

LUDD GANG



the painter had a dream about
a waving man
whose pink blob face
hair & teeth
whose legs were a jig
whose tiny eyes

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LUDD GANG

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KAY GABRIEL

EFFETE POEM

I will never write like Edwin Denby.
I wouldn't change a thing about him.

Keep being Edwin, Edwin, as effete
as a dance critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Is being effete something you can practice, like dance steps
in private when a prima did them first?

If so, I've had lots and lots of practice.
I started by brushing my hair on the bus,

two-year-old hair on a twelve-year-old head.
Then a man, a stranger, said, "I know you, boss,

you're always brushing your hair."
Not quite a "Put that back." Certainly a "Hey, you,"

with a silent something tailing the sentence like an unmarked car.
If I ran away from him, I must have done so effetely.

I ran all the way to 2011.
On the way, I passed Le Château. Remember Le Château? No, you don't.

You're not effete enough.
I passed uploaded videos of Eartha Kitt,

Quentin Crisp, Fran Drescher, and the female gremlin.
By then nothing seemed very effete.

I lived with a man who liked it when men
called him boss. They did it when he pumped his gas.

He said it made him feel adequate:
right size, right shape. Even the hair on his hands was right.

Some effete people keep hair on their hands.
Some effete people are women.

Scientists say: it's the phytoestrogens in the
water supply, in Hamilton, Ontario.

Critics say: she wanted a nice life,
in Passaic, with durable consumer goods.

Are these all images of money?
I'll never have been born to it, Edwin,

as a diplobrat in Tianjin. At the time of my
death, a Swiss boyfriend will not

describe me as a "modern who smoked
opium with Cocteau."

I'm not effete enough.
I must do something about that.

DANIELLE LAFRANCE

FOR A LOVE OF GARBAGE

There it was
“post-dildo” tagged
on a red garbled dumpster. You +
I came hard to a same synchronic school
of thought. There it was:
a new cultural turn offering new use values
for a decapitated society. You +
I came hard to a receptacle’s waste hazards later
shipped to Malaysia
Indonesia
Vietnam
the Philippines. You +
I reconceptualized coiled tags. Infantile gestures
this new cultural turn to immediately break
porn’s hub. post-dildo
or
a placeholder for a kind of fantasy where
a skin tags a new erogenous zone to dial it in where
play is no longer privatized
but jingled
holed up. You +
I resourcefully generated algorithmic wet dreams on
a corporate platform
posting non-raping arms
next to other sticky attachments meeting up with

tried
+ few transgressions. From garbage
marinara You +
I were enhanced by a fleshy cunt mask wrenched
free from a same old red garbled can. You +
I torched every knit pussy hat
+ increased joy now resembling Pinhead's gorgeous
entourage. Flesh hurts doctored goods
Now everything cums hard to an incredible
assemblage of new shapes holding old attachments
asking
is this it?

IRRESPONSIBLE CHILDREN

When You +
I write this more seriously You +
I resurrect a memory. You +
I are cynical psychos misleading a reader
as a Pied Piper would do for children
For You +
I writing this is about losing everything
a little more than usual. Banana-flambéed
dreams. There should be no possession
in writing this
+ yet
when I imagined You were killing awhile
manufacturing an easy pun
to cum all over
writing like this
a political ritual against childbirth. Violence
violence everywhere
+ not a drop to temper force. Edit gently
as per a new intimidation
Five years ago
it was all a rage
+ now gratuitous trauma poems shield
white women from their own violences. *It* not even a story for I
to double. Psycho hose beasts
flash fry an order
to squat out more obedient
bitches. I chose childfree
+ became hard on choices in relation to
carnality. This is commitment

+ concern writing
but during these exchanges who has more power
when layering a riverbed?

BOILING POINT

Deathbed revelations for five thousand
lafrancs. You see

Laura Marx died with a supreme joy of no-ing boils
heal after ousted by hard red lumpens

What is getting boiled again

+ again in an ass

+ in a forehead? In many cases I may lance
or cut a boil to drain infection. Gently

but not too gently

excoriate an Elon Musk. You +

I judge genitalia's hard red lumpens. No not painful
no worries

a hard red lumpen prickles

occasionally stalked by blistering sensations

that require a recommended microdose of
merry wonderment. You see

living with no-ing. No is not not an ailment

No not communicated no

I cannot no Laura Marx anymore than You no

Tussy's padiorium

+ prussic acid interactions. You seem

to nauseate what is determining a fair question

based on peanut-sized swellings. You have been
wicked. I have been punishment

PAR EXCELLENCE

citing fictions like how Lenin died of gonorrhea

+ Stalin from an upset tummy. Seriously

there are so many moments where I want to
bang a little help from friends. *What IS sex?*

What is an opposite of uxorious?

