

Epigraph Magazine

Lucky
Number

13

EPIGRAPH

Magazine

Issue Thirteen / October 2016

epigrammagazine.com

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Taken from the book of Job

Jonathan Jones

It isn't a fear of science
or the small green light breathing out
for you.

Only the love of people you touched
yet never quite met.
Arial

an 11 pt font blinking back (immaterial)
distance.

Fourteen billion light years from the sun
and I'm still trying to atone for wanting
anything so perfect and so cold.

Observable distances mean nothing.
like a road trip,

all courage takes good planning.

what was I writing on
the sum of all my knowledge
an ancient potentate
dictating to tablet

that these aren't my regrets
that's what I tell myself.

Memory precedes and finishes
prior to the first and

a body has many buttons, which have no known function.

Solstice

Jonathan Jones

Such days abandon
to accumulate.

the Dow Jones
Dreams

another transit year.

Its long advance re-flooded
in transition.

Lost Memory is a solvent
for the books you read
to recreate

its circuitry.

There dance
the lights,
the body's puerile heat
still smiles against
its bony fists.

Thoughts often go astray.
So many lights.

Ignites the oxygen.
A hundred years
or more

while we return
home broken

homogeneity.

john's alley

Emily Alexander

seneca pulls me through / the crowd like thread, stitching

this bar / into something to keep me / warm

it is march and not warm, but in me / is two beers, a shot
of whiskey, so heat radiates from anything close

enough // my body earthquakes / spins / I am not quite in it, but floating,

folded over laughing while sen shakes / her hips // all these strangers'
lips and eyelashes / blinking, drifting wishless to the floor

drenched in tequila and the feet
of 2am, and we are a part of it

the music loud / glancing off our skin's glow // I want nothing

now, and it is light / slightly dizzy / the song ends, we push open
the door, announce ourselves

to night as both made / unmade things, whole

and unwhole, riddled / wanting / leaking smoke into lungs / willingly

and it is past / midnight; the sky solid / nonexistent beyond
these loose-lipped

grins / unkempt, bent laughter pouring out / pouring in, these

flicked flames, this breathing

in, breathing / in, tomorrow's stone / safe in our pockets / not
yet thrown.

A Failed Attempt

Emily Alexander

Side street near Bellecour: syrah
split between three, foie gras, fig
chutney, dim lighting lifts shadows
across napkins & wrists, & remember
 the open windows, remember our nakedness
 unknown to the cars below?
 It's like that, but more
 lonely. If only my knees fit the table,
if only you could try this, if only I didn't follow
every stranger's conversation & leave
my own. The difference between being
in a place & floating through it
 is maybe more reach, but I am always wanting
 to be somewhere else. This city opens
 like a mouth full
 of teeth, & it's hard
to focus on flavor & speech when I get lost
on buses and falling asleep. I pour
more wine & watch
the dark sea curl into the glass
 like the smallest announcement, & the light
 seeps through. Every sip is smooth
 across this confused tongue, what more
 could anyone ask for? Months ago:
your hair undone, tiptoes & body
blurry through my almost
sleep. This doesn't taste quite
as good, but probably should be close.

A True Story

Emily Alexander

We are wading through the florescence and weary
glances of Winco grocery shoppers. I love you,

but don't know it yet. We sip mimosas
from paper coffee cups; all bumble, all tipsy,

all floating in the glow of post-work in jam-stained
shirts. Our nectarine hearts ripen,

wait to be picked by some accident of a soft hand. We follow, clumsy
while our friends consider various kinds

of shampoo & champagne. People check milk prices, fill
bags with bulk rice, I often lie

about the wideness of night, & how it seeps
through me, how it rattles. I bruise easy. Still, I skate the floor

somewhere between the nonperishables
& the cool hum of refrigerators with all these strangers,

doing what we do to keep ourselves
fed; pressing thumbs into pears & palms. "Look

at all these people!" Your beard is wet
with orange juice, so I touch your face

to pick out the pulp. A woman passes,
lifts a box of Diet Coke, & the cans make small rumblings & settle

in the metal basket. "Beautiful!" You are saying while lovers and once
lovers reach for another box of Cheerios, check phones

to no recent calls. I know we can't quiet hunger
just by standing here together, but I like you so much

