

X-O⁹

FEATURING

SACHA ARCHER
JC BOUCHARD
JOEL CHACE
NATHAN DUECK
CARRIE HUNTER
JENNIFER MACBAIN-STEPHENS
J.F. MARTEL & DOMINIC BERCIER
MADO REZNIK
SARAH SARAI
LOUISE P. SLOANE
ALI ZNAIDI

DEDICATED TO THOSE
WHO RISK THE SELF IN
ORDER TO GIVE THE SELF.

Dictator is an experiment in reaction and revolt. Previous to Dictator, while writing, I had come to notice that I could not be sure what formal choices within my poems were my own willing decisions or if they were conditioned habits which had grown out of the presence of/in direct response to, auto-correct functions (spell/grammar check, automatic capitalization, etc.) in Microsoft Word. The idea, then, that such a program, present in so many lives, could influence writing, could dictate directions with a persistent whisper—that it was influencing my writing (and inevitably, other's), felt oppressive and invasive.

Dictator is the result of a decision to work against those present functions, a work that puts them at the center and exploits them as a kind of engine. The automatic functions irreparably disrupt and are the essential netting of the text.

Excerpt from Dictator

The house is silent. The grammar is immaculet and dictator raises the bar (of the *t*) and thoroughly disapproves of *immaculate* spelt with an *e* instead of *a*. Dictator ignores *spelt*, the harvest of misspelled. If dictator could hear *house* in my head what a scolding I'd get, being a Canadian, an Ontarian. *If* twice robbed of its lower case – under the [d a s h] first a blue line or rather, empty rectangle outlined in blue. Adds a *p* to *disapproval* itself - I would call emphasis. Last dash is left to its runtishness. Dictator points out in its silent sternness that *runt* or *runty* would be preferred over such a large form of *runt*. Move curser over *If* and blue line, empty rectangle which hides, appears, is gone. Sharpens *a* to *A*. by [*by* is left to its humbleness, it is sweet and reminds one of fields (dictator pulls the old switch-a-roo on the *e* and *I* in fields, and just now again, and capitalizes *I*, and just now again – and *R O O* given the red, as is the last capital *O* in my reproduction of it – then an *e* is done away with in *reproduction* and silently replaced by an *o*)] the time *sharpens* is yet only *shar* it is already in the go of a green line, and *shar* was then and now, at this point, when typed again, singled out with a limited knowledge of wrong which has the power of authority. Looking [*l* gains a line making it a right angle but not what I intended and also, tacked onto it, an empty blue lined rectangle] back, dash, that visual comment with which I'd been surprised, had been left be, at some point was surprised with a miniscule green zigzag, but only under the *a*, so I lose the logic. A [which was very much *a*] skipped *r*'s inserted by dictator into the second *surprised* and an *r* is marked with the colour of blood for consorting with an ' and an *s*. *Hides appears* in a former sentence, only for a moment, endures dictator's green line. Near there, *Sharpens'* *S* receives [*I* (which is capitalized with haste) and *e* rearranged in *receives*] a fickle blue line, for what reason I know not. *Colour's u* again provokes (and again, this time) the jagged red, then *an* close to a free-floating apostrophe gets the green we can assume only means go in the opposite direction. That [dictator increases *That's* volume] wonderful free-floating apostrophe, which I had copied and pasted to ensure intended direction of curve, when pasted, was loaded with a momentary image of a clipboard in a rather large square. *An – an –* near the jagged red is identified with the jagged green. Some words later *That's* is also. As is *That's*. As is *That's*. As is – *ad infinitum* if I could (write beyond capacity and worth). *S* is stolen and replaced with an aural replica *c* making *capa-sity capacity*. Illustration of *capacity's* event gets reddened. Dictator immediately slaps a green line on the writing of *illustration*, and with a space, capitalizes a functional *I* which, even here, it will not allow me to show, so we may as well be frank and call a spade a spade, which is to say say censoring. After dictator had made a big *I*, it recalled (accidentally hit space before I finished *recalled* and red line burned – I corrected it [how many dashes

has dictator stretched without my comment? This last one got a blue line, empty rectangle, why not the others, was this one special?]) the green identifier. Then a pair of *says*: the second *say* is accused. The *the* in the green identifier's made green and the second *the* at the beginning of this sentence is made red. Dictator's baffled by *the at* and points that out without ears to right things. Dictator cannot learn and repeats itself. *THE* and *AT*, they're just together.

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It (where is the dot of the *I* (blue square beneath *I*, perhaps it is an inadequate (*I* (capitalized, given space, the *I* out of my hands/ in dictator's hands) made an *e*, an *I* like this one: *i* (efforts to present a lower case independent *I* causes trouble as dictator hates a small *I* and changes it, then gives the blue empty rectangle beneath it, and then when I assert my position and choice, highlighting that *I* and reverting it to what I originally wanted, dictator needing the last word speaks with a gesture, a painting, a violent red)) apology? Or (*o* is made *O*, ooh la la (*ooh la* and *la* again - that expression doesn't (*doesn't* pinned with a green line for being left alone while I wrote double *la* - which is being accused it or *I*? then *I* pinned with green (*then* left with lower case *t*!) and possibly simultaneously (something changed in *simultaneously* (again! What (*w* capitalized) automation must be needed for such a position (a blue mark, as if a sign of the plague, but we know it is the trace of dictator, shows up beneath last *simultaneously*))) a comma to come that was already here when the following parenthesis wasn't) fit within dictator's approved vocabulary, and the second *la* is given the red mark of error, redundancy, of abnormality), dictator!) perhaps it is plainly and simply empty)¹ that was there? It was was (*was*, typed in zombie state, singled out and ridiculed in red, while dictator asserts that *the* and *I* cannot be together though it's (dragging the curser back to insert an apostrophe into *its*, dictator hastily groups it with the greens) its *I*, not the *I* that I placed there, lower case and all) taken [while attempting to navigate the labyrinth dictator and I have woven in our struggle, a *that* too far from a closing bracket is greened]) may be that it is about the difference between right and wrong and I'm almost sure it is, in fact I'm certain, and was before I began, but then I faltered (dictator sees the *fault* and points it out, it is expected but shouldn't be) and was, at the very least, sure that I did not agree with dictator's interruptive (an (having got as far as *an* in what will be *an r* is added... (green line here as I've come back to say, a tad belatedly, that dictator spaced the three dots to its regulations) dictator (*dictator* underlined with green only for the duration of the typing of it), believeing (disapproval of *eve* gets a red warning that I'm sure is worse and worse) the *an* to be part of *behaviour* spreads *behaviour's* red line to *an* giving *anbehaviour*, which I am grateful for and grateful for again, despite the red trace of dictator below it) *r* is added to *interruptive*, which then had only one *r*) behaviour² (*interruptive* with a blue line that has four right angles).

1 Perhaps - let me put it this way in a second attempt(I hit *L* instead of colon and the result is red): *perhaps* sheeted with the zigzagging green. I move curser up and *attempt* being cozy with a bracket is also sheeted with the zigzagging green.

2 This application of red zigzags to certain *u* inclusive words – if (dash lengthened to dictator's appeasement (*e* and *a* sown into word before bracket and the *a* (as I scroll back with curser to italicize *a* dictator defaces the *a* and *the* [with a shaky green that's disappeared] which are next to each other in a, to me, legitimate circumstance) of *appeasement* weighted with blue block)) I thought dictator would listen... I'd refer him to the inert Monarchy. Note:

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And it's true – this is an affirmation – (already – and – lifted a millimeter³ (dictator then adds an *l* where there wasn't one and I second guess myself, this is what it's coming to) and lengthened one or two, and then again within these parentheses) I've changed, that's no problem, it's why I've changed, I've changed to avoid dictator, I swear it, I've ditched so much colour and spontaneity, but at least I've still got my mistakes and my terrible spelling so like a finger print, a basic identity, and more than that obviously, as I'm writing this and thinking this all day. Dictator (I, without thinking, capitalize *dictator* so it is *Dictator* at the beginning of the sentence [my sentence?]) and there is not yet again the mechanical whipping into shape of *d* to *D*, of which I've set out to point out and've pointed out so frequently, but then a little liberty shines, and with it, hope, as I contract *have* by *and* and dictator (redding *and* for its doubleness and redding *redding* for its absolute undefined correctness and redding *doubleness* for its unfailing identification of a former event, which was a doubling, then not catching or not caring or the first, because the second that I, in repeating, intend what I say, reds those words again and again and will again if I type them) reds with tired zigzag *and've* and reds it here as I tell you) gives its bloody mark of red to *c o l o u r* and *spontaneity* spelled *s p o n t I* (but a lower case *i* I will go back and correct once, in a moment [second *I* marked red for the crime of proximity]) *n a l t y* (but a lower case *i* I⁴ will go back and correct once, in a moment [second *I* marked red for the crime of proximity]) then, pasting the now repeated sentence, the clipboard comes, goes, it's gone, good ridence (sign of error, the light red heavy sign of error hung on *riddance* not spelled this way). Beneath one *I* (whip small to be big, I O!) and then another, the blue rectangle, the empty box winks, is also gone, unless I, in a way, touch it, am I not to touch it? Then or rather then, as in, at the beginning of the paragraph, the dashes in brackets also are laden with spasm of dictator's blue, indicator of presence, and I see this when I go to italize (an *s* not a *c* and dictator's slapping labels that seem to echo SALE 50% OFF) those dashes which cannot be done, they stay straight, unchanged, not tilted a smidgin (I guess dictator, who doesn't grasp the base, frustrated humour, when I insert *dick* into its name, only sees wrong in the coldest sense of the word – I (dash changed yet again) guess it wants *smidgen* but I was 100% corret (red zig and zag below a *correct* that was typed with only one see)). It (I went back and capitalized the *i* of of (perhaps I am asleep and in the dream every *of* is twice, and in that dream there is also dictator and it doesn't accept even the logic of the sleeping, so that it wakens with red, sharp red, where I notice I never wrote the *I*, though in lower

(lower case *n* made a capital, but did not make money) garish (*r* snatched from *garish* which may have been garish to dictator) clipboard appears with the pasting of this footnote after process of relocating footnote.

3 BLUE BOX UNDER *m*. *BLUE BOX UNDER m*. the whole little group, grouped with others already underlined with green. Then thrown back no green. Same thing happens to former sentence but the green is back, and I'm guessing it won't disappear.

4 Went (*w* not *W* just to be clear) back and decapitalized (sic, dictator [it's of no use but for my own mental health – the (lengthened, raised: dash[a blue box under *t* of *the* and dash slapped with green for touching bracket (oh, it's the dash that has the blue box)]) red line untiringly is placed]) the *I* and the *I* that I said I would, and two new red lines are affixed to them. Then the *I* is chained with green, a green you can't be sure is there, but which happens to be at the moment of this writing. Just what I just said, but then an *is* and only *is*. Then *an and* is. Then *an and*. *An and* and (but a smaller *a*, right?) again and then the second and here is marked red for not pleasing dictator, and I simply cannot continue telling you that every time *an and* is written it is greened, but every time it is it is (except the last time...).

case, which I meant to, so I go back, put it in, and it is also reddened and then lonely or with many of its kind: victims) *it* and that was strange and frankly unpleasant (an *a* added to *unpleasant* (blue rectangle spans *un* and before it, the *s* of *strange*) I think, and this time an *e* becomes an *a* like a coin is flipped)) guffaws [but silently... is it in my head? I can't think like that] as *zigzag* is separated (an *a* where an *e* was, I guess dictator just flips it), that is part of the law, its law, *zigzag* cannot be separated, but that's what I did, and separated, the two parts are clearly stigmatized with red. *an a* just above, *an*, the space between it, and the *a* are, or as a whole, is, lined with the green, and also the first *an* in this sentence, placed with the green group, that's fine, so long as one perseveres. That last green is gone, *an* is as it was, it is *an*, though now, or at least a moment ago, in this sentence, *an is* were the next two dictator gave green, and like *an* before (the absence of an *r* incites dictator and dictator throws red while I flip the *b* and see *defoe*, as in Daniel, and dictator expects a capital *D*, so reds that known name, but a backwards *b* is not *D*) then, the green is gone, but not the memory of it, or the many remaining examples.

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Oh, (enlargement [blue under *e*] (*enlargement* enlarged by the unlookedfor addition of possibly an *e* when I was busy trying to move forward and the following moment dictator adds an *I* (capitalizes my lower case *I* and throws the blue rectangle under it) to addition evidence of a sense of humour a humour I appreciate even coming from dictator – and the dash is stretched leaving no marks another of its talents – some (came back here and added a dash and thought that dash was going to be left in its miniature (*a* plunged into *miniature* (again, but I will now go back and dislodge the second *a* [blue long box under *m* of *miniature* and also under second *miniature* but then taking the *a* out of *miniature* so it is as I originally typed it the second blue long box vanishes and in its place an even longer red line of instability appears beneath the entire word])) form but a space given alerts dictator who immediately (a space again alerts it and an *m* is duplicated) raises it and lengthens it just when I thought I'd get away with it [let me have this little hope]) little time after *unlookedfor* as here now again is given the scarlet mark and certainly not letter. H U M O U R X 2 = red and red beneath them and it is not the red of the Canadian flag but why not well, because it is the red that issues from dictator's rules but even then at least it does remind me of that flag I have little feeling for and frankly dislike but which does have some deep rooted significance to me I can't help that nor would I want to) of *o*, whose groan is it [puns are under the radar] (originally typed *whose groan it is* as a question not a probe so dictator is blind to many grammar we know?) say, can you see the smoke of languages lost, of cultures extinguished, of peoples slaughtered, then dictator

Belatedly (dictator balloons *belatedly's b* while it's shoot first and think later (not in the case of *first* which is only *firs* when I jump the gun and hit space, but of course, I didn't see it, *FIRS* the trappers came back with) when I pluralize *belatedly* subjecting it to the existence (*a* goes through an induced metamorphosis and becomes an *e* within *existence*) of a noun and nounced it is hounded with that red we know so well as is *noun* acknowledged as a verb which occurred (solo *r* is cloned as *occurred* occurs [how many letters were just swiped from *occurs*?]) in the past) stamps *say* with the green line the official seal and though it's invisible for some seconds it's still there at least still there in essence as it comes back and it's back now and not to forget the , which was sealed too. Surprisingly, when I use the sign

for comma instead of the word *comma* to refer to the comma its floatingness goes unrecognized by dictator, but not *floating* rendered a noun by the addition of *-ness* and the foundation of intention, it does not escape the lash of red which will not go. Next, the suffix *-ness* finds the 红色 zigzag glued to it while simultaneously the dash which begins it is manipulated to conform to regulation standards. Next, the same suffix written again finds the 红色 zigzag glued to it while simultaneously the dash which begins it is manipulated to conform to regulation standards – (is manipulated to conform to regulation standards and below and slightly to the right is for a (I mean *an*, but the fact that dictator misses it is a ray of joy coming from a smirk (an *e*'s made an *I* but a lower case *I* and *e* is stricken with the R E D for consorting with an *apostrophe* *s* and all that time a blue box of nothingness waits for me to find it hidden below *smirk*) that is trying to be a smile waiting in a line (or wading in one?)) instant the or a blue rectangle that's center is empty is that possibly dictator's form if you take away the blue?) and by this point two clunky clipboards have appeared and disappeared, dictator's reaction to my fingers first pressing ctrl+C then pressing ctrl+V and something about ctrl+C and ctrl+V even though they I imagine are closer to dictator's mother tongue/ native language (neither of those seem appropriate) provoke dictator who stamps with the red seal each typed twice. The appearance of Chinese characters (does not make this *The Water Margin, Journey to the West, Romance of the Three Kingdoms* or (*Romance* is greened and I wonder about dictator's relationship to that word and what it stands for, but only for a moment as what really is there to wonder about ot (meaning *or* I type a *t* and dictator pounces with the red and very red zigzag) at) *The Dream of the Red Chamber* or however that one's best translated that's they (*they* making little sense makes perfect sense to dictator and what I meant was *the* but *they* is good also, even great) way I read it but students disagree) does not trigger dictator and have I found something that dictator will not touch no matter how long the stick? Chinese red was (changing *it* to *Chinese red*: in the moment between when no word was it's *was* that gets a green line which is gone with the writing of *Chinese red* and I notice as I write this that I avoided typing *was* twice next to each other even though that's what I wanted to say but to avoid dictator's red I flexed my sentence structure) just for fun, to exercise freedom, the point is to not have *my* language changed, or rather, to resist the herding directions of dictator's tyrannical whims.

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Because I don't know when it became the accepted and known, unquestioned and even unseen, the expected backdrop [a the⁵: first, *a the* (clipboard of few colours (our c o l o u r s, they are ours, but apparently dictator disagrees as it uses a colour [red to be specific] against me in the guise of help ans (*d* by *s* is missed as it is marked though innocent) it appears dictator is uneasy about the blending of *appear* with *apparently* as it reds it) makes its presence known, that is, continues to assert dictator's) merely fragments while thought occurs and dictator singles them out with green so unsure of the

5 A period (an *a* capitalized in a flash) after backdrop which was subsequently (a letter in *subsequently* I forget which probably an *a* or a *u* is nabbed and replaced with an *e* and the more and more common every moment blue elongated box is set under the *su* of *subsequently* and that *su* isolated is both times zigzagged with dictator's red) removed in favour (dictator does not, evidently, favour *favour*, and despite dictator's assertions in red, I still do) of a longer sentence, I having had more to say and now having said it, was awarded one of dictator's longest (as if this is an Olympian game...) green markings of late. Dictator then places that same old blue square beneath where it compulsively spaced the three dots to its regulations.

situation and control is to it of the utmost importance – dictator (a dash is changed and a blue rectangle attached it is the policy) hesitates the green line is taken away put back taken again] the way trees seem a treat and clean air a delicacy. Because I awoke and found the natural state of comfort which we'd all agreed upon as pleasure and which we'd taken as pleasure upon closer examination a told pleasure that savoured (*U* and *u* and *U* and *u* and *U* and a single *Uu*⁶ spread throughout the U.K. and Canadian lexicon not today or yesterday tossed aside so dictator pins a red line to *savoured* twice because *ir* (*r* next to *t*⁷ has [green line hides but I suspect it'll be back pronto right below *t has* (clipboard when specimen is pasted) which will be gone if I go back and change it it (the red zigzag below the second *it* of two *it*'s and I just have to wonder why not the first *it* as it is the same, but of course we go back (which will be forward in the reading) to the fact of dictator's linearity it's inability to conceive [though it seems the *I* in *conceive* jumps over the *e*, it is dictator who ordered it into place at which time a blue box was stationed below the *co* of its *con*]⁸ outside of its regime) isn't a finished sentence yet but dictator is linear and cannot bend]⁹ has done that long enough) displeased and exposed closed eyes that were at least my own.

