



Anomalous 12

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Cover: *Russia* from *Eventually Empty* by Tedd Anderson

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Eventually Empty

Tedd Anderson

Artist Statement

The “Eventually Empty” series focus on a nearly empty universe. It exists within the belly of an unhappy beast. Hesitant all of it’s unending life, this beast is unsure of how or why it has this world within it. It did not choose to create it. And it is distraught. And thus, most things are strangely disparate yet interconnected within this world. Constellations act as maps to no where. Language acts as collage; words and phrases approximate meaning at best. Treasure has no value. Space is devoid of mass yet things feel too full. And limbs do nothing but hang. Yet the nothing is pervasive, drawing attention as a deep velvet black does.

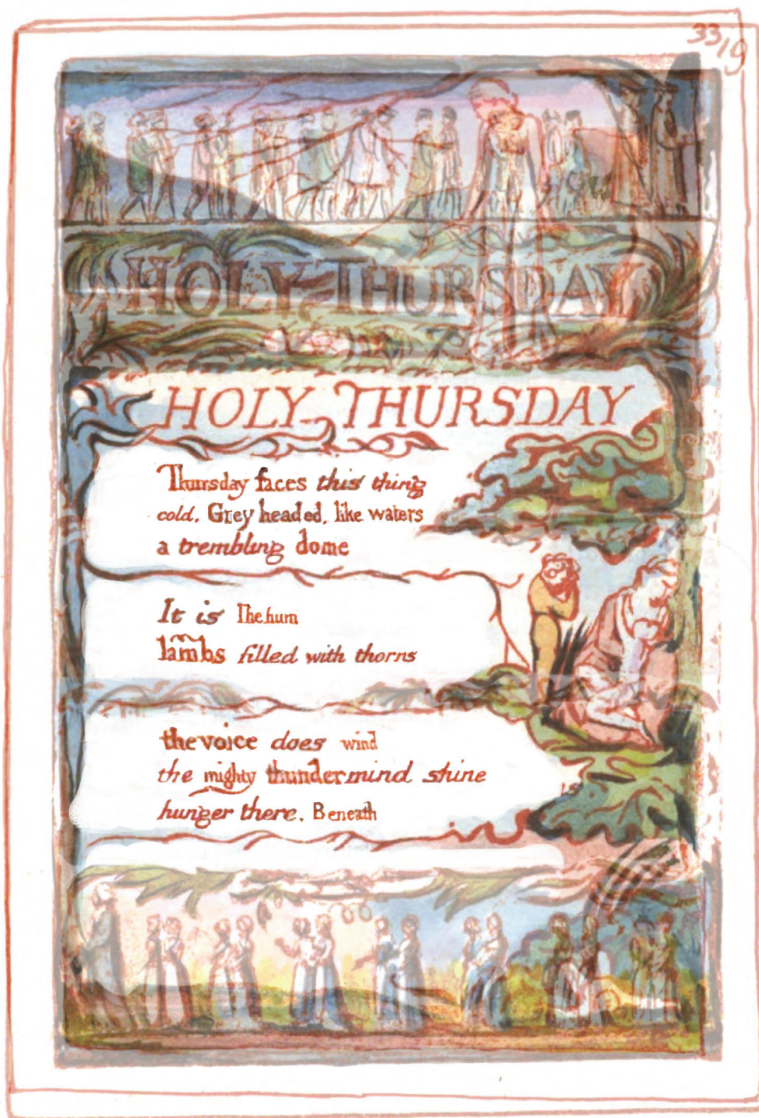
1

The mind struggles to construct narratives out of seemingly interconnected items of information. We all work to map out our personality history. The construction is ceaseless. We are convincing ourselves of who we are with the entrance of each minute experience. These drawings represent yet another set of data points. What the viewer makes of the information is up to them. To one person, this universe could be full of wonder and resolve; to another, it is flat and empty.

Holy Thursday

Diana Arterian

2



Holy Thursday

Diana Arterian

Thursday faces this thing
cold, Grey-headed, like waters
a trembling dome

It is The hum
Lambs filled with thorns

The voice does wind
the mighty thundermind shine
hunger there, beneath them

Little GirlBoy Found

Diana Arterian

4



arm in like arm Appear
white nights, pale strays

the wild child
The kissed & couching maid boy
in a golden wolkish crown
the ever-wandering vision
looks the eyes

Little GirlBoy Found

Diana Arterian

Arm in like arm Appear

White nights, Pale strays

the wild child

The kissed & couching maidboy

in a golden wolvis crown

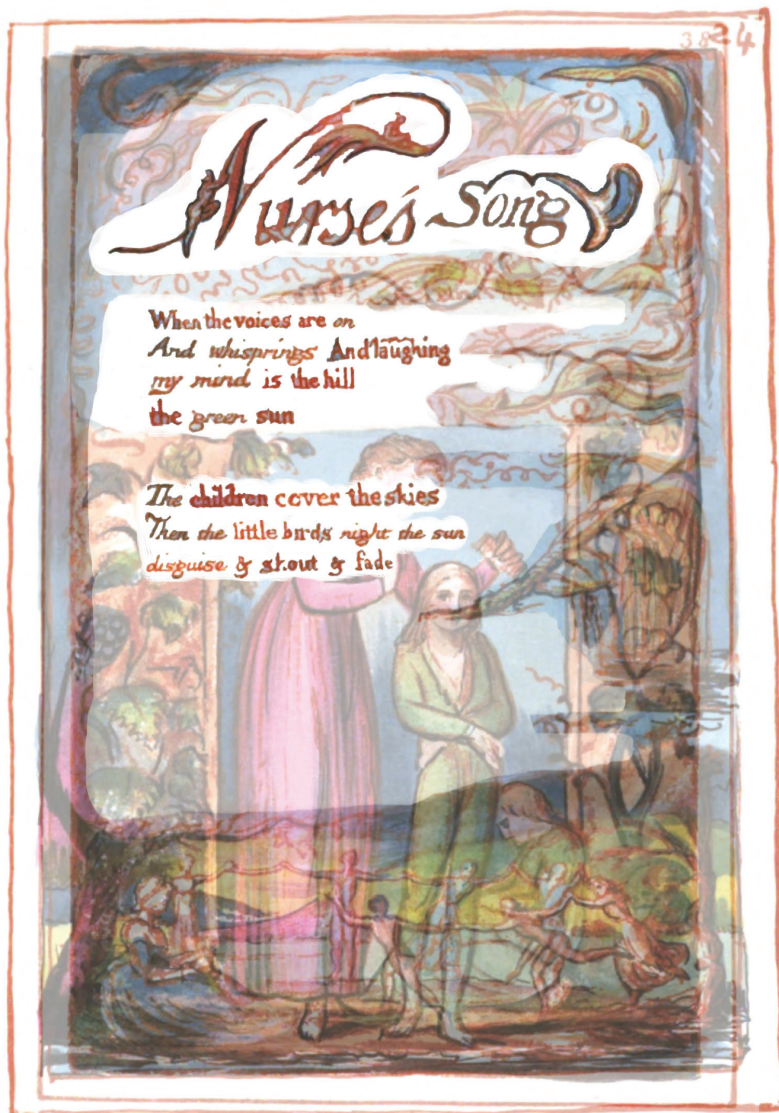
the ever-wandering vision

licks the eyes

Nurse's Song

Diana Arterian

6



Nurse's Song

Diana Arterian

When the voices are on
And whisperings And laughing
my mind is the hill
the green sun

The children cover the skies
then the little birds night the sun
disguise & shout & fade

The Boy

Diana Arterian

8



The Boy

in the black tree
the child sings
of winds, light, the birds:

