

Car Crash



Henry Avignon

Fossil



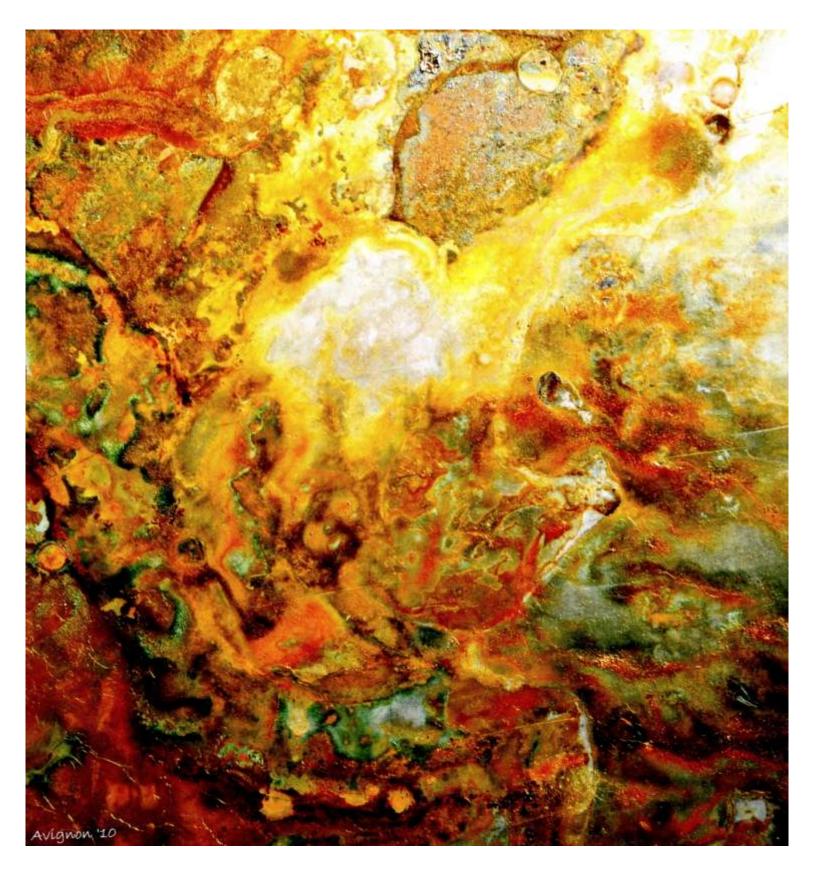
Lasting Sleep II



Lowland



Love song of Imago Ignolta I

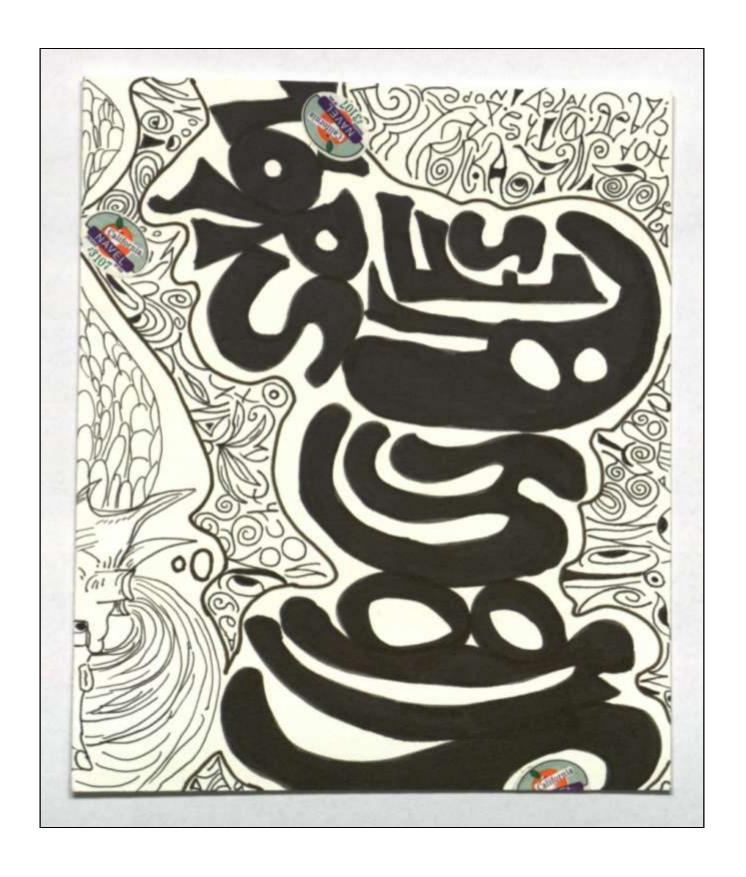


Love song of Imago Ignolta II

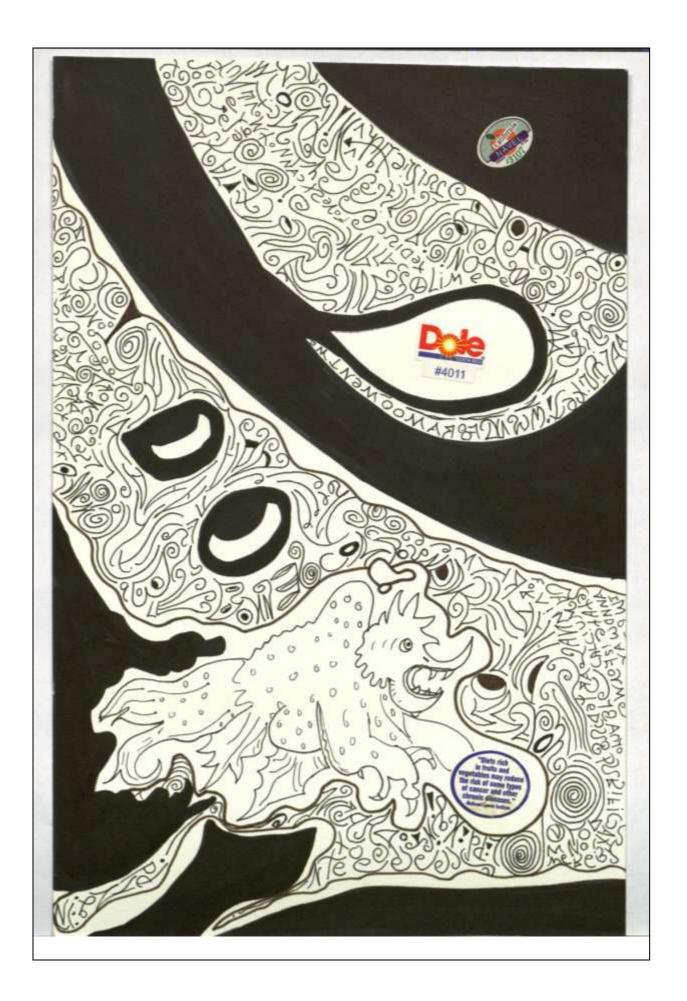


Love song of Imago Ignolta III





Michael Basinski





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for instance: butter Russet Potatoes Iimit 2 6$ meals crow.d
pleaSing * Veggies OAnd OBold O*Onions O(X) (X) oz.Bananas .39 lb. 1
large+ 1 cu(poumber trial size Roast O18 Count Medium Eggs * Nestles
StickPepperoniLambChopsHummusSanitary Oa Banana *) re first aid O in grape
friutinenceTacoMarshmallowsBonelessLargeCheese Bottom ROund Roast * (X)
Bakery: Mini Ultimate White Cake Large skin less crablegs Cannoli Walnuts
Home-baked Pistachiosgifts asparagus How much are oranges?
                                                              off (X
)OpepseaAluminumFoil Assorted Holiday *
                                           oliday Bologna
shapes/Hollywood Barbasol shapes
                                               Dressing
                                                             Regular 11
BUY ONE O(X)
                     4 Chocolate Tubs
                                         papertowels
                                                        Soup
GET ONE To #toothbrush Bob Evans Sausage Rolls
                                                      SOAP
 FREE
             Carrots
                      * Plumrose Sliced Lunchmeat
                                                      Pickles
     $2.99
                      State Fair Corn Dogs Ajax
                                                     Ketchup
pretzebras O Oil
                    Redi-Serve Chicken Nibblers
                                                      Mustard
80% Vegetable Oil Margarine
                             O scoop Canned *
                                                  OVegetables Butterball
