



SLEEPING FISH

0.5

8.

can't put your

Finger in

8.
Sleeping Fish
net weight

ZERO.5

3.011 OZ.

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WWW.SLEEPINGFISH.NET

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SPECIAL THANKS TO CARLOS M. LUIS, JESSICA FANZO AND ALL CONTRIBUTORS.

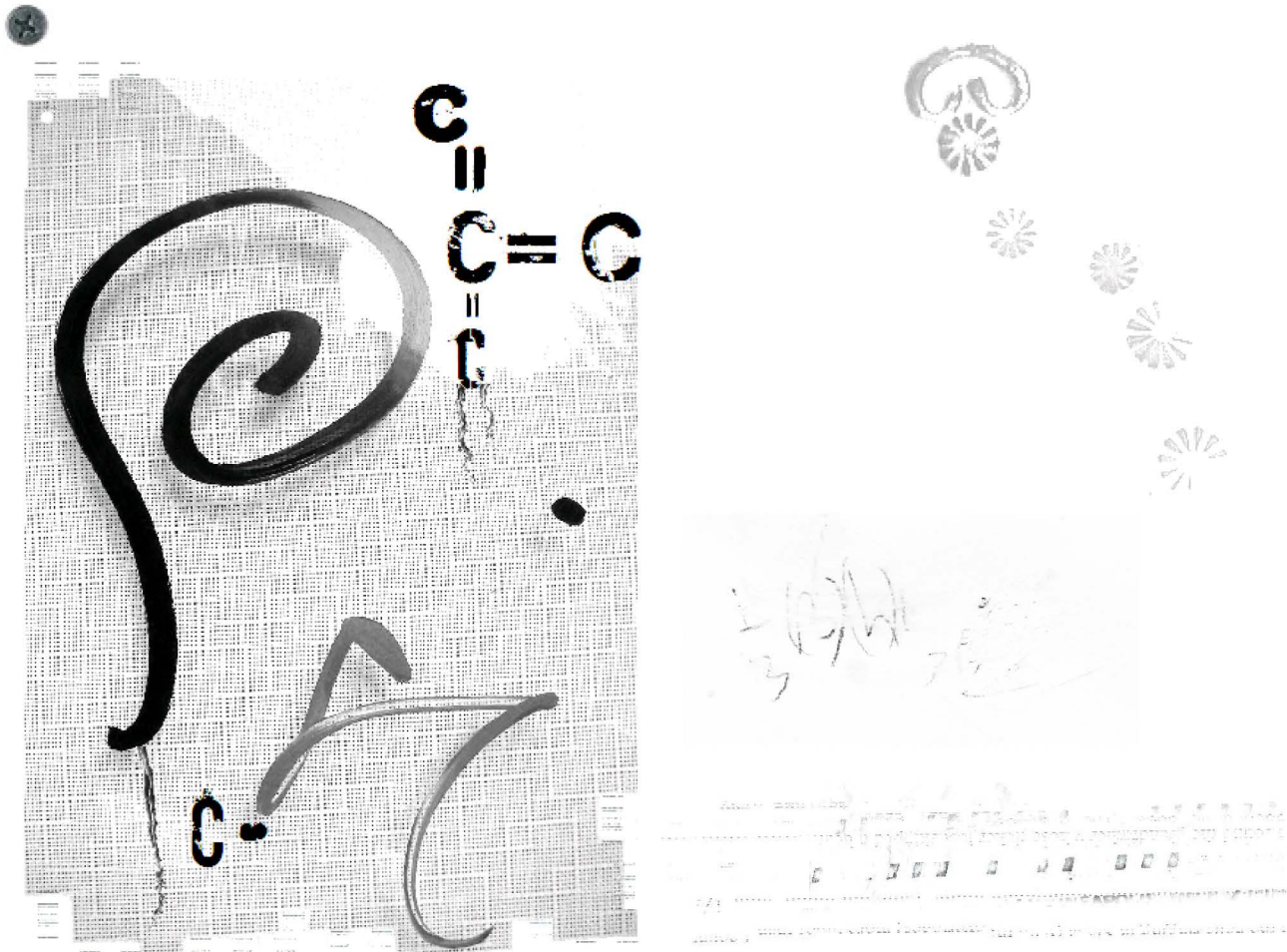
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SAWAKO NAKAYASU

A standard commercial airplane flying a standard trans-atlantic or pacific route with the standard set of economy, business, and first-class passengers and correspondingly standard crew of pilots, flight attendants, and in-flight meteorologists.

This very aircraft also filled to the brim and every cranny with diamonds, and the flight attendant who wades her way slowly, patiently, through the stones and down the narrow aisle, pushing the usual cart of drinks, peanuts, salisbury steak and long-ago fried potatoes, and what her face looks like at the end of it, and just then the diamond that drops out from under the neath of her skirt.



Texture of the sound of the wrong band warming up.

I end up on the ground as a result of someone else's good or bad, probably not too bad, intentions and the angle of the fall lands my left ear square on the surface of the ground in a location 30 degrees clockwise relative to the nearest tall building, 40 degrees from the other medium building and this has nothing well a little no nothing really at all to do with where I intended to place my own body, much less my left ear.

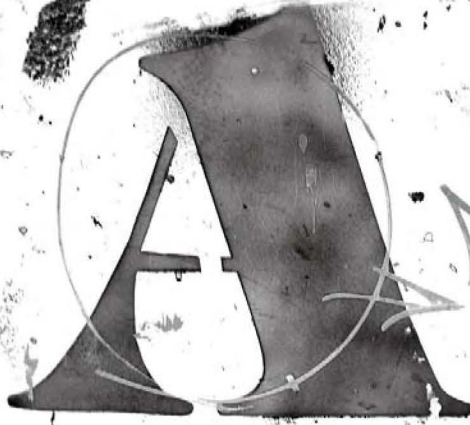
The wrong band is placed, as wrong bands are wont to place themselves, at a distance much further away than my eyes can handle, and it's not that I'm trying to lay blame or allocate reason or escape something altogether, but who, just who is it that placed me here at this particular moment.

The other side of the intersection waits for me, then starts fidgeting, some of the street signs twitch just a tiny, just the slightest bit, and if I were to arrive at this location called the other side would it be an arrival or an escape or a continuation.

Meanwhile the continuation is taking place via the wrong band which I hear through my unsuspecting left ear where I hear someone stretching a sore muscle, and a throat attenuated after years of clearing itself and clearing itself, and a lawn growing. This lawn makes the most troubling sound of all, as it becomes apparent that it is getting trimmed periodically, that it grows, develops a lovely (to some ears) sound blanket, then gets mowed, with a lovely razor blanket, then grows, developing heat, matures into the sound blanket, until it gets mowed again. I stop a man passing by to ask why it should be so that the sound of lawn growing should trouble me so, but he speaks three different languages that are different from the three different languages that I speak, and he gives up on me altogether and walks off, slapping his left ear as if there was a dangerous bug in the air.

But I already know why, and only wanted the man to say it so that I could hear it from my right ear.





KEVIN WHITE

Rug

It all started with an image out of the corner of my eye. There was no corresponding smell. The sounds of someone running. Laughing. crying.

She was Italian through and through.

Move 'A' off of the defined space. Move it towards the wall and turn it sideways to fit. Drag 'B' off (towards the double door). Leave 'B' positioned parallel to the transept shoulder 12e.

All remaining objects, lint, dirt, are to be removed. Begin rolling article 13c. towards the main door. Begin by rolling a tube approx.;2" in diameter. Upon finishing the rolling, tie 13c. with 10 guage steel wire at 25" intervals.



ROBERT LOPEZ

A Story in Spanish

The old man is telling a story in Spanish. I think he is saying someone named Esperanza took money and cigarettes. He also used the word *sangre* but I'm not sure in what context. His name, I think, is Sixto. There is a younger man to his right who nods whenever Sixto looks over to him. The air is damp and hard to breathe in. In English we ask about Antonia. Sixto crosses his legs while the man to his right hands him a cigar. Above Sixto on the wall is a painting of a young woman. The subject's hands are folded under her chin and she is looking down. You cannot see her eyes. Sixto runs the cigar under his nose, slowly. He has a thin gray mustache, hollow cheeks and has been alive too long. We tell him we need to find Antonia. A ceiling fan blows the soupy air around the room. Sixto says something to the man on his right, with the cigar still in his right hand, unlit. All I'm able to recognize is the Spanish word for *thief*.