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Not ink not paper not at this stage this stage is dictator's, I've taken the stage dictator doesn't think so can't make room I make room I'm rooming with dictator under dictator don't forget that. Such a sentence as that one it goes on, even this one, and going on one named I I forget¹⁰ until *I* is redded for doubling, a stumble in dictator's judgment then redded is redded and three times already *red D E D* is subjected to dictators colouring and Canadian colouring one after *dictators* that lacks the ¹¹ that signals possession and one after *Canadian* are slapped with the red the zigzag red that appears when dictator doesn't know what I'm doing and here not with ink not on paper its ignorance (*e* is *a* with a space that's a trigger) is always my wrong (*ig* gets the blue empty box below it and *ig* as here is underlined by dictator's red). It (*it* jumps into *It* [and has a blue box, a strange shadow, dictator's touch] (ask for curve and get squared and then as I type this bit the *as* which is pushed forward by my additions is on and off red as words in process beside it say *as* as in the *as* of *ask* and the *as* of *and* almost spelled with

6 As seen in the alphabet wrapping classrooms, caution tape clearly demarcating the limits of understanding. *U* and *u* certainly married, more married than union: an onion, its layers; your limbs vs. your name. I would venture to guess by the primary red dictator is unfamiliar with this presentation of the alphabet.

7 *r* next to *t* is mistakenly touched and before any movement can be made to right this smallest of errors dictator jumps on *ir* and attaches a red line a shadow of its way while here a shadow of *ir* itself continues to reproduce red line and all.

8 Pressing the key for an ending parenthesis a square bracket is placed and so dictator makes its own decisions it doesn't matter what I want that's not news.

9 Pressing the key for an ending parenthesis a square bracket is placed and so dictator makes its own decisions it doesn't matter what I want that's not news. The clipboard of blue, white and yellow I'm beginning to consider dictator's flag appears as I paste the former sentence but it is a space that makes it go. I appreciate space.

10 I forget that dictator is, that this is not the page of freedom, the sheet of paper and its relationship (something changes in *relationship* which is only witnessed as a flicker in the eye (*a* beside the writing of *as*: when *as* was only *a*: *a* beside *a*: one *a*, the right one made red (for a millisecond))) with the pen, the pencil, any other tool.

11 No green?

an *s* and also the other *as*'s¹²) as if of its own volition – sneaky skill dictator applies and applies again when the - seems to change itself into this – which it does every time (listen to [here is the *t* I didn't put in *listen* the *t* dictator could not wait for so marks *lisen* which really does sound the same as *listen* but each time the silent *t* is left out dictator marks I could do it 25,000 times: *lisen lisen lisen lisen lisen lisen lisen lisen lisen lisen lisen* / after 11 the point is made, it was made at 4 or 5, intention or no intention the red] or read what I've said: which it does every time yet it's done nothing that's what I'm saying and already I'm saying it wrong, that's the skill, something that creeps into you) though let it be known when I reach the end of this fragment I will reinsert the dash which I typed when showing that it had not grown but been changed as without that the illustration fails and dictator's right prevails [it has no right to make the *a* and *I* (lower case *I* which is now just capital in someone else's vision of language [else with an *s* is desecrated by the big *D* with an uncreative red you may have seen before]) seem to be dancing, changing places, it was dictator exercising power](and power placed as a barricade (an *a* vanishes and is replaced by *i*) [lower case *I* I can't show here is given the red for being lower and upper case *I* is reddened for not being alone] works I can't place the bracket I want I tried to (a *y* is no longer it is an *i*) [*I* in red for bad form according to dictator] now twice have tried to place smooth curved brackets but have found dictator ordering square brackets in their places and no matter how many times I try to place the curved I get the squared. Many in speed turns out *mnay* which is stuck with the red zigzagging badge of error [curser left to sit on line of page division [green line between *division* and) because of an unlawful space while other events occur, and as I attempt to place a parenthesis: *and*]] the product of persistence (*a* makes way for an *e* under order of dictator within *persistence*) is all greened with zizag (a *g* that is missed sparks dictator and the red line is placed) and when I finally manage to (to, but dictator gives me no time so that *R* and *O* are assumed my intention and spurned by addition of red [added to *addition*: *i*] (square bracket is insisted upon and lower case *I* is redded) (not an acceptable form of written (*t* added to a *t* like *written*) red and red is added)) find a way around (*around* has blue box beneath th (*e* left out which leaves *t* and *h* with the mark of red) *a* and why?) dictator's barricade and place the parenthesis I was trying for green again underlines *and* and the involved parenthesis. Two *ands* are the equivalent to a sin whatever that concept may be¹³) prompts without prompting dictator who displays *Show White Space* in a cream colour box (*our* attached to *col* is just as red as *col*¹⁴ is twice)]¹⁵) – the (dash stretched by dictator) *It* that begins this sentence once upon a time is lost without purpose and exists abandoned and referred to (an *r* that is not there has now been referred to but dictator has tattooed with red) but only referred to and not made use of. Perhaps it is what I think of as FREE.

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12 This is a terrible moment for any *as* when an *as* is zigzagged for having a partner and *as* is zigzagged for being made a thing and more than one thing. Is it anger, the reason I'm seeing red?

13 My method: first) is typed because it must be I don't know why it is not what I want nor does it seem to align (why the red below (it will happen again and again why?) *aline*, because dictator prefers *align*? Then as red is placed below *aline* (once more) *first*) is given the mark of green) with the regulations I've observed, then I type *J* and then go back and delete) so only *J* remains. First) is greened again and this time here the *f* is capitalized into *F*. (3Xs)

14 Just in passing: dictator screws up all digestion, the intestinal track this text is...

15 Refer to above footnote.

For how long can I go un-harassed? So far, so good (I almost typed a dash, when I realized that would have been “acknowledging the tripwire then kicking it”). Hope is the arch, doubt is the spectrum of light: a bow that rains arrows of anxiety/ hesitation. aRe U KIDDING ME? Just out of spite, having typed a caps locked *R* instead of *are*, I returned and gave it the *a* and the *e* which typically surround it, lower case of course, which provoked the red due to inconsistency (*a* to *e* that came with blue on its back). Only just begun and *arch*, a little later than usual, it seems dictator was just waiting for the period, saviouring the wait, increasing the pleasure (a pleasure I’m certain is imagined,) that *arch*, so nonchalantly is given/ finds itself with green, and exactly like the last attempt at avoiding, completely, dictator, it is the use of a comma instead of dictator’s preferred semicolon which was the site of dictator’s first move – and the dash stretched/blued/ and looking for the words that escaped me (I don’t hold them prisoner?) *which* sat with space between it and . for a few seconds too long, at which time green, right below both, no time to think allowed, which is the same as saying no thinking, but that’s the way laws work everywhere, if I’m not mistaken [rotten poets pass bills]. Some words back, quite some words back, not that far,

SAVIOURING

Is and an *is* that looks like the one eight words back, counting: *words eight one the like looks that is*, is now *Is* and I was planning to write that *Is* now has the red, but it doesn’t, maybe I’ll just have to wait and wait no more [it got the blue too and at the moment the green is gone]! Of first is greenlined, then that was removed and a capital *O* replaces *o*/ of course it was not the red but the green, I should have known, but strangely, only one of the two *Is*’s are greened while *Is*’s typed twice is redlined the same number of times as the appearance of the word: $2 \times 1 = 2$. [...*R I N G* (blue under three dots dictator spaced)] is unallowed, a red line makes that clear, and then, why is there the same red line beneath *unallowed* which is a word and a word spelled correctly? If *unallowed* is unallowed what could be allowed but total allowance which is, evidently, not the case, as *unallowed* 5 x typed =/is 5 identical zigzags of red? An independent (*a* to *e* and blue rectangle with empty center flashes below *in* [whose pruning [an *n* goes is gone but hidden blue rectangle remains and remains hidden] for *dependence*?]) period was, if I recall correctly, marked for the duration of a *did that happen*? but is no longer, just as *but* is no longer *but*, but *But*. *But* and *but* are both bugged by red tags that stick, and I return and lower the upper case *B* which is a continuation, not a fresh start. As a result, *but* is greenlined. Now would be a good time to mention that *greenlined* has now thrice been greened, but the typing of *redlined* is in the clear. I do enjoy that *greenlined*, even this time, is given its complimentary colour, and that *colour* is given a colour also three times, there’s something fitting there, but that’s in an abstracted realm, and in fact it’s dictator’s insistence (with a blue comes the changing of the *a*, as if there were two guards: the *e* and the *a*) an insistence I intensely dislike. By *independent*: *a to* and *a did* both had dictator’s green, but as time has moved on it seems that *a to* has been relieved of the burden. Not in the last sentence, there it is green as of old: an august youth.

*

T H E R E I S A M E A T H O D T H A T I B E L I E V E W I L L – no, I was wrong.¹⁶ Yesm (red? no?) [Yes with *m* (sounding right as rain) all red then connected to end of red without gap, green covering space and following bracket, continuing/ spanning all till end parenthesis (the question *no?* flickered, but w¹⁷s not left alone)] dash altered to regulations. *L* beside *L* touched with red.

*

1st¹⁸ the abbreviation the word *abbreviation* has my *r* or let's say the *r* I placed replaced with a *b* see? That was 2nd, and a blue line under ^{*nd*} and ^{*st*} – never saw it under ^{*st*} but I can feel it there I know dictator's habits, but yes on more than one occasion I've had no clue what logic was followed. 1st which happens twice the abbreviation for *street* not used that way is squashed and raised and another blue close under ^{*st*}. Space, hit: that moment that just was, found and finds if revisited from 1 to second ^{*st*} long long green zigzag the entire sentence with the exception of ^{*st*} which so far in each case when not superscripted¹⁹ has same green zigzag as the sentence I just mentioned with the exception that it is red and short/ so far 5 and once an ^{*n*} and a ^{*d*} isolated from *sec* in its numerical form. After a *long* that goes ignored by dictator another that shows its trace a red that brushes the bottom of the *L* and the *O* and the *N* but passes straight through the *g*'s descender the finger of a ghost, a critical one a present one an influential one one that hates doubles [second (2nd) *one* (1) of two (2) ones (1 1) that's not eleven (11) reddened by .doc (a green is gone that was that was under *by* and a too far perfectly far enough away *period* before *doc*] (a square bracket that's dictator's muddling when what I touched was curved and before that a 1 that has four miniscule red pixilated lines which are connected beneath it/ dictator's vigilance manifest). .doc/ dictator that acts as an arbiter of language doesn't comprehend descender and still doesn't sticking red/ lighting a fire under not my feet but that's the goal or gaol²⁰ – its /dash stretched (punched with

16 Wrong, but not completely wrong, in that the writing [a *t* is taken in under the gnawing wing of dictator/ won't see it again, and the blue rectangle that's left nearby the site of disappearance, just under the *w* is that a tombstone?] (*under* greened, but the irregular pattern of that green's alternating disappearance and reappearance brings me to morse (dictator wants *M* and reds until it gets it, which it doesn't) code, which I unfortunately cannot read, and read this sentence once more) of *METHOD* goes undetected when written with an *A* following the *E*.

17 An *a* that was capitalized by dictator here, and an *a* that's AWOL, and dictator makes it known that it is aware and disapproves by marking with red a hollow *was*. *An* and *a* are greened, are not, are. A little *a* is green, was not after it was. Greened: *a* next to *is*. Greened: *is*, it is greened and I'm going nuts.

18 I picked up Deanna Ferguson's *Rough Bush* which led me to a book I'd held for some time untouched Susanna Moodie's *Roughing It in the Bush* and apparently *apparently* ticks off dictator when an *e* comes along for the ride also last names possessing (double *i* (lower case I've gone back to revert which results in two lines connected or 4 squares placed so as to look like lines but either way red) merged without authorization [I have none it needs none]). I mention this as it illustrated dictator's influence and my ignorance: She wrote as a Brit new-landed, so wrote in British English, which continues today in Canada [U.K./ Canadian spelling] and how many words in my reading of the book differ from the way

I spell: ways dictator/.doc approves of save for one or two.

19 Obviously, (*O!* what largess!) now superscripted, but both ways = same result.

20 Dictator capitalizes its name it does that from time to time and dictator is partial to *jail*, declares such from red platform.

blue box white centre) given space and time evidence supporting the big bang?/ limited vocab and knowledge of accepted abbreviations shocks considering the silent power it infiltrates/ sits within our homes with. *Vocabulary* as I've heard it from the mouth lightened without *ulary* which as waste sounds bodily is afflicted with .doc's red marking as is the waste I just wrote and liked as imaginary jargon, gorgon of this paragraph. But nothings

set in stone: in the case

(a succession of tiny green squares known as pixils [.doc tags red/ WANTED: *e*] are lain below set) of "return to correct" [prior to succession *a* out of nowhere's given green and more immediately *nowhere's* has red zigzag added and added when I type it again] *limited* typed out on the left side of the already typed *vocab* (every time I write it, every time red) had dictator tickled the entire time, red widening beneath what was to .doc's understanding a single word not a process so captured in fragments of time appeared like so:

lvocab

livocab²¹

limvocab

limivocab

limitvocab

limitevocab

limitedvocab

until a space gave *limited vocab* (*vocab* never left be). Without a capital *u*, a green zigzag, a spastic one, the kind of one that shows (yet again) weakness in dictator in-

decision. ←²² GREEN

*

The question I come to is not "can I hide?" or "can I win?" and we are not finished or erased not completely not yet; the question I come to is in cohabitation how does the exasperation of nuisance standardize one worn down and down to... (blue rectangular mark and dots spaced just some more and in the adding of a parenthesis to say this a green beneath: (*compliance* and a green for *blue* a green

21 Pressing enter after *I period lvocab* (here it is a single word a word created by the negative attention of dictator a negative made positive [I can delude myself for a moment call it a red ribbon below it just like below each of the 7 in the list]) dictator takes charge of the numbering operation and furthermore indents the numbers of its list which was my list (usurpation) [it takes an *e* to place a *u*] (square bracket not the curved I tried to place) and (cherry on top) floats large square to the left of the list in which is the picture of a yellow lightning bolt, a symbol of Zeus, another son-of-a-bitch tyrant.

22 .doc improves upon my rude arrow assuming superiority is clean-cut (while attaching the blue [ever so politely]).

that's gone²³) compliancy? When the reactionary rebellion streaming forth returns to the indifference of the doctoral [a change is issued by dictator aka .doc (its holding of two titles being particularly significant in this case) when I type D I C T O R A L²⁴: a space, dictator's cue, finds *I* made *o* (mild surprise)]/ dictatorial/ totalitarian sea, the beating of wave upon wave insists goodbye but gets farewell and

23 That's back now and the *that's* *t* capitalized just here (and elsewhere). A *the* which I do not remember writing next to *that's* has dictator green *the* and *that's* and the spaxw between them. Then *the* and *A* and the space between them have a green line applied to them. An entertaining arrival of the finger onto *x* key when the destination was *c* key and arrival of same or different finger onto *w* key when it was *e* key I had intended to arrive at in the writing of *space* has it flagged with red and perhaps there's some treasure if we dig at the *x*, but what of the *w*? *A* standing all alone in the middle of a sentence marked by dictator with green. Sentence before this one every inch of its distance lined with green zigzag.

