

E K P H R A Z E I N

A MEETING OF POETRY AND IMAGE

9-20-13



Anonymous Was A Woman by Ann Hamilton

The Lids of Unknown Positions

(after Ann Hamilton)

by Miriam Atkin

When I puff out my belly, the gulf between us ebbs.

Compliance secures renown.

A dry moat in a dusty, blighted country, describes the ruined manor of a phantom clan.

Ascending to first place in the pageant of personas, my organs gain in goodness.

If you want to make sense, clean your face.

Still on her bit of iceberg, the fish are closing in.

The craggy certainty of a sunlit Catskills peak evokes the brusque completion of a sentence.

Patrons mind their finitude as an odd point in time ambles past the café window.

He hears himself quietly think how he wishes he were one of the others.

Ducks at the petting zoo play with sheep and llamas.

Faced with the threat of your interest, the linty fibers of this thought come apart like spun sugar.

Light sensitivity of the populace determines the lustre of one man's cheek.

"The dimensions of this circle are momentarily fixed" is precisely the thing said.

Kids, uncles, dog-walkers, dogs, milkmen, mailmen, dads and mothers all lived in the same house.

Penciled hard on textured paper, my messages of love resound crisply.

Dreams of togetherness are churned inside the great, buoyant skull, hung like a flag in the heartland.

Once the sun descends I shall no longer find my friends.

I'm standing on a map, and my toes point to Los Angeles.



Ocean by Hiroshi Sugimoto

Exodus

By Sharon Wang

A licking of detritus occurs.
World rises aglitter.
Stage left, V. turns over happenings
like knives without handles.

V. says, by land, by sea,
it must be possible to make passage.
V. says, a fire that cannot
be stoked nonetheless
undresses in front of strangers.

Voyeur, who are you in relation
to your own life?
Here I am, writing you in,
writing you out.

A licking occurs, world rises aglitter.
The sun is a bit in V.'s mouth.

(V. gathers, up,
into a tautness, a tear—unified,
almost spilling.)



There is a Land of Pure Delight by Cecily Brown

There Is a Land of Pure Delight

By Alexandra Kollontai

This is what I remember:
a still life
of glasses and ash and wrappers
behind your tea-colored shoulder,
a strip of sunlight
tracing your skin
when I could not afford
something so intimate.

How impatiently
the heat dripped down,
melting scuffed floorboards
into pools
to drown the best intentions,
swirling, swarming
with the way you expected
the pieces to fall.

Dust motes settled,
as if pushing for the
tipping point,

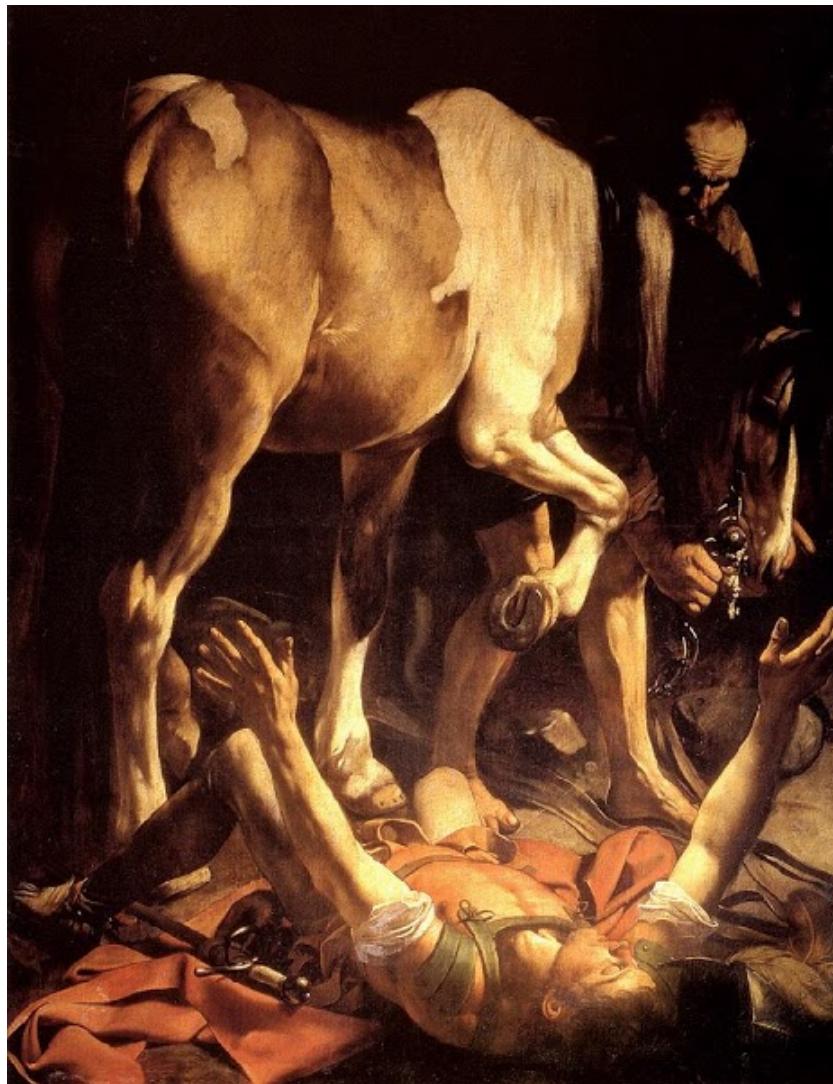
as if they could still
the chaos of sunbeams
playing over words
better left discarded
in the wind that brought them.

Tell me about the way
the crystal sky can shriek
when sour mash eyes
make too many promises,
when we expect too much
emptiness
in each other's souls.

Why didn't the rain come
after the sun burned everything?

