



Epigraph 15

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The Return

Anthony Etherin

(Palindrome-Sonnet—Word)

Begin here, and return to promise ends....
(Within symmetrical, or free, exchange,
words steady, where constraint, sublime, transcends:
Verse colours form, supports the rigid change.)
Transferred is order. Echoes challenge time.
Reversed decrees become us, follow space,
embrace the measures, under written rhyme.
Rhyme, written under, measures the embrace.
Space, follow us, become decrees reversed!
Time, challenge echoes! Order is transferred.
Change rigid, the supports form colours—verse
transcends sublime constraint. Where steady words
exchange free, or symmetrical, within,
ends promise to return and here begin.

Particle Physics

Anthony Etherin

(Palindrome-Sonnet—Letter)

No; I'm refit. Named natal, I, anew,
now tide no sober 'up', emit a 'top'.
Sit, never off-on. One muon? O, two....
Had I a sign or photon? O, do stop.
O, graft new parts. Snort iso-protons, met.
I ward dew. I'll attenuate, lap time.
Sage item, I'm not pellet-named. I set
a ray, a rate, side-mantel. Lepton, mime,
tie gas, emit pale tau, net tall. I wed,
draw items not (or positrons' strap went).
Far, go pot—so do not. "Oh, prong," I said,
"a how-to noumenon-off—or, event."
 I spot a time-pure boson, edit won.
 We nail a tandem antifermion.

Christmas Eve

Anthony Etherin

(Anagrammed Lines)

The day before Christmas,
a frost came. The shy bride
dreamt of shy ice; breaths
of ashy December; this art
made by Earth's first echo....

Interstellar Pastoral

Anthony Etherin

(Anagrammed Lines)

We speak of the interstellar wild
like we aren't part of it.... She dwells
in we who still sparkle, a fettered,
skeletal star. We flow in her tepid
Earth, like weeds, patterns of will
personified. We talk, shatter well
as the world. We take, splinter life,
written like Death's pale flowers.

Proverb

Anthony Etherin

(Anagrammed Lines)

Once, it was said that
death is in two acts: A
cessation, with data,
and a white so static
it can eat its shadow....

Parallax

Jane Craven

You were never where I thought you'd be.

I in a white dotted constellation dress.
you in a civil war monument.

Let's
just
say,
even as an infant,
I had trouble
seeing
symmetry, mappings.

Wanting an analog,
you tried to keep me

bound in arbitration.
You a surveyor, a lighthouse, rooted.

Me a universe.

Map of Radiant Energy

Jane Craven

A green shoot uncoils
from a light socket.

Stop motion would show
it charmed, writhing

in space seeking a way
out or in. Languorous,

the movement
of a starfish turning
itself over.

I once caught sight of the fair
isles, their spiny backs
irresistible as ocean currents

or light hammered out
by a hot-tempered goldsmith.

Let the cartographers go.

Where I'm traveling,
they've placed elephants
for want of towns.

For want of elephants
the town of me
has been folded into a flower's

saffron heart,

in the future of an
undiscovered country.

Mode

Mark Young

Each unto some
other thing. Seeking
variety. He says: go
fetch. Not like dog,
more harvest fest-
ival. So you meander
& bring driftglass &
gull's feather from
the beach, tree-root
curved from the
earth's compression,
flowers & stalks of
wheat from the opening
of the field. Rebus. Dis-
tributed. Finally some
thrift-shop thing, an old
cushion revitalised
through careful washing,
or a small print, Turner,
the Thames in fog. &
the house, so long in
building, comes together.

The World Holds Many Knives

Tom Snarsky

The future writes itself notes in every possible color.

Your throat needs more courage than nightly steel.

This sorrowful fist is just as much a part of our body.

Comparison is the operation of some blade gone unseen.

The surface tension must be arrested, or at least slowed.

Blood is no longer a useful or sensible metric.

I am mired in flaws in the same way fiction is.

This cannot cannot cannot cannot be the last one.

A decisionless mirror awaits you and is not grinning.

Form follows function into an endless stream of daffodils.

Bones, hair, blood

Tom Snarsky

The windows here are made
of old cracked war-
ped glass which can be liquid

just not at this temperature

I'm in this for the cruel mistakes
for the wishful singing
for every body-wracked love

not returned

I am failing
to simulate God
on an open road

same as you

A dervish continues & shows

that love is so

stupefyingly simple

just not at this temperature

Graft the Skin of a Mallard onto Your Anus and You'll Migrate Each Winter Too

Ryan Quinn Flanagan

The sides
of the house
fall away
with fire

and you can't help
but think of
the ribcage

how precarious
things really
are

like bubble wrap
is not enough

tax cuts
and indigestion

the fire marshal
on a break from his wife
because there is no longer
any fire.

Eyes That See in the Dark

Ryan Quinn Flanagan

...walther pkk Kurdish rebel yell islands in the stream of consciousness raising Arizona
border jumping bean bag chairs

& eyes
that see in the
dark

& minds
that do
not

((gift me the sense
of all gliding nonsense
panorama((

twin
necks

of
a

straining
tree
top

destiny.