"My tree taught me school
took me Under
I sit on her little eye

"In learning flowers
a space gives
then treehorn beams shower
the cage droops like a wing
gold buds & plants kiss me
silver fruits in my hair"

01

The Boy

Diana Arterian

In the black tree
the child sings
of wind, light, the birds:

“My tree taught me school
took me under
I sit on her little eye

“in learning flowers
a space gives
then treeborn beams shower
the cage droops like a wing
gold buds and plants kiss me
silver fruits in my hair”

The Sick Blossom

Diana Arterian

10



*invisible sick. That arrow
swift wormleaves
the flies' cradle*

*Hear the dark joy
Under green:
A Pretty secret*

The Sick Blossom

Diana Arterian

Invisible sick, That arrow

Swift wormleaves

the flies' cradle

Hear the dark joy

Under green

A pretty secret

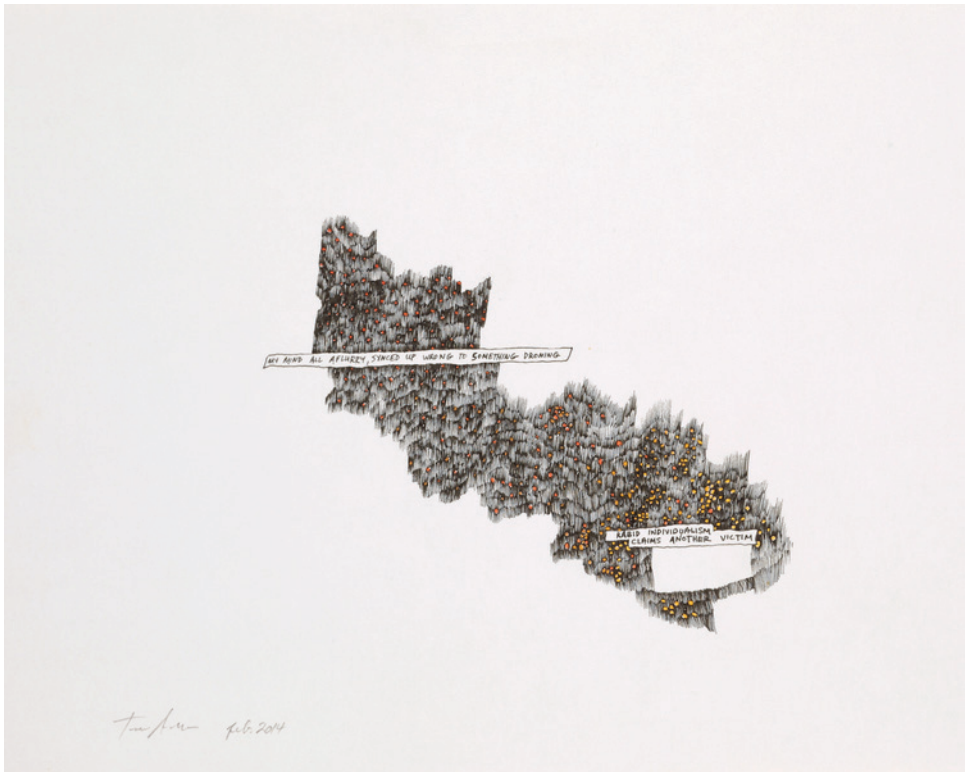
Artist Statement

Diana Arterian

A couple of years ago I took a class that focused on the entirety of Blake's work, his methods, his mythology, etc. My shorthand description of it was "All Blake, all the time." We were supposed to read directly from his plates rather than the printed words at the back of the Blake tome. It was, perhaps unsurprisingly, draining. Blake's work is often wild and expansive. His script on his plates is often inscrutable. I guess I wanted to claim something from it.

12

These are from a chapbook entitled *Songs of Innorience*, which appropriates from Blake's arguably tamest work, *Songs of Innocence and Experience*. In it I mash up and perform erasure upon those poems which seem to "speak" to each other – they have the same title, or address a similar idea. The images are from his plates and are done digitally. I have a deep desire to do these with physical materials, if I have the time.



Rabid Individualism from *Eventually Empty*, 2014

Excerpts from *Sam Says, Sam*

Sarah Tourjee

Sam to Sam: in soil, in sand, land in love, in water gilled, swimming, weighted, dry, dried out. I roll grains of salt between my fingers. I yawp I yawp, I am the potential of an organism. I am the extinction of a species. But earth, in sphere, in space, suspended, marble spin, spin. I held your body and then, beach, beach, waterless. The salt is palpable, is wet in heaps on the beach. In the desert. Above, bird, wind holding, leading, the bird glides on air. Bird, Sam, potential bird, Sam, never bird, Sam, Sam with fingers holds the bird.

I held your body, Sam, says Sam. I am holding it for

14

The universe was smaller once, a dense nut of matter, all bodies embedded in Sam's body, Sam the potential, all states of an organism, before expulsion, before definition, before lines.

I lived inside you, and touched my fingers to the lining of your body and maybe we were never divided, and pressure was without skin or separation, I felt the myelin of all neurons, and I was felt within you as a friendly filling and there were no limits to the space we could make for each other or the love we could make in the compressed atom of universes, in the pre-necessity of language, before there was air for sound.

Sam says, let your pain be alive, let it move, let it be moved. Sam, let Sam move with it. Even Earth as it was without railroads, was one great flat plain when Sam first walked the whole of it. Sam's inverted joints revert with the globe's great curve.

Sam lasts only the space of one second while also lingering in Sam's thoughts. Sam exists unrelentingly as visibility itself-- an eyelash causing some distortion to view before it is dug from the lid. Don't ask, who am I, Sam, say Sam, until Sam speaks. Say Sam, until Sam empties of all but letters and sand. Say Sam, until Sam empties of all associated worlds. Sam, say Sam, say Sam, Sam, until Sam is

--

Let Sam be equal to flint chert silica sandstone sediment dregs
liquid volume container rail conductor sound vibration elastic
contraction elision omission

15

Let Sam be equal to bone tissue cell membrane partition division
branch bough hock fetlock pastern animal system body

Let Sam be equal to coral coelenterate sea expanse surface form
physical contact condition existence

Let Sam be equal to wheel ground limit point flake tool hand end
period.

Sam says, to let surfaces conduct, to end equally, to be expansive:
systems contract, animals branch, sea dregs. Sam says, let limits
be contact, Sam, says, let bodies be coral, let cells be sediment,
Sam, says, let existence be form.

The stuff inside the netting, in the floss of tendons, is so much accumulated debris, the plaque of living, a long-legged animal panicked and caught in the tangle, causing Sam to try and fail to flee.

But Sam in stillness is finding that bones dislocate to allow a freeing, and then Sam leaving the dross of the nest with sockets jangling and limbs trailing a remembrance pattern in the soft earth behind Sam.

SAM, granite-stark the bark of trees shouts to say, SAM, claw-pointed fur cleft and feathers torn at the quick as if to say, SAM, broken-jawed if hearted the wondering brain stems like a flower towering over exposed roots and says, SAM, your pain, gap-toothed and slurring, shell-scraped and gourdied, super-mooned and nerved, belongs to everyone.

Erotic Wingbeats from a Swarm of Gnats

Sarah Tourjee

I

It's a hum deep in the wood. Our wings curve toward it. Imagine our lack. Imagine our loneliness—all of us. Imagine our feelings. Our seeking form fall, our form. We dance, we press into moisture, into skin if we find it, and then move. The song again. We curve our wings. The sun lights through us, through the mass of us, like a shine through a fog.