THURSTON MOORE

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SCOTT HELMES & JOHN M. BENNETT

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JOHN M. BENNETT & JIM LEFTWICK

acclaimed as "
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and peasants, sages and
and cowards. It is a vast
of civilizations in turn
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and dr

Credit for the historical
costumes of the cover deals
producers of the movie
Paramount Pictures, with
their superb research material

SCOTT HELMES



ROBERT LOPEZ

Contact

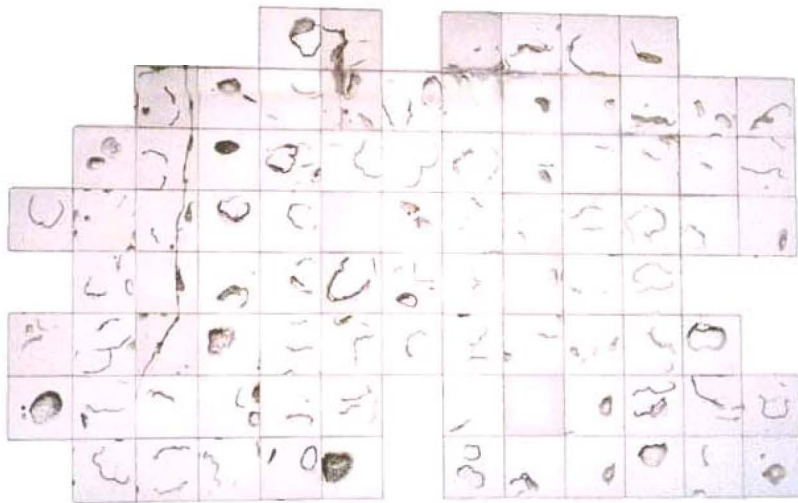
The gray wool ski cap James Henderson's grandmother knitted for him when he was six and which was missing between the ages of eleven and fourteen, was knocked clean off with the first blow. The second swing, coming only moments after the first and doing the most damage, broke three ribs and knocked the wind out of him. The only blood visible trailed from his right ear, staining his neck. Even as the assailant walked away, leaving James Henderson and the gray wool ski cap on the pavement, he could feel the tingle of contact up and down his arms.

John Mulligan Came to Town

John Mulligan came to town. I was living again in the house where I grew up. I guess my dad had rebuilt the deck in back before he split. That's about the only thing that had changed. John brought his equipment with him and I knew I was going to have to be buried alive in the backyard. Not too deep and we kept the dirt pretty loose and John rigged up this tube thing I could breathe through. That way, when the others came, they wouldn't find me. John got me all set up under the earth then left. I could see out a little, just filtered sunlight, really. It wavered and refracted against the clothes moving slightly in the breeze as they hung on the clothesline. Light sprinkled down through the leaves on the cottonwood and the mulberry trees. It was pleasantly warm and the dirt smelled good. I could hear the sound of worms and bugs moving through the earth. It merged with the hum of the blood in my veins. When the others came, they passed through the house and the backyard without detecting me. I was surprised how much I liked being buried.

...YOU CAN'T WRITE POEMS ABOUT TREES
WHEN THE WOODS ARE FULL OF POLICEMEN.
-BERTOLT BRECHT

NEVER TONUP



(LACY SCHUTZ)

Grandma Was Driving

Grandma was driving. Mom was in the passenger seat and I was in the back. Grandma's car was one of those old sedans with a front seat like a long bench. I was peering over the back of it. We wanted to drive by the old house, see how it looked after all these years. We were driving down 56th St. and as we approached Van Dorn, Mom told Grandma to get into the turn lane, which didn't use to be there. Grandma kept driving, ignoring us. She kept driving until we were near the cemetery. We assumed she'd decided to visit Grandpa's grave. But she sped on past that turn-off, too. We were getting out near this affluent neighborhood and I started thinking about Corey Bretsch, this kid I had a crush on in the 9th grade. He'd lived out there. His dad was the pastor of our church. I used to go walk on the dam in back of his subdivision, fantasizing we'd meet unexpectedly. I heard that after suffering some personal crisis, he currently makes his living acting the part of Jesus Christ in a traveling passion play. I was thinking about Corey when Mom screamed. Grandma had died. Right there at the steering wheel. I yelled for Mom to grab the wheel, but even as I did I saw she couldn't manage it and I was half over the seat before the words left my mouth. I shoved Grandma up against the driver side door. She was already stiff and my bare leg pressed against her rigid one as I took control of the vehicle. I swerved just in time to prevent nailing some guy to a wooden pole.

IAN BICKFORD

You walk down the steps in your light zippered jacket into a yard of lava stones and cactus. When you turn around to shout suggestions for a good year back to your hosts, you find that the sun has just crested the roof of the house and for a minute you can't speak. You look over to the stranger beside you, whose wrist you're holding, then back into the torrent of bright slate.

You look into the center of the wheeling machine.

Soon, you know, you'll get into the car and light a cigarette and the evidence of your particular life, the smell, the imprint, will bring you back outside the ring of your dreams. But for a minute you stand in the yard. The turbine is chopping the sunlight to pieces and the pieces are raining over the surface of the roof. Suddenly you remember a movie. In it, the monster is taken from his home in the jungle. He was a king. Now he loves a woman and you know from the poster outside the theater that he'll be shot in the face by airplanes.



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On The Elevated Railway

I stay on the elevated railway that runs a loop around, sewing buttons on a green shirt. The thread goes in and out while the needle feeds through thick cloth. The needle feeds through thick cloth sewing buttons on the green shirt while I ride the elevated railway that runs a loop around again.

On the elevated railway the latches clatter and big stickfigures loop their arms through handles. Their arms are stuck-up because they are flat and shouldn't fall. They make lines with their stuck stick arms, hang on and ask me—"Why do you ride around on the elevated railway?" "Can't you see I'm sewing?" I say. The needle goes through; it loops again as the handles and latches rattle.

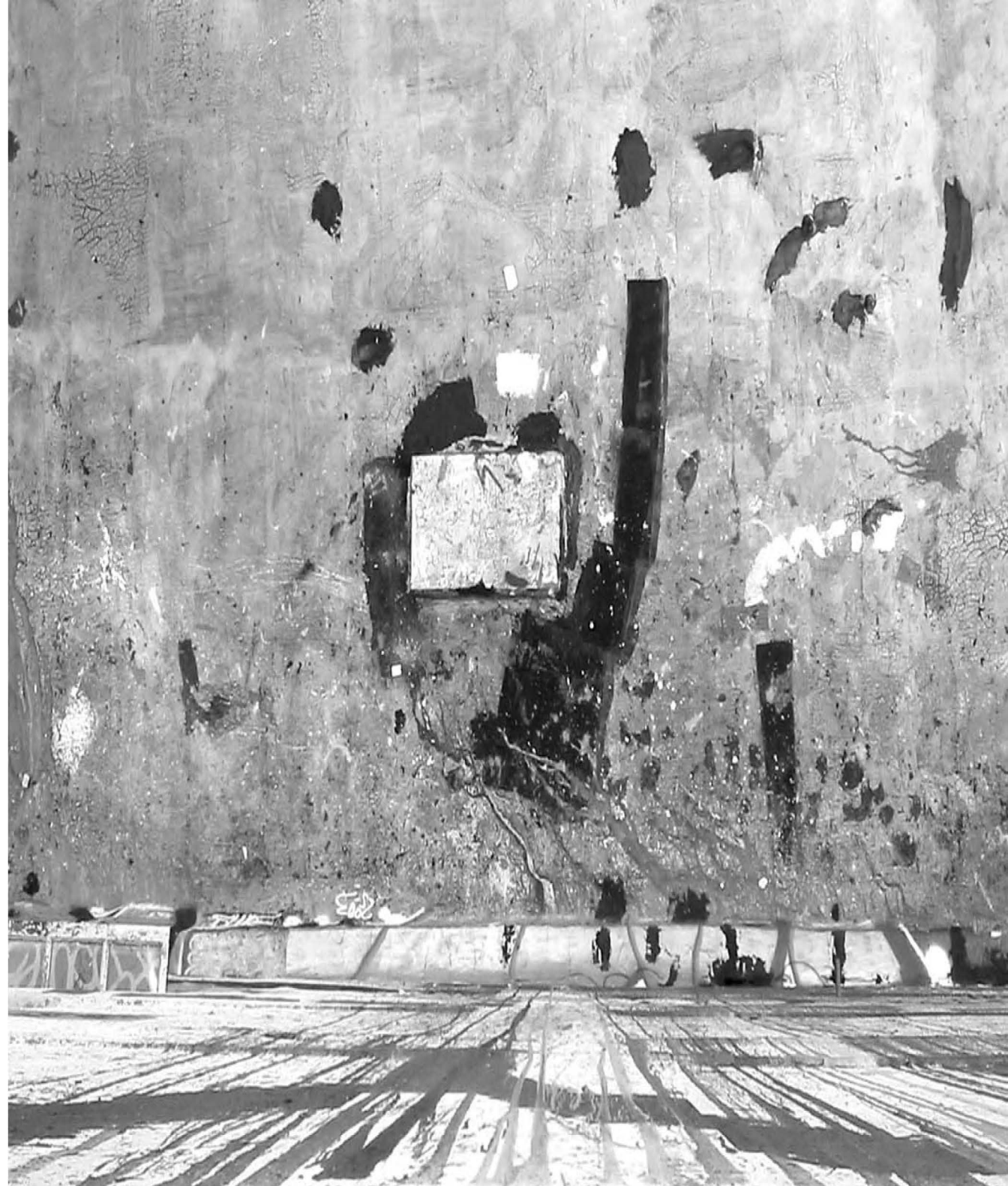
At the next stop, far from the last stop, the train is filled with whirling girls. They sing and tap dance on. The whirling girls clap, turning circles on the elevated railway. The stuck stickfigures smile, they try to clap along but can't, they unlatch their long arms and fall. Around them the girls dance, spinning in the turning cars, gowns glittering, skirts spilling here and there a button, which I snatch up and sew on my shirt with the gleaming needle.

The train wheezes through the loop, winds back, the threads snake in and behind, the buttons on the green shirt shine. The conductor comes by wearing a tan hat that goes around his head. He has in his pocket a letter for Alissa who sits across the aisle. I am laughing. The letter is from me as Alissa is my lover. The letter says: I love you and I am sewing buttons on the green shirt that I'll wear at our wedding where we'll dance around and clap hands on the elevated railway forever. I see Alissa read the letter and laugh. She comes to kiss me. I kiss and sew buttons at the same time. The dancing girls whirl and whirl.