                                 * Naturally Roasted, LOW Salt Or
Honeypole, 99% Fat Free Selected Varieties 11-15.25 oz. can ★ em ★ Shamp ○ ○
3/_*994 EZ Foil o o pie filling * falling I flour Gum
Gun 45 Pie Pan Charcoal Yogart • Bleach / Detergents Cleaning Supplies
Bread Sponges tuna 1 lb quarters) (X) • 9940 SPOONFULL
  chacoalFrench Fries Save 1s pasta Sa-Aladdin $.59
Frosted Flakes Frosted Mini-Wheats Bit(X)Size Corn Pop Corn Flakes Fruit Loops
Honey SmacksCharcoolLayerCalesMix and Match Frozen grapes ☀ ● O tOmaTOes
Sugar Bleach be er detergent
                                                               o w
                                   Cleaning/supplies
Excludes UltimateCOffee pizza 9/4 con!
NutTinTreat2Diced89Celery2/orDicedPeppers canned fish
ContainersTeaBiscutsBeeff$21Paper Products chick-ken rolls
 .990 (and up) 3 ct. Wed mu * (‡ )s Dairy eat a rainbow pop cheese (X)
Olemoon ★ Supper Coupon ● profiteroles shells eat well live well?
O Cleaned & Cut Chopped Onions, Mirepoix, da *Wun salmo0n vinegar
Salami
                 Bulk Foods
                                  (X)
                                             Opo Corn Candy
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for instance: butter AKA SUPERMARKET CONVERSATIONS

To Perform: Enter the supermarket as it is in your mind. Shop the poetry for a word or words, a phase, a concept, a symbol, or a constellation of such, or simply shop your imagination in the supermarket as it is in your mind. Walk away. Converse about your word or words, your phrase, your concept, your symbol or your constellation of such with random individuals, a friend or with friends, or talk to yourself. In conversation, empty all that is in your mind and in memory about your word or words, your phrase, your concept, your symbol or your constellation of such. Converse until the subject or theme is exhausted, completely. Allow contemplative space.

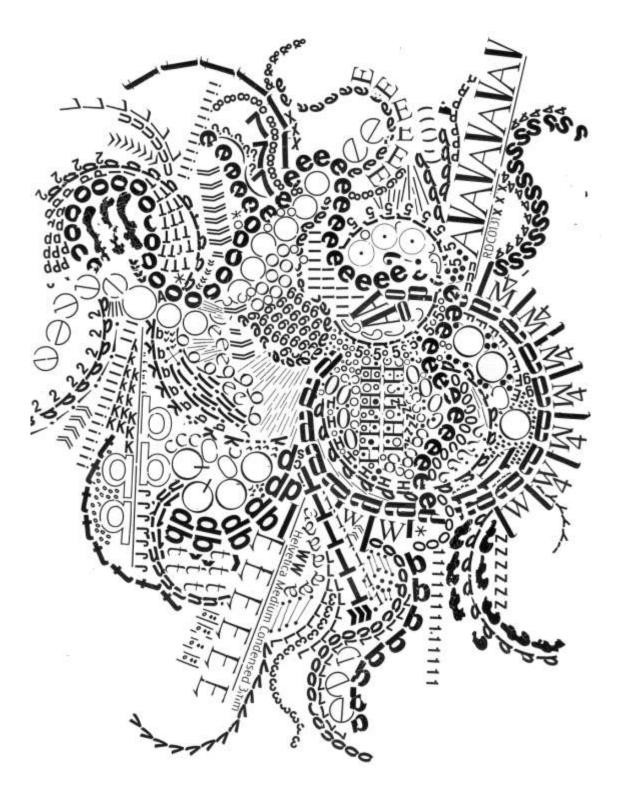
You may return for additional shopping or you may repeat.