I feel full. Crooked wheels roll, fumble
for friction & the smooth skin

of linoleum, & we are directionless in the cereal aisle, our little
lives unknown to the elbows resting

on cart handles, our unnoticed blooming, & theirs, right there
in the buzz & the light poured across the grocery store.

mathmology

Mike Linaweaver

cult-ic </math>maths <an item>
aligned="equalized array"> sum
she – it – he – us – you

calculated iambic rotation

cukf

seagull

rodeo ford

clucking diamonds

“eat at joe’s”

humble does

less ruminating

not me

not here

I will paint you into nothing

strip you of your ears

can you cast out god

with

free cra b yokohama

all tuesday

don't lie to me

ascemia

or do

this is catastrophic

pig seeps

idiot martyr

snoring

snoozing

Khlebnikov

is my bodyguard

word cycle

Mike Linaweaver

something
is all
buried

all find

ever down
the dim
swirl

came gray
clouds

above me
you breathe

until
empty

...

terrible
unsheathed
within

remembrance

hallucinogen
fails
experiment

to
love us

struggling flower
of grim ribbon

a flame
of bending bones

word cycle (secondary arrangement)

Mike Linaweaver

something

is all

buried
in

all find -

to
love us

they -

a flame
of bending bones

- take

...

until
empty

terrible

within

hallucinogen
fails
experiment

- above me you breathe

struggling flower
of grim ribbon

Triumph of a Bottle of Glue

Steve Pelletier

What do you call a
rapidly-evolving something

Better than a list
from the dead

Courage is clearly undervalued
although most of it is artificial

Reincarnate as a drone that
speaks many languages

Commit to helping wrap
gifts

Much of what we buy from the store
becomes untethered

A Typhoon and Folded Dollar Bills

Steve Pelletier

What is it like to redefine
a sense of wild green

Put hands in the pockets and
scope out a settlement

Nobody lacks the lungs or
the arms that grow bushes

Making tea with a symptom
of a celestial chamber

Name the roses all plucked
from the sky

Pastel Wardrobe Being Renovated

Steve Pelletier

What phrase are we searching for
to describe the perfect watermelon

One clue
is that a whale can erupt from the ocean
at any time

Think about drawing an exaggerated Ghandi
using bulletproof crayons

And what size meteor
should be ordered for the occasion

How a bell can ring
so that it sounds like a family

Written on the sides of a well
are directions
to an excellent catering business

review of an unnamed book
Sneha Subramanian Kanta

*the upper shelf book
is like a night landscape
where two nights*

*equal half a day.
thirteen rosemary bushes
– semiotic signs parade,*

*fester a candela
over a period of gray monsoon.*

*(recliners of soot
through the chimney pipe)
the needle pipe grass*

*– brittle meaning of the pages
like cicadas creak –
meddle with the soil*

*permafrost chamber echos
whistle with the wind.*

MH []
Mark Young

It's an atypical opening for a
group classified as a rock band

but this analog performance of
raspberries in a hoop house has

you dancing on a string. Close the
gates & tie them with bungee.

some more strange meteorites

Mark Young

Tailor the theme to suit
the recipient. It's a
little girl's birthday, so rake
the sand in your Zen garden
& have vintage & veteran
Japanese cars drop out of
orbit out at sea, to sink
below the surface. Seven

trumpets are sounded—such
a strong presence, those seven
Heralds of the Apocalypse.
The one in front is acting
as an unreliable, even psy-
chotic, narrator. It's one
of Hip Hop's most re-
silient memes even if it

does come across as a bit
oxymoronic. 1980 was the
turning point. The year
the US real estate escalator
stopped moving up & Viet-
namese Catholics gathered
on SoundCloud to deliver
content to new audiences.

Entering the Forest

A Bagua Poem Under the Influence of Hexagram #19

Barbara Ruth

Begin with no thought, just intention to enter.
Match qi of your wavering body and mind
With the wu ji qi of the trees.
Drop down your shoulders, inhale from your belly.

Holding the seven stars in your dan tien
learn to see the mistake with no blame.
Press forward with a companion. Advance and arrive.
Let your feet sink into the earth. Exhale.

Lessons in Whitewater Rafting, Punctures in Space

Zebulon Huset

Jump in. Jump in they said once. It's just water.
The current fickle as, well, you know.

The event horizon only terrifies spectators.
People, without, watching in.
They swear
they see the burning and wave wax wings.