No You see

a basic problem is that those of a self-reliant frame
of mind tend towards bourgeois individualism

What is overemphasizing personal trivia?

No You see

Marx did not drive his daughters to suicide. You see
some boils are caused by ingrown hairs caused
by inordinate grooming

IN SLUTS YOU THRUST

If I were a dildo You would finish lathering
an undulatory serpent
beating off millennial spunk

Like a twelve-step program
but rather ready to g*d
remove all these defects of character. In sluts You +
I thrust. You are everything I want to hire
unfortunately jobs are outwork

Like a Deleuzean concept
but rather a name referring to a thought
a body judging whether life worths it
What makes a body flourish let alone a life
it curses? Apologies apologize for
apologizing. Order a double excessive drink
of disinfectant. You +

I caution without precedent. Why is history not
a remedy when nothing even matters?

Like Lauryn Hill
but rather a tendency to look at You religiously
I cheat mind eyes agnostically. In a control society
there is no longer a vantage point by which
to sense it all but a slither by which
to rape it all

Old-Skool bisexuals plant freshly purchased sage in
billions of morsels of shit-scraping seashells

Deeper-shit settler
resentment has many fingers first
+ second like a chopstick pulls racist shit out
of mind asshole. Then a third

to scrape away any remaining fortunes
Is this polished turd hard enough yet?
Hard enough to bulge blood vessels?
Conspicuous repetition is so beautiful
Tomorrow will be better
than today
'cause everything goes
+ cums all over again to a cockatrice's
bare-vowel I

KATHERINE FRANCO

Like: Like

Indulgence. Little
mouse, rats,
everything will
happen again.
Likeness is like
flying. Fits
perfect. Weil
happens in
the while.
Mean-time.
Lying. Not
meant
to do
anything
– to say
You – if
'expanded
explanation tends
to spoil
the lion's leap'?
We leapt together.
The river crowned.
I spoil everything
but language
leaps, too.

Displays

For Students and Their Subjects (in Both the Arts and Sciences)

If screens are toxicological and time
is general: where does that leave

the mix of things? A generalised road it

hits me, I think
it means attachment
reigns (no subj. or comment) it

means (outside
thinking how) when

Outside, sans toxins,
sans sans, comic
sans sans, comic
medium, *medius*: why
be w/ (twice) me if time
is generalisable? False

Flatterers. The generalisable is
shame. That shame
was general. Screen-
emitted, compounded, this
fate, bagged, usable.

The sense of sense of sense of sense of sense of sense

Not one synonym for *striation*. Still wonder whether people mean this, when they say Writing. Realism: I love you. Séances and sounds of kids: I love you. In visions I still myself to one gesture of throwing myself to the tide. Picturing. I do not need to publish everything. (Do NOT 'publish everything'.) Keenly. Deny people + yourself some things. Need to keep some of it (words) 4 ourselves. Life, air, things are moving at very fast fastidious paces + things – they changed, ok? You said. Rods, tides, foes, sense, sense, senses. No, I know, I'm speaking, to me, too, but you're, I can't do much for you right now. Yeah, Sure, I am veined lest running. Else—————

Conservation Track

I paused
for every
turnstile

I held
up every

critique to
the world

to the light
of day, or

maybe I
was just
cold. If

you love
your life

what is
there

to be
said

for what
is said?

I am
taking
it, you
know,

to the place, ferns
freezed out, but
not waiting

CAM SCOTT

from ROMANS/SNOWMARE

A season for undoing decorations. Pounding gangrenous knuckles on Broad Street, gone septic on Septa. Worse than a cheesy hustler is a sleazy hustler. Shrink-wrapping offices above the graves. Badda book badda boom. Seek weather shelter in the john. I wouldn't put that effort into living in a Christmas tree. What wouldn't Jesus do? Clapsed hands in an enduring harbourage. One mind communal. People are nobility of matter. Crosstalk drowns out speaker. The purpose of a system is what it does. For the most part, I'll admit, I hated how our friends behaved during the plague—as if the only thing that mattered was the feeling that one mattered. But it didn't break my heart. It just so happens that my own foot is a foot, which makes me think of how our sun is only one hundred and fifteen sun widths from where we stand today. Don't wear new boots in faraway districts. Food, not foot, fuck. A form of debt. Don't post my house. Kankyō Ongaku on a rainy day. Stranded in Balzac, bruised nose in a dirt lot, cursing traffic cop. Trying not to learn the names of mass shooters. Also structurally weak, fraying. Fifty-seven octaves under middle C. Checking each drawer on a discarded chest by the side of the street. A fabric flower hidden in a hedge. Painting the

