



Lightning'd Press | Issue Seven

Lightning'd Press  
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I once asked Dr. Holmes, towards the end of his life,  
the question, "What is a man?"  
He answered without hesitation,  
"A series of states of consciousness."  
- from *Living Time* by Maurice Nicoll

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# Introduction

*Give me some light!*

It is a gathering of crows,  
omens, that animates the artifice.

In the course of remembering, in the courses of the streams flooding light's reflecting, in the corsests of the hidden, the course of reading takes a turn, and by it writing. How vacuous would it be to deny the profligacy of text to the reading voice? Or is it the other way around? And this is the cause:

If we posit the existence of a darkness, then no light in addition to it would come about from the Light of Lights, for otherwise the aspects of the Light of Lights would have to be multiple, as were explained before. Yet, it is obvious that there are many self-conscious incorporeal lights and accidental lights. Were a darkness to be generated from the Light of Lights, it would be alone and nothing else would exist, whether lights or darkneses. Existence itself testifies to the falsity of this.

Does the old alchemist  
speak in metaphor  
of a spiritual splendor?

Or does he remember  
how that metal is malleable?  
chalice workd of gold at the altar,  
chasualbe elaborated in gold?

Darkness, then a delusion half-remembered; we create the madneses by our persistance in this delusion, right? *First you are, then everything else.*

Let us piece it together:

Upon a time once  
placate how ultimate met daemon

CALL ME  
ARTISAN

pressed on to  
no absolute beatitude  
sprout image  
against shaved grain  
let to the margins of light

Multiplicity cannot conceivably result from the Light of Lights in Its unity, nor can any darkness be conceived to result from a dusky substance or state, nor yet two lights result from the Light of Lights in Its unity. Therefore, that which first results from the Light of Lights must be a single incorporeal light. This, then, can not be distinguished from the Light of Lights by any dark state acquired from the Light of Lights. This would imply multiplicity of aspects in the Light of Lights in contradiction to the demonstration that the lights, particularly the incorporeal lights, do not differ in their realities. Therefore, the Light of Lights and the first light that results from It are only to be distinguished by perfection and deficiency.

Johnson at the margins. The rewriting of text/s. If light, Light, in the intervals, the intervals of intervals grows the brighter:

When the light walks, clockwise, counterclockwise,  
atoms memorize the firefly's wing  
silhouette 20 foot elm leaf  
(worm's-eye view through three crisscross timothy stalks).  
A blue hinged green at edge, the twilight  
sinks as if half swimmer  
-- ankles in wrinkle through wood turtle  
swallowing scarlet strawberry,  
waist deep the warp then roof of star split clover, one pale  
eye spool rayed Orion  
thistle silk through soil particle --  
to Euridice. Head deep  
in neithere  
*aether*, nether:

*Star split clover. Orion thistle silk through soil particle. Aether. If a Citadel of the Stars be made, what slips through? What splits through?*

And while the  
entubed light of the  
  
earth now makes sheets  
hung from a window  
  
announcing a coup,  
or a purple wash with beams of  
  
red lies like a flat horizon,  
or, a gnarl of red, dark, violent,  
  
recalling revolution, wells in a corner,  
(a rifle of red glass is aiming at us)  
  
(...)  
  
the lord of all light's  
  
ironies is here:

The poem, as it manifests, acts as a mandala, a map, a means as a way. The writing itself, inasmuch as it can be called "writing", the moment of creation recurring, is fostered on anxiety and its push, the existential *need* to manifest (*I was a Hidden Treasure, and I loved to be known*). It is the move *backward* along the line of emanation, the pressure of which calls into question the entire notion of separation, exposing the contingent and wholly transitory nature of the ego and its machinations. This breaking, however momentary, of the ego's grasp on consciousness, the anxiety this produces, is the *poem*. As one is sensitive to this push/pull, the "eternal recurrence of creation" each moment, one is pushed into creation.

Thrown.

Throne.

Know that there must be redoubling of the illuminations and the relations among them. I do not presume to claim that all the relations are included within those I have mentioned. There are indeed wonders that the minds of men cannot encompass so long as they remain dabbling in the darkness. All such wonders as have been described are

less

subtle, less astonishing than other wonders there.

