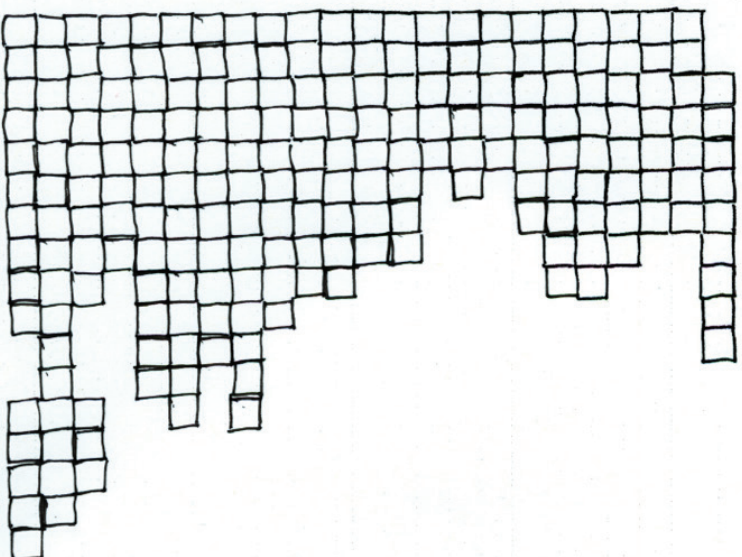


Anomalous 5



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Cover: Drawn Boxes #115 by Greg Hayes

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CONTRIBUTORS

ANOMALOUS PRESS

No Punctuation Birthday

Russell Jaffe

I wrote these Mad Libs poems and now present them to you. You accept. For a second, you may not be sure what to do. But we have a blood-stained genetic memory of not really knowing what to do, culturally speaking. Now fill in these poems (if you do it on at www.anomalouspress.org your mad-lib poem will live forever published on our blog on the interwebs). You have nothing to fear but you itself. Fear yourself. Have fun!

-RUSSELL

significant memory in which you carry yourself

vessel

critical documentation/documents

small age

neighborhood park

suburban streets/grass dew/traffic cone

fear

lowercase emotion

environmental phenomena

something

lowercase dissonance variation

terrible noise like when you realize for the first time that helium balloons
pop/the kind of elation when helium balloons do that thing to your voice/
both of them together

selfish organ, plural

mortal lack

sky or body

Happy birthday: Your

(significant memory in which you carry yourself)

Be a _____ of _____, but today you're air.
(vessel) (critical documentation/documents)

I am not here in the fuzzed VHS-ness of _____ the baby teeth family
(small age)

camera lens birthday parties in _____, so deal with it.
(neighborhood park)

I am not here in the junction of _____ mist
(suburban streets/grass dew/traffic cone)

where _____ is what _____ baby teeth in wet park benches do to
(fear) (lowercase emotion)

_____. Therefore, upon careful reflection, deal with it.
(environmental phenomena)

I compare _____ to the kind of _____ you feel
(something) (lowercase dissonance variation)

when you realize a

(terrible noise like when you realize for the first time that helium balloons pop/a

the kind of elation when helium balloons do that thing to your voice/both of them

_____ happens on your better nights entrusted to analog recordings and
together)

basement boxes like the bag of _____ you were.
(selfish organ, plural)

So happy birthday. But for want of the _____ the
(mortal lack)

_____ is already dying.
(sky or body)

Giant Caterpillar Sleepover Party

Russell Jaffe

filling

Giant Caterpillar Sleepover Party

Goodbye, dark green dark. Party time. You looked like a caterpillar in your sleeping bag, so we hit you with pillows until you claimed the zipper hit you in the tooth and that's why you cried. Like a moth in the dark you threatened to walk home and take in your surroundings as you did. Cool off, you cocoon gnasher you. There's only one road in or out, buddy. We are so brave to hop loops around you laughing. We put on monster masks and chased you into the streets. When you couldn't hop in your bag you rolled, legs kicking for something to hold struggling on to. You bite, you grow, we chanted. We dragged you back to the basement and stayed up all night yelling our favorite WWF wrestler anthems and flying between dusty basement mattresses, heads cracking the track lights. We caved in the dry wall. We ate everything that looked like a leaf: Bubble Tape, Fruit Roll-Ups, fang after fang of gas station jerky. Why, why did you have to put on porn? We were 14 and when my dad would pick me up the next day, he told me about the video tape he found in the drawer next to my bed. Do I have any questions? Yes: may I stay wrapped up forever with my mouth protruding so that Capri Sun and torn shreds of better snacktime floor remains may be sacrificed to it? May I have newer, weirder landscapes now? You finally fell asleep. Everyone did. You aren't like other boys, you were worried, I said to myself. Swishing behind my teeth it was a safe and quiet thing to say. You're too big and like a cylinder. Everyone was asleep then and the TV was a lone tooth poking out of the bottom jaw of a skull no one invited. I am that sometimes. Who will be my girlfriend? Stars beyond the basement grates? The unmoved

bikes in the bushes we abandoned temporarily? Girls rolling me between their arms and legs? Girls I roll myself around pressing? Girls pressing girls around me and there'll always be saxophone and the drone of the almost-sun behind the pricier edges of the suburban woods for rich people only? I wandered to the bathroom in the red dark of the off-over-there Chicago sky vs. the tinted house in the woods windows. It may as well be the end of the world you're rolling off, you strange boy, I said to me. I'm glad you didn't hear me. 4 am. 5 am. I'm finally brave. I don't care, bring them both on. Bring on what comes next. Come on! Jerking off over the sink in the wall molding darkness: You may omit these lines if you wish. You may fill the walls with _____. You may cut these lines but you'll have your (filling)

6

own manifesto someday. Look in the mirror. Girls? Nothing but lumps against dark lumps. Chocolate ice cream scoops in Coke. Pines tipped over in the embarrassingly sequestered expensive nighttime. Rumbling nostrils of the suburban tomb our parents birthed us in locked. Lock the door. Look in the mirror. There's a WWF ring covered in blood stains. There's a silver rocket care and a lone road. There's a desert. And everything's so weird and tangled up, and it's always gonna be. Look down into the sink. It's a spike mouthed pit monster. The best monsters have no eyes. I'm back.

Wild '93

Russell Jaffe

year

crowd noises

preparedness

most secret zone w/ posters

fortress

you and the way you feel

Wild '93

Wild _____, we laughed into you like Wrestlemania and the faces and the hair that
(year)

framed faces that held big glasses and the colorful shirts. _____.
(crowd noises)

Like a WWF ring playset covered in superheroes flying, attacking, prolonged,

_____. I'll come over after the next match and I'll never stop.
(preparedness)

We're forever around. Don't kick me out of your _____.
(most secret zone w/ posters)

I don't want to drape myself in your father's nightshade of sports equipment.

I don't want to hide in your mother's medicinal tile and plant _____.
(fortress)

Just the one. But I always hated black and white tile and I always felt nauseas in

waxen spotlights. I'm always _____.
(you and the way you feel)

They saw me leave. And they asked me about school and if I'd lost weight and if I

knew even though Hulk Hogan had won the belt again. I decline in every way.

I want to be your VCR. I want to be your drop top lo-fi. I want to be your MEM like a

man. I want to kiss you like Rowdy Roddy Piper. Or not. Or.

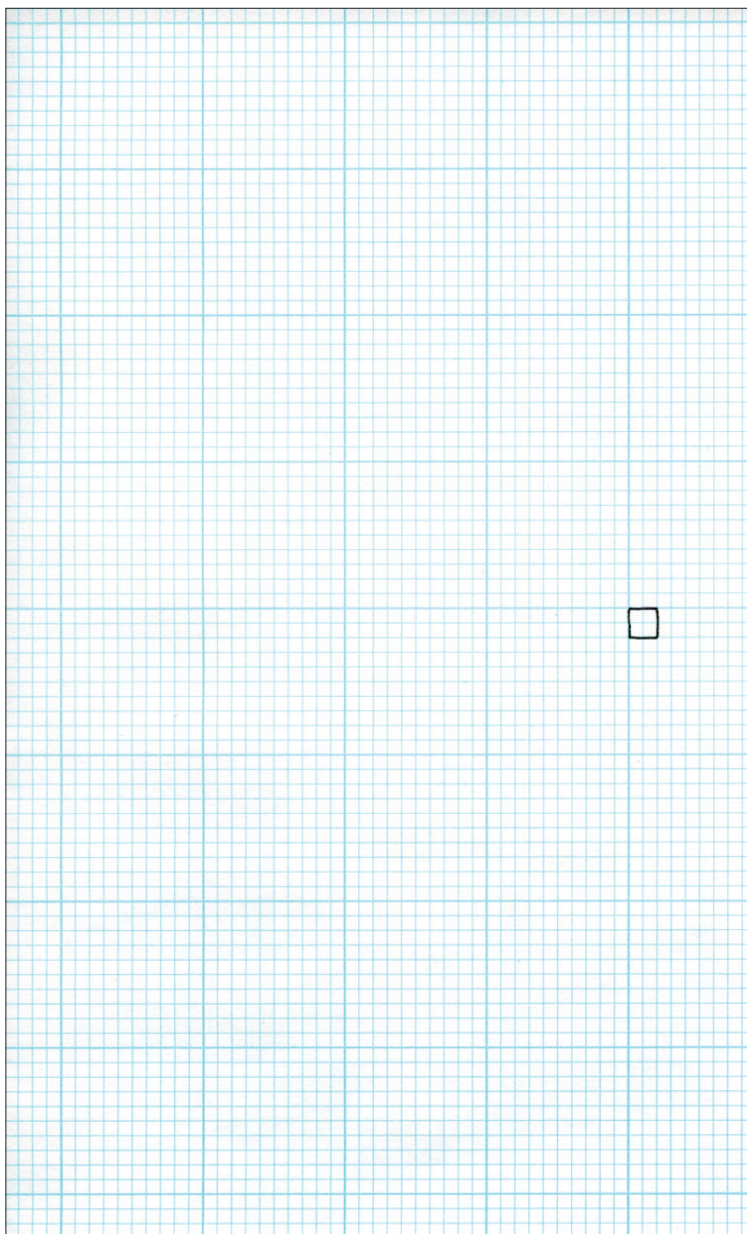
We're not

not special.

Art Feature: *Drawn Boxes*

Greg Hayes

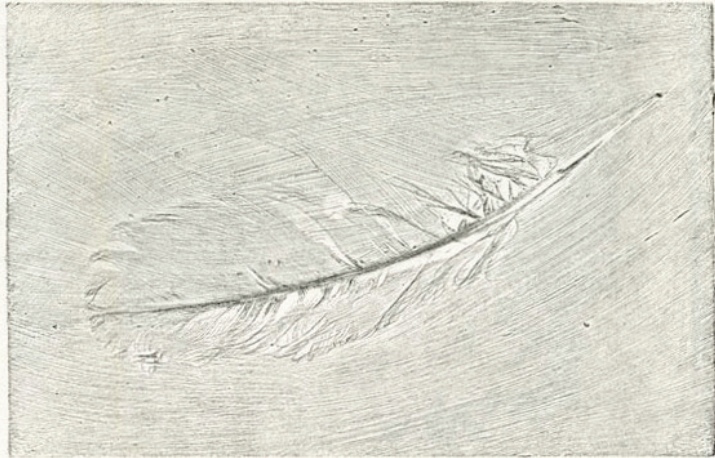
Drawn Boxes is a collection of 37 5"x8" drawings. Each drawing contains an arrangement of small drawn squares on either graph paper or on a photocopy of a previous drawing on graph paper. The title of each drawing corresponds to the number of boxes drawn on that sheet of paper, and prompts questions about what is drawn and what is copied, what is original and what has changed, what does it mean if you can't tell the difference?



Drawn Boxes 1 by Greg Hayes

One Perfect White Swan

A. Kendra Greene



The dirt path ended, an inch or two from the dumpster's lip. Just like that. No tapering, no trailing off; just the firm flat of the path now suddenly a chasm, a pit. And that pit half-full of feces, broken brooms, hypodermic needles splayed at all angles, and all the peels and rinds and bone and scrap left over from feeding an ark. Everything mixed with everything, urine-soaked newspapers and limp latex gloves. There was also, as I looked down, one perfect white swan. Dead, sure, but perfect. No sign of injury. No scent of decay. There was just the ivory mass of its body, the sinew loop of its neck. Swans are big, so big the crush of their beating wings can kill a man, and death does not diminish them.

You can't throw away a swan, I thought.

But, of course, you can.

The dirt path ended, an inch or two from the dumpster's lip. Just like that. No tapering, no trailing off; just the firm flat of the path now suddenly a chasm, a pit. And that pit half-full of feces, broken brooms, hypodermic needles splayed at all angles, and all the peels and rinds and bone and scrap left over from feeding an ark. Everything mixed with everything, urine-soaked newspapers and limp latex gloves. There was also, as I looked down, one perfect white swan. Dead, sure, but perfect. No sign of injury. No scent of decay. There was just the ivory mass of its body, the sinew loop of its neck. Swans are big, so big the crush of their beating wings can kill a man, and death does not diminish them.

12

You can't throw away a swan, I thought.

But, of course, you can.

Every Glass Flower in the Harvard Museum

A. Kendra Greene

Smashed, scaling, full of flaws:
much of the cotton of commerce is obtained
from two Mayan words meaning “bitter juice.”
The seeds yield a valuable oil,
the source of linen,
the leaves were used for tea during the American Revolution—
intensely bitter—
a remedy
against malignant fevers.

Anchovy Pear, Buena Mujer
Quebec to Minnesota

13

Cultivated as a shade tree in Cuba,
in waste places throughout,
in shady situations
in rich woods
in stagnant waters.
Native of Mexico;
Native of the Old World.
In ponds and streams
in bogs and on wet hillsides.

The juice is used to make animal flesh,
wood used for cigar boxes,
in cabinet work,
split leaves used for making hats.

Wild Succory, Common Chicory
Blue Sailors, Bunk.

Collected in 1834 by Mr. Henschman
two empty glumes
and the perfect flower,
perfect floret.
Stamens showing coalescent filaments
boat-shaped
sterile filament
fertile frond.

Fertile flower magnified 20x.
Sterile flower cut in halves.

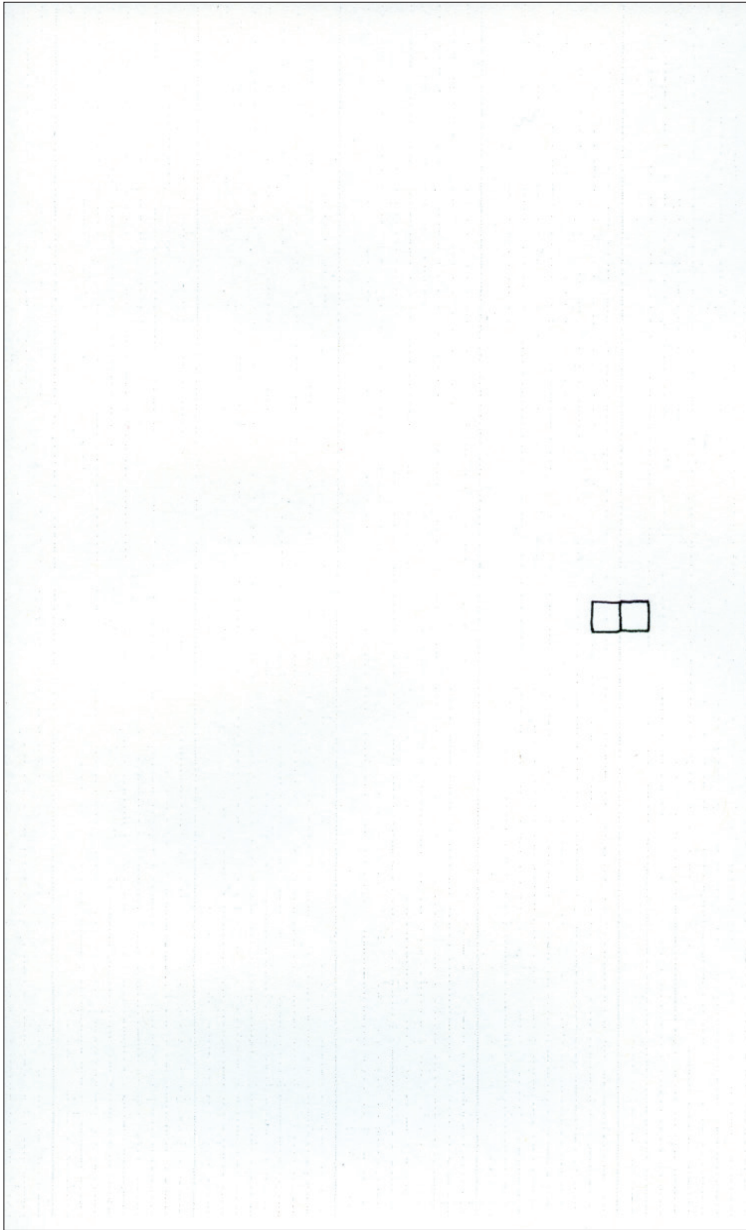
14

Escaped northward
and northward.