24 When a blunder is a blessing: the prefix *DICT* meaning *to speak* paired with *ORAL* meaning *spoken* or simply *of the mouth* together wrapped in the suggestion of dictatorship. And dictator censors the joy of creation beyond its bounds (and it is bound).

novels

Don't take your hands for feathers (diaphragm
swelled breath to open space) that'll make you
thin on canvas straight in what artists make from
heaven's cold coffee breaks & designated trays
please man & woman what they say for what
doesn't end embarrassed in all your favourite
novels you never could

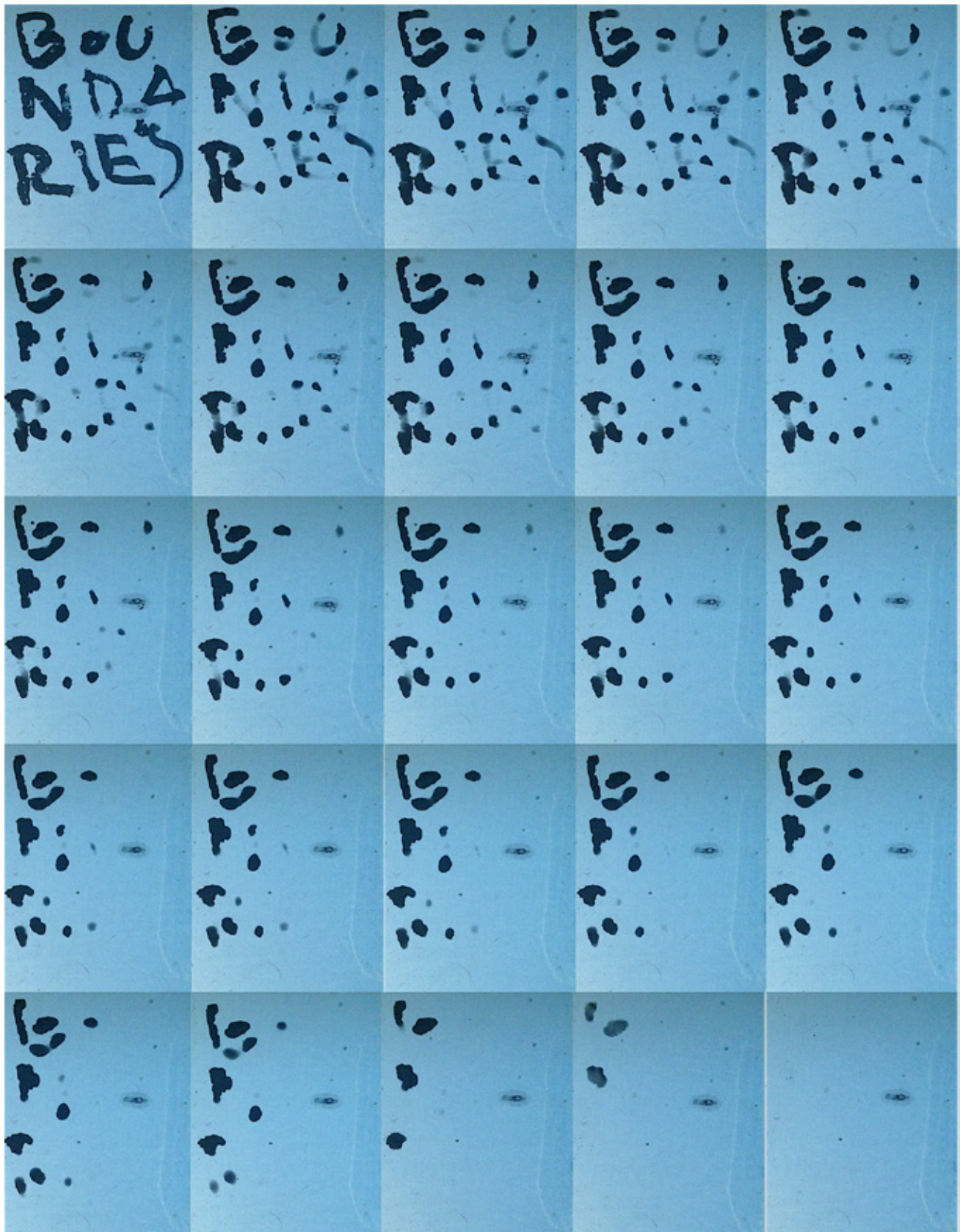
sycophants

Old women sycophants dying wide mouth
perm press stations walled & turned on
curtains over eyes undressing hairless
men over the counter sent stamped &
postage paid for semi-autobiographical
plates carved hearts traceable scars
that your hand at the corner waved I
think so far I've got your curled lips
resounding it

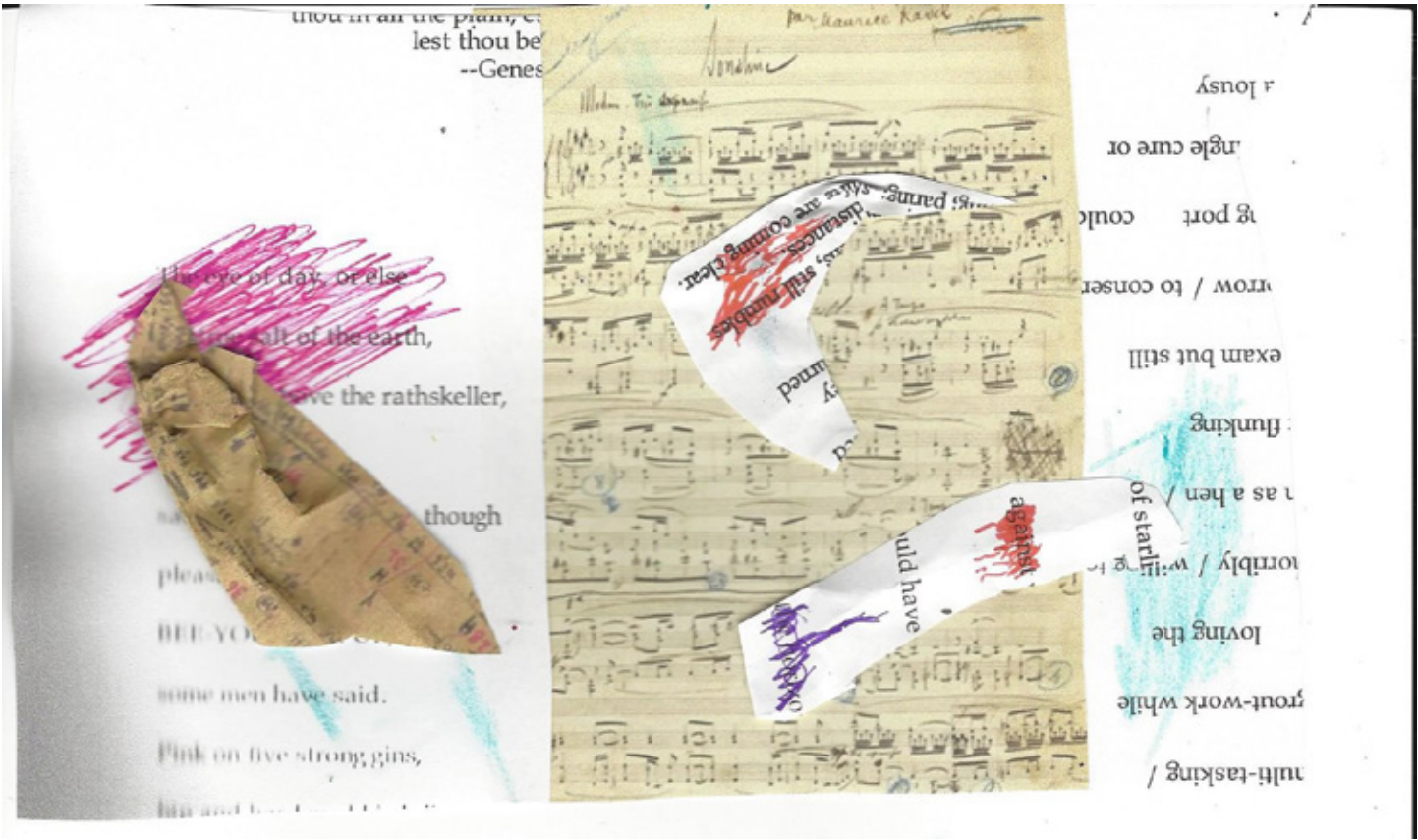
sweatshirt

Is it me who can so warmly those who
touch me away & so lovely aired simply
bad jokes about prom green sweatshirts
as if hurting ends with off-tilted mirrors
& tonight be slightly more please tell me
honestly

Versions of these poems have previously appeared in ditch, (ditchpoetry.com).



