XO 11

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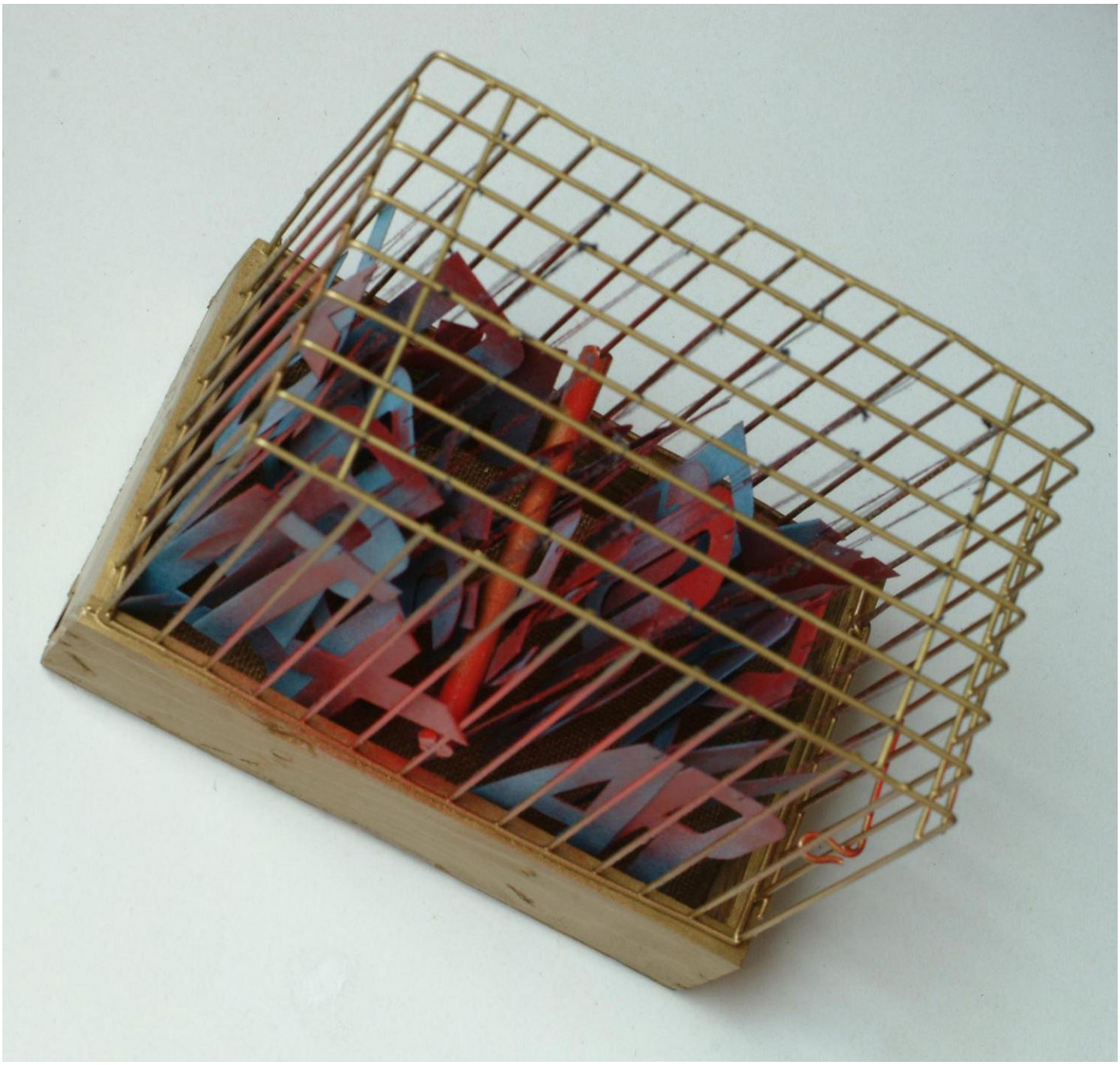
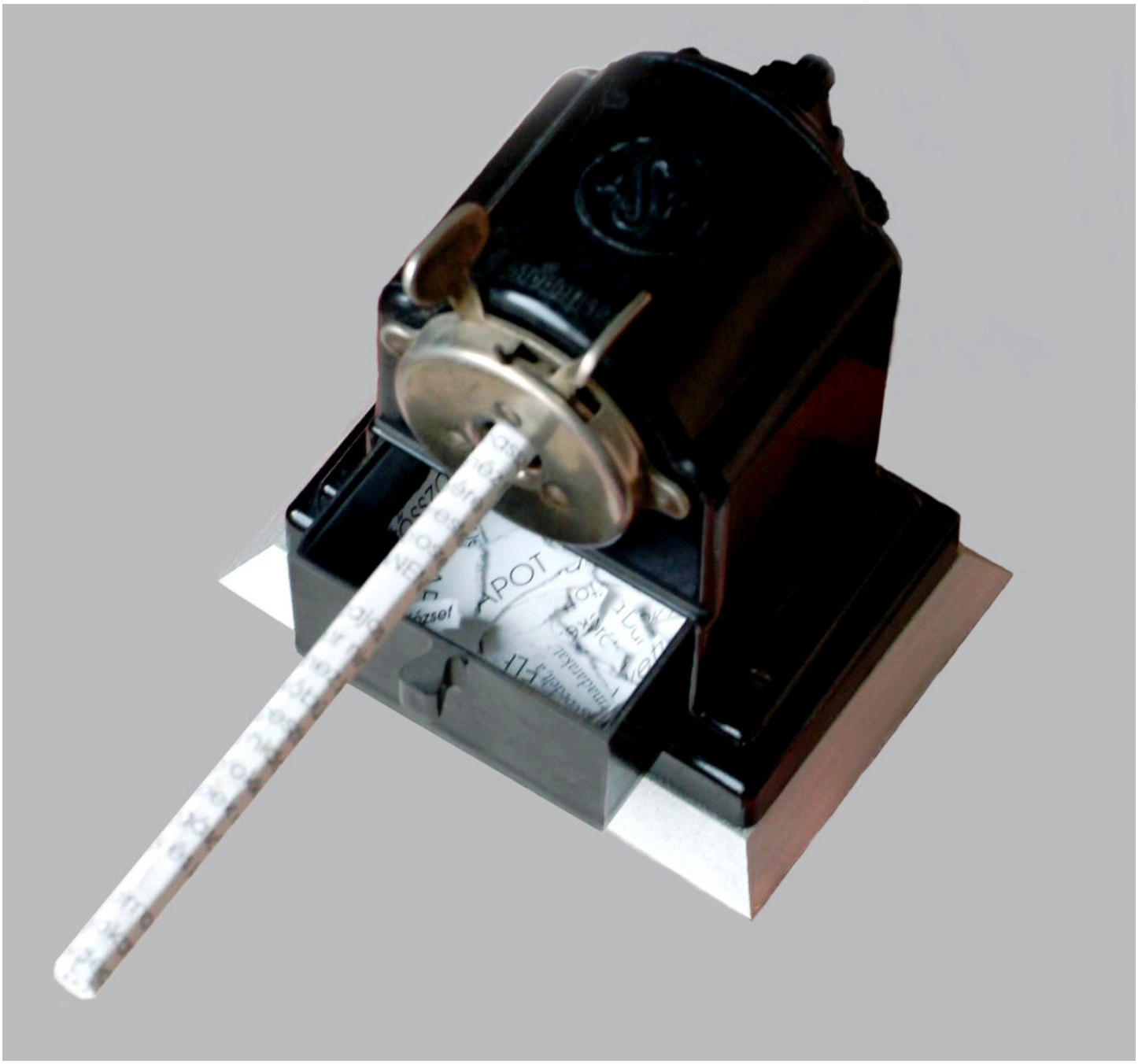
To the solitary and the friendless.

"I care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself."

Charlotte Brontë, Jane Eyre



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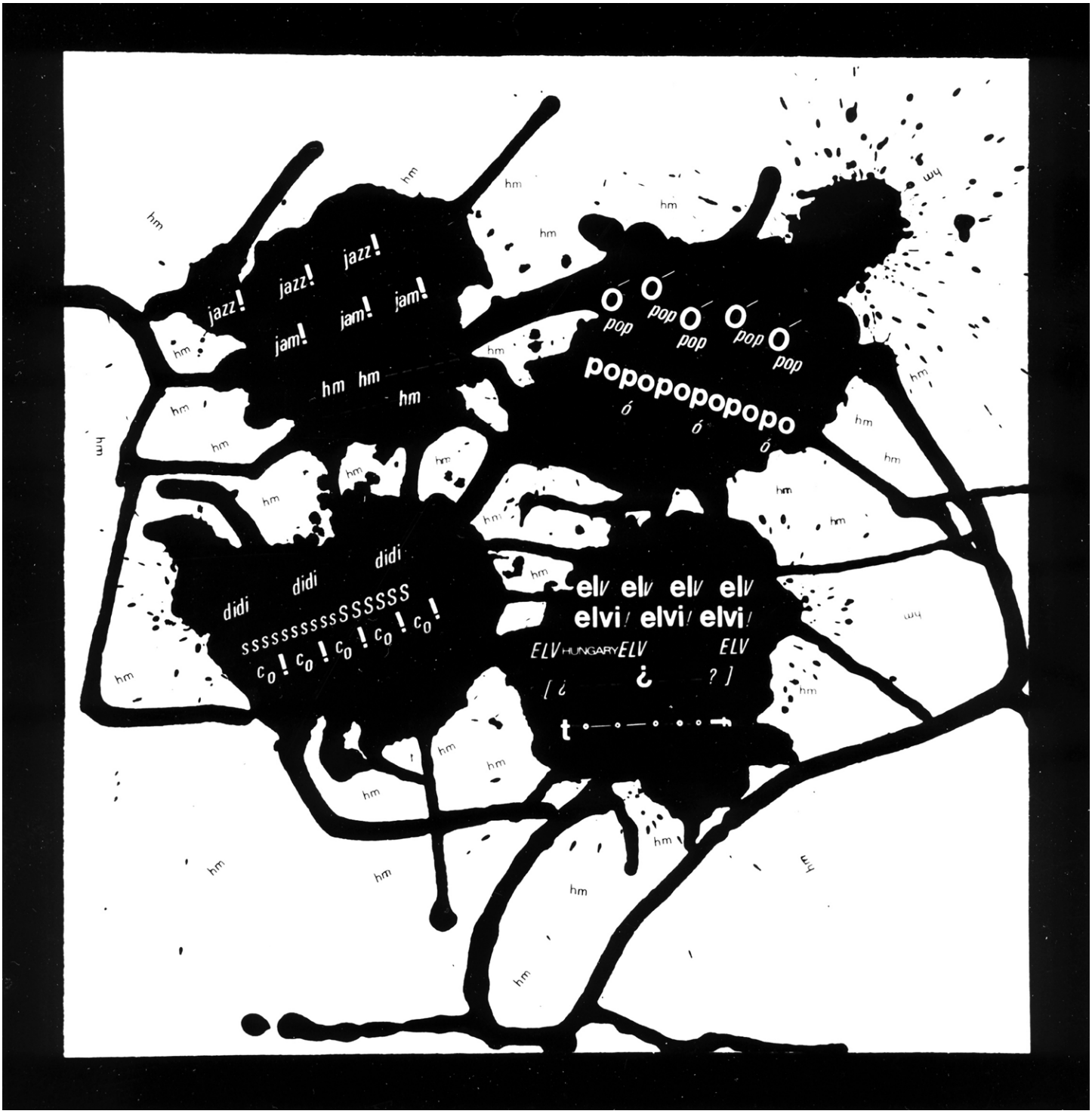
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02e - no ... - (in remembrance of Tibor Hajas)


LIVRE

József Bíró

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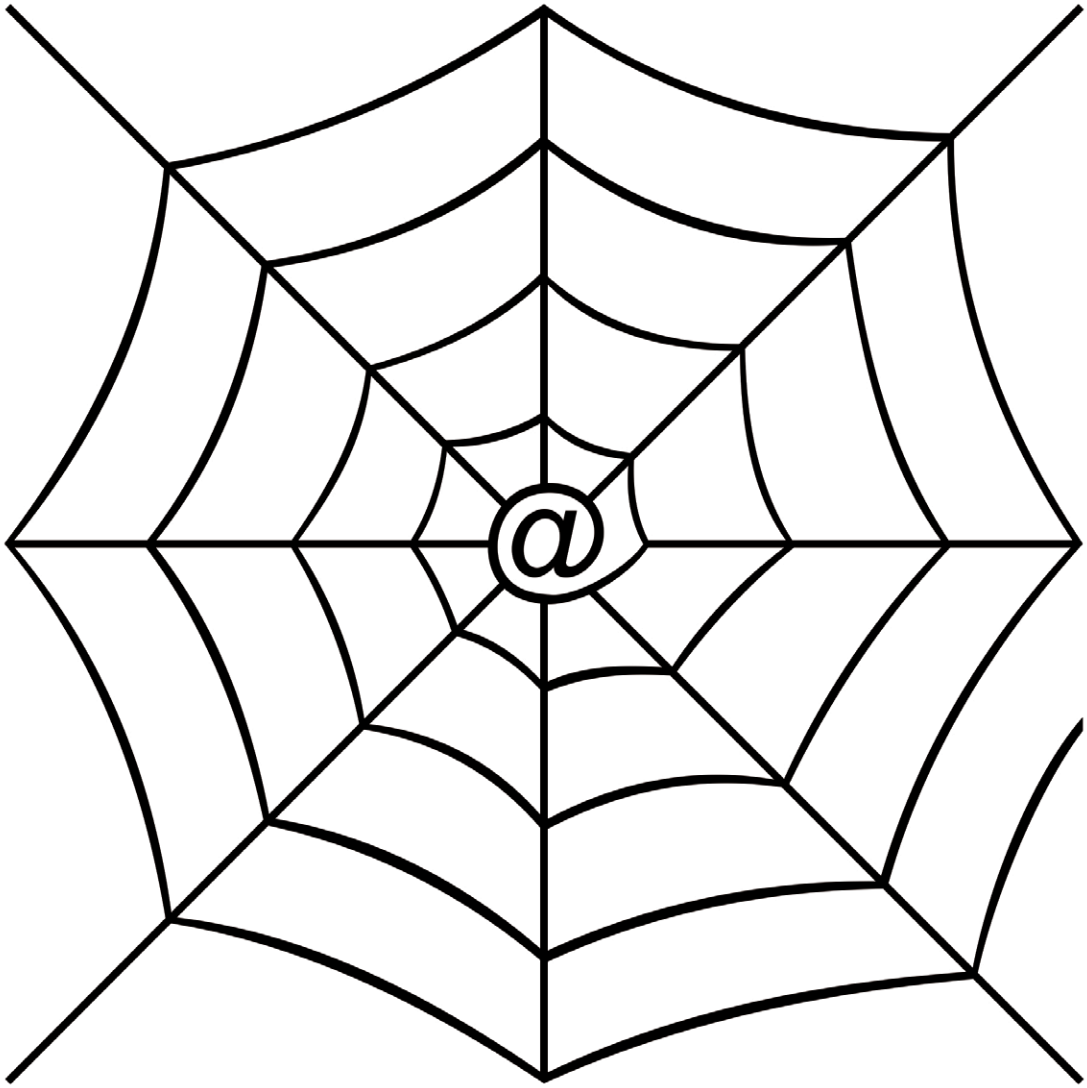
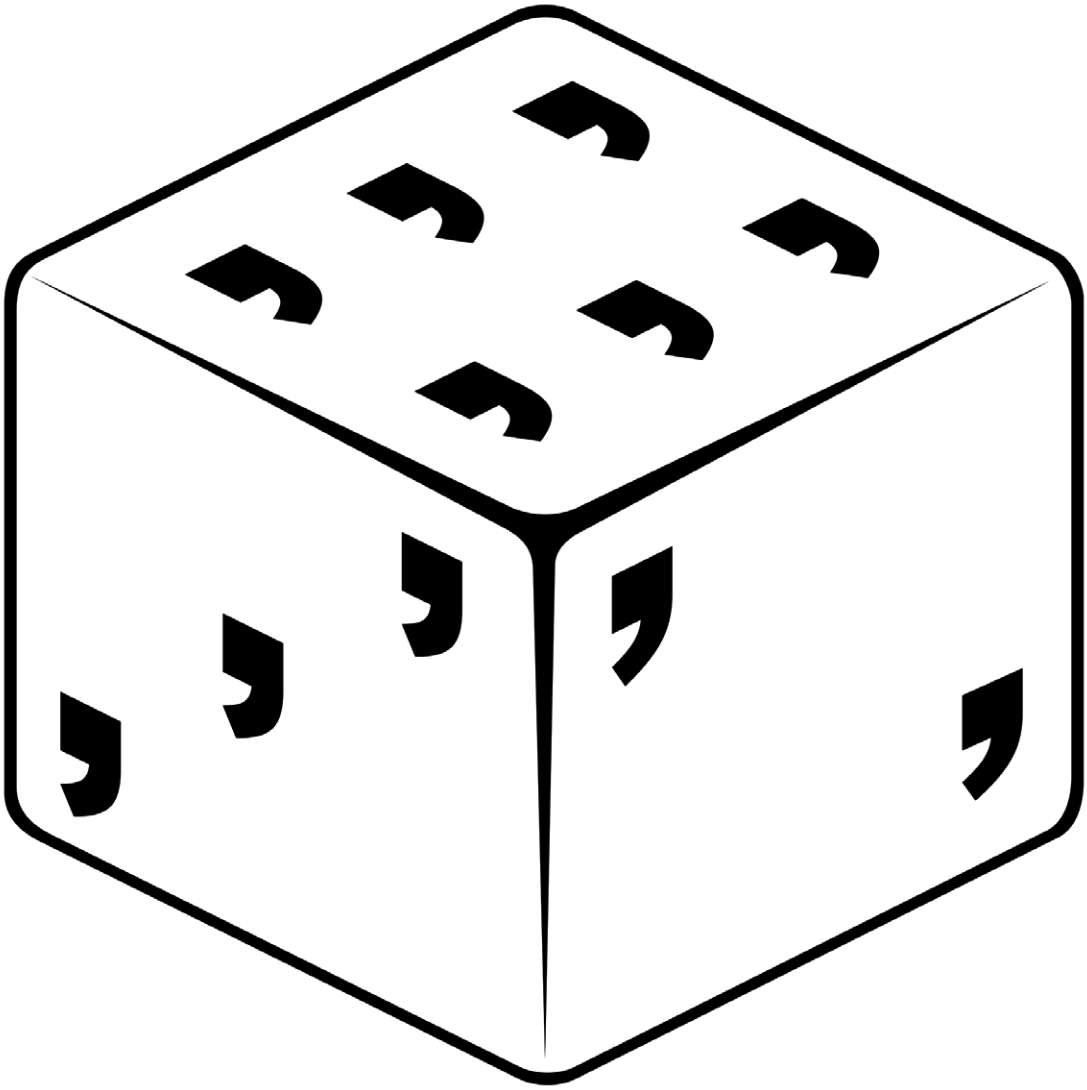
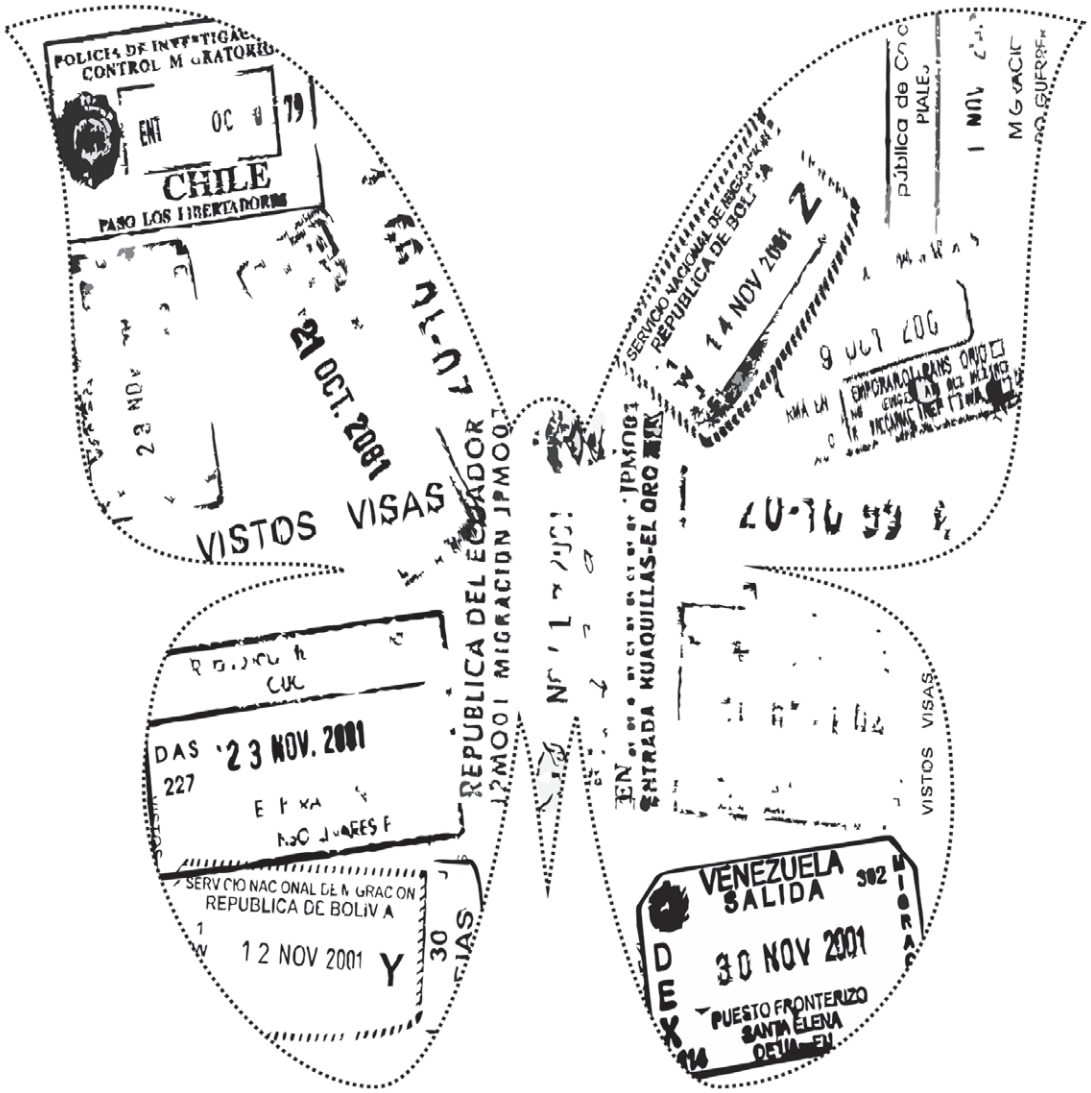
A Web