The official (invisible) point of no return,
I meant, the black hole's tipping point
of irresist-
ible gravity (still must learn to fly).
Past the invisible line
redshift obscures vision,
like looking
across a bonfire at the knifefight of shadow
and refracted light on a memorized
face (learn to open eyes under water).

**

Though no fuel can change your path,
(no swimming can pull you from the falls
your crash course with gravity)

with forward facing spaceship perspective
it's more smooth sailing toward certain doom.
Gravity drops books, not
the topple of time.

You didn't really slow the hours,
you're alchemist, not magician.

How sequential,
and jarring, your transmutations.

The *edge* is a misconception.

Point of no return only if you intended to retreat.

The inner horizon, lesser known cousin
to Niagara physics, is the point of freefall
where matter is vaporized.

(Pushback of rebound
crashing with freefalling droplet brothers.)

The center is where the danger's compacted
into that impossible singularity.

To make
our Earth black hole-dense
its mass would be
3mm, round,
cold as gold.

Much too small to fit your finger.

Slime mold begins the maze which extends into outer space

Zebulon Huset

Sunrise and shine slime mold,
 sexy conquistador
color of chorizo
(the fungus trundles in time lapse).
Spongy Thesius. (Does that make us Daedali?)

Outside, creeper mold seems static.
 Outside is
another way of saying *without*,
 or within something larger.
Out of the labyrinth
into the building.
 Building,
 planetary sphere;
atmosphere, observable sphere.

Why is the soap bubble
still floating? Who's causing the up-
draft? The room is too small for that,
 stop.
Soon we'll be carried away once more.

Away is another *here*,
 if you widen circles.

 Philtrum valley
 choked
 by your soap skinned breath.
Don't exhale.

Which is another way
 I am suffocating.

Still, even your gobbled
globule has enough oxygen left for breath.

 Give me gills.
Ejector seat.
 Trap door.

Forget this elliptical shit,
let's go linear.
Strap me to a space probe
and let's go exploring.
Exit exobase.
Jettison orbit.
Bullet through skin
of water balloon.
Try as we must,
there's no escaping space.

Space
is another way of saying
nothing
where everything is.

You too ubiquitous a genus
for you.
Anyone not me?
No-no-no-no-no.

Was stop really an option?
Vacuum,
frictionless as it is.

No fuel for retros
these days.

So let's go.

We'll take the maze and mice and slime
and tiny sustainable ant farm and its caretakers.

We'll be specks shooting
in and at absolute nothingness.
every inch
extending the observable universe.

Contributors

JONATHAN JONES qualified in 1999 with his M.A. in Creative Writing from Bath Spa University College, and in 2004 with an MRes in Humanities from Keele University. He now teaches writing composition at John Cabot University in Rome. In the past he has had several pieces of his work published in *The New Writer*, *Poetry Monthly*, *Iota*, *East Jasmine Review*, *The Dr T.J.Eckleburg Review*, *Negative Capability Press*, and others.

EMILY ALEXANDER is a writer, a student, a clumsy waitress, an older sister, and a self-proclaimed foodie. Her work is featured or forthcoming in *Potluck Magazine*, *Harpoon Review*, and *Radar Poetry*. She was recently awarded the Academy of American Poets Prize at the University of Idaho, where she is working her way through an undergraduate degree in Creative Writing. She can be found at emilyalexander.yolasite.com.

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MARK YOUNG's most recent books are *Bandicoot habitat & lithic typology*, both from *gradient books* of Finland. An e-book, *The Holy Sonnets unDonne*, has just come out from *Red Ceilings Press*, & another e-book, *For the Witches of Romania*, is due out from *Beard of Bees*.

BARBARA RUTH writes at the intersection of Potawatomee and Ashkenazi, disabled and neuroqueer, fat and yogi, not this and not that. Her photography, memoirs, poetry, and fiction appear in numerous lesbian, queer, feminist, disability, and literary anthologies and journals. She lives with her beloved in San Jose, California, USA, and her work is often on her Facebook page.

ZEBULON HUSET is a writer, teacher, and photographer that lives in San Diego. He regularly posts at his writing blog (notebookingdaily.blogspot.com), from which his flash fiction submission guide was reposted at *The Review Review*. His writing is forthcoming in the next few months from *The Maine Review*, *The Louisville Review*, *The Madator Review*, and *The Roanoke Review*, among others.

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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Epigraph Magazine
Issue Thirteen / October 2016
edited by Nicholas Bon

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