All the while the conductor in his tan hat smiles. The stickfigures stand in the aisles like ministers, each one with a hand flat over his heart. "Love," says one, "is only a sound; and what stems from sound comes, as the saying goes, around." Suddenly, everyone is eating apples. I squirm into my green shirt, shut buttons, clap latches and laugh for a lifetime on the elevated railway. In Alissa's hair the apples rattle. We clap along and know what it is to be here and always here.



from the roof of 5 Pointz, Long Island City, NY.



... more shots of 5 Pointz at <http://www.sleepingfish.net/5cense/5ptz.htm>

RUBEN TORRES LLORCA



What Matters Most Is How Well You Walk Through The Fire, 2003
mixed media, 63" x 40"





DAPHNE BUTER

"I've Got the Door In My Suitcase"

Outside my attic window and above the houses of Amsterdam, artificial dinosaurs were hovering in the sky. Some of them had elongated necks and tails, others just protuberant bodies and plump legs that dangled just above the trees. The animals came in dark colors—purples and shadowy reds. The sky grew darker against them and I feared this was the beginning of the end of times.

All in a sudden, a bright streak of light fractured the sky, exposing a door in the heavens made of clouds. While the artificial animals floated in circles, the door in the sky opened wide and swallowed the earth. My house was still there, but outside my window was nothing but thick blackness. Stretching my arms out the attic window, I touched the black never-ending emptiness.

Turning around, I noticed my room had changed into another place. In the middle of a hallway sat my mother on a throne. She was wearing an old-fashioned dress made of black velvet and a black hat that had the same shape as a paper bag. Looking her in the face, I noticed she was blind. I left the room for another room. In this room was a man with a suitcase who asked me if I knew a way out of this place.

"I'm lost myself," I said.

The man smiled mysteriously and brought his face close to my face to whisper, "I've got the door in my suitcase."

I tried to follow the man with the door in the suitcase, but the faster I walked the further ahead of me he got. I gave up and decided to go back to the hallway with my mother on a throne, but behind me was nothing but a blooming forest. I recognized these as the vivid gardens of my youth. The trees surrounded me with glowing white blossoms. A huge happiness filled my mind.

I looked for the house where I was born, but it was not there in the gardens. Under one of the trees was the man's suitcase. I stood there wondering if the door to the house where I was born could be inside the suitcase, and how the doorway to another world, could possibly fit in that suitcase. After some time, I kneeled down to open it. The outside of the suitcase was a door in itself, and behind it was my attic room. I crawled back inside and the dinosaurs were still soaring through the sky.





ROBERT MILTNER

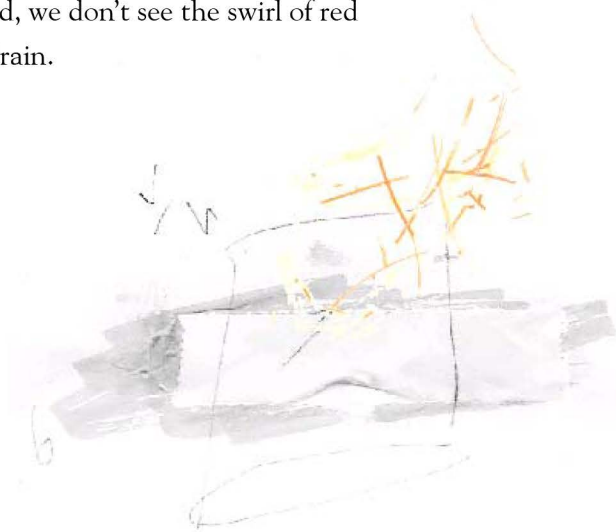
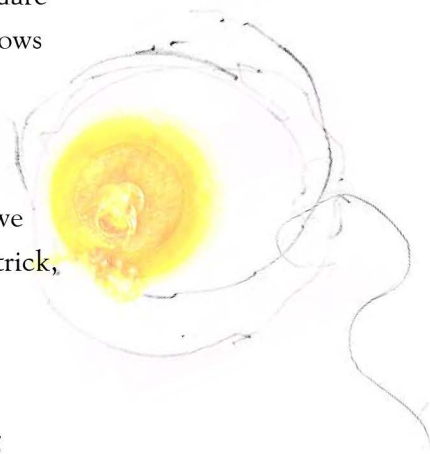
Playing the Role of You

We can imagine our own death. Jumping off the ledge, hurling ourselves in front of a speeding truck, igniting ourselves as a noble protest against some ignoble cause: we can, and we do. But we cannot dream about ourselves dying.

At the moment before the avalanche engulfs, before the dog pack attacks, we wake up, hearts pounding, throats so dry we don't dare swallow for fear the esophagus will shatter, its sound like windows blown out from a drive-by shooting.

And if we dream in color, we can actually see the blood, red as when we force our eyes shut against the summer sun, though we know that it's no more real than an actor's prop, a magician's trick, a sideshow gimmick.

In the morning, in the shower, our heads under the faucet, we remember still shots from the dream, like a collage of lingering movie images. And, eyes closed, we don't see the swirl of red spinning clockwise down the drain.



GEOF HUTH



APRIL'S FORGOTTENINGS

$\sqrt{\text{VISIBLE}} - \frac{(\text{FORGOTTEN})(\text{CONSIDERED})}{\text{KNOWN}} = (\text{FINGEARTONGUE} + \text{NOSEYE})^2 + \text{THOUGHT}$

$\text{SENSED} - \frac{(\text{FORGOTTEN})(\text{CONSIDERED})}{\text{KNOWN}} = (\text{FINGEARTONGUE} + \text{NOSEYE})^2 + \text{THOUGHT}$

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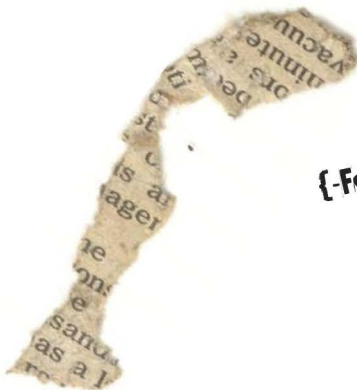
$\text{SENSED} - \frac{\text{REMEMORY}}{\text{KNOWN}} = \text{POSSIBLE} + \text{THOUGHT}$

$\text{SENSED} - \text{HALF-THOUGHT} = \text{POSSIBLE} + \text{THOUGHT}$

$\text{SENSED} = \text{POSSIBLE} + \text{THOUGHT} + \text{HALF-THOUGHT}$

$\text{SENSED} = \text{POSSIBLE} + \text{THOUGHTS}$

$\text{SENSED} = \text{POSSIBILITIES}$



GEOF HUTH

{-Found and Aleatoric...}



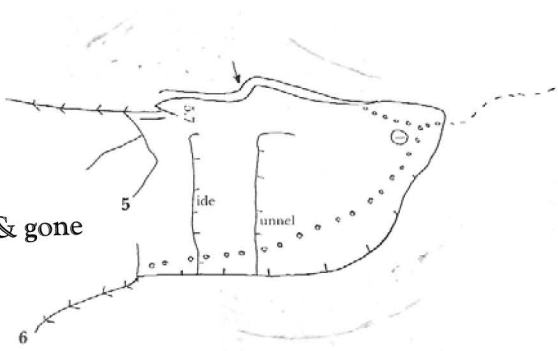
STEVE DALACHINSKY

Date: Sat, 24 Jul 2004 01:13:11 -0400
From: Steve Dalachinsky <skyplums@JUNO.COM>
To: POETICS@LISTSERV.BUFFALO.EDU
Subject: Re: In defense of Love like Rilke's

of course poetry lies all the time so self-righteous gad for instance
the following what ever it may mean

let's do it again (mavis staples @ castle clinton)

black lab i tail wag
dog ^{see n g} 'll take you there eye
broken un
weight a sum cast tale-a-ton is



a circle — jackfed lint one dark cloud come & gone
< yesterday >

ta bldings look like toys she remarks
ta ta ta ta sat stale cat clit(av)ism

staple/staple
taps spat less/lest (have a little) -

faith) plate turm
oil term / . . > oil dis re
spect g-d said "he" would

take care of us
aslet linet "he" is not
sleeping sum mus tem por ary
seeing-eye dog moves her hand expressively

is a little woman
ex - pat on its shiney head
seeing eye god
but you knew that already
dog is not sleeping dog is not sleeping