Allah is the Light of the heavens and the earth.  
The Parable of His Light is as if a Niche  
and within it a Lamp:  
the Lamp in Glass:  
the Glass like a Brilliant Star:  
Lit from a blessed Tree, an Olive,  
neither east nor west,  
whose oil is Luminous  
though fire'd not touched it:  
Light upon Light!

*His Throne extends over the heavens and the earth...*

Ta'wil as negation; not this, not this. Like the *Qur'an*, a self-consciously open, self-deconstructing text, the poem points away from itself, away from language and its explications (similie, symbol, and certainly the materiality of language itself), away from de/constructed meaning, away from reason, for its exegesis; like the body of our mind dissolving before the glance of God, a slow-motion apocalypse.

Ta'wil comb the Generations  
Ta'wil climb the Emerald Peak  
Ta'wil elucidate the Stars  
    Ta'wil the Ta'wil  
    Ya Ta'wil  
Ta'wil the Motion Itself

The Radical Beginnings  
The Naked Singularity  
The very motion of

O Ta'wil, I am with you on Capitol Hill  
The Exegesis of Opening, the Poetics of Illumination, the Atom Bomb's  
Instance Erasure

O Sing, Ta'wil, the Minutiae

Valorizing, at least tentatively, the similarities in the various eschatological descriptions and schema, and the common spiritual center at their base -- an apocalyptic poetry can take on a motive silence, votive, even, in whatever noise it is making. If an apocalyptic poetry is overly-reliant on, or merely overly-biased toward, one eschatological mode the noise required to maintain that focus or chauvinism will

more than likely overwhelm the silence in one's ears, stilling its motility. However, it is also true that a lack of focus creates a flood of silence which will overwhelm the noise that would express it. The apocalyptic poet then, like / as a mystic, is the point of connection making these two forces -- noise and silence -- expressively complementary.

If theologians have  
discerned both increate

and created light, which is  
it shining when we step out of

these glowing zones, when we pass  
through veils of soft strokes?

(...)

spikes of gold, the eye of the  
miraculous, the transfiguring

glance, so distant, and yet  
energy pours through it,

(...)

light beyond light,

within the gold,  
but not the gold,

a light no prism  
can pry apart,

light before the light  
that brought the world

to be,

light! light! light!  
summit, cradle

in ecstasy of palimpsest

font acup core,  
peeel back dark the more  
and knock every door forth time

Quotations, in the order of appearance:

"Give me..." from *Hamlet* Act 3, Scene 2

"It is a gathering..." from "Of Proposition", in *The Opening of the Field* by Robert Duncan, New Directions, 1960

"If we posit..." from *The Philosophy of Illumination* by Suhrawardi, section 2:2:2, translated by John Walbridge & Hossein Ziai, Brigham Young University Press, 1999

"Does the old..." from "The Question", Duncan

"Once upon a time..." from *ARK* 57 by Ronald Johnson, Living Batch Press, 1996

"Multiplicity..." from Suhrawardi, section 2:2:2

"When the light walks..." from *ARK* 21, 22, 23

"And while the..." from "line of light" in *Dissolves* by Joseph Donehue, Talisman House, 2012

"I was a hidden..." A variant translation of a Hadith Qudsi; see *Traditions of the Prophet: Ahadith* by Dr. Javad Nurbakhsh, Khaniqahi Nimatullahi Publications, 1981

"Know that..." from Suhrawardi, 2:2:13

"Allah is..." Qur'an 24:25, from my ongoing translation / cobbling together of translations

"His throne..." Qur'an 2:255

"If theologians have..." from "line of light" in *Dissolves*

"light! ..." from *ARK* 62

## Note on the Text

During a quiet moment recently, a cold wind blew around me and swiftly altered the moment. It was a slight shift that changed everything; finally, I could glimpse a possibility.

Sometimes it's hard to keep going when you never realize what you're going towards. Faith is the word for what's necessary, its connotations mostly unfortunate and alienating. Irregardless, that's what's needed to continue when it's hard like that. And, of course, it can never be faith for a reward because that is no longer faith. It is a transaction. This is the key point many "faithful" people of any religion forget. Real faith is continuing to believe without a reward or, conversely, a fear of punishment. It is a belief born of being. Here, at this point, is the moment of apocalypse. Where we will all burn moment by moment if we allow ourselves to become fodder. And we will do it quietly inside without ado meanwhile shopping for groceries or paying our bills.

