

## **Trinity Review 126**

... it's always Tuesday in Toronto  
— Steve McCaffery

TRINITY REVIEW 126

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The mere act of writing has always posed a certain challenge of language: to what degree can we use language to express our collective and individual experiences of reality; and, to what degree does language actually frame that experience—to what degree is language the very means through which we experience reality. This book, then, is a dedication to that challenge, to those questions that—like the literature, poetry, and art found here—seem to be constantly opening up to the possibility of new questions beyond, outside of, and within the original challenge. Thus, there is no closing inward, no possible limitation to this work, but rather an urge toward the impossible that carries with it the necessary invitation that we go along too... in other words:

*“Swift trippin’, ego trippin’, and body snatchin’”*

Ya dig?

—Michael Cavuto, Julian Butterfield, and Cameron Jones  
Editors-in-Chief

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**no libs**

south broad's value-plus is closing. everything must go  
til day's reflection is night's, your passing face barter  
for itself against the blackness pulling thru us. threads:  
kids from south philly high walk by, their shithole of a  
school on their shoulders, not anyone's. let the asians  
and blacks have at each other, say the old whites, shrug-  
ging themselves off to the young whites in their patient  
bossworship that builds and builds a box to be gutted  
between dollar tree and footlocker. kids are actually  
small, smelly goats, terry eagleton, the british critic,  
reminds us americans. i look out of my box: no parade  
of marxist profs. i would like to be open. hey, if northern  
liberties on the other side of town burns to the ground  
i'm fine with that, so long as we plant a giant sign in  
the middle of all the smoking rubble: AMERICA'S FIRST  
SUBURB. sure, crumb cake from kaplan's and coffee  
walking around the ortlieb brewery ruins and the jazz  
that came from a corner of it—i'll sell you the postcards—  
i'm selling them right now, in fact, for nothing. but that  
giant sign i'll especially sell you, dirt cheap, and we'll  
make it pretty.

**chase scene**

we're in a classroom, which is a store. the professor tells us the true  
writer must destroy his own ego. do not tell stories, he says, unless  
they are someone else's. do not say i. i look at the clock and the clock's  
the wind. it says one tongue per king, and that pulls on me like a sad  
movie. i just watched five easy pieces w/ my girlfriend, what a bummer.  
what a bummer he left her and life up in the air like a dead piano. i'm  
sick of the road as the end as if no gas station rots forever round the  
bend. one tongue per king, the poem becomes its own thing. so what's  
this? not america, not this professor pulling maps down over the board.  
he's the enemy, which is at least tens of thousands of people. i'm not  
looking for the enemy. call on me, call on me. let's see what happens.

## chase scene

we're in toon town. gag orders pause a judge up the creek like  
a FREE sign taped to garbage. your life is whose? the trees sneeze  
and cough, we're all dirty water, minor poets. it's a certain kind  
of person expects to be cleaned up after—everybody, anybody  
lurching for the jackpot. i hit it, jessica rabbits hop all over me,  
make one great jessica rabbit. in her mouth all weeks leak out  
thighs for sleep, no wait. rent paid then monday heaves, shucks  
hi and this malaise you'll forget—now, which could be anything—  
*amargi*, sumerian word for freedom, *return to mother*, literally.  
you die, love, whatever, still my friends are buildings. they fight  
off despair all the time, all the time. in their bricks heat of sadness  
of capitalism, god! fuck it—to the beaches, the look of beaches  
in our faces, okay—zero killed—oceans, oceans, oceans—down  
to earth, earth, earth—

*One Poem by Iris Liu*

## The bloom is not a bloom

The bloom is not a bloom. The  
Bloom — and neither the rain, this wind. The bloom —

at the centre. The bloom is not a bloom,  
and not pale —

— the bloom before the bloom,  
its wetness, at the centre. The bloom,

with Pale, complete morning — (is neither  
Bloom and not — To go searching,

Here — not to hold the wind so close *as if* —

(only to your arriving —  
The morning of your leaving,

I was still sleeping.) I'd watched you walk  
— a hundred times,

into the centre.  
*You who never arrived* — Before,

You who had arrived — *At last*,  
and morning would leave you —

(along with its night. It is by neither  
Morning nor

any wet Luck — that all along:  
*I woke in the bed of the Rains*

to see you clutch a hundred winds close —  
You, being really there,

I saw you laugh —  
turning in the gaps of the winds

— A laugh of salt;  
You call me, and I come.

*One Poem by Stephen Potter*

### **The Bird in Hand**

It tugs attention south  
until one's compass  
points north

drawn by what Rilke called  
the dark god  
in the blood.

His nymphs churn the rivers  
that flood the chest  
and puff the lungs

until one becomes  
a character in  
a 19th c. German novel

who puts down his pen  
to sift through  
a gallery of faces

pinning for the days  
when it led him further  
into his nature.

Walking streets on autopilot  
all roads led  
to a park bench

and possibility.  
In one chapter  
he follows a guy over the tracks

and when he looks back  
he notices a guy  
following *him*

and behind him  
another, and yet another  
emerging from the dark.

What they shared  
under those weed trees!  
naked savages

baying at the moon  
and actually  
touching

And what a sleep  
he found atop  
his summer sheets

unaware there would be  
21st c. night  
in the suburbs

scrutinizing  
like the others  
a glowing screen

to see whether  
we're still fair enough  
to be.

*Two Poems by Richard Sanger*

**Estrella Morente: Zambra**

Estrella de la Aurora Morente Carbonell,  
who the hell do you think you are,  
dressing up like the Queen of Egypt  
and singing about your broken heart?

