit his website at <http://www.geocities.com/simonthepoet>.

**Spring Wills (Hao Jiuxin)** (CA) born in China, recently immigrated to the USA. Currently he studies to earn his Doctorate in Theology. He worked both as a mechanical engineer and literary translator. His poems have been published in China and begin to work their way into US publications.

**Suchoon Mo** (CO) is a retired academic living in the semiarid part of Colorado. His poems appeared in a number of literary magazines. His music compositions appeared in *Sage of Consciousness*, *Mad Hatters Review*, *Eleventh Transmission*, *Strange Road*, *Unlikely 2.0*, *Adroitly Placed Word*, *Sacramento Poetry*, *Art And Music*, and *The Scrambler*. He has no formal music education. He can be contacted at: [suchoon@aol.com](mailto:suchoon@aol.com).

**t. kilgore splake** (MI) is the “blog-master” of miskwabik press in calumet, michigan, and is currently waiting on spring to come to the keweenaw peninsula, while writing his personal memoir *the winter diary*.

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[Tammy Ho Lai-ming](#) (China) aka Sighming, is a Hong Kong-born and -based writer. She is the editor of *HKU Writing: An Anthology* (March 2006), a co-editor of *Word Salad Poetry Magazine* and a co-founder of *Cha: An Asian Literary Journal* ([www.asiancha.com](http://www.asiancha.com)). More at [www.sighming.com](http://www.sighming.com).

[Taylor Gorman](#) (LA) is a Creative Writing major at Louisiana State University. He enjoys creating creative writing and writing his writing creations creatively. He really doesn't do very much. He is currently working on a chapbook to submit to *Origami Condom*, but don't tell them yet because it will be a surprise.

[Trey Moore](#) (TX) is performance poet of San Antonio, in 2007. He has lived and traveled through Brooklyn, Malaysia, Lao, Alaska, Arizona, Guatemala, Mexico, and Belize. He teaches poetry in the schools of San Antonio, elementary, middle, and juvenile detention centers and published in several anthologies compiled by Naomi Nye, Texas Observer, Borderlands. Most recently his collection, *we forget we are water*, won the Whitebird Chapbook Contest and was subsequently published by Wings Press. [http://www.wingspress.com/book.cfm?book\\_ID=28](http://www.wingspress.com/book.cfm?book_ID=28).

[William Doreski](#) (NH) His most recent collection of poetry is *Another Ice Age* (2007). He has published three critical studies, including Robert Lowell's *Shifting Colors*. His essays, poetry, and reviews have appeared in many journals, including *Massachusetts Review*, *Notre Dame Review*, *The Alembic*, *New England Quarterly*, *Harvard Review*, *Modern Philology*, *Antioch Review*, *Natural Bridge*.