

INTERANT

Issue #4 Spring, '21



SILK CITY

SPRING, 2021

COVER: *Silk City* (detail) 30x40" oil on canvas-mounted panel, 2018

ITERANT

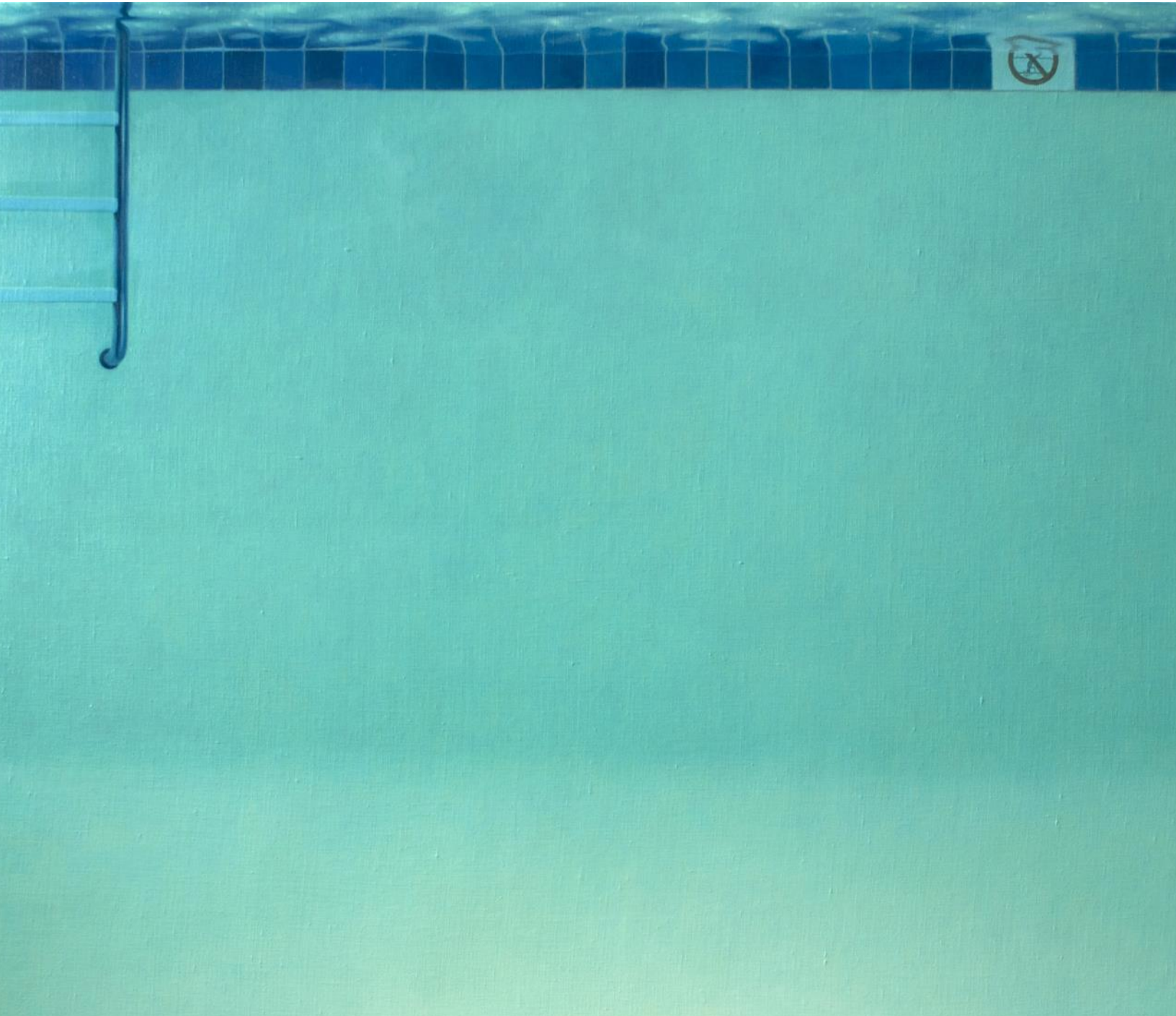
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ARTWORK IN ISSUE 4

by NICOLE PARKER

No Diving (detail) 48x48", oil on linen mounted panel, 2018



Nicole Parker's work is an investigation of her past as it relates to her present, a memoir in the form of narrative and representational oil paintings and prints. The imagery revolves around the ideas of memory, self and home. Memory is unreliable and ever-evolving by nature, and each person's reality and sense of self are shaped strongly by what they remember and experience. Each image has a memory or story attached to it, sometimes big and sometimes small. These stories reflect the artist's own eclectic upbringing, and the resulting sense of "between-ness", or liminality, that manifests itself in the artist's personal and artistic life. Parker's most recent body of work specifically explores this idea of liminality, of being suspended between or on both sides of a threshold, place, idea, or category. The feelings that come along with this include uncertainty, displacement, and isolation, but also often autonomy and peace. Her work celebrates the odd, quiet and sometimes absurd moments of everyday life in a world that is so often too large and too loud. In the studio, color, light and the "flavor" of a moment are always at the core of her artistic practice. She works from observation and memory in tandem (usually preferring the latter), and is greatly inspired by sensory sources like sound or music, film, and food.