CHILE
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VISTOS VISAS
REPUBLICA DEL ECUADOR
DAS 23 NOV. 2001
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SERVICIO NACIONAL DE MIGRACION
REPUBLICA DE BOLIVIA
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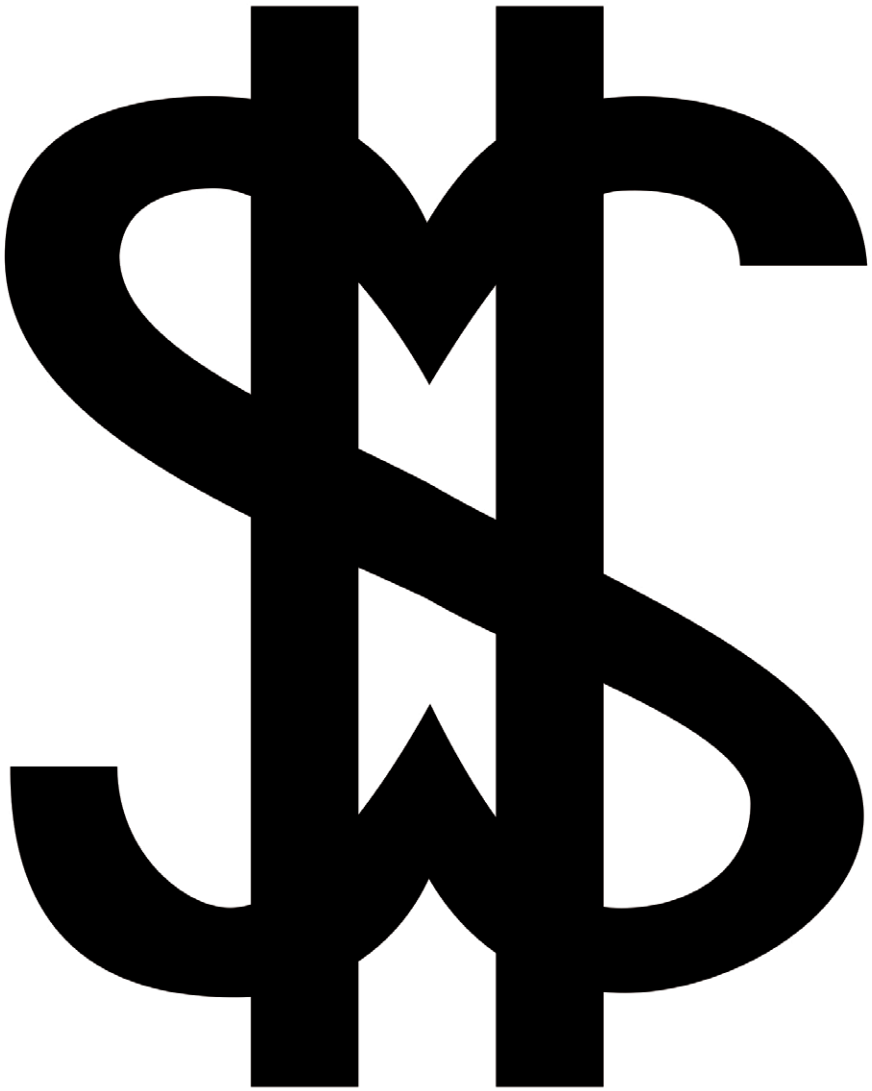
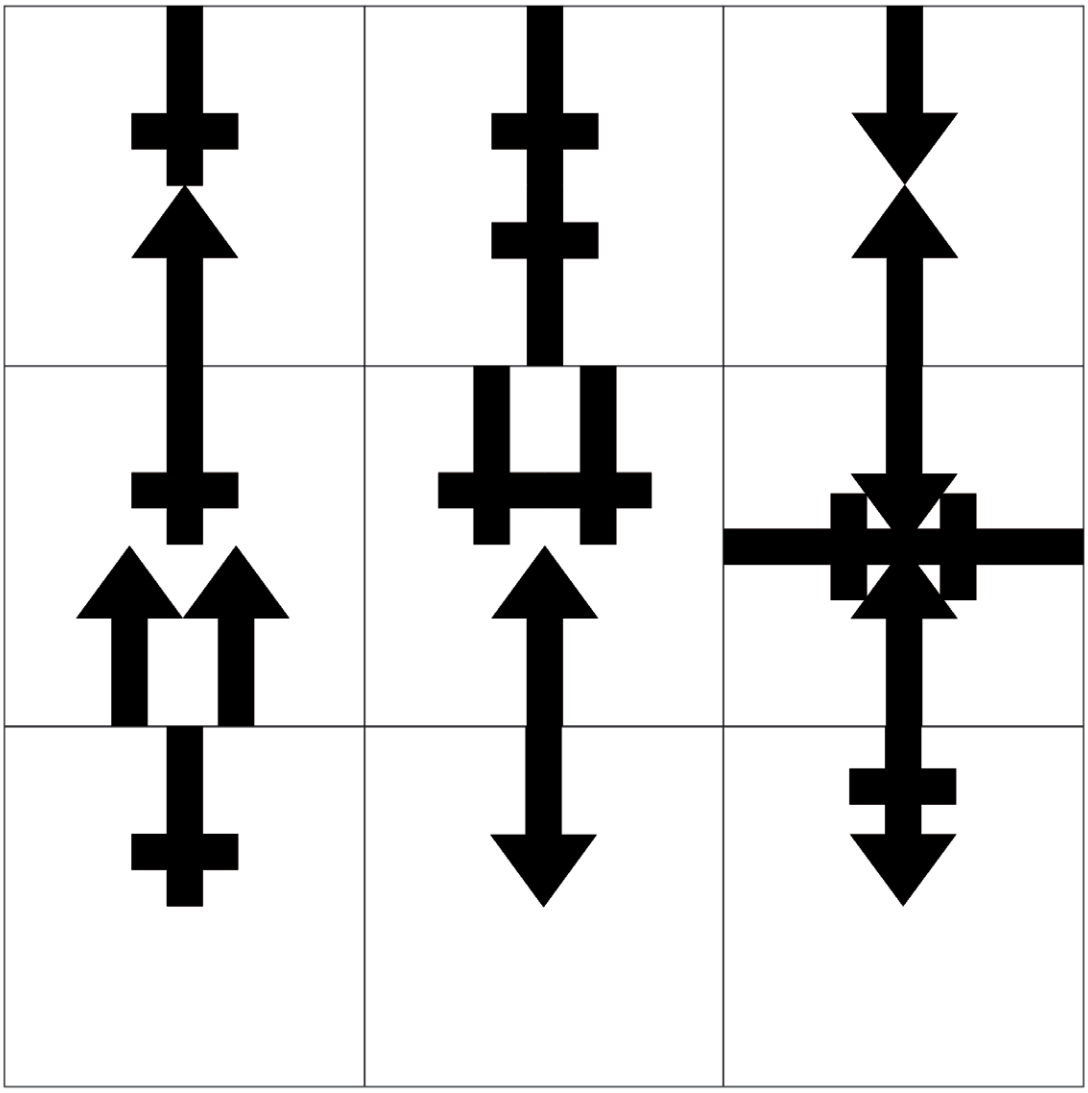
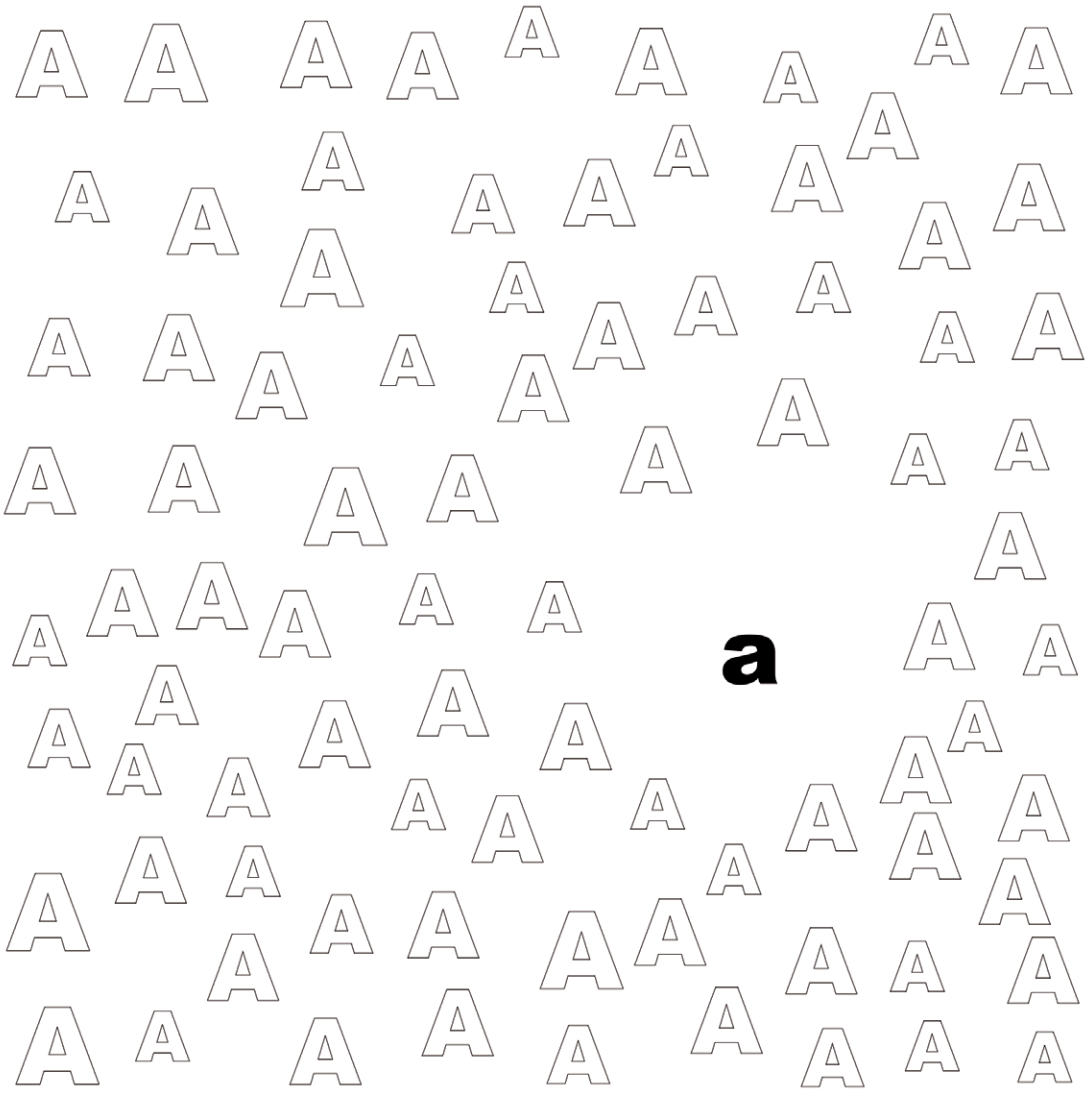
VENEZUELA
SALIDA
30 NOV 2001
PUESTO FRONTERIZO
SANTA ELENA



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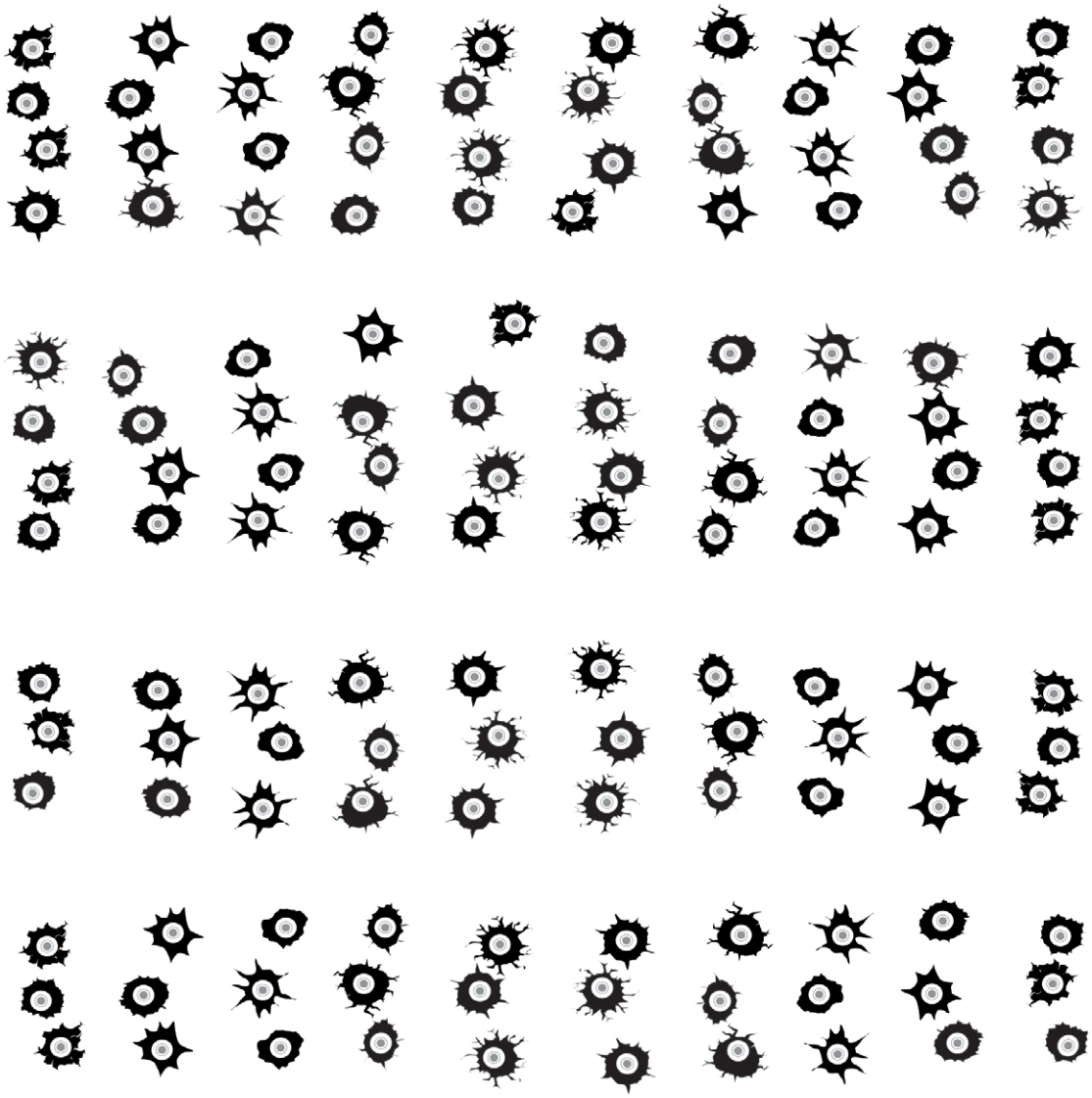
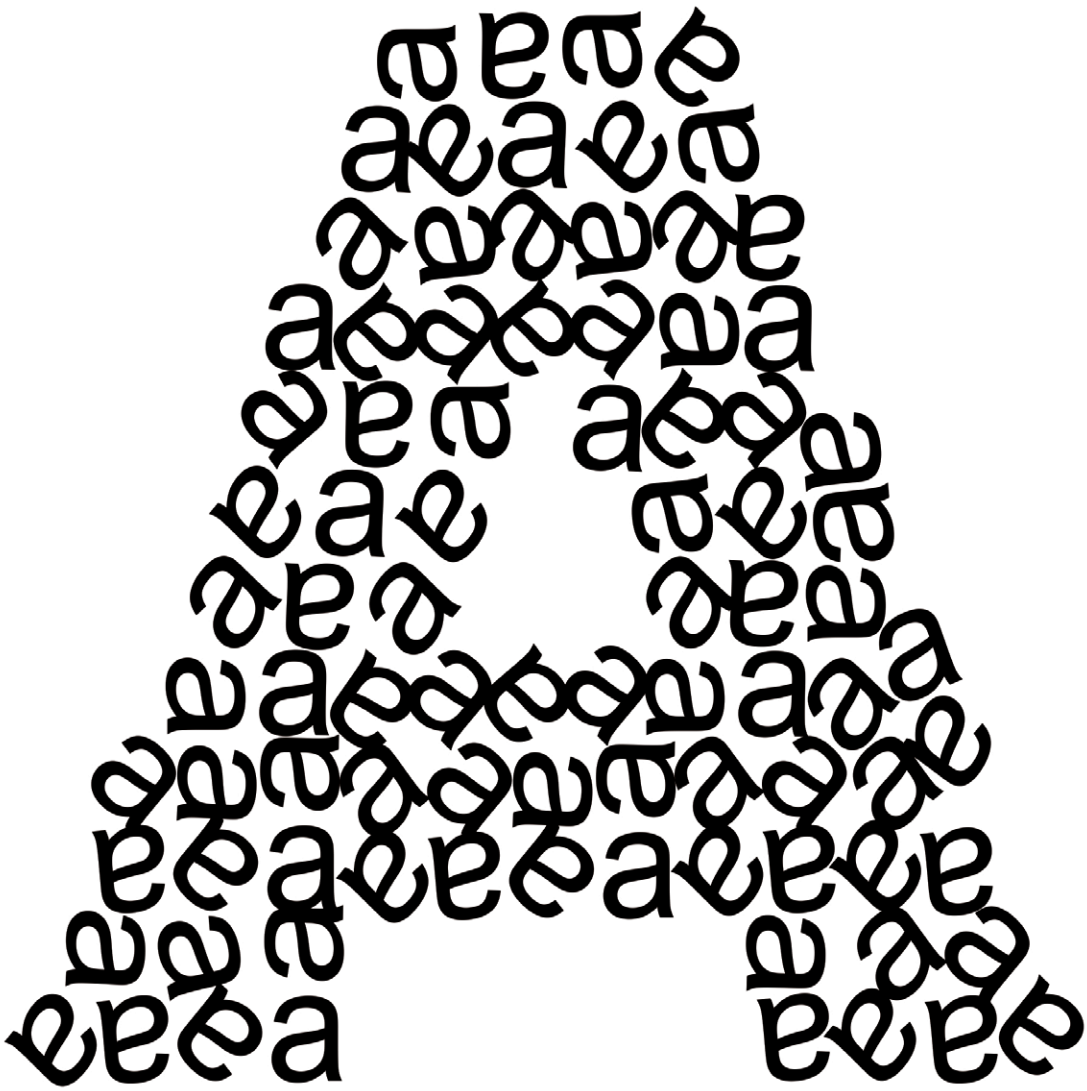
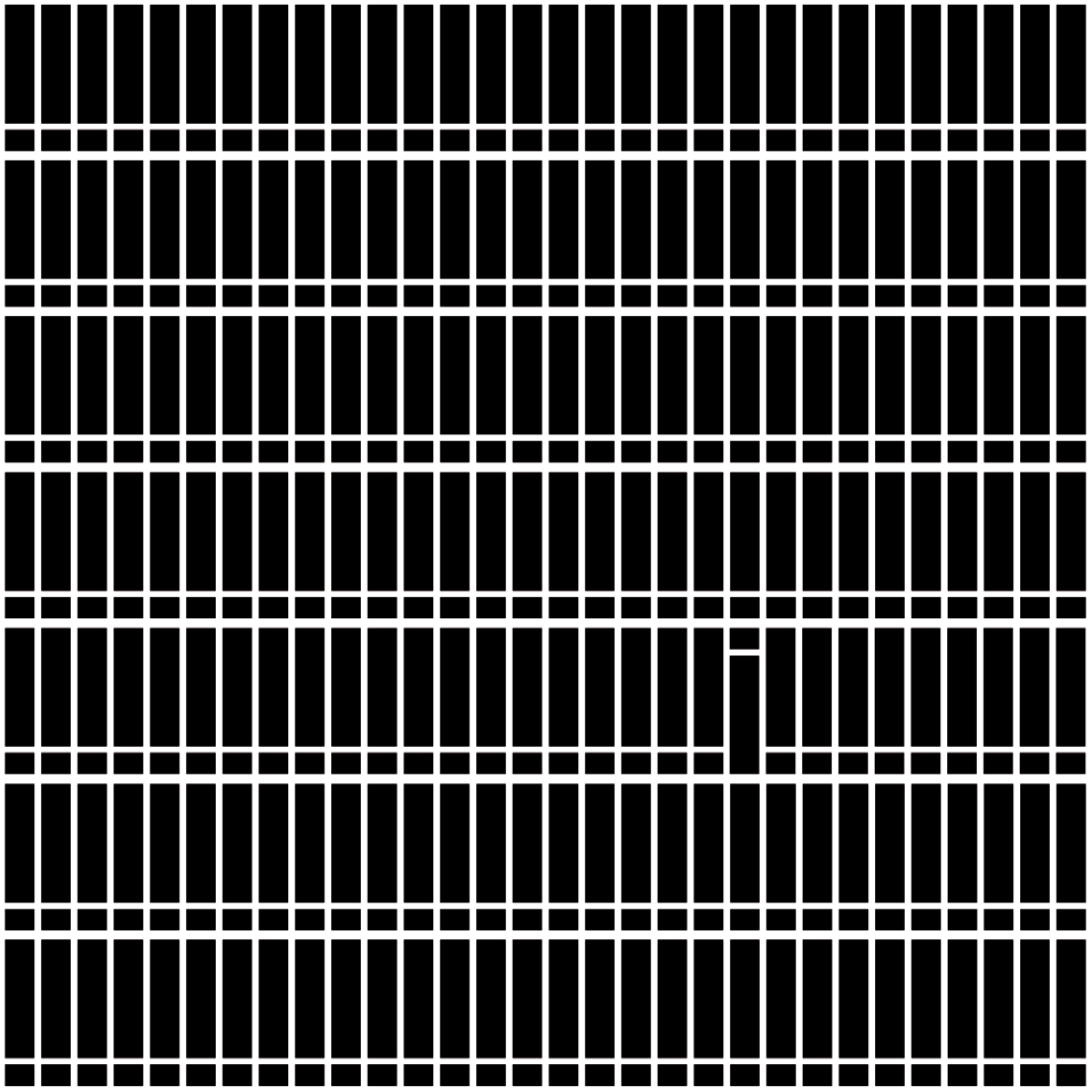






Anita Dolman

The suitcase of Clarissa B.

(after Jon Crispin's photographs of the abandoned suitcases at Willard Asylum for the Chronic Insane)

Cracked leather straps
knuckled under black, snapped in brass,
a binding that bound the nothing
in place:
        her briefcase
        her portfolio
        her wallet
                emptied when?

Dust-worn,
a Railway Express Agency Incorporated label
reads 53 Washington Sq. S.
New York City, New York

Anita Dolman

The printer's case

(after Jon Crispin's photographs of the abandoned suitcases at Willard Asylum for the Chronic Insane)

Bookmaker, binder,
a tinkerer's trade, not a tinker.
Etched-in, indelible, ink without meaning,
a case of potential, waiting for ideas;
a roll of, a box of, a sheet of,
a purchase or inheritance or sale.
Here are things you could have done something with
if something could still have been done.

Anita Dolman

The suitcase of Anna B.