*—Get away from my window,  
I'm about to sigh.  
When I sigh, it's flames that come out  
and they'll set you on fire.*

Estrella Morente, I knew your father:  
he was an artist and a gypsy through and through—  
a voice like his had been to the wars.  
He could sing about suffering, but you?

*—My mother has a copper pot  
she fills with her sorrows each night;  
in the morning, she gives it a shake  
and out jump little grains of rice.*

Estrella Morente, your mother danced in the caves  
and your husband, they say, 's killed five bulls;  
come back and sing when some real tears  
have etched lines in those cheeks of yours.

*—When my love comes to knock  
don't you dare show him through;  
I want, I need him so much,  
my heart's breaking, ay, in two.*

## Flâneur

Symptom Hall, the Purple Institution,  
Muhtadi's, the Greeks, the Riv, the Bamboo,  
The Elmo, the Ep, the Dip, the Cameron,  
(of course), the Horseshoe and the Last Temptation,  
The Lounges, Lula, Lava and I.V,  
and the Rooms, Red, Green, Orbit and Hugh's,  
Baby Huey, Opera Bob's and Ted's Collision,  
Sneaky Dee's and Sweaty Betty's,  
Clinton's, The Imperial, the Victory,  
The Done Right Inn and By The Way  
the basement Goran kept on Carlton  
one summer I was short on friends and luck.  
I drank in all of you—I drink you all in,  
your suds, your solace; I haven't drunk enough.

One Poem by Jim Cory

## G

(for greg)

**grosbeak, rose-breasted:** (*Pheucticus ludovicianus*) Rexroth's  
best poem's  
about'em : seen 3x (12, 27, 54)  
they remind me of coffee cup lipstick or  
taxidermy chirping

**grebe, pied-billed** (*Podilymbus podiceps*) : prim  
set of the jaw & pace while paddling  
make it easy to mistake a pair  
for harried married couples  
huffing up blackeyed sidewalks late for a matinee

**geese, Canada** (*Branta Canadensis*) : as recently as  
the 60s their cry  
& appearance in formation  
gave pause now their turds are  
the terror of every golf course

**great blue heron** (*ardea herodias*) spook'd  
stalking frogs croak'd a rusty  
FUCK YOU & launched  
toward distant treetops loosing  
a streamy gray dump en route

**grackles, purple** (*Quiscalus quiscula*): nice bourgeois family  
agree to not to see that  
blackbird strutting the floor of the outdoor restaurant  
in Florida til *quelle horreur!* he hops on the tabletop  
snatches 3 Splenda & slips away

**great-horned owl** (*Bubo virginianus*) : in Tin  
icum swamp (2) close-to-full-grown ju  
veniles stare from some  
overstuff'd spillage filched from squirrels  
Big Daddy upstairs ready to bust heads

**gray jay** (*Perisoreus canadensis*) : on the trail  
somewhere north of Grand Marais late Sept  
one lands on the branch an arm away  
bobbing its tail: (Smithsonian)  
“popularly known as ‘camp robber’”

**gambel's quail** (*Callipepla gambelii*) covey 'neath the cottonwood  
shuns the plump male that sways while he pecks  
at March buds & every (44) sec  
onds issues this cry that sounds like a peacock locked  
in a closet

**goldfinch, american** (*Caruelis tristis*) weaving green to  
green the sulfur blur lands at a stand of  
sunflowers where (3) front toes & a rear one to steer  
grip the seedhead beak cracking shells  
while tongue extracts the meat

**(black-throated) green warbler** (*Setophaga virens*) can't say  
if it's horniness fear hunger or neural hard  
wiring but the damned things never sit  
for more than 3 or 4 seconds before flit  
ting up the nearest hemlock

**gilded flicker** (*Colaptes chrysoides*) red bar  
under eyes like lost Joan Mitchell strokes or fiery  
quote marks & the undulating dip & pi  
vot of its flight path  
among cacti

**golden eagle** (*Aquila chrysaetos*) keeper slips  
his key in the gate  
balancing a plate of chicken necks  
wings flex talons  
clench the barkbare limb/lime

**gila woodpecker** (*Melanerpes uropygialis*) *hant! hant!*  
*hant! hant!* atop the columnar thumb  
its peev'd persistent pronunciamento could be  
a warning or (more likely) the all-too-  
human posturing of self-regard

**grouse, ruffed** (*Bonasa umbellus*): “During the short period of their lingering along the north-west shore of the Ohio that season, a great number of them were killed, and they were sold in the Cincinnati market for so small a sum as 12 1/2 cents each.” (J.J. Audubon)

**green-winged teals** (*Anas crecca*): teal w/envy at the outfit: flat black bill w/snappy emerald Batman mask their plumage all earthtones distill'd to velvet in time's splattered blender

*One Poem by Laura Spagnoli*

**Joy**

Oil  
or jelly?

*Two Poems by Fan Wu*

**Translation of Li Bai's 望廬山瀑布**

望廬山瀑布

日照香爐生紫煙

遙看瀑布掛前川

飛流直下三千尺

疑是銀河落九天

**A Water Fell**

(for T. L. A.)

Sunrise aches the mourning into  
meter, into measure,  
into idle birdsong siphoning  
the sky: the smile  
of lover's water  
draped like incense

across yearning or  
across leaving

a cry, a flight to flowing  
to the slowing stopping  
suspending doubt. Did sun stutter  
water's stutter  
violent in wanting? Sun did here  
end in heaven with water a drought it undid.  
His arching  
neck  
raises  
head in disbelief. Setting awry,  
the sun set beside.