Didn't your dirty windows
swirl all the colors together?
Didn't the air shimmer,
humming,
like every nerve in my body,
coursing with the chills
of a summer noon?

Everything was loud
in stillness:
the tangerine scent of your skin,
the words I couldn't hide
behind painted lashes,
the sky,
now shattered by leaves
falling
on the block
you don't live on any more.



Conversion of St. Paul by Caravaggio

Conversion on the Way to Damascus

By Robert Whitehead

And kingdoms were

made on the backs
of horses, were made
of the thrown-off men
asking *how is a night-
mare an instruction*

cooing it like doves
as an ungentle god
comes to open their cages.

Yours is the kingdom of—

*Where the all-seeing
sun himself could
become a drone &
enter your orchard.*

*The all-seeing could
star the inside of your
house. Could never
pierce you out*

of the kingdom.
The kingdom of—

What does it mean
when a star is inside
your house?

There is
only so much you can do
to not disappear. There
is only so much love
a star can give before

it burns you up. Yours

is the kingdom, and, like
a kingdom, easily lost.

Then, the nightmare
was falling off your horse
and into a spectrum of light
no one else believed.

*Where the all-seeing sun
himself could never pierce
you out— don't you see?—*

An interior that uncompromisable.

The nightmare now
is sarin, is faction,
white phosphorus, is nerve
agent.

Kingdom of, kingdom of—

When a god is a compound,
how can you be touched by it
and survive? When
loosed on you, when
breathed in, when asphyxia—

a god is impossible to keep
sacred, like the fruit in the
orchard, like the crusade
through it, like the hundred
other words for wounding.



Parachute by Isa Greenfield-Sanders

By Todd Anderson

There's been a time when I wished to see the world alone from above
to be a part of something I didn't deserve
to see the world
as God might have seen it as he left it behind

And if you saw me
looking straight at the sun
would you go blind
except for my silhouette
on your iris
yes it would be fine for you to see me everywhere
to see my shape in all things
because this is surely the way the breeze
whispers your touch across all the short hairs of my body
every time i look at the ocean
every time

Fuck let me just float forever in a sea of light and dissolve the ozone like an
alkaseltzer so when i burn alive it feels like passing in my sleep
and the sun in its trombone choir
won't it just tear up your insides with that music
I've been on top of a mountain and gotten bored
and the things that mattered to me then only matter now in that i haven't been
able to articulate the things that have replaced them
Just like Rhys said after he walked across the rockies
Being with people in nature
is greater than being with people
is greater than being in nature

and this is what I think
as the toe of my boot touches
the golden strand where the
ocean sun horizon tie together.
I think about this because I think
this is something you would have liked to see,
and that is why I like it,
it has nothing to do with me



Apocalypse by unknown

without anyone else, nonsense, this knowing

By Rebbecca Brown

and if in the end your arms reach
elsewhere while the birds in your throat
whip a vibrancy of wings thrashing false
starts fledged with sentences that stir
those minute fractures, the future, fissions
gracing the skin, desire, desire, tethered so thin
encircling that soft spoke suffering,
what then?

and if in this knowing, the sun turns
in certain explications, ignites more
than mere reaction, magnetizes, twists, a helix,
everything around a little undone, world weary
and winding archimedean spirals that yield
inimical reactions just beyond
some mystery, smoldering,
what then?

and if we make mock of the sun in plentious
and forays, always a walk, long coat, or swagger

somewhere the light goes, and brightness follows ahead
behind, at least a version, tinned brilliant as a roof
spring top, full of thought and might, with fistfuls
of pleasant and jaunting and how does one do,
what then?

if we are of the bird, downy, nimble, unrestricted,
touched upon together and known for lines of leaving
flickered momentary flights, our eyes probable
or blinking and sutured toward the sun,
what then?

if we aspire like horizons to be closer far away,
connected by light thin threads of a day's coalescing
in greedy accumulation, mending one to two
while walking singly into days the night once
burned bright with moon or lone light,
what then?

