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Sonnet for Charlie Sheen // Scott Stoller

There's a new sheriff in town.
I got magic. I got poetry in my fingertips.
I have a disease? Bullshit. I cured it with my brain,
closed my eyes and in a nanosecond cured myself of
this ridiculous model of disease, addiction and obsession.
The only winners I could locate in your toothless warren
were either driving a convertible van or
living like trolls under an abandoned bridge.
I'm an F-18 bro, and I will destroy you in the air, that's where you get slaughtered,
that's where you get embarrassed in front of the prom queen.
If you love with violence and hate with violence
there's nothing that can be questioned.
I CAN'T PROCESS IT! Well, no, and you never will.
Stop trying. Just sit back and enjoy the show.

Sonnet for Samuel L. Jackson // Scott Stoller

...and the sonnet is not dead.

—Ted Berrigan

You must think you're in a toy store. Do you see any Teletubbies in here?
Do you see a slender plastic tag clipped to my shirt with my name printed on it?
I'm not a mistake. I know who I am.
The wrong man's worst enemy, the finder of lost children,
beset upon on all sides by the iniquities of the selfish
and the tyranny of evil men.
My bones don't break, yours do. I want to help you, not kill you.
However unreal it may seem, we're connected you and I---
we're on the same curve, just on opposite ends.
And I will strike with great vengeance and furious anger those who would attempt to
poison and destroy my Brothers.
And you will know my name is Lord when I lay my vengeance upon thee.
You think water moves fast, you should see ice.
Hey, look at me when I'm talking to you, motherfucker.

Sonnet for Joss Whedon // Scott Stoller

She came from the grave much graver.
I do know a thing or two about torment,
so we'll integrate non-progressional evolution theory
with God's creation of Eden. Set course for
The Planet of the Lonely, Rich and Appropriately Hygienic Man.
I've had Feng Shui out the yin yang.
(Remember when you could just throw a girl into a volcano?)
You can't take the sky from me---
I swear by my pretty floral bonnet,
I don't buckle.
When I say I love you, it's not because I want you,
or because I can't have you.
When I kiss you, you don't wake up from a deep sleep
and live happily ever after.

The Wolf Doctor // Dalton Day

for and after Jeremy Radin

When the howling keeps me up at night. When there is no moon to speak of. When this is how I know. My wolves are sick. When their fur flocks to the wind, becoming ravens becoming buckshots in reverse. When they struggle to lick their hearts. When my own heart cannot rest. When my own heart is a chandelier leaving me stranded in its own light. I have to get out. I have to take them with me. When I call my mother. When she hears the howling howling howling and says *Shh, shh. It's okay, my always trying baby. Folks ain't supposed to know the shape their sleep takes.* When she sounds so close. When I need her to be closer. When the wolves keep howling. When the wolves start digging. Their skinny paws reading through the scripture of mud. When they do this for years. When they find a ballroom without windows but with so much moonlight that it could be sunlight. When it is sunlight. When my wolves' hearts hum. When my own heart gets picked up. When my own heart gets harvested in the light. When the howling disappears. When I start to build another house. One that will never be finished. One that will have many windows. When my wolves are gone. This is how you heal them.

Iron // Dalton Day

I'll explain the heart in a millennium
or less. Two dark arms, a thirst and

a distaste for milk. Remember how
your sister sang to you when you were

sick? The rooms tend to lean outwards
in their own holy way. Don't ever

think it has anything to do with blood.
Not even once. I buried animals at

the prettiest tree I could find. When
you're lost I practice my curse words.

It's everything you could want.
Don't look for shelter. Don't shake at

the horses the quiet sends. I fall for
magic, every time. A bomb that couldn't

kill a pigeon, except when it could.
This is it. From mine to yours, enough.

What gorgeous monsters you've
come up with. I hope we make it.

Antennae // Dalton Day

At one point in my life I thought
the television made gods out of even the

best of us. Like in the simple way ice
melts when you hold it under running

water, and you are thankful that you
don't have to worry about it any more.

I keep a glacier in my grandmother's
bedroom. She enjoys being able to see her

breath leave her body. I can't talk to her
unless the television's on. I didn't lose

my faith. I traded it for worse reception.
I am consistently surprised.