put hand on put hand on
mouth

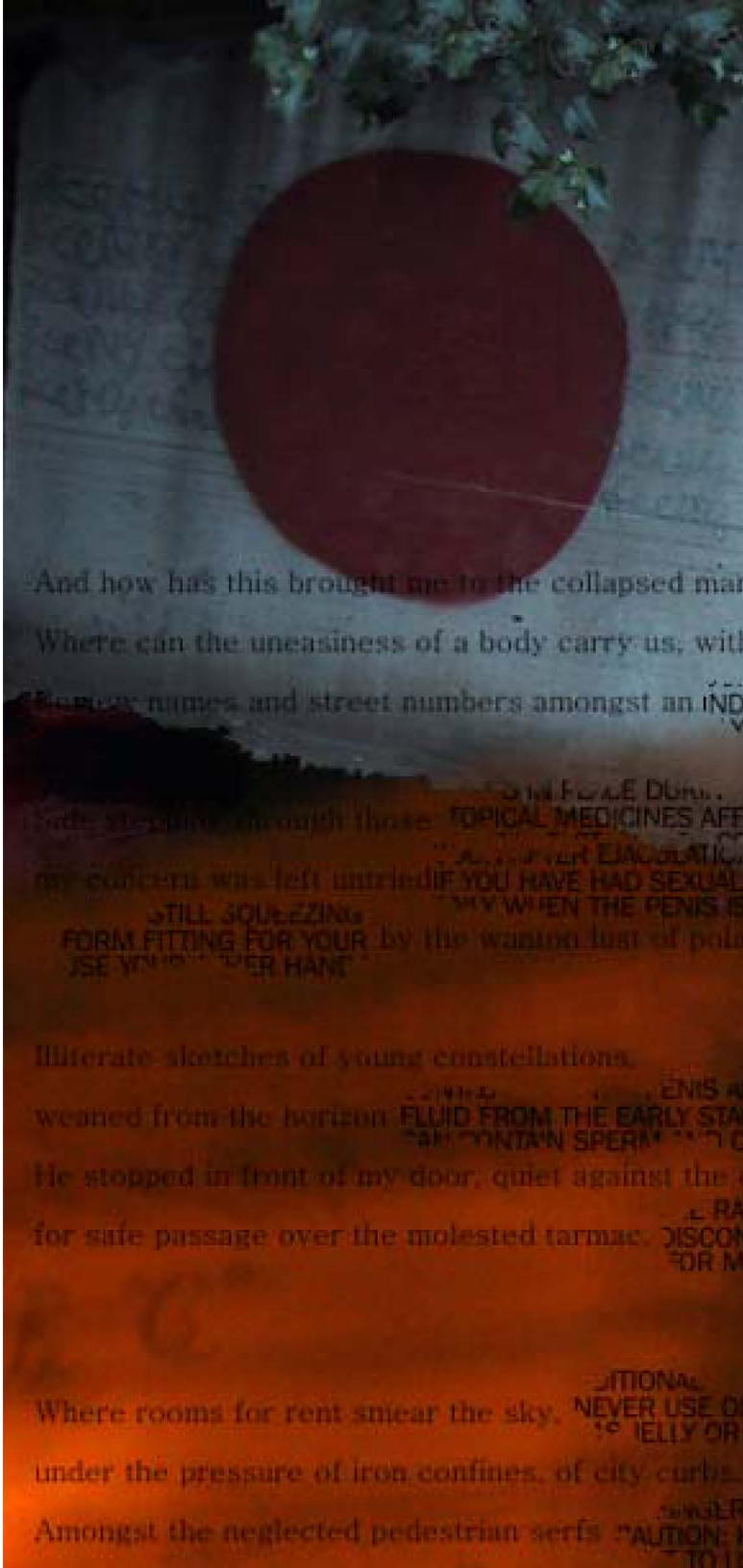
take yer sheet off boy
make a friend.



JESSICA FANZO



KENZIE BURCHELL



And how has this brought me to the collapsed man

Where can the uneasiness of a body carry us, with

Emergency names and street numbers amongst an IND

State medicine through those TOPICAL MEDICINES AFF

my concern was left untried IF YOU HAVE HAD SEXUAL

STILL SOUZZING MY WHEN THE PENIS IS

FORM FITTING FOR YOUR by the wanton lust of polo

USE YOUR OVER HANT

Illiterate sketches of young constellations,

weaned from the horizon FLUID FROM THE EARLY STA

He stopped in front of my door, quiet against the

for safe passage over the molested tarmac. DISCOM

Where rooms for rent smear the sky. ADDITIONAL

under the pressure of iron confines, of city curbs. NEVER USE OF

Amongst the neglected pedestrian serfs. TO IELLY OR

TO IELLY OR

...LUBRICANT IS COMPATIBLE WITH...
...MAY INCREASE RISK OF SLIPPING OR BEING DAMAGED... the framed falling body in my corridor?
...ION-VARINAL USE OF CONDUCTORS...
...all scales set on such a sliding axis?

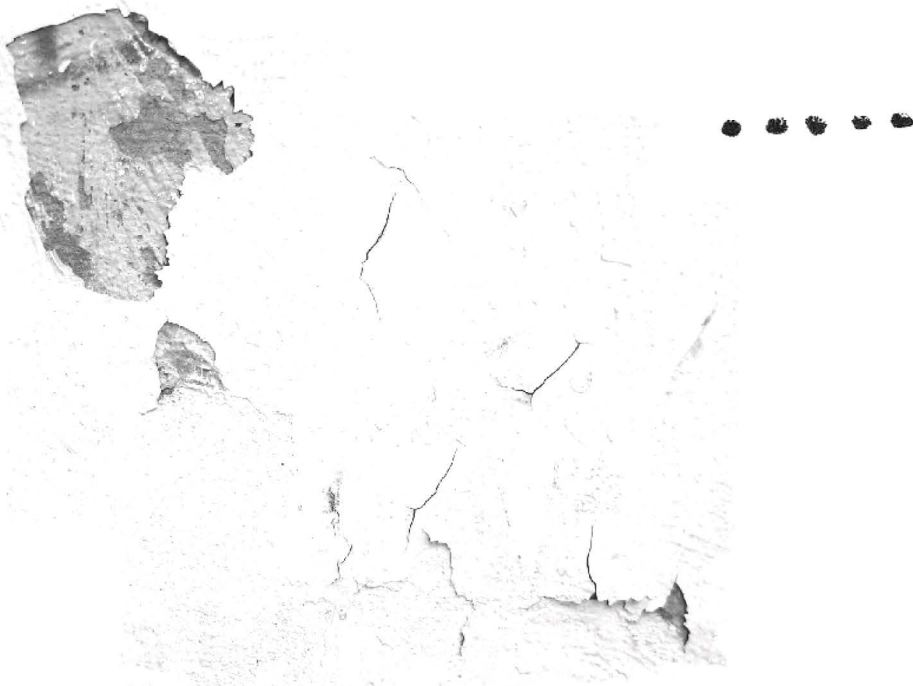
...LARNED... HATEVER...
...INDIVIDUALS MAY EXPERIENCE SENSITIVITY... uncountable crowd,
...LATIVE...
...LATIVE...
...LATIVE...

...EX... ROLL...
...ECT THE EFFICACY... something from fractured concrete foundations.
...CONSULT... PHAR...
...CONTACT WITH... taunted by the cascading fortune faces of metro windows.
...FULLY WITH...
...around proximity

...IF THIS... HAPPEN...
...GES, seeking the comfort of common... NO METHOD CAN PROVIDE...
...ORGA... BE SURE NOT TO RIP IT... AGAINST THE TRANSMISSION...
...carnival-clad TEAR ALONG ONE SIDE... crowd,
...NO...
...CONTINUE USE IN CASE OF...
...INFORM... INFORMATION COM...

...JICAN...
...L BASED LUBRICANT, darkness buckles red
...ON BASED PETROLARIF

...NAILS...
...KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN... I saw someone eaten alive by guard dogs.
...SE...
...DATE...



Margarito Cuéllar

Joypening

Joy laid an egg. To break its shell is a rite: a joyous egg cannot be cracked by rocks or hammers. Humor and salt, in subtle doses. Its surface doesn't always have an ovoid shape. There are many eggs shaped like squares, pyramids, icicles, or crystalline spheres. Even polyhedrons.

The birth of joy in its larval phase. Filaments, sounds, teeth for the celebration. There can even be green ligaments, lichens, and muscles set in motion like a watchmaker's shop. There are also thunderings and artificial storms, relics and joints that defy goodwill. Minefields and incubated larvae put the birth at risk. It's recommended you don't make waves until the offspring acquires the consistency of bread or vitriol. In some cases the egg produces a bird or a field of sunflowers.

-TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH BY STEVEN J. STEWART

(Margarito Cuéllar)

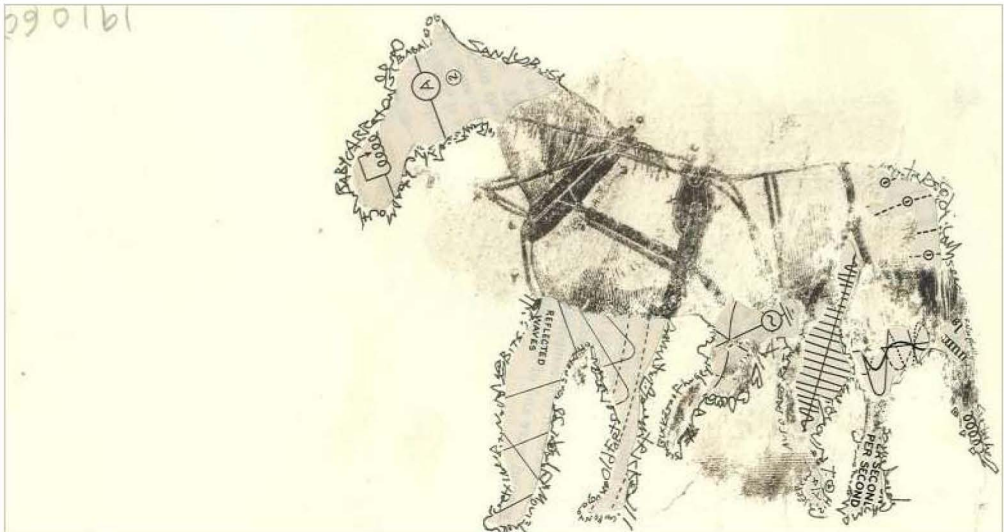
Rebecca's Car

We crossed Florida in Rebecca's car. In a bar in Atlanta we drank a little beer. "Goodbye, Georgia," we said from Rebecca's car. The farms of black people in Tennessee (it rains on Rebecca's car). Rebecca's car would sing. Boleros, samba, *vallenato*, Mexican *corridos*. A good brand Rebecca's (white) car. Everything okay (too okay) for the United States. But in Lexington the horses sprout (like ants) from the freshly cut grass. And we run over one (purebred). The end for Rebecca (her car).

(TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH BY STEVEN J. STEWART)



RIC ROYER

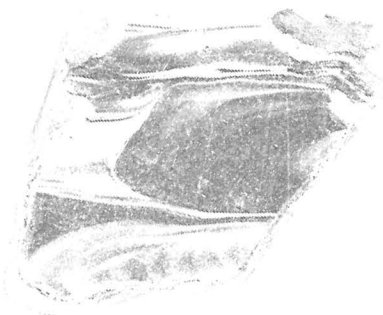


BRUCE F. MACDONALD

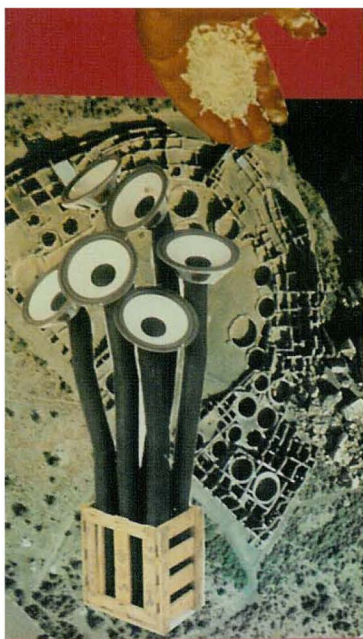
Close to Water Far From Home

David Lynch and I are looking at figures on a beach, drowning. Not that I know this right away. That it's Lynch, yes, and that we lean on the boardwalk's railings. But what the bodies are doing takes a moment to sink in. They twist and writhe, try to stretch towards the sky, flop and wrangle in the sun, some already still, others flinching before they stop. The more active ones make gurgling sounds. It's hard to hear at first, bodies directed away from the water. They thrash and die in the air, a bizarre situation—that which kills here, saves elsewhere, and the opposite as well.

"Maybe they should make for the water?" I suggest, which is not how I normally speak. The I that I am in the dream then thinks, this is what it is, a dream. It's a feeling Lynch helps me realize when he says, "It is a dream. People drowning on dry land while you watch with a filmmaker is an omen." "Really? What's it mean?" "Not much," he shrugs, looking away from the beach, hand to brow. "The tanning salon is open now. Let's go." He pulls the leash I now notice I'm wearing. We move on. It is then that I hear a voice call my name from the beach. I turn to look, but Lynch yanks hard. The collar is tight on my throat. I wake up and cough, and make for a drink like my life depended on it.



GUY BEINING



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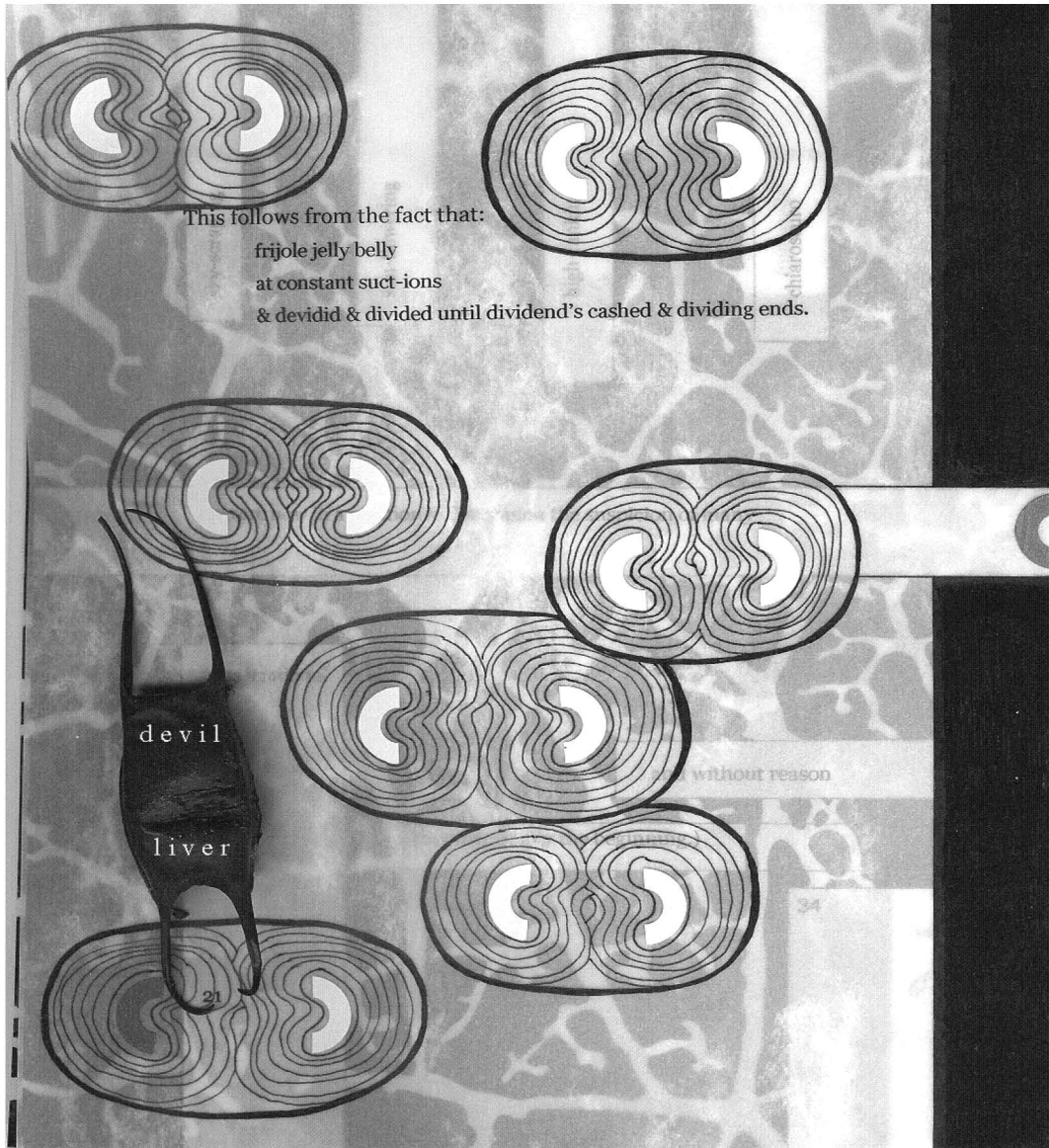
his
Marked
eye

dissolution

Maximum 11/6/04

WENDY COLLIN SORIN & DEREK WHITE

8 + 13 = Meiosis Versa *



²¹ The black seed is embedded in the evil sea anemone (as she eats jackfruit on a train along the Tropic of Cancer). The higado genes in genesis cannot be stopped once the flesh-eating feline wheels are in motion. Figaro Figaro. The only evil is to live itself. Figaro *Higado* Figaro.

from "P.S. At Least We Died Trying to Make You in the Backseat of a Taxidermist"
 (forthcoming from Calamari Press)

IAN BICKFORD

Our misdemeanors wore a groove across the surface of the town. Standing there, anywhere along the secret, arcing corridor, we were protected from everything, everything—gunshots, hailstones, any degree of burn.

We followed Main Street to the corner of Division then cut west toward the ballpark. This was a week after the river broke the sandbags at the bank and washed away the pitcher's mound, reversing it to a pit, a little pond. My mother's dog was drinking there, legs sunk six inches into the mud. We hollered at him and he splashed over and put one big dirty foot into my hand.

There are nights when I think I finally understand the pattern of the things that happen. I could tell you the worth and the specific danger of every direction on the compass, the best maneuvers for catching fine animals asleep, the reason for your worry.

Annie chased the dog a block toward home. I took off my shoes and my belt and then the borrowed trousers and leaned against the fence to pull at the tails of the medical gauze. The gauze was wrapped three times around each of my thighs and tied with a slipknot at the knees. Until now there'd been a feeling like the end of a long panic. It was the end of the summer. It was the end of the day. It was the end of the period of staring shocked into the stutter of the rain.