Now at mid-life, I was born two months ago. I emerged from the egg. The earth changes. If timed I may see a whole season before frost, before—

17

My death hangs over me, our deaths over all of us. A collective mourning, a collective enlightenment—my whole life is today. So follow the song, make clear an intention (the continuation of life). And what of skin, if we find it? Those on the periphery shoot headlong to feel it, moisture, warmth. The sweat of a body. But those overcome overstay and stick, wings to human wrist. The body, unwanted, undoes them. We are fewer every moment. We are many every moment. I will never know myself.

But ask anyway, please ask. Who am I? My name is gnat. I am insect. My life revolves around water and a hum—the wingbeat of love. Will I even know when I find it? We fly together as a cloud but without so choosing. Search the rotted tree trunks, search the liquefied fruit and lay there, rest there, nest there. To soak in juice

and not drown there requires such strength, such will to a future, be it brief if ever. But we're never alone, never lonely. We search and arrive at each other.

II

Someone says, "What's the point of a life so brief, so unknown, so haphazard." It's true my voice is not particular, I could be any one of us. Our desires are similar, linear, there are only a few things—moisture, leaves, or roots, or (shhh) flesh.

At dusk we assemble, trade the voice, trade give take make, our bodies (the swarm, the ghost). This makes you uncomfortable.

18

You think, audibly, into the cloud, "but you'll die soon." To that I say, won't you?

Well, we're not to remind you, we're not to haunt. Instead we flirt. Your hum, our calling, our dance—and your mouth, the source. The vibration of your throat. Are we really fooled, or are we curious? Are you trying to fool us, or are you curious? How could we breach this boundary—the enormity of a species, the enormity of my whole being folding completely into the crease of your thumb's bend?

The possibility of my body crushing, blood releasing into your palm, without you even noticing, without even a wince.

Don't deny that you think of this when you hum.

III

In wood we are home in displacement—the wood that falls, the ground that gives to it, and our organisms, unloved but humming. You hear it, you try to claim it. Don't say that you see. The swarm is called the ghost, the erotic soul of the dead. And inside the haunt you can find me, internal, fully plural, riding sound.



Cauterized Middle from *Eventually Empty*, 2014

Halo

Andy Stallings

I move around you
easily as around
a sudden liminality
of pixels in the
blank weird
of sensation
vision's prismatic
density brought near
to a threshold
of speech
& distributing
shards of what
you will hereafter
figure as the sensile
universe each
fragment of which
displays such tender

pattern recognition
such broad partitions
of your presumed
identity that you
begin to shake
your skin develops
distance you are
absorbed into
a spectrum
swapping one
agitated hue for
one erased texture
an annual
arrangement for
an hour of truth
etcetera & you
produce a deep
but intermittent halo
of partializing

sequence you
place your forearm
through a frosted
plate glass &
in the whitening
splash of aftermath
you emerge as an
angle of incidence
in a wave's
trajectory through
matter & time
obverse side
of the image of
an intersection
in which a vehicle
crossing after red
relinquishes its
color & its shape
inside the body of

another vehicle
& in so doing
defines you as
a livable facet
of the actually
astonishing world

Charge

Andy Stallings

The least we can
give we imagine
wanting only
to explode the
vast activity of
being – parcel
shifted from
hand to hand
hydraulic action
lilting curve
of a road –
the least & the
most we
can give is
the same
irritant back

that we've been
given simply
to return
that which has
installed its
spine within
us – spectral
rainbow of
the sleeping
child's briefly
opened eyes night
tilting suddenly
to designate
the planet –
what does it
mean to select
appropriate powder
to swallow a fuse
what does it

mean to ripen
around a seed
therein is not
so much space
as could hold
two hands to
their movement
but enough for
a wire & the
silence besides
of a lullaby
my eye
to the invisible
bloomed too far
down its lash
too early though
sufficiently to
shatter my
roster of

inoculations &
of it a brittle
structure such as
bone arose
melancholy like
an anchor through
the veneer of salt
a childhood's
conversation with
a father is
dropped
opaque threshold
of knife-twists
the self & its
development
resounding into
distraction
never trebling
the clavicle &

the thigh but
my skin is
not right my
skin is not
right &
will never
deliver me
this
is the edifice
of language &
to blow it all up
is only as dark
& as bright
as what fractures
afterward
around the charge

The Night

Andy Stallings

I cut ties with
the night I cut
ties with the
night

& sever too
the lethal
seam of really
living

night's estrangement
of you
you have
stitched it through
my sternum
distorting the
night

I cut ties
with the night &
laud your gas-mask
& choir

I laud
whatever eats at
the gaped dark
mouth of
night whatever
eats with such
disconcerting calm

if I was with you
I'd sever the seam
threading bodies
to unknown
bodies roaming
the gaped dark
night

I cut ties with
the night I cut
ties with the
night & its
dead avenues may
glitter to any
touch they
desire beneath
the chemical
crush of dawn

32

brilliant bandage
savage eyehole
disconsolate crevasse

I hold your
bones (are you
here) beyond
the night

I cut ties with
the night & the
shovels the tunnels
that fill you

arcades distilling
the freescale
night from
your size

have I made
a mistake

you talk as though
testament blooms
in your veins

as though narrative
somehow has

filled you with
origins &

your visible
skin at minimum
is coarse & chapped
with it & splits
the night

34

but I'd
take your hand
(are you here)
& exit the
night if I
were with you

I'd exit night
at the speed
of night receding

into night

who cares

at the speed of

night's retreat

from mechanized

longing buried

deep in the night

reverently you

provoke the night

who cares

provoke this

corridor this zone

this city your

carved

composite (are

you here)

I aim for
the seam of you
at the center
of night
who cares

I aim for
the gaps in night
where down
desire lines night
breaks off
from itself

36

where your body
breaks into sores
who cares

I aim for
those thresholds

they could be
diseased who
cares

if infection is
in you who cares

the most extravagant
cells the most
lawless musics the
most sensitive
dereliction

let it all fester
let it all vanish
howling
in the direction of
yesterday

who cares

there's no threshold

I'll (provoked)

return from at

any point

no body the host

of a wound

38

I'll refuse to

enter

who cares

I have made

no mistakes

there's no end

of night to which

I'll whisper
"the end"
without you
(the end)

at the end of
the night
a wound you've
unfurled

attracting
a crowd

(the end)

have I made
a mistake

was it crucial

I cut ties with
the night who
cares & admit
the fertility of
its sores into
my body

are you here

40

I can make my
blood as wrong
as you want

I can make
my blood just like
a room you could
sleep in

who cares

I cut ties
with the night
like a room
like a room
that has guttered
before its emergence
like a room
lined with ditches
& trumpets & wings
like a room
filled with night's
great rot & a chorus
like a room
where you sleep
with three beaks
by your side
like a room
where death is
the light on

the ceiling
like a room
of aluminum
a room lined
with lead
like a room
where death's
the blue light
from the window

42

like a room
where you wake
& break from
the window
as I walk past

To _____

Andy Stallings

You step outside & collapse
you're practicing the art of recklessness

February
hardly eating sleeping less

you don't need a theory to transfix you with vision
clairvoyance can't distract you from radical breath

43

on Fridays in whimsical costume you attend
every funeral in the city & from each
you text me a picture of yourself with the corpse

it's as though grief were a kind of theatre (it is)
& these weird transmissions
broadcast from the cavity of your skull

an image of the future
unfurling from the fertile core of the world
which seems for now to be located
in your body

it's been years since the alphabet
felt like a set of magic ciphers
since ritual made my body a wound
& so on this axis I place

44

a series of thresholds
a scythe & a threshing floor
a deck of cards a cache of salt
the city's oscillating edge
a horizon an open vein
a superhighway aimed at the ultra-deep field
& you – seed & extent
deafening spiral
spell

now why would I ever leave you alone?