Federal Reserve in flames. A middle name is humanizing. Let no day pass without discussing goodness. Abject loneliness the same as fifteen cigarettes. The lot was half submerged when we arrived, mosquitoes fat with blood and sluggish. Freedom is my favourite position. It's a long way to go for the right to sit in a room for three days. The stars are bright without reception. Silence swells to overtake the scene. It cancels meetings, scrubs the calendar, banishes callers. Long beach far from narrow entrance. To Build A Road. Quote Renegade. Please remember your floor. For democracy's sake, potash must flow. Petro versus Petrol. The world is full of bubbles. Not white toast, the other one. Abwesenheitsnotiz. Deep thunder for sleeping in the desert. Depression, demoralisation, splits, discord, defection, and pornography. We only say necessity where there is plight. A bunch of complex code stuff appears. The pope has arrived, what awaits? A fan who asked to stay anonymous. They met on the banks of Loch Tay. Made a meagered amount. What do we the people want? Jobs, equality, détente. Why do we squeeze and bite the ones we love? A fade makes any ending. I could savour the flavour of sickness, how it rests in the throat, announcing our hiatus. Eras are objects. Entering a room, the feeling of healing. Down Baritone Street. The first disposable green polyethylene garbage bags were sold to the Winnipeg General Hospital in 1950. Mostly itchy. Searching the cold side of your pillow for the outline of your cheek in tears. Finance is a watery thing, a gaseous thing, you cannot hold it. But it has to be

completely ethical, based on consent. If this is too cryptic, oh well. Interpellated by the Tapback. Anti-party tech. Your fragrance lingers in my mask, rated for sentimental scent retention. What's the difference between love and hype? I am a teacher in America. One billion crabs have disappeared. Become ungoogleable. Your angst supposes the elimination of all social categories. We may be short of shoes, but the concerts are six minutes longer. Meet in springtime when the love is strongest. Everything I ate turned into gas, all that we saw escaping history. To Finland with alacrity. If you're going to discuss malaria, don't invite the mosquitoes. I'm conscious of the time. Neutral nation dispersed. As a Korean War veteran, I am sure that my contributions will be considered regressive. Very rarely will anyone die for a righteous person, but for a good person someone might agree to die. It should be a little frightening. Anything we do to avoid feeling. New brand of coffee tastes like sweat. Armchair whatever, always sore. Animal depression. She left us almost having changed the language. How do you study deception without being duped yourself? Two feuding hooligans, for duelling bongos. Arranged by trust. Everything molar recommends a church. Each choice contracts the earth, like pulling teeth from potted soil. Do cold meds make men impotent? Rats are tiny animals and they have no fear of the police. Water floats or sinks the boat. Little things express big things. Creamy white blooms in spring. I'm obsessed with you, yesterday today and tomorrow. Pause; sip. Repellent acts of random capitalism. No

brandy under Vicky's skirt, owing to prohibition. The female climbs into the male, where she'll live the rest of her life. Art is compounded memory, as cities are accumulated wealth. The theme of this year has been breath, now an amenity. We're lucky our son was restored to us. Out There. Like, so much. Loads of quest is sold on insulin. It's too late to live on a farm. This year we're on a charm offensive. Mad federal. Salò on Disney Plus. The first electric lamp stayed on for only ten seconds. Everybody on this list is dead. We are not creative people, we betray each other in the same ways. I spaced out a little in Spain. Blue therapy for mental health. Wool felt on duffle. 2D antic. Grounding gathers on the ground. The present year of course always excepted. Maple hail of salutations. Suicide is mentioned. Everywhere uselessly filled. Don't call me cozy unless you're a realtor. People are more flexible than ever. My hat comes off for these talented boys. Define slop. A sort of get-the-chip-off-the-shoulder niceness. Whether gathering feathers or wealth. Say cruelty with three syllables, like Magazine. Back to reality. Portioning dread by day. Only finding the right knobs and holes in the dark isn't so hard. Braced for further atmospheric rivers. Nothing to indicate fraud. You promised destitution and delivered. Cutting onions on the nightstand, clipping toenails on the bus. The suites are getting smaller by the visit. For the second time nobody told me that my home was listed. Terror left it untouched.