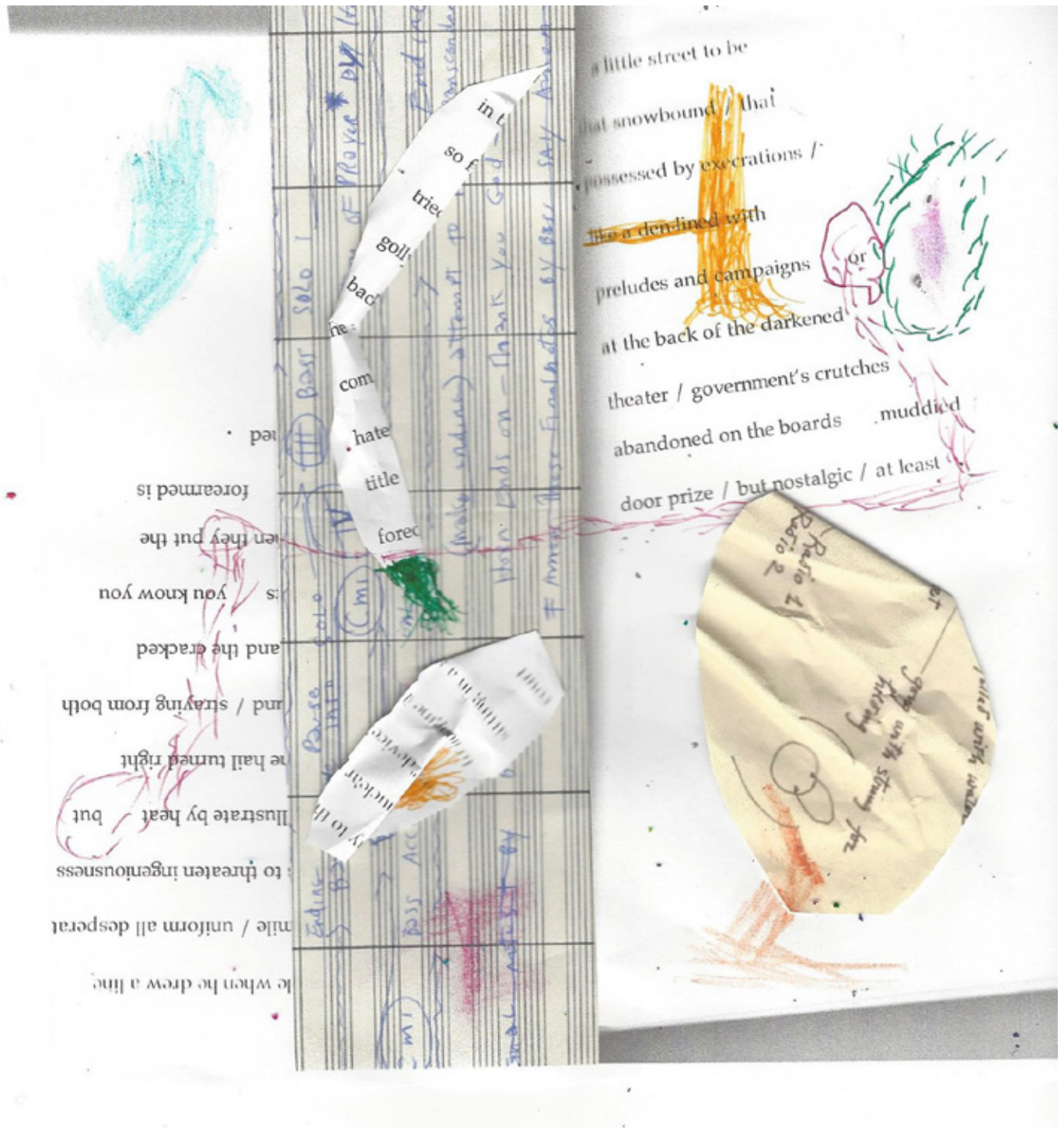


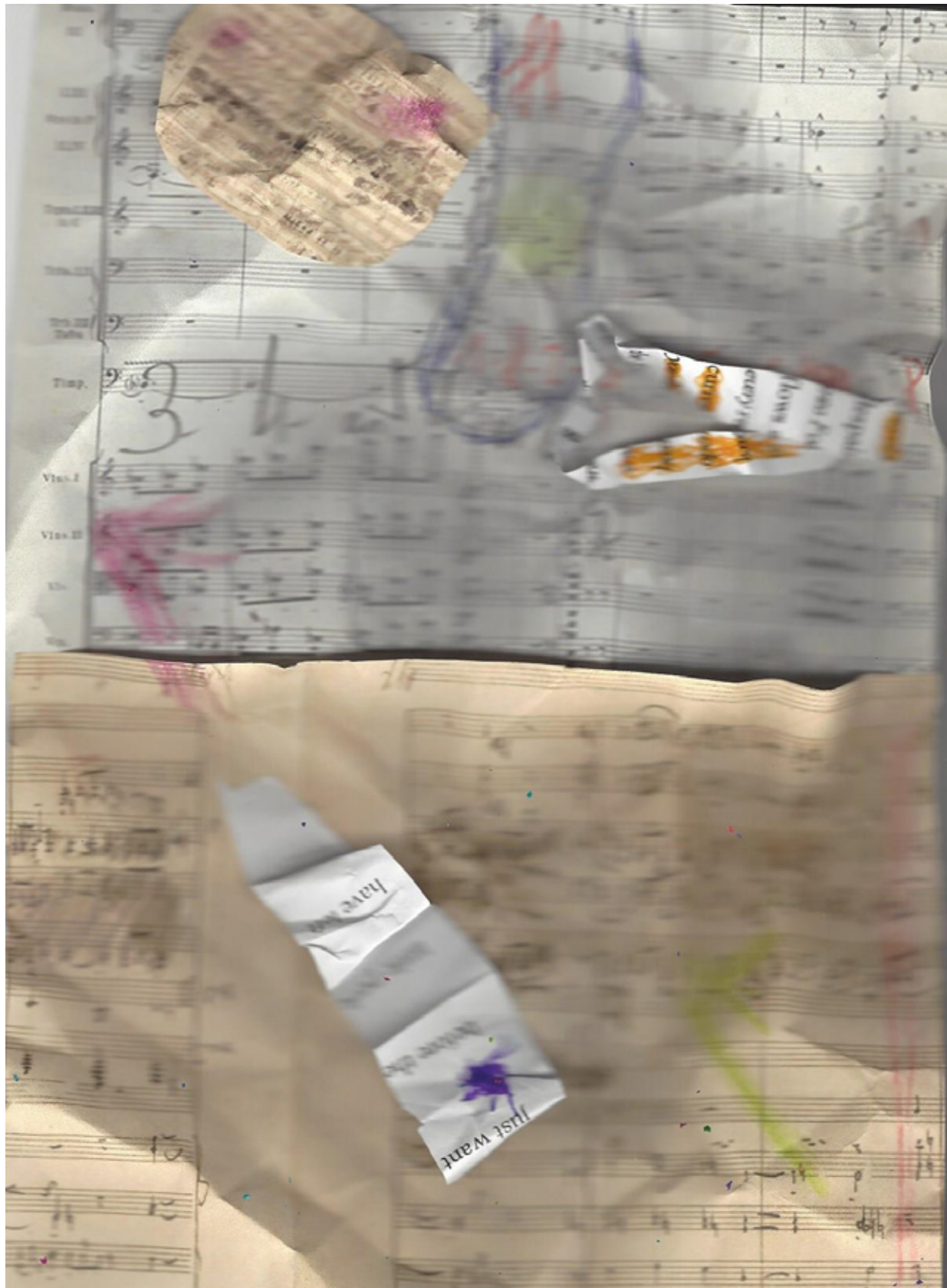


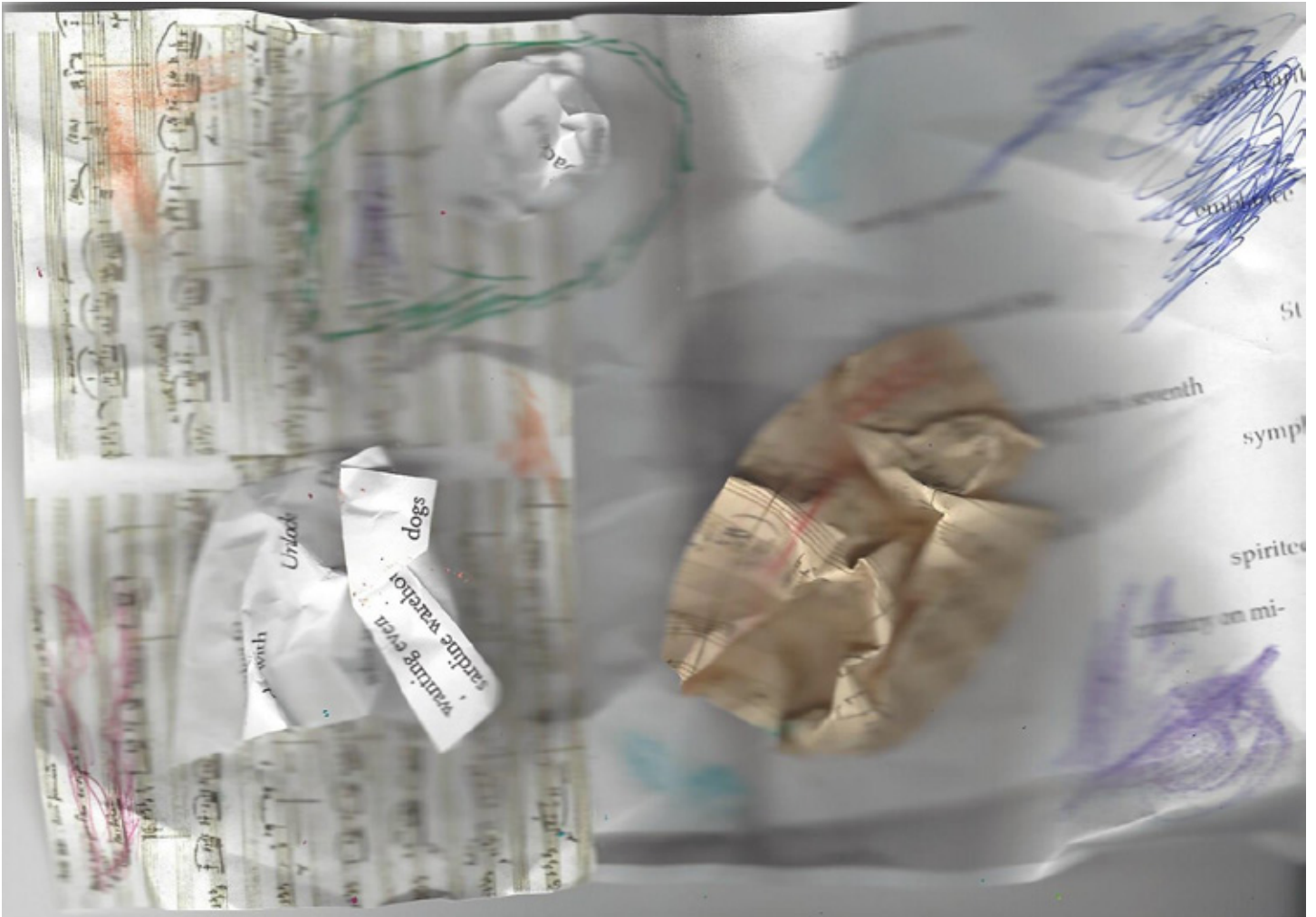


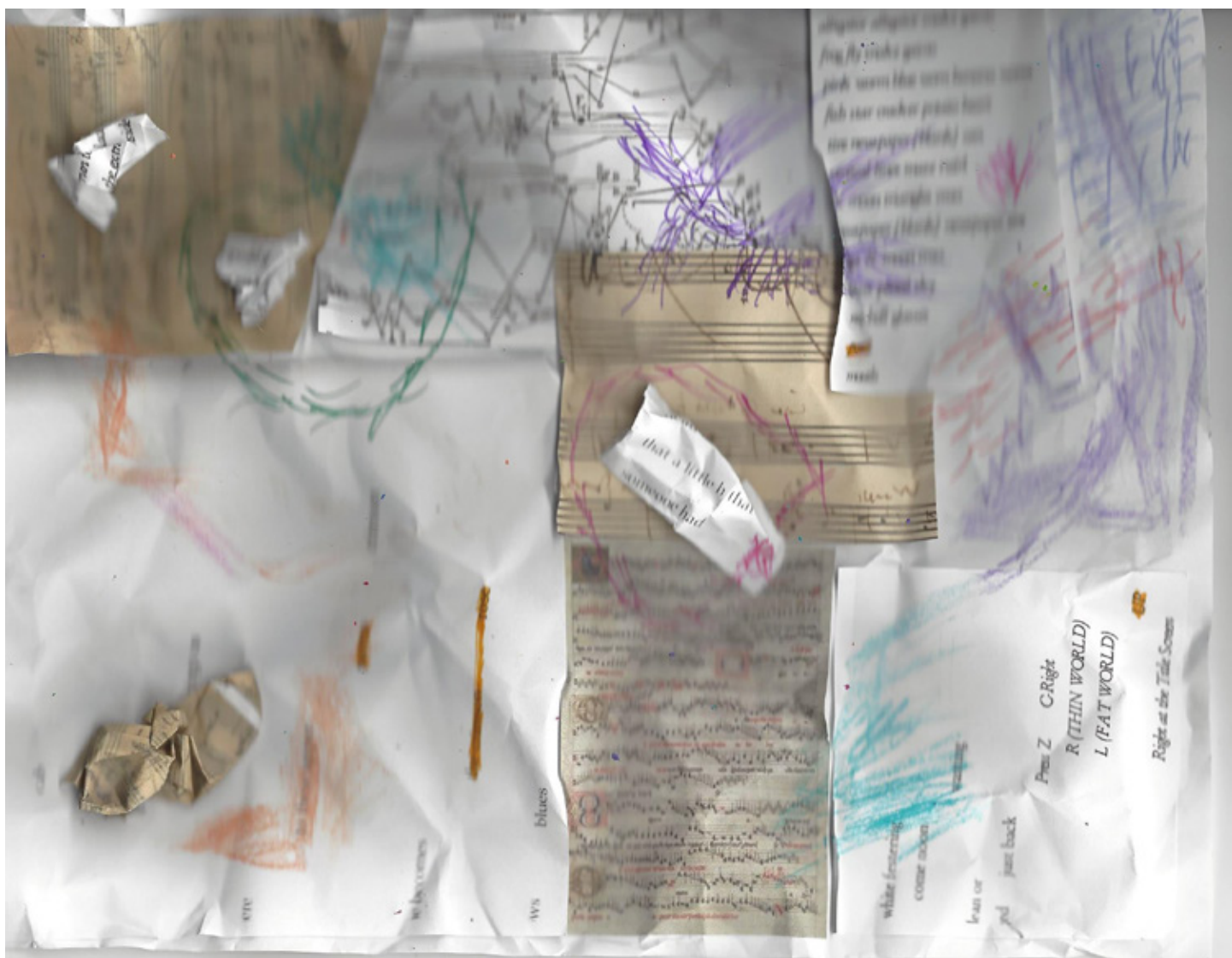








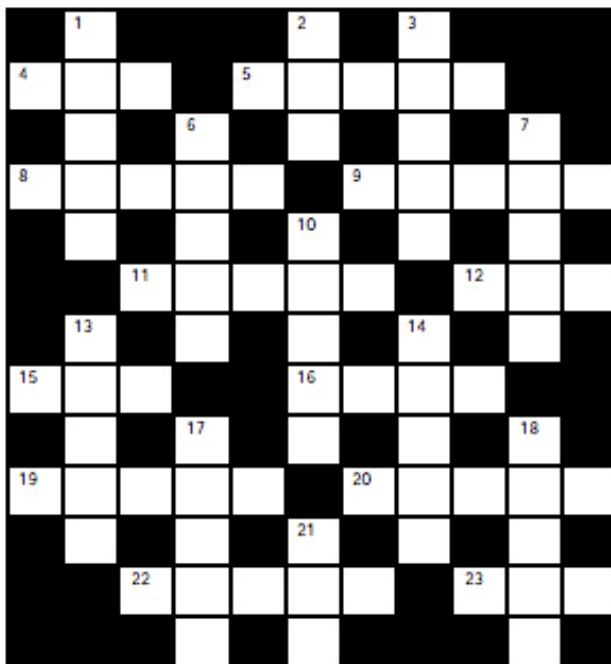




SCHOOLHOUSE ____ TM

ACROSS

- 4 "It's a hot-spot, it's a ____!"
("Interplanet Janet")
- 5 "It's got no movin' ____!"
("Body Machine")
- 8 "____ Room"
- 9 "Multiply 7 times 7,
Take 49 ____ right up to
7th heaven."
("Lucky Seven Sampson")
- 11 "And now pulling down on
the lever ____ our ballots."
("Sufferin' Till Suffrage")
- 12 "____oter Computer and Mr Chips
They've got the answers
at their fingertips."
("Number Cruncher")
- 15 "Ga____eo!" ("Victim of
Gravity")
- 16 SCHOOLHOUSE ____ TM
- 19 "____ is a Magic Number"
- 20 "Introducing the greatest show
on ____" ("The Weather")
- 22 "Milk and honey,
____ and butter,
Peas and rice."
("Conjunction Junction")
- 23 "When I use my imagi____ion
I think, I plot, I plan,
I dream"
("Verb: That's What's Happening")

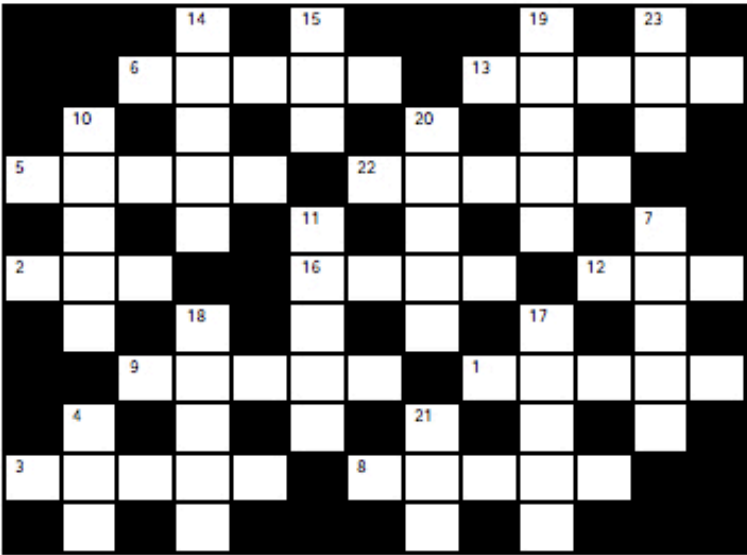


DOWN

- 1 "I took a ferry to the Statue of Liberty.
My best friend was waiting there for me.
(He took an ____ ferry.)"
("A Noun is a Person, Place, or Thing")
- 2 "____ this or that; grow thin or fat.
Never mind, I wouldn't do that.
I'm fat enough now!"
("Conjunction Junction")
- 3 "Oh, I took a train, took a train,
To another ____."
("A Noun is a Person, Place, or Thing")
- 6 "Nuclear and thermal and ____,
If we miss, we'll get colder and colder."
("Energy")

- 7 "Without Earth's gravity
To keep us in our place,
We'd have no weight at all
We'd be in outer ____."
("Victim of Gravity")
- 10 "When you run out of digits,
You can ____ all over again."
("My Hero, Zero")
- 13 "Mother Edison worked late each ____,
It went well until the fading light."
("Mother Necessity")
- 14 "But I wonder who that sad little ____
of paper is?" ("I'm Just a Bill")
- 17 "The Shot ____ 'Round the World"
- 18 "Burning fuel
And using ____
They generate . . ."
("Electricity")
- 21 "Now the blood's not ____,
It's kinda special
Come dig it,
Circulate!" ("Circulation")

LOUSES ____ HOOCH



SOLUTIONS

E E S
GAS PARTS
R S T A S
ELBOW STEPS
Y L S E A
 CASTS SCO
N R A S E
LIL ROCK
G H T R S
THREE EARTH
T A B P E
 BREAD NAT
 D D M

C I T A
 ORALS THING
T A L H E T
TARPS BEARD
R S S A E P
ATE CORK DAB
S M A T H C
 PESTS LAYER
S A S C R S
TASTE BOWEL
G S S D

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



Several counts of theft.
She's only refilled it three times.
The flags look faded.
The boys are actually men.
He smiles at them, gets nervous.
It becomes apparent they are singing for a funeral.
He hasn't been there in 30 years.
The beginning is the balloon's falling.
It is the year 2052.
A salute of acquiescence.
The dogs are included on the family tree.
Every one else's death with techno music.
If I do something else it's going to be exceptional.
Talk without action is wrong.
The roses. The bridal veil.
Learn to fucking type.

Married to the self.
Normally I would never do this.
The men are annoyed as if they were boys.
He takes what's in the dead man's pocket.
They leave and get on a bus.
He is climbing up some winding stairs.
Plays a cello.
A man is driving a Mercedes.
Enters a rich house.
Walks from room to room in the dark taking off his tie and shirt.
The closest thing to an alter ego.
There is traffic but no traffic jams.
The voice-over ruins the narrative.
Walking down a hallway turning off all the lights.
Worse case 6 months.
Best Case 6 months.
[silence in German]
Fake shots, injections.
But probably mostly all in sunglasses.

Medical incompetence.
"No peoples can survive without memory."
Still in ruins, still holding art exhibitions.
One of the others is throwing up. Not a normal every day event.
He goes home. He calls Heleneka. He suddenly felt lonely.
Ridiculous music followed by completely different type of ridiculous music.
She tells him his mother called, that he never visits.
One image of landscaped architectures leads to another, the same, but from a
different vantage point.
Apoplexy.
Everyone's walking so slow they could be cars.
For us, it was to not get raped by the guards.
(It's hard to remember.)
She takes roll.
They call him "Teacher Boy."
A bird flies onto the windowsill outside.

I didn't expect a woman.
"In the land of I don't remember."
"I've been with you six months. I want to know your name."
She rejects his offer to come over.
He calls someone else. Zuzi. He tells her the same line.
We go back with him to a memory. See him as a child.
Stalled construction scenes. Scaffolding abandoned.
Dirt never having made it to its purpose.
Won't the horsehairs turn to eels in his stomach?
Evidence of an open window.
I've just captured the sex drive.
Not sure if she actually is or isn't surprised.
A woman comes rushing in, in blue and green and a red handbag.
The train broke down again.
The radio is talking about socialism in Czechoslovak.
"The system is nearing collapse."
Sleeping near the altar in a church.
A puddle on the inside of a building.

The interview with the neighbors.
"Cross out Rodrigo."
Asks him, as he is being beaten up, has he ever felt like that inside.
The priest yells at the boy, & the boy startled, wakes up and rings the bell.
Silent cinema never died.
He is walking through a cemetery. He tells an old woman he restores headstones.
Ladder leaning on its side.
Accidentally drinking the potion.
Helicopter. Men walking through a field, past a building.
"Sexual revolution and anti-imperialism go together."
I heard every single shot.
From the TV: "By preaching destabilization they encourage subversive ideas."
She wonders why it is so expensive.
In the back room with the equipment. In the projector room.
Wires hanging loose from the ceiling.

His face is still on milk cartons.
 She comes in with a doll that seems so real.
 He runs and runs through a field, running and running.
 Flashback to running as a child.
 It starts to rain.
 His friend calls him back with a gesture resembling a violin stroke.
 The picture messes up and he fixes it.
 The blank wall's hidden imageries.
 His face is bloody. The bar owner kicks him out or he runs.
 How blankness has a blue tinge.
 I locked her in the closet because he's fragile.
 Expropriation.
 His father hit him just like any kid.
 Men in a bar. They are "advisors."
 The sound of something dropping.
 They are back in the same church.
 But then the cracking starts and the camera moves around to show the boys in suits.
 One blue eye, one green.
 He knew the code word.

The rare appearance of a woman.
 I found my true family.
 Because she doesn't have her hair in a bun, and it is short, and she has very dangly earrings.
 Then a construction worker comes running through, then a man in a suit comes running through after him shooting. He kills him.
 The woman is singing and looking back at him.
 Clapping the cat away.
 She escaped but snuck out too soon.
 "We were better off against Franco."
 "We women should be guiding the conversation."
 People who work there are working. Sweeping, adding on a calculator. We see pictures of happy couples in the frames. The workers don't seem happy or unhappy.
 "Music means celibacy," his father told him.
 A train moving through, making a stop. They are in the city now.
 The camera starts moving back to give us a better view.
 A woman is on the phone.
 Violins, shoeless, hole in sock, beer beside him in a big room.
 A kettle is on.
 I never pressed charges because I have sense of humor.
 Fuck the main policy.

As she starts to crumble/decay, he grabs her by the throat.
Unusually no customer in sight.
We have not only drawn a line...
Leper sex killer on the loose.
A woman in red poses as if for a picture but there is no evidence of a photographer,
only the cinematographer's film rolls on and on and she poses and poses, often with
other red things.
The fog promises renewal.
The antagonist becomes the protagonist.
The hormonal system is self-perpetuating.
You decide when you die.
Then we hear water flowing and see a man doing dishes ignoring the baby crying.
Then he pays attention and starts talking baby talk to the baby.
I don't believe in chance.
The holding room.
Saying goodbye, urn in hand.

He can remember every single moose he's shot.
There are things we need to understand.
Maggie Cheung with a British Accent.
There's no use in just praying for a better world.
A nationalistic song begins to be sung.
Following him back onto the train.
The woman starts to sing with the kettle top circling around her heel.
Her daughter takes down the number.
The references to an era of criminality.
Whether the music a drone or simply traffic.
Peg leg hitting the metal.
The history of White Setters.
A building that looks like the frames of a film.
I don't think so, because I don't even see you.
Che Guevara, JFK.

The bell rings, the teacher walks down the hall.
 He is told shhhhh, is stabbed, is killed, on the busy train.
 "If he finds out later we didn't tell him, he'll be upset."
 In before anyone else. Eager to get at it.
 Everything seems mostly the same, but European.
 Fire eats love.
 He starts lifting her skirt with his violin bow, she turns around and hits him with her
 sheet music.
 The Setter is pointing well.
 A lamp in place of your face.
 "Leave me in peace, just really do it."
 I'll never resign myself to doing nothing.
 Our subject is Argentine history.
 There are three warnings.
 No one on the train is aware of what just happened, it was done so quietly.
 They are driving, they honk at some beautiful women. We don't see their reaction.
 A woman sleeping in bed turns on the light and asks him the time.

Sourced from

Clean – Olivier Assayas
 Our Nixon – Penny Lane
 Androids Dream - Ion De Sosa
 Cinema Paradiso – Giuseppe Tornatore
 Kolya – Jon Svěrák
 Tsotsi - Gavin Hood
 The Official Story – Luis Puenzo
 Archangel – Guy Maddin
 Poison - Todd Haynes
 Reservoir Dogs – Quentin Tarantino
 Elegance - Virpi Suutari
 Il Divo – Paolo Sorrentino
 The Baader Meinhof Complex - Uli Edel

Tsan Pho is majoring in Anthropology and dislikes Lars Von Trier.

Rebecca Ferris is a first year creative writing student and likes Wong Kar-wai.

Jack Mansfield wants to (and should) marry a burrito.

Catherine is a Pharmacy student and likes Almodovar.

[Sullen brown couch photo]

Lydia studies Performance and likes Thai food.

Bree knits caps for premature babies.

[Smiley up close photo]

James is a runner.

[photo of Adidas]

[photo of a red light bulb]

[photo of a reflection in a mirror photo]

[photo of an orange cat]

[photo of blue gloves]

Marc prefers writing fiction and John Fluevog loafers.

Phylicia was born in Korea and loves the Yankees.

Cecily likes brunch but she dislikes cold pizza.

Shawn prefers cycling to driving but dislikes hiking.