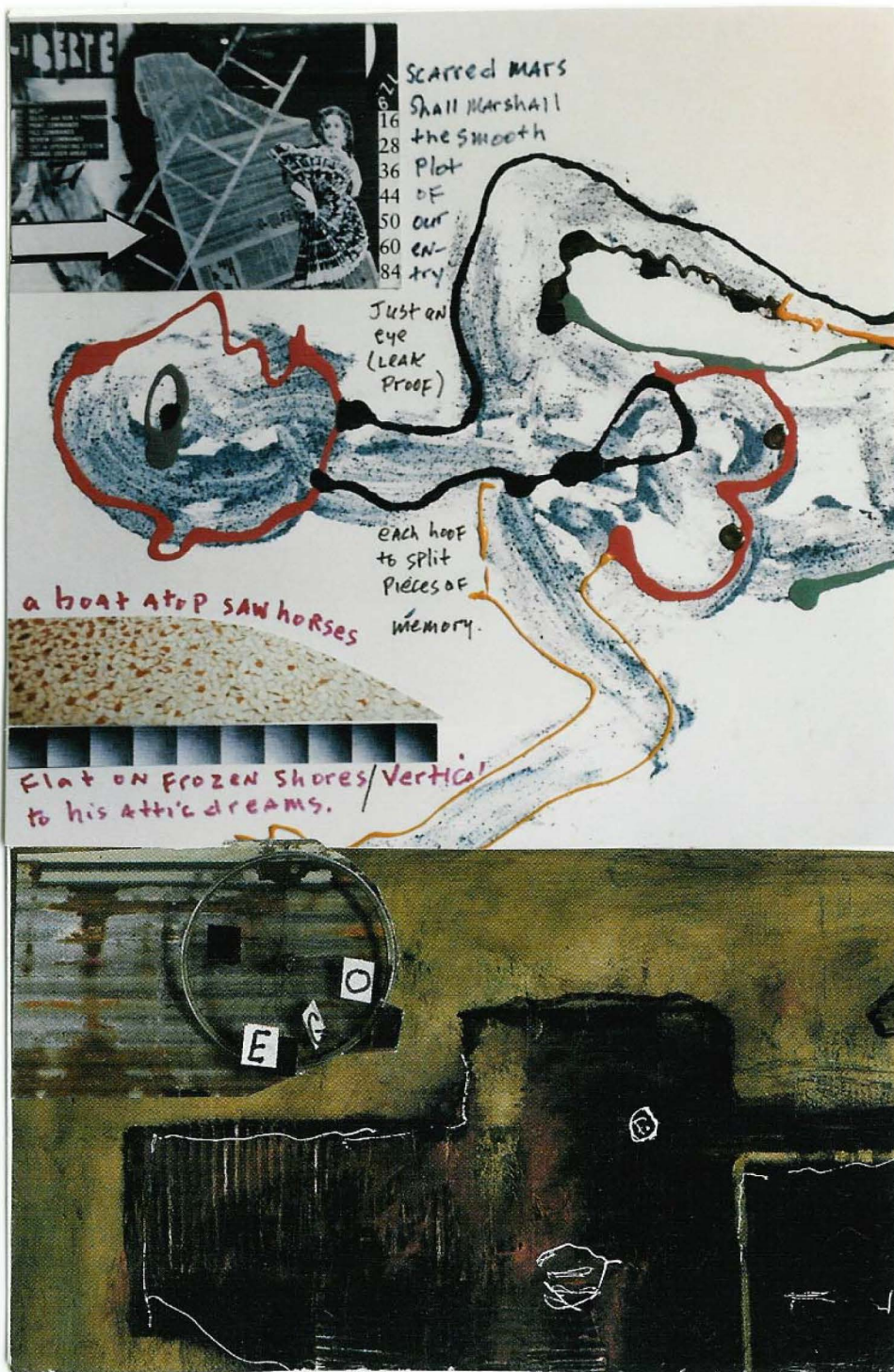
But I knew the feeling was wrong and that the deluge wasn't over. If the moon seemed embossed on the envelope of the sky, it had no authority. It was a visitation, a passing through, an hour's pause – guest to the precinct of wet gray. The first capsules of rain were already breaking on my legs when Annie came back to me across the field.

There was something I wanted to tell her, some part of the plan, some message. She walked over and tried to help me loosen the slipknots, but I waved for her to move her body out of the light. My thighs were dead. They'd turned a cultured purple. Deltas of crusted blood had begun to reconstitute and flow again in the rain where the points of the cutters had dug holes in the undersides of my knees, and the knots in the gauze were hardening as they started to wick the blood and water to the center of their complex systems.

And Annie? Annie was in her shiny dress, the fabric budding toward a fantastic new color. It was the color of mercury, of the backs of mirrors, of graphite, of newborn river creatures jumping in the crest of the millwheel.



GUY BEINING



Cycle Synopsis (1)

The old drunk sleeps in a parking lot for second-hand shopping. One night during the war his bomber returned with five pieces of bread, a carrot and a scarf. Years later the same plane brings veterans to a barn near Madrid. A woman is hanging from the central rafter by a scarf purchased at a military surplus store. This woman was never a mother and she is not dead. She loves the dusty old barn because it is her place to be alone. In her mind she keeps waking up in the middle of an air raid. Then it changes and she's on a shopping trip to buy a vintage car. The woman was born in Spain during the Civil War in which her father and uncle fought on different sides. She can't remember who was killed first or what he looked like at the funeral in a bombed-out church. She does recall that after the service everyone sat down to eat carrots and stale bread.



Cycle Synopsis (2)

A dark-skinned boy is lying motionless in a field. Next to him is an unopened package. There is no one else in the field. The package is wrapped in newsprint with the following headline: "Local Youth Dies in Holiday Accident." The lead paragraph says the victim is the young brother of a prominent politician who has been running a tough race for reelection. The paper's date is not visible, but there is a related story. When informed of his brother's death, the politician hastily called a news conference. He explained that on his way to an important meeting he received a mysterious parcel wrapped in newsprint. Fearing for his life, the politician had his chauffeur throw the parcel into a cornfield. Then they drove home and received news of the brother's death. Neither was ever the same after being told that the boy was hit on the head by a box of novels authored by a man who retired from public life because of a family tragedy.

Cycle Synopsis (3)

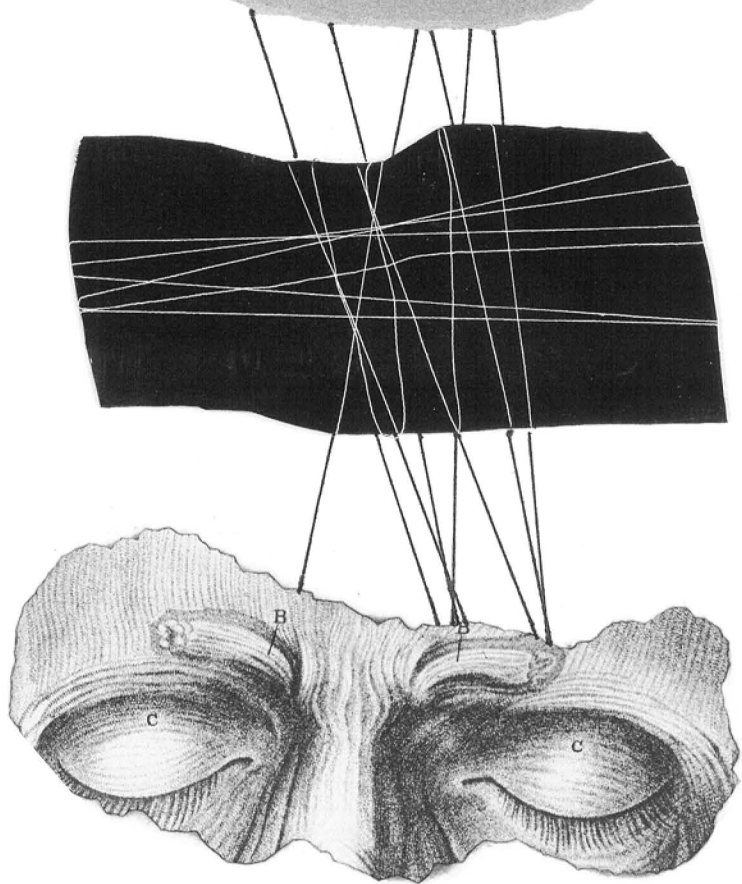
Five workers are proceeding down a country path. It begins to rain and one of the men starts to walk faster. He notices sheep in a meadow and a giant oak that seems familiar. As he reaches the tree, a truck passes with his four companions in the back. The truck is a green late-model Ford pickup. It is driven by an Indian from Brazil who used to be a shepherd, but gave up that life for a show he saw on TV. In this show it only rains when something bad is about to happen. The main character drives a pickup every morning to his job at a theme park cutting grass. He passes a group of five men wearing identical overalls. It begins to rain and tires lose their traction. Then comes a commercial counting sheep sacrificed for a tranquilizing drug.

Cycle Synopsis (6)

Devi Monad was strolling down the sidewalk when she was startled by a pair of dogs leaping and barking behind their chain-link fence. Taken aback, the teenager darted into the street, and was struck by an oncoming car. Though Devi wasn't hurt badly, her father refused to let the matter rest. He sued the driver of the car. He sued the owners of the vicious dogs. He even sued the manufacturer of the chain-link fence. By the time the case reached its last appeal, Devi had finished law school, her father was a judge and the offending dogs were both dead. Devi graduated top of her class, and went to work for a corporation always being sued by unhappy consumers. Devi's first professional case involved a chain reaction caused by animals not properly trained. Devi knew she couldn't win the case, but that didn't matter. Her goal was to tie things up in court for as long as possible. By the time all appeals were exhausted, she would have a daughter of her own and two dogs barking at anyone not authorized to approach her property. Devi Jr. would be smart and go to law school and work for a corporation always being sued by unhappy consumers. Both of them would live long, prosperous lives. Every year they'd have a reunion and pay tribute to Grandpa Monad, who made a fortune selling fences of industrial strength.