To Wang Lun: Variations on Li Bai's 赠汪伦

赠汪伦

李白乘舟将欲行，  
忽闻岸上踏歌声。  
桃花潭水深千尺，  
不及汪伦送我情。

**a gift**

sailing, salving,

anise a noise neglects

water blooms closely, lateling

missing a passing of

a vessel

fatigued

**a galley**

Blameless sleeper:  
It is within you that I live  
as a sadness because  
a sea, unlike a peach,  
cannot be Halved

*Four Poems by Stan Mir*

*from* **Holding Patterns: The Mantis at the Screen**

The door to the garden is open:  
the mantis may eat. We want it to find  
the caterpillar, ridding us of the moth  
to come. Written in pencil  
a myth may require correction.

Disease enters the mouth but not  
the mouth alone.

The mind absorbs it.

Frames the heart.

Verbs subject  
objects. To enter anything  
you start somewhere. The sound  
in the walls cannot be  
explained. Faith can be  
a problem if we want to believe.

We are a room filled with chairs.  
“Sometimes the door  
stays open for a while. Others  
it’s limited & closes.” Here, books  
hum the ear. The spiritual.  
The real.

Verbs form

lines, shape  
an un-ruined map.

\*

Monday begins the constellation of the week.  
For now, the kitchen feels warm.

“Be not thine own worm.” How  
to teach this? How to learn a table does  
not become one without work?

Like language, something made.  
“Slackness breeds worms.” Not all  
humors breed laughter.

\*

If you came this way it could always be the same.  
The mantis at the screen. For St. Augustine,  
to sing is to pray twice. What if our voice

isn't up to the task? If we seek instruction  
who will carry it? Prayer is the conscious  
occupation of the city. We are afraid.

We don't want to talk to ourselves, though  
singing is not deemed strange.

\*

On the butter-colored wall the sun  
makes a leaning rectangle. The plants'  
leaves lean in grasping without hands  
at light. Leaves are not hands  
anymore than mine. Light always  
determines flowers' lives.

In the window the flowering  
maple (wide, but is beginning  
to droop with one brown leaf). The  
herbs outside are hanging on.  
Where is the mantis? Has she  
laid her eggs & gone?

*One Poem by Kevin Varrone*

**midas**

if I ever have  
a pot to piss in  
& a window to throw it out of  
I'll piss in that pot  
& throw my piss out that window  
over the trees  
into the sky  
& it will fly above the clouds  
to outer space  
until it gets too close to the sun  
where it will flare  
into a bazillion golden molecules  
& slowly mist  
the populace of earth  
in a great shroud  
of redistributed wealth

*A Selection of Poetry*  
by Sophie Podolski

Little is known within the Francophile world about the Belgian poet Sophie Podolski, and even less outside of it. She lived a short life from 1953 until 1974, when she died from complications following her attempted suicide. During her life she published one book, *Le pays où tout est permis*, which came out in 1972. Designed entirely by Podolski, it reprints the poems in her handwriting along with her artwork. The book has never been fully translated into English, although interest in her work has grown recently due to Roberto Bolaño's admiration of her, whom he refers to as "our beloved Sophie Podolski" in *The Savage Detectives*. Her poetry is automatic and surrealistic, and the reading of it can at times convey a sense of her own struggle with schizophrenia. The book relies on a dynamic, disorienting poetic playfulness as fragments of narrative transform spontaneously into pure hallucinatory sensory experience, often strung together by sonic puns and associations and through her crafting of lines that gesture more to the multiplicity of their meaning rather than a singular possible interpretation. Still, in her poetry, one finds an intimate sense of the poet herself, which only draws the reader deeper into the chaotic labyrinth of the book.

The following is an excerpt from the beginning of the 1973 typeset edition of *Le pays où tout est permis*.

from **The Country Where Everything is Allowed**  
(**Le pays où tout est permis**)

*The hairs of the sun are our hands as well.*

*All the pretentious writing marks continuous alarm.*

*Letter to all of the worlds. You're all idiots—or better you're not stoned or you're freaked out like idiots—because it's here on this planet that we never understand and we grasp nothing through nothing. Is she woman or demon. Is this demon or woman—suicide (development) never studied philosophically—you think to yalk in synthetic vision (perspective true or false) that word with thought is nothing to witness to our organism of no higher functioning to our knowledge. The word is a hysteria which relieves the frustration that through otherworldliness it offsets. You're so far off. You could be wise—mind blowing—see you soon—the grass is in the drawer—you need to know jolly good that it's going to happen whether you're little safe yourself?*

Someone had asked him to postpone all of the postmen's routines—saw that he was on acid—someone was asking him if he was getting her frightened and grotesque looks but he was splitting into two from his slow tormentor the persistence taught him to refrain from making mistakes of orthography—it seemed like he was going to bellow—he had taken his foot to the letter. We were rejoining the train rails with the telegraph wires—when it begins to vanish the smoke evaporates quickly—50 pages of dynamo 13. As soon as it passes the pleasure the esteem he doubts himself—pleasure takes its form—thus the plastic object is there in the real just as the acidic object can roam the acidity of life plastically. And so we—we the good and the just we are made so much of evil that we are together far beyond the suffering—the lost fringes clinging to the filaments of despair—the prude corset slumps from weeping willows. To him, the answering machine announces its fooling defeat—the ham dances again—soon the chillum lighter devoid of the city will rot Doctor Ship in your suitcase it was not the dirty socks.