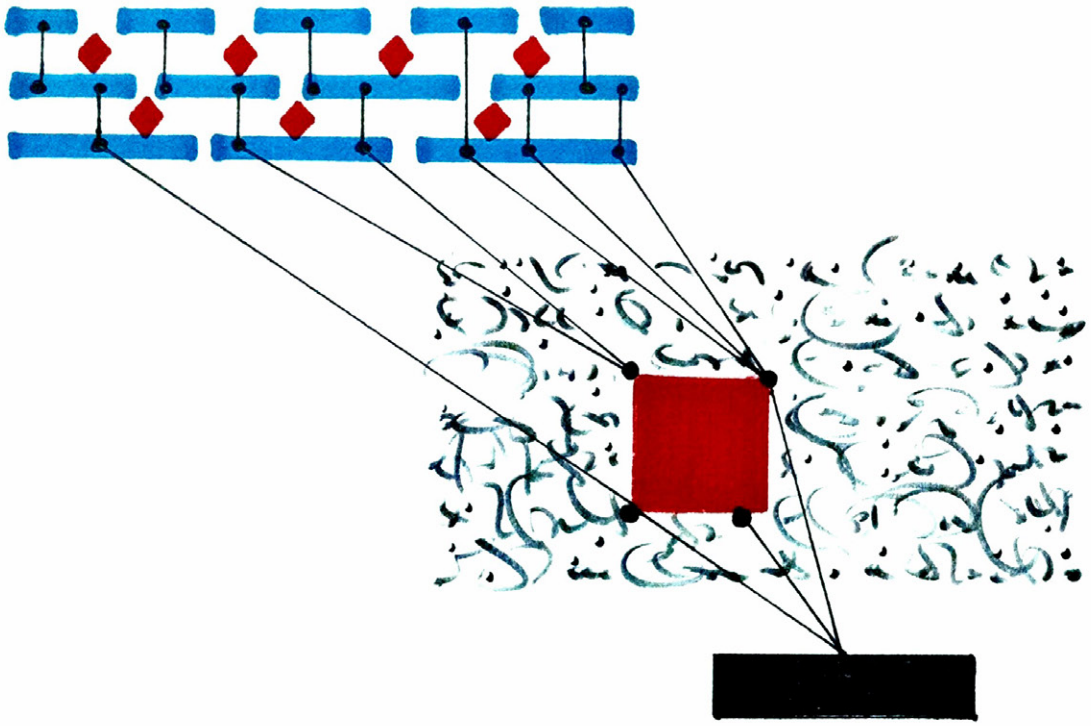
(after Jon Crispin's photographs of the abandoned suitcases at Willard Asylum for the Chronic Insane)

Back stitch, satin stitch,
military parade of silk split stitches
across linen; flares of purple, petals white,
stamens sewn in darkest blue

In the garden outside stars roar,
splash down vodka, beat
mad as hammers
at black earth writhing
with carrion beetles, worms

Behind glass everything keeps,
pressed to linen, stiches
march AB, ABCD, CD,
never CDAB, stitches
learned perfectly
snake across cotton,
draw up from, snake in,
nothing has proved
to be like this

Dona Mayoora



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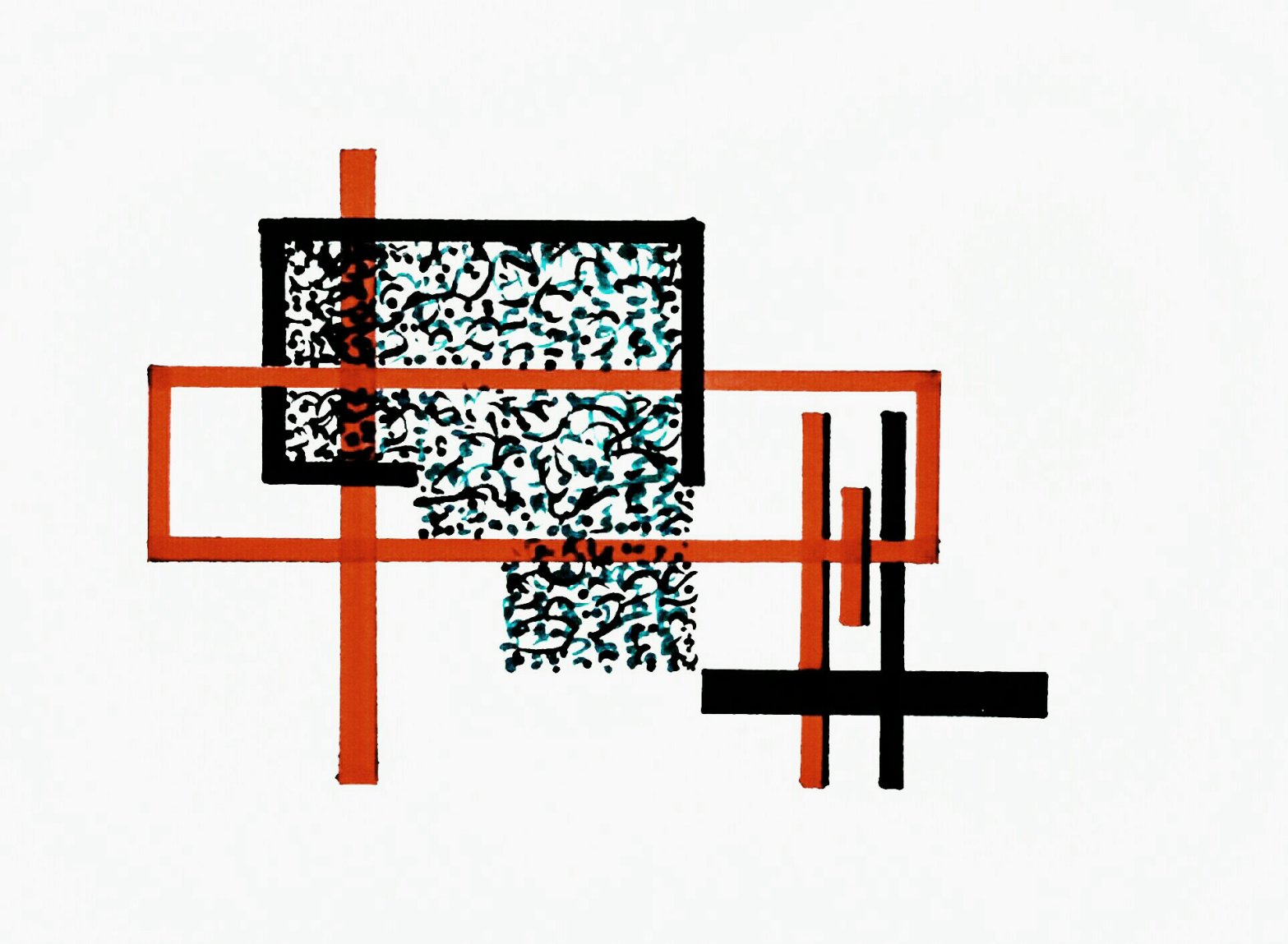

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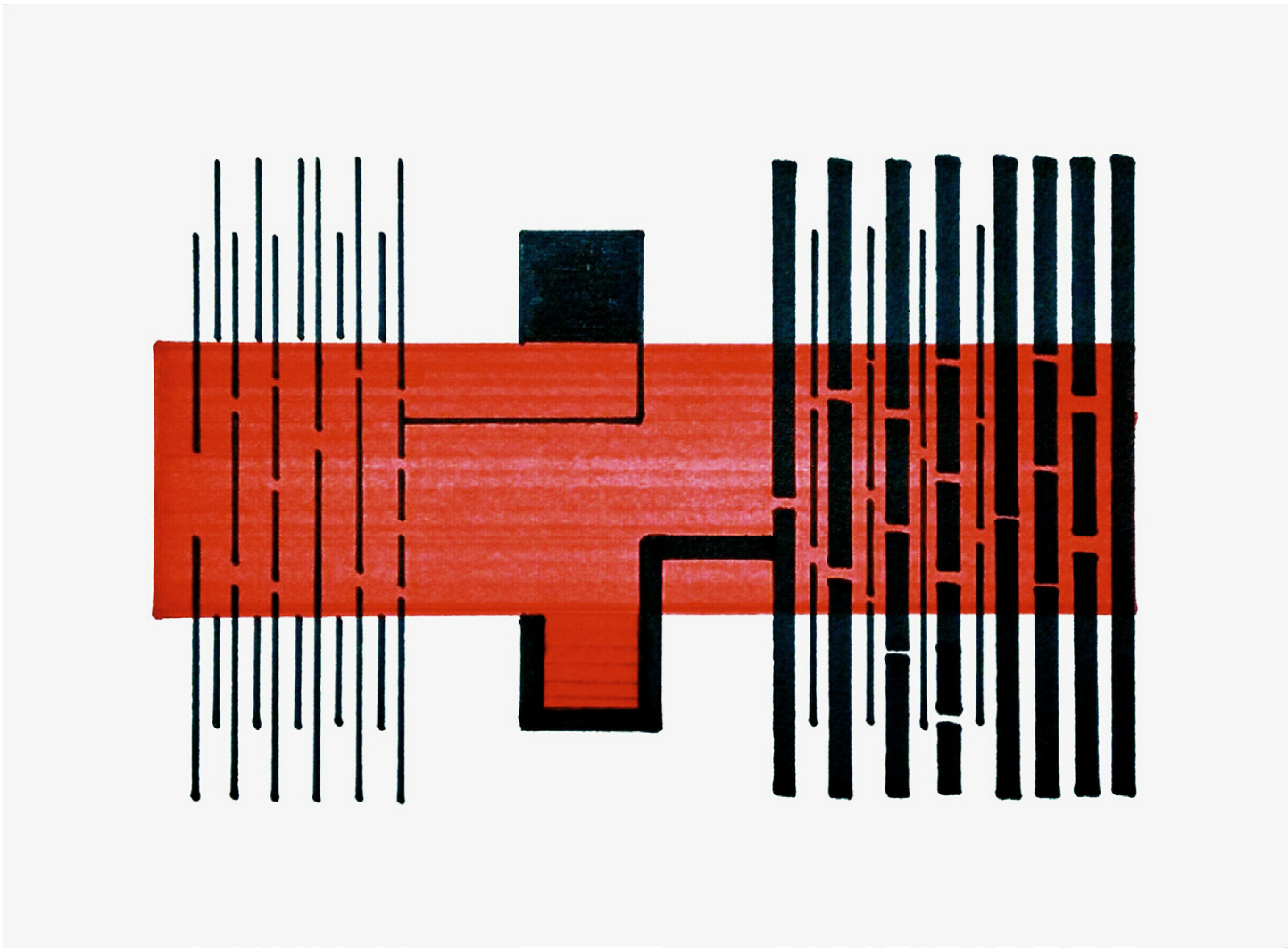

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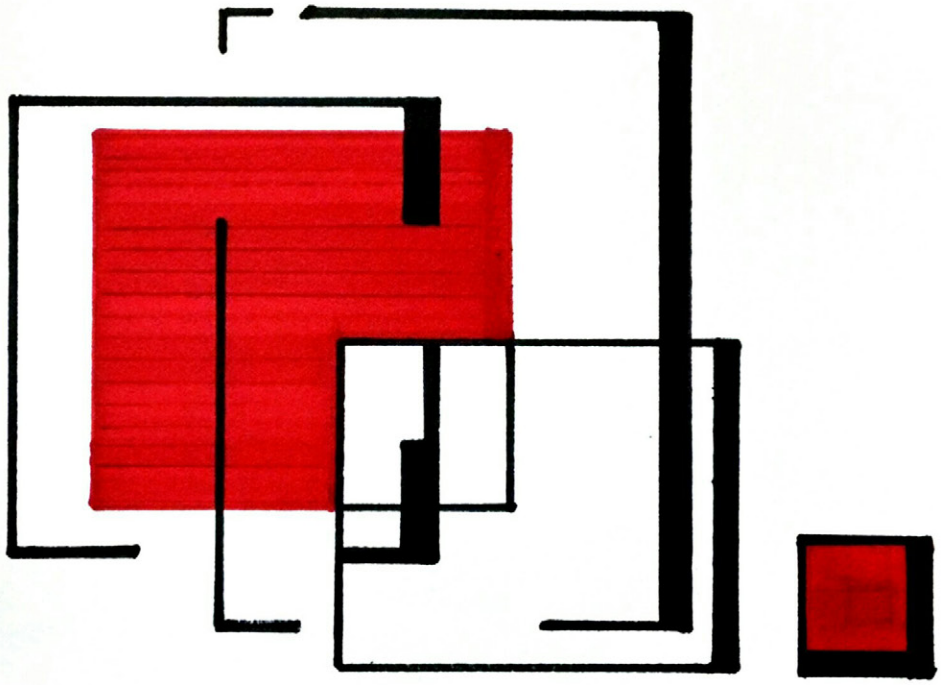

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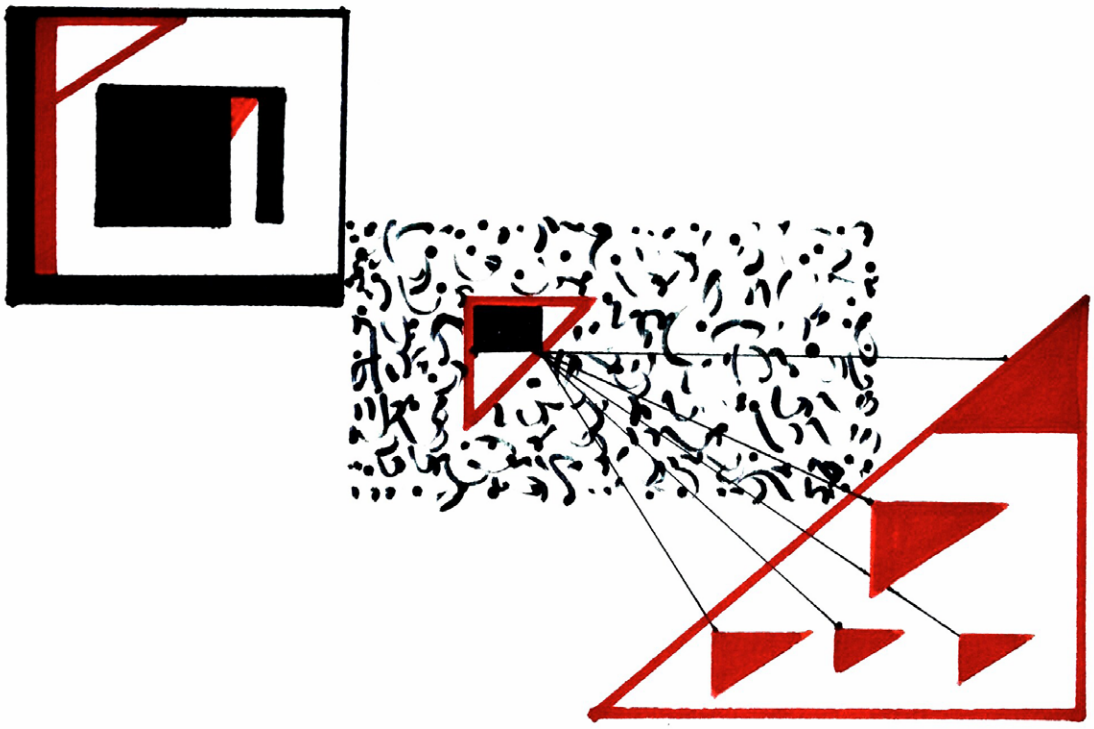

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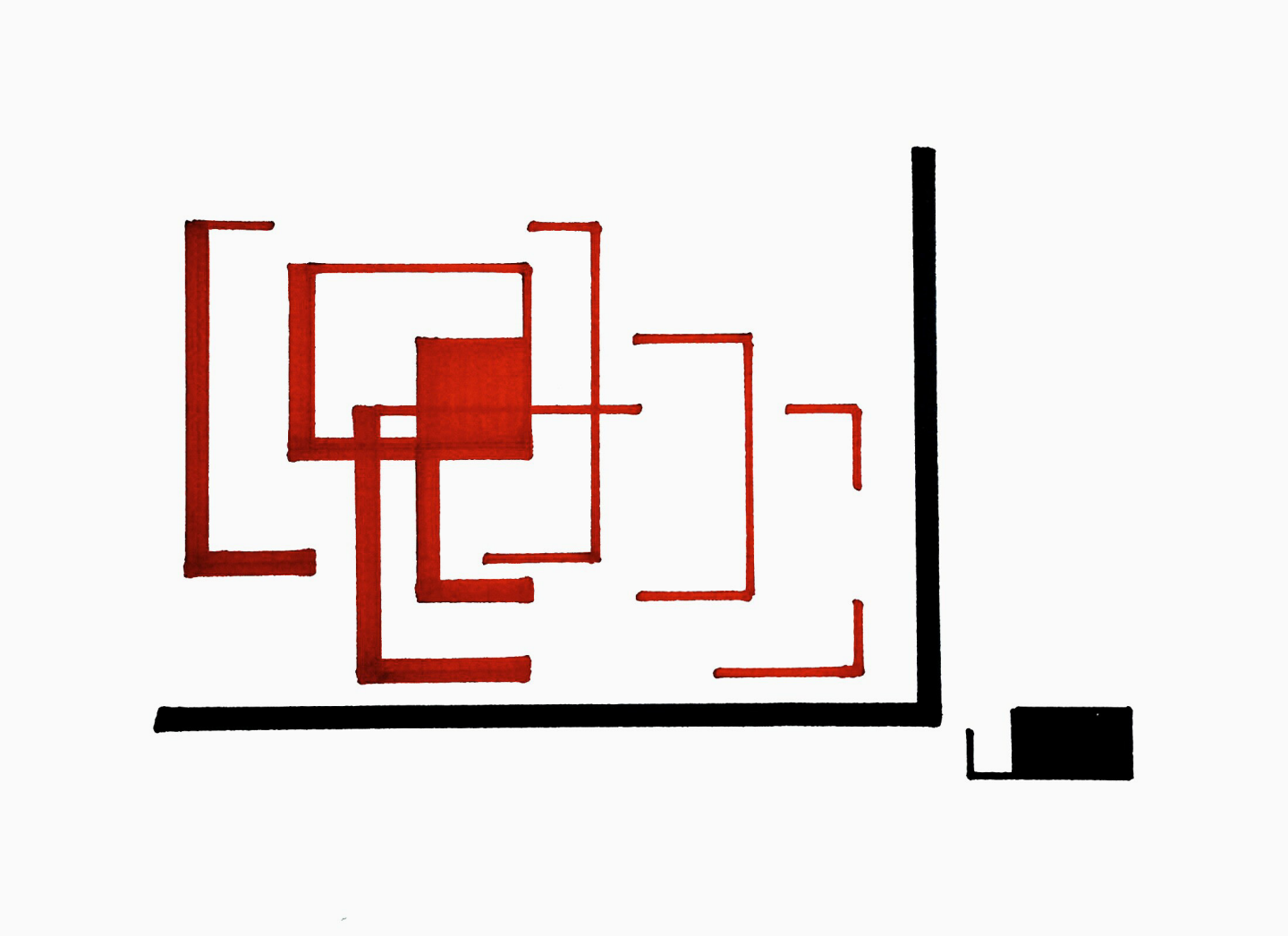

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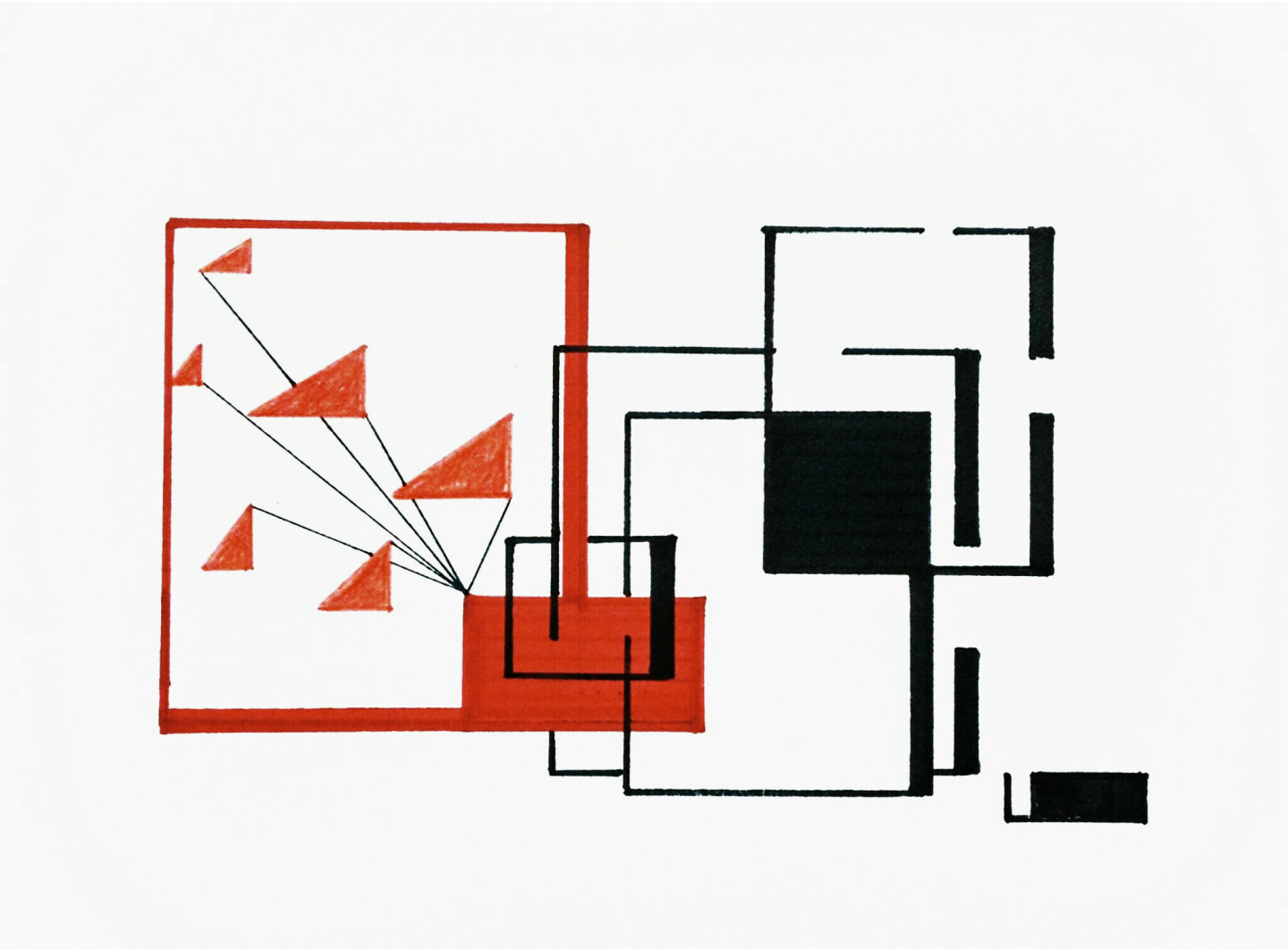