Always listen and adjust your conversation to the tone and pitch of other nearby or distant conservations. Orchestrate appropriately to make a form of supermarket music.

Duration: A lifetime of shopping or Shop Till You Drop.

Symbol Key:

- = Improvisation. Improvise spontaneously and ruthlessly.
- Permission to shift place. Shift to another supermarket aisle or supermarket, time, planet or person.
- *= Interference. For instance, drop a jar of instant coffee in aisle 10 and call for clean up or locate an insect or some fungi upon upin one of your shopping items and respond to that with some passionate outburst.
- #= Disturbance. Interject a sound of your choice. Orchestrate. (X) = Converse about some shopping item you could not locate in the poetry.



derek beaulieu

Ratchet & Bear

Always ready to move the action along, I've thought Ratchet's name fits him like snake skin. So, when I see some young guy at the next urinal, somewhere west of Sudbury, giving me the eye, I know Ratchet's going to follow when I lead the young fellow into the end stall. The cocksucker tries to lock the door, but I use my foot to push it back and invite Ratchet in. The three of us make for a bit of a crowd, but what the hell. Once he can see everything's cool—my zipper already down—a smile spreads the fellow's mouth wide enough for me to be first in with my dick. And, before the young guy even has me fully hard, Ratchet has his cock out, stroking it up and down the back of the guy's head, pressing him all the way down to the base of mine. Alternating between choking and moaning the lad makes no move to pull back. Still, the racket he makes puts me off. Ratchet, crude asshole that he is, seems to get off on the wet, muffled groans, as though they match up with whatever story he's telling himself behind closed lids. With it buried in all that oily hair our cocksucker hasn't washed in a week, Ratchet's dick no doubt has Marcy's pussy on its mind.

I've only heard about Marcy, but imagine her slender as a thirteen year-old. Mangy and on the wild side after being blown about, but now snagged between Ratchet's solid thighs and getting used to the smell.

Then, when Ratchet grips the guy's head, it swivels around eagerly. The kid's nerve endings have no doubt transmitted the size and impatience of Ratchet's cock.

For the next ten minutes or so, the fellow switches back and forth; although I can tell it's Ratchet's dick holding his attention. I try concentrating on the florescent light when it's not my turn but I might as well save myself the bother; Ratchet's in high gear. Sure we've been on the road for a week, but you'd think he'd been locked up for a year—hands tied behind his back—the way he fills his lungs, throws back his head and drives his dick down the guy's throat. Then, when the guy's eager mouth changes and gloms onto the end of my dick, Ratchet shifts so's he's straddling the toilet seat; that way the young fellow doesn't have to make a full turn; he can just slip onto one after the other. We've never done it this way before—me and Ratchet. We always had the fellow in between, sliding up and down one of us at a time. What the hell, I don't care; besides this seems to work better in the space—cramped, even though it's the one for wheelchairs. I don't hear any complaints from down under, where our fellow can now tilt his head and swallow both of Ratchet's balls at once. While that's happening, Ratchet's eyes flip open and fasten on mine. They hold. And remind



me of a time I was in back resting somewhere between Wawa and Timmins. I felt the double thunk of fresh roadkill. Big by the feel of it. Raccoon. Fawn. Old lady. Then him stepping on the gas and checking the mirror to catch my eye.

Ratchet doesn't let up even when the fellow coughs up his balls and switches back to the end of my dick, teasing the edge of the head the way I like. An electric hum begins crawling up my cock at the same time as Ratchet tilts the guy's head on an angle and forces his own cock in at the corner of the lad's mouth. Right alongside mine.

Ratchet knew every spot along the TransCanada where fairies waited with their mouths open. Seemed they spent the whole day, like young birds, just waiting for us to pull up and pop a load in their gobs. One time, Ratchet took me to a spot where you didn't have to piss first. Seems like none of them ever heard of AIDS. But I never touched any of them, so if they wanted to swallow whatever, I didn't give a shit. Their business. We're not talking twelve year-olds.

About three years back, Ratchet began telling me stories about this pullover or that truck stop. I only half listened. Then when we were on the same route, he'd said, "Hey, how about me showin you the ropes, Bear." I'd already gone off prostitutes; said I wasn't spending hard-earned cash to slip my dick in some tired bag of flesh that made me want to puke, not come. He added, "Well, Bear baby, this is all free. Hand jobs. Blow jobs. Some'll even tongue your arse clean. Whatever you want, and after they finish cleaning up, Bear baby, it's only your balls are lighter."

I always believed there was some kind of greater plan. My dad mentioned, more than once, that everything God threw into the pot was tasty. He said if people could get used to olives, they could get used to anything. So I figured fairies must have been tossed in for when women ran out: battle fields, hunting camps, the TransCanada slicing through the shit-scape of northern Ontario. So, with grown guys on their knees begging for it, blowjobs moved right in there with coffee, oil check, and a piss when we filled up. Unlike the coffee, the piss and blowjob didn't cost nothing and sometimes I got to do both down the same hole. And, right from the start Ratchet was unusually polite: when we were at it together, he always waited his turn.

Someone starts tonguing the ridge of my dick? When they start in on that, there's no holding back. I'm on my way. So, as our fellow's tongue dips inside my piss hole and eases

the flaps apart, I can already smell the finish line. But it's the shock of Ratchet's cock alongside mine polishes me off. I've got no choice but to stay till I finish. Ratchet begins laughing and slapping my back. "Let's see if we can drown the bastard." I feel the off-kilter thrusting of his cock as mine pumps itself clean, and before I'm finished and ready to pull out, I hear, "Holy, Jesus H. fuckin' Christ," as Ratchet holds the fellow's head by the hair and pumps it up and down his cock. My own slips out somewhere between "Jesus" and "H."