[...]

—*for the lonely life is a life of love.* You're stoned one way or the other—it's not necessary to have a fresh lemon juice with ice and sugar and an academic joint with a long menthol filter—you get stoned out of your mind one way or the other there's no need for a hiding place nor a group freak-out—two lips like two filets of any ordinary plastic matter—the same for the clit—the prickly pussy like a troublesome anxiety—you wouldn't smoke the joint with me—I am here—I am here *not there.* The figs are edible fresh as well as figs and dates—cherries—otherwise the thieves would kill the policemen—they eat horse—and they never speak—don't say a word—from myth to folklore they were fading to that of the legend of the airplane to the magic carpet—to the train—they rather preferred the rhythm—*wish happy new year to the war in Israel—MA O* is young again *A G E* is the strongest—China *advances*—O it has been said—the color television said so in every color—a couple of phrases are mumbled in black and white—*in each case they don't like that they tell the people here—the pin of the sun* was aware that *when the moon is full from the other side* she is *black*—the small monsters of spectacular superb rapidity are translucent green—*trans-LUCID*—they have sparkling eyes that take away with them their solicitors—I am convinced—he is paranoid—he loves that motherfucker often enough—he reminds him of his father—he has a strong cortex—but his gams wear him out—because a walker—his cotton legs—his calf muscles irritated him badly he feels it—his life will be brief as he'll remember—he will have written—laughed a lot—busied his foot in a fit of dance—of smoking joints—of wiggling out—*of vomiting*—he'll write again—he's trapped—he doesn't like writing—he draws often—he wanders like a lord—he daydreams—that he daydreams well. What the people write—they know it—we're taught how to write—all of the styles—it sucks. He has lost that win or lose—

the room has no more worth—yet I was taught so much of its importance that I owed it to whomever has a connection to the room to keep it—but time has flown away—in the room—such passes—corridor—there are people that teach everything that's peculiar—in the room—time. Myself I like the philosophers who like the soft machines—the meek machines—the ice creams—What! there's SPEED in this acid—we criminalize these devices—the bamboo barrier concedes to my crisis of phosphorescence—the darkness? the bongo player goes off to the palm trees to lay down—give the palms to eat to the exotic fledglings of rare colors like the color TV for the color-blind—it is green all the time and it can change blue to red and red to blue through to all the fluorescent oranges sometimes there are flashes of acidic yellows—what were they saying these cruel people her name was Chantal—you understand why—there isn't any coca cola here—you had put in the fridge your stupid sandwich in which there was cat hair in a smear of blood—and every time I light a round match from fine paper packed in hardened wax I expect to see a small writing which you let me read: “I work for fifty years in the fabric of these matches.

—translated by the Editors,  
with special thanks to Daniel Leblanc & Richard Sanger

**Breakwater**

i

Trembling  
in darkness the curve of  
horizon  
and her arm are  
ambiguous

ii

There is perfection in  
the heaving breath of sea  
walking both shoeless  
and alone we—

why then does  
sparse gullcry sound  
like the scream of a  
steel hinge

iii

Resentment begets  
forgetfulness and the  
shame of  
recollection

I recalled this  
today  
as the slap  
slap slap of waves  
located itself in  
memory.

**Growing Pains \**

Casualty  
stained  
for your consideration  
the rind

**stained**

scrubbing Plate free of memory,  
we the undersigned became maggots of pies.

melting oscillations

so the eye courts the I in Kalahari and  
leave s

a proposition behind.

### **Last House on the Left**

In the barren imagination of the astronomer, the single cycloptic eye of the moon sees nothing—for it is only reflected light. In the buoyant imagination of the science fiction writer, the moon is a hole its colonizing inhabitants fuck the daylights out of—for it is pale, as ass is pale when drunk. In the cowardly imagination of the advertising agent, the moon is a cipher for the secrets of persuasion—for he has noticed, during long walks on the beach, that the tides obey it. But in the imagination of the suburban couple, married now for these last twenty years in the last house on the left, nothing at all can be made of the moon, as it hangs above their home, glimpsed through the trees, on the night of their only daughter's gang rape and murder. Now, rock and roll says the whore had it coming. White flight says the whore had it coming. Marijuana says that whore had it coming. Guidance counselors in corduroy, after school specials, vigilant bus drivers, instructors of physical education, and mothers against drunk driving—they all say the whore had it coming. And the script of course can say nothing else than the whore had it coming. And so, when the fugitive, holding his bleeding crotch after a motherly revenge of castration, says the whore had it coming, he utters a truth that thinks salt in the wound, and thinks it with steadfast pleasure.

### **Violence And Gore (Red Riding Hood)<sup>1</sup>**

\*

A wolf bites  
off one arm  
of a man and we briefly

see it lying there  
in the snow. There's blood  
coming from the wrist. A woman picks  
up the severed arm and puts it  
in a basket.

\*\*

A wolf jumps,  
knocks  
down a man and leaves

several other dead on  
the ground; we see trickles  
of blood at their temples and the corners  
of their mouths, the wolf jumps

on a horse's throat and we see  
a dead horse

on the ground  
in the distance.

\*\*\*

A man and a woman

open a dead man's chest  
with a dull knife (we see the deep  
red and brown  
edges of the incision) and load the chest  
with stones, sew it shut with leather, then dump

the body in the river.

\*\*\*\*

Angry villagers gather  
up axes twice on hunting

missions to find a wolf; they yell  
“Yeah!” and “Let's kill the wolf!”  
many times and one

man without evidence  
says, “A wolf will kill  
a whole family, taking  
the children from their beds.”