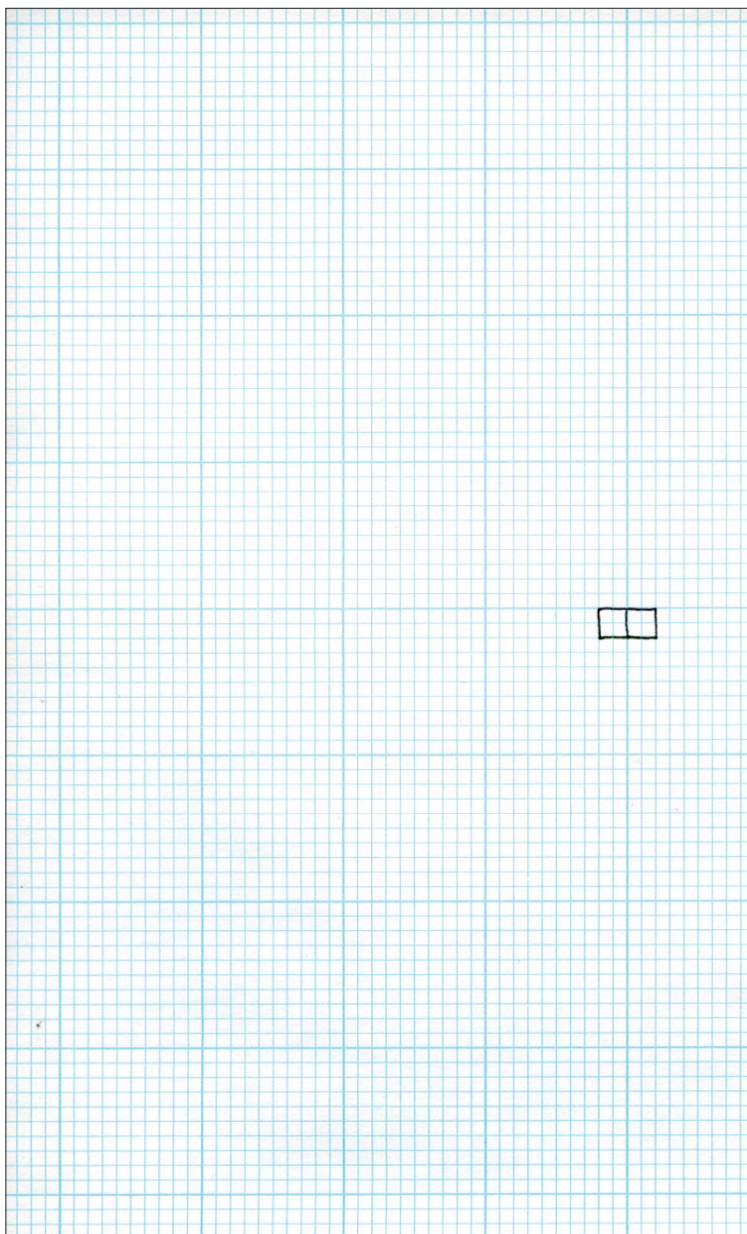
Pickled and eaten by the Spaniards,
a fragrant odor
a typical form
a cosmopolitan plant.
Larva, enlarged
hairs, much magnified
gall seen from inside, natural size.

Pride of India, Enchanter's Nightshade.
Wings. Spikelet. Keel.

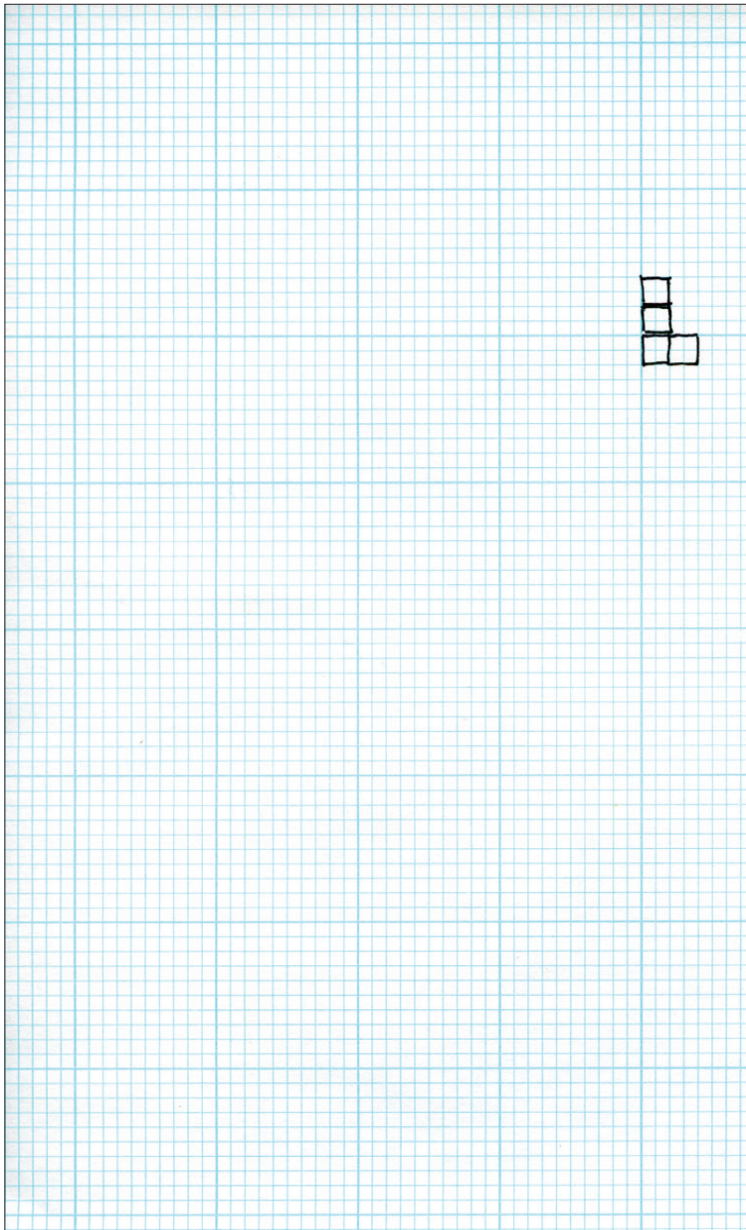
Extensively cultivated.
Apparently abundant.
Origin obscure.



Drawn Boxes 1a by Greg Hayes



Drawn Boxes 2 by Greg Hayes



Moscow

Melissa Bobe

18

It looks like Moscow, she said, softly but decisively. They'd been travelling for days and days—weeks?—and he'd never mentioned where they were headed. She never noticed signs—the daughter of the kind of people who never asked for directions, had no sense of direction, could not point out a direction to others, couldn't read a map, were prone to getting lost, didn't recognize the North Star, couldn't find where the bulk of the moss grew on the tree—and she never spoke to anyone, because they travelled late in the nighttime. Sex, when they had it, happened at dawn or around what she was relatively certain was lunchtime (having been robbed of a sense of direction, nature had seen fit to give her a somewhat strong internal clock). It was brief and rough; they barely broke a sweat, picked a position and stayed with it, and she often gazed out the window for the duration, both to help the time pass and because she was curious to see if people everywhere were the same. So far, this seemed to be the case.

She'd never been to Moscow, so she had no memory with which to compare what she was seeing. She felt him come, and then he rolled off her back and walked to the bathroom. She heard him brushing his teeth.

I'm sure it could be Moscow, she said. Everyone outside was wearing a warm coat; there were many stray dogs, for a single street. She didn't remember being on a plane, but it was possi-

ble. Travel seemed to her an unremarkable thing, and she overlooked much of it by drifting off into her own thoughts.

Once, when they were at a fair, she and her mother lost each other and themselves. She had been looking for the caged animals, and instead found herself in front of a mirror maze. Even at such a young age, she knew how dangerous it would be for a person with no sense of direction to go into a maze of mirrors. She saw a woman and a little boy of about her age coming out of the maze, and approached them without hesitation.

Are you lost? the woman asked.

My mother is, too.

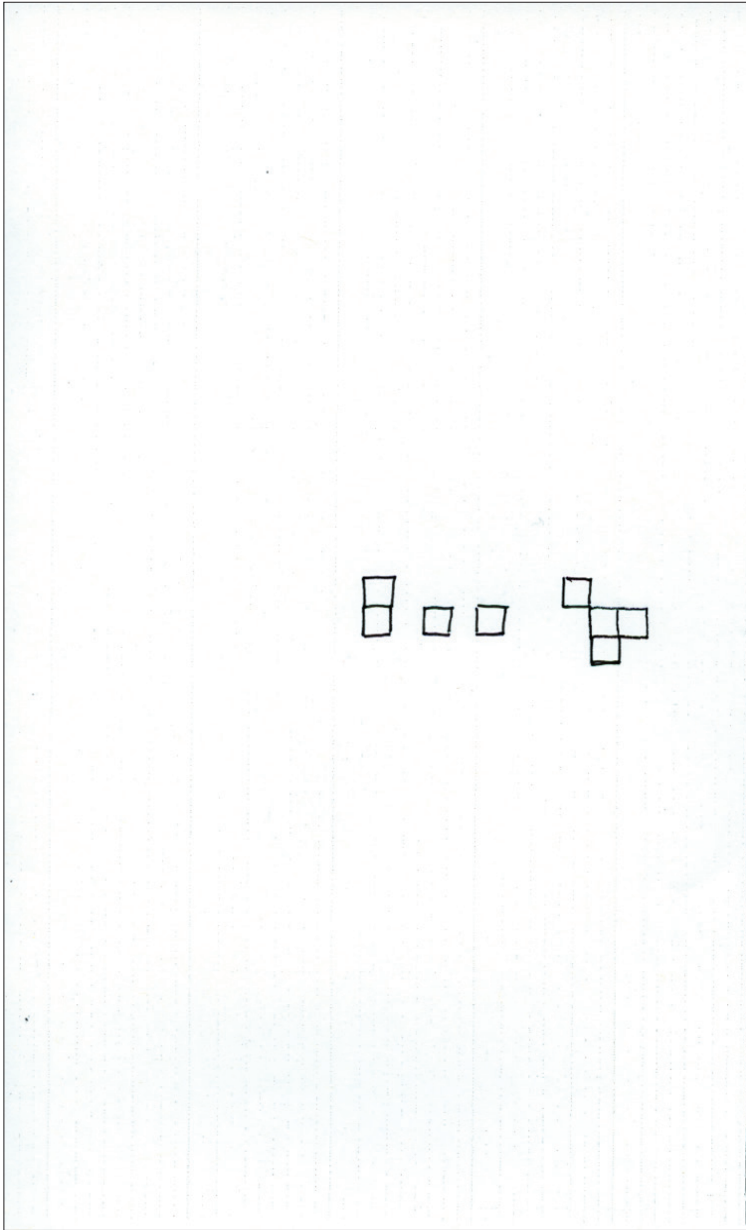
They walked all around the fair until they found her mother, wringing her hands and chewing her bottom lip. A monkey in a nearby cage followed suit.

19

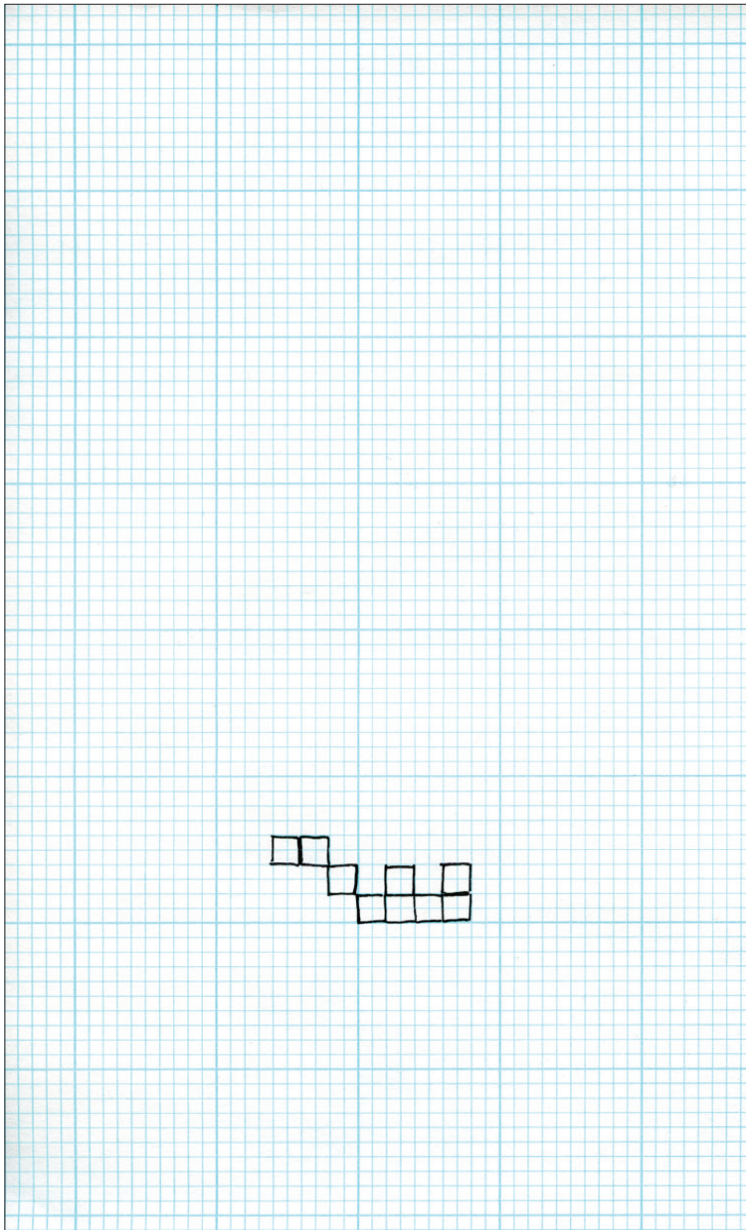
Her mother embraced her, the smell of her perfume strong, mixed with fearful, anxious sweat.

I was looking for the fortune-teller, her mother offered as an explanation. What were you looking for, sweetie?

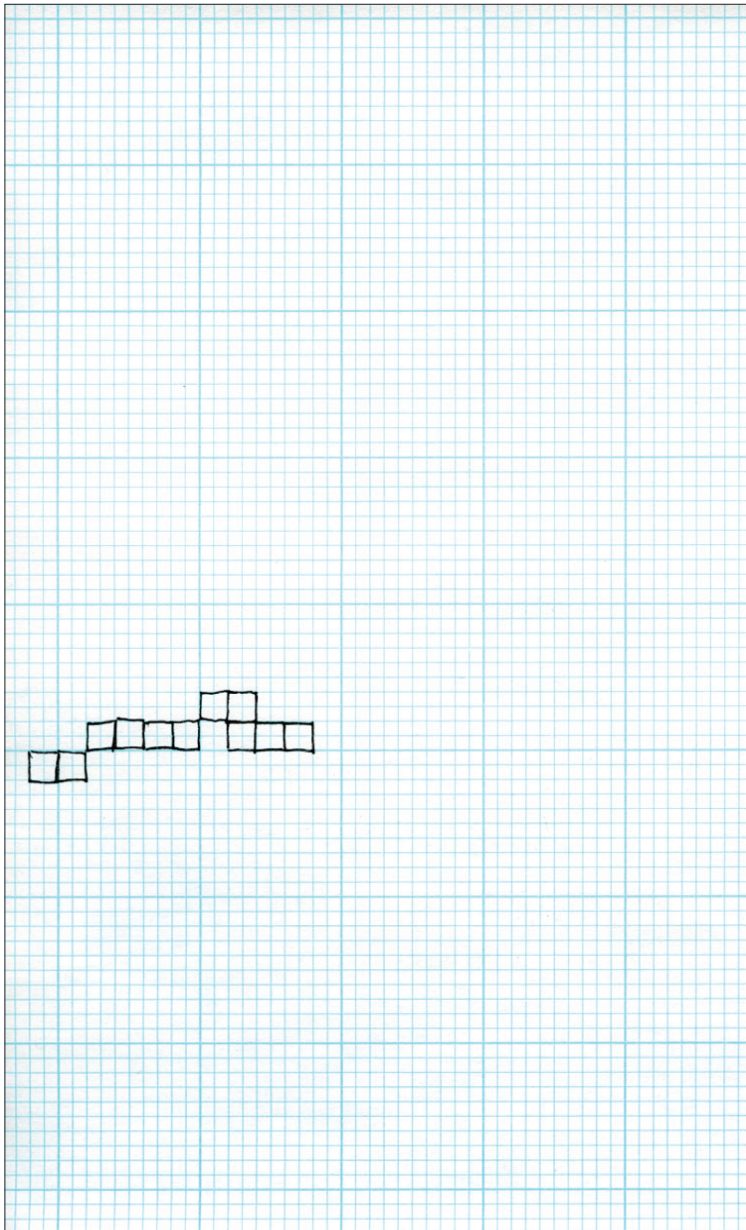
She watched the monkey shake the bars of his cage violently, screaming at her, vicious and jealous. Tears of shame blurred her vision; she couldn't see her mother anymore. All that was left was the scent of her.



