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EPIGRAPH

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In This Issue

Jason Sears

The Gusting Winds / 4

Tara Roeder

i miss your lies / 5

Heath Brouger

To Build a Bloom / 6-7

Defining the Debacle / 8

Natalie Homer

Study Guide for *The Great Gatsby* / 9-10

Robin Wyatt Dunn

Cowards, like you / 11

fall now / 11

prize / 11

Todd Osborne

Letter without John Cage / 12

Letter in Which I Pretend to Be Pluto / 13

Frances Mac

Pompeii (suicide) / 14

Matthew Olive

Tell Me Your Dreams / 15

Again, I'm Sorry to Say / 16-17

South Star from Psych / 18

Jessica R. Layton

One / 19

Two / 20

Three / 21

Contributors / 22

The Gusting Winds

Jason Sears

```
// +{{THE|GUSTING|WINDS}}+
//
// Control + A >> Control + C >> (F12 || right-click >>
// "Inspect Element" in browser) >> "Console" >>
// Control + V >> RETURN

var universe = ", all-many granules.",
    jellyfish = "tarrying,",
    failing = "the pendulums of paradise",
    impotent = ", the gods we married",
    before = "alters of sandcastles",
    high = "spire, sea shell windows, ";

one_life = [[high,
    "Raindrop-"],
    [before,
    "the folded "],
    [jellyfish,
    "pinching and "],
    [failing,
    "breaking windows, "],
    [impotent,
    "remove us"],
    [universe,
    "standing around us, forever"]];

function makeItReal(substance, placeholder, the_matrix) {
    console.log(substance[1] + substance[0]);
};

console.log("The Gusting Winds");
console.log("");

one_life.forEach(makeItReal);

// ANTICIPATED OUTPUT
//
// The Gusting Winds
//
// Raindrop-spire, sea shell windows,
// the folded alters of sandcastles
// pinching and tarrying,
// breaking windows, the pendulums of paradise
// remove us, the gods we married
// standing around us, forever, all-many granules.
```

i miss your lies
Tara Roeder

remember when i thought you were a neat freak? everything in that tiny apartment shone, and after dinner you'd do the dishes while i smoked.

it wasn't till years later, after the mice had overtaken our own kitchen, that i realized that was one of your lies too.

you're actually kind of messy.

To Build a Bloom

Heath Brougher

I heard the violin-voiced bird yesterday
this means what it always means— Springtime is on the horizon—

the wind will wear warmth once again and the volume of the colors
of the valley will flood so verdantly ripe

and I hear again a bird— a china bird, their songs more melodic than shattered plates

yes, this. yes, this.

it is everywhere because the present is so common. commonly reborn,

I remember those days of sitting in a wicker chair of spilled milk just
.....listening.....

I never liked to tansil
though my eyes did loaf and lean among a valley of portraits.

the children weave rare wings
sprouting feathers from their shoulder-blades

so untepid, these things— they were the actual Actual—

star-choking and nuclear afterbirth
of the annual wooden supernova
building Multiverses and compiling slate, rocks of dust
and rocks with droplets of water within

yes, this yes, this.

forthcoming and frothcoming, you swung and mist
you swung and mystical by a long-shot

you chugged the mist among the slighter sights
your old polyester heart made the solace feel entrenched

but now the vicks radium
 and the broken-winged butterflies

can finally skim the scum off the water and faces
and moonsuckle yourself to sleep, a candy made of Thought.

usually we eat fossils instead of the moon
because they are easier to come by—sometimes we drink a cloud at night for dessert.

yes, this.

yes, this.

let the cocoons and petals flood open in the grand notion
that something so verdant, however mangled, is still here.

yes, this

yes, this.

Defining the Debacle

from *A Rending of the Vale*

Heath Brougher

a jar shaped like a forest
trembles in the sheer climate

a shoeful of blood
you threw at my face [like modern time would dictate]

my blood our blood [tip toenail hammered into wall]
blood loosened from the body

my blood is the Vale [part of it]
the children are made of blood
the children are made of ocean

all these years spent poisoning
ourselves
our own

the salt meets the blood
and that pain is the pain
of the rent Vale.

Study Guide for *The Great Gatsby*

Natalie Homer

Be able to define the following:

- The Jazz Age
- Prohibition
- Classism
- Rain
- Lilacs
- Afternoon
- A voice full of money
- The gas blue gown with lavender beads, \$265

Be able to answer the following questions in a few sentences or less:

1. How does Gatsby represent the American Dream? The American Flag? Captain America?
2. Do you always watch for the longest day of the year and then miss it?
3. Why does life begin all over again when it gets crisp in the fall?
4. If a train leaves Long Island at 3:00pm and travels at 40mph through the Valley of Ashes, when will it arrive in New York City?
5. Would you like to hear about the butler's nose?

A sample test question:

What would be the most efficient means of transporting a boat back ceaselessly into the past?

- A. Oars
- B. Sails
- C. Motor
- D. All of the above
- E. None of the above
- F. A and C only
- G. B and C only
- H. A and B only

Plan to write a short essay on any of the following topics/questions:

- Explain what is buoyed in the novel, and what is anchored.
- Is God a decrepit billboard? Why or why not?
- If you had the chance to steal an item from Myrtle's dead body, what would it be and why?
- Is Nick an absolute rose? Use examples from the text to support your answer.

Cowards, like you
Robin Wyatt Dunn

I love you
Let me kill you

fall now
Robin Wyatt Dunn

come in and see
my hollow place
inside my stomach.