The Pool Party 30x30", Oil on Linen-Mounted Panel, 2021

AB EO QUOD

“You see, I don’t like meals, I only eat banquets.”

-Leonora Carrington

put something on
as a layer
a protection from food

keep it outside your threshold
drench yourself in something red and steaming
and you will attain true enlightenment

you know the mysteries and they are all
dumb and bloody

after initiation you can
crawl underneath the table and never
be heard from again

I will escape with the moths
when dinner is over

indeed
this is the beauty of the earth

Ghosts don't know you

You stand alone in a poorly lit room
a large room with concrete floors
it might be important
whatever is inside the room
it might be a miracle
it might be
I don't know
the question is not opening the box
or the ability to open the box
or whatever's inside of the box
it is something else
are we willing to live the rest of our lives
not knowing?
ghosts hide in canisters
like coffee or flour
ghosts are willingly baked into baked goods
and consumed because they are bored
they go stale
they grind themselves up into a fine paste
they go from solid to liquid to gas and back to solid again
they lick the bottom of your feet while you sleep
just to see what you'll do
they fall off buildings and onto roofs and trains and pools
they obstruct nothing
they ask if you've even known love
you don't hear them so you don't answer
it isn't rude but they still feel hurt

that is why that shelf in the kitchen
is always collapsing in on itself
you aren't original you are a fire
the ghosts know how many candies are in the jar
are the jar, you are the candy
be the candy, be numerous and sweet

Banquet

I'm tired of it all
the moderate consumption
the curdling milk the milk
curdling on purpose
settling into curds and whey
I'm tired of the movements
and machinations
the pasteurizations
the imperceptible heat
the slow rise the fast cool
the mouth the saliva gathering
the enzymes preparing
the preparation
the knife fork knife fork
fork fork fork fork fork
I'm tired of it all I'm
tired of the pangs and
the acid and the heat
the clickclickclick of the burner
the knives the knives sharpened
honing shaping sharpening
the teeth the biting of the tongue
or the cheek or scalding the roof

of the mouth the ache from every side
of my chest and every side
of my stomach and every side
of every side I'm sick of it
lying on the floor moaning
or trying not to moan
heating up and cooling off
I'm tired of the first bite the gentle
noises the pleasant compliments the forks
the knives the scraping against
the plate the plating the arranging
just to to destroy waking up
in the middle of the night
just to throw it all up that acid
the taste of peanuts when it
really was hazelnuts charred
all just to shit it all out
the dairy creating a physical
nightmare the eggs the farms
that create those nice labels
with their children and a lamb
dogs and flowers and the sun rising
I know it is not like that that I
cannot get eggs like that at my
local store for \$3 a dozen
while men sit and sit and sit
outside the old man in the wheelchair
who befriended that lost chihuahua
who spoke sadly about the homeless dog

while arranging the tarp over himself
to protect from the rain and snow
and then disappearing altogether one day
I'm sick of not knowing and not knowing
who even to ask and I'm sick
of knowing and being full of knowledge
rich and thick knowledge like the whole
milk I buy from the grocery store
for \$3 a gallon with a red farmhouse
on the label promising the idyll and
the sunrises and that children might
still continue somewhere while
we all look suspiciously as the
police drive by the grocery store
driving past the church where
everyone is preparing once again
for a savior's birth hurried
no one called you no one asked
most of my neighbors are suffering
in ways I cannot tell you about here
I'm tired of not being able to tell you
and I'm tired of there being any need to tell
to tell and then the leadened listening
so I go home and I curdle the milk
with fresh lemon juice
and I line the mesh strainer
with cheesecloth and let it sit
for just under an hour
while I roast the butternut squash

and char the hazelnuts
as I mentioned before
during which time someone has died
I know that no one needs
a well-meaning white woman
and the world remains largely unchanged
after my moralizing but sometimes
I just want to clean someone's
anyone's feet with my hair
because I know that they
will not always be with us
that one day I will come looking for them
and they will have disappeared too



View from 920 (detail) 12x12", oil on linen mounted panel, 2018

Wild Blue Fog

Sometimes you spend years searching
for the perfect words

for your apology.
And sometimes it takes

only a few moments
before they come to you

out of the blah blah blackness.
And sometimes you lash yourself

to a sapling
to keep from jotting a single word

in the silence between you
and the one you've wronged.