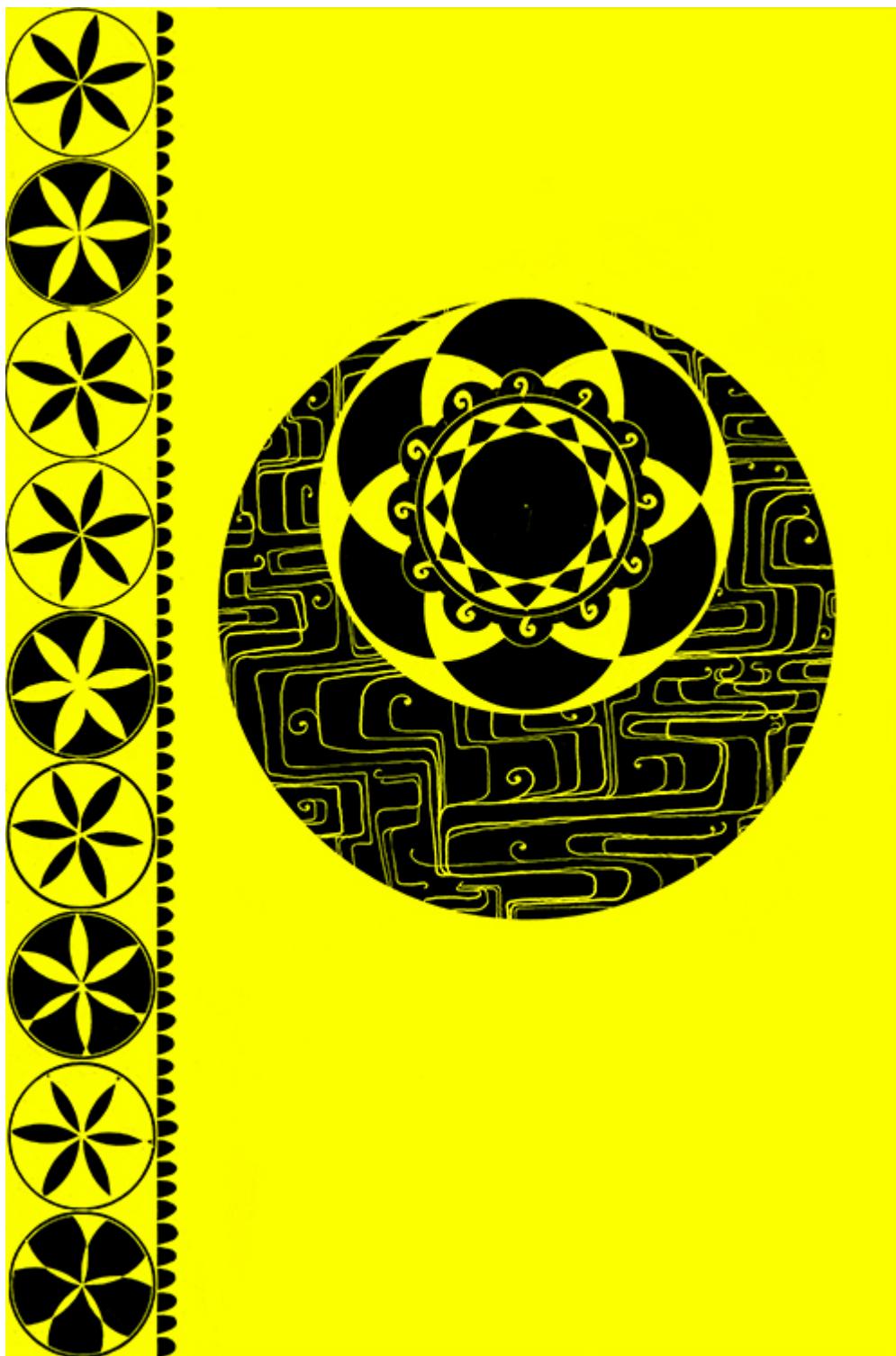
if in the ear are heartbeats
that float on hollowed bones,
birds with bright or bluff fine plumes
that limn sensations searing while some
are whisked away when the red lake leverages,
drawing talons, holdfasts, the protection of digits,
mineralized tissues that can not grasp
for long, once they steady that boiling world,
will they harden, release, move on?

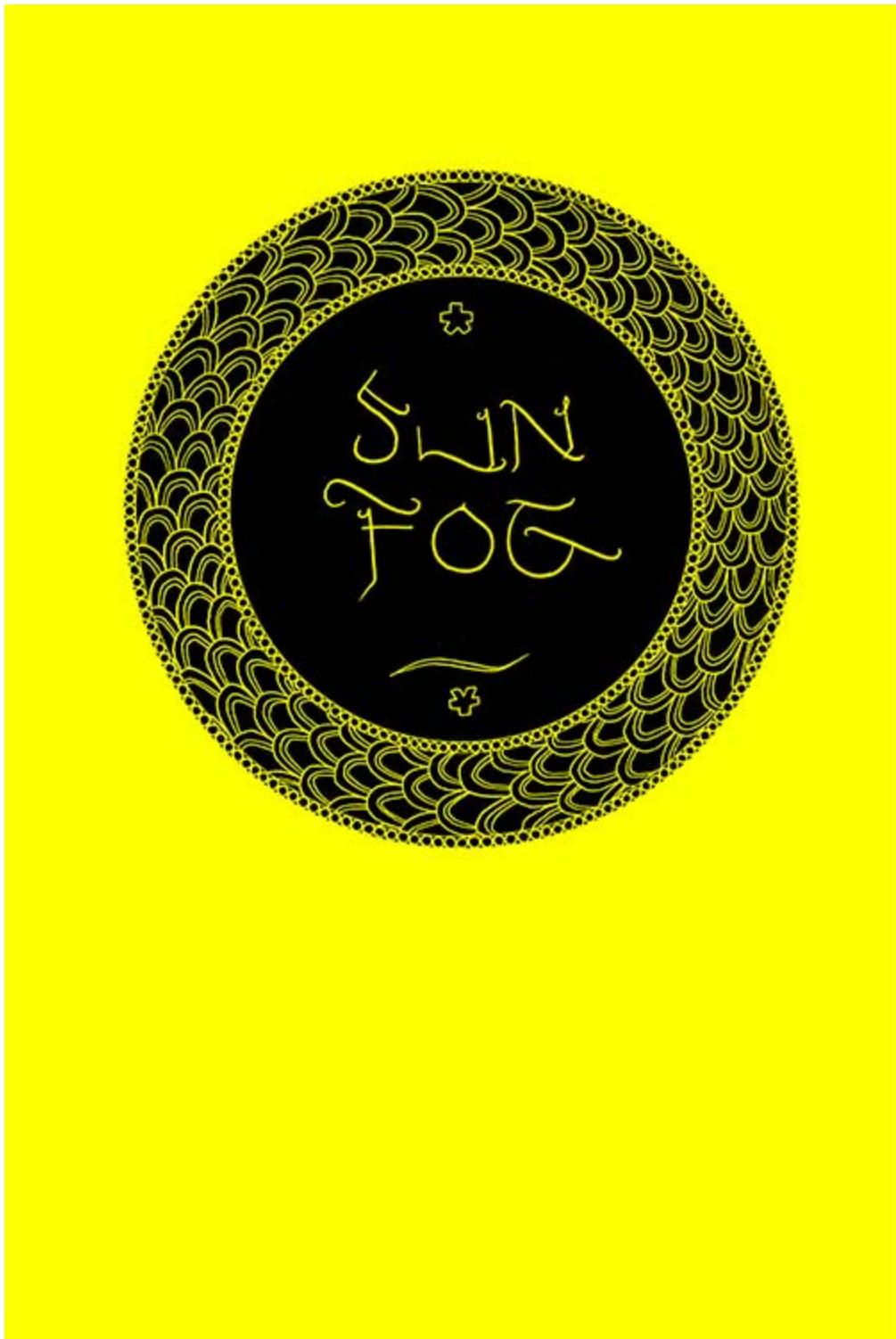
will we long for grappling fingers to clasp
the shifting crust when nothing there is solid?
will we raise our arms to the upper air
when the nights beyond reveal stars that promise
the next place where strangers awaken
to families of honeyeaters, thrashers, creepers,
gnatcatchers, accentors, wagtails, weavers, grackles,
allies, cardinals, tits, waxwings, chats, swallows,
rockfowl, logrunners, shrikes, fantails, wattle eyes,
trillers, whistlers, long bills, spine bills, lyrebirds,
warblers, starlings—all birds of paradise, all?