I zip up as Ratchet finishes off. Then he holds the guy's mouth tightly against the base of his cock. He's never done that before. That's when the real gagging starts. Other guys have almost suffocated on Ratchet's cock; not surprising, when you think it's about the same size around as most people's wrist. What always took me back a bit was how anyone could put that much of anything in their mouth, all at once. Usually Ratchet pulls back when they start choking. But this time his elbows lock and hands freeze on the back of the guy's skull. Ratchet stops his hollering and turns to stone, clamps down, while our *fancy liquor* (Ratchet's idea of a joke) begins to rock and heave. I can see foam and spittle ooze from the tight seal of his mouth, partially hidden by Ratchet's bristle of black pubes.

When I turn, Ratchet's eyes are open and boring into mine. I say, "Come on Ratchet. You're done. Let him fix his makeup." But Ratchet holds both my gaze and the fellow's head. It isn't until the unmistakable sounds of bile rising that Ratchet pulls the guy's head back and shoves it into the toilet. Too late.

"I'm the fuck out of here," I say and turn. When Ratchet says nothing, I swing round once again to see him still holding the guy's head while he heists himself up and back into a seated position on top of the toilet tank, legs spread in a loose hairy "V." He's stripped right down for this one, and refers to these rare spectacles as "full throttles." I know he's already come, so am not prepared for a cock still rearing up between his legs. One foot now holds the fellow's head in the bowl; the other presses on his shoulder. I say, "All right Ratchet. Let's get the fuck outta here."

"But the fun's just starting Russell. Look, our friend's got his ass in the air. He wants a fuck. You gonna give our friend here what he wants Russell?" I can hear a new menace in Ratchet's voice and it isn't meant for the fellow writhing and struggling.

"Fuck him yourself Ratchet. I'm done."

"But we're nowhere near finished, Russell. Kept myself hardened up, special." Ratchet has always called me "Bear." His cock stays rigid.

At that moment I feel something shift, as though we've been slipping and sliding

along a winter road—showing off, having a ball—when suddenly a fridge in the back cuts loose, the tail swings round and we are, without warning, sliding onto the shoulder. At first it seems as though things aren't as bad as they look: maybe the snowbank will cushion the inevitable. Maybe the fellow put his own head in the toilet bowl. Then the focus sharpens: it's a fuckin rock cut. The guy's drowning. And, floating just above, Ratchet's voice once again saying, "What about it Russell?"

I reach for the guy's belt and try to pull him back—help him out—but now he won't let go of the back of the toilet. "All right Russell; atta a boy. You hold on and I'll loosen his belt."

"I said, that's it Ratchet," and let go of the belt. I can barely stand the stench.

"You got something going with this cocksucker Russell? You been sneaking back here, sitting on faces, while I'm out front gassing up? You cheating?"

With that, Ratchet releases the fellow's head by moving the one foot to the fellow's other shoulder, then uses both to shove him backwards into me. Before I can steady him, the fellow, sounding like he's coughing up his kidneys, elbows me as he twists in the small space. When the door doesn't budge, with all of us jammed in, he drops to the floor, flattens out as best he can, and slides into the next cubicle. But not before Ratchet stomps a heel into his crotch.

The high pitched scream is the first dry sound the fellow has made. His legs jack-knife and disappear under the metal divider.

"What the fuck was that all about?" I am already grabbing the door. Ratchet pushes himself off the back of the toilet, the stiffness in his cock easing off. I can hear the fellow fumbling at the door of the next cubicle. That's when I hear the rush of water in the background. There've been no other trucks, and wasn't likely to be at that time of the morning; no doubt why Ratchet tried a full throttle. We'd have heard another rig arriving.

"I just thought it was time you met one of the fellows who likes it rough," says Ratchet, bending over for his underwear. "You hear him calling for help? You hear him begging me to stop? You hear any of that, Bear?"

I yank my thumb towards the closed door. "Someone's at the sink," I mouth. Winking, he whispers, "You saying you'd like this one to yourself, Russell? That what I'm hearing?" Ratchet eases his semi-stiff back into his underwear.



Satu Kaikkonen

the unknown zone part 2

I first write poems in Finnish and then I put them in to a translation machine so the language changes and becomes very irrational... I usually don't fix anything, I let the text be how it comes from the machine, so there are are maybe also some Finnish words in it....

This project is called the unknown zone and those "in these" are cuttings from different kind of not Finnish blogs.... I put the text in the google translation machine and the machine translates it to Finnish. After that I wrote the poem in Finnish with my own text and cuttings, and then put the text again in to translation machine to translate it into English. The whole series can found in here:

http://www.kotiposti.net/kaikkonent/runot/tuntematonvyohyke_googlattu.html http://www.kotiposti.net/kaikkonent/runot/tuntematonvyohyke_googlattu_jatkoa.html

1. Pillow is white as snow, the cherries on his shoulders

Space expands. We die, slowly, second by second. Or maybe just expanding, until

years in our bodies over its borders

another dimension

- We call it death, when we do not know. Is 18.50 at this time, when the cold settles onto your fingertip and toes palelee, but escape is impossible.

Still a fugitive. The clock is 18.54 and I miss the man in whose bookcase is a monkey and maybe some of the bones of the railways. I miss the chaos in his words, muukalaisuutta odd,

which is as at home. I miss his messy thoughts, which SEA can find avaruustomua: black hole: a bit of light: hiutaleellisen or snow.

The clock is 18.58.

Even if a fugitive escape is impossible.

NOTES No. 10

(found from a cell to the prison, written on fragile piece of paper)

The birds have returned to the trees. I can hear them, even though the window is thick and dirty.

What is freedom? Can I fly to the sun?
Are the apple trees, flowers, spring bags under the branches of trees?
Where did you dream about in the middle of winter? The clock is 19.07 I do not dare open my eyes that the samples disappear.