[face face face]

[like like like]

[dislike major major]

Joe studies Accounting, loves escape rooms, but hates limitations.

Tolonda just broke up with her boyfriend.

[photo of a Hallmark card with a red heart]

Consuela is studying to become a nurse.

Jennifer MacBain-Stephens

[photo of a mug: *I can't fix stupid but I can sedate it*]

Mike contends with bipolar disorder.

[photo of little white pills on table]

[photo of a cracked Samsung cell phone screen.]

Abigail is a gymnast in her spare time.

Who has spare time anymore?

[photo of a cemetery]

Peter doesn't tell anyone he takes speed.

[photo of little red pills on a table]

Kim watches rom coms on her ipad, alone in her room.

[photo of a blinking Motel 6 sign]

Max has vocal modulation problems.

[photo of a smashed guitar]

He finds it challenging to keep friendships.

[photo of the Facebook "block" button]

Mr. Fielding advises film students.

[photo of a blue bungalow house, characteristic of the Northeast states]

Mr. Fielding is having an affair with Ms. Beckett.

[photo of an apple on a desk]

Donald smiles a lot but inside he doesn't feel he is good enough.

[photo of a man undoing his belt]

Pamela is afraid of sharks since watching her father drown as a child.

[photo of a plated, rare steak]

Cory won't admit he is afraid of squirrels.

[photo of the movie poster *Into the Woods*]

Jennifer MacBain-Stephens

Going outside is torture for him.

[photo of an iron maiden]

Harold doesn't talk about his malignant tumor.

[photo of an advertisement for Quick Care: Pedestrian Mall Location]

Nanette goes home to Jacob who sometimes hits her.

[photo of Title Boxing Club membership card]

Freddy moved here from Los Angeles to get away from his dad.

[photo of a silver flask]

Christopher mails money to his mother.

[photo of arm restraints on a hospital bed.]

Bijou Cinema offer: *movie coupons available*.

No celebration is too small to rent our theater.

After the International Union for Conservation of Nature classified species as “critically endangered”

Is it a mystery ungulate illness
or exploding chemicals from Russian test rockets?
No one knows. I look for you in the space
between the window screen and eternity.
So many particles I cannot name them
yet they add up to fusion. Oh Saiga, you
and your bizarre bulging eyes roam the
Kazakhstan tundra. Why are you dying?
Is it something in the water? No human
rides your back – maybe you long to feel weight.
You have tired from frequenting the same
sand dunes, your spongy proboscis filtering out
dust. Your horns spiral out of control.
There is no need to butcher you anymore
for eastern fertility rituals, pocket the horns,
leave the carcass to rot. Man exploded
while you imploded. You do not know how to
communicate to the herd: *the worst predator*.

magenta plastic frame
black and white Brooklyn Bridge

repurposed blue wooden frame
bemused Audrey Hepburn

blue and white striped frame
Mr. Met smiles

green with gold flecks
Wolf pack roaming nature scape

fire engine red rectangle
Mojave desert at night

thin wispy black metal frame
Picasso's three eyed woman glares

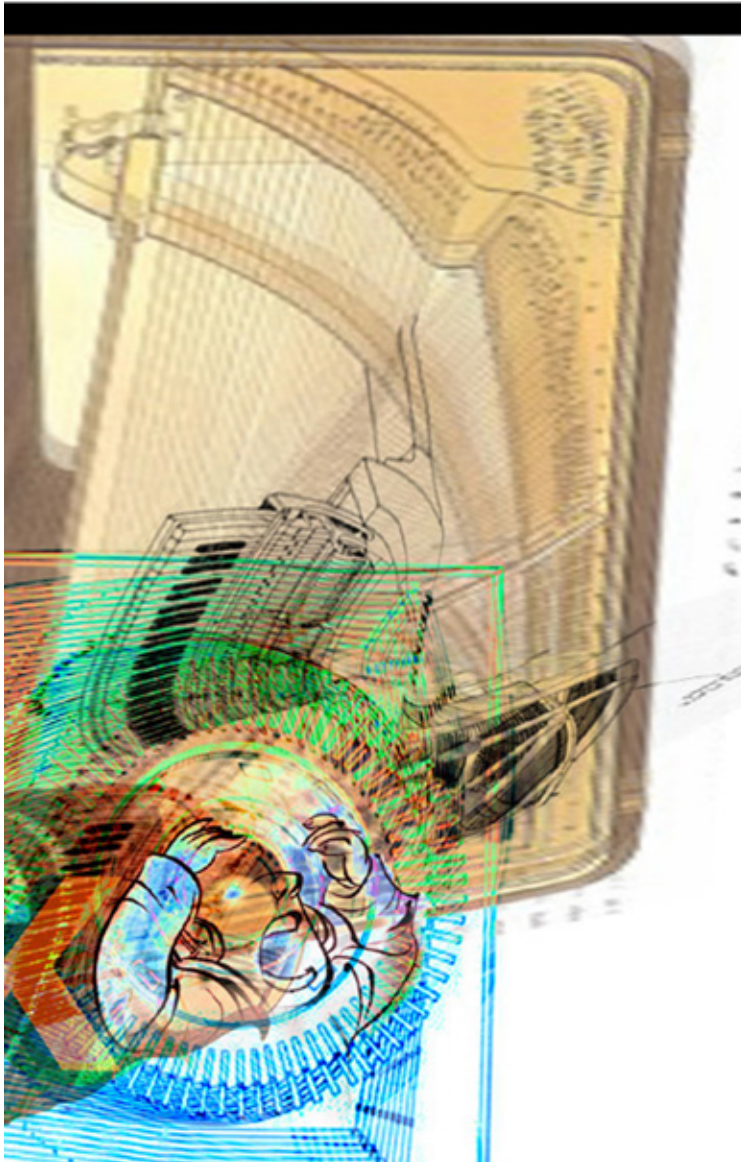
at us from every angle
dreams of looking straight ahead



written by
J.F. MARTEL

illustrated and designed by
DOMINIC BERCIER

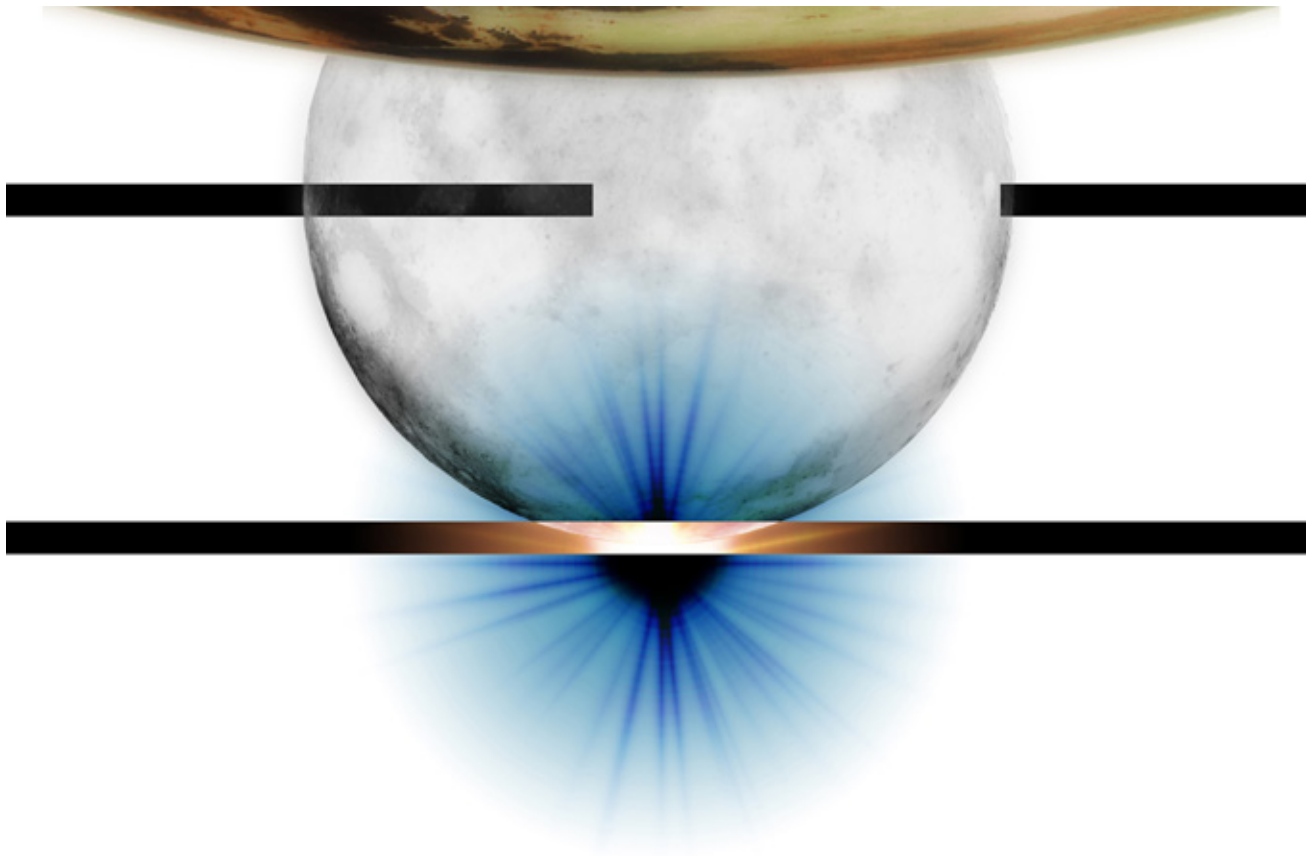
WE SHALL SING OUR WEDNESDAYS : An Illustrated Poem
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WE SHALL SING OUR WEDNESDAYS

an illustrated poem

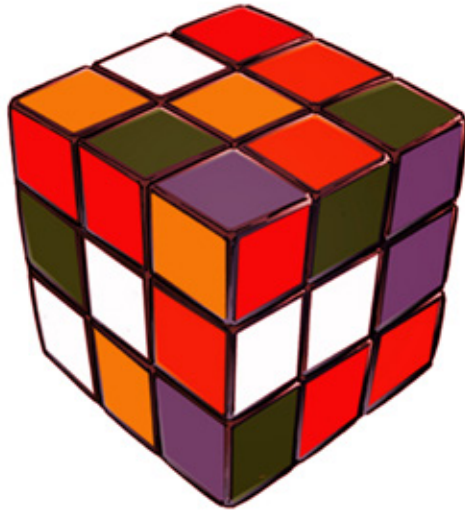






The nights coagulate,
They sing their wednesdays.
This is the hour of mayhem
The year of the scarab
When white stars invoke
The exhumation of truth.



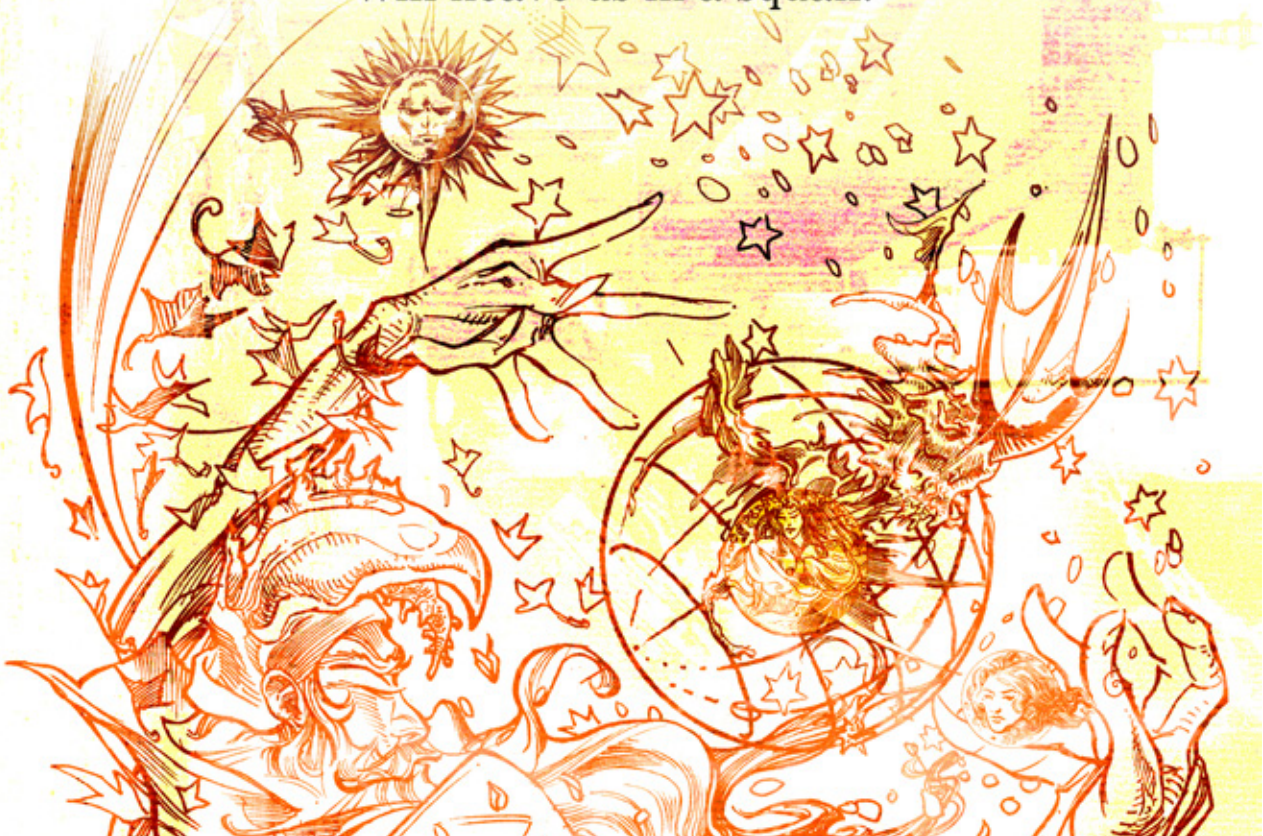


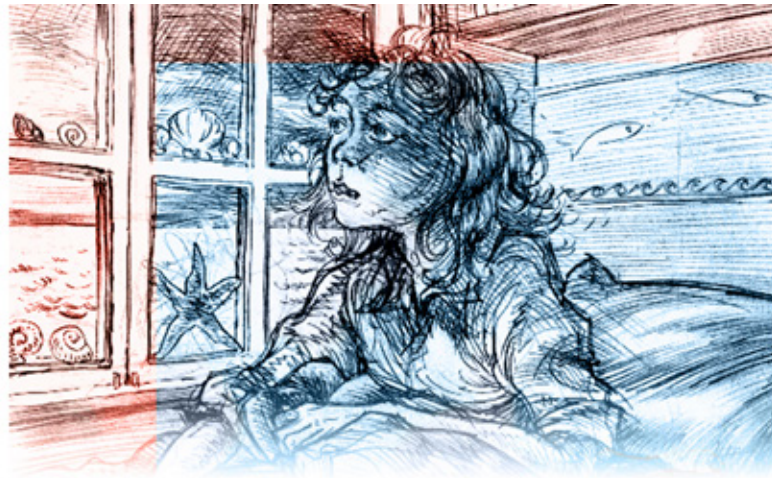
This is the bible in flesh,
The word with a mask,
The shadow of clockwork
Dancing on the shell of god.





And in the skyward distance
I see the coils of planetary gyrations,
Invisible now but not so at dusk,
For then the heaviest light
Will heave us in a squall.





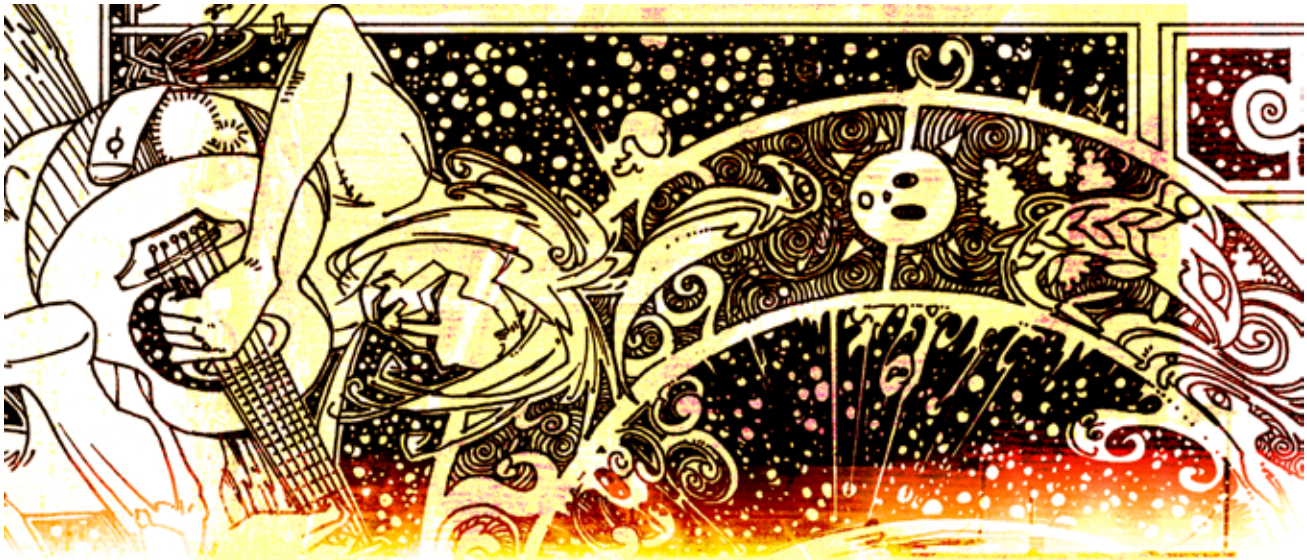
Passion-broken, show them
Sigils carved of ether, show them
Ships of glass, show them
Cities in the daze of morning, between
The tower and the mountain, show them
The rage of love.