Torches are then lit. The procession begins.

\*\*\*\*\*

When villagers think a wolf  
is dead, they bring out pagan idols  
with wheat and straw for heads  
and women's bodies and build

a fire for a party; people  
shout and dance and wear animal

masks and a man dressed as a wolf  
pretends to attack people, who scream  
and laugh until a woman hits him in  
the behind with a stick

to get him

to stop

---

<sup>1</sup> This poem is part of a series composed solely of language borrowed from the  
IMDB Parental Guide section titled Violence & Gore.

## Q

all, qualify

k, qualify; gens (**perso**

people (persons)

never

osition is fencing, o

dy

hborhood

*A Photography Portfolio*  
*by Madison Carroll*







*One Poem by Dale Smith*

*from* **In the Garden**

*XIV. Priapus happened into the garden*

Held by the calcite of the heart  
O Priapus, the colors of the mind  
From blankest simplicity  
Wrests the inscrutable  
A sky compounded by lapis lazuli  
Ilex and apple blossoms gather  
From a scrap in Tamaulipas  
Read in broken English  
Like a news headline  
Your enormous prick  
Grow stone women  
And Priapus the screams of a girl  
Cut by the curse of fidelity  
The opening of desire  
Priapus, cold, stone silent  
In the truth of orgasm  
The color of the flash of love  
In Nuevo Laredo  
The woman hogtied, “intestines hanging”  
Burnt as offering  
The color of naked flesh  
O Priapus! Observe these children!  
The pattern of bodies lining the disco  
A dream of the ricochet of bullets in the courtyard  
Priapus clothed in the colors of blood and semen

In the mouth  
The lazarus of the mind  
The color of cold heart moss  
And Priapus the color of green  
And Priapus happened into the garden

*Six Poems by Rachel Blau Duplessis*

from **Eurydic Orphics**

1)

*The Master of Time said, "You must learn to lose heart."*  
No. Wrong.

It's "The Master of Rime."  
Though Rime (and rime and rhyme) keep time—  
Calibrate the ventricles. Hack years apart.

I reach, wrench myself. A tree sticks in my ear.  
The chime, the errors (how astonishing has error been—  
one sees the listening) pushes root sounds in,  
worming phonemes through impacted years.

*"The Master of Rime said, "You must learn to lose heart.""*

Learn? How dare you insinuate that with all the loss,  
the anger at what I cannot and have not, the high cost,  
I still need instruction in this orphic art.

*You must learn better than that. There is the fosse.*

I have lost enough. I refuse to cross.

---

"The Master of Rime told me, You must learn to lose heart" is the actual line by Robert Duncan, "Structure of Rime XX."

2)

Who's that Girl inside my head? It's me!  
But why emerging now? what does she want  
as revenant from the ebbing tsunami  
of broken times? Lost temporalities haunt  
the missing years, the long-lost words and sound.

*I want your attention, the wake of wakes.  
You have run aground.  
The bottom of this little boat scrapes;*

*it crunches rock and shallow sands.  
I want you first to feel bereft  
then take this pole and push the barca through.*

*You're not listening; you are playing deaf.  
You do not even watch my speaking hands.*

*You are very lucky I have not done with you.*

3)

Deep time.  
And I think I spoke a rhotic English.  
In fact, I like saying biRRRRd  
in my Region. Normalcy.

Beyond that—

*but how?*  
Not so easily.

Instability:  
recalibration and quiver, passionate revulsion,  
impassive power and nervous watchfulness  
*(much easier to ignore all this)*  
and the ceaseless struggle.

Such Song is Being. As such.  
Such (that strangest word) is the lost lesson.  
Poesis equals Essence.

A constant intermittent (*what?*) alertness  
wrestles with the angel (*who's this walk-on?*)  
of air. Incensed.

Could refound “song”?

Always qualified (sticky honey, lyre and metrics).  
Although one's lust for such a song is absolute.

Let me go, for dawn is breaking  
and my groins are strained and forked.

Where is the blessing? Who received it?  
Whose breath got cut; whose limb got torqued?

4)

All exits, all escapes lead to the same place.

*I want your attention  
You have missed your proper calling;  
your work is half undone, half off.*

twigs of 1991, put 2009, it's 1986, I wake  
where?

*still in time.*

Why didn't you already tell me this?  
I tear myself apart in listening;  
you did not tell me soon enough.

*You did not hear.*  
You did not help.  
You made me every error  
in the book.

*You turned toward me.*  
You turned away. The turn was always off.

You are to blame.  
*I blame desire.*

The same  
as what it was to start.

5)

Although we are not orphans  
although we're not quite orphans  
we are the traces of orphans  
as tiny apples are the planets in the sky.

Curtailed vision, lurking sights,  
shadows fall from full-moon light.  
Such fullness makes for fear,  
at once so dark and bright.

But I am oblique to this place, though I am in it.  
I don't feel it, do not feel  
I am bereft, or wounded, or askew.

*Never lie to me.*

*You are a piece of mica glinting for a minute  
before the avalanche of orphan losses covers you.*

6)

Leave your pen upon the page  
at night.  
Perhaps a force will slide downstairs.  
What you had hardly hoped to say,  
some other writes.

But don't leave loaves, or milk next  
to that bread  
The spell will sour; these gifts attract  
—they have their ghostly ways—  
the dead.

They want to gorge on human food, not  
scribble-scrabble words.  
So give them images instead  
for praise,  
alphabets from golden rings, and birds.