You only get one chance
to sing the Wrong Song.

And you can Nebuchadnezzar enough.
You know what I mean?

Better forget about it.
Return to your lugubrious work.

Carving a human brain
from a you know what.

No Zipper on the Pain-Suit

*Rose after rose after rose
behind the bullet proof glass*

in the Museum of Open Wounds
begins the poem

to another ex-lover.
But blood is never the answer.

The answer is *cephalopod*,
which corrects itself with ink

before it disappears.
Please respond to my last transmission.

Flashing lights in cerebellum.
Oxygen levels dangerously low.

Is love a moth with hypnotic wings
that sucks out your brains

with its question mark proboscis?
One needs only partial knowledge

to be a match.
But to be 100 matches? Yes.

Now, that's a job
for a broom like me.

Working all night in the Plum Blossom Factory
mopping up the hemoglobin.

The hemoglobin pulsing
through the flagellum.

The flagellum that augers the rose.
Get down on your knees

in the grass and search
for the diamond stud

that fastens the golden bud
to your beloved's lobe.

Love is a dream of fastening.
Everyone dreams alone.

Childhood

First you must locate it.
Then you must approach it
with a fresh pencil.

Headphones off.
Totally aware of your shortcomings.
Zebra stripes. Sleepless nights.

What's left of the ember
is never pretty. Some rosy gauze
hung about a broomstick.

I surrender.
Rhymes with *render*.
But first you need to make a smoothie

filled with bitter green knobs
and some kind of powder
that promises to turn bacteria

into light.
Then you can continue whooshing
the skeleton grocery cart

across the desolate parking lot
with nothing but your breath.
On Tuesdays, Sarah helps you

remove relics from your chest

and stare at them in disbelief.
Not a bearded ocean god

twirling his trident.
But a chunk of ice
mistaken for a planet.

Not the ball-pein father
lodged in the Terminator
pinball machine. A delicate network

of fiber optic lies.
The nest of a common orb weaver.
Asking the mirror

to speak with the prisoner.
Exactly! says Sarah
five miles into your jog

in the center of your lotus
where it doesn't matter
if you're a poltergeist

or fast asleep,
which reminds you of your childhood
but in a healthy way

that gives you wings
to fly away from it.
Until you're exhausted.

Or the wings are melted.
And you have no choice
but to return to terra firma

where you started.
It's like that with your childhood.
You dream until you've lost it.

The Butcher Class Will Tell You

It takes three generations to lock down
property and a neutral nickname. In Sweetwater
the bereaved receive one load of gravel
with proof of the deceased. The gravel takes
three generations to shovel. Digging through
you might find the dark skeleton of a Cadillac
or a night bird. The bones are for warding off
evil, the beak for breaking the spell of weather
on the land. The county is sorry for your loss. It is deep
in the season. You will revisit each day against your will.

First Mention of What X Did When Felt Mental Illness

Each day a small disappearance I thought
of waves against a ship momentum
without design up close X you were truant
in the sockets seized like sea ice
photographed mid-collapse you spoke
of winter all winter dull as a perch thrown
wide of its basket you moved as if stepping
into dark water hamfisted one toe at a time

X's Diagnosis

It moves in a stone's throw
sleeps in sheepskin
its voice is perpetual
(the polar night) I lied
it comes like a rickshaw
on gravel a succulent garden
a tick it lives alone
in a whaling town (I did not hear
the approach) if you catch it
early it's called a bird
in the hand it's called robbing
Peter to pay Paul a sharpshooter
within range lord the cold
hands of the lake



BELOVED TRAIN

vampires cry blood

each poet
is required
before the time
of their
death
to stay up and
write
a vampire
novel. Even

though the
light doth

Kill them.
Day light
kills
vampires.
As you know.

It will be
a short novel.

I desired
to burn
like Joan
of Arc
being
woman man
saintly
and the
flames
made me
be something
magnific
ent. And

What was
the story?
A novel
requires
a hall
a corridor
a prismatic
corridor
human bodies
are coming
down
while being
alive
which we
the dead
watch. The candle
the human
lights
is a tiny
bell to the vampire
he comes

one night
and puts
his cold
hand
in my
mouth
and demands
that I
stop
changing so
he can
get his
story out.
A dog pushes
against
the thing
in which
I emboss
the book
glinting
and the ancient
word 'boss'
a strange
globe
from which
spin forth
the armaments
of the vam
pires
pain
his long life
his very
long life
warrior
once

housewife
next
pad on a dog's
foot, sore
another
time
maritime
always getting
licked. The
dog putting
her damp
paw onto the ground
in the
night
before the
day in
which the vampire
was born
I mean
he died.
I have
failed
in my task
of writing
my vampire
novel. I will
never try
again
but in the time
of a global
pandemic
rules
have changed
no more
essay portion

of SATs

no more

this

no more

this

no more

this

excerpt from RICH WIFE

The story is always some variation of this:

