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EPIGRAPH

MAGAZINE

Issue Five / January 2014

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Constancy // John Michael Flynn

Framing slack hours
resuming
whether it's after losses or gains,

one must contend.

A pulling away from doubts,
a surprising reach,
anguish,
deadened instincts,
libation.

Angry, stuttering,
mangled
while imagining arrivals,

one realizes there was never a beginning.

Never a furnace.
Never one man holding all candles.

There was, indeed, a *last* night,
a stampede of departures,
heat lightning.

Completions // John Michael Flynn

Within the many spiraling pools
where I find you
there floats an axe-handle.

In my finest-hand
I score our names into it,
pause a while to revere them.

We share our enhancements
a table and a basket of eggs –
we talk of so many dull things,

down noisy avenues,
sealed within ourselves as one self–
one inflected body manifest.

i'm a teleprompter baby // Vaibhav Sutrave

i'm a teleprompter baby
raised in the age of
motorcycle cousins
staring down a starfish
on I-80 briefly wondering
if there are french
words in france
or if they are just mis
pronouncing other languages
so badly we cannot understand

i waited for coffee // Vaibhav Sutrave

i waited for coffee
with a golden lupus rolling in my throat
i waited for gold coffee
with a bag of rice
i used to swim in daal
at when which was what was
i waited for coffee
the sun went down
i waited for bad coffee
as if it was good
it was pretty good

deer eggs // Vaibhav Sutrave

deer eggs
go and cough
with the
home loan
marksmanship
association

i live in red & blue // Vaibhav Sutrave

i live in red & blue
but it feels like white & black
i feel like red & blue
there is no green

swine kids // Vaibhav Sutrave

my swine
my kid swine
baby sister

my kid swine
went to the park w/
i'm worried

gonna havta make him
pay rent
pay tax
tax swine
swine tax

Bicyclist // Neila Mezynski

Passed so quiet, close a breath she looked, shade soft
slow. He saw but didn't. Hers were sharp. Weren't.
Eyes.

An Eschatologist's Guide to the Ocean //

Constantine Mountrakis

My father was a whale

a behemoth that
travelled, following
some unheard, unseen
imperative that moved
him and those like him

to circumnavigate, to become
the world's alluvium
and limestone

I learned to count
stars
through the whitewash
of his massive shell

A Puella // Brad Kelly

Ezra Pound per

The tree went hand
He went up the juice on his shoulders
He grew up in the tree, and in my bosom,
Down
The branches of my arms.

Wood you
Moses, you
The violet, and on that of the spirit.
A child - so high - you are,
The whole world is foolishness.

White // Valentina Cano

A sheet so white it burned,
draping over you
like one collapsed wing.
I turned your face,
powder white with iced stillness,
a winter's landscape
in the middle of the day,
and I had nowhere to go.
No path that would lead me
through the cascade of white.

My Friend Sleeps on a Mountain and Burns His Notebooks to Keep Warm // Sam Bilheimer

It's an aching, really
that's making me say
these things I've been
saying. It's a gnawing
that's always going on
and on in me. It's all this
electricity around my
body. I don't try to stop
it. I don't try anything.
I just don't try when it's
happening, and it's
happening all the time.

Driving North // Sam Bilheimer

Driving north on A1A at one a.m. and everyone is screaming
about calendars and my eyes have yet to adjust to the bright
lights from the oncoming traffic and while I don't approve of
love in the ways that you do I can still fall into deep hypnosis
by way of vocal cords if you sing just the right note while I sing
just the right note and both of our notes decide that they're
glad to be sung together and before I know it I've parked on
top of the flowers in your front lawn. I'll apologize tomorrow.

A Photograph // Rachel Upfield

of me
taking a photograph
of you

hanging on the wall
in a photograph

of you
taking a photograph
of me

Can You Imagine Being in Love // Rachel Upfield

on the Hindenburg

on the Titanic

I Called Your Name into the Night // Rachel Upfield

and was met with nothing
but resistance from the satellites.

I think that the bridge is out,
but there's a fountain up ahead.

Our footsteps are outlined in chalk.
Our hair is melting around our shoulders.

How will we know that these birds
are different than the ones

that we'll see tomorrow? The skyline
is muted and appropriately far away.

I am here now. I am somewhere
behind this portrait.

Moby Dick; or, The Whale // Albert Lumas

Please call me Ishmael. I went to the spleen
and the control circuit

When you get it installed
I will rise

I find a few programs, standing in front
of a coffin warehouses

Into the street, wet anytime in my heart,
husband of November

Bound as a surprise for me to meet
all of hypos, and the people, hats...

I cook gently throw the sword.
That's not surprising

Feed the sea

Island city, surf rock islands in the Indian
business environment pillar

A large battery cool.
Where people find water

On Saturday afternoon, the city
is going to sleep

Thousands of deaths registered
in the ocean when a dream

Trying to get a better view
of the problem

Pride and Prejudice // Albert Lumas

I introduce the list, around the destiny:

first of his daughters or more different...

Man. THE БЕННЕТ answered that at home it was.

Man. THE БЕННЕТ did not answer .

"Who does not want to know must they must be?"
The sra; Oredela is impatient

"Say that me, and I do not want to hear it"

Of this invitation it was enough

"What is a name?"

"Бингли".

The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet // Albert Lumas

But the desperate children they cannot take away.
Something In the meantime

The two - hour traffic - we theaters;
If the ears of every patient

We work; we plan to set up what was lost.
Here...

Scene I. Verona . Public places...

Sampson:

Dog moves into Montague.

Phrase I // Jessica Layton

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Phrase II // Jessica Layton

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Phrase III // Jessica Layton

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Phrase IV // Jessica Layton

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CONTRIBUTORS

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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.

NEILA MEZYNSKI is the author of *Glimpses* (Scrambler Books 2013), *Floater's* (Nap Chapbook 2012), *Meticulous Man* (Mondo Bummer 2012), and *Yellow Fringe Dress* (Radioactive Moat Press 2011), as well as many other pamphlets, chapbooks, and e-chapbooks.

CONSTANTINE MOUNTRAKIS is an anthropologist and writer from New York City. He currently lives in Athens, Greece, where he is pursuing a doctorate. He is usually found hanging out in a laboratory full of dead people. His work has appeared in *Punchnel's*, *Red Fez*, and *Speculative Edge Magazine*, among others.

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Epigraph is now reading for Issue Six.
Send us your poems.

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Ecuador is for Lovers