Axiom // Dalton Day

I am living in the corners.
So, I keep an eye on my palms. Heart line,
check. Life line, please hold. When

I think about thermodynamics, I imagine
this house that I have built, that isn't
actual, burning. But this isn't a terrible thing.

Look, there is a woman in the other
room. She folding paper into
animals. This process fills me with an

ordinary love, because this is you.
I love you ordinarily. I'm having the dream
where I'm on the roof again. It doesn't take

long. I'm going to jump. I'm either going
to fly or else the other option. Look,
my ghosts have tiny hands. I'm not haunted,

only tickled in the back of the knee.
So, today is the same as any other. So, I step
out of the corner and move to the wide

window with the rest of your animals. So,
you touch my hand, the roof caves in,
leafed in flames. But we're already gone.

Even Lesbians Have Children These Days // Michelle Olney

Which good for them I mean that.
Patti wails brokenly
in my ear a song, "Revenge."
Yes but who to enact revenge upon
when I do not blame him,
when I understand the chasm between
our intentions and the heartless
calendar of dismissals we must follow
with cool exactitude.

You may have some discharge, I am told.
You will be sore. You may feel depressed
or experience thoughts of suicide.
Here is a hotline, a pamphlet.
This is for the pain. Your clothes are in the hall.
You can get dressed whenever
you feel ready, dear.
The word revenge.
The death with no name.
Revenge on whom, for what death exactly.

The Fiberglass Giraffe in Davis, California // Theric Jepson

Between the Regal Cinemas and the train station stands the giraffe.

— I am lifesize.

He is lifesize. Paint still looks great. No idea how old he is.

— Adobe.

It's California. Every city sports some fake adobe.

— Wyatt.

Hotels ain't that remarkable either.

— Me.

You were all I ever cared about.

The Warmest // Jen Wos

My tears were the warmest thing on me
I thought there was something else
but no, it turns out there was nothing.

Bead Theory // Michelle Donahue

Genes are like beads on a chromosome-necklace. They are the fundamental unit and cannot be divided or mutated¹

He spilled on me, dark
blue-jean legs crossed, stains
I couldn't rub out. I strip, peel
denim off, like a second skin

shedding

we pair allelic, chromosomes
crafting DNA, when a mutant
bonds it can mutate phenotype:
the visible trait, his brown
eyes specked green, his length
of fingers that now, push

inside

he is beaded, incongruous,
hard & unshifting, the bead-
gene is the fundamental
unit of change, but I can be

shifted

he easily arrays me into
little parts, each breath,
microscopic nucleotide, a
place where he crosses
over & recombines.

¹ An allele is one form of a gene. Each chromosome contains an allele. People have two chromosomes, one from each parent. The alleles on the chromosomes create the phenotype, or the expressed traits.

The Great Chain Of Being // Michelle Donahue

a god decreed strict hierarchy for all matter and life

Mineral

Coal bringing heat to homes. Our bodies
soot-rubbed, cropped in dirt eroding. In heavy
hands we hold granite, gold, diamonds we bleed for.

Plant

We decorate funerals and weddings
with petals chemical-heavy. He and I had
red tulips and sunflowers at our wedding.

Animal

Our cat stuck her claws in a socket, she
sizzled & he laughed. I took our daughter to the zoo.
We saw elephants. They live half as long when captive.

Humans

I believe in earth, in soft dirt. Man above
woman, but at least we're somewhere between
divine and the barbaric animal.

God

Angels build transient physical bodies
but even our bodies feel temporary. We make angels
in snow, let ice touch skin to feel that cold.

i find myself wishing // Vaibhav Sutrave

i find myself wishing
i find myself
wishing
in a stairway
underneath my apartment
wishing
that my laundry
has not been
stolen

not a single
sock

or if it has been stolen
at least stolen completely

not a single
sock left.

i feel ok ok // Vaibhav Sutrave

i feel ok ok
when she doesn't pick up i feel ok
ok i feel ok
you ask me how i feel ok
i say, i feel ok ok
this word i don't use lightly
ok
ok
i feel ok
i do not have any trouble feeling ok
my neighbor is clapping really CLAPPING at his television
& even then i feel ok
i am drinking tea and smoking a cigarette and feeling ok
if someone asked me how i was i'd say ok
ok that is very obvious
i feel obvious
like if people were all ok
i
think i'd still be ok
i'd freak out for a couple of days and then be ok
i have a blank face frequently
and i forgive myself even when i try to be good

if you know // Vaibhav Sutrave

if you know
all the great sorts of ideas i've had
different things to do to make you happy
that out of laziness or indecision or insecurity of shitfear
i never ended up doing
you would
well
you wouldn't do anything
because i never did any of them
what a great poem
god i am in love
with this poem
man
this poem just kills me
this poem really knocks me out man
boy
am i glad
i am
i am
glad