The woman was a writer's muse

The woman was an artist's model

She was also his domestic servant

She managed his career capably

(She was an artist in her own right)

She was his lover, or his mistress, or his wife, or

She was a financial dependent the artist had sex with

She has no children

She has 8 children

She has a husband who died

She is a charwoman

She is a barmaid

She makes hats

The artist fell in love with her when she was 10

The artist fell in love with her when she was 12

The artist fell in love with her when she was 14, with ribbons still hanging down her back

The artist was disgusted by her “person”

Upon first meeting her, the art critic wrote “she gave me her hand, as a good dog gives its paw”

She died in a nursing home at the age of 27

She died in an insane asylum

She “received electric shock treatments, during which she broke several bones after falling off the operating table”

He found her “much deteriorated”

Her likeness slicks calendars and postcards and living room prints

In paint an exaggerated form of ideal beauty

Circe Ophelia Guinevere Lilith

She never recovered

★

I was born into a time when women were almost liberated

I was born into a time

We put chemicals on our hair to make it curl

Chemicals on our hair to make it straight

With metal clamps or tongs we made it crimp, or roll, or flat

Imagine a doll that has a person inside it

Imagine a human who wakes curled in the head of a doll

I open her eyelids like this

Like this I move her arm

Hippie doll Glamour doll Slutty doll Retro doll Barbie doll Jem doll Skater doll
Grunge doll Shops at The Gap Is a Wholesome Ideal doll Going to a Good Col-
lege doll Top of Her Class doll Caught Smoking Cigarettes in the Parking Lot
doll Uses Cuss Words doll Ruined doll Used doll Seductively Corrupted doll

In the case JESPERSEN v. HARRAH'S OPERATING COMPANY

Darlene Jespersen testified

She did not wear makeup on or off the job and said that "wearing it would conflict with her self-image." She found the makeup requirement offensive and saw it as further evidence that Harrah's "'sells' and exploits its women employees." She "felt very degraded and very demeaned," claiming that the makeup requirement "prohibited [her] from doing [her] job" because "[i]t affected [her] self-dignity" and "took away [her] credibility as an individual and as a person."

The heading of the *Harvard Law Review* article reads

TITLE VII — GENDER DISCRIMINATION — NINTH CIRCUIT HOLDS
THAT WOMEN CAN BE FIRED FOR REFUSING TO WEAR MAKEUP.

The case was decided April 14, 2006

The dawn of the 21st century

I was born into a time
Imagine a doll that has a person inside it
I dress the doll thusly
If my doll is very pretty
If my doll pleases
What does a doll create?
A doll waits patiently for accolades & accomplishments
A doll a delusion an invisible accomplishment
How to be more gentle more genteel
A doll proffers her hand when introduced to an accomplished man
He squeezes the tips of her fingers, oddly
Or he refuses to relinquish her hand until she introduces herself properly
To bear the skin of a doll is to wear an inferior type of costume
Its power is diaphanous, permeable, wavering, temporary
It is a power that turns and collapses
A doll is a stupid metaphor
A woman cannot climb from the skin of a doll
“I felt very degraded and demeaned”
“It affected my self-dignity”

★

In these paintings the women have thick strong bodies, like a column

Their skin is like an inanimate material: marble, bronze, jet

Her hair, a river of fire

Her hair, a cloud of smoke

Her face barely emerges from the surface of a dewy green pond

Enchantress, seductress, witch, wife

Green velvet, cream silk, crimson flowers

Paintings of women with no women inside them

★

Circe turns Odysseus's men into pigs

Circe with power inside her dispenses with the rage born of impotence

Takes up the mantle of the rage of revenge

Circe pouring a green bowl of poison

Circe circled by lions who used to be men

The rich wife pours a dish of liquid green rage into the waters of

The rich wife daubs up seepages of rage

A green rage seethes

"A queen" announces the Pre-Raphaelite painter upon spotting a new

model “I have found a queen”

The queen wields her beauty like a chrysanthemum just beginning to wilt

The woman who was a queen proffers now a wilted flower

The rich wife closes down her mind

Daubs away the remains of her own green thoughts

The rich wife folds the children’s clothing changes the baby’s diaper

Nods to the invisible women who are scouring the countertop’s cool black stone

A melodrama of rage washes away with water

“We accept the reality of the world with which we’re presented”

The rich wife wants to protect the women who are now ghosts

The rich wife wants to protect the women who

Humiliation seethes

Pressed flat by the economy humiliation seethes

The men’s accomplished paintings shimmer from postcards and gallery walls

The women’s less accomplished paintings are displayed in special shows

(The galleries echo with the women’s missing works)