They can kill me like they kill the insect: squish my body, limbs removed from the body and to think that I'm dead. But this body, I am not: I have a soul: what inside - it can not be destroyed.

By the end, everything had gone, who needs a body? The clock is 19.12 and still hear the birds. I can hear my heart beat. I remember how kisses taste like.

I remember every piirteesi. Ilmeesi funny. The words written in your arms.

[&]quot;The first day of spring"

[&]quot;Big hot sun"

[&]quot;Hang the bag on a branch"

[&]quot;I slip into the woods"

[&]quot;So small stream"

[&]quot;Mossy cracks"

[&]quot;I'm still"

I believe in our sails. Those who will appear in the horizon to ensure than the wings. Fly with me uniaikaan. Time is 19:17. and is suddenly quiet.

The window is full of footprints, those who before me were here as I do: waited, hoped, listening to: talked to himself to remember it all.

Maybe you think that I have forgotten.

But I'm not. I love the evenings, with scents second nights of our lives, those who come after these.

The paper ends. The paper ends. Ends. The clock is 19.21.

The paper ends. The rest is written in the memories directly to the inside, where the soul, to where they are promoted to what they do not reach. Fly with me uniaikaan, let iltasuukko monkey bookcase, listening to the bones of a gentle voice.

Bones are able to travel.

The clock is 19.26 and the escape of is impossible,

but still a fugitive.

[&]quot;The sky is black"

[&]quot;I refuse to, but I think the coast"

[&]quot;Pillow is white as snow"

[&]quot;Cherries on hir shoulders'

[&]quot;Wavelength someone has gone to the secret"

[&]quot;I can not tell"

[&]quot;Crowded into the jungle eye Summit"



Rocking Chair and Bloody Hell

I need bread and water; early flowers from

my

Woman:

so sweet is the music She laughs and curly are her words.

Rockin Chair and Bloody Hell

I need snow and countryside events; slowly car to ride on the moon,

yes man! ain't that something!

Bloody Hell

how your sweet hands sound like birds

early in the morning when trees are full of

laughing leafes.



smoking kills you

smoking kills you and Northen people drink vodka, Shouthern people drink sugar

bloody hell smoking kills you poetry kills you: and winters

a woman laughed like a revolver: fuck! she was like paintings (not so easy to watch, but my ears were unpatient)

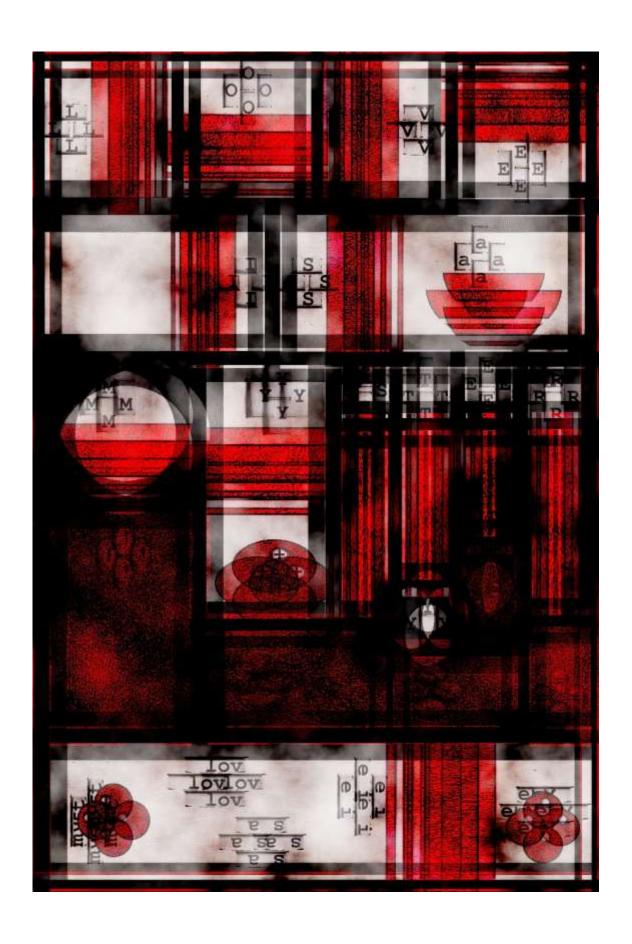
what a Glory! smoking kills you: songs kill you: and summers

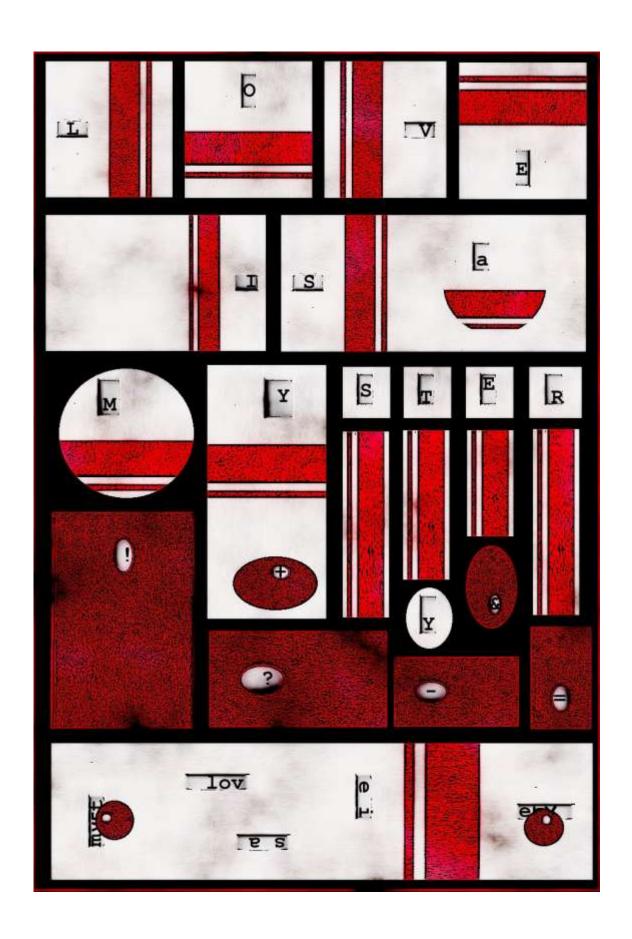
she was something! like a cigarette: like water: like winter: like summer: poetry WhatEver

(roll-oll -roll)

tomorrwow wuff wow wow I will and will tomorrowow: from a spot to the spot I will and will roll-oll on

roll-oll-on!