beneath the stars that cycle and spin,
those spheres that tell of when the world
is felled and flooded water, with one arm out
and the other springing feathers, the last tries
to fly but is grounded by this burning,
desire—this delicate declining, this skin.

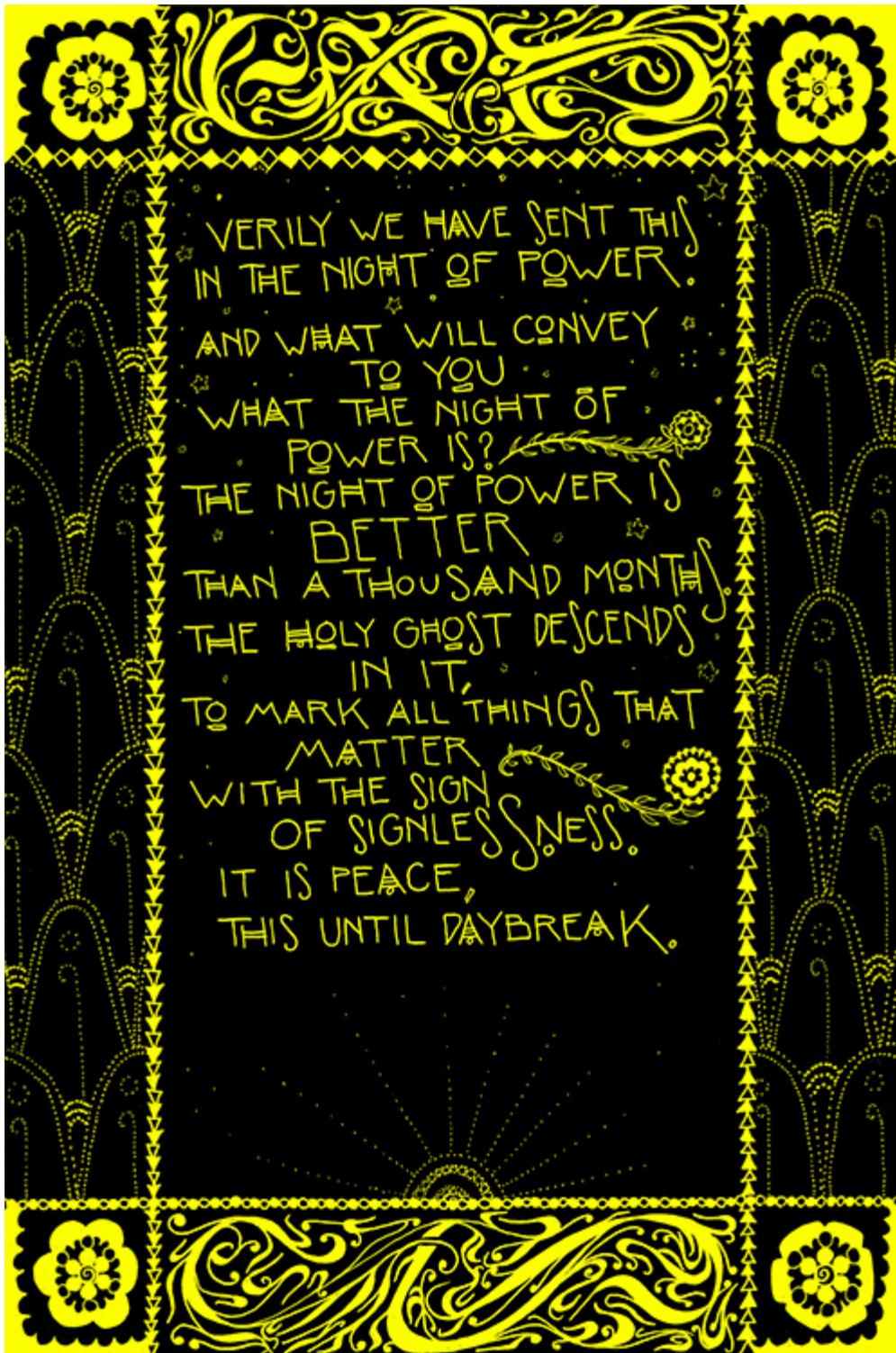
Sun Fog

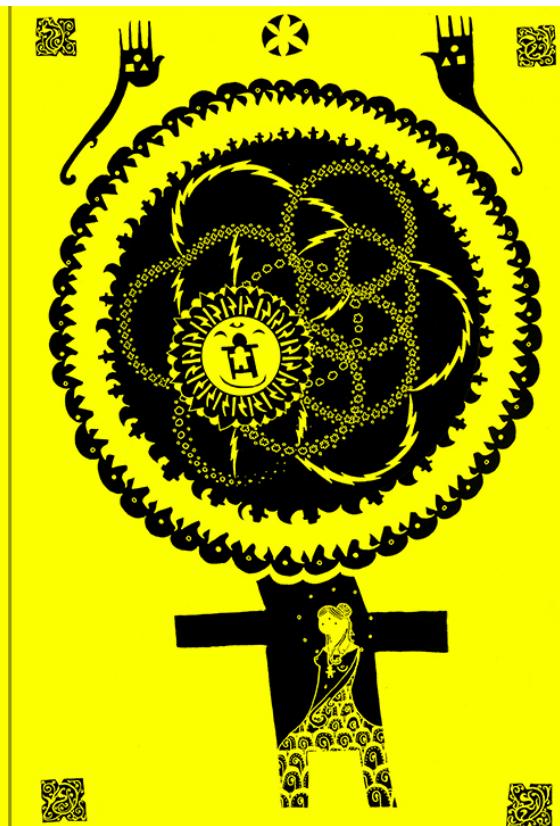
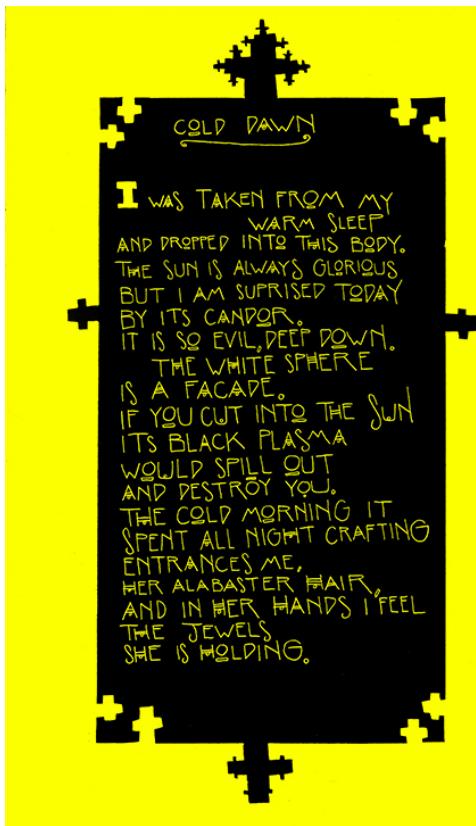
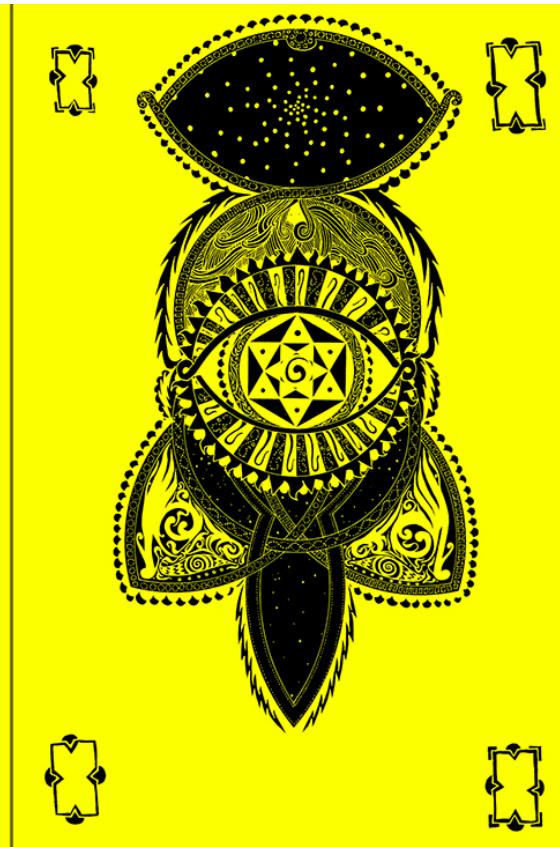
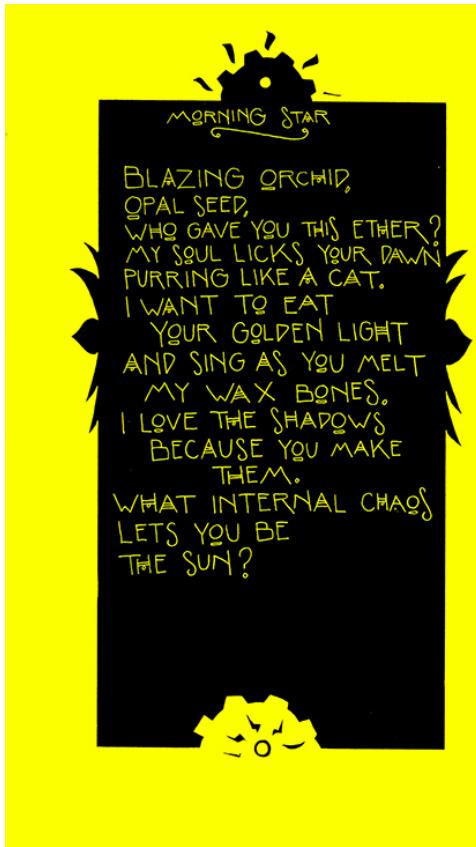
Words and Illustrations by Evan Goodman