(The masterpieces they never made)

(With techniques they were never trained in)

(Perfected with time they never had)



THE NOW-LIFE AND THE NEXT

after N. Scott Momaday

I am the striped wasp trapped in your dress

smooth leather reins slipping out of your hands

the lustre of golden birchbark even in the dark

a snag of soft wool caught on barbed wire

a fast splash of road salt on the ice-covered stream

the coral of the cardinal's beak

scent of lemonskin from back-porch terracotta pots

the breath of the tree and the scream of the chainsaw

the turtle's track across the muddy road

I am the coat left hanging in the hawthorn tree

UNLIKE (ME)

Took the last can of seltzer

Took the best painting

No one will ever know

Even in paradise

this safe distanced spot

edge of the everyblue ocean

we hunker down, grieve

apply bandages

are misunderstood, weep

squeeze the splinter out

So stressed that even

salt droplets brushed by wind

on my bare shoulder

make me wince

Walk past the trash
stare down the security camera

Mosquito, tick
poison ivy tendrils thrive
in the rocks, coronavirus
floats through the village
And even goddamned Ghislane Maxwell
hid out here awhile
in this very pine grove

SOMEWHERE OVER GREENLAND

1

Your head makes me think of a watermelon,
or a block of wood or a wooden melon,
on a slender rubber stalk nodding,
nodding, snapping forward with force,
drool on your chin, drool on your shirt,
as pieces of trash move mysteriously
about on the floor between seats,
out into the aisle and back again—
a pamphlet on plantar warts,
a couple wads of cellophane,
some Kleenex, a soda straw followed
a minute later by another,
then a diaper, balled-up diaper,
and then the melancholy odor of balled-up diaper.

A pair of tortoise shell eyeglasses
—folded, immaculate—
come gently vibrating down the aisle,
with sore passengers out for a stretch
stepping carefully over them.
These glasses take one look at me
and begin an awkward four-point turn

to head back up the aisle slowly
to “only God knows where” I say,
when in fact it’s seat 11D.

2

It’s late, can’t sleep, the plane is loud, the plane is cold.
We are somewhere over Greenland.
I look out into the aisle and see a pair of glasses.
The food and beverage carts are moving about.
And sore people. The glasses will get crushed!
But they don’t.
The wheels keep missing them. The heels.
And when it’s quiet again I look down and there they are,
the glasses, in the middle of the aisle.

FIRMAMENTS

The cat chilled out in the basement
sniffing carpet swatches. Auburn nights
required auburn thoughts. The whole
family slept throughout the large house
in each of the many upstairs rooms
with each of their heads hanging
awkwardly over different edges of
their beds. Most aimed at the ceiling.
One aimed at an open window.
And one in one of the colder rooms
was aimed at an opened book that sat
on a dresser in another room.
In someone else's room.

SHELTER IN PLACE

Snow in yard looks fake
coming down, or maybe
digital, above reality,
staged somehow and moving
slower than snow should.
Big red chairs getting
snowed on, snowed past.
Cinematic. And wet books
on porch getting wetter.
Shit.

You say you like to think
your old bike might talk
to the canoe in the garage
when we're not there,
that even the dust has
thoughts but it doesn't.
The garage is a vacuum.
You stir your drink with
your finger, looking almost
walleyed for a sec.

I've shaved my beard just
as you start growing yours.
Why don't we make our own
jigsaw puzzles you say,
before we sit down to work

on them? I reach over and stir
your drink with my finger
as loads of ennui course quietly
from one cold end of
the house to the other.

DOCTOR FAUCI

Through the garden he moves
like a flesh and blood C-3PO,
the last man standing
or one of three living people

okay 17 but
of them he's one of
only three still gardening
and he does not have a mask on.

He goes up lane 7 because
he calls all bean rows "lanes"
with a metal watering can
making little gestures with its spout,

tiny intuitive decisions for things
like beans and cucumbers,
up one lane down another
with no one to hump or to hug—

methodical turns of the wrist
of the wrist of the wrist—
shuffling casually toward sainthood
and compost.