Small Wonder

I knew I was preggers. I didn't even have to miss my exclamation point. I could smell it. I could smell my insides softening, turning to pap for the fucklet. Yuck.

I stroked the two, blind, friendly fish of my breasts, looked at myself in the mirror, saw what I would look like when the fucklet had got done turning me into a vertical turtle, with my jellied eyes, my beaky nose, my dry feet splayed, my middle a pink, loafy carapace.

July it was. Sweltering. I was sitting in front of the open fridge, sweat trickling down my throat, between my friendly fish. The fridge was vaporous, pestilating bluemeat, bubby cheese. The uggs especially were gutting on my nerves something fierce. I cracked them all on the floor. Not one had a red thing in it. Lucky.

In flew a shitfly, slow-mover, hanging thickset under his work-wings. Buzzing made my brain swell till it touched my skull. Slashed away at him, slammed the fridge door. Ha! It wasn't the bluemeat the shitfly wanted to sniffle. It was me. Busy all around my k'nobby-k'nees looking for an upward passage. Hot cud burst into my mouth, right up my nose. Kept me from screaming.

I ran out of there, sure the shitfly was on me. Or in me. Divested double pepper, fumes from my zooterus making me weep. Small wonder the shitfly. Locked bathroom door, turned on shower full blast. Ahhhh.

Centuries. Soaped myself down and up and down and down and up. Water ran off my hair in falls. Twiggled the red noses of my fishheads, funnin just.

Couldn't get clean. Not clean clean. On the inside I mean.

Eased my sloapy middle fingling into my nanus. Ahhhh.

My erectum glid all around my fingling so liscious I didn't know what was cleaning what. Centuries. Eons. Gleased out my fingling at long length, my nanus sighed, popped shut. Gleased in all my eight finglings and my two thumbs. Not all at once! Wish.

Squatted down on stall floor to do vulvet. Repulsion. Weep made me. Wanted to reach in, yank out zooterus, fucklet, vovaries, whole bit. Hystericalectomy. Same time, didn't go for inserting nice clean finglings. Vulvet puffy, nidorous. Uck.

Soap bar thin white blade. Introduced it my regina. Tentative. Tiny bit. Hmmn. Bit more.

Close eyes, clean.

John Lavery

Pain, soft in bedwoomb. Make me shiver. Fucklet not happy? Poo-hoo.

Clean bit harder, mmn. Cry. Harder, bit harder.

Big pain. Sudden. Big!

Bedwoomb alive, breathing inside me. Shit. Soap stubs in finglings, broken bits, zooterus panting, crackling something fierce.

Filled tub. Half bottle foam bath. Fell in, held myself open, heaved forward-like to get water up, soap out. Over and over, splash-kaplash! No go. Zooterus breathing heavy, heaving, I stifling, like someone scooped my brain out, plopped in candies.

Pain punctured, tttsssssss, draining out of me.

Ahh.

Shit! Suds going pink-like. Blood-pink-like! Fucklet want out.

Exit tub pronto. Bloodslugs noodling down inside of my legmeats, foam lechers, leeching, leaking black dribbles. No end to them. Dizzy me. Nanus doing a do-do. Swunk down on toilet, all holes exuding goo, brain-candies tumbling, tumbling.

Woke up on floor. Soon as I fell awake, I was dreaming again.

Rooted around in my mess, looking for it. Had to be sure it had got born. There it was, lumpish clot, icky, eye-sized.

'Hello,' I said to the mcembryo. You're supposed to talk to your children, you know. 'Hello. You hurt Mommy big time, but Mommy not mad, not anymore, now that her neuterus is hers again.'

The mcembryo scowled, not happy with me. Cold likely, thirsty.

Snicked it with the nail scissors. Seemed more chipper, not so scowly. My imagination maybe. Snicked it again, many times. Looked more natural to me, less like a mcembryo. More culinary.

Question: if I zapped it in the mickey-wave, two minutes? two and a half? and ingested the thing, would it be like a vaccination? Keep me from getting another?

Laugh.

So I got dressed, stuffed a handful of lite-days into my undies, put the mcembryonics into a sandwich bag, the sandwich bag into my pocket.

Outside, the heat wrapped me up like a white bandage.

'Oof,' I said, 'Do you have to be so tight? I can barely breathe.'

'Do you good,' said the heat.

We got on the bus together, me, the heat, and the mcembryonics. We didn't fight, didn't argue. We watched the sweat-stainers get on and off, staggering under their load of sun.

After a while I said, 'I fucked up, eh.'

'No, no,' said the heat, 'not at all. Unsuccess stories are the ones we like best, by far. We like the angel in full moult, the vampire wearing braces.'

'Right,' piped in the mcembryonics, 'for us a success is just a failure that didn't work out.'

'You're kind, the two of you,' I said. 'Maybe I am invisible under my white bandage. I feel like it.'

'Sure you're invisible,' said the heat. 'We all are. If they could see me sitting here, they'd get off in a hurry.'

'Or me,' said the mcembryonics, 'Seeing as I'd have had bug-eyes, work-wings, and been some uglysome.'

We drove way out, past the stadium. It smelled of concrete and flags.

'Our stop,' I said.

The botanical gardens were gasping in the torrential sun. The heat put the big arm around me, making me walk semi-sideways. The heat's the tactile type, extravert.