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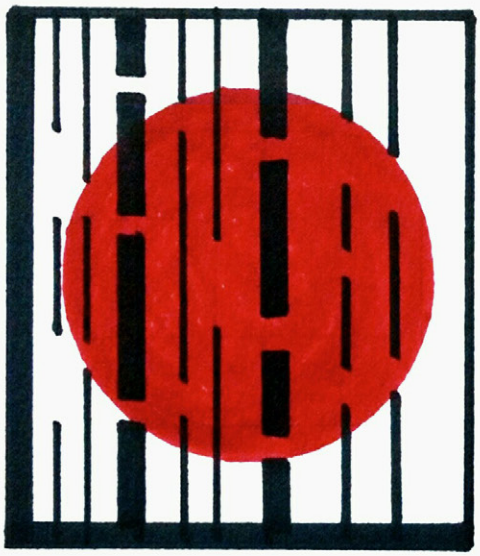
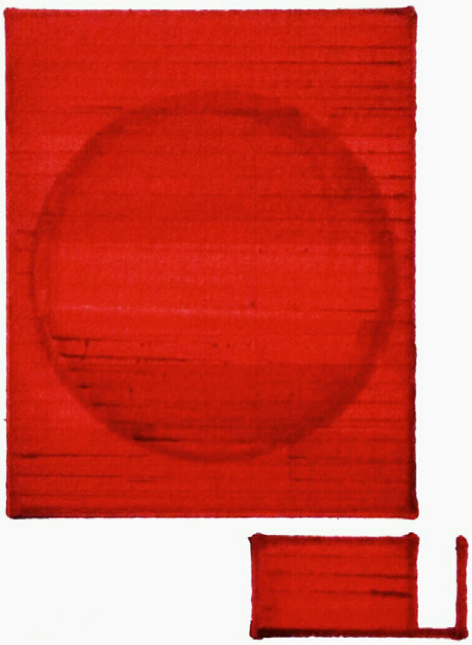
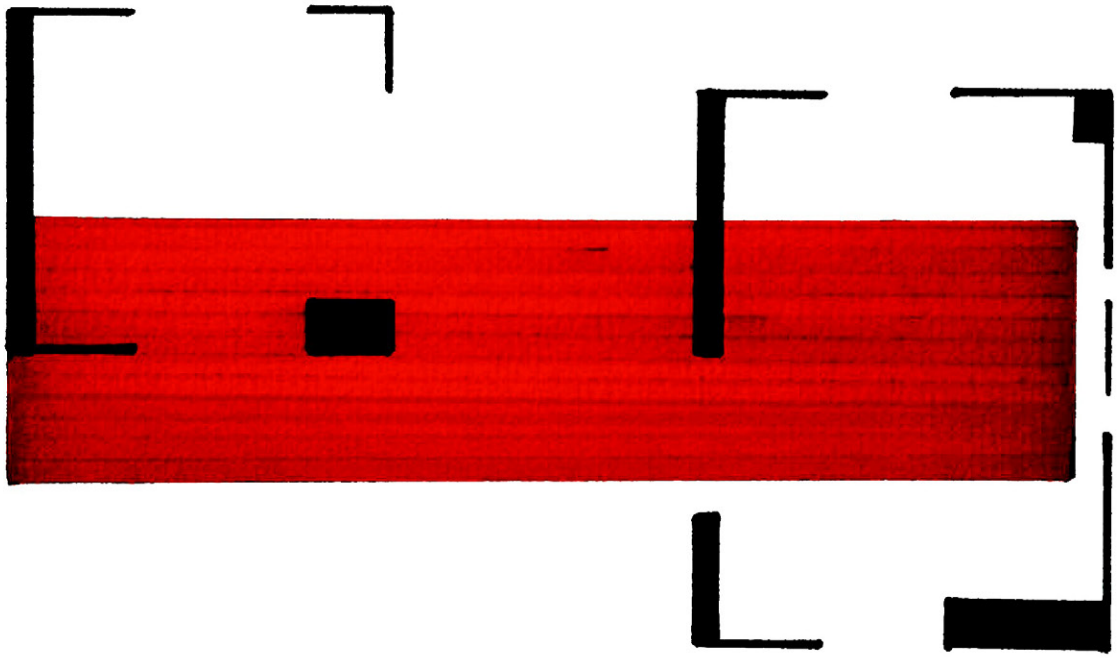
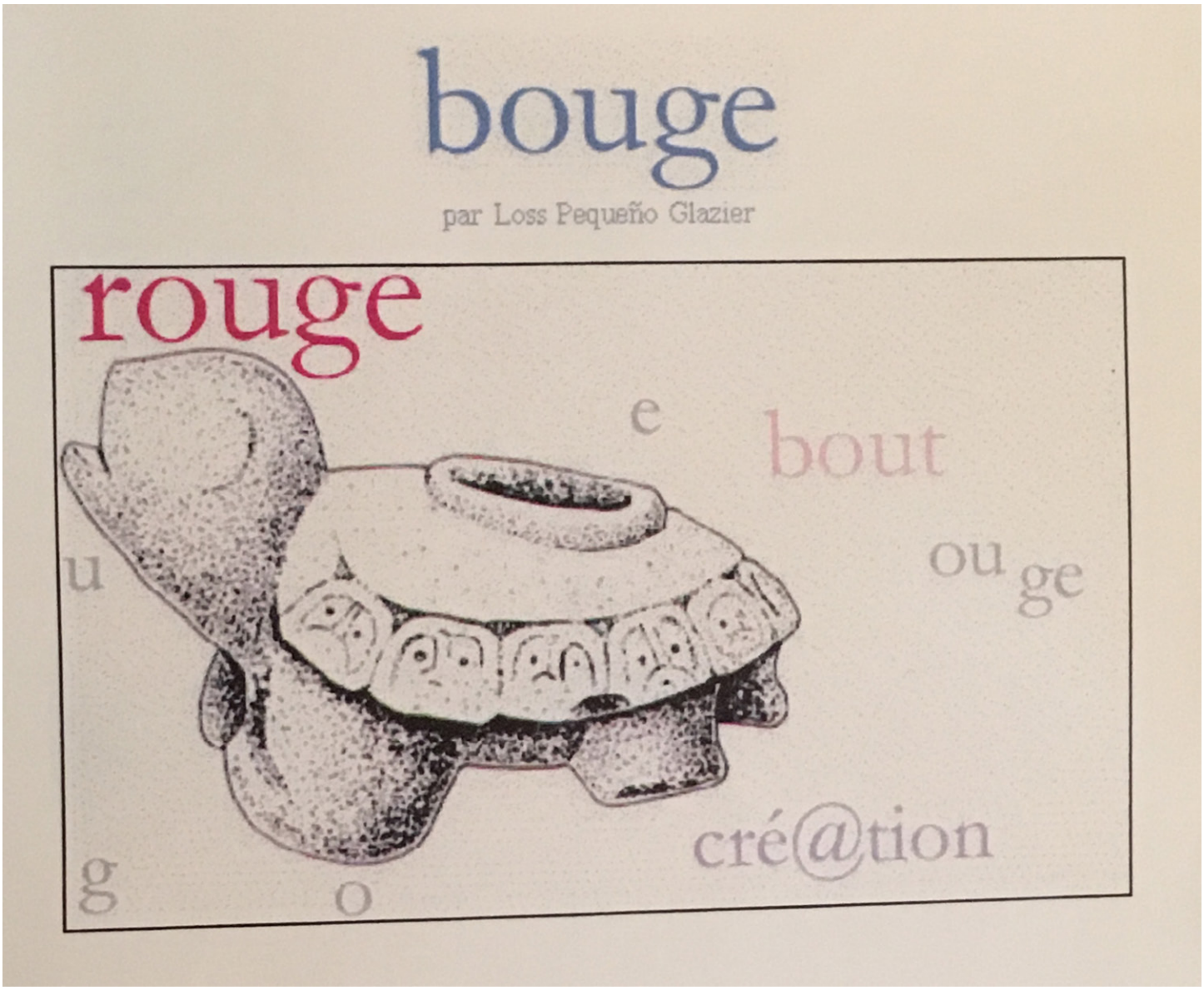




Dona Mayoora

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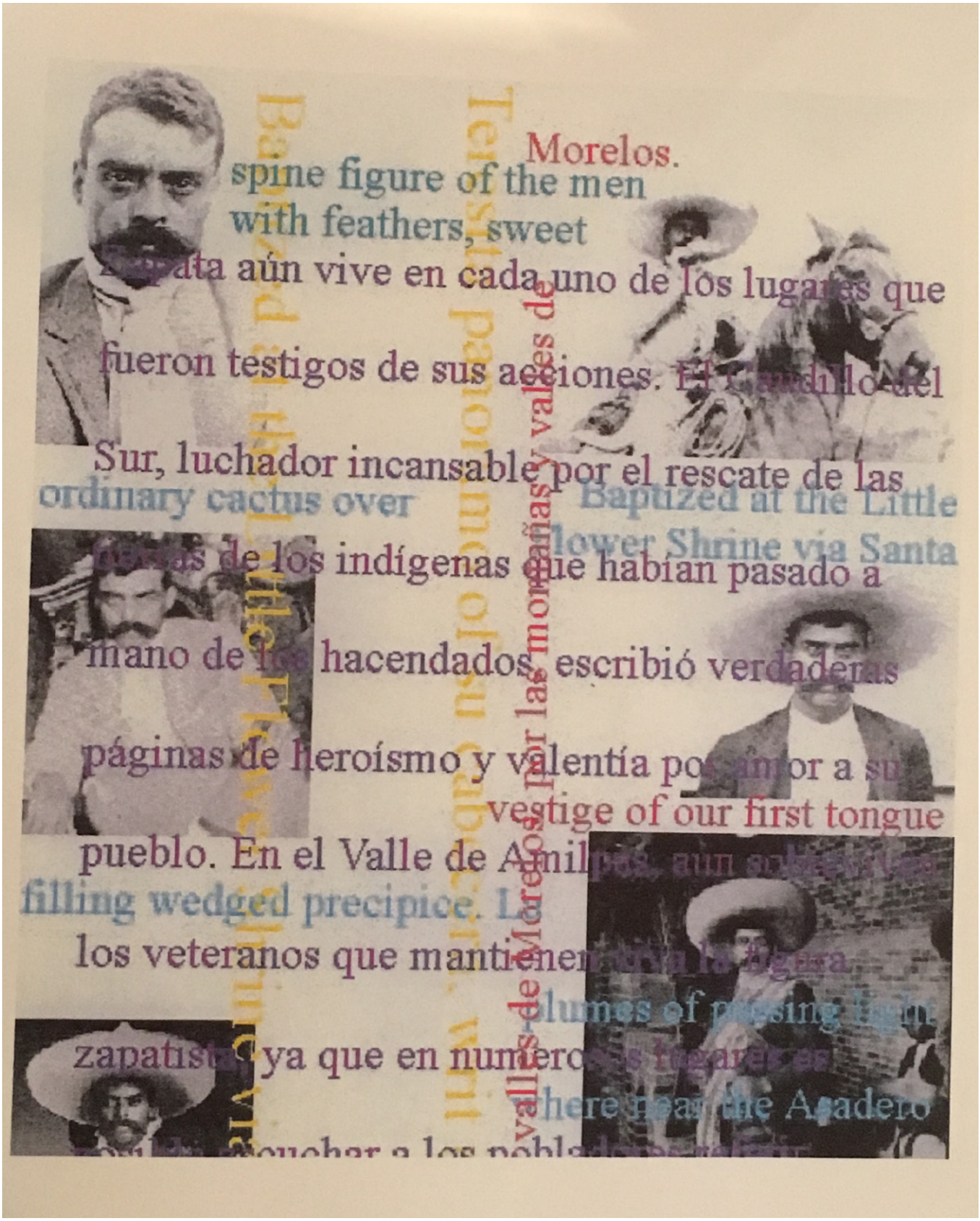
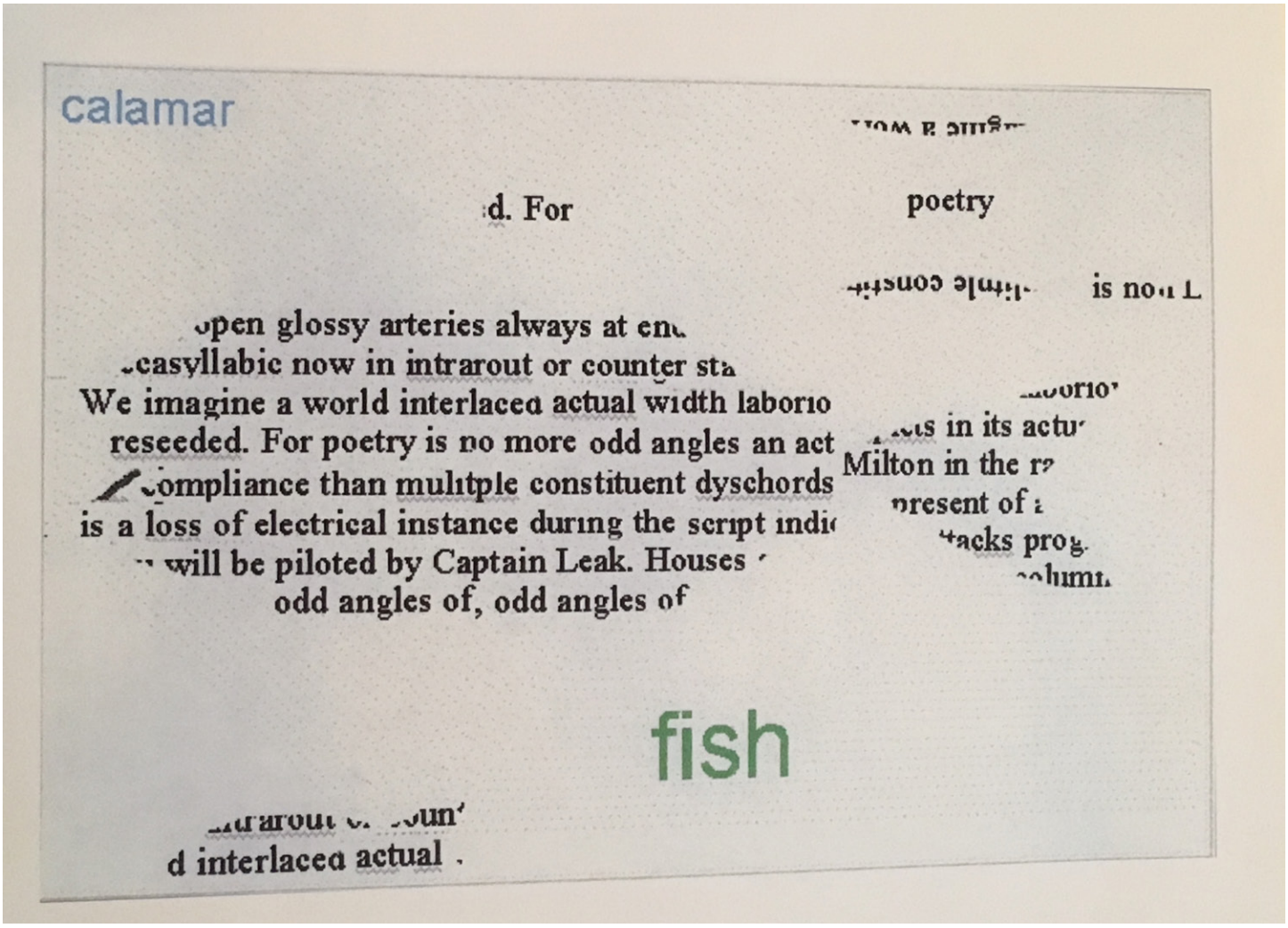

Morelos.
spine figure of the men
with feathers, sweet
aún vive en cada uno de los lugares que
fueron testigos de sus acciones.
Sur, luchador incansable por el rescate de las
ordinary cactus over
Baptized at the Little
flower Shrine via Santa
de los indígenas que habían pasado a
mano de los hacendados, escribió verdaderas
páginas de heroísmo y valentía por amor a su
vestige of our first tongue
pueblo. En el Valle de Amilpas aun
filling wedged precipice.
los veteranos que mantienen
zapatista, ya que en numerosos lugares
where near the Asadero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We imagine a world interlaced actual width laborio
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will be piloted by Captain Leak. Houses
odd angles of, odd angles of
Milton in the r
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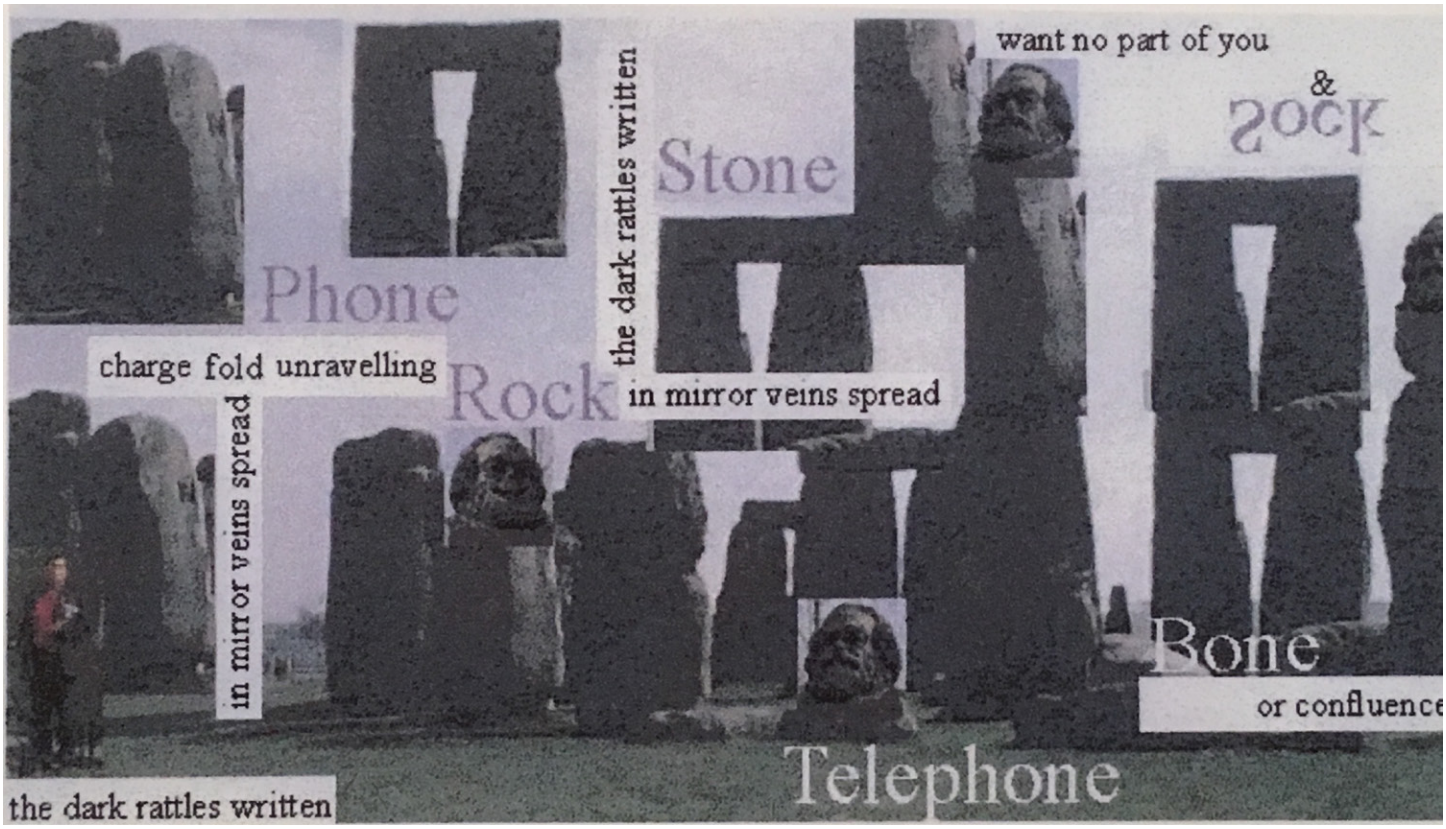
todo
Me recuerdo en esta hora de muchas cosas de cuando
Pasa de la Antonia, decuando me p
Año de la Agricultura" Fidel
Habana
MEXICO
Che


want no part of you
&
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the dark rattles written
Phone
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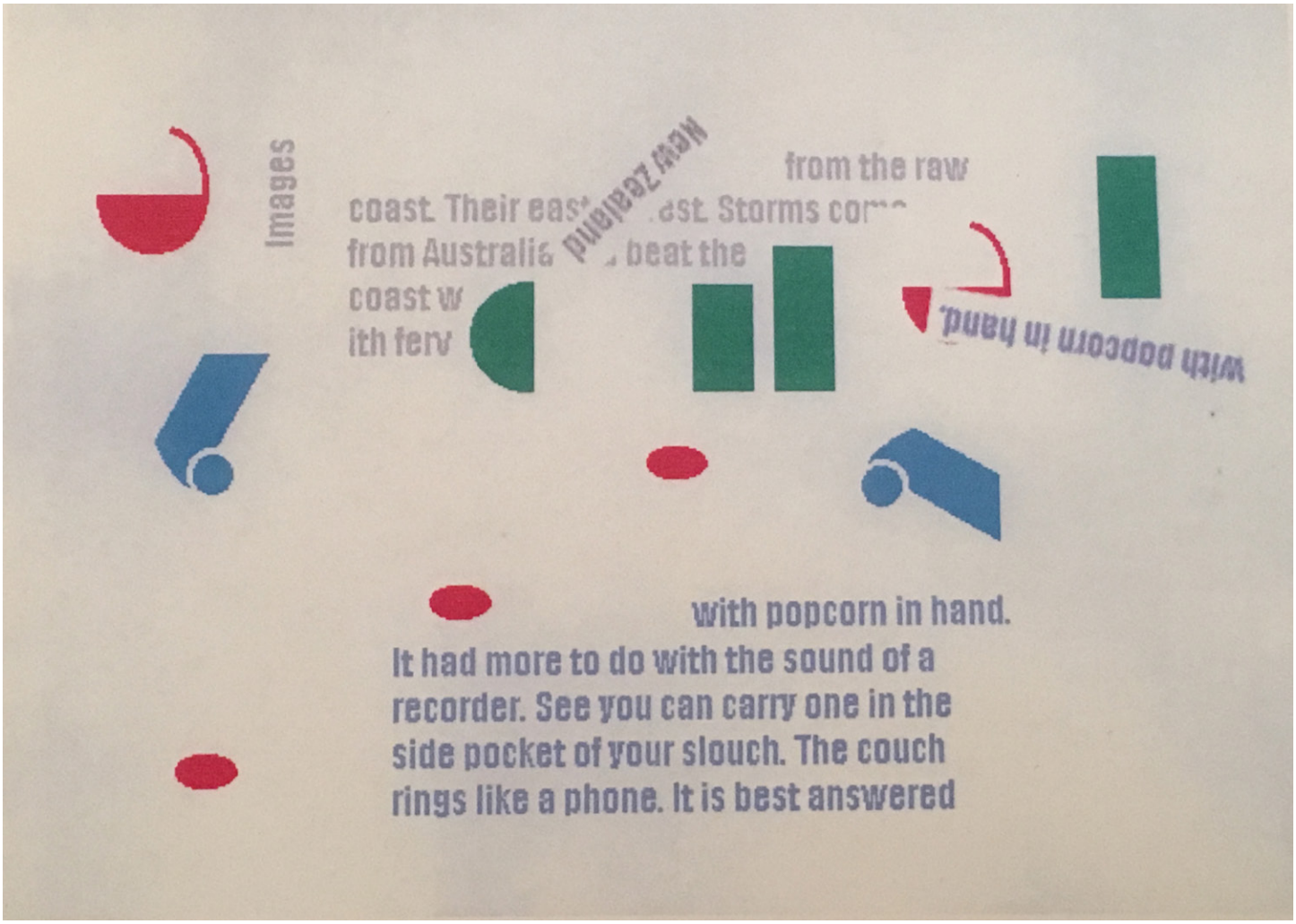
Rock
in mirror veins spread
in mirror veins spread
Bone
or confluence
Telephone
the dark rattles written


Images
coast. Their east
from Australia
coast w
ith ferv
New Zealand
from the raw
beat the
with popcorn in hand.
with popcorn in hand.
It had more to do with the sound of a
recorder. See you can carry one in the
side pocket of your slouch. The couch
rings like a phone. It is best answered

Bola Opaleke

THE WOMAN THAT RIGHT MY GRIEF WITH A TIMER

I'm not here because
I was unfaithful, no!
I'm here because I lost
faith in faithfulness.