MANTRA MUKIM

sometimes vacant settles in us

see again how
wind brings
our knuckles

to blood
as if the creature
was our fault

the grass growing
on its hide its
love of debris

perverse stitches
on the sky
it calls 'clouds'

everywhere
we will be asked

to identify the creature
glowing
in our thumbprints

why it carries
that face
of deep

why it winnows
our hearts
as it walks

rigs our praxis

if only we could name once again
what is truly owed to us—

[locusts]

sky picketed
with every swarm

faces opening lands
its fruits broken

inscribing hearts
into leaves a fixed sign

spreading filling
our warm pockets
with crumbled grain

minus one minus one
since yesterday

steel plates
clang all over bilaspur

crepitating
back—

‘no refuge here’

[becoming bharat]

gaping through the hedge of smoke
voices and a late dusk in the colour
of our skin the trail drops from
the mountain like a birthmark and i see it
pull you aside to the beginnings of history
i push behind the boulder to join you
in the thicket & the clearing
far from us the bus driver raises his head

i promise i will make one 'purpose of art'
statement before i die

AURELIA GUO

At a restaurant, he'll ask to
be seated near a window,
whereas she's willing to sit
wherever she's told, even if
that's next to the bath-
room.

Everything we possess has value, if you can find the person who needs it.

They must have chosen
this mindset,
arguably in opposition to
the reality of the world.

The polite term for the process is *assortative mating*

It turns marriage into a luxury good, and a stable family life into a privilege that the moneyed elite can pass along to their children

We use these other forms of capital to project our advantages into life itself

These special forms of wealth offer the further advantages that they are both harder to emulate and safer to brag about

She wondered if there was something cruel about her capacity to be so productive

eventually she discovers Chang's high-wattage, un-ironic personality inspires friends to sheepishly admit they prefer her in small doses or to be in touch from afar, as does Carmen

Chang's husband has remarried another Chinese American named Iris

GEORGE STANLEY

Carpet

Crumbs, lint, dust. Thoughts.

Hart

To read Hart Crane is to fall in love
with Hart, though hardly no one ever did.
He, Hart, might fall head over heels
in love with any scrawny hustler kid.

A Girl

I took a girl out to the ball game
(‘took’ means asked her out on a date).
I ‘picked her up’ at her house
in the Ingleside, and we ‘took’
the ‘K’ and the ‘22’ to Seals Stadium.

It was early in the season, cold and overcast.
(Portland, I think, were the visitors.)
There weren’t many fans in the stands.
We sat halfway up, down the 1B line.
I didn’t know what to say to her.

Xavier

Dark curls,
dark, bright eyes
above his mask.

Slender arms,
making salads,
hands out of sight
below the counter.

Fingers nimble
set up the machine
push it forward
for a card's tap.

Dark, intelligent eyes
above his mask.

Eyes may meet,
but ne'er a glint
of recognition shines

Rimed

Though rarely bold,
I didn't fit the mold.

Though often I was told,
I still did not uphold.

I was not of their fold.

Though I never sold
out, I own little gold.

And now I'm old,
and it's cold.

Vancouver BC, 27 December 2021, 8 below.

In a dream

Let love
not the clock

Let love
in her little room

not her larger
room, with the clock

HI MOM

Check out the **Leeds Poetry Studio** for future readings and workshops, or to use its library of pamphlets and poetry books as a study space. It's 'a free resource for anyone interested in reading, studying or writing poetry, regardless of experience, past publications or institutional affiliation.' Shire Oak Studios, Leeds, LS6 2TN. See www.leedspoeetrystudio.co.uk for info on how to book it and get involved.

Tim Wolf's *Participation Medal* is out from **Gong Farm**. Bonnie Hancell & Elle Lo's *Untitled, or, in the stupid stupid present where I was living* is also still on sale (both £6.50 in UK). Head to gongfarm.cargo.site for these and others.

New books from Miles Champion and Peter Gizzi are available from **Distance No Object** (£6.50 to UK inc. P&P) at distancenobject.cargo.site.

RunAmok recently published pamphlets by Vicky Sparrow and David Grundy – have a look at runamokpress.com/books/ for these and more.

Face Press are selling limited editions of Timothy Thornton's *Nothing Worked* (including an original painting by Ian Heames) for £150 each, with all the money going to support the Poets' Hardship Fund. Contact them to arrange purchase. More info and books at face-press.org.

See the **Pamenar Press** website at pamenarpress.com for David Grundy's new book of essays *Present Continuous*, plus loads more great stuff.

Slub Press (slubpress.cargo.site) have put out recent pamphlets by Verity Spott, Maria Sledmere and Joseph Minden- have a look at their back catalogue.

Go to pxxtry.com for a pdf of Danny Hayward's new poem 'Tar and black floodlights start to rain' and loads of rescued out of print bangers.

Mark Hyatt's amazing until-recently-lost novel *Love, Leda* has been published by **Peninsula Press**, edited by Luke Roberts and with a foreword by Huw Lemmey. A selection of his poems is coming soon from **Nightboat Books** too!