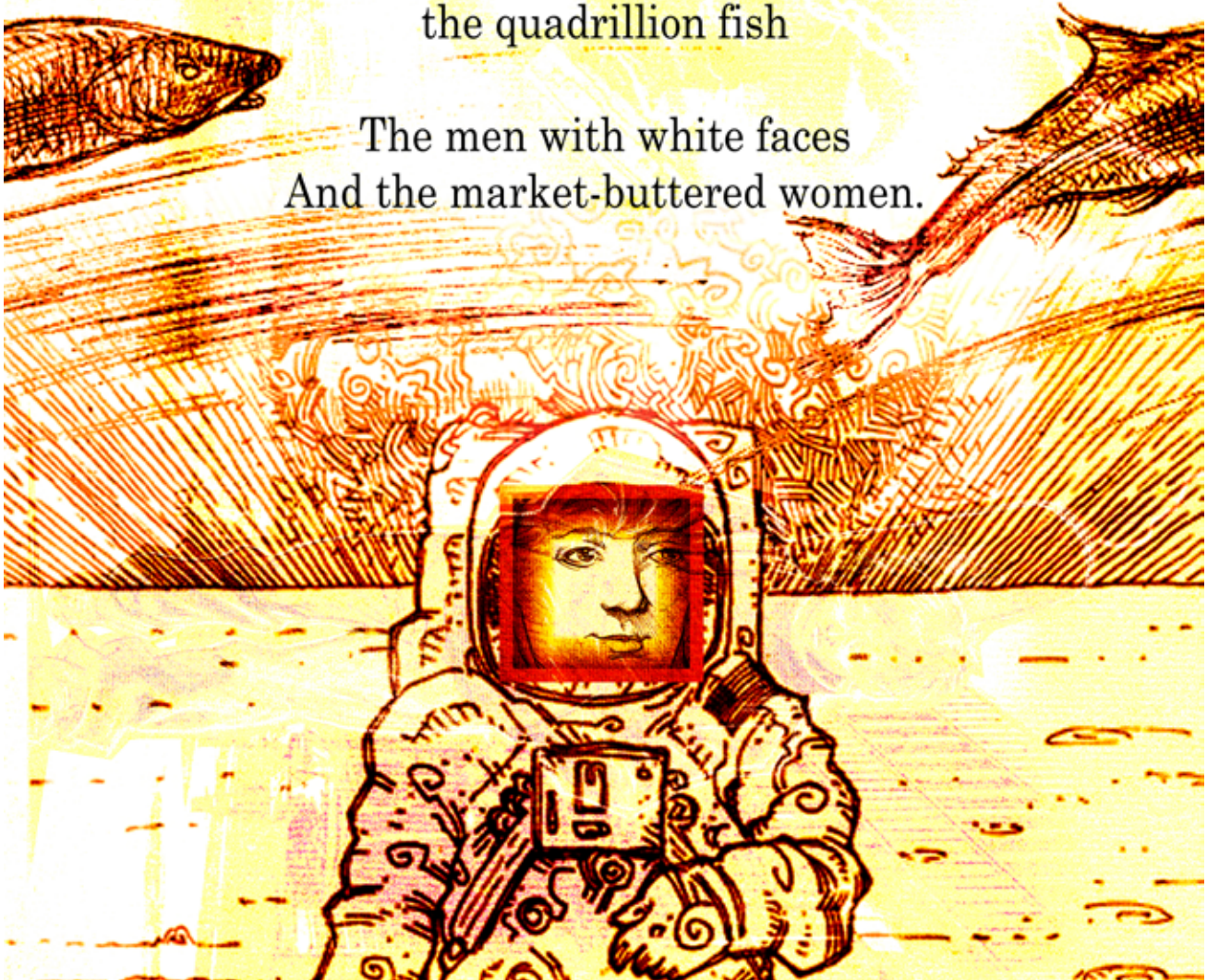
They will sing their wednesdays
And we shall precede.





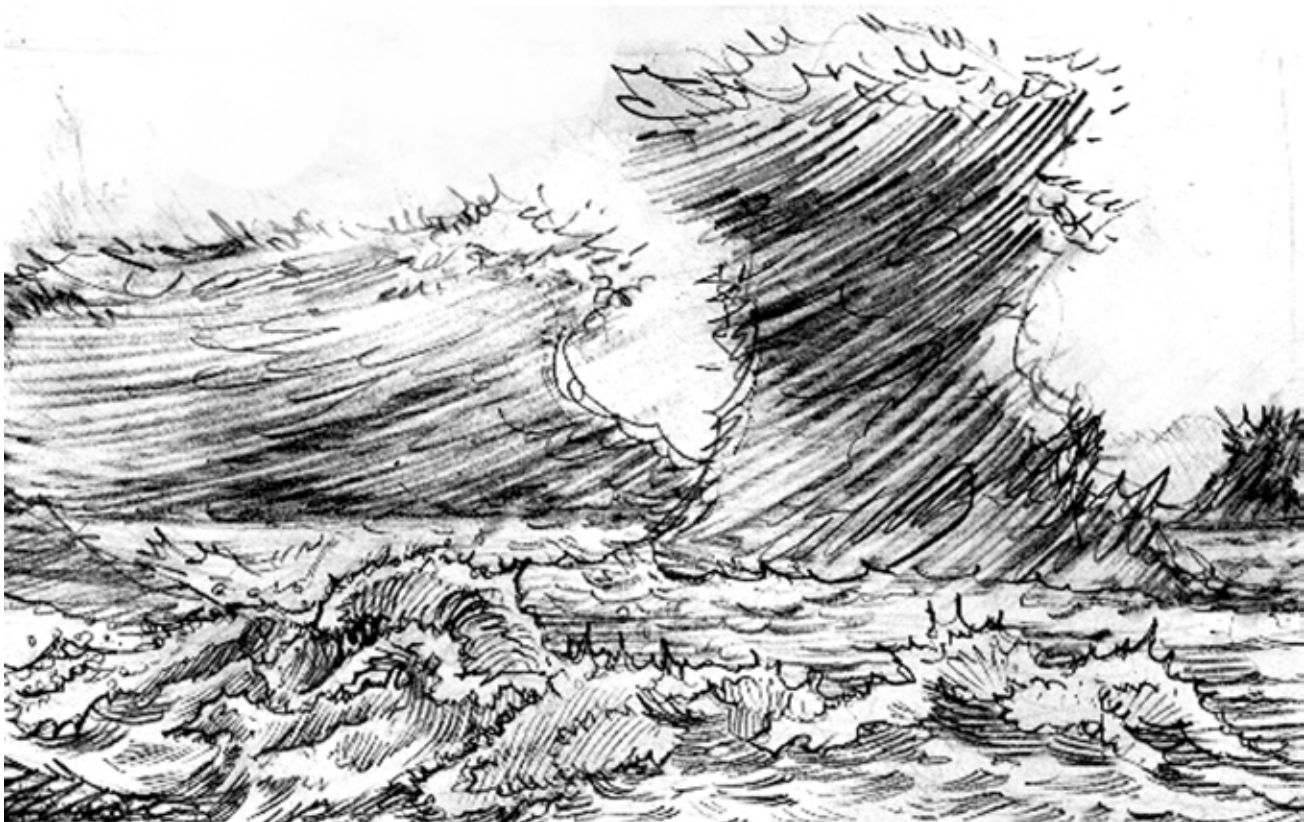
We shall precede the cloud-stained birds,
the quadrillion fish

The men with white faces
And the market-battered women.





We shall precede the fire of the first cause,
We shall churn and tumble like a beached storm,
We shall callously stake our lives on a whim, a wind





In the shallows shall free us, a wind

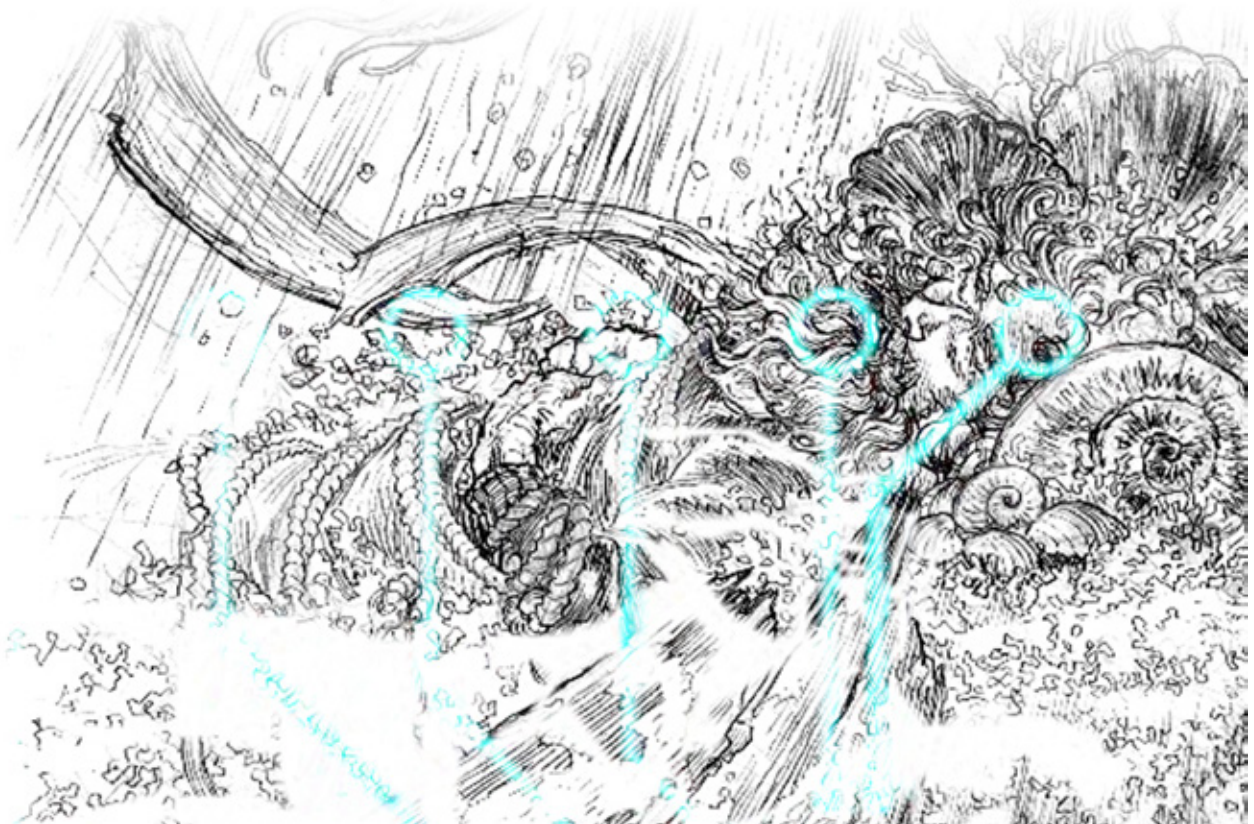
In the gallows shall rock us, a wind

Of sin in the red garb of plague
shall ride us like mastodons.





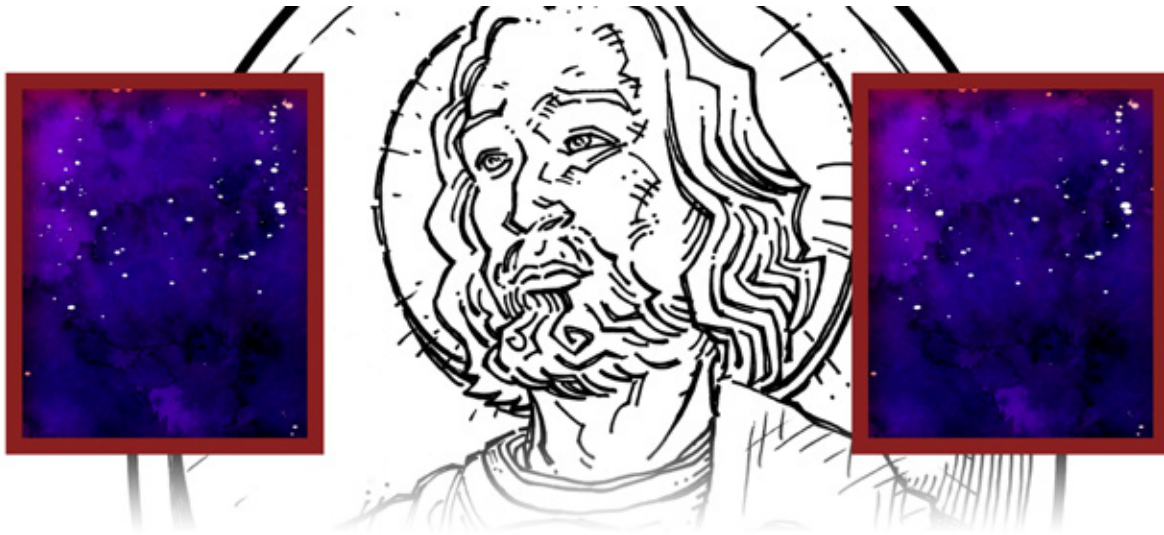
And we shall be the children of the mother city,
We shall mend the fibrous mould of angels,
We shall sculpt the knife-nosed face of the man-goat,
We shall spook the masters of cemeteries,



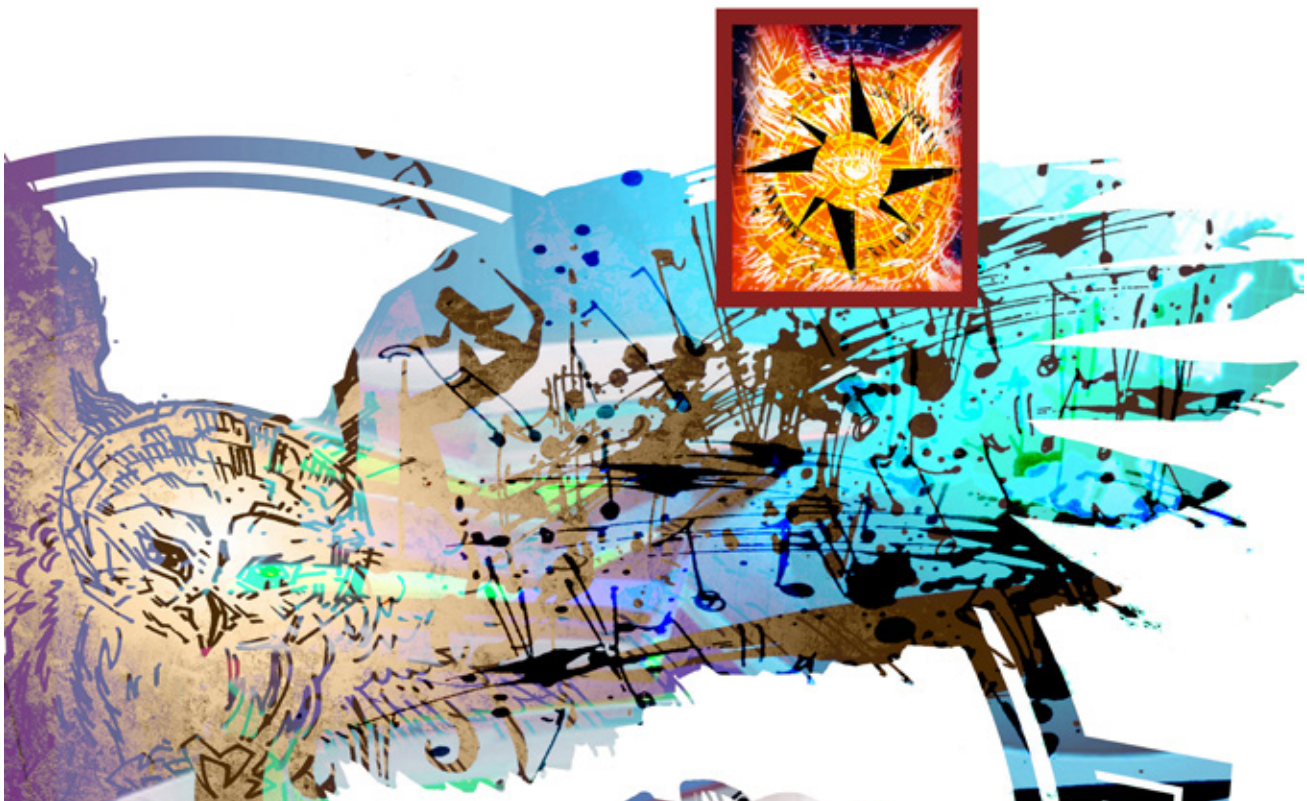


We shall toil the field where the shell of god lies
Sideways-fallen in a rut, cracked and jagged
Broken, with one eye staring out to heaven
And another muddled in the mud.





We shall make the towers scream,
The veils of space-time tear at the seams:
We shall sing our wednesdays,
Make owls of limits and set them
On the motor-mice and the plastic vermin.





We shall sparrow the crows and seal the whales
Stand on the ramparts and wither to life.