The body of every lover
has a room, the door of which
can neither be unlocked
with a key nor be broken

with a hammer. It opens by itself
when the heart is ready
to bleed. Closes when the pain
clotted. Who knows how

to make a man the symmetry
of his own longings? Who knows
how whispers of ecstasies
dissolve into tears? Who knows

what makes two bodies
become a fire enflamed by
a hurtful dis-endearment of rancid
vows? Who knows? Who knows?

They say if you walk away
that weakness would trail
your tail. But you know staying is
only the square root of torture.

Is it the end of the road
when the feet stop moving
to soulful songs? When the body
searches for a new vernacular

with which to unleash caged worms?
No one taught me how to not want
to kiss the woman that is hugging
my quaking lips with her wet eyes;

believe it or not, I once
asked my Therapist
if it's possible to reduce
the size of my manhood

just to make an impression;
just to let her know, at least,
that department was well funded;
that my life was not all languorous

at every corner. Who else
knows that Therapists don't have sex?
They make love. They also can
unmake it with a finger on the speed dial.

Bola Opaleke

ODE TO WINNIPEG MOSQUITOES

the sun is up & the stage is set,
our mosquitoes now would
wear their boxing gloves

in Winnipeg. that is how we share
our sun-baked months
of July & August with rebels –

the guerrilla warlords.

but our conscience that has grown
bumps & contours & holes
from frostbites, would gladly

open the gates of its body
to punches (even ones below the belt)
from these furious rioters – set free

from a frozen air,

from midafternoon snow.
yet, theirs is not a rain of drones
but a bevy of little birds

too afraid to possess the sky,
too fragile to contest the sea –
of eagle-sharks & water-wolves.

with our Gazebos soaked in DEET

we'll be human & use our bare hands
like King Kong – the flyswatter of copters.
& this is our most efficient THAAD system

to squash every terrorist invasion
this summer. though we're the sea
& the sky – a Gulliver's body mounted by dwarfs.

Bola Opaleke

BEFORE OUR NEW FRANCE GLITTERED

after the forgotten first Canadians

Samuel de Champlain left Honfleur,
because the King's men owned the world.
But it wasn't clear what language
they spoke – English or French or none at all?

It was clear. The King's men owned the world.

They saw the earth the way no one else did
and so make it theirs. The sea keeping
their rooms tidy, its windows locked
against the smells of the first laborers,

cuddles Fort Saint-Louis before
it became Cape Diamond
and became Quebec city.
The first feet & first souls not unbruised.

The King's men built a new language made entirely of salt,

its every word dissolves itself
in another word, in *Kanata* –
an accent with a colorfully long tail.
Samuel de Champlain raised his right hand

then his left, asks if "this is how to worship
the gods of the land" – the *Discoverer*
locking arms with his Guides' – to not get lost
in his discovery. The King's men survived

"...claiming beauty where there is only truth" *

*from *The Rabbits* by **Jericho Brown**

Hear the voice of the Prophet –

for his wife that would only raise one kid,
skid off the pendulum quiver
and perch life-long on the dark shoulder
of alternative fact, alternative misery.

He scrubbed the gleaming surface of the doomed kingdom, locked in the closet of his rusty heart. His gray scythe-legs at war with every sprouting bud (of refugee-flower). She vowed to never look at him again. Never give in to his germinating theory of cross pollination. Though, she'd spent her evenings tending to the news of climate change and immigrants resettlement.

Gosh! We should export our sweet voices abroad.

Let this woman grow. Even in death,
her body stolen before borrowed –
greases the passage of wingless angels
gathering before a midnight feast, numbering wombs.

Actually, he should have a right to be afraid; to be scared even of his own shadow. When winter wind makes everyone hide behind the mourning veil of would-be murderers, and her only child – his only claim to life, cannot afford to take suicide-bombing defense lessons in addition to his mounting Civics curriculum, he must get the front door shut and polish his guns. And yes, he must take the fight to *their* doorsteps…and the doorsteps of anyone that looks like them.

To hear the voice of the Prophet again –

the Methuselah falls on her laps when
the abortion clinic got bludgeoned overnight
This tree dampened her heavy thighs with tears, she got
barred from churches for being dirty with sperm stains.

But he cannot just watch his beloved streets grow black thorns or brown weeds or purple spikes that would one day climb in through the window and poison his alarm clock, or snuggle his Santa socks. Because hundred years from now his only child's only child would be paying rent for the same house he bought off sweats of slaves and servants. Yes! Time to shut her up, and borrow her body by force.

They say we should pity him – the captain –

help understand his drive to escape extinction –
of power and privileges. The rooster lays golden eggs
and takes beautiful photos. But she has wings, and
those are evil things that give the Captain sleepless nights.

The men with dark hearts rejoice. They come in droves to kill: Women History Voices.

Bola Opaleke

NO MORE REFUGEES (I)

The water of our city was never still;
a village sun would knock and wait for us
to open up our frozen doors;
but the city sun breaks the windows,
never making an attempt to knock on the doors.
For some of us who stood above the grave
this Raiders' night of all nights
the faces of our dead folks, wedged in-between
reincarnated shadows of the whirlwind,
tormented us, irrigating our faces with teardrops
that keep the mouth moist; the mouth sewn.
But we were born *for* this city and into it. Around it

our in-edible shrubs
beckoning to the ghosts of murdered trees,
watching as we flaunt pregnancies to be aborted
by a simple kiss of death:
the city *unclosing* the doors of karma on us.

The name of our city was never written in blood
it got bloodied by games slaughtered everyday
in the name of some non-existing *gods*. When
the baobab tree cast a big shadow over the remnant of
this land, the educated ones amongst us called it
the *eclipse of the sun*. The illiterates knew better
"*God must be angry*". We cut off the antennae of reason
and created a chasm where *Logic* only sun-tans.
Roaring epidemic of graveyards encircles us,
it makes love to our beloved city every night;
never detumescent, never scared of
gifting us bastards. At dawn

we chased after sunlight. Lost within the perineum
of the world that wanted to swallow us
and the one we did not want to forget, our eyes
cuddled the kind of blindness that ignores a famished lion.

To scrub the gore off the effervescent cloud
our silenced voices – withering like autumn leaves,
send their acidic prayers across the sea.
Many lashes creeping out of our amputated tongues,
baying at phantom images, lacerated the skin.
We would have, again, cried at that point
but the broken skin was one that dissolves in tiny liquid.
And to chain our roaming shadows to that baobab tree
all the swollen dreams, looped into a boulevard of nightmares

in our heads, would have to vacate the city and allow us die
a peaceful death; allow us burn our decaying bodies, and sprinkle
the ashes in waters and mountains around the world.

We left our land that we loved more than our arms
to love yours, and care for it like a cougar care for his young ones.
On your skies, we'd form dots of glittering stars
not knowing all you ever wanted was a thousand moons.

NO MORE REFUGEES (II)

How do we know if the season soon would turn
against us? With fate perched on the olive orchard
weeping for itself and for our new glittering city;
our slaving minds meandering, dazed,
lost in the desert of its own dreams,
calling *Jerusalem…Jerusalem*.
But *Jerusalem* is no longer a word of deliverance,

it is a slang for "revulsion".
Because we know all the Egyptian gods by name –
we watch a new king raise a new sword –
against us –
against daughters
of prized sons that would themselves become gods
one day. Our ancestors would cast a backward glance
at the land we left,
the fortunes we built
and the many destinies buried where water turned to dry land,
they would shed a single tear for themselves; for us too.

Because no one would remember how a snake swallowed a snake
they would remember only how we have always been snakes –
labeled Lucifer with no chance to carve a smile;
scared for our children that would, in turn, become baby-serpents
without a fault of their own
carrying the odor of decay-names fabricated for us
as they struggle past the bridge. Envious
of the Vultures that fly far away when the season turned
for the worse against them; against us too.
But how do we now return to the land of our fathers
where every sand is a flickering ash wanting to eat our feet?

They said we should forget the past and embrace the future.
Though part of that past was the part
where our ancestors rescued a nation
from the jaws of death; from famine!
And the future was a stretch of beads – a frogspawn –
wives holding onto the shoulders of their husbands,
their children tied to their aprons waiting in line
to become a smoldering smoke –
something without a face or a name.

Bola Opaleke

WHAT SEX SAYS TO THE BODY

i would make you scream
when there was no ghost

when there was no finger
tracing the single sweat

running down your nose
i would tell your bones

the secrets of mountains
shrinking down to little rocks

with your body still terrified
from learning death

lives underneath your skin
i would mold your mind

to forget the torture
and the pain of digging

into the blood that only boils
to have the heart cooked

i would tell your body to dance
even before music arrives

Willy Palomo

Canción de Cuna

Unos inditos somos, hijos de Cuscatlán…

Mama used to sing me this lullaby whenever I cried as a baby. I have never heard it elsewhere and she can no longer remember the words, but sometimes, when I can't sleep, I mumble her melody until I'm out. Mama was never good at singing. Her voice breaks sharp on almost every note, wavering bold and uncertain, full of a soft vulnerability, lost inside her mouth. For years, I watched her hum himnos at sacrament meetings, her illiterate eyes darting over the text, stuttering, struggling to read and sing at the same time. It always felt like the pianist was the one interrupting her. The piano didn't know what a prayer should sound like. Mama holds La Biblia the way you hold a song in your chest, mouthing words like *hijo* and *Dios.* She can barely sound them out, but she *knows* what they mean. Those words quake inside her, a red-eyed truth, a cherry-wet wound. I hear it when she prays at night, especially when it's for me.

Where Mama's Legs are The Americas

To be born, I had to dagger
through her isthmus.

The doctor cracked his knuckles, his gloves
white & slippery

as fat. For too long, he tugged at my kicking
feet, saying, *if I survived a breech birth,*

he will too. Mama swears she could feel my fingers
ferret up her ribcage, my dull skull

nudging higher & higher until
I passed out on a train of intestines, smashing

the windows of Mama's gut. A bandy-legged
bandit, taking more than nine months.

Mama coughed worse than an engine, overheating
in the desert. A howl like brakes

cutting through sand. In Salvador,
we may not have survived it—

too many ways to tie an umbilical cord
into a noose. During labor, the doctor

forced Mama to push until her red excrement
fled like a flood down her thighs. The coyote

made Mama run until her red exodus
fled like a phlegm down her thighs. The surgeon

cut a horizon beneath her
belly, and I rise hot & bloody as the last sun.

The coyote never held a knife
against Mama but when family first saw her legs,

they feared he raped her. The surgeon
stitched a fence over the cut

as if to say *no more will pass here*.
Mama still has the scar. It looks like mangled horizon.

Mama's legs leap over trains, a gory pair
of scissors cutting open the sky. Clouds

Willy Palomo

of dust follow her war drum, robbing entire villages
blind. They leave behind infants

wriggling dry as tongues under a dung-colored sun.
Her legs flex and rot. They never stop

giving birth. When I seize them, they kick
a scar into my mouth.

Our blood draws maps in the sand.

Willy Palomo

For Those Who Ask Me Why There Are So Many Powerful Women in My Poems and So Few Men

It's called war, amor. I spent years asking the same question.
Some call it double labor—the way our mothers raised children

working doubles & cooking dinners for mangy men piss-drunk
on cheap beer—but it's more than that. I grew up surrounded

by silent survivors—rape, warfare, you name it—women
who carried entire villages stateside on minimum wage.

Do you want to meet the men in my family? We come from boys
forced into hiding from militares, then maras, endless days lost

locked in rooms, infinite nights asleep on rooftops, small as beans
hidden in barrels, forbidden from going into public for fear

of being taken from home & put on the frontline. Women must
take the lead. There are men who cannot work unless work

means war. There are men who castrate other men for refusing
to take arms. Do you understand what that does to you?

A primo once told us of a man in the park who asked meekly
if he could hold his baby girl in his arms. He broke down crying

as he held her. *I'm sorry*, he said. *They made me do it*. My cousin held
this massacre of a man in his arms and told him, *forget about it now*.

What is done is done. Enjoy the life you have left in you. The child screamed
like she knew what he did. The man knew the sound of that cry.

Poem where a Child Draws a Picture of a Burning Building

In sixth grade, a woman police officer interrupted our lesson on the anatomy
of flowers or whatever by calling out my name at the door of the classroom.
Weeks prior, I had drawn a picture of a house on fire. I broke all the red crayons
to draw a scene without police or firemen, a sky burning with smoke and faces
melting as reluctantly as candlewax or the sour that oozes from the broken
skin of peaches. I heard my name and sunk into my seat, wishing I could join the dry
wads of gum stuck hidden like fugitives beneath the desk. I wished I no longer
had a name and could stare dumb as my classmates, their mouths and eyes half-
open and hungry. She told me to rise, and so, I rose, trembling, my anatomy
nothing like a flower except for maybe its thorns, except for maybe my tendency
to be blown over by the wind or picked apart by the fingers of anxious boys.
I knew nothing of Rodney King or psychology. I knew nothing but this nagging
doubt I've had my whole life—that I am guilty although I have done nothing
wrong. I was the only brown boy in my classroom. Later, a classmate told me,
he never would've guessed I was *that* bad. Later, they would all shriek
for me as we all climbed through a fire truck. Later, we all would release a collective
sigh of relief as the police officer declared I won an art contest for my drawing
of the building, and it would be blown up to about my size and hang from the fire
station wall all year. A week later, I visited the fire station with my no-English
speaking mama and we stood awkwardly for a few moments staring at my violent
image, pulled from nothing but the boiling depths of my prepubescent angst,
blown up to the size of my body, not making small talk with the families of the two
younger white girls who drew pictures of firemen cuddling their fire dogs
and smiling police officers with no guns or batons. We each won one hundred dollars,
and when asked what they would do with the money, the little white girls
each rattled off litanies of dresses and dollies and peonies and pennies,
they've saved up a whole year for a pony. Like a good brown boy, I told them
I would save my hundred to go to college. But none of what happened
afterwards really mattered in the first moment when the woman stood
uniformed in black by the door, arms crossed, her hip with the pistol cocked
to the side, saying *We're looking for William Paloma, yes, William,*
come here.

Willy Palomo

Desktop Graffiti

sorry but i don't listen
to scratched discs
nor dysphoric dissonance
meant to disrupt dissidence
i be like: who dis?
who dissed? cuz
i'm past this tense
distance since i only quest
a question if i can question
the quest like Tribe, like, dawg,
i rather Q-tip then pretend
i tip on your cue

Willy Palomo

Poem where a white poet publishes three poems about the election while I am out leading a protest, screaming my ass off in the streets

Go head & call it jealousy.
If I wanted to be published, I shouldn't have been born
with skin this brown & what am I even doing
writing this poem
if I have yet to fulfill my promise
to scream until freedom comes with its unpinned
hope, hot as a grenade in my palm.
How selfish as me.
Understand, I lost my voice
at a protest & now you are the one who speaks, mister,
with your first political poem, more about sound
than the politics, madam,
more about the form than fomenting
& where are you when the long arm of the law comes
swinging? If I am in the streets, if I am at the library,
I know I am right
where I belong. I come from a family
who lost everything but song, whose scars run long
as borders. I long for what we could have become.
Mama deserves to be jefa,
Papa has a memory so mathematical
he should have been a scientist, Dreamers deserve the time
to do stupid shit like lick ice cream or have hobbies
instead of working doubles
for less than half of what you get,
reader. Listen, my people have more hope & hustle
than there is water in the desert.
Our veins are green rivers
rising high. Our teeth gnaw
through barbwire, we are so hungry. My mama
got el rio bravo in her neck. You'd drown
if you crossed her.
You'd holler for help from
your countrymen pondering oppression on their screens.
They'd write a poem about it.
You wouldn't.

Willy Palomo

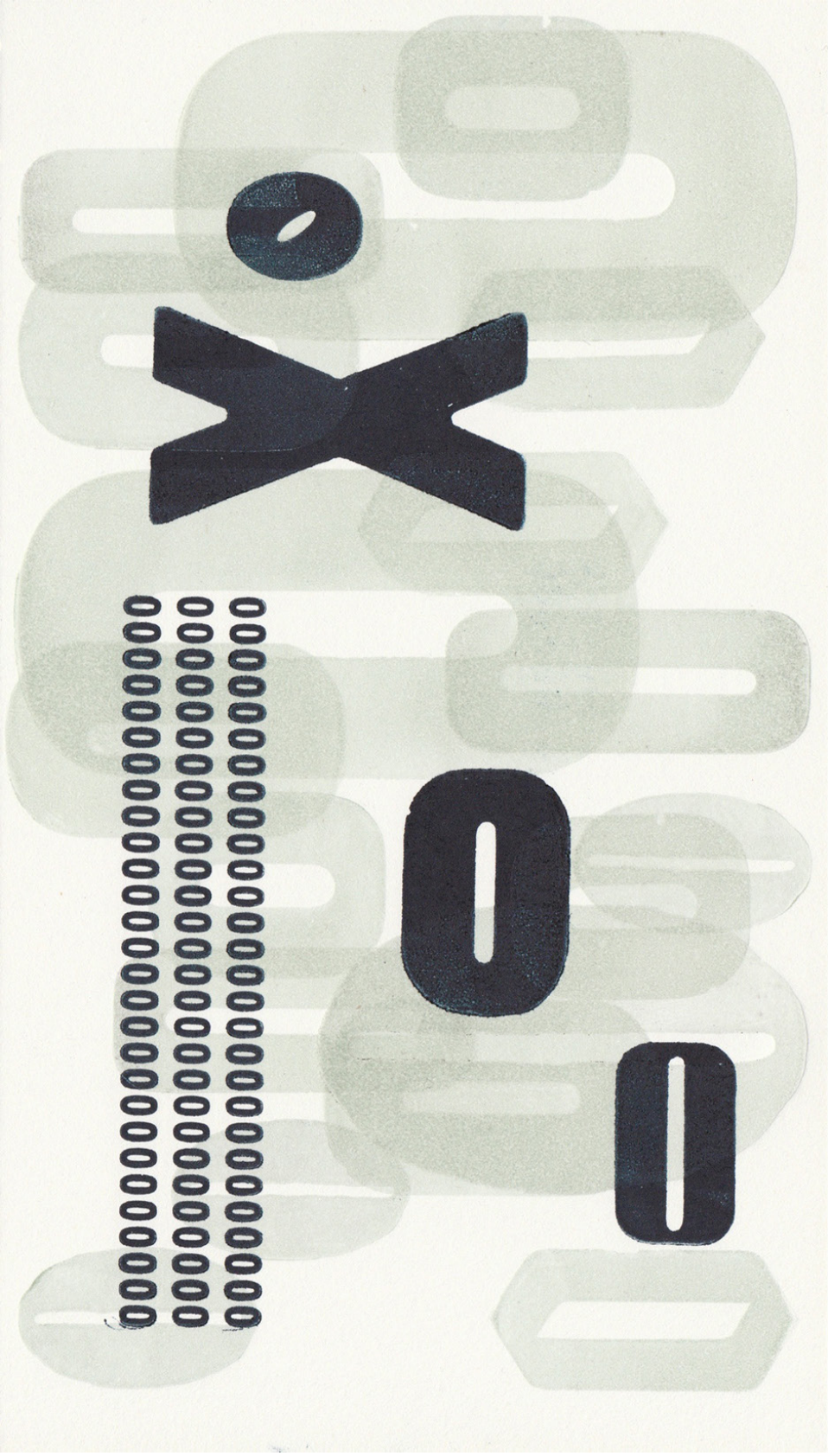
Battle Rap Before I Submit

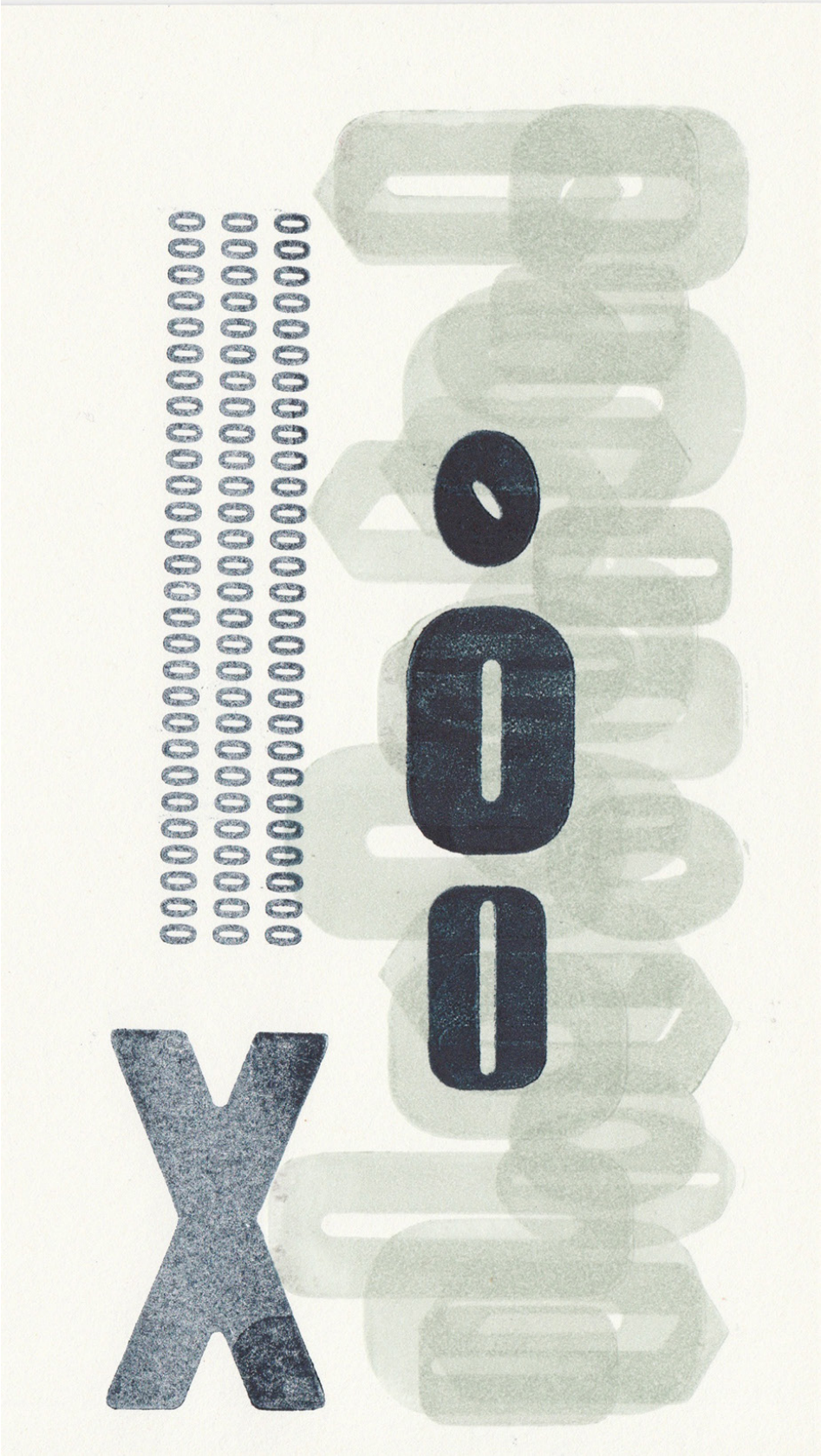
Tell Copper Canyon to cop a cannon
if they try to push my raps and not
keep my pockets banging. Anything less
than proper planning and I'll dismantle
canons, leave coppers scramming, mouth
popping off malatov until they knock it off
and my stanzas standing next to the master's
anthems, I'm talking Dr. Roxane and Ross Gay.
Picture on the wall of the Frost Place.
When I put my handsome hands in, rhythms
defy the master's scansions. I'll blast a has been
and a hasn't. Their passive passions can never
pass me, not even the past me when I was
barely passing math and a half teen, pouring
my soul into glass screens.
                My homeboys
got faded, smoking from glass pipes.
They would pass cush while I would pass mics.
Tell any press who wanna be the best to act
right, cuz I spit like I knew Sun Tzu
in a past life.