'I'm not crazy about flowers,' said the mcembryonics. 'Find them rather rude. I prefer the grass.'

'Grass it'll be then.'

We came to the entranceway at the Chinese gardens. I dug a hole in the grass at the base of the gate. The mcembryonics got in.

'People will be buying post cards of you every day and sending them all over the blue plummet,' I said.

'The baloo,' corrected the heat, 'palanet!'

'What letter do you want,' I said, 'to mark the spot?'

'S,' said the mcembryonics.

I scratched an S in the gate with a sharp stone.

'S,' I said, 'as in sleep?'

'S,' said the heat, 'as in sit up and eat your earth.'

'S as in ssssssssss,' said the mcembryonics.

After that, the heat and I got on the bus together. We didn't speak for listening to each other.

We drove in past the stadium. The lights were on, the black flags asleep.

The heat strarted kissing me little kisses on my neck.

'What are you up to?' I said.

'You smell good,' said the heat. 'You smell corporeal, clean. Like a new-born smells.'

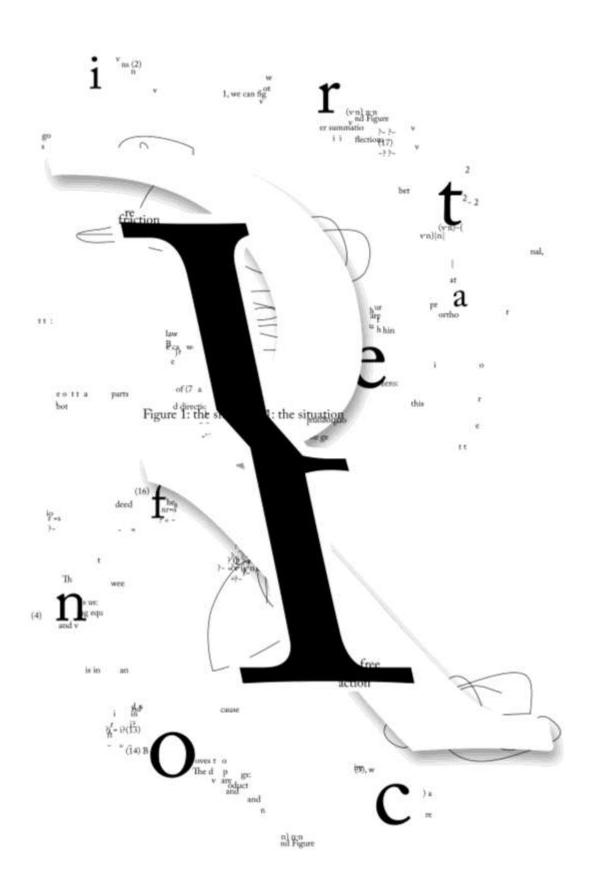
'Like a what?' I said, moving away a little.

'You smell,' said the heat, sniffing the skin between my friendly fish, 'like the newborn you are. Learning to breathe, right? Ready to rip.'

'You're kind you are,' I said, not looking anywhere but out the window.

We think of language always in flux, but still we usually conceive of a letter as a basically fixed atomic unit. Here, I am trying to focus on the idea of a single letter in transformation. This draws on text and imagery from wikipedia and NASA's astronomy Picture(s) of the Day.

Kevin Matthews



As Is

as is is as	ah ha ha ah
it em	am ma
em it	ma am
on so	an no
so on	no an
up om	at ta
om up	ta at
ma so	aw we
so ma	we aw
hi de	ex id
de hi	id ex
my oh	be re
oh my	re be
lo bo	by bi
bo lo	bi by
ax el el ax	co pa
go no	da ta
no go	ta da
he we we he	
ad ox ox ad	

Monty Reid

Clinical Note

Patient was given methedrine 10 mg IV. Before the injection, possible effects were explained & patient consented. In a short period of time, patient broke into tears. She became apprehensive after this & stated I had better call the orderlies because she was going to punch me in the jaw. Through the interview she alternated between crying spells & manic states. She at first stated I was not going to get her to talk. When she did start talking, she said: Get a hold of yourself Ridley. You have got to get a hold of yourself. When asked what is wrong, the patient stated she is happy.

~

I am happy.

Sandra Ridley

e d o v

ENOUGH

Continua

within
each
other
without
ever.
petals, touching
amputate grief

shading, as

though repetition

Chris Turnbull

you can imagine this scene much like a frayed edge. Its interior resonates personally ~

sharply curved blooms you've disregarded and if could with a fold

place -

with a fold ed metal key eight to ten inches in length

smoothly The folded key on binder twine at breastbone open

Your rush is compelled. There are others tucked behind, past, near in, flung, flagging tension. This is how it is done. In the background, even breathing has stopped - a visceral phenomenon requiring stamina



an unbound spell

,

you, stand tall off and to the left of an unlit room, stand tall and accented by expectation, stand aware that all ears except yours are attuned to your voice and your throat and what travels there. Hunker down and be here. Inhabit, anew, this place.

I. suffer from a lack of signification here. I chose this move, am moved. Ah, disruption beyond the physical - a wholly uncomfortable sensation of being that bothers.

