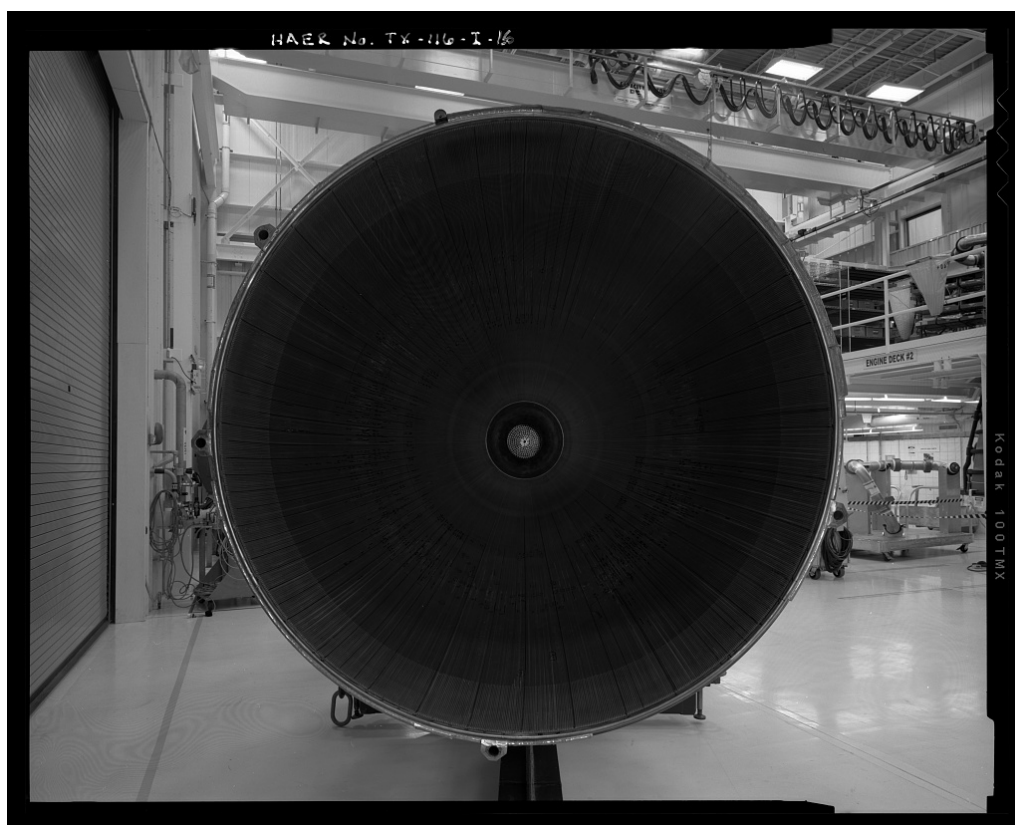


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The Bystander Effect

Howie Good

We have not had a wedding or a baptism for quite some time. We mostly have funerals. Is there violence? Is there murder? Police are throwing their critics out windows. Under the mud, I'm sure there are many more. Even when you ride the train, all you see is this black forest with nothing in it. God, I was stupid. I cannot go back. I saw too much. I should have closed my eyes. I really should have. Yes, something possible everywhere.

Something to Sing About

Howie Good

I was walking with a friend of mine in the city's central district. We started to see sets of twins everywhere. I decided to ask around to try to understand. Suddenly there were flames shooting from the parking lot. I thought it was a car on fire until I realized the building was gone. Someone shouted for help. After a few minutes, two medics arrived. I was able to see all these things I'd never been able to see before. People didn't get exactly what was going on. In a couple of cases, they burst into tears as soon as they saw the SWAT cops with big rifles dashing up the street. One of the medics called out, "The heart has stopped." But another reality is that we're all connected, no matter how far we live from each other.

S Sonnet Erasures 105, 91, 151

Helen Hofling

My idol show
is
today.

*

Their bodies' new-fangled
pleasure

is prouder than hawks
or horses.

*

Gentle cheater,
tell my
body:
flesh is drudge.

Rituals

Helen Hofling

Whenever I go to the kitchen I squeeze an avocado.
It doesn't make a sound.
It is always the same avocado.
Even when it grows soft,
it is never ripe.

I am sick from my life.
Blank statements are almost never bold,
but at least you can
throw a sheet over the parts you don't like.
Pretend you are the avocado.