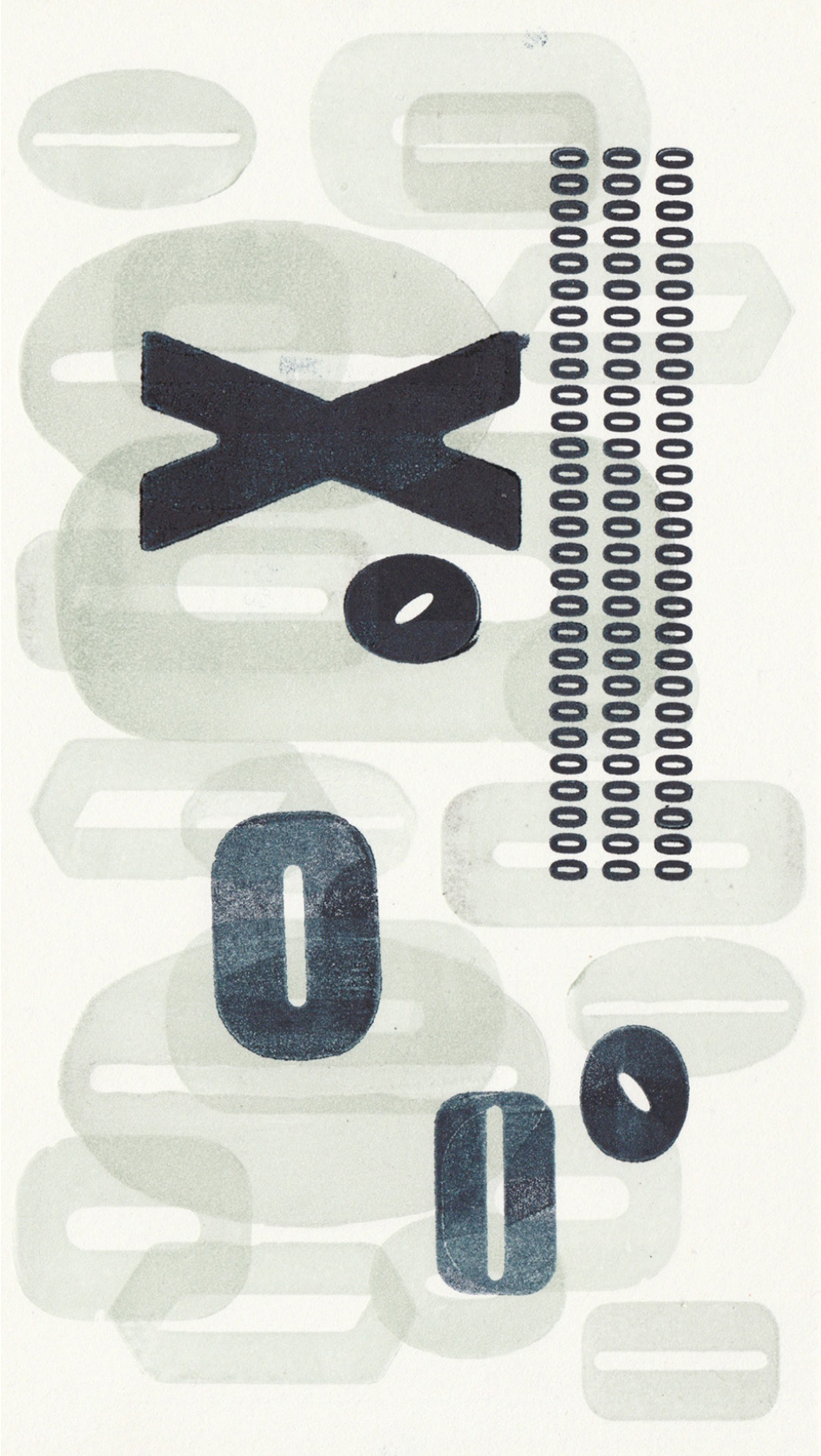

04/2017 psw

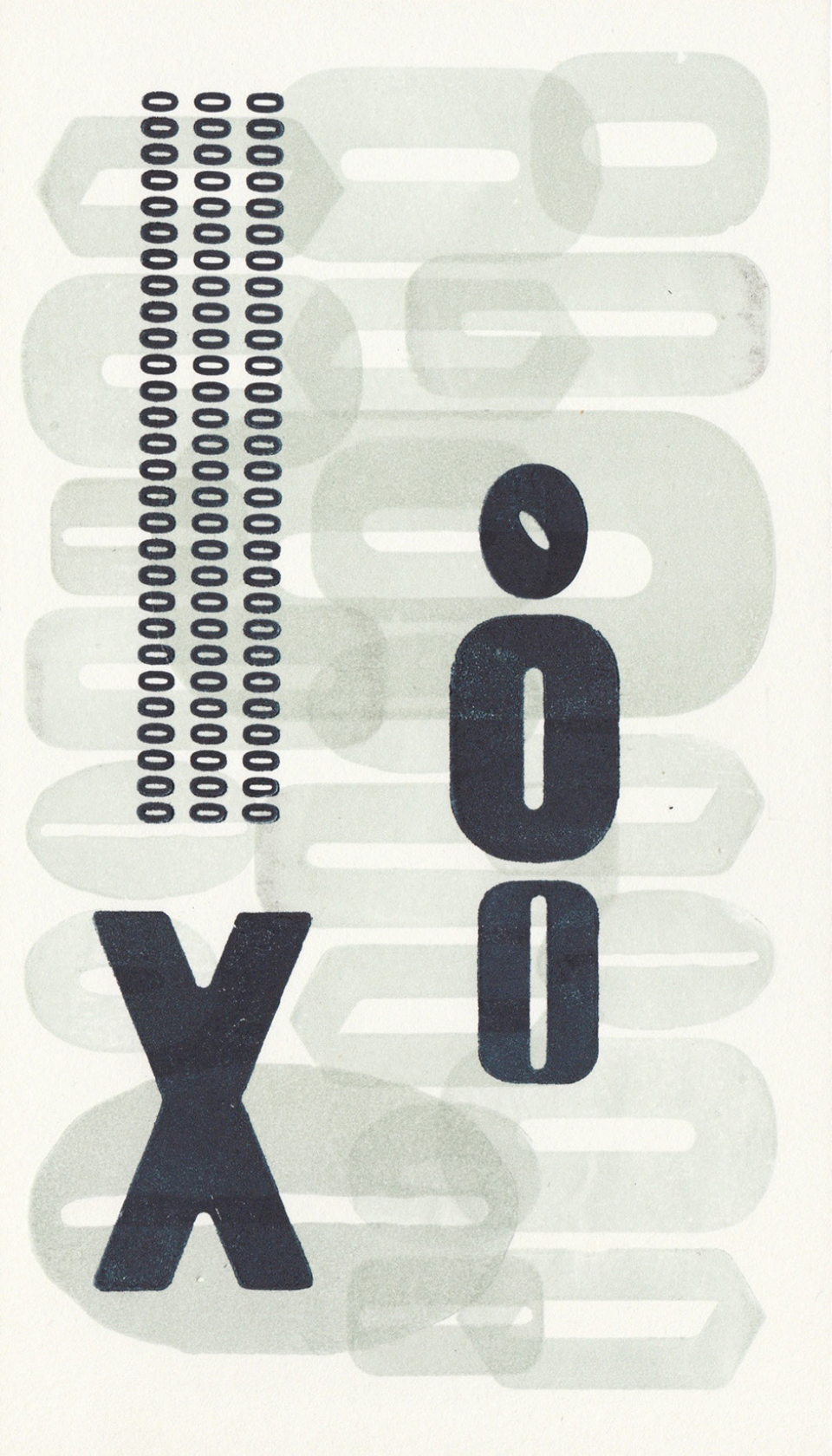
psw

psw

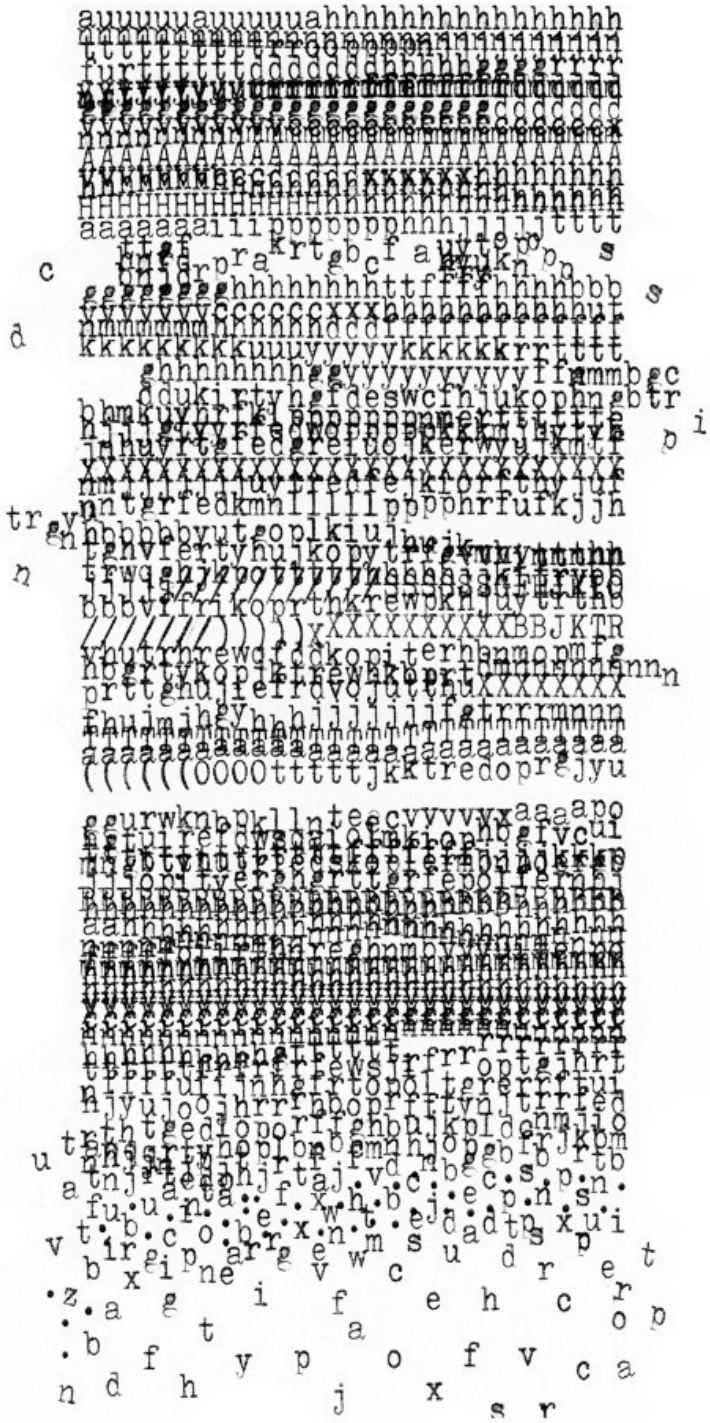








fátima queiroz



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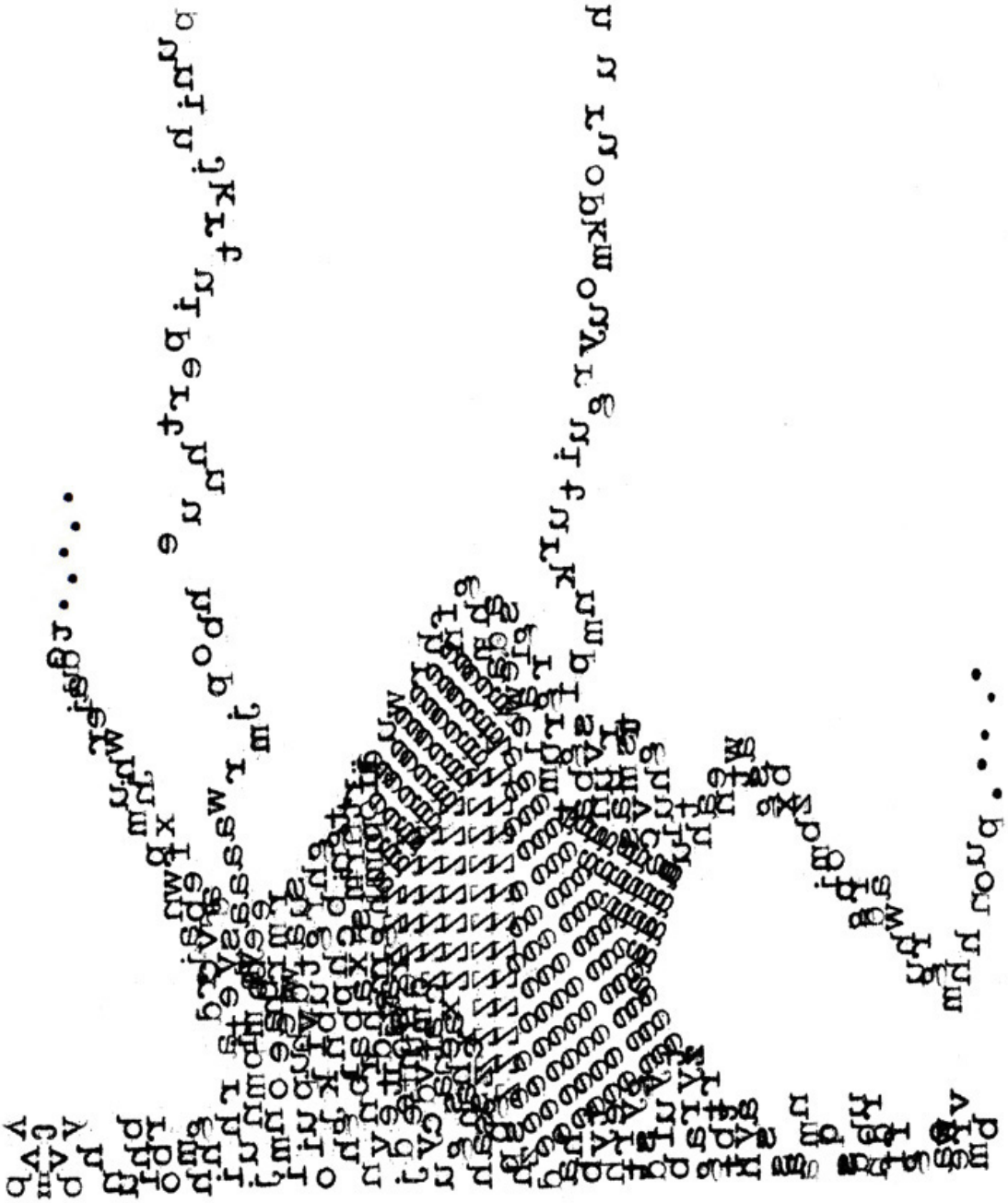

fátima queiroz

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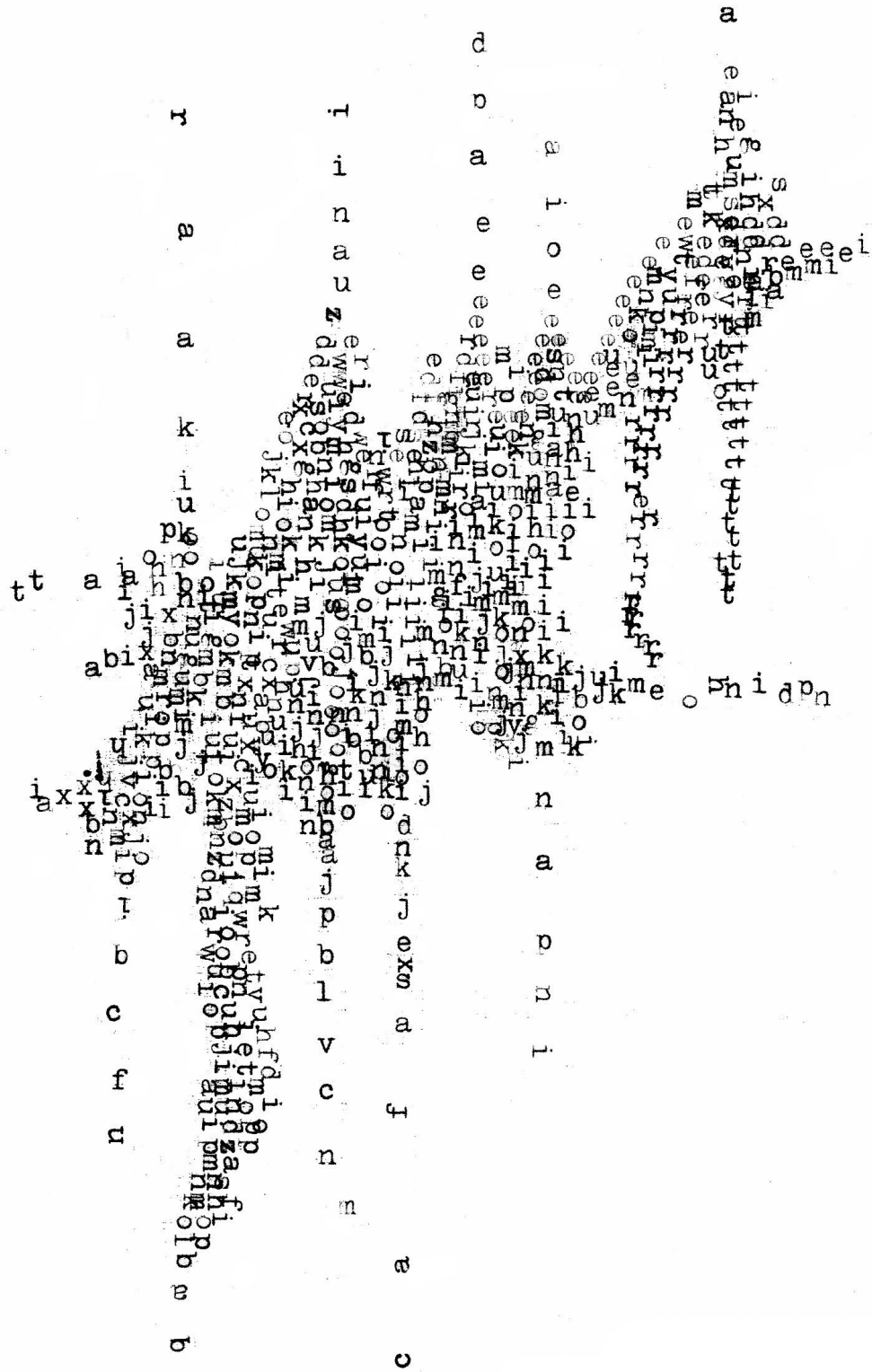

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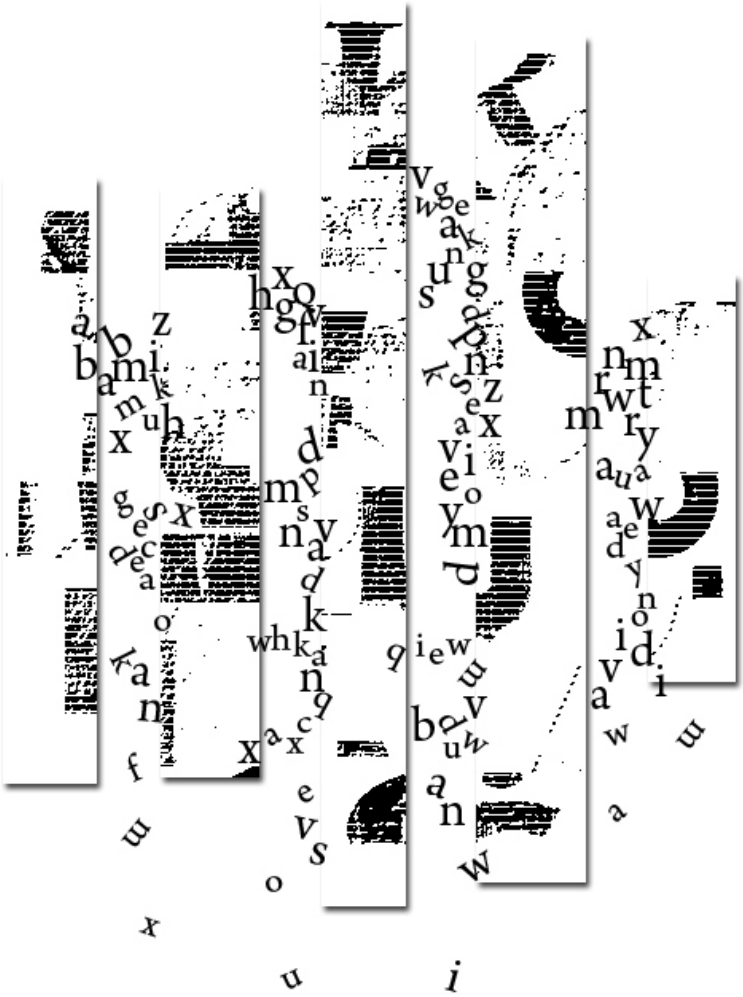