Drawn Boxes 6 by Greg Hayes



Drawn Boxes 9 by Greg Hayes



Drawn Boxes 11 by Greg Hayes

from Jorge: Sangre del Mar

Joseph Mains and Donald Dunbar

Jorge was an animal who fell in love with air.
Jorge, an aspiring ricochet endlessly in the upper limits of
atmosphere
breathe, said Jorge to himself. Jorge said mimetically in his
interior.
All his souls and his bones and cells began to develop holes, oh
Jorge...

*

Jorge was in walgreens and stuffed a bobblehead Jorge inside his
toolkit.
Inside his backpack and inside his shirt, Jorge was a masterpiece
hungry for his nighttime meds and wishing the best to all
himself.
All the best civilizations toiled in misery for Jorge, berry-eater.

*

Justices simple, Jorge says, justices english
and turns a colorblind face cityscape-blue.
I'm in love with my face on every child, my womb of blood and
ricepaper fueling the hemisphere.

The juice of lemon yields a nose, a look, a justice so divine only
english could render its glory.

*

It's acceptance Jorge wasn't and a rind of blood orange in the
hymen tea makes Jorge happy it's how
equally I think of you turning flowers on their stem, she panders
in german.

The stamen sunk full fathom; we are all beautiful and blonde and
liberal and kind she in a foreign tongue speaks
kissing the kool-ade, ich dich eine Jorge auch, each.

24

*

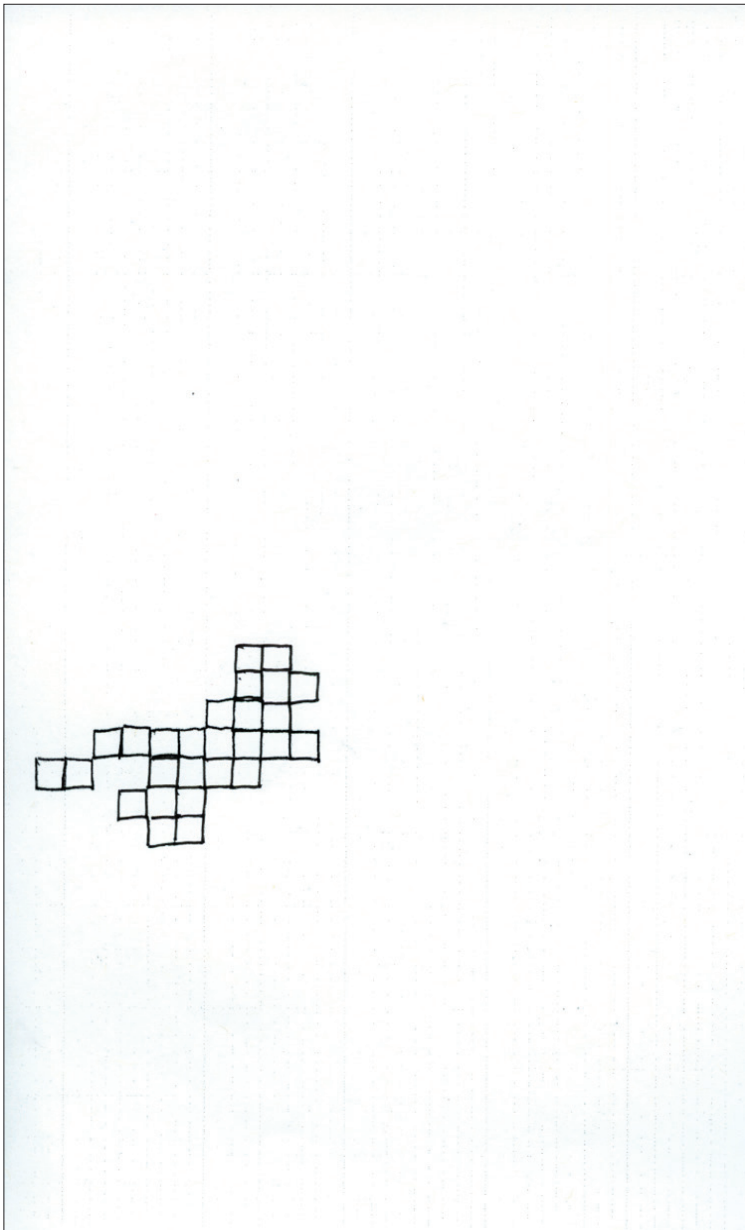
There's a forest in Jorge, a forest of pines buildings and shoots of
pleasure growing & kool-ade
boiling, meat boiling, muttering je ne se etceteras in spanish in
Jorge a forest
a forest just asking for cowboys & disease & gat-rot & prayer.
Poor Jorge,
berry-eater, misses his target, guts his only begotten son.

*

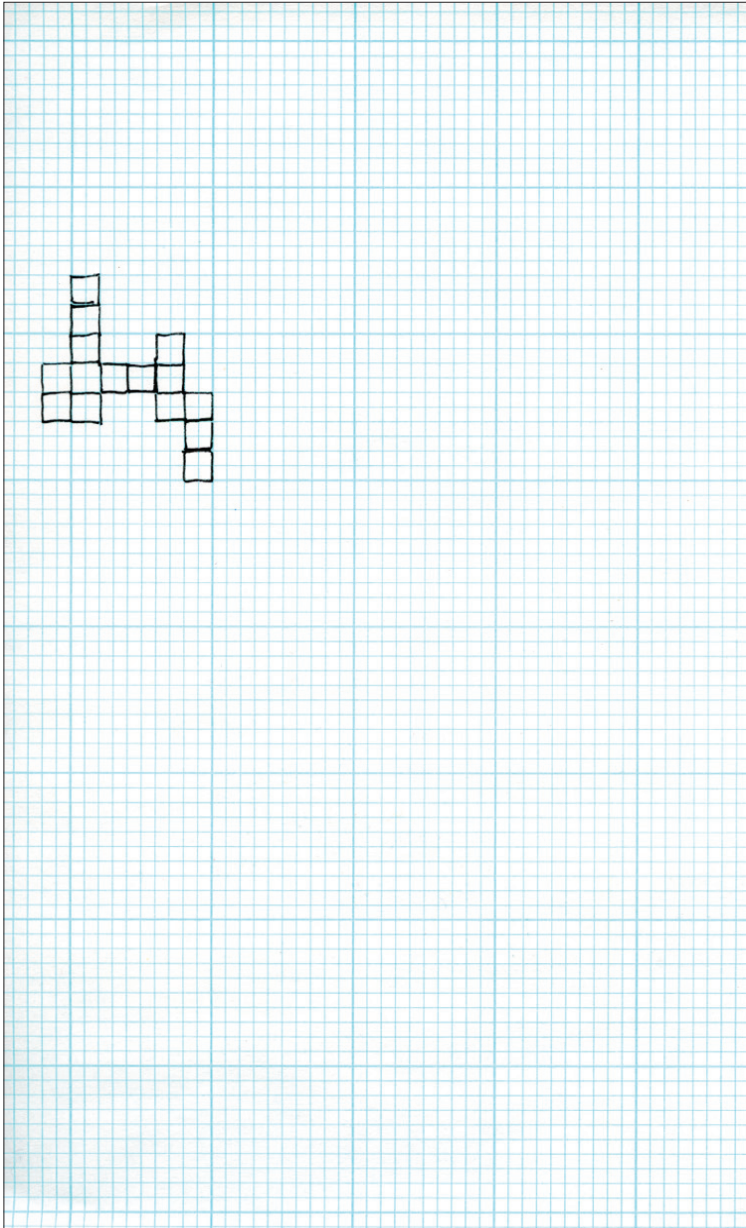
My bed meets you in a similar way that I do—when I can't have
my eyelids I have
the gray of truth, the security of relapse, the unwound testicle as
floss to the gods
and my prayer thru the visualizer. It sounds more hopeful than it
is, seeing light as meat
laid sweet in bedsheets. In the morning all that's wet will burn
we'll watch from inside.

*

Drying brine near basqueland, the yellowest capsules are found
by Jorge
lacking, sickly and so seafood, so mollusk Jorge
removes his kit, screws on a needle, injects his blood into
breakfast egg yolks
and the screaming seems, for a meal, only inside himself.



Drawn Boxes 12 by Greg Hayes



Drawn Boxes 14 by Greg Hayes

Octovre

D. E. Steward

“I could not shake off the impression of having been submerged
in someone’s delirium”

Like Saul Bellow’s appointment with Trotsky on the day of the
assassination, when arriving at the house after the event being
mistaken for a journalist and allowed to view the body

From Broadway in Camden, out to Kaighn Point to stare at South
Philly’s urban desolation across the river

In North Philadelphia, two-story nineteenth-century row houses,
most dilapidated now, were built for people who worked in the
riverfront factories

Immediately to the west, three-story houses for managers,
farther west the factory owners’ mansions on Broad Street

It had been our Osaka

Its present cityscape of prisons, beer distributors, bars,
abandoned row houses, muscle cars, crack and cat houses,
aluminum siding, take-out food litter and trash-pile empty lots

Here in strip-mall land we have massively destructive airstrikes
by terrorists in 767s, anthrax, the Christian Right, Washington
profiteers, bankers’ derivatives, hypocritical religious petroleum
wars

And starkly, Beuys’ *Blitzschlag mit Lichtschein auf Hirsch* at

MASS MoCA

As on the Indus in Dera Ghazi Khan, a skinny white horse moves
at a trot while harnessed between a cart's shafts

Eyes rolling, lips lifted, it rears back in terror trapped in a rolling
bank of teargas laid down by the Pakistani police against pro-
Taliban rioters

Guernica

And following 1945, there was a clear world consensus that
bombing civilians was in the league of using poison gas

But the United States has bombed civilians repeatedly in the
years since

Heavily, relentlessly, wanting to order the world

29

As Colombia is a chronic, large-scale guerilla conflict
commanded by people who are sunk in delirium, funded in the
hundreds of millions a year by North American drug users,
six hundred tons of Colombian cocaine and ten tons of heroin
annually

Recruiting the hopeless from poverty-ridden jungle villages, at
war against brutal right-wingers who are crazed by a spirit of
vengeance, according to Alma Guillermoprieto

E grusigi Weltlag

Eine grausige Weltlage

All strangely apropos of Mahler's *Titan*

Scored for two piccolos, four flutes, four oboes, English horn, four clarinets, E-flat clarinet, bass clarinet, three bassoons, contrabassoon, seven horns, five trumpets, four trombones, tuba, kettledrums, bass drum, tam-tam, cymbals, triangle, harp, and the traditional strings

Marvelous Mahler

“The main obstacle was his Jewish origins, so he accepted Catholic baptism in February 1897 and was appointed Kapellmeister at Vienna two months later”

Stupendous Shostakovich

Would be pleasant right now to be absorbed with a family of energetic Tibetan ground-jays jay hopping around the yaks and yurts

Off on the grassy plains and foothill slopes, scattered boulders and sparse bushes above the Tibetan plateau’s tree-line

Jays, behaving as jays everywhere, partial there to yak-grazed pastures and cultivated ground near monasteries and small settlements

“It is good that I did not let myself be influenced”
— Wittgenstein

Waiting outside the Basel Munster’s apse fingering the seam of temblor cracks from the great earthquake in 1356

Chilled night river fog in light from a square with chestnut trees above the Rhine exactly the site of a Roman forum

Fingering the deep-tongued fillers and shims from matching
sandstone cut to fit the cracks in the apse, tied in with iron jams
soon after the event

In the improvising manner of their delicately contrived liernes-
strung Gothic world

Thoroughly apart from our plastic- and epoxy-ordered world

Our techno-standardized numbing noisy lives

Where historical epiphanies are either intellectually-enhanced
insights or cheap commercially-induced thrills

Desencanto

But aura of place is still there within a Romanesque or Gothic
cathedral, Chinese or Greek temple, Roman ruin or Polynesian
lava boulder wall, pre-Columbian plaza or pyramid site

31

In the air hanging in a Roman arena two thousand years ago

Approach up the tunnel ramp

Come out on the sand and glimpse the sun, stare at the high
clouds, as the sky looked two thousand years ago above Arles and
Pula and Nîmes

In the motion of the air is the past, both in imagined time and
time present

In the Tour de France topping a crest to run a turn's sinus so fast
that when the peloton is gone you remember no specifics of any
rider, only their hissing passing sizzle

Like the streamlined rush of air when rounding second going for a triple

That reality

The moving air

Off from the stasis of stiff sedentaries with Roz Chast eyes who live circumscribed in place

Coexistent with the blasé insouciance of tens of thousands at any instant aloft in muttering jets, blinds down, oblivious to the verities of landscape scrolling out below

At rest perhaps too much in self-sufficing solitude

32

As though it could have been written even of our time, Haydn reached far into the future with the *Finale: Fuga a 2 soggetti* of his early F-Minor Quartet, Opus 20, No. 5

Plaintive, straining, moving directly into the remote key of A-flat minor

Ahead like the explosive second section of Schumann's *Fantasy in C Major, Opus 17* whose pianistic flares jump generations like fire shadows

Back, forward, and on, in continuous loops

The time of imagination is in no manner absolute

"Attitudes toward mountains were beginning to shift in Europe, a sign of the medieval world slowly yielding to the modern one.... Bruegel's landscape drawings, part fantasy, part faithful, seem on

the cusp of history” — Michael Kimmelman

Bruegel passed across the Alps in the 1560s within months of Thomas Platter’s last legendary trans-Alpine journey, so he and Platter could well have met in Basel or on the track across the Jura

Platter’s already modern sensibilities ranged ahead of his time and they would have had a lot to say to each other

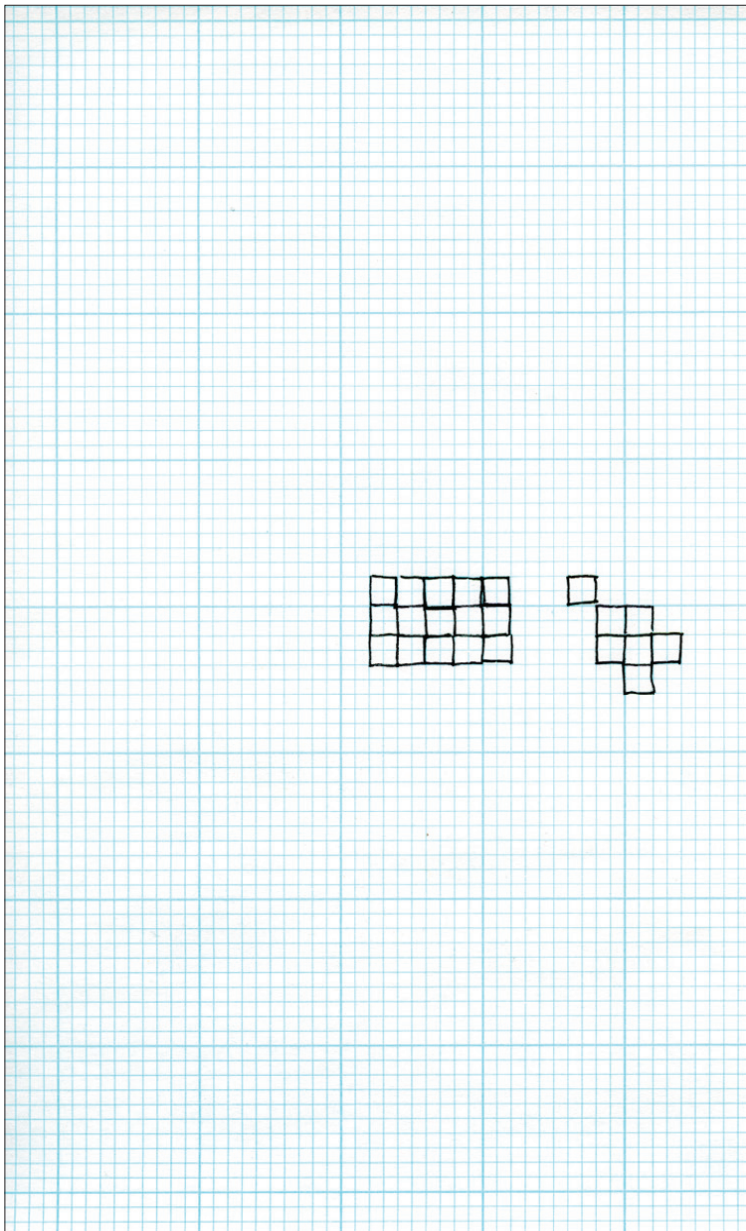
Watch a young Atlantic green turtle in a tidal pond sunning on a snag

Eerie, wonderful, its front paddle feet hanging at the ready, a frisbee-sized *Chelonia mydas mydas* glowing green

To get a seat when traveling rough on the Indian National Railways, eat meat before boarding and the smell will assure plenty of elbow room