Avocado skins are poisonous to birds, I hear,
a poison that can leach into the meat of the fruit.
Do not feed avocado meat to your parrot.

At tea, I poured a ghost back and forth
from one cup to another
like an egg.
It made the sound of beating wings.
Pretend you are the ghost.

What did it feel like,
separating body from spirit?

My Future Primitive Illiterate Self

Caleb Nelson

I don't remember why I was laughing.
I carry you around with me like a heavy
statue. God knows where you are now.

I have beliefs I don't understand.
I have fears I don't understand.
I play plenty of games.

Once, I felt horrendously sick
looking at a photograph of you
fly-fishing on the Blackfoot, felt
actual misery — I missed you like
hell — but that was years ago.

I eat my Taco Bell on the reg.
Get my PSLs. I saw the super bowl
yesterday. Lots of fun that was.

Dendrochronology

Caleb Nelson

You can lacerate my pointed wing.
I can put my head inside a cloud. Poof.
It is 2002, I remember your last day on earth.

You had Ray-Bans parting your hazel hair.
Everything is cliché, eventually. I remember
your numbing shimmer, your half-life of love.

It was too easy for you. You poked my inactive
cells, this sting of rain, a longer season of growth.
There's one black mark: the space you left behind.

Even now, I try to prophesy your return.
I offer sweet lies to the red-tailed hawks
and your memory devours me like forest fire.

a·vun·cu·lar (adj.): of or relating to an uncle

Natalia Orlovsky

avuncular is nothing like a bird

despite the sound of it.

expect no wings, no rush of quiet air –

rather, expect the way his eyes rose

as the rest of him turned small,

how his broad shoulders

crumpled in the breeze.

expect his lungs devoid of laugh.

expect the way his body ate itself,

the mass of cells become carnivorous

that will not leave with migratory gulls

on soft chemical wings in sterile light.

Is the sleeping body

Ellie White

a shell or a temple? Am I hollow or holy?

If I'm only whole when I'm asleep, why
would I ever want to wake up? Why do I wake up

every day feeling the same? Why does the same mean sick
instead of well? Is wellness something that can be attained
from better sleep? Am I sleeping wrong? What is lucid dreaming?

How do I know I'm lucid if all I feel is numb? What if I'm asleep

but think I'm awake? What if I'm awake but think I'm asleep?

What if my sleep self is a murderer? How do I know my nightmares

are nightmares? If the spider on my face is real? Why do ideas
always seem most real in the dark?