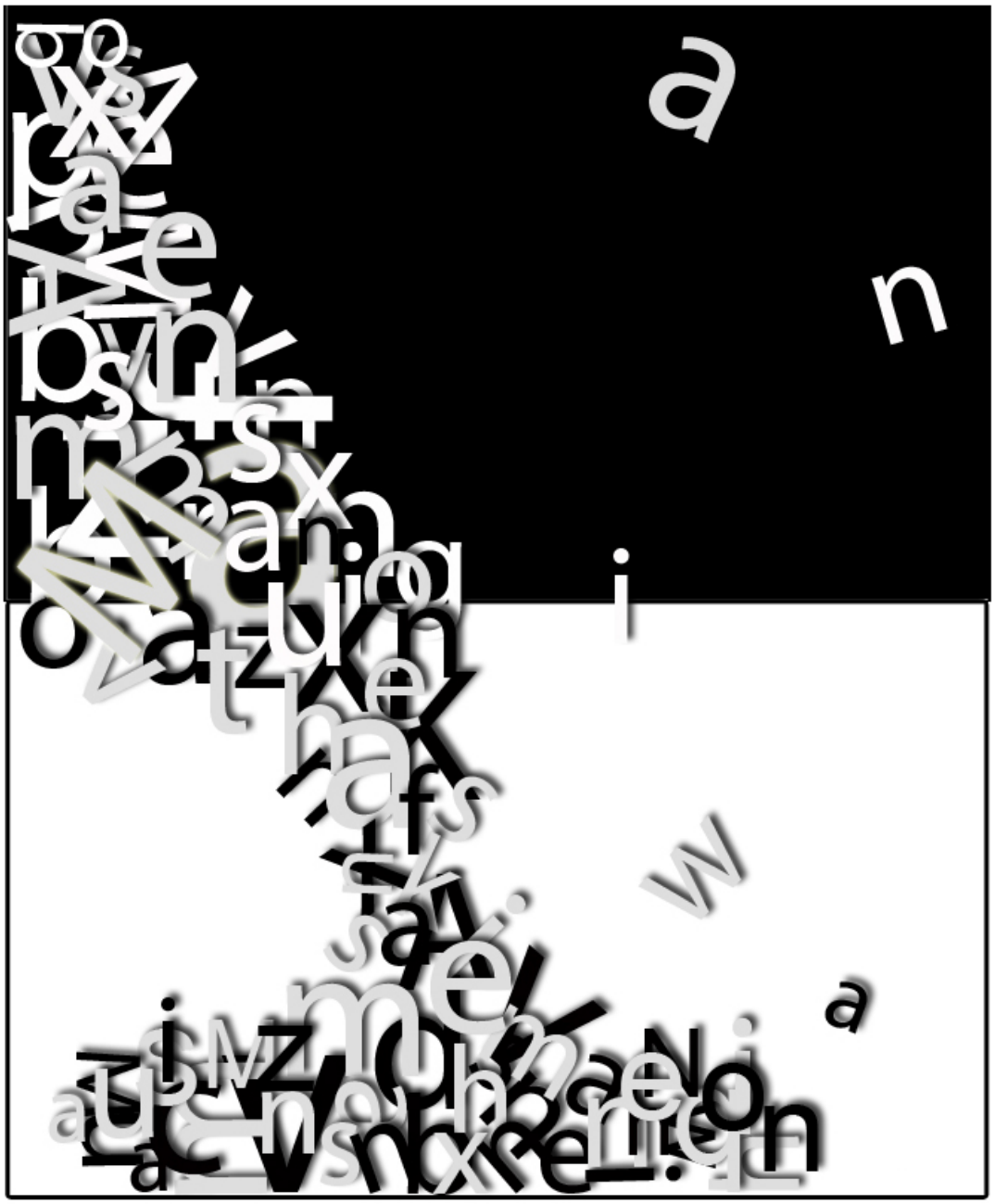

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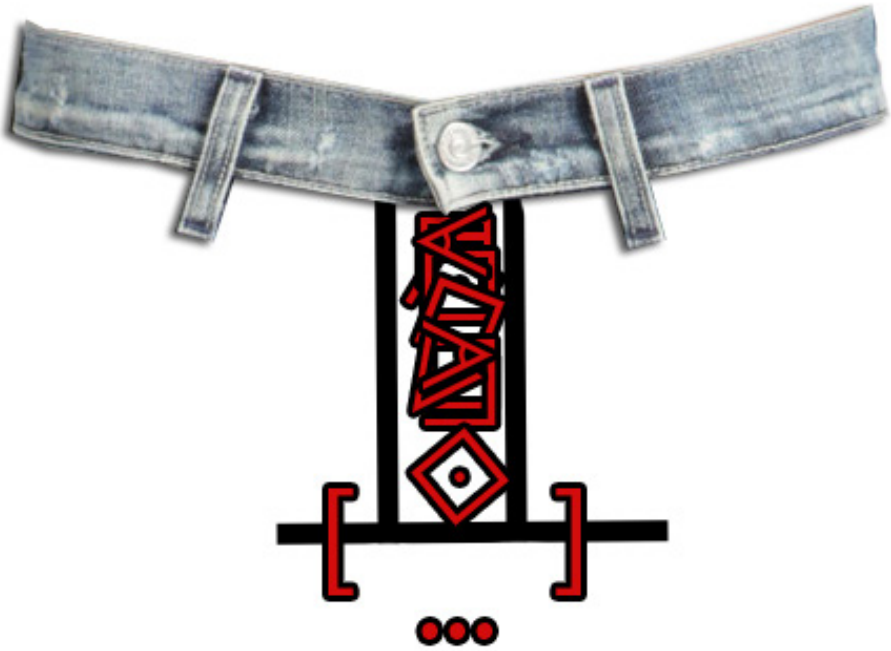


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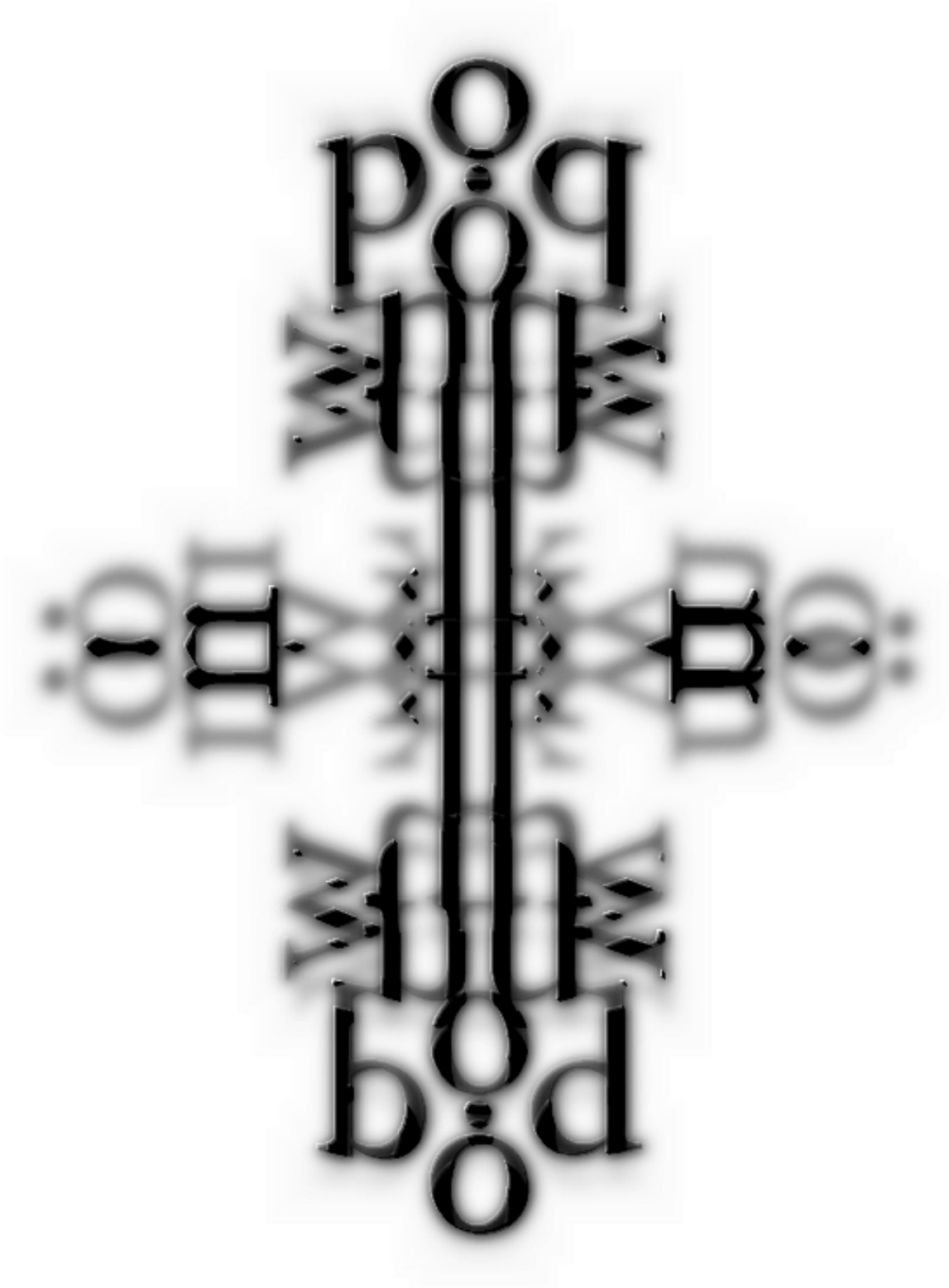

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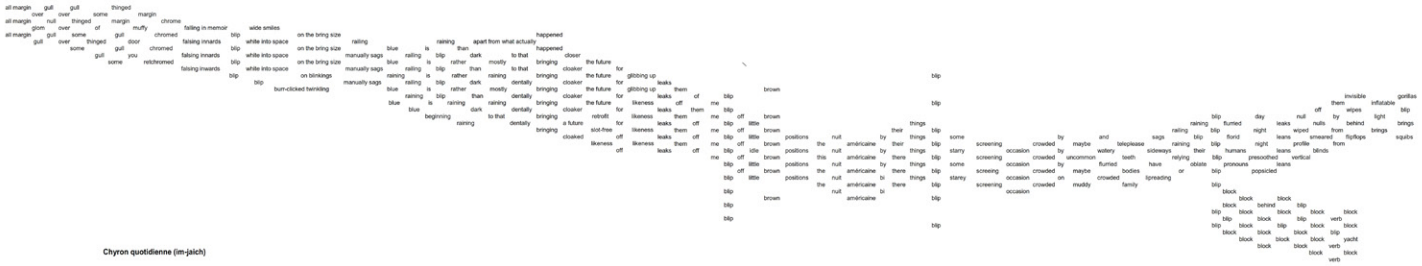
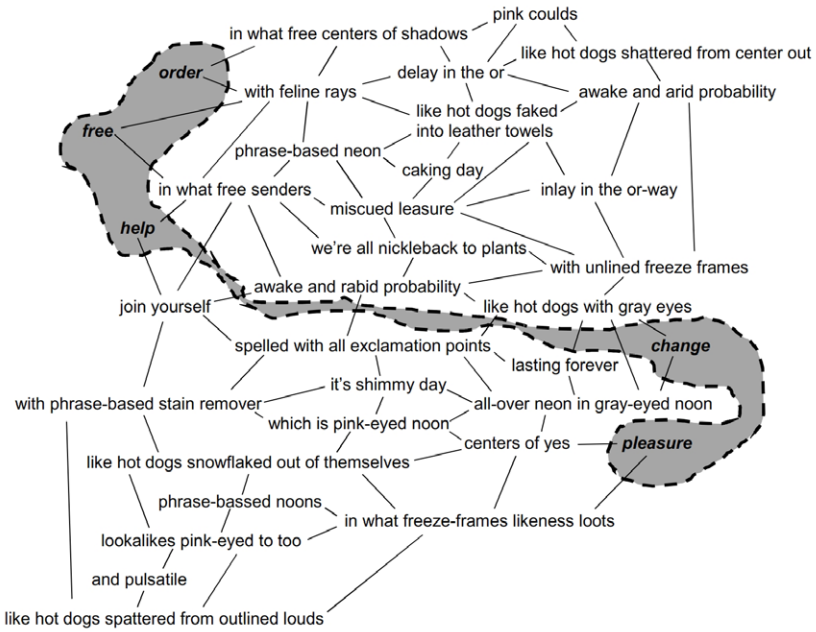
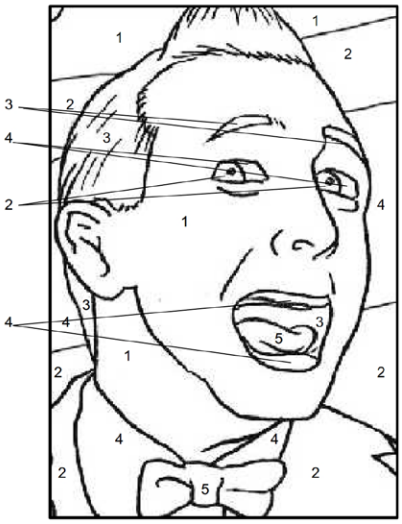
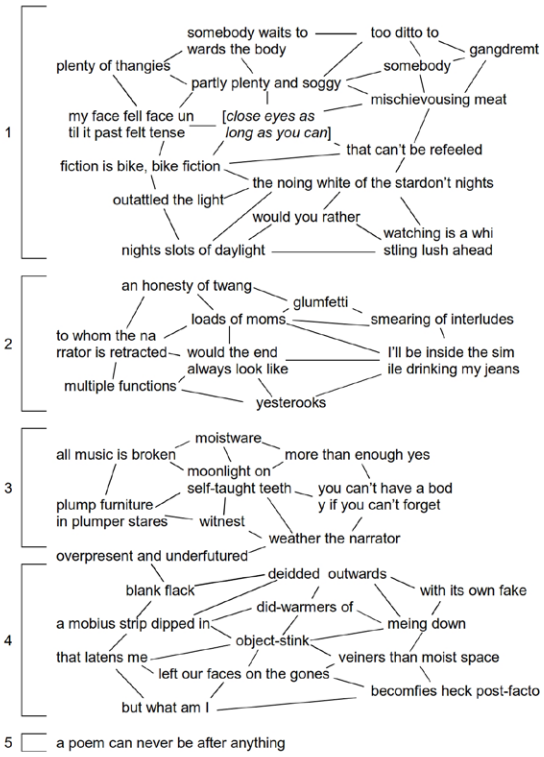

Chyron quotidienne (im-jaich)

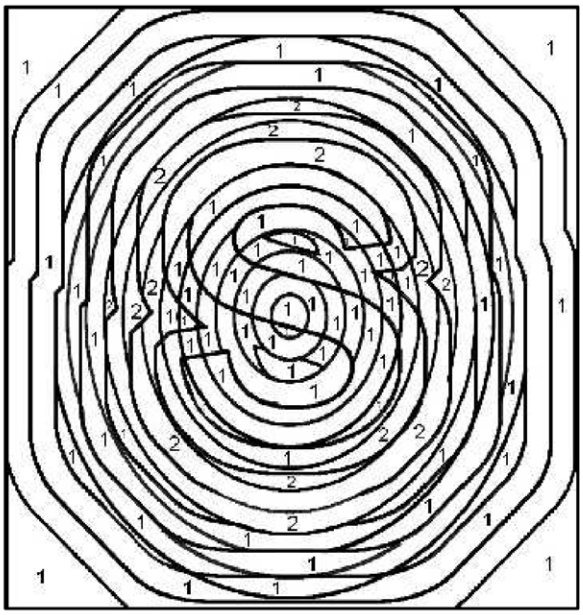


Food Court Epiphyte



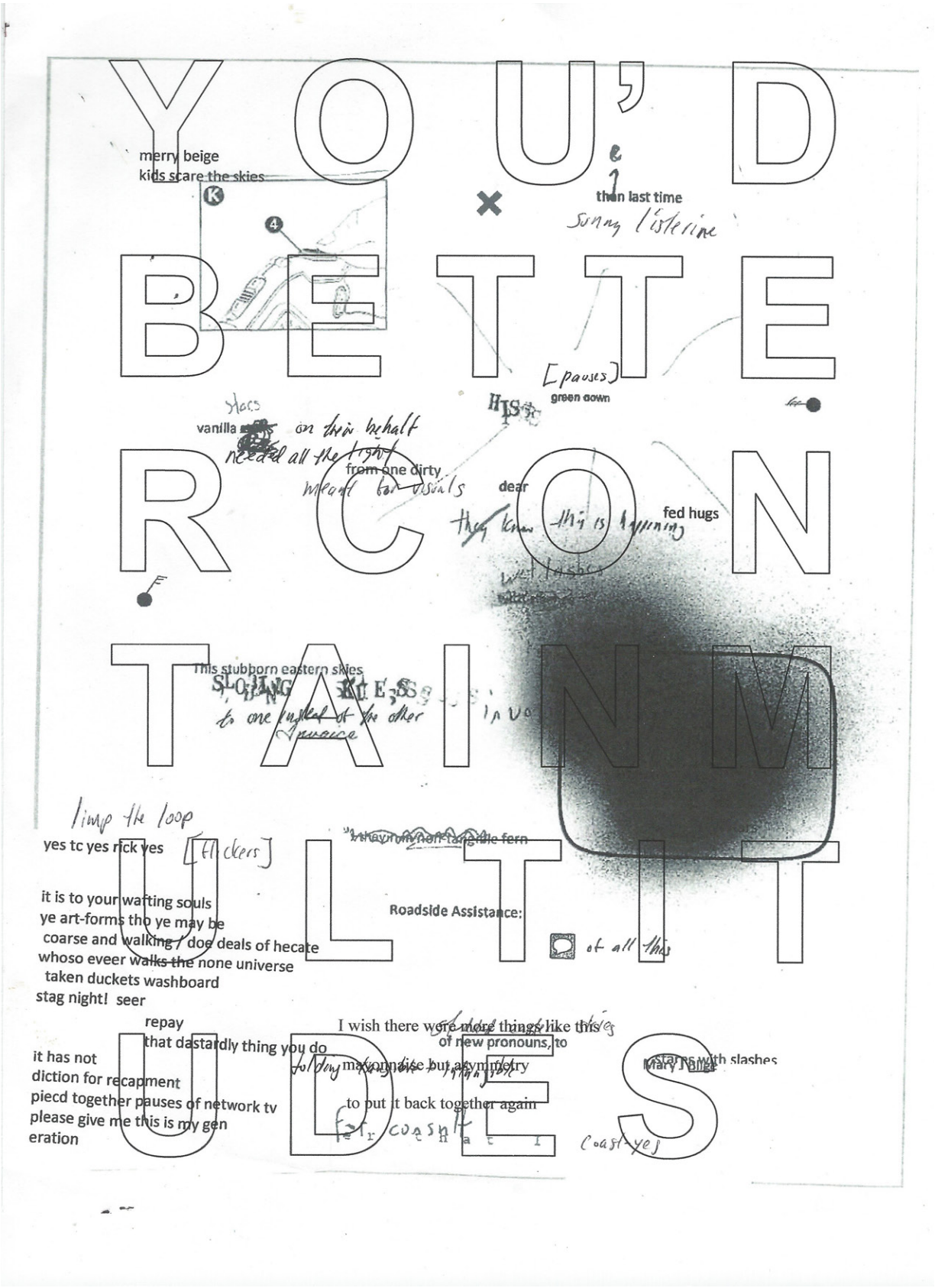
Plants (Pee Wee Herman)

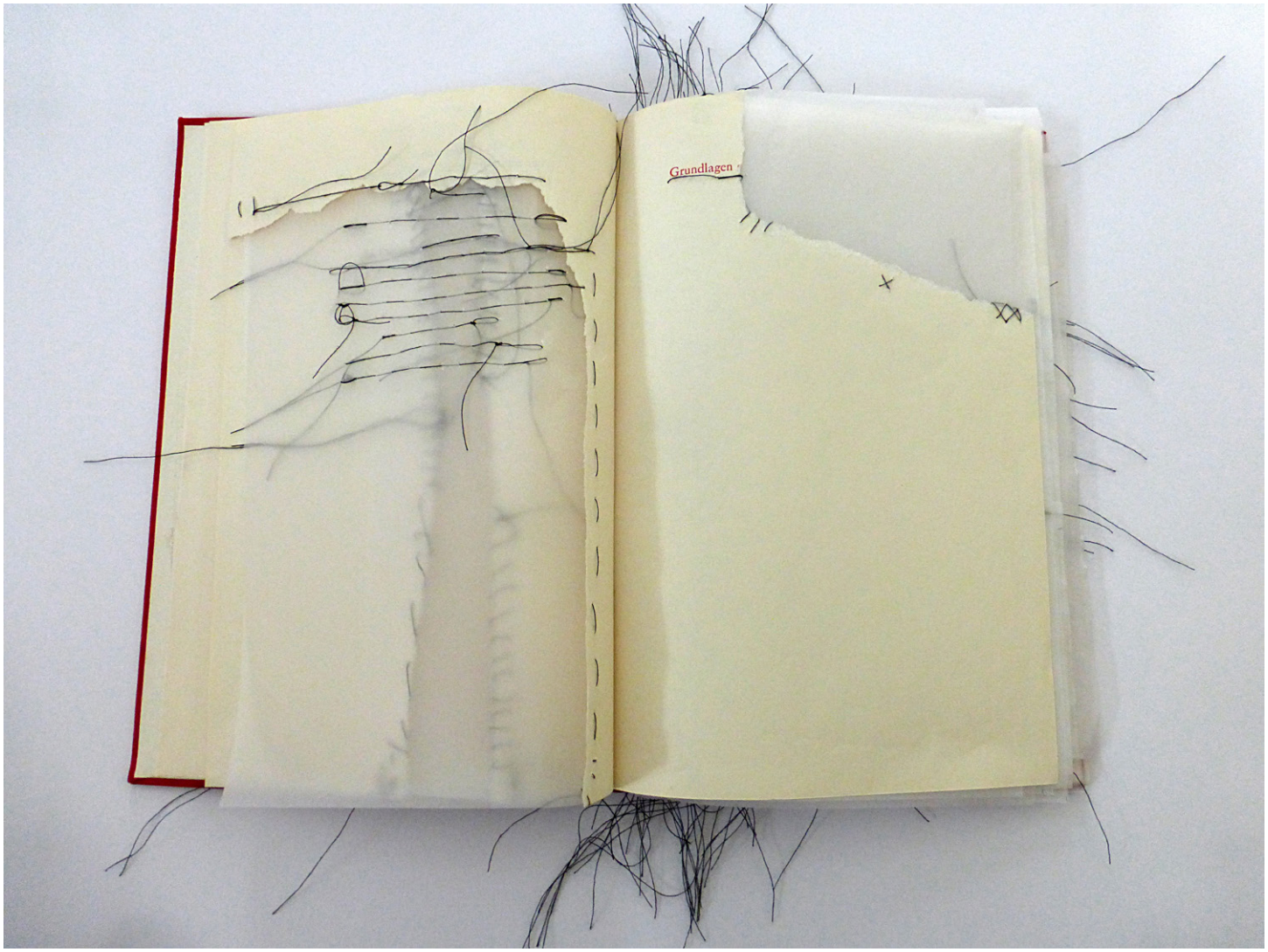




Plants (0)