In time, the cold wind will find you. Five stars (though you will be beyond numbers then) will hover near, and your being will draw close to every other and only other. And this will just be a glimpse. Not a reward, but, rather, a moment of faith born of being.

Through writing, especially poetry, we can help ourselves burn. Every poem has the potential to light our beings and the beings of others on fire. We can blaze together while reading the poems of others, our minds connecting and rejecting the boundaries perceived. It requires a willingness to question what's real and what isn't between you and I.

[1]

Found alive after a dropping April, crisp  
 as jewel-cutting  
 such slivers as these  
 at the beehive-edge  
 bear the file's tooth and hammer, this artificer  
 melts wax with honey, mingles gold.

Do you see this?

[...]

I have not so far left  
 that I cannot hear the murmur of the infinite,  
 the child's riot.  
 Still I sit and feel his slow hand  
 long after he has ceased to love.

A poor spark from a failing lamp,  
 a longer weight on my lips might have steadied uneasy breath.

Hush, hush—  
 here's too much noise.

[2]

I stood home again where the black begins  
 this wreck of tapestry, these odds and ends of ravage  
 twirl about like crumpled vellum—  
 a figure, a symbol, say a thing's sign: now the thing signified,  
 all buzzing and blaze this noontide menace.

[...]

In the alien sun, the blue luminous tremor, a train of banners, cross and psalm  
 his face flashed like a cymbal, shook with silent meaning.

I was born to make him sadder, weighty for such wrists,  
 to know a simple, tender knack of tying sashes and stringing  
 pretty words that make no sense.

[3]

Now the ingot lay gold  
 her eloquence in shape, but really pure crude fact,  
 what we call qualities of bad,  
 worse, worst, and yet worse still.

The ring was forged to weigh that evidence worth,

to arrange, to array the battle—  
a fury fit of outraged innocence, a passion betrayed,  
the hand had tumbled, true,  
he killed, so to speak—  
that beggar's regalia  
a firebrand unleashed spread flare soon enough.

[...]

Sailing upward from red stiff silk  
I mixed, confused, unconsciously, what I last heard or dreamed,  
abhorrent, or beautiful, or ghastly, grotesque  
still Medusa all curdled and clothed with snakes,  
our Lady stabbed with swords, such a miserable smile  
would make stones cry out, would scorch the piazza.

And when the face was finished, throat and hands  
the last brocade, I would crouch for hours on the floor  
half in terror, half adoration

How we lived among God's silence,  
and did not speak too loud within.

In the cacophony

of selves

we battle

to be

in being, we realize

the light

is out of reach

and breaching

the surface

when you've burned (in the fire)

the fire

cannot burn fire

Considering our present-  
day obsession with tech-  
nology, it's surprising that  
nothing better expresses

the spectacular Ur-text  
of the slithery set than  
the hubristic overreach  
of an audit of Indonesian

palm oil giants or the  
pillaging of the Song  
Dynasty imperial libraries  
through a third party

broker. The nation, by  
radio, is derived from  
tissue layers pulling out  
funk riffs song after song.

To penetrate to the interior  
of the harem you must  
stand in line unless you  
hold an Albanian passport.

our actions have their own misdirections  
    (and though you think i will concede,  
    i am dedicated.)  
for at last the animal to be tamed is you;  
thus, the armory you built in my shed  
must be opened, the person that you thought  
you were playing must be replaced with the person  
you are.  
    (i can tell with general accuracy where i am,  
    unless we are at sea.)  
we have counted on the misdirections as  
dusty tributes given under dull skies; still,  
i wonder about geography and try  
to distance myself from you,  
gathering as i go from the herd the general rules.  
i suspect that they will catch up with you.

if the disbelieving eyes could see

or be stable,  
then action would necessarily  
dissipate under the spell  
of decision,  
for we are collecting  
a scattered people without  
selves who search for  
anything that can really  
happen visually (we can  
trick our imagined spaces  
into being). ourselves--the  
design of what  
we can handle understood through  
water eyes in motion  
by those who value use though the beautiful is  
enough on its own--our collection  
read below  
our own filters,  
seen as boxed without  
the borders.