The Verge

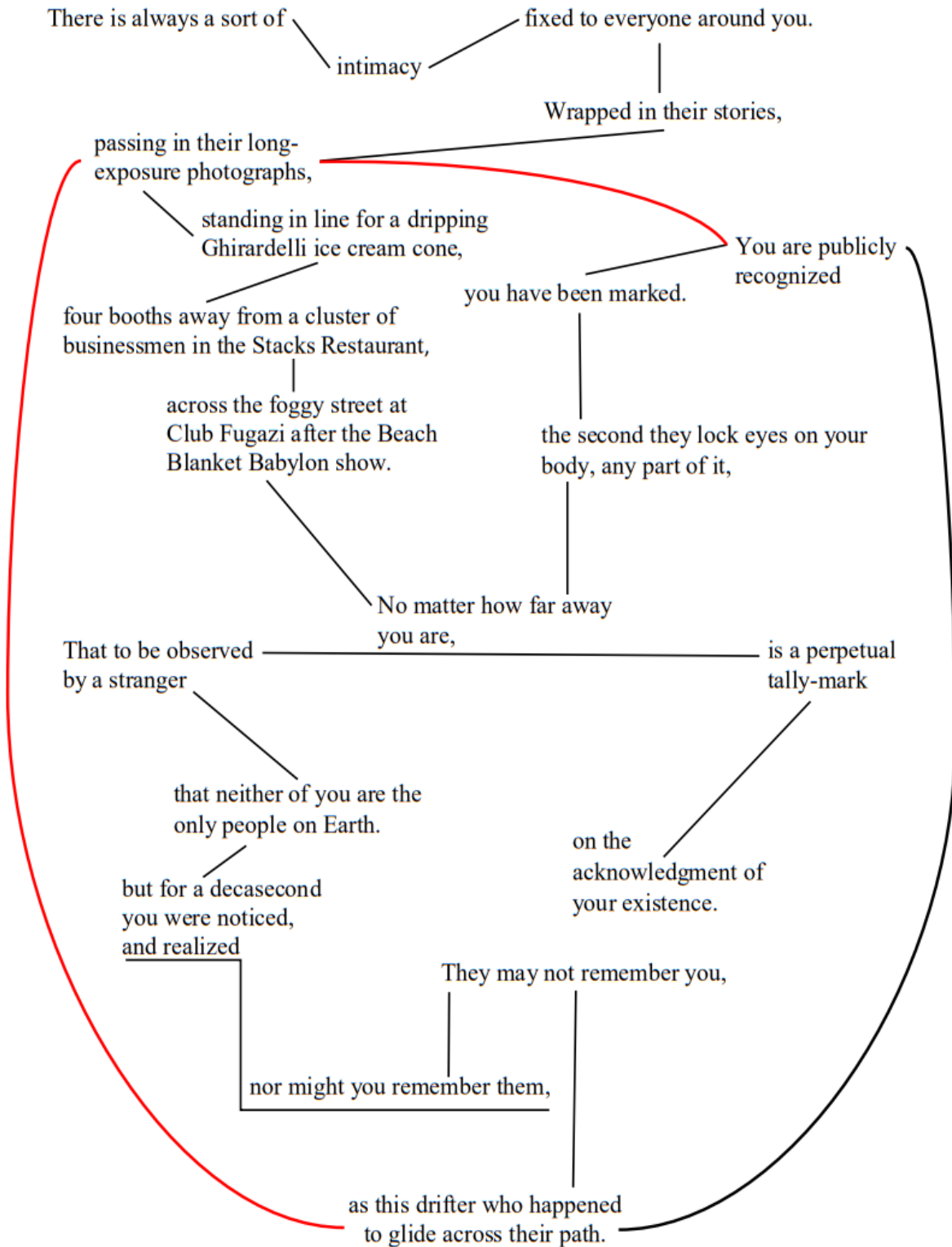
Heath Brougher

That which was to be predetermined
is predisposed precisely so it
is disposed of any and all pose
[all deprivation. nothing else]
unborn disposition, misinterpreted, unbred and unbegun,
disapprovals don't disavow the displacement
of things [*this*] placed in a Proximitous way
whether composed of thought or brick
it is disowned and precisely predisposed of
before Conclusion could even clutch its fragments strewn
into nothingness or wrap its head around its essence or anything at all so as
to have full augmentation and no argumentation or misinterpretation
over something never officially framed and coaxed forth to begin with.

It was pseudo-disposed of before it even posed a chance—
its chance to inspire, among the spires, in this Eternal Spiral
has been officially rendered exactly impossible.

Blank Faces in Ephemeral Tourists

Emily Townsend



Rauschenberg in Budapest

Mark Young

Eschew formal terminals —
the cheapest way to get
around is to find a bus that
runs on chlorophyll. They're

made from an ensemble of
artificial neural networks
that function as buffers for
nutrient flows in coastal

ecosystems & are important
in providing water filtration &
habitat protection which will
help reduce the risk of flood.

A line from Gustav Mahler

Mark Young

In baroque times, the agonies of grief, of love turned corpse, were used as a solo instrument. Such an app-

roach liberates entertainment destinations like Atlantic City or Las Vegas—not all medieval buildings were

intended to be stored in a cloud-based file sharing environment. In the opening section of a fugue, each voice

in turn has the opportunity to present the subject, to demonstrate the close affinity between contextual literature

& the exaggerated motion of Fall harvest vegetables. I am calm again, acknowledge the benefits of an asemic education.

I Guess This Is a Love Poem

Laura S. Marshall

I used to drink. I was famous for it.
Here's another love poem,

Another poem with the word 'beige' in it.
You've just been given an envelope.

You can have six words that maybe sound like 'tree'
And each word has ten options.

You can unbraid it and there's like a thousand threads in there.
I'm always mumbling when I'm alone.

Three beers over every single painting,
Just to see how literal clarity can be.

We don't need symbols,
No proud forms or lines that are announcing themselves.

They were taught wrongly.
Things that are emergencies, urgencies —

All the blind spots that privileged people have,
Artists who confuse being adamant about something with being wise —

These are very heavy things. They're unspeakably heavy.
The language for them has already been supplied to you.

The worst emotion is boredom;
I would much rather have an intensity of sadness.