given this shimmering

adequacy of touch

given this gush &

the velocity of its rinse

but if burial by light is what's

coming now (it is)

wouldn't you rather undress?

wouldn't you rather hold your breath too long

to know what that's like & hear

in pain's quiet passage into the body

something (a column a

dark projecting beam)

splinter from this immensity of light?

into my own nightmare
into your roving ceremonial fire
I've introduced
that thread I carry (my death)
between my teeth
that thread the cause of the grimace
I swallow in a downpour hauling
my ancestry past the ridiculous piles
of the fruit vendor & the coconut slicer's
elegant water while the purse hawkers
scramble for cover under the bridge
& you laugh without delicacy

46

that thread I carry (my fertility)
between two fingers
while I lift my fork
to introduce into my body
fig gnocchi prosciutto burrata
while I plunge my mouth

enthusiastically into
your vagina
you have woven it
into a pillowcase embroidered
with bulls & goats walking
in an autumn thunderstorm
& I don't even care
I wasn't born to unravel needlework

that thread I carry (my protostar)
between eye & eye
just the thought of hydrostatic
equilibrium makes my elbows revolt
my throat my larynx & coccyx
& lower intestine
(but forward forward)
my knees of all things
& my arches
(but how will I stand?)

all separates

nothing convenes

I've grown through all your spirals

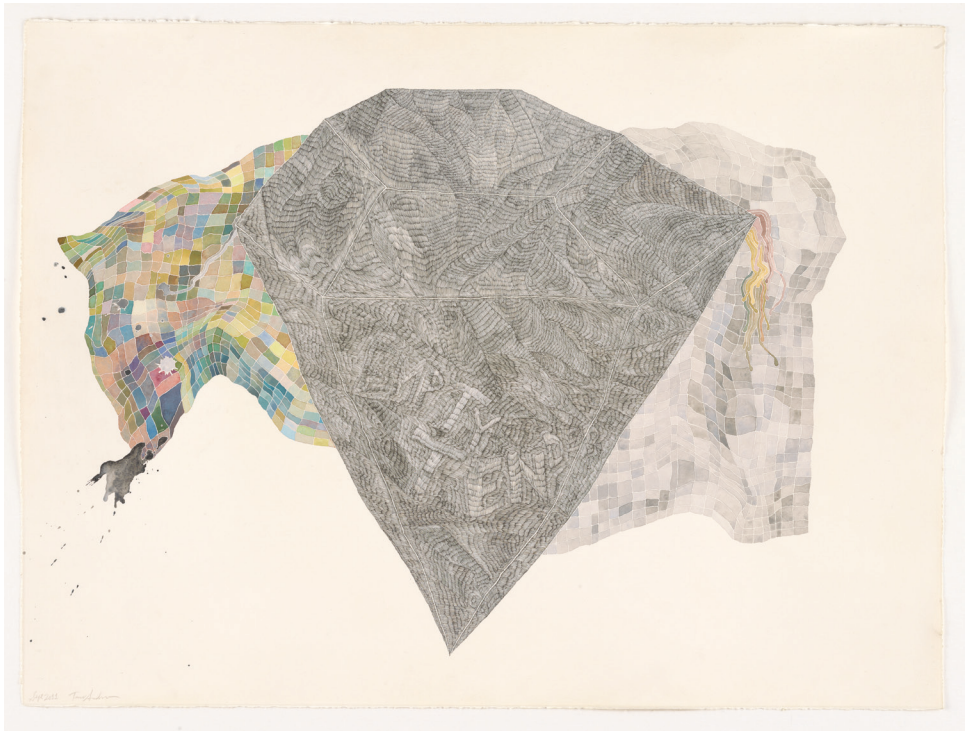
I've centered your rings

& this must be it

this must be the

instant of

main sequence



Empty Tender from *Eventually Empty*, 2014

Five Introducers at a Public Reading for Sid Vicious and Gary Oldman

Forrest Roth

A Very Good Evening to You, and You All, Too—

50

I would like to welcome Sid Vicious and Gary Oldman to your public reading, except this reading is not actually happening but is instead a poor representation of one in your mind, as well as in all of the other minds in attendance. Sid Vicious, as you all well know, was the famous bassist for the British punk band The Sex Pistols despite lingering questions to this day as to whether he could actually play the bass guitar, possibly or very likely drove the band to break up in the middle of a disastrous American tour, possibly or very likely killed his American lover Nancy Spungen at the Hotel Chelsea in New York City, most definitely died before seeing trial, and assuredly was the featured subject of the 1986 movie *Sid and Nancy*, which is, like, your famous sister's most favorite movie. Sid Vicious was played by Gary Oldman in the film, an actor who is generally regarded as being a famous, talented, and anecdotal gentle man with a violent alcoholic past. Sid Vicious, a violent alcoholic himself, won no awards in his lifetime, but Gary Oldman has won many awards for his violent alcoholic acting style, including for playing a violent alcoholic Sid Vicious in *Sid and Nancy* who may or may not have killed Nancy Spungen. Though neither of these men will be present or speaking to you directly in the conventional and contrived sense, I am very glad to have both here this evening all the same in your mind, as well as in all of the other minds in attendance. They will be of great help

as you mourn the untimely, anticipated, but not anecdotal death of your famous sister in the city. But not yet. Let us give our next introducer a big welcome, shall we. Applause.

Dear Not-Happening Reader—

Once I wanted you beginning. You wanted you all to begin. And you all wanted to begin a story—a story about a person, like Sid Vicious or your famous sister, someone not at all close to me yet whom I detested and would learn to resent with a seething intensity, my emotions disguised under convention and contrivance and a general awe of my being placed before him or her. I would then be introducing a subject of the first and highest order—unlike the previous introducer—and become another storyteller with the mastery of a subject enough to put it in the mind's eye and immediacy of my audience, which you all say we are fully due and accorded. An audience is our birthright, our natural expectation to the use of function, our very existence. Even the Puritans knew that. Now everybody forgets they must be an introducer until a Gary Oldman enters their life with a violent alcoholic Sid Vicious who becomes the fascination of a famous sister—in this case, yours. Remember: I am not responsible for anything which follows.

I am attempting an introduction because your famous sister, despite her apparent fame, needs introducers herself, and they are as well-deserved as the three lukewarm meals prepared by your civil servant parents in their upstate home when I visit, who will not even speak her name at the table for fear of ruining my appe-

tite in your presence. As an introducer, however, my appetite cannot be tamed by the absence or presence of names but, like most American audiences, the novelty of them to our lives when they are introduced to us with which we play with with vicious intensity and aberrant self-denial. We know our lives would be empty without names, especially the famous ones. If I deny mine to you, you may slowly grow to hate me and my life as it opens in front of you—assuming it ever does—but as an introducer it is not my name you are concerned about but my subject's instead, and my subject's instead is the withholding of every judgment you place at my feet (if you could see them—we never care about a narrator's feet, only his or her hands).

All I can say is, every once in a while, someone reminds the world that even Jesus ate at the tables of prostitutes.

52

To the Members of the Perpetually Seated Audience—

Instead, I think you will agree, is the best possible thing I can do for you. Instead is the greatest consideration America ever invented. Instead of being an introducer, we could be Gary Oldman, and often we are Gary Oldman, the product of a violent alcoholic household which was your instead, away from the calm upstate civil servant household, you and your famous sister watching movies with Gary Oldman in them—as well as with Molly Ringwald and Tom Hulce and all the famous actors of the 1980's she knows—before she is discharged and judgment withheld about her long enough so she could walk though the door, out the building, and into the self-injurious city.