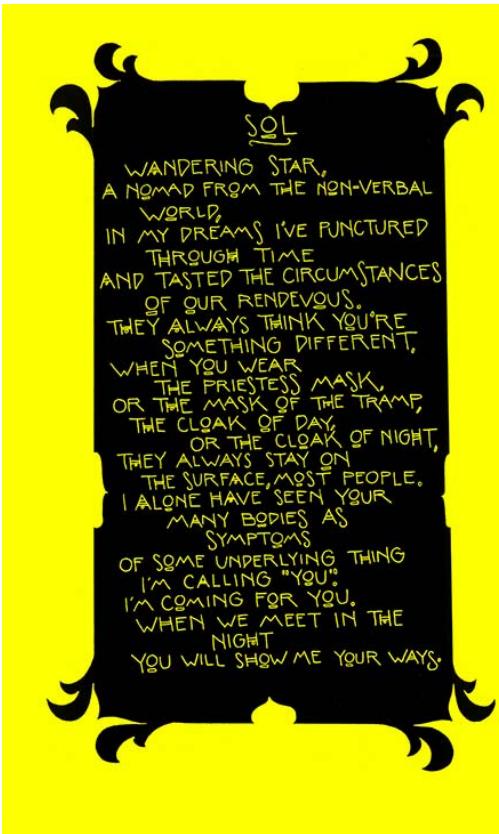
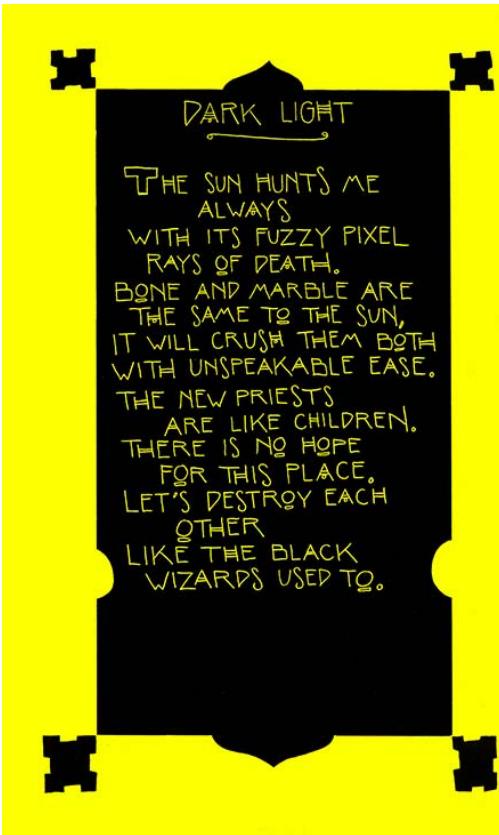


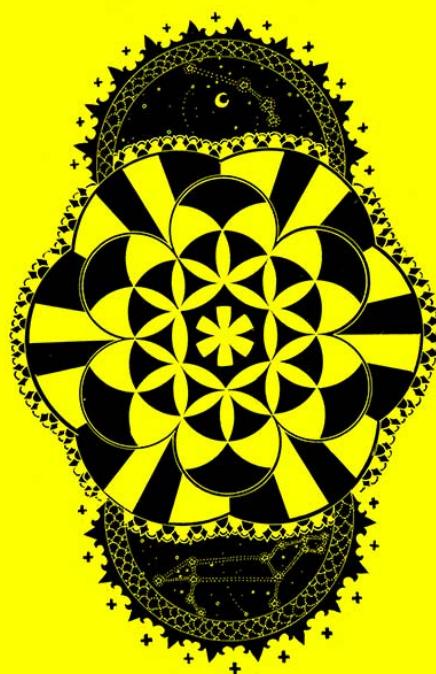
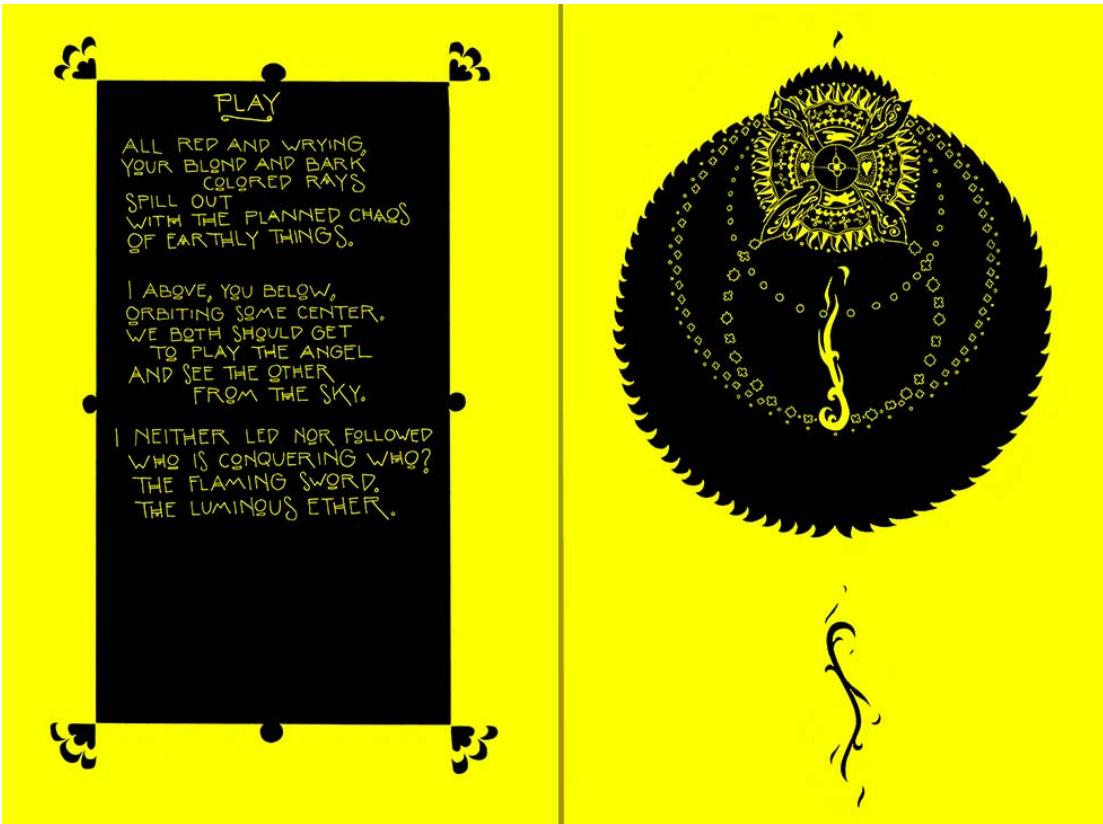