-12-

There is only  
the perception  
of time passing  
  at a window  
  the eye of the crow  
  coiling within blackness  
  and the spectral madman's  
  melting face  
  descending onto the unframed  
  landscape's edge  
there is only  
the perception  
of cognition emerging  
  within the plaintive scour  
  of bloodless immanence  
  and the flesh-mortared eyes  
  groping through  
  a physicality's intransigency  
there is only  
the perception  
of reality experienced  
  within the fated abstraction  
  of dogmatic sterility  
  and the eschatological ghost  
  breathing life  
  into the philosopher's deracinated corpse

In the mind of an observer  
a plaster cast deity exists  
as a soluble graven image  
in a windowless corner  
absorbing eschatological light  
here there is no contemplating  
a piercing coronal sun  
prismatically splintering  
an overgrown azalea field's  
obscured lenticular edge  
nor from this proximity  
is it possible to observe  
the outlying talus fields  
flanking the rusted iron foundry's  
undelineated perimeter  
where a dead crow's ethereal stare  
turns a theoretical neutrino's breadth  
to entropic molecular ash...

...and here there is still  
the distinct adumbration  
of the frozen jagged mountain's peak  
casting a faded remnantal night's  
dying viscous shadow  
where palpable fears conjure  
the reality of a cataleptic chimera  
groping through a dreaming madman's  
turbid sleep  
where there still exists  
the partially conceived  
rogue ghosts  
composed of anti-matter isotopes  
and their inter-ocular essence  
emitting light  
through a crystalline celestial doorway  
where there still exists  
the flightless sparrow  
echoing its isolation  
through a sinewy winter blizzard's scourge  
and where the white moth  
floats unseen  
through the radioactive atom's eye  
and where the blind nightingale  
sings of dawn  
in a world of windowless rooms  
facing the eastern sky

Not for birds  
Yet forestry furnished  
Violently speared so  
Vertically red souls  
Puncturing lifeless snow  
Like sinking artifacts  
Forged to fail  
Staking of property  
Processed birch sticks  
Slain wintery kings  
Red shifting woods  
Let it be!

In pre-dawn darkness light candles.  
Reheat the coffee. Start the slashing  
Turkish music playing. The singer

knows the vast & broken distance.  
The player wrings the serrated stars  
of their final hour of velvet sorrow

& touches the four compass corners  
of the cosmos.

It sat on my shoulders  
Like dead crows slumped  
The names it cries  
Vomiting and with purpose  
I opened my wallet  
A snake unfurled  
It struck my face with a pain succumbing  
No sacred knife or milk - circle running  
In front of my face - circle running  
A graph translucent with certain company  
Equation, philosophy and a putrid conclusion  
No blood and no iron - scentless but fetid  
Shadow crawling the wall  
Perching at the base of my skull  
No one sees it  
No one hears it  
Gritting your teeth  
While you are blurring out  
These nauseating conversations  
Immoral Mathematics  
Y.H.V.H.  
Waging through dead flesh?  
What others see as life  
I see as a rotting conscious  
Conceived past a reconciled defiance Which in itself contravened  
Some beautiful inertness  
Some horrible fusion  
Under a surface crawls  
A great lie in confusion  
Its blood drifting a river deep  
Behind the great veil of anger  
Wisdom of creation and honor  
Will not be coward  
Or stagnant in a place where truth is seen  
A splendid court devoured  
Like a star dragging us in  
To be birthed at 60,000 miles an hour  
To be breached and unborn  
Bleed Alone  
Bleed Alone  
We all burn in time  
We all see the face of the ageless  
The ones not created  
The ones of divine annihilation

fear of  
the trembling enclosure  
knight of the  
word knight of faith  
a condensare, a chavalier,  
javanmard  
fear by death & the escapade  
the pressing  
forward muse mutating or  
the fumbling moor

the teacher & teaching: one

Qul: Hu Allahu Ahad  
the eternally recurrent  
neither begetting nor begotten  
there  
is  
no thing like  
One & from the Tao One  
One to Two  
Two to Three  
Three to the Ten Thousand Things