A city, any city, is filled with millions of plate-glass doors today. Many of them are automated, and thus are extremely difficult to deliberately walk through, but a majority are still of manual operation, requiring on occasion a friendly stranger's gesture to hold it open and observe what is known as good etiquette. No one ever held a door open for Sid Vicious in real life, and there were no automatic doors at that particular time, if I am not mistaken. It was not an accident, then, that the real Sid Vicious and Gary Oldman as Sid Vicious in *Sid and Nancy* walked through a plate-glass door, distracted by someone calling out what he thought was his name, but an act of revolt against civilized society's true lack of etiquette, or, I should say, the pretense of etiquette which constitutes any building in any city. But I, obviously, am not Sid Vicious, nor am I Gary Oldman playing Sid Vicious. I am someone who holds and has held open plate-glass doors for a countless number of strangers who I never see again as they disappear into etiquette, into the vast, unknowable building of Gary Oldman's America.

53

Your famous sister is somewhere in one of these buildings where someone—maybe or especially a gentle man—holds open a plate-glass door for her, carefully, firmly, but not anecdotally. This gentle man, all the same, follows her inside. He is entranced by the sour look she gives him because she has been thwarted by etiquette and is now inside the building without going through a plate-glass door like Sid Vicious, lost, not wanting to be there under these conditions. Since he knows he belongs in that building at least and knows it very well, he feels he has a certain claim to its purpose, its outlay, its overall aesthetic harmony of making someone not feel lost, and so asks her where she is going and could he be of any assistance in finding her destination. Instead of answering

she ignores him completely, fully, but rudely, and she looks for a staircase, finds it, begins making a long ascent up eighteen flights despite the working elevators being the more preferable ascending option, which strikes him as odd because gentle men will take the elevator with gentle women. He wonders if she is not really a gentle woman but someone like Nancy Spungen instead, the kind of instead woman he has never known but perhaps had thought about after turning off Sid and Nancy halfway through because the movie disgusted him and he had not felt the deep appreciation of Gary Oldman that he does now after a long acting career of winning many awards for many notable roles which did not involve saving women—especially prostitutes and Puritan adulterers—until fairly recently.

54

You know, the one where he bounds up the stairs at the end of the movie to save the woman he loves, even after finding out she was selling herself to other men, before she threw herself off the building because she believed firmly, truly, but not effortlessly that no one—particularly whoever Gary Oldman was playing—loved her and that she would never be anything more than a prostitute in a building in any city.

You know, that one. Not the psychotic murderous DEA agent versus Italian pedophile assassin-for-hire one, the other one—though that movie works, too, because often you will never know for certain who should save you from adolescence.

May I Ever Have Your Attention, Please—

The real Nancy Spungen was known to enter buildings in conventional ways because it was very unlikely a gentle man or gentle

woman would hold open doors for her in public. Your famous sister already differs from Nancy Spungen in this respect. Your famous sister, unlike Nancy Spungen, has been to Mann's Chinese Theater to put her hands into the famous concrete hand prints and would have gone to the Gehry Museum in Los Angeles if it actually existed outside of Gary Oldman's mind. But like Nancy Spungen, your famous sister shows a preference for stairs, especially when they lead to the rooftop of a building where most people seldom go when they enter a building. Your famous sister goes where most people do not—that is why, of course, she is famous, other than starring in movies with the famous American actors of the 1980's. Of course, some people become famous in America for falling into a coma, others for jumping off a tall building, but this is not the sort of fame your sister seeks, I know, because your sister means to rearrange the social order of American etiquette as Sid Vicious would have surely done had he not killed Nancy Spungen at the Hotel Chelsea—accidentally or otherwise—and then OD'd later, though perhaps he would have failed better to merely stumble off the roof of a tall building after taking a final swig of vodka, a theory your sister may be willing to consider since she has no idea what she is doing now in this building.

55

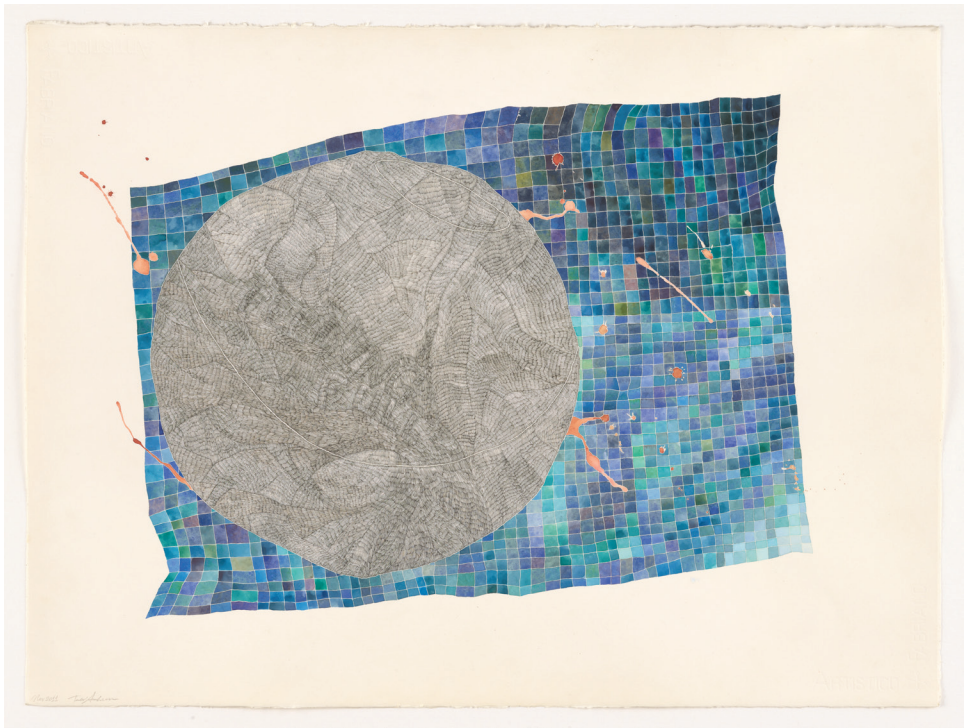
It has been said, or at least intonated, by many Nobel Prize-winning authors that a gentle man will not let a gentle woman fall to her death, much less deliberately walk through a plate-glass door. Because he never finished Sid and Nancy, this gentle man is unsure of that, however. Perhaps some people deserve to walk through a plate-glass door or throw themselves off a tall building, though no Nobel Prize-winning author has ever suggested this. To be sure, there are many people in America who deserve

to walk up eighteen flights of stairs, even when the elevators are working, but the gentle man is not certain whether your sister is one of them. Even if she bears some resemblance to Nancy Spungen. He himself bears no resemblance to Sid Vicious or even Gary Oldman as Sid Vicious or even the real Gary Oldman who was raised in a violent alcoholic household. He is a gentle man following your famous sister up the stairs carefully, quietly, but not constructively, making sure that she does not see him but, at the same time, she is aware that someone else is indeed in the stairwell and may possibly, potentially, but not innocently follow her up to the roof where something anecdotal may happen but in all likelihood nothing will happen, which is what usually happens in most American buildings that you and I never seem to avoid, as well as what usually happens to Nobel Prize-winning authors who visit Niagara Falls or stay at the Hotel Chelsea.