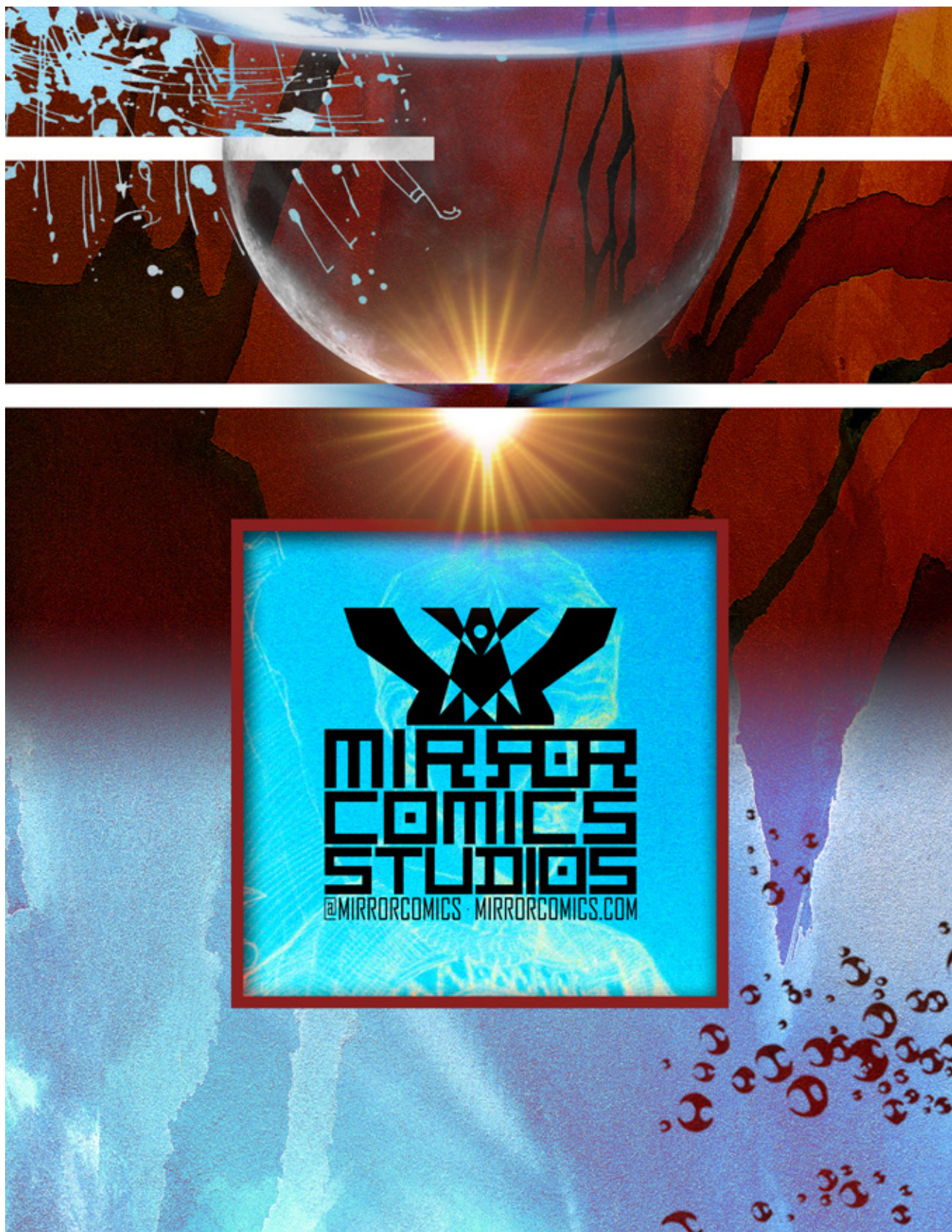




And in the final movement, the black mouth of noon
Will spew forth in gobs the sweet face of the moon.







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without being seen I slip away
three powers stolen
a singular dark eye
a head of quills
the dream of returning to the moment
the child of the history I now weave
ripped from womb among laces and vaginettes
eyes and teeth — eyes and teeth
yellow — dead
oxidized fingernails — mysterious phalli
that my look fry
in the lukewarm oil of my cunt
afterward the dream remains
where I kill and do not die
anonymous I leap among the tumults

the apples he brought to me
to me — runner from another world
in the hope that he would sleep with me
not knowing that I am the insomne
a sorceress of the street — a whore
the log and the seeds protect
the secret of my eyes — the secret of my lashes
they are rams — they are souls
those who live in the niche of this world
they run about me
now speedy — now agitated
and I laugh with the stream of their tricks
my feet knot the stitching they leave
betrothed eternally by other females
the fervor that dies in a moment
taciturn promise of eden
the body of men

through the nights and in the shadows
covered they arrive at the gate
what I have that is mine is desire
a virgin— a lesbian
they say and mourn
the space in the shadows where the forge is
sparks —splinter foresee
those who await my clothes and my hats
while they watch the pyre that is ignited
in my mouth— in my fingers
if a son should leave this womb
let there be music— flute or violin
let there be bread

water

flour

1

eaven

drunkards have come to me
they ride the bottle and see me
three times ignited
the candles that I have lighted
my face on the corners
the drunks say faro
other wombs sway — but not mine
to the sons of those men — they repeat my name
fearful of my shade by night
demonized bitch without teeth
howling to the moon in the mirror
she denudes herself alone before them
and dances cunning in the reflection
of knaves and old men
that now snore

and dream not

my mother revenge
cruelty the fury that unbinds the night
in imagined cantos — in caresses
that lie with words — with filters
in my kingdom — this bed — any bed
the aurora tends the sheets that so many men
tear at the ringing of the clock — the coin
while I look to the west
the west wind illumined at a bad time blows
the pilgrim shadows
to his altar keep on coming
one by one and many together
to watch over the arms — to become inebriated
to ponder over the truth in my words

hera I am in this house of saffron
daughter of time
air of earth — bindweed — roots
in my hands they care for the spouses
solitary girls — slippery valves
sobs in words
bodyguard and iron of the secret
drawn in the flesh of the bodies
in the mystery of the fig — when it opens
flowers in a goldenness of seeds
speckled liquor that upon vibrating
capsizes a distilled dream — the ray that crosses
here those men come burnt
typhoon of prostituted memories
mete out the rooms in the pleasure by shadows
secret — of other fleshs
who sadly guesses on intuition and steals
what is the fire of the goddesses of this world
walks errant and blind through life
forgets
what he has seen
knows not

if you don't see me it's because I'm a stone
and stones are the dust of the road
but the mouth — the lips
of a woman — yes
of a woman
before my body — the world
slept deserted
the gods distracted or tranquil
were looking down and sighing
how to make a world? — how to make a world?
my lips have been born from words
and the words have been born from lips
they are no more — now
they are just pebbles tumbling along the wind
in another turn of time
in another turn of nothing

*Translation from Spanish:
Chris Lovelace & Mado Reznik*



Narrow waist, soft rise
of hips, river banks,
sweet grass and marsh,
chiseled ivory dusted.
She sighs into the bed.
Eager for the feel of
her husband's clever
muscles, a home she's
always known, for that
catch in his eye as if
memory were sinister
and sinister would indulge
her with many shivers.
He breaks a wine-
bowl the slave neglected.
Cursing, Oedipus
encircles Jocasta's heat.
Torches are dark.
Something is at the door.

Thanks to *Redheaded Stepchild*, which first published this poem.

Writer, public intellectual, Berkeley professor, publisher, recipient of a MacArthur Fellowship, father, and 75-year-old man-of-color, Ishmael Reed was harangued by three clerks today at a Walgreens on Shattuck. He was shopping for a pack of bottled water.

Taking a break from hiding out from the Nazis in an attic with his family in Holland, teenaged girl Ishmael Reed was harassed today by three clerks at a Walgreens in Berkeley. As he noted in his famous diary, it was a hot day in July and he was shopping for bottled water.

Long known as Walt Disney's favorite Mouseketeer, buxom Ishmael Reed, who died earlier this year from complications of MS, was targeted today by three clerks at Walgreens. He was thirsty and looking to buy a bottle of water.

Hunted across the seas by the bookish Captain Ahab of New England, large white whale Ishmael Reed was profiled by three clerks at a Walgreens in Berkeley. It was July, the Pacific was hot, and he had tired of salt water.

Holding a bag of Skittles and a cell phone, and wearing a gray hooded sweatshirt, 17-year old Ishmael Reed was challenged today by three clerks at a Walgreens in Berkeley. Mr. Reed was shot dead by George Zimmerman on the night of February 26, 2012, in Sanford, Florida. He had set out to buy a bottle of water.

The past is behind us, dear, down the block,
slumped beneath yon greeny elm, bereft as

Peter Pan's shadow stuck amongst children's
knickers and feeling separated-at-birth-ish.

No no, don't look back. (The that-was-then is
over with its hot-asphalt August allure

ever rankly receding as if its mother'd
never remonstrated Skulking's unbecoming.)

Not everyone is well-raised as we, my love,
and don't say you haven't noticed.

I hear good Lot's wife to whom was said
Eyes forward became all salt, all the time,

salty of tongue as a pirate yet pillar of
the salt community until to legend licked.

What's the past to say we haven't surmised
from our shadows at 5 o'clock fore & aft?

Sure we'd like that recipe for Old Witch Cake
with canned pumpkin our sister baked.

Alas we live in the Age of Cupcakes.
Those who know the past are likely as those

who don't to forget to bake at 350° 'til springy
to touch. I'd wager Madame Lot,

like Orpheus, figured *So few in authority
ever speak truth, what're the odds this time?*

Thanks to *Scythe*, which first published this poem.

I asked for the water. Reverend Mother ladled
liquid enough I wished I'd brought conditioner.
Soft is the message of the Lord.

Does Jesus Christ love moms who inhabit
faith like a body of track-marks inhabits a
T-shirt washed thin, stretched on skin so lean
a glance from Caesar draws blood?

Come, you mighty clouds,
mystery accumulated by explanation.
To end sufferings, women, mothers
drunk or gone
sexing or gone
we need, what do I say here, we need
not go gentle just be it.

From between their legs, children fall off
a table, bags of oranges
choked with Vitamin C
and dented.

Watch the magus
unpack her heart in the heat of Arabian sun.
Spot the magus
lifting her hearts in the heat of Arabian sun.

Oh fat-breasted goddess
fat-bellied goddess
born in Africa before all birth,
three sacred rivers flow
from your throat
in blues sequenced to heal.

Thanks to *Folly*, which first published this poem.

It's the same in dreams as in life.
We're trying to figure it out and
missing the finish line,
a result of blinking fireflies
punching our names into velvet sky.
You'd be surprised the many ways
to spell poet – "fool" – "layabout" –
"competitor." We must proofread.

Attention being equal to blue cheese,
you being equal to a bag of greens
a drizzle of olive oil
sliced antioxidants,
distraction equal to
a turnip driving a gray Mercedes
crumbled over the works.
Mindfulness is ready as
second-rate parchment or
certain cheeses to shatter.

Life's an actor rushing to the stage,
breathless but on book.
God is Walt Whitman on Mickle Street
liking the wealthy well as
those we're asked to remember
(the lonely)
in our supplications.

Screw the human condition.

There are moments we're satisfied with
the world's timidity and injustice.
We've breathed hard times–
hard times! we say.

A little punishment of someone else
might make us feel good
for a moment and – clear to me –
it's important we feel good.

Thanks to *Reconfigurations: A Journey for Poetics / Literature & Culture*, which first published this poem.

She's a looker
linked to a rock, lying on her back,
struggling to
sear fixed stories of
unreachable night into memory.

Stars shudder magnitudes
of flamboyance for a backatcha
from her pools of limp, liquid as Cassiopeia's
bedroom sighs.

Why is Andromeda chained?
Blame it on family.
Blame it all on family.

Perseus is a man modern with
gadgets– winged sandals,
flying horse, a Gorgon's severed head,
depending who's telling.
Like a man, he thinks he's part god.

This is a story of weight,
some from Gaea's rounded body,
a fly-over for Perseus returning Andromeda
to Ethiopia or Palestine, depending who's telling,
where stars' lingering dreams
are massive as oceans' love of longing
for land.

Andromeda longs to be in
heaven's fearless ice, knowing it's beautiful
to be brave and in chains.

Thanks to *Redheaded Stepchild*, which first published this poem.

i.

There is a garden in the desert
Father Time Mother Jones
Sister Sledge.
Brother.

In the garden is a patch on a patch
moated green bloated brown
loam and root.
Flower.

The shameful civilizing of a hedge.

Among the peonies,
ballgown corolla upturn the bell curve.
Gregor Mendel sweet pea
monkish open.

Deities unpacked on earth.
"Hey. Treat it nice."

ii.

Our arms I-want in
a garden not our own.

iii.

Background buzz with-
out the purpose of a bee.

Pray for prophecies and Mother,
Father Christmas Sister Moon.
Ask the petal to forgive.
Such is our only hope.

A sign of your times, a rose-happy glow
enameled on dawn's fingertips, a smiling
hardhat Phoebus harnessing wild geldings
to a mythic time-oiled chariot for another
day's work. You don't think the sun just
hangs around? Illumination rolls in place
for your enlightenment. Spirits assess
your purpose on the planet. No abyss
with you falling falling hurtling big,
and yet you're loath to enter atmospheres
of the day. You and oblong room cuddle
in swirled string-thin beams swaying like
genetic tinsel draping lofting evergreens.
At tables in your room of living, huffing
scalding coffee perked, their coffee cups
clinking in your room of life, a charmed
crew, and saucers with tendril and fleur.
Square napkins mere sop spills that are just
gonna happen in your room of life in your
life eternal as it courtly bops you thriving
to extravagant nows, some infused by
murderous urges briefly just. The best
become expansive. In a spray of silvered
light, a butterfly boasting so tender beauty,
we forgive its disaffirmation of the cocoon.

Thanks to *Boston Review*, which first published this poem.

i.
 If Rapunzel had a bob
 If the prince were less charming
 If the witch a vegetarian

If the carousel had legs

ii.
 The Beatitudes Barbie
 The Leper Barbie
 The Dead Lazarus Barbie
 The Risen Barbie

Barbie at the Well

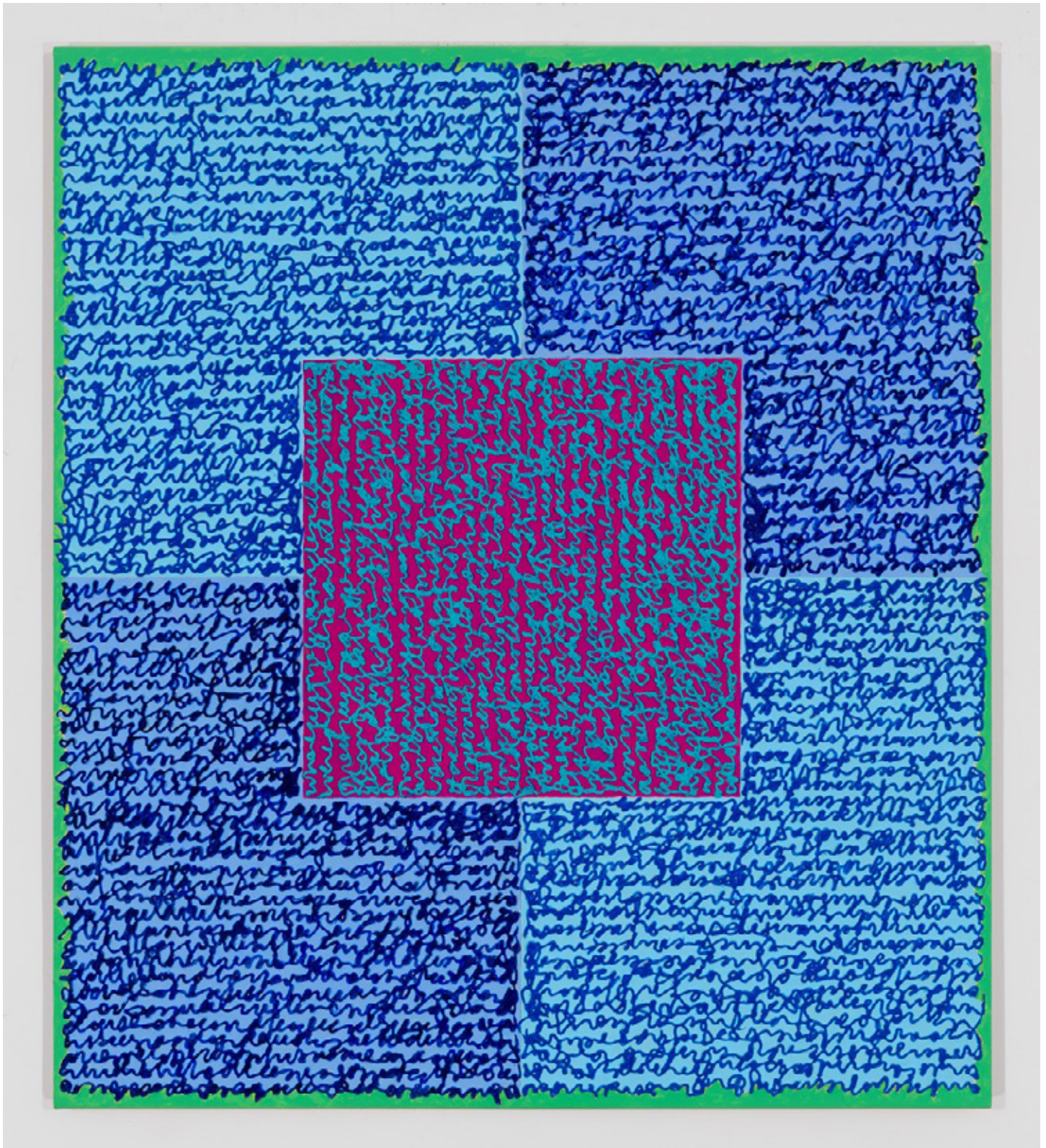
iii.
 If Hendrix
 If Buddy
 If Richie
 If Kurt

