

Quantum Entanglement

“This morning I put a comma in one of my poems...this afternoon I took it out again.” Oscar Wilde.

He ate violins
by the dozens
like drumsticks

and if he finished
in the allotted time,
drank himself silly

under the pier
that stretched far
into the sea

over which terns
skipped like flat
stones whose small

ripples swelled and rose
into the notes
of a hurricane

on the other side
of the earth
which, unpawled,

spun a little
while wild
into the cosmos

just shy of beyond a place
where another voice
he swore sang, too.

Contributors

Alice, who lives and works, has an MFA; Judith, just got her MFA and has won (yeah!); Jeffery teaches an MFA program; Chris, Pushcart nominee, is earning his MFA; Richard is the author of numerous works; Amanda's work has appeared; Claudia lives; Susan has an MFA and a PhD and teaches; Jeanne is also a poetry editor; Gary has a collection of selected works collected; Tim lives with his wife (sounds healthy); George's poems have also appeared; Claire (I love that name) is a writer but, apparently, doesn't have an MFA; Randy is not a poet at all; Ken, however, is—and he holds his MFA; Justin (that's it, just his name); Ben *received* his MFA; Andrew (probably doesn't like being called "Andy") teaches and publishes; Mark has won too many prizes—so they just put a little "etc.;" Gary teaches poetry classes in an MFA program; Brenna (not making this up) lives with fabricated animals (allergies); Carter has already published in this journal and had earned the distinct title: "Frequent Contributor;" Debra (another nice name) has the biggest paragraph in the bio section; Austin just says she has recent works in progress; Chris (not the Chris from above) also *holds* his MFA; Joan resides as a poet; Meredith (not kidding, this is what it says) makes elaborate papercuts (sic)...maybe it's a misprint for "paper cutouts;" Lee wrote a column (a whole one) five years ago—doesn't mention if she has an MFA, though; Lee (just like the Chriss (however you spell it), there's two) publishes poetry; Carrie makes no mention of her MFA, but I can tell she has one; Sarah (always loved that name) works as a plumber and publishes way more than me (I)—whatever, bastard, w/yr subjective pronouns; William (another name snob) has the second biggest entry next to Debra's; Will (see? now you can tell he's cool and he writes poems and he has an MFA); Mark has submitted work for a prize; Jeff lives and works and teaches and writes and wins and won; and finally, Robert ("Bob"...he actually wrote that in parenthesis—which is weird...why wouldn't he just write "Bob?") writes books.

I think may be in love with Claire.

Brochure of Montpeelur

Each morning someone arrives to address the flowers
of the State's capital beds, comb the lawns, sweep the steps;
all our menus face you on the street, no one tells us what
to do, if a front door is locked or being painted, you can access
from the side, park in the back but not on the grass,
our basketball team never makes the playoffs,
but we have our own mountain, we don't mind if the meter runs
out, we'll give you directions to all the stars, our fairs, their shows,
our monuments are artful and all their plaques are legible,
and just so you know, we take our weekends seriously and off,
all our crosswalks work and no one talks more than they should.

Atlas of True Names

After Summer Solstice

Call it an enchantment in this turquoise atlas of true nomina
under a grove of Narrow Leaf Cottonwood;

we don't have to decide right away and nothing we say or praise,
under the longest narrows of Summer

sky, may suffice, anyway; as they say, *it's hard to say*
when you talk one word at a time,

better an egregious embrace on this storm drenched knoll of pubis grass
where we swell under nebulae

if you'd like, in a while, should, say, that cloud pass, a little kiss just beneath
your ear while the *New Navel of the Moon*

glimmers over Aztec, blushes to Mexico, alights the darkening errata of this terrain,
the *Shallow Water*;

yes, the alluvium does feel good between your toes, there's plenty
to drink just by lifting your mouth

as if to a falls, and all these little leafy etymologies are good after a rain
in our *Reddish Land* burned wild

and risen mountain upon mountain, night is beginning to bewilder the orchards
in the *South Wind*;

I like the small corner of your mouth rising, the thrilling, sudden ascent
of birds startled from a field,

how the heart torrents in a lull; just lie with me on these furtive plains;
it's late, and I don't think I care how to get back.

The few geographical references are taken from "The Atlas of True Names," compiled by Stephan
Hormes and Silke Peust, two cartographers who trace the etymologies of place names and redraw the
maps of the world.

Stalled

"Of what the world is really made,
we are such easy prey," said Nietzsche.
Black ice, reckless driving, loose dogs
weaving through rigged parking meters
lining the curb like a kickbacked jury.
I kept the bladed key coldly cranking
my morgue-bound German standard-shift,
hoofed my frozen boot at the grudging
pedal, bred the engine down to clicks,
a Gatling gun jammed in a nuclear age.
No spark, fuel, the block bled out black;
pressed to all fours, I nuzzled against the fender
to make sure, crouched above the motor
silent as ice...as if there were a heart to gnaw.