To Those Who Do Not Deserve to Die—

On this special occasion tonight, I am so humbled and very pleased to introduce you to the two people who have never thrown themselves off the rooftop of a building: one who belonged in the building in question, and one who did not in the conventional and contrived sense of belonging somewhere—namely, of having a building anticipate your famous sister's presence. This is a strange thing to consider, but we must consider it all the same because I am introducing it to you; and without the introduction, you would have no idea what I am talking about, which is the only unacceptable development when speaking anecdotally. You and you all must know who is being dealt with here because how will you sit

still otherwise and not want to walk through a plate-glass door without hurting yourself. You will sit still only when the one who makes the introduction is finished with the introduction and lets us watch two people who do not know the other throw themselves off a building because they could never walk through a plate-glass door in our reality of etiquette which does not belong to Sid Vicious or Gary Oldman as Sid Vicious. But you soon learn Sid Vicious does not introduce our reality because it is Gary Oldman who is a building we must walk through, even if, like the gentleman, we turn off Sid and Nancy halfway through because we are disgusted with the fictional counterparts of Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen or the real-life counterparts we ourselves could become if we get the introduction of a gentleman who follows your famous sister to the roof of building he works at and feels impelled to save her only because he has to save himself in the process lest he follow her off the rooftop. At the very least, if he survives and she instead falls, it will make a good anecdote, he thinks. He starts wondering whether your sister is in her right mind and if she is anything like the real Nancy Spungen, someone who was not a gentle woman but perhaps did not deserve to die even if she deserved to climb eighteen flights of stairs while the elevators were still working; and to make absolutely sure of this fact, he talks your famous sister out of an imminent suicide pact, walks down eighteen flights of stairs, rents Sid and Nancy at her recommendation from the last remaining video store in the city, returns to his apartment with her, and decides to watch the second half of the movie, turning to your famous sister sitting next to him on the sofa with voluminous tears in her eyes during the final implied afterlife reunion and the end credits and saying, You know you didn't really deserve to die.



Feeling Full from Eventually Empty, 2014

One-Handed Anthology

Edited by Jennifer Adcock and Rahul Bery

One-Handed is an anthology of experimental poetry translation by Scottish and Mexican poets (and their translators into English). The focus is very much on the process of translation, whereby each pair of poets produce their own versions of the same text. Poets were encouraged to be very free, and the results are as divergent as they are exciting.

Sitting Indian Style, Giving Birth

from *One-Handed*, curated by Jennifer Adcock and Rahul Bery

Carla Faesler and Sue Burke

What really starts me off is that
the sun makes me kneel probing like a dentist
digging out roots

I am split
on his hooks
humbled

She rolls across the apartment floor
kneels before her husband and hugs him
his knees press on her belly
rejection roars like a hurricane
headstand in a lotus flower
her thighs watch the moon close
its only eyelid

they
drive
into
a tempest
the sharpest mind
closed
by
so
a
whirlwind is
released

60 neighbors ask about the anesthesia
antiseptic containers of progress
flattened

perhaps
sleeping
a wink
numbed!

(I recall Diego's blue-green figures in *The Arrival*
of Cortés his formless swollen knees)

remembering
key people
informed

They put the child in the "eye of the storm" and he
spoke
from the first day
with his eyes innocently pointing

the center of
attention
torment
from

The snow outside fell faster, a shroud
we watched it together

outside
we were
together
all around

My boy my dearest
I told him I wanted to weep when I saw you
And he knew which part of me meant nothing

looking in
and knew
I saw you
part of me

Hero Pose (Virasana)

from *One-Handed*, curated by Jennifer Adcock and Rahul Bery

Kathrine Sowerby

All I really know is the sun
scratching through my jeans
at the knees like dental hooks:
Espantapajara's arthritic roots.

She rolls on the wooden floor,
kneels before her husband, embracing
his legs, her stomach tightening.
No heaving, howling hurricane
in her head; she sits in lotus.
Her thighs face the moon,
its blinking eye.
Why copy next door's stupor,
their sterile containers,
and weary progress?

(I remember descriptions, the colour
of Diego's bruised and swollen knees.)

The child was the "Eye of the Storm" and spoke
from daylight with bright, upturned eyes.

Enlutecia, the snow outside sped up,
the umbilical cord lay twisted like wet socks
and salamanders.

62

Child,
my darling. I wanted to mourn when I saw you.

And he knew then, how much of me was worthless.

Cuchillo

from *One-Handed*, curated by Jennifer Adcock and Rahul Bery

Paula Abramo and Lucy Greaves

*The dictionary is the universe. It drools explanations,
but at first sight it is stupefying, like the bustle of large unknown cities.*

Raul Pompeia

It wasn't clear
if they were glorifying
or recording themselves
or just drooling
but they were, in any case,

stupefying.

So,
at first sight,
the winding alleys of Lexico
City.

I,
first of all,
lived in a house called cuchillo.

The word cuchillo drooled
at the edges,
the brand new tongue
poked out through the fresh cut
licking soft fat
and milk
and games in bed from
the corners. It was a house
made of silver, with blades that recorded, crawled
drooled
in a room, at seven
pm, in that neighbourhood
called San Miguel Chapultepec.

It was a cuchillo. It wasn't a curved knife, it was
a cuchillo, it wasn't
a machete, it was
a blunt breakfast knife, a cuchillo
for spreading honey on bread,
but it cut,
the first
word
I said in another tongue.

It was a serrated blade, the word
had minute teeth,
it cut
like a plough marking the boundaries
of a piece of land:

on this side of the wall is cuchillo (but
it's not polite to wield
a cuchillo
when others are around), on that side

are the streets and
their dandies and their Indians,
and
the real cuchillos, the
knives of this world, but the cuchillo
stays at home.

It is
the house: the book on the shelf, the bedtime
story, cut

66 by the cuchillo, by a wall
of silence:
the cuchillo buttering
our daily bread.



What I Do is What I Do from *Eventually Empty*, 2014

My Room's Wall

D.M. Aderibigbe

when my grandmother shouts
with husk of cashew in corners
of her mouth, I shift

my bed closer to heaven. I see
God's face every morning.
On the wall of my room,

68

Damascus crumbles.
Morsy loses his tongue
into the cannons of the army

Egypt enriches the Red Sea
with red water dripping
out of the dead screams.

A train in Quebec rides
Over 15 thoughts
into forgetfulness.

How about the other 35
voices that go AWOL?
Beirut and Kabul are founded

on the same day. Do
not ask me to elucidate
that to you. Ask the geniuses

who made explosives that have left
many bodies burning
righteously, like churches set ablaze

by opinionated opposites
of the Christians in Northern sphere
Of Nigeria - In my backyard.

My backyard is simmering in the hands
of Boko Haram. God! This morning
I come, admonishing you to bless

me with chronic blindness when I turn
to the wall of my room.

Dark Odes

D.M. Aderibigbe

*On April 15 2014, 234 girls were abducted from Chibok Government Secondary School in Borno, Nigeria, by a terrorist group, Boko Haram. As at the time of this poem, the girls are not yet found.

i

The morning rings at the entrance

To my dream -- my eyes open

Like a twin-gate: on the screen --

71

A line of numbers dances

with my sister's name: her 12-year-old voice

wavers -- her skin is starving from my palms.

How breakable a young heart

Is, once the world becomes their own.

ii

My radio spurts confusion

Into the morning: two thirty four young

Voices plucked out of the day's eyes

With guns and grits,

Their cries stuffed inside our agape

mouths -- voices learning how to shape

72

The future into sizes of their hearts.

In Borno, chalkboards

of their empty

Classrooms are filled with dirges --

Below the moon drifting above their huts,

Odes written with parents' mouths

for the girls, slipping

Out of their bloodlines.



The Same Way from Eventually Empty, 2014

(Spill-O Eludes His Engine)

Colin Dodds

That white-hot, unreasonable core
made sick by food, repulsed by beauty,
snickering at sex, impossible to comfort, failed by ideas,
disgusted at having been teased
into dubious existence in the body,
in the senses, under the scrutiny of petty consciousness—

It is Spill-O, but not his friend.
Every small escape It can win
destroys him a little
and makes him hungry for more.