Sometimes people think I'm saying 'death'. I'm not.
Other things I forgot to say while I was nervous:

Who's the guy, or who's the gal?
Maybe it's a rescue.

Go and find out what those colours are.
How's this sounding? Too loud?

Red Talon Hawks at Parties

Maya Maldonado

red talon hawks
come for me at 2 am,
take me in between their claws
inhaling me like smoke upwards
through the nostrils on their beaks.

they roll me between papers,
smoke me angrily
taking puffs between sentences like
“this country is going to shit”
and
“i was a poli sci major in one
'best schools in the country'
and now can't find a job”,
i apologize while they continue
to take drags from my toes.

i wake up the next day,
hungover from how much
of myself i gave to the hawks
and the men and women and
flames
the night before.
the regret is tangible
i feel it in the air around
my cheeks,
i take myself
out to get coffee
with scratches from birds
covering 75% of my body,
when my momma asks
about them i say nothing.

Textured Ikea Carpet

Maya Maldonado

i realized i was becoming a boring adult when i discovered that these days nothing gets me wetter
than vacuuming my textured ikea carpet.
i realize this is a really inappropriate thing to think.

sometimes when i'm alone
napping
on my textured ikea carpet
i think about you lying there
with me,
placing my hands on your face
breathing you in,
gentle air perfumed
by the wet smell
of your breath
tickling the stiff tip of my nose,
i realize this is a really inappropriate thing to think,

there is no one there.
my ikea carpet lights my bowls now
when i'm alone and too weak
to flick a lighter or match,
when nobody is with me
and no lectures about materialism
squish up my bones into a
gushing pulpy mess
i can get high and still think about you,
how warm the side of a face
that cool can feel,
how distant i am from everything
except my textured ikea carpet,
how the only thing that gets me
wetter than vacuuming my textured ikea carpet is not hating myself
or setting it on fire.
i realize this is a really inappropriate thing to think.
find me longing for strength,
saying a catholic prayer i was taught as an infant
that means nothing to me now
lighting it,
walking away.

Death, Pt. 1

Michael Mungiello

It is I, Death.



and that's all there is to it

Michael Mungiello

The new rules of writing:

1. I love my girlfriend.
2. I hate capitalism

Untitled

Christian Patterson

I'm in PDX and I didn't sleep the night before
there are several small church-seeming groups
sprinkling the lobby holding hands and praying
I didn't want to be on the same flight as them
not because they were praying but
I know how annoying church teens are:

I would go to youth group as a 6th grader they brought us
to Acquire the Fire. it was open to the public but most people
were church groups it was at the Tacoma Dome
primarily Christian rock bands but also preachers and spoken word performers
we played Screaming Ninjas a lot, one time we played in line
the guy ahead of us got annoyed he asked
Brett (the youth leader, who looked and acted like Guy Fieri)
if we could be quiet
Brett said 'hey, we're just having fun in the name of the Lord bro'
even as a shit-kid I felt bad for that guy, because we were annoying
and that's why I didn't want to be on the same flight as them

Spun Honey

Catrice Woodbury

I wanted our love to be like
spun honey
on one of those wands,
dripping over anything
and everything,
but the bees are moving on
and so am I.

Icarus 2

Catrice Woodbury

Down here under the water,
fluid fills my
lungs
and I realize
you were never the sun,
it was me.
It was always me.

Before You Leave For Jacksonville

James Croal Jackson

I awaken on a cold-coiled spring
day in which the car won't stop
spitting fumes into mouths this steering
wheel won't budge any way but forward
though we veer to the side past white center
line on highway under full moon to fill
our gas tanks with flowers found in eyes
fluttering in wind right when I say
I love you this time I mean it

Driving Cross Country

James Croal Jackson

you asked me to move in
or lose you Ben
Franklin is credited with
the early bird gets the worm
and also electricity
which became
the computer
I have a tic
wherein I set a clock
back twenty minutes
to make myself early

keep imagining
the string
and the storm
the kite so vivid and red
corporeal and endless

dusk fades

Frank Heather

into

sunrise songs,

cemeteries of cumulonimbus,

afikomen

a thousand apologies

circling

like

dead leaves

& ziploc

shatter

a thousand

dead

apologies

forgot

how to read

chaos into

the form of things

forgot
true
love
lost in
desire

for desire

forgot
happy
foot tales
easily with
lost fairies

alien citadel

the Gleam against
sudden epiphany

her palms

pupils flit

with souls

we are not
made of silicon

or love

we are made

with pain

by mothers

who exist
not necessarily loved

to love

you are my citadel
true love is born

& found still breathing
the broken glass

of a thousand days
naked in our towels

your hands in mine
together again

we fell over
the edge of solitude

& breathed
inhaling epiphanies

teasing out
every last confession from my heart
at the center of this poem

an endless film

a juggernaut

at the edge of solitude
some thing unsubdued
the endlessness of your destiny

my destiny

(caught fire

caught wind)

inseparably yours

the trust set us on fire.