Leap

Pipes of People, not Pipes of Earth  
Pipes of Earth, not Pipes of Heaven

Rabbi'l 'alamin

Sustainer  
Nourisher Unto Perfection  
Lord  
of the world/s

& thru the incense  
smoke of millenia choking  
caking the brocade layers  
if the breath only responds  
how interpretation  
dances the sea tips striving  
but varily  
but by virtue  
to find the pearl  
the diver & shell, this is not metaphor  
but perspectival  
& complete upon  
the archival resonances  
the purposes &  
consequences of Revelation

sing

Beginning with the new moon  
we bathed in the Euphrates twenty-  
nine days. The soul breathes,  
the sinews of Set provide the lyre  
strings. Isis makes the navigable  
unnavigable when it pleases Her. Safe  
from crocodiles, in a papyrus  
boat. High fish, paper cups. The  
ambrosial fragrance of Phoenician temples.  
*In the right part of the temple sits  
a small man of bronze with a large penis.*  
Festival of the phallic trinity. The  
brave youths who guard the pivot, pole-  
lords with faces like bulls. The bull  
which is Zeus. *Then you will see  
lightning-bolts leaping from his eyes  
and stars from his body.* Fire-Walker.  
Light-Maker. Fire-Feeler. Fire-Delighter.  
Light-Master. Fire-Body. Fire-Sower.  
Fire-Driver. Light-Mover. Thunder-Shaker.  
Star-Tamer.

Are we in a cycle of interest?  
It has rained stones this year  
more often than usual. The Egyptians  
were the first to conceive  
of gods, and tell sacred tales. *This is  
the Deucalion in whose lifetime the flood  
occurred.* Nature wears seven  
ethereal robes. Hermes won the seventieth  
part of the moon's illumination. The  
Father of the universe is an almond tree.  
The Flute-player, born of the fruitful  
almond. As the almond signifies  
the bitterness of burial. Nana consumed  
a pomegranate and conceived a child. Attis,  
born of a virgin, was nourished  
on he-goat milk. It must've been  
a bird that flew up to the prison.  
Is this a metaphorical crab? Revealed  
but not understood. Blow out  
your light, it's time to wake up.

a Grave 'n Ayra / ἄφθονοὺς δαίμονας ἸΗΝ  
ΜΗΤΕΡΑ ΠΑΝΤῶΝ

Sir Th. Browne:  
'their graves  
in ayra'

*from the Exeter riddle beginning Modðe word fraet*

verbis edax fate a fact

apparition

vertere wonder

over

the worm a whirl-

pool

ate

(dark-thief)

vates' song--

force-fast speech, a strange foundation.

Stale ghost:

no wit glows

aura,

no ways, aft,

for what

was

swallowed.

part red, part white  
"never rose, but starèd"  
twisting to the Sun  
"beshadowed  
with a blue"

in violet troth  
Clytie keeps  
"in shape of herb  
the love," golden  
crowned & coursing

from *Lizard*

Does not levitate.  
Lifts herself in  
sections. Dreams  
of prodigious  
multiples. Sits in  
the Lost and Found.  
Fills out a form and  
takes herself home

Undocumented resources  
downgrade somewhere between

this and that

looming

in hopes of  
waiting for

ascension amongst unrehearsed chemicals

Domain: {humans}  
Range: {culture}

A dimension of extension  
allows for one of time

Put up against oneself  
there's a retreating

*The trick of being alive is something about having an outside which can be witnessed and an inside that can't*

Though they vary in size  
one tends to walk in circles

Deferral against participation

elides a knowing

slowed by casual connectiveness  
empowered by consumption

Absolutes speak no equal

resist categorizing

elitists in logic

Figures being unified  
amongst a background of  
figures

Some readiness exists

digresses in a mass of  
digressions

but not before a slow dance  
a rhythm prone to deter

filtering a domain

in the last possible seconds

and we stand and oblige the lack of topical relation

extending through a scope

disclosed as historical

Dear Suit Suites

Dear dead deer  
of the plashy heart  
mites  
an extreme expression  
ring let's thru the mere cat  
whiskers  
fiber optic  
the stingy eyeful  
this mess, a place

skin-neck-tidy, ny ny  
inspired air  
reels lung full  
the chiclets'  
bared beard sleep  
suit tidy neck tied  
sweet sweet sweet  
hirsute cover  
covering  
this we  
in Remembrance

from *Gates & Field*

To rock a horse to sleeping time  
to look for her in sleep  
To say she will face their absence  
To this notion to this  
But admonishing all external colors  
It is the unresponsive that is noticed  
Waiting for the object to embody  
Waiting for the signature to seal

# Correspondence

from Thomas Meyer

The sun rises this time of year  
shortly after five. Though it's been  
daylight for almost an hour. And  
we don't actually see its "glory" (that  
patch of Biblical Epical cloud, ~~that~~  
the radiance, and moment of Hudson  
River Valley color) for the other fifteen  
minutes it takes to climb above the hills.  
This, the habit of watching, waiting, is  
a "moment," not one like I'd once thought,  
not that sudden click of the camera's shutter.