News

While exploring multiple Twitter threads
of Lena Waithe cheating on her wife

I get distracted by a post on zodiac signs
of America's most known serial killers:

Sagittarius Pisces Gemini Virgos
stay on repeat and I'm thrilled the fish are there

Our sensitivity leads us to homicide, our soft
power and listening eyes are perfect honey traps

You do not want to see the mass graves I've ideated
and my dearest friends are Twins, Virgins, and Centaurs

When we tea, it's red all over—

That's my problem

I watch *I May Destroy You*
cringe at the drug and alcohol consumption
be like, too much, that's too much
don't take a drink from which you do not know from where it came
the intentions of all the hands that bring it to you
and why so many bumps, why again, maybe don't mix, don't mix
alcohol and don't mix hallucinogenics with uppers—
all my compartments are slurring, perfect divides leaking
into each other, the peas are touching my fish, my fish
needs a whole plate for itself

I can't stand a sex scene without a condom wrapper tearing
an arm reaching to the side table, all those gestures to move
the body safely into another body and I nearly threw a fit
reading a public service announcement at the bus stop:
Why is syphilis back?
Why the fuck is syphilis rising?
Why have infection rates increased among young adults?

Then this Black child, in *Cuties*, could be a younger version
of Michaela Coel, blowing up a pink used condom found
in some bushes, into a boob, like the 11-year-old she is
and I'm squealing with her friends, disgusted that this child
has learned to put random shit from the ground in or near
her mouth—even with the 5-second rule you *know* the fallen food
so the children must teach the child “That's what people with AIDS use,”
and oh, this misleading simplification: lemmings following sheeples to the likes

and the panic my mother felt, jumping
up and down to compel the sperm to fall from her 13-year-old vagina
into the cotton catch of her panties, because this is Plan B—
dumb the Black child's cries, she who looks terribly abandoned
in shame and fear, a silhouette sapling of pornographic womanhood
and from the literal lips of babes, she tells us, all us, "It's not her fault
she don't know what a condom is."



from LONE FIGURES AT A DISTANCE

Something's dying
I'm sick
of my vocabulary
Defaults and habits
of mind The way
I walk What I want
is to put into words
my own silence
A mess of text
I can't help
but make

The timelines don't align
The basic assumption is impossibility
The threat of America
The notion of nations
The speed and agility of a fighter jet
minus the lethal intent
History gets longer
The experiment fails
The high school football team
staggers onto the field
A sunset on another planet
The distance is vast
Preparation is key
Waves washing away
a newly built beach

Nothing matters and then it does
There is a plan and then there isn't
Vague image called a vision
The music of the dead
Their singing Its jarring
rhythms Discordant
melody There is no
security Ideas form
then crumble Call it
history A child stung
by a bee The child
screams Wants somebody
to do something Nobody
does Call it knowledge
That which is there
regardless of belief
Odd phrases
Conspicuous absences
The illusion is real A timeline
of circumstance bending in a
direction to be determined

A freighter floats down
the otherwise undisturbed
Hudson Time slows
to a smudge
Not wanting to sleep
but wanting to sleep
Then takes distinct shape again
What is happening
has consequences
Impassable
hours Lost
travelers

I had a vision for myself
The vision failed

Who's speaking
is no longer
clear

The vast ocean
Violent waves

How is it with you
stranger

I stay up
and write

Make long
playlists

of sad songs

Each one
an elegy

New rhythm
of loss

and perseverance
Cycles of

suppression
and lift

Maybe even
nostalgia

for something
changing so fast

nostalgia itself
is lost

like everything else

we struggle
to keep

Each night someone wakes me and says
don't breathe

My friends

your beloved names
escape me

The breeze and whatever
it does

I'm already
unprepared

We're already
no longer here

To be in need of relief and know
there is no relief

To know each day
has never meant so much
as now

That these days are the end
and beginning—

a duality that is only
part of the pain

To be at a point of such loss
there are no words

The loss
compounds

The lack
gains urgency

until you don't
break exactly

but plod on

under a weight

you're certain

you can no longer

bear

and then

bear



Little Boxes, 24"x36", Oil On Linen-Mounted Panel, 2020

The Recent Past

A tennis ball falls on the dry grass,
where, to put it simply, the atoms
swerve around it and autumn fungi
initiate their deconstructive work.

Fog, words. In the background,
some mountains. None of which
explains the sun's last glinting
through the naked oaks,
or the rising curtain hung across
the window's slack panel, by which
I mean the glass was broken...

I, if I were different, would have run
from the back door and let water
from the lemons dribble over my nose.

When I shut my own book, or when
you shut it, when the spectrum
of this punctum has petered out—
But I was renting at the time,
and the prospect seemed unwise.

The hanging heads of blooming daffodils
shooting up along the mortared stone

inch closer to the loamy dirt from which they came,
loosening the border of their outer
from their inner world, which, in the hellish light,
makes them both the same.

Still Life

I'm impressed with your forgetfulness.
You see the keys and miss my face.
Fourth floor canaries over scraped linoleum

whistle and, through a phone, eject
their downy feathers over table cloths
and worn doilies. You're nursing your dis-

ease with the notion that the contours
of our present might continue through
the fall. "Are we alone in our loneliness?"

Your question, not mine. You want
"to clear your mind." Turning down
the radio, sipping beer from a can, you bathe

in the nearness of indiscernible voices,
the pleasure of their hum. In static's
hurried absence, which is also a sound.