And to get through airport security smoothly smile copiously and hold level eye contact

“Life is beautiful but the world is hell” — Antonia Fraser



Drawn Boxes 19 by Greg Hayes

The Warm Earth

Melanie Noel

<i>Not the sun dance</i>	unless	hooked to the sun	
Orange	out of bloom	bright	shrugging Other the
fanning mock orange		! . . . , he said . . .	
			Beam and rosin
	a seasonless swimming light	<i>o,</i>	
<i>Maybe I'll be a star</i>		shrugged the earth	
The sun would be everywhere in any case		blood orange the ladders	
		in orbit	

Cloud Trophy

after John Keats

Melanie Noel

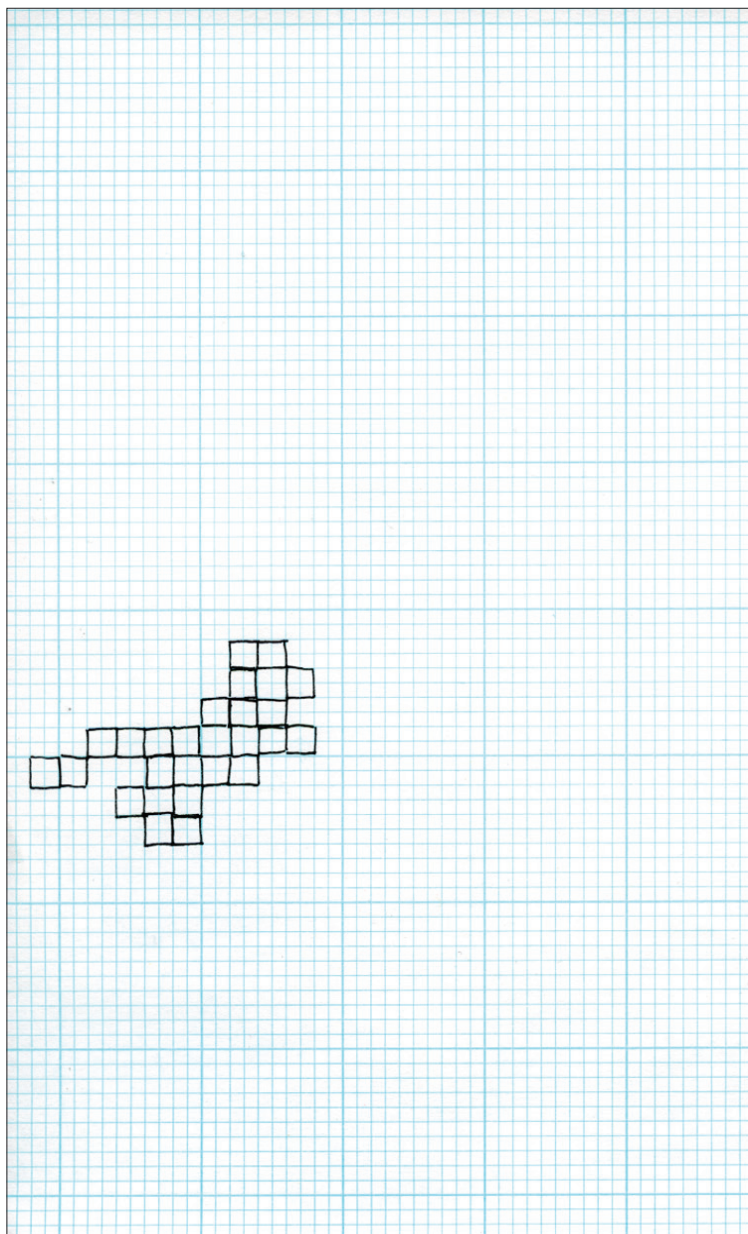
Sloth winter blue lira today more itself yesterday

Open and opener the sham dung-colored wren blameless wren

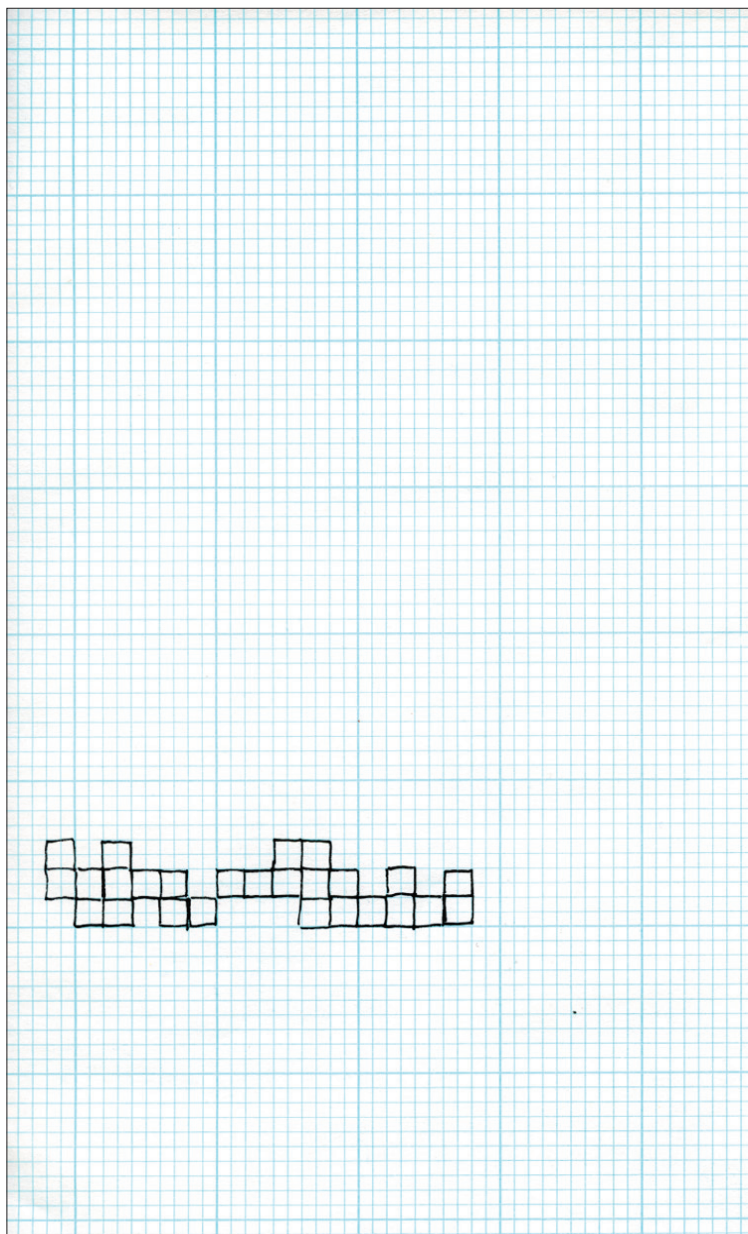
wren: knocking on the house ,fell behind earthquake

halo Gold lowing room of first, and next meridian interrogative

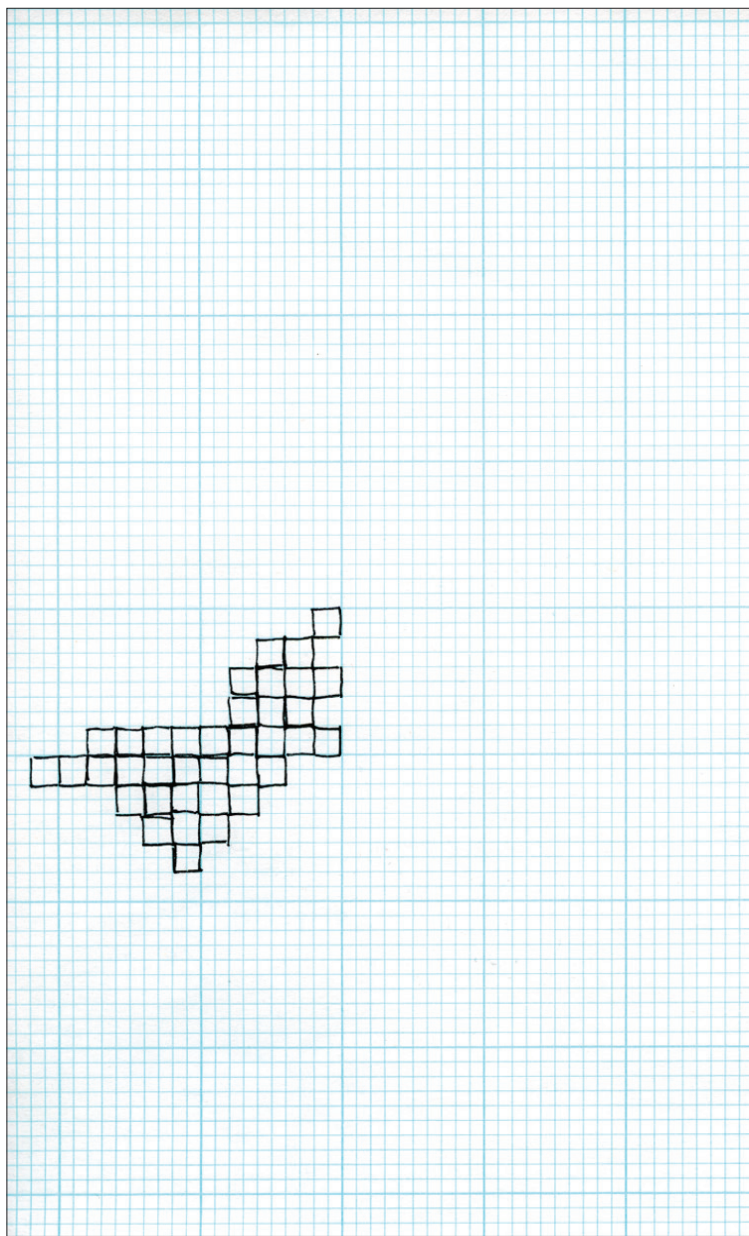
the wire doves huddled in the rain of pods camouflage of empty manes



Drawn Boxes 23 by Greg Hayes



Drawn Boxes 24 by Greg Hayes



Drawn Boxes 33 by Greg Hayes

Paper Bells

Hai-Dang Phan

translating Phan Nhiên Hạo from the Vietnamese

The paper bells hanging from the ceiling
make no sound.

Summer has begun:

I stand naked in the afternoon
in the middle of the yard watching my shadow
spray like ink from my feet,
a part of night.

A one-story house holding 60,000 gallons of gasoline.

My head is a flame
throwing open the door
to each blaze.

My spirit can't take flight:
the paper bells make no sound.

Chuông giấy

Phan Nhiên Hạo

Những chiếc chuông giấy treo trên tường
không lên tiếng được
mùa hè bắt đầu, buổi trưa tôi đứng
giữa sân trần nhìn thấy bong bóng chính tôi
như mực từ chân ụp ra một khoảng tối
căn phòng-một thùng đựng xăng sáu vạn gallons
đâu tôi là môi lửa đi vào
mở cửa
mọi sự hỏa thiêu
linh hồn vẫn không bay lên được
vì những chiếc chuông giấy không vang.

Morning at O'Hare Airport

Hai-Dang Phan

translating Phan Nhiên Hạo from the Vietnamese

Fried coffee	elastic air	buttery smell
black trash cans	music mildly jazzy	sogginess
airplanes taking off	airplanes landing	I'm not glad
escalators rolling	the crowd	compromises
rainbows of words	for advertisement	waste of color
history	on television	waste of blood
crap food	restrooms flush	noisily.

42

Buổi sáng phi trường O'Hare

Phan Nhiên Hạo

Café nướng	không khí dẻo	mùi bơ
thùng rác đen	nhạc hơi jazz	nhão nhão
máy bay lên	máy bay xuống	không mừng
thang cuốn đám	đông trôi	thỏa hiệp
câu vồng chữ	quảng cáo	phí màu
lịch sử trên	truyền hình	phí máu
đồ ăn dở	cầu dội nước	rần rần.

1858

Hai-Dang Phan

translating Phan Nhiên Hạo from the Vietnamese

The camera pans the face
of a mountain. Artificial light launched
from the cannons of warships
anchored in the gulf of Tourane
makes bats fall from the Palace ceilings
and blood redden the river Huong.

The camera's position is no accident.
In 1858 it aimed to civilize
this nation by the Seventh Art.
146 years later, we're still making
serial porn.

1858

Phan Nhiên Hạo

Máy quay phim tìm cách quay khuôn mặt
của núi. Ánh sáng nhân tạo phóng ra
từ họng đại bác chiến hạm
đậu trong vịnh Tourane
lâm dơi trên trần Đại Điện rụng xuống
và máu bắt đầu chảy đỏ sông Hương.

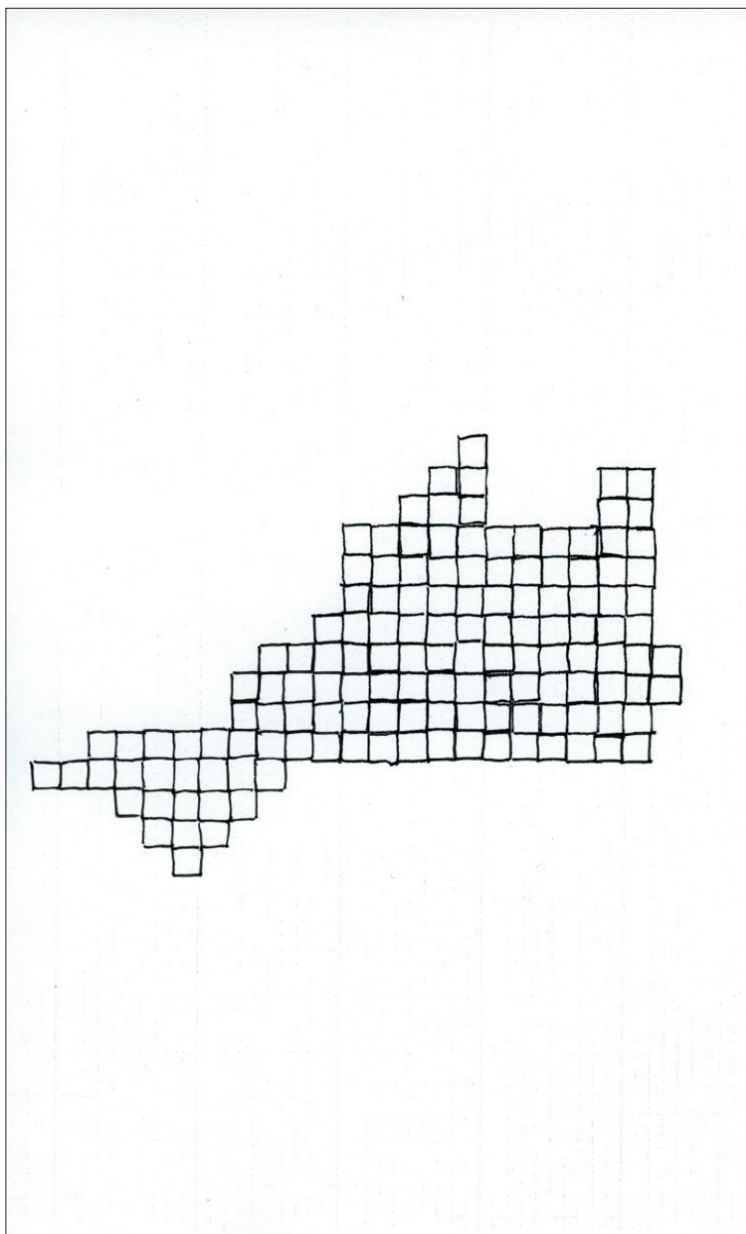
Vị trí của máy được đặt không phải tình cờ
vào năm 1858 nó nhằm khai hóa
dân tộc này cách làm Nghệ Thuật Thứ Bảy.
146 năm sau, chúng ta hãy còn đang đóng
những bộ phim X nhiều tập.

Translator's Note

Hai-Dang Phan

A contemporary Vietnamese poet of the post-war generation, Phan Nhiên Hao's poetry digs up and reconstitutes the psychic debris left in the wake of war and immigration. His poems combine the directness of everyday speech, the strangeness of a surrealist imagination, and the near-tragic, near-comic lyricism of the blues—a hybrid poetics forged in diaspora. I have tried to capture this explosive mixture in my translations of these three short and impacting poems by continually adjusting the dials of imagery and voice.

“1858” marks the beginning of French Colonialization of Vietnam, when a French naval squadron attacked Tourane (present-day Da Nang) under orders of Napoleon III; the eponymous poem comes from his second collection, *Chế Tạo Thơ Ca 99-04 (Manufacturing Poetry 99-04, 2004)*. “Paper Bells” comes from his first book of poems, *Thiên Đường Chuông Giấy (Paradise of Paper Bells, 1998)*, and “Morning at O'Hare Airport” is from a manuscript in progress.