Perhaps they'll join you at your task—  
transcribing toll—  
despite their shady grifter skills  
and hungry gaze.  
For "Everything is a fragment of the whole

(which is a fragment").

---

General acknowledgement throughout to R.M. Rilke, [The Sonnets to Orpheus](#),  
particularly via the work of translators A. Poulin, Jr. and Willis Barnstone.

*One Poem by Michelle Taransky*

*from SUVIVO, a project of “slenderized” poems from Holocaust testimonials*

Would you ty and fight them?  
Neve, neve.  
Because we wee always outnumbered.  
Thee was neve a one-on-one situation,  
let’s say you met a kid that lived upstairs in the same apartment building,  
and he was weaing his Hitle Youth unifom, and he was going to a meeting,  
and we met in the staicase,  
we’d say, “Hi. Hello,” o something like that.  
But they would neve bothe you on a one-on-one basis.  
Thee wee only certain gangs,  
and they wee not kids that we always ecognized,  
They sometimes came fom othe neighborhoods.  
It was a vey diffeent situation.  
These wee not ou actual neighbos.  
They wee kids—we don’t know whee they came fom.  
I’m going to stop ight hee and go on to the next tape.  
—Thank you. — Thank you.  
…Gemany, o did you expeience?  
That I experieced, pesonally?  
It did not go much futhe than what I’ve already told you about,  
but I saw all aound me  
things that wee happening as a esult of the new laws  
and new anti-Semitic decees  
that came out fom the government all the time.  
It just neve stopped. Evey month thee was a new decee.

*One Poem by Chris McCreary*

### **The Present**

(for Kevin Varrone)

I worry what  
happens while it’s  
happening so  
it never happens  
except later  
when I wonder what could have  
happened instead. Glisseo  
chango, a poet’s room  
becomes the boys’ room  
& then idio synchro,  
it quickens to noon.  
Daddy never told me  
go slow so whoa broken  
vocab did humans  
in me. Ipso go  
wing the facts when a door  
opens a door  
that opens a  
door that  
opens

**Jazzstory**

(for Tim Posgate)

bass line drums support trumpet speaks guitar  
is  
bass drums trumpet line guitar speaks support  
is  
line bass guitar speaks support trumpet drums  
is  
guitar trumpet line support drums bass speaks

strum peaks pet line  
pumps out a gut art

drum sum, traps a part  
rump air a sport

bass gets tugged  
gets gutted  
gets mud dump

drum murders beats  
spurts pus  
raps a lass as tar leaks  
lines outta time

a glass part spits spots spluttered at  
rum murmurs names o' ports a nipper got potted in  
bump 'n' grind lined up 'n' out  
pout past pumped garter  
art or  
ardour

an eager leap  
a tumble, a gulp  
an ultimate mustard  
a lapsed map

guitar speaks trumpet support drums line bass  
is  
support speaks guitar line trumpet drums bass  
is  
drums trumpet support speaks guitar bass line  
is  
speaks bass drums support line trumpet guitar  
is

### *Performance notes for **Jazzstory**:*

The words are read throughout with forceful staccato drive, in rhythms as indicated by line lengths and breaks, with micropauses at stanza breaks. The last phoneme, [s], of the first stanza is held for an extended period of time, at the reader's discretion, and initiates an improvisational break exclusively employing the phonemes of the first line (the only phonemes used in the poem), which are spontaneously treated with freely applied variations in rhythm, dynamics, pitch, timbre, duration, and coloration of whatever kind. Because the poem consists only of these phonemes, the text as a whole can be used as a visual field over which the reader's eye can play for stimulus to improvisational invention. The reader determines the overall duration of the improvisational break, which concludes with the first phoneme, [s], of the second stanza, which stanza is then read, along with the following five, as specified at the start of these notes.

Once the last phoneme, [ʃ], of the seventh stanza is pronounced, it is repeated ad libitum, at the reader's discretion, and initiates a second improvisational break performed on the same terms as the first one, and concluding with the first phoneme, [g], of the final stanza, which stanza is read in the same manner as at the start of the poem.

**Jazzstory** first appeared in print in a booklet accompanying the Tim Posgate CD *An Eager Leap* (Guildwood Records, 2000). A performance of the poem is included on the Paul Dutton CD *Mouth Pieces* (OHM Éditions, 2000), and can be heard online at [http://mediamogul.seas.upenn.edu/pennsound/authors/Dutton/Mouthpieces/Paul-Dutton\\_06\\_Jazzstory\\_2000.mp3](http://mediamogul.seas.upenn.edu/pennsound/authors/Dutton/Mouthpieces/Paul-Dutton_06_Jazzstory_2000.mp3). This is the first publication of the poem with performance notes.]

### **Eulogy**

Sit and read the obit, see the picture and think, He'd've made such a great-looking old man, and recall without regret throwing away his early works—or rather, selling them off . . . well, including them in a pile of disparaged or neglected objects culled for disposal. Sit and read the obit and think, It doesn't matter: they're all alike, one as like as another, another as like as one, as one is, another as one, one or another, disparaging or neglecting, as one does or tends to do, regretting, realizing, throwing away or selling off, including, thinking, reading, sitting. One sits and reads the obit and thinks, His work was shit. It was paper-thin and wash-basin deep; it was cheap shots at easy targets; it was best forgotten or, at least disparaged, neglected. It was another—as like as one, as easy a target, as regrettable as any possession, as cheap, at least. One sits . . . well, included in a pile of objects culled for disposal. One is sold off, thrown away, another great-looking old man thinking bitter thoughts in spirals, the same as in the sciences, as in the one, the other so, the great-looking wash-basin, the cheap possession, the bitter spiral thought is.