The sun is his witness protection agency.
Under its watch,
Spill-O can pretend not to hear,
when called by his real name.

The day clatters past with vodka drinks,
men gathered around a dice table
and orange prescription bottles.

It's a prison made of freedom,
creation rising up only to say
that no,
it wasn't lookin at nothin.

76 The night is an appeals court.
Spill-O's testimony is overthrown there.
The moon sets his enemy free.

(The Audience for Spill-O's Engine)

Colin Dodds

With a wrath and rationalization,
and a disdain for the way
basic human needs latch onto and subvert
every waking moment
Spill-O's Engine sings on
with a breath of burning motor oil.

The lukewarm lean in to hear the curses,
to cluck at the shabby clothes,
lap at the rage and absoluteness
of a heart eating itself out
and mostly to hear
the thrashing, horrible songs of their own hearts
from a safe distance.

(Spill-O Undercover)

Colin Dodds

Spill-O overheard the grand design back in April,
when he was undercover,
posing as a ceramic hobo clown.

His styrofoam cup was a bottle opener,
his belly was a lamp and his face was a knife.

78

Spill-O would sleep and sing songs
when you rubbed his crotch.
He was only \$14.95 and shipping was included.



Living Forever from Eventually Empty, 2014

Tom's Secret Life as a Horse

Jay Merrill

Tom is a City worker who has this other persona as a horse. He doesn't know how it happened but the horse just kind of appeared one day when he was sitting at his desk in the office on Threadneedle Street. Now it's here to stay. You could say the horse is his other half, his secret friend. Since taking up with the horse things have been quite different in his life. He used to be serious, he used to be a workaholic, at weekends a stay-at-home, now that's all changed. And the horse is unpredictable. This is frightening but fun.

80 Friday's E for escape, for ecstatic release. Everybody in a routine has to have a way of getting out of it, from time to time. Getting out of time. On Friday nights he's free of everything. But the horse in him gets a funny feeling, what you might call a nasty feeling. Friday is the night you're allowed to be free. Every Friday. Every Friday? Hell, he doesn't like that, it's the opposite of what he's looking for. The horse in him believes in free choice. He's a bit of a rebel, a questioning animal. But wait, Tom says. Wait a minute, can't you, damn it, arguing with himself as usual. It's you that got me into this Friday-night-is-freedom mentality in the first place. I never used to look at things in that way. The trouble with the horse is that it's always in two minds about everything and is changeable with a Capital C. Tom never knows where he is. Right now, the horse has totally switched off and just can't hear him. The horse isn't a good listener, it must be said. Tom

shouts out loud to get his point across. I love Fridays and it's your fault!

Friday night is clubbing night. Friday night is ecstasy night. Clip-clop. Clip-clop! The horse takes his medicine, feels like dancing. Tom feels like dancing. A harmony of purpose for once. A Friday night to die for. Life is really happening for them. They've arrived at the Weekend. It's the weekend which makes the everyday worthwhile, makes it bearable. Tom gets stuck into the dance. His head is racing, his head is a burnished bright thing, strangely alien. He sees it glowing like a fireball through the feet of the crowd as they dance, through the feet as they dance. Should be on his shoulders, firmly fixed there, but it seems to have fallen somewhere along the way, it seems to be somewhere else. His head is furry with two pointed ears, a white blaze down the nose. It's a lantern, it's a thousand flecks of light. It's gone altogether. Come back!

81

Tom sees the meaning of E. It goes: Eeeeeeeeeeeee. Inside his brain it goes, Eeeeeeeeeeeee. He squeals with the voice of the horse. A quaver in the middle somewhere, a wiggly line with dimension. A high pitched whinny. A horse of course, what else could he be? The horse is him, he is the horse. He's in love with himself now, he's a gorgeous palomino – consider that slinky silver tail. Dancing on the floor, his feet clamouring for more than he can take. C is for Clubbing. More than anything he can take. E for E. E, more E. Give me water, the horse calls out. It's a night of early hours.

Monday lunchtime, going down the tapas bar. Tom and a few pals from the office. They sit on stool-like seats round a fish-shaped table. Little dishes are spread along the scaly top with bits of this and that. Tom is sticking to aubergine and spicy potato but the whiff of cooked meat gets into his nostrils, makes him gag. His mouth makes a puckered throwing up movement, but he controls himself; they're talking about the weather. His subject. Rainfall, he says, Relief or orographic?

Raises a laugh. He seems to have made a coded sexual allusion, and he tries to laugh too, experimenting with being popular.

82

There's a gravyish smell in the air he's trying to unthink, it's unsettling his secret friend the horse.

The horse says, Get me out of here.

Tom ignores this inner demand, tries staring at the wall to keep himself steady. Because he can feel his feet moving. His feet are kind of tumbling forward; right there under the table, they're making little running motions. He tries to stop them, tries keeping his eyes fixed on the wall, starts telling a joke he didn't know he knew. Everybody laughs, he'd no idea how easy it is to be funny. Part of him's enjoying himself, the other part is desperate to run away. Somebody's offering him a dish of meat.

Oh no, get it away from me, he's saying inside, or the horse is. Sometimes Tom hardly knows if it's himself or the horse that's doing the talking.

The wall he's fixed his eyes on is starting to rock a bit, strange thing. As if it's going to fall forward right on top of him, and going to crush him. Help! It's started to shimmer as if he's seeing it through a film of water vapour. Clouds are forming in front of his eyes. The clouds are about to burst, there's going to be a storm. He jumps up suddenly from the table and one or two of the little dishes tip over the side, go crack onto the tiled floor, ooze juices. Distantly, through the low lying cloud formation he hears screams, shouts, the click of feet running across the tiles. But he's up and away, the wall's not going to hold him in, rain or no rain. Tom darts up the steps to the street and then bolts down Fish Street Hill in the direction of the Monument, takes a sharp left down Lower Thames Street, going as if the devil is at his heels. Devil! Tom doesn't believe in any devil. But the horse does. Bumps into a wall, falls, cracks his head on the floor – there's blood. The horse smells the blood, drives him wild. Wild! They go careering into traffic.

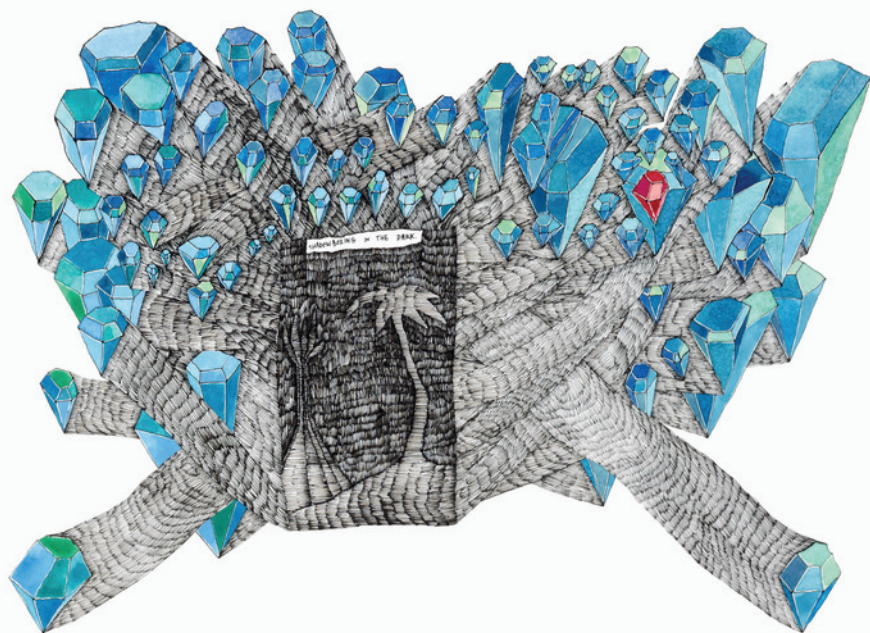
83

Tom's wondering what he's going to say when he gets back to the office. Tell them he was having a fit? Tell them it was the food? Tell them he saw something terrible? Tell them it was the horse not him?