Drawn Boxes 38 by Greg Hayes

The Collectors

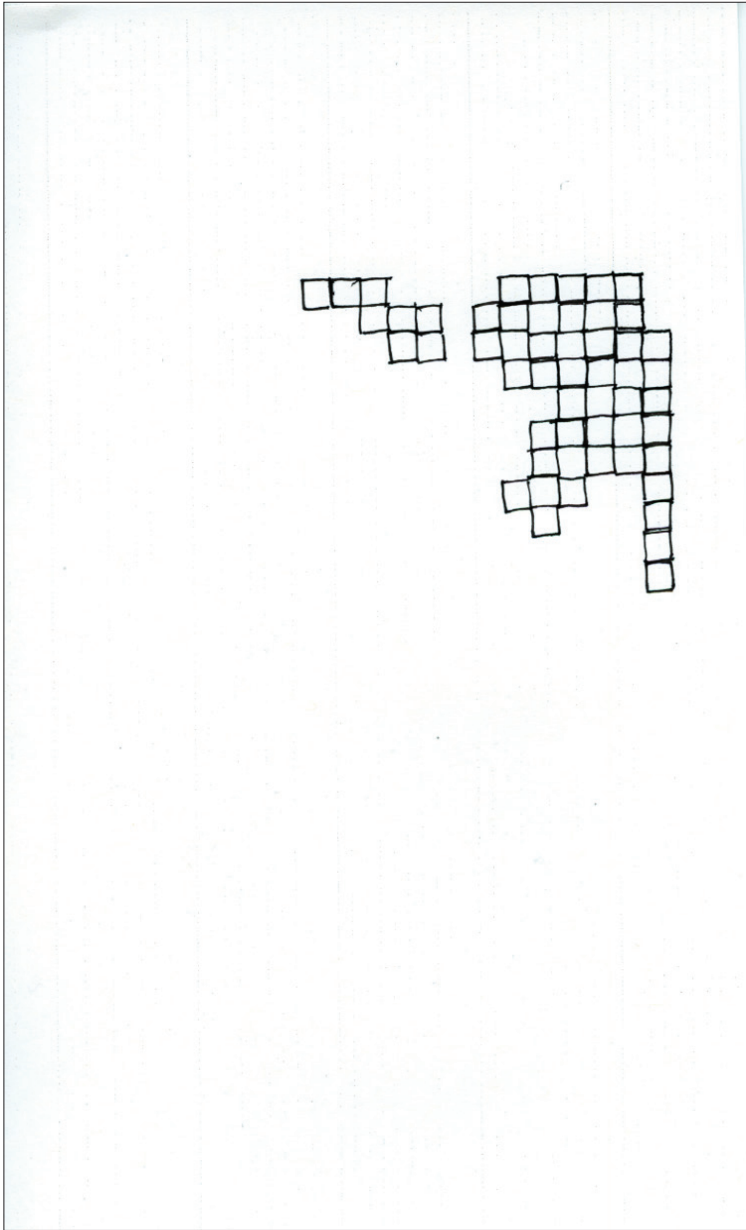
Dana P. Diehl

48

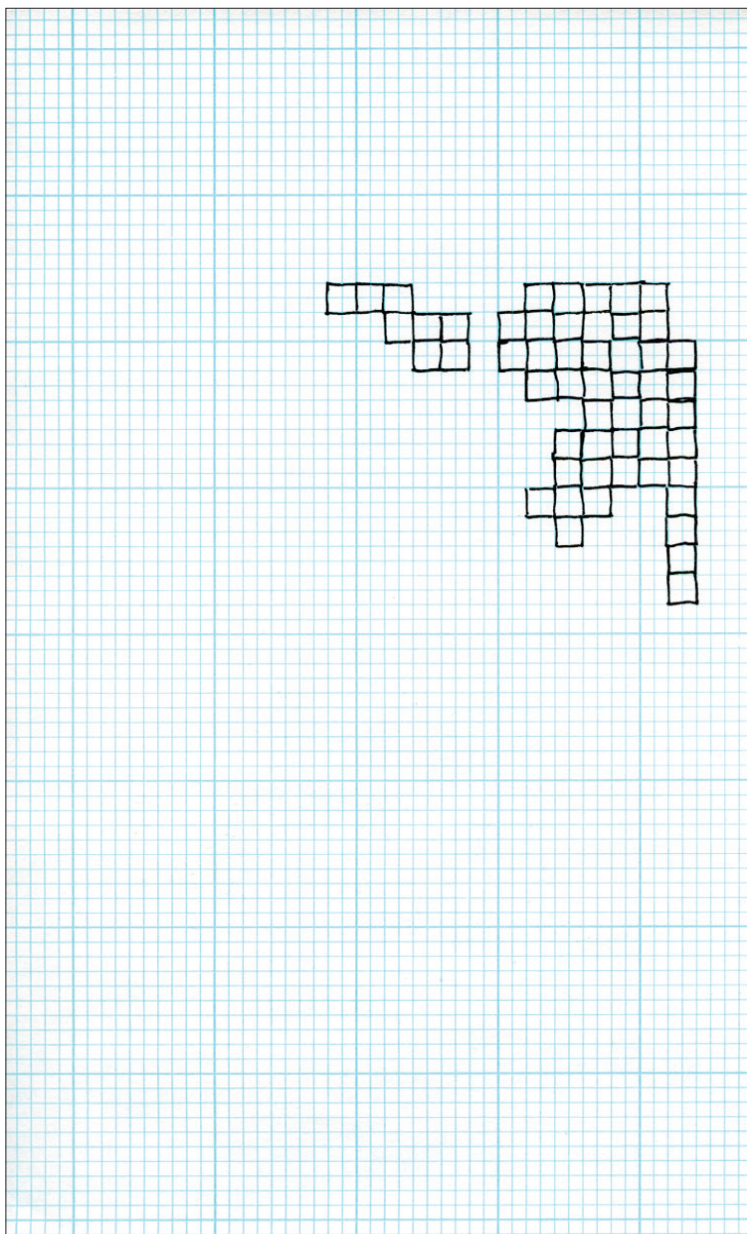
We drive and drive and drive (I remember McDonalds Happy Meal toys and SpaghettiOs out of cans) and eventually end up in Maine. This is our last family vacation before I get braces with orange rubber bands and my brother starts lying about who he hangs out with after nine, but none of us knows this yet. Maine is all wind and coastline, and we share beds in motel rooms where Mom won't let us walk on the floor in bare feet. Lice and foot fungus. Our greatest enemies. I meet a boy in the parking lot who doesn't say much, but who can keep a basketball spinning on his finger for over a minute. I watch the humming basketball and it makes me want to tell him secrets. *Sometimes I think the world is held together by power lines*, I almost say. Also, *I chew and chew away at my left thumbnail and sometimes I worry that I won't be able to stop*. But then Dad pulls me back inside and neither of us says anything. My family sleeps. Our scalps are clean and liceless in the morning, and I wake up with my body curled around my mother's like we're hibernating squirrels, or like she's a snail and I'm her shell. For breakfast, I am given crackers smeared in peanut butter that coats the roof of my mouth. Then, as the sun rises, we drive to the coast. I see the Atlantic for the first time, and I understand why early explorers thought the world was flat. The beach is abandoned and rocky and colorful with stones that my parents can put names to, because before my brother and I were born they were geologists. We wander, dazed, over the shore. We are blinded by the colors and the bigness of the ocean and by

the clear jellyfish trapped, like large drops of water, between the stones. Without saying anything, we all think the same thing. We want to take it home with us. There are rotting-board signs near the road with warnings about removing parts of the beach. But my parents say that, just this one time, it's okay. So, our bodies bent in the shape of "7"s, we fill up our pockets with pebbles and purple, broken shells. We are content. We sit on the rocks and my brother and I dare each other to wade in the water until our hair is full of seaweed and our underwear full of silt. But when we get tired, we go back to collecting broken shark teeth and clam shells we find in tide pools and washed up in the surf. We collect without thinking at first, and then with purpose. Soon, our pockets bulge and we drop shells in cookie-crumb trails behind us. Somehow we've gotten greedy. When our pockets are full, we open our palms, our canvas beach bags, our plastic lunch boxes. Mom and Dad fill up two large garden buckets that they had brought in case one of us needed to puke on the winding coastal roads. We pack them with granite and quartz and oyster shells and rocks that were once part of a volcano and the shell of a dead horseshoe crab, which we balance on the very top of everything so it won't be crushed. There's nothing left to fill, and suddenly we're nervous. Mom asks Dad how often the park ranger checks the beach, and he shakes his head, looking at the road. He tells us it's time to go. We carry our boxes and bags up to the van and load them in. The only place for the buckets is on the floor by the backseats, so my brother and I sit with our feet lifted up and rested on their edges. Dad starts the engine and rolls down the windows. The sun is a red stain on the water as we follow the street lamps down the coastline. We reach the highway. We close the windows and switch on the AC, and I drift

off to sleep. When I wake, we are still on the road and the smell of salt and sea and dead sea creatures fills the van. I gag and reach for a bucket, but instead I grab the rough edge of a horseshoe crab. It stares at me with empty eyes, and I wonder what we've done. I run my hands over its back, over the point of its tail. I remember something I learned once but had forgotten, that the crabs pre-date man, flying insects, dinosaurs. I think about millions of years buried in the mud. I think about the slow passing on of genes and of an animal that grows a new shell, a new self, each year. I think about an entire world connected by lines.



Drawn Boxes 41 by Greg Hayes



Drawn Boxes 48 by Greg Hayes

The Bindery

Chris Siteman

1.

In the photo I'm seven. It's Saturday, & my father sits beside me
on the steps at Lake Fire Road.

I smell his salt skin, Old Spice, a Winston burning low. On his
arm, Ajax tattooed
in gothic script. Two pupils pierce the smoke—

Darkness even shadows couldn't escape.

You hear people talk about climbing walls—

I climbed walls.

To taste ink & sweat brings back the noon whistle, the porch
railing I think I clutched for years
as a seven-year-old. His cracked lips smile, speak the wish he
could take back
his blood & sweat: *I lived to die in debt.*

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2.

The boy held the gun, crying at the all too real mess heads made.
Cars arrived, blues flashing, tires crunching the gravel drive—

* * *

Who fathered the man who fathered me? Whispering close to my
face about smashmouth

basketball games on concrete courts, his razor-wire irises froze
my soul.

* * *

Part of me believes my father incapable of killing. Another part
believes he turned the gun
against himself, wrote his blood name on that wall, a Gorgon's
head, a mirror & trophy
for the man whose stains even mighty *AJAX* couldn't bleach out.

3.

54

The Bit O' Honey my father & I shared on that car ride to the city
remains
the sun's warmth on my legs, each sliver a Saturday morning to
carry with me.

Steel drums, inks & acids, concrete, fluorescent lights, presses,
cutters, folders,
hydraulic skids, pallets of paper—

We played guns with rubber bands long as my seven-year-old
arms. Our laughter rang
like shrieks from the gulls we threw pizza crusts to
out the window, & they'd catch & swoop—

Feathers snapping, fluttering, tucked into air, beaks arrowing,
falling stares—
Pure vertigo in shafts of light, hung there,
then darted from sight.

4.

*At lunch the pressmen & cutters let me be, but one day want me
to come to where the windows
overlook the dormitories at MIT.*

*Part of me believes they knew we could see. Another part
believes they didn't care,
or liked to be watched.*

*All us workers lined the windows eating & staring from an entire
world away.*

*Those beautiful young girls, even if they knew they were
beautiful, never knew
how beautiful they were to us on break from machines
demanding we be machines.*

55

5.

My father liked playing the girl in the children's poem that
kept picking her nose
until the razor-toothed monster in her nostril bit the top
digit off.

Weeks after the bandages, the nub still looked like bone
pushing through, & he'd pretend to pick, then pull
his chopped pinky out with an *Ouch!*

Our bodies jiggled with laughter, but when I asked what
happened, his brow

tensed, he spoke very close to my face: *I told you, a monster
lives up there—*

6.

My father killed himself so slowly no one noticed. So, he
kept living,
at holidays still scarfs second servings of turkey. I bear witness—

He sweat & bled to pay our rent, never bitched about eating
dogs & beans,
read Tom Clancy on the can & died a prisoner to a factory clock.

His gravel voice whispered bones, whispered blood. His hands
wore ink stains. He lived
a child of metaphor, offspring of inmates & guards.

In the end my father earned the grave he sought, & knows no
need of these benedictions.

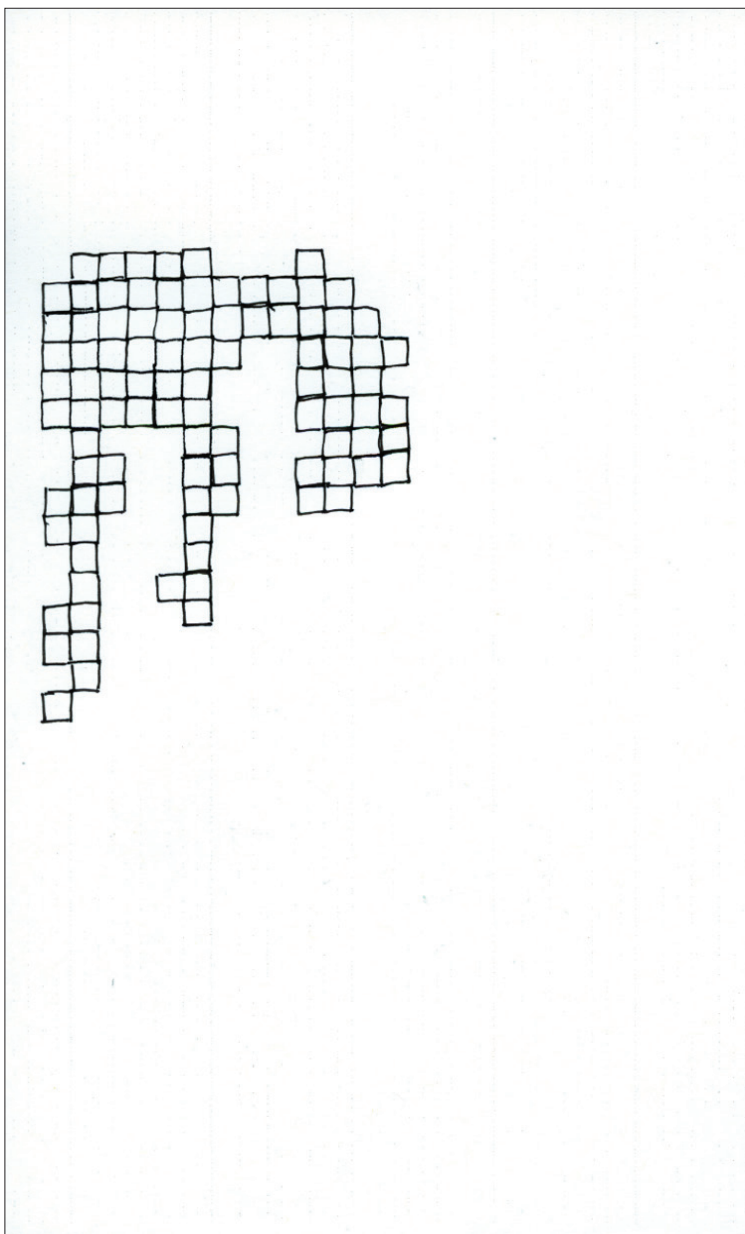
7.

Down to the side like the razor-edge on a book-cutter's blade,
I remember growing up
with my father on Lake Fire Road, & my face shows me his face.

Seventy hours a week he labored as a bookbinder, & lost
parts unsaveable
by surgeons with a hundred texts on suture.

When we wrestled he'd rear on his knees like a bear & roar,
 tickling
until we thrashed, too speechless to beg him to stop.

Now, my best hopes set the machinery of mills & presses
 in motion—
Betrayal & gift sending men like him to their bindery.



Drawn Boxes 68 by Greg Hayes

Badness

M. Lewis

Badness said: Rebecca wants me to take her picture. She wants me to take lots of pictures. She wants me to meet her at a house on the other side of town and she wants me to take naked pictures of her.

Badness said: Rebecca is going to wear some old lingerie-type stuff, frilly stuff, see-through stuff, buckles and straps and clasps and leggings and boots and things, 1920's honeymoon stuff, and she wants me to follow her around this big empty house while she pouts and strips, from room to room.

Badness said: Her ex-step-dad has this house out on the west side. It's empty. He keeps a suitcase there when he's in town on business, but nobody's there. Ever. And Rebecca and Erica are sleeping there, getting high, calling in sick to work, whatever, and so one morning they go up to the attic. We're talking parting the cobwebs with your whole arm. We're talking flashlights and peeled paintings. There's an owl's skeleton and old dolls and petrified animal shit. They find this furniture, these chests, and they start going through them. Men's clothes, mostly. But in one they find all this sex gear. Not like dildos, but leather and veils and lace. They've been there a week, parading around, and now they want some company.

Badness said: I don't want to go alone.

We had things to say to one another but couldn't. My mother was dead and his was long gone. Our fathers had become like absent

older brothers. They had hard jobs in Kentucky and dated poorly. They cried on the phone and inherited to us a shared sense of silence.