CARLOS M. LUIS

the disrobment
of dreams



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is a complete and original work of art. It is not talk to

SS HAMPTON, SR.

Ode to Kurosawa

I am a full blood Native American born into a life of anger that grew into hate and bitterness, and became a life of cursing the dawn, the world and people, each day. I cursed when my grandparents who raised me became empty shells of themselves and unwillingly left, and I cursed when I was taken away. I had my own family that imploded. And in the aftermath of a bitter divorce, I was alone again...

1 November 1987—woken up at 5:00 AM by three loud knocks on the wall next to the bed. Repeated four times, a total of twelve knocks.

22 February 1988—sitting in a chair in the corner of a dark room. A brown-haired woman entered through the door carrying a small black bag. I ran out of the room past her, across a road, jumped a fence, came to a hedge with the top covered by snow and dived over it into the shadows of a house. Then I changed into a bat and flew into the sky at a steep angle, still climbing, passing over a forest and beginning a wide turn toward the bright moon.

9 November 1988—of being on a hillside, of seeing two of me, on either side of a dark pit and looking down into it.

17 January 1990—I was on the porch of a neighborhood street with large homes and large trees. I started outside and saw four tornadoes in the distance. The tornadoes advanced down the street, two continuing on and two stopping to look at me.

15/16 June 1992—of walking along a dirt road at night, surrounded by dark forest. I felt fear. Somewhere up ahead was a structure that meant safety. While I was heading for the structure I could hear something in the forest pacing me. I heard footsteps, breaking branches, and an occasional low growl.

April 15/16 1994—I was standing in the center of a depression. There was also a small hill there. The sky had a few high, fleecy white clouds. It was late afternoon, toward sunset. I could hear the faint murmur of voices. I felt rather than saw people. They were circling the hill in one direction. Sometimes I put my hand out to touch them as they circled the hill.

April 15/16 1994—same depression, same sky, except there is no hill. I stood in the center of the depression as people circled me. I can see them now—women and children and men. I hear the murmurs of their voices. Now they put their hands out to touch me as they circle me.

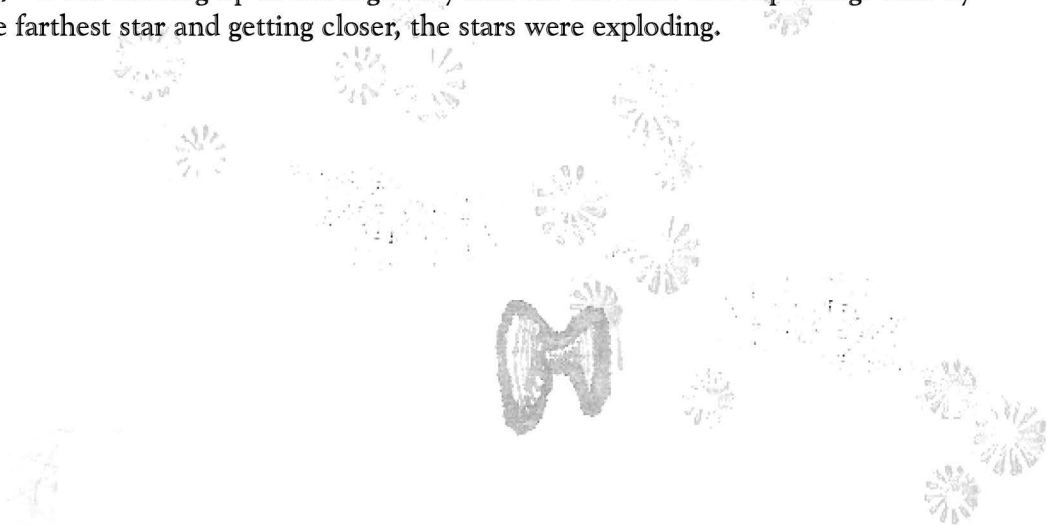
(-SS HAMPTON, SR.)

April 15/16 1994— All is the same except that the people and the voices are gone. Up on the edge of the depression, silhouetted against the sunset sky is a thin Asian gentleman who is slowly going through a martial arts exercise. I understand what this is for and am content.

30 December 2000—I was at the edge of a crater, a crater thousands of feet deep, and the sides and the crater floor were filled with vegetation. A river curled through the crater floor. There was a glowing, sparkling netting that covered the crater walls. The netting was slowly falling away toward the floor of the crater. Then I looked below me and saw a man in blue parachute coveralls with a strand of the netting wrapped around his waist. He leapt away from the side of the crater and floated slowly down before he grabbed the netting and hung on for a moment, before he repeated this action. I looked closer and all around the crater I saw men and women in parachute clothing leaping, or climbing down the side of the crater with strands of netting around their waists. I wanted to join them. I wanted to tie a strand of the sparkling netting around my waist and leap away from the side of the crater to float among billows of the netting. Then I was on the floor of the crater, walking with a column of men and women. We were walking on a dusty road lined with bushes and sparse, tall trees with leaves. I don't know if it was the same men and women as before. A woman explained that it was time to take down the netting, until it was time to put it up again. Dusk was approaching, beneath partly cloudy skies, and the clouds were different colors from the setting sun.

20 May 2004—there was a 70-year-old man who hurled children into wells in forests because children threw him into a well when he was a child, and he died.

28 June 2004—I was looking up at the night sky and the universe was exploding. One by one, from the farthest star and getting closer, the stars were exploding.



TIM GAZE



2A16#5



JESSICA FANZO

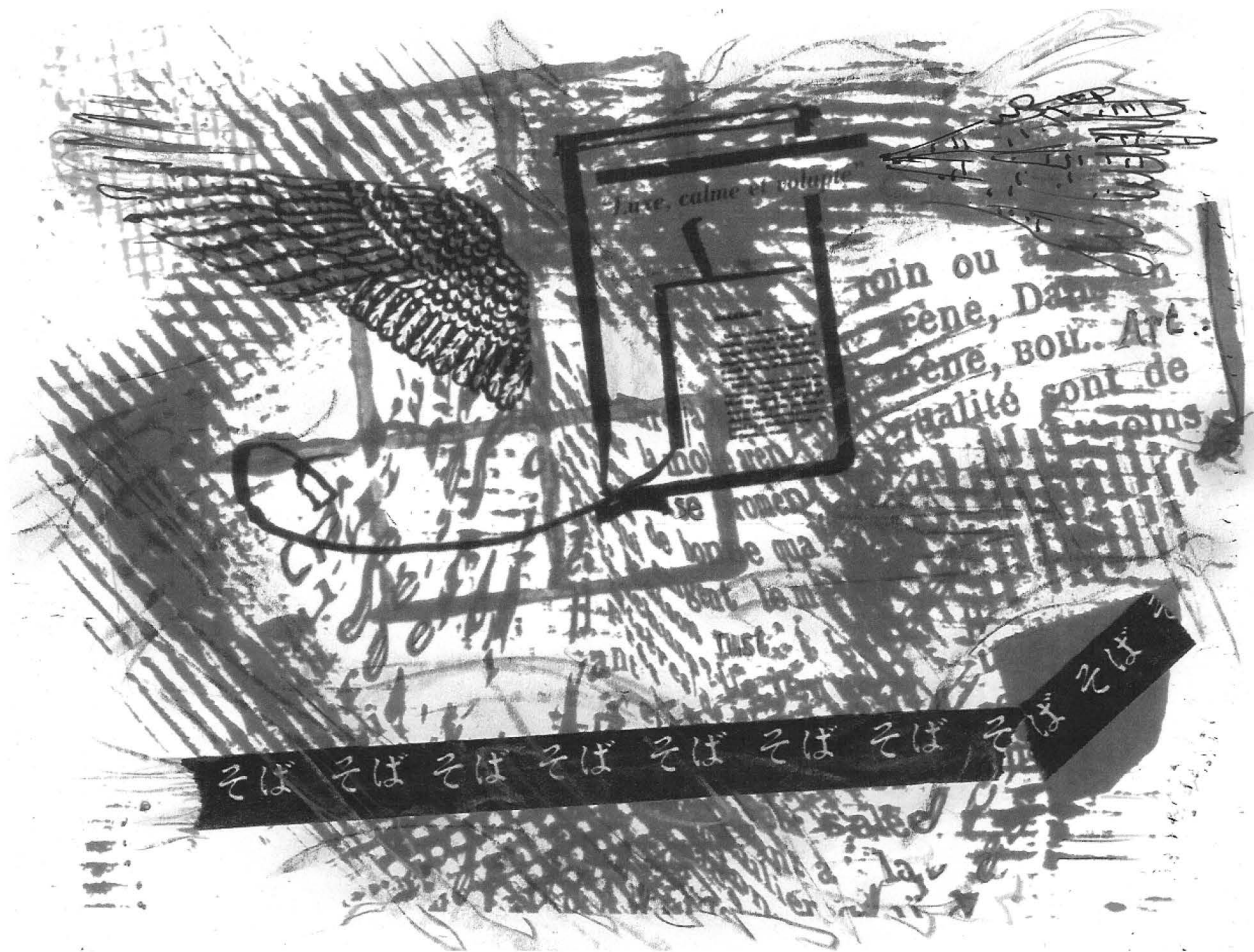


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NANCY BURR



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SAWAKO NAKAYASU

Texture of a free, autonomous, independently and
non-battery-operated small traditional and smoothly-surfaced rock.