Common Core // Kim Suttell

Applebee's Carraba's
Big Lots IHOP PetSmart
Edward Jones CVS
Carrows Quiznos Staples

Liquor Barn Red Lobster
Chili's Family Dollar
Walmart Subway Best Buy
Michaels Dillard's Kroger

Zales Kay Lowe's McDonald's
Olive Garden DQ
Taco Bell Walgreens Ross
Verizon and Panera

Longing // Charles Herbert

We tied our thoughts to
balloons and urged them
skyward—frightened missives
of belief whose messages
were clear: For every silence
there is an equal and opposite
longing.

Light blinked off
the cold water, where waves
crashed with the metronome
of breath. The buoy in the bay
held barking sea lions with faces
compressed into
facsimiles of discontent.

We gazed past them at the parachutes
raining down, and
learned to take the hurt.

Gravity, Vermont, Light As Four Squares // James Diaz

Is person, person?
go up to one thing over there
only to try and understand
(physically grab) distance
and menace it until it reveals
something very important to us
about only (but not 'only')
architecture- gravity, grand standing.

The wood, the thing you balanced
on your shoulder walking up hill
late October, as in how you
build a false world
out of expectation, absolute
(fleeting) need
for someone else.

I don't regard this version
as the most well laid out,
if you knew what I was getting at,
and (you) up slowly
from the risk of the obscure (tangible)
in a moment,
I'd say, "is that why you never ask things directly?"

But vague counter measure is (as) is
all so wind heavy
now sleeping in the deep weight
where the monuments have become nervous,
a replica of us by morning.

Of The Many Things I Should Have Done While I Was Younger, Being Cool Is Not One Of Them // James Diaz

The winter being full of mud flat whites,
what happened in that bar downtown,
in this way
every somebody knows
though (not telling) details.

The great American heroic
thing to do-
not be one of 'those people'
who aren't bothered
by saying too much.

turning at a curve
while rushing- being sensible
you'd know where danger
spots might (mark) themselves out-
blanket the on roads
so near the early distant
feeling/feeding
fear, earth could open up
the wound in you
again, and pause the time
(noticing)
how often it has already done so.

Body- buildings
for profit, regardless
of contaminated rain water
meaning: bring your umbrella
and health insurance plan-
meaning: don't despair
just because the world isn't exactly
the way you want it.

Everything grown
meant to undo (uproot) itself,
least (not) least (of all)
the sun, going dark
and city- environment
ambiguous, projects submerge,
no detail,
it's fine- to not worry
about all this.

A City You Haven't Touched // James Diaz

Nothing you say can be true,
nothing you saw happened-
brought home drunk
after adopting that aura of desperation,
after knifing that 'fuckers' tires
and phoning all of your throwaways
to help with levitation, will to live
hot shots in the wrong arm.

At my side of the bed
city, slow churning memory
bug eyed, elusive
lacking rent money,
I can't hear through
such thick messiness, what need?
Where to give it? Which version are you
calling from this time?

In any war room wound
sent a thousand years
without divine names
lands that were ours, family
stone, sewn to sea
whose marker gave light,
whose life gave wrong address,
now bent into the bodies more
energized gift.

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MICHELLE DONAHUE is an MFA candidate in creative writing at Iowa State where she is the managing editor of *Flyway*. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Redactions*, *Whiskey Island*, *Paper Darts*, and others. You can find her work here: michelledonahue1.wordpress.com

VAIBHAV SUTRAVE was born by accident in the backseat of an '88 Corolla en route to the San Jose Community Hospital. When they got to the hospital they pronounced him dead. Later, he pronounced himself alive. Now he is out of the hospital.

KIM SUTTELL lives in New York City, creating spreadsheets by necessity and poetry by choice. Her published poems can be found at page48.weebly.com

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for Issue Seven.
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Ecuador is for Lovers