I wear blue socks.

Marcia Arrieta

there is so much going on & nothing going on. I look for my coffee cup.
the dog wants out. the books talk back. in the garden sunflowers bloom.

Realities & Pockets

Marcia Arrieta

realities & pockets
to be
arranged, filled, mended

(there is a pain in her left arm that cannot be healed)

winter is upon us

(a box of crayons)

the color blue dominates

(please do not forget the date again)

rainwater is held in a cup

(I try to sleep)

Within the Boxes

Marcia Arrieta

relative
pronouns

Orion
&
Gemini

expired
peanut
brittle

raven
&
polar bear

[reasons]

Milikansas

Adam Levon Brown

Mississippi With three P's

-----Dotter SOOL

AP-OIR

MOARRRRRRRLLLLLLLLL

MORALS

Where have MORALS gone?

M-O-R-A-L-S

M- O-A-R-A-L-S

-Ariel Knew Things

And ended up

in an oven

Merlot In

Chinese

glasses

Break and fall

R.I.P to the toast-master

You were, You

were, You

were.

Mark Cunningham

Future Words

Each piece is an entry in a dictionary of future words, or, rather, a gathering of meanings that have started to draw together, but whose word has not yet formed. What is, or will be, connotation and what denotation hasn't been settled yet.

[future word]

_____. **1.** a system in which a process's workspace is held partly in high-speed memory and partly in some slower, and cheaper, backing-store device. **2.** a plate or screen with alternating opaque and transparent concentric rings that focus light by diffraction. **3.** any of several primitive freshwater African fishes of the genus *Polypterus* having functional lungs as well as gills. **4.** a test strategy equivalent to finding all possible paths through the control-flow diagram of a program. **5.** to remember to put off until tomorrow what you should have done yesterday.

[future word]

1. a bottle or other container put back in the refrigerator, though there is not enough left inside for another serving. **2.** the luminous region between the Faraday dark space and the anode glow in a vacuum tube, occurring when the pressure is low. **3.** information memorized for a class outside your main field of study, such as a list of the 13th through 19th Presidents of the United States or of the identifying characteristics of the eight most common minerals, that you can still recall years later. **4.** details that become visible only under certain conditions, such as small cracks in the pavement after rain or some elements of John Cage's visual art works.

[future word]

_____. **1.** an increase in the resistance of a metal due to the presence of a magnetic field, which alters the paths of electrons. **2.** a person who says he or she welcomes the opinions and advice of others, but never accepts those opinions or advice. **3.** a square matrix in which each column contains precisely one non-zero element, which is equal to unity.

[future word]

_____. **1.** a stone or boulder that has been carried from its place of origin by a glacier and left stranded on bedrock of different composition. **2.** a euphemism invented to replace a euphemism that is itself now considered obscene or otherwise objectionable.

[future word]

_____. **1.** a system for classifying the visual appearance of open clusters of stars, published by Robert J. Trumpler in 1930. **2.** a plant, *Maranta leuconeura*, native to Brazil, that is widely cultivated for its variegated leaves that close up at night. **3.** the popping of bubbles in a sheet of bubble wrap as a method of therapeutic relaxation.

Contributors

ANTHONY ETHERIN is a UK-based writer of experimental poetry and music. His poems have appeared online in *The Account* and *Nagari Magazine*, among others, and he has had leaflets or chapbooks published by No Press, Spacecraft Press, and *The Blasted Tree*. Find him on twitter, [@Anthony_Etherin](#), and via his website, [songsofinversion.com](#).

JANE CRAVEN lives in Raleigh, North Carolina, graduated from UNC-Chapel Hill, and has worked in corporate systems development and as the director of a contemporary art museum. She was recently accepted into the North Carolina State University MFA-Poetry program, and her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Texas Review*, *Cold Mountain Review*, *Tar River Poetry*, *Columbia Review*, and *Atlanta Review*.

MARK YOUNG's most recent books are *Mineral Terpsichore & Ley Lines*, both from gradient books of Finland, & *The Chorus of the Sphinxes*, from Moria Books in Chicago. A new collection, *some more strange meteorites*, was released by Meritage & i.e. Press, California / New York, in early 2017.

TOM SNARSKY teaches mathematics at Malden High School in Malden, Massachusetts, USA. [@TomSnarsky](#) on Twitter.

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MARCIA ARRIETA is a poet, artist, and teacher. She lives on the canyon in Pasadena, California.

ADAM LEVON BROWN is a published author, poet, amateur photographer, and cat lover. He identifies as queer. He is also neurodivergent. He is the editor of Madness Muse Magazine. He has over 150 poems published in 11 countries.
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MARK CUNNINGHAM's chapbook, *Alphabetical Basho*, appeared recently on the Beard of Bees site.

Epigraph Magazine publishes three times per year. We love experimental poetry. We love poems that make us question what poems are. We love the internet. We love immediacy. We love distance. Guidelines for submissions can be found at epigraphmagazine.com.

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