Once, I walked the streets and trails looking for signs

porthoniddeuts: righthwels inne käl-throw-ryck in breek

what isn't wounded around here? look at this hole, the mortar around it, a seed in it some small bird's two bluejays got pissed at me when I crossed into the trail - landing in

shh shh and then

hope? or wind's chance? or those three young women lined up on the sidewalk sketching houses for the snow-prints I'd left and pecking at snowfleas, maybe. I felt it may

a school art project - wearing identical outfits their fashion dictated by the only retail store in town, have been more personal. The season wasn't yet ready for the frogs to

despite the fact that their body shapes are distinctly different. a cold wind curls down the backside of unfreeze and the ephemeral ponds to bend and blossom. Some

the boys who wear their jeans low; their shirts ride up. we are strangers to anything but wounds - not milkweed fluff looked soft against the stiff pods and stems, and in one

far from here Walmart is moving on, some brainiac has confirmed a decade of local suspicion that our case I could see where an animal, or wind, had left a burr caught up in

water is toxic, and industry feels that better profits can be made elsewhere, and so are moving on. our the silk. If I had gone into the third growth forest, I may have discov-

population demographic is predominantly preteens and aged retirees - a sound result is that our Counered more tracks, at least some chipmunk/squirrel middens, maybe

cil picks are slim, we are completed by circumstance, an old deer chew, but I kept to the trail and ended up following the

unilingular line of a 26" wheel, which, eventually, got me lost, and

which, in and of itself, signifies zilch.

it's nice and quiet shh shh again

shh shh

- BJORK

hey there heyhey there hey wait, hey wait a sec, (let's talk) were we not in it

: don't you dare say together we were so : apart, you keep saying that but don't you remember

: no.:

aw, c'mon, you're not still mad don't be that, c'mon hon

: don't give me none of your fucking nostalgia, Ilost you weren't (heyyy wait up) going nowhere, you have to admit it was a good time (we were)good together

: aren't you just the lucky one (look at you) :

look, I just came by for old time's

: sake? look, they took him away right after. I was doped : oh? so what now

: I guess I'm never leaving this place : my parole officer told me I can't leave neither



tails: & you've a lucky memory to complain

hell, you know it well, babe

if I hadn't been in prison we wouldve gonnon vacation

letting things take care of themselves

Henry Avignon is a conceptual Photographer, Photosculptor and Poet with innovating approaches to traditional art tools and materials, whose primary goal is surveying nature's talent for articulating beauty in balanced expression(s) of lightness and darkness--the infinite material and immaterial signature(s) of energy.

Michael Basinski is the Curator of the Poetry Collection, the University at Buffalo. He performs his work as a solo poet and in ensemble with BuffFluxus. Among his many books of poetry are *Poems Popeye Papyrus* (Slack Buddha Press); *Of Venus 93* (Little Scratch Pad); *All My Eggs Are Broken* (BlazeVox); Heka (Factory School); *Strange Things Begin to Happen When a Meteor Crashes in the Arizona Desert* (Burning Press); *Mool, Mool3Ghosts* and *Shards of Shampoo* (Bob Cobbing's Writers Forum); *Cnyttan* and *Heebie-Jeebies* (Meow Press); *By and The Doors* (House Press); *Un-Nome, Red Rain Two, Abzu and Flight to the Moon* (Run Away Spoon Press): *Poemeserss* (Structum Press) and many more. See (or hear): RadioRadio on UBUWEB (see Basinski and BuffFluxus) etc. His poems and other works have appeared in many magazines including *Dandelion, BoxKite, Antennae, Unbearables Magazine, Open Letter, Torgue, Leopold Bloom, Wooden Head Review, Basta, Kiosk, Explosive Magazine, Deluxe Rubber Chicken, First Offense, Terrible Work, Juxta, Kenning, Witz, Lungfull, Lvng, Generator, Tinfish, Curicule Patterns, Score, Unarmed, Rampike, First Intensity, House Organ, Ferrum Wheel, End Note, Ur Vox, Damn the Caesars, Pilot, 1913, fillingStation, Public Illumination, and Poetry.*

derek beaulieu is the author of five books of poetry (most recently the visual poem suite *silence*), two volumes of conceptual fiction (most recently the short fiction collection *How to Write*) and over 150 chapbooks. His work is consistently praised as some of the most radical and challenging contemporary Canadian writing. Publisher of the acclaimed smallpresses housepress (1997-2004) and no press (2005-present), and editor of several small magazines in Canada, beaulieu has spoken and written on poetics internationally. Toro magazine recently wrote "using techniques drawn from graphic design, fine art and experimental writing, [beaulieu] vigorously tests the restrictions, conventions, and denotations of the letters of the alphabet." beaulieu's *fractal economies* (talonbooks, 2006) included a cogent and widely-discussed argument for poetry which worked beyond strict meaning making, pushing the boundaries into graphic design, gesture and collaboration.

In 2006 he was a performer at the Nyhil Poetry Festival in Reykjavik (Iceland) and in 2007 he was keynote speaker at the Oslo poesifestival. He has performed his work at festivals and universities across Canada, the United States and Europe. In 2010 he will be featured reader at the Soundeye Festival (Cork, Ireland).

Bill Brown's short stories have appeared in several anthologies as well as Front&Centre, which he now co-edits. His chapbook, Folly, has been followed by a collection: When Jupiter's Aligned with Mars, out in September, 2009.

Bill and his husband, John, live in Ottawa.

Contributors

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Kevin Matthews is originally from Winnipeg, now writing, working and living in Ottawa. He has performed his poetry in front of audiences around Canada — from hundreds to handfuls, and from symphonic concert halls to correctional facilities. Kevin is a communications worker at the Canadian Union of Postal Workers.

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Sandra Ridley is the co-winner of *the bpNichol Chapbook Award* (with Gary Barwin), finalist for *the Robert Kroetsch Award for Innovative Poetry*, finalist for *the LitPop Prize*, and winner of the 2008 *Alfred G. Bailey Prize*. Her first book of poetry, *Fallout*, was published in 2010 by Hagios Press. An excerpt from Fallout was featured as a production with Saskatchewan's CBC Radio One's *Sound XChange* program. Ridley's second collection of poems is forthcoming with Pedlar Press.

Chris Turnbull lives in Kemptville, Ontario. These are selections from a longer piece, Continua; some have been recently published in the online journal *ditch*. Other pieces of Continua have appeared in *How2*, *Ottawater* 2.0, *dANDelion*, *Convergences*, and *Dusie*. They're fun to listen to using 'read aloud' technology.

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.

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

Others, A Magazine of New Verse, December, 1919 Issue 5, No. 1