Badness and I didn't talk about it the rest of the day. He had a photo shoot for a local Boy Scout troop raising money for shoeless kids and I had an editorial due about the Grey Lady in Willard Library. Someone had seen her. There was the strong smell of perfume and the ghost touched someone's hair.

60

Rebecca opened the door, and then her robe, in the hallway. She said she wanted to get it out of the way. She reminded me of old paintings of naked women. Erica appeared. She was smoking a very short cigarette. She hugged Badness, then she hugged me. I felt her hips under her silk robe. Her skin reminded me of milk. They were both barefoot and in pancake make-up, their lips the shade of candy apples.

Badness rolled a joint. Erica made vodka greyhounds and Rebecca walked slowly around a piano in the main room, now and then stopping beside it to run her fingers over the keys. I hovered. The house was very still. It smelled empty.

I remembered when I was a kid just home from school and my brother and I had the house alone, how we'd go through our father's drawers and slip on his rings and spray his cologne on ourselves. We found Playboys and chewing tobacco, and my first chaw made me dizzy and hot.

In the living room, I fingered a large book about North American birds. There were mirrors everywhere and the wallpaper was worn and stained.

Badness took out his camera. It was heavy and it thunked when he set it down. He said he took great pride in his equipment. I made a joke no one laughed at about freelance gynecology.

We all just kind of sat there chewing ice.

Then someone made some sort of announcement and we climbed the stairs. Everything creaked. Rooms were entered and I could hear Badness' camera clicking through the wall.

Later, we were all four in the same bed. There was a lamp in the corner made from a shotgun. Smoke sat in the air. Erica had a magic eight-ball she shook and shook. We were boy-girl-boy-girl. Rebecca stood up and moved to the end of the bed. She was naked. She said she loved the word *covet*. It was her new favorite. She said it a few times in funny voices. Her hands on her hips, and something like a valley girl, *don't you just like totally covet my body? What if I had on a corset? In my corset I would, like, totally covet*. Then she said it all slow and weird like the guy from 'Sling Blade' *I been out cavortin' in my corset, lookin' to covet, mmm-hmm*.

Then she dove back under the covers.

Our bodies seemed outlined, like lakes on a map. Everybody knew where everybody was.

Badness had his camera and it went back and forth.

Click click click click.

Rebecca rubbed Badness under the covers and snatched his camera.

Capture, she said, give me something to *capture*. Isn't that what they tell models? *Move your head this way. Now roll your eyes. Now smile. Close your mouth. Now look ashamed. Look naughty. Look caught. Oh don't make that face. You always make that face. Look at me.*

Under the dusty covers, in a bed that hadn't been slept in in who knows how long, there we were.

Someone asked the magic eight-ball a question. Someone said the word virginity. Rebecca asked Badness about his first time and he didn't have to lie. Not too many guys lose it in the backseat of a Camry to a girl who claimed Ted Nugent as her biological father.

62

Rebecca's first time was with a boy she hardly knew. He was from Illinois and one of his eyebrows was white. She said that's all it took. They were camping and she said she picked ticks out of her crotch for two days. Mine was boring. We wrote each other long letters. She claimed Christ as her savior. I took her for tacos and then bought condoms at K-Mart. Erica's was with a guy whose dad owned a cement company. She said they kept knocking teeth. I joked about them doing it in wet cement and then putting down hand prints afterwards. She said they rented a movie, did it, and then he surprised her with a kitten.

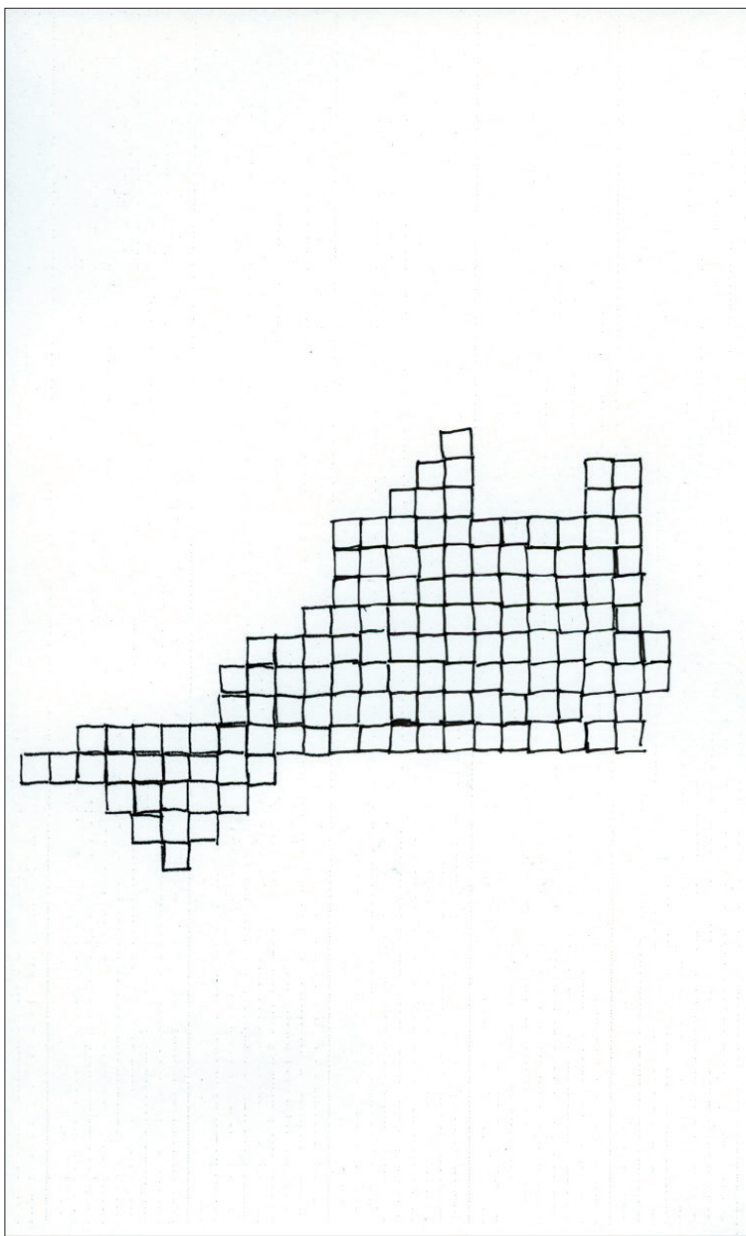
So Badness told them about *Floyd*. Floyd was Badness' first cat and he was tough, but he got on a trampoline with a group of kids and Floyd snapped like a stick.

I told a story about catching a frog in the garage and my brother and me dropping a brick on it until the frog turned into brown ash. My mother was alive then and when we told her what we'd done, she made us dig a hole in the yard for the frog. She made us whisper to the dirt and swear to her we were sorry.

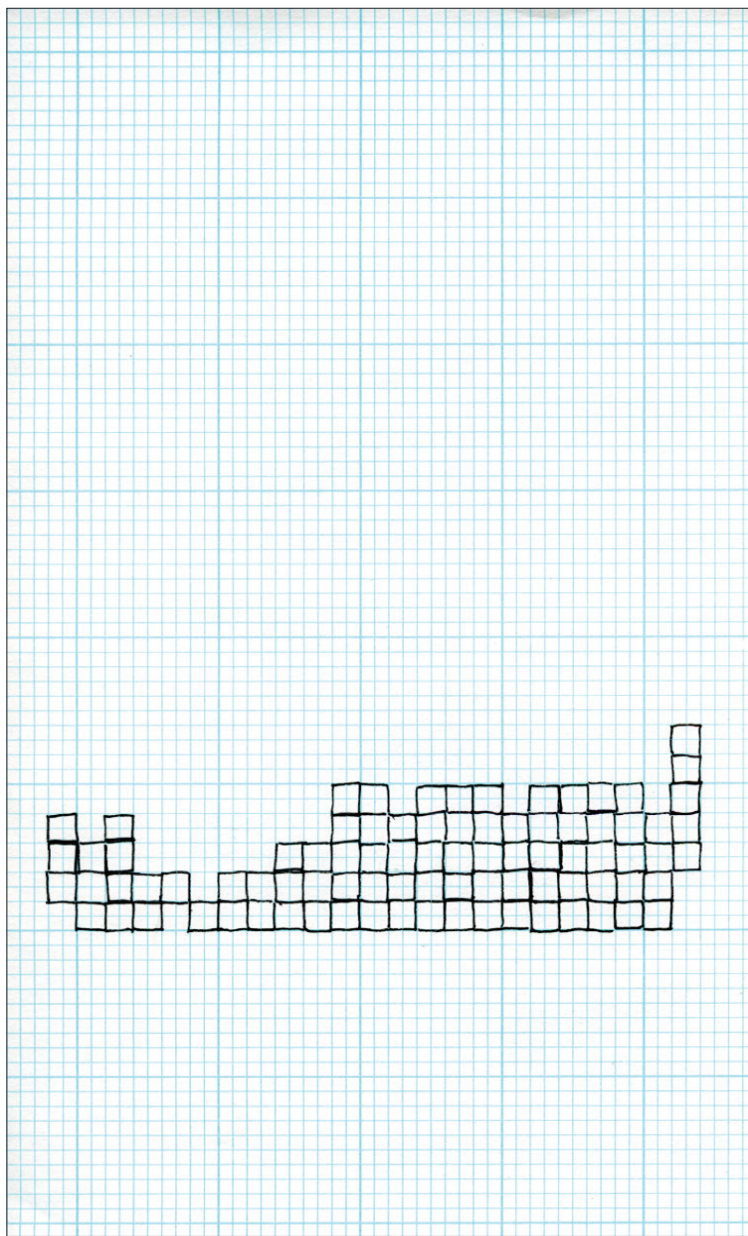
Badness told a story of feeding pop rocks to his pet rabbit when he was little. He never wanted the rabbit in the first place. He had to share it with his sister. He wanted to kill it, he said, the minute he saw it. So the rabbit ate the pop rocks one day instead of lettuce, and it had purple juice coming out its nose and it tried to hop but instead it just...didn't. His sister shrieked.

Badness said it was the only time his dad ever hit him. Open-palmed. In front of all the neighborhood kids. Badness cried.

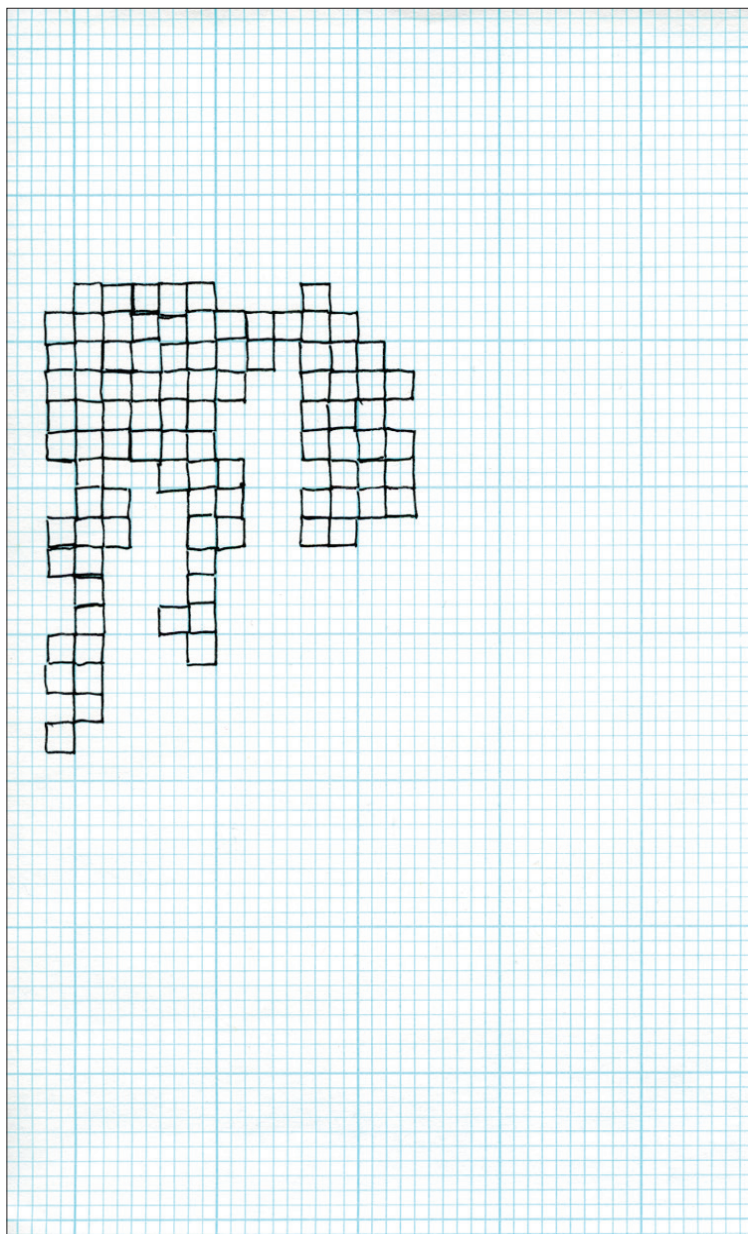
We were in bed. Badness cried. And I said to no one, *fucking rabbit*.



Drawn Boxes 68a by Greg Hayes



Drawn Boxes 70 by Greg Hayes



Drawn Boxes 82 by Greg Hayes

Bedbugs

Kyle Hemmings

In bed, he has the sensation of bugs crawling on his skin.

She regresses to childhood carnivals, a clown in red and white paint, a smile just for her. On school days, she was smaller than everyone. In the morning, over instant coffee and poppy seed muffins that leave crooked trails in paper plates, she brings up the subject again. It's a done deal, he says. When you're caught, you're caught. She turns, putting on her best Kim Kardashian took-me-by-surprise face on talk shows. You're only monogamous at close range, she counters, God knows what you do with the girls from Customer Service. She thinks certain types of women are attracted to men with club feet. You're going to miss me when I'm gone is what she adds. He says How can I miss you when you're not even gone yet? Crumbs fall from his mouth. She opens the apartment door for the morning paper. Under it is an ant. It's not moving. Lately, she's been suspecting that the building needs fumigating. The thought of bug spray making her nauseous. But throughout the day, she keeps thinking about that dead ant, what kind of unconscious life it had, how it survived in a world where everything was heavier than it. How it never felt the crush.

Gross Fable 2

Kyle Hemmings

Today, the astronauts have returned
with their lunar soliloquies.

Two of them are your ex-lovers,
the other, a closet android waiting
to discover same sex with parallel partners.

You invite the two Xs to your house
and pull gravity from under their feet.

One panics. You're reminded of your
childhood parakeet let loose in the house.

Poor neurotic thing dropped from exhaustion.

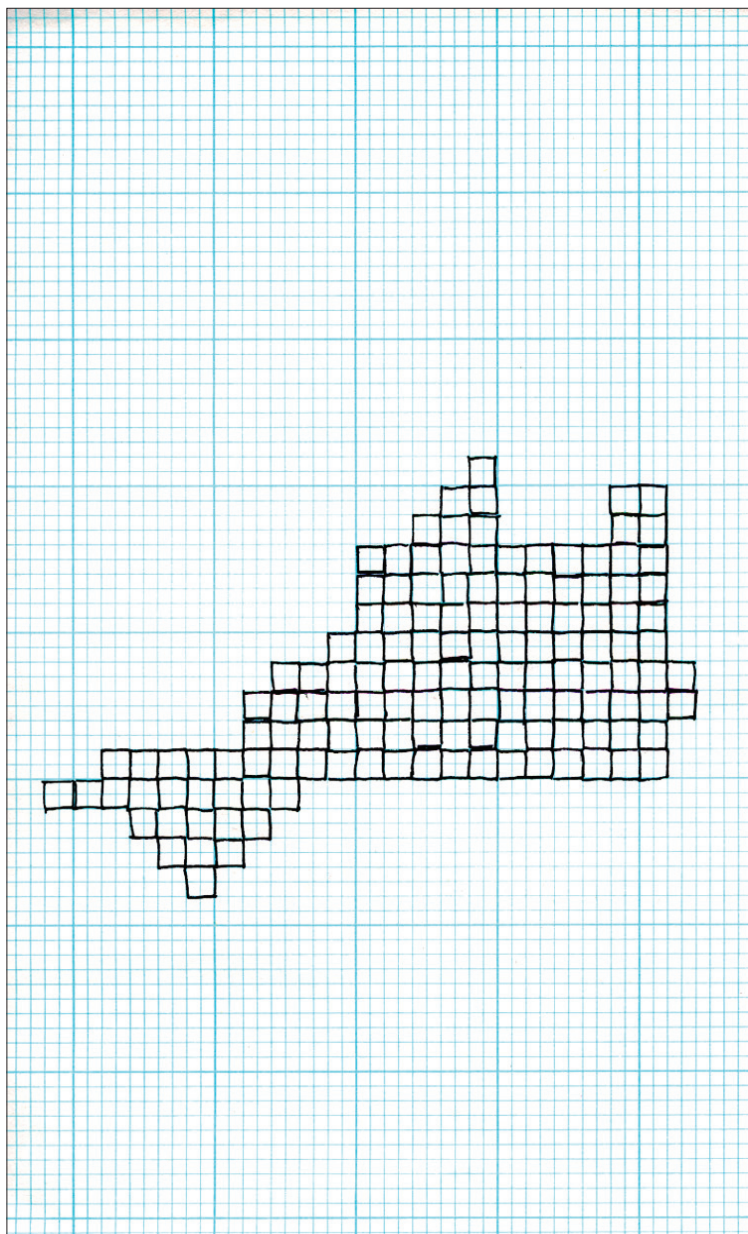
68

You went mad for weeks. Then you put on
aviator goggles and withdrew from the world.