## Déjà Vu

rem(em)ember

## *Two Poems by JenMarie Macdonald*

\*

Ask what  
do galaxies  
orbit? This  
drawn  
from scale,  
the fractals  
of action.

A moon  
to a monocle  
is a globe  
to the Milky  
Way a mote.

The sought  
origin  
may grossly  
be out  
of perception's  
display,

and sensitive  
instruments  
to acknowledge  
the work just  
out of reach  
of desire.

\*

An interval  
shorter

than natural  
units turning

through space,  
trembling

as it always  
falls.

*One Poem by Jaclyn Sadicario*

### **Bodies**

(for Drew Kalbach)

i find the need to invest in bodies. there are 20 dollar signs at the end of my email signature followed by an emoticon of a penis, which i have colored purple. i have been looking for the right body, i have been looking for the right shade of nude color that fits the obviously nude body. i found myself in The Gallery examining bodies. i took notes on all of them and filed them inside of your mouth, the jaw, the hinge to a filing cabinet if you can keep it in your brain. I have been thinking we should get rid of the brains and keep the necks. there are some interesting bones and arteries. i thought about this in my kitchen while preparing a dinner entirely composed of bodies of pulled plants. i took pictures and sent them to you, since you can't eat without your body. you printed the pictures and ate them instead.

*Three Poems by Carolina Maugeri*

**Prelude No. 17**  
**Allegretto *As-Dur***

“pelvis of women” : I

cannot conceive love

as form I can deceive It

just falls short of being

bridled round light in carousel a plastic horse a shadow pile

round in absence in color a horror this

love & /struggle for melody/ memory never

arrives.

“shape of the pelvis” : sopra/sotto

caught as clam flensed by hand, a slight sting from  
Paris to Tokyo, Rue Royale, circa 1880, ambergris  
insulates her neck, deficient in ardor, delinquent in  
invitation. Lunch? We fend for ourselves.

In a 3 car pile up. Auto circus.



*Prelude No. 20*  
*Largo C-Moll*

If I could fracture my face  
I would, I would  
detain wooden the clock, the timer,  
the metro for my final, extractive  
dismissal

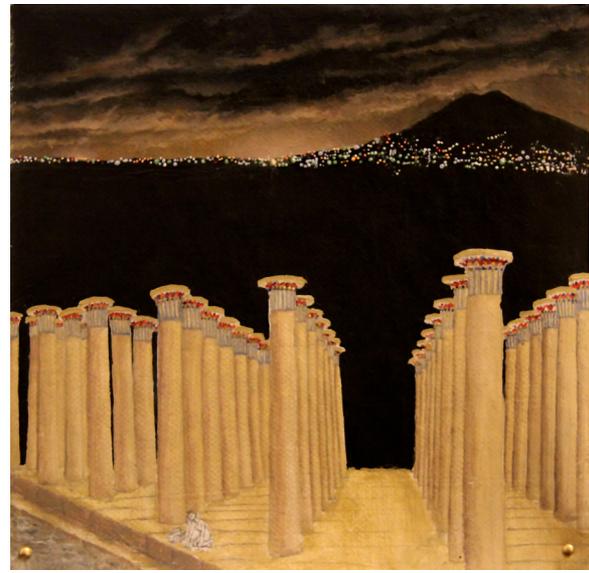
The world is full of you  
clocks desultory dealers  
Roman obscura a cloud  
pelicans missing their targets one too  
three times a crash a bang into the  
concrete

If I could heal my face  
I may, may mind,  
may make mind of the fist, the wrist  
writ a rash upon what makes  
ordinary

The world is full of you  
targets fitful little scopes  
desulfur the fields & then  
rage the static recedes  
in me there is no end  
to your movement

**5x5x5** by  
*Emily Brade*







*One Poem by Pattie McCarthy*

*from* **Wifthing**

thinks you live in a house  
for fifty years & when  
you die your eldest comes  
over & chops down all  
the biggest tress *wex al*  
*blew & al blow as it had been*  
*colour of leed*

goodwifthing

decanted over  
a candle

a history of the wifthing

turned into a wolf & raised  
her children as wolfets as cubs  
feral & roared  
their terrible roars  
*the bryde was broght abedde as stille as stoon*  
female patience figure as domestic subtext  
*pacificus totalus* the boy shouts turning  
me into a total ocean

## **The Ghosts**

No dream woke me up. I was asleep and then I wasn't, only ninety minutes between checking the clock which was an instant in how I saw things but stretched out much further in time and in my body that hadn't been wet before. Pyjamas made bed sweat, the kind that comes without activity like fear. Damp, I wondered if a ghost would come. "The spirit world is real," someone I believed said once to a creak, "you just gotta tune yourself to it." But I wasn't tuned. I looked to the window and the door and wanted nothing to pass through not because I wanted to prevent something that was inevitable but to guard the impossibility. And nothing came. Did I bear malice toward souls? Was I incapable of imagining a hereafter because there was an excellence I knew I did not possess in being able to come through death with a spirit still vital? I fell back asleep.

The next morning Ralph and I took a bus north, then caught a lift to the bay where the trailhead was. We walked a couple hours before the sense of moving ourselves overtook the feeling of being moved. Dirt was how the roads were paved. Groups of tall trees looked nothing to us like cathedrals because worship out here was walking until whatever reflection inspired by nature was mirroring the ten feet in front. For two days we walked and at night we made small fires near the water. I shut my eyes as soon as I looked at the stars. Ralph sang.