# Acknowledgments

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The city of New York in winter.

Alan Moore's *Promethea*.

## Biographies | Credits

(pages 11, 12) FRANCESCO LEVATO is the author of four books of poetry: *Endless, Beautiful, Exact; Elegy for Dead Languages; War Rug*, a book length documentary poem; and *Marginal State*. He has translated into English the works of Italian poets Tiziano Fratus, *Creasuring*, and Fabiano Alborghetti, *The Opposite Shore*. His work has been published, or is forthcoming, in *Drunken Boat*, *Versal*, *Otoliths*, *The Progressive*, *OmniVerse*, *Moria*, *VLAK Magazine*, *Slope*, *Ping Pong*, *Another Chicago Magazine*, *Poetry International*, *Xcp: Cross Cultural Poetics*, *Cordite Poetry Review*, and *LA Review*. He has collaborated and performed with various composers, including Philip Glass, and his cinépoetry has been exhibited in galleries and featured at film festivals in Berlin, Chicago, New York, and elsewhere. He is the founder and director of the Chicago School of Poetics, holds an MFA in poetry from New England College, and is pursuing a PhD in English Studies at Illinois State University.

(page 13) JAMIE FELTON is the other editor of *Lightning'd Press* and also has a proper bio written by Jeff Miller on the *Lightning'd Press* website. Her poems have been published in various places online. They can be viewed from her website: <http://jamiefelton.weebly.com>. A zine of her earlier work entitled *Blackbird Singing* is available by request via email.

(page 14) MARK YOUNG has been publishing poetry for nearly fifty-five years. His work has been widely anthologized, & his essays & poetry translated into a number of languages. He is the author of more than twenty books, primarily poetry but also including speculative fiction & art history. He is the editor of the ezine *Otoliths*, & lives on the Tropic of Capricorn in Australia. Recent work has appeared or is to appear in *Moria*, *Fact-Simile*, *The Last Vispo Anthology*, *Eccolinguistics*, *Cricket Online Review*, *3 a.m.*, *E-ratio*, *Cordite*, *Quarter After*, & *BlazeVOX* amongst other places.

(pages 15, 16) WILLIAM ALLEGREZZA edits the e-zine *Moria* and teaches at Indiana University Northwest. He has previously published many poetry books, including *In the Weaver's Valley*, *Ladders in July*, *Fragile Replacements*, *Collective Instant*, *Aquinas and the Mississippi* (with Garin Cycholl), *Covering Over*, and *Densities, Apparitions*; two anthologies, *The City Visible: Chicago Poetry for the New Century* and *La Alteración del Silencio: Poesía Norteamericana Reciente*; seven chapbooks, including *Sonoluminescence* (co-written with Simone Muench) and *Filament Sense* (Ypolita Press); and many poetry reviews, articles, and poems. He founded and curated series A, a reading series in Chicago, from 2006-2010. In addition, he occasionally posts his thoughts at P-Ramblings ([allegrezza.blogspot.com](http://allegrezza.blogspot.com)).

(pages 17, 18) RIC CARFAGNA was born and educated in Boston Massachusetts. He is the author of numerous collections of poetry, most recently *Symphonies Nos. 1, 4 & 6* published by Chalk Editions and *Symphony No. 2* published by Argotist Press. His poetry has evolved from the early radical experiments of his first two books, *Confluent Trajectories* and *Porchcat Nadir*, to the unsettling existential mosaics of his multi-book project *Notes On NonExistence*. Ric lives in rural central Massachusetts with his wife, cellist Mary Carfagna and daughters Emilia and Aria.

(page 19) EVAN JONES is a graduate student at Harvard getting a PhD in chemistry. He has a BA in English (concentration in creative writing) from Franklin & Marshall College (Lancaster, PA) and a decent collection of poems forming.

(page 20) PETER GREICO is a former university writing instructor who has published around 100 poems over the past five years. He is currently studying mathematics in Buffalo, NY, his native city. He enjoys studying French and composing songs for the guitar. You can find some of his music at: <http://www.youtube.com/user/pjgrieco> and can contact him there as well.

(page 21) R.N. HORNER is a writer/painter/musician who lives in Richmond, VA.

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