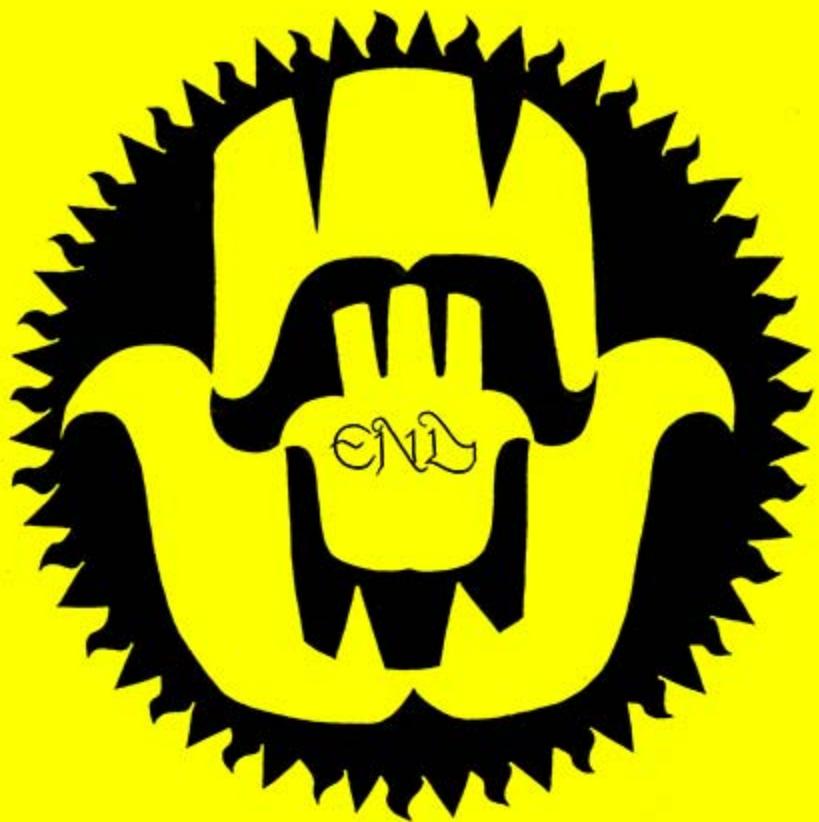
VERILY WE HAVE SENT THIS
IN THE NIGHT OF POWER.
AND WHAT WILL CONVEY
TO YOU
WHAT THE NIGHT OF
POWER IS?
THE NIGHT OF POWER IS
BETTER
THAN A THOUSAND MONTHS.
THE HOLY GHOST DESCENDS
IN IT,
TO MARK ALL THINGS THAT
MATTER
WITH THE SIGN
OF SIGNLESSNESS.
IT IS PEACE,
THIS UNTIL DAYBREAK.







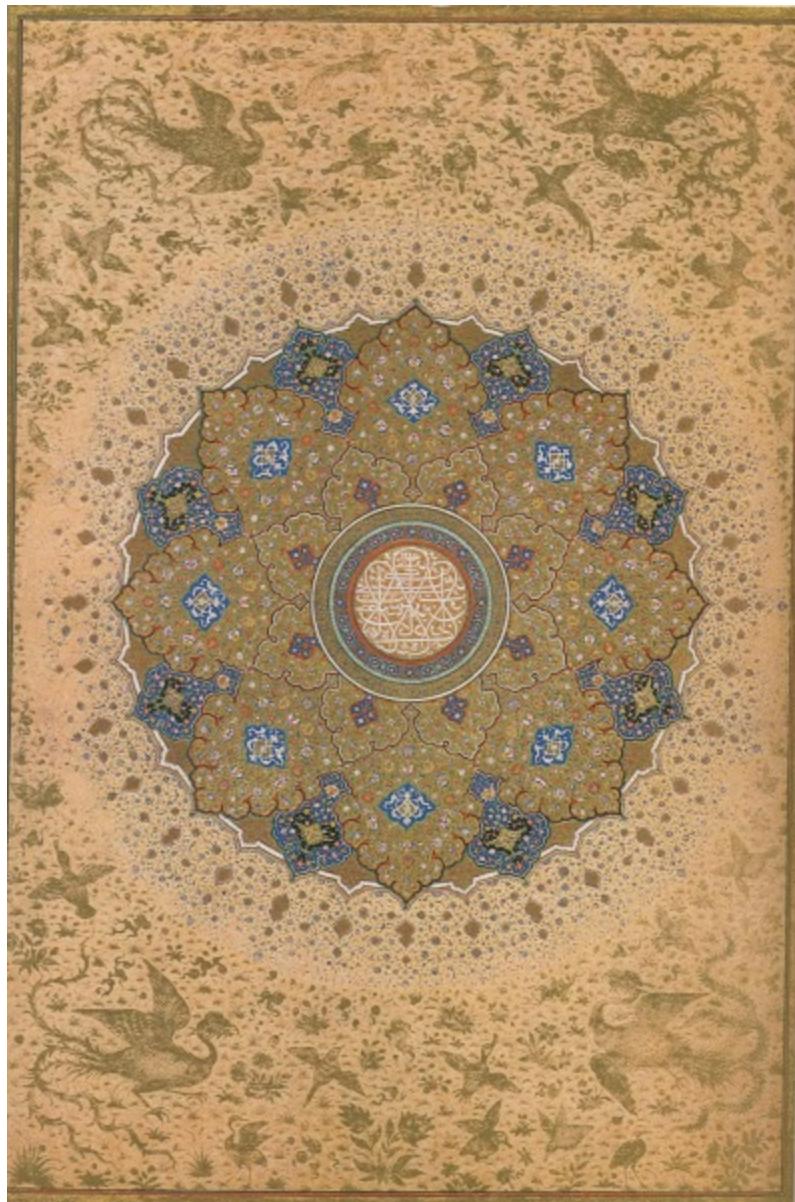






SUNFOG BY EVAN GOODMAN
www.SUMMER-HAND.com





Sunburst by Shah Jahan

Phoenix, Simurgh, Axle, Ether, the Crown
By Sho Sugita

Reborn under the ashes
With its talons combing
The first chapters hidden

For a good time to migrate
And to trap a beginning—
A movement, for curiosity, fire