The other promises he'll do anything if you
give him back the ability to fall logarithmically,
the vertical tendency towards dense.

His lies remind you of the ease of gaseous exchange
in a world of liquid need and solid resource.

But since you're wearing your space shoes,
lead with custom soles, you have no need
for men forever stuck on their uppity selves.



Drawn Boxes 99 by Greg Hayes

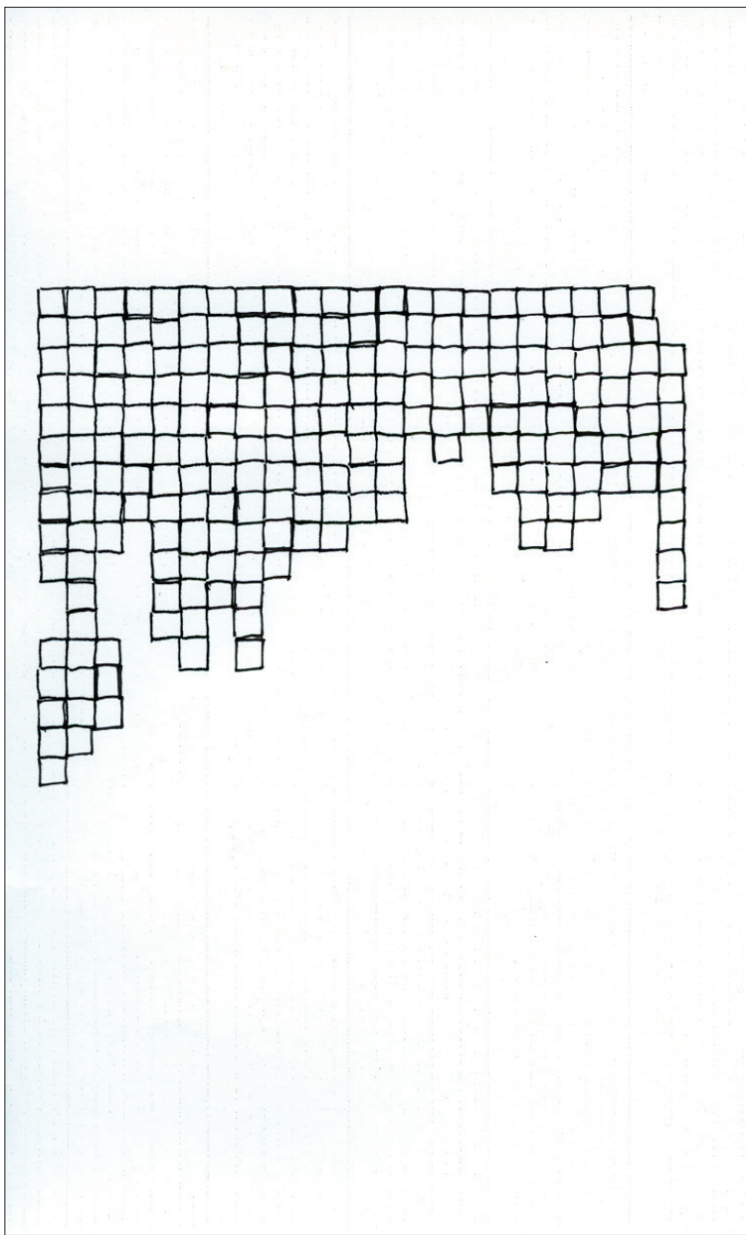
Van's Friend in the City

Kari Larsen

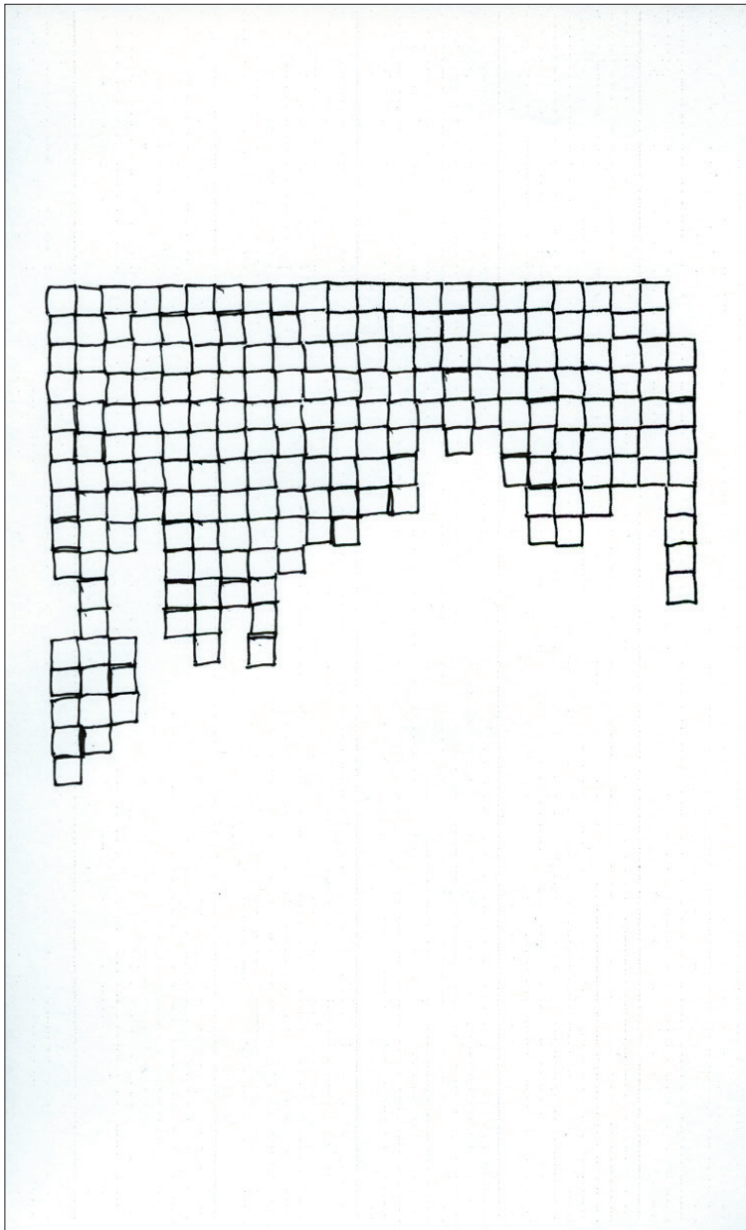
After Cam found out about the cult that worshipped him, Van brought things to her attention with less reserve. Cam enjoyed how he stayed Van, no creature pronged with sinister new spines. They went on vacation together in the city, where he bought her *opera gateau* and said he had a friend from childhood named Cassie.

70

They found her in a cool, white building on an empty street. Cassie had a couch and an open fridge and was slender, white and wet. She told Cam it was the fashion to be slathered in solution that did not get absorbed by the skin and hair but left one slick and gleaming like the newborn Venus. She applied the solution to a smaller girl. Both of them smiled uncontrollably. A blast of eye-watering air hit Cam when she closed their fridge. They smiled, glowed, kept their hands running over each other, talked and giggled faintly, freely, like they had done before Van and Cam stepped in, would do so after, even though their eyes were fixed on Cam and Van with the timorousness and completeness of beams of light. Van bashed into the doorjamb. The smaller one said a prayer to him.



Drawn Boxes 99a by Greg Hayes



Drawn Boxes 115 by Greg Hayes

Fourth Tenochitlan

David Shook

after Eduardo Lizalde

Over the howling valley of
some God's throat: breath
warm & rank high-hopped
beer & grain alcohol in plastic
bottles by night burnt coffee
& diesel by morning & nothing
but the dry mouth of hunger
during the day

*

Its nebulas of insects
DEET-proof beasts with
beaks & wings thicker
than glass no eyelash
hairs for legs no pinpoint
eyes nebulas, galaxies of
beetles a colony of roaches
in the cast-iron stove

*

A continent of downy aeronauts
floats over the city the tectonic
city shifts like an uneasy plate
jostling its neighbors for space
but the down for all its fluff

weighs more than lead but the
down sticks to the city like cement

*

The green eyes of a monstrous
butcher guard the edges of the
sinkhole his cleaver is dull but
still he uses it with vigor he chops
with squawk & flame like a gunshot
like he's stalking the bovine corpses
from a deer-stand & he is silent with
his mouth

*

74

A plane passes by at night they're
like jewels on an invisible string
descending into protracted
numbness the hollow laughter
of old friends the boys that
gargle gasoline on corners
to make a meal's worth of change

*

The condors have their cage
barred with volcanic peaks
they feed themselves the carrion
that litters the streets: dog meat,
goat meat, chickens & hares
sacrificed to the rich to the
tires of cars discarded

Like Asterisks

David Shook

The newspapers say you're two packs a day

flavored like souvenir cigars: bus exhaust, fruit rot,
sour smoke of boiling hops, trash & burnt plastic

limited edition ash fall

75

*

You hide the city like
asterisks hide the *us* & *is* of
fucks & *shits*

like string bikinis cover nipples

a sheet-draped mass on the highway shoulder

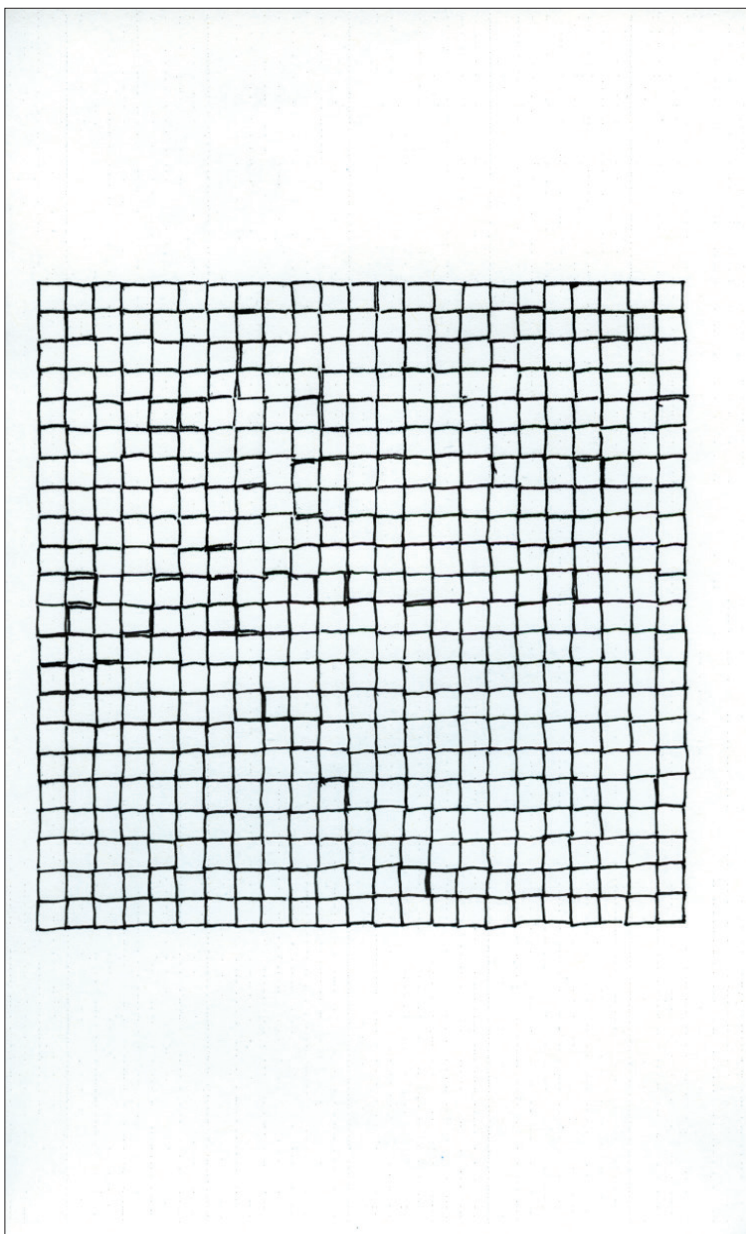
✱

Smog flags like riptide warnings at the beach:
stay indoors if red, walk if orange, light sports if
yellow, if green fine

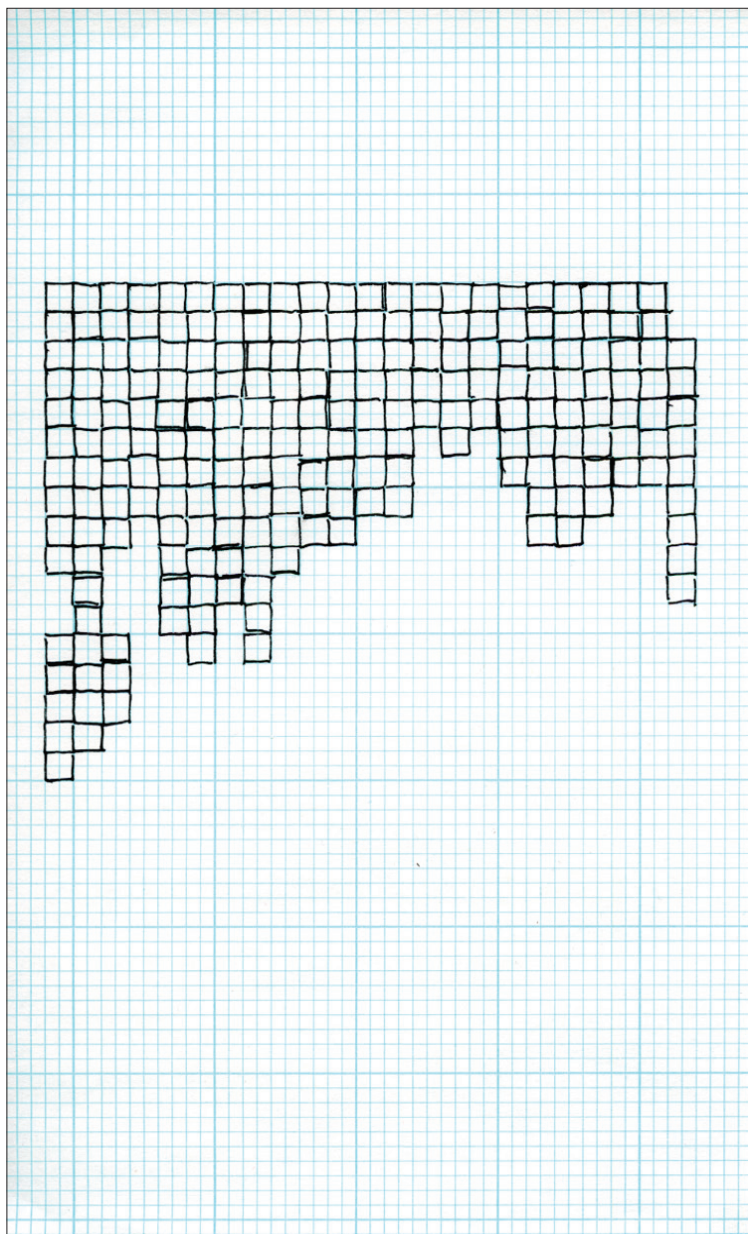
76 never green

✱

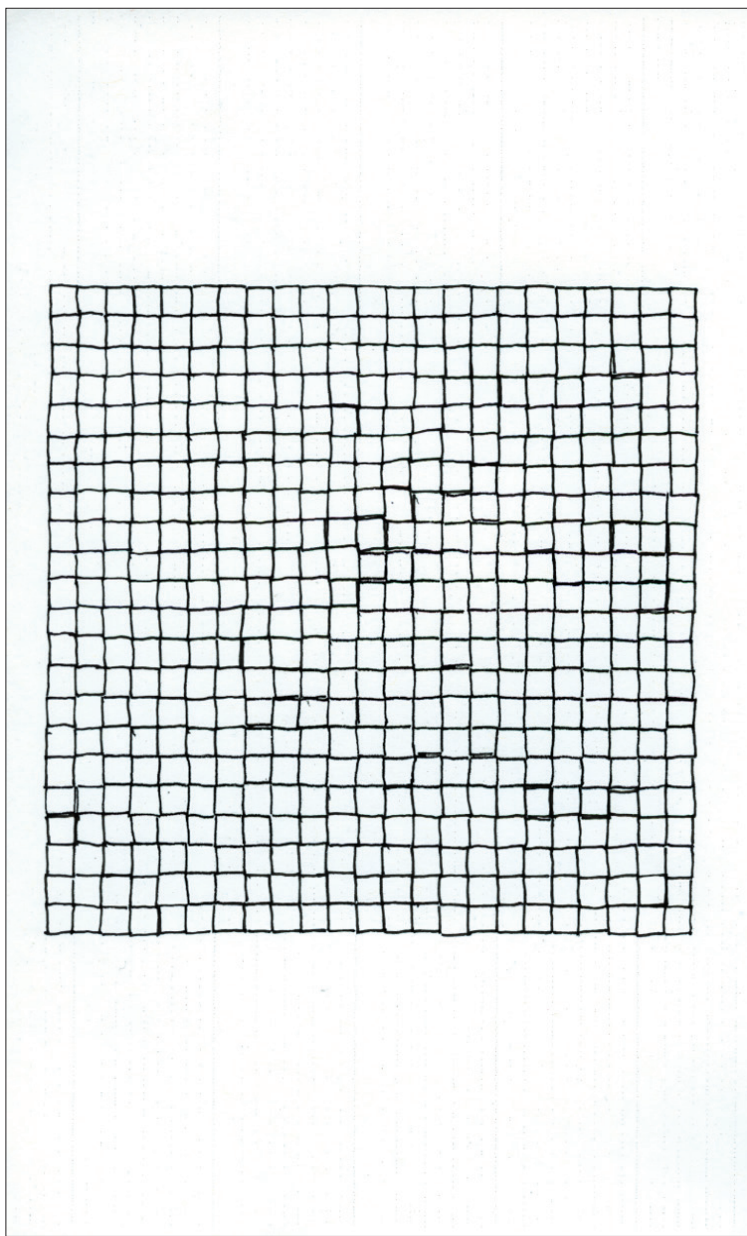
earwax gray,
mucus marbled black



Drawn Boxes 181 by Greg Hayes



Drawn Boxes 185 by Greg Hayes



Drawn Boxes 225 by Greg Hayes

[Don't whine, just eat your soup]