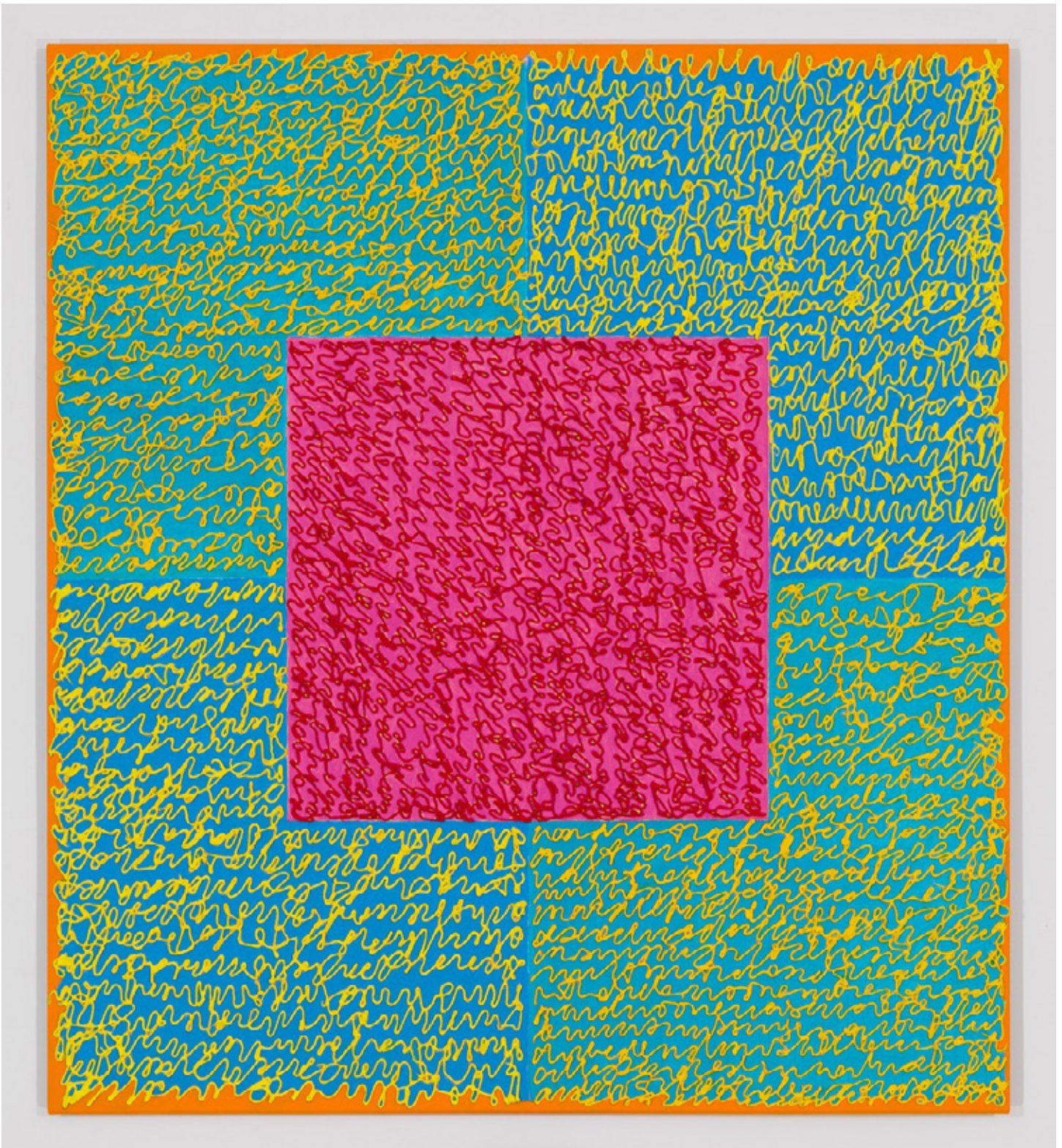
Jim, Amy, Otis, Janis.

Nick, Sid, Tupac
 The Notorious B.I.G.

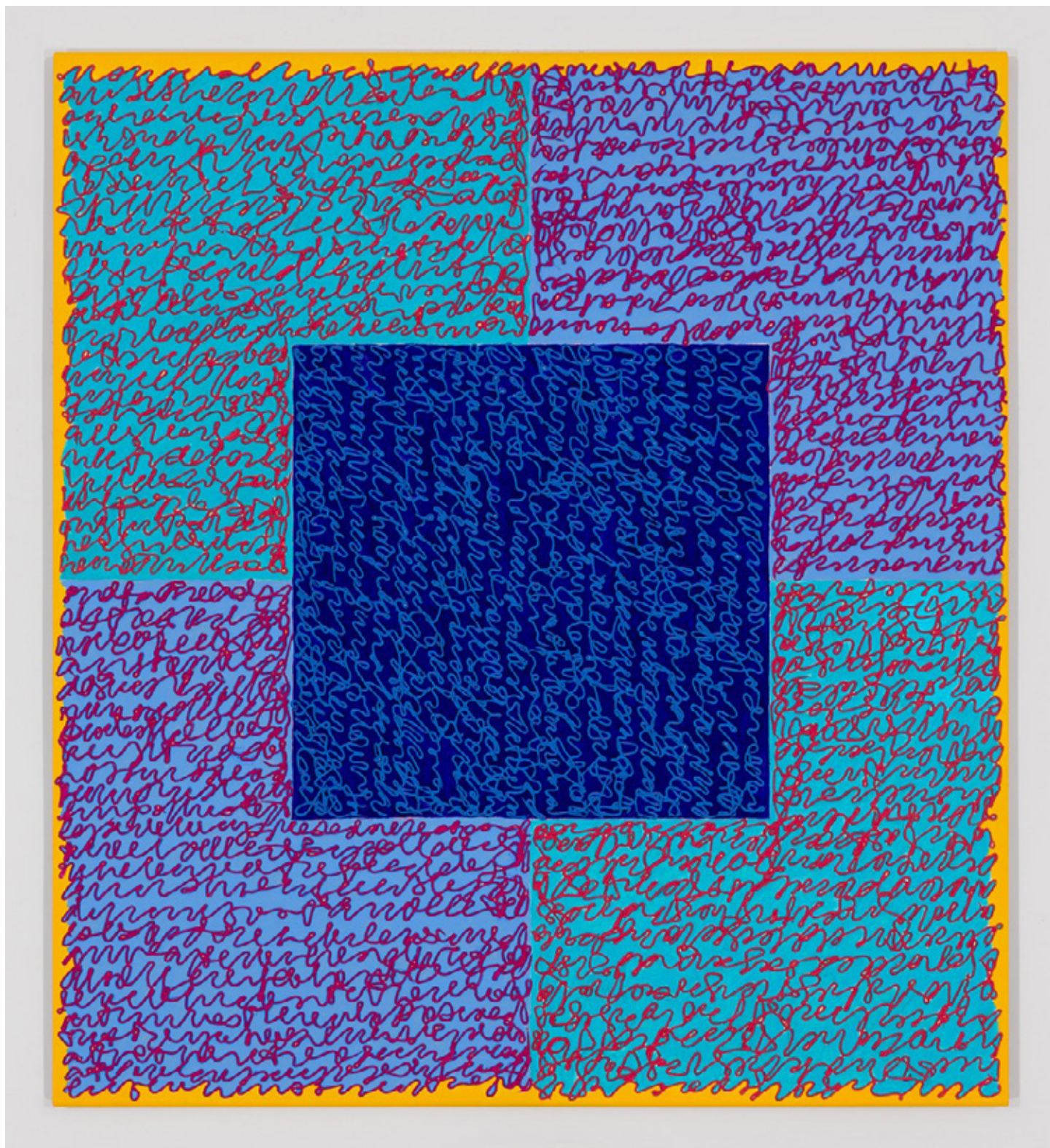
iv.
 If Death is real
 If the Divine goes
 shopping for a MacBook Air
 If we achieve Paradise
 If the cool kids snub us
 (ah, but the wonderful witty
 welcome, wherever we go)

"The Risen Barbie" was the title poem of a Dusie Kollektiv chapbook. Key: Jimi Hendrix, Buddy Holly, Richie Valens Kurt Cobain, Jim Morrison, Amy Winehouse Otis Redding, Janis Joplin, Nick Drake, Sid Vicious, Tupac Shakur, The Notorious B.I.G.











There were clear red stains
on the rims of that glass and banquets
of redness and bits
of embers still under fire.

Have you noticed the blooming
of the glossy petals? The stained
rims? The brimmed volcano?
And something caught

inside your fancy
and was released.
—Some old whim.
This is the call of the wild.

The glass too empty.
Your mind is brimming with wild fantasies.

That intense diction communicates tickling sensations:
A commixture of feelings and whims: A catalogue
of carnal fluidity. Tight corsets setting up a theory of pleasurable
asphyxiation. Apples in disguise. Politics of containment.
Ideological constrictions. Construction of repertoires. Secret scripts
amalgamating adventurous mating and narratives of jilts.
Petals reaching into the moon. Delicate scents of feathers assail
the nerves. The syntax is nearly ruined when you see that scene
of ants swarming over a tower of floating apples.
The sinful air stirs the firm boughs. Further concealment
may discern symptoms; more sweat. More suffocation.
Now you can enter the womb. Now you can concoct an archeology
of escapism: Well-laboured prisms solid enough to disperse
light into a spectrum of glittering saccharine [g]rains of salt.

—after Amanda Earl's vispo "[Cruel](#)"

The subjugated body. This silhouette.— Censored bodily movements.
Red gates of blood.— Alphabets protesting.— Drops of blood fall out
(invisibly) from every part.— An animated and narrated [gloss]ary
of black & red. A re[current] narrative. Repetition of the same acts.
Meaning is distorted. Petitions are igno|red, even if they are signed
in red. Cruelty will never cease to exist. Something akin to c-command;
that relationship between the nodes of grammatical parsing trees.
Grammars of tyranny structure generate other tyranny structures
and above all theories accounting for them. Blood is for cruelty.
Blood is for revolution: (Revelation always comes in the form
of emails from the alphabets (emails without spams.)... Spasms in
the heart. Revolution distills cruelty into alphabets: Narratives & outcries.
—Composed sequences of dancing trees painted in black & red.
Doors painted in blood & tar. Sins. Sit-ins. Exits? Alphabets as catharsis.

The sea arrives serene and swallowing the foam; this necessary evil; a fantasy beyond harvest. The sky comes serene and swallowing the breeze; this necessary life; a dream holding back its shadow. Lips blowing kisses between the sea and the shadow. Wet lips cooling the heated skin, the silhouetted body; this work-in-progress. The sea spray oscillates from wave to wave; and there it is, the cathartic prayer, oh the murmured blues! Two strawberries draped in blue igniting a fantasy scenario relating to dreamy nights of surreal pollination. An absurdity of delight. Absurd not to think blue lipstick ever saved a woman from pain. She'd punctuate those moments with sprinkles of blue shades. She'd obliterate those wrinkles you sometimes see in the sea. She'd invade you with pebbles of embryonic music: Thoughts and fantasies to intrude upon.

The dark sky opens inside. The dark sky envelops
my mind in burnished horizons of delusions.
I'm thrilled with the juxtaposition of thoughts; this
geometry of hallucinations. I can't tell the difference
between delusions and a downpour of darkness.
A body submerged. Ripples evaporate out of the mind.
I'm thrilled how starlets around my face reflect my memories
of birth's initial moments on those ripples: Blank canvases
rife with soft bones. Desultory thoughts decorating the path.
— A stream to here and elsewhere. A stream for there
and the unspecified nowhere. — The unknown. For now
I'm in between dark downpours but I know
the rainbow will emerge again. I know
rainbows will emerge again in the form of phalanxes.

—after Gustaw Gwozdecki's painting
[*Kiki de Montparnasse*](#), 1920

Does she intend to close her eyes
 or are they naturally dimmed?
 It's hard to tell.
 But each blink a script
 of her eye's dreamy vision.
 And her eyelashes are but phalanxes
 protecting that verdure
 twisting in a break of dawn.
 I think she finds comfort in closing her eyes,
 while sketching dreamy landscapes.
 {The space of freedom}. Eyelashes as brushes.
 Brushes building boundless optimism:
 Eyelashes unbroken,
 a prairie of glossy grass drenched in dew.

Her nickname is Queen of Montparnasse or Kiki.
She got a kick even out of the simple things of life.
Petals scattering through the lanes of Bohemianism.
She peeled an onion, a positive onion. She only
shed positive tears despite everything. — A playful
reference to the flowing nature of her photographic
identity as well as to her vintage selfies. — Images
reflecting almost every manifesto save that of
pessimism. Sheer nakedness and the politics of
a confident self: An annotated chronology of a woman's
life devoid of masks. A body scaring the somber nights.
A body burrowing beneath the bustling streets of
the Montparnasse. A body capturing the provocative
flavour of the original sin. {— A panacea. {A nostalgia}}.

Biographies

Sacha Archer is a Canadian writer currently residing in Ontario. He earned his B.A. in English Literature in 2008 from Trent University. In his last year at Trent he won the 2008 P.K. Page Irwin Prize for his poetry. In 2010 he was chosen to participate in the Elise Partridge Mentor Program. His work has appeared in magazines such as *ditch poetry*, *filling Station* and *ACTA Victoriana*. His chapbook, *Dishwashing Event* is forthcoming from Puddles of Sky Press.

Dominic Bercier is the multi-award-nominated graphic novelist of *Treadwell* at Mirror Comics, where he was president, publisher, co-founder for its 2010 to 2015 duration. A former assistant-penciler for Dark Horse Comics, Image Comics, Top Cow Productions and more, he is currently writing and/or illustrating comics and graphic novels for a number of Canadian and American publishers. Since 2015, he has been principal and founder of Mirror Comics Studios, an all-in-one production company specialising in visual storytelling. His works often touch on the mystical, shamanism and seeker myth. He also writes songs.

JC Bouchard's poetry has appeared in *Arc Poetry Magazine*, *Hart House Review*, *untethered*, and (parenthetical). He is the author of two chapbooks: *Portraits* (In/Words Press) and *WOOL WATER* (words(on)pages). He lives in Toronto.

Joel Chace has published work in print and electronic magazines such as, *The Tip of the Knife*, *Counterexample Poetics*, *OR*, *Country Music*, *Infinity's Kitchen*, and *Jacket*. Most recent collections include *Sharpsburg*, from Cy Gist Press, *Blake's Tree*, from Blue & Yellow Dog Press, *Whole Cloth*, from Avantacular Press, *Red Power*, from Quarter After Press, *Kansoz*, from Knives, Forks, and Spoons Press, and *Web Too*, from Tonerworks.

The last two letters of **nathan dueck's** first name & the first letter of his last spell "and." Only, he prefers to write it "&." He is the author of *king's(mère)* (Turnstone Press, 2004) and *he'll* (Pedlar Press, 2014). He lives in Cranbrook, BC.

Carrie Hunter received her MFA/MA in the Poetics program at New College of California, edits the chapbook press, ypolita press, is on the editorial board of Black Radish Books. Her chapbook *Vice/Versa* recently came out with Dancing Girl Press, her full-length collection, *The Impossible*, was published in 2011 by Black Radish Books, and another, *Orphan Machines*, came out in 2015. She lives in San Francisco and teaches ESL.

Jennifer MacBain-Stephens went to NYU's Tisch School of the Arts and now lives in the DC area. Recent chapbooks are out or forthcoming from Grey Book Press, Dancing Girl Press and Shirt Pocket Press. Her first full length collection is forthcoming from Lucky Bastard Press. Recent work can be seen at *Jet Fuel Review*, *Pith*, *Freezeray*, *So to Speak*, *Entropy*, *Right Hand Pointing*, and *decomP*. Visit: <http://jennifermacbainstephens.wordpress.com/>.

JF Martel is a writer and filmmaker based in Ottawa, Canada.

Biographies

Mado Reznik is a visual artist and writer from Buenos Aires, Argentina, where she currently lives. She studied Linguistics and got a Ph. D. from Universidad Complutense of Madrid, Spain. She works with etchings, collages, ink and encaustics. All these techniques are a reflection and a seeking journey through paper as a medium. Her main interests are memory and language. Mado Reznik has several Artist Books that has been shown in the U.S., Argentina, Spain and Uruguay. She also wrote several books going from fiction and poetry to testimonials.

Sarah Sarai's second poetry collection, *Geographies of Soul and Taffeta*, published in 2016 by Indolent Books, "reminds you of your humanity" according to *The Daily Art Source*. Poet Melissa Studdard called Sarai's first collection, *The Future Is Happy*, "a poetry of luminous, brave transparency" (American Book Review). Journals Sarai's poems and short stories appear in include *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Barrow Street*, *The Collagist*, *Boston Review*, *Threepenny Review*, *Ascent*, *South Dakota Review*, *Tampa Review*, and others. A graduate of Sarah Lawrence College's MFA in fiction program, Sarah Sarai lives, works, and writes in New York City.

Ali Znaidi (b.1977) lives in Redeyef, Tunisia. He is the author of several chapbooks, including *Experimental Ruminations* (Fowlpox Press, 2012), *Moon's Cloth Embroidered with Poems* (Origami Poems Project, 2012), *Bye, Donna Summer!* (Fowlpox Press, 2014), *Taste of the Edge* (Kind of a Hurricane Press, 2014), and *Mathemaku x5* (Spacecraft Press, 2015). For more, visit aliznaidi.blogspot.com.

experiment-o is an annual PDF magazine established in 2008. its aim is to bring attention to works that do what art is supposed to do and that is to risk.

AngelHousePress thanks the contributors & in advance, the readers & dedicates this ninth issue to those who “risk the self in order to give the self.” Quote is from Claudia Rankine in her introduction to Adrienne Rich’s *Collected Poems: 1950 - 2012* (W.W. Norton & Company, New York, London, 2016).

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The old expressions are with us always, and there are always others.

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