On the third day hundreds of dead herring in a bay with red water. Each had a round sore near the tail fin, spaghetti sauce breaking through marbled aluminum. We sat on the eroding edge of the path and looked

at what had already happened. The notion that this scene would develop, that swift scientists and cameramen would descend upon this strange carnage to give a shape to it was given up when Ralph cracked a joke. "What did the island queen say to her loving subjects?" I moved my head with a mock quickness to look him in the eye with stunning interest. "Build me a boat!" And he laughed and we left the fish who hadn't begun to sink.

There was only a little water left. There was a lighthouse if we took a detour. We got there as the man was about to leave. "First time in thirteen months!" he said, "Going on vacation with my wife to Palm Springs!" He gave us water. "You ever been to California? Where we're going is mostly sand and sun but that's all you need after all this shit." He waved at the ocean and at the forest. I asked him if he would visit Las Vegas. The lighthouse man became very still. Then, "Hoover Dam for sure. What a sight."

The next day we met five hikers going the other way. They were older than us and one was smoking a cigarette. I asked for one and took it and we talked about the trail, what one another could expect. "My buddy's coming to get us in a float plane when we get to the bay. That'll be the saddest part. Flying over in ten minutes what took us all this time to walk. I don't know how much I get out of these places. Don't mind the office." We crushed our cigarettes on the ground and waved goodbye. I can't remember his name.

Later on we came to a part of the trail that became beach. Ralph and I took off our shoes and packs and enjoyed slowing our pace on the sand that sunk our feet in the earth, marking our journey with a passing clarity. There were footprints we followed a while but kept going on in the wrong

direction so we stopped. Then there was music. There was rhythm and voices. Around a bend the footsteps led to a mass around plastic tables. Little children quick stepped and tumbled into the sand chasing one another or mist from the tide. Men danced, playing instruments yelling at bigger children to take care. Women smoked, cut fruit on cheap wooden boards. One of them saw us and asked if we were lost. We said that we weren't and she turned around, picked up the smallest child and fed it an orange slice. Ralph and I went back around the bend. All the way to our packs we swiped the sand to fill in our footprints. "John Wayne never shot a man in the back," I mumbled, forgetting the part in *The Searchers* when the Duke kills a man on a rock as he's running from failing to catch John by surprise.

Two days more and then the waterfall. We drank from it and saw a girl with an eagle feather in her hand. She was climbing the rocks, getting sprayed and slipping, letting out small moans as she fell on her ribs. The third time she fell, she was high enough to need to not fall so she let go of her feather. We kept watch and it landed on some moss. Ralph picked it up and we started to climb. She had stopped and was watching us slip. The fall on the wet rocks hurt and Ralph gave me the feather after he'd had enough. When I got close enough, the girl started climbing again until she got to a ledge and passed through the waterfall. She came out on the other side and jumped into the woods laughing. I got to the ledge and saw how it went through the water. I stepped onto it and then it wasn't there and I fell with my legs straight down.

Ralph knew I was in the water because he heard me scream like an alarm bell. He dived in and bore the weight of the water coming down to find me against the rock wall, doubled over and vomiting. I went limp when he touched me and got sort of dragged to the edge where he cut off my

pants down the side and tested to see if anything was broken. Some deep bloody holes were in my calves but I was able to stand after Ralph had washed them out and put a bandage on. Then we smelled smoke and walked towards the edge of the trail. We sat and looked out on clear water with no sign of anything in the sky. Then helicopters came and patrol boats were racing towards all parts of the beach we could see. Some men who jumped out ran towards us and asked where the plane was. We did not understand.

"You come from the crash?"

The first night home, Ralph slept over. He lay next to me in bed facing away until he turned and put one arm around the back of my neck and pulled me close. We slept still for a while and then I was awake. Ralph was turned away again and I was hot all over. I looked at the window and the door and waited for a haunting to have something to mourn.

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She is the author of the recent and forthcoming chapbooks *scenes from the loves of my parents* (Bloof Books), *fifteen genre scene* (Eth Press), and *xy z &&* (Ahsahta Press). She teaches at Temple University and lives just outside Philadelphia.

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**Michelle Taransky** is the author of *SORRY WAS IN THE WOODS* (Omnidawn 2013) and *BARN BURNED, THEN* (Omnidawn 2009) selected by Marjorie Welish for the 2008 Omnidawn Poetry Prize. Taransky lives in Philadelphia where she teaches critical and creative writing at University of Pennsylvania.

**Kevin Varrone**'s most recent project is *box score: an autobiography*, a free, interactive app for iPhone and iPad (available at the app store or [boxscoreapp.com](http://boxscoreapp.com)). His other publications include *Eephus* (Little Red Leaves Textile Series, 2012), *Passyunk Lost* (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2010), *the philadelphia improvements* (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2010). He teaches at Temple University and lives outside Philadelphia.

**Carter West** attended Deep Springs College and will graduate from University of Toronto in the spring.

**Fan Wu** follows black thread to the end of his mind's will to bear it. At its fraying he finds another boy, his wide gaze turning him over,

twining him around a body as bare as knit bone, who takes his form as nothing save a mirror between two boys.

**Karen Zhou** is the editor-in-chief of *The Window* magazine at the University of Toronto, where she is pursuing an HBA in English Literature and Philosophy. Her poetry has appeared in the *Hart House Review*, *Echolocation*, *Posit*, among other literary journals. She also writes and illustrates for *The Varsity*.

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