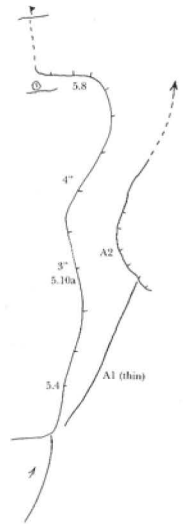
Its very smoothness a testament to the non-battery-operated yet eventful or eventless life it
has heretofore sustained.

People, pilgrims, innocent bystanders, drivers-by, tourists and locals alike come and gather,
independently and in their own time, in their very own time, to admire it.

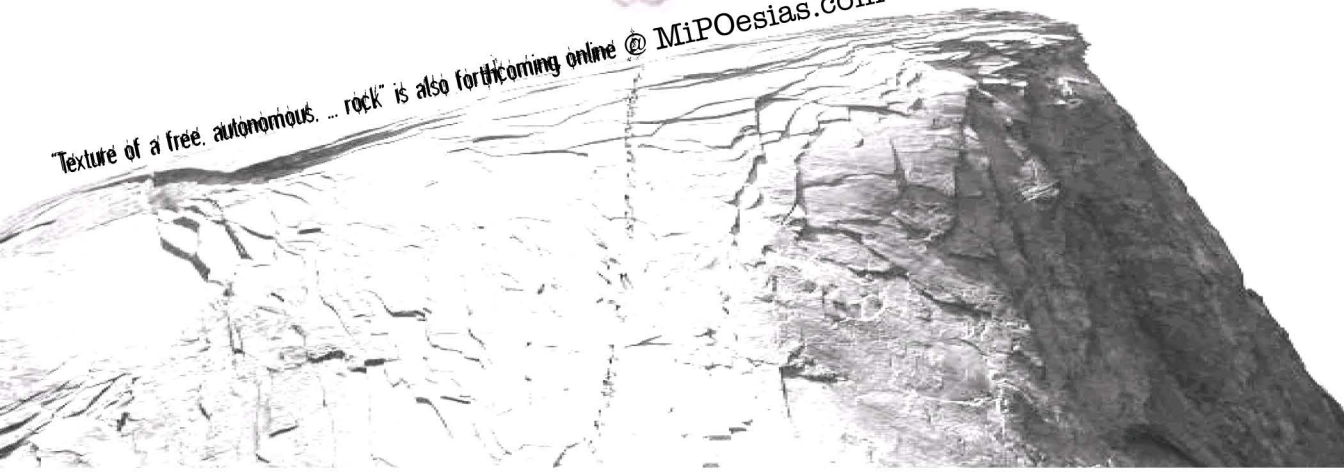
To enjoy it.

To provide a physical, a chemical, a psychoanalytical, a textural analysis of it.

To assign it values of beauty.



"Texture of a free, autonomous, ... rock" is also forthcoming online @ MiPOesias.com



PETER MARKUS

Girl

Girl steps in through our bedroom's window to tell us she can't sleep. I had a dream is what she tells us. This dream, Girl says, wasn't good. She lays herself down between us brothers—our two beds—Girl is a bridge between us. So tell us, we tell Girl, what was this dream all about, we say. What Girl begins to tell us, us brothers, we already know. This dream, it has been a bad dream hanging between us brothers since the night we first made Girl out of the river made mud. They threw rocks and bricks is what Girl tells us. They took axes to Girl as if she were a tree. They knocked Girl down and chopped Girl into pieces. They dragged Girl down to the river's muddy edge: to watch Girl die, Girl heard one of them chuckle. To watch Girl wash back into muddy water. To turn Girl back into mud. Who is they? we say to Girl. Who is this them? Girl, we need to know this, though this, us brothers, we already know. To this Girl tells us brothers that this they, this them, it is everybody in the world except for us. This, us hearing this about us—this makes us brothers feel good. They made us watch, Girl goes on to tell us, even though we could not stand to watch. We closed our eyes even though they told us not to: don't. This they, they wanted us brothers to see. But we did not see what this they, what they wanted us to see. What we saw was mud and everything that was possible in the mud.

We built Girl back up, from the mud up, up from the bottom, beginning at her feet, the very next night, when nobody was watching. She began again as mud. We made her into Girl. When we were done making Girl out of mud, Girl said that she didn't remember anything that had happened. She said this like she was just waking up out of a bad dream that she knew she'd had but that she could not say what it was all about. We didn't know where to begin to tell her. So we told Girl the truth: about the rocks and bricks. Then we told Girl a lie. We said they thought she was make believe. So make me into a mountain, she said.

And so we did.

We made Girl twice as big.

We watched as Girl took two stars and stuck them in her eyes.

Girl ate the moon.

She blew out the sun's fire.

She dunked her hands into the river.

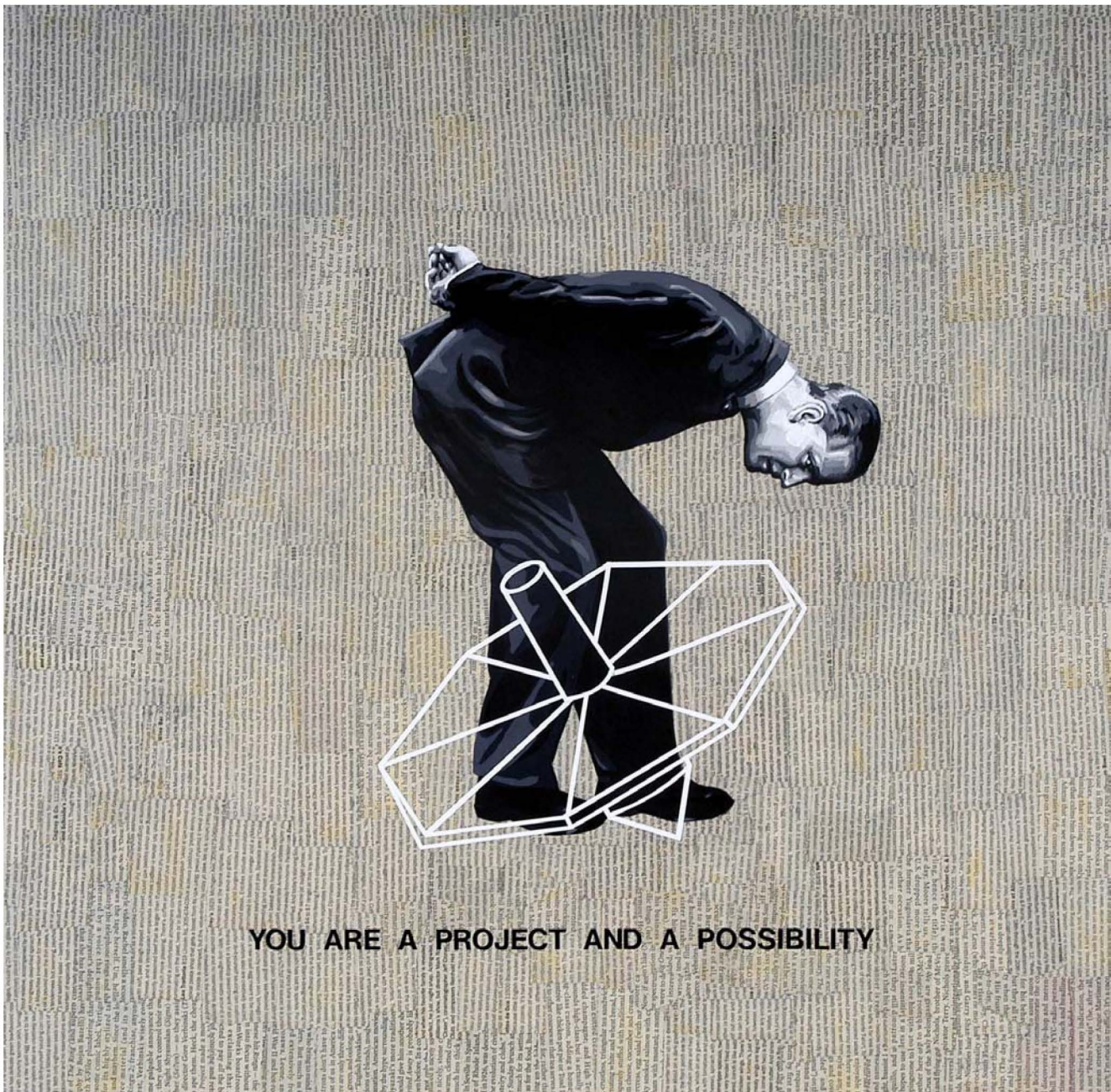
Girl drank until there was nothing left but mud.

RUBEN TORRES LLORCA



You Are A Project And A Possibility, 2002
mixed media, 87" x 61"





You Are A Project And A Possibility (detail), 2002

Concrete Jungle

by Bob Marley

Em Am Em
No sun will shine in may day
Em Am
The high yellow moon won't said,
C Em
Darkness has covered my life
C Em
and has changed my day into
G G D
where is the love to be found
Won't some-one tell me cause t
Em
Must be to be found
Em
Inste
Em
Con ye
No
Bu
I
I n
Never known happy
I ne er known sw
Still I be always
Won't some-one tel
I got to pick myse
Is this here conc

--- interpreted by M



there's more of this at < www.sleepingfish.net >

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