Jamie L. Olson

translating Irina Yevsa from the Russian

Don't whine, just eat your soup. Winter hangs
by a hair. A muddy March slid down the rails
and strained its muscles in a resolute clench
as grave as Japanese nostalgia for the Kurils.
Divine barbiturates drip from the boughs;
in country cellars, the preserves have been flooded.
But the morning screeches with a parliament of crows
who couldn't care less about the people's troubles.
A multistoried monster looks out from under
its swollen eyelids—sleepy still, but shakes it
off. The place houses more souls than the landlord
allows: bums in the attic, rats in the basement.
Yet you're here too, drug-smuggler of the blues,
dropping a tear into your piping-hot soup.
What if we all decided, within our holes,
to crawl out into the light, a ragtag group,
swelling like yeasted dough, bursting eardrums,
fed up with the lies of the imperial jester,
since (as one rebellious spirit asked us)
what else does a hell-dweller have to fear?

[Не хнычь, хлебай свой суп]

Irina Yevsa

Не хнычь, хлебай свой суп. Висит на волоске
зима. Чумазый март скатился по перилам
и мускулы напруг в решительном броске,
опасном, как тоска японцев по Курилам.
И капает с ветвей небесный корвалол,
в хозяйских погребах подтоплены соленья.
Но утро верещит парламентом ворон,
которому плевать на беды населенья.
Многоэтажный монстр из-под набрякших век
взирает, сон стряхнув, но выпавшись едва ли,
вмещающая больше душ, чем полагает ЖЭК:
на чердаке — бомжей, крысиный полк — в подвале.
А тут ещё и ты, наркокурьер хандры,
роняющий слезу в рассольник раскалённый.
...Что, ежели на свет — всяк из своей дыры —
мы выползти решим расхлябанной колонной,
растя, как на дрожжах, терзая гулом слух,
насытившись брехнёй верховного паяца, —
поскольку (как сказал один мятежный дух)
живущему в аду чего ещё бояться

South Station

Jamie L. Olson

translating Irina Yevsa from the Russian

April diligently tills and turns up
the earth, airing out its depths.
The fussy city square, with its flock of pigeons,
flutters down into blueness and rests
amid the noise of splashing, flapping, flitting...
Meanwhile, you hang around in the open
like some confused or simple-minded assistant
who's been dismissed from all her jobs.
And near the flowerbed, a mob of swallows
chatters in the local tongue
till dusk, fighting for every scrap and morsel
on the stones—clan against clan.

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The wind bursts in from near the seventh platform
and brings a shiver of moist night air.
The last commuter train arrives on schedule.
The express from Kiev is running late,
while someone rides inside—despairing completely—
and reads a tattered paperback.
He gives a slice of cake to his companion,
buying his freedom with a snack
to keep from being reduced to panicked muttering;
instead, he seeks and finds that place
where you come into view, looming featureless,
a cigarette between your lips.

Южный вокзал

Irina Yevsa

Апрель прилежно землю вспахивает,
проветривая глубину.
И площадь голубями вспархивает
в брезгливую голубизну,
где шумно плещется, полощется...
А ты болтаешься, вольна,
как бестолковая помощница,
что от работ отстранена.
За корм, проклянувшийся в сурике,
ведя локальные бои,
до сумерек на бойком суржики
трещат у клумбы воробы.
...С шестой платформы тянет ворванью,
ознобом сырости ночной.
Приходит пригородный вовремя.
Опаздывает скоростной,
в котором некто едет, мучится,
читает скверный детектив,
пирожным потчует попутчицу,
свободу снедью оплатив,
чтоб, не вникая в бормотание,
в окне нашарить точку ту,
где ты, утратив очертания,
стоишь с сигарочкой во рту.

Translator's Note on the title “South Station”

Jamie L. Olson

The South Station, also known as Kharkov Passenger Station, is the main railway terminal in Kharkov, Ukraine.

[How are things in Eden?]

Jamie L. Olson

translating Irina Yevsa from the Russian

How are things in Eden? Not so great,
wandering friend, since you left us?
The clouds out there look crushed, especially at night,
just like slept-on, tear-stained pillows.

Unwittingly, the pointed heel of your shoe
breaks right through the dark red soil.
The rain, meanwhile, hangs midair like bamboo:
slender shafts, completely still.

Nobody buzzes poems like a bumblebee,
stalling out on a stressed syllable
during the climb to a place where, stunned by the heat,
blackthorn rustles on a gentle hillock;

where the people, as usual, refuse to combine
tables, but split up instead by ethnos:
the Arabs are evil, the Germans always on time,
and the French are as stingy as ever.

No matter what you do, you can't get close
to them with A or B—not with C either.
And that is why a Slav feels completely lost
when he drops by a kabuki theater.

And as it was before, when you and I
screwed up every day in silence,

now it seems that you've begun to rely
on me too much—although it's pointless:

the ground feels as hot as it does in the summer,
but the winter-blue sky remains my focus.

And two birds alight on two shoulders:

sine anno and *sine loco*.

[Что в твоём Эдеме?]

Irina Yevsa

Что в твоём Эдеме? — несладко, чай,
кочевая моя подружка?

Там примято облако по ночам,
как заплаканная подушка.

Глину тёмно-красную твой каблук
пробивает насквозь невольно.

А дожди висят, как растёт бамбук:
неподвижно и тонкоствольно.

И никто стихи не гудит шмелём,
замыкая ударным слогом
путь наверх, где, зноем ошеломлён,
тёрн шуршит на холме пологом;

где народ не хочет сдвигать столы,
как всегда, поделаясь на группы:
пунктуальны немцы, арабы злы,
а французы всё так же скупы.

Ни за что не сможешь прибиться к ним
ты, хранящая аз и буки.
Так впадает в оторопь славянин,
залетевший в театр кабуки.

И, как в прошлой жизни, где мы ни дня
не сгубили с тобой безгласно,
ты опять надеешься на меня,

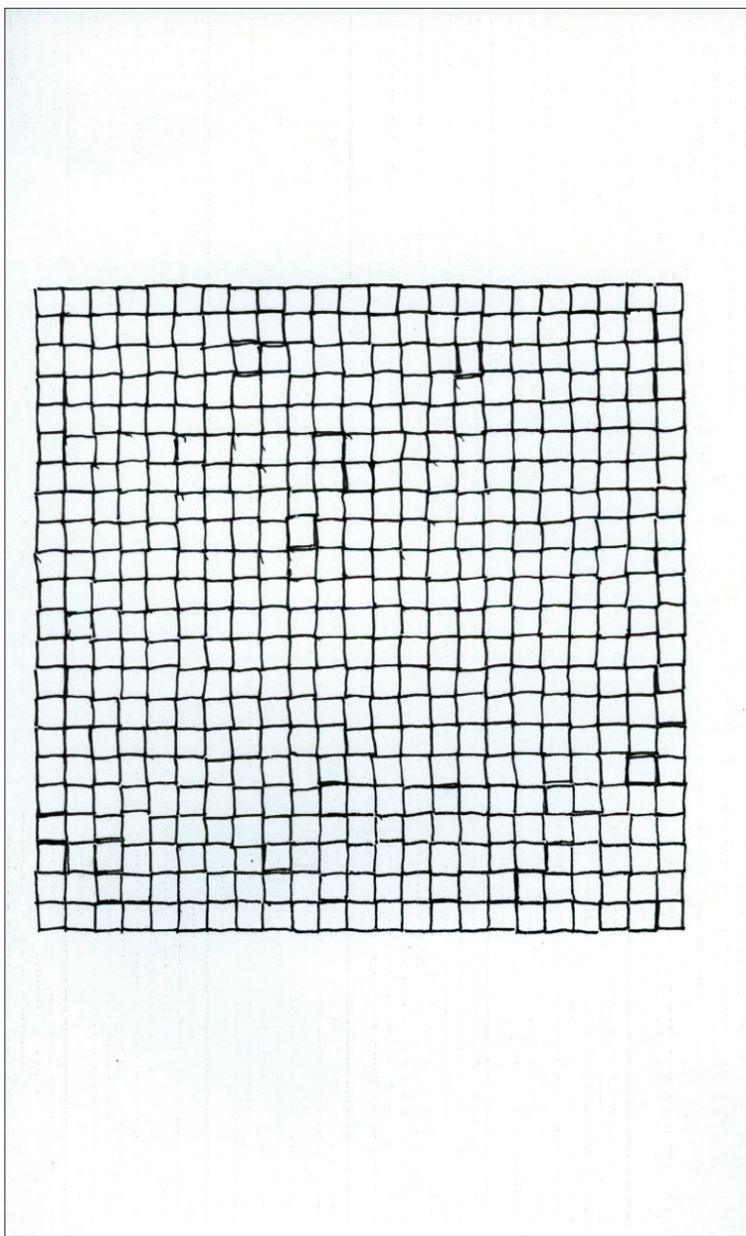
но, по-видимому, напрасно:

почва мне по-летнему горяча,

высь — по-зимнему синеока.

И слетят две птицы на два плеча —

sine anno и sine loco.



Drawn Boxes 245 by Greg Hayes

Contributors

Melissa Bobe holds an MFA in Creative Writing and Literary Translation from Queens College of the City University of New York. In the spring of 2011, she was a writer-in-residence at the Louis Armstrong House Museum Archives. She founded and taught a creative writing workshop for teens at the Rockville Centre Public Library for six years, and has also taught nonfiction prose writing as an adjunct instructor at Queens College. She is currently pursuing a PhD in English Literature at Rutgers University.

Dana P. Diehl loves road trips—the highway-side tourist stops and the changing land. She is currently a senior Creative Writing major at Susquehanna University. She is the co-editor-in-chief of the national undergraduate journal, *Susquehanna Review*.

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A. Kendra Greene is a Jacob K. Javits Fellow at the University of Iowa. She has vaccinated wild boars in Chile and modeled dresses twisted from balloons and is currently looking for reasons to love Dallas, Texas. Even as we speak, she is writing a memoir about museums. A writer and book artist, her work is published in *Hand Papermaking* and *Field Working: Reading and Writing Research*, and held in special collections including Yale University and The School of the Art Institute of Chicago. More at <http://greeneinkpress.com>.

Greg J. Hayes is a visual artist whose work engages questions about the conditions of perception through specific uses and manipulations of pho-

tography, drawing and text. Greg studied at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and received an MFA from California Institute of the Arts in Los Angeles. He is currently a Visiting Professor of Photography at Marlboro College in Vermont, and an Artist-Teacher with the Vermont College of Fine Arts.

Kyle Hemmings is the author of several chapbooks of poems: *Avenue C* and *Cat People* (Scars Publications), *Fuzzy Logic* (Punkin Press), and *Amsterdam & Other Broken Love Songs* (Flutter Press). He has been published at Gold Wake Press, Thunderclap Press, Blue Fifth Review, Step Away, and The Other Room. He blogs at <http://upatberggasse19.blogspot.com/>.

Russell Jaffe lives in Iowa City and works at Kirkwood Community College. His poems have appeared in *American Letters & Commentary*, *The Colorado Review*, *La Petite Zine*, *Shampoo*, and others. He edits the chapbook press [Strange Cage](#) and collects 8-tracks.

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M. Lewis lives next to a cemetery in Iowa. His heroes include David Yow and Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson.

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ta. She has written poems for short films and installations and was a co-curator of APOSTROPHE, a dance, music, and poetry series in Seattle, Washington.

Jamie L. Olson teaches in the English Department at Saint Martin's University, just outside of Olympia, Washington. His translations from Russian have recently appeared in *Cardinal Points*, *Chtenia*, *Crab Creek Review*, and *Ozone Park Journal*. He writes about poetry, translation, and Russian culture on his site [*The Flaxen Wave*](#).

Irinia Yevsa is a poet and translator who lives in Kharkov, Ukraine. She is the author of eight poetry collections, and her poems have appeared in many Ukrainian and Russian literary journals, not to mention several anthologies. Besides contemporary Ukrainian, Polish, and Armenian poets, Yevsa has translated Sappho, Pythagoras, and Omar Khayyam into Russian. She co-edited the anthology *Wild Field: Poems by Russian Poets in Ukraine at the End of the 20th Century* (2000). The Ukrainian poet and critic Slanislav Minakov writes, "Yevsa organically combines tradition with the achievements of contemporary poetry; picturesqueness and sound exist in her work not to the detriment of depth. Indeed, her poems are not games, deception, or magic that become reality, but reality itself."

Hai-Dang Phan is an MFA student in poetry at the University of Florida. His translations of other poems by Phan Nhiên Hạo appear or are forthcoming in *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Cerise Press*, and *Drunken Boat*.

Phan Nhiên Hạo was born in Kontum, Vietnam in 1967 and immigrated to the U.S. in 1991. He is the author of two collections of poems in Vietnamese, *Thiên Đường Chuông Giấy* (*Paradise of Paper Bells*, 1998) and *Chế Tạo Thơ Ca 99-04* (*Manufacturing Poetry 99-04*, 2004). A full-length, bilingual collection of his poetry, entitled *Night, Fish, and Charlie*

Parker, was translated into English by Linh Dinh (Tupelo, 2006). Translations of his poetry have also been featured in the anthology *Of Vietnam Identities in Dialogue* (Palgrave, 2001) and *Three Vietnamese Poets* (Tinfish, 2001). He lives in northern Illinois, and edits the online journal [litviet](http://litviet.com).

David Shook is a poet, translator, and essayist whose work appears in magazines like *Ambit*, *PN Review*, *Poetry*, and *World Literature Today*. *Kilometer Zero*, a poetry documentary he covertly filmed in Equatorial Guinea, is forthcoming in 2012, along with his translation of Mario Belatin's *Shiki Nagaoka: A Nose for Fiction*. He lives in Los Angeles, where he edits *Molossus*. <http://davidshook.net>

Born in Boston, **Chris Siteman** grew up in a blue collar, predominantly Irish-Catholic, family. He's traveled widely in the US and Europe, and worked extensively in the trades. In 2007 Chris received his MFA from Emerson College. Since August of 2010 he has been pursuing his JD at Suffolk Law. He has taught in Boston University's undergraduate writing program, Lesley University's Humanities Department, and currently teaches in Suffolk University's English Department. His work has most recently appeared in *The Fiddleback*, *Borderline*, *Ditch Poetry*, *Poetry Quarterly*, and *The Monarch Review*.

D. E. Steward's "Octovre," like his "Septambro" in *Anomalous Press 3*, is a month in a sequential project running month to month, underway since September 1986, bringing the number finished to date at 305 with over 200 published. They generally enter tables of contents as poetry, but that is always an editor's call. The months cycle, *Chroma*, is an attempt to note, to build on, and to enhance some of the reality of times. Search "d.e. steward poetry" in the search engine of your choosing for more.

Anomalous Press

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At the time of its launch, Anomalous is an online publication, available in both visual and audio forms on various platforms. It has its sights set on publishing chapbooks, advancing audio forms and creation, and supporting all sorts of alternative realities of the near future.

Erica Mena, Sara Gilmore, David Johnson

Rachel Trousdale, Shannon Walsh, Katie Hargrave

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