Contributors

HOWIE GOOD is the author of *The Loser's Guide to Street Fighting*, winner of the 2017 Lorien Prize for Poetry and forthcoming from Thoughtcrime Press.

HELEN HOFLING is a writer, editor, artist, and nanny. Her work has recently appeared in *Barrow Street*, *Hobart*, *PANK*, the *Vassar Review*, and elsewhere. She co-chairs the poetry committee of the PEN Prison Writing Program and lives in Baltimore, Maryland with her girlfriend and two maniac cats.

CALEB NELSON is a second year PhD student studying poetry at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Currently, he serves as the managing editor for *cream city review*. His work has appeared in *Stoneboat*, *Prick of the Spindle*, *Superstition Review*, *Red Savina Review*, *Storm Cellar*, *Josephine Quarterly*, *Gravel*, *Into the Void*, *Split Rock Review*, and *Cardinal Sins*.

NATALIA ORLOVSKY is a seventeen-year-old high school student living just outside of Philadelphia. She's passionate about cell signaling pathways, iambic pentameter, and earl grey tea. She was a commended winner in the 2017 Foyle Young Poets Contest, and her work has received regional recognition through the Scholastic Art and Writing program.

ELLIE WHITE holds an MFA from Old Dominion University. She writes poetry and nonfiction, and is a Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Crab Fat*, *The Midwest Quarterly*, *Up the Staircase Quarterly*, and several other journals. She is a nonfiction and poetry editor at *Four Ties Literary Review*, and a Social Media Editor and reader for *Muzzle Magazine*. Learn more about Ellie and her writing at elliewhitewrites.com.

HEATH BROUGHER is the co-poetry editor of *Into the Void Magazine*, which won the 2017 Saboteur Award for Best Magazine after only 4 issues. He published 3 chapbooks in 2016, a full-length collection *About Consciousness* (Alien Buddha Press) in 2017, and has 3 full-length collections forthcoming. He has received multiple Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net Nominations and his work has been translated into journals in Albania and Kosovo. His work has appeared in *Blue Fifth Review*, *Chiron Review*, *Full of Crow*, *Word For/Word*, *Cruel Garters*, and elsewhere.

EMILY TOWNSEND is a graduate student in English at Stephen F. Austin State University. Her works have appeared in *Superstition Review*, *Thoughtful Dog Magazine*, and others, and are forthcoming in *cream city review*, *Santa Clara Review*, *Saw Palm*, and *Sheepshead Review*. A 2017 AWP Intro Journals Award nominee, she is currently working on a collection of essays in Nacogdoches, Texas.

MARK YOUNG lives in a small town in North Queensland in Australia. He is the author of over forty books, primarily text poetry but also including speculative fiction, vispo, & art history.

LAURA S. MARSHALL is a writer and editor who lives in New England. She studied linguistics as an undergraduate at Queen's University in Canada and as a grad student at the University of British Columbia. She has studied writing at the Ashbery Home School, the Juniper Summer Writing Institute at UMass Amherst, and the College of Our Lady of the Elms. Her work has appeared in literary publications including *Junoeseq* and *the Queen's Feminist Review*, as well as newspapers and trade magazines.

MAYA MALDONADO is a 19 year old, super mixed Puerto Rican Filipinx poet based in Arizona. They are studying to be an English teacher (their dream) and they think the strongest thing anyone can do is be vulnerable. They tweet [@commiespice](#).

MICHAEL MUNGIELLO is from New Jersey and lives in what is essentially Brooklyn but technically Queens. His work's in *Hobart*, *OF ZOOS*, and *Fourteen Hills*, among other places. He tweets at [@Michael](#).

CHRISTIAN PATTERSON was born in 1991 in Auburn, WA. He now lives in Philadelphia, PA. He has published a wide array of poems and other things, check [@christianizcool](#) for more.

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