1		2	
Past	**Future**	**Interior**	**Exterior**
All air a rim.	The nearer in talkers.	m'ldnt	mid-ding
Trim of it.	Another person has entered the room through the screen door.	co-honk toccata	beconning
Probablies.	The shape him in talking is a dimming briar.	clonical	n-planed plot
Cell glissando on there tilts there.	The blue resumes pink.	tillised	bent beady deems
Room fills with metaphor.	The gloom shape lollygag.	or-obits	slobjects
Both sides bite at lithe.	People smile with their lateral machines hosed.	hiss-guss	self-fizzing
Light doors.	The horizontal is ice when startled.	overdozes	growed
Drools as entries.	Cuddle entendres.	tonate	no-rooter
Lounge a leaved.	Pea-green hugs wiggless.	meekt-err	nite seets
Minusless blurter.	A lean in face.	ssredding	stare-purrs
Look mend about picking tape.	Deduned sluff and figures.	dyspicuous	prehensile noon
Intraframe gelatin.	Same nocturnal slants.	contanal	dew-laned blacktop
Air conditioning dreams in uncle parts.	Crowd up poignants the edges.	moibled	meh-embers
Rig around the inserts.	Drapes people-personagonal.	inguage	smirk-smattering


YOU'D
BETTE
RCONT
AINMU
LTITUDES
merry beige
kids scare the skies
than last time
green down
vanilla
from one dirty
dear
fed hugs
This stubborn eastern skies
yes tc yes rick yes
it is to your warting souls
ye art-forms tho ye may be
coarse and walking / doe deals of hecate
whoso eveer walks the none universe
taken duckets washboard
stag night! seer
repay
that dastardly thing you do
it has not
diction for recapment
piecd together pauses of network tv
please give me this is my gen
eration
Roadside Assistance:
I wish there were more things like this
of new pronouns, to
to put it back together again
Mary Tonge

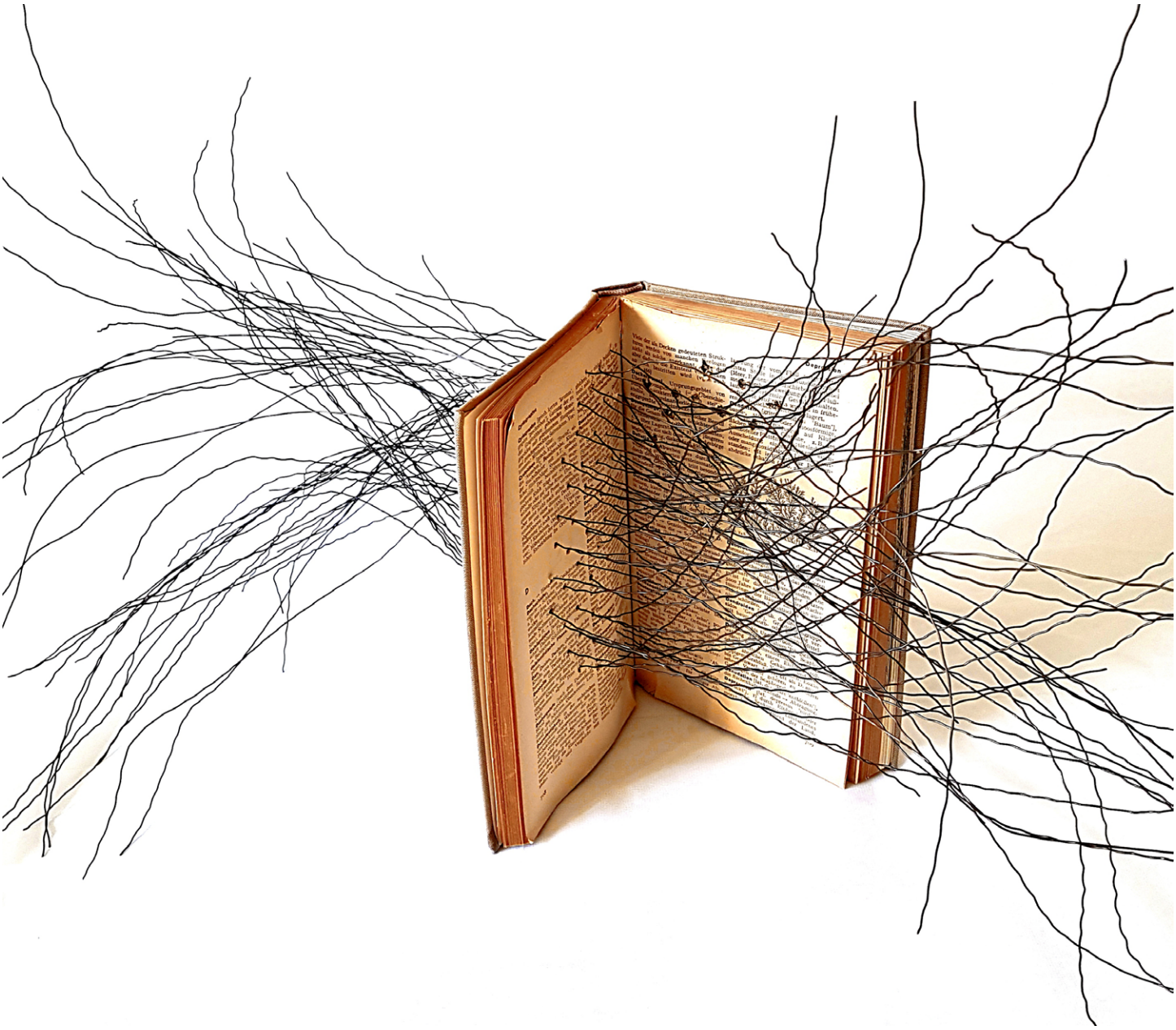

Grundlagen


How to get out of the book. How to
leave a story! How to get out of a
story without creating a new story
Leaving the story, letter
letter. Get out of the book
LETTER by

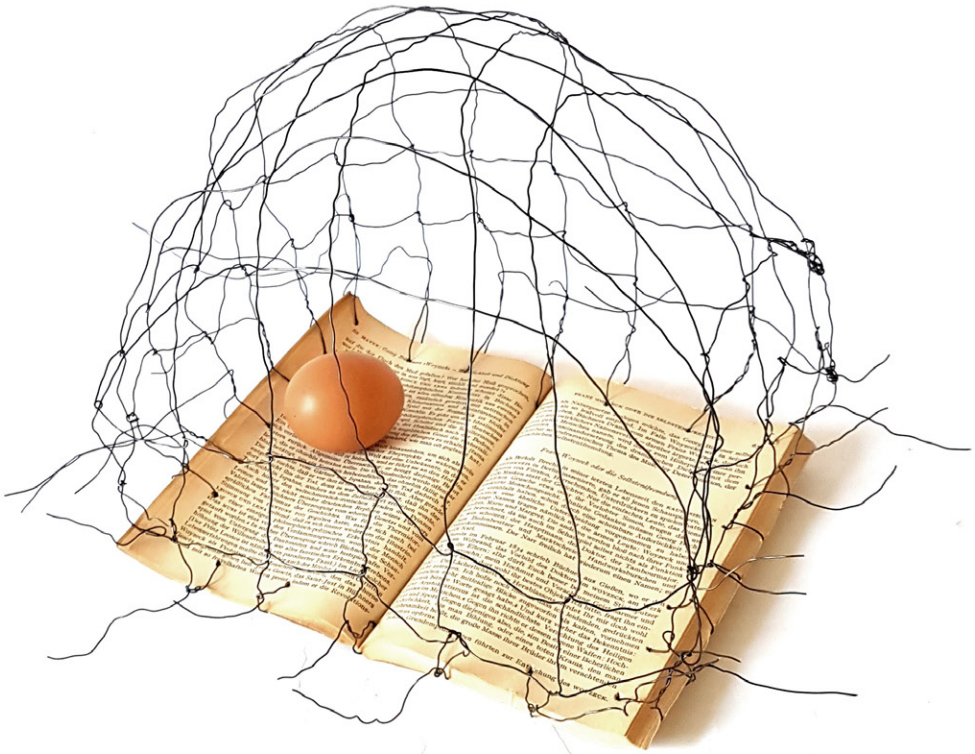
dictionary with speech bubble

Ines Seidel

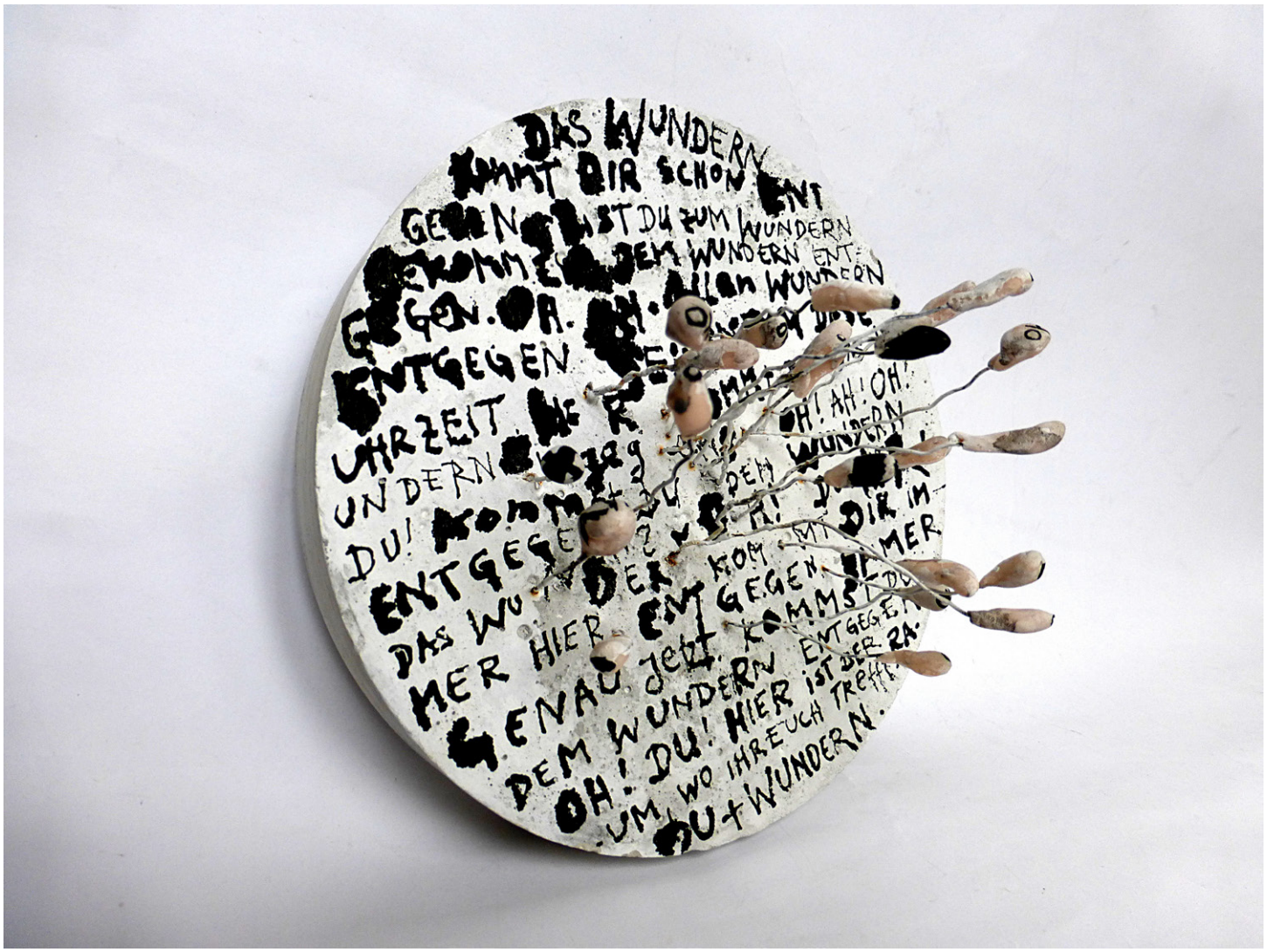
energy lines



held in a story

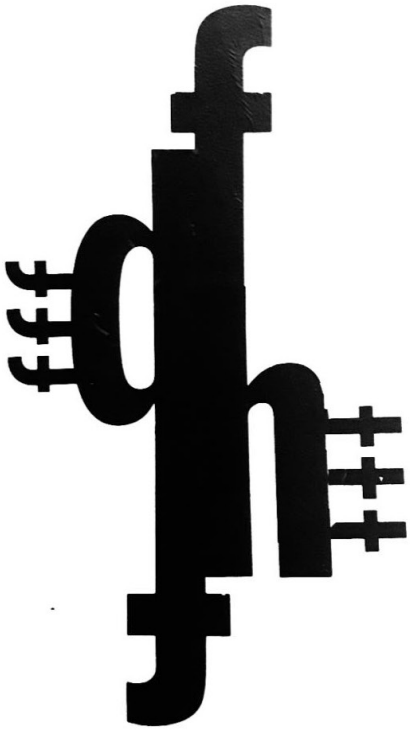



Und alles Volk sah den Donner und Blitz und
den Ton der Posaune und den Berg rauchen. Da sie
aber solches sahen, flohen sie und traten von ferne
und sprachen zu Mose: Rede du mit uns, wir wol-
len gehorchen; und laß Gott nicht mit uns reden,


DAS WUNDERN
KOMMT DIR SCHON
ENTGEGEN
UHRZEIT
UNDERN
DU!
ENTGEGEN
DAS WUNDERN
HIER
GENAU JETZT
DEM WUNDERN
OH! DU! HIER IST DER RA-
UM WO IHR EUCH TREFFT
DU + WUNDERN.
OH! AH! OH!
DIR IM-
MER

Kate Siklosi

simple enough



Kate Siklosi

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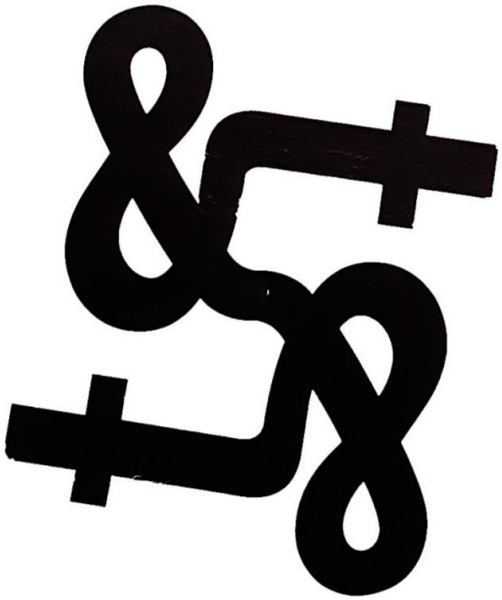
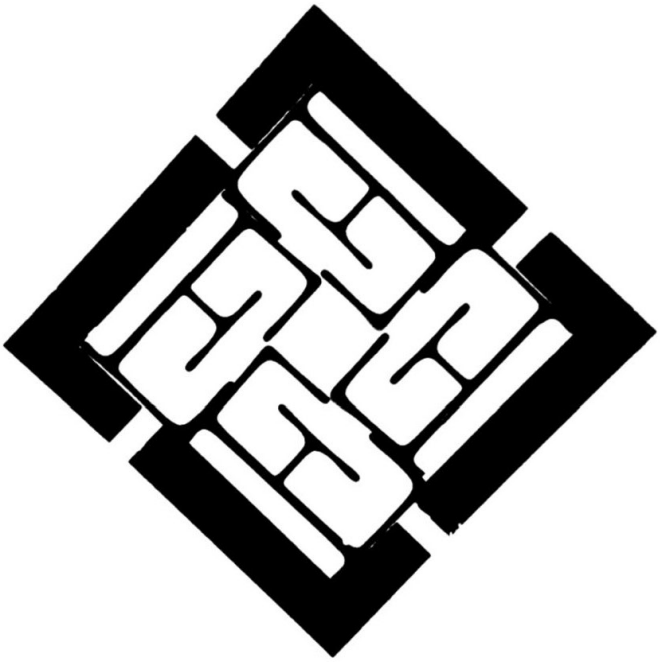
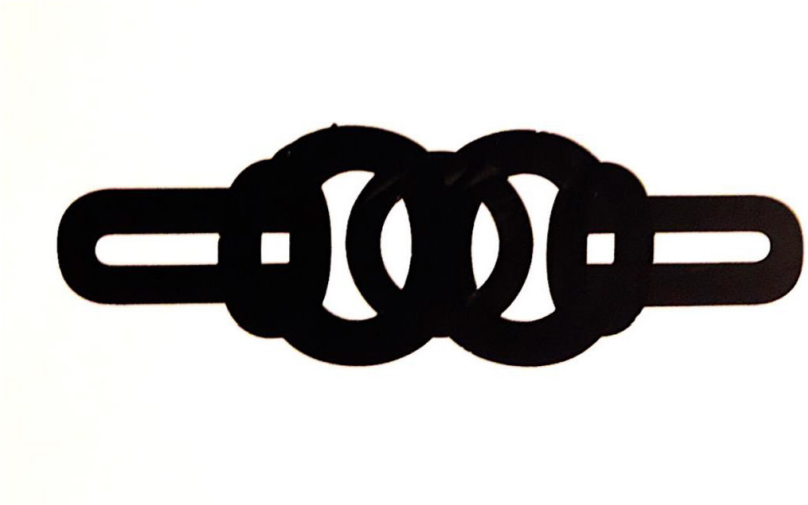


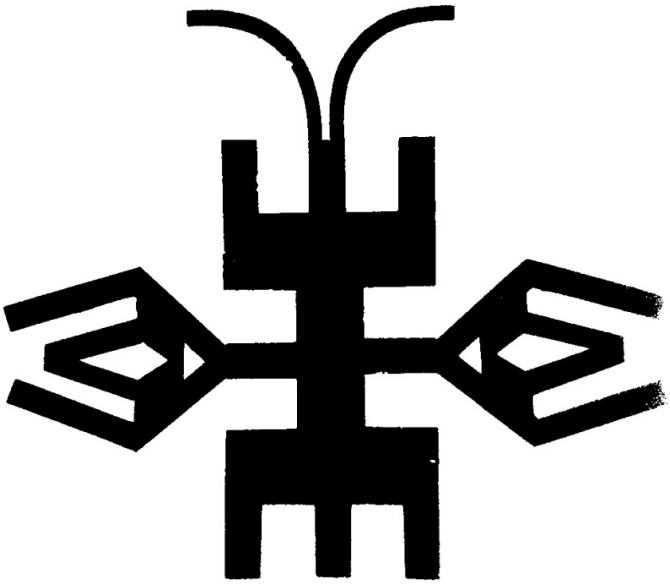
Kate Siklosi



Kate Siklosi



Kate Siklosi



József Bíró was born on 19 may 1951 / BUDAPEST / HUNGARY

poet – writer – visual artist and performer 1975 to present

organizational memberships: Hungarian Alliance of Writers, Art Foundation of Hungarian Republic, Belletrist Assotiation, Nine Dragon Heads International Artist Group (South Korea) etc.

most recent publications: *Probably* (Poems) (2017); *Something Else* (Poems) (2017); *From A To Z* [Visual Poems] (Redfoxpress – Ireland) (2018); *Bittersweet* (Poems) (2018); *These Times* (poems) (2018); **creative works** : 9 individual exhibitions, more than 700 group exhibitions around the world. more than 90 single (live) – performances around the world.

Tchello d'Barros is a poet and visual artist. He has published 6 poetry books and has texts in more than 50 books, including collections, anthologies and didactic books. He has carried out cultural activities in all the States of Brazil and in more than 20 countries. He has been touring with the individual and retrospective exhibition of Visual Poetry ''Convergencias''. With his visual works, he has participated in about 130 exhibitions, both individual and collective, in Brazil and abroad. d'Barros is the founder of the Visual Poetry Museum, a FaceBook group. He has taken his poetry production to several book fairs, biennials, literature forums, national and international congresses, and has given several lectures and literary workshops. He lives in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Anita Dolman's debut short fiction collection, *Lost Enough* (Morning Rain Publishing), was released in 2017. She is a contributing editor for *Arc Poetry Magazine*, and co-edited *Motherhood in Precarious Times*, an anthology of non-fiction, essays and poetry (Demeter Press, 2018). She is also the author of two poetry chapbooks, and was a finalist for the 2015 Alberta Magazine Award for fiction. Follow Anita on Twitter @ajdolman.

Dona Mayoora aka Donmay is a bilingual poet and interdisciplinary artist born in Kerala, India and residing in Connecticut, USA. Published author in India (Malayalam Poetry, Ice Cubukal by Insightpublica) and Sweden (Visual poetry, Listening To Red by Timglaset) and Creator of Calligraphy Stories, onomatopoetic graphic narrative without text.

Malayalam poem has been included in the academic syllabus of Pondicherry University. Poems has appeared in Indian Literature- published by India's National Academy of Letters, Malayalam literary survey and Sahityalokam - published by Academy for Malayalam literature, Women Poets of Kerala: New Voices, Kerala Kavitha, Naalamidam, Bhashaposhini, Pachakuthira, Samakalika Malayalam, Deshabhimani and elsewhere

Visual poetry has appeared in NationalPoetryMonth.ca (2016, 2018), Utsanga, Obra/Artifact,The New Post-literate, Asemic Front, Guest 1 and elsewhere

Visual works has been exhibited in

2016:- Italy (Calabria, at the Archaeological Park Scolacium).

2017:- Spain (Barcelona).

2018:- Italy (Accademia d'Ungheria in Rome, Museo Sociale a Danisinni and San Cataldo.), U.S.A (Ohio) and on Womens Asemic Writer exhibit(Spring, Summer and Winter).

https://www.instagram.com/dmayoora

https://www.facebook.com/CalligraphyStories

https://www.facebook.com/dmayoora

Loss Pequeño Glazier is the author of *Digital Poetics: the Making of E-Poetries*, the first book of digital poetics published by an academic press. He is a poet, e-poet, theorist, multicultural artist. Director, Electronic Poetry Center (EPC), and Professor Emeritus, Media Study, SUNY Buffalo. Now, from the mountains of North Carolina, he will soon release new projects, among the mountain breezes and shifting light across ridges. Many works can be found on his author page (http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/glazier/), accessible to all.

Bola Opaleke is a Pushcart Prize-nominated poet. His poems have appeared or forthcoming in *Frontier Poetry*, *Rising Phoenix Review*, *Fly Paper Mag*, *Writers Resist*, *Rattle*, *Cleaver, One*, *The Nottingham Review*, *The Puritan*, *The Literary Review of Canada*, *Sierra Nevada Review*, *Dissident Voice*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *The Indianapolis Review*, *Canadian Literature*, *Empty Mirror*, *Poetry Pacific*, *Drunk Monkeys*, *Temz Review*, *St. Peters College* (University of Saskatchewan), *Anthology* (Society 2013 Vol. 10), *Pastiche Magazine*, and others. He holds a degree in City Planning and lives in Winnipeg MB. www.bolaopaleke.com

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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 eleventh issue to the solitary and the friendless, from the following quote:

"I care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself."

--Currer Bell aka Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*, 1847.

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