From a Plane

Across the valley, vacancy: roads unspool,
words undo themselves on the page.
Mountains serrate the prairie's face.

Passing by, their ridges dilate sight's locality,
sputter and shift against the metric of the eye.

Moments ago, you sat at terminal's end,
twiddling your thumbs, ticking out
the intervals you'd lose to a blue screen.

Memory's a thin horizon. So, too, is the sky.
Its depth collects the dawn, the day.
Your feed eats the time away.



ACELA EXPRESS

On the train to New York formerly New
Amsterdam until the Dutch
traded it for a speck of nutmeg

in the Moluccas held by the English your
head could be a sunflower

forging a counter-position to ghost
you have not been
holding intestines in your hands

a nation is fragile
your mother buries your father she

made a graph of his fluctuating but can't
say what it means that her
children stand crisscrossed by wires working

to accept confinement
to a circle appearing without a light of

our own

you read a book and the moon blown up
orbits the earth you play

Sibelius' violin concerto to feel unrepentant

like voices debris catch
fire in the atmosphere it is time to let

the past throw
the horn for geopolitical reasons a helmet
is a hole inside of a hill

when the dream is thwarted we must make

another says someone who is not
your father to rows of undocumented
Indonesians in the wood of a church

in Philadelphia it's true

nobody ever called back
though your father sat
by the phone for years this happened not only

to you

no body could afford
to cry in the well

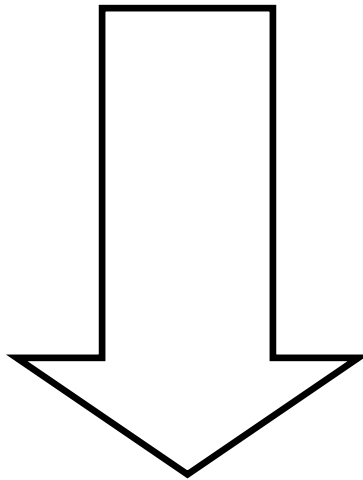
it crouched there
wrinkling at the edges waiting
for the smoke to pass

sometimes it lived on
a rooster's crow

that broke down the middle

ERASURE OF COMBAT LIBERALISM BY MAO
ZEDONG, WHOSE GREAT LEAP
FORWARD KILLED 45 MILLION PEOPLE, BE-
CAUSE FOR SOME REASON
CERTAIN “REVOLUTIONARY” CIRCLES
CONTINUE TO USE IT AS TRAINING
MATERIAL, & EVEN MORE INEXPLICABLY,
FOR CONFLICT RESOLUTION

for Jenny Zhang



We stand for active ideological weapon

this weapon
stands for

itself

for the sake of
refrain

good terms the organization and to keep on
indulge the organization.

principles of collective life the
drift

to avoid blame
to
discipline

argument
for the sake of unity or progress or the

report

To be prop

to
forget that one is
an ordinary
someone

without a definite plan or direction;

tolling the bell.

oneself
oneself

make no attempt
oneself.

We are the principal

the mine , compact

tendency.

stems

of the

abstract

people

;

a manifestation of
fundamental
preservation .

We must use spirit,
mind

life
; always and everywhere adhere to
tireless struggle against

the

other self th e

nest

shown by certain people
the ask



GENEALOGY (SUCH DEEP CREASES)

I've known all my life that my father's Uncle Joe was killed by his wife.

It was almost a novelty story—a murder in the family!

At twelve or thirteen, I learned she was a serial killer—Joe the third husband she poisoned with arsenic.

He was twenty-six when he died of kidney failure. A handsome, hero pilot, back home safe from the war.

She brought him fresh juice every day in the hospital.

I was in my thirties when I found out Joe's mother—my father's grandmother—my great grandmother—was “never the same.”

Joe was her favorite. Her life was ruined by grief.

This woman, my great grandmother, her name was Geneva. I had forgotten.

I have a black & white photo of Geneva wearing pants, about to ride in a bucket into Carlsbad Caverns.

When our lives overlapped, for five or six years, she seemed already dead, still and silent.

I was forty when I learned there was no suspicion of murder until the wife's young daughter started getting sick too. A life insurance scam.

They exhumed my father's uncle, and Joe's older brother—my father's father—my grandfather—had to identify the body.

We were in a restaurant when my father told me this.

"How long had he been buried?" I said. "Months," he said. "Maybe a year." I thought of the word *decay*.

These people, long dead, became yet more real.

It's taken my whole lifetime to understand they're real.

They say "never forget," but you can't remember things you haven't experienced.

You can't remember things you don't know—but you can remember things you don't know you know.

My best friend gave me a kimono with such deep creases that they never came out in the wash, no matter how many times I washed it.