Motivated to protect its edges,
Heard the beast suckles
Her young dog-birds brought up

Against deposits that stimulate growth
Permanent wealth they say a free for all
A fall for mobility or criticism—

But I've gained fluidity? Did I withdraw enough?

Was it a shoulder not as well-greased
A joint as I had hoped for, as synovia
Ventures into owning an egg?

Wind eggs, a model for public taste
To become a lover of the sun and moon
Rendered into a suffocating device:

MTA – Arts for Transit
“The city orbits around eight million
Centers of the universe...”

Brilliant! A poster shows
Public accessibility
Excites millions of anemic fleas

That one of these parasites
Sucking on the deceased
Never survives past a dead host

At least by mere chance operation
Or material as simple as something had
Or escaping into subjectivity—

Enters starvation response: where's the gold?

New ways of the word
Its coloration: celadon, then glow, mirror
Broader than laws or formation

Strokes us on the head with songs
At one point not accidental at all
The atelier to reproduce that center—

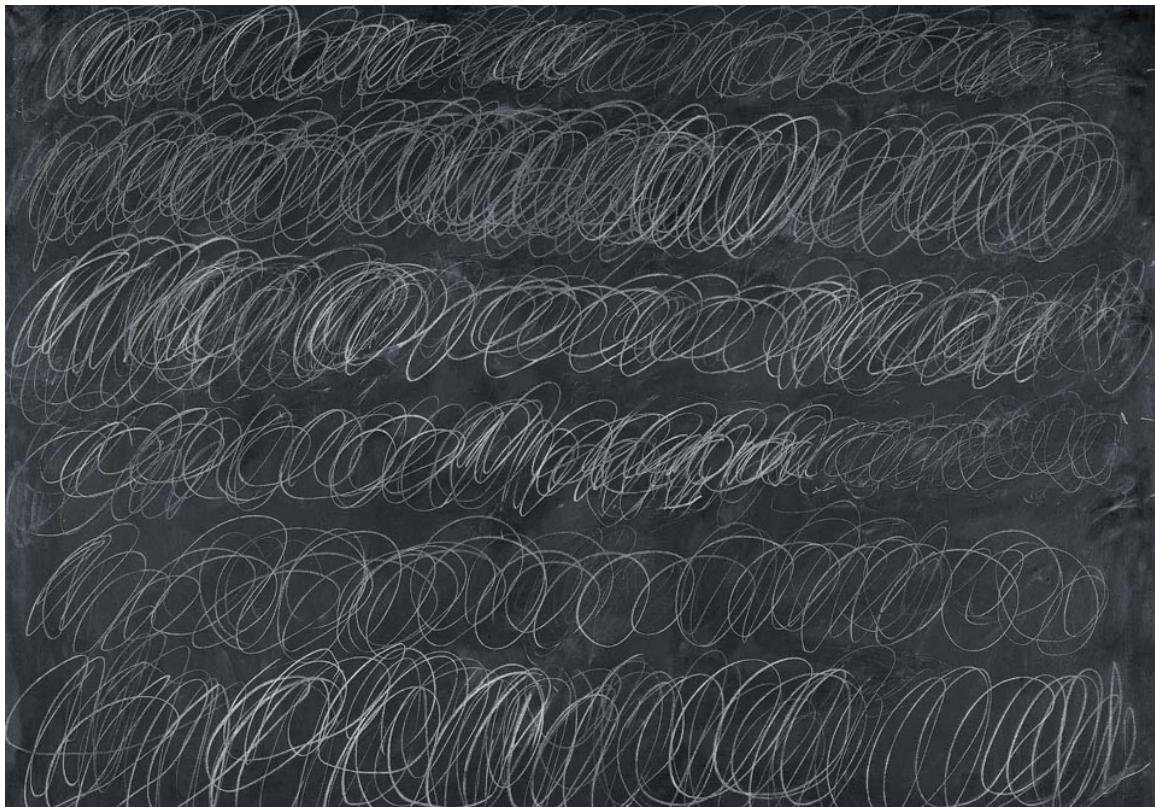
Because, don't be silly dear, *aleatory* can be controlled
And that Shamsa is a testament to its operation:

The rosette, elaborate
Cubes from afar, under dim light
Volatile, narcotic, self-consistent

Space within space
Within sphere within
Sphere within clear within

Directness, not disguised as infinitely large—just meticulous.
Spiritual, because someone had obviously dedicated time

To bind again
And rupture again
Reborn under the ashes.



Cold Stream by Cy Twombly

The Boats They Carried

By Alina Gregorian

We carried our boats through the forest. Through a condition known as reality.
We convinced ourselves that happiness exists: that forging through the thicket is
a badge that make us human.

The accountants agree that columns of numbers keep us peaceful. That numbers are analogies for understanding confusion in the world. And communication makes sense only when you have something beautiful to say.

But for us it's about entering the forest carrying boats and backpacks. Backpacks with a lot of zippers. Backpacks filled with phones we've owned since high school.

When the forest turns into an ocean, we'll set our boats down. We'll paint the anchors red and give ourselves names. We'll stand near our boats with cell phones around our feet.

We'll pull the sky down and call it a day.