I keep narrative there,
on casters,
ready for surprises.

prize
Robin Wyatt Dunn

it's not lightning
it's disease
the semblance of things
under words

take hold
and pull

Letter without John Cage

Todd Osborne

If I held my hand above the page and waited,
could you read the words I meant? My repertoire
is limited, a music box closing. You are not
an enigma, but I can't read you. This silence

was music, once, but all I hear tonight is
the hum of an empty fridge and a stray
cricket—chamber music for one.
Sit at this piano: waiting is a kind of action.

If you can hear me, speak! Make your voice
a dying trumpet, or a broken belltower.
Gargle ocean and resin. Remember that once your songs
could sway me. Come morning—hushed tones—but now:

clapping of hands and tambourines, and the sonics
of a single ribcage, of two, of none.

Letter in Which I Pretend to Be Pluto

Todd Osborne

My neighbors ignore my calls, *ten-pounds of water in a five-pound vase* they say when I am out of range, but I can still watch the Kuiper belt from my back porch. Even here, Hubble sees me; my orbit is graphed and charted; I am utterly measurable, and my moons are, sometimes, known. Even in this vacuum, I transmit a dull hum.

It's not the lack of recognition, but the waiting that floods my every freeze with useless heat, *five pounds of water in a ten-pound vase*. All those years spent away from your presence. I am jealous of the planets who are near you, of the stars who share your language and of how the light they see is always closer than the light I am granted.

Pompeii (suicide)

Frances Mac

for Frank

Vesuvius at home
Top blown away
Victim of your own eruption
This is how it began

Top blown away
All spatter of your disaster
This is how it began
Before metal grates, yellow tape

All spattered by your disaster
The sights surrounded by
Metal grates, yellow tape
We saw no real ruins

The site surrounded by
Cameras and dusty feet
We saw no real ruin
Fates were trotted out

Cameras and dusty feet
In this special exhibit
Fates were trotted out
In heads and bones and shapes restored

In this special exhibit
You lay in still repose
Of heads and bones and shapes restored
We spewed curses to the heavens

You lay in still repose
When the giant grumbled inside you
You spewed curses to the heavens
You let the plague descend

When the giant grumbled inside you
Victim of your own eruption
You let the plague descend
Vesuvius at home

Tell Me Your Dreams

Matthew Olive

It's the abrupt endings that always get to me.
The past of a quick pause you divulge in reflection –

without a sound to trigger parts of meth and dried-out
erection. I lie awake to another method of setting

down proof on a glass of juice – your arresting,
your pressing me up the stairs of haunted procession–

Trust me, neither of us sees your direction, yet we fill it
with a nun's sell: *your brother's in there, you'll be doused*

in brown moss with every bit of prayer. I swear, if you only knew
why I share ripped presents with the banisters, the butler

in stuck air, would my eye-whites still pace
across your minister's hair?

Again, I'm Sorry to Say

Matthew Olive

I don't wanna talk about that

is something I never said to you

until I found a

loophole

found out data won't burn

through certain boxes or my fingertips

cause technically

I can't talk about my suicide

attempts or my successes

or all the lifetimes I lay

in my comfortable shoe-souls needing

a fancy manicure that pays for itself

for a father who saves himself

rather than his bad day

at work

each night the fight marks

my listless separations

from the ones I *really* care about

talking to confident businessman

and it's not like I want them

but flirtation is the only way

I know

how to pitch

an answer someone will catch

and not throw

back at me

for more money

South Star from Psych

Matthew Olive

If only I hadn't moved
 past visiting hours –
 i always need to see you, worse
I think I realize the difference
 between you and my hospital windows.
Of course, I know mad satellites
Turn the surface of things
Over and over to the self-
Policemen – It's just
Jazz has never sold me pieces
 of tinctures I couldn't keep or
Mine right round sick versions
 of Sophocles.

 mother, yesterday, they told me
You're the land, settle down.
 mother, Coltrane never phrased
 Faust to stay. Not this late. Not so over-
Weighted – Enough to imitate casts to play
Greek maladies I can't pronounce how right
To pray – Polaris, you get too much credit
When the last one's bound to sway.
At your age, I'd mass to say *cuff fame*,
 language pales script mirrors priestly sane:
Noun, take my hand, ear, I'll be your here
 for the rest of today – For what's left of
Our day.

One

Jessica R. Layton

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Jessica R. Layton

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Contributors

JASON SEARS is a data analyst slash robot slash poet. He reads before he writes and (sometimes) speaks before he thinks. For more, check him out in *The Monarch Review*.

TARA ROEDER is an Associate Professor of Writing Studies in New York City. Her work has appeared or will appear in journals such as *E Ratio*, *THRUSH*, *Haggard and Halloo*, and *The Journal of Compressed Creative Arts*.

HEATH BROUGHER lives in York, PA, and when he is not writing he helps with the charity Paws Soup Kitchen which gives out free dog/cat food to low income families with pets. His work has appeared in *Yellow Chair Review*, *Of/with*, *Rust + Moth*, *Otoliths*, and elsewhere.

NATALIE HOMER is an MFA candidate at West Virginia University. She likes cats, rainy days, and catching up to the person who cut her off in traffic. Her poetry has been published in *The Doctor T.J. Eckleburg Review*, *Roanoke Review*, and *Santa Clara Review*.

ROBIN WYATT DUNN lives in Los Angeles. His website is robindunn.com

TODD OSBORNE holds an MFA in poetry from Oklahoma State University, and he currently lives in Hattiesburg, MS, where he is pursuing a PhD at the University of Southern Mississippi. His poems have appeared in *Juked*, *Borderlands Texas Poetry Review*, *Cargo Literary*, and elsewhere.

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JESSICA R. LAYTON is a poet and web designer living in Nebraska. Her work can be found underneath a mountain.

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.

Send us your poems.

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