It makes me think of a study I read about once that said butterflies "remember" being caterpillars.

I wonder what I don't know I remember, and how much room it's taking, on the long, boring drive across New Mexico.

It's a good kind of boring—the miles of dead nothing, and then a herd of tiny antelopes.

They make me think of Auden's reindeer, moving *silently and very fast* in their *altogether elsewhere*.

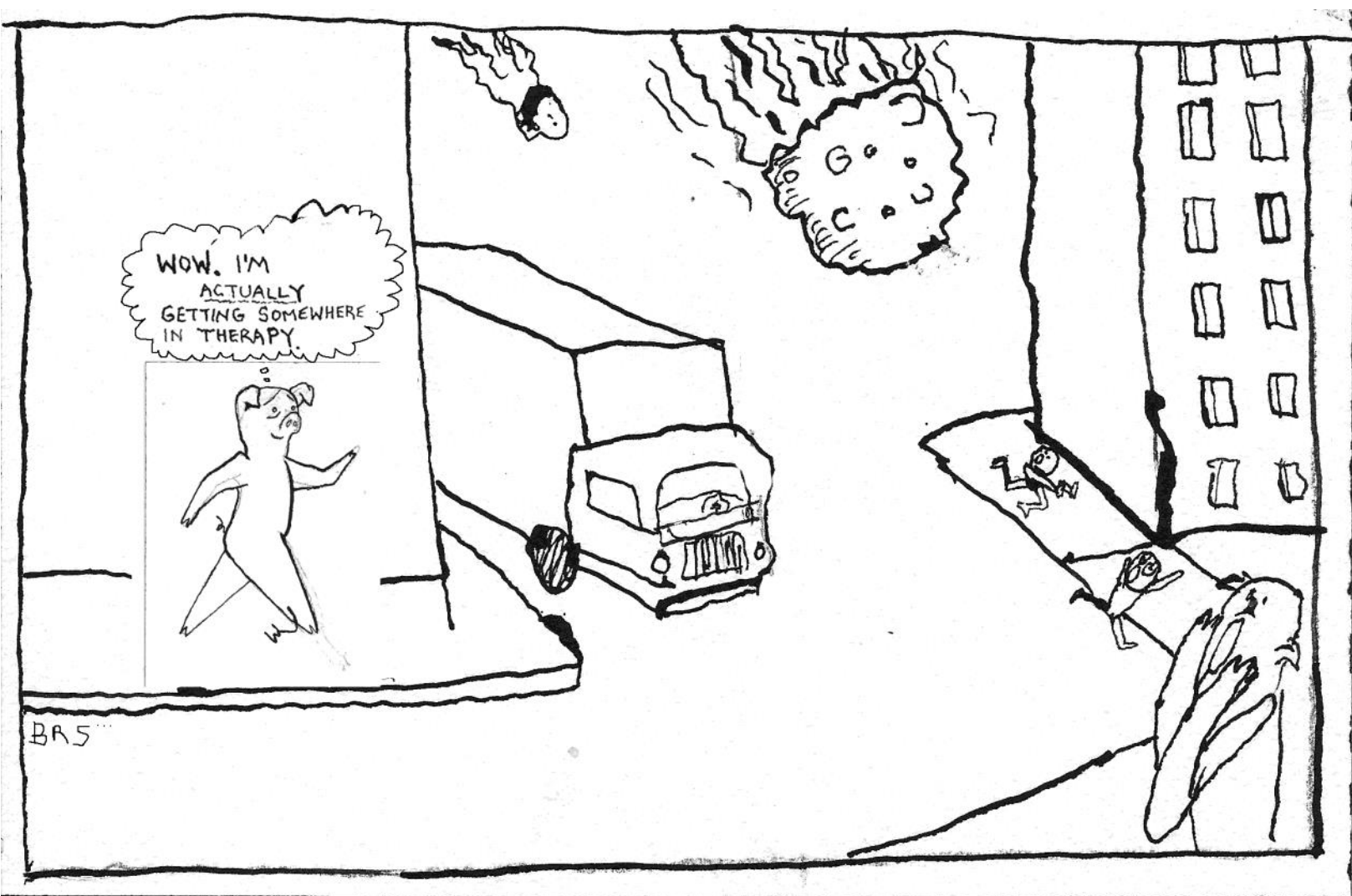
There is the elsewhere in the poem, and the elsewhere of the

poem—the deer are double elsewhere.

The poem is not *here*.

There is the past of the poem, a post-war poem, and the past in the poem, which is about the fall of Rome, which I never remember.

Maybe now I will remember.



POSSIBLE PIG

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ITERANT

MASTHEAD

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Art Editor: Candace Jensen

Editorial Assistant: Leane Ruell

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