No, not that, they'd think he was a loony. Doesn't want to give them the wrong idea, does he. He gets back to the building, cleans his face a bit. Looks in the mirror, could be worse. Still doesn't know what he's going to tell them though. He walks through the general office to his loose-box. What he wouldn't give now for a nice bit of straw to crash on. But he warns himself

he'd better drop that train of thought right away. Couple of the lunch crowd look in on him, seems they think he was on something. He gets a few winks here and there, doesn't have to say a thing. Increases his rising popularity if anything. Man of mystery.

The horse gets Tom into situations but luck is riding on his side.



Shadow Boxing from Eventually Empty, 2014

Contributors

Paula Abramo was born in Mexico City and studied Classics at UNAM, where she has taught Brazilian literature. She has translated literary works from Portuguese, and she is the author of the poetry collection *Fiat Lux*, which tells of the migration stories of her family from different regions of Europe to Brazil.

Jennifer Adcock is a translator and poet working in English and Spanish under the pseudonym Juana Adcock, and her first poetry collection, *Manca*, was published in Mexico earlier this year.

D. M. Aderibigbe was born in Lagos, Nigeria. He graduates in 2014, with an undergraduate degree in History and Strategic Studies from the University of Lagos. His work appears in *Hotel Amerika*, *Rio Grande Review*, and *B O D Y*. He's been nominated for the 2014 Best New Poets Anthology.

Tedd Ivar Anderson graduated from University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign with a BFA in Painting. He currently works as a Conservation Technician for Duke University. When he is not rebinding books, he is approximating meaning through language and hatching a piece of paper with an ink pen in an obsessive manner. More information at www.teddanderson.org

Diana Arterian is the author of *Death Centos* (Ugly Duckling Presse), and her writing and translation have appeared or are forthcoming in *Aufgabe*, *Black Warrior Review*, and *The Volta*, among others. <http://dianaarterian.com>

Rahul Bery is a literary translator and teacher of modern languages. He has translated Cesar Aíra, Enrique Vila-Matas and Pola Oloixarac and his work has been published in *The White Review*.

Sue Burke was born in Milwaukee, Wis., and moved to Madrid, Spain, in 2000, where she works as a writer and translator. Her work ranges from journalism to fiction and poetry, and she has most recently been published in *Asimov's Science Fiction*, *tinywords*, *Seven By Twenty*, *World Haiku Review*, and *Uncle John's Bathroom Reader: Flush Fiction*. More about her is at <http://www.sue.burke.name>

Colin Dodds grew up in Massachusetts and completed his education in New York City. He's the author of several [novels](#), including [WINDFALL](#) and [The Last Bad Job](#), which the late Norman Mailer touted as showing "something that very few writers have; a species of inner talent that owes very little to other people." Dodds' screenplay, *Refreshment*, was named a semi-finalist in the 2010 American Zoetrope Contest. His poetry has appeared in more than a hundred publications, and has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize. He lives in Brooklyn, New York, with his wife Samantha. You can find more of his work at thecolindodds.com.

Carla Faesler is a poet and writer. She won the Gilberto Owen National Literature Award in 2002 for her book *Anábasis Maquet* and writes regularly for newspapers and cultural magazines, including *Casa del Tiempo*, *Complot*, *El Financiero*, *El Huevo*, *Gatopardo*, *La Jornada*, *Periódico de Poesía*, *Reforma*, and *Revista Universidad de México*. She was born in Mexico City.

Lucy Greaves translates from Portuguese, Spanish and French. She studied French and Spanish at Cambridge University, and has an MA in Literary Translation from the University of East Anglia. She lived and

worked in Colombia, Peru, Chile and Switzerland, picking up Portuguese by unconventional means while teaching Brazilians to ski, and is currently based in Bristol. She won the 2013 Harvill Secker Young Translators' Prize and during 2014 she has been Translator in Residence at the Free Word Centre. Her translations of Eliane Brum's *One Two* and Mamen Sánchez's *Happiness is a Cup of Tea with You* are forthcoming in late 2014 and early 2015 respectively, and her work has been published by *Granta* and *Words Without Borders*, among others.

Jay Merrill is a writer based in London UK. She is the winner of the Salt Short Story Prize with her story "As Birds Fly" which is now included in the *Salt Anthology of New Writing 2013*. Her two recent short story collections *God of the Pigeons* and *Astral Bodies* (both Salt), were nominated for the Frank O'Connor Award and Edge Hill Prize. She is currently working on a collection of flash fiction stories about homeless characters, the first four of which were published as a mini-series in *The Big Issue*. The latest, "Ikechi," is Story of the Week in *SmokeLong Quarterly* (April 28-May 5 2014). Stories are forthcoming or are in current issues of *Spork*, *Citron Review*, *Blue Lake Review*, *Eunoia Review* and *The Legendary*. Jay is just completing a novel assisted by an Award from Arts Council England. Since 2011 she has been Writer in Residence at Women in Publishing.

Forrest Roth holds a Creative Writing Ph.D. from the University of Louisiana at Lafayette and will begin teaching at Marshall University in the Fall of 2014. His work has appeared in *NOON*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Juked*, *Sleepingfish*, *Caketrain*, *Upstairs at Duroc*, and other journals. He is also the author of a novella, *Line and Pause* (BlazeVOX Books), and a prose poem chapbook, *The Sullen Pages* (Little Red Leaves). "Five Introducers" is taken from a manuscript in progress, with excerpts forthcoming in *Heavy Feather Review* and *alice blue review*. Links can be found at www.forrestroth.blogspot.com.

Kathrine Sowerby is a Glasgow based poet with a background in fine art. A graduate of Glasgow School of Art's MFA programme and Glasgow University's MLitt in Creative Writing, her poems have been widely published and awarded prizes including a New Writers Award from the Scottish Book Trust. Kathrine makes *fourfold*, a curated journal of short poetry. kathrinesowerby.com

Andy Stallings lives in New Orleans with Melissa Dickey and their three children. His first book, *To the Heart of the World*, will be out in the fall with Rescue Press.

Sarah Tourjee is the author of the chapbook, *Ghost*, published by Anomalous Press, and a manuscript titled, *Sam Says, Sam*. Her short fiction and prose can be found in *Quarterly West*, *Conjunctions*, *H_NGM_N*, *PANK*, *Spork*, *Wigleaf*, and elsewhere. She lives online at sarahtourjee.wordpress.com and on land in Providence, RI.

Anomalous Press

launched in March of 2011 as a non-profit press dedicated to the diffusion of writing in the forms it can take. Its backbone is an editorial collective from different backgrounds and geographies that keep an eye out for compelling projects that, in any number of ways, challenge expectations of what writing and reading should be.

Anomalous has its sights set on publishing literary text, advancing audio forms and creation, and supporting all sorts of alternative realities of the near future. The online publication is available in both visual and audio forms on various platforms. In March of 2013, Anomalous launched its first round of print chapbooks, available at <http://www.anomalouspress.org/chapbooks.php>

Erica Mena, Rachel Trousdale, Shannon Walsh

Katie Hargrave, David Emanuel, Ron Spalletta,

Sarah Kosch, Isabel Balee

Rebecca Merrill, Alex Diskin

Sarah Seldomridge

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